

Handcuffed!

[Yesterday.]

[...]

[Welcome to Arkham Gift Shoppe. Where, on this very special day... 13 of the biggest and brightest stars are here to sign autographs for some very excited fans.]

[Each star or group has their own private booth lined with merch that consists of the following: videos, 8x10 photos, t-shirts, and replica ring gear.]

[But we're here to focus on one special booth, the Mike Sloan Xperience. At this very moment there is a line that consists of fifteen or so fans who really want to help out St. Jude's Children's Hospital. But more so they want to witness the animosity between Luke and Curt .]

[They are handcuffed together; it's a team bonding method that has been installed by their manager. It really hasn't been working to any degree of success. Luke Windham is right handed; Curt has his left hand cuffed to Luke's right hand. Today, Curt's little prank has been to snatch Luke's right hand mid-way through the autograph.]

[A defiant little shit, isn't he?]

[Tyson has had to babysit the duo all morning, and at this moment he has stepped away from the booth to grab a cold bottle of Dasani and to check in with Mike Sloan.]

Sloan: (chewing on a red licorice whip)
How are they acting?

[He uses the dry end to point at the cow hand and the MMA artist.]

Burke:
Curt's being a dick. Luke his trying to hold it together, but he's contemplating driving Curt's head through the table and leaving him out cold.

[Sloan starts back gnawing on the whip.]

Sloan:
Why hasn't he yet?

Burke:
I keep convincing him that dragging Curt's dead weight would ruin our chances tonight...and it would make him tired. He doesn't need to be tired.

[Mike shrugs his shoulders.]

Sloan:
You might wanna get back over there...

[Sloan smiles as he watches Curt try and pull Luke's arm again, only for Curt to be snatched out of his seat when the attempt came.]

Burke:
Fucking SHIT! Come on guys!

[Another semi-brawl breaks out between the two. The fans take a few steps back, thinking it's only a part of the show, while Tyson drives the two apart. Mike casually walks over to his three amigos.]

Sloan:

Curt... Luke, ya'll must really like each other, cause the two of ya'll are gonna stay hooked up all night long.

Windham: (giving a whimper)

But... Mike, he started it....

Penn: (knowing that Mike's judgment is final)

Fucking Christ!

[Curt uprights his chair and plops into it, almost separating Luke's shoulder, causing Luke to tumble over and fall onto of Penn.]

Sloan:

Look Tyson... that's love.

[Mike walks away smiling.]

[Cutting away from the former hotshot World Champ, the *LIVE* icon appears in the top-right of the screen.]

It's all about the She Said, She Said bullSNAP!

[Showtime is still a couple of hours off.]

[The parking structure is starting to fill up and Defiance Faithful by the droves roam around searching for any manner of autographs or shenanigans that they can get into.] [Inside the building things are quiet. The set is ready to go, wrestlers have been taking turns getting in their last minute workouts before the biggest event in DEFIANCE history for a while now. Catering is being served, pre-production has begun. It's just like the afternoon of any other PPV in the history of wrestling.] [Backstage Kelly Evans rounds a corner. She is as of yet unadorned in her "Whore Next Door" getup. As it stands, not only has Kelly been the on-screen valet of all things Teaming with Danger for the past twelve or thirteen years, she's also the business manager of the group and in the past has been the personal secretary to and Right Hand Woman of one Eric Dane. That is to say, she is a bigger cog in the machine than most people think.] [Today, her mission before suiting up to join her TD-mates in unholy war against the Untouchables is simple, finding the perfect locker room for the team. This isn't something that can be taken lightly. Adjacency to catering is a necessity, along with being near to as many exits as possible. One never knows when one might be in need of a hasty getaway.] [She turns a final corner and stops dead on a dime.] **Kelly:** You. [Heidi Christenson curls her lips into a grin as she steps in front of the Queen of Extreme.] **Heidi:** Me. [Tension mounts for all of about one-one-hundredth of a second before Kelly drops her briefcase and launches herself at the Submission Queen with a primal scream.] [The thing is, Heidi is in top ring-shape, and is one of the finest wrestlers in the world. Kelly, for all her training over the past week on top of her general regimens, has not been exactly ring-ready since at least the end of Eric Dane's run in NFW sometime last year. All of that is to say that Heidi easily sidesteps Kelly and grabs an outstretched arm. She twists, bends, and brings Kelly down hard to the tiled floor of the arena hallway.] **Kelly:** I'LL CUT YOUR TITS OFF YOU STUPID BI- ***SNAP*** AAAARGH! [The smile never having left her face, Heidi wrenches for another second before letting go of Kelly's mangled arm and standing up over her. She looks down on the writhing Kelly Evans with pure malice on her face.] **Heidi:** Yeah. About that... [...and she unleashes a stiff toe-kick to the ribs for good measure. It would be about this time that Buffalo Brian Slater and his DEFsec Brute Squad flood the area and bodily pull Heidi away from her prey and drop down to check on Kelly who's screaming bloody murder on the floor.] [Crash cut in mid-screamnote. The thing that was to be the *original* preshow segment, before this throwdown threw down was still in the chamber. So, the non-live footage(Come on, you can tell) cut in with a jarring antitransition.]

Untouchable Show Opening

[An establishing shot of the Mellon Arena.]

[DEFIANCE on PAY-PER-VIEW begins in FIVE...]

[...Four...] [...Three...] [...Two...]



[...One. And the fireworks outside begin to fire off, the camera cutting inside to show the sparks and the glory of the Untouchable-run Untouchafest that was the first DEFIANCE Pay-Per-View, Untoucha-] [Ringside.] **Angus:** NO! NO! FUCKING NO! FUCK THEIR PYRO! FUCK THEIR PAY-PER-VIEW! **DDK:** Are you sure you really want to make that call? **Angus:** Did you see what that slit did to Kelly Evans? I don't give a shit if Mongo McDaniels himself comes out here and shoots me with a cannon, if my "position" as a producer on this show has any weight at all, they can kiss my ass about all their green and yellow fireworks and the other related douchery! **DDK:** Well the question on everybody's mind now is What will Team Danger do down a member against the Untouchables? [Skaaland whips out a smartphone.] **Angus:** Fuck it. If nobody else'll call him, I will! [He dials.] **DDK:** Who in Christ's name are you calling? **Angus:** Christ? Not even close... [into the phone] London Freemantle, please. [...] [...phonedaggers...] [...] **Angus:** Uh-huh. [...] **Angus:** Uh-huh. [...] **Angus:** Right. The Eagle has landed. I repeat, The Eagle has landed. [Skaaland hangs up the phone.] **Angus:** Well then, that's settled. **DDK:** [worried] Did you just call, who I think you just called? **Angus:** NEVER YOU MIND WHO I CALLED! That's T33M D4NJAR business! **DDK:** Riiight. Are we going to do this run-down, or what? **Angus:** Fuck the run-down, people know what matches they paid to see! We're bringing this shit to an end, right here tonight, NO MATTER WHAT we have to do! Let's kick this shit to whichever battle-royal-bumblefuck booked the next segment slot and get this train-wreck on the road! [With Keebler looking a little shocked and a lot unsettled, the camera feed cuts away to show an expanse of white cinderblock, the standard building material for any arena, anywhere in the world. The hallway held only one man, who had just made his greatly-anticipated return to DEFtopia.]

Debut

[Python is in the undecorated, mostly empty hallway. Psyching himself up, he was warming up with a cardio agility drill. Lots of lunging motions, deep steps and quick movements. Thankfully, Matt has some sure footing. A pair of headphones blaring rock music prevent him from hearing Tucker G. Alston arrive behind him.]

Tucker G. Alston:

Hello.

[Python continues the drill by dropping to the floor and springing up into a high kick, unaware. Alston sidesteps the strike as it passes inadvertently close to his head. Startled, Python staggers back and rips off his headphones.]

Python:

Woah! Hey! Sorry dude, I had no idea you were behind me. Did I get you?

Tucker G. Alston:

Not at all.

Python:

Cool.

[Python grins and turns to put his headphones back on, but pauses as he notices that Alston remains rooted in his spot.]

Tucker G. Alston:

My name is Tucker Alston.

Python:

Yeah? Python.

Tucker G. Alston:

Nice to meet you.

Python:

Yeah man, likewise.

Tucker G. Alston:

Look, I'm new here. Just wanted to introduce myself. This whole thing is surreal. Can't believe I'm actually here.

Python:

Heh. Yeah, the first time is always unbelievable.

Tucker G. Alston:

Certainly is, man.

Python:

Well, welcome to the pros, dude. Good to have ya on the team. Let me know if you ever have a question or need a hand or anything. I may be young, but I've been around the block a few times.

[Python grins and offers Alston a pound. Unsure of what to do with the closed fist, he receives it like a handshake, drawing a laugh from Python.]

Tucker G. Alston:

Thank you, will do. Anyways, I just wanted to introduce myself. Good luck in the big Southern Heritage battle royal.

Python:

Yeah, you too man. See you out there. Break a leg, have some fun.

Tucker G. Alston:

Thanks!

[Tucker G. Alston takes off down the hall leaving Python alone. Python snaps the headphones back on over his ears, looks down the hall after Alston with a final grin and shake of his head, and somersaults back into the rhythm of his warmup drill.]

[With a loud snorting noise, the camera feed sharply cuts away to a dimmer, less hallway-focused view. Barely audible, someone somewhere mutters "*Fucking queer*mo."]

Proof Positive

[Backstage in the locker room sits Chance Von Crank. He just sits listening to his beats headphones, lacing up his new wrestling boots. The boots were designed for this event specifically. Chance is alone in this particular locker room with the few wrestlers he shares it with are out stretching getting ready for the battle royal. Just having had a main event match on Retaliation he feels the need to rest before his PPV debut. Chance notices his phone lighting up and takes off his headphone to look. It's a text from his manager who is taking pictures of girls in the crowd to take back to the bus after the show. A busty redhead with "Fuck You" tattooed across her fists gets his attention. "Keeper" he replies. He laughs about getting to nail her later and briefly talks to himself in the empty locker room.]

cVc:

Ha, I'd love to marry a whore with "Fuck You" tattooed across her fists... That way our fist fights would have subtitles.

[He notices what he thinks is a board game sticking out of one of the other wrestler's gym bag. He finishes up lacing his boots and slips his rhinestone robe on. He pulls the box out of the bag revealing it to be an Ouija board. He retrieves it and walks it over to a nearby table. Chance gets out all the pieces to the Ouija board and sits it out on the table. The planchette, a heart shaped piece of wood, he sits on top of the board. He looks around the empty room and listens briefly to make sure he is alone.]

cVc:

Are there any spirits here?

[Chance has his hands on the planchette and to his shocking surprise it begins to move.]

"YES"

[Chance briefly takes a step back in shock from this. He steps back up to the Ouija board.]

cVc:

Okay that was real fucked up, if you are here then what is you're name?

[Chance stays with it this time as the planchette begins to move about the board again spelling.]

"K" "O" "R" "T" ...

[Chance shakes his head when it suddenly hits him who this is. He remembers what Dragon Jones said earlier in the week, "I Killed Jimmy Kort, Crank."]

cVc:

So you're the motherfucker Jones killed, then?

"YES"

[Chance is in disbelief. A sly grin crosses his face as if he has just gotten the best idea. He looks over at his own gym bag and realizes he is going to steal this Ouija board after one last question to the late Jimmy Kort.]

cVc:

Who Wins The Battle Royal?

[He holds on as it begins to spell again.]

“C” “V” “C”

[On the last letter, the camera hangs for a meaningful moment. Then, we are ringside once again. The Squared Circle sits just where we left it... But as the camera aims beyond it, it aims up at the entryway, the big ol' UNTOUCHABLE stage.]

Battle Royale



[El Distorto de Melodica - Everclear plays out over the PA to signal the entrance of the Battle Royal participants. First out is CVC, then Sam Turner Jr., Jeremy Knyte, and then Virginia Quell who came out with Frank Dylan James. He was sent to the back and passed Troy Matthews as he came out. Tucker G. Alston was next, followed by Dragon Jones, then Lash Graham, and Sam Johnson. Lisa Loeh came out and next, but didn't make it to the ring as she turned around and headed to the back again.]

Angus:

Looks like Lisa's just come out here for her PPV bonus.

[Python doesn't walk down to the ring like everyone else though. He sprints down the ramp and slides into the ring, his momentum carries him at least two thirds of the way across the canvas and right to the feet of Chance Von Crank.]

DDK:

I think it's clear who Python wants to get his hands on!

Angus:

And his feet.

[Python's fingertips brush CVC's boots as the Trailer Park Prodigy hot foots it away from his Retaliation opponent. Python scrambles to his feet and heads off after Crank, but he's cut off by Sam Johnson, who throws a right hand that connects with Python's temple.]

DDK:

Python seems to have taken everyone by surprise here.

Angus:

Everyone except Bad News Johnson over there.

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

Guy looks like Bad News Brown.

[The right hand of Johnson's knocks Python back into the ropes, but he rebounds with a forearm of his own that knocks Johnson back into Lash Graham. Lash doesn't seem to appreciate having Johnson bumping into him like that and hits him across the back of the head with his stuffed Armadillo. It doesn't do much damage, obviously, but it does grab Johnson's attention.]

DDK:

Sam seems to realise Python isn't in sort of mood to be messing with right now and turns his attention to Lash Graham.

Angus:

Shame his namesake hasn't learnt that as well.

[Sam Turner Jr. now tries his luck at taking on Python and grabs him by the waist. He lifts Python off of his feet, but Python turns in midair and plants STJ with a DDT. He jumps right back to his feet, steps over Sam and rushes CVC again, who cowers in fear behind Jeremy Knyte.]

DDK:

Is Python really willing to go through Knyte to get to Chance?

Angus:

With the fire in his eyes I'd wager he'd go through Knyte and Day.

DDK:

Groan

[Knyte looks behind him at CVC, who points to Python and yells 'git 'im!'. Knyte looks back to Python, then to CVC, then to Python, then shrugs and side steps allowing Python easy access to his target. Dragon Jones and Viginia Quell meanwhile don't seem to want anything to do with what's going on in that corner of the ring and have grabbed the downed Sam Turner Jr and heaved him to the other side of the ring where they're trying to throw him out.]

DDK:

Troy Matthews seems to be hanging back here, looks like he's waiting to pick a spot.

Angus:

That's all he's good for, spots.

DDK:

A shoot joke?

Angus:

A puberty one.

DDK:

How old is he?

Angus:

Dunno, doesn't have a completed profile.

[Matthews doesn't have long to wait though as Knyte zeros in on him and lifts a knee into his midsection. He drives a forearm down across Troy's back and then sends him into the ropes. Troy grabs hold of the top one and drops all of his weight down to make it as hard as possible for Knyte to lift him.]

DDK:

Now CVC's trying to hide behind Alston!

Angus:

Even I could tell you that's the stupidest place he could have hidden.

[Tucker isn't having any of CVC's shenanigans and reaches down to grab him by the mullet. He lifts CVC up and throws him into Python, who leaps and takes him over with a Hurricanrana. Chance crawls to the ropes and grips hold of the bottom one as Python and Alston close in on him.]

DDK:

CVC could be first out here.

Angus:

No he couldn't!

[On the other side of the ring Sam Johnson has gained the upper hand over Lash Graham and has him hanging upside down on the outside of the ropes. Graham has his arms hooked, but he looks moments away from elimination!]

DDK:

Hang on Lash!

Angus:

Get him out, Bad News!

[Dragon Jones takes a break from choking Sam Turner Jr. and leaves Quell on her own. She's doing fine though, she's got the ropes to help her. Jones charges over to Graham and Johnson, but instead of helping Sam, he wraps his arms around Johnson's leg and lifts him up and over the top. Sam's caught off guards and tumbles to the floor as Lash Graham lands on the apron and quickly slides back into the ring!]

Eliminated: *Sam Johnson by Dragon Jones!*

Angus:

Good riddance to Bad News.

[Dragon Jones tries to push Graham back out of the ring with his feet, but Lash is signaled as back in by the referees. Instead Jones drops to his knees and rains blows down on any part of Graham he can touch. Sam Turner Jr. is about as red as the woman that's choking him's hair, Jeremy Knyte is still trying to throw Troy Matthews out, and CVC is getting seven shades of the brown stuff stomped out of him by Python and Alston!]

Angus:

Everyone's been pretty stationary for a while, haven't they?

DDK:

Well it looks like Viginia Quell is trying to sap all of the life out of STJ before she can throw him over, and Troy Matthews is being throughly overwhelmed by Knyte.

Angus:

And I guess I can't blame Python for wanting to fuckstomp the piss out of CVC.

[Troy Matthews reaches up and in desperation rakes the eyes of Knyte, finally getting the big man off of him for long enough so that he can reenter the ring. Troy doesn't want much more to do with Knyte and goes straight for the similarly heightened, but much lighter, Tucker G Alston. Matthews hits a running knee that knocks Alston off balance and into the ropes. Python's attention is grabbed by that for a moment which allows CVC to lift a foot deep into his breadbasket and scurry away.]

DDK:

Matthews with the inadvertant assist to CVC there.

Angus:

And the Trailer Park Prodigy is out of there.

[Python gets his bearings back quickly and grabs Matthews off of his friend. He spins Troy around and casts him over the top. Matthews lands on his feet on the apron though and jumps, kicking Python in the head as he does so.]

DDK:

Didn't he call that the Trendsetter?

Angus:

At one point I think so, but now? No bio.

[Troy lands back on the apron and runs for the corner. He hotfoots it up the ropes and perches on the top waiting for Python to turn back to him. Before he can leap though Chance Von Crank charges in and pushes his feet out from under him! Matthews sails to nowhere but the arena floor as CVC wipes the sweat from his brow.]

Eliminated: *Troy Matthew s by Chance Von Crank*

Angus:

That might not have been a smart move. Matthews looked set to take it to Python.

DDK:

But CVC wasn't going to let an opportunity to get an elimination slip by that easily.

[Chance gets to his feet, turns around and pulls the weirdest face ever. Like he's just had lemon and vinegar injected into his eyes. Zoom out slightly and you'll see why. Python's foot is buried deep, deep, deep into CVC's perineum.]

Angus:

BELLS WILL BE RINGING!

[Alston gets to his feet just in time to be caught with a running elbow from Jeremey Knyte. Dragon Jones has Lash Graham laying on the corner of the ropes clinging on for dear life. Virginia Quell has ceased choking Sam Turner Jr and is now trying to lift him off of the mat, but to no avail. The breather was exactly what Sam needed as he shoves Quell away and sends her rolling back into the middle of the ring. She runs back at Sam, but he puts a foot up that connects with her... ahem... chest.]

Angus:

RIGHT IN THE TITS!

DDK:

How eloquent.

[Lash throws a right hand that connects with Jones' forehead. Another knocks him back and allows Lash to drop back

into the ring. Dragon runs in again and Lash jumps, wraps his ankles around his neck and swings him to the side. Jones tumbles over the top rope, but he hangs on!]

DDK:

Jones is still in this thing!

[Lash Graham slides into the ring under the bottom rope and tries to pry Dragon's hands off of the rope, but Dragon manages to reenter the ring before he can. The two return to trying to headlock each other over the ropes as Jeremy Knyte lifts Alston and quite un-prettilly slams him into the mat.]

DDK:

Alston's head hit hard there, that might be him out!

[Knyte tries to lift Tucker off of the mat, but he's cut off by Python as he lifts a kick into Knyte's midsection. He grabs the bearded behemoth by the head and drops into a sitout jawbreaker! Knyte still doesn't go down, but that's not where Python wants him, Python gets back up and hits a standing dropkick that knocks Knyte closer to the ropes. A forearm, followed by another send him closer still!]

DDK:

Now it's Knyte that's rocking!

[Python hits the ropes and comes back, looking for that last hit that should send Knyte crashing to the outside. He's just about to connect when he's cut right out by Chance Von Crank, who throws himself in and wipes Python out with a spear!]

Angus:

I thought that nut shot would have had CVC out for the count!

DDK:

He's still hurting from it though!

[Jeremy Knyte drops to one knee to recover after Python's onslaught. Dragon Jones has given up on trying to get Lash Graham out and heads over to Tucker G Alston, who he lands a couple of boots into. Sam Turner Jr has finally gained some leverage and has Virginia Quell over the top rope, but she's got her legs, arms and everything in between wrapped around them, so she's not going anywhere.]

Angus:

It really takes it out of you when you're trying to throw someone out and they don't want to go.

[Chance scoots back to the ropes and pulls himself to his feet. He calls for some help as he grabs Python by the hair and pulls him up to his feet. STJ looks back, but he's reluctant to leave Quell, Knyte is still trying to recover, Graham is trying to recover in the corner, and Jones is still stomping in Alston.]

DDK:

No help for CVC then.

[Chance waves everyone off and front facelocks Python. He lifts him for a suplex, but Python drives a knee into his head forcing him to drop him. Before landing, Python throws his legs out and hits a front dropkick to CVC's knee!]

DDK:

Python's not done yet!

[Python gets back to his feet and hits the ropes. He comes back with a shining wizard to CVC and then signals that he's going over!]

DDK:

And these fans are going wild!

[Python can't get a hold of CVC though as he's knocked down by a running axehandle from Dragon Jones! Jones grabs Python now and lifts him to his feet, but before he can take him anywhere Python exploded with a Russian leg sweep! He quickly gets back to his feet and hits and standing shooting star press onto Jones!]

DDK:

Now he's going to get rid of CVC!

[Python grabs hold of CVC's mullet again and lifts him, but CVC was playing possum! He turns and jabs a thumb deep into the eyesocket of Python! Chance jumps and plants a knee firmly into the face of Python, he wraps his hands around his head and drops him with the Shock-n-Rolla!]

DDK:

Out of nowhere!

[CVC again calls for help, and this time gets it in the form of Jeremy Knyte. Sam Turner Jr can't argue with the need to eliminate after his show against Dragon Jones, and so he leave Virginia Quell and heads over the help as well. Jones meanwhile gets slowly to his feet and also helps out. Together STJ, Knyte, CVC and Jones lift Python by one limb each and carry him to the ropes. Virginia Quell clearly wants a piece of the action after recovering from her position atop the ropes and does her best to prop up Python's torso!]

DDK:

This isn't fair!

