

Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling on ESEN continues in...]

[5] [4] [3] [2] [1] [...] [The DEFtv logo explodes on the screen, fading quickly into a live shot of the crowd. "I Defy" by Machine Head, the Jeff Andrews chosen Untouchables approved theme song of Defiance roars through the sound system, and the fans jump in their seats and wave their hands and signs at the overhead camera.] ♪ *Be my one ♪ ♪ Would you take my son? ♪ ♪ Would you tell someone whether we had fun? ♪ ♪ With your hero, double zero ♪ ♪ Goin' in circles 'round your fear ♪ ♪ Then I'm never ever falling again ♪* [Sense has reigned over egotism, and as we fade to the introductory video, it's no longer just a tribute to the life and times of The Untouchables.

Granted, we do start with Jeff Andrews hitting Christian Light in the head with the Defiance World Title from six different angles, and then a couple different Untouchadivers.] ♪ *Would you take my grace ♪ ♪ Look into my face ♪*

♪ *With your limp handshake ♪ ♪ And your smile thats fake ♪ ♪ Would you back my fight ♪ ♪ Say you're down for right ♪ ♪ See its easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing ♪* [But then it's on to more good stuff. Christian Light hitting Heidi Christenson with the Realizing the Dream off the top rope to win the Masters of Wrestling tournament.

Tom Sawyer, spinning through the air like a damaged slinky falling down the stairs and crashlanding on a big pack of wrestlers. A Shoryuken from Eugene Dewey, a Bombasto Bomb from Bronson Box, a vDriver from Justin Voss, and even a Southern Fried Neckbreaker from Tyson Burke!] [In fact, the only person on the roster who doesn't get his moment of shine is Cancer Jiles.] ♪ *Because I ♪ ♪ I defy ♪ ♪ I defy ♪ ♪ I defy ♪*

[Cut to ringside, where a dapper looking "Downtown" Darren Keebler and an Angus-y looking Angus Skaaland are at the Commentation Station ready and raring to get this shindig under way!] **DDK:** And we are LIVE (on tape delay!) here in Sunrise, Florida for the Thirty-Fourth episode of DEFIANCE TELEVISION ON ESEN~! **Angus:** That's right, aye-holes, and we've got a lot of

shit to get to tonight! **DDK:**

Edward White will defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Clair St. Sure tonight in a singles match, the #1

Contendership to the very same title will be decided in Fatal Fourway action, the #1 Contendership to the Trios

Champions the Untouchables will be decided when The Moral Majority takes on Alceo Dentari and his Gorrillas-

Angus: And those asshole Untouchables will all be in the ring at the same time to get a little come-uppance at the hands of the Good Fight! **DDK:**

Do we even know what the lineup for TGF is going to be in this fight? **Angus:**

Ain't it obvious? Christian Light, the heavy hitter, already has his hands full in a handicapped match against Jane Katz and Nicky Corozzo, so unless something drastic happens it'll have to be Sam Turner, Justin Voss, Tom Sawyer, and Eugene Dewey taking on Jeff and Three Other People Who Help Jeff Win Matches! **DDK:** You mean Heidi, Kai

Scott, and Ronnie Long. **Angus:**

You know what I meant... **DDK:** Well folks, as my colleague has already mentioned, we've got a lot of action to get to tonight, but first we want to bring you some clips from a couple of matches that took place just a few minutes ago before the show went live on ESEN! **Angus:** You know there's been some whining about these so-called

"preliminary" matches by some of the boys, but they're just gonna have to start manning up and making a splash, otherwise they're gonna be stuck in undercard hell forever! **DDK:** And of course by that what Angus means is that we

have an ever-expanding roster, more proof that DEFIANCE is the place to be, and we're doing our best to feature AS MANY wrestlers as is humanly possible with the amount of television time available! **Angus:** Yeah, like I said, man

up, do something special, and PROVE that you deserve to be on TV! **DDK:** Right, well, let's get to those clips!

Dragon Jones vs Jimmy Kort



[Cut to Lord Dragon Jones the First making his way down to the ring. His face is gashed in half by a snarl that could make a grown toddler cry. He does all of his best heel schtick as he makes his way toward the ring.]

Angus:

I like this change in attitude for DeeJ. The guy's been floating in midcard hell for a decade or more, it's about friggin time he tried to climb the ladder and actually win a few matches!

DDK:

Not to mention, he did almost beat Christian Light last week!

[Cut to Jimmy Kort, back to his old shenanigans, entering to "Hillbilly Deluxe" and actually having a bit of emotion exuding from him for the first time in a long time. He's met mostly by boos from the DEF Faithful, but there's a few of them who remember the good ol' days of DEF Row who throw him some sympathy cheers.]

Angus:

Both men got a solid mixed reaction from the crowd in Florida. Jones because he's been trying his best to be heel, and Kort because he's been weird for a while and kind of half-ass zombified. Both men needed a good showing, and they both knew it.

[Cut to Kort and Jones trading bombs at center ring. Kort, the much more established brawler, took the early advantage by driving Jones into the corner, burying a shoulder into The First's midsection, and then snapping him to the mat with a DDT. The fans began to get behind Dragon Jones at this point because it seemed like the right thing to do.]

DDK:

Kort established dominance early on and kept it for the first several minutes of the match, but as things went on and he got more and more comfortable in his old habits, he got a little cocky and found himself getting rolled up!

[Cut to Jimmy Kort going ass over shoulders and Dragon Jones pulling with all of his might to hold him down. He might have gotten him, too, had he not been caught by Carla Ferarri with a hand full of tights.]

Angus:

Deejmo picked up the pace here, and he once again got the crowd behind him, which seemed to befuddle him a bit. He kept his head in the game though and scored several more near falls before being caught up in a Moonshine DDT. Kort scored himself a near fall, but as DeeJ kicked out Kort was beginning to show frustration.

[The two grapplers got to their feet and began trading blows again. Jimmy found a spot to grab a 3/4 headlock and he called for the Hillbilly Deluxe, but showing a bit of as of yet unseen grappling prowess Jones managed to counter into an Exploder '98.]

DDK:

And that was it, once Jones hit Seven Feet Under and made the cover it was all academic. Dragon Jones was your winner!

[Cut to Carla Ferarri holding Dragon Jones hand high in victory.]

Angus:

Like I said, I like the new Dragon Jones!

DDK:

He may be starting to grow on the fans as well, as he did recieve a mostly positive response to winning the match!

Angus:

We'll see if he can keep it together in the future, but before that we've got some more clips to get to as Jared Borchard took on Boogie Smallz!

Jared Borchard vs Boogie Smallz



[Cut to Boogie Smallz, making his way down the ramp.]

DDK:

The Defiance Faithful had high hopes for Boogie Smallz coming in, but those hopes turned out not to materialize.

[Cut to Jared Borchard, who makes his way down to the ring. He's not really a slap hands kind of face, but he does stop to shake hands all proper style with a little kid in the front row.]

Angus:

Jared Borchard, man. You know, I'm not real big on these good guy types mostly, but I tolerate a couple of them like Christian Light and Cito. Borchard's another one. Kinda lame, but genuine and no pretentions.

[Cut to - both men decide to try and have a power contest, but Borchard wins out and backs Boogie into the corner. An exchange of chops doesn't go well for Boogie, an eye rake works a little better and he whips Borchard across the ring. Borchard raises one big foot and uses it to stop his run into the turnbuckle, then uses it to push off and clothesline Boogie down!]

DDK:

From the start of the match, The Failsafe had the number of Smallz.

[Cut to Borchard picking Smallz up and, with an amazing power display, holding him up overhead for the staaaallllling brainbuster. Boogie is up very slowly and shakily, and Borchard takes him right over in a release pumphandle slam.]

DDK:

Borchard's as strong as he looks, able to execute his power moves on a man who actually outweighs him by about 20 pounds.

Angus:

And even though that happened, Boogie got back up. 'Cept, he clearly wasn't paying attention - that seemed to be a theme with him through all this.

[Because Boogie stood right up in front of Borchard and walked into the face-up version of the 50/50 and held on for a pin.]

Macho Merch

[The BankAtlantic Center in Sunrise, Florida's Grand Concourse. The merchandise vendors, food vendors, and all other associated merchants to do with the DEFIANCE events are out in full force. And there is one table with a line bigger than all of the rest.]

[That table is loaded down with tee-shirts, magazines, DVDs, Tom Sawyer Wrestling Pals, Eugene Dewey DSi covers, Christian Light memorabilia, Justin Voss hoodies and action figures. And sitting behind the folding table was the newly re-minted, newly reformed Macho Ranger, Tom Sawyer. He wasn't fully transformed or any such tomfoolery. He WAS wearing sunglasses, a red-and-yellow cowboy hat, and his leather jacket, all tasseled and day-glo. Beside him, the Console Warrior, Eugene Dewey. His outfit was a little less... 80s. A redux of the Punch-Out box art, his distinctive orange 'fro on the 8-bit figure emblazoned across his chest.] **Tom Sawyer:** THERE YOU GO, LITTLE WARRIOR! GO WITH THE ANGELS, MY FRIEND! [Tom hands back a copy of the first magazine cover he ever graced, back with Lucas Harper. The child, eyes shining with glee, gladly took the magazine back and spun it around to read the inscription. "Never give up on yourself, always stand back up whenever you fall - Tom Sawyer".] **Eugene Dewey:** Do you sit around, thinking this stuff up, man? You're a never-ending fountain of inspirational quotes. **Tom Sawyer:** Why do we fall down, Master Wayne? **Eugene Dewey:** So that we can learn to pick ourselves back up. Crib from Hollywood much? **Tom Sawyer:** Only when I'm out of ideas of my own. [The two share a laugh, as the little boy wanders off with his mother. Who, by the way, was shooting a look at Eugene. Tom points with one finger, and Eugene glances down. There, in front of him... A phone number. **Tom Sawyer:** I think you have a hot mom interested in you. **Eugene Dewey:** ...Nah. I mean, I'm a big ol' blob of- **Tom Sawyer:** You've lost like thirty-five pounds since we started going to Mechanicville. She's gonna be the first of many. [Tom turns to face forward, where a pair of pimply teenagers stand, both holding onto a DVD boxset of the DEFIANCE Grand Champions League. They extend the DVDs to Tom and Eugene, along with the crumpled bills to pay for the DVDs. The, erh, autographs were free.] **Pimpleteen One:** Eugene, it really sucks that Jeff screwed you last show, man! You're my hero! I never thought that a gamer could be a badass! **Eugene Dewey:** Uh... I- **Pimpleteen Two:** Yeah! And Tom, that beating you took at the hands of the Untouchables, only to be back in fighting shape for Retaliation? AMAZING, dude! You guys rock! [Tom and Eugene gladly scribble their signatures on the boxes, then trade with one another. Two autographs for the price of one. Killer! The two pimpleteens share a resounding hi-5. KERSLAPPEN!] [Through the masses of people, a lone figure emerges, blowing right through the crowd. She ignores the fans that are on her periphery, and she pushes those blocking her to one side. Some go to complain, but upon realizing who it was, they just move.] [Heidi waltzes through the crowd, right up to the merch table. Where she grabs onto the edge, grits her teeth and FLIPS the thing right up, into Tom and Eugene's faces! Toys, magazines and DVDs go flying every-which-way!] [Needless to say, Tom Sawyer and Eugene Dewey toss the table out of the way, bulling forward to get right into Heidi's face.] **Tom Sawyer:** What's the idea, Heidi?! **Eugene Dewey:** The office was getting their cut! **Heidi Christenson:** I don't frankly care if the office gets its proper fee. I would rather see the two of you made sad by not being able to gladhand with your moron fans. [Tom's eyes narrow, and he whips that cowboy hat off, tossing it behind, onto his chair. He steps up, moving to get right into Heidi's face.] **Heidi Christenson:** Try me, shortstack. I'd LOVE to get a chance to break those ribs again. **Tom Sawyer:** You think you've won, just because you've got corporate bureaucracy on your side? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE STEPPED IN! THIS MESS WON'T BE WIPED OFF JUST BECAUSE YOU SAY SO! **Eugene Dewey:** Last show, I had Jeff Andrews dead to rights. This show... I'm gonna get some payback on HIM, and I think I've got a Shoryuken ready for you too, Heidi! **Heidi Christenson:** Please. You children aren't fighting the Putty Patrol OR Murlocs. You're fighting the Untouchables. A group of people who eat overhyped children for breakfast. [Tom and Eugene share a look, before both smirk.] **Eugene Dewey:** You eat children for breakfast? **Tom Sawyer:** Better not let the authorities know. [Heidi's eyes narrow, a splotch of redness appearing on her face. Her teeth grit, and her fists clench up. But even as the leopard lays its ears back and readies to pounce, the gazelles it looked to leap upon don't get ready for flight.] [Tom and Eugene just stick out their jaws and similarly ready up. Heidi doesn't take any time whatsoever to worry that she was outnumbered. She just sets her jaw, gets into a stance, a-] **Jeff Andrews:** THIS HAS GONE ON QUITE FAR ENOUGH! [The Boss-Man hath arrived, security goons flooding the area and pushing the fans back, getting between Heidi and the Good Fighters. Jeff walks right up to the scene of the anger. One hand levels two fingers square at Tom and Eugene.] **Jeff Andrews:** Security? I want these two confined to their locker rooms until match time. [And a flood of polo shirted men come rushing over. Tom and Eugene willingly allow their hands to be drawn behind their backs, and are even cuffed. Tom just looks to Eugene, smirking... But Eugene's eyes bulge.] [For Heidi Christenson had dropped into a fighter's stance, and snaps a BRUTAL kick square into Tom Sawyer's ribcage! The Macho Ranger drops like he was shot, a cry of pain blasting from his lips as

he hits the cement! Heidi steps back, grinning devilishly, and runs her hands through her hair.] **Heidi Christenson:** That was the most fun I've had all day. **Jeff Andrews:** You couldn't let them just sell some crap and make the dumb marks happy? I asked you to find out what was going on, not start a backstage fight. This could have hurt fans, who are more than happy to sue. **Heidi Christenson:** Don't start. Sawyer needed to be taught a lesson in humility. One that I intend to FURTHER teach when I get him in that ring. **Jeff Andrews:** I knew I should have asked Kai. Let's go get dressed. [Heidi turns, walking off with a bounce in her step. The security goons muscle Tom up and off the floor, and he and Eugene get dragged down the Concourse, heading for the Good Fight locker room.] **Eugene Dewey:** YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, UNTOUCHABLES! YOU'LL GET YOURS! [Hardcut to-]

Reason For Concern

[Shotgun cocking then firing booms over the PA System.]

