

The DARK Knight Returns

*Mascara De Muerta IV vs Diego de Leon

Diego and Mascara start their match with a handshake and nods of respect in the middle of the ring. The two luchadors started the bout with a contest of speeds that saw Mascara edging Diego with experience and an advantage.

Mascara took control immediately and started laying into Diego with slaps and chops. Mascara threw Diego to the ropes and ran in with a knee to the stomach that stunned Diego. Mascara took advantage of his momentum and brought Diego down with a single leg takedown and when Diego sat upright, Mascara is already on his feet and kicks him square in his chest to lay him back down. Mascara follows up with a standing moonsault into a pin and the Japanese audience erupts into applause.

1...

2...

Kick out. Mascara drags Diego to his feet and starts to hit Diego with a barrage of slaps and chops to the chest. Diego counters a slap with one of his own and starts adding low kicks to the lower thigh of Mascara. Diego unleashes a combination of kicks to the thigh with a spinning backfist that draws an "Ahhhhww" reaction from the Japanese crowd while throwing off the ropes. The two meet, per say in the ring with Diego attempting a baseball slide and Mascara effortlessly front flipping over him. The Japanese audience reacts with applause as the two stare and give approving nods of respect to one another.

The action starts again with Diego running at Mascara full sprint and tackling him down to the ground. The two men attempt to grapple each other in the middle of the ring for the more advantageous position. The very instant Mascara grabs the ropes Diego backrolls away and stands up to allow the veteran a chance to stand. The two lock up and Diego brings Mascara into a Thai Clinch. Diego begins kneeing Mascara and gets a one good one to his head that drops him and draws an "Ahhhhwww" response from the Japanese attending.

Diego throws Mascara into a turnbuckle, following him up with a knee to the face and a monkey flip across the ring. Diego kips up and the crowd reacts, Mascara stands up but is groggy on his feet. Diego hits Mascara with a two slaps, a backfist, a high kick to the chin and concludes it by hitting Mascara with a Roaring Elbow. Diego pins Mascara in the middle of the ring...

1...

2....

3!

Diego immediately stands up Mascara and shakes his hand, the pair raise their arms together to appreciative applause from the Japanese attending.

*Felton Bigsby vs Jupiter Jones

This next match had the packed Asukaru Satte crowd stuck to their seats before the bell had even rung. That's what happens when a seven-plus foot (over four bills, too) Jupiter Jones and a six foot-three, three hundred-plus pound "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby occupy the same building - much less the same ring - and intend to do harm to each other.

When the bell did finally ring, neither man wasted any time. A lock-up led to a power stalemate in the center of the ring, which was ended by a sharp knee to the midsection by Jupiter Jones. The much-taller Jones drove Felton back into the turnbuckles and ripped into his massive, barrelled chest with open-handed chops. Felton took the damage, flipped the script on Jupiter, and unloaded on him with rapid gut punches. Felton went for a hip toss, but was blocked and took the ride instead. Slow to rise, Bigsby took a standing, seriously big-air splash from Jupiter Jones. Jones took Felton by the arm and pulled him up - right into a clothesline that nearly beheaded Bigsby. A two move

combo - a big boot that wobbled Bigsby and the Sidewalk Slam that followed barely netted Jupiter a TWO COUNT. As Felton stood, Jupiter went for the top turnbuckle, launched himself at Bigsby, and put him down with a Flying Shoulder Tackle. It was worth a TWO-COUNT as well. Jupiter pulled Felton to his feet, but, in hindsight, would have been better suited to leave the powerful Houston-native on the canvas as "Houston Strong" came up swinging. He pushed a stunned Jupiter into the corner and unloaded on his abdomen with several shoulder charges. What followed was a first - Felton Bigsby latched on to Jupiter and slammed him to the canvas with a Belly-to-Belly. The seven-footer had finally been knocked off his feet! Whether it was adrenaline or fury, Felton went on an impressive run of offense - repeated knee-lifts, a Body Avalanche, and a Scoop Powerslam for TWO. Felton ripped Jones back to his feet and fed him into the ropes (classic Irish-whip, son). Bigsby had expected to scoop up Jupiter on the return, but, instead, he took a Busaiku Knee Kick to the dome! Jupiter quickly covered up Bigsby for the THREE and the WIN. Two seriously powerful forces had collided and Jupiter Jones, displaying tremendous power and athleticism, had picked up the win.

***Jimmy Rix vs Seth Stratton**

The vocals of Johnny Cash bring out Jimmy Rix in preparation for his dark match against Seth Stratton. The only problem was...

After Cash faded and Ratt started, there was no Stratton. There was some conferring between official types, Wyatt Bronson came out, and after a minute of talking, a replacement was found. ***Jimmy Rix vs Etienne LaMorte** "Voodoo Music" by Mantra brought out Etienne LaMorte, one of Defiance's developmental deals. LaMorte's a black dude. About 6'1" and 230 lbs, wearing lime green trunks with some red white and black designs on them. Great build, look right at home on a WWE rookie. Don't call him African American because he's neither of those two things, he's from Haiti. All of this was irrelevant to Jimmy Rix, who started out by easily handling the rookie, taking him down to the mat with a single leg and smashing him with some forearms, then applying a toe hold and chaining it into an STF, forcing LaMorte to scramble to the ropes. Rix gave LaMorte all the room he needed, but LaMorte knew he was out of his depth and went for the ropes when Rix tried to grapple. Rix didn't have patience for this, he chopped LaMorte loose from the ropes, Irish whipped him and hit him with a spinebuster for a long two count. He decided to finish early and applied the front face lock. But LaMorte countered with a vertical suplex lift and crotched him on the ropes instead of going backwards. He then hit the turnbuckle and hit a long distance dropkick that knocked Rix out of the ring, and followed up with a simple but textbook slingshot cross body. LaMorte thought he was in control and played to the fans before Irish whipping Rix at the guardrail. But the Japanese fans didn't care about the playing and Rix countered the Irish whip. He flapjacked LaMorte into the ring apron, then fed him back into the ring. LaMorte telegraphed cutting him off with a knee drop, Rix caught the leg, lifted him up and slammed him down with the super spinebuster. From there he pulled LaMorte's head up and easily sunk in a seated front face lock, and after flailing his arms around trying to find the ropes, LaMorte tapped out.

***C & C Connection vs Sam Turner, Jr/Angel City eXpress**

Rich and Cochrane circle each other looking for that one misstep so they can take advantage and look for a collar and elbow tie-up. Rich overpowers him and pushes him into his corner. He tags in Don who goes to work on arm. He flips Cochrane over and drops a knee onto his forehead. He picks Cochrane up and tosses him into the corner. Rich chokes him as Don distracts the referee. Sam tries to get Rich to stop but his voice falls upon deaf ears.

After a back and forth contest between Cochrane and Don, Sam and Cobra were tagged in. Sam starts getting the best of Cobra until an eye poke halts his forward progress. Cobra takes over delivering multiple elbows to the side of Sam's face forcing him to the ground. Cobra drags him to his corner and tags in Cannon. Cannon gets in and double team Sam with a double suplex. Cannon picks up Sam and hits a snap suplex, a fist drop, a leg drop and goes for the pin. 1...2...Sam kicks out. Cannon argues with the referee. Sam crawls towards his corner and reaches out to tag in Don or Rich but he falls short as Cannon drags him away by his foot. Sam's taken a beating in the hands of Cannon and Cobra. Cobra holds Sam and tags in Cochrane. Cochrane drops an elbow across Sam's shoulder and locks on an armbar. Sam shrugs him off and sends him into the ropes. WHAM! Sam hits Cochrane with the Harlan Co. Line sending him crashing to the mat and writhes in pain from his shoulder. Sam attempts to crawl towards his corner only to have Cannon get in and distract the referee as Sam tagged Rich. Rich comes in and nails the revived Cochrane with a right jab, then a left another right then he pelvic thrusts towards Cochrane, kicks him in the gut and tries to continue but the referee is forcing him out of the ring for not tagging in. Rich and Don complain to the referee as Sam gets double teamed by Cochrane and Cannon. A double team DDT puts Sam back on the mat. Cannon

covers. 1...2...Sam kicks out. Cannon delivers repeated elbow strikes to Sam's face. Don and Rich are yelling for Sam to get up but he's eaten a lot of shots. Cannon gets up and charges into the corner where Don and Rich are and knocks them off the apron to the floor. While Rich and Don gather themselves on the floor Cobra and Cochrane come running and attack them. While the referee is paying attention to the four on the floor Cannon pulls an object from his tights and clocks Sam out cold with it. Cannon gets the referees attention and covers Sam. 1...2...3... Sam's shoulder comes up too late as the referee has already hit three and solidified C&C Connection as the winners.

COOLnichiwa!

[Lights.] [Camera.] [Cancer.] ♪ *I'm the one your mama warned you about* ♪ [Of course he's got to make a grand entrance. You don't cold open Count COOL.] ♪ *When you see me, I will leave you no doubt* ♪ ♪ *I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth* ♪ ♪ *I've been the coolest since the day of my birth* ♪ [Emerging from his breathtaking hair expose, King COOL, being the consummate gentleman that he is, bows before heading down the aisle.] ♪ *I am the COOL* ♪ **Angus:** THAT. HE. IS. **DDK:** This is me sighing. **Angus:** And this is me trying to hide my erection. [Keebler, doesn't want to, but looks over at Angus who is covering his crotch region with the nights official program.] [Take a guess who is on the cover.] **Cancer Jiles:** Konichiwa! [Surprisingly, and with no doubt a blind guess, Cancer's greeting was spoken in the right language. Score one for the COOL guy.] **Angus:** Figures he knows how to speak Japanese, huh Keebs? **DDK:** Right. [Lord Jiles of COOLSYLVANIA stands alone in the center of the ring. Top to bottom, he looks about as dapper as he normally does. Fancy silk shirt with a giant godzilla imprint on the back for the home crowd. T-shades with mirror-tint you could do Yakuza grade cocaine off of. Hair, surfer blonde as ever, and stuccoed to the top of his head.] [You know, how Cancer looks when he goes to be bed at night.] **Cancer Jiles:** Japan. The Land of the Rising Sun. The place, where dreams become technology. The place, where I have to go to a Men's Big and Tall to find a fresh silk shirt like the one I have on right now. [Noticing a flaccid collar, Cancer sets the course straight and pops it upward with the flick of his finger.] **DDK:** Priceless. [Angus clenches his first. He is about to burst sitting next to Keebler, and his very unappreciative tone.] **Cancer Jiles:** I'll say this much, that ride in was Chance Von Crank awful. I've never been on a plane for that long before in MAI_LIFE. I dunno how I'm going to get home. Maybe a cruise ship or something, because Hand of COOLYMPUS, I'll never fly for that long again. NEVER. EVER. [The Count of COOL nods his head accordingly, and shakes a finger toward the audience for punctual purposes.] **DDK:** Not on a plane anyways. **Angus:** YOU WILL SHUT YOUR SNIDE MOUTH RIGHT NAO!! How many times do I have to tell you! NEVER TALK WHEN HE WHO SHALL FOREVER REMAIN COOL IS TALKING! NAY! WHEN HE IS IN EYESIGHT! I SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW WITH A SAMURAI SWORD! [Keebler sulks, trying to avoid the wrath of Angus Khan.] **Cancer Jiles:** Anyway. Enough of the chit-chat, and allow me to answer the question that is on everyones mind. That question, of course being where oh where was the cornerstone of Defiance for the inaugural show the soon to be lauded Guerilla Grindhouse Tour? [A pause.] **Cancer Jiles:** Well, I wish could I say I was stuck in Customs, or that I had moved into a Geisha and was chasing the dragon. Or, that I was deported as soon as I landed because people started to shout out AMERICAN GIANT when I got off the plane. Alas, I can not. Where I was, was in a bad place. [Silence takes over a captivated audience. And yes, I'd bet that more than half of them don't understand English.] [The COOL.] **Cancer Jiles:** You see, Ascension left me in a tailspin towards the catacombs of Bronson Box's summer home. [Hell.] **Cancer Jiles:** My title, gone. My pride, shit on. My mentality, utterly lost. ...I had been completely and devastatingly overrun by Mongoloids. They had seized what was mine, and at the end of the day, there wasn't a gawd-damn thing I could've have done about it. That thought, that I was... out cunned if you will was what got me. I had no idea how to respond, because frankly it had never happened to me before. So, I sat. I thought. I wondered. I pondered. Life. The universe. Where we come from? Can I grow medical grade marijuana out of diorama shoebox of a hospital, thus making it medical grade? It was in the midst of this blind oblivion of unknowingness, that I found my response. The answer, to all of my worries. It just so happens, my epiphany occurred the day after we had the first show. I know, horrible excuse. Allow me to make it up to you, by telling you what I learned. [The Count waits a good few seconds before continuing.] **Cancer Jiles:** My name is Cancer Jiles, and I want the rematch I am entitled to for the Defiance World and now International Heavyweight Championship. And, I want it... ..tonight. In the main event! Against Ultimo Cunning Hoe, Kai Scott -- with his prawns locked away in a dungeon and me holding the key. **Kai Scott:** I'm afraid that's not a possibility, Cancer. [The fans 'Ohhhhh' as the World Champ, flanked by Clair St. Sure and by Diane Parker, appears atop the ramp.] **Scott:** I didn't watch Eric Dane steal the Defiance World Title from my best friend, hand it to you, and then win it for myself, just to give it back to you. You may never have a shot at this belt. Ever. [Swear to god, you can almost hear the booing all the way across the ocean... or maybe that was just Angus.] **Scott:** ...is what I'd like to be saying. Truth be told, I know that as champion, I have to defend the belt. I'm not giving you a shot for free, Cancer, but I'm giving you a chance to earn it. You win tonight, you beat my hand picked member of the Truly Untouchables, you get your shot on Guerilla Grindhouse III. You lose? Back of the line. **Jiles:** That's it? Really? I get to wrestle one of your girls and if I win I get a title shot? I thought you were supposed to be good at this. So I'm guessing it goes something like this. You make me wrestle Diane Parker. The match has a lot of long slow two counts, which we find mutually agreeable. [Diane manages to facepalm without actually moving her hand to her face. I don't know either.] **Jiles:** Then, shenanigans, I win somehow, I collect. **Scott:** Relying on winning in the confusion brought on by the shenanigans only worked against Jeff because Jeff is impatient and surly. My shenanigans are timed to the thirtieth of a second. You're going to look over your shoulder right about now and notice Lisa with a chair... [And that's precisely

what happens. Cancer Jiles turns to look behind him right as Lisa Loeh crawls out from under the ring holding a steel folding chair.] [Jiles walks to the ropes and pulls them open, offering to let Lisa into the ring. Because Lisa hates fighting and won't do it unless she's cornered, she backs off.] **WHAAAAMMMMM!!! Scott:** And then Leon "The Lion" Booth hits you in the back of the head, and I announce that I have brought one of the original Defiants back under my leadership, and that you'll be wrestling Leon in the semi-main event, with a Defiance World Title shot available should you win. [It's unlikely that Jiles caught that.] [What Kai Scott said is what happened, see.] [Leon Booth - a 6'2", 250ish lb foul tempered all arounder - pulls Jiles up from where he clotheslined him from behind. He Irish whips Jiles towards the turnbuckle, runs with him, and switches to a drop toe hold at the last second. Jiles' head ricochets off the bottom buckle.] [Point made, the Truly Untouchables head backstage, leading Jiles to collect himself. Luckily he lost the shades when Booth clotheslined him, otherwise they might have been embedded into his head from the turnbuckle drop toe hold.] **DDK:** Always expect a curveball when Kai Scott has even the slightest amount of room to maneuver! Leon Booth is one of the last people I'd have expected to see under Kai Scott's mentorship, I would've thought he was too ornery... **Angus:** Well, Kai's got a lot of experience dealing with ornery sorta-rednecks. The only big difference between Leon Booth and Jeff Andrews is that Booth has hair! **DDK:** You just won't let that go, will you? **Angus:** Absolutely not!

