

Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu Plus Original Presentation!] [The Guerilla Grindhouse World Tour continues, LIVE from the Paradiso in Amsterdam of the Kingdom of the Netherlands!] [Starting in...] [5...] [...4...] [...3...] [...] [...] [GO!] [Downtown Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland greet us from "The Booth".] **DDK:** Welcome everyone to another episode of DEFIANCE Wrestling, ONLY on Hulu Plus! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and to my right the "Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland! [turning to Angus] And partner, we have a heckuva card tonight for the fans. **Angus:** We sure do, Keebs... Tonight, my own personal hero Tyrone Walker is gonna be whooping **Dat Ass** when he beats Kai Scott for the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship... **DDK:** Not only that, but- **Angus:** [interrupting] No. Only that. Tonight, live in Amsterdam, The Black Jesus is righting the horrible wrong that the Douche of Heels committed when he stole the title from my man, COOL Cancer Jiles. So let's hurry up and burn through the rest of this show so we can get to what everyone's tuning in to see! **DDK:** You're incorrigible, you know that right? [To the ring.]

Stockton Pyre vs Rich Mitchum

[Piano with rock music is playing in the background as we focus on DDK and Angus.] **Angus:** And we're getting set for match number one, complete with CREEPYLONGPIANOMUSIC~! **DDK:** With Rick Mitchum in the ring warming up, this must be the entrance music of one Stockton Pyre, the man who looked every bit the part of a Defiance Wrestler in his impromptu debut versus Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn. And unlike last show, he's found some theme music to enter to. But the song he's chosen to enter to today is rather...long in the intro department.

Angus[yawning]: Only 30 seconds with no sign of life. Wake me when they find the body. **DDK:** Don't doze off yet, I think we've got a Pyre sighting. [And, indeed, out from the back comes the man known as Stockton Pyre in his wrestling gear, he looks over the crowd with his hand above the eye slits in his mask (which are covered with blackout shades). The Defiance crowd, well, still doesn't really know how to handle Stockton. He's a weird site, with the red half/blue-half motif and the mask revealing nothing about his reaction to all of this, though they tend to lean a bit positive considering the confrontation Stockton Pyre had with Curtis Penn in Manchester.] **Angus:** Two-Face? Is that you? *~♪Somewhere in this universe of lost forgotten dreams~♪~♪The silence weaves a tapestry of once enchanted themes~♪~♪The shadows listen carefully and question what it means~♪* [He raises both his fists into the air to a polite cheer, then claps both hands together twice and begins to walk down the aisle. He reluctantly reaches his hands down and to his right and slaps a couple of fans' hands before stepping forward. It's a rather awkward-looking thing, but a step in the right direction considering how he reacted to the fans in Manchester.] *~♪For stories have lives of their own~♪~♪But what good's a story whose end is unknown?~♪* [When he gets to the ring, he steps onto the apron and claps both hands together before pumping his fist in the air. But as Stockton climbs between the ropes, he is



attacked by Rick Mitchum!] **DING DING DING!**

[Rich pounds away at Stockton, coming down hard on his broad back with forearm shots. Pulling Stockton into the ring, he hits a snap suplex then floats over for a cover that only gets one.] **DDK:** Mitchum showing some life here with a crisp snap suplex. [Mitchum picks up Pyre and backs him into the ropes, chopping the masked Pyre. An Irish Whip attempt followed, but Pyre reversed it into a short-arm, then whacks Mitchum in the face with an open-handed palm strike that echoes through the arena. Mitchum spins around, and Pyre is quick to lock in a waistlock and power Mr. Excel over with a release German Suplex that dumps Mitchum on his head and neck.] **DDK:** There's The Opening Statement, a solid palm strike that opens the opponent up into a German Suplex. Pyre seems to like that move early in the match. [Mitchum stumbles to his feet at about the same time as Pyre, and Pyre goes to swing a big right hand, which Mitchum ducks. Mitchum responds by stamping on the toes of Stockton Pyre, followed by a two-handed throat chop that backs Stockton to the nearby corner. Mitchum leans into the corner and grabs at Stockton's throat, choking Pyre. Mark Shields executes a lazy count, and Mitchum breaks at four...only to grab and choke again. Another count, another break at 4, but this time, Pyre reaches out and grabs at Mitchum's head, swinging him back into the corner back-first.] **Angus:** Y'know, if this kid can't hack it against Rick Mitchum, I don't think he'll have much of a chance here in Defiance. **DDK:** Pyre grabs Mitchum and throws him back into the turnbuckle, now let's see what kind of offensive he can mount. [Pyre lays into Mr. Excel with shoulder thrust after shoulder thrust. Again, a lazy count from Shields leads to a break-up at 3, and while Shields lights up, Pyre whips Mitchum across the ropes and follows him in with a HUGE running shoulder thrust to the gut, doubling over Mr. Excel and putting him on the canvas. Pyre covers, but Shields is slow to get to the mat, and Mr. Excel kicks out at 1.] **DDK:** What a running shoulder in the corner!

Angus: Pyre's a big man to be running full-force into the corner with that shoulder. Mitchum could have been done it if Mark Shields weren't taking a drag right there. **DDK:** It was a sloppy cover, not hooking the leg, but Shields' slow move to count didn't help much either. [Pyre stands up, and pulls Mr. Excel to his feet. Measuring up his opponent, Pyre lights up Mitchum's face with a series of left jabs before going all Flip Flop & Fly on him with the bionic elbow to the top of the head to an OK cheer from the crowd. Pyre falls down into the cover, hooking the leg, but Mitchum kicks out at 2.] **DDK:** Pyre learning from his past mistakes, trying to hook the leg as he looks for the cover, but Mitchum not ready to concede defeat yet. [Pyre pulls up Mitchum again, but Mitchum rakes the face. Mr. Excel then rakes the

back, causing Stockton Pyre to back up against the ropes. Mr. Excel whips Stockton Pyre across the ring. Pyre ducks the clothesline from Rick Mitchum, and on the return Pyre levels Mitchum with a hard HARD bullhammer elbow smash that sends Mitchum flying and rolling under the bottom rope and to the floor with the masses of humanity at the apron dodging out of his way. The crowd "oohs!" at the smashing elbow.] **Angus:** Pyre looking to straight-up smash Rick Mitchum's face in! **DDK:** He calls that running elbow smash Enlightenment, and Rick Mitchum just kind of flopped amongst the crowd there. **Angus:** Lucky for him he did, Pyre caught him flush and hit him hard enough to put him out. [Pyre follows Mitchum out, and picks him up from the floor. Rolling him under the bottom rope, Pyre rolls in behind him and covers Mr. Excel with leg hook, but only gets another two. Pyre picks up Mitchum in a scoop slam position, then DRIVES him down with the Northern Lights Bomb known as Paradise Lost. This time, Pyre doesn't cover, but instead he stands, claps his hands twice, and swings his finger around in a circle, which draws an OK cheer from the crowd.]. **DDK:** Looks like Stockton Pyre's calling for the end here. [Picking up Mr. Excel, Stockton Pyre stands behind Rick and reaches around with his left hand and grabs the right wrist of Mr. Mitchum. Taking a step back, Stockton Pyre pulls with his left arm, first turning Mr. Excel around to face Stockton, then pulling Mitchum in towards himself. And as Mitchum was pulled forward, Pyre brought forth a mighty right-armed lariat with all of his weight and power behind it. Mitchum gets hit so hard that spittle goes flying out of his mouth, and he folds up into a massive heap on the ground. The crowd "oohhhs!" loudly at the impact, and they're not the only ones that react.] **Angus:** LARIOTOOOOO! **DDK:** What a thunderous short-arm lariat! [Stockton Pyre with the cover.] **DDK:** He calls that move "Inferno", and I think that's all she wrote for this one. [And the count is academic, Mitchum is out cold.] **DING DING DING!** [The music picks up again right from where the song left off.] ♪♪*Stay with me, for the little night that's left to be*♪♪*For a moment in a memory that time cannot defile*♪♪ [Stockton Pyre gets up to his feet, and Mark Shields raises his hand with his left as he takes a drag of his smoke with his right.] ♪♪*Stay with me, where the night still offers amnesty*♪♪*And the ending is still yet to be tomorrow's unborn child*♪♪*Stay with me awhile*♪♪ **DDK:** Stockton Pyre picks up an impressive win over a very game Rich Mitchum. Let's go take a look at how he ended this one, and listen to this impact.. [As the music continues to play lightly in the background, we cut to picture-in-picture replay. Stockton with the windup, and the impact connecting squarely with the jaw of one Rich Mitchum.] **Angus:** That'll get you drinking yer meals out of a straw for a month or so. **DDK:** You know, Angus, I kind of miss your call for lariats. [We cut back to the ring, where Pyre is looking out to the crowd with his right arm raised in a fist.] **Angus:** What, the who LARIOTOOOOO! thing? **DDK:** Yeah. Been way too long since you've broken that out. Maybe if Stockton Pyre can go on a run and pick up a couple of wins with his signature Inferno move, we'll be hearing that a bit more. [Pyre claps his hands twice and looks out at Mitchum, who's walking back the ramp towards the locker room. Pyre points out at Rich Mitchum, then claps his hands twice and gives a thumbs up.] **Angus:** Well, the kid's still got a long way to go to make it in Defiance. Beating up never-was-es like Rich Mitchum is one thing. When he can do that to someone the likes of Curtis Penn, then I think we'll be able to take him seriously. [Penn steps between the ropes and out to the apron in front of the box ramp. He claps his hands twice and then pumps both fists in the air.