Shock-N-Rolla...

Here to Show Ya...

Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded...

Chance... Von... Crank!



Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing for Harlan Kentucky, The Trailer Park Prodigy himself, Chance Von Crank!

[Chance spins out onto the stage, spinning around and around all over the stage. His mullet is slicked back in oily mess. Wearing his signature rhinestone robe he begins to simulate masturbation walking around until he spots a camera left side of the stage. He heads straight for it.]

cVc:

I can't believe it either. Pay close attention everyone in the backstage area because this is how it's done.

[Chance keeps walking toward the ring after letting go of the camera man. He walks up to a pretty blonde woman sticking her tongue all the way out. He simulates masturbation right in front of her opening his hand quickly after a few strokes indicating fake orgasm all over her awaiting tongue. The fans react with boos. Chance slides in the ring and takes off his robe handing it to the referee. He asks for a mic and reaches over the ropes to retrieve one from a ringside hand.]

cVc:

Really? You're welcome, Sunrise. Who knew they still held wrestling events at truck stops in the middle of who gives a fuck? Trailer Park Prodigy is on your television set and this officially just became a party. You just have to love that blonde bitch's spirit down front there. Love it so much, meet me at my bus after this horse shit is all over.

[The blonde gives him a thumbs up.]

cVc:

Did you hear that, Sunrise? That was a ratings spike just now. It's already hit twitter that TPP's here to save this show. This is all too much for you, Adam Faulkner. What a real waste of my time. Time is money and I'm worth it. Let's not lie to ourselves about how this comeback for me is looking. I'm back on my A game. Yeah, I hail from Harlan... but I'm on a whole other level. Shower me with gifts and keep making me rich wearing a t-shirt I made late up on meth one night. A picture of a sucker, a plus icon and then a Rooster. Don't be such a cocksucker and you people buy them by the boxes? Clearly, I'm a genius.

[Chance walks back and forth in the ring still holding the mic.]

cVc:

I know what you are all thinking. How grateful you are to the Defiance Wrestling front office, this very moment. *Finally*, someone that has it all is on Defiance TV. Everytime you shitheads hear the gun cock an' fire, your pulse begins to race. The Shock-N-Rolla is a modern day version of Jesus with a pimp ass robe. I have more talent in my nut sack than Adam Faulkner has spine. Yet this asshole is going to walk down that ramp and I bet at least a few of you root for him. That is insulting to me, motherfuckers. For real. I saw his application and at the bottom, it said, "Just finished a hooked on phonics cassette tape." You cannot make this shit up people, and then he's been all over the place claiming to be a tampon. What is this Neighborhood Nice Guy with Homosexual Tendencies nickname dilemma he's having? Sit in your seat where I have drawn you to. Most of you saw my name on the card and then shit your pants. Ticketmaster.com has crashed because the Trailer Park Prodigy is back!

[Chance climbs the turnbuckle, screaming at the crowd.]

cVc:

You bet your ass I'm back. I have gotten so many texts and messages the past two weeks about coming back to America. A talent like the one before you now cannot rot in Mexico when it could thrive in America. I went to Mexico and made wrestling more popular than soccer. I am back to do the same to you sissy looking motherfuckers here tonight. I need to shake some ring rust... Get that queer out here. There is no way he is still back there putting make up on. Looks real pretty over there in the corner listening to Carly Rae Jepsen. Get Him Out HERE!

Angus:

Wow. Just wow.

DDK:

He's like a teenaged Cancer Jiles.

Angus:

YOU TAKE THAT BACK CANCER JILES IS A BEAUTIFUL MAN!

Adam Faulkner vs Chance Von Crank

Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Saramento, California, Adam Faulkner!

DDK:

Both of these men won their debut matches, which is a strong mark in their favor!

Angus:

Both of these dudes want people to give a shit about 'em, but only ONE can keep from looking like a chode!

[Chance stands in the ring and watches as Faulkner comes out and heads towards the ring. Faulkner slides in the ring and Chance runs towards him as soon as he comes inside the ring. Faulkner slides in the ring and to his feet hitting Chance with a running elbow smash. Chance hits the mat violently and rolls into the corner. He uses the ropes to get back to his feet.]

Angus:

Faulkner strikes first!

[Faulkner makes his way to the corner and Chance uses the ropes to ram his shoulder blade into Faulkner's mid section. He does this until Faulkner hits a knee. cVc hits the ropes and catches him with a Shock-N-Rolla knee smash!]

DDK:

Shock-N-Rolla!

[Chance goes for the pin but Faulkner kicks out at one. Chance grabs Faulkner around the neck to get him back to his feet. Faulkner is playing possum the entire time as he pulls off a arm trap swinging neck breaker! He goes for a quick pin yet Chance kicks out at 2 and a half. Chance the rolls to his feet and as Faulkner gets back to his feet he comes at Chance. Superkick!]

Angus:

cVc just took a page out of CCJ's book, I'm not sure if I like that or hate it!

DDK:

Indeed.

[Chance climbs to the top turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Chance rarely does that!

[Faulkner slowly gets to his feet after the vicious super kick. Chance is squatting in wait on the top turnbuckle. He waits until Faulkner turns toward him and he jumps off. He is met with a dropkick to the chin from Faulkner. Both men lay on they're back as the referee begins to count.]

Angus:

Get Up!

[Chance rolls over onto his belly attempting to push himself to his feet. Faulkner begins to stir as he gets to his knees. He slowly gets to his feet and grabs onto Chances legs. He bends it towards his back as he locks in his "Got In On" lock submission hold!]

DDK:

This could be it! Over!

[Faulkner has the hold locked in. Chance flaps his arms about as the crowd pops. He reaches for the bottom rope with everything he has. He reaches for it with his hand and then one finger, attempting one way or another to grab hold of it. Faulkner tightens the hold as Chance reaches one last time for the bottom rope.]

Angus:

Got it! Referee has to break the hold!

[The referee rushes over to break the hold as Chance holds a death grip on the bottom rope. Faulkner is pulled off Chance by the referee as he slowly gets back to his feet. Faulkner hits the ropes and comes at Chance full speed. Chance counters the clothesline and grabs the back of Faulkner's head, Shock-N-Rolla Knee Smash! Faulkner is reeling as Chance sets him for the RazzleDazzler! Faulkner hits the mat with a violent thud. Chance picks up one of Faulkner's leg for a pin. The referee counts One, Two, and Three!]

DDK:

The Trailer Park Prodigy has won his second match in Defiance, and his first ever on Defiance TV!

Angus:

That RazzleDazzler finisher of his has ended Adam Faulkner's night.

[Chance holds his arms high into the air as he walks around Faulkner looking down at him. Faulkner is completely out as cVc's music hits. cVc jumps on the turnbuckle holding his arms high screaming at the crowd. He turns slightly and sees Faulkner stumbling around now. He turns slowly and steps on the top top turnbuckle. When Faulkner's back is to him he leaps off, Bulldog from the top rope! Chance gets back to his feet after the violent unsuspecting move. Chance then applies a sharpshooter to a lifeless Faulkner. He flops around as Chance applies more pressure. Finally he grabs the bottom rope with both hands. Chance senses this and moves away using his leg strength to pull Faulkner out fully stretched, still applying pressure with his sharpshooter. He turns around to see Faulkner is fully extended he yanks quickly at both legs pulling Faulkner violently from the ropes. His head goes up in the air as he is pulled from the rope. His head hits the mat with a loud thud. Chance releases the hold. He rolls out of the ring walking up the ramp looking on as the referee checks on a now knocked out cold, Adam Faulkner.]

DDK:

Well that was certainly uncalled for!

Angus:

What? Why? Faulkner's a scrub, he deserved whatever he got!

DDK:

Faulkner's scrubbiness aside, nobody deserves that kind of added insult to injury!

Angus:

Oh yeah? Two words: *Jeff Andrews*.

DDK:

Alright, FINE!

Obligatory post-Superbowl gloat

DDK:

Folks we're about to get started with the show proper. Now, most of you are probably aware that the Baltimore Ravens just won Super Bowl 47, and that Jeff Andrews is from Baltimore...

Angus:

Keebs, just show them the ring. JUST SHOW THEM! It's a PURPLE. GODDAMN. NIGHTMARE!

[Because you see, the Defiance ring is not decked out in the traditional Defiance colors. It's not even decked out in the Untouchables and John Deere logos it's been in the last couple cards. The ring - nay, the entire set - is a tribute to the Baltimore Ravens.]

[The mat itself is crowned with a large Ravens logo square in the middle. The turnbuckles and middle ropes are black, the top and bottom ropes are Ravens Purple, and the steel steps and guardrail are all Ravens Purple. The sides of the ring all read "Super Bowl XLVII Champions". At least the Black Box Ramp hasn't been painted purple, although there are two Ravens logos on the sides of it where it joins the ring.]

Angus:

I don't even want to speculate on how much all this bird shit cost, because I know I'll give myself an aneurysm.

♪ I've paid my dues ♪
♪ Time after time ♪
♪ I've done my sentence ♪
♪ But committed no crime ♪

Angus:

I swear Jeff Andrews is so bald his brain evaporated and he thinks he won the Super Bowl.

♪ And bad mistakes ♪
♪ I've made a few ♪
♪ I've had my share of sand kicked in my face ♪
♪ But I've come through ♪
♪ And I need to go on, and on, and on, and on ♪

KRAKAKAKAKA-KABOOOOM!!!!

[And as a blast of purple and gold pyros go off (cos pyros don't come in black), The Untouchables appear atop the ramp.]

[Well, Jeff Andrews, Heidi Christenson, and Kai Scott do. You gotta remember that Ronnie Long's from Colorado, and he's probably not enjoying this any more than anyone else.]

[Jeff Andrews raises the Defiance World Title over his head in one hand. Heidi adjusts her third of the Trios Tag Titles over her shoulder, leans in against Jeff and strikes a pose. Kai steps in front of them, drops down to one knee and spreads his arms wide, his third of the Trios Titles hanging from his upper arm.]

[Picture the smuggest person you've ever seen. Then triple it. Then triple that, and you've got a general idea of what the Untouchables look like.]

♪ We are the champions, my friend ♪
♪ And we'll keep on fighting til the end ♪
♪ We are the champions ♪
♪ We are the champions ♪
♪ No time for losers ♪
♪ Cos we are the champions ♪

♪ ...of the World ♪

[The Untouchable also look very purple. Andrews has exchanged the John Deere tights for tights in the Ravens colors - one leg black, one leg purple. Scott has replaced his usual black and white tights for purple ones with black trim. And Heidi's wearing tiny black jeanshorts and a cropped Ray Lewis #52 jersey.]

[And now, it's time to swagger down the black box ramp, resplendent in their purpleness. And yes, subject you to more lyrics.]

♪ I've taken my bows ♪

♪ And my curtain calls ♪

♪ You've brought me fame and fortune and everything that goes with it ♪

♪ I thank you all ♪

♪ But it's been no bed of roses ♪

♪ No pleasure cruise ♪

♪ I consider it a challenge before the whole human race ♪

♪ And I ain't gonna lose ♪

♪ And I need to go on, and on, and on, and on ♪

DDK:

I don't know what Andrews is going to talk about tonight, aside from the Ravens, but he's milking this for all he's worth.

♪ We are the champions, my friend ♪

♪ And we'll keep on fighting til the end ♪

♪ We are the champions ♪

♪ We are the champions ♪

♪ No time for losers ♪

♪ Cos we are the champions ♪

♪ ...of the World ♪

[Finally, the music fades.]

Jeff Andrews:

You know, I thought that a place like Sunshine, Florida, would appreciate getting to see up close and personally what it's like to be a champion, and so I went to a lot of work putting this together for you. And let me tell you, I do not appreciate the booing.

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Andrews:

I've explained this to other people. You should've been paying attention. The proper response is "Thank you Mr. Jeffman, Sir." Not fucking 'boo'.

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Andrews:

You know what, screw it. Keep kissing Mercury Morris' ass and forget the fact that the Dolphins went undefeated 35 years ago. I keep telling people it's their own attitudes that cause them problems, but why should they listen to me? I mean, I'm just the one vital cog that keeps this place running, a four time World Heavyweight Champion, what do I know, right?

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Andrews:

Exactly. Now down to business. Eugene Dewey lost his title match last week. Why? 'Cos I kicked his ass. And you know what that means, right? Back of the line! And I'm not gonna hear any talk from you about it either. I hear enough from Christian Light like he's gonna earn another shot, and enough from Bronson Box like he's even in the running, WHICH HE ISN'T, and enough from Tom Sawyer even though it's none of his damn business because HE'S JUST A KID.

Now tonight, as you know, I'm not defending. I'm leading The Untouchables into an Atomicos match. If you don't know what an Atomicos match is - get the fuck out. Get right the fuck out of my arena. I don't need or want sports-ent rubes watching my show. Go watch HOW or Skyfall or something like that. If you want to see me defend the title, you can tune into DefTV 35, cos I assure you I will find another victim and add another notch to my title reign.

[The fans, of course, boo, and Andrews turns away from the mic to shout at some dude in the front row. When the fan fails to either step into the ring and fight him or apologize for wasting his time, Andrews turns his back and goes back to talking.]

Andrews:

So, I came out here to talk about two things. One was about how the Ravens are better than the Dolphins Jaguars and Bucs put together. But that's common knowledge. The other is about Untouchables the pay per view. Now, in case you've forgotten, which you probably all have, when I took over Defiance I decided that the Southern Heritage Title would stay deactivated until I had a reason to bring it back.

Well, thanks to the incredible job I've done marketing Defiance and making it appealing to new wrestlers, we've done just that. I mean, sure, we've had a couple of disappointments. Boogie Smallz is a disappointment and a fired disappointment to boot. But with the roster as stacked as it is, I'm bringing back the SoHer.

And there's going to be a battle royal on Untouchable to crown the next champ. I'm not just arbitrarily giving it back to Jimmy Kort. As for the last reigning champion Trendkiller, if he's got anything to say about it, he can leave me a message or something.

[Pause, while the fans make noise.]

Andrews:

And look at that, I'm done. See how much better this shit goes when you don't have fucktards coming out to interrupt you all the time? Stay tuned to see Cancer Jiles get his eggs scrambled by Defiance's newest MMA standout, Sam Johnson!