Villians

DDK: I'm told we're going backstage where we're to have a few words with... **Edward White:** [v/o] Enough with the preamble you plebeian, the main event of this circus has something to say. [Cut backstage to the DEF interview area where The Blood Diamonds, Bronson Box and Edward White, stand already decked out in their ring gear. The Sophisticate holds the microphone. The Wargod stands with his arms crossed, his eyes staring off into the middle distance.] **White:** Well you did it Dan. You had to travel all the way around the globe but you did it. You found the last group of wrestling fans in the world who aren't sick to death of you. Hell, DISGUSTED by you. You hypocrite. The veil is slipping Dan. You DECIDED one day to be a family man, a man of the people, an honest competitor. Please. You showed your true colors at Ascension my friend for the whole world to see. Virginia Quell was villain through and through... you crippled her, Dan. [Bronson's placid face twists into a scowl.] **White:** By hook or by crook my friend Bronson BEAT you for that title belt. The same say I, Virginia, you and so many other villains have won in the past, to quote myself, by any funds nessecary. He walked away from that ring a champion and YOU made sure Virginia Quell didn't walk away at all. Blinded by rage? Not in control of your faculties? The legendary manipulator, the former most despicable man in professional wrestling? We're to believe you lost total control and crippled that poor girl? [Ed lets that sink in a moment before continuing.] **White:** Or maybe was Dan Ryan so sour he lost his belt on pay per view he decided to stick it right back to Bronson Box where it really hurts... his home. His heart. Like all great villains you wanted to leave a mark, one that lasts, one that stings, one that would put Bronson off his game completely. Bronson, are you off your game? Has the Wargod finally met his match? [Bronson dosen't react, he chortles under his breath. His face a confusing mix of emotions. Anger, obviously... but he also seems excited, primed for action. Ed hands off the microphone to his tag team partner with smile. Bronson's eyes finally meet ours, we can see plain as day Bronson's hate furnace is on full blast.] **Bronson Box:** If'n ye' have the bollocks? I dare ye' to step back in the ring with me one on one after what you did, lad. What Ed says is as true as can be, boy'o. We're no different. Villains down to our guts. Only difference is I'm man enoug to admit it. The last honest man in professional wrestling. I make no bones about why I'm here. I'm here to cause a ruckus. To stir the pot. To make enough noise and spill enoug blood that no man living or dead will dare forget the name Bronson Box. I've lived that mantra since day one when I walked into this company, when I won the World title, when I was fired after putting this bloody company on the map. Why are you here Dan? Why is "good egg" Dan Ryan here in DEFIANCE? What are you trying to prove? All I see is an aimless washed up "legend" who when bested cripples poor defenseless women. Now... if'n ye' were honest about that fact we might've been fast friends you and I. But you decided to get crossways with Bronson bleedin' Box. Good bad or indifferent I'm going to END you Dan Ryan. Legend. Hero. Monster. Ego Buster... I'm going to set your bloody soul on fire. Not for Ed, not for the DEFIANCE faithful, not because it's expected of me. Not even for poor Virginia. I'm going to do it because I'm damned good at it. And you got in my bloody way. [Bronson smiles, Ed claps him on the back as we fade elsewhere.]

I'm A Big, Bright Shining Star

[The camera shot opens backstage. Seth Stratton and Defiance's Lance Warner stand in front of a large Defiance: Grindhouse banner. Seth appears to be mildly upset.]

Lance Warner:

Seth, earlier tonight you were scheduled to wrestle Jimmie Rix but didn't show. Can you shed some light on the situation for us?

[Seth shakes his head, as if an explanation shouldn't be necessary.]

Seth:

I'd like to, Lance. However, my new representation has requested that I don't field any questions about this evening's events for contractual reasons.

LW:

Representation?

Seth:

That's right. I'm tired of this company. Tired of their macho headgames. Tired of them trying to hold me down, like a nerd's head in so much brackish toilet water. I'm a star, damnit. I'm a big, bright shining star, and one man knows it. That man? Wayne Dewey.

[Wayne Dewey saunters into the camera shot, wearing an ill fitting grey suit, a Bluetooth headset and a plastic grin. He sandwiches himself between Seth and Lance Warner.]

Wayne:

I'll take it from here, Seth. You go on. Unwind. This is Japan, there's bound to be wrestling groupies. And if not, there will be once that million dollar face is plastered on every billboard in Tokyo.

[Seth shoots Wayne a 'Good looking out' smirk and walks off into the night, almost certainly foreshadowing some kind of international incident to come.]

Wayne:

You know why I had to send my client off, Lance?

LW:

Uh, no. Why is that?

Wayne:

Because he's hurt. He's offended. He has to go drink and screw away the pain that Defiance has laid on his shoulders by booking him... for the undercard. Let me say that again for emphasis. The undercard.

[He stares seriously at Lance Warner, then the camera. He shakes his head.]

Wayne:

Seth Stratton is one of the most popular wrestlers on this company's payroll, and that's how they treat him? Since his win at Grindhouse 01, I've been getting calls from the Japanese media non-stop.

[He motions to the Bluetooth.]

Wayne:

Morning talk shows, autograph signings. Hell, they even offered to let him be a guest judge on Iron Chef! The point I'm trying to make is, Seth Stratton didn't show up for his undercard match tonight because Seth Stratton is on the A-List. He doesn't wrestle for free, and these fans are lucky he'd even consider taking part in an untelevised event at all.

LW:

I don't think statements like that will endear him to the fans here in Ja-

Wayne:

Are you not listening, Lance? That doesn't surprise me considering who signs your paychecks. Seth Stratton has already endeared himself to the fans here. This is a very respect oriented culture, and they can see when a top flight competitor like my client is being disrespected.

LW:

Oriented culture?

[Wayne's face turns slightly red.]

Wayne:

You know what I meant.

[Wayne composes himself by straightening his tie, but it doesn't help much.]

Wayne:

What I'm trying to say here Lance, is that if this company wants Seth Stratton in the ring, dazzling the crowd with a showcase of wrestling skill hitherto unseen by human eyes, they're going to have to do better.

[One more steely, disapproving look.]

Wayne:

Far, far better.

[With that, Wayne shoves the mic from his face and rushes offscreen. Warner shrugs his shoulders and the feed cuts back to ringside.]

DDK:

Well, that was unexpected.

Angus:

You mean that Wayne Dewey is back in DEFIANCE, or that he's now handling the business of Seth Stratton, or that he actually kind of seemed to make sense there and have a few valid points?

DDK:

You know, whichever one of those that matters the most.

Angus:

One question though.

DDK:

Shoot.

Angus:

What does Eugene have to say about all of this?

[Keebler nods.]

Angus:

Ha! Stumped ya!

Team HOSS vs Bronson Box's Conclave

**DDK:**

Welcome back to the show, folks. Up next, we've got a trios team joining our already stacked division. We've got the debut of the group calling themselves The Hostile Order of Strong Soliders or Team HOSS for short. They were victorious in our pre-show but now we get to see what these powerhouses can do on the big stage.

Angus:

They're called Team Hostile Order? Where the hell do we find these people?

DDK:

Hey! These three have teamed together the now-defunct All-Star Championship Wrestling with much and they look to continue it here in their DEFIANCE debut!

And they're not just facing anybody. They'll be taking on students from "The Conclave" ran by none other than Bronson Box himself. If these students can defeat an established team like Team HOSS, then they'll be on the map.

Quimbey:

The following contest is a trios match and it is set for one fall! Already in the ring at this time, they are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... JORGE DE LA CRUZ... AND "V DOUBLE" VALENTINO VEGA!

[The trio of young rookies each play up for the crowd. Butcher Victorious is covered from head to toe in tattoos and looks fairly shady, Valentino Vega was clad in attire reminiscent of a gang member, while Jorge De La Cruz looked the most like a chiseled wrestler of the trio, but seemed way more occupied with how his abs looked than how he would win the match.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents...

"WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, QUIMBEY! I GOT THIS, M'KAY?"

[The crowd turns their attention to a man standing onto the top of the ramp with a microphone in hand. The man has on a blue sport coat with a Slayer t-shirt on underneath and rocking black dress pants. His black hair is tied up in a ponytail and he's rocking an awfully bushy hipster beard and horn-rimmed glasses that make him look like some kind of douchebag.]

DDK:

I'm being told this is the official manager of Team HOSS, his name is Junior Keeling, another name that should be familiar to fans of ACW, nbW, and Legacy of Champions. We saw him and his team antagonize Frank Holiday and Diego De Leon last week.

Angus:

Pfft. This is DEFIANCE, Keebler. Stop hocking other promotions' wares!

Keeling:

Greetings, Japan! Greetings! Konichiwa and shit! My name is Junior Keeling... yes, THAT Junior Keeling and allow me to tell you a little about myself. I come from a long line of successful talent scouts and agents! I love my bitches and my bitches love me! I am thirty-three years young. My turn-ons include slow walks on the beach, stackin' that paper, and my favorite music of all time is anything played by the freecreditscore.com band!

[He pauses to laugh at his own dumb joke while the restless crowd sat on their hands and watched the foreigner. A few fans turned their backs. Mainly because he's yelling like an obnoxious jackass and they didn't know what he was saying. The three Conclave students stand in the ring impatiently.]

Keeling:

And I'm proud to be here in DEFIANCE representing what will be the BIGGEST and the BADDEST in the Trios division! These three men that are coming to this ring are the finest in unrepentant killer technology! I have in the cadre of monsters a young prodigy with all the potential in the world... a bright star that can carry the trios division on his shoulders alone... and a WRESTLING HALL OF FAMER! Please welcome at a combined weight of ITSNOTMYJOBTOKNOWSUCHTHINGSBUTTHEY'REBIG! ANGEL TRINIDAD! ALEZANDER! CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

[He taps his foot and points to the entrance.]

Keeling:

THE HOSTILE ORDER OF STRONG SOLDIERS... TEAM HOSS!

["Slam! (Bionyx remix)" by Onyx and Biohazard blasts through the arena and out from the back steps the three big men that were promised to the crowd. Angel Trinidad was the tallest standing at 6'10" and close to 300 pounds with an olive complexion with black hair and a thin chin beard. Aleczander was a British half-black, half-white wrestler with bright purple tights with the Team HOSS t-shirt; a big, strong muscle-bound brute standing 6'4" and pushing 270. And Capital Punishment, the 47-year-old Hall of Famer from the old IWO was rocking a blood-red Team HOSS logo on his shirt; he stood 6'7" and tipped the scales at around 290. Angel looked happy to be there, Aleczander flexed his muscles and Capital Punishment just stared blankly as all three walked to the ring.]

DDK:

These guys are HUGE! This is quite a team here to DEFIANCE. Let's see what they can do.

Angus:

Probably gas out after two minutes.

[The three brutes head to the ring one by one until they filled the ring. The referee barely has any time to call for the bell when they go on the attack! Angel goes after Vega, Aleczander tackles De La Cruz, and Capital Punishment is giving chase to Butcher Victorious.]

DDK:

Team HOSS wasting no time! They're all over these young lions here tonight!

Angus:

You might even say they... Pearl Harbored them?

[Junior Keeling watches the massacre begin in the ring as the crowd jeers Team HOSS for their unfair assault. Cappy is now on top of Vega, pummeling the young SoCal native with a barrage of right hands. Junior heads to the announce desk to ringside and put on a headset.]

Keeling:

Keelber, Angus, how's it going? You guys liking what you're seeing in that ring right now?

DDK:

You've got a collection of talent lined up in that ring all right.

Angus:

I've seen better.

[Junior throws Angus an unmarked envelope and gestures for him to open it. Mr. Skaaland humors Keeling and opens the flap. As he does this, Angus' eyes actually go wide and in a rare moment of silence, he is nearly speechless.]

Angus:

Go, TEAM HOSS! FIVE STAR MATCH RIGHT THERE!

[I did say NEARLY.]

DDK:

What... what's in there? Money?

[Angus looks again at the envelope and giggles uncontrollably. Inside the ring, things are not looking too good for the members of Team Conclave even as the referee tries to restore order to the match. Team HOSS has complete control as Vega is thrown into the corner by Cappy. When Cappy comes running he ducks and runs over to make the tag, but De La Cruz is checking his face for scars while Butcher straight up avoids the tag. The exasperated V Double turns around into The Rookie Monster Angel Trinidad with a boot to the face. He pushes Vega back to the HOSS corner and he and Cappy launch him off to the ropes before they nearly KILL him dead with a Double Back Elbow to the face!]

[The beatings continue for poor Vega as Angel picks him up once before throwing him down with a Scoop Slam. He pumps the crowd up with a fist and they only respond to the proud rookie with booing so he picks up Vega again... second Scoop Slam! And a third! He then runs off the ropes to deliver a big Splash that nearly crush the sternum of the SoCal native!]

Angus:

These guys are the shit, Keebler! Talk about them!

Keeling:

They are! Team HOSS are going to beat this kid down like they were Phil Spector after a night of drinking!

DDK:

These guys are certainly physical!

[Angel Trinidad tags into Aleczander The Great now and the Big Brit. Vega fights back and the 5'7" rookie kicks away at the legs of Aleczander and then follows up with a straight up thumb to the eye! He doesn't care that the referee is admonishing him, either. With Aleczander stunned, he peppers him with a barrage of Forearm Smashes. He runs to the ropes only to get caught by the Big Brit. He hoists him over his head and actually SPINS him around in several rotations before he lets him fall hard to the ground!]

Keeling:

Damn! That move is the HOSS Toss~

Angus:

Hoss TOSS! That's brilliant! Brilliant, I tell you! Fucking choice!

DDK:

... What HAPPENED to you?

[Aleczander picks up Vega while Jorge and Butcher each stand idly by on the ring apron hoping for a tag... but not really. The HOSS members each line up in the ring and one by one, they BLAST him with a barrage of Corner

Clotheslines until the kid is twitching in the corner, nearly convulsing from the beatdown.]

Keeling:

Operation: Bulldozer! You see what I've got them doing here? These guys are going to be running this division and making the other teams hold their jockstraps.

