

SHIT BRUV, NO FANS

This week, the show starts not with the rundown, but with a slow fade into the parking lot area. Jason Natas is there, car-watching.

Two weeks removed from his latest spat with Kendrix, the recently returned Anti-Superstar looks pissed. He's stood by the wrestlers' entrance, shifting position every now and then, unable to stay still for any longer than a couple of seconds. The gruff mask on his face tells us he's running out of patience.

A car pulls up, and his interest peaks. It's not the one he's waiting for, however: instead, referee Hector Navarro hops out the back of a taxi cab, and Natas shakes his head.

As Hector checks-in with the doormen, however, another vehicle crawls through the dimly-lit area. It's a swanky-looking silver rental that looks far outwith any member of the non-wrestling staff's paygrade, and as it comes to a halt, the driver hurls an inaudible command at a nearby valet. Jason's gaze tightens, and he watches as said valet pulls the door open, allows the driver to exit, then scurries off to the trunk.

Natas cracks his knuckles.

He's here.

The Bronx Bully stomps towards the car with all the subtlety of an angry bull. He gets there as the valet pulls an oversized bag from the trunk and hands it to its owner - Kendrix.

JFK sees his rival coming, but he doesn't have much time to react. He drops his bag at his feet, but there's nothing he can do to stop the former DOC, who shoves him hard in the chest, almost sending him tumbling to the concrete.

Kendrix:

Jesus, Jasey--

Jason Natas:

Fuckin' shut up.

Almost spitting the words out, Natas makes sure Kendrix heeds his command.

Jason Natas:

'Less the next few words comin' out your mouth are "yeah, I'll wrestle you," you ain't gonna be able to use that mushmouth of yours for anythin' other than sobbin', because I'm gonna have it wired fuckin' shut.

For a moment, Kendrix looks like he's about to shit a brick, but only for a moment as his usual cocky demeanor returns.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah, Jasey. JFK here would love nothing more than to have a match with you. Pin you again like he did a few weeks ago. Thing is though...

Jesse takes a step closer to Natas, the two almost touching foreheads

Kendrix:

I've outgrown you, bruv. JFK's moving onto bigger and better things, innit?!

Consider Jason Natas triggered. The Bronx Bully surges forward as Kendrix's last cocky word escapes his lips. He grabs a handful of the Englishman's shirt, and pushes him back against a nearby pillar, securing him by pushing his free forearm into his throat.

Jason Natas:

The fuck did I just say to you?!

He grunts.

Jason Natas:

You ain't dealin' with PCP no more, brother. I ain't Cayle. I ain't Impulse. Hell, I ain't even fuckin' LAR!

JFK squirms to break free from Natas's iron grip, but it's no use: the bigger man has him planted.

Jason Natas:

That don't mean I'm gonna leave you for dead in a parkin' lot, but the more you fuckin' avoid me, the worse it's gonna be when I eventually get you in the ring. So here's what to do: 1. Go backstage. 2. Ask if I'm really the guy you wanna be playin' these games with. 3. Crawl up to Kelly's little office, tell her you want the damn match, and we can get this shit over with, once and for all.

Jason amplifies his point by pushing his forearm harder into Kendrix's throat, restricting his oxygen supply for a few seconds. He eventually releases, taking a step back as a dazed JFK stumbles forward.

Jason Natas:

You tried to fuck my career up, boyo. DON'T make me fuck yours up.

Red-faced and gasping for air, Kendrix regains his awareness just as Jason Natas shakes his head, turns around, and slowly plods towards the entranceway. The Englishman considers jumping him, but soon thinks better of it and tends to his throat.

Kendrix:

Bloody Bellend!

Cut.

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪"Smooth Criminal" - Alien Ant Farm♪



Lights, cameras, action. The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory stuff start the broadcast. A variety of shots, of all your favourite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphic effects and overlays. Old footage dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena. A bunch of pyro explodes around the entrance area, and we catch a few of those all-important fan signs...

WHERE'S MIKEY?
MIDORI SOUR HOUR
REAP WHAT YOU SOHER
BLOW IT UP!!
SHOOT JFK!
SQUID BIZ!
'TIS THE FIST PEEN

The live shot, once again, finds the boys in the booth as "Downtown" Darren Keebler kick off the broadcast next to "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Welcome to the Wrestle-Plex and another addition of **DEFtv!** I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside my partner, Angus Skaaland. We have a hell of a show tonight, partner ... AND we are ALREADY off to a bang of a start!

Angus:

FATAS! Back in full effect and accosting that ex-SEG nobody in the parking lot! YAS! Beat the brakes off 'em! Hell, beat the brakes, the wheels, the - you know what just BEAT the shit out of him!

DDK:

Kendrix seems none too enthused and I doubt we see THAT particular match up tonight.

Angus:

Of course not, Keebs! Nana-na-na-nanaNatas is going to beat some sense into Bronson Box first! We got ourselves a GORRAM ... *[deep breath]* ... HOSS FIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!!!

DDK:

Indeed, We do. Not just THAT! But tonight is CHOCKED FULL of Action! First and foremost Cayle Murray versus Impulse. One fight ... I don't think any of us could have predicted.

Angus:

I called this last week, Keebs! The good guy club implodes! It starts with Cally butt touching and it ENDS with Squidward and Impulse and bare knuckle fisticuffs! I mean, I like Impulse just fine but can we get some gorram nastiness for once?

DDK:

Also, we have Reinhardt Hoffmann, one on one against Jack Hunter!

Angus:

That MUST be a typo, Keebs ... double check that. And ... take two; ACTION!

DDK:

... we have Reinhardt Hoffmann, one on one against Jack Hunter!

Angus:

No, no - hold on ... Whatever bigger fish and all ... Let's get this show on the road!

DDK:

Not so fast, Angus! Amidst a resurgence of tag team wrestling, here in DEFIANCE, we have THE BASTARD SONS OF WRESTLING going head to head with THUGS 4 HIRE!

Angus:

Jesus, is this DEFtv or a BRAZEN event!?

DDK:

You, of all people, I would expect to be excited for such a match up.

Angus:

Look, BRAZEN tag teams in on DEFtv haven't turned out so well in recent past, Keebs. Sullies the brand. Look at Brutal Attack Force ...

DDK:

Speaking of which ...

Angus:

Which?

DDK:

Solomon.

Angus:

... ugh.

DDK:

Solomon Grendel goes one and one with the Green Reaper ...

Angus:

Greaper.

DDK:

Midorikawa ...

Angus:

Midori Sour.

DDK:

Anyway ...

CAYLE MURRAY vs. IMPULSE

Angus:

Keebs, you know Impulse has gone up in my estimations since banishing Hollywood McFuckass from the good ship DEFIANCE... but man, what a couple of absolute *DOPES*. These two have massively dangerous enemies lurking in Bronson Box and Codename: Reaper, yet here they are, bickering among themselves.

DDK:

This all stems from Ascension, when Impulse "saved" Cayle as Box assaulted him on the way to the ring for what many assumed would be their final battle. Cayle didn't take too kindly to that, claiming that Pulse had taken his big moment away from him. They argued, and here we are now.

Angus:

The last time these two met was in last year's DEF*MAX tournament, and it was the absolute worst nicey-nicey, softly-softly "good guy" match I've ever seen. Something tells me this one won't be so short of violence...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is set for one fall!

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The usual introduction knocks artificial drum patterns around the darkened building, before the track kicks-in at the crescendo. Pyros explode, and a jacket-clad Cayle Murray appears at the top of the ramp, looking a tad less friendly than usual. He still slaps hands with a few fans on his way down the ramp, but his battered face looks ready for war.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, and weighing-in at 220lbs... CAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

The Starbreaker looks ready for business, Angus!

Angus:

Of course he is. Finally accepted the BAWS' help at 81, nothing can stop him now.

♪ "Revolution" - SIRSY ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred ninety one pounds... IMMMMPULSE!

True to Quimbey's intro, Impulse comes out alone. He's without jacket and T-shirt, and he walks to the ring with purpose.

DDK:

Honestly, this is exactly what these two need. There's tension, there's misunderstanding, and the best way to get past it might be to blow off some steam.

Angus:

Strange, Keebs... I never thought I'd see a boy scout get into a fight with a squid.

The bell rings, but unlike the last time they wrestled, there'll be no "feeling-out process" tonight.

Hell, there won't even be a gorram lock-up.

Cayle and Impulse fly at one another, launching into a frenzied exchange of elbows and forearms.

Angus:

Sonuvabitch!