Oh and while I'm at it, no more MMA wrestlers in Defiance. Three's enough, and MMA's for faggots who have to duck punches instead of taking them anyway.

[Andrews switches off the microphone and The Untouchables head back up the box ramp.]

DDK:

It's almost as though Andrews was planning on someone interrupting him to give him something to work with and then no one ever did.

Angus:

Whatevs, at least he shutted up. I just hope he gets this whole being insufferable about the Ravens and the Superbowl thing out of his system here tonight. And if he makes me talk purple again there'll be some problems, son.

Sam Johnson vs Cancer Jiles



[The opening riff to I Am The Cool by the ever industrious and crazy-eyed Screamin' Jay Hawkins begins to play out through the BankAtlantic Center.]

♪ I'm the one your mama warned you about ♪
♪ When you see me, I will leave you no doubt ♪

[The fans begin to get loud with a mostly positive, but split reaction as COOL Cancer Jiles makes his way out from the back, a smirk flashing briefly across his face. Cancer struts down the ramp.]

♪ I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth ♪
♪ I am the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

Angus:

Cancer Jiles is just fucking cool.

*♪ I am the **COOL** ♪*

DDK:

Jiles will be facing Sam Johnson, one of the first men brought in by Jeff Andrews who has a rich MMA background.

Angus:

This isn't MMA though, this is Can-Fucking-Cer-Fucking-Jiles' house! You can't come in with that weak-ass shit and expect to disrespect the man without being Mongo Chopped!

DDK:

Johnson will try to prove that theory wrong tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen. . . introducing first, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. . . CANNNCERR JIIIIIIIIIIIESSS!

[The fans pop at the announcement, as Cancer continues his way down the ramp. He finally reaches the ring, and steps up onto the apron before stepping through the ropes.]

Angus:

That's right ladies and gentlemen, straight out of the eye of a bong and up your daughter's leg--Cancer fuckin' Jiles!

[The camera pans to the other side of the ring where Sam Johnson was already standing, having come in between matches without music.]

Darren Quimbley:

And his opponent. . . Sam... Johnsoooooooooooooo!!!!

[Johnson, in MMA garb, raises both hands and jumps up and down to a minimal reaction. Not positive, but not negative. These people just don't know who he is.]

DING DING DING**DDK:**

And here we go! Jiles taking on Johnson!

Angus:

Should be quick work for Cancer as he shows Sam just how cool he is.

[Sam Johnson and Cancer Jiles circle around one another in the ring. Sam extends his hand for a brief handshake. Cancer breaks into a broad grin, and steps in to take the hand... Just as Sam goes for the grab, Jiles fakes him out, and whips his hand up, running it over the COOLEst hair in the county! Country, even!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Cancer is too COOL to shake hands!

[After a moment's consideration, Jiles reaches out and daps his fist gently against Sam's still-extended knuckles. Sam'll take it, and shrugs... Then the two lock up!]

DDK:

Front lock up here applied.

[Cancer Jiles quickly maneuvers to put Johnson in a side headlock.]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles going old school with the headlock.

Angus:

Don't hate. He's just showing how versatile he is.

DDK:

I'm actually impressed.

[Cancer Jiles applies pressure. Johnson, using his technical knowledge is able to move out of the headlock and rolls around behind Jiles applying a wrist lock. Cancer kicks him in the gut to break away then grabs his left arm and send him running.]

DDK:

Irish whip here by Cancer, there goes Sam Johnson.

[Johnson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, turning so that his back hits the ropes and sends him back from whence he came. Sam Johnson reaches Cancer Jiles, who's waiting for him in the center of the ring and Cancer extends out a right arm.]

DDK:

Clothesline--no, Johnson ducks!

[Sam Johnson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, and Cancer Jiles turns around to face him, and again extends out an arm for the clothesline as Johnson reaches him. He ducks the clothesline and hits the ropes on the other side of the ring for a third time, returns back to the center of the ring where Cancer awaits him and brings up a hard right to the chin of Jiles.]

DDK:

Big time uppercut from the man who has fought for a living.

Angus:

Come on ref! Closed fist. Cancer is way too COOL for this kind of treatment.

[Cancer falls back to the mat with a thunderous crash, and Sam Johnson charges off toward the ropes. Cancer rolls over onto his belly, forcing Johnson to hop over him. He hits the ropes on the other side of the ring as Cancer Jiles jumps up to his feet. Johnson returns and Cancer spins from his spot in the ring and brings up an arm, bent at the elbow. He hits Sam clean in the face, causing him to fall back to the mat.]

DDK:

Spinning Elbow by Cancer Jiles!

Angus:

Let's call that the Cucumber Elbow! Y'know. Cuz it's COOL.

[Cancer poses for the fans as Sam Johnson slowly gets to his feet.]

DDK:

Cancer really got Johnson with that last shot.

[Cancer and Dragon circle one another around the ring, each man sizing up his opponent.]

DDK:

Both men unfamiliar with one another here, just testing things out.

Angus:

Cancer will prevail. I'm calling it now.

DDK:

It's still early and we don't really know Sam Johnson all that well. He could surprise us all.

[Cancer Jiles and Sam Johnson collide in the center of the ring once again with a front lock up. They each struggle to gain the upper hand before Johnson gains the upper hand, grabbing Cancer Jiles by the wrist and pulling it up over his head before wrenching the arm, twisting the arm in the process.]

DDK:

Wrist lock applied here by Johnson. . .

[Cancer Jiles winces in pain as Sam continues to wrench the arm. He then comes in with a high knee to the stomach of Cancer Jiles.]

DDK:

A second knee strike to the midsection of Jiles. Sam Johnson using his mixed martial arts background to try and take control here.

Angus:

That's not martial arts, that's a knee to the fucking gut.

[Sam Johnson falls back, grabbing Cancer by the back of the head and he does. Once he hits the mat, he maneuvers his leg up across the throat of Jiles, pulling the back of his head down causing Cancer's oxygen to be cut off as his throat is firmly across the leg of Johnson.]

DDK:

He may make Cancer tap!

Angus:

Don't do it Cancer! Don't you dare fucking do it!

[The fans begin to really get into this match.]

OOOohhhhhh... Ahhhhhhh...

[Cancer struggles as he is asked if he gives up. Refusing to be a pussy, Cancer is able to calm himself down and grab the fingers of Sam Johnson behind his head, trying to break the lock while trying also not to pass the fuck out.]

DDK:

I don't know if he is going to be able to get out of this submission move.

[Cancer gives up trying to break the fingers and pushes *INTO* the move. Although he is still being choked out, he now has both of Sam Johnson's shoulders on the mat.]

ONE!

TWO--

DDK:

Kick out by Sam Johnson. He had to let go of Cancer or lose the match!

[Johnson releases, Cancer comes up a bit and gasp for a breath, but before he gives Johnson a moment to realize what's going on he shoots back down and begins to his Sam's face with a barrage of rights and lefts.]

DDK:

This has broken into an all out MMA style fight!

Angus:

Cancer is so damn cool he can fight with the best of them in any sport.

DDK:

The big thing to realize here is it shows Johnson that this isn't MMA. A submission move wont work to your advantage if your shoulders are down.

[Cancer Jiles is warned and throws his hands up to show he has stopped. He pushes up and steps back. Sam Johnson holds his head in pain and he begins to slowly get up.]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles is a multi-talented stud, that just shows it.

Angus:

I kind of want to see him in a cage fight now.

[As Sam Johnson is halfway up, Cancer runs with a rising knee. Johnson sees it, and raises, catching Jiles, lifting him up, spinning around and slamming him to the mat hard.]

DDK:

A MMA style takedown that is most comparable to a spinebuster.

[Johnson grabs the leg of Jiles, moving down to his ankle, he lifts it and begins to move Cancer over into an ankle lock.]

DDK:

Jiles once again in a position he may need to tap out!

[Cancer screams in pain, trying to reach the ropes. Johnson pulls back, taking him further from the ropes.]

DDK:

Cancer can't hold out much longer!

Angus:

He won't give up! He'll let Johnson break his ankle before he does that!

[Cancer takes a few moments to asses the situation. He then twist, putting his free leg into the stomach of Johnson causing him to let go and stumble back. Johnson catches himself and comes forward, but Jiles is able to move to his knees and up, bringing Johnson's chin down on top of his own head.]

DDK:

Jiles catches Johnson!

Angus:

Did he just spit a tooth out?

[Johnson flops on the mat while Cancer uses the ropes to pull himself up. He seems to be hurt as he has to hold onto the top rope, unable to put pressure on his ankle]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles' ankle may be hurt.

Angus:

Well, that looked painful. But Cancer has hair on his nuts, he doesn't give up.

[Cancer tries to put his foot down but has to grab the rope tighter to hold himself up.]

DDK:

He may have had his ankle broken here, Angus. Cancer can *not* stand without the assistance of that top rope!

[San Johnson gets to his feet finally, rubbing his chin. He sees his hurt prey and runs...]

BAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM@@@~~~!!!!!!!

DDK:

TERMINAL CANCER FROM NOWHERE!

[Jiles had shot away from the ropes extended his leg and catching Johnson square in his jaw with no hesitation.]

DDK:

He was playing possum!

Angus:

I knew it! I knew it! The man is a genius!

[Cancer Jiles covers Sam Johnson as the fans go ape shit.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Cancer Jiles wins!

Angus:

Did I call that shit, or did I call that shit?

Jiles regains his sunglasses, posing for the enthralled audience to take some photoes. As the audience enjoys their photo op, the camera zooms in on Sam Johnson who is out cold.

Payment

Angus:

Do we have to?

DDK:

Yes, Angus. We're being told to go to the backstage feed. Something's going on.

[The DEF Camera Crew heads on back thar, coming around a corner to-]

Clang, Clank, Ting, Crash!

[Those sounds could only mean one thing, Martin Irwin Trainor was tinkering away in his workshop once again.]

Smash, ARGH! Bang, Oooh!

[MIT is working at his bench which is littered with nuts, bolts, washers, and various electrical components. Behind him sit four steel folding chairs arranged in a circular shape around the center of the room.]

Knock knock knock

[The knock at the door startles MIT somewhat, but obviously he was expecting it as he spins around with a smile on his face.]

Martin Irwin Trainor:

Just a second!

[MIT jumps up from his stool and rushes over to the wall socket, he flicks a switch and rubs his hands together as he heads for the door.]

MIT:

Show time.

[Opening the door MIT is greeted with three faces, one of them smiling, the other two looking stern and menacing.]

Alceo Dentari:

Martin, we got your note.

MIT:

Oh, good good, please come in, have a seat.

[Dentari tucks the little yellow slip of paper into his coat pocket and enters the room. but he doesn't take a seat.]

MIT:

I was thinking we could have a little chat about this whole situation.

[Dentari raises an eyebrow at the notion. Tony Di Luca takes a step forwards towards MIT, but Alceo holds out a hand and halts his progress.]

Dentari:

Martin, we talked about this last week. There ain't nothin' left to discuss. Yous owe us money, an' we're here to collect it.

[Slightly dejected MIT nods his head.]

MIT:

I guess... Can I at least get you something to drink? Have a seat and I'll grab us all a nice hot cup of coffee. Freshly brewed!

[MIT gestures towards the seats once more, Big Vinny seems ready to take him up on his offer, but Alceo sticks out another hand to hold Rinaldi back.]

Dentari:

We aint after no coffee, we ain't after no snack, we ain't after no words. We're here for the \$2,500 yous said you'd have for us.

[MIT swallowed hard.]

Dentari:

Now, if yous ain't got that money then yous is dumber than I gave yous credit.

MIT:

No, no, I have it.

[MIT turns and roots around under his workbench for a moment before pulling out a black duffel bag. He tosses it into the middle of the four chairs.]

MIT:

I guess you'll be wanting to count it. Why not take a seat and do that right here?

[That's really starting to get on Dentari's nerves.]

Dentari:

We ain't here for no Goddamned tea party. Vinny, get the bag.

[Big Vinny doesn't need telling twice as he walks into the middle of the chairs and scoops up the bag.]

MIT:

Really, I insist you sit down!

[MIT rushes into Big Vinny and tries to push his shoulders down, Vinny looks thoroughly confused over the whole scene, but he doesn't move an inch.]

MIT:

You must sit!

[MIT grabs the duffel bag and begins to tug at it.]

MIT:

You're not having the money until you all sit down!

[Just then the bag splits and paper flies all over the room. Not green paper with old men's faces on it. No, sheet after sheet of plain white paper flies out and scatters across every inch of the room.]

Dentari:

Oh, Martin.

[Tony doesn't need telling. He rushes in and clubs a forearm down across the shoulders of MIT. Vinny grabs him by the arms and holds him as Di Luca lands rights and lefts into the ribs of MIT.]

Dentari:

Guys.

[They don't hear the hushed calls of Dentari though and continue to land body shots on MIT.]

Dentari:

GUYS!

[That stopped them.]

Dentari:

This is most disappointing, Martin.

[With a flick of his hand Dentari motions for Big Vinny to scoop Martin up, which he does.]

Dentari:

I didn't wanna have to do this.

[Dentari nods and Vinny sends MIT over his head with a fallaway slam! MIT crashed into one of the chairs and promptly starts convulsing. The wall socket begins to spark before exploding with a flash of light and a lot of smoke. MIT stops convulsing and struggles to catch his breath.]

Dentari:

You ain't got the liberty a' time now, Martin. \$5000, Retaliation. If we ain't got our money by then... Your tenure in Defiance will be incredibly short lived, capiche?

[With that, Dentari beckons his associates to leave the workshop... and leave MIT a quivering wreck on the floor.]

Christian Light vs Jane Katze & Nicky Corozzo



Quimbey:

The following contest is a handicap match! It is set for one fall, with no time limit! Introducing first! Introducing first! Hailing from Brooklyn, New York, and weighing in at 350 lbs! He is NICKY! COROZZO! His tag team partner, hailing from Orlando, Florida, and weighing in at 146 lbs! She is JANE! KATZE!

[Nicky and Jane don't really do anything overstated during their entrance. A win over Light is bragworthy enough that they're here, but this isn't their fight.]

DDK:

Jeff Andrews decided to put these two associates of Edward White in Christian Light's path towards another Defiance World Title shot. The decision wasn't appreciated by White any more than it was appreciated by Light.

Quimbey:

And their opponent! Hailing from Garden City, New York, and weighing in at 271 lbs! He is the leader of The Good Fight, and the Master of Wrestling! He is The Last Nighthawk! Christian! LIGHT!

