

THE RUNDOWN**IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...***"Sin City" - The Genitorturers*

FADE IN on the DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, as insane as ever, and showing off their fancy new signs.

YEAR OF THE SQUID**DOES AMAZON PRIME COME WITH A REAPER?****BURNS, BABY, BURNS****SHAKING HANDS MADE ME HATE MYSELF****I GAVE HER THE D AND WE HAD A BASTARD SON**

And so forth, some more obscene than others.

Finally, we settle on 'Downtown' Darren Keebler and 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland at the commentary table. Angus plays to the crowd while trying to make it look like he's not playing to the crowd...

I dunno, fly casual.

Keebs, on the other hand, keeps his cool and stays focused on the people.

DDK:

GOOD EVENING DEFIANCE FAITHFUL! My name is Darren Keebler and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland, and we are at GROUND ZERO for DEFIANCE TV! We are two weeks away from DEFCON... and things couldn't be any hotter!

Angus:

They certainly could be, Keebs! There could be a scantily clad Harmony sitting on my lap right now, but she's off fixing her oven and leaving poor Angus out in the cold!

DDK:

... Be that as it may, we've got an incredible night of action lined up for you tonight, not the least of which will be, for all intents and purposes, a preview of our DEFCON MAIN EVENT, as the FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray, will team

up with Mascara de Muerte IV against both of his FIST challengers, Kendrix and Mushigihara!

Angus:

M-D-M-Four is the weak link in this match, Keebs. Hell, spell it out eleet'ly and he's the equivalent of a psychedelic drug; Squiddy would probably do better teaming up with his poor crippled brother.

DDK:

That's at least five different levels of discrimination, Angus.

Angus:

Then I take it all back. I don't need any jobless idiots gathering outside my home. Unless they're sexy women who need a few bucks--

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

What? WHAT?

DDK:

... Beyond that, we're looking forward to our new DEFIANCE talent continuing their domination tonight as both Crimson Lord and David Hightower will be in action, and we expect to hear from the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions as well!

Angus: Dance around it all you want, but you know you want to talk about the blood feud, Keebs!

DDK:

I was getting to that! In addition to all of the action we've already discussed, the Southern Heritage Championship will see some movement tonight as the final piece of the DEFCON Championship match will be decided this evening as 'Sub Pop' Scott Douglas takes on Reinhardt Hoffman in singles competition, and Kelly Evans has banned everyone and their mothers from ringside!

Angus:

I'm glad you specified that, because for some weird reason I can see Cally asking her mother to interfere tonight.

DDK:

Coming up first on the agenda, however... we will see the SoHER HIMSELF in action as Impulse and Reaper Prime will face off in a non title grudge match, per Ms. Evans, to blow off some steam before their big showdown at DEFCON! Let's get to ringside!

IMPULSE vs. REAPER PRIME

♪ "Big Bad Wolf" - In This Moment ♪

DDK:

Starting this one off with a bang, Angus! This one is a grudge match that goes beyond grudge matches!

Angus:

If by 'goes beyond,' you mean 'beyond our understanding,' then sure, Keebs. Every time I try to figure out why these two don't like each other, I get a nosebleed and I have to lie down.

The lights switch off and the fans make noise... though a few seconds later a pair of spotlights shine on the middle of the entryway, and on Reaper Prime herself. She regards them all with a cold stare and continues moving towards the ring.

Angus:

And there it is.

DDK:

Reaper Prime looks quite unhappy about being here, Angus. Is it because this is a non-title match, or because Reaper Red has been banned from ringside tonight?

Angus:

I think she's pissed off that this time out, all she needs to do is ask Red Dead to flick a light switch... there's no mystery. And you know I hate it when the mystery leaves.

True to form, the lights slowly fade back up as Reaper enters the ring. She turns towards the entrance and keeps her focus tight.

♪ "Cannonball" - SIRSY ♪

Impulse enters the arena, sans-Cally, sans-jacket, sans-title belt.

Angus:

Something's missing, but I can't put my finger on it.

DDK:

Perhaps Impulse is leaving behind everything that doesn't matter tonight?

Angus:

I'm totally telling Cally you said that.

DDK:

I'm serious. No title, because it's not on the line. No jacket, and because there's no Reaper Red permitted, no Calico Rose is needed to watch his back. Why have any distractions?

Like Reaper, Impulse ignores the fans on his way to ringside - for the most part. He slaps a few outstretched hands, but his focus remains on the ring. As he climbs the steps, Reaper reaches for a microphone from Darren Quimbey, and focuses her eyes on her opponent.

Reaper:

Enjoy it, Impulse. Two more weeks, and you'll be exposed, once and for all, as the FALSE HERO.

As she speaks, Impulse retrieves a microphone of his own.

Reaper:

I've been waiting for this for a full year, Impulse. I've been waiting for this since the moment I signed my DEFIANCE contract. More than that, I've been waiting for years. I've been waiting ever since I came to you as a child needing your help, and you shut me away. At long last, Impulse... I will have my revenge.

She drops her microphone at the sound of the bell, but Impulse puts his to his mouth.

Impulse:

I'm sorry.

Angus:

Come again now?

Reaper cocks an eyebrow, unsure of how to take that. Fortunately, Impulse continues.

Impulse:

You came to me for help, and I blew you off, and for that, I'm sorry. I was at a bad place at the time, and I didn't think I had what it took to point you in the right direction... but I've come to realize that that doesn't matter - that I have a responsibility to the sport, whether I like it or not.

He stops for a moment.

Impulse:

BUT... while how I handled it was my responsibility, how you reacted to it is yours, and I'm not responsible for this yearlong temper tantrum of yours.

The fans pop at this comment, while Reaper hits the top rope and shouts inaudibly at Impulse, pointing her finger.

Impulse:

Maybe you're right, and I am a 'false hero,' but your vision of 'revenge' is going to be your undoing.

He drops the microphone, and Reaper runs at him! Impulse sidesteps, grabs her right arm by the wrist and pushes against her elbow, and sends her chest - first into the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Cross face by Impulse! He's trying for the early submission!

Angus:

I don't think this chick can feel pain.

After just a moment of struggle, Reaper reaches back with her free hand and gouges at Impulse's eyes! This prompts Hector Navarro to warn her, but it also breaks the hold, and Reaper drops the SoHER with a clothesline!

DDK:

Reaper on top, and she's pummeling Impulse with right hand after right hand! Reversal!

While Reaper fires her fists, Impulse hooks her shoulders with his ankles and pulls her down!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

Far too early for a pinfall attempt.

Angus:

Maybe a bit too late, here comes the cavalry!

From the entryway, Bronson Box sprints down to the ring to a chorus of boos and a smattering of cheers: he is the Original DEFIANT, after all. Impulse turns to see Box a second too late, as he's floored with a running elbow smash! Reaper smiles and backs up as Box drives a boot into the Champion's side once, twice... and then he turns his attention and flattens Reaper with a big left hand!

Hector Navarro calls for the bell, and he calls for DEFSec!

Angus:

Well, so much for that.

Security floods the ringside area, but Box has already left the ring and retrieved a microphone.

Bronson Box:

Thought you'd get away this time, sunshine? Who the FOOK is Kelly Evans to give you two the chance to beat the piss outta' the other without giving the WARGOD the same opportunity?

As if on cue, Kelly Evans appears on the video wall.

Bronson Box:

There she is, the ol--

And his microphone is cut.

DDK:

He's not gonna like that.

In the ring, security has stepped between Impulse and Reaper, both sufficiently recovered from Bronson's attack - though everyone's attention is on the wall.

Kelly Evans:

Maybe I wasn't clear enough, Bronson - when I told you that all of you were banned from ringside later tonight for Scott Douglas and Reinhardt Hoffman's face off, I thought it went without saying to stay the FUCK away from this one as well. By all rights I should suspend your dumb ass and remove you from the Southern Heritage match at DEFCon...

The fans pop - some are jeering Box, some are booing Kelly's threat.

Angus:

You don't talk to the WARGOD like that, even if you are in charge.

Kelly Evans:

But I won't do that, Bronson... however let me remind all of you, if I see ANY of you at ringside again this evening, you're out of DEFCon. Even you, Impulse... and while you might be removed from DEFCon, your Southern Heritage title won't be.

Her eyes narrow.

Kelly Evans:

Don't test me.

DDK:

Kelly Evans laying down the law!

Angus:

That pressure valve Evans was talking about? I think it just got higher.

DDK:

We'll be back in a flash!

SNEAK UP BEHIND YOU LIKE A FUCKIN' TORNADO

The scene opens up backstage, specifically, focussing on Lance Warner in front of a Defiance backdrop, the camera pans out as he brings the mic to his mouth.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen...

Boos are heard as the camera brings Mushigihara and a smug looking Eddie Dante into the picture.

Lance Warner:

As you can see, I'm joined live tonight by Eddie Dante and the God-Beast himself Mushigihara.

Dante looks over proudly at his client, grinning from ear to ear.

Lance Warner:

At DefTV 87 you, Mushi, took out both Cayle Murray and Kendrix in typically dominant fashion and with the triple threat match for the Fist taking place in two weeks time, the momentum has dramatically swung in your favour. Are you confident of taking home the biggest prize in this industry today?

Holding out the mic at his interviewees, Mushi doesn't move a muscle, the question however is gladly, somewhat unsurprisingly, picked up by Dante.

Eddie Dante:

No, Lance, we are NOT confident that we will add the lauded FIST of DEFIANCE to the already esteemed mantle of the mighty God-Beast. You see, to be "confident" is to feel certain about the truth of one matter of the next; the operative word there, of course, is to "feel." We don't feel certain we will raise the FIST over our heads at the conclusion of DEFCON, Lance... we KNOW it is a FOREGONE CONCLUSION that Mushigihara is destined to win wrestling's richest prize and lord over it; not like a king seated on his throne, but like a dragon guards its keep from anyone foolish enough to enter its lair in search of treasure. Cayle Murray may be sitting on his throne, but little does he know that the monster await him at DEFCON is ready, to storm the castle and burn it to ashes, befo--

Mushigihara:

OSU.

The God-Beast doesn't shout out his war-cry like he usually does; this time, the interruption caused by that ubiquitous phrase of his is cold, stark. It leaves his mouth like a chilly wind, and as Dante turns to the direction his client is facing, we see why... Kendrix is now here.

With a rather suprised, almost shocked look on his face, Dante reassuringly slaps his client on the chest.

Dante:

Well, well, well. Look what we have here?

Dante's expression changes to the usual assured, confident and pleased grin we're all accustomed too as the camera pans out bringing in more faint boos heard from ringside as none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, dressed casually in his #JFK t-shirt and black slim chino combo but missing his usual cocky demeanor. Instead, he approaches Dante and Mushi with the palms of his hands held out flat in front of him. Warner holds the mic out at his unannounced guest.

Kendrix:

Listen yeah, I ain't here to start any trouble, bruv. JFK comes in peace, innit?!

Dante's grin widens as he looks up at Mushi whose focus is dead on Kendrix, before returning his view and the palms of his own hands out flat at the Londoner.

Dante:

Oh that's good that you don't want any trouble because, you see we don't want any trouble either, young Jessie. We're in the middle of an interview which you've just rather rudely interrupted. So I suggest that you leave right now...

He looks up proudly at Mushi.