[Inside the ring the beatings continue as Capital Punishment is in the middle of the ring now. He grabs Valentino and TOSSES him overhead with a brutal Gargoyle Suplex – a staple of his moveset. Vega bounces across the ring like a pinball before he comes crashing into the corner. Seeing an opportunity to capitalize, De La Cruz takes the opportunity and tags in to the match for the first time.]

DDK:

Time to see what Jorge De La Cruz can do!

[He heads to the second rope and comes off with a Missile Dropkick that catches Cappy and knocks the big man down!]

[1... 2... no!]

Angus:

You can't keep a Good HOSS down!

[De La Cruz takes the fight to the bigger Cappy and lands a few rights on the Hall of Famer before heading to the ropes and connecting with a Running Dropkick to the face that knocks him down a second time. When he runs to the ropes again... TAG MADE BY BUTCHER! De La Cruz is shocked while the opportunistic Butcher heads to the ring and tries for a School Boy roll-up on the big man!]

[1... 2... NO!]

[When his gambit fails, Butcher runs to the corner and tries to tag himself in, but De La Cruz refuses. Vega is hurt, but he limps off the ring. It seems that his tag stealing and tag refusing have come back to bite him. Meanwhile, Cappy is already back up.]

Capital Punishment:

Not smart.

[WILD right-armed Lariat nearly takes his head clean off! Butcher is down and out while Jorge De La Cruz and Valentino Vega have all but abandoned him to his fate.]

DDK:

Team HOSS didn't come here to play! And it seems the members of Bronson's Conclave are in this for themselves!

Angus:

SAVE US, TEAM HOSS! SAVE US FROM THIS PARALLEL WORLD WHERE EVERYTHING SUCKS DIC... wait. Where have I heard that before?

Keeling:

Oh, I think it's these guys that need some saving right now.

[The crowd groans from the impact as Angel celebrates like he'd won the DEFIANCE Championship from Kai Scott. Capital Punishment taps him on the shoulder as Angel looks down at the fallen body of Butcher. Alecander looks down and grins like a child at Christmas. Something bad is about to happen.]

[The out-cold Victorious is lifted up by both Capital Punishment and Alecander. The two hand him over to Angel Trinidad's waiting arms before they lift Butcher high in unison. The crowd is in awe at this point when Team HOSS

SPIKES him into the canvas with a ring-shaking Triple-team Elevated Powerbomb!]

DDK:

Vulgar display of power!

Keeling:

Close... I can only call that... The Greatest Move in the HOSStory of Our Sport!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! That's an amazing name... itsnotbutlikemoney AHAHAHAHAHA!

[Poor Butcher needs a toetag at this point. As the legal man, The Rookie Monster places a foot on the chest of Victorious while beating his chest like a gorilla.]

[1... 2... 3!]

Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, ALECXANDER, AND ANGEL TRINIDAD... TEAM HOSS!

DDK:

A DOMINANT win for Team HOSS!

Angus:

They need to wake up and smell the cash... coffee! They're fucking awesome! You hear me, Keebler? AWESOME!

Keeling:

Fucking right, boys. You're gonna be seeing a lot more of that in the weeks to come! Philosopher Kings, Tres Brujas, Hookers-N-Blow, Dentari's Legitimate Gorillas and anybody else that wants to step up to this... [pointing to the bodies in the ring] ...that's gonna be THEM.

Go Fish

[The Legitimate Businessman's Club is open for business.]

[Sitting around one of those infamous unbreakable tables are Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi. In their hands they hold playing cards, or at least Dentari and Rinaldi do. Tony Di Luca is slumped over a black hard backed ledger, sliding his pen up and down and across the open pages.]

Alceo Dentari:

Got any fours?

[Big Vinny looks through his cards silently before looking back up at Dentari with a back expression on his face.]

Alceo Dentari:

Fours, Vinny, you got any fours?

[Still Vinny stares blankly at Dentari until Alceo pulls a four from his hand and flips it over to show the big man.]

Alceo Dentari:

See this? You got any a' these?

[Nothing.]

[Heaving a sigh Dentari reaches out and tilts Vinny's hand down so that he can see his cards.]

Alceo Dentari:

Fours! Damn it, Vinny you got two a' the bastards, see? Got fuck all else, but you got two damn fours!

[Dentari pulls the fours from Vinny's hand and slots them into his own before tilting Vinny's cards back up for him.]

Alceo Dentari:

Shit... I know you ain't got nothin' else I need, so I'm just gonna ask for a seven.

[Vinny stifles a yawn as Dentari picks a card out of the pool and slots it into his hand.]

Alceo Dentari:

Now, your turn...

[Di Luca looks up from his ledger and across the table to Dentari.]

Tony Di Luca:

You expectin' Vinny to play go fish?

Alceo Dentari:

Well I tried teachin' him poker, but the sonuvabitch weren't fuckin' listnin'.

[Vinny reaches out and grabs a hold of however many cards he can from Dentari's hand and plucks them from his fingers.]

Alceo Dentari:

Damn it, Vinny. You gotta ask for somethin'! I ain't got nothin' you got, so you gotta take a card from there.

[Dentari snatches all of his cards back and puts Vinny's hand on the pool between them. Vinny picks the top card up and lays it face down on the table in front of him.]

Alceo Dentari:

I fuckin' give up.

[Alceo tosses his cards down on the table and turns to Rinaldi.]

Alceo Dentari:

At least Mr Bun the fuckin' Baker weren't in there this time.

[Di Luca forces a chuckle and looks back down at his ledger.]

Alceo Dentari:

So is this what you had in mind for strengthenin' the team, huh? Me an' Vinny playin' kids games while you catch up on your readin'?

[Tony sighs without looking up from the ledger.]

Tony Di Luca:

Actually, Alceo, I'm going over the books.

[Dentari scoffs.]

Alceo Dentari:

'The books'? Ain't that just a figure a' speech?

Tony Di Luca:

No, Alceo, it's not. It's quite literal. It's no wonder the business ain't never taken off if you weren't keeping records of nothin'.

[Alceo smiles smugly and taps the side of his head.]

Alceo Dentari:

It's all up here.

Tony Di Luca:

But it aint! An' that's the problem with you, Alceo. There's no plannin', no structure, no nothin'! It's all spur of the moment, it's all off the cuff, it's all a shambles...

Alceo Dentari:

A shambles?

[Di Luca nods slowly.]

Tony Di Luca:

You jump from goal to goal week by week. One week you wanna be the Trios Champion, then you wanna take down The Untouchables, then you just wanna beat on Heidi, then you wanna beat on Cancer, then you wanna be world champion... You try stirin' too many pots with the same spoon an' sooner or later everythin' starts tastin' the same... like shit.

.[Alceo sits back in his chair and folds his arms.]

Alceo Dentari:

That's what you think, huh?

[Tony shakes his head.]

Tony Di Luca:

No, Alceo. It's what I know. You're a passionate guy, I get that, but you keep pullin' yourself in all these different directions an' you ain't gonna get nowhere. Hell, we ain't gonna get nowhere. So we gotta focus on one thing an' one thing only; Recapturin' them Trios titles.

[Alceo crosses his legs and leans back even further in his chair. The confident smile on his face prefaces his next statement.]

Alceo Dentari:

We done it before an' we done it without no books or nothin'.

[Tony lays the pen down on the ledger and fixes Dentari with a stare.]

Tony Di Luca:

An' look where that got us. Are we sat here talkin' 'bout how we're still champions? Or are we sat here talkin' 'bout how to get them belts back? No, Alceo, this time we're gonna do it all proper.

[Di Luca slams shut his ledger and places a palm on top of it, almost to emphasize his point.]

Tony Di Luca:

An' it starts tonight against Tres Brujas.

[Cut back to ringside.]

Angus:

Whaddaya think?

DDK:

About Di Luca?

Angus:

Yeah.

DDK:

Fuggheddahbahdhit!

[Cut backstage.]

No More Tears

[Charlene Crank walks into cVc's locker room as his masseuse is giving him a happy ending. She lowers her head in shame and jealousy as she walks in.]

Charlene:

Chance... Here is the money.

[She hands the envelope as the masseuse finishes him off with a grunt. He counts the money.]

cVc:

This looks and feels a little light whore. These japanese boys at these shows are shorting you for handjobs and anal? A pro like you?

[Charlene lowers her head in shame even lower as the female who was massaging Crank exits his locker room.]

cVc:

Does that make you jealous? To see another woman please me like you can't anymore... Does it?

[Charlene screams, "Fuck You!" and Chance slaps her hard across the face taking her down.]

cVc:

Fuck Me?

[He bends down to a balled up Charlene in the floor.]

cVc:

I think of that hole you sit on and call a pussy and feel ill. The only reason I am keeping you around is because I haven't found someone who would will accept money to off you. I took you back just so that retarded fuck wouldn't be hammering you with his pecker. I like the thought his broken heart enough to keep you around.

[Charlene begins to weep openly on the floor. Crank unzips his pants and begins urinating on her as she cries uncontrollably.]

cVc:

Haha... You are less than nothing. I am everything to you, the reason you keep on living is because you think one day "we" will work. This is the hell you signed up for when you decided to marry me. My grand daddy said to never shit in your own bed, but he never said anything about pissing on your own whore.

[Chance shakes as Charlene's white shirt is now stained yellow. Crank zips up and bends down to her once more after retrieving a towel from his bag.]

cVc:

Dry off you are not useless after all. Just remember that you can tell the other slaves that at one time you were with the best to ever step between the ropes. Not some second rate has been like Curtis Penn but the real fucking deal, Chance Von Crank. I'm gonna beat Dewey tonight and its for you girl...

Charlene:

Other Slaves?

[A knock at the door startles Charlene after hearing this. Chance picks up Charlene from the floor using the towel to wipe her off as she continues to cry.]

cVc:

Come in.

[Two large Japanese men walk into the room and hand Crank a stack of money and he counts it as they look over Charlene real close. After he counts it he gives a thumbs up to the men and looks at Charlene.]

cVc:

I am not pulling as much money yet as I was in the states, Charlene... I read on wikipedia about the large sex trafficking in Japan and... Well I need money and you are in the way so I sold you to these gentlemen and you brought a pretty penny being a blonde american bitch. So I guess we are no longer married and that retard will never find you.

[The two men begin to haul her away as Crank walks up to Charene cupping her face in his hands.]

cVc:

I will become the biggest star in the world... Like I said brag about it when they rape you too many times or some shit, it will make you feel better. I never loved you, I only used you to further myself in my real true love... This business.

[The two men take her out of the room as Crank continues to count the stack of money the two paid him for Charlene. He walks over to the wall where a DEF TV poster is hanging. He takes a sharpie out and crosses out Python on the poster. He then draws another "X" across Eugene Dewey and then circles himself. Cut to ringside.]

DDK:

Well now.

Angus:

Yeah, that was a little... something.

DDK:

Hard to watch?

Angus:

Yeah. Heh.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

You get hard watching Chance Von Crank!

DDK:

WHY YOU LITTLE-

[Darren chokes Angus, Homer Simpson-style.]

Ring the bell and lets kick this pig!

[With the bell rung, Ty and Dante stare each other down from the across the ring as they slowly begin to approach the other. Breaking the ice, Walker is the first to make a move and shoots in on Dante, but he's quick to dodge the attempt at his legs with a smirk and mouths "too slow, old man".]

DDK:

Well, this is certainly going to be a friendly contest.

Angus:

Bah, we'll see, it's going to be friendly for one of these guys.

[Ty sneers and they continue to circle, this time with Dante trying to shoot in. The slightly shorter, younger, and more muscular Dante gets in close, but Ty manages to sprawl and attempts to take Eddie's back, who scrambles away quickly before Walker could gain the advantage. Backing away, Dante stares back at Ty, who only continues to sneer at him.]

Angus:

How's that for slow, you muscled up midget?

DDK:

I see your favoritism for all things Team Danger has a passport.

Angus:

Never leave home without it.

[Closing in again, they opt for the old school collar and elbow tie up. Ducking low, Dante drives a knee into Walker's gut before taking him down with a side headlock and cranking it in tight. Ty grumbles as Dante continues to crank on it. Trying to break free from it, Ty rolls Eddie back on to his shoulders for a pin, but Dante recovers position after a one count.]

DDK:

You know, I've always felt the headlock was an underrated hold, simple but effective.

Angus:

At putting me to sleep, yeah.

[Walker tries again, but doesn't get more than another one count. Dante responds by breaking his grip and starts to grind the knuckles of his free hand against Ty's face, which only serves to aggravate the Black Jesus. Walker starts to fight his way back to a standing position, all the while Dante continues to crank the headlock.]

Angus:

You know, it occurred to me that Dante is targeting Ty's neck.

DDK:

Insightful as always, **Angus:**

[Dante tries to toss him back over with the headlock, but Walker doesn't play along and tries to hoist him up for a suplex, but Dante cranks the hold again causing Ty to grunt in pain. Finally Ty figures a way out as he begins to fire forearms into Dante back and side which gets him to break his hold. Capitalizing, Ty muscles Dante up for the Black Thunder, but Dante counters out with a hurricanrana.]

DDK:

Nice heads up counter there by, Dante.

Angus::

Please, he bored Ty into a coma with a headlock.

[Scrambling around, Dante is up first and goes on the attack, but as he charges in he gets caught with a dropkick as Walker suddenly bursts up to catch him. Following up, Ty swarms a rising Dante with a flurry of knees and elbows, backing him into a corner. Ty continues to blast away alternating with elbows, palms and kicks, some of which Dante manages to block or deflect as he covers up.]

Angus::

YEAH!! Beat dat ass, Ty, beat it!

DDK:

Have I ever mentioned how much of a pillar of professionalism that you are?

Angus::

No, but you really should do it more often.

[Shifting gears, Ty whips Dante across the ring into the opposite corner. Dante however, side steps out of the way of a Stinger Splash only for Walker to land his feet on the middle ropes before hitting a momentarily unaware Dante with a dropkick that sends him tumbling to the mat face first. Popping up, Ty mugs it up for the crowd as he hollars "HOOKERS AND BLOW!" which gets an amused reaction from some of the crowd.]

Angus::

HOOKERS AND BLOW!!

[Turning his attention back to Dante, Walker stalks over to his opponent, but this time it's Dante coming from out of nowhere with a small package that barely gets a two count. Both are quickly up, Dante tries for a European Uppercut only for Ty to counter into a backslide, that almost gets a two count.]

Angus::

SCRAMBLEMANIA!

[Ty tries to whip Dante into the ropes, but Eddie turns the tables and takes Walker down with a crucifix that, yet again, only barely gets a two count. Dante doesn't let up, quickly catching Walker with a La Magistral Cradle, but only a one count. Dante yet again tries for something as he catches Walker doubled over only for Ty to sweep out his legs before rolling forward with a cradle pin that only gets a two count.]

DDK:

Round and round they go, where they stop, no one knows.

[They scramble around again, Ty rushes Dante, who has his back turned and gets driven against the ropes before Walker pulls back and rolls him up with a back rolling cradle that gets another close two count as Dante kicks him off. Walker rolls forward as Dante scampers back to his feet. Turning they both hold up as they see the other is ready for the next round, all the while the audience applauding their efforts.]

DDK:

What an impressive display by Walker and Dante.