♪ Another mission the powers have called me away ♪
 ♪ Another time to carry the colors again ♪
 ♪ My motivation, an oath I've sworn to defend ♪
 ♪ To win the honor of coming back home again ♪

[Christian Light does not waste time as he makes his way down to the ring.]

[Nicky Corozzo steps into the ring and looks down at Christian Light.]

[They lock up, and Light spins behind him and hits a single leg takedown! He jumps for the headlock but Nicky powers to his feet. Sends him off the ropes, Light ducks a clothesline, jumping high knee! Corozzo goes down, back up to his feet, only to catch another high knee! Corozzo backs into his corner.]

DDK:

It's tough to even slow down Light when he's revved up, even if you're the size of Nicky Corozzo. Tag exchange with Jane, and I'm honestly not sure what she's going to try. She's handy on the mat, but not as good at getting it down there.

[Jane ducks under Light's attempted tie-up, wraps her leg behind his and tries to trip him to the mat. Light counters by wrapping her up and taking her over with an overhead belly to belly!]

Angus:

Between The Untouchables and Jeff Andrews running around with his belt and Ed White and his crew, Christian Light may indeed have ninety nine problems, but a bitch is not one of them.

[Light tries to rush Jane in the corner but she slips out of the ring. Light gets stopped before running into the buckle, but Corozzo hammers him from behind. The boos go up as Corozzo clubbers, driving Light down to one knee with hammerfists. Light is picked up, whipped across the ring, Corozzo follows him...]

[And Light sidesteps! Corozzo runs chest first into the turnbuckle and Light hooks the rear waistlock and takes him over in a bridging German suplex!]

ONE...!

TWO...!

[And Jane comes off the top rope with a double knee drop!]

Angus:

You know Keebs, I wrestled often enough that I learned that having someone jump on you while you're bridging hurts like fuck. First, you're getting slammed into the mat. Second, since your back was bent and extended, it hurts it even if it wouldn't have.

DDK:

Light never saw Jane, and now let's see what she can do here.

[Jane hooks Light in an Americana (square armbar) and hooks her legs around his neck in a figure 4 scissor.]

Angus:

I don't care if those legs of hers are 'actually pretty effective' or whatever, whenever she does that shit it screams 'daddy issues' to me.

[Light manages to summon the power to roll Jane away from him and get to his knee, but she stops him with a thrust kick. Light wobbles on his knees, Jane lands another kick, then tries a spinny tae kwon do kick.]

[And it is intercepted by Light!]

[Light lifts Jane up fisherman's style, and instead of going over backwards, spins around and drops her in front with a Ki Krusher!]

DDK:

Light already learning from his mistake, he suplexed Jane in such a way that he never took his eyes off Nicky Corozzo.

[Corozzo did indeed charge Light, but Light rolled out of the way of the diving axehandle. With Jane temporarily out of the picture, Corozzo is lifted up into a fireman's carry. Stalling for crowd approval...]

V.O. Kai Scott:

What power by the Last Nighthawk, ladies and gentlemen! A round of applause for the leader of The Good Fight!

[Light quickly disposes of Corozzo with a Samoan drop and turns to the entrance ramp.]

[Kai Scott, in his ring attire, swaggers out onto the stage.]

Angus:

What's Kai Scott doing out here? You know, without bodyguards? I mean, I've like never seen that guy do anything without a security blanket or corpse brigade or something...

[Light points up the ramp and yells something at Scott. The referee is distracted too. Jane, seeing his attention

elsewhere, brings her forearm up between Light's legs and schoolboys him!]

Scott:

ONE... TWOOOO.... KICKOUT! You're making rookie mistakes, Nighthawk, you're slipping.

[To make sure this is absolutely crystal clear because someone always fucks up.]

[Kai Scott is on the open mic.]

[Not at the commentary desk.]

[He is on the open mic.]

DDK:

It appears Scott is here to antagonize Christian Light. The question is... why? The last person who tried to antagonize him was Alceo Dentari, and we know how that turned out.

[Jane rolls Light over onto his belly and hooks in a back mounted triangle choke, using her body to twist his shoulder up and out of joint. The ref checks to see if it's a choke, declares the hold legal.]

[Light pushes himself up to his knees, then up on one foot, and Jane slips out of the triangle choke and adjusts her grip to apply the Champagne Dreams.]

DDK:

That hold's tough on both shoulders, but I'm not sure Jane has the strength to keep it applied on someone like Christian Light. Leverage only goes so far.

[In fact, as the crowd roars, Light begins to force his arms towards each other. Shaking her head and shouting 'no' as if that'll help, Jane's grip slowly fails. Yanking his arms free, Light grabs her by the ankles, tips her over backwards, lifts them up and yells for the Light Leg Lock!]

Scott:

You are the leader of the Good Fight, right?

[Light glances at Kai, then turns back to Jane, applying the Light Leg Lock - and dropping it to catch Corozzo's clothesline.]

Scott:

Not Tom Sawyer?

[The window of distraction gives Corozzo a time to switch his arms, yank Light in towards him and lift him way up high before chokeslamming him to the mat!]

Scott:

Oh that's gotta hurt!

Angus:

Someone get that mic away from him and tell him to quit saying what I'm thinking before I have a chance to say it!

[Corozzo goes for the cover. Jane jumps on his back to try and help. One... two... and Light's shoulder comes off the mat.]

DDK:

Light still has the wherewithall to kick out of the pinfall with close to 500 pounds of humanity on top of him. Jane's going to step out of the ring and let Nicky try to do some damage.

[Nicky whips Light into the corner. This time there's no miscue, his running corner clothesline connects. He grabs the middle rope and like he's making up for lost time starts in with the shoulder barges to Light's midsection.]

Scott:

Clearing the way for Eugene Dewey and Tom Sawyer. It's worth it, right? I mean, it's totally worth this punishment to see the overjoyed look in Tom's face when he realizes he's sharing the ring with The Untouchables, right?

[Light can't answer. Corozzo sets Light on the top rope, climbs to the middle, and superplexes him down into the ring. He backs off a few steps, then takes a run and drops down on Light's chest with a back splash.]

DDK:

Between the numbers game and Kai Scott distracting him, Light's in a bad situation here.

Angus:

Why isn't The Good Fight coming out to shut him up?

DDK:

My guess would be that either The Untouchables are backstage protecting him, or that Jeff Andrews made security do it.

[Nicky tags out to Jane. Jane sits down behind Light and applies a bodyscissor, then reaches around with her arms and bearhugs her own legs.]

DDK:

Jane trying to do some damage to Light's ribs now after Nicky's superplex and senton.

[Light can pry either Jane's arms or Jane's legs loose, but it's like dealing with a chinese finger trap - as soon as he gets one half the hold loose she reapplies the other half. That, and this is cutting into his endurance. Light finally has to resort to an army crawl towards the ropes. Jane jumps to the middle rope, hangs onto the top rope, jumps up banzai style and swings her feet right into the back of his head.]

Scott:

Hey Christian, is your family watching?

[This provokes an immediate response from Light as he tries to get to his feet. But Jane hooks her legs around his neck and the rope, with an illegal version of the triangle choke. The ref starts a count, Jane breaks it at four and argues about whether she should have to, and Nicky runs down ringside and big boots Light in the head from outside!]

Scott:

You know, I wouldn't want them to see me getting beaten like that if I were you. But maybe it's better that they do. You know, just so that they know what to look for after Jane and Nicky get through with you.

[Jane has to strain like she's pulling a sled of weights, but she drags Light away from the ropes by the head and arm, and then rolls him over to apply the Golden Gate Guillotine! ...kinda.]

DDK:

During the battle royal for the FIST title, Jane made Virginia Quell tap to that hold in just a few seconds, but she's having trouble getting it applied to Light. Specifically, she can't really get that body triangle part hooked, just the headlock.

Scott:

On third thought, maybe they shouldn't be watching this.

[Light pounds the mat with his fist. The fans echo it, and soon the arena is filled with the sound of fans stomping and

clapping. Light rises to one knee, Jane determinedly hanging onto the Golden Gate Guillotine. He staggers up, Jane still hanging on.]

DDK:

Christian Light does not EVER quit!

[With a heave, Light breaks Jane's bodyscissor attempt, and, running to the ropes, throws her up the ramp towards Kai Scott!]

[Kai Scott thought he was far enough back, but Jane's flying body collides with him and they both sprawl on the box ramp as Scott drops the microphone with a crackle of static! Light starts to advance up the ramp, but Corozzo clotheslines him down from behind.]

DDK:

I think Scott just pushed Light's buttons a little bit too hard, but he turned his back on Nicky Corozzo, and now Nicky hits a big boot!

[Light goes rolling head over heels down the ramp and Corozzo rushes after him and...]

CRUUUUUUNCH!

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER THROUGH THE RAMP!

[The wooden box ramp may be sturdy, but when a 350 lb wrestler is slammed down onto it with a 270 lb wrestler landing on top of him, physics ensues. The ramp breaks into jagged wood, and Corozzo disappears into the black hole in the ramp. Light waves his arms and just manages to not fall in.]

[Carla Ferrari throws up her hands and calls for the bell.]

Quimbey:

The official decision is that the referee has thrown the match out!

[Light takes a moment to decide whether that bothers him or not, then decides it doesn't, and heads backstage. Kai Scott has vanished, and Jane decides to just let Light past.]

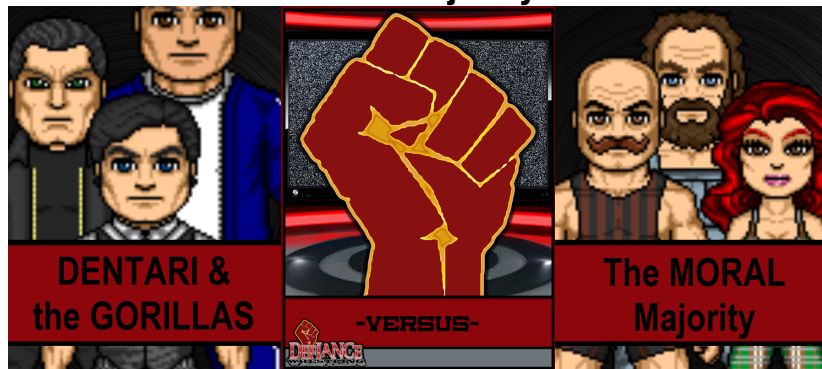
DDK:

This one got completely out of control once Kai Scott showed up. Alceo Dentari demonstrated why it's a bad idea to push Light's buttons, but Scott's work is much subtler than Dentari's. I'll admit it Angus, this situation makes me uneasy.

Angus:

Yeah. And now since we have to take a break while people fix Jeff Andrews' precious box ramp, let's go backstage and see if Light's going to hunt down Scott and squish him into a fine paste.

Dentari & The Gorillas vs The Moral Majority



Producer's Note: I'd like to apologize to Evan and Damien. I don't know how this one got away from me, but I didn't realize it wasn't in until five minutes before the show was ready to go live. I promise I'll make it up to you both.

Alceo and the Gorillas def. The Moral Majority when Alceo Dentari pinned Bronson Box following the "Whacked" mafia kick.

Two Birds.

[The feed jumps backstage.]

[Standing all by his lonesome is a showered, shaved, shitted, shaded, stoned and dressed to the nines Count of COOL. Gracefully, he's tossing an egg to himself high up in the air, and then waiting until the very last second before reaching out and snatching it with the quickness.]

[Tom Sawyer waxes on and off, this is what Cancer Jiles does.]

Cancer Jiles:

Bronson Box, you might look at this in my hands and think mischief. Think... grade school antics the likes the wrestling world has never seen.

[Again, the egg goes high in the air and a suspense ridden pause-snatch ensues.]

Cancer Jiles:

And because I'm in such a good mood, you might be right. Lord knows I've done some pretty childish things with my oval-shaped friend.

[Another lofty toss of the egg, but this time around Cancer makes a jerking-off motion before catching it.]

Cancer Jiles:

Then again, you probably don't know a thing about reflex training, do you?

[Quick hands, soft touch. Emilio Estevez eat your heart out.]

QUACK Jiles:

Here's a little nugget for ya, shitBox-- it's why I travel by the dozen.

[A deep breath.]

Cancer Jiles:

...it's *why* I've chosen the egg for my weapon of choice over the years.

[OH.EM.GEE. MOAR SUSPENCE~!]

Cancer Jiles:

Simply put-- the egg trains me each and every time I use it.

[Fuck your weights.]

Cancer Jiles:

Every dart-like toss I fire requires adderall-esque focus. If ya think I'm kidding, you try throwing an egg fifty yards on a frozen rope. You'll see it's no easy task. Shit, just getting it out of your hand without shattering the delicate shell is tough enough. Grip too hard... you wind up yolking yourself and looking like... well, Bronson Box in a trash talking contest.

[Cancer chuckles.]

[Seems he's brazen enough to not fear the Reaper.]

Cancer Jiles:

You see, Bron-Bron, to properly throw an egg means your body, mind... and everything else in between must be in sync. You have to have complete control of all your muscles to make the yolk dance just proper. Your balance has to be precise. Your weight shift has to be exact and your follow through better

not even inch towards sloppily.

[The Count sternly shakes his finger for emphasizing purposes. Then, he performs another ceiling high toss and Jerry Rice one handed catch.]

[His other hand was covering his eyes.]

[T-shades rather.]

Cancer Jiles:

For your information, since it has been a while and I would hate for you to say.... I didn't see that coming. I throw an egg like I deliver a Mongo Chawp. I fire yolk filled doom like I let my foot sing with Terminal Cancer.

Basically...

The SHORT of it, you coward's version of a primordial dwarf, I've been training to split your face and crack your head my entire career.

[Another toss. Casually, Cancer watches the egg splat onto the floor. He stares at the shattered shell and yolk oozing out of it for a few seconds before he refocuses his attention to center.]

Cancer Jiles:

So go on ahead and be the baddest baldy stumping around a Defiant block. Dare to be taller than a short stack of pancakes. Be a flippan't Scot towards my oval friend is you so desire.

[The Count turns, and begins to walk away.]

[Not before quipping.]

Cancer Jiles:

None of it matters, Bronson.

They don't have a prayer for what's coming your way.

[Before the feed jumps back to ringside, a quick pan reveals that Cancer was standing outside of Edward White's locker room the entire time.]

[Gold-plated door knob and a blood diamond encrusted nameplate were the give aways.]

[Heh, break a leg.]