The Faithful are entirely unsure who they should be supporting, but they go nuts for the violence regardless. Cayle gains the advantage in the sloppy, uncontrolled striking exchange (as he tends to do), and clobbers Pulse with a short uppercut, before clinching and attempting to drive his knee up into the former SoHER's face.

Impulse tightens up, however, and attempts to grapple Cayle down to the mat. He's partly successful, but the momentum takes them both back to the ropes, and Brian Slater moves-in to split them up. As soon as they're separated, however, Impulse and Murray get right back at it, with Impulse blocking a couple of Cayle's forearms, and answering back with a sharp body kick!

Pulse stings him with another, then peppers the legs with a couple. Cayle's vertical base is damaged, and a dropkick sends him staggering back into the corner. Impulse charges, but the Scot somehow darts out of the turnbuckles in the nick of time, then pulls Pulse out of the corner, maintains wrist control, and pulls him right into an elbow smash.

DDK:

No messing around tonight, Angus! This is a dogfight!

Angus:

Just like I said, Keebs! When two DEFIANTS have a beef to settle, this is how we get down!

Suddenly, the fans cheer, as Calico Rose enters the arena from the backstage. She doesn't try to draw attention to herself, but takes a quick seat with the commentators.

DDK:

Nice to see you, Cally.

Cally:

Thank you, precious. I can't be down there supporting this fight, but I'm interested in how it comes out.

Angus:

Interesting, that you'd not immediately side with your guy. Trouble in paradise?

Cally:

Angus, my love, when push comes to shove I'll always be in RK's corner, but these guys needs to stop this silliness and remember who the real enemies are.

Impulse's body naturally slumps, but Cayle won't let him hit the deck. He *still* has hold of the wrist, and yanks him back up, only to pull him into yet another hard elbow to the face! Down goes Impulse, and Cayle covers...

ONE!**KICKOUT!**

A straightforward kickout for Impulse, but one he had to make regardless. Cayle sits upright, his back to the ramp.

DDK:

The first fall attempt goes to Cayle, but-- hey! What the--?!

A commotion. A bustle. Shenanigans!

Angus:Well, I guess *this* was inevitable.

Cally:

Thank you, mustachio, for proving my point.

Bronson Box.

Having charged down the ramp, the original DEFIANT immediately boots Cayle in the back of the skull, then mounts him on the mat, throwing elbow after elbow into his face. Slater calls the bell immediately.

Angus:

Fuck--

Cally:

Language!

Angus:

--did that even last a single minute?!

DDK:

I don't think it did, Angus, and just like every other DEFIANCE show to take place over the past three months, Boxer's laying into Murray!

The Scot eventually gets his shit together, blocking a couple of Box's manic blows, before sweeping him onto his back. That doesn't last, however, as Bronson thumbs the eye, pushes Cayle away from him, and rises to his feet. Vertical again, Box stomps down on his opponent, until a hand grabs him by the shoulder.

DDK:

Thank God for Impulse!

Box acts on instinct: the second the hand touches his shoulder he spins around with a fist flying, but Impulse expects it, ducks out of the way of the swing, and before Box can re-center himself, Impulse hooks him by the neck and arm and sends him over his head with a T-Bone Suplex that certainly rings his bell.

Angus:

I'm actually a little sad that they're not still fighting.

Impulse backs up from Box, and helps Cayle to his feet. They share a tense stare; the fans perhaps wondering if Impulse overstepped his boundaries again, but Cayle nods his appreciation and steps towards his opponent--

DDK:

REAPER FROM THE CROWD!

The new SoHER climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle in an incredibly swift fashion and drops a quick axehandle on the back of Impulse's head!

Angus:

That's the problem when you've each got an enemy.

Cayle turns his head on the impact and sees Impulse driven to his knees, and Reaper ready to fire another shot... he rushes the SoHER and flattens him with a hard clothesline that nearly takes his head off. Box takes the respite to ready himself for another attack, but Impulse pushes off from his kneeling position, takes two quick steps, and drops down, driving his shoulder into Box's stomach and taking him over with a snapmare!

Cally:

This is what I was saying, gentlepersons... when push comes to shove, they'll always watch each others' backs.

DDK:

Box and Reaper roll out on opposite sides of the ring, and Impulse and Cayle back into each other, and they nearly come to blows!

Angus:

Forgive me for being the businessman, but do we have a match here, or what?

DDK:

It looks like this match was thrown out due to the interference, and DEFSEC is on their way to ringside to maintain order, Angus... but things are simmering!

Cally:

Well, I can't speak for you or them, but I'm glad this turned out okay.

She stands up, kisses Keebler and Angus each on the top of their heads, and leaves the commentary table.

DDK:

Turned out okay... that might be true for Impulse and Cayle's friendship, but these two athletes have some dangerous enemies, Angus, and you know it's not over yet.

Angus:

Do we get an over/under on how many more matches with these four will end in a bullshit clusterfuck?

LET THEM EAT CAKE!

Knock, knock, knock. Backstage, Masked Violator #1 stands at the ready with what looks to be a bundt cake with some sort of buttercream icing in hand. The door in front of him swings open. There stands a portly fellow recognized as Coleslaw Jenkins.

Jenkins:

Sup?

MV#1:

Greetings! My name is Masked Violator #1! I represent the Masked Violators! I was hoping to find the fellows who call themselves "the Bastards"? Would this be their locker room?

Jenkins:

Yeah? What 'bout it?

MV#1:

Well, it's quite simple! The tag team scene here in DEFIANCE is full of scoundrels and other scurrilous individuals! Whilst my tag team partner and chumest of chums, Masked Violator #2 continues to recuperate from injury at the hands of the dastardly duo known as The STORM... *I* felt it incumbent upon me to start us off on a positive note and extend a hand in friendship to DEFIANCE's newest tag team... a hand in friendship AAAAAAND a delicious, home-made bundt cake!

Masked Violator #1's red masks contorts in a way that says he MUST be smiling. Slaw eyes him skeptically.

Jenkins:

Y'all the welcoming committee?

MV#1 nods enthusiastically!

MV#1:

I suppose that on this day... I am indeed!

Coleslaw grudgingly accepts the cake.

Jenkins:

This place is weird as hell.

REINHARDT HOFFMAN vs. JACK HUNTER

DDK:

Welcome back to the arena, folks, and this next match should be--

Angus:

Weird, Keebs. Really fucking weird.

DDK:

You're not wrong, partner. BRAZEN standout Reinhardt Hoffman -- who put in an impressive showing in a six-man tag against Impulse, Scott Douglas, and Cayle Murray last month -- takes-on Jack Hunter, a man we haven't seen in awhile.

Angus:

Keebs?

DDK:

Yes?

Angus:

Fuck. Jack. Hunter.

DDK:

I knew you'd say that...

Angus:

That's all I have to say on the matter. Let's get the murder over with.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Symphony No. 9" by Dvorak ♪

Perhaps the most fitting entrance theme in wrestling today sweeps through the arena, and Reinhardt Hoffman steps through the curtain. He stops at the top of the ramp, clasps both hands behind his back, and looks around the building with his usual slow, arrogant gaze. Eventually, Hoffman starts making his way down to the ring, completely ignoring the mostly negative crowd reaction.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Dusseldorf, Germany, he weighs in at 245lbs... REINHARDT HOFFMAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN!

DDK:

Hoffman seems to be enjoying something of a resurgence here in DEFIANCE, and after tasting defeat in the aforementioned six-man, he'll be out to score a bounce-back win tonight.

Angus:

This guy is one of the best technical wrestlers alive, Keebs. Once he puts the other aspects of his game together, he's going to be a massive deal in DEFIANCE. I thoroughly expect him to knock this piece of shit over in record time, then work his way up the card, submission by submission.

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

Half the arena throw their hands up in celebration, and the other half either sigh or head for a piss break, because Jack Hunter's back... BAY BAY! That totally obnoxious MIDI file blares through the speakers, and The Little Bruiser stops on the ramp, takes to a knee, then looks at a non-existent watch before cupping his hands and hollering...

Jack Hunter:

IT'S BRUISINNNNNNNNNN' TIME!

Angus:

Just. Fuck. Off.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Making his way to the ring from THE STREETS, he weighs-in at 218lbs... JACK HUNTEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR!

Lil' Broozy eventually finds his way into the ring after almost tripping at the bottom of the ramp. Rolling under the bottom rope, he calls to the technical area for a microphone. It's thrown to him, but he doesn't catch it: instead, the microphone clocks Jacky right in the forehead, and he almost falls over.

DDK:

... we've seen it all now, folks.