Dante:

Unless you want my God-Beast to reintroduce you to this buildings unforgiving architecture once more.

Kendrix grits his teeth at the very thought and massages the back of his neck, still feeling the effects of Mushi's attack on him two weeks ago. Warner moves the mic back in the direction of Kendrix, knowing the Englishmen won't be leaving as he can't resist the opportunity to tell everyone exactly what's on his mind. However, Kendrix looks out at the recording team and gestures for his own mic. Grabbing it from behind the camera he takes in a deep breath, tirade surely imminent.

Kendrix:

You know what, you're right. JFK doesn't want that to happen again. Congratulations to the both of you, you finally stole the show two weeks ago when you man-handled Cayle Murray and the future of this business.

Jesse pauses, struggling to come to terms with admitting the obvious while Dante looks on suspiciously at the sincerity coming from the Londoner's voice.

Kendrix:

In fact, JFK would like to personally thank you both. Even though last week's attack after my gruelling match with Masky de Murty was unexpected, not to mention cowardly when you blindsided me...

Kendrix looks away from Dante and up at Mushi to emphasise his point before calmly returning his attention to Dante who rolls his eyes at JFK's unique view of the event.

Kendrix:

Despite all that, JFK would like to thank you for waking him up. You see, before you dominated myself and Cayle, JFK will admit it Eddie, your God-Beast was an afterthought. Sure, our match for the Fist at DEFCON is between us and Cayle but honestly, in my mind, the Fist was obvs coming down between Cayle and me.

Jesse shrugs his shoulders at his statement as Dante defiantly shakes his head.

Kendrix:

In two weeks, JFK doesn't have to be pinned or submitted to lose out on what would be the biggest achievement of his career, Mushi. You could take that away from me by pinning Cayle for the one two three.

He holds his fingers up making the count, Dante looking very pleased, rubbing his hands together at Jesse's honest prediction, before the Bruv holds his index finger to the side of his head and shakes it out in front of Mushi.

Kendrix:

OR...and now, I'm gonna need you to use your imagination here big guy...as unlikely as it is...Cayle could retain his title by pinning ME...

Jesse steps forward, ignoring Dante and looking Mushi dead in the eyes.

Kendrix:

Meaning You miss out on the biggest achievement of your career, the biggest prize in this industry today. Cayle walks out the way he came in, with the Fist wrapped around his waist...

Jesse steps back, looks at Dante and points at himself.

Kendrix:

Leaving me AND...

Points up at Mushi

Kendrix:

Your God-Beast...with nothing. Now tonight me and your shy monster here are going to team up in our tag match against Mini Masky Five and the Champ himself, in the tag team main event of the evening, bruv. So what I suggest is not only do we beat the living hell out of those gym buddies and win...but more importantly, we develop an understanding going into DEFCON, if you catch my drift.

Dante looks at his client and cautiously back at Kendrix.

Kendrix:

Lets face it, the best odds we have on either of us achieving our dreams is if Cayle is out of the equation...and we have two nights to make sure that happens.

Jesse leaves a final smirking look at Dante and Mushi...

Kendrix:

Think about it, bruv.

Before he drops his mic off of Warner as it hits the ground and backs off out of shot.

Dante just shakes his head in disbelief as Mushigihara snorts in disapproval before giving a low, sighing...

Mushigihara:

OSU...

(Translation: "If you even think of taking that moron up on his offer, I will plant you into this concrete out of sheer principle.")

Eddie Dante:

We have work to do, Mushi. Leave us, Warner.

The Lord of the Ring turns on his heels and exits the scene, with his client following suit.

STORYLINE PURPOSES

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The unmistakable sound of announce pierces the New Orleans night. The parking lot of the DEFplex is the scene. The sound is emanating from a tow truck, who's backing up in order to hook up a job. The job at present is Bruhh Nasty's locker room Tour Bus which he left in the parking lot when he got called back to the mixing board, or wherever his elastrious "career" took him.

Watching the tow truck with a hand rolled something or other pressed to his lips is Coleslaw Jenkins - fitted hat on, baggy ass shorts falling off his waist, being the walking, talking cliché that he is. By his side, Will "the THRILL" Haynes. Jonathan Wildside approaches.

Jonathan Wildside:

Ummm, I don't even wanna ask but why do y'all have Bruhh Nasty's house?

Haynes laughs at the joke yet rolls his eyes at the same time. His trailer park childhood flashing briefly before his eyes as he reacts. Slaw is quick with an answer though, drawing the last hit of his bone.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

Storyline purposes.

Wildside is caught off guard. Not the answer he was expecting from Slaw. Wildside catches Slaw's eyes, besides being red out of their minds they're shift. Something is brewing.

Jonathan Wildside:

Storyline purposes?

Will Haynes:

Yeah, storyling purposes, b. Beside - ain't like we stole it or nothin'. That Bruhh cat, well he lost it to us fair n' square. Ain't dat right, Slaw?

Coleslaw Jenkins:

HEAAAAARD dat, my man.

The Guresome Twosome snap into a handshake. Something they've been working on in their spare time.

Jonathan Wildside:

How in the hell do you lose a tour bus, let alone to the two of you?

Will Haynes:

Ever hear of Tonk?

Jonathan Wildside:

Dice? You're telling me Bruhh Nasty lost his house, to YOU TWO, rolling dice.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

Was like takin' candy from a baby!

Jon is almost impressed.

Will Haynes:

Ain't like I had t' throw nothin' up. Knew I had him beat when he started talkin' 'bout they way they roll up in NYC. New York cats ain't know nothin' 'bout some dice.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

Yeah, dude didn't know what hit 'em. Caught 'em backstage wit some a' the catering crew, hustlin' a few hundred bucks. Challenged him t' up the stakes. Next thing ya know - he gets his walkin' papers n' we got dis here bus.

Jonathan Wildside:

And what the hell y'all doin' with a tour bus. We don't tour anymore boys. Almost all of our shows are held right here.

The bus is almost hooked up.

Will Haynes:

Obviously. We look uneducated t' you, Jon. We ain't takin' a luxury vechile like that out on the road. We're keepin' it right here. Gonna use it. Just gotta ya know flea bomb the place, reoutfit it. That Bruhh well bruh, he had no taste.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

Not in tag partners, not in women, n' certainly not in tasteful duds for a tour bus.

Will Haynes:

Heard dat. So we got a guy who's willin' t' do a few changes for us for a good price n' then we all got a place t' go t' get away from all a' that in there.

Wildside points back to the DEFplex.

Jonathan Wildside:

Don't like your new coworkers, Will.

Will Haynes:

I never like these guys. Probably never will. Hell I barely can stand you all. Present company included.

Everyone smiles, knowing full well that the THRILL is shooting from the hip. There's a silence, just for a second.

Jonathan Wildside:

Alright boys, well it's almost time.

And with that, the tour bus is hauled off and the boys head back inside.

TRUST?

We cut live to the FIST of DEFIANCE's locker-room where the man himself, Cayle Murray, has just dropped his giant hold-all down on a bench.

Dressed casually, the champion looks about as relaxed as a man with two of the most devious men in the business (three, if you count Eddie Dante) on his tail could possibly be. That is to say, not very relaxed at all.

Physically, he's not showing any wear and tear from last week's assault by Mushigihara, but his discomfort becomes apparent when he tries to stretch his arms out. Getting chucked off a stage hurts, even when you've been through as many car crash matches as Cayle has recently, and he winces as he reaches full stretch.

The night's already underway, but his is just getting started. He turns around, zips the bag open, then pulls out the championship. Murray holds it out before him and examines it closely, and wipes away the one smudge he finds with a corner of his shirt.

"Make sure you don't miss a spot. Appearances are important."

Murray whips his head around. He didn't hear the door open, but the massive frame of Dan Ryan is now standing in the doorway. Ryan's in casual business attire, but strikes an imposing figure nonetheless.

Cayle Murray:

Bloody hell.

The FIST quickly shakes away whatever shock is left in him.

Cayle Murray:

Daniel Ryan. I assume you have a reason for being here. You usually do, anyway.

Dan Ryan:

Ah, I do miss bantering about with a Scotsman. You're a lot friendlier than Bronson; definitely taller. I just came to wish you luck -- that and to let you know I'm rooting for you at DEFCON. I like to make the rounds and say hello to my favorites when I'm in the building. I've always been a fan, you know.

Cayle Murray:

Really mate? Can't say I'd noticed.

Dan Ryan:

No? I sent you a lovely welcoming tweet when you first signed with the company, not to mention a fair bit of well-wishes back at DEFIANCE Road. I mean hell, the way things looked last week, it seems like you could have used a friendly face or two, am I wrong?

The FIST squints. His stance tightens. He's growing a little more defensive.

Cayle Murray:

So you're a friendly face? That's what I'm supposed to believe? Was I born yesterday? You aren't really the type of guy to just jump on someone's bandwagon and start being mates, laddie. Hell, I don't even know if Curtis Penn is out of traction yet.

His mind drifts away for a moment, pondering that DEFIANCE Road powerbomb onto the barricade.

Cayle Murray:

So tell me, because my patience isn't quite what it was when I first arrived here; what's your real game, Dan?

Ryan shrugs his shoulders.

Dan Ryan:

I'm afraid you've seen through my grand scheme. I knew I couldn't fool you, champ. It's true, while I've found your career trajectory to be interesting and have paid attention with great interest, I don't have particularly good or bad feelings about you either way. I'm just here to do a job.

Cayle Murray:

Heh.

A smirk. The slightest of smirks. Certainly not a Kendrix or Eric Dane smirk.

Cayle Murray:

The last time you showed up, you damn near killed old Curty Penn. The time before that, you did the same to Lindsay Troy. Both were the FIST at the time. You'll have to forgive my distrust, but that's a pattern.

Ryan holds up a single finger (no not that one).

Dan Ryan:

Ah, yes, a pattern. There's always pattern. But you're focusing on the pattern on the surface and not the ones that truly matter. People are pretty predictable usually, once you've been around them long enough. I've been around a very long time, so nothing I do should be too surprising at this point. Still, I feel like pointing out that in each case, both of the people you mentioned had been warned on multiple occasions. Lindsay had been warned so many times, I lost count. But Lindsay thinks she can simply wag a finger in someone's face and exert her will if she just tries hard enough. Curtis Penn was an embarrassment to the belt. I did what needed to be done. It's not too complicated really. Would you prefer I go over to the Virginia Quell Memorial Cripple Wing at New Orleans general and wheel his broken ass down here so he can take his "rightful place" as FIST of DEFIANCE?

Cayle Murray:

Well, I can't say I'll ever condone that kind of violence, particularly from somebody who wasn't even involved in the bloody match. But I can't say I'm exactly cut up by Curty's prolonged absence, either.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Maybe it'll encourage him to be less of a wanker if and when he returns.

Dan Ryan:

Well, someone like you might hope for the rehabilitation of Curtis Penn, physically or behaviorally, but Curtis Penn received his warning. Since you don't condone that kind of violence, that's probably why I was called and not you.

Cayle Murray:

That's why you were called, eh? And what EXACTLY were you called to do this time?

Dan Ryan:

Same as always, champ... I'm called to do what's best for DEFIANCE. And right now, what's best for DEFIANCE is that I come see you today... and make sure you know that we're rooting for you to have a long, prosperous championship reign. It's pretty much as simple as that. Like I said, I'm a big fan.