Lash Graham vs Drew Siler vs Seth Stratton vs Dan Ryan



[Cue up: "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins.]

[Thunderous crowd pop]

[CUT TO: 'Ego Buster' flashes across the screen in rapid contrasting black and white.

CUT TO: Dan Ryan gorilla presses Kevin Powers from inside the ring to the floor below.

CUT TO: The word "YOU" flashes on the screen.

CUT TO: Dan Ryan throws 'Living Legend' Mark Windham from the second level of Key Arena down to the first level.

CUT TO: the word "ARE".

CUT TO: Dan Ryan clotheslines 'Cocky' Craig Miles, nearly taking his head off.

CUT TO: the word "BUSTED"

CUT TO: rapid shots of Dan Ryan pulverizing opponents with the Humility Bomb, a last ride power bomb landing high angle on the neck.]

[Ryan walks to ringside as pyro erupts along the ramp beside him. He steps over the top rope, glances back at the ramp - freshly patched from Corozzo's spinebuster through it earlier - and climbs a corner turnbuckle and simply glares through the sunglasses into the crowd.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan looks ready to go here.

[Ok Go and the Muppets hits and Lash sprints from the back like a bat out of hell, slapping hands with the fans on his way to the ring. He bolts down the box ramp at full speed and does a forward somersault over the top rope and into the ring. Running to the far corner he leaps onto the top rope and moonsaults off, landing on his feet in the center of the ring and plays to the crowd.]

DDK:

And so does Graham.

Angus:

I'm shocked he did that backflip with the Echidna in his hands.

DDK:

I'm not even going to-

*♪ I am ♪
♪ Smellin' like the rose ♪
♪ That somebody gave me ♪
♪ On my birthday deathbed! ♪*

[As STP's Scott Weiland pierces the airwaves with his infamous soliloquy the arena offers an apprehensive face pop...]

*♪ I am ♪
♪ Smellin' like the rose ♪
♪ That somebody gave me ♪
♪ 'Cause I'm dead and bloated! ♪*

[The beat kicks in and out steps "Mr. D.i.Y." Drew Siler to a round of cheers. He pauses at the top of the ramp with a pretentious smirk, and playfully gestures with his hands 'come on, you can do better than that,' though he doesn't wait for the reaction.]

*♪ Oh-oh, yeah, yeah ♪
♪ And she says it's naturallll ♪*

[Instead he just nods and makes his way down to the ring, not wasting anymore time. He mounts the ring apron with a knee and steps between the ropes holding both arms up in a '#1' salute to a final pop from the crowd. Drew then picks a neutral corner as STP fades from the PA System.]

DDK:

Drew Siler has been racking up the wins since arriving in Defiance, picking up a win last week on Retaliation over Boogie Smallz.

Angus:

And he shared a victory last time on TV with our next competitor.

[A few acoustic chords begin to play softly over the sound system. They quickly give way to crushing electric power as Ratt's "Back for More" erupts from the speakers. Seth Stratton bursts onto the stage, a confident smirk on his face. Tens of women swoon. He makes his way down the aisle, taking great care not to let any fans touch him due to his mild OCD. He gingerly climbs into the ring using the steps, unlike the savage majority who choose to slide as if they were uncivilized beasts.]

DDK:

Some would say Stratton stole the victory this week on TV33.

Angus:

Are you telling me you wouldn't have done exactly the same?

DDK:

I'd have done the same... The same as Siler.

DING DING DING

[Angus' cry of 'Bullshit' is drowned out by the ringing of the bell signaling that this match is underway.]

[Drew Siler heads straight for Seth Stratton and jumps him in the corner. He tries to land rights and lefts wherever he can on Stratton's body as Seth tries to cover up. He doesn't need to cover up for long though as Dan Ryan comes in and drops an axe handle down across the small of Siler's back.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan inadvertently coming to Seth's rescue there.

Angus:

Uhhh, maybe not.

[Ryan grabs Siler by the back of the neck and spins him around 360, sending him colliding into Seth Stratton at full force. Ryan turns Siler in the corner and lands a chop across his chest. Seth Stratton tries to slip away, but he's pinned into the corner by Siler's body. Lash Graham meanwhile is still stood in his corner cuddling his stuffed armadillo.]

[Ryan whips out of the corner, but puts on the brakes before pulling him back and sends him careening into Seth Stratton again. The two knock heads and Drew collapses to the floor. He still has his bearings though and rolls to the apron. Dan Ryan meanwhile turns his attention to Stratton.]

DDK:

Lash Graham seems to have the most sensible strategy here, stay out of the way.

Angus:

I don't believe I heard 'Lash Graham' and 'most sensible' in the same sentence.

[Ryan lifts a knee into Stratton's midsection and follows it up with a left hand deep into the breadbasket. Stratton tries to escape through the bottom and middle ropes, but Dan grabs a hold of him and pulls him back up. He wraps his arms around Stratton's midsection and sends him over with an overhead belly to belly suplex.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan really isn't hanging about tonight.

[Ryan gets back to his feet and fixes Graham with a stare. Lash goes wide eyed as he looks back at The Egobuster and tries to keep his distance by circling around the fallen Stratton. Dan steps on Seth's chest though to get to the other side and closes the gap. Lash reacts the only way he can think, and that's by throwing his Armadillo at Ryan's head.]

[Dan catches the Armadillo and casts it aside, but it's provided enough of a distraction for Graham to land a dropkick to Dan's knee. Ryan stumbles a bit but doesn't go down, Lash follows up with a kick to the side of Ryan's leg, then another, and another, and another. Finally Dan Ryan goes down as Drew Siler comes from behind with a chopblock.]

[Siler and Graham team up on Ryan, both stomping away at him like... a thing that people stomp on... A bass drum pedal in a power metal song... Yeah, that'll do. Siler drops an elbow across Ryan's chest and Graham flips over landing on him with a senton. As Lash lands, Seth Stratton comes back from nowhere and rolls Siler up with a handful of tights for good measure!]

[ONE!]

[Drew Siler kicks out with no trouble.]

DDK:

Stratton trying to steal another one there.

[Both Seth and Drew get to their feet and Siler lands a chop across Stratton's chest. Siler chops Stratton over and over knocking him back into the corner of the ring. Lash Graham meanwhile has stomped Dan Ryan all the way to the

apron where the big man rolls to the outside of the ring to catch his breath.]

[Siler lands a thrust kick to Stratton's midsection and lifts him up onto the top rope. He climbs the ropes after him, hooks him up and takes him over with a superplex! Lash Graham spots an opportunity and hops up onto another turnbuckle and comes crashing down onto Stratton with a splash. He sticks the landing for a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Thr-]

[Drew Siler breaks up the pin with a stomp to the back of Graham's head.]

DDK:

Graham almost stole this one right from under Siler's nose.

[Siler grabs Graham and throws him through the ropes to the outside. Graham tries to slide back into the ring almost instantly but Dan Ryan grabs him by the leg and pulls him right back out. Ryan slams Graham back first into the guard rail before clotheslining him over into the crowd!]

[Meanwhile Siler covers Stratton in the middle of the ring.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[TH-]

[Stratton gets the shoulder up.]

Angus:

Stratton had time to recover there, Siler's going to need to do more to put him away.

[Drew grabs Stratton by the head and pulls him to his feet. He takes Seth over with a snap suplex, bounces right back up to his feet, jumps, spins and lands with a leg down across Seth's chest. Dan Ryan meanwhile has climbed back into the ring and grabs Siler just before he can go for another cover.]

DDK:

And Stratton takes the opportunity to roll to safety on the apron.

[Ryan pulls Siler up to his feet and lifts a knee into his gut. He whips Siler across the ring into the corner and follows him in with a clothesline, sandwiching him into the turnbuckles. Drew stumbles out of the corner into a boot to the midsection from Ryan, doubling him over. Ryan underhooks both arms, lifts Siler and drives him down with a piledriver! He rolls Siler over and goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Thr-]

[Siler kicks out!]

DDK:

Siler dug deep to kick out of that!

[Ryan gets to his feet and drags Siler up as well. Drew tries to fight back with rights to Dan's torso, but Ryan shrugs them off and plants another knee to Drew's abdomen. He hooks Drew up for a suplex, lifts him into a vertical hold and keeps him there, giving Drew plenty of time to think about what might be coming.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Ryan spins around on the spot as the fans erupt. Lash Graham has just gotten up from behind the barricade and hops over it, he springs up onto the apron and almost seamlessly launches himself into the ring with a springboard. He connects to Ryan's chest with a dropkick, forcing Ryan to drop Siler, who clings onto Ryan's head and pulls him down with a huge DDT!]

[Seth Stratton appears once again, possibly after pulling the old 'hide under the ring' trick, who knows. He hits Siler with a running knee just as he's about to get to his feet and knocks him into the ropes. Lash Graham then hits Seth with a dropkick sending him right next to Siler.]

[Dan Ryan then, who's back to his feet but looking pretty groggy, charges in looking to clothesline both Siler and Stratton over the top rope. Stratton avoids the contact, but Ryan's momentum takes both he and Siler over the top to the outside.]

DDK:

That knee really must have knocked Siler for six.

Angus:

Isn't that a Cricket term?

DDK:

Fine, that knee must have knocked Siler out of the tramlines.

Angus:

Doesn't quite have the same ring to it.

[Dan Ryan is the first to his feet on the outside of the ring. He lifts a soccer kick into Siler's ribs and sends him rolling away. With some space between the two Dan grabs the protective matting around ringside and starts ripping it up, exposing the arena floor below.]

DDK:

I don't like where this is going.

[Meanwhile, at the Hall of Doom, ahem... sorry, meanwhile in the ring, Lash Graham hits Siler with a spinning wheel kick. Both men get back to their feet and Graham ducks a backhand shot. He takes Stratton over with a snapmare and locks in an armbar/nervehold combination.]

DDK:

Stratton could tap here!

Angus:

Really?

[Dan Ryan meanwhile grabs Siler by the neck and pulls him to his feet. He places his head between his legs and lifts him for the Humility Bomb right above the exposed floor!]

DDK:

He's going to end this kid's career!

[Siler doesn't go down though, instead he sits up on Ryan's shoulders and rains down right hands, he manages to fall back and send Ryan flying with a Hurricanrana! Ryan tries to keep his balance, but ends up running headfirst into the steel steps!]

Angus:

I did not see that coming!

[Inside the ring Seth Stratton is fighting off the nerve hold and pushing his way to his feet.]

[Siler meanwhile grabs Ryan's leg and locks in the DiY Bridge on the outside of the ring!]

Angus:

This ain't falls count anywhere kid, you're gonna need him back in the ring if you wanna win this thing!

[Siler wrenches on the hold as Stratton pushes Graham up to his feet. He whips Graham across the ring and catches him with a backhand to the midsection as he returns.]

[Stratton hits the ropes and comes back looking for that elbow to the back of the head!]

DDK:

Match Point!

[But Graham avoid the contact and jumps up behind Seth, wraps his legs around one arm, his arms around the other and takes him down with a crucifix pin!]

[ONE!]

DDK:

Siler is still wrenching on that DiY Bridge!

Angus:

Look in the ring, Kid!

[TWO!]

Angus:

IN THE RING!

[THREE!]

DING DING DING

Winner: Lash Graham

[Drew Siler finally releases the DiY Bridge and looks above the apron to see Lash Graham with his hand raised in victory.]

DDK:

I think Siler took the attempted Humility Bomb to the floor to heart, and it might have cost him this match.

Angus:

Might?

DDK:

Ok, did. He doesn't look happy, but Lash Graham sure does, and he's our new number one contender for the FIST title!

The Opposite of FAILSNAKE!

[Once the battlin' combatants of the four-way dance finally stride off(In the case of Lash) or shuffle off dejectedly(In the case of the rest), the ring is being re-prepped for the next match...]

[And...]

[The arena suddenly goes dark and the big screen glows to life. We see a silhouette backstage. A slim figure, indistinguishable in the glow of the worklights behind the entrance ramp curtain. A breathing shadow. The suspense holds for just a moment, but it's long enough for a frantic buzz to grow in the audience. They think it's... they're pretty sure... but they need to know for certain. The figure gets the "go" signal, steps out of the darkness and approaches the curtain. We see black hair.]

... [The back of a black and red Defiance t-shirt.] ... [A long, dark green and black tattoo wrapped around an arm. Fangs bared wide open at the camera. A snake.]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [The entire arena jolts to life as the vigorous piano intro to "Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens blasts through the speakers and a dizzying array of strobe lights dance through the ring and out into the crowd.] ♪ *How'd you know to find me here?* ♪ ♪ *Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires* ♪ ♪ *And insider information* ♪ [The arena rocks with music and crowd pop pandemonium as Python bursts through the curtain for the first time in years. The young high flyer bounds out onto the entrance ramp, slamming his chest with both hands and pointing out to the fans, completely electrified.] ♪ *This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me* ♪ ♪ *An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the dullest minds* ♪ [Python looks up at the enormous Defiance logo on the set with a grin before taking off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach. In seconds flat, he's inside and across the ring, taking a turn on each turnbuckle to the response of hundreds of camera flashes. He turns and catches a mic as it's tossed to him, signaling for the music to disappear. It does, but the sound of the audience doesn't.] **PYYYYYY-THONNNNNN PYYYYYY-THONNNNNN OH EL DUBBLEYOO! OH EL DUBBLEYOO!** [The former WfWA World Champion grins and raises the mic, running a hand through his messy black hair and shouting to be heard over the din of the crowd.]