Angus::

And these people are giving them the love for it.

[Circling, they converge with another lockup, this time Ty taking control as he leverages Dante back against the ropes. The ref calls for a clean break and Walker obliges, but not without throwing some unfavorable words at Dante. Shoving him back, Dante closes in and locks up with Walker again, this time it's his turn to push his man back. Again the ref asks for a clean break, but Dante rears back and clocks Walker across the face with an open hand.]

DDK:

What a blatant show of disrespect.

Angus::

Disrespect? He just slapped the shit-take out of him.

DDK:

You know those are mushrooms, right?

Angus::

What are?

DDK:

Shittake, it's pronounced shi-tah-kay, they're...

Angus::

Dude, nobody cares.

[Dante backs away as he taunts Ty, who rushes him and gets caught with an inverted atomic drop followed by a flying forearm that puts Walker on the mat. Diving on him for a pin, Dante gets a two count. Not wasting time, Dante immediately gets back to work, as he sits Ty up and puts a knee into his back before grabbing a chin lock.]

DDK:

Dante again looking to torque the neck, Ty's notorious weak spot.

[Grimacing in pain, Walker doesn't take long to try and fight his way out of the predicament. Getting to his feet, Walker breaks free with a few elbows to Dante's gut, but as he comes running off the ropes, Dante catches him with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. Turning him over, Dante locks on a camel clutch, continuing to focus on Walker's neck.]

DDK:

Dante just seems to have Walker's number here.

Angus::

Jay-zuss, it's like he's trying to turn him into a pez dispenser.

[Dante starts calling for the ref to check on Walker, who when asked if he wants to give it up, responds with a definitive "NO!" while at the same time digging and clawing towards the ropes. Dante lets go of the hold and then banzai drops his weight across Ty's back before locking in the hold again.]

Angus::

Did someone give this guy cheat codes or something? He's got Ty beat at every turn right now.

DDK:

I don't know about that, but Ty certainly isn't short on what these fans call "fighting spirit".

[Feeling the desperation, Walker gets his arms free and pulls himself to the ropes with Dante still cranking back on his head. Getting to the ropes, the ref calls for Dante to break the hold, but it doesn't matter as Ty doesn't stop at the ropes, using them to climb up with Dante still on his back. Reaching down, Walker holds Dante's legs up before falling back and crushing him against the mat with all of his of his weight on top of him.]

DDK:

Walker with an imaginative escape there.

Angus::

Alright, Ty! Lets get this back into our favor.

DDK:

Our favor? I don't see you in there getting beat on.

Angus::

Hey, we all do our parts. For instance, I'm sitting here carrying you on commentary.

[With both down on the mat, Walker turns his neck as he tries to stretch it out, while Dante tries to regain his breath. Ty is up first and he goes over to pull Dante up, hitting him with a few clubbing shots to the back of his shoulders, but Dante suddenly comes back to life and lashes out with an elbow square to Ty's head. Rocking back, Ty responds with an elbow of his own, which earns another in response from Dante.]

Angus::

SLUGFEST!!

[Ty scores with a leg kick, Eddie responds with a chop. Ty hits another leg kick, Eddie gets another chop. Kick, chop, kick, chop, kick, chop. Ty changes up scores with a kick to the body that visibly makes Dante cringe, and then another, and another, and another, until Ty tries for a high round house that Dante ducks only to eat a back spinning...]

Angus::

PIMPU SLAPPA!

[Dante now rocks back and returns fire with an open hand of his own, which is returned in kind by Walker. Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap, they continue to fire away, each successive blow making sweat explode off of their heads. The barrage continues, almost endlessly it seems, all the while the crowd cheering the fighting spirit on display before them.]

DDK:

Dante and Walker are absolutely brutalizing each other.

Angus::

Like they stole something.

[The two way assault finally hits a bump when Dante, switching it up, throws a boot into Walker's gut and follows up with a European Uppercut. Stumbling back, Walker has the presence of mind to duck a wildly swung clothesline and delivers the...]

DDK:

Blue Thunder!

Angus::

Damnit, that's not what it's called!

DDK:

Fine, Black Thunder, better?

Angus::

Yes!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE.....

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO.....

THRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.....NO!

[Walker looks to the ref, but doesn't waste time arguing the call. Pulling Dante off of the mat, Ty whips him into the ropes before bouncing off the ropes on the opposite side, however they both had the same idea. Flying Forearm. The collision sending them crashing to the mat, yet they both pop up quickly, but it's Walker who scores with the...]

DDK:

Rydeen Bomb!

Angus:

Get it right, BLACKOUT BOMB!

DDK:

It's literally the same thing!

[Indeed it is, Ty popping Dante up and dropping him with his variation of a sitout powerbomb/spinebuster. Ty however, doesn't go for the pin, heading out to the apron he springs up on to the top rope and comes crashing down with the springboard senton and uses the momentum to roll with it into the ropes and hit the springboard moonsault from the other side.]

Angus:

DEATH FROM ABOVE, an oldie, but goodie...

[Spoke too soon.]

DDK:

Dante gets the knees up!

[His ribs crunching down on the raised knees, Ty rolls around on the mat clutching his midsection. Meanwhile, Dante tries to shake the cobwebs. A moment passes and both start to get back into it, with Dante stalking over to Ty, who rears back and blasts him in the gut with a kick and then tries to scoop slam him for the Blackimus Driver, but Dante escapes and slides back behind Walker and grabs a waistlock...]

DDK:

German Suplex and a bridge...

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE.....

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO.....

THREEEEEEEE...NOO!!!

[Dante looks to the ref, his eyes wide in shock, but the ref assures him that the count was only a two, a close two, but a two none the less. Getting up, Dante pulls Walker up by his afro before waistlocking him again, but reaches down to cradle between the legs and...]

DDK:

What an impact! Eddie Dante with a Tear-Drop Suplex.

Angus:

He dropped Ty directly on top of his skull, Keebs, and he's been aiming for his neck all night.

DDK:

And Dante is looking to capitalize here...

[Turning Walker over face first and squatting over his back, he locks in Virtue's Vice and just cranks back as hard as

he can with it.]

Angus::

Dragon Clutch and... baw gawd, he's trying to break him in half!

DDK:

I believe it's called the Virtue's Vice, **Angus::**, how about you try getting it right.

Angus::

Hey, nobody likes a knowitall, fag.

[For Ty's part, he goes from dazed to agony in less than 60 seconds faster than your favorite European super sports car. Ty flails his free arm, not even acknowledging the ref who is asking if he wants to give it up. Digging in, Ty manages to pull his knees up to give himself better leverage and desperately crawls towards the ropes. With the fans cheering Walker's effort to get his escape, he reaches the ropes to a huge round of applause.]

DDK:

What heart.

Angus::

He may be an old bastard now, but he's one of the toughest bastards around.

[Dante however refuses to break and violently cranks on the hold, only breaking until the ref gets super close to reaching his five count and then gets pulled away and reprimanded for not following the refs command. Meanwhile, this gives Walker time to recover and when he gets to his feet, going completely on instinct, he rushes at Dante who pushes the ref aside and pops Ty up...]

DDK:

ENDGAME!!

[Dante looks to score with the super European Uppercut, but Ty adjusts in mid-air and thrusts his feet into Dante's face before he crashes to the mat.]

Angus::

DENIED!!

[Ty and Dante scramble back to their feet, and Dante swings with a clothesline that Walker ducks before rushing to the ropes and launching himself off of the rebound.]

Angus::

BOOM!!

DDK:

Walker scores the BLACKOUT!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!!

THHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-NO!!

[Ty rises up and gestures for his own killshot before hooking Dante up with the textbook suplex, but Dante avoids the Ol' Dirty Buster by twisting out of the suplex in mid-air, but as he lands behind Walker, Ty has the wherewithal to catch Dante with a cradle...]

DDK:

VICTORY ROLL!!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!!!!!

THHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEE!!

****DING!!** **DING!!** **DING!!******Darren "DQ" Quimbey:**

And your winner of the match, by pinfall, TYROOOOOONE WAAALLLLLKEERRRR!!

[Walker lets go and rolls back and away from Dante, before getting to his feet and stomping around the ring. He approaches Dante, the whole time his mouth running with, lets say, a forecast of what the future holds for the Philosopher Kings and their long term future as DEFIANCE Trios Champions, among other, not so friendly, criticisms.]

DDK:

Ty certainly has a lot to say, not exactly being gracious in victory here tonight.

Angus:

If you don't like it, don't lose a match to the man after trying to call the guy out. Simple.

DDK:

Still, being a "sore winner" isn't necessary.

Angus:

Whatever, Keeps.

[Not one to simply stand still and be disrespected, Dante gets in Ty's face and jaws back at him with similar fury and commentary in regards to what he actually thinks of Walker. Before this can escalate any further, the ref gets between them. Heeding the officials demands, they separate, still staring back until Dante bails from the ring first, though he keeps his eyes on Walker until he's further up the aisle.]

Bath Tub Apologies.

Rainwood:

Hello my lovely Defiance fans,

[The big screen light up, and once again we see one Jeremiah Rainwood, looking rather relaxed. Today's scene of choice, a mountain hot springs which we can assume is somewhere in Japan. Either side of him sit two rather larger sumo type gentlemen staring dead ahead. Rainwood lies back, arms out stretched behind his two new friends and continues to speak.]

Rainwood:

Now I know what you're thinking, and it's a number of very reasonable questions so I'm going to answer them one by one.

First up Mr. Rainwood, why the hell do you always seem to cut promos in large vats of warm water whilst wearing little to no clothes? To that my friend I'd say because my body's so fine that I'm letting the world appreciate it... [Rainwood cuts a cheesy poserish grin for a second] pah, nah just messing with you. The real reason is as you may have noticed, being chilled out is kinda my thang, and well if there ain't something relaxing about having your having hot water gently heating yah and making you feel all warm and tingly inside, you sir are lacking one soul.

Secondly, why aren't you here, in this fine venue in Saitama getting your fighting gloves on and taking on one of Defs finest wrestlers in a match which would be so electrifying it would be like shoving livewire down your longjohns? Well Dane's kindly given me the week off, so I thought I'd meet some of the locals, and these two fine gentlemen have been teaching me how to bring the fight to people Japanese style for the past couple of hours and now we've hit the springs to loosen the old muscles, but don't you worry, you'll all get to see my not so pretty face in a ring next week.

Which leads me nicely to the final question, Rainwood, could you stop your damn ramblings for just one little minute and get to the point of this whole shebang? And I'd say fair play to y'all, I'll give it to you straight. Yesterday, I found tacked to my hotel room door, a letter. Well when I say a letter I mean a long rant that happened to be in handwritten form but we'll call it a letter for clarity. See the letter was from my good friend and current sparring partner Lash Grahams' Uncle. I've got it here in fact...

[Rainwood brings one of his arms from behind one sumos back with several sheets of paper in them. Each seemingly scrawled on in handwritten cursive front to back]

Rainwood:

See this letter goes on to say many slanderous things about me, saying I cheated his boy out of a victory somehow last week, how his boy was going to destroy me and tear me apart, how his boy was a force to be reckoned with and shouldn't be fighting jobbers like me. How he doesn't even know why Dan keeps giving me favours and employing me in this wrestling institution and all in all it was all pretty hurtful stuff. But hey, you people say bad things in the heat of the moment.

The one thing that he then goes on to say however, somewhere near the end, and I'm paraphrasing here cause this thing was at least 10 pages long so I was skimming by the end of it, that I'm a coward if I don't face his boy in the ring again for a deciding match, running scared from the brilliance of his boy Lash Graham.

And I can agree that your boy is brilliant, he's a damn fine fighter but if you'd actually have spoke to your boy, you'd have known I said we should have a rematch after to decide it all anyway. I said to him, "we can't leave the defiance faithful without one last show-stopping match to leave them knowing who got the victory in our little exchange". And I'm a man of my word, so I spoke to Dane and we have ourselves that last deciding match next week live on Def TV. So people of Japan be ready for that.

And Uncle Gray, please chill out a little. I can respect you wanting to do your best by your boy but this is getting a little obsessive...

[Rainwoods face flickers to serious for once before immediately back to his usual crooked smile]

Rainwood out!

[Screen cuts to black]

I'm Gonna Make Him An Offer He Might Refuse

[Never before had Eugene had such a look for frustration upon his face as he does right now. His brow is furrowed, his teeth are bared, he's sweating, he's cursing under his breath, he's almost putting his fist through the table he's sat at... in fact the only reason he hasn't done that already is because he's got his 3DS open and switched on in his hands.]

Eugene Dewey:

Ungh!

[A few more agonising seconds pass with Eugene wincing and groaning until the door to his locker room swings open and a familiar face enters.]

[And this face is familiar because it looks a lot like Eugene's only way greasier and still substantially thinner.]

Wayne Dewey:

Hey there big bro! How's it going?

[Eugene looked up from the 3DS to his brother and snarled.]

Eugene Dewey:

What do you want?

[Wayne held his hands up and simply smiled back.]

Wayne Dewey:

Just a chat, dude. Or is it not a good time?

[Eugene shook his head.]

Eugene Dewey:

For you it's never a good time.

[But Wayne wasn't going to listen to that and grabbed the chair propped up against the wall. He unfolded it and took a seat opposite Eugene.]

Wayne Dewey:

You look tense, Eugene. Are you tense?

[Eugene didn't answer.]

Wayne Dewey:

What's bothering you, Gene?

[Eugene looked up at his brother again and sighed.]

Eugene Dewey:

Right now, you.

Wayne Dewey:

Oh, come now, bro. You're not mad about last week, are you?

[Eugene didn't answer, instead he sat there staring at the dual screens before him.]

Wayne Dewey:

Look, as you probably heard earlier, Seth's my new client...

[No response.]

Wayne Dewey:

After we parted ways I took some time and got my shit together... I set up my own agency... I've got loads of clients on the books across loads of sports... nobody huge... until Seth, that is.

[Still no response.]

Wayne Dewey:

Dude... what the hell are you doing on there?

[Wayne folded the screen of the 3DS down and looked at it confusedly.]

Wayne Dewey:

Dude... didn't that come out like a week ago?

[Finally Eugene replied.]

Eugene Dewey:

I don't know who to pick... I really want Fennekin, but then I get to choose a Kanto starter as well, and I want Charmander there. And then there's the event Torchic... three fire types aren't going to make sense, I'd rather have Froakie over Chespin, but then at the same time I'd rather have Squirtle over Bulbasaur... I can't go walking around with a fire and two waters, can I? I mean, I'll have them all one day hopefully provided there's the transfer lab somewhere, but I don't know wh...

[Eugene spoke stoically at first, but as the passion for Pokémon took over he couldn't help but talk to his brother just like old times. Of course, once he realised what he was doing he soon clammed up again.]

Wayne Dewey:

See man, we can be friends, can't we?

[Eugene sighed again.]

Eugene Dewey:

You don't get it, do you Wayne? You didn't want me to be a success unless you could claim to have been the driving force behind it, and when you thought I was going to go somewhere else you got sand all up in your vagina and tried to guilt me into staying with you. You backed yourself into a corner and couldn't get out of it and save face, so you quit. But you didn't just quit, did you?