A Night To Remember

DDK: Only time will tell, but if it gets you screaming out for Lariats more, I'm rooting for Pyre to rack up the wins. I'm told we're going backstage to... oh, come on really? **Angus:** Fuck yeah! [We hard cut to the DEFIANCE promo center where we find none other than the reunited for the first time ever Angel City eXXXpress. Rich Mahogany, "Dapper" Don Hollywood and the returning Pete Whealdon. Black sunglasses just below a bleach blond set of curly locks Dapper Don is front and center and the first to step up to the plate for Team ACX.] **Dapper Don:** Hello, jerks. I feel up to this point we haven't been awarded the proper opportunity to introduce ourselves. We rode into this joint like kings on the back of that big dumb ginger whale Sam Turner Jr. and put on a HELL of a show if I don't say so myself, Jack. And what did we get for our effort? We got no props, no promo time, not even a "hey fella's, damn fine job out there" or even a "thanks for filling a spot now scram" zip nada nothin'. [The newest member of ACX Pete Whealdon steps up, his fingers hooked in the hot pink mesh shirt he's barely wearing. A scowl across his similarly bespectacled face.] **Whealdon:** These two fine young competitors were LITERALLY left out in the cold. My dear friend and HIS dear friend thusly my also dear friend were WRONGED by this company! And when I heard their plight I decided to swallow my pride and climb back on the friendship express! [Pete claps his longtime tag team partner Rich Mahogany on the shoulder.] **Whealdon:** This right here ladies and gentlemen. Is a national travesty. [Don hops with intensity, whipping off his shades and tucking them in the front of his green sequined ring jacket.] **Dapper Don:** TRAVESTY! Yes! Because this company LEFT US in Japan! Did you suckwads out there in the EU hear me? DEFIANCE pulled up stakes on the old circus tent and left the island leaving Rich and Donny boy without a goddamn ride back to the US of A! [Angrily squeezing a little baby oil onto his bare chest.] **Rich:** WE RODE ON A PLANE WITH A FUCKIN' GOAT! **Dapper Don:** Air Ichi-bah fuckin' somethin or other! We begged borrowed and stole for even that because they also forgot to PAY us too. Broke as a joke and surrounded by nothing but tiny little Japanese jerks... THAT SHIT 'AINT COOL! **Rich:** A GODDAMN GOAT! ON AN AIRPLANE! [Don steps forward with his hands held high.] **Dapper Don:** But behold! Here we stand, united as one as it was foretold in the legends! In a night I personally find more than worthy of this great city Amsterdam we partied with a certain someone who has some pull with the big man upstairs, you see... [Quick cut to the announce desk where a waving Angus Skaaland is kicked back with his loafers on the desk and a huge grin on his face.] **Whealdon:** Mix one announcer and several ENORMOUS bowls of Amsterdam's finest and BAM we got ourselves a BOOKIN' 'yall! **Dapper Don:** And what a booking it is. The Truly Untouchables. **Rich:** Technically. Who the fuck is David Race? **Rich:** Not to mention Diane "I'll never be worth the sweat in Clair and Heidi's gym shorts" Parker and the chump who up and quits the last time he was on a role in this company... now he's brushin Kai Scott's pubes and fetchin' his jock from the cleaners. Real step up there Leo. Boys, no foolin', I actually really like our chances here. [Don steps up once again front and center.] **Dapper Don:** Look right past these three handsome devils Untoucha-'B' squad, go ahead. We might just kick your teeth down your goddamn throat. And won't the champ be pleased at that news... **Whealdon:** Stranger things HAVE happened. **Rich:** I'm all greased up and still high from last night, lets do this shit! [Donny follows Rich off towards the gorilla position, Pete Whealdon the last to make his exit.] **Whealdon:** Sorry we left you with the bill there Angus, you know how it goes broski. [With a smile Pete pops out of frame as we zoom in on the DEFIANCE banner and fade back to ringside where Angus is grinning from ear to ear like a proud papa.] **DDK:** They stuck you with the bill and you're smiling? **Angus:** I can't be mad at those three little rascals. Second wildest night of my LIFE! Right behind the night Cancer took everybody out after his title win. **DDK:** Guess it's hard NOT to have a good time in this city. **Angus:** I'm just going to lay it out there no foolin', I smoked more weed in the last twenty four hours than I have in the last twenty four MONTHS. I'm officially putting in my application for head of DEFIANCE's European office. I'll set up shop RIGHT here, thank you very much. **DDK:** *sigh* Moving on then.

The Lion, The Prick, and The Bully

[The camera cuts back to the locker room where none other than DEFIANCE's resident masked man, Diego de Leon, is sitting backstage to gather his thoughts. He's just about finished taping up his wrists for what could be the second and final leg of the TexMex Holiday/Team HOSS series across Europe. Last week, a challenge was laid down by Billy Pepper for a best-of-three series with the winning side getting to pick a stipulation for a final match between the two teams and thus far, Team HOSS is up 1-0 thanks to some chicanery.] **Diego:** [to himself] I got this. [Now The Lion finishes taping up his other wrist and looks mentally ready for a fight... well, as much as one could tell how he looks with a lion-shaped mask on.] **Voice:** KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! [Diego glances upward and the faces looking back at him are not faces he particularly wants to see. One belongs to the troublesome and obnoxious Junior Keeling, Superagent. The other is that of his opponent for tonight, the stoic and deadly veteran of Team HOSS, Capital Punishment. De Leon is ready to throw down and prepares a defensive stance when Junior snickers.] **Keeling:** Whoa, whoa, whoa, take it easy, bud! If we're gonna massacre you, it's gonna be in the ring! [Even with the mask, it is clear Diego is irritated. Let's be honest, this is the default impression that Junior gives off on people.] **Diego:** What do you want? **Keeling:** Well, considering that tonight is a formality and that we're gonna snuff you out quicker than Angel did to your boy, Frankie, I thought we'd come here and have a chat. **Diego:** Alright... Now, what *do* you want? **Keeling:** Well, we first wanted to come here and read you the Last Rites, but... [When Junior tries to finish whatever stupid joke comes to mind, the big hand of Capital Punishment lightly shoves Junior back. K2 seems a little put off by this, but Cappy keeps focused on young Diego.] **Cappy:** You know, kid, I have been in this business a long time. A *VERY* long time. I have seen a million people come and a million people go not unlike yourself. You seem like a good person, you want to come in here, put in your time and go home, but then you got wrapped up in our business. I've been on the wrong end of that same situation. I survived it, but I didn't have anybody to help me out like you do now. **Diego:** Your point? **Cappy:** I'll keep it short and sweet. You came to the aid of your friends. That's respectable and not a lot of people have that kind of integrity anymore. You may not see it this way, but I AM here to help you. You can walk away right now, no fuss, get your ass out of our business for good and we'll call it a day. You forfeit this match and whatever happens to Frank and Jimmie isn't on your shoulders. You saw what Angel did to Holiday last week. [Capital Punishment cracks the bones in his neck.] **Cappy:** Not to knock the kid because Angel will get better over time... but what *I* can do to somebody in the ring is gonna make that look like a day at a spa retreat. [Diego just stares at Capital Punishment ignoring Keeling completely. For a long while there's nothing but awkward silence and space between the two men.] **Diego:** ...I get it. [A light smirk crosses Capital Punishment's face... probably the first time he has shown any emotion beyond his typical permascowl. Junior stands behind him impatiently while Cappy continues.] **Cappy:** See, you're not stupid, either. **Diego:** You're stronger, meaner, experienced, and you have questionable morals. You're willing to do things to people that I swore I'd never do, no matter the situation...but there's one thing I have that you don't. [Capital Punishment says nothing, letting Diego have his say. Keeling... not so much.] **Keeling:** What? What do YOU have, Cowardly Lion? [Diego steps close to the pair, Keeling moves behind Cappy as Cappy steps forward to meet Diego. Diego looks up at Capital Punishment.] **Diego:** You'll find out in the ring, tonight. Excuse me. [Diego walks off. Cappy and Junior exchange glances before another smirk crosses the face of The Hall of Fame wrestler.] **Cappy:** Good. I want a fight. It's better when they think they have a chance. **Keeling:** Kill that little fucker! We can wrap this up tonight! [Capital Punishment and Junior Keeling each take off in the opposite direction. Match to prepare for and all that.] [Cut back to ringside.] **Angus:** These new guys have got spunk.