Hunter eventually regains his composure, while Hoffman looks on, entirely unimpressed. Jack picks the stick up, bashes it off his face to make sure it's working, then holds it to his lips.

Jack Hunter:

SILLLLLLLLLLYMEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN! 'Tis I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Superbeast, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA Yung Contusions... AKA the UNDEFEATAWUBBLEBOOBLED 76-0 HASH TAG NEW STREAK... and I am back, here in the DEAF FIRE ANTS, ready to do a wrestle, but not just any wrestle, a MEGA WRESTLE, against world famous Grammy-winning actress... DUSTBIN HALFMAN!

The Bruiser points towards Reinhardt, who's glaring at Jack without displaying any emotion.

Jack Hunter:

Now listen here, Dustbin, and listen good! I have seen many of your movie films, like RAYMAN, also starring Thomas Moos, who might actually be a cow, because his name is moos, and that's the noise cows make, and if there's anything The Little Bruiser hates, it's coos, because my finisher, AKA the deadliest movie in wrestlefighting, is called the Cow DDT, okay, and also it was a bad movie film, but anyway...

Before Jack can continue with his utterly nonsensical diatribe, Hoffman calmly and nonchalantly steps across the ring, plucks the microphone from his hand, and tosses it over his shoulder. Somehow, Jack fails to notice it's gone and keeps on talking.

DDK:

Oh dear, Jack...

Angus:

Just ring the bell and get this shit over with.

As if on command, the bell rings. Hunter's still babbling away, but not a word of it is heard. Hoffman starts circling around him, not entirely sure what to make of the Superbeast, but looking utterly confident in his abilities.

The Street Fighter eventually finishes his diatribe by jamming a finger in Reinhardt's chest, and this proves to be a huge mistake. Hoffman seizes the limb and pulls it behind his back, first locking-in a basic Hammerlock, which he wrenches a couple of times for good measure.

Fortunately for Hoffs, Jack is an utterly atrocious technical wrestler. He has no idea how to escape even this rudimentary hold, and this gives Reinhardt the opportunity to not only maintain the Hammerlock, but pull Jack's wrist as far back as it'll go without snapping, then seize a finger. With three parts of the same limb now in extreme pain, Hunter starts flapping like a fish out of water.

DDK:

Hoffman's got the arm, folks, and if Hunter's track record is anything to go by, I wouldn't be at all surprised if Reinhardt doesn't let go for the rest of the match!

Angus:

This is like watching a sparrow going toe-to-toe with a golden eagle. Embarrassing, Keebs.

With all the pressure still applied, Hoffman pushes a foot into the back of Hunter's knee, forcing him down towards the mat. He's forced to abandon the finger manipulation, but keeps the hold intact as he pushes Hunter flat onto his stomach, jamming a knee into his spine. On the ground, Hoffman loosens the Hammerlock, grabs too fingers, and pulls them hard against the joint. A sickening snap crackles through the microphones, suggesting that at least one of them has been dislocated.

DDK:

My god, Angus! Did you hear that?!

Angus:

Sure did, Keebs! That's why I love me some Reinhardt Hoffman!

The German, at this point, gets back to his feet. Hunter writhes in agony, clutching his hand almost in disbelief, before rolling onto his back. From there, Hoffman sits bolt upright, before Hoffman bounces off the ropes, comes charging back, and blasts him right in the chest with a running Penalty Kick!

DDK:

Hoffman taking a note from Cayle Murray's playbook there! Perhaps the Bronson Box associate is sending the Scot a message?

Hoffman doesn't go for the pin, however. Instead, he re-seizes the arm, wrenches it out of position, then applies extra torque with a reverse bridging Fujiwara Armbar!

DDK:

Shoulder Warfare! He's got it locked in!

Jack lasts barely three seconds before the inevitable happens. He taps out with his free arm, and Hoffman doesn't release until Hector Navarro makes physical contact. His music hits, and Hoffman allows his arm to be raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via submission... REINHARDT HOFFFFFFFFMMMMAAAAANNNNNNNNN!

DDK:

A dominant, dominant performance from the German, Angus! Jack Hunter never stood a chance!

Angus:

That fucking dope is a disgrace not only to this company, Keebs, but the business as a whole. He just proved it. Full credit to Hoffman for killing him, and hopefully those snapped figures mean we won't see Hunter for another couple of months.

DDK:

Regardless of the competition, that was a one-sided pounding. If Reinhardt continues this kind of form against other opposition, he's in for a bright future here in DEFIANCE.

The orchestral music still playing, Hoffman once again has both hands behind his back, and glares as The Faithful as if he's above their inconsequential opinion of him.

Cut.

CODENAME: REAPED**DDK:**

We're just a few moments away from the debut of the Bastard Sons of Wrestling, but Christie Zane is backstage with Impulse, and you can bet the Marathon Man has a lot to say after his non-match with Cayle Murray!

Angus:

I didn't know he spoke cephalopod!

DDK:

...

The view moves to the DEFIANCE ROAD banner, with Christie Zane standing in front, next to the former SoHER, Impulse, still dressed in his gear from his opening match.

Christie Zane:

Good evening, Faithful, I'm here with the former Southern Heritage Champion, Impulse... and Impulse, you had your match with Cayle Murray earlier this evening interrupted by both Bronson Box and Codename Reaper... what do you think the fallout will be with these two athletes?

Impulse:

You know what, Christie... I'm not sweatin' Bronson Box at all. Cayle wants him, Cayle gets him. Cayle wants me to get his back if needed, Cayle'll ask me.

He looks right at Christie.

Impulse:

Codename Reaper, on the other hand... took something from me that I want back. So listen, Jason... you've got the Southern Heritage Championship. I want it back. We're rapidly approaching Defiance Road, and I would like my rematch. Are you man enough to give it to me?

Smirk.

Impulse:

I get it if you're not... but be warned... you're already the hunted. You've proven here in DEFIANCE and previously, in the Empire, that you can't beat me unless you've stacked the deck.

Focus in tight on Impulse's face.

Impulse:

Do you really want to see what happens when I've got nothing left to lose?

THE BASTARD SONS OF WRESTLING vs. THUGS 4 HIRE (BRAZEN)

The arena goes dark as thunderous drums and wild bass kick on the PA system. The lights of the arena dancing in time as the familiarity of the song washes over the crowd. "Killing in the Name Of" has many in the crowd on their feet.

As the song cuts into the first verse out of the back step the men of the hour - J Stevenson and Skidd Row. Both men on the stage casting glances towards their opponents already in the ring below.

DDK:

The Bastard Sons of Wrestling making their much anticipated debut, Angus.

Angus:

Lot of hype surrounding this one. Let's see what these guys can do.

Stevenson and Row confidently strut towards the ring as the song continues to chug along. Both men dressed in black ring shorts with black tanks. Row opting to leave his on while Stevenson tosses his into the crowd. Both men slide into the ring as this one is about to get underway.

DING! DING! DING!

It's Hurtlocker Holt determined to prove a point on DEF TV who answers the bell for the Thugs 4 Hire, where as the enigmatic Skidd Row answers the toll for the Bastard Sons of Wrestling. Off the bat the ring rust of Skidd Row might have peeked through as Holt was able to work over Row with an arm bar and some wrenches. Row able though to right the ship, using some speed work to his advantage, and bringing Holt up and over - crashing down to the mat with a Monkey Flip off the ropes.

DDK:

Skidd Row showing some speed here early on, Angus.

Angus:

Just gotta make sure not to tire yourself out against the *ahem* GREAT competition in front of him tonight.

Row applies a side headlock to Holt, stands him to his feet and delivers one suplex, straight into another before backing towards his own corner and allowing J Stevenson to tag himself in. Row delivers the third suplex leaving Holt in a seated position as Stevenson rushes past Holt, pushes himself off the ropes and leans in with a huge Knee Strike right to the front of Hurtlocker's head.

DDK:

What a knee strike from Stevenson. J Stevenson was once a proud member of this roster, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, then he left. Just like everyone else did.

DDK:

Least he's back this time.

Angus:

Hopefully he actually sticks around this time.

A quick cover.

ONE...

TWO....

Kickout.

Stevenson's action would be limited as Skidd Row tags himself back in. Row rushes past Holt, missing a wild clothesline.

DDK:

Holt under that one.

Holt able to sneak underneath and respond in turn with an Uppercut that catches Row underneath the chin driving him back into the ropes.

DDK:

And now he turns the tide against Row.

Angus:

Wouldn't this upset be something?

Off the ropes Row comes as Holt comes forward with a clothesline that knocks Row to the mat. Holt wastes no little time and he's in his corner frantically tagging in The Pigeon himself.