Angus:

It's every man for himself! And the SoHer title is on the line! These guys all stand a better chance of walking out with the gold without Python in there!

[One heave from all five competitors and Python is sent clear over the top and down to the floor!]

Eliminated: *Python by CVC/Quell/Knyte/STJ/Jones*

Angus:

And thus endeth the Python show!

[Python may have been eliminated from the match, but he sure wasn't done fighting. As Quell, STJ, Knyte, and Jones all turn their attention to each other, CVC leans over the ropes, sticks his tongue out at Python and laughs in his face. And that's why he hops back up on the ring apron and lays CVC out with a right hand!]

DDK:

You were saying?

[Before Python could get back in the ring DEFsec and the referees swarm in, pulling him down from the apron and order him up the ramp. Python obliges and heads to the back as the fans applaud his efforts.]

Angus:

They're applauding a loser!

DDK:

They're applauding a man that could have, and probably should have, won this match.

Angus:

The candle that burns twice as bright yada yada yada...

[CVC crawls backwards from the ropes, not laughing anymore, and backs right into the legs of Tucker G Alston. CVC doesn't get a chance to look up before Alston is grabbing him by the hair and pulling him to his feet. Alston scoops CVC up and slams him hard into the mat.]

DDK:

Alston keeps it simple, but he's effective.

[Alston drops a spinning elbow into the chest of CVC before rolling him over and locking in a half crab. STJ and Knyte paired off moments before and headed for the corner where STJ gained the upper hand. He plants a shoulder into Knyte's midsection and tries to lift him over the top, but Knyte braces and drops his weight, making it difficult for even STJ to lift him.]

[Quell and Jones could have started fighting each other, but they decided to continue working together to take on Lash Graham. Graham was fighting valiantly, but the numbers game was too much for him to overcome.]

DDK:

Graham's looking on the verge of elimination again!

[Both Graham and Quell are trying to tip Graham out with a hand on either of his legs. Jones moves under Lash to get more leverage, but in doing so releases one of his legs. Lash uses that free leg to axe kick down onto Quell and break her grasp before rolling backwards to land on the apron. For a second Jones thinks Graham's gone, that is until he takes an elbow from Lash that knocks him back. He bumps into Quell and both are taken down as Lash springs into the ring and connects with a dropkick.]

DDK:

And Graham pulls it back!

Angus:

How can he even hear that echidna from all the way over there?

[Jeremy Knight drops an axehandle across the spine of STJ, stopping Sam's attempt to lift him. Another axehandle breaks Sam's grip and an elbow down across the shoulders leaves Sam and Jeremy's mercy. Knyte wraps his arm around STJ's head and bulldogs him out of the corner!]

DDK:

These guys all wrestled earlier this evening, how have they still got the energy?

Angus:

Oooh, I know!

[Alston releases the half crab on CVC and pulls him to his feet. He backs Chance into the corner and whips him across the ring. Alston follows him in and hits a running clothesline. CVC bounces up onto the top rope and Alston pounces on him, trying to throw him out. CVC has enough wherewithal to stick a thumb to Alston's eye and drops back into the ring. With Tucker momentarily blinded CVC runs again, making sure to put a boot in on STJ and Knyte as he goes.]

Angus:

CVC hitting and dodging. That's how to get ahead.

DDK:

Of course he could be putting a target on his back just like Python did.

[STJ and Knyte both stirred, but it was Graham that got back to his feet first. Lash spots CVC cowering in the corner, the same one mind that had Lash's Armadillo in it. Now, the position that CVC had taken up, you'd be forgiven for thinking he was actually interfering with the armadillo in some way, and that's why Lash runs to the corner, grabs CVC

by the ankle and pulls him out into the middle of the ring, which is now clear of the bodies of Quell, Jones, STJ and Knyte.]

DDK:

I think Lash thinks CVC was doing something to his armadillo.

Angus:

Maybe he just doesn't want Chances hands to touch it. Who knows where those bad boys have been?

[CVC tries to get to his feet, but Lash still has hold of one. As such, CVC has to get to one foot and hop as he turns to face Graham. CVC shakes his head and begs Lash not to do anything, but Graham steps over and hits CVC with a spinning heel kick. Lash gets back to his feet and hits and standing moonsault!]

DDK:

Now get him up and out!

Angus:

I don't think anyone has a problem getting CVC up.

DDK:

I think I need to wash my ears out of that filth.

[Graham grabs Lash by the head as Tucker G Alston comes to join the fun. Alston helps Lash lift CVC and suggests that they work together to throw him out. Together they cast CVC over the top rope and down to the floor!]

Angus:

NO!

[Graham and Alston turn back to the rest of the ring to celebrate, but it might be a little premature as CVC keeps hold of the top rope and pulls himself back onto the apron. He slides back in under the bottom rope and is signalled as still in by the ref!]

DDK:

CVC hung on! He's still alive!

[Alston and Graham still don't notice, but they've turned their attentions to STJ and Quell respectively. Chance hides out in the corner again, and Dragon Jones' and Jeremy Knyte are recovering on opposite sides of the ring.]

[Graham and Quell tie up, Quell gets the better of him and nails him with a couple of European uppercuts. She knocks him back into the corner and shortarm clotheslines him right back out. STJ meanwhile surprises Alston with a kick to the midsection and follows up with a huge headbutt that rocks the rookie. Sam takes both of Alston's legs out from under him and drags him to the middle of the ring!]

DDK:

You know what's coming here!

Angus:

THE BIIIIIG SWING!

[Round and round Sam Turner Jr. goes, where he'll stop, nobody knows. They spin and spin and spin making even Jones, CVC and Knyte dizzy enough to want to stay down for the time being. Eventually Sam drops Tucker and grabs him by the back of the neck. He pulls Alston to his feet and heaves him up onto his shoulder!]

Angus:

AND HE IS OUTTA HERE!

[Sam runs for the ropes to dump Tucker out, but Alston slips down behind the big man. STJ turns around into a dropkick from Alston that sends him over the top and to the outside!]

Eliminated: *Sam Turner Jr. by Tucker G Alston*

DDK:

I'M DEE DEE KAY AND ESS TEE JAY HAS BEEN ELIMINATED BY TEE GEE AYY!

Angus:

OH EM GEE EFF EM EL!

[As the fans go wild for Alston's dropkick Dragon Jones' and Jeremy Knight's eyes meet across the crowded ring in a romantic terrifying moment for Jones.]

Angus:

Uh... Oh...

[Knyte charges across the ring and looks like he's going to shoulder tackle Jones into Row Z, but Dragon drops down and holds onto the top rope, low bridging the bearded behemoth! Jeremy Knyte tumbles to the outside!]

Eliminated: *Jeremy Knight by Dragon Jones*

DDK:

And Dragon Jones outsmarts Jeremy Knyte!

Angus:

He didn't outsmart him, he got lucky! And that's all Dragon Jones ever does.

[By the look on Dragon Jones' face it certainly doesn't look like that's what he'd planned to do, but it's what happened. Jones backed away from the ropes and took an axehandle to the back from CVC!]

Angus:

Looks like Jones' luck has run out!

[Maybe attacking Dragon Jones, who wasn't exactly hurting right then, wasn't the smartest idea. Jones turns and advances on CVC. Chance begs and pleads, but Dragon isn't having any of it. He plants a kick into Chance's midsection before grabbing him by the head. He takes him to the corner and smashes his face into the turnbuckle. He smashes it a second, third, fourth, fifth, blah blah blah. The fans count along until...]

NINE!

TEN!

[A dazed and confused Chance Von Crank stumbles from the corner as DeeJ, running on the adrenaline of eliminating Jeremy Knyte, signals to the fans he's going to throw him out. He locks CVC in a rear waistlock!]

DDK:

He's not going to...

Angus:

He is! He's going to eliminate Chance with a German!

DDK:

No way, he can't do that over the top!

[Jones lifts CVC, but he puts on the brakes. Another lift, but CVC blocks it again. Just then Virginia Quell charges in. The Trailer Park Prodigy breaks Jones' grip though and dodges to the side. Quell carries on through hitting Dragon Jones with a clothesline and sends him tumbling over the top to the outside!]

Eliminated: *Dragon Jones by Virginia Quell*

DDK:

Jones gone now, and the eliminations are coming thick and fast!

Angus:

But as that field dwindles it'll get harder and harder to surprise anyone. Keeping track of three guys is easier than nine!

[Jones isn't happy on the outside. Quell doesn't care though, but that's not important. What is important is that CVC is right there to try and tip her over the top! The referees swarm Jones so that he can't provide any assistance either way and order him away. Virginia tips over the top and lands on the apron. CVC relentlessly pushes her with his foot in an attempt to get her to the floor.]

[Lash Graham meanwhile is back up and runs for Alston. Tucker sticks an instinctive arm out to cut Graham off, but Lash uses it to take Tucker down with an armdrag. Tucker rolls into the corner and gets to his feet, Graham runs in but Tucker ducks and elevates Lash over head and to the outside!]

DDK:

Graham's gone!

[Lash comes back and lands both feet on the apron! Tucker turns and takes an elbow from Lash, who hops up onto the top ropes and sprinboards in with an dropkick attempt! Alston blocks it by grabbing Lash's legs, drops him to the floor and turns him over into a half crab!]

DDK:

Care to make a prediction now we're down to the final four?

Angus:

Anyone but Quell!

[Angus might be right to avoid Virginia, who's still got CVC's foot wedged between her neck and chin. She's clawing at his legs, but those long nails won't penetrate his boots. CVC drops to his knees and tries to use his hands to push Quell out, and that's the opening she needs. Virginia digs her nails into the face of CVC, and keeps on digging. Chance howls in pain as he pulls away from Virginia and she gets back into the ring.]

Angus:

The Prince of the Pull Out knew he was spent there.

DDK:

The sad thing is I don't think that'll be the crudest joke of the evening.

[Virginia tries to get back some of her energy as Chance feels around his face to make sure he's not bleeding everywhere.]

Angus:

Doesn't matter what your face looks like buddy, those hookers ain't doing it for your looks!

[Alston releases the crab and pulls Lash up to his feet. He plants a forearm into Lash's lower back which knocks him into the ropes. Lash bounces back right into another forearm, and then a third. Alston catches Lash on the next bounce and lifts him for an atomic drop. He brings Lash down across his knee and then clotheslines Lash in the back of the

head!]

DDK:

Alston just sapping the energy out of Lash Graham.

Angus:

It's like Leech Seed.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Or Giga Drain

DDK:

...

Angus:

It's like Dream Eater.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Or Drain Punch

DDK:

...

Angus:

Or Dr-.

DDK:

STOP LISTING POKEMON MOVES!

[Alston grabs Graham by the head and pushes him to the ropes. He doesn't bounce off this time, but he does get lifts up and almost thrown out! CVC has managed to deduce that he's not bleeding and closes back in on Virginia Quell. Quell grabs Chance by the tights and pulls him down into the ropes. Chance bounces throat first off of the middle rope and back up to his feet where Quell is waiting to jump on his back and lock in a piggyback sleeper!]

Angus:

You're not going to get him out by putting him to sleep!

DDK:

But it might make it easier!

[CVC thrashes around and tries to reach back to grab Quell, but she avoids his hands times and time again. She tightens the grip on the sleeper and CVC drops to one knee!]

DDK:

Night night time for Chance!

[Graham drives a right hand into the midsection of Alston, giving himself a moment of rest before Alston tries to eliminate him again. Quell really, really, tightens on the sleeper. Another right from Graham give him a little longer to

rest. CVC starts to show signs of life!]

Angus:

Chance is coming back!

DDK:

Do it Graham!

[Lash lands a third right and breaks Alston's grip on him. He falls back into the ring through the ropes and saves himself from elimination again! Chance on the other hand pushes his way up to one knee, then to his feet, then charges at the ropes. Virginia tries to hold on, but CVC dumps her over the top and she can't hang on any longer!]

Eliminated: *Virginia Quell by Chance Von Crank*

[Lash half heartedly tells Quell to 'call him' before doing the whole 'licking the v' sign to her. She slaps the apron angrily as the three remaining competitors face each other in a mexican stand off!]

DDK:

And we're down to three!

Angus:

Lash Graham, Chance Von Crank, and Tucker G. Alston! One of these three will be walking out of Untouchable as the Jimmy Kort Memorial champeen!

[Chance Von Crank almost immediately tries to get the attention of Lash Graham, who's eyeing up Tucker G. Alston. Alston only seems to have eyes for CVC though.]

DDK:

Alston's buddy Python was eliminated earlier, and it was all orchestrated by CVC. You know he's going to want to take that title home, not only for himself, but for Python as well.

Angus:

Don't discount Lash Graham though. He took it to Clair St. Sure a couple of shows ago and narrowly missed out on gold. He'll be looking for the Southern Heritage title himself right now.

DDK:

And then you've got CVC. He seems to have made an enemy of everyone in this match.

Angus:

And now it looks like he's trying to make a friend.

[Chance is still calling for Lash Graham, and finally he gets his attention. He points to Graham, then to himself, then Graham, then himself, suggesting a partnership. He crosses his heart and holds up his hands. Alston looks a little disheveled as Lash seems to contemplate the offer.]

DDK:

Don't do it Lash!

[Tucker calls out to Lash to get him not to buy into CVC's promise, but he doesn't get time for a response as CVC rushes in and lifts a hard knee to Alston's midsection. With Tucker doubles over CVC grabs him by the head and drops him with a DDT. Lash still looks conflicted, but he closes in on the two and helps CVC pull Alston to his feet.]

DDK:

No!

Angus:

Yes!

[CVC whips Alston to the corner and follows him in with a clothesline. He drops to all fours and beckons Lash in, who obliges and runs in with an assisted splash to Alston. Chance pushes Lash out of the way and picks him up, dropping him into a backbreaker!]

DDK:

It's not looking good for Alston!

[CVC gets Alston back up and calls Lash over again. Together they whip Alston across the ring and look to take him down with a couple clothesline. Alston ducks it though, hits the other side and comes back with a double clothesline of his own!]

DDK:

NOW IT IS!

[Alston scrambles for CVC and mounts him. He rains down right hands to the temple of the Trailer Park Prodigy until Lash gets back up and grabs him by the neck. He pulls Tucker off of Lash, but Alston turns and hits Graham with an inverted atomic drop! Lash comes right back at Alston, but he ducks a clothesline attempt, turns around and dropkicks Graham back into the ropes!]

DDK:

Here we go!

[Alston charges in and tries to clothesline Lash, but Graham ducks and elevates Alston over the top. He lands on the apron but Lash hits him almost instantly with a dropkick! Alston tries to hang on to the top rope, and does manage it, but as he pulls himself into the ropes again he gets caught by Lash who has run to the ropes, jumped up to the middle one, springboarded back into the ring and connected with a flying forearm! Alston falls to the outside eliminated!]

Eliminated: *Tucker G. Alston by Lash Graham***DDK:**

Final two!

[You could still see the conflict in his eyes as Lash looked over the ropes and out to Alston on the outside. That was probably the worst possible thing he could have done as Chance Von Crank seized the opportunity and ran up behind him! With both hands linked around one of Lash's thighs, CVC lifts him up and dumps him over the top!]

Eliminated: *Lash Graham by Chance Von Crank!***Quimbey:**

Your winner, and NEEEEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... CHANCE! VON! CRANK!

[After a good twenty seconds of the natural reaction to such a result, we cut to a short Untouchable logo. The janitor's gotta sweep thrown bags of popcorn and soda cups out of the ring.]

Alceo/Gorillas segment

DDK:

Hey, Angus?

Angus: Yeah? **DDK:** Remember that autograph signing that was announced a couple of weeks back? **Angus:** That went ahead? **DDK:** Yeah, and apparently there was some kind of kerfuffle. **Angus:** NO WAY! **DDK:** Way. Wanna see? **Angus:** Not really. **DDK:** Tough. [Yesterday] [Arkham Gift Shoppe had had a buzz about it all day as the hoards of DEFIANCE fans waited with baited breath for their most favorite wrestlers in the whole world ever to take their seats and for the signing session to begin, and even though that had happened about an hour ago, the excitement has yet to die down.] [The queue moved steadily as fans shifted along the line of Defiants, having their items signed by each one in turn. Every once in awhile a fan held up the others for a few seconds to get a photograph with one of their heroes, but pictures were handled swiftly by the security guards on hand.] [Confrontations had been avoided, or at least the chance of them had been kept to a minimum, by having those at odds with each other at opposite ends of the line. As such Alceo Dentari was at one end of the row of stars, and the Mike Sloan Experience were stationed at the other end. Having said that though, there were two men currently at odds with each other that were not only sat next to one another, but they were handcuffed together as well.] [Those two men were Curtis Penn and Luke Windham.] **Curtis Penn:** You gonna sign that today? [Curtis gives a sly smile.] **Luke Windham:** (he gives a polite smile to the fan.) I sure will... [The moment Luke places marker to photo Curt snatches his arm dragging the marker across the picture.] **Luke Windham:** Ya lil' motha.... **Tyson Burke:** Enough.... Luke, Curt, this is G rated today. Smile and play nice. [To the side of the squabbling teammates sat Tyson Burke, who tried his best to ignore the arguing of his friends, and laughed with the fan he was currently signing for.] **Tyson Burke:** Who's this to? **Fan:** To eBay? [Burke looked up at the fan, thoroughly unamused. Like he hadn't heard that joke three hundred times already.] **Fan:** (Laughing nervously) Pete. [Tyson scribbled on the photo, uttering what he was writing as he went.] **Tyson Burke:** To Pete, thanks for coming out, Tyson Burke. **Pete The Fan:** Heh, thanks man, would you mind? [Pete The Fan held up a camera and passed it to the security guard. Tyson nodded and slapped Luke on the arm, but he was far too busy bickering with Curtis to acknowledge the request. So, on his own, Burke got to his feet, leaned across the table and wrapped an arm around Pete as he leaned back awkwardly.] **Pete The Fan:** Man, I can't believe I'm getting a picture with one of the next Trio's champions! [Oh boy was that the wrong thing to say! Alceo Dentari from the other end of the row shot to his feet, although you couldn't really tell and stormed down the line.] **Alceo Dentari:** I did not hear what I thought I just heard, did I? [Dentari almost made it to Tyson Burke, but security and his own gorillas stepped in to separate the two and hold Dentari back. Alceo peered through the mountain of man in front of him and fixed Pete with a stare.] **Dentari:** Future champion? Him? There's a lot happenin' in his future, an' it all centers around a trip to the emergency room, capiche? An' there sure ain't no title belt draped over his limp, lifeless body neither. [Dentari managed to push one shoulder through security and pointed a finger at Pete.] **Dentari:** Yous wanna get to the end a' this here row an' get your mug snapped with the current Trios champs! They ain't got nothin' but nobodies down this way! [That was enough for Luke Windham to jump to his feet and provide backup for Burke. In doing so he also dragged Curtis Penn out of his seat. That prompted Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands to release their grip on Dentari and stand behind him rather than against. Nonetheless, Dentari started to back away on his own accord.] **Dentari:** Yous three ain't got no hope a' takin' our belts, an' now, 'cause a' this guy right here! [Dentari pointed to Pete, who was stood around looking scared and confused.] **Dentari:** None a' yous is gonna get nothin' signed by no champ worth a damn today! Current or future... CAPICHE!? [Only Tyson seemed to take exception to that last comment. Penn and Windham were too busy arguing over the force with which Windham ripped Penn out of his seat. While they were still arguing Dentari turned on his heels and stormed off. He pushed aside the velvet rope that separated him from the common man and made his way towards the door. Fans all over the store snapped photos, but most of them only got the backs of Big Vinny and Tony Di Luca as they followed their boss out.] [Tyson Burke looked back at his teammates, who were standing nose to nose at that point.] **Burke:** You mean we can leave if we want? [With that Burke grabbed his bag and followed in Alceo Dentari's steps to the front door, leaving Penn and Windham cuffed together, separated only by a couple of security guards trying to act as peacekeepers between them.] [And back to Today.] [Backstage in a standard locker room with all the standard equipment.] **Alceo Dentari:** See this? [Dentari held up his Trios title belt.] **Dentari:** These belts a' been around our waists for a cup a' coffee. [In front of Dentari Big Vinny and Tony Di Luca nodded in agreement.] **Dentari:** Do either a' yous wanna be known as the guys that held the Trios titles for nothin' but a cup a' coffee? **Tony Di Luca:** No, Boss. [Big Vinny shook his head to match with Di Luca's response.] **Dentari:** We didn't beat a bunch a' nobodies to win these belts. We beat The God-damned Untouchables. We beat the group this event's been named after! [Dentari slung his belt over his shoulder and held onto it tightly.] **Dentari:** Do yous really wanna lose 'em to a bunch a'

nobodies? **Tony Di Luca:** No, Boss. [Again Big Vinny silently shook his head.] **Dentari:** Then you know what you gotta do. You go out there an' you stick to the plan. You never deviate from the plan! [Neither Vinny nor Tony replied, either with a nod, a shake, a yes sir, or a no sir. They simply put their game faces on and snorted with confidence.] **Dentari:** We are gonna be the Trios Champs for a long time to come, boys. Do not. An' I mean not let it end before it starts. [A long, slow camera view rests on Dentari's stern face, before cutting with a momentary glimpse of black. Then, come in on a much more... pleasant logo. A T D shaped logo. And not for the Toronto Dominion Bank.]

ithinkicanithinkicanithinkican...

[The Team Danger locker room, full-to-bursting with personality with only three men inside of it. All of them seated. One half-dressed, his jacket and shirt discarded on the bench beside him. Still dressed in the bluejeans that he had worn in from the street, Christian Light was staring at the floor, hands together, working his wrists in circles to stretch 'em more loose.]

Christian Light: Without Kelly, I don't like not having someone to counter Christenson. [The Black man in the green bandana, sunglasses and oversized Team Danger basketball jersey just smirks, twiddling his fingers in mock terror.]