Frank Lets His Fists Do the Talking

DDK: DEFIANCE's future is bright, partner. [We hard cut to the backstage area.]

[Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James together once again. The reunited best friends troll the halls of the Paradiso's backstage.]

Frank:

Boy Ah tell ya, Dusty, theys got some funny kinda bars aroun' here, an' notta one a them had any real football on the tee vee, only that pansy garbage them hippies back home call soccer. An'ey drink they beer WARM AS PISS!

Dusty: [nodding]

Welcome to Europe, Frank.

"Indeed, boyo."

[Enter Bronson Box.]

[The Wargod stands in the center of the hallway, arms folded across his chest with a stern look upon his face. To his left is his associate Edward White, looking quite annoyed by the fact that Ol' Frank isn't towing the Blood Diamonds company line.]

Edward White:

I am quite displeased with you, Francis, you were told...

[Frank scoffs at this, taking a step towards White before sticking a finger in his chest.]

Frank:

Yew wanna know whut, Eddie? Ah don' really give one good gawdamn she-at what'choo got ta say, ya no good sumbitch.

Dusty: [patting Frank on the shoulder]

Looks like your days of telling ol' Frank where to and how are over, Ed.

[White clenches a fist, silently cursing the very existence of Dusty Griffith. Box eyes Dusty, the look on his face never changing.]

Bronson:

Ye got some bollocks on ye, lad, I'll give ye that.

[Dusty turns his focus to Box, the Wild Bronco's gaze locking with that of the Original Defiant.]

Bronson:

Let me shed a little light on the situation for ye' lad, how we got to where we are. Yer' good buddy Francis over there was a destitute drunk that neglected his family and came to work in a drunken stupor each and every week. Eric Dane kept him around out of some strange sense of loyalty... tell me Dusty, where were you then? When I brought Francis into my fold and gave him his career back... where was your friendship then?

[Dusty looks to Frank.]

Dusty:

You're right, I wasn't there and I'm sorry for that, Frank, but I'm here now... [turning back to Box] As for how "we got here", you act like you were doing it out of some sort of mercy, but you enslaved this man...

[Edward White has apparently heard enough.]

Edward:

Enslaved? THIS MAN signed a CONTRACT. I own this man Mr. Griffith. I bought his contract from this company, he's MINE do you understand me? I own his house, I own his truck, I own him. One phone call and that all vanishes in the blink of an eye. Frank Dylan James EXISTS at my behest. Do I make myself clear... Mr. Griffith?

[Turning to White, Dusty snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty:

What do you say, Frank?

[The Mastodon speaks with his fists.]

[Charging at both Box and White, the two take defensive postures as FDJ flails wildly at both of them. A heartbeat later, Dusty dives into the fray, squaring off with Box as Frank tries to take White by the throat.]

[That is until DEFsec, lead by Brian Slater rushes into the violence head on. The Brute Squad breaks it apart quick enough, though they struggle to hold the two sides apart.]

Frank:

Ah'll keel yew, ED'ERD WHITE, yew hear me! I ain't nobodies property no more!

[As the two sides get dragged further away from each other, the camera man gets knocked over.]

[Back to Angus and Keebs!]

Angus:

Oh man, Mayberry's gonna get his ol' buddy in more trouble than it's worth! And for what? A little "freedom?"

DDK:

So, wait, you're siding with Box and White on this?

Angus:

What? No! I'm just saying...

DDK:

What's that now?

Angus:

Screw you, fag.

The Truly Untouchables vs Angel City eXpress

DDK:

Wow. Just... Wow.

Angus:

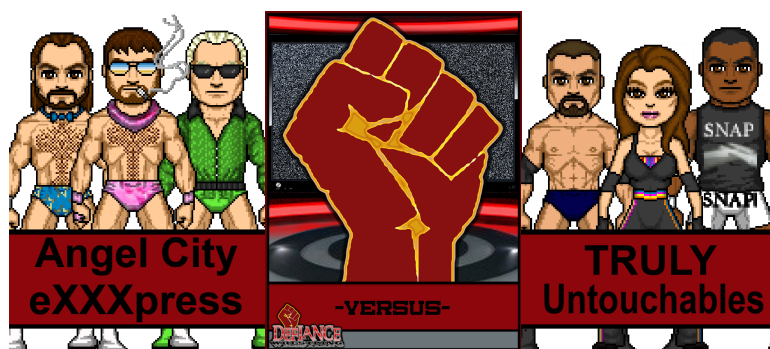
I'm just saying, when Frank sobers up and realizes what's gonna happen when Ed White makes that phone call, he's gonna be one pissed off hillbilly.

DDK:

If I may, I do believe that he is sober, and as far as I can tell he is no longer concerned with the consequences!

Angus:

Yeah, we'll see!



[“Bad Touch” by the Bloodhound Gang is playing as the fans await the appearance of the Angel City eXpress.]

DDK:

I honestly don't know what to expect with this one.

[Rich Mahogany, Don Hollywood and Pete Whealdon appear. It's all baby oil, chest hair, slightly too small trunks, and pelvic thrusting.]

Angus:

You don't know what to expect Keebs? Seriously? How about this - what's the over-under on which one of them does what to Diane Parker and whether Kai Scott has them skinned alive for it, or merely dumps them in the drug park for the crackhead hobos?

[The Bloodhound Gang fades out, and “The Cure” by Metallica begins playing.]

Angus:

Fucking Load, man.

[There's really nothing unusual about the way the T-UTs enter. Diane leads the way, David Race and Leon Maddox follow behind her. As they get to the ring, Maddox and Race walk down the apron while Diane steps into the ring.]

[Rich Mahogany makes to start the match for the ACX trio, but once “Suite” Pete Whealdon notices that it's Diane starting for the other team, he immediately tries to jump in front of his erstwhile BFF.]

DDK:

What the-

Angus:

Let it go, Keebs, boys will be boys.

[In the Angel City corner, Rich and Pete have squared off, a heated session of Rock-Paper-Scissors having taken over any kind of pre-match ritual that anyone may have had. Rich throws Rock, like a champ, and crushes Pete's Scissors into so many pieces of broken plastic, so Rich makes again for the tie-up with Diane Parker.]

[The Suite Corporate Dolphin leap-frogs him. Rich tackles Pete from behind.]

DDK:

Are we supposed to be taking this seriously?

Angus:

Well, I mean, we did try and get something out of Diamond SHAZAM.

[,,,dead air...]

[Dapper Don Hollywood, having had enough of his teammates shenanigans (and also being the brains of the operation) decided that he would start the match instead.]

Hollywood:

Look! A distraction!

Rich/Pete:

WHERE?

Hollywood:

Out there!

[Whealdon and Mahogany both bail, allowing for the match proper to begin.]

[Diane leans back against the ropes and smirks. Don Hollywood smiles, and adjusts his hair, and then adjusts his nipple.]

DDK:

...seriously?

[Diane leans further back, stretching her back. Hollywood slowly walks towards her.]

DDK:

This is, sadly, exactly what we expected out of the Angel City eXpress, but Diane Parker has never given any indication of being anything other than a serious pro wrestler, I can't imagine why she's indulging Don Hollywood right now.

[Don steps up close to her. Diane puts her right hand on his chest - and stretches her left hand out towards her corner. David Race quietly touches her hand. Hollywood never notices.]

[That is, until Race grabs his arm.]

DDK:

Rope-vaulting double knee armbreaker from Race to Hollywood!

Angus:

That cunning little wench...

[Hollywood writhes, grabbing his elbow joint. Diane kicks him in the side of the head before stepping out of the ring. Grabbing the arm, wrenching it and dragging Don out of reach of the ropes, Race twists the arm up over his shoulder and sits down on his back, camel clutch style.]

DDK:

Armed and Dangerous V1! Race is putting an amazing amount of pressure on the elbow joint of Hollywood, that move will pop an elbow straight out of joint and rip the tendons up when it does - and he's tapping! Hollywood taps!

DING! DING! DING!

[Race drops the hold, but not the arm. On Diane's instruction, he pulls Hollywood to his feet. Maddox grabs the other arm.]

[With Hollywood held in place there, Diane grabs him by the oversized chin, snarls something in his face - and kicks him square in the balls.]

Angus:

OH GOD OH GOD OW.

[Mahogany and Whealdon come running, right into a stompfest from the Truly Untouchables. Mahogany is brought to his feet first, and put back on the mat by The Best DDT in the Universe from Maddox. Then Whealdon is brought to his feet. Maddox and Race each wrench an arm, Diane climbs to the top rope, and flips off.]

DDK:

Miranette! The Truly Untouchables are just dismantling the Angel City eXpress! True, the ACX guys aren't exactly the most sympathetic out there, but...

[That's when music starts playing.]