[Eugene finally sets the 3DS down on the table and fixes his brother with an intense stare.]

Eugene Dewey:

You tried to turn it all around on me one last time and you tried to make yourself the victim when you clearly weren't.

Wayne Dewey:

I was the victim!

Eugene Dewey:

No you weren't!

Wayne Dewey:

I WAS! I put so much time and effort into making you a star... Who was up at night googling your opponents for you? Who was at ringside for every match leading the cheers and providing the advice? Who made all the bookings and all the flight arrangements? Who made sure you got where you needed to be? ME! And how was I thanked?

[Wayne stood up from his chair and leaned across the table at his brother.]

Wayne Dewey:

You said "I think I need someone else to help me." and you went off to get played by Cancer Jiles and beaten by Bronson Box. If you'd stuck with me you'd have beaten Box for a third straight time... You'd have been the Master of Wrestling... Hell, by now you'd have won the World title.

Eugene Dewey:

I earned a shot at that by myself.

Wayne Dewey:

And you lost by yourself as well. That wouldn't have happened with me, and that's what I'm here to offer.

[Eugene looked at his brother with a hint of confusion in his eyes.]

Eugene Dewey:

What?

Wayne Dewey:

Sign up with me. We'll be a team again. You, Seth and I would be unstoppable together.

Eugene Dewey:

Sign up with you? Are you serious?

Wayne Dewey:

Hell yeah I am.

Eugene Dewey:

I'd rather play Superman 64.

Wayne Dewey:

Woah, don't be so hasty, Euge.

Eugene Dewey:

I'm not being hasty. I will never joi-

[Suddenly things take a dark turn as Wayne interrupts his brother with a much deeper tone of voice.]

Wayne Dewey:

Seriously man, really think about this offer...

[Wayne stands up and placed his hands on the table between he and his brother. He leans in and whispers to Eugene.]

Wayne Dewey:

Life could get very difficult if you say no.

[Finally Wayne smiles a toothy grin again and claps his brother on the shoulder before turning to leave the locker room.]

Eugene Dewey:

Hey, Wayne!

[Wayne stops in his tracks and turns back with an expectant grin on his face. It doesn't last long though.]

Eugene Dewey:

Don't let the door hit you on your way out.

[Cut back to the commentation station.]

DDK:

Well, I guess that answers *that* question.

Angus:

Yup.

Honor

DDK:

How did Curtis Penn get in the ring?

Angus:

I'unno. Magnets.

DDK:

May as well see what he's got to say.

[Curtis Penn stands, arms cross, center ring.]

Penn:

That lil' shit.

[Words were never spoken with more pure venom.]

Penn:

He tried to embarrass me at the Kawasaki Club by pulling a handful of tights for the cheap victory.

[As history would have it, Curtis was actually the one who was using cheap tactics to win fast and malicious, Alston pulled out the victory by using Curts' own momentum for a quick roll up victory.]

Penn:

What type of **HONOR** lies in a sneaky, underhanded, cheap victory like that?

[His beard lifts as a smile stretches across his face.]

Penn:

Tucker G. Alston is a man with no honor, who fights not head on, but with schemes and treachery! That goes against the Bushido code...

[Curtis has been known to askew history and facts a smudge, but now he is trying to win their following by twisting and turning their ancestral moral code and compass.]

Penn:

I'm bold... brash...even a little cocky sometimes, but I have never resorted to trickery to injury, harm, or maim an opponent.

[Naw, just the occasional false lead in to a handshake, followed by a beat down, and then followed by an arm bar the he just wouldn't release. Curtis Penn is your prime example of **Honor**.]

Penn:

I have always been this smashed mouth **warrior**, not once have I tried to deceive anyone, not like Tucker Alston did to me at the Kawasaki Club. Now, I know Alston is not here tonight so I'm not going to call him out and try to fight him tonight, but I want you all to take notice...

[He points towards the crowd and waves his hands at the empty ramp.]

Penn:

That Tucker G. Alston is the type of champion that after he receives a victory one week, sits at home drinking his Champagne and eating his caviar the next; instead of being here to fight another opponent.

[Well he would more than likely be here if Curtis did not try and rip his arm completely off of his body and try and bludgeon him with his own limb.]

Penn:

The man has no **Loyalty** to his fan base, he has no **Honor** as a warrior, and he stands against the **Bushido Code**.

Boo....

Boo...

Boo...

[Penn lips curl and gives his straight face a look of deviousness.]

Penn:

You should boo him, he is a champion and he should be here to fight... for his honor, to win ya'lls loyalty, to respect the Bushido Code and be a warrior that the So Her Championship needs!

[The building begins to rumble with boos and hisses from the crowd. They begin to chant Alston's name.]

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

[This displeases Curtis.]

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

[He waits for the chorus to die off before he lifts the microphone back to his lips.]

Boo....

Boo...

Boo...

[His lips curl again.]

Penn:

If no one else wants to **Honor** the Bushido Code I will! I will do it justice..Tucker...

Boo....

Boo...

Boo...

[The crowd cannot take his coaxing and rally off boos that block the words that he utters into the microphone.]

Penn:

.....

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

[He inspects the microphone and brings it back up to restate his proposal.]

Penn:

Alston wine and dine this week, live it up, but the next time you see me, I'll be standing across from you and I'll be taking your SoHer Championship from you.

[At the entrance ramp, the shaggy haired Tucker appears; a stern look etched on his face and a microphone in hand.]

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

[He looks towards the microphone in hand and back to the ring, Curtis is fuming and frothing, Tucker charges the ring, Curtis leaps over the top rope, they clash midway up the ramp. Blows are thrown, teeth are clinched, but DEF SEC is there to pry the men apart before too much damage is delt.]

[Tucker raises his hands and backs off as does Curtis, no sooner than DEF Sec stands down Curtis lunges for another attack, but is quickly wrapped up and pressed into the ring barrier. Tucker reaches down and picks up the dropped microphone.]

Alston:

Curtis, if you want another shot at the Southern Heritage Championship, you're on!

[He drops the microphone and walks backwards up the ramp to the sound of his name.]

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

Awwston....Clap...clap...clap

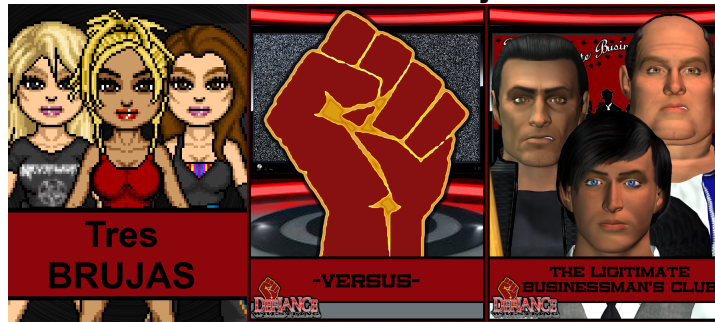
[Curtis just smiles with evil intent as he is escorted from ringside.]

Angus:

I can't believe I just sat through that.

[Cut.]

Legitimate Businessmen's Club vs Tres Brujas



Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is a trios tag team match, and it is set for one fall! Introducing first!

[Cue The Sword.]

Quimbey:

Hailing from Tampa, Florida, and weighing in at 144 lbs, LISA! LOEH! From Waterbury, Vermont, and weighing in at 161 lbs, DIANE! PARKER! And from Kingston, Jamaica, weighing in at 141 lbs - CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUURE! Together, they are former Defiance Trios Tag Champions. Representing the Truly Untouchables - they are TREEEESSSS... BRUUUUUUUUUUJJJJAAAASSS!!!!

- ♪ A strange voice within his mind ♪
- ♪ From the glowing orb in his hand ♪
- ♪ Spoke of the properties of certain herbs ♪
- ♪ Growing wild all across this land ♪

[Claira St. Sure is first out. She's wearing a boxing style robe, open in the front, and her shorts are cut low below the waist to better show off dem abs. Diane Parker, whose wrestling style is pretty no-nonsense, follows her. Lisa Loeh is last out, and she stops to do one of those sorta-dances where she twitches her hips violently from one side to the other. Claira and Diane are most of the way to the ring before she stops and follows them.]

- ♪ Three witches you shall meet ♪
- ♪ Along the path to your fate ♪
- ♪ The first will love you ♪
- ♪ The second will deceive you ♪
- ♪ And the third will show you the way ♪

[In the ring, Claira doffs her robe, Diane tests the ropes, and Lisa does a supposedly exotic straddle-dance on the top rope that reeks of trying too hard.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents! Hailing collectively from the Bronx, New York City, and weighing in at a combined 762 lbs! 'Big Vinny' Vincent Rinaldi! Tony 'Two Hands' De Luca! And Alceo Dentari! Also former Defiance World Trios Champions! They are THE LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB!

- ♪ 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' ♪

[Alceo Dentari is scowling.]

[Tony Two-Hands is walking next to him, not behind him. This is of significance.]

[Vincent Rinaldi is still fat, and he walks in the back.]

♪ My head keeps... spinning ♪
♪ I go to sleep and keep... grinning ♪
♪ If this is just the be...ginning ♪
♪ My life's going to be ♪
♪ Beeeeyoutiful ♪

[Dentari stomps into the ring, his stomp interrupted by the necessity of hopping to get over the middle rope. He starts straight after the Brujas, only to be held back by Hector Navarro.]

[On one side of the ring Dentari and Di Luca both pat Rinaldi on the back and exit to the apron. On the other the Brujas confer. Clair starts to enter, Diane holds her back and pushes Lisa, Lisa starts to argue but then steps under the bottom ropes. Lisa turns to face her opponent as Clair and Diane exit the ring and the bell sounds.]

Ding Ding Ding!

[Lisa starts by trying to pose, but somehow any implications are lost on Rinaldi. He closes the gap on Loeh and tries to tie up with her, but Lisa ducks the attempt and goes behind Rinaldi. Vinny turns as Lisa puts some more distance between the two and smiles. Lisa smiles right back and charges at Rinaldi, sliding along the mat between his legs and shoots up behind him. Lisa jumps hitting a picture perfect dropkick to the spine of Rinaldi which he shrugs off. Vinny turns and catches Lisa by the head and neck as she's getting back to her feet and delivers a 'big' headbutt the back of her neck. Lisa tries to fight back and throws a wild hand into Rinaldi's midsection but Vinny's power is too much and he grabs Loeh by the throat and throws her across the ring into the LBC's corner.]

DDK:

It's no wonder Rinaldi's overpowering Lisa, the girl's giving up about 220lbs to the big man.

Angus:

That's about 2 of you.

[Rinaldi waddles his way to the corner where Lisa landed and grabs hold of the leg she sticks out, trying to kick him in the gut. Vinny uses that leg to drag Lisa out of the corner before dropping it and grabbing her by the neck again. Vinny pulls Lisa to her feet before Gorilla pressing her above his head. Rinaldi holds her up for a good few seconds before slamming her to the mat and hitting the ropes. Vinny comes back and jumps, looking to hit a big splash but Lisa rolls out of the way, leaving Rinaldi with nothing but mat to connect with.]

DDK:

Rinaldi almost left Lisa as a grease spot on the canvas!

Angus:

And she's out of the ring... and here comes Clair!

[St. Sure enters the ring and charges at Rinaldi, who instantly backs off into his own corner.]

DDK:

Looks like Rinaldi wants nothing to do with the former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

I can see someone who does though.

[Dentari reaches over the top rope and tags himself into the match, ignoring Di Luca's protests and charges straight at Clair. St. Sure drops Alceo with a drop toe hold. She adjusts her position quickly and tries to lock in an STF, but

Dentari manages to quickly claw his way to the ropes. Clairra ignores Hector Navarro's count up until four and backs off to allow Dentari up to his feet. Alceo gets up, straightens his waistcoat and brushes himself down as he and Clairra circle the ring.]

DDK:

I'm not surprised Dentari wants to get his hands on Clairra after what happened at Ascension and at the last show.

Angus:

Looks like it's Clairra getting her hands on Dentari right now though...

[After trying up in the middle of the ring Clairra gets the better of Alceo and goes behind, taking him to the mat with a waist lock takedown. Clairra floats over into a front facelock but Alceo pushes up onto his knees and alleviates some of the pressure. Alceo continues to push up to his feet and backs Clairra into a neutral corner where he breaks the hold with a shoulder to the midsection. Dentari pulls back and drives in another shoulder but Clairra jumps, wraps her legs around Alceo's arms and rolls him up in a pin for two. Dentari scrambles to get to his feet, but Clairra's up before him and lashes out with a kick that catches Dentari flush in the side of the head.]

[Alceo doesn't drop to the mat but he is certainly stunned from the kick, giving Clairra enough time to grab an arm, jump, wrap her legs around his neck and lock in a Triangle choke. Alceo's free hand claws at Clairra's legs trying to break the hold before moving to a position dangerously close to the mat!]

DDK:

Clairra's got that Triangle Choke locked in tight! Dentari might be about to tap!

[Tony Di Luca isn't going to wait around to find out and enters the ring, stomping down on the shoulder of Clairra to break the hold. Hector Navarro steps in and tries to usher Di Luca out of the ring, but he ignores her commands and continues to stomp away at Clairra. Sure. Diane Parker isn't going to stand for this and enters the ring herself, charging at Di Luca, jumping over Clairra and Dentari to hit a running front dropkick. Almost instantly Vincent Rinaldi decides he's coming in, and Lisa's not going to be the only one out on the apron and so jumps in over the top rope. Lisa's speedy entrance means she's able to cut Rinaldi off just as he's straightening up after stepping through the ropes and she hits a Kenka kick to the side of Vinny's face before jumping up on him and looking for a headscissor!]

Angus:

She couldn't take the big man down, could she?

[No she couldn't as Rinaldi simply throws Lisa off to the side and down to the mat. Rinaldi ignores Loeh for the moment and heads right for Diane Parker, who has driven Di Luca into a corner and is unleashing a flurry of kicks to the legs and body of the medium sized man. Vinny grabs Diane by the hair and pulls her back, landing a headbutt to the back of her head and knocks her down to the mat. Rinaldi reaches out a hand and pulls Di Luca to his feet just as Clairra charges in and lifts a knee into the back of Rinaldi, pushing him into the corner and squashing Di Luca against the turnbuckles!]

DDK:

Rinaldi's size and weight worked against his own team there! That's not what you want!

[Clairra takes advantage over the shocked Rinaldi by delivering a stiff straight kick to the back of his leg, knocking the big man down to one knee. Clairra pulls back and lines up a kick but can't pull it off as Dentari charges in with a clothesline that knocks Clairra down and sends her rolling to the outside. Dentari takes a moment too long to stare at Clairra on the outside allowing Lisa Loeh time to run up behind him and take him down with a German Suplex which sends him rolling under the bottom rope.]

DDK:

Navarro really needs to restore order in this match!

Angus:

Who the fuck even put him in charge of this? It's been made pretty clear in the past he couldn't control a TV!

DDK:

Angus, Eric Dane put him in charge because of his experience with the lucha libre style employed by trios wrestling.

Angus:

Oh shit.