Ty Walker: I'm gonna induct that bitch into the Slapaho tribe tonight. [Light's eyebrows shoot upward, and he gives a derisive snort at the dismissal of the woman.] **Christian Light:** Heidi Christenson is no person to underestimate. And regardless of anything else, four versus three sucks for the three-

[The third member of the group snatches his Tee Dee baseball cap off his head, throwing the expensive piece of merchandising to the floor. Leaning forward, the King of Pain jabs his index finger into the air before him, right into its cornhole. Fuck.] **Stephen Greer:** I'm gonna cut Ronnie Long's head off with my bicep. You kick Jeff Andrews directly in his vagina, while Ty snaps Kai Scott's

fabbrain legs with a monkey wrench. Then we all take turns plowing Heidi Christenson, and that's that. **Christian Light:** I really hope you two are screwing with me. [The two men known tag-team-style as Team Danger both break into chuckles.] **Greer:** A little. **Walker:** Maybe just a little. **Christian Light:** Well. Do you think we could use a four-

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK [Greer and Walker both sit up, visibly perking up as they take a look towards the door. Either a fight or good news. Both were acceptable at the moment.] **Walker:** (Adopting a falsetto) Who is it? [The doorknob clicks as it turns, an' then the metal fire door opens, revealing... a haggard-looking blonde fellow in a denim jacket and a battered orange cowboy hat. His smooth-jawed complexion bore no hint of the slightest wisp of facial hair.

His usual grin was absent, and he wore no visible merchandise, for a change. Denim jacket, black trackpants, the cowboy hat...] **Tom Sawyer:** I want to help. [The three members of Team Danger look at one another. Ty Walker can't help it. He just busts out laughing, as Stephen Greer smirks. The tag specialists glance to Christian, both grinning. Walker keeps letting out helpless chuckles and laughs, unable to look up at Tom.] **Christian Light:** What do you mean, Tom?

Tom Sawyer: You guys only have three, and you're going against Team Danger. I'll step in for Kelly, if you still need someone. **Stephen Greer:** When did we start recruiting members of Team Danger from day care? **Ty Walker:** Who the hell invited Degraasi High? [Christian turns to face Greer and Walker, holding out his hands in a placating gesture.] **Christian Light:** Listen, Tom WAS the first person in DEFIANCE to notice the

Untouchables coming. He called it, he's been fighting bravely against them, he's been doing his very best to help blunt their assault. I don't think there's a person alive who wants to be in this fight more than him. [Walker's face is a mask of incredulity. He snaps a glance off to Stephen, then back to Christian, then to Tom, then back to Christian.] **Ty Walker:** We talkin' about the same guy here? This half-baked ripoff of a buncha cokeheads? Flippy-doo indytastic spotmonkey bullshit? An' IF I am not wrong, he has gotten his ass kicked three or four shows in a row by Andrews!

Stephen Greer: I don't watch current wrestling product, Christian. Who the fuck is Scrappy Doo here? [Tom, formerly beaming at Christian's accolades, was now scowling. He... kinda wears his heart on his sleeve.] **Tom Sawyer:** Listen, if you guys have another candidate for the position, I'll go. But if you're going out there to face 'em handicap style...

[Tom clenches a fist before his chest, knuckles going white. He clamps his teeth shut, baring his pearly whites in a fierce grimace!] **Tom Sawyer:** I know what it's like to be outnumbered by the Untouchables. It's not pretty. They work too well as a unit. You've got to hit them with equal numbers at all times. Everybody has to be kept busy. Everybody has to be countered. If you leave a killer like Ronnie Long unattended, or a surgeon like Kai Scott unwatched, a monster like Heidi undefended against, or worst of all, Andrews and his massive ego...

[Tom shakes his head violently, hair thrashing behind his head as he did.] **Tom Sawyer:** You CAN'T make that mistake! I won't let you. [A moment of uncomfortable silence.] **Tom Sawyer:** Besides... Do you have anyone else stepping up to be your fourth? [Beat.] **Stephen Greer:** Uh... **Ty Walker:** The thing about that... **Christian Light:** We have a few lines in the water. I appreciate the offer, Tom. If we need your help, I'll let you know, oka-

[Sawyer threw out a hand.] **Tom Sawyer:** Wait! I know what will make up all your minds for you. If I can just do one thing, I'll be able to convince all three of you at once that I'm your best option! **Christian Light:** What's the plan, Stan? **Ty Walker:** Steroids are wrong, kid. **Stephen Greer:** Tell you what, if you can suddenly get yourself superpowers and a shotgun, I might consider it. **Tom Sawyer:** Superpowers it is! I'll be right back!

[And Tom Sawyer turns, running off down the hallway. The heavy door slowly swings shut with a heavy WHAM, and the three Dangars look at one another.] **Ty Walker:** ...The fuck, man? **Christian Light:** Tom's a little... overexuberant, sure. But trust me, he's good people. **Stephen Greer:** I don't want that kid's blood on my conscience. **Ty Walker:** I don't want his broken-down ass

costing us this match, either. **Christian Light:** Yeah. [A long, awkward pause between the three arranged men.] **Stephen Greer:** ...Man, I hope Nick Hades shows up. I left him like three texts. [Ty and Christian can't even begin to explain what's wrong with that idea.] [Hardcut to the ring, where Sweepy McJanitor finally cleared out the last of the thrown crap.]

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another piece of metal is really what makes it official. [Voss answers back with a chop of his own and a forearm to the face, sending Box into the ropes. Voss with a kick to Box's knee and a hard shove, sending Box to the floor and Voss climbing right through the ropes after them.] DDK: Er, um, no one said anything about a falls count anywhere!

Angus: Oh quit your whining! [Box with a right to the midsection of Voss who immediately answers back with a right to the face. Box and Voss exchange several punches before Box gets the upper hand and whips Voss into the barricade. Box charges in only to be met with a boot to the face and a bulldog into the steal stairs!] **DDK:** Come on ref, get them back in the ring! **Angus:** He's counting, see, five....six... [Voss yanks Box up and shoves him back first against the ring apron, then drives him shoulder into Box's midsection, ramming him into the ring again before finally rolling him back in under the bottom rope. Voss follows, breaking the count. Voss into the ropes, elbow drop, but Box rolled out of the way. Voss to his feet onto to be tackled to the mat by Box who unloads with a flurry of punches.]

DDK: The ref needs to get some control over this thing, this is wrestling, not a boxing match. **Angus:** You be sure to go out there and tell them that, okay? [Voss able to block and roll them over, getting in almost as many shots as he was taking, and Box rolls them over again, right into the referee, who hits the mat hard. Voss and Box don't even seem to notice that they are fighting on top of the man, rolling over him as they continue to exchange punches till they wind up out on the floor again.] **DDK:** It looks like Box got the upper hand that time! **Angus:** I tell you who got the worst of

it. The referee! [Box climbs to his feet and just stomps Voss mercilessly on the floor before picking him up and hoisting him high over his head. Box drops Voss chest first across the barricade, as the referee finally shows signs of life in the ring. Box moves to pull Voss to his feet, but Voss drives his shoulder into Box's midsection then takes him to the floor with a single arm DDT.] **DDK:** At least the ref has finally seen what's going on and has started his count again. **Angus:** Yes, because that worked so well the last time. [Voss drops a knee on the back of Box's neck, then pulls him to his feet but Box with a Jawbreaker and Voss staggering backwards. Box with a stiff lariat and a mount on Voss, grabs Voss by the ears and headbutts him as the crowd counts along.] *One! Two! Three! Four! Five!* [Of course the ref is counting too and Box ends his assault on Voss so he can toss him back into the ring and climb in after him. And the ref right there to admonish Box about keeping it in the ring. Box just gives a nonchalant shrug and kicks Voss in the ribs.] **DDK:** Such blatant disrespect for the ref. **Angus:** Looks more like blatant disrespect of Voss to me.

[Box stomping the back and side of Voss before pulling him up into a bearhug.] **DDK:** Now this is power, Voss is clearly the bigger man but Box is strong as hell. **Angus:** No shit, really? Guy looks like should be bench pressing the Bearded Lady, Tom Thumb, Lobster Boy and the Alligator Man and that's all you can think to say? [Voss digs a vicious thumb into Box's eye to break the hold, takes advantage of a momentarily blinded Box to hit him with the Ode to Endangered spinning palm heel to the forehead.] **Angus:** Now we see the REAL Justin Voss coming out! [Voss stomping the left knee and ankle of Box before draping the limb over the bottom rope and dropping all his weight down on it.] **DDK:** That could be a game changer right there. **Angus:** Could also be just another move too, stop being

presumptuous. **DDK:** I was just attempting to point out... **Angus:** [cutting him off] No one really cares what you were attempting to do, damn, you think you get brownie points for attempting? **DDK:** No, I just... **Angus:** Bah, whatever! [Voss looks for a figure four, but Box kicks him away and rolls back to his feet in time to catch a charging Voss with a belly to belly overhead suplex and the first cover of the match.] 1... 2... [Voss kicks out!] [Huge POP from the

fans!!] [Both men roll to their knees, European Uppercut from Voss, Box answers with one of his own, and another, and another, then several more, leaving Voss stunned. Box into the ropes, charging Voss who catches him around the ears and slings him 180 degrees before letting go. Box bounces on the mat and Voss immediately heads to the top

DDK: ODE TO MONEY BAGS! [Voss with a cover now.] 1... 2... [And Box kicks out!] **Angus:** And that just goes to show why tributes don't pay. **DDK:** What kind of messed up logic is that? **Angus:** Mine so live with it.

[Voss slaps the mat in frustration and locks in a sleeper on Box, the ref right down in there checking to see if Box wants to give it up, but Box tells the ref to kiss his arse and continues to fight the hold. Voss leaning all of his weight on Box who manages to struggle to his knees, and finally his feet, backing Voss into the ropes and shooting him off to the far side. Both men collide in the center of the ring like two angry bulls, each taking only a single step back after the

collision.] **DDK:** What is it going to take for one of these men to get the upper hand? **Angus:** A chair, a spike, your mother's underwear... **DDK:** That was uncalled for. **Angus:** Tell her about it, not me. [Box with a headbutt to Voss and Voss grabbing Box by the ears and answering right back with a headbutt of his own. Chop to the chest by Box]

WOO [Vicious elbow to the top of the head by Voss! Box fires back with an uppercut! Voss with a left, Box ducks, shoots in for the double leg takedown, Voss rolling and Box taking the back locks in the rear naked choke!] **DDK:** Too close to the ropes! Voss

grabbed hold and held on for dear life! **Angus:** This match should have been over right there. **DDK:** Should've and a buck will get you a burger. **Angus:** Should've and my boot will get you a trip to the ER. [Box back to his feet, spins

Voss right into a boot to the midsection and a cradle jumping piledriver!] **DDK:** Talk about impact! [Box with the cover] 1... 2.... 3!!! **BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!** [Bronson rolls off

of Mr. Voss, grinning and cackling madly to himself. The referee comes in to lift Bronson's hand, but Box yanks his mitt out of the ref's grip.] [Bronson rises to his feet, eyes wide and glaring, grinning madly, both fists lifting into the air.] [We get to enjoy that image for a few long moments, before the sweet, blessed cut.]

Stress fractures

[Backstage.]

[Untouchables locker room.]

[There's no opulence and no wealth-for-show going on back here tonight. We've got Heidi Christenson, back in a dark corner, one ankle up way above her head, stretching her legs out, Ronnie Long and your reigning World Champion Jeff Andrews sitting on a sofa looking not entirely unlike Beavis and Butthead, and Kai Scott, in a state of agitation, pacing.]

[Andrews looks over his shoulder.]

Andrews:

Dude, would you sit down or something?

Scott:

Oh I'm sorry, am I distracting you from doing nothing?

Andrews:

Yep, pretty much.

[Kai Scott doesn't facepalm, but he wants to. You can see it.]

Scott:

And you're not even worrying about Heidi taking out Kelly?

Andrews:

Why would I?

Scott:

Because she was the weak link in Team Danger, taking her out didn't provide us any benefit, it gave them even more reason to go into this match angry and motivated, and most importantly, it gave them room to maneuver.

Andrews:

Fuck that. What're they gonna do? What can they possibly do that we can't do better?

Scott:

It's not that TD can do anything better than us, it's about keeping one step ahead, and breaking Kelly's arm put us two steps behind.

[Andrews doesn't answer.]

[Heidi swings her leg down and walks over.]

Heidi:

And what the fuck are you doing? I told you – this isn't any fitting way for the Untouchables to act. You're sneaking around, Jeff's getting soft, and Long's just sitting there.

Long:

I used a shovel to throttle a kid who didn't deserve it, that's something.

Heidi:

FUCK YOU!

[Andrews and Scott both wince. Long probably would've if he was capable of or interested in conveying emotions more complicated than "hurrhhh".]

Heidi:

I took out Team Danger's pretty little trophy, and I took out Tom Sawyer too, I took out Mike Sloan, and what have any of you even tried to do? Kai, all you ever do is sneak and pick your spots, and Jeff, seriously, Sebastian Rain and then needing help to beat Greer?

[NOW Jeff Andrews doesn't look smug anymore.]

Heidi:

You know what, I don't even care anymore. You boys do whatever you want, I'll carry my end of this by hurting people.

Scott:

Heidi...

Heidi:

Shut it.

[Scott turns to Andrews.]

Scott:

See?

[Jeff Andrews doesn't respond. Instead, he gets up, walks to the other back corner of the room – the one opposite where Heidi was stretching, and...]

[Picks up a beer.]

[He flips the top off, and drains half the bottle in one shot.]

Scott:

God dammit.

Long:

You know Jeff as well as any of us. He's trying to say 'yes, we've got a problem here...'

[End.]

Uninvited Guest

[The camera shot opens up with Pittsburgh's Mellon Arena in the distance. Two young men in Defiance gear meander about a small patch of shrubs, sharing what might be an illegal marijuana cigarette. It begs one to ask, where are the parents?]

Young Fan: Whoa, check this out. [The young fan grabs his consort by the shoulder and points to something in the greenery. The camera zooms in.] **Young Fan:** It's a guy. I think he's dead. [Laying in the bushes is a familiar face. Familiar if you can look past the fifteen pound weight gain and two months of untamed beard growth. He wears a T-Shirt that reads 'I Survived the Rocky Mountain Oysters - Buck's Tavern, Missoula MT' and a pair of boxers caked in, well, let's say mud.] **Young Fan's Consort:** Isn't that Seth Stratton? **Young Fan:** I think it is, bro. Here. [One of the fans picks up a stick and begins prodding the inert Stratton. In the face. Seth shoots up immediately.] **Seth Stratton:** Where the fuck am I? **Young Fan:** Where are you? Steel City, baby! [Seth's eyes widen in fear.] **Seth Stratton:** Oh my lord, I'm in China. They said they'd hang me by my scrotum if I ever came back, why the hell did I come back?! **Young Fan:** What? No, you're in Pittsburgh man. [Seth lets out a sigh of relief.] **Seth Stratton:** Pittsburgh? I thought they shut all the steel plants down rendering the area economically hopeless. You scared the shit out of me for a second there, friend. **Young Fan's Consort:** You're here for the Defiance show, right? Untouchable? **Seth Stratton:** There's a Defiance show tonight? What day is it? **Young Fan:** It's Sunday, the 14th. **Seth Stratton:** Oh fuck, it's Valentines Day? **Young Fan:** Dude, it's April. Not February. **Seth Stratton:** Are you shitting me? **Young Fan:** No. I think you might be missing hours. **Seth Stratton:** Missing hours? Like I was abducted by visitors? Are you saying I was probed? Because I'll have you know that my asshole feels fine, and it usually gets pretty sore when something untoward is present. [The two fans stare at each other in mild disgust. Seth backtracks.] **Seth Stratton:** I mean, that's what I've read. **Young Fan:** So you don't remember the past two months at all? [Seth stares straight ahead, focusing intently on conjuring a memory.] **Seth Stratton:** There's something, but it's hazy. **Young Fan:** What is it? **Seth Stratton:** I remember mixing up a batch of jungle juice with what might've been David Spade or a spectacularly ugly woman. Then, it all goes blank and picks up again at a movie theater. **Young Fan's Consort:** Do you remember what you were seeing? **Seth Stratton:** Spring Breakers. They threw me out because apparently choking the chicken in a theater is illegal, even if the person closest to you is three seats away. But enough with these infernal memories, tell me about this show! Who am I scheduled to face? **Young Fan:** I don't know, dude. I honestly thought you washed out. **Seth Stratton:** Washed out? That's nonsense. I'm a fucking star, dude. I'm a White Dwarf. They don't call me Peter Dinklage for nothing. If I'm not booked, I'll just work the crowd. Give them their daily recommended dose of Uncle Seth. You're from here, right? How do I endear myself to these people? **Young Fan:** I don't know, you could mention Pittsburgh. That seems to work *everywhere*. **Seth Stratton:** Splendid idea, boy. How's this? I strut out to the ring with a microphone in hand, and say, 'Despite the lingering aura of desperation and laughable failures of your professional sports franchises, It's always great to be back in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!' **Young Fan:** Uh, that's a little rude, don't you think? **Seth Stratton:** Rude? I'm saying that, in spite of how shitty it is, I'm happy to be here. How is that rude? **Young Fan:** I mean, it just is. Trust me. **Seth Stratton:** Fine, how about this? 'It smells like rotten eggs and a complete absence of personal hygiene, so I must be... right here, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!' **Young Fan's Consort:** Dude, that's just as insulting. **Seth Stratton:** It isn't an insult if it's true. Go home and hop in the shower. Or steal some wet ones from your mother's purse and wipe yourself down, at least. **Young Fan:** Says the guy sleeping in a bush, covered in his own excrement. [Seth lets out a slight laugh and rises from his verdant shelter. He dusts himself off and retrieves a pair of black shades from the waistband of his boxers.] **Seth Stratton:** The joke's on you, buddy... [Shades on.] **Seth Stratton:** ...This ain't my excrement. [With that, Seth leaves the two cohorts and struts towards the bright lights of Mellon Arena.]

Mike doesn't always get what he wants

[We cut to a camera following the Dark Horse. Mike Sloan walks into his trios locker room, looking a bit disgruntled.]

Sloan:

Dumb and Dumbass get over here...

[The trio looks at each other trying to figure out who he's talking to.]

Sloan:

Penn... Luke, off of yer ass and get over here.

[Mike reaches into his pocket and produces the key to their salvation from each other.]

Sloan:

I've been talking to the referee and there is no way in hell they're going to let ya'll compete handcuffed to each other. So...

[Before he could even finish his sentence Curt grabs the key and begins to unlock the handcuffs.]

Sloan:

Well... fuck, I guess ya'll get the point.

[Sloan looks at the two of them.]

Sloan: (pleading)

Ya'll just don't kill each other...alright? Just promise me that.

Penn:

No problem... we've had a lil chat. He knows I was just ribbin' him. We've talked it over and I got his back. No sweat.

[Luke agrees with a slight nod.]

Sloan:

Good, well I gotta go and talk to a man about some pyro. Get suited up, ya'll are on soon.

[Mike walks out of the door.]

Burke: (smiling)

Good job guys, ya'll almost had me convinced. Like I told ya two before he walked in, ya'll make it through tonight and I won't have the two of you handcuffed facing each other for the next month. Besides sending that lollipop kid Alceo back to OZ would be a lil more fun than having to kick ya twos ass for costing us this title.

[Tyson looks back down at his wrists as he finishes taping them.]

Windham:

I can make it twenty minutes.

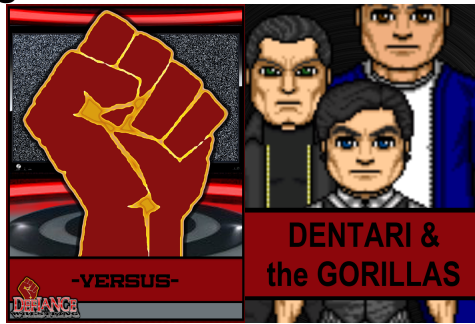
Penn:

Yeah, twenty minutes I can do that. Anything is better than smelling you. Do you use cow shit as a deodorant?

[Before Luke could respond Tyson throw a towel at Curt's face enveloping Curt's head on impact.]

[Fade out.]

The Mike Sloan Extravaganza vs Dentari & The Gorillas



Angus:

We really gonna let that dude back around?

DDK:

Who knows if we'll even be employed at the end of the night.

Angus:

Truth.

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall with a 20 minute time limit, and it is for the Defiance World Trios Tag Championship!

[Cue the music.]

[A dark figure is produced on the DEF-A-TRON. Bright white lights flash from behind and all around him is cast into a shadow.]

♪ You take a mortal man ♪

[The spot light hits Mike Sloan standing front and center of his team.]

♪ And put him in control ♪

[The rookie, Luke Windham.]

♪ Watch him become a god ♪

[The Mouthpiece, Curtis Penn.]

♪ Watch people's heads a'roll ♪

[The Heatseeker, Tyson Burke.]

[They make their way down to the ring all following their manager.]

[They enter one at a time: Curt by sliding under the ropes baseball style, Tyson launches himself over the ropes tucking and rolling once his body hits the mat, while Luke steps over the top rope and joins his teammates in the center of the ring.]

[Sloan on the outside of the ring points up towards the DEF-a-Tron with his cane.]

MIKE SLOAN'S EXTRAVAGANZA!

Angus:

Untouchable is living up to the hype, as much as saying that Faghole Andrews' PPV

DDK:

This match should be no different there is no love loss here. Sloan's Extravaganza has been having a rough week behind the scenes while it appears Alceo has his team running on all cylinders.

Quimbey:

Introducing first, Hailing from Pensacola, Florida... The Mouth Piece, Curtis Penn! Hailing from Silverhill, Alabama... Luke Windham! And Hailing from Atlanta, Georgia... The Heat Seeker... TYSON BURKE! Weighing in at approximately 833 Pounds, The Mike Sloan Extravaganza!

DDK:

This is for the Defiant Trios Tag Team Titles!

Angus:

This will rock balls. This team has been coming apart at the seams. What a time to be coming undone, one week before your big shot...

[Penn stands in the ring exclaiming he will start the match to the obvious dismay of Windham. Before the two begin to argue Sloan hits the apron with his cane to gain order.]

Angus:

See that's exactly what I am talking about! Even after being handcuffed together they still are at it.

Quimbey:

And their opponents! Hailing from Brooklyn, New York, and weighing in at a combined weight of approximately 760 lbs! They are the Defiance Trios Tag Team Champions! Introducing first! TONY "TWO-HANDS" DE LUCA, and BIG VINNY! And their team captain, ALCEOOOO... DENNNNNNNNTAAAAARI!!!