♪ Hey little cookie take a walk my way ♪
♪ I like to hear what you have to say ♪
♪ You know the truth and you're so put together ♪
♪ Baby I could stick you on the lip of forever ♪
♪ Even a volcano has a price to pay ♪



[A mix of mild cheers and catcalls follows as Lisa Loeh walks out onto the top of the ramp, microphone in hand.]

DDK:

It's... Diane's former tag partner in Tres Brujas!

Angus:

Well, this is surprising. I thought Diane killed her last week.

[For those of you who don't remember, Diane bashed Lisa with a chair a few times, half nelson suplexed her on it and

then threw her over the top rope to kick her out of the Truly Untouchables.]

Lisa Loeh:

So I was sitting backstage, Diane Parker, wondering if you could possibly be more of a two faced little hypocrite...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Hey, she insulted someone who the fans don't like.]

[Diane Parker is indignant. Also furious.]

Lisa:

And I see... this.

[She points. Mahogany and Whealdon are half-recovered, trying to help Don Hollywood to the back. Don's knees are tucked together and he can barely waddle.]

Lisa:

You've been insinuating that I just coast on my looks ever since I started actually wrestling in Defiance. Even though I carried my weight in the tag matches. Even though I did better against Kai Scott than you did! But you bitch and beg and who knows what else until he and Clairra finally let you kick me out. And then you do exactly what you falsely accused me of doing! And against the Angel City eXpress, for crying out loud!

[Lisa shakes her head.]

Lisa:

Trying to impress those guys 'that way' makes shooting fish in a barrel look hard. I mean, even YOU could do better than that!

I thought you were supposed to be Little Miss Serious Wrestler. Then you go and do this. So what's wrong? Lazy? Low self esteem? Did Don Hollywood's freshly oiled nipples validate you?

Diane Parker:

SHUT UP!!!!

[The screech and resulting sonic boom makes the entire building cringe.]

Diane:

Don't you EVER talk down to me like that, you little whore, and while you're at it don't you EVER think you're better than me at ANYTHING! Just because you can wave your store-bought tits around and get a manager job with ESEN while I'm actually wrestling to make a living-

Lisa:

Excuse me, but I did everything to get into the Wrestling Inferno that everyone else who ever got in did. I just made it through preliminaries easier than you because, unlike you, I'd seen the inside of a gym before, and I didn't show up to training camp with fifteen pounds of babyfat on my thighs!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Diane's jaw drops.]

Angus:

OHHHH NO YOU DI'IN, GIRLFREN!

Lisa:

But that's ok, because I didn't come out here to insult you - even though you're a horrible wrestler with no good looking moves who stole her look from a Dio song - I came out to prove that I was better than you. At everything. Including putting tag teams together.

[Diane's got her temper under control. She says something to Leon Maddox off-mic, then smiles.]

Diane:

And I suppose you brought your new tag partners with you?

Lisa:

Actually, I did.

[Dim the lights.]

[Cue the motherfucking sitar.]

[That's "Walk on Water (Demo)" by Ozzy Osbourne.]

DDK:

I know that music!

Angus:

We all do, Keebs, we all do! It's Yoshikazu YAZ!



[It is indeed.]

[Yoshikazu YAZ walks out. He looks exactly the same way he looked the last time he was in Defiance.]

♪ I met a magic man ♪
♪ Who had a daughter ♪
♪ She learned her lessons well ♪
♪ But still I taught her ♪
♪ She followed willingly ♪

[The music cuts.]

Diane:

Yoshikazu YAZ? Really, Lisa, that's the best you can do? For your information, if you think I'm scared of YAZ, I've been over that shit for years. I have new friends now, EF WY IY, and they're a lot scarier than he ever was! I can't wait to see how well the shotei works when David and Leon break both his arms!

[YAZ folds his arms and, as usual, says nothing.]

Diane:

And that's only one guy! This a TRIOS division. You need a third-

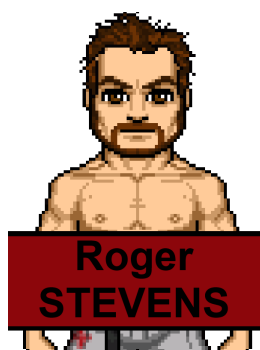
[And as if on cue, the crashing guitars that are Loudness and "Pray for the Dead" hit.]

Angus:

OH! HOLY! HELL! **YES!**

[The man who steps out onto the ramp is known faintly to Defiance fans. He was a bigger name in Defiance's predecessor, Wrestle Coast: Cascadia. He's a former Cascadia Independence Cup holder, and a tag team champion in a few other feds none of which really matter all that much.]

[The point is.]



Angus:

Keebs? Lisa just brought back RADICAL! ROGER! MOTHERFUCKING! STEVENS!

["Radical" Roger Stevens joins Lisa and YAZ on the ramp. His eyes are closed, he throws his head back, and he raises the devil horns up in the air with both hands.]

♪ Beggars and whores standing in doors ♪
♪ Cities aflame, cities at war! ♪

DDK:

You're a Roger Stevens fan, Angus?

Angus:

He's a Wrestling Inferno graduate, classically trained in shoot grappling, lucha libre and junior heavyweight style puroresu, and he gives so little of a crap that he gave all that shit up for chopping people really hard! What's not to like?

♪ PRAY FOR THE DEAD ♪

Angus:

PRAY FOR THE DEAD!

[Lisa hands the mic to Roger Stevens.]

Angus:

This just gets better and better, Keebs!

Stevens:

Now Diane, I know you from way back, and I know you didn't used to be like this, but I also know shit changes. If this is the way it's gonna be, then fine. Now Lisa, she tells me you want back at the tag titles, cos you liked the taste of gold, but she says you don't want to earn it. Well, Lisa and I like gold too! And YAZ ain't really opened up to me yet,

but since he's won like forty-seven junior heavyweight titles in fifteen years, I'd be willing to bet he does too. Am I right?!

[Stevens extends the mic out. YAZ leans into it.]

YAZ:

Yes.

Stevens:

Well I don't know about you, but I'm fine with earning my way up to the top. And I'm ready to start right now! So if the Truly Untouchables aren't committing fraud whenever they call themselves that, I'm saying, let's you guys and us have a real wrestling match, and let's do it right now!

Diane:

Lisa, I will SO kick your ass for that...

Stevens:

SOUNDS LIKE A YES TO ME!

[The mic is tossed to the side, and Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ both sprint down the box ramp. Stevens is a step and a half ahead and he leaps headfirst over the top rope to cross chop David Race down to the mat. YAZ follows, going over the top rope feet first to torpedo dropkick Leon Maddox halfway across the ring!]

DDK:

This is a thing that's happening? We're going to get a real honest to god trios match here tonight?

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

So it is.

[Stevens throws Race over the top rope. Race lands on the apron, Stevens grabs his head, runs him down the apron and knocks it into the ringpost! As Race tumbles off the edge of the ring and into the fans, Stevens hops to the top rope, and jumps off with a flying cross body! YAZ throws a shotei at Maddox's head, Maddox ducks, but YAZ just spins through it and clobbers Maddox on the back of the head with a lariat! Maddox takes his trip out of the ring.]

[Diane watches this with horror.]

[Then she turns back to the ramp.]

Angus:

SPEAR! SPEARSPEARSPEAR!

[Lisa sprinted down the ramp, and as Diane turned, Lisa dived through the ropes, spearing her to the mat.]

Angus:

I was gonna yell 'catfight', but those are some seriously heavy-duty punches she's unloading there.

[Tiring of the punches, Lisa pulls Diane to her feet, attempts an Irish whip. Diane plants her feet and reverses, Lisa rebounds, goes airborne for a headscissor takeover and instead hooks an octopus stretch! With a screech of combined pain and fury, Diane begins staggering to the ropes. Hector Navarro begins telling Lisa to break it.]

V.O. Tyrone Walker:

She has til five, ref!

Angus:

TEEMDANJAR!

DDK:

No, it's Hookers N' Blow.

Angus:

Dammit Keebs!

[Yeah, it's actually all three of them. Tyrone Walker, Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry. More importantly, all three of them have microphones.]

Walker:

One...! Two...!

[He's counting really, really slowly. And the really funny part is, it confuses Hector, and he ends up waiting for Walker.]

Walker:

THHhhhhhhuuuuuhhhrrrrrrraaaaaeee..... ffffffffffffffffffffffoooooooooooooooooaaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuurrrr....

[Navarro finally breaks the hold. And in that wonderful Truly Untouchable style, Diane's out of the ring in a shot, nursing her hurt neck.]

[And Leon Maddox runs into the ring and clubs her from behind with an elbow.]

Matthews:

BOOOOOOO!

[This prompts the fans to join in. Rattled for just a second, Maddox hesitates, and Lisa ducks between his legs and makes the tag out to Roger Stevens. Stevens jumps the ropes, spins Maddox around...]

Stevens:

CHOP!