Ryan smiles, but it's a pretty empty smile, and it disappears almost as quickly as it came.

Cayle Murray:

Oh, I plan on having a long, prosperous championship reign.

He pauses. There's no real hostility from Cayle, just a palpable sense of caution.

Cayle Murray:

On my own merit, and I'd be much obliged if you stayed away from it, regardless of what you think is best for DEFIANCE.

Dan Ryan:

Well Cayle, it's not really just about what I think is best. And believe me, I've had a very long career, and I've had lots and lots of people tell me they'd like me to stay out of their business. But, you know, it turns out my wife is right. I'm just not a very good listener. You want to be champion for a long, long time? Then, I'll suggest you remember something. There are all manner of things in this life that deserve recognition of merit, both in the ring and out. If you want to keep that belt around your waist, I suggest you expand your vision to include more than simply being the traditional honorable champion. You've already gotten something of a taste of it, haven't you? DEFIANCE tends to chew good boys up and spit them out. Not too long ago, it turned lovable little Eugene Dewey into a gold starved monster, because he realized it as well. No one does anything on their own merit alone. The sooner you learn that, the better.

Cayle's contemplating. He waits before responding.

Cayle Murray:

You sound a lot like Eric, you know.

Ryan's eyebrow goes up.

Dan Ryan:

Do I? Even with the accent?

Cayle Murray:

I'm Scottish. You think I know the difference between Texan and Louisianan? I will say that he's yet to make me look dumb for trusting him ahead of DEF Road, though.

Dan Ryan:

Trust?

Ryan shrugs again, tilting his head slightly.

Dan Ryan:

I will do you a favor and give you this, Cayle. We all have our parts to play. Remember that. Eric Dane has his, Kelly Evans hers... I have mine... and you have yours. You are the FIST of DEFIANCE. You are the most important professional wrestler in this company right now. You may not even realize how important you are yet.

Ryan pauses for a moment, then continues before Murray can respond.

Dan Ryan:

But... as I said, I'm called today only to wish you the best at DEFCon, and to let you know that we're rooting for nothing but the best for you, and of course... a long reign as FIST of DEFIANCE. I'll leave you to it. There are probably more... smudges... to take care of.

Ryan nods his head, then turns and leaves without a word. Murray watches him go, not sure what to make of it all.

Cayle Murray:

Well then.

The FIST breathes out. He's equal parts relieved, confused, and wary, but not at all sure what to make of Dan Ryan's re-emergence.

Nonetheless, he turns back to his back and starts unpacking. He's got a match tonight, after all.

Cut.

CRIMSON LORD vs. MATT FLOYD

♪ *The Vengeful One by Disturbed* ♪

DDK:

Here comes a man that made a impressive debut two weeks ago at DEFTv 87.

Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from Chicago, Illinois..... "The Messiah of Pain" CRIMSON LORD!

Crimson steps from behind the curtain, and begins his trip to the ring.

Quimbey:

Currently in the ring is his opponent MATT FLOYD!

Angus:

Impressive he demolished Jager Bombastico..just take a look.

Replay

A short video package of the match between Jager and Crimson plays. Ending with Crimson saying "Message Sent"

Crimson reaches the ring, his purple hoodie pulled over his face. Before Crimson can pull his hood back Matt comes flying from the ring in a suicide dive crashing into Crimson!

DDK:

Matt clearly did his homework and quickly tries to take advantage of a unprepared Crimson Lord here!

Angus:

Look at this goof hyping these people up. You better not take your eyes off Crimson.

DDK:

I think Matt realizes that he is back in the ring and climbing the top rope. Crimson is getting to his feet...Matt flying crossbody from the top!

Crimson during his mid flight removes his hood and turns at Matt and catches him in mid air, he steps back getting his balance for a second.

Angus:

Powerslam! Crimson still has Matt in his arms..He is running into the post!

Floyd screams in pain as his lower back meets the steel ring post.

DDK:

Crimson just body slammed Matt onto the steel steps my god! The power of this man is remarkable!

Crimson takes his jacket and hoodie off, while Matt tumbles down the steel steps holding his back in immense pain.

Angus:

Crimson calls that "The Ricochet" and judging by that intense look down at the broken Matt Floyd. All Matt did was piss this man off.

Crimson grabs Matt with a handful of hair, and a handful of trunks he throws him into the ring. He follows quickly after.

DDK:

Matt is is trying to roll back out of the ring. Crimson is in close pursuit here.

Crimson picks up Matt and tosses him in the air right into the turnbuckle. Crimson moves in and delivers a few elbow shots to Matt. Quickly followed by repeated knee lifts from each leg into the gut of Floyd.

Angus:

Crimson is relentless, Matt just showed his inexperienced he should of stayed on this mammoth of a man and not pander to these fans. Well, this is what you get for taking your attention from your opponent.

Crimson grabs Matt by the side of the face and throws him halfway across the ring. Matt coils up favoring his back. Crimson quickly moves in by going off the ropes and driving a knee into the lower back of Matt!

DDK:

Crimson has what looks to be a dragon sleeper with his knee still buried into Matt's back! The human body is not suppose to bend that way!

Angus:

In all my years in this business I have never seen a move like that, Crimson has Matt in a slinky like position!

DDK:

Hector is right there to check on Matt.

Matt fights it for a moment but eventually can no longer fight the pain and quickly taps.

Angus:

Navarro is calling for the bell here. Crimson once again decimates his opponent. This man is going to be a force here in Defiance!

~♪ The Vengeful One by Disturbed ~♪

Quimbey:

The winner via submission...Crimson Lord!

Hector tries to raise the big man's hand but Crimson pulls away from him. He stares at Matt who is holding his back in pain on the mat. Crimson steps over the top rope with one leg.

DDK:

Crimson takes the win here tonight, fans...but wait a minute he is looking back at Matt. He just reentered the ring again, this can not be good.

Crimson walks over to Matt, Hector looks at Crimson for a second before Crimson picks up Matt lifting him high in the air.

Angus:

Hollow Point! Crimson has done some massive damage to Matt's back, and this man clearly has absolutely no remorse for Matt. I really am starting to like this man alot.

DDK:

This was not necessary he won the match.

Crimson stares down at Matt clenching his teeth in pain as he holds his lower back.

~♪ The Vengeful One by Disturbed ~♪

Angus:

He is out to send a message to the guys in the back, and I have to say his message is clear.

Crimson exits the ring and heads up the rampway to the back with a stone cold look on his face.

DEJECTION

That old familiar sound of tape being pulled from its home sounds out down the hallway of the WrestlePlex as Gunther Adler removes it from his wrist before discarding it on the floor behind him. A dejected look is etched on his face as he walks slowly past the usual mix of backstage equipment piled up on wooden tables and flight crates marked with the DEFIANCE logo.

???:

Gunther Adler!

Although he might have preferred to ignore the call, Gunther can't ignore the bear paw on his shoulder. Adler turns just as slowly as he was walking as we pan along the arm, to the aviator shaded face of Hoyt Williams. Being a similar height to Gunther, the two stare at each other until from behind Williams comes none other than Charlie Ace, hopping along as he struggles to remove a length of wrist tape from the soles of his black shoes.

Charlie Ace:

Gunther, I'm glad we bumped into you!

Adler raises his eyebrows. 'Bumped into' might not be the best way to describe following someone walking slowly down a hallway, but he wasn't going to argue over semantics with Charlie Ace.

Charlie Ace:

Where are you off to, huh? The locker room? Get your things? I mean, I noticed you're not booked tonight, so I guess that's where you're headed. Change out of that ring gear seeing as you won't be needing it tonight, right?

Now that it's been brought up, it does seem strange that Adler would be in his ring gear when he's not booked.

Charlie Ace:

But, you know, that's what I like to see. A guy who's ready for anything. 'On call' as it were, just in case he's needed to fill in for someone. As the night goes on though the likelihood of that happening gets less and less, doesn't it.

The ramblings of Charlie Ace seem to be wearing thin now, that much is evident as Adler heaves a heavy sigh and looks off to the side. Reading the reaction Ace knows he needs to get Adler's attention back.

Charlie Ace:

Look, I can tell you're a busy man. We're all busy men after all, I mean, take me for example. I've spent the last two weeks scouring the globe to find a replacement for that loser Flynn Turner. 'Cause that's what he is. A loser. I gave him all the tools to succeed and all he did was lose, and that's not what Charlie Ace stands for. No, Ace means number one, not number two.

He's still losing Adler, who looks like he's about to start getting angry over having his time wasted as he shifts on the spot, folds his arms and purses his lips while he literally bites his tongue to keep what must be racing through his head from spilling out of his mouth.

Charlie Ace:

So I've been on the phone, on the Internet, on Skype and I've been interviewing guys from all over the world. And girls, I've interviewed girls too. And they're all great. All really promising. I've spoken to guys local from here, from Japan, Mexico, the United Kingdom. Really promising prospects, I've gotta say. And Australia. Can you believe that? Australia. I've spoken to a guy from Aust-

Finally Gunther can't stand the incessant babbling any more.

Gunther Adler:

Has zis got a point? Are you actually going to say anything of any relevance?

Charlie seems taken aback by Gunther's reaction, but if there's one thing he can do it's play it cool.

Charlie Ace:

I'm glad you asked, Gunther. Because I've also been on the phone to Germany. And I know you know Germany. See, there was the guy in Germany that I thought 'Yeah, he could be the next FIST of DEFIANCE' but this guy, I mean, talk about your windbags. So, I'm talking to this guy and my mind starts to wander, and I'm thinking 'Who else do I know from Germany?' and that's when I thought of Gunther Adler.

Charlie extends his arms out as though presenting Gunther to... well, himself.

Charlie Ace:

Look, I can tell you're disappointed you're not wrestling tonight. Quite frankly, it's a crime you're not. I mean, you come into DEFIANCE, pick up back to back wins and then spend the next two weeks doing nothing. There's something seriously wrong with that picture Gunther, and I want to help you fix it.

Finally Gunther cracks a smile. One which Charlie Ace immediately reciprocates.

Charlie Ace:

Just picture it, Gunther. Can you picture it? Because I sure can. Ace Management Services proudly presents the undefeated Gunther Adler. I'm getting chills just thinking about it. You stick with me Gunther and I'll get you weekly bookings, I'll get you championship matches, Southern Heritage, FIST, you name it, I'll get it. Money, fame, fortune, I'll get them for you Gunther. All you need to do is sign...

From nowhere, Charlie produces a clipboard with a small stack of papers attached. He holds it out to Adler and clicks his pen open before too holding that out.

Charlie Ace:

On the dotted line. What do you say?

Gunther smooths out his moustache as he looks down at the clipboard, and then up and Charlie Ace. Ace smiles broadly and pushes the contract and pen closer to Adler, but his gaze moves even further up to Hoyt Williams, who for the duration has been standing stoically by Charlie Ace's side, not reacting to anything that has been said.

Gunther Adler:

Ja, pass.

Although he must have heard something similar to that a hundred times before in his life, Charlie Ace looks like he's just been shot in the heart by that answer.

Charlie Ace:

You're going to pass up this once in a lifetime opportunity?

Gunther Adler:

I'm just starting in DEFIANCE, unt I know I can make it on my own. Why would I want you unt your... bodyguard?