[Loeh runs at Rinaldi, who has just gotten back to his feet, and attempts a Forearm Shiver. Rinaldi takes a step back but seems unaffected by it as he grabs Lisa and hip tosses her over the top rope. Lisa lands sat on the apron before dropping to the outside next to Clairra St. Sure. Rinaldi clutches at his chest, clearly feeling the effects of the strike from Lisa before both St. Sure and Loeh grab a hold of his ankles and try to pull him to the outside of the ring. Rinaldi stays standing until Diane Parker runs in and takes him down with a neckbreaker variation. Together all three Brujas drag Rinaldi to the outside where Clairra and Lisa lay stomps and kicks into him.]

DDK:

Finally the 'Big' man is off his feet!

Angus:

But it took all three Brujas to do it!

[Finally with just Diane Parker and Tony Di Luca left in the ring order seems to have been restored.]

DDK:

Weren't Dentari and Clairra the legal persons?

Angus:

I think Hector's just happy to have two people in the ring again.

[On the outside Dentari rushes around the ring to defend Rinaldi, forcing St Sure and Loeh to retreat to their corner. Meanwhile on the inside of the ring Di Luca and Parker tie up in the center. Diane takes Di Luca down with a rolling knee bar, though she releases the hold after only a few seconds so that she can put a couple of boots the back of Tony's hamstring. Diane follows up with an elbow drop to the side of Di Luca's knee and ties his leg up in a leg lock. Di Luca sits up and lashes out a right hand that narrowly misses Diane's chin, but he does manage to grab a handful of her hair and tugs at it until she breaks the hold.]

DDK:

Navarro's not even bothering with counts now...

Angus:

Like any of them would listen to him.

[Both Di Luca and Parker get to their feet, Diane slightly quicker, allowing her to grab Di Luca by the head and snapmare him to the mat. She pulls her leg back before nailing a soccer kick to the spine that echoes around the arena! Diane lays Di Luca down and covers for a two!]

DDK:

I think I can still hear that kick.

Angus:

I'm not surprised, this crowd are fucking dead.

DDK:

Do I really need to explain why?

Angus:

Probably... to some people anyway... Couldn't hurt to remind me anyway...

[Diane pulls Di Luca to his feet and steadies him before lifting her leg for a high front kick. Di Luca catches the leg though and throws Parker with a leg trap belly to belly suplex. Diane goes rolling into the most incorrect corner she could have rolled into and tries to get away, but with Di Luca closing in and Rinaldi and Dentari either side of her she doesn't have anywhere to go.]

Angus:

Wrong part of town!

[Di Luca plants a stomp to Diane's chest, then another, then another, and another until Hector Navarro finally steps in and pushes him away. Navarro warns Di Luca to listen to her, which Tony seems to do, but only to keep her in conversation while Dentari and Rinaldi choke, punch and stomp at Diane through the ropes.]

[Claira and Lisa really aren't going to stand by and watch as Dentari and Rinaldi choke their partner and step into the ring. Navarro stops talking to Di Luca and tries to intercept the Brujas, but to no avail. On their way past Claira and Lisa double clothesline Di Luca before through themselves at the other two members of the LBC. A double dropkick from the two knocks Rinaldi off of the apron before they drag Alceo along the apron and double hip toss him into the ring.]

Angus:

Seriously!

[Rinaldi slides into the ring and charges into Lisa and Claira, knocking them off of Dentari before turning back to Diane and eating a dropkick to the face. Diane almost gets wiped out as Di Luca charges in with a lunging clothesline and then...]

Ding Ding Ding!**DDK:**

Was that the bell?

Angus:

You've got to be kidding me!

DDK:

I think Hector Navarro has called for the bell, and quite frankly I can't blame him. He seems to have lost all control over this thing.

Angus:

Change the fucking referee or something! Don't call the match off, Jesus Christ!

[But what's done is done and DEF Security sweep the ring, quickly pulling Tres Brujas and The Legitimate Businessmen's Club apart. Five of the six participants fight their restrainers though, eager to carry on. Lisa Loeh is, needless to say, happy to not have to brawl.]

Angus:

Let 'em go!

DDK:

The bell has rung Angus, I think this is over.

[Hector Navarro exits the ring and goes to speak to Quimbey. After a few words in his ear Darren lifts his microphone to his lips.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, due to both teams refusing to follow instructions from the official this match has been ruled a no contest!

DDK:

For the love of... this mess is going to get a lot worse before it gets any better.

Angus:

Yeah, welcome to pro wrestling faggot.

King Shit of Turd Mountain

Angus:

We got word that Lance Warner has finally caught up with Chance Von Crank.

DDK:

Take it away, Lance.

[Chance Von Crank wearing his rhinestone robe has his mullet slicked back as he rocks from left to right.]

Lance Warner:

Chance... You defeated Python last week and now this week you face Eugene Dewey. What are your thoughts before this big match and rumor around back you may have sold Charlene to sex smugglers?

[Crank keeps rocking left to right and slicking his mullet back.]

cVc:

That's a lot of fucking questions without a warrant, Lance Warner. I have traveled here for one reason...Goddamnit, I have said it over and over and I mean it. I will take over the wrestling business after this run. Believe it because Lance it is gonna happen. You think you asking me these stupid fucking questions about that red headed jew faggot means dick? Look at me Lance, you son of a bitch!

[Chance grabs his chin and as they lock eyes.]

cVc:

You think you know something about this fucking business? Look at me Lance! I don't give one single fuck who is out there when I walk to the ring. If it's Dewey, Python or Kai Scott I will leave with my hand raised it just doesn't fucking matter who, queer.

Lance Warner:

Well I though...

cVc:

Quit That Shit, Quick! ... One day I will be DEF Champion, Lance. The only thing you will ever be remembered for is interviewing the great Chance Von Crank! That's it. So before you do too much thinking, accept your buttered bread and shut the fuck up Lance!

[Chance slicks his mullet back still bouncing and slings the excess oil from it into the camera.]

cVc:

I want to end Python's career. He is in the way and has to go. I will make it so when he meets kids with cancer being a jack off he will have to explain how mean ole cVc ended it all. He will beg them to buy his autograph for 5 dollars but obamacare won't cover it. I want to cripple the snake.

[Lance shakes his head at the comments about Python.]

cVc:

There you go thinking again Lance. You think I am fucking playing games here?

[Chance grabs Lance with both hands around the collar pulling him up nearly choking him.]

cVc:

You know Eric Dane? Shake your head yes or no, cocksucker!

[Lance shakes his head indicating he does know Dane.]

cVc:

You go call that cheap fucking asshole and explained to him that if I am not in the Main Event next week, I won't fucking be here. He says Be Defiant, and no one does that anymore around here like the Shock N Rolla, yes or no?

[Lance again indicates yes by shaking his head.]

cVc:

You call and tell that fucker... I know how much he makes off my back and to have me in the middle of the card? No where near the Main Event with this fuck hole, no soul havin', red headed faggot is a goddamn personal insult. I want you to tell him shit will change if he wants to keep making all that money... I know my way around this business and we can either get rich together... Or ill go back to America and tell him where to stick it in person. I am the hottest wrestler in this business right now and its been that way since I got here, LANCE!

[Chance releases his hold on Lance as he attempts to catch his breath.]

Lance:

That was totally uncalled for...

cVc:

Stop being a pussy. I hate this fucking place. Just because I am from the sticks doesn't mean I want to eat with them. I hate the whole Japan culture and that gay shit with them swords, fucking legit gay. All your porno is cartoons and shit with some bitch with big titties getting fucked by a monster with tentacles? You into that weird slant eyed shit, Lance?

Lance:

No.

Eugene Dewey vs Chance Von Crank



[Returning to ringside.]

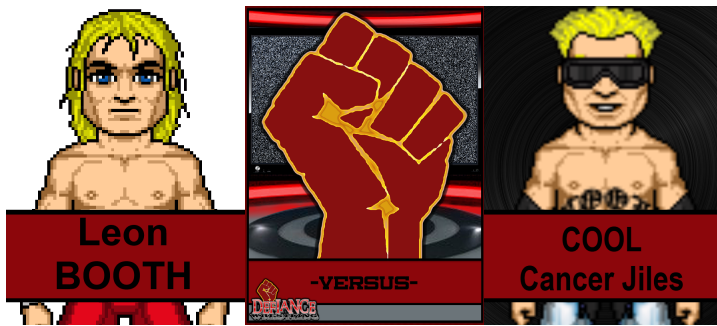
Our next match is scheduled for one fall... [Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....] Shock N Rolla... Here 2 Show Ya... Cocked Back... And.. Fucking Loaded! **Chance Von Crank Quimbey:** Making his way down the aisle, from Harlan, Kentucky, He weighs in at 261lbs, CHAAAAANCE VOOOOON CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK! [His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy emerges from behind the curtain. Chance is clearly thrown by the relative silence from the crowd, but he carries on with his usual schtick regardless. Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous "Aw Ski Ski" after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished. He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle. Crank jumps on the turnbuckle holding his arms high.] **DDK:** Back in the States Chance would usually be experiencing a shower of hate right about now. **Angus:** But these Japanese fans aren't like the usual neckbeards we get back home. **DDK:** Chance seems to thrive off of the reactions of other, do you think the lack of a reaction is going to throw him off his game tonight? **Angus:** It might have effect, but Chance has been focused on making a name for himself ever since losing the Southern Heritage title to Tucker G. Alston. If he keeps his eye on the prize I wouldn't be surprised if he can block out the quietness of the crowd. **Quimbey:** And his opponent... [Usually it would be the Halo 2 theme blasting out over the PA, but today it's a totally different song. One that the fans in attendance all recognise. Of course it's the main theme from Super Mario Bros. on the Famicom/NES.] **Angus:** Can you believe this? **DDK:** Japan is the home of some of the biggest gaming companies in the world. The fans here, much like Eugene, love gaming, and I sure bet they love Nintendo. **Angus:** What a suck up! [Eugene heads down to the ring and rolls in under the bottom rope before climbing the turnbuckles and posing for the fans in the corner. Eugene doesn't have time to get back down though as Chance Von Crank charges in with an axe handle to the small of his back, which almost sends him tumbling to the outside.] **DDK:** Chance Von Crank with the cheap shot! **Angus:** Good! Take it to that kiss ass! [Chance grabs Eugene by the waistband and pulls him off the turnbuckle before driving a forearm into his lower back. Chance keeps hold of the waistband and drives another forearm home, knocking him into the corner. Chance drives a shoulder into the small of Eugene's back before pulling him out with a school boy for a count of two.] **DDK:** And after that cheap shot Chance seems to be focuses on the lower back of Eugene in the early stages of this one. **Angus:** I didn't think attacking Eugene's back would work... **DDK:** Why not? **Angus:** Because he doesn't have a spine. **DDK:** On the contrary, Angus. I think Eugene has more backbone that almost anyone else in Defiance! [Chance grabs Eugene by the hair and pulls him up to his feet where he pushes him back into the corner. Chance whips Eugene across the ring with authority, causing Dewey to hit the turnbuckles and collapse to the mat. Chance closes in and grabs Eugene by the arms. He drags him out of the corner and drops an elbow down across Eugene's back. Chance bounces up and drops another elbow, then another. Eugene tries to crawl away, but Chance drops a knee into his back and wraps his hands around Eugene's chin with a rear chinlock. Chance grinds his knee around in Eugene's back wrenching on the chinlock for good measure.] **DDK:** This added level of intensity from CVC recently is almost scary. **Angus:** The guy isn't taking shit from nobody these days, and it's doing him good. [Chance releases the chinlock and gets back to his feet, making sure to keep one foot on Eugene's back. Chance jumps and stomps down onto Eugene not once, not twice, but thrice before stand with one foot either side of his opponent and sitting down into a camel clutch. Chance pulls back on Eugene's chin again while pushing all of his weight into Eugene's back. Eugene manages to get one of his arms unhooked from around Chance's knee and fights the hold, pushing himself further and further up until he can stand up with Chance on his back. Eugene runs backwards, sandwiching CVC between he and the turnbuckle!] [Eugene takes a couple of deep breaths before stepping out of the corner, but CVC shoots out a hand, grabs Eugene's hair and pulls him down to the mat. Chance ignores the admonishment from the referee and sits Eugene up before delivering a stiff soccer kick to Eugene's spine. Chance flips over Eugene, grabbing his head as he goes, snapping his head forwards then back. Chance then turns, grabs both of Eugene's legs and slides forwards into a pinning combination for two!] [Eugene pushes out of the pin

Wayne Dewey! [There's no count because Wayne Dewey has appeared out of absolutely nowhere and hopped up onto the apron. He's shouting something at the referee, who has been totally distracted by the young of the Dewey brothers, which finally gets Eugene's attention as well. Eugene uncovers CVC and gets to his feet, shouting at him to 'get out of here' as he does so. Eugene goes to take a step towards the official and Wayne, but he's spun around by a hand on his shoulder!] **DDK:** Oh Jesus, it's Seth Stratton! [Seth spins himself and nails a backfist to the midsection of Eugene before hitting the ropes and coming back with a Match Point!] **DDK:** NO! **Angus:** YES! [Eugene collapses in a heap to the mat, allowing Seth to roll him over as well as grab CVC's arm and drag him into position over Eugene. Seth drops out of the ring and hides below the apron before Wayne finally gets down himself and allows the referee to return to the cover.] [The referee looks confused as all hell, but he's got a cover in the middle of the ring as so counts it!] [ONE!] [TWO!] [THREE!] **Ding Ding Ding!** **DDK:** GODDAMNIT! **Quimbey:** Here is your winner, CHAAANCE VOOON CRAAAAAAANK! [Chance is barely conscious as his hand is raised, but he manages to celebrate all the same as Seth Stratton and Wayne Dewey make their way up the ramp, patting each other on the back as they go.] **DDK:** Surely Eugene had this in the bag... Wayne Dewey and Seth Stratton just cheated Eugene out of another win! **Angus:** Hey, Wayne warned Eugene earlier that things could get difficult for him, I'm guessing this is just a taste of what he meant. **DDK:** Either way Eugene Dewey had this match won before it was cruelly snatched away from him.

If it weren't for those darned kids...!