Python: Holy shit, Florida! **RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**
RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! Python: Yeah, it's nice to see you too. It's been far too long. I missed your beautiful faces and I missed your beautiful weather, so I thought this would be a nice place to stop by and let the world know that I'm coming the fuck back. [The BankAtlantic center roars with the sound of approval. Python strolls over to one of the turnbuckles, hops up, and sits on it comfortably.] **Python:** For those of you who don't know me, I'm called Python. I used to wrestle for a great company called- **OH EL DUBBLEYOO! OH EL DUBBLEYOO!** **Python:** Yup. That was the one. Anyway, you guys, we'll get to know each other. Here's a spoiler - you'll watch some more shows, I'll wrestle a few matches, I'll do some really cool stuff, you'll be all "holy shit! holy shit!", my opponents will be all "I don't even know what just happened." It's gonna be great. [Python shrugs, clearly comfortable being back on the mic without having lost any of his casual rockstar charm.] **Python:** For those of you who do know me... I have a few things I need to say to you. I've been gone a long time now. It's been about two years since I disappeared from the business. In that time, I know you've had needs. I know you've had questions. You made sure I knew how much I was missed. And despite all of that, you respected my privacy and my right to live my life as I see fit. And you let me find my own way back to the ring, as you and I both knew that I someday would. For this, and for so many other things, I thank you guys from the bottom of my heart. **RRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!** [The fans happily voice their support in response.] **Python:** So, why the come back now, right? What am I doing here? Hell, I don't know. I love the sport, always have for as long as I can remember. Love the fans. Love the competition. Didn't know how to live without any of it. I always just assumed I'd know how to if I tried, but I didn't and I finally realized I didn't want to. I bowed out of wrestling at the top of my career in the early years of my youth. I told myself that I'd accomplished everything I needed to accomplish, that there was nothing left for me here. I convinced myself that there was "supposed" to be a certain way of life, a normal one, and I had to find it and figure out how it works. But in hindsight, when have I ever done anything the way it's "supposed" to be done? [He laughs] **Python:** You know, the final straw is always hearing about the place you've left behind. I tried to distance myself from it. I tried, it's impossible! I've been hearing all sorts of wild things about this place. Jeff Andrews is top dog! Heidi's gone bat shit crazy! Who the hell is Drew Siler? Why is Jane here? I finally said "you know what? this sounds like a party, I'm gonna go see for myself." [Python hops down off the turnbuckle.] **Python:** So here I am. Still hungry, still in my prime. Everything you remember me for in the past is now just a prologue. They say Defiance is where the best come to play and the rest

come to pay. I'm no longer the ghost of a phenomenon, an intangible unit of measurement, a notch in the historical measuring stick of talent for the champions of today to stand curiously but safely next to. I am a living, breathing threat. And nobody is safe. [Python drops the mic. It hisses shortly and dies when it hits the ring floor.] **KSTTT!**
RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! [With that, he swings his legs and drops deftly to ringside. The fan favorite makes his way back up the entrance ramp as his music blares through the PA once again, finally fading to silence as he disappears through the curtain and leaving just the sounds of the excited crowd.]

The Untouchables vs The Good Fight



Angus:

It's Atomicos time, bitches!

DDK:

What my broadcast colleague meant to say is that we're just about to get started with the 8 man tag match pitting The Good Fight and The Untouchables in almost full competition.

[This is where the entrances would go if I felt like writing them. But since I don't, the Untouchables are already in the ring, and The Good Fight, with Tom Sawyer leading the way, are just entering.]

[And apparently Heidi Christenson has less patience for introductions than your humble narrator, because second Tom Sawyer enters the ring, she's right there, kicking him in the head.]

[The rest of the Untouchables follow up, but Voss belts Andrews upside the head, knocking him back into the ring! Voss follows him in as Long and Scott jump off the apron onto STJ and Dewey respectively.]

DDK:

It's breaking down all over ringside! We've got Heidi and Tom on the entrance ramp, Long and STJ in the stands,

Scott and Dewey at ringside and Justin Voss knocking the Defiance World Champion all over the ring!

[Andrews takes a haymaker, drops, gets back up, gets dropped again! Voss blasts Andrews with a chop to the chest, jukes back out of the way of a wild flailing counter, and knocks Andrews head over heels with a discus palm strike!]

DDK:

Ode to Endangered! Voss just layed the champ out!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....Broken up by Kai Scott!

Angus:

Give the devil his due, Kai Scott's got ring awareness like a boss, but let's see how the Ace of Heels matches up against the King of Assholes!

[Scott hits Voss with a sole butt and a corkscrew enzuigiri.]

DDK:

Kai Scott's got educated feet.

[Voss gets up to one knee, but Scott cuts him off with a spinning back kick, then quickly tags out to Andrews. Andrews comes in leading with Kawada kicks, grabbing Voss by the hair and blasting him in the face with his shin. The series of kicks ends with a scoop slam.]

[Andrews pulls Voss back to his feet and scoops him again, but Voss slips off the back! Grabbing Andrews in a rear waistlock, he bulls Andrews straight into The Good Fight's corner! And Eugene Dewey clobbers Andrews from the apron!]

DDK:

Dewey's looking for another piece of Andrews! He may not have gotten the victory on Defiance TV 33, but he embarrassed Andrews, and he wants another shot!

[Dewey climbs into the ring and just clubbers Andrews straight back into the neutral corner - and Andrews drops and rolls out of the ring. Ronnie Long climbs into the ring. Dewey, somehow sensing it, turns around and stops the sneak attack attempt with a big backhand chop!]

WHOOOOOOO!!

[Long goes reeling back, and Dewey pulls the brute of the Untouchables into a short arm clothesline! He thumps his chest with both fists, the crowd cheers, and Dewey brings Long back up and vertical suplexes him.]

Angus:

Seen more actual wrestling moves in this match out of Eugene Dewey than we have in the last year of his career.

[Eug pulls Long up by the hair, whips him into the Good Fight's corner and holds the arm to give Sam Turner Jr. a shot into Long's ribs. STJ takes it. With Long doubled over, STJ applies the gutwrench, lifts him up in the air and beal throws him to the mat!]

DDK:

I thought this match would be all Untouchables, but the Good Fight have been exchanging quick tags, they seem fully aware of the lucha rules these matches operate under, and they've controlled the match so far.

[Long is sent for an Irish whip. On the rebound STJ ducks and scoops him up in the bearhug! ...But almost before the fans can even pop for it, Long escapes with a bell clap. Grabbing STJ by the muttonchops, he delivers a series of short range headbutts that end with the redheaded redneck down on the mat with his eyes moving in different directions.]

DDK:

Ronnie Long, known and loathed for his anti-Defiance stance.

Angus:

Defiance beat the Wifwah. He should get over it. He's less annoying than Tom Sawyer, but in theory, I hate him even more.

[Long slaps Heidi's hand. The boos go up.]

[These Atomicos matches are a bad place for submission holds, but Heidi's still got her vicious kicking game and a decent-if-rusty Lucha Libre background, and STJ ends up in deep shit real quick. Heidi applies an armwringer, turns it into a funky standing hammerlock, and lays kicks deep into STJ's breadbasket. When she drops the arm, STJ collapses to his knees, and she axe kicks him on the back of the head. STJ collapses, Heidi turns him over for a pinfall!]

[Both sides rush into the ring.]

[Andrews tackles Voss.]

[Scott catches Dewey with a back kick.]

[And Sawyer goes right over Long's head to drop the elbow on Heidi!]

DDK:

The Macho Ranger going airborne! STJ may be knocked out, but Sawyer's back on his feet...

[Andrews stops him with a boot.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Andrews and Scott send Sawyer down the ring with a double Irish whip. On the rebound, Sawyer ducks the double superkick! He hits the far ropes, grabs Andrews' head with his legs, spins around his body and transitions into a tiger feint kick on Scott, then spins back around to single arm DDT Andrews!]

DDK:

Sawyer takes two out at once!

[Long grabs Sawyer by the neck and lofts him towards the turnbuckle - but Sawyer catches himself on the middle rope, hops to the top, and comes flying off with a corkscrew bodyblock that drops Long to the mat!]

Angus:

By God the kid's taking them all!

[But Heidi Christenson suddenly shakes off the effect of the elbow drop, and Sawyer turns around to see her staring him down.]

[Without fear she rushes in with a forearm to the collarbone that knocks her back into the turnbuckle! Laying in forearm after forearm, Sawyer is - intercepted and whipped to the mat with a flying armbar! He grabs his own wrist in a desperate attempt to block. And seeing the danger, Voss breaks it up with an axehandle.]

DDK:

Heidi, I think, was attempting to maim with that armbar, but Voss broke it up, and he's going to take over while Sawyer rolls out of the ring to collect himself.

[Her face set in a snarl, Heidi drives a series of kicks into the back of Voss's right thigh. With the big man stumbling, she easily rolls him down into a kneebar. Andrews is in the ring first, but he bolts towards the ropes and baseball slides the Macho Ranger, knocking him head over heels! Long intercepts STJ with the tilt-a-whirl gutbuster, Scott crescent kicks Dewey in the face...]

[But Voss comes up with an Andrewsish counter for the kneebar - stand up and stomp the shit out of Heidi until she lets go.]

Angus:

You know, a couple years ago Voss would've been a great fit into The Untouchables. He's trying to fight the good fight, I don't know whether I respect that or think it's gay, but he's willing to fight the Untouchables at their own game.

[Voss pulls Heidi to her feet, yells "YOU WANNA SEE A KICK" in her face, and then obliterates her with a Kenka kick!]

Angus:

Live by the sword, die by the sword!

[Voss goes for the cover! ONE, TWO, and Scott and Long both land on top of him. Voss is sent into the corner. Heidi and Scott throw Long in after him, Long hits the lariat, drops to his knees, Heidi leaps off his back and spinning heel kicks him in the face! Heidi lands and she and Long throw him back towards Scott, who delivers the crescent kick, and Andrews heads to the top rope and delivers a long distance Ultraglide!]

DDK:

Did you see the distance he got on that?! Andrews making the cover!

[Eugene doesn't aim for the pinfall. He lowers his flabby shoulder and plows into Long. Physics ensues, Long bounces off Scott and the three men all sprawl clear of the pinfall.]

[And this gives STJ the room he needs to get in for the break!]

Angus:

DAMN that was close.

DDK:

The Untouchables just gave Voss a full barrage of their best shots and TOM SAWYER OFF THE TOP ROPE! MISSILE DROPKICK!

[The kick hits Heidi between the shoulderblades and sends her flying across the ring and out onto the black box ramp. Heidi lands on her feet, nursing her back, and Sawyer bolts after her... SWAN DIVE FLIPPING LARIAT!]

Angus:

LOOKIT TOM FLY!

[Jeff Andrews, the only Untouchable on his feet, grabs a hand full of Dewey's ginger afro and spikes him to the mat with the Mind Eraser! This does him no good, because Dewey's not the legal man. He turns to STJ, catches an incoming big boot, throws the foot to the ground, boots him and delivers a Legacyplex!]

DDK:

And the World Champion's now just cleaning house! And Heidi and Tom Sawyer are fighting up the ramp!

[About halfway up the ramp, Heidi has Tom in a full nelson and appears to intend to dragon suplex him on the black boxes. Tom counters, goes behind, Heidi mule kicks her way loose and roundhouse kicks him on the head. But when she picks him up for more punishment, Tom collects himself and hits a running double leg takedown - that sends the two of them through the black curtain and out of sight backstage!]

DDK:

The 4 on 4 is down to 3 on 3, and Jeff Andrews is dragging Voss into position for another Ultraglide!

[Andrews climbs the top rope, yells "ULTRAGLIIIIIIDE" like he likes to, and jumps.]

[AND MISSES AS VOSS ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!]

[Andrews hits the mat with a resounding thump. Voss pulls himself together, and although it's not his usual style, he hooks the champ's arm and jumps up behind him to catch the other arm in a crucifix rollup.... ONE, TWO, **AND THREE!!!**]

Angus:

Did he get him?!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

HE GOT HIM! VOSS JUST PINNED THE CHAMP!

[Ronnie Long and Kai Scott were both just a second too slow, but they're immediately on top of Voss making sure he doesn't get a chance to enjoy his win. Long hits a Western Lariat. Scott hits the Kryptonite.]

DDK:

The Untouchables, being sore losers as you'd expect. Andrews is retrieving the World Heavyweight Title, which wasn't on the line of course...

[Andrews kneels down next to Voss.]

Andrews:

This... is the CLOSEST... you will EVER GET TO THIS TITLE!

CRUNCH!

[From close range, Andrews smashes the title into the face of Justin Voss.]

DDK:

We've got to get security out here! The Untouchables lose to The Good Fight in atomicos action, but they're completely out of control now!

[Fade to commercial as DEFsec floods the ring.]

A few "Words" among "Friends"

[Backstage.]

[It's close to go-time for Clairra St. Sure and the rest of Tres Brujas.] [Lisa Loeh is pacing around, talking. Clairra is sitting.] **Lisa:** The good part is that Nicky and Jane already wrestled once and Christian Light beat them up pretty well, so they'll be tired and slower. [Diane Parker is holding Clairra's hand and wrapping it in tape. The left hand successfully taped, Clairra clenches her fist twice, then pulls on her glove.] **Lisa:** I'm pretty sure I can distract Nicky Corozzo long enough to stop him from interfering, so Diane all you have to do is make sure Jane stays out of the match. You can do that, right? [Diane doesn't even deign to look at Lisa as she answers.] **Diane:** Yes. **Lisa:** OK good, anyway, Clairra, you should probably try to use the busaiku knee kick to win this one since it'll take less time to actually get the win. **Diane:** She knows how to wrestle, Lisa, stop distracting her. **Lisa:** Well I don't hear YOU working on her strategy! **Diane:** We talked strategy before we ever got here, where YOU couldn't butt in! [Diane grabs Clairra's other hand and starts wrapping it in tape. Judging by the vigor with which she works, she's wishing she was wrapping it around Lisa's throat. Clairra yanks her hand away.] **Clairra:** Ow! **Diane:** Shit, sorry, sorry. **Lisa:** I'll do it. [Diane scowls as Lisa quickly finishes taping Clairra's hand and opens the glove for her.] **V.O. Kai Scott:** Diane, I know you don't like being forced into a tag team with someone you've got an outstanding grudge against, but if there's anything you have to learn how to do in pro wrestling, it's to play the hand you got dealt. [Awkward pause.] **Scott:** Well, actually there's lots of times that it's better to throw the hand on the floor and kick the table over, but this isn't one of those. [Kai Scott walks into the scene.] [He's looking more than a bit worse for wear - hair in a mess and a knot forming on the side of his head. Souvenir of the Atomikos match. Still in his wrestling gear, only with an Untouchables T-shirt pulled over his chest.] **Scott:** Let me ask you something, Diane - Lisa, you too. Is this argument of any help to either Clairra or you? [Neither Diane nor Lisa has anything to say.] **Scott:** Lisa, what you have to realize is that not only does Diane have a lot of practice and training specifically at working out a gameplan, she's been working with Clairra for months and knows her capabilities better than anyone else. [Again, none of the girls have anything to say.] **Scott:** And Diane, what you have to realize is that Lisa's an asset that you should work with. She does what she does fairly well, and she's actually quite a good wrestler and a fine third for your team. She also knows how to create situations and work the backstage, you saw her in action with Elijah Goldman. [Diane and Lisa look at each other. The dislike's pretty evident.] **Scott:** You can both help Clairra with this match. But do you think fighting with each other just before it starts helps? [Silence.] **Scott:** No, it doesn't. What's going to help is if Diane and Lisa focus on doing their jobs rather than worry about each other, and be prepared to neutralize Edward White's attempts to cheat as they happen. "There's one other thing you can do." [Enter the Last Nighthawk.] **Light:** Remember that you don't have to be like Kai Scott. [An accusing finger is directed at the Ace of Heels.] **Scott:** I've told them many times the last thing they need to do is be like Kai Scott. But then, I wouldn't wish being Kai Scott on -- **Light:** [interrupting] Save it. [Scott's eyebrows go up as St. Sure whips her head around to face Light.] **Light:** Clairra, do you remember when we had that match on Heritage TV and Diane passed you the bike chain? [Diane cringes.] **Light:** Like you, I watch my matches. I saw that during the replay. And I saw you put it down of your own accord. Even though I won that night, you convinced everyone you had what it takes. If you didn't, that match wouldn't have gone 24 minutes, you wouldn't have won War Games, you wouldn't have come as close to winning the tournament as you did. And if you didn't have that... all the bike chains and distractions on the planet wouldn't be enough to convince anyone you did. Take, for example, your former manager. [Light again points to Scott.] **Light:** Kai Scott never won an important match in his entire career cleanly. Everything he got, he either backstabbed everyone in reach to get, or rode on Jeff Andrews shoulders to reach. [Scott smirks and shrugs.] **Light:** Clairra, Diane, neither of you need to be like that. And Lisa, do you remember how he said just a minute ago how awful being Kai Scott is? Think about that the next time you decide to hit someone with a chair. [Light turns and leaves.] **Lisa:** He's wrong, you know. If you'd used that bike chain to hit him, you'd have knocked him out and won the match. [Clairra sighs.] [The camera lingers on for an awkward moment before cutting back to ringside.]