Charlie nods as though he's listening, but his face appears to be like that of a used car salesman, not really caring what he's hearing, he's just thinking up his next line to get that yes that he so desperately wants.

Gunther Adler:

Why would I want you in my corner when all you would be providing is an axe hanging over my head, waiting to drop if I lose a match? That is what happened to Herr Turner, ja?

Charlie Ace:

I've said already, Flynn Turner was a loser. And do you know what do with losers? I cut them off. He's gone, history,

done. Flynn Turner will never return to DEFIANCE. He called himself 'Persona Non Grata', well I'm calling him 'Persona Non Winner', OK? I just came up with that. 'Persona Non Winner' it's got a ring to it, hasn't it. Look, if it's not title you want then I can get you something else. Women? You like women? You, me and Hoyt here, we'll head out, hit the town, find some of those Nawlins skanks and we'll have a blast.

Gunther Adler:

No, Herr Ace. Championships are exactly what I want, but I do not need your help in earning them. What happened to Herr Blackwood was just the start. I will conquer DEFIANCE, and I will do it alone. Now, if you'll excuse me.

With that Gunther turns from Charlie and Hoyt and continues in the direction he was originally headed. Meanwhile it's Charlie Ace's turn to look dejected as he retracts the contract and looks down at it as we fade to black.

DANNY DIGS vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

Coming up next, Angus, we've got Danny Diggs finally taking on Oscar Burns. They were supposed to have this match on DEFtv a few weeks ago, but Diggs deferred his in-ring opportunity to fellow BRAZEN member Thomas Slaine. Oscar Burns got the victory, but after the match Diggs laid waste to the New Zealander.

Angus:

Kelly Evans ain't taking that shit lying down. I heard her say earlier for this match that if Diggs pulls some crap like that again tonight, he'll be fined so he'll have to face the Kiwi.

DDK:

And this match has rather unique stakes. It's not often you see opponents agree to fight at a major show and then do battle right before that, but we may not see the same match twice. Diggs and Burns agreed to a match tonight and the winner will get to pick the stipulation for their showdown at DEFCON.

Angus:

You know if Goody McOrangeshoes has his way, it'll be some crazy master-class grapple-effing match where you have to tie your opponent up in knots... Diggs... I don't know what he'd do.

DDK:

Coming up next, Oscar Burns takes on Danny Diggs with big stakes on the line!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall, with a special stipulation! The winner of tonight's match will pick the stipulation for their singles encounter at DEFCON!

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

The gloriously inappropriate tune plays through the arena. Annoyance and jeers spread among the faithful, and it's only amplified as Danny Diggs glides out from the back. The portly grappler is clad in a pair of tie-dye tights and a black shirt with only the word "Meh." In one hand is a steel chair, and the other, a bottle of wine. He takes a sip before walking down the ramp, still grinning.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Cleveland, Ohio, weighing in at 250 pounds... "MASTER THIEF" DANNY DIGGS!

Diggs enjoys the negative response from the crowd and enters the ring before waiting for his opponent.

♪ "Hardcore Symphony" by Digital Explosion ♪

Out from the back comes the man from New Zealand and he has a bone to pick with Danny Diggs. Oscar looks more serious than usual for him as he rips his shirt off and throws it down on his way toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand...

DDK:

Nope! Burns isn't waiting for any introductions and neither is Diggs!

Angus:

NON-HOSSFITE!!!!

The bell hasn't officially rung yet, so Danny swings his chair at Burns. Twists and Turns ducks the oncoming blow and when Danny turns around, Oscar takes him down to the mat with a Drop Toe Hold! The referee calls for the bell and we are now underway.

DING DING DING!

Oscar tries to immediately go for the submission by working over Danny's arm, but the crafty cheater tries to scurry away from the catch wrestling/submission specialist. Burnsie pulls him away from the ropes and grabs onto his arm before throwing him down to the mat! He holds onto Danny Diggs with a Surfboard Stretch, but instead of grabbing the arms, he jumps up and STOMPS down hard on both of Diggs' knees!

Angus:

Gorram! Don't screw with the Kiwi when he's mad!

DDK:

Oscar's a nice guy, no doubt, but after sneak attacks, cheap shots and disparaging remarks for three shows straight, there's only so much he can take!

Diggs holds onto his legs and tries to get away, but Burns grabs him by the leg and pulls him towards the center. He tries for what appears to be a Figure Four, but Diggs tries to steal one with a Small Package... that Burns reverses right away!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Diggs just tried one of those flash pins he likes to use, but Oscar has him well-scouted!

The Master Thief tries to crawl away again from Oscar Burns, but The Technical Spectacle runs towards him and CRACKS him on the mouth with an Elbow Smash that has extra stank on it! Diggs gets sent into the corner where Oscar follows and he gets taken down with a running High Knee in the corner! He pulls Diggs out of the corner with a Double Arm and goes for a Suplex with a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

How close were we to seeing Master-Class Grapple-effing at DEFCON, Keebs?

DDK:

Very close! Diggs needs to get something going because this has been all Burns so far!

Oscar pummels him in the corner with more Elbow Smashes until the official finally has to step in and intervene. Burns then tries to recollect himself and remember... there are rules in place for a reason. Diggs is a battered mess in the corner, but just when it looks like Burns is about to go for the attack again, Diggs has a slight grin on his face and SPITS at Burns's face!

DDK:

We know Diggs has no respect for Burns, but wow...

Angus:

Uh-oh, what's he doing, Keebs?

The Master Thief looks under the ring and tries to grab something, but he's surprised that Oscar Burns is already getting up and ready to strike again. Diggs is grabbed by the leg, but he gets an errant kick to the face of Burns before he tries to run up the ramp. Diggs adjusts his tights and suddenly RUNS up the ramp with Oscar giving chase! The referee starts a count for both men to return to the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

What's he doing? If both of these guys get counted out, then what happens to the stipulation for DEFCON?

FOUR!

FIVE!

Diggs is now halfway up the ramp when Oscar finally catches up to him and grabs him by the arm! He's about to run towards the ring and about to throw Diggs inside, when suddenly Danny grabs him by his arm and pulls out a pair of handcuffs!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Angus:

The hell? He's got cuffs? Didn't know this dude was a kink.

DDK:

No! He just handcuffed Danny to the barricade!

Diggs runs into the ring at...

EIGHT!

Burns grabs his arm and tries to get free, but Diggs stands in the ring!

NINE!

TEN!

DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Danny Diggs just suckered Oscar Burns! I think... well, I don't know for sure, but I think those handcuffs were stashed under the ring!

Angus:

He played the Kiwi like a fiddle! Now he gets to pick the stipulation for DEFCON!

Cue Danny Diggs in the ring, laughing his ass off right now after pulling a fast one!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a countout... **DANNY DIGGS!**

Oscar Burns is still handcuffed to the guardrail and Diggs asks for a microphone...

WEAK AF

Danny Diggs:

[huffing] Told you, Burnsie... work smart, not hard...

The Ultimate in Trolling Technology laughs at Burns, still handcuffed to the barricade in the middle of the aisle while Diggs now leans over the ropes.

Danny Diggs:

I told you, Burns... I'm through watching people like you... just skate on by to the main roster while people like me have to fight to get noticed. All the fancy moves, all the God-given talent and grappling and I STILL beat you! And I'm gonna do it again at DEFCON and put the name Danny Diggs on the map!

Diggs turns to the direction of Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler.

Danny Diggs:

Hear me, idiots... I have my stipulation for DEFCON all picked out for us, Burnsie...

Burns still struggles with the handcuffs and tries to get loose while Diggs grins.

Danny Diggs:

Since you like to play by the rules, Oscar... you can keep doing it, but I won't. At DEFCON, we'll have what I call... a One-Sided DQ match! The rules will only apply to you at DEFCON... but I can't be disqualified or counted out. That means I can beat your stupid ass any way I want anywhere in the ring... and you can't do anything about it but play by your dumb rules!

The Master Thief waves a hand.

Danny Diggs:

See you at DEFCON, Burnsie!

With that shocking announcement, Diggs drops the microphone to the mat and simply walks through the crowd, but not before he throws the key to the handcuffs and lets it drop in front of the ring – nowhere near Oscar can get to it.

Oscar Burns:

You... come back here and fight, Diggs!

But by now, Diggs has already disappeared into the crowd as the camera cuts back to Angus and DDK.

Angus:

Man, I had no idea Diggs had this in him! That's a pretty sick stipulation for DEFCON!

DDK:

And that could be Oscar's worst nightmare! Oscar is CLEARLY skilled behind the ropes, but if Diggs has free reign to do what he wants, there's no limit to what he can do to hurt Burns!

Twists and Turns continues to struggle and the official walks by to grab the key and cut him loose. By now Diggs is long gone, but Oscar has a whole new set of problems to work at DEFCON.

DAVID HIGHTOWER vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

We cut to ringside as the lights die down with just Hector Navarro and Darren Quimbey in the ring.

DDK:

More action coming up next! We have the recently debuted David Hightower taking on Butcher Victorious! Two weeks ago, David Hightower went one on one with Gage Blackwood. Let's take a look.

The screen splits into two. On the left hand side we see the live image as David Hightower's theme song begins to play. On the right hand side we see highlights from the Hightower/ Blackwood match. Mostly Hightower with a relentless assault.

Angus:

What a debut it was, He handled Blackwood with relative ease. The man is a hoss through and through, but the man who speaks for him? How do I put this elegantly?

DDK:

When have you ever been elegant?

Angus:

Good point keebs! He's an asshole! He's one of these hypersensitive, safe space, new age hippies! The man's a walking billboard of offended!

The screen goes back to the live shot where the ring announcer is finally announcing Hightower who is halfway to the ring, with said manager Jamie Sawyers wearing a bright pink suit. The fans point and tease Jamie who barks at them down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, on his way to the ring, being accompanied by his manager, Jamie Sawyers, he is from West Memphis, Arkansas, weighing in at 275 lbs...DAVIID HIGHTOWERRR!

DDK:

Look at the size of Hightower! Wait a minute!

The camera zooms into the rampway, where behind Hightower we now see his opponent Butcher Victorious coming down the ramp quickly with a chair raised over his head. With a solid swing he connects flush on the back of an unsuspecting David Hightower, who falls to a knee after the impact.

Angus:

Well that's one way to take down someone that size. Victorious is giving up a big weight advantage here tonight, so I guess he thought he needed an equalizer!

Referee Hector Navarro is out there with the action right away, he's yelling at butcher to drop the chair and get the action in the ring so he can ring the bell. Navarro is being ignored however when Butcher raises his chair high into the air again the fans cheer loudly. Butcher swings again and the chair cracks against the back again, this time dropping David to his hands and knees.

DDK:

After that second chair shot Butcher drops the weapon. He adds a few kicks for good measure before rolling David into the ring and getting this match started.

The bell rings and right away Butcher tries for the quick cover.

One...

Two...

Kickout by Hightower with authority. He lifts Butcher off him completely.

Jamie Sawyers screams on the outside for Navarro to disqualify Victorious for the weapon but it was before the bell so there is nothing that can be done.

For the next few minutes Victorious tries to capitalize on the surprised and dazed Hightower but he seems to battle through the strikes. Every hold that is placed on the bigger man is quickly broken with a lift and a toss of Victorious half way across the ring. David slowly comes to his senses, but finally catches Butcher when he tries to come down off the second rope with a crossbody block. Hightower walks to the middle of the ring, and with a yell lifts and slams down his opponent with power slam.