DDK:

Byrd with the steam! The momentum! Here we go!

Emilo Byrd explodes into the ring as Row is to his feet. Byrd drives the shoulder into Row pushing him back into the corner, then it's some quick strikes and a textbook suplex to Row in the center of the ring. Byrd explodes to his feet letting out a primal yell, this draws the ire of Stevenson who starts barking at Byrd.

DDK:

Stevenson and Byrd taking issue with one another now.

Angus:

Cooler heads need to prevail, the attention needs to be back in the ring.

Row tries to take advantage of the brief distraction by attempting to slide through Byrd's legs to get to the Bastard's corner. Byrd catches him by the ankle and yanks him back. Byrd charges Row with a clothesline, Row ducks it, somersaults forward and rolls to the corner, where Stevenson is waiting with his hand out.

DDK:

Stevenson now, going to show why he's a former tag team great.

Angus:

Whoopie.

J hits the ring for the old House of Fire routine. It's a clothesline to Byrd and then a forearm strike to Holt to knock him clean off the apron. Stevenson rushes back the other way, back towards Byrd and Byrd doesn't even see it coming, J catches him with a Roaring Elbow cleaning the Pigeon's clock.

DDK:

HUGE Elbow from Stevenson, rattling Byrd's cage as it were.

Angus:

Oh look who's learning puns now.

Holt charges into the ring, annoyed at the forearm shot. Stevenson sees him coming a mile away and with one massive paw, tosses him clean through the middle rope. Holt lands on his feet on the outside, but it's Skidd Row who launches himself from the Bastard's corner apron and knocks Holt to the ground with a Suicide Dive!

DDK:

Skidd Row to the outside!

Angus:

Huge leap from Row.

Back in the ring, Stevenson tosses Byrd into the ropes. Byrd tries wildly to do something, anything, but his clothesline is routinely ducked. Byrd is back across, off the far side, Stevenson boots him in the mid section and like he's done so many times before. He has the hold, he leans all the way back and The Pigeon gets added to the Highlight Reel.

DDK:

And there's that Evenflow DDT. Business as usual for the Bastards.

Stevenson presses into a cover. The hand slaps.

ONE...

TWO....

THREE...

The Bastards win their first match in Defiance.

SHUT UP, LYKOS

Backstage.

Lance Warner, a DEFIANCE backdrop, Jason Natas.

You know what time it is, baby.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am joined at this time by the man who'll face Bronson Box in tonight's main event, the former Onslaught Champion himself, Jason Natas!

The Bronx Bully is already decked-out in his ring attire, including the sleeveless leather jacket he wears on his march to the ring. As usually, he's fired-up and ready to go.

Lance Warner:

Jason, tonight you'll compete against a man who defeated you in the first round of the Onslaught Title Tournament at last year's Clash of the DEFIANTS event. You've obviously come a long way since then, while Box has recently devolved to his gruesome old ways as DEF's resident alpha villain. How do you see tonight's match going?

Jason Natas:

Violence is the only thing I can guarantee you, brother. What you're gonna get is two of the toughest bastards on the planet throwin' thunder at each other 'til one of us falls down, and with the shit I've been through lately, let's just say I'll be puttin' a little *extra* into those shots...

With his last few words, Jason raises his elbow then taps it with the opposite hands.

Lance Warner:

Box, of course, has been embroiled in a bitter, brutal war with your friends, the Murrays, for the best part of a year now. Does that give you any extra motivation tonight?

Jason Natas:

I don't need "extra motivation" to wanna bloody this guy up. Boxer got the W over me last time 'round, but I pushed him all the way to the brink. I'm tryin' to claim a scalp every time I step through the ropes, but whatever happens tonight, I'll make sure there's enough left of him for Cayle to finish-off later down the line...

Lance Warner:

From one opponent to another, Kendrix has been the main focus of your ra--

Warner tries to get the last word out, but he's bundled over before he can. The microphone drops to the floor, and Lance hits the deck. Why? Because Kendrix just barrelled through the scene, and his tackle on Jason Natas sends DEF's top interviewer crumbling to the floor.

Lance eventually escapes, but JFK sets upon The Anti-Superstar, laying into him with elbow after elbow. Natas eventually gets his dukes up to prevent his face, but there's only so much he can do while grounded. With Jason blocked his shots, Kendrix rises to his feet, grabs Natas' boot, and whips the New Yorker's surgically-repaired right knee against the wall!

DDK:

Jesus Christ! Where did he come from!?

Natas wails in agony, and JFK grabs his boot once more. Before he can inflict further damage, however, a horde of DEFsec members interject, pulling the Englishman away from his fallen adversary.

DDK:

Kendrix just attacked Natas' bad knee!

Angus:

Fortunately he only got a single shot in, Keebs! That's still gonna hurt though!

DDK:

Particularly with Bronson Box looming.

Angus:

What is this fucking dope doing?! Look at what happened to Sean Jackson, Frank Dylan James, and anyone else dumb enough to push Natas this far. If Kendrix's death warrant wasn't already signed, it sure is now!

Cut.

LET THEM EAT CAKE, TOO!

Backstage. The door that was previously closed by Coleslaw Jenkins, comes open now. As J Stevenson and Skidd Row, fresh off their first Defiance win, enter.

Slaw quickly tries to hide the evidence of any baked goods.

Stevenson:

Ya know, that might've been a little harder than I thought it was gonna be.

Row:

Nah, J. You're just getting your feet back under ya. Those guys weren't nothing out there tonight.

Joanthan Wildside who entered behind them nods his head in agreement.

Wildside:

I gotta say, people are buzzing boys. Good work.

J and Skidd give each other a nod. It's now that everyone notices Slaw.

Stevenson:

You been here all night?

Slaw nods, wiping the trace icing from his mouth. It just then that the door opens, Will "the Thrill" Haynes stepping through it. In his hand a crumbled noted.

Haynes:

What the hell is this?

He undoes the crumbled note.

Wildside:

What's what?

Haynes:

This!

He holds up the note.

Row:

What's it say?

Slaw eyes where he left the single slice remaining of bundt cake, he tries to push it a little further out of view with his foot, but his size fails him.

Haynes:

"Enjoy. Welcome to Defiance. MVs." The hell?

Stevenson shakes his head.

Stevenson:

I've already BEEN in DEFIANCE!

Row:

Yeah, they should at least fact check their shit. Wait, who are the MVs.

Slaw opens his mouth to speak, not realizing that he's housing a bite of cake. He speaks through sputtered crumbs.

Slaw:

The Masked Violators.

No one can understand him, everyone looks at Will.

Haynes:

Yeah, he said The Masked Violators. Gotta listen boys.

Row:

Well why did they leave a note, with nothing else. They trying to send some sort of message?

Stevenson:

Play mind games?

Wildside:

I don't like this one bit.

Haynes eyes Slaw. Slaw looks guilty, and Haynes sort of lets it all play out, without saying anything.

Stevenson:

How do we get them back?

Row:

Let's go French Revolution on they ass. Bring out the guillotine.

Haynes:

Yeah, off with their heads!

Slaw eyes Haynes, trying to tell him to let it die. A devilish smile builds on Haynes' face.

Haynes:

They disrespected us.

Row:

Yeah!

Stevenson:

They did.

Haynes:

We can't let that happen.

Stevenson:

We WON'T let that happen.

Row:

We DON'T let that happen.

Haynes:

Exactly.

Haynes motions to the door.

Haynes:

Let's go find them.

Everyone moves at once, but it's Wildside who gets to the door first, halting the parade.

Wildside:

Before we get onto that, there's some news you may wanna hear.

MIDORIKAWA vs. SOLOMON GRENDEL (BRAZEN)

Lights OUT.

♪ "Sentaku No Asa" by AYA ♪

The Faithful begin to boo wildly as the Wrestle-Plex becomes bathed in an emerald green hue to reveal Midorikawa standing on the stage; his head down in his Reaper garb. With a brief flash of bright white light he snaps his head up, causing the hood of his trench coat to fall from his head revealing his green lucha mask.

Angus:

Get the booze, Keebs! Midori Sour is in *AND/OR* on the house!

DDK:

What, exactly, goes in a Midori Sour, partner?

Darren Quimbey makes MDK's announcement as he stalks to the ring under the green hue.

Angus:

... bourbon? ... and ICE!?

DDK:

No cigar.

Angus:

Oh, no ... A cigar is a must with a fine bourbon. Speaking of which ...

DDK:

It's a bit early for that, partner.

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

The lighting returns to it's normal look.

DDK:

The two have quite the bone to pick with Midorikawa after last weeks brutal attack ...