THWAAAAAACK!!!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Maddox goes reeling into one of the turnbuckles. Stevens follows him, yells 'chop' again, and lays in a second one. This time Maddox falls to his knees and face plants. Stevens pulls him right back up by the hair, jumps to the middle rope and then leaps off, facebusting Maddox. He quickly tags out to Yoshikazu YAZ. YAZ runs down the apron, springboards, and hits Maddox in the back of the head with a spinning heel kick.]

Matthews:

If this match is all about which lady's better at finding tag partners, I do have to say that Lisa is absolutely winning.

[YAZ sends Maddox to the ropes. Maddox catches the top rope and instead of rebounding, ducks between the ropes and slides to the apron. Race steps into the ring and tries a tie-up. YAZ rolls through an attempted armlock, but Race sneaks in an eyerake that Navarro doesn't see.]

Horry:

Hey ref! He went for the eyes!

[Except that someone else saw it. Navarro, seeing YAZ clutching his face, makes Race break the wakigatame armbars he'd applied and lectures him about what is and isn't allowed.]

DDK:

That's one way to keep the Truly Untouchables honest I suppose.

[By the time Race is allowed back into the scray, YAZ is up to one knee, and he delivers some sort of double-arm strike to the midsection that doubles Race over, then plants Race with a swinging neckbreaker. A quick tag back out to Roger Stevens. With another yell of "CHOP", Stevens whallops Race on the chest and knocks him back into the buckle!]

[As Stevens moves in though, Race grabs him behind the head and pulls him into a clinch.]

DDK:

David Race may be off balance like the rest of his teammates, but he's a canny technician and knows how to deal with strikers and people who won't go to the mat. See how he gets in close to tie up Stevens' arms, and then takes him down with that sitout spinebuster.]

Matthews:

Low blow, ref!

Angus:

What?! But he didn't... OH!

[Navarro is on top of it, backing Race off, lecturing him. And Stevens plays along too, grabbing his uninjured jewels.]

DDK:

I don't know precisely why Hookers N' Blow are out here causing trouble, but Diane Parker is absolutely irate! Race following up though, wrapping Stevens up in a hammerlock, and...

THWAAAAAACK!!!**Angus:**

YES!

DDK:

How did Stevens counter a hammerlock with a chop?

Angus:

There's a science in hitting people really hard, Darren. You wouldn't understand.

[Stevens pushes Race back a step, lines up the perfect one, and...

KER-THWAAAAAACK!!!!

[This time Race goes all the way down, clutching his chest with both hands.]

Matthews:

So Ty, if he chopped Diane like that, you think there'd be a silico-volcanic explosion, or would he just break his hand?

[Diane whirls around in a fury as Stevens picks Race up, tags Lisa, and delivers a backbreaker, which Lisa follows up with a knee drop off the top rope. Lisa starts pulling Race to his feet and even tries to get him up in the fireman's carry - but Race slips out the back and executes a T-bone suplex.]

Angus:

Not sure why Stevens tagged out, he had the match in hand but the chick lost it for him.

DDK:

There's an issue of pride. Either way, Diane wants the tag and Race is going to oblige.

[Race looks a little doubtful, but he slaps Diane's hand. Kai Scott's paying him, Scott says Diane's in charge, and so it be and all that. Diane grabs a handful of Lisa's hair, screams something incoherent at her, and then kicks her really hard in the back.]

SWAAAAAACK!

Walker:

Hey Ref, I'm pretty sure there was an illegal object involved in that one.

Matthews:

Yeah ref, she stuck 'em right down the front of her shirt, look!

Horry:

Look guys, it ain't right that a proud gay man like Mr. Navarro ought to have to check. Bring her over here and let us do it!

[Diane loses it. Abandoning Lisa, she storms to the ropes, screaming something about Kai Scott having them all boiled alive or something.]

[Lisa gathers herself, stands, and hits a running front kick that connects right between Diane's shoulderblades. Diane goes flying forward, hits the ropes with her chest, bounces back off balance - right into Lisa's arms.]

DDK:

TIGER SUPLEX!

[Lisa hooks the arms, bridges back so far her body almost makes an upside-down U shape, and drops Diane right on the back of her neck.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

[Stevens and YAZ had cut Maddox and Race off from interfering. Lisa raises her hands in triumph. Off at the back of the rampway, the collection of Walker, Matthews and Horry take the opportunity to do a bit of pointing and laughing at the expense of Diane Parker.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And Lisa Loeh just earned herself a little retribution!

Angus:

What an epic troll job perpetrated by H-N-Bizzle!

[Lisa, Stevens and YAZ also take their walk up the ramp as Diane fumes in the ring, Maddox tries (unsuccessfully) to console her and David Race possibly contemplates asking Kai Scott for a raise.]

So... We're Cool, Right?

[Backstage.]

[The crew known as Hizzle Nizzle Bizzle are strolling back to the locker rooms after their successful troll job of the Totally Untouchables, namely Diane Parker. The reigning Trios Champs are laughing about said troll job when they're rushed up on by the victorious party of said troll job.]

"Hey!"

[Stopping in their tracks, Walker, Matthews and Horry turn to find Lisa Loeh, the source of the voice calling them out as she takes point with Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ at her flanks. Taking point for his side, Ty steps forward as the newest team on the block approach.]

Walker: [head nod]

Sup?

Stevens:

Sup. So er. Thanks.

Walker:

Yeah, so you're that Stevens kid Angus' gushed to me about? [looks to YAZ] Sorry homie, I ain't gotta a clue about you.

[He looks to Lisa, his gaze holding a little longer than necessary, he's not alone of course, his cousin Sam's eyes are also transfixed on the blonde white girl.]

[AKA the Black Man's Kryptonite.]

[No, that's not foreshadowing. Ty's gonna be whuppin' dat ass.]

Walker:

So uh... yeah?

Stevens:

Yeah. Y'know man, wrestling can be a pretty fucked up business. Last time I saw you, it was in a Wrestlecoast Cascadia ring and London Freemantle said my chops didn't hurt.

Walker:

Sounds about right... I mean, that's something Free would say, but them chops looked like some serious business tonight.

Stevens:

I've been practicing since then brother. But look. All I was gonna say is, as far as I'm concerned, we're cool.

[All of HNB nod.]

Walker:

Right on, homie...

[The Black Jesus is half paying attention to Stevens and half trying not to be obvious about his lecherous old hound dog ways. Obviously he's failing since Lisa rolls her eyes before butting in.]

Lisa:

Right, right, we're on the same side, mutual enemies, and all that, I guess...

[She leans up against Roger's shoulder in one of those curved leg poses. Sam Horry's eyes glaze over.]

Lisa:

...does that means you don't want to kill me anymore?

Walker:

Wait... what? That internet thing, when that one dude who asked me that about that thing that one time on the internet?

[Lisa nods. Ty's brow lurches up, he might even be a little red in the face, but you know, the dark skin makes it difficult to tell.]

Walker:

Well uh... Damn! Heh, guess I'm sorry 'bout all'a that.

Matthews:

And he means it. We all do. That was one hell of a tiger suplex.

[Lisa blinks. This wasn't quite the answer she was expecting.]

Lisa:

Well, thanks, I guess.

Walker:

Word. Anyway the BAWS needs a word, so I'mma go do something about that.

[With that, the Champs exit, taking their leave down the hall to parts only moderately unknown.]

Lisa:

What's wrong with my tiger suplex? It won the match, didn't it?

[Stevens shrugs.]

[YAZ, however, leans in and whispers something into Lisa's ear.]

Lisa:

shriek

[Cut.]

Burned

[Backstage.]

[Being accompanied by DEFsec, Dusty and Frank approach the door to one of the locker rooms, fresh off their scuffle with Bronson Box and Edward White.]

[Hence the 'escort' that follows.]

[Without a word, Dusty and Frank disappear into the locker room.]

[Stopping in their tracks, Dusty and Frank observe what was once Dusty's duffle bag and other belongings that now rests as a mostly burning pile in the center of the room. Griffith marches over quickly, trying to stomp out the fire, but it's already too late.]

Frank:

Whut'n th' hay'ell?

[The duffle bag carried everything, Dusty's ring gear, changes of clothes, and other important and not so important items, but most notably as he finds at the very top of the pyre, pulling up the charred remnants of his Tenchu-Do "Wild Bronco" training jacket.]

Dusty:

Son... of... a... *bitch*...

[It may seem like just a jacket to anybody, something that could be easily replaced, yeah? Perhaps that's true, however the sentimental value makes it something considerably more valuable to him. It was the first gift his trainer, mentor, and old friend, Jason Ramsey had ever given him. Since the first time he's put it on, he's never worn another a jacket, to the ring or traveling the globe from one ring to the next. It's seen every major step in his career starting with his debut as a young lion in Japan it has seen everything, his highs, his lows, and now? It's barely recognizable, except for the fact that it's in the tattered shape of what looked like a jacket.]

Frank: [putting a hand on Dusty's shoulder]

We'll find th' sumbitch who done this, Dusty, an' we'll put a hurtin' on 'em when we do.