DDK:

Hightower stands back up but is still gathering his bearings from those chair shots early on.

David shakes his head and starts to lumber towards Butcher. He comes down with a hard forearm strike to the lower back. The loud crack reverberated around the arena. David drops three more before picking him up, shooting him off the ropes, and lifting the big boot right across the face. Butcher drops hard. Hightower with the cover.

One...

Two...

Kickout just in the nick of time.

Angus:

Butcher Victorious of course, trying to earn his shot on the roster, he is a regular with Brazen, but sometimes it's better to live to fight another day...

DDK:

When you get the opportunity in DEFIANCE you have to leave it all on the line!

Hightower pulls up Butcher and shoots him into the turnbuckle. He follows up with a charge but Butcher uses the ropes to jump into the air, up and over the bigger man. Butcher lands on his feet and dropkicks Hightower in the back sending him face first into the turnbuckle. He stumbles out, but Butcher is moving quickly. He hits the ropes and comes back at David hitting him with a running bulldog. The crowd comes alive a but as Sawyers complains as usual.

After another quick pin attempt Victorious grows frustrated and looks to end this as quickly as possible. He signals to the crowd and hits the ropes once more. He attempts a running senton bomb but David rolls out of the way just in time. Both men slowly get to their feet. Hightower gets a full head of steam and comes running and almost takes the head off Butcher with a lariat. The crowd "Ooohs" at the move. Sawyers calms down now, seeing that his guy is in firm control. David backs into the turnbuckle and lines up the shot.

DDK:

Oh no, we've seen this move a few times now, the West Memphis Massacre! What a running knee drop square to the head.

Angus:

Ugh! 275 lbs of hoss dropping down on your face!

The pin is automatic.

♪"Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr.♪

Jamie Sawyers climbs into the ring with the microphone, eager as always to open up his mouth.

Jamie Sawyers:

Don't even bother Quimbey! Allow me! Ladies and Gentlemen your winner... 'The Anti-Bully' DAVID HIGHTOWERRR!

DDK:

Another decisive victory from Jamie Sawyers big brute! You have to wonder how far this guy can go if he keeps this up!

Angus:

I sure wish he could do it without this clown by his side.

The pair leave the ring as the scene fades out. Hightower walks straight for the curtain, Sawyers stays back to argue with fans a bit on his way up. Butcher recovers slowly and rolls out of the ring.

BULLYSHIT

We cut to the backstage area where in front of a DEFIANCE wrestling logo stands the sweating David Hightower, He breathes deep having just reached the back from his match. He is accompanied by his loud mouthed manager Jamie Sawyers. Jamie stands in front of David so that the focus is on him.

Jamie Sawyers:

For weeks now on DEFtv we've seen one man fail and fail and fail again. For weeks we've seen a man try to "stand up to the challenge", we saw a man "trying to make his mark" on DEF, and we've seen him disappointed every time he tries.

He pauses.

Jamie Sawyers:

There are two kinds of men in this world, most men lose a battle, they go back, they regroup and they try again! They buckle down, study their opponent, go hard in the weight room, and hope to come out better than ever. Then there's the other kind of man.

Jamie holds up two fingers in the air.

Jamie Sawyers:

There's also the type of man who loses, and sulks. He gets mad, he throws things around and he let's his emotions get the best of him. This is the kind of man who will have short aggressive outbursts when they grow frustrated. Men who cannot control themselves and their own temper. These are the men who tend to put others down to make themselves feel better about their own failings. These are the dangerous people... the unpredictable...Guys like Gage Blackwood.

He nods vigorously. When he mentioned the name it's almost as if David Hightower's ears perked up. He suddenly pays more attention to his manager.

Jamie Sawyers:

Last week on Uncut, Gage had some choice words for both myself and my client David Hightower. He told us all, that although he's failed to make an impact in DEF thus far, he fully intends to. Even going as far as calling out David for doing nothing more than defeating the man in a fair and even fight. I cannot stand by and allow Gage to try to put down my man for doing his job! Doing what he's employed by DEFIANCE to do... to win matches. I've been dealing with people like Gage for years, and I'm sick of it! So here's what we're going to do. I had a talk with Kelly Evans earlier in the night and asked her for a match for DEFCON. David Hightower one on one against Gage Blackwood, and she granted that match for us. What a gracious host!

He applauds the initiative from Kelly Evans.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gage, You want to call us out on Uncut? Well allow me to respond to you directly. You cannot defeat the members of the Brazen roster you have encountered, You cannot beat David Hightower himself, hell you can't even register on the relevance scale whatsoever on DEFtv, what makes you think you have any chance come the Pay Per View? The ocean around here is only going to get bigger Gage, and big fish like David Hightower here, swallow the small insignificant feeder fish all the time. DEFCON will be no different. By the time David is done with you, I would be surprised if you could even walk out of DEFCON let alone appear in DEFIANCE again.

The pair walk off screen but a laugh is heard from Sawyers as he exits.

CHANGE

♪ "Cochise" by Audioslave ♪

The voice of a grunge God fills the arena, as "Cochise" by Audioslave signals the arrival of the Bastard Sons of Wrestling. Dressed in their black they begin their descent to the ring to a sea of boos.

DDK:

The Bastard Sons of Wrestling making their way to the ring. Unannounced mind you. Nothing on my notes here, Angus. What about you?

Angus:

I got nothing, but Keebs let's be real - I can barely read my own handwriting at times.

The Bastards, all four of them enter the ring. It's Wildside who gets the microphone. The crowd greet them with more boos.

Jonathan Wildside:

That's okay. I'll wait.

More boos, of course.

Jonathan Wildside:

I've got all night, if you want.

More.

Jonathan Wildside:

They don't bother me - not in the slight -

More boos. More. Boos. Finally Jon just lets them die.

Jonathan Wildside:

I'm out here tonight for one reason and one reason only. To address our former Brother in Arms - Mr. Skidd Row.

There's a mixed reaction for Skidd Row as the Faithful aren't really sure what to make of his recent change of heart.

Jonathan Wildside:

You see, when we first started putting this band back together and J was going through names in his Phone Book it was I who championed for Skidd. That's right it was me who spent the better part of a week convincing J that what this rag tag team of misfits needed was THE SCUM OF THE UNIVERSE, the PRIDE OF CHICAGO. The Bastards needed some attitude.

And attitude we got.

Wildside nods his head.

Jonathan Wildside:

You all saw the attitude. Refusing to listen to orders, refusing to do what we say. This unit right here, my guys right here, we all operate together - with one goal in mind. That way we can BLOW BY that goal and accomplish more than we ever thought possible. BUT NOOOOOOO, Skidd had "other ideas."

Air quotes appear around other and ideas.

Jonathan Wildside:

And now look at him. Hanging with a couple of pretend Hollywood starlets, like he's on the Surreal Life. Let me ask you

Faithful something, huh? What's changed?

DDK:

Ought oh, getting into it with the Faithful is always your downfall. Don't you agree, partner?

Angus:

I totally agree, Keebs. These people can easily riot at a moment's notice. I've seen it, you've seen, everyone's seen it. It ain't pretty.

Jonathan Wildside:

A year ago you boo'd the PCP when they started their Sports Entertainment nonsense and now - NOW! - you idiots can't get enough. WHAT. CHANGED!?

♪ "Black Widow" by The Animal In Me ♪

With all the glitz and glamour of a Pop Culture Phenom entrance, along with the grim and grittiness of Skidd Row, spotlights flourish and illuminate the top of the entrance ramp as the lights dim to a faint hue. Skidd row leads the charge, microphone already pushed to his lips, not one to indulge in the pageantry. The D and Elise however, back him up from a distance and revel in the spotlight, until the arena lights return. Elise is somewhat annoyed as she hadn't even gotten the chance to finish her trademark pose before Row interrupts.

Skidd Row:

Cut the shit - Jon. Change? You wanna talk about change? You wanna stand in this ring tonight in front of all these people and ask about change? You're standing with nothing but a Good Ol' Boys Crew who hasn't been relevant to this industry for at least five years.

Skidd paces at the top of the ramp.

Skidd Row:

You wanna talk change, Jon - how about EMBRACING that change?

Row nods his head. He's feeling it.

Skidd Row:

How about embracing people who can do better, faster, and stronger than you can? How about embracing people who can make the impossible look effortless. How about embracing the change that happened right under your God damned nose, Jon. The change that happened in me.

The D gives Skidd a sideways glance Row doesn't notice.

Skidd Row:

I came to you a different man. I came to you using, I came to you drunk. I came to you a God damned disgrace. But I knew I needed to clean up if I wanted to get us this job. I knew I had to clean up. I changed my ways, Jon. I changed. And what did it get me with you, huh? What did it get me?

Nothing.

Jonathan Wildside:

Save the sob story, Skidd. No one wants to hear it. You blew all the money you've ever made in this business on whores, on drugs, on booze. You became a bigger cliché than these two over here.

He points to Haynes and Slaw who wave as if they're proud.

Jonathan Wildside:

You changed? You didn't change. You're still third best, behind both of these guys. If you think you've changed why

don't you come down here and find out how much you haven't.

The D shakes his head wildly no, grabbing Elise by the arm. Skidd however, begins to stomp toward the ring. Elise shrugs her shoulders at the D, and follows him down the ramp, and into the ring.

The D pulls at his own hair as he follows the pair down from a safe distance.

THE ROCK & POP CONNECTION® vs. THE BASTARD SONS OF WRESTLING

DDK:

And it looks like it'll be the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE herself who will start things off for the Tag Champions in this one, Angus.

Angus:

And it looks like it'll be the Tweedle Dee of this week's pairing of Bastards - J Stevenson. Stevenson is a well traveled, well seasoned in ring vet so Elise could have her hands full. Can she flip her way to the early advantage for her team, Keebs? We'll just have to wait and see.

DDK:

Well looks like we actually might not even get to see, Angus. Check this out.

Eise, set to start the match for the Champs is grabbed at the last second by her Tag Team partner Skidd Row. The sudden grab on the arm stops her cold. They talk briefly, and Elise steps on the middle rope, parting it allowing Row to step in the ring to square off against Stevenson.

DDK:

And Elise Ares has given way to what promises to be a highly anticipated matchup, partner.

Angus:

You've got that right, Keebs. I get to cheer on two guys who I wanna see genuinely hurt one another! Always a plus for me.

Stevenson smirks and steps forward. Behind him Haynes, Coleslaw, and Wildside all shout their advice, calling for J to bring them Row's head. The two former battery mates surge together and tie up, and we go zero to a hundred, real quick.

Firing away at one another with strike after strike, punch after punch the two men surge with power all over the ring. They force one another into the turnbuckles, they power one another into and off of the ropes. Neither man relenting, neither gaining an advantage on the other. This works the crowd into a frenzy. Finally a set of dueling dropkicks that fail to connect force both men to rethink their strategy.

DDK:

And the crowd applauding quite the show of force here in the opening of this hotly contested Tag Team Contest.

Angus:

Keebs, that right there had the makings of a good ol' fashioned HOSSFIGHT, so you know I'm happy.

DDK:

I'm sure you are, partner.