♪ How lucky can one guy be? ♪
♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪
♪ Like a fellow once said ♪
♪ 'Ain't that a kick in the head!' ♪

[And out come Dentari and the Gorillas wearing the belts. They walk toward the ring as all six men stare down each other.]

Angus:

All these men look ready.

DDK:

This is the moment they have all been waiting for this is for respect but most of all THE GOLD.

[Alceo stands in the ring after they hand the belts off to the referee. Dentari adjusts his wrestling gear as Tony and Vinny step outside the ropes and onto the apron.]

Angus:

You know Alceo has his team primed and ready to go.

[Referee Benny Boyle holds up the titles and then hands them off to the time keeper.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Alceo and Penn tie up in the middle of the ring. Penn gets the upper hand and slips around him. He slams Dentari over his head in a vicious suplex. Penn kicks him out of the ring and both his feet touch the floor.]

DDK:

We just got underway here and already Penn has got the upper hand!

Angus:

Here comes Two Hands!

[De Luca climbs over the top rope almost as soon as Dentari hits the outside. He clotheslines Penn quickly and attempts to take out Burke and Windham but is hit with a vicious kick by Windham! Tony hits the mat as Penn gets back to his feet and with a sly grin tags in Burke while staring down Windham.]

Angus:

I didn't like that look he gave Windham. This is a FIGHT!

DDK:

I'm sure that is just what they are worried about.

Angus:

What?

DDK:

I'm sure they're number one concern right now is what you think. LOWBLOW!

[Vinny takes the tag from Two Hands and immediately low blows Curtis Penn. Now being the legal man he begins to stomp the mouth piece around the ring. Not paying attention he has stomped him toward his team, and Burke reaches for a tag and..]

Angus:

Tag Made! Finally Burke gets tagged in.

D.K.

Gorilla's look strong here in Pittsburgh.

[Burke hits Big Vinny with a low elbow to the gut. Elevated Cradle Neckbreaker!]

Angus:

Deep Fried Neckbreaker!

DDK:

Burke for the pin!

Angus:

1.....2..... Broke up by Alceo by a cunt 's hair! Almost won this shit right there.

[Alceo stomps Burke as the referee moves in to make Dentari go to the apron. Burke leaps up and grabs hold of Vinny. Tossing him through the ropes right at Dentari, who side steps Vinny. Burke then taunts Alceo to tag in. He does so as Vinny's feet hit the floor on the outside. Alceo gets Burke in a headlock and twists his arm to apply pressure. They bounce around the ring and a reaching Windham tags in. Dentari releases his hold but not before being stomped in the ribs. Windham grapples him to the mat and Vinny gives him a german suplex from behind and rolls out

of the ring. Dentari gains control of Windham quickly. Alceo begins to argue with the referee getting around him so his back is to his corner. Vinny and De Luca begin stomping Windham in the corner.]

Angus:

Alceo for the pin!!!

DDK:

The pin is broken up by Burke.

[Curtis leaps upon the apron as the pin is broken up. The Gorilla's do not notice him as he drop kicks De Luca in the face and he falls off taking his partner with him. They hit the floor as Penn rushes back to his corner just as Windham falls into the corner crawling away from Dentari. He tags Penn back in. Penn gets to Dentari as he is still on his knees. Busaiku Knee Kick to the face!]

Angus:

Your Face Is Fucked!!!!

DDK:

Penn for Pinn! One.....Two.....TT... KICKOUT BY Alceo!

[Dentari rolls out of the ring and De Luca slides in for the tag. Penn tags in Burke as Sloan argues with Windham for making the tag in earlier. Burke dropkicks Tony off his feet but he jumps right back up. Burke nails him with another dropkick. He drops kicks him a third time and he falls towards his corner.]

DDK:

Big Vinny makes the tag!

Angus:

Dentari is finally back to his feet on the outside.

[Alceo notices the referee with his back to him. He rushes on the outside of the ring towards Mike Sloan. He takes out his legs out violently. Sloan thrashes around on the ground in pain. Vinny and Burke swap licks briefly before Vinny overpowers him. He hits the ropes and nearly takes Burke's head off with a clothesline, he spins through the air hitting the mat hard. He hits the mat as Vinny tags in Dentari. He immediately goes for the pin.]

Angus:

Dentari for the pin! One....Two... Broke up by Curtis Penn.

DDK:

That clothesline was insane! It spun Burke completely around in the air.

[Windham tends to Sloan after noticing him down on the outside. Burke rolls out of the ring and Windham notices this and tags in as Burke and Curtis check on Sloan. Tony and Big Vinny rush Burke and Penn. They begin hammering them both and stomping on Sloan's leg on the outside. The referee is preoccupied with the action in the ring. Windham goes for a DDT but it is quickly reversed as Alceo picks him up over his head. Windham's neck meets the top rope and he hits the mat awkward. Outside the ring both teams head for the corner after the throw down. Sloan is being looked after by the ring doctor. Alceo drop kicks Windham in the head and he hits his knees, Dentari bounces off the ropes on the opposite side.]

Angus:

Shining Wizard, Fuck Yeah!

DDK:

He nailed it.

[Rather than go for a pin he picks up Windham. He tosses him into the gorilla's corner. Alceo picks him up and begins choking him with the ropes. The referee begins his count as Dentari milks every second available choking him out. He releases his hold and backs up holding his hands up arguing with the referee leading him away from the gorilla's stomping Windham.]

DDK:

Windham is taking a beating.

[Windham makes a dash for the ropes falling out and hitting his feet on the outside before going down. Curtis Penn already makes his way through the ropes. The Mouth Piece lunges at Dentari. Penn picks up up with a belly to belly suplex, he holds onto to Dentari as he stands up for another and still he holds onto him. He nails him again with a belly to belly suplex. All three hitting they're mark, Alceo falls out of the ring. Vinny and De Luca enter the ring and Penn clotheslines both back over the ropes and to the outside with Dentari.]

Angus:

Curtis Penn has cleared the ring! Bodies everywhere!

DDK:

The referee begins his count, Dentari and the Gorilla's are in trouble here tonight.

[Penn rolls out of the ring and retrieves Alceo as Vinny and Tony struggle to their feet. Penn goes for the pin!]

DDK:

Kick OUT BY DENTARI!

Angus:

We almost had new champions right there! That coulda been the end of Our Thing, capiche?

[Dentari struggles toward the ropes to make it to his feet. Penn walks over to make a tag and tags in Burke. As Burke goes through the ropes he is tagged by Windham who gets in the ring. Burke looks at Windham with distaste as Curtis Penn begins cursing at Windham, he reaches for him to make a tag back in and does so successfully. Windham ducks and just misses the drop kick by Dentari. Penn is not as lucky as he takes a direct kick to the face. Dentari jumps back up quickly. He pulls Burke's head down on the ropes springing him out of the ring. Windham makes a dash for Dentari who takes his legs out. Dentari positions himself behind Windham for the solid running boot to the back of Windham's skull.]

DDK:

An Offer You Can't Refuse!!!!!!

Angus:

FOR THE PIN!

DDK:

One!

Angus:

Two!

DDK:

Three!!

Angus:

Dentari and the Gorilla's have won this championship bout!

[Dentari stands in the ring holding all the belts. Vinny and De Luca join him in the ring as he hands them the belts.

Chaos outside the ring as Mike Sloan's Extravaganza continues to argue even with injuries and the match being over.]

Angus:

In the end it got them.

DDK:

Indeed, but what a battle this was, though!

Angus:

I knew from the very beginning that in the end Dentari would find a way to use that team disorganization to his advantage. Team Sloan have lost this match up clean. Alceo Dentari, on the other hand, did just what he set out to do all along. Retain.

DDK:

We've got an interview with the Egobuster up next, and stay tuned for the big defense of the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Very first pay-per-view. Jeff Andrews can suck my-

Dan Ryan Segment

[Backstage at the Mellon area.]

[An interview area has been set up. A banner for Untouchable 2013 is hanging on the wall in the background and Dan Ryan is standing front and center, chin up, left fist across his stomach in his right hand. Ryan has no sunglasses on, stares straight ahead, and his trademark smirk is replaced by a determined sneer.]

Dan Ryan:

Tonight is the night. Tonight, Clairra, is the night, right here in the Steel City, that you get a front row seat to the start of something. Tonight, there are no one-liners, no jokes, no Princess Buttercup, no Zelda. No, tonight is the night I step into the ring and make a statement.

It's not just about championship gold, although it has to be about it some. It's about what it's always been about for me.

I'm stepping onto the big stage and creating a moment.

For fifteen years I've walked through the curtain and listened to the roar of thousands of fans, looked into their eyes and delivered their money's worth and then some. For fifteen years I've walked into arenas and commanded the attention of the world. For fifteen years I've climbed into that ring and staked my claim as one of the best ever.

Tonight, Clairra, might as well be my DEFIANCE debut.

Tonight I wrestle for my first DEFIANCE championship, and for me, it's gonna be like it's the first gold I've ever had the chance to attain. I'm getting into the ring tonight like I've been held down my whole life, like I've never tasted that spotlight, never felt like the best in the building. Tonight, Clairra, I'm as hungry as I've ever been. I'll throw you around the ring. I'll twist you into knots that would make an Eagle Scout jealous. And yes..... I'll pummel you until you can no longer move.

All around dominance, Clairra. That's what you're facing tonight. It's all just beginning.

Welcome to your end.

[Ryan turns and simply walks out of frame as the scene ends and cuts down the hall. The cameraman honestly didn't even need to cut. He just walked like ten paces to catch the next view.]

Try as he might...

[The Untouchables locker room. That's where Tom was bound. His cowboy hat was plunked firmly down on his head, and even tilted forward. He meant business. The kid's jaw was set, his eyes all grimm and frostbitten, hardcore as FUCK.]

[As Tom stormed through a hallway intersection, a shovel came out of the darkness, planting firmly against Tom's chest and holding the kid in place. Tom obligingly stopped, knowing exactly what the shovel signified. He took a step back, turning fully to face his foe.] **Tom Sawyer:** Ronnie Long. **Long:** Yes. [Ronnie Long looks exactly like he usually looks. He owns a shovel.] **Long:** Tom, I know it's against your moral code to consult with evildoers, or whatever, but you need to listen. The Untouchables have beaten you once, and Heidi has tried to kill you twice. The longer this goes on, the more likely you are to end up hurt, permanently. One of these day, Heidi's going to do to you what she did to Mike Sloan, before anyone has a chance to pull her off - and that's assuming you don't burn yourself out first. You're not medically cleared to wrestle, you're risking your life, and it's not worth it. **Tom Sawyer:** I don't care. If I get back what Heidi took from me, it won't matter. I'll be able to stand up alongside the rest of the guys against all of you. Even you, Ronnie. [Long steps forward, coming to be face-to-face with Tom. Tom... was distinctly looking up at Ronnie, but still.] **Ronnie Long:** I'm worried that if I Western Lariat you again, you'll end up dead, and I don't want that on my conscience. [Tom narrows his eyes, fists clenching. His teeth grit, and the muscles in his jaw grow tight.] **Tom Sawyer:** I don't need someone like you looking out for me, Long. **Heidi Christenson:** I figured out what this little golden thing I pulled off your corpse is. [Heidi steps out of the darkened hallway with a little golden coin between her fingertips.] [Tom and Ronnie both turn, looking to the new arrival.] **Heidi Christenson:** I watched some of the old promo videos of yours floating around the internet. One of the Aggro Craggs, you went on a spirit quest and got this, and wore a big fancy Macho Ranger costume to the ring and won. [Heidi holds the coin out between two fingers, distastefully. From the look on her face, this was mere inches away from being akin to holding a turd in her fingers.] **Heidi Christenson:** And so this is a symbol of your greatest success. It allowed you to bring your old gimmick back and feel all... empowered. Against legends, a kid like you is inferior, right? You're just some silly Canadian in over his head. No mentor, no reliable backup, nothing to depend on. [Her thumb digs under the coin, and Heidi flicks it into the air. The coin's spinning sends off a loud ringing noise, and the hallway's light shines off the polished face of the Macho Coin.] **Tom Sawyer:** Damnit, Heidi, give me that back. Do you have to try to take everything from me? **Heidi Christenson:** You know what? Yes. Yes, I do. I'm sick of your shit, I hate having you around, and I cannot take your voice for the rest of my life. I'm going to be personally responsible for ending your career, and if I'm lucky, maybe I'll even be the one to put you in a wheelchair. [Heidi snaps her gaze to the Gravedigger.] **Heidi Christenson:** Ronnie, throat him, please. [Before Tom could even react, Ronnie Long had sprung forward, the handle of the shovel slamming against Tom's throat, holding him against the wall! The kid's eyes bulge as he is pinned against the wall, and Tom brings his hands up, clawing at the shovel!] **Heidi Christenson:** First, I'm gonna make it so this stupid coin can never be a part of your gimmick. [She steps to the side of the hallway, flicking on the light. Standing in the center of the hallway (The back of which was full of crates with the DEFIANCE label on it), was an anvil.] [Heidi yanks a small sledgehammer out from behind her belt, and turns to face the anvil. The coin is laid firmly down on the thing, and the sledgehammer gets a quick twirl before Heidi smashes the thing down on the coin!] **WHAM! Tom Sawyer:** NO! **WHAMSLAMBASHCRASHMASHEXPLOSION** [And Heidi peels the now-flattened, deformed lump of hot metal off the anvil, and flicks it to the floor at Tom's feet. Ronnie steps back, letting the shovel come away from Sawyer's throat. But... Tom doesn't lunge at either of the Untouchables. He just drops to his knees, hands shaking as they go to the flattened lump of metal.] **Heidi Christenson:** There. Problem solved. Now, you're not medically cleared to exist in the same arena as me. I'd recommend you get the hell out, before I take this hammer to something other than your coin. [Exit Heidi and the Ronman.] [And Tom just stares helplessly at the ruined Macho Coin. Tom just hangs his head, knowing that his hopes of being able to compete against The Untouchables alongside Team Danger just got flattened. Just like his Coin.] [Hardcut to the interview area. Instead of the standard red-on-black DEFIANCE banner... This time, the banner was an immense white banner, green shield, yellow stag and outline. UNTOUCHABLE.]

D Ryanson**Lance Warner:**

I'm standing backstage with the reigning FIST of Defiance, Clairra St. Sure, and her manager, Diane Parker.

[The reigning FIST of Defiance is dressed and ready to go, in her ring robes, hood down. Diane hasn't wrestled since that one spot in the battle royal a few months ago, so she's just wearing jeans and a T-shirt.]

Warner:

Clairra, Dan Ryan's latest comments, which you didn't get a chance to respond to-

Diane:

Let me stop you right there, Lance, because there's a difference between having a chance and having the interest. Dan Ryan's won a buttload of titles, he outweighs Clairra by 477%, and he's not just the most tiresomely conceited individual I've ever listened to, he's conceited about how conceited he is.

Warner:

With all due respect, Dan Ryan is a World Champion from multiple promotions...

Diane:

And none of those are Defiance, so who cares? Think about it this way, Lance. If Drew Siler had come in here talking about how many titles he'd won, would anyone have thought he was a genius? Did Rizzo and his swagger and his braggadocio even get in the door? Of course not. Building a resume is easy, and bragging about how awesome you were in another fed is easy too. Hey, did you know Clairra won the Intragalactic Awesomeweight Championship 38 times while she was in Mexico?

Warner:

That's... not true. Is it?

Diane:

Why does it matter if it's true or not? Lance, do you remember J Stevenson?

Warner:

Yes, I do, he was a big player at the beginning of-

Diane:

You don't have to answer that. Everyone knows who J Stevenson was. J Stevenson was the third biggest joke behind Kasper Braddock and Spooky Doom to work for Defiance. J Stevenson was a bigger joke than Siler, because he lasted longer and actually won a match or two. J Stevenson came into Defiance full of conceit and with a completely fucked up sense of his importance in the grand scheme of things. J Stevenson postured about how awesome he was in some other fed that wasn't Defiance that nobody cared about. J Stevenson strutted around and wondered why nobody cared about him. And now J Stevenson has put on a hundred pounds, bleached his hair, and changed his name to Dan Ryan.

Clairra:

J Stevenson also tapped out to the Truly Untouchabreaker during my first match.

Diane:

So in conclusion, fuck Dan Ryan, Clairra's going to cut him down to size, break his shoulder and make him humble.

Clairra:

An no one will care. But I'll still be the FIST of Defiance, so it will all be alright.

[Clairra and Diane walk off.]

Warner:

Harsh words from the champion and her manager. Back to you guys, Darren and Angus!

Dan Ryan vs Clair St. Sure

Angus:

I've made my opinion on this upcoming match very clear and I stand by it, but... *holy fucking burn*. If Diane could talk like that, why'd she wait this long to start?



Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing the challenger, hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAAANNNNN!!!

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christensen] ♪ *My reflection, dirty mirror* ♪ ♪ *There's no connection to myself* ♪ ♪ *I'm your lover, I'm your zero* ♪ ♪ *I'm the face in your dreams of glass* ♪ ♪ *So save your prayers* ♪ ♪ *For when you're really gonna need 'em* ♪ ♪ *Wanna go for a ride?* ♪ **Angus:** Make no mistake, Keebs, Dan Ryan is on fire. On DEFTv35, he pinned Christian Light and earned this title shot as a result; he's come a long way here in DEFIANCE, and I don't think he's eager to pass up the opportunity for his first championship here in the D-E-F. **DDK:** But he has to find a way through the crippling offense of Clair St. Sure before he can stand a chance. He has the size advantage, but how far will it get him? [Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent, from Kingston, Jamaica, weighing in at 141 pounds, she is accompanied by Diane Parker, and she represents Tres Brujas... the FIST of Defiance Champion, CLAIRA! Saaaaaaaint... SUUUUUUUUUUUURE! * *whk-ka-whh-whh-wk**

whk-ka-whh-whh-wk [The arena lights go crimson red, with white strobes flickering at the top of the ramp. Diane Parker walks out first, then points behind her and steps to the side. Clair walks out, in her robe, hood up. She lowers the hood, and raises both fists in the air. She walks to the ring, steps out of the robe and hands it to Diane. She jumps to the ring apron, then over the ropes, and throws a few warmup jabs and kicks, then leans back in her corner with her arms over the ropes.] **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** And CSS starts out the match, really sticking it to Ryan with those shoot kicks to his legs, trying to leave him shaky and unstable so he can't use his more powerful moves, that's really the best tactic in this match against a giant like Ryan. [St. Sure is polishing Ryan's legs, for sure.] **Angus:** Well, Ryan's got a hell of an offense, but on top of that he's almost a whole foot taller than Clair St. Sure, and twice her weight and then some to boot. If she's smart, she'll play "keep away" and focus on weakening Ryan before going for the kill. [CSS rams a knee into Ryan's gut, doubling him over, and steps back to deliver a roundhouse kick... which she whiffs, allowing Ryan to spin around and whip her into the ropes, before...] **THUD!** **DDK:** AND DAN RYAN takes the advantage with that clothesline, really rocking CSS with that to start the match! [Dan Ryan leans over and lifts CSS up, then whips her into the ropes, before waffling her with ANOTHER clothesline. He picks her up AGAIN, and goes for the whip into the ropes, but this time on the rebound...] **DDK:** St. Sure grabs onto the Ego Buster's arm and locks in a flying armbar! **Angus:** DAMN, she's a quick one. **DDK:** GREAT counter, AND it's attacking Dan Ryan's