Edward White © vs Clairia St. Sure**DDK:**

It's time for our FIST of Defiance Main Event with FIST Champion "The Sophisticate" Edward White defending against I believe the toughest challenge of his reign to date, Tres Brujas rep Clairia St. Sure!

Angus:

Edward White is one the smartest minds in this joint, and if anyone in Defiance can smooth past whatever badass offensive St. Sure has it will be 'The Sophisticate'.

[The arena lights go crimson red with white strobes flickering at the top of the DEFramp.]

Quimbey:

Making her way to the ring accompanied by Tres Brujas stablemates Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh,--

[Diane Parker walks out first, pointing behind her and stepping to the side. Clairia walks out, robe on and hood up.]

DQ:

Hailing from Kingston, Jamiaca, weighing in at 141 lbs.--

[St.Sure lowers the hood, and raises both fists in the air. She begins walking to the ring as Lisa Loeh finally makes her presence in St. Sure's trail. Stepping out of her entrance robe and handing it to Diane Parker, Clairia jumps to the ring apron, over the ropes, and starts executing a few warmup jabs and kicks.]

DQ:

This is Clairia...ST..Sssssuureeeee!--

DDK:

St. Sure looks ready and against this man, you need to prepare for anything.

["Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman hit the PA and that could only mean one thing. It was time for the introduction of the FIST Champion.]

DQ:

Making his way to the ring accompanied by Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo.--

[Edward White makes his way through the curtain and down to the ring with Jane Katze slightly behind him to his right and Nicky Corozzo to his left scoping the arena for any cheapshooters to take advantage of their walk to the ring.]

Angus:

Corozzo making sure nobody gets a breath on Eddie, and God only knows how many fags in the back want to.

[Edward White is already unfastening The FIST Championship from his waist at the end-ramp, walking up the steps in true White-fashion.]

DQ:

Weighing in at 231 lbs from Louisville, KT.--He is the reigning and defending FIST Champion! 'The Socialite' Edwarrddd Whhiiiiittttteeeeeee.--

[Edward White folds the FIST Championship and hands it off to Referee Benny Doyle, who holds up the championship and satisfies DefiaFANS worldwide by not wasting anymore valuable time. He signals for the bell.]

DDK:

Benny Doyle already directing Nicky Corozzo to stay put in White's corner.

Angus:

It bugs the piss out of me that Eddie dumped on Count COOL, but look on the flipside.-- Clairia went from Kai Scott to Lisa Loeh.

[The Socialite kicked off the offensive with a straight-forward push and confidant smirk. Clairia responds with a precise outer thigh kick, then another. Clairia follows a hobbling White around the ring with a stiff kick to White's lower back and then to the backside of his knee, which buckled from impact!]

Angus:

Damn!

DDK:

White having no answer for St. Sure's educated legs.

[Clairia advances toward White as the crowd clearly backs her play. A right kneeshot to White's shoulder as he attempted to move away, toppled him backwards on his back as he has the presence of mind to scurry under the bottom rope for a re-evaluation!]

[St Sure stood fast, not suckered into following White into the clutches of Jane Katze or Nicky Corozzo, who gather around White pointing at Doyle to check St. Sure for illegal weapons.]

DDK:

Stall tactics by the FISTicate, Angus. St. Sure offering her legs to be padded down. She doesn't need that type of assist.

Angus:

White has everything under control, he is pausing St. Sure like anybody should.

DDK:

Doyle up to 6.--

[White pulls himself up, and cautiously enters the ring to boos. Walking toward Clairia, and into a rolling hip toss! Clairia up before Edward White could even turn to get out of the way.]

Angus:

Shiy-OW. Soccer Kick to White's back!

[White hunches forward like he got shot, and had the presence of mind to flatten himself on his stomach as Clairia reared back for a roundhouse. Paused herself, instead took advantage of the White on stomach position and grabs left arm control!]

[Claire going for an armbar, but White is scrambling his lower body to the bottom ropes for a Doyle break. Claire hooking her legs onto White's left leg trying to scissor him still enough to get proper arm grasp.]

DDK:

Corozzo and Katze pushing that bottom rope towards White's outstretched toes! And Benny Doyle having NONE of it!

Angus:

Investing in the right people is key, Keebs. I hate him for what he did to Count COOL, but can't stay mad at his genius tonight.

[White finally lays enough toes on the bottom rope to get that break. Claire instantly un-scissors the left leg but succeeds in controlling White's left elbow into a torturous variation of a keylock.]

[White looking up at Benny Doyle in agony, and shooting a glance at Katze and Corozzo who are actually being leashed fairly well by Doyle. White finally scoots further to hook his entire foot onto the bottom rope as Claire St. Sure reluctantly lets go of his left arm.]

DDK:

St. Sure careful not to be disqualified. This isn't Shields, Doyle will throw his weight around.

Angus:

St. Sure looking beast. She's no Heidi, but she's every bit of dangerous in certain levels of ass-kick.

[White starts to get up, maneuvering himself behind Doyle as St. Sure stances herself for offensive flurry once more. Diane Parker with a hint of instruction but Claire knows exactly what White is capable of. She stalks White's leg, and feeds him a leg only to twist out of his leg-catch by kicking off his chest with the other! White shoots back into the turnbuckles as St. Sure falls onto her back from the impact!]

[White knows better than to corner-stand in the ring with St. Sure, so he goes for broke and decides to launch his bodyweight into a clothesline, hoping St. Sure gets up in time to eat it. It pays off dividends!]

DDK:

Claire just ate a clothesline just under her nose!

[White, like a shark on fishburger, unloading a slew of hard rights to St. Sure, as he grabs a handful of her hair and sends her face-first into the mat! Then again!]

Angus:

White showing that he's ballsy enough to serve dinner for one! How does that canvas taste? It's not Denny's.

[White stepping over St. Sure, each leg straddling her from the back position. A handful of hair as he bends her head straight back and sends his right elbow into her nose three malicious shots! Doyle admonishing, and White has that 'I was just minding my flock of sheep' expression. He lets go, but not before a hard right to the temple!]

[Claire might be a hard-kicking asskicker, but Edward White's opportunistic knee falls on the back of her neck as he sort of rolls through the delivery of it. And White tried to convince himself that control was slipping further away from Claire, but as she was picked up by her head she unloaded a standing head kick so ill-moodily delivered that White seen a dozen dancing hundred bills floating around his head. Claire dropped down to Edward's side and grabbed hold of White's left arm again, this time looking to lock him in a crossface. White had no say in avoiding this!]

DDK:

White is on another planet, Angus!

Angus:

He'd better buy a Rolls Royce Spaceship back from Planet Headfuck, because St. Sure is looking to wrap this up!

[St. Sure wrenches back, her hands covering White's mouth and had it been an inch higher or lower she might've won right here. However, 'The Sophisticate' bites the hands that fights him, and locks on skin like he's developed a keen taste for Jamaican Hand Sandwich.]

DDK:

Claira not letting GO!

[Claira's hands were white-knuckled but her fingers were turning purple from Eddie's teeth clamping down. He might not be confused with great technicians, but Edward White's survival instincts remain the cat's meow in DefWorld. She loosens reluctantly, and loosens her leg-scissors on his controlled arm. Eddie returns the favor by un-clutching, and they both scatter separately to stand.]

[Unknown to White, St. Sure might have been going one direction but it only takes opportunity and three breaths to change your get-up into a roll-up!]

ONE!!

TWO!!

[Claira releases the roll-up, knowing its too soon and has both White's legs in possession! Crossing them, she's attempting to power White over who looks to be scratching and clawing but with his legs crossed, he's getting turned onto his stomach!]

Angus:

Smart move by St. Sure.

DDK:

A cross-leg Boston Crab, and for the sake of personalizing it, lets call it a Kingston Crab.--

[Claira St. Sure leaning back, but White is determined not to just lay there and be bent ass-backwards. He's forearm-pushing himself up, trying to use his sizeable strength advantage to uncross his legs. Hard to do, and it doesn't help that Benny Doyle is the most payin' attention official in Defiance, and he is carefully scrutinizing every wiggle and squeal coming from White.]

[Call it sweat. Call it a height curse. Call it anything you wish, but St. Sure's grip begins to fade as she recognizes that getting a submission on White this stage of the bout is unheard of. She breaks, but has the follow-up advantage and keeps White's left leg as he attempts to scratch toward a neutral corner! Applying a standing kneebar, Claira has the DEF Fans firmly in her pocket much like White has his associates in his. The kneebar a shade less effective than Claira hoped, as White has crawled sideways and forward, hooking his arms over the bottom rope like a bearded clinging monkey.]

DDK:

White using his ring awareness to survive. Say what you will, Edward White is as tough as they get.

[White gets the desired break on four, as Claira is backed up by Benny Doyle. Lisa Loeh, who is no stranger to controversy, positions herself close enough to slap the back head of White to a mixed reaction. Diane Parker spins Lisa around, yelling at her Tres Brujas partner to get in their corner and butt out as St. Sure was unaware of it all. St. Sure just wanted a giant slice of FIST pie, and as she advances to White, he desperately kicks her knee which is enough to pause her momentarily!]

Angus:

Lisa Loeh not makin' nice with Diane Parker and Tres Brujas not on the same page. I don't even think Parker wants Loeh in the same library, Keeps!

[St. Sure backs away from another White kick, who uses the middle rope to pull himself up as he gives Benny Doyle instructions on how to do his job. 'The Sophisticate' back up on all-tvos, Clairra readjusts her offensive stance and is all-business. Doyle encouraging White to come forward, who grabs his knee complaining inaudibly. We can only assume that White is suggesting that St. Sure has a piece of steel in her boots as Doyle again requests to search. Clairra doesn't want to risk anything tonight, so she offers her leg up to check and .--]

DDK:

Neckbreaker by White while Doyle was checking CSS's boot!--

Angus:

White is a sneak-ass. I'm mixed on the guy, he's sleazy good but totally NOT cool.

[White knows he has to change the tempo and lets St. Sure get to her feet before chop-blocking her down to raucous boos. White flatfoot stomps on Clairra's legs, careful to pause and create a respectable distance from any form of reciprocation. The sole of his boot stomping down on Clairra's abs as he assumes full-control. White decides a better course of action is throwing hard rights each time St. Sure attempts to raise her back off the canvas. He begins to dissect St. Sure in this method.]

DDK:

White starting to mount some offense, as St. Sure refuses to stay down. Repeated shots.

[Clairra was expecting a sixth fist to the face. Blocking the punch with both her forearms, she is on her feet much to White's ill-wishes and she begins kicking the thigh of White with a steady rhythm! White gets lucky a few times, landing a couple fists to St. Sure's cheek but the kicks are taking the mustard out of 'The Sophisticate'. When dealing with a wounded White, you need to expect a barrage of dirty trickery, and this was no exception. White was able to use his stagger into St. Sure to smother those kicks and eye-rake her face. Not just a random run-of-the-mill eyerake, I'm talking finger rips and adding an eye pinch to turn this bout into his favor.]

[White follows St. Sure around as she temporarily loses sight, and he hits a nice bulldog to seal the offensive. Not wasting a lot of time, White connects with a snap suplex and several leg stomps to keep Clairra honest. Picking her up, he drops her with a gutbuster and as she stood up ab-clutching, a Russian Leg Sweep that ricochets CSS's head off the canvas.]

[He hooks the leg.]

ONE!

TWO!!

Clairra kicked out!

DDK:

White needs more than this, but he has swung the momentum stick in his favor.

Angus:

These two have a long history of pissing each other off. -- WarGames, FIST Qualifiers-- I'm pretty sure Clairra remembers all of that!

[White grabs St. Sure by the hair pulling her up.]

[White wanted to go for a ddt but Clairra slumped low into a bodystance and used a forgotten, rarely-seen too elaborate to spell out reversal to synch White into a hammerlock go-behind. White clearly baffled by Clairra's vast-knowledge, but his point of the elbow fires blindly behind him into St. Sure's forehead.]

DDK:

The reigning FIST Champion elbowing away!

[Claira, blinded by an elbow, releases her hammerlock and as White turns she clinches around his neck and rifles off one-eyed knees to White's ribs..]

DDK:

No quit in St. Sure. She brings what she knows every match!

[Claira unclinched off the neck of White thinking to create separation as to not get over-powered, but in her attempts to not be suckered in she got punched HARD by White's right fist. On the Ali-scale, it was an 8, as the brawl-efficient White even looked shocked at the floored St. Sure.]

[White tried to take advantage of Clairra being grounded, and relied on delivering his flatfoot kicks at her face but she seen it coming.]