The Bastards change things up, tagging in Haynes to test his luck against Row. The story is much the same. Neither Row nor Haynes is able to gain any ground on the other.

Row moves to his corner to buy himself some time. Elise, the D calling out their advice, urging him to stay in the ring and take the fight to the challengers. The D raises an eyebrow as Row turns back to face Haynes who's suddenly on top of him raking his eyes. Carla is livid and pulls Haynes away - screaming in his face. The crowd shower him with boos.

Row sells it hard. He's in the corner having Elise inspect his eye. Elise asks how many fingers she's holding up. Row answers correctly. Apparently the vision test is complete, but as he turns Haynes storms past Carla and sneaks in a quick jab. Then it's off to the races for the Challengers.

Haynes uses the quick cheap shot to open up an advantage. Some running of the ropes ends with the THRILL slipping past a sloppy clothesline from Row to apply a reverse lock and drop Skidd over his knee with a nice looking Reverse Falling DDT.

DDK:

And Will Haynes sticking that knee out adding further injury to insult here against the Tag Team Champions on DEFtv, folks.

Angus:

Out of all three of these so called Bastard Sons of Wrestling, Row has the least experience, Keebs. It's clear these more experienced guys knew that going into this one. I think Row is getting a little exposed here.

Haynes continues to work over Row, targeting the neck and shoulder specifically before he gives way to J Stevenson.

DDK:

Bastards keeping themselves fresh. Meanwhile for the Tag Team Champions it's been all Row so far. Elise Ares is well rested but can Skidd get an opportunity to tag her in.

Angus:

Bastards have shown they've got excellent ring awareness, Keebs. Doing a good job of halving the ring and not letting Skidd get anywhere close!

Stevenson deploys his knee brace well, using it as a weapon - dropping Row onto it, striking him with it upside the head, even driving it up into Row's with a Knee Lift. Stevenson continues to toy with his prey.

J forces Row into the corner and starts working over his chest with some hard chops, drawing their standard reaction from the crowd. Carla seeks to break things up and while J argues with her, Haynes again slips a quick jab in.

DDK:

ANOTHER cheap shot from Will Haynes. In limited DEFIANCE action I'm starting to think this is guy is a real -

Angus:

A real what, Keebs? A real ASSHOLE?!

DDK:

You said it, partner.

Row is dazed in the ring and J takes full advantage rushing the Cutter King of Chicago with a Discus Elbow. The move draws the ire of the crowd and turns Row upside down.

Angus:

Air outta this baloon, Keebs.

Stevenson tags back in Haynes. Haynes backs himself into the opposite corner and then takes off. He comes hard at Row with the knee but there's no one home.

Haynes turns to see where Row went and he gets caught with a headlock that quickly gets flipped into a Rolling Cutter, diving Haynes' face right into the mat. The crowd roars to life!

DDK:

Skidd Row has just made himself an opening!

Angus:

Let's see if he can take advantage.

Elise is stretching her hand out as far as humanly possible. The tag comes and it's "The Floor is Lava" styled hot. At the same time, the stumbling Haynes tags in Stevenson. And here we go.

Elise ducks the clothesline from Stevenson, waiting for him to rebound off the ropes and drags him over with the arm, another arm drag, yet another. But this time when Stevenson charges her instead of going with the arm it's a dropkick to the chest which thrusts the Highlight Reel back into the ropes and forward again.

Elise explodes into the air.

DDK:

Amethystation!!

Elise connects with a Superman Punch that catches J off guard. He stumbles to one knee. Elise surges up and it's an Enziguri off J's own knee that causes him to hit the mat in a heap.

Haynes takes that as his cue and enters the ring. The Havana Harlot sees the THRILL coming and drops, sliding herself between his legs. She rolls to her feet as he charges her. She ducks his clothesline, pulling him around and tossing him into the ropes. She follows him in, clotheslining him over the top rope.

Haynes steadies himself grabbing the top rope but Elise leaps up and lands a Pele Kick that knocks Haynes right off the mat.

Now it's Stevenson who surges. He tosses Elise into the ropes after a forearm, Elise jumps into the air, hooks J around the neck and delivers an excellent looking Jumping DDT - landing J's head hard onto the mat.

DDK:

Elise pushing into a over.

ONE!

TWO!

THR!

Angus:

Stevenson able to turn the shoulder.

Wildside is relieved on the outside. Slaw pulls Haynes to his feet. Elise backs away, urging J to come to his feet. Fans making some noise.

DDK:

The Havanna Harlot is feeling it. So close there to bringing home the win for her team.

Angus:

Flippy Do almost netted herself a win there, but unfortunately for these strange bedfellow Tag Champs almost doesn't count.

Stevenson is to his feet and Elise is on him. There's some positioning as Elise ducks a clothesline, but then it's knees to backs. Stevenson sees his names up in lights as he's added to the A List! But Elise doesn't pin, oh no. She plants her foot on his chest. She steps over him. It's "Que Tal Eso?" time. The dance is over the top, per the usual. The fans adore it.

Elise loses herself in their applause, really playing it up. So much so that she doesn't hear the crowd go quiet.

DDK:

What is this? What's Skidd Row doing?

Angus:

Yeah, get outta there Skidd Mark I was watching Elise's REAL money maker work.

Finally Elise opens her eyes, she notices the crowd silent. She turns around and before she even realizes it's a boot to the gut. The crowd reacts negatively, to say the least.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The D and Klein try to surge but it's Haynes and Slaw who cut them off. Haynes levels The D with his BTG, making sure the D eats ring floor. Klein scurries up the ramp ever so slightly away from the violence.

DDK:

I don't know if I like where this is headed, partner.

Inside the ring J Stevenson slides. Row feeds Elise to him, before stepping out onto the ring apron. Stevenson hoists the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE up, positioning her on his shoulder, popping her up and over the ring ropes with his Pop Up Jackknife Power Bomb portion of the Bastard Bomb.

Row leaps and connects with his Rolling Cutter portion of the Tag Team Finisher. And it's Elise Ares' head that spikes off the ring apron with a dull thud. You can hear it in the back row of the DEFplex cause it's as quiet as a funeral.

Angus:

The Bastards just snapped Elise Ares' beautiful face right off that ring apron and she doesn't look good.

The D has come to. He sees Elise on the ground. Row smiling near by and he makes a beeline toward Row, but gets caught - ANOTHER BTG from Haynes seemingly out of nowhere.

DDK:

Emotions getting the best of The D and who can blame him. I'm scared for Elise here. She's not moving.

It's now that the EMTs are out, a few DEF Security members as well. The Bastards, knowing their job is done slowly make their way back up the ramp. BUT not before they grab BOTH Tag Team Titles from ringside. Ripping them from the Time Keeper's hands. The DEXplex left eerily quiet as Elise Ares is attended to.

DDK:

I have to apologize for what we may have just seen, folks. My stomach is turning. What in the hell just happened? Skidd Row turned his back on people that have proven to be his FRIENDS, the Bastard Sons of Wrestling just made off with the Tag Belts without winning them. I guess this match officially ends as some sort of draw, maybe a count out win? I don't know where to begin, Angus. Too much is going on.

Angus:

I feel ya, Keebs. It's a lot to compact. Honestly as much as I hate Elise Ares no one should have something like this happen. And those Bastards just made off with the titles! They never won them. It's important to note that. Skidd Row though, wow - didn't think the kid had it in him. Didn't think so at all.

DDK:

Alright well let's get somewhere else and let the professionals deal with this madness.

SHE NEEDS!

EMT Triage. The D is having a cut above his left eye attended to, as he swats away the practitioner's hand. He snarls at her.

The D:

Where is she Doc!? Is Elise alright?

The doctor bites her lower lip. She can't help but wince.

Doc:

They took her to a real hospital. Her care is more advanced than we can give here.

As the Doc leans in to continue her work, the D pushes off of the gurney and shoves her gently away.

The D:

Well, I don't need this. She needs the D.

Doc:

Sir! You could get an infection!

He quickly rushes out of the room, almost tripping over an IV stand as he does.

The D:

SHE NEEDS THE D!

He leaves the doctor bewildered. She turns over her shoulder, where a nervous Klein is biting his fingernails through his box.

Doc:

Is your friend always so dramatic?

Klein simply nods his box head. He goes to follow the D out, but his hand is grabbed by someone.

The Cowboy Luchador, not wearing the slave bikini, but now wearing a pink colored box with a cowboy hat fitted properly on top.

Cowboy Luchador:

Is Elise alright?

Klein looks worried, and shrugs his shoulders.

Cowboy Luchador:

Alright, you go be with her. And that weird guy. I'll be here if you need me, yeah?

Klein enthusiastically nods. He goes to leave, and then turns back, giving the Cowboy Luchador a large hug. He then quickly rushes out, this time, tripping himself over the IV stand. The double doors from far away reopen, as The D appears.

The D:

C'mon! You know I can't drive!

Klein stumbles back to his feet, turns to the Cowboy Luchador, waves, and then rushes out of the room.

The Cowboy Luchador is left with the doctor, who dusts herself and her clothing free of the crazy. She turns to the

Cowboy Luchador, who lingers a bit too long.

Doc:

I'm sorry. Do you need medical care?

Cowboy Luchador:

Well, not really. There's a lump in my pants, and it's growing, but it's fine. It's normal. It's the birds and the bees. You could help me take care of it if you'd like.

Doc:

Sir, are you coming on to me?

The Cowboy Luchador, wearing his pink box, simply tips his cap toward the graceful doctor.

Cowboy Luchador:

I'm transitioning. I'm not all the way there yet. I'm still a man, and you're a beautiful smart young woman, who maybe needs additional training on human anatomy only five to ten minutes of my company could sufficiently and properly convey. The interlocking nature of humanity.

Doc:

Aren't you with him?

The doc points over her shoulder to the departed Klein. The Cowboy Luchador simply presses his finger up against her lips.

Cowboy Luchador:

Shut up and kiss my box.

The Doctor frowns, and simply walks away. The Cowboy Luchador is simply left there, before he shouts at her.

Cowboy Luchador:

Can't blame a man for trying!

TWO'S BETTER THAN ONE

Emilio Byrd:

Aight, see here thing is you gon' be broke soon, son, you keep puttin' down Benjamins.

Hurtlocker Holt:

I'm just tryin' get paid.

Byrd:

Only brother gettin' paid around here is me...

Hurtlocker Holt flips over the card on the right to reveal the jack of spades.

Byrd:

'Specially when you keep pickin' this brother right here.

The Pigeon, Emilio Byrd picks up the Jack of Spades and holds it against his cheek. He raises his voice a couple of octaves, as though he were the small, moustachioed jack he holds in his hand.

Byrd:

Pay the man.

With a shake of the head Hurtlocker Holt drops a hundred dollar bill on the tattered cardboard box between them. Emilio scoops up the cards and gives them a shuffle. As he does so, a twenty dollar bill drops onto the box, but this doesn't come from Byrd's tag team partner. No, this comes from someone new to the game.

Charlie Ace:

Ahh, three card monte, I love this game.

Byrd:

You wanna play, man?

Charlie Ace:

Hells yeah, brother. They don't call me Ace for nothing!

Emilio and Hurtlocker share a wry smile, which they have to hide quickly from Hoyt Williams, who looms over Charlie Ace's shoulder.

Byrd:

Ok then *brother*, all you gotta do is find the queen of hearts.