Angus:

... force.

Darren Quimbey makes Solomon Grendel's announcement as the camera cuts to the rampway. Grendel steps out with into view with Petey Garret following close behind. Petey rubs his neck as the pair glare at Midorikawa in the ring.

DDK:

... not to mention a myriad of other instances in the past few months. I feel like I've said many times before but ... these two just can't seem to catch a break.

The pair make their way to the ring and Solmon enters. Petey remains at ringside.

DING DING

DDK:

And there is the bell!

MDK and Grendel move toward the center of the ring at an equal pace. Grendel hesitates, only when Kawa holds his hand up to signify a test of strength. He clearly doesn't feel Kawa is worth his word ... or at least the visual hand signal.

MDK charges Grendel but the BRAZEN talent ducks the lariat attempt. He feels pretty good about it too. Until a returning MDK chop blocks him from behind. Grendel falls to his knees seconds before finding himself face down. Grendel is shaken, but manages to push up from his downed position. He finds himself on his hand and knees as Midorikawa lays a boot into the back of his neck and he returns to which he came.

DDK:

Midorikawa is one sick and twisted individual, folks. No bones about it!

Angus:

One man's sick is another man's strategy, Keebs. He's working a limb!

DDK:

Well then ... Curtis Penn is strategic.

Angus:

Damnit, Keebs! You don't mention Peen ... I'll stop counting how many times you've used the word bone this match.

DDK continues to the call match with no mention on Penn but Angus' hatred for the FIST dominates, the mostly one sided commentary (with several four letter words) as, Midorikawa, continues to do the same to Solomon Grendel.

Concentrating on the knees or knee, as it were; MDK stomps, picks up - puts down and stomps again several times over. Solomon remains constantly on the edge of recovery with the intent of rebuttal. Always to be struck down as Petey's cheers turn to jeers on a rotation at ringside.

DDK:

This is practically a one sided ass kicking contest!

Angus:

Keebs! Watch your GORRAM mouth!

DDK:

Seriously, Angus? - OH! And the tides have turned!

Amidst the hoist of a potential knee breaker, Solomon begins laying in on Midorikawa. This results in the masked man letting loose of his opponent at the peak of the lift. Solomon manages to land on his feet post release but as for his knees; this damage has been done. He falters as Midorikawa shakes off the fists of fury to his masked visage and heads for the ropes.

MDK returns with his sights set on the hobbled Solomon Grendel.

Grendel ducks the lariat. MDK, unfettered, hits the ropes again and returns with a flying crossbody. Grendel, pivoting like a basketball player who has picked up his dribble, finds himself in the right place at the right time; catching Midorikawa.

The Faithful don't know what to do. A portion lights up because the Green Masked Devil is in peril but at the same time it is ... Solomon Grendel.

Grendel steadies himself with MDK firmly in his grasps.

Angus:

Seems about that time ...

LIGHTS OUT!

The lights return in an instant to find Reaper Red taking Grendel's head off with the sidekick known as The Guillotine.

While referee Benny Doyle shouts down Reaper Blue as he is pulling Petey Garrett down from the ring apron.

The thud of Grendel falling to the matt still clutching Midorikawa; pulls Doyle's attention but not before Reaper Red can vacate the ring and seemingly Doyle's eye line.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Doyle dumbs out of the ring throwing his hands up as Reaper Red and Blue enter the ring. The ladder manhandling Petey Garrett after haphazardly tossing a steel chair up and over the ropes. It clangs and bounces off the matt. Bouncing, the chair clangs once again before it slides to rest.

The Faithful let their wavering opinion known in dueling cadence and clap driven chants.

REAP WHAT YOU SEW!!!

REAP-ERS SUCK DICK!!!

REAP WHAT YOU SEW!!!

REAP-ERS SUCK DICK!!!

DDK:

For Christ sake! This Reaper Trio must be stopped!

Angus:

This is the Trump Era, Keebs! Big Buisness! Banks are TOO big to fail. China is awesome and the faceless GOONS keep tormenting the little guy!

DDK:

I think you might be mixing administrations, Angus ... but in this regard: I couldn't agree more! This - this ... *REAPER CO.* is a plague on DEFIANCE!

Angus:

No, no ... I've had my trouble in the past but I'm very careful about each bottle and each dosage.

DDK:

... administrations; NOT medications, 'Gus ...

Angus:

NOT A GORRAM THING!

Reaper Red and Midorikawa begin to stomp Solomon as Reaper Blue tosses Garret in the corner. Solomon attempts to fight back and Blue joins the pair to quell his rebellion.

DDK:

DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! Scott ...

Angus: *[snidely]*

We get it, Keebs ... christ sake ...

Scott Douglas sprints down the rampway in his ring gear, which also happens to be his casual attire... Black sleeveless 90's band related t-shirt, cut off jorts and black combat boots. He slides into the ring and is met immediately with an

attack from Midorikawa.

Douglas blocks and returns fire. MDK strikes with a left and lands. Douglas is caught off guard and stumbles back toward the ropes.

Reaper Red turns away from Solomon as Blue strong arms him back into the corner and put a toe into his groin.

Douglas launches from the ropes and catches MDK and Reaper Red with a Double Clothesline. The pair hit the mat and spring up just as Douglas snatches Reaper Blue from behind and drops the masked maniac with an inverted DDT.

Blue, selling, rolls to the apron as Red and MDK stalk toward Douglas as he returns to his feet. Douglas turns around in time to see the pair become a solo act. Petey Garrett, has recovered, and nails Reaper Red from behind, with the steel chair that Reaper Blue drug in; previously.

Red hits the mat and rolls to the outside clutching his masked dome.

The clang of the steel .. steals MDK's attention momentarily and he understands the position he is in.

Douglas wants a fight. Garrett is alive and wielding steel. Grendel is back to his feet and mad as hell.

DDK:

Chickens ALWAYS come HOME to ROOST!

Angus:

... and cows mostly come home; WHAT the hell does that have to do with the fact that Midori Sour is FUCKED!?

DDK:

This is going to get UGLY!

Angus:

Yeah, but ...

LIGHTS OUT

Angus:

There it is. Three, two ...

The lights return. Scott Douglas is left seething in the ring alongside the worse for ware; Brutal Attack Force.

DDK:

Midorikawa and this .. this GORRAM Reaper Co. have done it AGAIN, Angus! They've already absconded with the Southern Heritage Championship with NO discernible way to tell these masked maniacs apart! And now once again ... they've sullied competition and made a mockery of our sport!

Angus:

Keebs ... Keebs, baby. Calm down ... Holy shit! If only you'd have gotten this aggy when our FIST attempted to murder your beloved partner!

DDK: *[exhaling deeply]*

Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for that outburst and give my word that my composure will remain intact ... from here on. Gus's FISTing aside .. We have to move on as there is an incredible amount of content to bring you tonight on DEFTv!

Garrett drops the chair and moves toward his partner; the pair leer at Douglas who stares blankly toward the rampway.

Angus:

NOT A THING!!

Cut to backstage.

SCALPS

"And let me tell you, if you spent just a little bit more time with your eyes on the fucking prize you wouldn't be going to no contests with your fucking friends and getting beat up, again, by Box and whatever a Reaper is."

Eric Dane is very matter of fact.

Eric Dane:

If you can't get your fuckin' mind right, you ain't never gonna amount to a goddamned thing other than a real fuckin' lucky one hit wonder. Yeah, you beat me, fucked my neck all the way up and put me down for good...

A second passes as The Only Star remembers his conversation from last week with Curtis Penn. For a split second the sneer on his face turns dangerous.

Eric Dane:

But like that vanilla midget Curtis Penn likes to continually remind me, I'm an old man, past my prime. I've been "put out of wrestling" more times than you've had title matches. Bronson fuckin' Box is an altogether different story, in a weirder book, one that you have to buy from the undernet with bitcoins because whatever's going on inside of that chrome dome of his is DEFINITELY ILLEGAL AND DEFINITELY DANGEROUS!

Sat on a bench in his locker-room, Cayle Murray looks a little deflated. The earlier shenanigans with Reaper, Box, and Impulse have hacked him off, and done little to ease his nerves during the most difficult period of his career.

Still, when Eric Dane speaks, you listen.

Cayle Murray:

All well and good, but if I had eyes on the back of my head, I sure as heck wouldn't be a wrestler.

He's changed out of his wrestling gear, but still looks a little gassed from earlier on. Cayle speaks with clarity, but not complete assuredness.