[As if on cue, the sound of the bathroom faucet running is heard, when the sounds disappears it's followed by the appearance of Alceo Dentari. The diminutive leader of the LBC pauses upon seeing the sight before, but acts completely oblivious to the entire scene. Dusty looks up at him, his face contorting from confusion to immediate anger.]

Alceo:

Any a yous know where that smells coming from?

[The door to the locker room opens and the other two thirds of the LBC, Tony Two Hands and Big Vinny just happen to be showing up at such a convenient time. Alceo smiles and nods to his companions as he walks by Dusty and Frank, both of whom sport knowing grins.]

Tony:

We tried tell yous, didn't we? You gotta be careful with who yous mess with around here...

Alceo:

...cause ya never know when yous gonna get burned.

[Dusty stews as the LBC's leave, his jaw clenching hard enough you hear his teeth grinding until he drops the remains of his jacket. All the while, he hears those damn Italians laughing in the background as the get further and further away

from the locker room.]

[Back to the desk.]

Angus:

There guys are just making friends everywhere they go.

DDK:

I don't like it.

Angus:

You know who doesn't like it? Dusty Griffith! I mean come on, check out that precious Ten-Chew-Doe jacket'a his! Jason Ramsey's rollin' in his grave!

DDK:

Jason Ramsey is alive and well, Ang.

Angus:

Yeah, well, maybe Dusty ought to call Uncle Jason and get some real backup before the Blood Diamonds, the Legitimate Businessmen, or the Truly Untouchables send him off to that big Puro Dojo in the sky!

DDK:

What's that? I'm getting word now that we've got Tyrone Walker and Kai Scott both arriving at Eric Dane's office... at the same time!

[Cut.]

Gentlemen, A Word... NOW!

[Cut to the door of the BAW'S Office.]

[Tyrone Walker and Kai Scott approach from opposite sides. Ty reaches in for the door knob as Kai arrives.

Immediately this isn't going to turn out so well.]

Kai Scott:

What do you want?

Tyrone Walker:

Nigga, I do whatever I want, whenever I want, like that night I pinned your ass for a three count. Heh, good times, right? Up top, homie!

[Ty mocks the champion with a half hearted offer of a high five. Kai looks at him, looks at his hand, looks him in the eye again and he's not amused by the Black Jesus. Ty pulls the hand back as he scoffs at the man.]

Walker:

Pssh, whatever dude. Tryin' to be all hard, mean muggin' me like your ass is gonna do somethin' when we know you're not.

[The Champion steps in a little closer to his Challenger.]

Scott:

Is that so?

Walker:

Yeah man, I mean, you don't got nuthin' without your clown car collection of bitches... speakin' of which...

[He looks around, trying to spot someone.]

Walker:

Where your bottom bitch at?

Scott:

My... what?

Walker:

That girl who keeps you rollin' with the belt, y'know, the one my man Dusty sent for a ride in Japan?

Scott:

I'm sorry, I don't speak afro-negro-can-bonics. Are you talking about Diane or Clair?

Walker:

Y'know what? Since it you put it that way, where both of them at? I remember some dude askin' if I'd marry or fuck either of them bitches and...

[The door implodes. That is to say, it opens from the inside, vehemently. Standing there with eyes cocked and a grimace of annoyance plastered across his face is the DEFIANCE boss, Eric Dane. He looks tired, having flown to Greensboro and back in the last twenty-four hours.]

Dane:

Did I page you two to my office for a meeting, or to the outside of the door of my office for a dick measuring contest? Spoiler alert, Ty wins. You know, black. Now get in here and act like either one of you deserve to be headlining this show.

[The boss disappears back into the office. Ty's eyes go wide, he knows when daddy's angry and does as he's told. Scott however stands back for a moment unsure of what just happened until Ty reaches back and grabs him by the wrist and pulls him into the office.]

Walker:

Fool, this mothafucka ain't playin' with neither of us...

[Quick-cut to the inside, where Dane has taken his place behind a very large desk. Walker half-sprawls across a leather-backed chair across from the boss with his Nike's kicked up on the desk. Also there is a pick in his fro. And Grape drink. Watermelon. Anty's gonna ragequit if I don't edit this out. Hot Sauce. Meanwhile the Champion prefers to stand across the other side of the room. Kai Scott does not look amused, not one bit.]

Walker:

Look here, Dee, I was gonna be on time, but this [he points to Kai] cracka ass cracka over here made me late, y'know how it is, White Man always try'na hol' me down an' shit.

[Scott and Dane share a look. Dane uses his secret brain powers to let Kai know to just roll with it, otherwise we'll be here all night. Scott makes a fake 'patient' face and smirks.]

Dane:

Now. I brought you in here to tell the both of you that I wouldn't be tolerating any of the bullshit that you two like to get up to so much. But then, I had what alcoholics refer to as a "moment of clarity." I realized that no matter what I say and you two agree to, you're gonna do what you're gonna do, and there's not fuck-all I can do about it that isn't gonna end with one or both of you being fired.

[He pauses.]

Dane:

So... I don't give a shit what you do. I already know that you [nods at Kai] have gone on Twitter and told the universe that you've got six lackeys ready to jump at your beck and call, and I know that you [nods at Ty] have a teleportation device hidden in that afro and the phone number of everyone ever attached to Team Danger, ACW, CWF, and every black dude this side of the Pacific. So go out there, kill yourselves, kill your friends, kill each other, I don't give a shit, but don't come whimpering and whining to me once it's all over with about [finger quotes] "fair play" and "rematches" and whatnot.

Whatever goes down, this shit is **over** tonight. Capiche?

[There is a momentary awkward silence. It does not last.]

Scott:

You told me not to do anything you wouldn't do, and I agreed. I'm a man of my word.

Walker:

Sure, whatever, Dee... Still, I bet this little bitch mothafucka can't go it alone. First he needed Jeffro, Heidi and whoever the other dude was, now he needs some scrubs to keep him puffed up like he's Superman or some shit.

Scott:

Hey, speaking of scrubs, have either of you got Johnny Lightning's number?

[Rimshot.]

Walker:

Yeah, right here. But, you can't get a hold of him for anything, even if you offer to pay him for it.

[Rimshot, pt. deux.]

[Dane “ahems”, his annoyance growing the longer these two continue occupying his time with their “banter”. Ty takes this as his cue to split, but before he exits Dane’s office he looks to Kai.]

Walker:

So seriously? Where them bitches at? You got their numbers? I need to hit ‘em up about that thing that one dude on the internet asked me that one time...

[Exit the Black Jesus.]

Scott:

...Eric, how do you tolerate that guy’s continued existence?

[Dane chuckles, nods his head and smiles.]

Dane:

He’s got his uses. Hell, he pinned you just last week. And he works for Taco Bell.

[Scott stands as well.]

Scott:

I suppose I’d tolerate a lot too if I got free cheesy gordita crunches out of the deal.

Dane:

No. I mean, he works for tacos.

Scott:

.....oh.

[With that, he leaves. A second passes before Dane reaches for his phone.]

Dane:

Kelly. Aspirin. Now.

[Cut.]

Diego de Leon vs Capital Punishment

Angus: GET THAT MAN AN ASPRIN FOR GODS SAKE! **DDK:** Turning our attention towards the ring we're about to witness another chapter in the Team HOSS/TexMex Holiday WAR that's been waged across several countries now.