arm, so not only are those power moves going to be harder for him to pull off, but it will also soften him up for her submissions. **Angus:** IF she can keep him from crushing her like a pancake. [Ryan shrugs St. Sure off, but she lands on her feet, getting right back to the shoot kicks. However, Ryan powers through the barrage, landing a kick of his own, a boot into Clair's midsection, then a forearm club to her back, which forces her to her knees.] **DDK:** Of course if the Ego Buster can land more of those heavy attacks on her, then he'll be the one raising the FIST championship tonight! [Ryan helps CSS to her feet, before hooking her in a vertical suplex...] **WHAM! Angus:** DAT SLAM. [St. Sure's really feeling it, but she rolls to her feet, just in time for Ryan to spin her around and go for a belly-to-back suplex.] **WHAM!** Angus: _DAT_ SLAM! [Ryan slowly gets to his feet, grinning arrogantly while CSS tries to gather her bearings... but before she can, Ryan grabs her by the hair and chucks her between the ropes and to the outside.] **DDK:** Uh oh, Ryan's looking to really use the outside to his advantage! Clair St. Sure might have a rock-solid core, but that concrete will break her, if she's not careful... **Angus:** Ohhhhh, man, Ryan's gonna turn her into a puddle in a minute. [Ryan follows suit, standing over CSS as she struggles to her feet, before chucking her into the ring apron, and clocking her with a hard right. And another hard right. As she stumbles, Ryan assumes a battle stance... and Clair St. Sure walks right into an OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY ON THE FLOOR!] **OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! Angus:** See? **DDK:** Her size is definitely working to her disadvantage... Dan Ryan is just a house of fire, and the momentum he's been riding since he defeated Christian Light on DEFIANCE TV has been overpowering. He grins arrogantly, landing some boots to her ribs while she struggles... and whips her back into the ring! [He follows her back, as the referee waves off his count, and Ryan follows up with a jumping DDT, followed by the cover.] **ONE! TWO!** [And no! CSS kicks out, a little worse for wear, but still in this. Ryan is nonplussed, but unfazed. He lifts St. Sure to her feet again...] **DDK:** St. Sure with the rolling hip toss, and... **WHACK! OHHHH!** **WHACK! OHHHH!** **WHACK! OHHHHHHHHH!** [That sound you just heard was her alternating Spinal Taps and kicks to the face to a sitting Dan Ryan. CSS helps him to his feet, alternating knee strikes, before whipping him into the corner...] **Angus:** Gah damn! **DDK:** And the FIST of Defiance waffles Dan Ryan with those knees in the corner... down he goes, and now, CSS is really taking the offensive... omoplata! That's the move she used to defeat Edward White to win the title, could it put away Dan Ryan for her second defense? [Ryan is groaning in agony as CSS wrenches his arm, threatening to snap it off as the referee leans in, asking Ryan if he wants to give up... but all Ryan does is shake his head and groan some more.] **Angus:** It's looking pretty dangerous for the Ego Buster, he might be down an arm if he doesn't tap out or find a way out of that lock! [Meanwhile, Ryan's fixing his sights on the closest rope, by his free arm. He reaches out, his groans turning into yells of pain, as CSS only tightens her grip. Seeing that his window of opportunity is closing fast, he sucks his teeth and yells, making one last reach for the ropes...] **DDK:** And Clair St. Sure will just have to wait for her chance to put the Ego Buster down! That hold is being broken, but after the armbar at the beginning of the match, you gotta wonder if his arm will be sore. [And Ryan is clutching at his shoulder, mumbling to himself, and looks up just in time to see CSS spinning towards him, but...] **DDK:** Spinning backfist misses... **THUD! DDK:** AND RYAN GETS A LUCKY BREAK, and lands a Belly-to-Belly suplex INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! St. Sure is laying upside down, and she looks in a bad way. Ryan drags her to the center of the ring, for the cover. **ONE TWO TWO AND A HA--nope. DDK:** Ryan just can't seem to put her away, and now he's positioning towards the outside of the ring, yet again, and it looks like he's going to... yep, he just nonchalantly nudges her under the ropes and to the floor, and he's looking to really hurt her to get his hands on that title! **Angus:** And he'll do ANYTHING to win that belt, Keebs. [Ryan is now at ringside with CSS as she struggles to get her bearings, but he's not waiting. He steps back and unleashes a BIG BOOT to the side of her head, while the referee starts counting. She staggers to her feet, only to get sent back down with a scoop slam to the concrete floor, and a few hard stomps.] **TWO... THREE...** [Ryan gets to it, picking her up AGAIN, and this time landing a SICK DDT that just makes the crowd GROAN.] **FIVE... SIX...** [And Ryan rolls back into the ring, and then out, resetting the count, while CSS is on rickety ground, her knees starting to give out from under her.] **DDK:** Ryan smells blood, and he's pointing at the ring post... and he scoops her onto his shoulder... [And I'm sure you're thinking that this is the time-honored "dumbass big guy tries to lawndart the smaller opponent into the post and fails spot."] **Angus:** WHOO! She slides down his back and lets him eat steel! [And you'd be right.] [She's got her second wind now, and grabs Ryan back into the ring, knowing that she can only get the win in there... but as she sees Ryan trying to come to, she decides to mount the corner herself.] **DDK:** MISSILE DROPKICK connects! CSS with the cover! **ONE! TWO! Angus:** Nuh-uh! It ain't over for the big man yet! [But one can't help but think that he wishes it was, if the subsequent shoot kicks, now to his torso, were any indication.] **DDK:** Ryan pushes back... and goes for the whip to the ropes... back body... NO!!! Clair St. Sure hops over Dan Ryan and locks on the rear-naked choke! She gets the hooks in, but RYAN IS STILL ON HIS FEET! HOW LONG CAN HE HANG ON?! **Angus:** Awww, man, this doesn't look good, I think he might be seeing stars right now, but he's still clinging on! And so is St. Sure! [This goes on, as Ryan eventually sinks to one knee, but CSS keeps that tight grip on. Sensing that Ryan won't go down so easily, she lets go of the big man, who is clearly in

a loop.] **DDK:** St. Sure lets go of the hold, but Ryan looks like he doesn't have much left in him tonight... [Dan Ryan is staggering, unable to compose himself after Clairra St. Sure's improbable comeback. He tries to get in close again, only to get another knee to the ribs, followed by a kick to the leg to get him down on one knee. CSS looks at the crowd...] **DDK:** St. Sure is running to the ropes... **AND LANDS THAT ENZUI BUSAIKU KNEE KICK! RYAN IS FACE-FIRST ON THE MAT! IT'S ALL OVER!** **Angus:** Or is it? [CSS stalls on the way to Ryan's crumpled up body... and starts locking in the omoplata with her legs and one arm, and reaching for Ryan's legs with her other arm...] **DDK:** Truly Untouchabreaker?! Is she trying to make him tap?! **Angus:** She's having a hard time of it! [Angus is right. Whenever she successfully ties up Ryan's legs, her grip on his near arm loosens up, and vice versa. She punctuates her attempt to lock in the coup de grace by slamming her heel into the already-wounded back of Dan Ryan's head, before trying to lock the far arm with her legs. Meanwhile, The Ego Buster is starting to stir...] **Angus:** He's waking up, and he doesn't look happy! He's starting to move his arms, which are already being loosened up... [With a mighty burst, Ryan breaks his arms free of CSS's locks, and pushes down on the mat, kicking her off of his legs before staggering to his feet, while a shocked Clairra St. Sure follows.] **DDK:** SHE CANNOT BELIEVE IT! Dan Ryan has recovered, and HE. LOOKS. PISSED. [KICKWHAM. CSS doubles over, allowing the Ego Buster to put her in position, and with a mighty plunge...] **DDK:** HUMILITY BOMB! That should be the end of it, right here... **ONE TWO 2.9999999999999999 KICKOUT~! "RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"** **Angus:** UNBELIEVABLE! CLAIRRA ST. SURE SURVIVED THE HUMILITY BOMB! [She looks like she's holding on to dear life, as her right arm is raised up as high as it will go. Dan Ryan forcefully pins her shoulder down again and covers.] **ONE TWO ONLY TWO AND A HALF THIS TIME** **DDK:** SHE! JUST! WON'T! LOSE! [Dan Ryan knows this, and the gleam in his eye shows that he's finally had it.] **DDK:** Ryan peels her up from the mat... is he lifting her up in the torture rack? [Indeed, he is, grimacing in pain as his stretched-out and bruised joints rebel against him, but he successfully stands up to his full height, St. Sure looking like she's trying to fight out of it...] **THUD! Angus:** HEADLINER! That's it, it is all over! **DDK:** Her eyes look completely glassed over, and Ryan covers... **ONE TWO THREE DING DING DING! Angus:** New FIST of Defiance Champion! Dan Ryan took a lickin', but kept on tickin', and now he reigns victorious over one of the toughest broads I've ever seen in a ring! [Dan Ryan emerges victorious, slowly getting to his feet while the referee brings him the FIST of Defiance title, then tending to the fallen Bruja.] **DDK:** You seem awfully proud of Dan Ryan there, Angus. **Angus:** And is that so wrong? Look, Clairra could've had it, but she had to go for the tapout and she wasn't strong enough to hold it. She'll learn. And now Dan Ryan's got his 30th World Title or whatever.

Uninvited Guest Pt. II The Revenge!

[The camera shot opens up backstage at the Mellon Arena. A few stagehands mill about. Seth Stratton comes striding into the shot, a shit eating grin on his bearded face. He throws a mock pistol shot to the camera, then thumbs to himself, signifying his fundamental superiority. He's so enamored with the camera that he fails to see Head of Defiance security 'Buffalo' Brian Slater, and slams right into him.]

Buffalo Brian Slater: Where the hell do you think you're go- Are you covered in shit? **Seth Stratton:** It's not my shit! **BBS:** I don't care whose shit it is, you got some of it on me! Get the hell outta here before I wring your neck! **Seth:** I don't think you understand, buddy. I'm famous. **BBS:** I don't think you understand, buddy. The only thing keeping me from physically throwing you into the dumpster is the fact that I'm not wearing gloves. **Seth:** Check your little list. All you ruffians have lists, right? Seth Stratton. I'm here to deliver ungodly harm to some poor soul. I'm just not sure who, because I happen to be suffering from flu like symptoms. **BBS:** Oh you. Stratton. Yeah, they told me about you. Told me your ass got fired for getting your tail kicked two weeks in a row, then disappearing. **Seth:** Disappearing! That doesn't sound like me at all. Surely I sent some form of correspondence. Some formal resignation. **BBS:** Yeah. You did send some grainy cell phone footage of you singing a karaoke version of Bruce Springsteen's "Out in the Street" at a senior center, something to the tune of 'When Seth's out in the street, Defiance bigwigs, they can suck his cock.' Management got the message. **Seth:** I suppose there could be an element of truth to that supposed event. Either way, I wasn't myself. I was under the influence of bad drink. Now that I'm clean and I have this 'One Week Sober' chip from alcoholics anonymous, you're honor bound to hire me back. **BBS:** That's the cap to a bottle of Thunderbird wine. And even if I had the authority to hire you back, I wouldn't. **Seth:** Well fine! I'll just contact my union representative! **BBS:** Union? This is professional wrestling, dipshit. There are no unions. **Seth:** Well then who looks after the best interests of the competitors? Without a union, half of these guys would be hooked on uppers and dead before fifty! **BBS:** Sounds about right. **Seth:** Then it appears we've reached an impasse. **BBS:** Listen, you aren't getting in here tonight. Go to the restroom, wash the shit off yourself, get a motel room, take a shower and put on your best ass kissing lips. Then come back next week, and maybe, maybe, I'll let you in to try and sort this out. **Seth:** Thank you, kind sir. You're truly christ like. I bid you farewell. [Seth bows and turns to leave, before changing course and attempting to dart past Slater.] **BBS:** You little sonofabitch! I was trying to be nice, get the fuck outta here! **Seth:** You can't contain me! [Slater gets Seth under control and kicks him in the ass hard enough to knock him forward. Seth scurries up and lazily jogs off.] **BBS:** And shave that beard! **Seth:** You have a beard! **BBS:** I know, and if a pussy like you sports one it'll ruin it for the rest of us! **Seth:** YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF ME ASSHOLE. I AM A GOLDEN GOD. AND NO, I DIDN'T STEAL THAT LINE! I WAS AT A SEX PARTY WITH CAMERON CROWE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO AND GOT BLIZTED ON MESCALINE AND CLIMBED ONTO THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, AND WELL, THE REST IS SELF EXPLANATORY! [Seth turns a quick corner at the sign of a restroom, but it's flanked by another large man with a large beard. Seth puts his hands on his hips in frustration.] **Seth:** Let me guess, you're one of Buffalo Bill's henchmen, right? Stand guard in front of the bathroom door and block ol' Seth's way, is that it? Man can't even wash the poop off himself on these sacred grounds without a pass. Your mother obviously didn't raise you right. Jesus is crying at to your lack of humanity. **Guard:** Actually, I work for Ben Roethlisberger. **Seth:** Then get the fuck out of my wa... Oh... Ohhhhhh... Uh, Never mind. [With that, Seth moseys on towards the exit looking for a kinder place to clean himself up as the camera cuts.]

Dangerous. Team. Danger.

[Backstage.]

[It's been a good, long while since this has happened. Grand Champions League, actually. Lance Warner is standing backstage with The Last Nighthawk, Christian Light. You'll remember, back at Defiance TV 32, Light asked Warner to stand back so he wouldn't catch any possible repercussions of being associated with Christian Light against the Untouchables. Well, now it seems things have come a little bit differently, as Lance stands, dressed in a tuxedo fit for the event of this magnitude, stands with the microphone.] **Warner:** Christian, we're just moments away from...

Light: [cutting Warner off] Has it been worth it, Jeff? [Warner goes to speak, but Christian holds his hand up and looks at him, halting him. Christian looks at Lance and nods. Lance nods silently, and hands the microphone over to Christian before exiting stage left.] [Christian holds the microphone to his mouth. As he does, the side lights die, and only one single spotlight remains over Christian. It's here that his Team Danger logo on his T-shirt becomes very prominent.] **Light:** You've spent show after show planning and scheming to stay on top. You've put yourself in favorable positions, you've stacked the odds in your favor time after time. You've stood on top of the mountain from the moment Eric Dane dropped Elijah Goldman on his head, and not once have you let us forget it. [Light points at the camera.] **Light:** Your actions, masked in some kind of good intent to bring us a better company, only mask the fact that this is all about you and your three friends, and anyone else who happens to be along for the ride can only do so as long as you allow it. And the resistance? Hey, I'll be the first one to admit it...you got us pretty good. You beat the Good Fight, for the most part. Pinned me, albeit dirty. Your team beat The Good Fight's team. You pinned Eugene. You even beat Stephen Greer at his own game, once again with a little help from your friends. Everything has really come together for you. Until now. [A pause.] **Light:** Tonight I stand united with my colleagues in Team Danger. Tonight I will stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Stephen Greer, who knows you as well as anyone else that's not an Untouchable after you teamed with him in Hydra. Tonight I stand together with Kelly Evans in spirit...a woman who does more for Team Danger than most people will ever hear about. And tonight I stand with Tyrone Walker. A man who showed me the maximum amount of kindness and forgiveness when I needed it the most. A man who was instrumental in convincing the rest of Team Danger to accept me as I am. A man who I will always be proud to stand next to and do battle. There is so much future in the members of the Good Fight. Tom, Eugene, and Sam are the future of this industry. Those guys are the foundation on which any company can build on and become one with the best in the world. Heck, with the way this night is going, one of them could step up and change the way the now works. But us? We are the now. We are the architects that built the ring you claim as your own. We are the ones who are taking the ring back for each and every competitor. The King of Pain. The...Girl Next Door. The Black Jesus. The Last Nighthawk. And even him. Yeah, *you know who*. [Bonedaggers?] **Light:** Tonight, Lance...we take our ring back. We take our company back. And I get my shot at you, Jeff. No pretenses. No run-ins. Just your crew against my crew. And in the end, we find out whether I get my shot at you... ...or I get the World Title you've denied me. [A snap of the fingers, and the lights go out.] [Cut back to ringside.]

the cage and gazes out at the fans from behind his patented mirror-tint. He poses for a few seconds, and then rallies them into an utter frenzy.] **Angus:** This. Is. It. [Keebler, who can now see where Angus has hidden his mic plug, tags back in to add in the spectacle.] **DDK:** That was uncalled for. **Angus:** You're right. Here. You can have Edward White. Wake me up if he's passing out money. [Smitten, Angus takes a seat.] [The lights dim in the arena.] **CAA-CHING TRSSSSSPF** [A walking bass line in 7/8th time begins to play over the sounds of cash registers opening, coins being exchanged and receipts being torn out.] *♪MOOOOOOONEEEEEEEEEEY ♪Get Away ♪Get a good job with more pay ♪And you're okay* [The entire arena becomes drenched in emerald. An assortment of small bill denominations slowly flutter down from the rafters. Fiat moneys from all over the world begin to litter the outside of the caging.] *♪MOOOOOOONEEEEEEEEEEY ♪It's a gas ♪Grab that cash with both hands ♪And make a stash* [Cancer Jiles sat at the top of the cage, staring at the entrance, waiting for "The Socialite" to come out in his solid gold limousine or a jet pack or a popemobile or something. But the world's richest man was nowhere to be seen. As the saxophone solo begins to scream over the PA, Cancer makes his way down the side of the caging and in the ring.] **Angus:** And welcome to the longest introduction EVER. **DDK:** The Mind Games have begun. Pink Floyd has been playing for a solid two minutes and you can tell that Cancer Jiles is chomping at the bit already. **Angus:** Pssssh, Mongo McMoneybags is just stalling. [As the saxophone backs off at the three minute mark, the band kicks in harder with pounding drum and bass. The sweet bluesy guitar solo from David Gilmour enters just as the Golden limousine emerges from the side of the staging.] [The limousine idles as the capacity crowd continues to roar with anticipation and boo with clamor. The driver exits and quickly rushes to the back, avoiding a souvenir cup that was chucked in his general direction. He opens the door and "The Socialite" emerges.] [Edward White circles around the back of the limousine and climbs up on the trunk. He stands on top and stares at Cancer Jiles, a man whose patience has already worn thin. White basks in the sea of jeers, the fiat rain subsiding and the green lime light fading.] [He finally makes his way to the aisle and approach the ring. Cancer Jiles ready for the fight bounces off the ropes, keeping his body limber. "The Socialite" is unfazed and quickly steps up to the apron, but promptly flees as Cancer approaches the door.] [Cancer backs away from the door and after all of the stalling and tactical mental warfare, finally, Edward White has joined him in the squared circle. Alone, they stand in the ring surrounded by a twenty foot high steel cage.] [Tension. Mounts.] **DDK:** The door has been shut, and this match is officially underway! [Cautiously, the former tag team partners inch their way towards the center of the ring.] **DDK:** Nose to nose! What do you think they're saying to each other right now? **Angus:** Stuff that I can't even say on Pay Per View. [Opening his palm, Edward White, being the distinguished gentleman that he is, shakes the side of Cancer's face.] **SMACK~!** **Angus:** I'VE NEVER! **DDK:** And there goes that pair of sunglasses. [Five faced, Cancer slowly turns his head back and faces his wide-grinning nemesis. More verbal abuse ensues between the two of them, ending with an extremely punctuated White, finger jabbing Jiles to the breastplate. The act is performed with enough force to knock Cancer down to the ground and onto his back!] **DDK:** No way! It isn't.... [Quickly springboarding up, Jiles catches White off guard and sends him crashing to his knees with testicle tap.] **Angus:** What's the capital of Taiwan? Bang-Cock! HA! [Wasting no time, Jiles bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to White's solar plexus-- which sends the Billionaire rolling over backwards! With post haste, King COOL again bounces off the ropes, but this time drops his leg firmly across the back of White's neck.] **DDK:** What a leg drop! Cancer is in high gear here tonight! **Angus:** When isn't he? [Quick to his feet, Cancer decides to kick the downed Edward White a few times past ten. Then, he takes a rest in the corner, and by takes a rest in the corner, I mean he's sitting on the top turnbuckle with his feet resting on the second ropes.] **DDK:** Could be a little early to go high risk. **Angus:** It's never too early for Count COOL. [Turns out Keebler is right. Cancer lunges from the second rope, attempting to go for an elbow drop to the back of White's head. Instead of Cancer finding his mark, he finds the canvas.] **Angus:** Damn that Edward White. I might not enjoy the fact that he is alive, but there's no doubting his ring awareness. [White is groggy, but able to get to his feet. He takes a few steps to shake off Cancer's early blitz attack. Once done, he returns the prior favor by stomping on the back of Cancer's head numerous times past ten. When that is done, he drops down to a knee and slams Cancer's face into the mat for good measure.] [Something to do with dotting your I's and crossing your T's.] [Then, after a fine beration on being a bad investment, White pulls Jiles up to his feet by grabbing him by the back of his head.] **DDK:** This doesn't look good for your boy, Angus. [With a hand full of high style hair, White violently throws Jiles face first into the cage!] **Angus:** Not the face! [Admiring his work, White looks over the Philly native resting awkwardly between the cage and the ropes. After having his fill, he gazes upon his hand-- the one he just used to toss Jiles into the cage with. More importantly than that though, the one that is covered in six different types of hair gels.] [Disgusted, White bends down and uses the side of Cancer's wrestling trunks to clean his hand off.] **Edward White:** Turns out you're good for something afterall. ["The Socialite" chuckles rewardingly, which in turn causes the fans to boo him unmercifully. During this time of jest, Jiles rolls out from the pinch that he is in, and starts to pull himself up with the help of the ropes.] [While Edward is pointing to his head, boasting about how much smarter he is in than everyone else, Cancer attacks him from

behind by clipping him in the knee.] **CRASH~!** [Well, Cancer attempts to clip Edward in the knee. Ya see, White, showing his ring prowess yet again, sidesteps out of the way -- while his back is still turned -- and Cancer slides across the mat and careens back into the prior pinched position from a few seconds ago.] [White shakes his head as if to say this is way tooooooooooooooo easy, and begins making his way towards the cage door. Unopposed, he's about to step through when all of a sudden something hits him flush in the face.] [Something moist.] [Something charcoal in color.] [Something that sticks to his beard like a piece of gum.] **DDK:** Now that's a loogie. **Angus:** I bet everyone thought it was going to be an egg. **DDK:** Huh? **Angus:** You know. [Enraged, White stomps his way back towards Cancer, who now stands between the ropes and the cage. The Billionaire goes to viciously eye poke Jiles for his vulgar act, but The Count is able to flex his ring awareness.] [Think three stooges.] [And a what a move it turns out to be, being the hand Cancer used to block the attack with was the one that's made out of COOLtanium.] [White lunges backward, rubbing between his index and pointer finger as if the area had been hit with a hammer. Jiles calmly steps between the ropes, and mimics White's head pointing from before.] **YEARGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!** **Angus:** Eat your fucking heart out, Narcissist. [The Count stalks up behind White and clubs him over the back with a half effective forearm blast. Then, he quickly follows that up with a jab-kick to the back of the knee, and then finishes the Billionaire off with a short DDT.] **YEAH~!** **DDK:** Impressive combo from Cancer. [Taking his time, Jiles pulls White to his feet and goes to whip him into the ropes. White reverses, and instead it's Jiles who gets sent running. King COOL, being athletic enough to survive Ze Craggen, springboards off the second rope and attempts a moonsault.] **DDK:** Ouch. [Fortunately, Edward White has also survived Ze Craggen, and counters the mid air maneuver with his signature **COCKPUNCH!!**] **Angus:** He should be disqualified for that! This is wrestling **GAWD DAMMET.** **DDK:** I thought everything goes inside the cage? **Angus:** ... [After getting power punched in the junk mid moonsault, obviously, Cancer belly-flops the landing. Instead of him screaming out like a being taken advantage of young Mickey Mouse, he gasps for air. Which, is probably the better of the two alternatives.] [The Billionaire, with devious intent oozing out of his every pore, drags Jiles to his feet and with a running start launches The COOL one face-first in the cage!] **Ewwwwwwwwwwwww.** **DDK:** That one did it. Looks like butterfly stitches will be in his future. **Angus:** Un. Fucking. Real. [Blood slowly begins to trickle from the newly acquired gash on Cancer's forehead.] [As soon as White spots the wound, his eyes roll into the back of his head like the shark that he is. With ultimate vehemence, he reaches down and begins to press Cancer's mug into the crevice where the cage meets the ring. Then, to make matters all the more worse, he decides to vigorously rake Jiles' exquisite jawline back and forth against the chain links!] **DDK:** Forget butterfly stitches, he might need a surgeon to get back to his pretty old self. **Angus:** I have three on speed dial. [After Hannibal Lectorizing Jiles' face, White calmly rolls his patient out from the makeshift operating table, and grabs him by the top of his now blood-red colored hair.] **DDK:** **TRICKLE DOWN THEORY!** Jiles is OUT! [The fans, sensing the worst begin to rally behind the King of COOL.] **CAN-CER! CAN-CER! CAN-CER!** [Only in Defiance will you hear that one.] [After hitting the Hangman's neckbreaker, White casually reaches into his trunks and pulls out a zillion dollar bill with his face on it. He proudly holds it up for all to see.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!** [Then, he tries to stuff it down Jiles' throat.] **YEAH~!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!** [However, the Count is able grab White's hand at the last second, and prevent him from doing so. A struggle of struggles ensues, as if White were holding a combat-knife and trying to stab Jiles in the mouth with it. For thirty seconds, the two men barrel roll around the ring, doing their best to make sure the other doesn't succeed.] [Finally, Jiles is able to dislodge the bill from White's hand, and makes a quick break to his feet. White, no longer caring about the money because there is more where that came from, charges in after him-- swinging wildly with a closed fist. Jiles slyly moves out the way, and dropkicks White in the back, sending him crashing into the cage.] [White doesn't fall to the ground though. Instead, he bounces from off the ropes, stumbling backwards. Right when he's about to regain his balance, he turns around and is greeted with a superkick!] **DDK:** **TERMINAL CANCER FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!!!!!!** The tide has turned! [Jiles drops to his knees, clutching at his bloodied face. Meanwhile, White, quivers like an electrocuted fish on the canvas.] **Angus:** **CUM AWN CANCER! HEAD FOR THE GATE THIS MATCH IS OVER!** [With blood blinding his eyes, Jiles makes his way for the exit. On his hands and knees he crawls, and as he's about to slip out of the cage, Nicky Corrozo, from underneath the ring, reaches out with his massive hand and slams the cage door in Cancer's face!] **THWACK~!** [The Count of COOL's forehead explodes, with blood splattering everywhere. The sheer shock from the pain he's experiencing causes him to jump to his feet and wildly run about the ring clutching at his probably broken something.] **Angus:** Dear god no. [White, now on his feet, collects the unaware Jiles and levels him with a picture perfect sidewalk slam.] **DDK:** What an impact! I think that one even hurt White some! That's how hard he planted the King of COOL! [Corrozo yells to his employer to make his way out. White, still somewhat aloof from the superkick, spins about a few times trying to find his voice.] **Angus:** This is such utter fucking bullshit! How the fuck does Nicky Corrozo fit underneath the fucking ring!?!? **WHAT THE FUCK EVER HAPPENED TO TWO MEN ENTER, ONE MAN LEAVES?!?!?** [White goes to take a step towards victory, but Cancer reaches out and grabs him by the ankle. White