[After a successful pre-show debut, In the back sits “The Southern Sling”, his hand dragging an old rag of a towel across his brow. Hunched over slightly catching his breath he stretches, the good ol’ cracks of age popping from his bones. Show two- that’s when he’d get the nod to work. Dark match, not much of a pay day, plain ramen for the week.] **Jimmie Rix:** “Ahhhh....” [A boot plops down on the bench next to Jimmie, disrupting him as he stretches and packs his gear. Rix looks up as he starts to pull off his wrist tape, he stares at Team HOSS’ Aleczander. Fresh off a victory earlier in the evening, the smug Brit smiles a shit-eating grin.] **Aleczander:** You look a little blown up there, mate, eh? [The rusted veteran looks up at Aleczander trying to distinguish what this Englishman is saying.] **Jimmie Rix:** I’m sorry, can ya repeat dat there for me? [The Englishman returns an odd look having a hard time now understanding Rix’s deep southern accent and slang.] **Aleczander:** Erm, I said ya be lookin’ blown up out there, bloke. All that ol’ age, innit? **Jimmie Rix:** I don’t recall askin’ you son. [Jimmie takes off his red leather boots tucking them in a small gym bag, he stands up modestly sizing up Aleczander but stops to put his jeans on over his trunks. He decides to sit back down reaching under the bench to get his ranch boots.] **Aleczander:** Oh, alrigh’ there calm yer nuts, mate. Wouldn’t want the baws gettin’ wound up ov’r me beatin’ some relic. [“The Southern Slings” eyes lock on to Aleczander’s, his voice tensing a little.] **Jimmie Rix:** Ya know out of all my years.... **Aleczander:** How many decades in that count, mate? **Jimmie Rix:** Ya ain’t gonna get me ta jump that easy, boy. [Rix zips his gym bag up and stands from the bench walking towards the exit of the shared locker room.] **Aleczander:** Awh, come on here, mate, don’t be off so soon! We all are just gettin’ here now.....baws won’t be much pleased you ducking out early....ah wait! [Rix nods smiling a bit walking out of the locker room.] **Jimmie Rix:** Night. [As Jimmie goes to open the door to get away from whatever trouble Aleczander is looking to bring, he sees the forms of the rest of Team HOSS impeding his progress. The smile quickly disappears as Junior Keeling stands between the giant Angel Trinidad and the gruff Capital Punishment in the doorway.] **Keeling:** Going somewhere pally? [Jimmie rolls his eyes at the trio as they look to surround him. The tense situation isn’t helped any by the fact that Aleczander is popping his neck.] **Jimmie Rix:** Y’all think yer gonna intimidate me cuz yer big? **Keeling:** Something like that. See... my boys and I are looking to start a bodycount and establish some more dominance here in DEFIANCE. And since you’re here in our space... I think you’ll qualify. Boys... **Angel:** Sweet! Curbstomping time! **Jimmie Rix:** It’s gonna be like that, huh? Fine... [Jimmie doesn’t miss a beat and turns to Aleczander behind him, swinging with a headbutt that connects with the pretty boy’s face! Aleczander stumbles backwards while Angel Trinidad and Capital Punishment flood the doorway! Rix turns around and starts swinging on the two men with all that he’s got, but eventually, the damn numbers game/pack of hyenas/dogs thing that certain announcers harp on every week is made evident. The three monsters come into the room.] [The fight continues until the door bursts open! Unpredictably, the forms of Frank Holiday and Diego de Leon enter the fray and soon, all six men are now fighting with one another! Junior Keeling tries to get away from the fighting while Frank’s friend and manager, Billy Pepper, runs into the room.] **Keeling:** Break bones! **Pepper:** Kick his ass, Frankie! [Aleczander and Rix are fighting while Frank Holiday runs right at the tall Angel Trinidad with a tackle into the locker room. Diego the quiet luchador is in his own skirmish with Cappy until DEFIANCE Security bursts into the room to break up the fight! They drag Keeling away from the fight while a swarm of other security tries to get the fight broken up. “Buffalo” Brian Slater has seen enough and pries apart anybody that he possibly can.] **BBS:** BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP NOW! [The security continues to swarm into the room, trying to now pry apart the six men. This continues almost as an exercise in futility until Junior Keeling pulls Team HOSS back.] **Keeling:** Let’s go! Enough! Enough! [Aleczander, Angel, and Capital Punishment start to leave the room at the behest of the security and referees in the room. Meanwhile, Frank and Billy are checking on the winded Rix as Diego silently stares at the big trio leaving the room. It seemed like Team HOSS were keen on making enemies all around in DEFIANCE, but a few people were not going to sit by and watch it happen.]

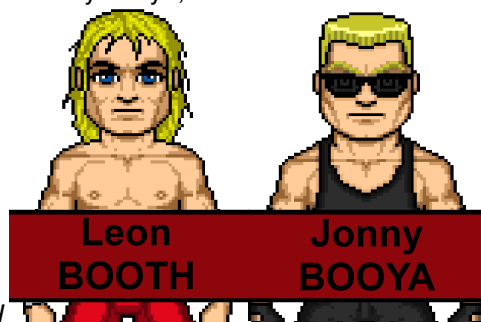
Cancer Jiles vs Leon Booth



♪ So here's the truth you were right all along ♪
 ♪ They were never my friends and I was living a lie ♪
 ♪ But I won't fall for it next time ♪
 ♪ You figured me out like a leaf in the wind ♪
 ♪ I try to find out who I am but end up lost in the end ♪

DDK: And here comes Leon Booth. He's an original Defiant... **Angus:** He hurt the Cool, ergo, I hate him. **DDK:** It's been a long time since we've seen Leon Booth in a Defiance ring, and I'm honestly surprised to see him - I would have expected Kai Scott to go back into his OLV and CAL contacts when looking to expand the Truly Untouchables. But Leon Booth's a fine wrestler with a few big wins under his belt. ♪ *Cos you know I change myself to impress* ♪ ♪ *Whoever happens to be next to me* ♪ ♪ *But I'm sick of trying so hard* ♪ [Leon Booth makes his appearance. Accompanied by Kai Scott, and by a pretty young woman in jean shorts and a plaid shirt.] **Angus:** Well, at least he's got Sawyer Reed with him. [Booth climbs into the ring and test the ropes, then leans over the ropes to talk to Scott.] ♪ *I'm the one your mama warned you about* ♪ ♪ *When you see me I will leave you no doubt* ♪ ♪ *I'm the coolest man on the face of the Earth* ♪ ♪ *I've been the coolest since the day of my birth* ♪ [Accompanied by a burst of smoke, Cancer Jiles walks out onto the ramp.] ♪ *I am the COOL* ♪ [As Jiles reaches the ring, Booth takes a running start and a baseball slide - and Jiles sidesteps! Booth lands on his feet and stumbles, and Jiles bashes his head into the ring apron! Irish whip down ringside and Booth hits the guardrail! Jiles follows with a running dropkick!] **DDK:** Booth tried to get the jump on Jiles, but he was ready for it this time and he's taking it to Booth on the outside! [A very solid chop - not the full on Mongo chop, just a knife edge, but still delivered with that titanium-reinforced hand - doubles Booth over. Jiles points at Scott who raises his hands, then throws Booth back into the ring. He heads to the top rope and...] **DDK:** Missile dropkick from the former champ! [Jiles makes a cover.] ONE! ...TWO...! **DDK:** Kickout by Booth, but Jiles has his rhythm and I think this might be a short one. [As Booth gets to his feet, Jiles fires off the Terminal Cancer!] [Booth ducks it, and when Jiles turns back around] **WHAAAAAMMM!!! DDK:** HUGE spinebuster from The Lion! [Shaking his head, trying to clear it and get back in the game, Booth grabs Jiles' legs and folds him up in a cloverleaf, then sits down on his back.] **DDK:** And a wise strategy by Booth, slowing Jiles down, working the leg to diminish that superkick he just missed and giving himself a chance to catch his breath. [As Jiles reaches for the ropes, Scott pulls them away. Booth takes the advantage and drags Jiles back to mid ring, then switches to a cross leglock!] **DDK:** Leon Booth was a good choice for the Truly Untouchables. He's a good all rounder with a nice mix of power and submission moves - Angus why aren't you saying anything? **Angus:** Either because I'm brooding or because Lee can't think of anything funny for me. [This time when Jiles gets near the ropes, Sawyer Reed grabs them. Benny Doyle sees it, though, and he makes Booth break the hold all together. Booth starts to argue, but Scott yells for him to let it go and stay focused. Instead, Booth starts stomping.] [And stomping.] [The Japanese fans, being Japanese, don't react to this grandstanding, but the stomps still hurt. Booth peels Jiles off the mat, hooks a cobra clutch on, lifts him up and slams him down to the mat, then rolls over into a cover. One, two, and Jiles just gets his shoulder up!] [Booth then pulls Jiles up, underhooks the arms, and hits a tiger driver!] **Angus:** Oh God I hate this match. [Booth again goes for the cover. One, two, loonnnngggg two but Jiles gets his shoulder up at the last split second!] [Booth runs a thumb across his throat, sets up the vertical suplex.] **DDK:** Booth's looking for his finisher - he calls it Southern Comfort and it's a sort of flapjack suplex to facebuster. [And Jiles slips off the back!] [Booth turns around with a BIG clothesline!] [Jiles ducks!] [Spinning back chop to the side of Booth's head!] [Terminal Cancer!] **KA-THWAAAAACK!** OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [The Japanese crowd tends to yell in appreciation rather than boo, you see.] [Booth falls into the ropes and rolls to the ring apron where Sawyer Reed runs

to him.] **DDK:** Jiles turns the match around with a superkick, but he can't win when Booth's in the ropes and right near his own people like that! [Jiles hops out of the ring and then rolls back in.] [He takes a running start towards the Truly Untouchables - and at the last second jumps off the middle rope and back into the ring! Pointing at Scott, saying effectively "Ha! Made ya flinch!", he pulls Booth up by the hair - and Booth sneaks in an eye rake!] [Jiles grabs his face as Booth boots him, hooks the vertical suplex again looking for the Southern Comfort, and- SPLAT! **Angus:** EGG! [Jiles had stashed an egg on his person for just such an event as Booth cheating. He lands on his feet, Booth trying to clean bits of shell out of his face, and he fires off a blind superkick of his own that hits the target he was aiming at right on the jaw!] [Yes, Leon Booth uses a superkick too. He calls his the Headshot.] [Problem is, through his blurred vision he couldn't tell the difference between Jiles and Benny Doyle, and he hit Doyle.] [Before Angus can even express dismay, Scott throws his arm up in some sort of signal, and a black blur flies into the ring, bolts towards Jiles with his arm extended. Jiles is knocked head over heels and the blur drops to one knee, flexes, and points at itself with its thumbs.] Jonny Booya: OH YEAH! **Angus:** What the?! **DDK:** Not only did Scott find Booth, but he brought Booya back! And with Doyle down from the superkick Booya was able to blatantly interfere and hit Jiles with the axe bomber! Booth's setting Jiles up and- **Angus:** OH GOD NO **DDK:** Southern Comfort connects! [Kai Scott rolls into the ring and grabs the limp arm of Benny Doyle as Booth rolls Jiles over onto his back. The "count" is made, the Japanese fans showing their disapproval by quietly watching.] ONE! TWO! THREE!!! [Perhaps the count was dubious, but rather than risk pissing off the Truly Untouchables, the time keeper goes ahead and rings the bell.] **DING! DING! DING! Angus:** Oh for the love of - you can't tell me that was official! [Booth pulls Jiles right back up and sends him off the ropes. Nearly out on his feet, Jiles stumbles and wobbles as he rebounds into Booya's clutches. Booya scoops him up on his shoulder, spins, spins, spins, spins, executes the tornado backbreaker he calls the Thunder Down Below!] [Booth applies the three quarter nelson, holding Jiles face down against the mat as Kai Scott finally decides to do something. He slides into the ring, his face right next to Jiles', and says - something. Quietly. Whatever it was causes Jiles to lurch at him, but it's nothing doing. Booth stands up maintaining the ¾ nelson so Booya can kick him in the ribs, and then Booya hooks the arms and rolls back into the Trapped Under Ice!] OOOOOOOOAAHHH!! [The Japanese audience reacts to the sight of a man they are quite familiar with as he emerges from behind the curtains and makes his way towards the ring.] **Angus:** What? **DDK:** Is that... [The Japanese audiences reaction is to the familiar form of a man that has not been seen in DEFIANCE or on an American wrestling show in several years.] **Angus:** Oh great, Mayberry is back. **DDK:** So the rumors were true! Dusty Griffith has returned, but what side is he on? [In the ring, Kai Scott and his army turn their attention to the stage. Walking with purpose, the long lost Dusty Griffith bursts forward the last few steps before sliding into the ring. Kai Scott backs off, but Jonny Booya chooses poorly and takes a ride from an overhead belly to belly suplex after trying to rush Griffith.] **Angus:** THE RIGHT SIDE! YUSS!! [Booth meets Griffith rising and clubbers away, But Griffith is fresh, and outweighs Booth by 50 pounds, and the Lion is sent stumbling back as Griffith heaves himself to his feet. Right and left hammerfists have the Lion reeling, and a nasty standing clothesline knocks him for a loop! Griffith points at Scott, who doesn't attack.] **DDK:** And the Ace of Heels doesn't want ANY of the Bronco from Boise! [Booth and Booya join Scott at the foot of the ramp as Griffith pulls Jiles to his feet. Booth turns to point a threatening finger at the ring, and Jiles suddenly bolts forward.] **Angus:** SUICIDE DIVE FROM THE COOL! [Jiles turns sideways in the air and connects with both Booth and Booya! Griffith follows him out, Scott backs up the ramp, and Booth and Booya are both thrown back into the ring!] [Meanwhile a microphone sparks to life. It's Darren Quimbey, the ring announcer dude.] **Quimbey:** I have just been informed that the decision in the Booth/Jiles singles match has been overturned to No Contest! The match has been expanded to include Dusty Griffith and Jonny Booya, and if Jiles and Griffith win, then



Jiles collects a World Title Shot! RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH



Angus: Did that get a pop from the Japanafans?