Emilio picks up the three cards to reveal the queen of hearts and the jacks off spades and clubs. He puts them back down, shuffles them a little, lifts them up again to show she's still there, drops them back down and shuffles. As he does so, Charlie pipes up.

Charlie Ace:

You know, I gotta say, I love what you guys have going on here. This whole... Ghetto street thing... this vibe. It's great, It's really great.

Byrd:

It's great is it?

Charlie Ace:

Yeah it's cool, I'm diggin' it.

Emilio stops shuffling and presents the cards to Charlie. He ponders for a second...

Charlie Ace:

You know, I'm looking for a new client right now. And I'm thinking, I love guys from the street. And guys from the street, well they love me too. I'm thinking, why limit myself to one client? One client's not enough. No, two... Two clients are where the money is.

Byrd:

What'chu sayin' man?

Charlie Ace:

I'm sayin you brothers look like you wanna make some scratch. You know, some moolah, some green. You're all about the Benjamins, right? Yeah? I know my LL Cool J.

Holt:

Puff Daddy.

Charlie Ace:

Oh no, I don't smoke, but thanks for the offer.

Again, Holt and Byrd share a look that screams 'Is this guy for real', but it goes completely missed by Charlie.

Charlie Ace:

So what do you guys say? You sign on the dotted line...

Again, from seemingly nowhere Charlie produces a contract and holds it out to the Thugs 4 Hire, complete with his clicky top pen.

Charlie Ace:

And we can start making some serious cash money, together.

Emilio stares right at Charlie Ace with a big smile on his face, he shakes his head as he chuckles slightly.

Byrd:

Man do we look like straight up fools to you?

Charlie's eyes widen as he realises the laughter wasn't with him.

Byrd:

You come round here, with your busta ass chump change and expect us to be impressed? We s'posed to be grateful that you and your boy here dropped a twenty down and expect there's more where that came from?

Charlie stutters to get some words out, but Emilio's rant is far from over, and he mocks Ace's tongue tied warbling.

Byrd:

Uh buh duh huh What, Mr. Charlie? You think we some kinda commodity? You think you can roll in here and pick us up for pennies, huh? I bet you don't even know our names. I tell you what, you or your boy stretch there, you give me my name or my boys name right now and I'll sign any damn thing you want me to.

After managing to compose himself Charlie Ace swallows the lump in his throat and looks Emilio up and down before moving onto Hurtlocker Holt.

Charlie Ace:

You... You're The Neighborhoodlum, right?

Emilio almost bursts a blood vessel as soon as the first syllable falls from Charlie's lips.

Byrd:

Wrong answer, bitch! What? All black men look alike to you, huh? Is that it!?

Charlie Ace:

No, that's not-

Byrd:

Bitch you better get your punk ass outta here before I break my foot off in it.

Charlie does just that and makes a hasty retreat. Hoyt Williams however doesn't seem to be going anywhere. That is until Charlie Ace calls after him.

Charlie Ace:

Hoyt, let's go. Leave them, let's go!

Hoyt does as he's commanded, but not before showing more emotion than he's ever done before by snarling at both Thugs 4 Hire.

Holt:

Sheeeeeet, angry black man, huh?

Emilio turns to his parts and cracks a wide smile.

Byrd:

Punk ass busta thinks he can make us more of that money than we already pullin' in? Fool betta think twice.

Holt:

Hey look...

Holt picks up the twenty Charlie left on the box.

Holt:

Bitch be payin us. I find the queen I keep the cash?

That seems like a fair deal to Emilio, so he nods in agreement. Holt points to the middle card, which is revealed as the jack of clubs. Byrd reaches over and picks the twenty out from between Holt's fingers before folding it up and slipping it into his pocket.

Holt:

Damn, brother. Where was she?

Panic floods over Emilio's face as Holt reaches for the other two cards. He can't stop his partner from flipping them over to reveal the jack of spades and another jack of clubs. Hurtlocker Holt looks up at his partner waiting for an explanation.

Byrd:

Oh... that was just for him. You know I wouldn't do that to you, man. Look, go again and I'll prove it.

Accepting the explanation with a nod, Holt watches on as Emilio shuffles the cards again as we fade to black.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME?!

The scene opens inside the BAWS' office. Eric Dane is sitting at his desk, definitely *not* doing paperwork. He's decked out in the usual attire including *that* pair of genuine dragonskin boots, because fuck Daenerys Targaryen.

There's a knock on the door.

Without looking up, Dane continues what he's doing.

Dane::

Com...

Before the invitation could be completed, the door swings open and in enters Kendrix, dressed in his ring gear.. Without waiting for the start of a possible invitation, the Londoner pulls a chair back takes his rather comfy seat, leans forward and offers his hand to the boss...who himself just stares at it for a moment and eyes Kendrix, eyebrows raised in anticipation.

Dane::

Well, Jesse?

Kendrix looks at his own outstretched hand and withdraws it, looking back with his trademark obnoxious smirk on his face at Dane.

Kendrix::

Wow, no handshake baws man? No handshake for the man whose gonna be your champion in two weeks, huh?

Dane::

That's a bold claim for a guy who got choked out at the top of a ladder the last time he tried to get the big belt.

The boss leans forward in his office chair.

Dane::

Is there a reason you're here? Because I've got things to do, and each is more important than "bantering with members of the roster."

Kendrix::

Fine, JFK's all about getting to business. In fact, soon after JFK got into this business you and me had a match over at UTAH, bruv.

'The Only Star's' mind drifts back to his wrestling days, but not for long.

Kendrix::

I don't expect you to remember, why would you? I mean, why on earth would you remember facing off against some rookie kid with a mouth, right? You've probably seen them thousands of times in this business. Run their mouth, lose and then no one ever hears from them again.

Dane::

Heh. Sounds familiar...

Kendrix::

And bruv, how I lost. You taught me one hell of a lesson that day. Thank you. See unlike the rest of the ten a penny rookies that walk into this business and then are spat out by the likes of you...I have taken this business by storm. I am the hottest talent in this industry today, I am the Fut...

Dane::

Spare me the speech and the history lesson, Jesse. I vaguely remember our match and you're right, I didn't expect

much from you. So what? But I know exactly what you've achieved since then. Everyone knows, mainly because you can't stop harping on about it every night.

Kendrix hangs back, mouth and eyes opened wide in apparent shock at the accusation.

Dane::

I've heard your tirades last couple of shows, I've heard your cries of conspiracy theories and puppets and how I've got behind Cayle to satisfy my own ego, yada yada yada, etcetera etcetera. It's all very, very cute.

Kendrix leans forward, hands on Dane's desk, ready to interject but he's cut off by a single wave of Eric's hand.

Dane::

But at the end of the day, it all sounds like a child's cry for Daddy's attention.

Kendrix stands up from his desk and pushing the chair away on its wheels from the desk. Dane smiles, stands up and walks around the desk to meet JFK face to face.

Dane::

See, this is what I love about you Jesse. You come in here like the big bruv about town, run your mouth better than most, and to be fair to you, you back it up most of the time. Your in my main event at DEFCON for the biggest prize in the business for a reason.

Kendrix grits his teeth, calming himself down.

Dane::

But as soon as someone comes along and runs their mouth back...you pull a hissy fit like a little bitch and lose focus.

Kendrix looks away, shaking his head for a moment but Eric grabs his shoulder and returns Jesse's focus back on him.

Dane::

You can cry conspiracy theories, puppets and egos as much as you want young man but at the end of the day, Cayle is the champ and I'm backing him for a damn reason...because he's proved that he's worthy of the FIST.

Jesse puffs his cheeks out, trying to keep his frustrations inside.

Dane::

But let me leave you with some advice. Just like you learned from our match in UTAH...maybe you should learn from what I've had to say in this meeting..and maybe, just maybe...you could surprise me at DEFCON.

Kendrix takes a step back, speechless, possibly for the first time ever. He runs his hand through his beard and yep there it is, the cocky smirk.

Kendrix::

Eric, the fact that you think a JFK win in two weeks would be seen as surprising doesn't surprise me one bit at all. But I needed to hear it.

Jesse steps away before getting back in the baws' face.

Kendrix::

So thank you, Eric. Because at DEFCON, I'm going to prove to the world that I am the best in the business and I guarantee you, that one way or another, you're definitely going to be in for a surprise.

JFK backs out of the shot. Not breaking focus, Dane watches him exit the room, affording himself an wry smile and a shake of the head as the shot fades out.

THE SQUID & THE KID

Cayle Murray:

So.

Fade in.

Cayle Murray:

You ready?

The FIST of DEFIANCE stands prepared. Decked-out in his typical black and red ring attire, he has the belt strapped around his waist, partially covered by his open ring jacket. The gloves are on, the damp hair's slicked back, and he's ready to throw leather.

MDM4:

I think so.

Mascara De Muerte IV, meanwhile, is dressed in his ring gear too, which just so happens to be remarkably similar to Cayles. Only with, y'know, a mask and stuff.

Cayle Murray:

"Think so" won't cut it, laddie.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

You know what we're in there with tonight? One of the most destructive brutes this company has ever seen. A monster so imposing, his every step triggers a mini-tsunami on the shores of Micronesia... and Kendrix.

MDM4:

Kendrix is really good too, man.

Cayle Murray:

Yes, Masky. That was the joke.

Pause.

MDM4:

Oh.

Cayle Murray:

Look, mate, I'm not all that good at the whole 'rousing pre-fight speech' thing. That was always my brother's shtick. The deal's simple, though: we're gonna be in there with two of the very best this company has to offer, and they both want to tear my head off. Don't think they won't do the same to you if given half a chance, though.

MDM4:

I'm well aware.

Cayle Murray:

Good.

He gently slaps his young sidekick on the shoulder. They're in a corridor somewhere near gorilla, and there's some technicians buzzing around. It's almost go time.

Cayle Murray:

I need you to do exactly what you did against Kendrix last week. He got the better of you, but you had him on the ropes

several times. A few more matches like that, and you'll be winning these contests.

MDM4:

Oh. So you're volunteering to take Mushi, then...

We obviously can't see what's going on behind the mask, but there's probably a wry grin across Muerte's face right now.

Cayle Murray:

Well, I'd prefer not to get thrown off the stage again, if at all possible.

MDM4:

Won't happen, boss. Not while I'm around.

Cayle Murray:

Ugh, don't call me that.

MDM4:

Why not?

Cayle Murray:

Because it makes me sound like some kind of Dad.

MDM4:

Only person here who's been wrestling longer than you is Bronson, man.

Cayle's taken aback. It's the first time he's ever really considered his seniority within the promotion.

Cayle Murray:

Huh.

He doesn't do the maths, but he doesn't really need to. It *HAS* been a long road to get here, though: 16 years in the game, and he's only just holding his first singles championship.

Cayle Murray:

C'mon, mate - let's go kick some arseholes in the arsehole.

And we cut.

The Englishman makes his way down the ramp, mouthing off at fans as he go. He eventually rolls under the bottom rope then hops to his feet, winking at Dante and Mushigihara.