Cayle Murray:

I've fought Box plenty of times, here and at home. I've watched him pull my older brother apart, then felt the brunt of his rage myself at Acts of DEFIANCE, then Ascension. All I want right now is his goddamn scalp, Eric... but I need to turn this corner.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

This guy had me scrapping with *Impulse*, the only friend I have left in this building. I can't even step into the sunlight without him coming for my throat. One way or another, this has to come to an end. Immediately.

A tense moment of silence is followed by a snort.

Eric Dane:

You gotta get outta your own head, kid. You're fighting Impulse, why, for pride? FUCK pride, it's gotten bigger and badder men than you put in traction. You fought him for nothing, and it came to nothing, all because you can't see the forest for the goddamned trees.

Cayle starts to reply, Dane doesn't allow it.

Eric Dane:

How's this. Official boss-like booking because I'm still sort of the official boss. You and Box, one more fuckin' time, at DEFIANCE Road. Put up, or shut up. You want his scalp, go out there and take it from him, but understand one thing first.

His eyes narrow.

Eric Dane:

You have GOT to drop this do-gooder bullshit. Sink to his level. Lie. Cheat. Beat him with a fucking baseball bat! Gouge out his eyes and throw the referee on his ass if he doesn't like it. I don't really give a shit what you do or how you do it, but if you want to get past this, get past *him*, you gotta stop thinking like a white hat and start thinking like a fucking Champion!

Slowly, Cayle Murray rises to his feet. He sighs.

Cayle Murray:

That's exactly what I thought you'd say.

He pauses, locking eyes with his career's greatest scalp.

Cayle Murray:

And while the thought of becoming *anything* close to that bloody monster terrifies me, I can't even say you're wrong anymore.

Cayle's tone perks up, and the assertiveness in his voice rises.

Cayle Murray:

But I'm not a liar, a cheater, or an eye-gouger. I'm not Bronson Box. I'm not *Eric Dane*, and I can't solve this problem without becoming either of you.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

... so how do I pull this off without making a beast of myself?

Eric contemplates for a moment, cocking his head to the side a bit before answering.

Eric Dane:

You ever watch any of my matches, kid? Yanno, *before* all this?

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, I'd say pretty much all of them.

Eric Dane:

And what happened in 90% of those matches?

Cayle Murray:

You won.

Eric Dane:

Be more specific.

Cayle Murray:

You won... clean?

Eric Dane:

You're goddamned right. I didn't sell my soul or become some kind of a monster to win wrestling matches, nor did I ever do a single thing that I didn't think was the right thing to do at the time either for myself, for my friends, or for my promotion.

Cayle Murray:

But-

Eric Dane: [interrupting]

I didn't get all mean and ornery until I had both of my knees replaced and I needed an edge. And even then I rarely cheated, not until I realized how far on the wrong side of forty I was and that I'd lost a few more steps than I wanted to.

One last pause.

Eric Dane:

Except when things got personal. If somebody tried to take advantage of me, if they messed with my family or cost me money, well then I could be the Eric Dane that you've come to know. When it's **personal** and it's about **family** and it's either kill or be killed, you'd better be goddamned good and ready to kill. If you're not, prepare for the worst, and know that it's gonna be worse than that in the end.

Cayle keeps staring at a man who literally tried to kill him inside the ring little over 12 months ago. A small bead of sweat trickles down his forehead.

Nerves.

Cayle Murray: [softly]

Alright, man.

He takes a deep breath, then lets it out as a sigh.

Acceptance.

Cayle Murray:

Alright.

And we cut.

A CALL TO ARMS

Cut to backstage.

Solomon Grendel just took a tainted loss to Midorikawa via the newly dubbed; Reaper Co,

Scott Douglas barrels into the locker room, clearly fired up. The BRAZEN tag team, BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE, sit cater cornered from each other; Petey Garrett is packing while Solomon wraps his knee.

Douglas is fired up and ready for war but the Attack Force seems like the wind has been taken out of their sails. Not a lot of attack left in their force, brutal or otherwise.

Scott Douglas:

It's now or never boys!

The BRAZEN pair ignore Douglas and his hyperbole.

Douglas ventures closer. The camera angle looks on at the BAF nearly split screen with "Sub Pop" Scott's back acting as the middle border.

Scott Douglas:

THE Brutal Attack Force AND myself ... verse MDK and Reaper Co.! Next Week. DEFtv 83, boys! What ya' say?! Are you ready to put an end to this perpetual nonsense! Are you READY to dismantle the REAPERS!

Solomon Grendel, never looking up from the knee or the accompanying bag of ice, he is wrapping an ace bandage around; mumbles something inaudible.

Scott Douglas:

What's that now?

Petey pipes up in Grendel's stead.

Petey Garrett:

He said, FUCK OFF!

Douglas is taken aback ... slightly.

Scott Douglas:

Look, I know it hasn't been the smoothest ride lately ... BELIEVE ME ... I KNOW! But this doesn't end until we end it!

Petey stands from his locker adjacent bench, slinging a half packed duffle bag across the room; nearly hitting Solomon.

Petey Garrett:

OH man! YOU got it SO rough, Douglas! WAH ...

Petey gets within a few feet of Douglas.

Petey Garrett:

Wah!

Closer still.

Petey Garrett:

WAH!!!!

Chest to chest.

Petey Garrett:

From the moment we heard your name it's been a SHIT SHOW for us! Now YOU want us to go to war WITH you!? Are you out of your fucking skull, Scott!?!

Petey backs off.

Petey Garrett:

You see this?

Petey points at Solomon's ice wrapped knee.

Petey Garrett:

How about this?!?

Petey motions toward the slightly faded boot mark bruise on his neck.

Petey Garrett:

You can have this shit, Scott! We're going back to BRAZEN!

The room falls silent ...

Scott steps away and has seemingly given up.

Scott Douglas:

Hold up ... what if ... ?

Scott hesitates and turns back toward the camera and places his hand over the lens. The camera dips and goes black as he speaks again.

Scott Douglas:

Retribution, boys. I have a plan ...

Cut to Darren and Angus.

BRONSON BOX vs. JASON NATAS

DDK:

Folks, I hazard to call our next contest a "match" persay...

Angus:

I believe the term your're looking for, good buddy, is *deep breath* *HOSS FIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT*, Keebs! MAIN EVENT hoss fight, even!

DDK:

This one is guaranteed to be a wild and wooly one, partner. As The Bronx Bully Jason Natas takes on... well THE bully, DEF's bully The Bombastic Bronson Box!

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

The Bronx Bully makes his way out onto the stage. Wasting little time the grizzled journeyman makes a beeline towards the ring, rolling directly under the bottom rope and popping to his feet with the quickness of a man half his size. He starts his usual match prep... his eyes locked on the entrance curtain, waiting for the arrival of his opponent.

Angus:

Dead New Yorker walkin' Keebler.

DDK:

Normally I'd chastise you for your presumptuousness, partner. But with the mood Boxer's been in lately...

♪ "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

The Wargod calmly steps out from behind the curtain, wrapping one last layer of tape to his wrists. He stands at the edge of the ramp, thumbs his nose and chuckles to himself as the DEFIANCE faithful rain down nothing but hate and derision in his direction.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The worm certainly has turned when it comes to Bronson and fans of all ilks, hasn't it?

Angus:

He's right where he wants to be, Keebs. That maniac is gorram FUELED by negative vibes.

Natas gives his best unblinking evil eye to The Wargod as he marches down the ramp. Boxer reaches ringside and quickly takes the steep steps, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping through the ropes... immediately nose to nose with his stiff competition for this evening's main event. The two big bulls bump chests and clunk foreheads, Buffalo Brian Slater doing his damndest to keep the two apart and the match started on the straight and narrow.

Angus:

Huh... looks like we'll actually get a by the books start to this match, Darren.

DDK:

Stranger things, my friend.

Slater actually manages to get the two brawlers backed a few paces from one another, signaling for the bell.

DING DING!

Instead of running through his usual early-match routine and literally sprinting at his opponent, Jason Natas instead shows Bronson Box some respect by holding off. He stays rooted in his corner, and perhaps surprisingly (given the

mania he has inflicted on DEFIANCE lately), Boxer does the same.

The two men glare a hole through one another.

Angus:

Damn, Daniel! This is intense...

DDK:

That's exactly the right word for it. Beware, though: violence is but a single swing away.

The two men lock up in a traditional collar and elbow, Box quickly using his inhuman strength to wrench Natas around into a tight sleeper. Not wanting to get caught right out of the gate Natas pushes he and Boxer back into the ropes. It allows him only a moment's respite as Bronson lays in a cozy European uppercut across his chin. Natas tries to rally with the shoulder block counter into an attempted senton. The Wargod is one step ahead of The Bronx Bully and evades, swings a kick, misses... both men back to their feet. The stalemate receiving a raucous cheer from the faithful.