pulls, but Cancer won't let go. Even after a few punches to his split wide wig, Cancer won't let go.] **Edward White:** Fine. Have it your way! [White brings Jiles to his feet, and sets the King of COOL up for Market Failure.] CROWD POP~! [Before White could spike Jiles with the piledriver, Cancer back-body drops the richest wrestler alive. Corrozo, about to charge his way through the door to save the day, is met with a Terminal Cancer of his own, which sends him flying backwards and into the guardrail.] **Angus:** Who's better than this guy? NO ONE. [Jiles wipes the blood from his face as best he can, and when he opens his eyes he see's a wide open cage door without Nicky Corrozo protecting it. He makes his way to the exit, but Edward White is back to his feet and spins The High Chief of COOL around.] [And "The Socialite" unloads with a closed fist, Cancer stumbles backwards but keeping his composure fires back with a right of his own. White also stumbles back and fires off another fist, pounding it into the side of Jiles' temple. Once more Cancer throws another punch, anticipating the reply from White he blocks and continues a succession of punches that force the Billionaire into the corner.] [Jiles locks up with White in the corner attempting to get an advantage, but Edward White always being the opportunist plants a well placed thumb to the eye. Cancer staggers out from the turnbuckle grasping his eye and White pounces.] [Except the pounce was not well timed and Cancer quickly turns White inside out with a haymaker right to his fat cat belly.] **Angus:** I didn't know White knew gymnastics. [Jiles quickly applies a headlock to White, with more emphasis on cutting off the air to the mogul than putting him to sleep. With his eyes almost bulging out of his head, Edward White fights to a vertical stance and plows his elbow into Jiles' stomach. White attempts an Irish whip into the cage, but Jiles having tasted enough steel tonight, breaks hard and sends The Millionaire into the caging for the second time in the evening.] [The crowd roars as Cancer Jiles grabs White by the scalp and proceeds to smash his face into the caging, again and again and again. With blood seeping from above his left eyebrow, Edward White attempts to get out from the side of the cage. As White forcibly presses away from the cage, Cancer lays in the knees to the kidneys, attempting to wear down the Billionaire. Edward gets to his feet, but before he even turns around, Cancer Jiles bounces into the ropes and dropkicks him back into the cage.] **RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH** [With the crowds approval, Cancer smiles big underneath the crimson mask of blood that is now covering his face. He hoists Edward White up and through the second rope and applies a front face lock. Slowly he drags him through and pulls him through stiff and obliterates his face with a giant DDT.] [White lays motionless in the ring, crumbled up and one of his legs still resting on the bottom rope.] **Angus:** Ladies and Gentlemen, Cancer Jiles just murdered Edward White **DDK:** Brutal is the only word that comes to mind after that sickening DDT. **Angus:** I've got three words for you: COOL Valley Driver. **DDK:** ... (Sigh) ... [Cancer looks up, the crowd cheering and chanting and he heads to the door. As he does so, Nicky Corrozo wakes from his superkick induced coma and also heads for the door. Being older and now wiser, Cancer Jiles kicks the door out and towards Nicky Corrozo. The Giant Italian man catches the door and flings it back at Cancer.] **CLAAAANG** [The entire cage shakes and rattles, even Jiles bounces back from the door flying towards him. Unfortunately or fortunately, depending on what side you're on, the metal catch on the door had become forced to the other side, bent in and stuck in place.] [The door that was a means for escape and interference had now been disabled.] [So much for any Jane Katze spot.] [With that, the only way out is up. And that's where Cancer Jiles goes, climbing up the turnbuckle and up the vertex of the cage, he continues up, both hands on the cage, one foot in a chain link hole and the next foot to follow as soon as he just lifts the rest of his body up.] [No Dice.] [Edward White is up again and grabs him by the ankle, yanking him down back to the top of the turnbuckle. Cancer Jiles kicks wildly at him but "The Socialite" avoids Count COOL's 12 size boot. Jiles balances on the turnbuckle for a moment, but before he can make the leap of faith, White bounces into the ropes and causes Jiles to collapse bawls first into the turnbuckle.] **DDK:** I don't care who you are... that's just uncalled for. [Edward White, steps onto the first rope and lays in the punches, hard. Cancer Jiles reels back and forth on the turnbuckle, attempting to stop his new found nausea and stop the assault from his former tag team partner. He fends off White with a few jabs and shots to the face and Edward drops back down. Jiles brings one of his legs over the ropes but White is back up again, this time with a hellacious headbutt.] [White falls back to the turnbuckle, dazed by the self inflicted blow but Cancer Jiles is far worse, now halfway passed out leaning against the cage. Edward White lifts himself off the canvas and does the unspeakable, he climbs the turnbuckle.] **DDK:** Edward White is scaling the same turnbuckle as COOL Cancer Jiles. It's very rare that we see "The Socialite" go high rent with these things. **Angus:** Dude, it's a cage match, the door is busted it's not like he can get a helicopter inside the arena. OH GOD. [White scales the turnbuckle and hooks Cancer Jiles' head under his shoulder.] **DDK:** What?! **Angus:** I pray to JESUS that he doesn't have a helicopter come in here to rescue him. **DDK:** It looks worse Angus... much worse. [And he was right, Cancer knew it too and despite the massive amounts of cobwebs, he knew what was coming. Trying to fight off White with more jabs to the ribs, Edward replies with yet another headbutt. He hooks Jiles once again and hoists him up.] [SUUUUUPERRRRRRRPLEEEEEEEEX] [The two men crash in the center of the ring.] [Cancer Jiles taking the brunt of the impact, his right leg twitches.] [Edward White doesn't look too hot either, as he crawls to the bottom rope. Inching towards the door of the cage, he soon discovers that it is indeed broken shut.

Wiping blood from his eyes, he yells to Nicky loud enough for the camera crowds to hear, "Get the blow torch".] [Nicky quickly leaves the ring side in search of a blow torch for his boss. In the meantime, Edward White gains his vertical base, as Cancer begins to stir.] [Posting up in the corner, White collects himself by blotting his wounds with a silk- handkerchief. Jiles, barely able to stand, somehow musters the strength needed to post up in the opposite corner. The two men stare across the ring at each other. Both bleeding. Both throbbing. Both for the worse.] **DDK:** I guess this is round two? [Jiles, wobbling around in the corner, motions for White to come his way. White, not liking to be ordered around, motions for Jiles to come his way. Then, Cancer quickly spins around as if he had just been injected with a shot of Tom Sawyer Juice, and begins to climb the cage. White, caught off guard, charges over and to his chagrin, is met with a flying cross-body splash.] **Angus:** DING! [Jiles rolls off of White, and struggles to get to his feet. He falls back into the corner, buying some more time to recover as White clutches at his abdomen in the center of the ring. White, spying an opportunity, fights through the pain and snaps to his feet. He goes raging into the corner and attempts to clothesline Jiles through the cage.] **Angus:** Like I said, who is better than this guy? [Instead of beheading Count COOL, White misses and goes crashing into the corner. Jiles, waiting to strike, allows White to take a step or two back before successfully clipping him behind the knee.] **DDK:** Gonna be hard to climb the cage if ya can't walk. [White crumbles to the mat in pain, and Jiles, still trying to recover from the superplex, again rests in the corner.] **DDK:** What if both of these guys die in there? Then what? **Angus:** Cancer Jiles is immortal, dummy. **DDK:** Right. [Jiles, hoping for the best, once again decides to scale the cage. Of course, each step takes an hour, and each link up increases the risk of falling unceremoniously to the canvas.] [White meanwhile, is back on his feet, walking ever so gingerly towards the absconding Jiles. He reaches out, but Jiles is high up enough that he has to put some pressure on that clipped leg, and therefore is able to pull him down.] [Instead of standing there and watching Jiles take three hours to finish climbing the cage, White climbs up the turnbuckles and joins in on the fun. Jiles tries to fend White off, but eventually both men are side by side, clinging to the cage.] [A punch here. A slight kick there, but nothing damaging enough to remove the other from their position.] **DDK:** Are they doing what I think they are doing? [Near the apex, both men realize what must be done. White and Jiles climb to the top, straddling the cage like a prior million dollar call girl they had once enjoyed.] [Jiles throws the first fist and White sways towards the ring side to fire off another punch. Cancer feints as if he's about to fall off the caging and down towards the flooring but gets his balance once more to open hand smack Edward right in the mouth. White reaches into his trunks and spins his head around to be greeted by...] **Angus:** POISON COOOOOOL MIIIIISTTT~! [Now mixed with the crimson blood that bled into Edward's eyes is a green coating of asian mist. Before the Billionaire tumbled off the top of the cage and into the ring once more, he managed to throw a cloud of platinum dust into the vicinity of Count COOL's head and shoulder area.] **DDK:** Cancer Jiles had Edward White well scouted on the Platinum Dust but even after the poison mist, he still got a handful of the luxury metal. **Angus:** But at what cost? **DDK:** Absolutely Angus, "The Socialite" is now belly up in the ring, counting the lights in the rafters. And Jiles is on the verge of victory, all he has to do is climb over the cusp of the caging and make his way down to the ground. **Angus:** That's nice and all, but how much do you think that platinum dust is worth? \$10,000? \$20,000? [Cancer holds himself steady on top of the cage and while getting hit with the platinum dust, he managed to only be blinded in one eye. He looks to the ground and then back to the ring, then back again. He inches towards the corner of the caging, and begins to take balance on either side, standing tall with the crowd chanting, cheering and screaming loud.] [Edward White stirs in the ring, taking a knee and spitting the Asian mist and knocked loose flem from his lungs. Still with his vision blurred and his head probably now concussed, he gets to his feet, looking for Cancer Jiles. Instead, he feels the shadow of Cancer from up above and before he even knows what to do next, Commander Cool leaps from the top of the cage.] [450 Mongo Chawp] **Angus:** ... OH_MY_GOD [Both men are down.] [And the crowd is going nuts, instant replay galore.] [By standard rules, both men would be out for the ten-count, but that doesn't matter inside the steel cage.] [Cancer Jiles is the first one to stir, holding his Mongo chomping hand for a moment, he shakes it out to get blood back into it. Edward White is still down, blood pooling now on the ring canvas and his breathing more shallow than before. Jiles looks down at him and shakes his head.] [He motions to the crowd that this is it and he's going to finish the Billionaire. Hoisting the Fat Cat up, he tucks his head in between his legs and signals for the piledriver] **DDK:** Jiles is going for The Market Failure, one of White's signature moves! **Angus:** YESSSSSSSSSSSS! [He pulls back but Edward White fights the hold, Cancer slams his fist into White's back and jerks him up halfway but White still isn't going for it and drops to his knees. Jiles still holds on but for his trouble gets a forearm right to the groin.] [Count COOL doubles over and White hoists him up on his shoulders, reaching over and hooking his opponents neck; Death Valley Driver, Stock Market Drop on its way. However, Cancer shows just as much ring awareness of The Billionaire and grabs hold of the top rope blocking his attempt. Edward White muscles him away from the ropes, but Jiles slips out of the hold and administers the first and only technical move of the evening, a vicious German suplex.] [Edward White is folded up like an accordion. Bent over backwards, he flops to the side to see Cancer Jiles climbing the cage once again. White scrambles to his feet and

grabs Jiles by the boot, The High Chief of COOL once again kicks him off and back to the canvas but Edward is right back up again. Cancer yells "Fuck it, YOLO" and springboards off the cage and into White.] **Angus:** You only YOLO once Kiebs, you remember that. **DDK:** Duly noted, but Jiles may have wanted to think that one through a bit more. [Rather than crashing into the canvas with The Billionaire to cushion his fall, "The Socialite" has caught Jiles in the crossbody block. Cancer panics and tries to squirm his way out, but to no avail, White tosses him over with a fallaway slam.] [Edward sits on the canvas, looking towards the rampway, there's no sign of his business partners with a blowtorch. I guess those things are hard to find or something.] [White climbs up the turnbuckle slowly and begins to make his ascent up the caging. With every step higher he makes, the crowd boos with more fervor, reinforcing his efforts tenfold. White extends his left hand to the top of the caging and the crowd pops. Cancer Jiles is back to his feet and is right behind "The Socialite". Edward tries to fight him off with a kick while still trying to maintain his spot on the cage, but Jiles hooks White by the legs and sends him screaming down the canvas with an impromptu powerbomb.] [Jiles balances himself on the top of the turnbuckle and holds his hands off to either side and takes the plunge too.] **DDK:** Suicide Diving Headbutt! **Angus:** IT'S NOT A TOO-MAH! **DDK:** This is Madness! [Count COOL miraculously picks himself up after a short time of recovery, either because he's blacked out and his body is on cruise control or due to performance enhancing drugs. He pulls White up into a seated position and wrenches in a choke hold. Edward is barely able to fight off the attack and is brought to his feet. Cancer grabs him by the hair and flings him hard into the cage.] [White bounces off the cage and lands hard under the bottom rope. Jiles lays in the boots to The Billionaire and enters the gap between the ring and cage to continue with an assault of closed fists. Edward struggles to even block the shots.] [Cancer drags him up to his knees and rakes his face across the chain link fence, leaving a trail of blood across the metal. Jiles leaves the gap and enters the ring, where he bounces into the opposite ring ropes and dives through the ropes and into White.] [Well, it would be where White was at, until he moved out of the way last second. Cancer eats the steel cage and falls in between the ring and caging with Edward White. "The Socialite" feeling a bit more vindictive after the beating he had just received grabs Cancer by the back of the head and proceeds to face wash Jiles' against the cage.] [Cancer fires a jab to the ribs but White lifts a knee right to the gut cutting him off. He grabs another hand full of Count COOL's red stained blonde hair and smashes his face into the cage, once, twice, three times, four times and on the fifth time he releases him full force into the cage.] **DDK:** Man is not meant to take this sort of punishment. **Angus:** Man?! Think about that cage, what'd it ever do to anyone?! [Jiles crumbles against the cage and Edward White yells to the crowd "One more time." As he lays his manicured hands on Cancer's head, he gets a taste of his own medicine, a cockpunch to end all cockpunches.] [White doubles over, grabbing at his manhood and inching backwards into the side of turnbuckle. Jiles lays in a side kick, followed by a closed fist and knife edge chop. White attempts to climb back into the ring but as he does so Jiles grabs him by the head and pulls him back over the top rope, clubbing at his chest with closed fists.] [With White bent over the top rope, Cancer forced the middle rope up to the top and locks The Billionaire's arms in place.] [Cancer Jiles lays in a few more punches, meticulously laying his heavy punch after heavy punch. He backs off and heads to the other side of the ring. "The Socialite" tries to wiggle his way out, fearing the Jiles would make an easy escape outside of the cage, but he soon realizes that the punishment isn't over.] [Jiles runs at him full steam ahead and delivers a sickening knee strike to the face. Edward White bounces up and down, his head violently shaking and resting in a slumped position. Count COOL isn't done either, he runs back into the ropes and bounces back, even faster this time and connects with a giant turnbuckle, turning both men inside out and flipping into the cage.] [Hard.] **DDK:** Oh no! The cage is giving way! **Angus:** Who the fuck built this thing?! [The side of the cage by the entrance ramp collapses and both men simultaneously land on the outside but still on the side of the caging. With both men sprawled out on the caging, the referee on the outside scrambles to make a ruling. He looks over the cage, somewhat in disbelief of what he just saw and had been watching, but since neither man has touched the ground, the match must go on.] [Enormous crowd pop.] [Both men stir, getting to their knees. They finally realize what has occurred and Edward White quickly attempt to flee off the caging and get hold of the outside. Knowing his former tag team partner well, Cancer Jiles grabs him by the ankle and drags him into the center of the caging, hooking the back leg and wrenching in a crossface to complete an STF on the fallen piece of the cage.] [Edward White screams in agony, much to the delight of the crowd but frees himself by slipping out of the hold, courtesy of the blood across his forehead. Cancer isn't done, he pulls yanks him up and drops him back down to the ring with a snap suplex. White arches his back in pain and reaches out to an imaginary figure.] [Cancer is on the offensive, laying in closed fist after closed fist to the temple of the Billionaire. The crowd is loving every moment of "The Socialite's" pummelling. And so is Count COOL.] [As if to say "Fuck you" one more time to his former partner, he hoists him up again and leans him against the side of the apron and stomps his foot to the ground. The crowd begins to stomp, cheer and cry; as does Angus.] **Angus:** TERMINAL CANCER, DO IT, CAVE HIS FACE IN! [Cancer lifts his foot up.] [Edward White's eyes roll into the back of his head as he falls.] [And so does Cancer Jiles.] **Angus:** WHAT_THE_FUCK **DDK:** ... [Hector Perez, Edward White's long time Foreign

Advisor and Bodyguard, a man who was thought to be paralyzed after being thrown off of the closed cage by Sylo at War Games, had returned. And returned he did, by tackling Cancer Jiles face first into the apron of the ring.] **Angus:** This is absolute bullshit. [And the crowd agreed, booing as loud as possible as Hector Perez pulled Cancer Jiles' almost lifeless body out from under the ring area and back into the squared circle. With a few gentle slaps to Edward White's face, he regains some consciousness, enough to stand up on his own and re-enter the ring as well.] ["The Socialite" grabs Cancer Jiles by the neck, hoisting him up to his own shoulders and mocks the crowd for a moment, blood dripping down his nose and into his beard. Death Valley Driver.] [The COOL Commander lies motionless in the ring.] **DDK:** Stock Market Drop delivered to Cancer Jiles, just adding insult to injury. **Angus:** I bet Mr. Moneybags isn't even going to climb the cage. Bullshit. Absolute Bullshit. **DDK:** You're right Angus. 100% right. [With the capacity crowd roaring at maximum hatred, Edward White slinks out of the ring, below the bottom rope and gingerly walks across the steel cage. Looking back at the ring, Cancer Jiles is out cold, motionless and still. He crosses the top of the cage and steps to the outside of the ring.] [DING DING DING] [The referee and Hector Perez raise Edward White's hand, as the crowd throws garbage and whatever they can at The Billionaire and his associate.] **Angus:** I could have dealt with a helicopter coming to save Edward White, I could have dealt with the referee fucking over Cancer Jiles in some stupid last minute rule change, hell, I could have even dealt with Jeff Andrews coming out here on a John Deere tractor and running Cancer over after the match -- but this, this right here... It's an all time low. **DDK:** I concur, but in the record books tonight, Edward White has defeated Cancer Jiles in the steel cage. **Angus:** This_is_bullshit... oh, come on! Not him too!

Sermon on the Mount

[From the back we see emerge the other half of The Blood Diamonds. Still dressed in his gear and still very much so basking in the glow of his own victory earlier in the night. The new number one contender to the FIST of Defiance... the "Bombastic" Bronson Box. The Wargod strolls over to where Hector Perez is propping up the still very much bleeding "Socialite" Edward White. Bronson tosses the microphone in his left hand about a bit obviously contemplating his words very carefully.]