♪ "Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The lights, pyro, and crowd all do their usual thing, going wild for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Both Cayle Murray and Mascara De Muerte IV appear at the top of the ramp, then start making their way down. MDM4 does the fan service thing, slapping hands as he goes, but Cayle is a little more focused and cocksure as he walks down.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaand their opponents! Weighing in at a combined weight of 398lbs, the team of MASCARA DE MUERTE IV, and the FIST of DEFIANCE... CAYLE MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

MDM4 gets to the bottom of the ramp first, then waits for Cayle. Murray eventually gets there, tearing the belt away from his waist, and the jacket from his shoulders. The two suddenly charge inside and the bell rings immediately.

DDK:

Here we go!

Angus:

We got ourselves a WRESTLEFITE~!

Fists are flying! Boots are kicking! Stuff is happening! It's a massive blur in the middle of the ring as all four men launch themselves into a brawl. Cayle handles Kendrix, but MDM4 is giving up a lot of size to Mushi, and flounders. After downing the masked man with a clothesline, Mushi goes right after the FIST and starts throwing away.

Murray gets bodied into the corner, and Mushi tosses him out with a biel throw. He stomps back across to the FIST but MDM4 suddenly runs right at him, leaping up with a wheel kick! Mushi staggers back against the ropes. Kendrix is up, but MDM4 ducks his clothesline, then dropkicks him in the chest! JFK goes over the top rope when Cayle follow up with a running high knee, but Mushi charges right at the smaller man, flattening Mascara into Murray with a big shoulder barge!

Cayle takes the brunt of the impact. MDM4 runs to the ropes, ducks Mushi's strike, then runs again, as quick as a flash. He hits a basement dropkick to Mushi's knee, and Cayle gets up, running the ropes himself. PK from Cayle! Mushi flays backwards... and out he goes as MDM4 hits the running dropkick! The crowd do all kinds of popping as the two good guys fire up in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

What a start from Cayle and Muerte! Speed, agility, and precision all on display here!

Angus:

That little flippy fuck sure is fast!

There's no time to waste. The fight goes outside when MDM4 sees Kendrix recovering, then flies over the top rope with a space flying tiger drop onto Kendrix! Cayle, not to be outdone, charges the ropes himself, steps onto bottom rope, then lands on Mushi with a step-over Senton!

Angus:

Holy fuckin' gymnastics, Keebs!

Both good guys take a little while to recover, but MDM4 is up first. He makes the decision to roll Kendrix back inside, and immediately starts running again. He goes for the springboard Moonsault, but JFK gets his knees up, then clambers to his feet. Pissed off, the Englishman stomps hard on his head a couple of times, then goes to work on one of his legs.

Meanwhile, on the outside, Cayle is peppering the giant Mushi with some signature strikes, but The God-Beast eventually powers through them. Mushi lands a nasty-ass headbutt, knocking Cayle backwards, then damn near takes his head off with a short Lariat.

Back inside, and JFK has Mascara grounded in a knee-lock. The skilled Mexican finds a way out of it and traps one of Kendrix's legs himself, but JFK counters quickly, showcasing some more smooth grappling to move inside MDM4's mount. JFK transitions into side control but Mascara starts climbing his way to his feet. Meanwhile, Mushi has Cayle Murray against the barricades. He charges, looking to squish the poor bastard, but Murray runs out of the way and Mushi flies shoulder first into the steel!

DDK:

I don't know which exchange to pay attention to here, Angus, but Mushi just dislodged a whole section of the barricade! JFK, meanwhile, has somehow got MDM4 backed in a corner.

Mascara mounts a spirited comeback, but it gets cut off with Kendrix, a cunt, thumbs him straight in the eye. A blatant low-blow follows, but anything goes in DEFIANCE tornado rules, baby! The fans jeer, so Kendrix naturally prances around the ring like Prince fucking Charles, before stomping down on MDM4. He eventually decides to push his boot down against his throat, then grab the top rope for extra leverage.

Cayle's a little dizzy from the Mushi Lariat. He tries to pull his opponent away, but the big bastard's just too much of a big bastard. When Cayle finally pulls him up to a seated position, Mushi summons his trademark explosiveness to power to his feet, hoist Cayle up, and run him back-first into the ring post!

Angus:

I know squids don't have spines, but goddamn, Keebs! That was one hell of a splattering!

Muerte has rolled out of the ring to get the hell away from Kendrix, but he's struggling. JFK follows him out and throws him against the ring steps, before walking around to where Mushi stands then slapping him in the chest, going for some buddy-up shit. The God-Beast doesn't quite know how to take this, so he doesn't take it at all. Instead, he peels Cayle up off the mate, then biel throws him across ringside!

Mushi's next target is MDM4, who throws some limp strikes into his stomach as he's coming up. This does next to nothing. The God-Beast hauls him up, lifts him clean off his feet, then belly-to-belly overheads him on the outside of the ring! Brian Slater runs out, trying to get these motherfuckers back inside, but it's no use!

DDK:

Wow, Kendrix and Mushi are really putting a beating on Cayle and MDM4 here, Angus! Perhaps they've got some cohesion after all!

Angus:

Yeah, but they can't win the match on the outside! They're gonna have to take it back inside!

The wrestlers are totally deaf to Angus. Kendrix glances at Mushi, giving him a "not bad/so-so" hand gesture, before picking up Cayle.

Kendrix:

Pretty good, bruv, but here's how it's *REALLY* done!

Egg on JFK's face, baby. Cayle dazes him with a sudden headbutt, then pushes him away with a teep kick. Kendrix throws a boot at him, but Cayle catches it, then nails a perfect Dragon Screw!

Mushi charges at Cayle, knocking him back against the barricade with one of those sumo shoulder barges. He's just winding up for another when MDM4 recovers, charges him from behind, and dropkicks him in the small of the back! Cayle rushes forward at that precise moment, careening into Mushi with a flying European Uppercut! The God-Beast still isn't down though!

In another attempt at slowing the big brute, MDM4 leaps up, mounting him with a sleeping and full body scissors from behind. Cayle comes forward. Bodykick! Bodykick! Teep kick! A Jon Jones-style push kick to the knee finally sets Mush back a few steps, back he hits the barricade. MDM4 saves himself, dislodging his feet, before pushing them down on the top of the barricade. With Mushigihara's head still in his clutches, the luchador flips over the top, bringing him down with a Blockbuster!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE MOVE!

Angus:

Jesus... this guy's actually pretty good!

DDK:

Cayle and Mascara have worked their way back into it! Can they capitalise!

Murray calls for MDM4 to help him get Mushi back inside the ring. They just about peel the elephant's carcass up but Kendrix strikes both from behind, clattering each lad with a steel chair. He then kneels down, gently slapping Mushi's masked cheek as if to revive him, and the God-Beast sits bolt upright, unim-fucking-pressed.

Kendrix takes his cue to back-off, before pointing at Cayle. Assuming Mushi will take care of the FIST, JFK takes his chair and goes after Mascara. He pulls Muerte to his feet at the foot of the ramp then lunges forward, swinging wildly. MDM4 ducks the chairshot. Turns. Superkicks the chair right in JFK's mug!

Angus:

YAAAASSSS! EAT SHIT, MCFUCKNUGGET!

Cayle, meanwhile, mounts a failed comeback against Mushi, who smashes him with the fattest rolling elbow in the land. He tosses Cayle up the ramp, and MDM4 charges, looking for a cross body. Terrible idea, mate. Mushi catches him in a fallaway position, then pops him up onto his shoulders, before hitting a Samoan drop on the ramp!

This time it's Mushi who hauls Kendrix up to his feet. JFK staggers around at first, but eventually gets to his sense. With last week's stage-throwing still fresh in his mind, Mushi points up the ramp, then grabs Murray's body and throws him up towards the stage.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Mushi's got murder on his mind again!

DDK:

This is outta control, Keebs, and Brian Slater can't get a word in!

Angus:

Yeah, it's gone to the dogs alright...

JFK retrieves his steel chair, then takes MDM4 with him. The Lucha lad tries to fight back, but he's absolutely bamboozled at the moment. Kendrix whacks him in the back with the steel chair, before Mushi bulldozes him out of the way. Fed up of this little bastard's shit, Mushi hoists him up, then throws him off the side of the crowd, right into the crowd!

Angus:

JESUS FUCKING CHRISTMAS!

DDK:

... WHAT THE HECK?!

Fans scatter. MDM4 lands in a heap on the concrete floor.

Angus:

Well, that's one way to squash a fly!

DDK:

Mascara De Muerte IV might be out cold! We're gonna need medics out here!

Kendrix is somewhat taken aback but Mushi's display of strength, but impressed (and satisfied) nonetheless. Meanwhile, Cayle is showing signs of life, so JFK batters him with the chair for good measure.

Murray tries to crawl away, but he's only going further up towards the stage - the stage that he was violently thrown off last week. Mushi grabs him by the hair, hauls him to his feet, then clubs him in the back of the head.

They eventually reach the top of the stage. Kendrix shouts something at Mushi that the microphones don't quite back up, but Mushi seems to understand. The God-Beast grabs both of Cayle's arms, locking him in a Full Nelson, while JFK gets ready with the chair...

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Duck, Squiddy!

The chair swings.

Cayle doesn't duck.

CRRRRRACK!

Right in the fucking dome.

DDK:

My god! He got that right in the face!

Slater, meanwhile, has seen enough of this bullshit. He waves to the technical area.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Awww fuck, it's that a no contest!

DDK:

I hope so, Angus! Even four or five officials couldn't keep this thing under control!

Cayle slumps to the steel. He's totally out of it. Mushi, meanwhile, gazes out across the arena, soaking-in the vitriol. He stretches both arms out, readying himself for the warcry...

Mushiqihara:

OSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

CRACK.

CRACK!

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAACK!

Angus:

What the--?!

DDK:

OH MY! KENDRIX JUST ATTACKED MUSHI!

The big man goes down in stages. The third chairshot sends him to all fours. The fourth?

Face first on the damn steel, because that's what it takes to knock a monster down.

Angus:

Oh no...

Kendrix tosses the chair aside. A grin creeps across his snide features.

Angus:

You just signed your own death warrant, shithead.

DDK:

So much for the alliance! Kendrix lured him in throughout this match, and just when it looked like they were cohesive, he stuck the knife in the God-Beast's giant back!

Mascara De Muerte IV might be dead. Cayle might be dead. Mushi? Probably not dead, but he sure as shit ain't moving.

Slater has come up the ramp with the FIST of DEFIANCE belt so that it may be carted off backstage with Cayle. JFK sees this, and marches right up to Slater, yanking the title away. He pushes Murray onto his back, then plants a boot in his chest. Triumphant, he hoists the belt high into the air. The boos are deafening.

DDK:

Is this a vision of our future, Angus?!

Angus:

My god, I hope not..

DDK:

Kendrix. FIST of DEFIANCE. I--... I don't even want to consider the possibility.

Angus:

Yeah, that was a dumb fucking move on his behalf too. You're on another planet if you think Mushi's gonna let him get away with this!

DDK:

Folks, we're running out of time here, but Cayle Murray is down, and the FIST of DEFIANCE is in Kendrix's clutches!

Angus:

Please save us, Based God-Beast!

DDK:

GOODNIGHT!

The credits appear in the bottom right.

The camera lingers on Kendrix's features for a few moments. An unfinished cup of Coke whizzes over his shoulder.

It pans all the way down to the man beneath his boot.

Cayle Murray.

Broken.

Helpless.

Defeated.

... *DEFIANT?*

We'll find out at DEFCON.

THIS IS DEFIANCE