Angus:

Hoss fight?

DDK:

While they each have well earned reputations as brawlers and madmen, don't forget both Natas and Box are highly skilled grapplers both, partner.

The two lock up and yet again Boxer uses his superior strength to bend Natas to his will, powering the Anti-Superstar face first down to the canvas. Boxer grinds his kneecap into the side of Natas' head and proceeds to beeeeeeeend his arm back and around so all of Jason's helpless digits are right in front of the face of The Wargod...

Bronson Box: [yelling]

WELCOME TO THE FREAKSHOW, LADS!

Bronson proceeds to twist, bend, hyperextend and BITE the fingers and hand of Natas, so much so referee Slater had to step in and threaten disqualification. Box relents but doesn't allow Natas any time to nurse his aching right hand, he simply wrenches Jason's arm back around behind his back and uses a more "traditional" approach to injuring his opponent with a painful series of twists and turns a human elbow really shouldn't be making. Back on his feet Boxer takes a moment to watch Natas cradling his injured arm.

DDK:

Bronson is just laser focused here, Angus.

Angus:

He's been in *rare* form since he split from Katze. That's undeniable.

Satisfied Natas' right wing is sufficiently brutalized Bronson picks a new target and starts working the knee, snaps it once or twice, maintaining control the entire time. He attempts to pull Natas into a kneebar but The Bronx Bully scrambles to the safety of the ropes. Ropes be damned Boxer doesn't stop the assault despite warnings from Slater. Boxer pops the crowd as he reaches down and pops off an effortless deadlift German that sees Natas tossed clear of the ropes. Relentless, methodical, Boxer rolls through and hooks that kneebar. Natas, to his credit powers through the pain and reaches the ropes. After a near SIX count Box releases Natas to a torrent of boos from the faithful.

DDK:

Natas is hobbled here!

Angus:

Down a leg and a wing, Keebs! That 'aint the physical state you want to find yourself in ain a showdown with The Wargod!

On his feet, Natas breaks an attempted grapple from Boxer with some heavy chops to the Scotsman's wide chest. Forehead-to-forehead the two men scream obscenities back and forth, whipping the fans into a standing frenzy as they stomp cheer and bound the guardrails. After a few tense moments the each start throwing the lumber, laying into the sides of one another's skulls with some SERIOUS forearms.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

HOOOOOSS FIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

Natas miraculously gets something resembling an upper hand, really laying four or five stiff unanswered shots. He manages to stagger The Wargod, he takes that moment (for some reason) to lean in and really get his point across...

Jason Natas:

COME ON BIG MAN, GIMMIE WHAT YA' GOT!

The Pugilist points to the side of his head, offering Box a free shot.

Angus:

Would you look at the brass ones on this one? NOT SMART, CHIEF!

His brown bloodshot eyes wide as saucers, his lips curled into a hateful sneer, Bronson rears back and plasters Natas with FIVE unanswered forearms across the cranium. Capping off the exchange with a roaring European uppercut...

POP

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Somehow, miraculously, Natas manages to stay on his feet... simply tapping the side of his head to another raucous, rowdy cheer from the sold out crowd here in the Wrestle-Plex. Boxer promptly silences the cheers with a single, skin peeling slap across the side of Natas' face. The insulting maneuver only fuels his resolve, Natas pushes him in the corner, then hits a big running forearm strike. Boxer rolls outside to shake the cobwebs from the brutal exchange.

Not letting this one slip away he follows Boxer to the outside, plastering a kick across Boxers upper back from the apron before following him down to the floor where he proceeds with a series of brutal wild strikes that sees Bronson on the run for the first time in the match. The crowd pops hard as Natas chases Boxer back into the ring.

DDK:

Natas finally riding a little wave of momentum here, partner!

Angus:

He better keep it up if he values his *career*.

Back inside, Natas continues to club away at The Wargod. Finally seeing an opening to make some real headway, Natas pulls his opponent up and rolls off a crisp spine compressing brainbuster.

DDK:

AND THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

He almost snatched victory from The Wargod with that one, Keebs!

Not letting his frustration get the better of him, Natas rattles off a few clobbering knee strikes to Boxer before pulling him up and pushing him back into the nearest available corner for MORE wild strikes and forearms that leave Boxer groggy and exposed. Natas keeps his cool and keeps the pace slow and steady, just grinding away at Bronson in the corner.

DDK:

Something of an *evolution* in style from The Pugilist here, wouldn't you say Skaaland?

As the announcers start discussing Natas' attitude, as if on cue, Natas slaps Boxer softly, mockingly, then leans into a skin blistering series of chops the chest. A look of frustration starts to spread across Jason's face however as just seems to gain more and more resolve with each ear splitting strike. Box fires out of the corner SCREAMING for him to hit him again, a request Natas is more than game to serve. Chops, strikes, nothing Natas tries phases Boxer...

Angus:

He's freakin' out, Darren!

DDK:

The Wargod is on FIRE, FOLKS!

Having fired himself up to one of his textbook frenzies, Boxer sends Natas back into a corner with a barrage of strikes. He smacks his thick skull a couple of times, boots him in the gut, and chops him across the chest. Box insults him with a slap, rakes the eyes, then knocks him to the bottom turnbuckle with a massive Roaring Elbow!

His opponent on his ass, Box charges across to the opposite corner. He wastes little time in rampaging back across, then hitting Natas right in the skull with a running knee!

DDK:

Oh my! Did you see that connection?!

Angus:

That was a knee/skull/turnbuckle sandwich, Keebs! Super tasty!

Peeling his opponent from the mat, Boxer pulls Natas into the middle of the ring, locks him in a front facelock, then lifts. He hoists The Bronx Bully, then snaps him down on his head.

Angus:

BRAINBUSTAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH~!

Box with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Huge kickout from the former DOC! This one is accelerating at one helluva pace!

Thoroughly in full-on psychopath mode, Box gets to a knelt position, then screams something at his opponent. He beckons him up as he rises to his feet, then mockingly prods his head with his boot. This stirs Jason into life, and he sits upright.

Big mistake.

Boxer swings an almighty boot, catching him in the chest, and knocking Jason back to the mat. The New Yorker fires up, however. He sits upright, slaps his own chest, and begs for more. Box swings another kick, but Natas catches it as it connects with his pectorals, cushioning the blow. With Boxer in his clutches, Natas climbs to his feet, suddenly whips his opponent's leg down, then surges forward with a leaping knee!

Box is staggered, but Natas just takes a second too long in swinging a Roaring Elbow. Box recovers to duck the blow, seize Natas in a Fireman's Carry, then bring him down into a Gutbuster! Here comes the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Great spirit from Natas as usual, but this is all Boxer, Angus!

Angus:

It is, Keebs! Natas tried to bully his way through The Original DEFIANT, but it just didn't work! Might be time to switch the gameplan up a little...

DDK:

Do you think he knows how?

Angus:

That's the problem: as much as I enjoy the guy, I've only ever seen Natas fight one way...

In the ring, Boxer has pulled Jason Natas up to his feet. Natas clocks him hard, however, and while the blow is sloppy, it's enough to knock Bronson loopy. Still reeling, Jason drops to one knee as Box flops away from him.

Running on adrenaline, Natas comes forward with a forearm, then again. The blows send Box stumbling back into a corner, and after taking a quick run-up, Natas clobbers his opponent with a running corner Lariat. Finally feeling it, Natas charges back to the opposite set of turnbuckles, but Box is right there after him! Box smashes him with a running forearm as Natas hits the 'buckles... then charges, looking to repeat!

Natas follows!

Corner Clothesline!

Boxer's dazed, and stumbles right into Natas' clutches. Jason sets him up with a suplex, but no! Boxer hooks the leg, grabs the waistband, then takes The Anti-Superstar down with one of his own! Both men hit the deck, suffering from the beating they've put on each other.

DDK:

Now both men are down! This is a tough, gruelling war of attrition!

Angus:

Exactly what we thought it'd be, Keebs!

DDK:

These are two of the toughest men in DEFIANCE, but they're trying to out-machismo each other. The winner might just be the first guy who tries something different.

Both men labour themselves towards recovery, with Boxer showing the most noticeable signs of life. As Slater's count hits six, Box pushes himself onto his knees, and Natas soon follows. Tapping his jaw, Jason practically begs Box to hit him, and the Scottish Strongman is happy to oblige!

Forearm, Box!