[With the crowd at a fever pitch Bronson just smiles and slowly brings the microphone to his lips.] **Bronson Box:** Edward White requested one thing from me when he approached me to be his partner. He took me aside and he looked at me with the most sincere look I've ever seen. He looked at me and said "Bronson... you're a beast. But honestly that's just a bonus, I'm not hiring you for that." he said, he said "I'm hiring you for your way with words, I'm hiring you because you're a man who can seemingly make things happen through sheer force will." [Bronson's words only stoke the crowd. Pure hatred is reigning down on The Blood Diamonds. The Socialite, still loopy from the match, smiles out over the teeming masses with obvious satisfaction.] [But if we could see behind Edward White's eyes we'd see a plan coming together.] **Bronson Box:** He said "I know people, and you're special. You're someone I want in my corner for what's to come." And that cut me to my core. Before me stood not an adversary but a FRIEND. What I took for arrogance was shockingly justified. Ladies and gentlemen Edward White is the last honest man in professional wrestling! [The crowd loses their shit at that the feet of THAT one. Trash starts raining down into the entrance area and up the ramp right to the Blood Diamond trios feet.] **Bronson Box:** Honest and powerful... as is evident by Mr. Jiles coughing up several pints of blood right down there in that ring amidst all that twisted steel at this very bloody MOMENT. What you just witnessed just now ladies and gentlemen was the main event of this evening. Cancer Jiles for all his faults showed great fortitude, riding Edward White's coat tails to what most certainly will be considered the blasted MATCH OF THE NIGHT, on this much we can all most certainly agree. [Surprisingly, peppered throughout the cascade of pure hate we hear a few cheers and a smattering of applause.] **Bronson Box:** Me personally, lads? I don't bloody care about Jeff Andrews and his gaggle of who's and never was' and I never bloody have. I've said it for months now to the point where I'm... [Box starts to pace about the stage. Edward and Hector are at this point looking directly at Boxer with rapt and sincere attention. Box grins and shakes his head in astonishment.] **Bronson Box:** I'm shocked at where we've all found ourselves is all. Men such as these can perform at such a level as all this and somehow not find themselves near the main event... why is that? Why are performers like myself and Edward White shuffled into the wings and the rafters for all our hard work? And in favor of what? Jeff Andrews and his lot versus a BLOODY RETIREMENT HOME! Walker? Light? BLOODY GREER?! AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SAME TIRED LOT SHOVED DOWN OUR GULLET! If it's not the schemers like Andrews and Goldman its the tyrants like Dane and ESEN. They step on innovation. The step on evolution. The old guard grips to their precious spots like bloated fat dying men desperately reaching for one last unearned morsel to shove in their gaping and quite wholly undeserving maws. But Team Danger are a novelty act, harmless honestly. Good for a laugh, see the old bulls smashing into the opposition again... it's our peerless champion that's the current problem... ain't he? [Now standing under his own power Edward nods along with his partners stirring commentary. He steps forward and whispers a short something into Boxer's ear. Bronson looks over at The Socialite questioningly. A flash of... worry?... crosses Bronson's face? What did Edward White just say to Box? What could elicit that sort of reaction from the most volatile man in professional wrestling?] [Ed just pops his neck.] [Smiles.] [And nods. Box shrugs and brings the microphone back to his lips, we hear him quietly mouth "you're bloody mad, you know that?" directed towards Edward, obviously.] **Bronson Box:** Jeff Andrews has shown himself to be a coward. A politician. A man so wrapped up in his own selfish EGO he obliterated a partnership with a man who gave him... well, he gave him Defiance. Eric Dane trusted Jeff Andrews with his namesake, with his reputation, his business and Jeff was careless with that trust. But lets be honest, we all saw this or something like this coming. Jeff Andrews is so desperate to keep the world talking about Jeff Andrews he'd do just about ANYTHING... an emotion I know so well. The difference is for all my faults? For all of Edward White's faults? Wrath, greed we could list all the big ones and they'd fit, we're not that bloody delusional. But we're MEN. We might stand on the broken bodies and broken lives of the sad sacks of UNWORTHY and UNWASHED human excrement that dare cross our path but at least we stand on GOD DAMNED SOMETHING! Edward White just KILLED HIMSELF IN THAT RING AND HE'S READY FOR BLOODY MORE, DO YOU PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THAT?! **DDK:** What? **Angus:** Yeah, what? [The crowd has the same general reaction.] [Box just looks over at Ed and the two share a knowing glance.] [Oh the plans of dangerous men...] **Bronson Box:** Jeff Andrews is a mewling child. Kai Scott is a coward. Ronnie Long doesn't even deserve to BE HERE. Useless stable

fodder to carry water for the “big boss” and his WHORE WIFE still after all these years DEVOID OF ANY AND ALL PERSONALITY! The lot of you all deserve one another. Four lazy delusional fools all draped in the flag of a promotion nobody gives a DAMN about. OLV? WWA? THIS IS BLOODY DEFIANCE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I swear to Christ, if it's not Andrews dredging up the memory of that blasted promotion of his it's this WORSHIP of the MEMORY of the blasted World Wrestling Alliance... how can this perfect engine of violence truly blossom when short sighted men like Andrews hold sway? He's like a widower years later still rocked by the loss of his only love. Jeff Andrews just couldn't handle being second banana to Eric Dane and his dream so Jeff did what every talentless hack does... he stole a great idea and started slowly, desperately, pathetically trying to recreate Old Line bloody Wrestling. Because that time in that miniscule little speck of a promotion was the only time in poor little Jeff's career he meant ANYTHING to this sport. **Angus:** Fuck him and Edward stupid fuckin' White... but the man's spittin' all kinds of truth here. [Darren agrees quietly and shushes his partner.] **Bronson Box:** Mediocrity. Painful mediocrity. Jeff Andrews and his pathetic insecurities are making a spectacle of this promotion. His stink is so great he's attracting FLIES! Flies like Dan Ryan, our new FIST of Defiance! The irony SICKENS ME! The ultimate outsider! An ESEN golden boy, the new FIST of Defiance! A title that by its very definition was supposed to be everything the World title WASN'T whilst it was being held captive. Now? Around the waist of some outsider who no more knows what it is to be truly DEFIANT, not on his pathetic life. Brought in under Andrews alongside so many other failed experiments by our dear leader all to snuff out any trace of true DEFIANCE. Well not any longer. I CRUSHED that ant Justin Voss and earned my shot at that FIST, Mr. Ryan. You think stomping Christian Light is some sort of big victory? Do you think beating some... WOMAN... earns you the right to wear that strap? Dan Ryan for the first time since you signed on with this promotion you're going to get a true taste of what it is to be a member of the DEFIANCE roster. You sir are my new focus. My prize. [Boxer stops and lets that last bit hang in the air for a moment.] **Bronson Box:** I'm going to take my time and remind you, these people... and Jeff Andrews what DEFIANCE was about before it got muddled with that bloody tournament that lead to this bloody mess in the first place. I'm going to use you as an example, Mr. Ryan, that the mediocrity plaguing this promotion, from the bottom to the very top is quite... curable. The FIST of Defiance is going to belong to the actual fist of Defiance. And I... [Bronson looks back at a very satisfied Edward White.] **Bronson Box:** And WE... aim to bloody use it. [Bronson drops the microphone, then moves to coldly stalk backstage. With the production truck full of screaming and finger-pointing about being behind schedule, we cut to backstage one final time. Back to that tingle-producing TD logo.]

Ya did good, kid!

[The door to the Team Danger locker room opens without even so much as a knock. Standing in the doorway, looking like a kid who used to have a puppy, now just has roadkill, was Tom Sawyer. His denim jacket was gone, leaving him in just a heavily-scissored orange-and-red SAWYER MADNESS tee-shirt. The writing was all lightning-style, and diagonal.]

Stephen Greer: Nice shirt. Vintage stuff always sells. [The stripper sitting on Greer's lap agrees.] **Ty Walker:** Did nobody ever teach you to knock? The MANNERS on children these days! **Tom Sawyer:** I... couldn't get the Coin back. Heidi smashed it. [Greer, Walker and Light stare at Tom for a moment. Calmly, Stephen Greer taps the stripper in the lime-green miniskirt on the hip. She pops to her feet, and Greer clears his throat, leaning forward.] **Stephen Greer:** I don't know what you're talking about, who you think you're talking to, or what state this is, but I think you should just go home, kid. If you aren't even booked on this show, I don't see why we should bot- **Christian Light:** Listen. Tom, thanks for the offer. It's nice to know that you have my back. Good Fight representing. But we've got this handled. Why don't you just go find a seat and watch the rest of the show? [Tom glances around the room, stepping forward into the locker room fully. Nobody else was on the benches with them, except for the stripper now perching primly onto Ty Walker's lap... Or trying to, at least. As soon as she went near Walker's knees, Walker expertly guided the stripper down onto the bench beside him, where he could shove his face in her titties.] **Tom Sawyer:** Who'd you get? 'Cuz if it's Voss or Ryan or someone, they already had a match. I'm fresh. I co- [In the corner of the room, where the omnipresent camera couldn't even see, there was a shadow. And from inside the shadow, there came the clearing of a throat followed by the sound of hot gravel.] **???:** You did good, kid. You saw it all coming, you warned everybody you could, and you stuck out the fight. I'm here now, though, and you can sit this one out. [Tom, Christian, Ty and Stephen all look to the corner... And out of the shadows flies a bundle. Tom catches it gracefully, taking the mass of fabric and unfolding it... A leather jacket. Tom stares at the back of the jacket, mouth agape.] **???:** Tommy-boy, you come see me in the office when this is all over with. Gentlemen? We have a slaughter to attend. [And just as he steps out of the shadow, we cut to ringside.]

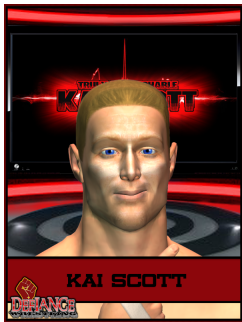
The Untouchables vs Team Danger

DDK: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ITS MAIN EVENT TIME! **Angus:** Team Danger will salvage this shittty night, I just know they will... **DDK:** Well, I... **Angus:** TEEEEEE DEEEEE BABY! WOOOOOOOOOH! FUCK YEAH!

Quimbey: Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest is your main event of the evening! [Cue the pop.] **Angus:** About fucking time! [Also, cue "Sin's a Good Man's Brother", the Grand Funk Railroad original. Including the soft guitar intro, which plays along behind Quimbey's voice.] **Quimbey:** It will be an eight person tag team match, set for one fall, with no time limits! Additionally, if the reigning World Champion is pinned during the match, the person who pins him will become the NEW Defiance World Champion! [THAT RIFF blasts out.] **Quimbey:** Introducing! First, hailing from Black Hawk, Colorado, and weighing in at 256 lbs! He is The Gravedigger... RONNIE...



LOOONNNGGG!!! ♪ Ain't seen a night ♪ Things work out right, go bye! ♪ Things on my mind ♪ And I just don't have the time, and it, it don't seem right ♪ [Ronnie Long, black trenchcoat and shovel, walks out onto the ramp.] **Quimbey:** His tag team partner! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! He is the Ace of Heels, and the man they call 'Truly Untouchable'! He is KAAAIII... SSCCCCCCOOOOOTTTT!!!!



[Scott joins Long on the ramp, throwing his arms out to the sides and slowly spinning like he thinks he's the Pope or something.] ♪ This might seem a little bit crazy ♪ But I don't think that we should be so lazy ♪ You think you've heard this before ♪ Well stick around, I'm gonna tell you more ♪ **Quimbey:** Their tag team partner. Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! She is known as the Sexy Submission



Siren, and the Queen of All Wrestling. HEIDI... CHHRRIIIIIISSSTEENNNSSOOONN!!!!!!

[Heidi walks out. She's wearing her full gi outfit, only, the wrists and ankles are tattered. When she breaks down, she lives the breakdown.] ♪ One's just like the other ♪ Sin's a good man's brother, but is that right ♪ You tell me that I don't ♪ Then I say I won't, but then I might ♪ **Quimbey:** And the team leader. Hailing from Baltimore, Maryland, and weighing in at 256 lbs. He is the King of the Bittermen. The Cross-wired Timebomb. He Who Once Was Dubbed 'The Man'. And he is the REIGNING Defiance World Champion! ♪ Said 'this is the way it's supposed to be' ♪ But it just don't seem right to me ♪ And that's out of sight ♪ Some folks need an education ♪ Don't give






up or we'll lose the nation ♪ Quimbey: JEFF! AAAAAAANNNNNDDRRREWWWS!!!!

[Andrews appears at the top of the ramp as the other Untouchables enter the ring, and he raises the World Title above his head.] ♪ *Say we need a revolution ♪ Seems to be the only solution ♪* [Andrews jumps the top rope and joins the other Untouchables in the ring.] **Angus:** God DAMNIT fuck these guys so God damn hard, FUCK. **DDK:** The manipulator Kai Scott, the heavy Ronnie Long, the hellcat Heidi Christenson and for better or worse the Defiance World Heavyweight Champion Jeff Andrews! The Untouchables are in full effect here Angus. **Angus:** Yeah, and that effect is fucking nausea. **Quimbey:** And now their opponents and challengers... [Mike E. Clark's rudimentary guitar licks begin ramping up through the P.A. system, and any DEFIANCE Faithful worth his weight in piss and vinegar knows what time it is.] **Angus:** yesyesyesyesyesyesyes! It's ACW all over again! [The house lights drop.] [Jamie Madrox, Twiztid's Multiple Man, hijacks the speakers.] ♪ *We ain't underground by accident ♪ There's only a select few that can handle this ♪ Freak shit ♪ Apparition of a poltergeist ♪ Blessed with a heart ♪ But is cold as ice and broken twice ♪ Now I walk with an axe ♪ Dressed in all jet black with contacts ♪ Straight maniac ♪ Warlock, Samhain and Salem's Lot ♪ Sand through the hourglass ticking of the clock ♪* [Three orange spotlights pierce the darkness on top of the stage as The Monoxide Child takes over for the next verse of "We Don't Die."] ♪ *If you don't know by now it's too late ♪ We the most serious thing on the market since date rape ♪ We the dead ♪ We don't explain or feel pain, beserko ♪ Keep it underground to maintain ♪ Bitch you better checknuts ♪ I'm doing voodoo in 66 in 6 months ♪ Ridin' in a digged out hearse with gold spokes ♪ Puffin' on 2 ton blunt with dead folks and it's like that ♪* **Quimbey:** Weighing in at a combined weight of 731lbs, holding a combined forty-two million World and World Tag Team titles in their combined illustrious careers... ♪ *Axe Murderers, we don't die ♪ Serial Killers, we don't die ♪ Freaks of the Night, we don't die ♪ We get high, we don't die ♪*



Quimbey: TEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAM DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANGEEEEEEER!!!




   [As if from nowhere the three active members of Team Danger step into the spotlights. First, dressed in a Team Danger Hockey Jersey and cargo shorts is the King of Pain himself, Stephen Green, followed quickly by Tyrone Walker in a Tee-Dee basketball jersey and cargo shorts and then the Master of Wrestling, Christian Light, wearing a Team Danger t-shirt and his usual wrestling attire.] **Angus:**

AGAIN BARRENI! MOTHER FUCKING TEAM DANGER ARE HERE! [Fans close to the ring can hear the Untouchables singing about having the numbers advantage. Nobody can see anything but the three former World Champions standing defiantly under orange lights.] [Dramatically, the music and the spotlights drop at the same time.] **DDK:** What now? **Angus:** You were there, Keebs. I made a call. **DDK:** London Freemantle is **not** here you dolt. **Angus:** Nope. Worse. [A jangy New York beat fills the speakers, and an eerie glow emanates from the top of the stage where the members of Team Danger just were. The beat is familiar, the work of the Wu-Tang Clan's RZA.] [The glow gets brighter, it's almost bluish at first, but it comes together, as if from thin air. What you're looking at is a hologram, produced in the same exact method as the Tupac hologram who played Coachella several months ago. That's right, Dr. Dre is in the building.] [But back to the one on the stage right now.] [It sure as hell ain't Tupac.] ♫ *Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga ♫ ♫ Wu buck wild with the trigger! ♫ ♫ Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga ♫ ♫ Wu buck- I FUCK yo' ass up! What? ♫* [That's right. The Ol' Dirty Bastard himself.] [His ghost is joined onstage by the surviving members of the Wu-Tang Clan, all sporting various 25 Years of Wu paraphernalia and enough light has been provided so that the performance can easily be seen throughout the arena.] ♫ *(HUT ONE, HUT TWO, HUT THREE, HUT!)* ♫ ♫ *Ol' Dirty Bastard, live and uncut! ♫ ♫ Styles unbreakable, shatterproof ♫ ♫ To the young youth, ya wanna get gun? Shoot! ♫ ♫ BLAOW! How you like me now? Don't fuck the style ♫ ♫ Ruthless wild! ♫ ♫ Do ya wanna getcha teeth knocked the FUCK out? ♫ ♫ Wanna get on it like that, well then shout! ♫* [As you can imagine, the DEFIANCE Faithful go apeshit, and those who "get it" are cackling themselves silly in their chairs. Everyone else is dancing like an idiot.] ♫ *Yo RZA, yo razor! ♫ ♫ Hit me with the major ♫ ♫ The damage, my Clan understand it be flavor ♫ ♫ Gunnin, hummin comin atcha ♫ ♫ First I'm gonna getcha, once I gotcha, I gat-cha ♫ ♫ You could never capture the Method Man's stature ♫ ♫ For rhyme and for rapture, got niggaz resigning, now master ♫ ♫ my style? Never! I put the fucking buck in the wild kid, I'm terror ♫ ♫ Razor sharp, I sever ♫ ♫ the head from the shoulders, I'm better ♫ ♫ than my compeda, you mean competitor, whadeva! ♫ ♫ Let's get together ♫* [The three members of Team Danger join the legendary denziens of the 36 Chambers on stage, dancing and being all very hardcore and gangster. Well, mostly Walker and Greer. To say that Christian Light is out of place here would be something of an understatement.] ♫ *Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga ♫ ♫ Wu buckwild with the tri-BLAOW! ♫ ♫ I react so thick, I'm phat, and YO! ♫ ♫ Rae came blowing and blew off ya headphones black ♫ ♫ Rap from yo Cali to Texas ♫ ♫ Smoother than a Lexus, now's my turn to WRECK this ♫ ♫ Brothers approach and half step, but ain't heard ♫ ♫ HALF of it yet, and I bet you're not a fuckin vet ♫ ♫ So, when you see me on the real, formin like Voltron ♫ ♫ Remember I got deep like a Navy Seal! ♫* [The crowd is hot, the music is hype, but the roof only thinks it's already blown off the place. The roof, however, doesn't know what I know.] ♫ *Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga ♫ ♫ Wu buck wild with the trigger! ♫ ♫ Shame on a nigga who try to run game on a nigga ♫ ♫ I'll FUCK YOUR ASS UP! ♫* [Like a puff of smoke ODB is gone and the stage-lights drop again.] [And slowly they rise.] [And slowly, the crowd figures it out.]

RAAAHHH!!! [Standing front and center, dressed to wrestle, and surrounded by the three men left in the wrestling business who he considers friends is the one man that Jeff Andrews never wanted to see again.] [Come on, now. You know.] **Quimbey:** And their TAG TEAM PARTNER! Hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana by way of Detroit, Michigan, a former multiple time Regional, National, International and WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **Quimbey:** Not only that but he is the Owner, Founder, CEO, and President of DEFIANCE WRESTLING... THEEEEEEEEEEE ONLY STAAAAAAAAAAR!!! EEEEEEEEEEEER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!CCCCCCCCCCCC!!!



**Eric
DANE**

Angus: God

prove.] **DDK:** Here's Light's first shot at Andrews! We very well could see a new champion here, Agnus! **Angus:** Anything's better than The Untoucha-toolbox and his stupid friends... speaking of which where the fuck are Ty Walker and Heidi Christenson? [Darren answers some unheard producer in his headset.] **DDK:** Yeah... well are we getting a camera back... there is? Fantastic! Angus we're going out to the concession area of the Mellon Arena where I'm told Heidi and Ty Walker are brawling amongst the fans! After Heidi speared Walker through the ropes and down onto the entrance ramp they hopped the guardrail! [We cut to a giant bloody and oh so very black Ty Walker circling beautiful blonde Heidi Christenson like we suddenly slipped into some weird racist snuff film. The two grapplers, completely surrounded by screaming Defiance faithful, lunge towards one another.] [Heidi landing a devastating back kick to Walker's midsection, grabbing the massive African American by the fro and gear and launching him headfirst through a nearby "You Are Here" freestanding glass map that was bolted to the floor just a few steps away amongst the screaming fans.] **Angus:** Holy. Fucking. SHIT. [Heidi brushes a strand of hair out of her face as she stares down at Walker, a sea of black t-shirts screaming bloody murder behind her.] **DDK:** TYRONE WALKER JUST LAUNCHED THROUGH THAT POSTER CASE, OH MY GOD! THAT WAS AN INCH OF SOLID GLASS BOLTED TO THE FLOOR, ANGUS! We'll get back to this horror show in just a moment, back to the ring! [We cut back to Christian Light and his busted wide open nose doing his best to fend off a deluge of kicks from Jeff Andrews. Eric Dane can be heard screaming for the tag from ringside. Light having begged off the Defiance founders request several times.] **DDK:** Light wants that title, Angus. **Angus:** Tag out you stupid prick! [Finally, like Angus' plea was the straw that broke the camel's back, Light traps Andrews' leg after a failed kick attempt and trips the reigning world champion sending him down onto his ass. Light rolls through towards his corner and tags in Eric Dane.] [Light stepping out onto the apron to nurse his wounds... and his ego for that matter after a stern look from Dane.] **DDK:** Dane knows for Team Danger to come out on top that title has to remain secondary for Light, if not? That's a weakness, a distraction The Untouchables are bound to notice. [Andrews immediately backs off, almost as though he's thinking of running away. At the last second he changes his mind, rushes at Dane, Dane ducks the wild punch and...] **THWAAACK!** **Angus:** OH GOD YES CHOP CHOP CHOP! [Down goes Andrews, his chest red, a blister already probably forming. Up he gets, AND ANOTHER CHOP FROM DANE!] [Long decides to help Andrews. Greer decides that he shouldn't. The King of Pain and the Gravedigger tumble over the top rope and land at ringside, right in front of the commentary table.] [Dane backs Jeff back into the nearest corner and goes about lighting the "champs" chest up like a fucking Christmas tree. Every contact of hand to red blistered chest pops the crowd longer and louder than the last.] [Right when it seems Andrews is out on his feet Dane backs up and lets loose a barrage of back elbows right into Jeff's mellon. Dane steps away allowing Andrews to stumble from the corner and plant face first into the canvas.] **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen I'm getting word Heidi and Ty are making their way out into the upper decks of the arena now... yes, there! There they are! [The cameras search the crowd, eventually finding the duo. Their supporters from earlier pouring out of the gate behind them.] [Heidi is still unblemished and firmly in control of her opponent. Walker is an absolute bloody mess. The glass having done immeasurable damage to the top of his head. Several huge open gashes within Black Jesus' hairline are gushing blood down his face and chest.] [Walker stumbles towards Heidi with wild fists, Christenson missing every single one and responding in kind with a series of nasty kicks to the midsection.] **DDK:** Tyrone Walker is in serious trouble out there, Angus. **Angus:** Fuckin' hell, looks like he stuck his fro in a meat grinder! [Back down in the ring Dane has tagged out to The King of Pain. Greer goes about methodically murder stomping Jeff's limbs one at a time before grabbing him by the head pulling him to his feet...] **DDK:** DDT OUT OF NOWHERE FROM JEFF ANDREWS! STEVE GREER IS DOWN! [Jeff shakes his head trying desperately to clear some cobwebs, Long and the very fresh Scott are both begging and pleading for the tag from their leader. On the other side of the ring Light is going out of his mind screaming for the tag. Greer just barely starts to stir.] **Angus:** WHAT THE FUCK? ... **DDK:** JESUS CHRIST! [From behind the announce table, out of the crowd comes flying the lifeless body of Heidi Christenson. She flies between Darren and Angus, crashing across the top of the table and rolling to the floor with a nasty thud.] [Climbing from the first row behind the now shocked and scattered ringside announce team we see emerge Tyrone Walker. Covered head to toe in his own blood Walker lurches towards the ring like he stepped out of a God damn horror movie.] [We hear the announcers readjust as Walker grabs Heidi by the hair and smashes the beautiful blondes face into the ringsteps. The camera picks up some of Walker's comments...] **Ty Walker:** Fuckin' crazy ass bitch. I'm to God damn old for this stupid SHIT... [Back in the ring Andrews, with the assistance of the ropes has finally dragged himself into a vertical position. Greer is on his knees shaking out a few cobwebs of his own. Light is beside himself screaming for a tag. Dane has finally had enough and gives Light a shove having a few words with the Master of Wrestling.] [Before Dane can utter another word Light reaches in and smacks the back of The King of Pain, Dane is visibly speechless. Andrews just barely getting his feet back under him gets blasted back into the ropes after a series of wild shots from Light.] **Angus:** SO MUCH FOR GOD DAMN TEAMWORK! YOU FUCKIN' PRICK, LIGHT! **DDK:** T-BONE SUPLEX FROM LIGHT! QUICK PIN ATTEMPT! 1... 2... **DDK:**