DDK:

Catching White's foot, Eddie White in one-legged pogo stick mode!--

[Dragon-screw inverted by Clairra St. Sure.]

Angus:

She almost ripped his leg off, Keebs!

[White tried to roll to the outside, but Clairra soccer-punted his rolling body before he could reach the other side of the ropes! She had her hands up, and as White stopped rolling away and sat up in an 'Oh that hurt' look, she quickly executes a triangle choke! Ninety-nine percent of the time, St. Sure is gifted with being positioned in the right place at the right moment but unfortunately White's leg is draped over the bottom rope. Benny Doyle immediately calling for break.]

[Again, breaking on an early-4 count, St. Sure transitions into a headlock all of seven seconds as it is more about controlling an on-his-knees White than hurting him.]

[White doesn't enjoy a power advantage often, but when he does it makes it count. Grabbing the side of St. Sure, he executed out of her basic headlock with an Atomic Drop and then downed her again with a handful of hair.]

DDK: St. Sure is going to be bald if White continues using her hair as a fifth limb! [White's crucial mistake was bending down at Clairra St. Sure, and reaching to pick her up with both hands. St. Sure uses her quickness to pull White onto a guard position. With White's palms flat on the canvas to either side, Clairra shifts her body to the right and throws her leg onto White's shoulder and maneuvers into the Omoplata!] [Benny Doyle in position as Edward White vehemently screams out in pain.] **DDK:** She's got the Omoplata air-tight, Angus and she's in perfect position! White's in huge trouble! [Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze might've been able to distract anybody else, but tonight it isn't going to happen like that. St. Sure wrenching back and Doyle bending in a nose-hair from the face of Edward White.]

RAAAAWWHSS! **DDK:** White is going to get a torn rotator if he doesn't tap! **Angus:** He's not going to give St. Sure the satisfaction, this isn't her night! [St. Sure had the Omoplata on for several minutes, and as White's eyes turn back into his head Benny Doyle accomplishes what most officials rarely do. He keeps White's resources from interfering as he shuttles his eyes from White to his anxious corner.] [--And Clairra St. Sure rears back with more leverage. Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo begin to split up with Corozzo going to one side and Katze going to another. Katze being cut-off by Diane Parker and to a lesser extent Lisa Loeh while a disturbance is coming out of the crowd! **DDK:** Doyle calling it the best he can, but the extra bodies ringside is making things edgy. [Clairra isn't paying attention to anything ringside and as Doyle pays closer attention to the 7'2 Corozzo it is Jane Katze who comes within an eyelash of sliding under the bottom rope to break the Omoplata on Doyle's blindside!-- but a blur of yellow hair and T-shades denied her.!] **Angus:**

What the huh? [Leaping the barricade without a single hair out of place, he sticks the landing and grabs Katze's ankle

swiftly yanking her out. As they tumble to the floor, Cancer Jiles holds her down right as Benny Doyle had zero choice in the matter. White's eyes were hazed over.] [Doyle calling for the bell.] **DDK:**
It's over! Benny Doyle just called it! Ed White is OUT! NEW CHAMP! NEW CHAMP! **DING! DING! DING!** [Claira St. Sure relinquishes the omoplata not risking a reverse decision, as she gets her hand raised from a sitting position. The new FIST of Defiance rolls to ringside where Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh are waiting with the title belt. As the trio back up the ramp, St. Sure lifts her title high in the air just as the recovering Edward White casts his glazed over eyes towards entrance curtain.]

Blood and Diamonds

Angus:

Well that's what he gets for fucking with the King of COOL.

DDK: We have a new FIST Champion ladies and gentlemen, Clair St. Sure just scored a huge victory over The Socialite Edwa... **HURUMPPHUGH** [Edward White, having rolled to ringside, pushes Darren Keebler backwards out of his chair before grabbing a microphone off the desk.] **Edward White:** NO! NO NO NO NO NO! THIS IS NOT HOW THIS NIGHT IS SUPPOSED TO END, I'M... [Another voice pipes in from in ring.] **Cancer Jiles:** Please do shut your mouth and leave with whatever bought and paid for dignity you have left, Eddy. [The High King of COOL stands tall in the ring, the fans firmly behind the blond superstar. Edward White looks up from ringside with fire behind his eyes. Jane and Nicky step up beside their boss for marching orders. Cancer just smirks and continues on.]

Cancer Jiles: What are you going to do Ed, huh? Beat the shit out of me again? Bring it rich boy. Why don't you and your goon squad step in this ring and let the almighty unretirable pope of all things COOL tell you to your face that you didn't split with me, I split with YOU. You couldn't take basking in warm glow of the Beshaded Bastion of COOL you BEE-YAH-ITCH! [White's face, while generally a bit hard to read, is obviously beet red. Jiles steps up on the bottom rope, urging the enraged White to step inside the ring.] [The Socialite collects himself and whispers something to his compatriots before cautiously stepping up onto the ring steps, the capacity crowd hissing, booing and jeering as loudly as they could as he does so. His anger and frustration etched on his face, his mug only gets more twisted as Jiles audibly jaws off mic about White's loss and his busted shoulder.] [Ed says a few inaudible words to his former associate and Jiles backs off and steps away, allowing Edward White to begin in ascent up the steel steps. He begins to speak.] **Edward White:** Beat... the "shit"... out of you? By God that sounds like a good idea after the criminal actions that just transpired here tonight, Cancer. I could just wave my hand and in would come Nicky and Jane and you'd end up a tacky yellow smudge on this otherwise clean canvas. Again. But I'm not going to do that, Cancer. [Reluctantly, still suffering the damage done by the new FIST champion Clair St. Sure, (who knows better than to get involved with a spat like this and has since taken her title belt and hit the showers) Edward steps into the ring. Cancer Jiles snarling, his eyes transfixed on him, even his reflective shades couldn't hide that.] **Edward White:** What I orchestrated, what I planned on Defiance TV, what was acted out in cruel and malicious intent... Well, I'd like to apologize. [The crowd that was booing, quiets down just enough for Edward to feel a bit more comfortable.] **Edward White:** When I was figuring out the business plan for Prestonia Jefferson Investments, the mission statement was too vague. In the beginning, I thought to myself, two heads are better than one. I needed a partner, a man who could compete as my equal and reap the combined synergistic fruits of labor. [White shows the damage done by St. Sure by leaning back into the nearest corner for support, his free hand clutching his shoulder.] **Edward White:** I needed you Cancer Jiles. You were a man sure of himself. Hell, you were the definition of chutzpah, bravado and attitude. There wasn't a single member of Defiance that could say otherwise. You outshone your own partner, a man who is now just a relic of what used to be. [Cancer Jiles, unimpressed by the long winded nature of White's diatribe yawns into the microphone.] **Cancer Jiles:** Get to the point where you fucked me so I can beat the dollar signs out of your eyes you oversaturated MONGO! [White shows his teeth.] **Edward White:** Alright, Alright... Cancer, I'd like to apologize. The Mission Statement and the Vision Statement didn't line up. All these months, all these years, I've spent my hard earned money on champagne, yachts, women, luxuries from all over the world from Spain to Singapore, from London to Bombay... and each and every time, you quaffed my wine, you belched after fine caviar and wiped your ass with money that I worked HARD for. [Ed grits his teeth, staring down Cancer.] **Edward White:** I'd like to apologize for not doing it *sooner*. For picking you out of obscurity to live a charmed life. For not leaving you out in the gutters to live like the trash you were. You should have drowned in that cesspools of piss and malt liquor I found you in. I should have gone so far as to have facilitated Ronnie Long by giving him a shovel that digs holes deep enough that the likes of you can't ever dig out of, you pathetic preening little PEASANT OF A PISSANT! [The crowd is once again livid. And for that matter, so is Cancer Jiles.] **Edward White:** But... I believe in second chances Mr. Jiles. I am a good, honest, forthright and justified -- [While Edward White spoke, Cancer had began reaching into the depths of his soul and with every cubic inch of air from his lungs and bile from his stomach, he worked up the yellowest, most foul piece of phlegm this side of an emphasema ward and spat it in "The Socialites" face.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!! [This pleased the crowd immensely.] [White, shocked and appalled by the glob of mucus that had hit him in the cheek, quickly removed it with his silk handkerchief.] [Recovering from the pants shitting-laughter he'd just experienced at seeing Keebler pushed head over ass out of his chair, Angus chimes in.] **Angus:** The COOLEST loogie ever spat... but wow, the man wrestles with a silk kerchief in his pocket? How gay is that? Seriously. **DDK:** I am so calling human resources. **Angus:** Really, dude? Guy probably fucking OWNS human resources. **Edward White:** I figured you would do something like that. You just refuse to

learn, Cancer. You just don't know when to stop running that mouth and listen even when a man offers you the WORLD. I don't need you. I NEVER needed you. You are waste to my assets, my resources, and my time. What I needed was a REAL asset, not a cheap pair of sunglasses and -- **Cancer Jiles:** WOULD YOU PLEASE-- Shut the fuck up? [The crowd goes bananas. As does Angus at ringside.] **Cancer Jiles:** You can fuck right off with your money, your stupid investment group and and your big house and your stupid pet monkey... yeah, I'm talking about you, Jane. You know it's true, honey. You're not going to ride my coattails anymore rich boy, no. You're not going to stand in the way of The Czar of COOL. You aren't going to get me to be your partner, not now, not ever again. The COOL one is about to go on a ring-clearing Mongo-chopping rampage and it's gonna start with YOU, pal! And it's going to start... TONIGHT! [White panics, backing himself in the corner as Cancer Jiles approaches. Jane and Nicky scramble into the ring standing between Cancer and their precious precious paycheck... uh, I mean boss.] **Edward White:** WAIT WAIT WAIT... wait, Cancer. For the love of God let me finish my offer. [Cancer shakes his head and laughs before chucking the microphone to ringside.] **Cancer Jiles:** Not tonight Eddy Boy, you can't buy yourself out of this one and I don't care if I have to punch my way through Magilla Gorilla and Mr. Corozzo here to get at you, capiche? [The crowd howling with delight as Cancer lunges at Corozzo and Katze, the duo doing their best to push back against the flailing limbs of the Captain of COOL. Edward White just grins and grips the microphone tighter, glaring across the ring at Cancer now pinned against the ringpost.] **Edward White:** You see, my mission statement was right this entire time. I do indeed need a partner. Someone whose drive to succeed far exceeds his want for material possessions. Someone who would benefit and appreciate the wealth of knowledge and steadfast guidance of The Socialite. Someone who **CAN AND WILL BREAK THAT LITTLE HARLOT THAT JUST ABSCONDED WITH MY TITLE BELT...** [Edward steps forward, inches from the still restrained Cancer Jiles' face.] **Edward White:** Someone who hates **YOU** and this proletariat rabble that seems to be cheering for you now just as much as **EYE** do! Cancer, I'd like you to meet my new business partner... [Everything goes black.] **Angus:** Something tells me this ain't gonna be-- ? *YOU CAN RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME ? ? RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME ? ? RUN ON FOR A LONG TIME ? ? SOONER OR LATER, GOD'LL CUT YOU DOWN ?* [The crowd comes absolutely unglued.] **DDK:** OH MY GOD! IT CAN'T BE! [Through the curtain steps the former Defiance World Champion, the "Bombastic" Bronson Box. Still in his gear from earlier the Wargod stops at the top of the ramp to soak in the reaction. Boos, cheers... whatever, it's fucking deafening. Nicky and Jane have at this point backed away from Jiles each one taking a side of the ring, White joining in with a smile... Cancer is completely trapped.] **Angus:** *THIS* is what the fucking Mayans were talking about, right the fuck here! *RUN CANCER, RUN FOR FOR YOUR GODDAMN LIFE!* [Bronson marches towards the ring, stopping at ringside to lick his lips in anticipation of what's to come. Then slowly, deliberately Boxer climbs into the ring. Flanked on all four sides Cancer does the only thing he can do... gonzo freak out time on the weakest target.] **DDK:** CANCER LUNGES FOR WHITE'S INJURED SHOULDER! [Cancer and White rumble down in a heap, it's mere milliseconds before Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo have Jiles off their boss and start putting some serious boots to the man before hoisting him up and restraining him. Bronson reaches down and helps White back up on his feet, the two exchanging polite words and a gentlemanly handshake. The crowd is still going ballistic as Box picks up one of the fallen microphones. The endless cacophony of sound from the packed crowd has Box stopping and starting several times.] **Angus:** *THIS IS THE WORST GODDAMN THING EVER.* [The crowd finally quiets enough for Bronson to bring the microphone to his lips, stepping up to the restrained Cancer Jiles.] **Bronson Box:** Hello, lad. I... wait, one second. [Bronson reaches up and plucks off the trademark sunglasses still miraculously glued to Cancer's face, dropping them to the mat.] [And the inevitable happens.] **CRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCH** [Cancer's eyes grow double wide as the crowd doubles the volume.] **Angus:** I think I just threw up in my mouth. [Edward White is obviously enjoying himself, even with his busted shoulder and lost title belt The Socialite is all smile from ear to ear.] **Bronson Box:** See, I like to look a man in his eyes when I'm talkin' to him. More proper that way. But you're anything but proper are ye' Jiles? You tacky little ponce. This... ? [Motioning to The Socialite and his associates.] **Bronson Box:** Will get an explanation in time, boy'o. As for tonight... ? [Out of absolutely nowhere Bronson rears back and headbutts the second and third grades right out of the COOL one's skull.. Jane and Nicky let Jiles loose on spaghetti legs as Box violently grabs Cancer by the hair dragging him around the ring.] **Bronson Box:** SO THIS IS YOUR NEW HERO, DEFIANCE?! THIS PISS YELLOW MOCKERY OF A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER? IS THAT IT? I AM THE **ORIGINAL** DEFIANT, DO YOU HEAR ME? I WILL NOT BE BURIED ON SOME SECOND RATE 'B' SHOW! I AM AND FOREVER WILL BE THE MAIN. EVENT. OF THIS COMPANY! NOT THIS TRASH! [Box throws Jiles into the second turnbuckle FACE FIRST and goes about violently stomping his spine and flawless face down into the corner and canvas. Jiles forehead has already sprung a leak from the headbutt, now several other gushers appear on his head thanks to the relentless booting from the Scottish Strongman. His golden locks slowly getting stained blood red. Box reaches back down and grabs a handful of squishy blood soaked blond hair and drags Cancer back to his feet.] **Bronson Box:** I have no idea

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