["His Name is King (instrumental)" by Luis

Bacalov plays.] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first from Truth of Consequences, New Mexico... Standing six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred five pounds... DIEEEEGO DE ~ LEEEOOOONNN. [Diego walks out from the back. He's wearing a poncho and extends his hands out slapping high fives as he makes his way to the ring. He enters and begins a quick series of steps throughout the ring hitting the ropes. He removes his poncho and checks his wristbands. He stares down the entrance.] **DDK:** Diego's going to have a tough time tonight, he's facing off against the most experienced member of Team HOSS! **Angus:** Why he's even fighting? **DDK:** Maybe it's his honor telling him he can't just abandon his friends when they need him. **Angus:** Overrated. ["And Justice for all" by Metallica cuts in.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent, from Washington DC...Standing at six foot seven and weighing two hundred eighty eight pounds.... CAAAAAAPITAAAAALLL PUNISHMEEEEENT! **Angus:** C'mon Cappy! Show him whose the king of this jungle! [Capital Punishment walks out with a small smirk, Keeling at his side. The big man stares daggers at Diego as he stands in the middle of the ring. Capital Punishment and Keeling ignore outstretched hands, when one fan almost gets too close Cappy turns to him immediately and winds up intimidating the fan. Undaunted he continues his slow walk and climbs into the ring, ignoring everything else and focusing intently on the young lion. Keeling ducks out of the ring.] **DDK:** You got to wonder what's going through Diego's mind right now. Team HOSS didn't even show up here with the rest of their members. **Angus:** Why should they? Look at the size difference between these two! Cappy don't need no stinkin' morale support this time! [Capital Punishment and Diego stare at each other for a moment, looking for openings. Cappy's sneer is unwholesome and sinister as he sticks his hand out towards Diego. Diego steps forward] **Angus:** Now that's a display of honor and integrity and all the other crap you were talking about! **DDK:** Yeah, okay, he's mocking Diego! [and delivers a swift spinning kick to the outstretched hand, Cappy pulling away just in time before Diego's kick meets his hand.] **DDK:** Good on you Diego, be DEFIANT in your own way! DINGDINGDING [Cappy and Diego circle around in the ring. Diego meets Cappy with a stiff shoot kick.] **Angus:** Those kicks have got to be illegal! **DDK:** Perfectly legal. [And another.] **Angus:** That one? **DDK:** Nope! [And another.] **Angus:** C'mon Cappy! Don't take this shit! [Cappy cuts Diego off before he throws out anymore kicks. Cappy shushes the crowd before slapping Diego's exposed chest for a thunderous blow that echoes throughout the arena. And another. And another.] **Angus:** Cappy's dealing out Punishment now! **DDK:** Stop PUNishing the rest of us in the process! [Cappy picks up Diego and hip tosses him into the center of the ring.] **Angus:** I can't wait to see Team HOSS put a stop to this TexMex Menace. **DDK:** What are you talkin' about? TexMex Holiday got fed up with Team HOSS' bullying campaign. They're standing up for themselves. [Cappy pulls up Diego and delivers a Scoop Slam, holding onto Diego's mask and throwing him against the ropes for a Big Boot that rocks Diego. Diego's knees buckle from underneath him and he falls to the mat. Cappy goes for a lackluster cover, with his boot and a smirk.] **DDK:** Cover here! [One!] [Two!] [Shoulderup!] **DDK:** Not nearly enough! [Cappy frowns, he lifts Diego up from his mask and plants him on the canvas with a Back Suplex. He starts putting the boots to Diego on the ground, frustration clear on his face.] **Angus:** Get mad Cap! Take him out! [Cappy pulls Diego up and throws him into a corner. Cappy follows up with a running boot to the face and as Diego stumbles out of the corner, Cappy puts him down with a sidewalk Slam.] **Angus:** It's over! [Cappy covers.] [One!] [Two!] [KICK OUT!] **Angus:** That count was TOO slow! [Cappy gets up immediately and starts arguing with Mark Shields. Diego rolls over to the turnbuckle and uses them to stand. Cappy takes notice and charges at Diego in the corner.] **DDK:** Diego could be in more trouble here! [And misses as Diego rolls out of the way at the last second.] **DDK:** A miss! [Diego charges the ropes for a knee to the head of Cappy, but Cappy puts his hands on Diego's throat and drives him down to the mat with a chokeslam. Cappy stands Diego up immediately and lifts him up into the air, holding him up high.] **Angus:** Now it's DEFINITELY over! [Diego move his

legs and lands behind Cappy, he hits Cappy with an enziguri. Cappy falls to his knee, grabbing the back of his head. Diego circles him in the ring and delivers a stiff kick to his chest.] **OLE~~~~~ Angus:** [annoyed] Definitely illegal. [His back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Chest] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] **OLE~~~~~** [Back] Junior: CAPPY! Get up and put that Jumping Bean down! Diego: For the last time, it's KICKING Bean! [HEAD] **OLE~~~~~ Angus:** THAT WAS DEFINITELY CHEATING! This crowd's bias! Shield's is bias against Cappy! I can't believe he's letting this happen!?! I can't believe the crowd's getting behind this! **DDK:** Pefectly legal more like! This could be it here! [Cappy finally falls forward, Diego goes for the cover.] [One.] [Two.] **Angus:** No! [POWER OUT!] **DDK:** Capital Punishment is still in this match! [Cappy stands up, groggy from all the kicks and Diego stands up slowly as well. Cappy runs at Diego and delivers a stiff lariat that puts Diego down. Cappy picks Diego up immediately, he doubles the young lion over and lifts him onto his shoulders for a powerbomb.] **OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ DI~~~~~EGO~~DI~~~~~EGO~~** [Diego hops over Cappy, runs into the ropes and takes Cappy's knee out from under him with a shoulder tackle to the back of it.] **OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ DI~~~~~EGO~~DI~~~~~EGO~~** [Diego stands Cappy up and throws him into the turnbuckle, following him with a knee to the face and a surprising monkeyflip.] **OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ OLE~~~~ DI~~~~~EGO~~DI~~~~~EGO~~** [Diego kips up, Cappy stands up groggily on his own. Diego meets him in the center of the ring. Left slap, Right slap, backfist, kick to the back of his head-] **DDK:** The third man in the ring, the crowd is really energizing Diego! **Angus:** This crowd is against Team HOSS! I can't believe Diego hasn't been disqualified. What match are YOU watching? **DDK:** What match are YOU watching? He's been fighting fair! [ROARING ELBOW!] [But Cappy's still standing, wobbily, Diego takes Cappy's head and lands a Double Knee Facebreaker. Diego goes for the cover.] [ONE!] [TWO!] [THREE!] **DDK:** Diego gets the win here!

Ego's Busted

Angus: Never mind all that, you gettin' the same message in your ear? **DDK:** Yes I am, ladies and gentlemen I'm told there's something brewing in the backstage area. [We cut back to the staging area right behind the curtain where we find international superstar and former FIST of DEFIANCE "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan prepping for his upcoming match with Troy Matthews in just a few moments. Dan is bent over retying his boot when a pair of black and white spats step into view. Dan's grimacing reaction speaks volumes.] **Ryan:** If you're here to say thank you, then you're welcome. If you're here for anything more, I can't help you. I'm busy. [Dan stands up and we get a look at the spat wearing individual.] [Dressed to his usual nines in a three piece black and grey pinstripe with the gold on red leather FIST of DEFIANCE tossed over his shoulder we see Bronson Box flanked tonight by Nicky Corozzo and several of Edward White's black polo sporting private security drones.] [Ryan looks around at the group.] **Ryan:** Are they meant to protect you just in case I get... annoyed? **Box:** Hush now, lad. I'm not here to pick a fight just yet. Ye' technically saved my skin when you swung that chair an' near took Griffith's head off. I'd say the old adage "the enemy of my enemy" comes into play here if it weren't for the fact we bloody hate one another more than life itself. [Bronson stares a hole into the man he won the FIST from in Tokyo. Dan coldly eyes the Wargod's backup.] **Box:** What? Nothing to say? Don't look at them. You bloody look at me. [Ryan slowly meets Bronson eye to eye.] **Box:** What exactly are you doin', boy'o? If you can't have it nobody can? You're damn right nobody can BECAUSE I'M THE BLASTED CHAMPION! Nobody can best me! You come swingin' in like some sort phantom and insert yourself into MY business? I bested you Dan Ryan... [snarling, stepping closer] I BEAT you, superstar. So what business is it of yours to stick your nose into my business as the TRUE champion of this company? [Ryan's non reaction leaves Bronson a bit nonplussed.] **Ryan:** Funny, I don't remember where it says that what I decide to do is any of your damn business. And I certainly don't believe I recall the part where it says that I have to run any of it by you. **Box:** Is that right? [Box inches closer to Ryan, obviously trying desperately to egg him into a brawl.] **Ryan:** Oh -- I don't know if that's.... 'right', Bronson. But... it IS a FACT. [Now Ryan steps closer, Box actually inching back a half step. Ryan glares down into the eyes of the FIST, occasionally getting uncomfortably close as he speaks.] **Ryan:** See, the issue at hand as I see it is this... I was perfectly happy to sign on with this company, leave the hype and my past behind me and get down to just wrestling. You made me into a target and why? Because it wasn't good enough for you? Because what I brought to the table threatened you in some way? See, Bronson, my past as far as you're concerned is learned from the black and white in newspaper clippings and highlight reels. You looked at the gold and the green and you think instantly that I was but another golden boy who rode a wave of privilege to the top. [Ryan gets the closest he's been yet, and Bronson actually winces briefly before regaining his steel. Ryan speaks in almost an intense whisper.] **Ryan:** But you didn't know what I became for my success, did you? And so you mocked it, poked and prodded to see what was really underneath. You said my heart was darker than I was letting on, and the truth is, you were right. In fact, it was much, much darker. I was content to suppress it for you and everyone else's sake. I know what I'm capable of when the walls come tumbling down. Now normally, this would be the moment when I'd point out that I warned you not to press the issue and that you chose to ignore me. But, because words never worked with you in the past, I have chosen a path of action instead. [Ryan leans in and whispers into Box's ear.] **Ryan:** I will not be your puppet, Bronson. I cannot... will not... be controlled. [Ryan pulls back, but keeps an intense gaze into Bronson Box's eyes, even with the slight smirk that's starting to form on his face. Box just returns it, saying nothing. Finally, Ryan smiles a much more sincere smile and turns to leave the room.] **Ryan:** Troy Matthews is waiting. [Ryan pauses at the door, looking back briefly.] **Ryan:** There's a six pack in the fridge if your goon squad is thirsty. [Ryan looks straight at Box once more.] **Ryan:** When I'm done with Matthews and I return -- don't be here. [Bronson Box's eyes narrow at this, but Ryan's expression makes it clear that he's dead serious. He turns and walks out the door.] [Nicky Corozzo is the first to speak.] **Nicky:** What now? [The Original DEFIANT just smiles to himself.] **Box:** Nothing at all, Mr. Corozzo... nothing at all. [Boxer chuckles to himself as he leads his cohorts out into the hall and we fade back to ringside.]