KICKOUT FROM ANDREWS! [Light smacks the canvas with both hands before getting up to address the issue with referee Benny Doyle. Dane and Greer both climb into the ring and make a 'B' line for Christian Light. Dane shoves Doyle put of the way and gets right into Light's mug. The two jaw midring as Greer tries desperately to separate the two.] **Angus:** SWEET CHRIST! [Ronnie Long barrels through the scene, taking The King of Pain with him... well, his head at least.] **DDK:** STEVE GREER IS OUT COLD AFTER THAT SICKENING LARIAT, ANGUS! WOW! [It's at that moment the bloody mess that is Tyrone Walker finally finds his way into the ring and tackles Ronnie Long through the ropes to ringside.] **Angus:** FUCKIN' BLACK JESUS, LATE TO THE PARTY AS USUAL! STICK THAT SHOVEL UP HIS ASS, TY! [Just as Dane is about to turn his attention to Jeff Andrews...] **DDK:** LETHAL ROUNDHOUSE FROM HEIDI CHRISTENSON! [Dane's not out but immediately drops to his knees and starts shaking his head... you know when you drop a guitar pick into an acoustic guitar? Yeah, just like that but with his head. Heidi is on him like some sort of feral animal. The two roll around on the canvas for a bit before rolling to rinside] [Light, the last man standing, smiles out over the crowd. He knows he has Jeff Andrews all to himse...] **DDK:** OH MY GOD, SUPERKICK FROM ANDREWS OUT OF ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE! LIGHT WAS JUST SUPERKICKED OUT OF THE DAMN RING! [Just as Light was turning around Jeff caught the kick square on Light's jaw sending the Master of Wrestling sprawling.] [Jeff rolls out of the ring opposite Light, breathlessly leaning back against the guardrail.] **Angus:** Oh no... **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen, under atomicos lucha rules the legal men are now Steve Greer and... Kai Scott? [Scott, not even breaking a sweat yet and always the opportunist slinks into the ring and stalks the still very much loopy Steve Greer still down on all fours on the mat. Walker and Long are nowhere to be found, Dane and Heidi are embroiled in one hell of a brawl halfway up the ramp.] [Andrews can be heard screaming from ringside "PIN HIM YOU STUPID ASSHOLE!"] [Kai plays to the crowd a bit, grabs Greer by the arms and sets him up for...] **DDK:** KRYPTONITE! UNDERHOOK FACEBUSTER FROM KAI SCOTT ON THE KING OF PAIN! 1... **Angus:** No. 2... **Angus:** Fuck no. 3...! **DING DING DING!** **Angus:** WHY GOD, WHY WHY WHY... **Quimbey:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNERS! RONNIE LONG, HEIDI CHRISTENSON, KAI SCOTT AND THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION JEFF ANDR... **Mystery Voice:** NO! NO NO NO NO NO NO, DAMN YOU ALL! NO!

Edward White vs Cancer Jiles vs Jeff Andrews

[From behind the curtain emerges the enraged "Socialite" Edward White. Ed is all alone, still in his bloodied ripped ring gear from the earlier cage match. Microphone in hand Ed starts pacing the stage.] [Ty Walker has again disappeared through the crowd into the bowels of the arena, this time with Ronnie Long. Heidi Christenson has joined her husband at ringside followed shortly by Kai Scott. The trio together grabbing mics and rolling into the ring. Dane and Greer are both fuming at the foot of the ramp.] [And Christian Light juuuuuuuust found out his team lost the match and boy is he not happy about it. He's not off the chain but he sure as shit doesn't join his teammates. Instead he hops the

guardrail in a huff and walks off towards the backstage area.] **DDK:** Folks, Christian Light is NOT happy with all this. I truly hope he addresses his actions on DEFIANCE TV. This isn't the leader of the Good Fight we've come to know

these last few months. [The Socialite looks down at Greer and Dane at ringside, then back up and Andrews, Scott and Heiei center ring.] **Edward White:** Why did you betray cancer Jiles? Why did you align yourself with Bronson Box? Why Edward, why why WHY WHY WHY?! I AM A GREAT MAN, MY MIND WORKS A HUNDRED LEVELS ABOVE YOU DAMNED SHEEPLE! ... and you. [Edward points right at Eric Dane.] **Edward White:** You let this happen. You let that IDIOT wipe his backside with this company for MONTHS and what do you do? You go wrestle somewhere else. You leave that nincompoop in charge? You let him pull all the belts out of mothballs and award them to those second rate regional Old Line nobodies? I swear to you Dane I'll buy this damned promotion... hell, I'LL BUY ESEN ITSELF AND CLOSE THE WHOLE NETWORK IF YOU DON'T STEP UP TO THE PLATE, ACT LIKE A DAMN BUSINESSMAN AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS! [Before anyone has a chance to do or say anything.]

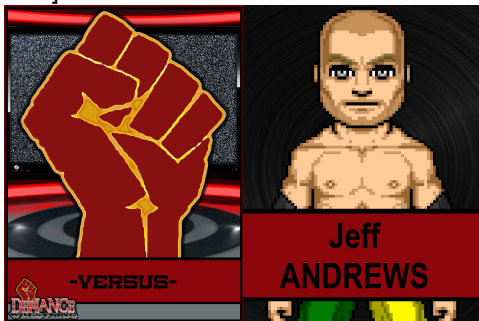
New Mystery Voice: Hold the fuckin' phone one COOLtastic second, please. **Angus:** SAVE US CANCER! SAVE US FROM THIS AWFUL PARALLEL WORLD WHERE EVERYTHING SUCKS SO MANY DICKS! [The crowd goes apeshit as Cancer Jiles steps out onto the stage. Edward White surprisingly shows restraint, backing away to the opposite side of the stage area giving his opponent from earlier a little room. Every good businessman knows there's a time for action and a time to listen... and Ed White is one hell of a businessman, if you haven't heard.] [Bandaged head, busted ribs. The Captain of the USS ohsoCOOL has obviously seen better days.] **Cancer Jiles:** I was on my way back to my dressing room from the doc, just planned on grabbing my shit and splittin'... probably to a hospital to be totally honest. That is 'til I heard this fat piece of shit come out here and run his mouth. Now. Ed I fuckin' hate your guts, you hate mine and we probably will 'til the end of fucking time. But The COOLEST of the COOL's gotta be honest. You're not half fuckin' wrong. RECORD SCRATCH **Angus:** What the fuck was that now? **Cancer Jiles:** I

came to Defiance for the same reason Ed did. Same reason Bronson Box did. Same reason guys like Eugene Dewey and Alceo Dentari come here. To cut their teeth and sharpen their skills because they know this fuckin' place is the very DEFINITION of COOL. But then you got punks like that lazy drunk on power and cheap beer piece of SHIT standing right there in that ring holding what should represent the BEST WRESTLER IN THIS FUCKIN' COMPANY ... and Jeff, incase you haven't heard FUCKIN' EVERYONE ON EARTH SCREAMING PAPER CHAMPION IN YOUR STUPID LAZY FUCKIN' FACE since you started carrying around that thing? That sure as SHIT 'aint you! [The crowd pops for that one. Jeff Andrews is "held back" by Heidi and Scott. Greer's loving every second of this shit. And Dane?] [Dane's listening to every word.] **Edward White:** I didn't need nor did I want your help, whelp. **Cancer Jiles:** Awwwww, come on sweetie we used to be so good at this! [The Defiance World Heavyweight champion has officially had enough.] **Jeff Andrews:** EXCUSE ME?! MOTHERFUCKING VICTORIOUS HEROES STANDING RIGHT THE FUCK HERE! IF YOU TWO SECOND STRING PIECES OF SHIT ARE QUITE DONE WE HAVE A VICTORY CELEBRATION PLANNED FOR THESE NICE PEOPLE WE'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO... YOU KNOW, IF YOU TWO DON'T FUCKING MIND! I'm the champion, you're not. [Pointing up at Cancer and Edward.] **Jeff Andrews:** I'm in charge! YOU'RE NOT! [Pointing down at Eric Dane.] **Jeff Andrews:** Washed up old farts and 'B' team pricks, I'm done with... [And just like that, like a demon just emerged from Satan's fiery asshole...] **Eric Dane:** THAT'S ENOUGH! [If Eric Dane gripped the microphone any tighter the thing would fucking snap in half.] [Even the crowd shuts up. More or less.] **Angus:** Shit, I'm all hard again. [Dane looks to Greer, Steve just smiles and motions for Eric to continue.] [Eric stops and starts several times.] [Rafters shaking, front row fans banging on the guardrails.] [This? This is a DEFIANCE crowd.] FUCK YOU ANDREWS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* FUCK YOU ANDREWS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* FUCK YOU ANDREWS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* FUCK YOU ANDREWS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* **Eric Dane:** Jeffery. You honestly thought I'd just slink off and let you rub your dick all over my promotion forever? I gave you just enough rope to HANG yourself with, you little prick. I was tired of people praising you for my hard work. DEFIANCE is MINE. Always has been, always will be. You 'aint clever BOY. I have more God damn lawyers than fuckin' Edward White up there. Yet somehow you managed to figure

this little adventure would never end. Well... [Eric looks up towards Ed and Cancer.] **Eric Dane:** You two are so hot for change? You got fuckin' change. Right now? I'm makin' a match. A WORLD TITLE! RIGHT HERE! RIGHT NOW! TRIPLE THREAT LUMBERJACK MATCH FOR THE STRAP! [Jeff loses his MIND in ring. Heidi and Scott share his frustration. Andrews tries to protest but his microphone's been cut off... so has Heidi and Scott's. Ed and Cancer each make their way towards the ring, towards Jeff Andrews and towards the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight



title.] **Eric Dane:** RING THE FUCKIN' BELL!



Angus: Is this real life?! Is this really happening?! **DDK:** THIS IS UNREAL! [Greer and Dane take the ramp side of the ring, Scott and Heidi eventually take the announcers side.] [Where the fuck could have Walker and Ronnie Long gone off to?] [As the announcers ponder that question Cancer Jiles slides into the ring and takes off after Jeff Andrews who's running scared, rolling outside the ring trying to join his compatriots and make a quick getaway before this madness goes any further.] **WHAM!** [From the crowd a huge bloody black arm reaches out and nearly takes Jeff Andrews head off with a clothesline.] **Angus:** BLACK JESUS SAVED US ALL AGAIN! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAH MOTHER FUCKIN' TEAM DANGER BABY! **DDK:** TY WALKER OUT OF ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE! [Walker again hops over the guardrail and approaches Andrews lifeless body. Before he can lay to many boots into the champ Heidi and Kai Scott rush to their leaders side, a wild brawl developing.] [That is until...] **DDK:** SUICIDE DIVE FROM CANCER JILES ONTO THE WHOLE DAMN LOT OF THEM! [Cancer, Kai, Heidi, Walker and Jeff Andrews all lay in a twitching heap at ringside.] **FUCK YEAH CANCER! HOLY SHIT! FUCK YEAH CANCER! HOLY SHIT! FUCK YEAH CANCER! HOLY SHIT! FUCK YEAH CANCER! HOLY SHIT!** [Edward White knows a good opportunity when one presents itself.] [The Socialite rushes over, grabs Jeff Andrews and rolls his lifeless body into the ring.] **DDK:** Edward White is setting up for the Stock Market Drop DVD! **FUCKIN' WHACK! DDK:** RONNIE LONG WITH THAT GOD DAMN SHOVEL RIGHT TO THE ALREADY INJURED RIBS OF THE SOCIALITE OUT OF ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE! **ED WHITE IS DOWN!** **Angus:** I'M FUCKING EXCITED AND FURIOUS ALL AT THE SAME TIME! **FUCK!** [White is doubled over in pain in the corner, Andrews is on all fours, and Cancer Jiles is just now making his way into the ring when...] **DDK:** What's Eric Dane doing?! [We look over towards the ramp where Eric Dane is stripping the referees shirt from the back of Benny Doyle...] **Angus:** DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA that did it, rock fuckin' hard again... [... and pulls it over his head!] **DDK:** IS ERIC DANE MAKING HIMSELF THE REFEREE FOR THIS MATCH? **Angus:** I LOVE THIS SHIT! **DEFIANCE IS BACK TO NORMAL! WOOOOOOOOOOHHH!** [Dane slides into the ring on all fours... face to face with the still loopy Jeff Andrews. Dane smiles a sick sadistic smile and gives Jeff a little wink right when...] **DDK:** STOMP TO THE BACK OF THE THE CHAMPS HEAD FROM CANCER JILES! **Angus:** JEFF'S SPLIT OPEN LIKE A FUCKIN' COCONUT! [Jiles is on complete autopilot at this point having hit his head HARD in the guardrail after his dive. But that doesn't stop the Sheik of COOLzbekistan from continuing to murderstomp the champ into the canvas like it specifically was his chosen profession. The camera catches Ed White still convalescing in the corner, clutching his ribs with a look of legitimate agony on his face.] **DDK:** That shovel shot from Ronnie Long caused some serious damage to the Socialite, Angus! He might be out of this thing! [Cancer drags Andrews lifeless body over near the closest turnbuckle, then commences to scaling the ropes.] **Angus:** YES! OH GOD YES! PLEASE! DO IT **CANCER! DOOOOOOOOOO I!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!IT!** [Just as it looks like Captain COOL is going to take to the sky, he falls ass over teakettle right down atop Jeff Andrews with a nasty whump. Ed White, still clutching his probably

broken ribs stands on the apron heaving deep heavy breathes.] **Angus:**
FUU-! [Eric Dane quickly checks on Jiles and Andrews before stepping back at the behest of The Socialite.] [Ed looks around the arena, placing one hand on the rope and heaving himself upward.] **DDK:** OH MY GOD... **Angus:** Holy shit. He's not... is he? [With intense pain shooting up through his spine with every step Ed heaves his bulk up onto the top turnbuckle. His eyes looking down at the two men passed out atop one another.] **DDK:** DIVING HEADBUTT... NO! [At the last possible second Jeff and Cancer each roll out of the way, Ed slamming into nothing but canvas, full force.] **DDK:** THAT'S GOTTA BE IT FOR EDWARD WHITE, FOLKS! [All three men are down, out cold. At this point the referee would start a count... but remember, the referee is Eric Dane... who just stands there and screams like a madman. Luckily near enough to a camera for us to pick some of it up.] **Eric Dane:** GET UP YOU BASTARDS, GET UP! YOU ALL WANT THAT DAMN BELT SO FUCKIN' BAD WELL FIGHT FOR IT! COME ON! GET THE FUCK UP BEFORE I TAKE IT FOR MY GODDAMNED SELF! [Cancer and Andrews both start to stir.] **DDK:** THIS IS IT, ANGUS! **Angus:** COME ON CANCER! COME ON YOU CAN GODDAMN DO IT FUCK AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Andrews is the first to his feet. Like a fucking cat he finds a second... third? Fourth wind and takes off towards the turnbuckle, scaling them in a few impressive steps, pushing off and performing a...] **DDK:** FLYING KENDO SIDEKICK FROM ANDREWS... WAIT!
Angus: CANCER DUCKED IT! CANCER FUCKING DUCKED THE KICK FROM ANDREWS! **WHAP!** **DDK:** TERMINAL CANCER! JILES JUST TOOK JEFF ANDREWS HEAD OFF WITH A SUPERKICK! [Jiles falls back into the ropes, Andrews hits the canvas. Dane waits a second then screams in Jiles' face to "FUCKIN' SHIT OR GET OF THE POT, KID" urging Jiles to go for the killshot.] [One turnbuckle at a time, Cancer obliges and begins scaling the turnbuckle.] **DDK:** HERE IT COMES, ANGUS! **Angus:** THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND! FOooooooooooooouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
Fi!!!!!!!!!!!!FTYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY... FUCK YEAH
CANCER! MONGO CHOP! FUCK YEAH CANCER! MONGO CHOP! FUCK YEAH CANCER! MONGO
CHOP! FUCK YEAH CANCER! MONGO CHOP! [Cancer LEAPS off the turnbuckle with the grace of a God damn ballet dancer and twists in the air like he had one of Ed's jetpacks strapped to his ass.] **Angus:**
MAWNGOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO *deep breath*
CHAAAAAAAAAAAAAwwWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWPAH! [Jiles lands with the force of a
fucking atomic bomb, aided by the absolutely unglued crowd.] FUCK YEAH CANCER! MONGO CHOP! FUCK
YEAH CANCER! MONGO CHOP! FUCK YEAH CANCER! MONGO CHOP! FUCK YEAH CANCER! MONGO
CHOP! [Jiles crawls on top of the surely dead on arrival Jeff Andrews.] [The ENTIRE crowd chants along with
Dane's count.] 1... [At ringside Greer and Walker have successfully put the fuckin' boots to Heidi and Kai Scott to
keep them from interfering with the pinfall. Ronnie Long still nowhere to be found after his excursion into the crowd
with Ty Walker.] 2... **Angus:** OH MY FUCKING GO... *hurk* **DDK:** I THINK ANGUS MIGHT BE HAVING A
HEART ATTACK! 3... ! [Dane calls for the bell!] **DING DING DING!** Quimby: LADIEEEEEEEEEEEES AND
GENTALMEEEEEEEEEEN, YOUR NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW
DEFIANCE WOOOOOOOOOOOLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!
CANCEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRR JIIIIIIIIIIIIIILLES! FUCK YEAH
CANCER! FUCK YEAH CANCER! FUCK YEAH CANCER! FUCK YEAH CANCER! FUCK YEAH CANCER!
FUCK YEAH CANCER! [Cancer rolls off Andrews and just smiles. Completely physically obliterated smiling is about
the only thing Cancer can do without searing hot pain shooting through his extremities.] [The crowd goes absolutely
bonkers. The first few rows manage to overwhelm security and push the ring barriers down and crowd around the ring!
The teeming masses start pounding on the ring apron as Eric Dane strips off his referees shirt and casts a glance
down towards Jeff Andrews.] **DDK:** Eric Dane doesn't look done here, folks! [The founder of Defiance hoists the
fallen Andrews up into position.] DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE!
DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! **DDK:** STAAAAAAAAAAARDRIIIIIIIIIIIIVER! [Dane hoists
Andrews up, playing to the crowd a bit before dropping Jeff down into his skull.] **DDK:** JUST LISTEN TO THIS
CROWD, ANGUS! **Angus:** ... *hurk* ... *gurgle* ... [Dane boots Andrews out of the ring, rolling out himself.] [Eric
grabs a microphone and the DEFIANCE World title and rolls back into the ring where we find Cancer Jiles back on
his feet still not quite sure what's going on. He figures it out pretty quickly when Eric hands over the DEFIANCE World
Heavyweight title.] [Then Dane extends his hand...] **DDK:** WHAT?! ANGUS, YOU'RE MISSING WHAT I CAN
ONLY GUESS IS THE SINGLE GREATEST THING YOU, ANGUS SKAALAND, COULD POSSIBLE IMAGINE!
GET UP MAN, YOU HAVE GOT TO SEE THIS! **Angus:** Am... balance... *hurk* [Cancer hesitates for a moment but
eventually grasps Dane's hand with a smirk.] **DDK:** What an uncharacteristically positive way to end a Defiance
PPV! What a NIGHT! Cancer Jiles is the DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAM... **RECORD SCRATCH!**
[That is until Dane refused to let Cancer's hand go. Pulling him close and slowly bringing the microphone to his lips.]

Eric Dane: Not one. Fucking. Egg. [In one quick movement Dane hoists Cancer up over his head!] **DDK:** STARDRIVER TO THE NEW WORLD CHAMP CANCER JILES! JESUS CHRIST! [Eric Dane, with a wide smile flips Cancer the bird and rolls out of the ring.] DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! DANE! **Angus:** Whu... what happened? Is Cancer okay? **DDK:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE'RE WAAAAAY OVERTIME HERE, WE'LL SEE YOU ON DEF TV! NEW WORLD CHAMP! GOOD NIGHT! [The show signs off just as a huge cloud of green and yellow confetti starts to shower over the crowd from huge nets up in the rafters.] [Each piece monogrammed with the John Deere style "Untouchable" PPV logo.] [Jeff Andrews' victory celebration... right on time.] **Angus:** CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON! [Fade. DEFIANCE logo. Fade.]