Srsly?! [Booth and Booya (and Scott) don't like this declaration, it's plainly obvious by the headshaking of Scott and the faux-rage of Booya. The faux-rage gets him face smacked by Griffith for his trouble.] **DDK:** Griffith's taking over on Booya! Open hand strikes! Irish whip, Booya off the ropes, rebounds into a fall away slam! Booya's no small man himself and Griffith took him over easily! [Booya slaps the hand of Booth as he rolls to safety. Booth grabs Griffith by the arm and yanks him in for a short arm clothesline - and Griffith just roars in his face! Booth tries it again, and just gets another roar. A third one - is blocked by Griffith, who begins unloading knife edge chops! After a half dozen of them, Booth is sent cross-ring into the turnbuckle, and Griffith follows with a running splash. Instead of letting Booth fall, he maintains a bearhug, takes two steps back and tosses him overhead with a belly to belly suplex!] **DDK:** Tag out to Jiles, Griffith's heading up top! What's he going to - Cancer Jiles is climbing up on Griffith's shoulders! FLYING CROSS BODY FROM TEN FEET IN THE AIR! [Jiles connects very solidly with Booth and hangs on for a pin.] ONE...! ...TWO...!Broken up by Booya! **Angus:** Does Jonny Booya have any catchy nicknames? **DDK:** Not that I'm aware of, no. **Angus:** WELL THEN HE CAN GO TO HELL [Booya is sent off the ropes from a double team Irish whip. Jiles gives him a drop toe hold, Griffith runs the ropes perpendicular and hits a jumping elbow drop.] **Angus:** Nothing fancy about that, but near-300 pounds landing elbow first on the back of your head hurts. **DDK:** I can't help but notice that we haven't seen Tres Brujas out yet. I know they've had their issues with Alceo Dentari and the Gorillas, but right now it looks like the Truly Untouchables need to regain some momentum. [Griffith applies the standing headscissor to Booya and raises his arms. The fans begin to cheer - and before Booya can be lifted, Booth throws a superkick! Griffith ducks at the last second, gives Booth a backhand chop, and Booya, with enough room to fight, hits Griffith with a jab, a gut slug, and a jumping calf kick to the back of the head that drops him to the mat like a sack of shot!] **Angus:** Though I remain partial to the Jiles and Griffith team, I must give credit where it is due. DAYUM! **DDK:** Jonny Booya may have been inconsistent during DEF2.0. **Angus:** Hey, he was top tier til Kai abandoned him for Clairra, then he was low tier. But he's got Kai in his corner right now, so I'm a little worried here. [Booya flexes his biceps, which are the same thing as biceps only awesomer, then lifts Griffith up and slams him down with a gutwrench suplex. Booya wrenches the arm, tags out to Booth, Booth jumps the top rope and axehandles the arm. Griffith falls to his knees, Booth 'helps' him up by the wrenched arm, only to give him a single arm DDT. Cover!] ONE...! ...TWO...!THREKICKOUT! **DDK:** Griffith out in 2 and a half. Booth and Booya showing good coordination for two guys who have never wrestled a full match together, though clearly they've at least practiced together a little bit. [Booth pushes Griffith into the T-UTs corner, batters him with lefts and rights, then turns, distracting the ref, and Booya hits him with an axe bomber from the apron. Griffith almost goes backwards over the turnbuckle, but falls into the ring instead.] [Booth picks him up, tries for the Southern Comfort - Griffith hooks his leg behind Booth's to block! Booth tries to lift him again, can't get it, quickly kicks him on the leg and clubs him a few times before he can reverse. Booth grabs a full nelson, lifts Griffith, Griffith slips an arm loose, and-] **DDK:** Falling short-arm clothesline by Griffith! Booth's down, Jiles has had a chance to rest, and Griffith's gotta make that tag! [Griffith army crawls towards Jiles. Booth is much closer to his corner, he recovers and tags out to Booya - but Booya can't get in to prevent the tag to Jiles!] **Angus:** HE IS THE COOOOOOOOOOOOOOL!!!!!!! [Jiles hits the ring running, ducks the clothesline from Booya, jumps to the middle rope, rebounding missile dropkick and down goes Booya! Jiles runs again, Booya tries to scoop him for a backbreaker, but Jiles slips off his back, grabs two hands full

of flattop and throws Booya to the mat!] [Booth and Scott, who if you'll remember are the bad guys in this, react to this relatively mild breach of the rules with the utmost horror and indignity.] **Angus:** AHAHAHAHA FAGGOTS [Jiles slaps Griffith's hand, and then he does something. He runs the ropes, ignores the shit out of Booya, jumps, grabs Booth by the head and guillotines him over the ropes. In one motion he bounces back to his feet, jumps to the top rope and springboards out of the ring directly at Kai Scott!] **DDK:** The would-be challenger getting in some early shots against the champ! **Angus:** He's way smarter than that, Keebs, if he's got Scott distracted... **WHAAAAAAMMMM!!!!** **Angus:** Ain't no one stopping Griffith from nuking Booya with the Atomic Powerbomb! ONE...! ...TWO...!THREE!!!! **DING! DING! DING!** **Quimbey:** Here are your winners, as a result of a pinfall - the team of CANCER JILES and DUSTY GRIFFITH! [Jiles continues to try and get shots in on Scott, but better late than never (even if not much better late than never), Clair St. Sure is there to hit Jiles with a sole butt. Jiles retreats to the ring, and he and Griffith go back to back as the Brujas, Booth and Scott encircle the ring. Booya, holding his head, rolls out.] [For a minute it looks like there might be an incident - but Scott sighs and decides to take the loss and move on. With a wave of his hand he calls his troops off, and they begin making their way up the ramp. Only Scott himself looks back as Jiles, standing on the middle rope, makes the sign of wearing a belt with his hands.] **Angus:** And so Cancer Jiles is going to win his title back next week, everything is awesome again. **DDK:** Angus, in addition to the Truly Untouchables, he's also got Edward White and the Blood Diamonds to worry about. **Angus:** I said, AND SO CANCER IS GOING TO WIN HIS BELT BACK AND THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE AWESOME AGAIN. **DDK:** Fine. But you gotta calm down, guy, seriously. **Angus:** WHAT? Why? **DDK:** Because we ain't got anymore backstage shenanigans penciled in, and nobody's yelling in my headset, which means it's time for the MAIN EVENT!

Blood Diamonds vs Python/Dan Ryan



[O Fortuna

rips the quiet murmur of the polite Japanese crowd into pieces. After a few moments The Blood Diamonds emerge from backstage dressed for battle. Edward White (accompanied by his muscle Nicky Corozzo) first, in a decidedly more jovial mood than his tag team partner Bronson Box. The former FIST stomps from backstage with a purpose, brushing quickly past Edward and making a bline for the ring.] [Bronson shucks his ring robe and grabs the microphone away from Darren Quimbey, his eyes locked on the entrance curtain.] **Bronson Box:** I don't need a damn interpreter, I'm talkin' directly to our illustrious new FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan! The big man who feels justified stealing my belt after CRIPPLING a defenseless woman... it's not the act that sickens me Dan. It's the fact you walk around here with that sad look on your face. Honestly Dan, do you actually know what real remorse even feels like lad? If'n it was Eugene that broke poor Virginia's neck I'd believes is crocodile tears... but you? [Ed leans in and whispers a few words to Bronson.] **Box:** Be a man Dan... be a man and put that belt on the line against the TRUE FIST OF DEFIANCE! THE WARGOD, THE DESTROYER, THE MONSTER! NO RULES, NO DISQUALIFICATION, NO REMORSE! WE END THIS YOU AND I, WE END IT LIKE THE TRUE VILLIANS WE ARE BOY! ... pain, suffering and buckets of blood, boy'o... [Bronson spikes the microphone and shakes Ed's hand before the duo stand back and prepares for their opponents entrances.] [The entire arena applauds politely as the vigorous piano intro to "Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens blasts through the speakers and a dizzying array of strobe lights dance through the ring and out into the crowd.] ♪ ♪ *How'd you know to find me here?* ♪ ♪ *Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires* ♪ ♪ *And insider information* ♪ [The arena rocks with music and crowd waits happily as Python bursts through the curtain. He bounds out onto the entrance ramp, slamming his chest with both hands and pointing out to the fans, completely electrified. A few of the closer fans get in on it, but by and large it's more polite clapping and whatnot. Python is not affected one bit.] ♪ ♪ *This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me* ♪ ♪ *An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the dullest minds* ♪ [The wicked green and black snake tattooed around Python's entire right arm glows bright under the lights as he takes off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach. In seconds flat, he's inside and across the ring, taking a turn on each turnbuckle with an arm raised to the response of hundreds of camera flashes.] **Angus:** I hate him. **DDK:** Of course you do. [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 his hometown crowd gets behind him, in their polite applauding sort of way.] ♪ ♪ *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?* ♪ **DDK:** Let me guess, you hate Dan Ryan too? **Angus:** Oh, no, love the guy, he's insane! [Keebler rolls his eyes.] [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 fades off.] **DDK:** Here we go ladies and gents, main event time! **Angus:** Box makes less and less sense as the weeks go by... [Before the bell even ring Box shocks even this subdued Japanese crowd with a suicide dive between the top and second rope as sudden as anything in Python's bag of tricks leveling Ryan.] **DDK:** OH MY GOD! [Before Python can act Corozzo steps between the brawl and and he. Python is about to start in on Nicky when Ed clubs Python with a double axe handle from the apron, tossing him unceremoniously in ring.] **Angus:** Ugh... why is that useless mook at ringside? **DDK:** I think you just saw EXACTLY why he's at ringside, partner. [Referee Brian Slater rings the bell, "fuck it, two people are in the ring. This is as orderly as this shit is probably gonna' get." We hear the massive referee yell to the staff members at ringside.] **Angus:** Truer words never spoken... [Box and Ryan brawl around the rampway and ringside. They each rip and tear at each others head injuries ripping off bandages and clawing at wounds (see: the last match)... immediate blood and gore from the Wargod and the Ego Buster.] **Angus:** Barf. **DDK:** Bronson DID say he was going to baptize the FIST in blood... **Angus:** Yang, fine but does there have to be so much of it? Jesus... [In ring Ed looks to be in control, dragging the much smaller grappler around the ring with ease. Upon closer inspection however we notice Python deftly avoiding

each and every blow si lightning quick precision and speed.] **Angus:** Like trying to catch a greased up deaf guy... **DDK:** Indeed, we... wait, HOLY LORD! [Cut to ringside where Ryan has obviously started feeling a bit of that "bloodlust" again... grabbing a vinyl banner (reading "WE LOVE CANCER-SAN) from a group of female fans along the entrance ramp and using it to relentlessly, violently choke Boxer out. Slater bails to ringside to admonish Ryan, Ed takes the opportunity to low blow Python.] **Angus:** Well, when life gives you lemons, right? **DDK:** Bronson being choked to death with a sign depicting a naked cartoon Cancer Jiles being the lemons in this analogy? [While Slater continues to struggle with Ryan and Box at ringside Nicky slides into the ring and waffles Python off his spaghetti legs with a sick lariat, rolling quickly out of the ring to avoid getting spotted by the former DEFsec head.] **Angus:** Jesus, is Bronson turning blue?! **DDK:** Dan Ryan is one frightening individual. [Slater aggressively shoves The Ego Buster back a few steps, Ryan calms down a little and releases Box... Dan stumbles backwards a few more paces, obviously a little shocked at his own actions. With the situation handled Slater slides back into the ring where Ed has Python in full control, Nicky grinning like a cat at ringside on the announcers side of the ring.] **Angus:** God that prick looks proud of himself. [Over by the rampway Boxer sits regaining his color and composure as Ryan shakes it off, notices his partner is in a bad way and immediately hops on the apron and reaches out for a tag... Ed is still in control though, White talking a little smack to Ryan before turning his back taking Python up for a powerbomb...] **DDK:** Python... well, LEAPS over White and makes the tag to Dan Ryan! [Ryan barrels into the ring like a big blood soaked locomotive, the two trade blows for a bit, Ryan eventually hits a HUGE spinebuster and mounts White laying down some forearm and elbow shots to White's face. The pro Ryan crowd is soundly behind The Ego Buster...] **THWACK!** [Bronson's boot connects with the back of Ryan's head with a sick wet smack, blood splattering from Ryan's formerly platinum blond now quite crimson skull all over the canvas. Slater pushes Bronson (still clutching his throat) back into his corner, Boxer talking smack the whole way.] [Ryan and White are still down. Both men start crawling for their respective corners for the tag.] **DDK:** Who's going to get to their corner first?! [BAM both tags happen simultaneously, Boxer and Python crash into each other with fists flying.] [Nicky starts tending to Ed, fanning him, cleaning Ryan's blood from his face, rubbing his shoulders, giving him some water to spit...] **Angus:** Oh give me a fucking break... **DDK:** You get what you pay for, partner and Nicky is very well paid. But look at Ryan, he's already up ready for the next tag. **Angus:** He's a goddamn BEAST, Darren. [Back in the ring Python is frustrating Boxer with his signature flippy doo offense, Box eventually just waffling Python with a clubbing blow to the face. Python dazed Box goes for the double leg takedown and starts in on his mounted headbutts from hell. Before Box can land the devastating series Python manages to slither down between The Wargod's legs and nearly yank Boxer's left leg out of socket with a tight half Crab.] **DDK:** Python might love to fly and Box might enjoy just dropping people on their heads but both of these men can go hold for hold when the situation calls for it. [Box reaches back and grabs Python's right leg and pulls hard, Python releases the hold and falls flat on his stomach. Box is quick to reverse and take Python's head in a tight side headlock. Box slowly stands up, irish whip, Box goes for the MONSTER lariat, Python LEAPS over Bronson and makes the tag to Dan Ryan out of absolutely nowhere.] **DDK:** Again with the lightning quick tag from out of NOWHERE! **Angus:** He's damn good at that shit, man. [Ryan is in the ring and on Bronson before the Wargod can even turn around. The two crimson colored grapplers engage in a straight up brawl punishing each other with chops to the chest, forearm shots, and even a few headbutts. Ryan eventually backs Boxer into a neutral corner and lays in some blistering open hand shots across Bronson's chest for good measure before backing up a few paces and barreling back into Bronson with a nasty clothesline that sees the Scottish Strongman slump down in the corner. Ryan lays boots to Bronson's already battered face and head as the crowd cringes in unison.] **DDK:** Absolutely unforgiving stiff boots from Ryan... [Ed aggressively steps in the ring drawing referee Brian Slater's attention. It's at that moment Nicky tries for Ryan's leg drawing Ryan's attention away from Bronson. Ryan leans over the rope and screams a few obscenities at White's man before...] **WHAM! DDK:** OH COME ON! Not like this! [The Mastodon Frank Dylan James appears out of nowhere and levels Ryan with a NASTY chair shot to the back of the head. Dan drops down to the mat clutching his skull now opened wide. And as quickly as he appeared Frank rolls under the bottom rope hops the guardrail and he's gone. Ed smiles as he begs off Slater and steps back through the ropes. As Slater turns around what he sees is Bronson on one knee grinning like a cheshire cat and Ryan clutching the gusher on the back of his skull.] **Angus:** Fuckin' prick Blood Diamond fucks. [Bronson gets to his feet and slowly walks over to the downed Ego Buster, he spits at his opponent before propping a foot on Ryan's back and giving the crowd a little flex and a "HOW YA' LIKE THAT YA' BLOODY SAVAGES?!" before picking Ryan up by the hair and ears and throwing him back into Blood Diamond territory. Box makes the tag to his billionaire teammate before latching in a tight bearhug submission. Ed steps up on the second rope, playing to the crowd a little bit before leaping off with a clothesline he carries through, slamming Ryan's already damaged noggin into the unforgiving canvas.] [Ed struts around for a moment before picking up the bloodied Ego Buster and DRILLS him with the Stock Market Drop. As Ed drops down for the three count Nicky pulls Python down off the apron jaw jacking the snake man as Slater makes the count.] 1...

2... 3... ! **Quimbey:** And your winners! The BLOOOOOOOOOOD DIIIIIIII... [Bronson snatches the microphone away from the little ring announcer, strolling over to where the current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE lays quietly bleeding in front of a packed crowd full of his most loyal fans. He crouches down and slowly brings the microphone to his lips.] **Bronson Box:** You've won NOTHING, do you hear me? You're holding a belt... I'M THE FIST of this bloody company. And don't you EVER forget that fact. Hero, villain, monster, it matters little boy'o. Because in the end when you face me? Well, take along hard look in the mirror when you come 'round lad. This 'ain't over lad. [Bronson and Ed share a villainous laugh as they go about drawing the loudest heel reaction of the night from the normally very subdued Japanese fans.] **DDK:**
That's our time ladies and gentlemen! For Angus Skaaland- **Angus:**
FUCK YOU BRONSON!

DDK:

I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, we'll see you next time on the Guerilla Grindhouse WORLD TOUR! [Cut.]