Elbow, Natas!

Box!

Natas!

Box!

Natas!

That last blow sends Boxy reeling, but he quickly overcomes it, then pushes his forehead into Natas'. With gritted teeth and eyes full of hatred, both men rises to their feet... before Natas pulls back, and suddenly headbutts Box right between the eyes! A small cut opens on Natas' forehead immediately, and blood gently seeps down past his eyes, but he couldn't give a fuck. A dazed Box, meanwhile, throws a looping haymaker than somehow connects with the jaw.

Natas, forearm!

Boxer, right hand!

Boxer with a second. A third, unanswered!

Happy with his work, Box runs to the ropes, looking to clobber his foe on return... but runs right into another leaping knee! The Faithful pop hard as Natas pulls Box down, throws his head between his legs, then drives him into the mat with a huge Powerbomb!

Angus:

POWERBOMB! Box is fucked!

Fatigue prevents Natas from covering immediately, but he quickly rectifies this. He rolls over to Box, covering him with his back.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE- NO!

DDK:

Kickout! BUT WAIT! BOX HAS HIS NECK!

Natas' sloppy cover allows Boxer to seize his neck, locking him in a sleeper hold straight out of the kickout!

Angus:

Where the hell did that come from?!

DDK:

I don't know, but Natas is going to have to get out of it quickly if he wants to stay alive!

Because Jason Natas doesn't have a clue what the phrase "technical wrestling" even means, he's forced to BRUTE

his way out of the situation. That's exactly what he does, however, and after powering his way to his feet, Natas is able to use raw strength to move his body down by Box's side, forcing the Strongman to transition to a basic headlock. Natas wraps his arms around Box's torso, pulls back, and drives him into the mat with a back drop... but Box hangs on!

Boxer moves back into the sleeper on the ground. Natas is fading, and there's a little less strength in his leg as he plants it into the ground. His face turns purple as he plants the second, then slowly rises on wobbly Bambi limbs. He gets there, then reaches out for the ropes with a wobbly arm... so Boxer switches up! Box seizes the outstretched arm in a Half Nelson, grabs the other one, and downs Natas with a Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

Big-time move from Box!

Angus:

Fortunately, Jason Natas doesn't have a neck!

Neck or no neck, the move hurts. Box goes back to the choke, knowing that it's succeeding in wearing The Anti-Superstar down, and the arena fills with chants of encouragement for his opponent.

Natas hears this, and feeds off their energy. Their support wills him up to his knees, and then to the ropes.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FI--

Of course Bronson Box breaks right on the edge, but he pays for it. Natas suddenly springs to life, levelling him with the Roaring Elbow!

Angus:

FOOOOOEEEEEEHAAAMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

DOWN GOES BOX!

Natas peels him off the mat immediately, pulls back for the South Bronx Lariat... MISSES! Box ducks beneath, but it's not enough! The Anti-Superstar turns, knees him in the gut, and drills him with a DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

The Bronx Bully slaps the mat, but he won't let frustration get the better of him. Though struggling himself, he takes Box to his feet, and throws his head beneath his arm. Looking for a Brainbuster, Natas hoists Box up in the air... but Box slips out! BACK TO THE SLEEPER!

Boxer leaps upon Natas this time, wrapping his legs around Natas' torso for extra torsion.

Angus:

Oh brother, just when it looked like Natas was back...

DDK:

He doesn't have the technique to escape these holds without using a huge chunk of energy, Angus, and Natas has never been known for his gas tank!

Fading badly, Natas swings a punch drunk hand at the rope, but he's miles off. He drops to one knee, then another.

Angus:

C'mon, Fatas!

Natas gets to one knee, then almost falls forward as he zombies his way to the ropes. Just as he's about to make contact, however, Box leaps off his back, and violently boots Natas' arm away from the ropes.

Forearm! Forearm! Elbow! Chop! Clinched knee!

Boxer just *ragdolls* Natas, and goes right back to the sleeper... which *FINALLY* brings the bigger man to the ground.

Angus:

Oh fuck...

DDK:

Box is transitioning! He's arching the back!

Boxer slides his hands beneath Natas' chin, and takes position on his back.

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE!

But he doesn't stick with the regular hold for too long. Instead, he quickly transitions by seizing the arms, moving into a seated Full Nelson, and pulling Jason Natas' back into a position it has never been stretched before.

DDK:

SUPER BOSTON MASSCARE!

Angus:

This is the move that killed the squid... and his big brother!

Natas tries to fight, but his gas tank's been drained too far.

His body can no longer match his will, and if he stays in this predicament, he's going to end up in traction.

Between grimaces, Jason Natas mouths a near-silent verbal submission to Brian Slater, who calls for the bell immediately.

DDK:

It's over!

Angus:

Helluva gorram fight!

Box eventually releases Natas, sending the Anti-Superstar flopping to the mat.

DDK:

We got hatred, bile, and venom, but we also got some low-key smart strategy from Bronson Box! He used that sleeper to completely drain Jason Natas, then finished him off with the Massacre!

Angus:

That's Cayle's buddy, too! Don't think that Box wasn't sending a message here!

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAAAND YOUR WINNER... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOO... *ooooopf*

The Original DEFIANT plants one of his huge meaty mitts on the lithe little ring announcers chest and gives him an unceremonious shove. Not of course before plucking the microphone from his hands before he falls back against the ropes. A beloved DEFIANCE fixture, the fans immediately erupt in defence of Mr. Quimbey's gross mistreatment at the hands of the so-called "Ace".

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

He waits for a lull and brings the microphone to his lips.

Bronson Box:

If yer' all quite done I...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful rally back, cutting Boxer off.

Bronson Box:

I said, if you SHEEPLE are quite done I've got...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Longer and louder they boo, drowning out The Wargod.

Bronson Box:

I SAID, I HAVE SOMETHING TO BLOODY SAY! And you FOOKIN' pricks are gunna' listen to every damned word! You see what I did to that twat? HUH?! Did ye' see how I folded him up like a damned bed sheet an' had him SCREAMIN' fer' mercy? That's what Bronson fookin' Box does, ladies and gentlemen... he hurts people, he steals shows, he's the most talked about superstar this company's got. Hell. The ONLY superstar this company's got *LEFT*.

Boxer chuckles under his breath, shaking his head slightly before continuing.

Bronson Box:

See... Eric Dane had visions in his head of that wee squid being his next "*biiiiig star*" his next fookin' money maker. And that prick just couldn't figure that out, he throws that offer back in Eric's stupid FOOKIN' face and gets himself booked on pay per view. Once again. Against the man Eric Dane knows deep deep down in his black heart of hearts can get the bloody job *DONE*... Me.

CAYLE! CAYLE! CAYLE!

CAYLE! CAYLE! CAYLE!

CAYLE! CAYLE! CAYLE!

The Faithful fully behind Cayle Murray, Boxer no sells the chant and continues. Just talking right over the fans here in the Wrestle-Plex.

Bronson Box:

Aye. This time, squid... I promise we'll have ourselves a match. We'll have one HELL of a bloody match, sunshine. Because, ye' see... I've already run a certain stipulation up the flagpole and both Ms. Kels and yer' FRIEND Eric both gave

it an enthusiastic thumbs up. If ye' got that deep gnawing feeling in yer' gut that Eric Dane is secretly trying te' kill ye' lad, call yer' suspicions all but confirmed. Because at the pay per view, squid you'll be facing me no rules, no disqualifications... in a **NO ROPES MATCH!**

THUD

♪ "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

The self professed DEFIANCE Ace drops the microphone to the mat, drops himself down and rolls under the bottom rope without another word. He proudly and victoriously vacates ringside as the crowd murmurs at a fever pitch over the very idea of this "no ropes match"... a topic two announcers we all know are very quick to start speculating about.

Angus:

No ropes? Like, all ten ropes removed from the ring and a match then commencing within said *ROPELESS* ring?

DDK:

That is what it sounds like, yes.

Angus:

Oh well Cayle's gorram dead then, Darren. Period. End of story. Call Mama Murray and let her know her baby boy's goin' to get ripped to shreds by some creep from up the road. I can't believe Kelly approved that crazy ass stip... *heh, atta girl.*

DDK:

Something tells me Kelly has worked here long enough to know, sometimes the only way to truly settle things is with a knock down drag out FIGHT, partner.

Angus:

Fight? You think this is going to be a FIGHT? Keebler, this is going to be a straight up MURDER. LIVE on pay-per-view!

DDK:

You may be right, partner! We're inching ever closer to DEFIANCE Road, and we'll see you at the next stop! Good night!

THIS IS DEFIANCE