Dan Ryan vs Troy Matthews



Angus: The hell? **DDK:** Something tells me

Bronson is enjoying seeing this new more vicious side of The Ego Buster. **Angus:** Don't you mean OLD side? The guy made his salt being a brutal dickbag for years before walking through our door. **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** And Troy springs out of the corner like a shot towards Dan Ryan, and unleashes a volley of kicks to start things up! [Troy is cutting straight for the legs with Thai roundhouses, which seem to make the self-proclaimed FIST of Defiance wince a little, but don't seem to have a lasting effect. Dan stands stoically as Troy visibly wears himself out, and when he stops for a brief moment...] **THWUMP!** **Angus:** But he's no match for Ryan, Keebs, look at how easily he sank the Green Goblin! [In case you missed it, Dan simply placed the palm of his right hand directly under Troy's jaw, and with a simple jiu-jitsu thrust, plants Troy back-first to the mat.] **DDK:** Almost too easily, Angus. It's like Troy never fought, much less beat, Dan Ryan before! **Angus:** You know, I always thought that "Slayer of Giants" thing was a bunch of bunk, and Troy's starting to prove me right... [Ryan lunges over to the flustered Jersey Devil and pulls him to his feet, before laying him out again with a TREMENDOUS scoop slam] **DDK:** In any case, Troy seems to be distracted by the collapse of the Philosopher Kings, and perhaps putting him in the ring with a possessed man like Dan Ryan might not have been the best idea. Ryan has a LOT to prove, after declaring himself the true FIST, but Troy just seems intent on trying to stay afloat, physically and mentally. **Angus:** Well, he's gonna have to right himself real quick, because... **THUD!** [Ryan with the elbow.] **Angus:** This time, the giant's going to be slaying HIM! **DDK:** Indeed, Troy doesn't seem to be putting up much of a fight. [Troy stumbles about, trying to get to his feet yet again, and Ryan lies in wait, almost opening himself up for a free shot...] **DDK:** Troy comes to and swings for a ki... [...ck that whiffs the Ego Buster by a mile and leaves him open for...] **DDK:** FULL NELSON SLAM by Dan Ryan! Troy is RATTLED, and this match has practically JUST STARTED! **Angus:** Yeah, Keebs, I'm starting to wonder if Matthews is in any condition to be out here. He's really out of this, mentally. **DDK:** On our last episode in Birmingham, Troy was practically abandoned by Eddie Dante and Mushigihara, and was left alone to submit to Diane Parker's Christo submission in the middle of the ring. As far as I know, he hasn't spoken to Eddie since then... **Angus:** Well, you know he sure as shit hasn't spoken to the doofus in the mask. [Meanwhile, Dan Ryan has bounced off the ropes, towards a discombobulated Jersey Devil...] **DDK:** CLOTHESLINE! And Troy is down again! Ryan with the cover... **ONE TWO KICKOUT** **Angus:** Matthews looks like he did that out of instinct than any desire to compete in this match, if I'm being honest. Like he's mentally checked out. I know that, YOU know that, Keebs, and it looks like Danny boy over there gets it too, because he's not even TRYING to lay those boots into him! [And sure enough, the Ego Buster is gingerly kicking Troy, while shrugging his shoulders, almost circling Troy in a condescending, lackadaisical way, grinning with each kick.] [Then he decides "to hell with it," and rolls Troy to his feet, only to double him over...] **DDK:** And Ryan looks to end this... **THUD!!!** **Angus:** Humility Bomb, and that's gotta be it. **ONE TWO THREE** **Angus:** That's it. **DDK:** Oh, yeah. Hardly a shock, given Troy's state. [Dan Ryan doesn't even bother to gloat over the victory... if anything, he seems disgusted with this turn of events, and leaves the ring without ceremony.]

Aftermath: Consequences

[Dan Ryan walks down the ramp, posturing for the crowd, while an unexpected figure emerges from the arena entrance...] **Angus:** DANTE! [The camera cuts to the entrance, and sure enough, Eddie Dante is standing still, hands resting on a shiny wooden cane, while Ryan lunges towards him.] **DDK:** Could the leader of the Philosopher Kings have something in mind for the Ego Buster? [Judging by the way Eddie's eyes don't even glance at Ryan, the answer is clearly "no." Ryan looks at Eddie Dante for a minute, before walking past him without incident. Meanwhile, Eddie starts to saunter down the aisle, with one hand always on his cane and the other digging inside his suit jacket.] **Angus:** Man, I'm confused as fuck about this, Keebs, I'm wondering what Blondie over there has in store for spiky-head... **DDK:** Me too, Angus, me too. [Eddie has made it halfway down, before producing a microphone from his jacket.] **Eddie:** Oh, Troo-ooy... oh, Troo-ooy... [The Jersey Devil begins to stir as the arena falls into a semi-hushed state, the perfect volume for Eddie to address Troy in a soft, mocking matter.] **Eddie:** What's the matter, Troy? Did that magic hat already run out of rabbits so soon? Did the big, bad giant slay YOU for once? [Troy's finally starting to come around, because his eyes are locked on Eddie, and his face is starting to snarl.] **Eddie:** You're so amusing when you've finally realized that you've been defeated, Troy... you know, for the longest time I knew your heart was bigger than your brain, but now that it's been ripped from your chest... maybe the time has come to walk away, the defiant lion no more. [Troy gets to his feet, never breaking his gaze on his former partner, and surely uttering profanities under his breath.] **Eddie:** Face it, Troy, you're not even a shell of the man who defeated Dan Ryan all those years ago... you're barely even a thin membrane. You're not washed up, Troy... you're washed AWAY. [Troy finally has enough of this verbal abuse and swings himself out of the ring, and lumbers after Eddie Dante, who starts walking backwards, carefully holding onto his cane, and never losing the arrogant smirk on his face.] **DDK:** Maybe it took Dante to rile Troy up enough to find himself, but it looks like Eddie's gonna pay the price for that! **Angus:** I dunno, Eddie Dante's pretty good at making plans from every which way; you think he'd do something like this without a way out? "OSU!" [Troy stops suddenly and looks behind him to see who made that familiar grunt...] **Angus:** MUSHI! [...only to get a meaty right hand resting directly on his throat. Meanwhile, Eddie's smirk becomes a toothy grin as Troy goes for a ride...] **KA-THUMP~!** **DDK:** KINBOSHI! MUSHIGIHARA JUST PLANTED TROY MATTHEWS ON THE SOLID RAMP WITH THAT CROSS BETWEEN A CHOKE SLAM AND A THUMB STRIKE, RIGHT INTO HIS NECK! [And now Eddie is CRACKING UP, marching over to the downed Jersey Devil, and standing directly over his supine body, looking down in his glassed-over eyes and laughing still, and Mushi... just stands stoically by his leader, arms crossed at his chest. The camera leans in on the scene, and picks up some of Eddie's words.] **Eddie:** I TOLD YOU, TROY... THE BUSINESS IS MOVING ON WITHOUT YOU! MUSHI AND I ARE GOING TO HOUND YOU DOWN UNTIL YOU EITHER WALK AWAY OR ARE _CARRIED_ AWAY! WE! WILL! EXTINGUISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL, TROY, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! **DDK:** I cannot believe this display of... EDDIE DANTE has officially cast Troy out of the Philosopher Kings, AND has taken Mushi by his side to help... just LAY THIS MAN out and threaten to END his career! These three were once as thick as thieves, and even unseated Tres Brujas for the DEFIANCE Trios Tag Team Championships... but this is unconscionable! **Angus:** Oh, big deal, Keebs, like DEFIANCE needs another group of three shlubs to force people to try and give a damn about. I LIKE this new side of Eddie and Mushi! They really know how to make an... impact! Hahahahaha! **DDK:** **Sigh** Let's send it backstage...

The Rising Sons of DEFIANCE

[Cut to backstage.]

[Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James as well as Sam Turner Jr. are set around on folding chairs in the locker room, the mess that was Dusty's belongings have since been cleaned up and discarded, though a noticeable ash stain remains in the carpeting.]

Sam:

It jus' ain't r'aught, Dusty, doin' 'at to peoples thangs.

Dusty: [still annoyed]

I should've expected something like this, but...

[Because Dusty has a decent locker room, and he's a pretty chill guy who allows those who ask nicely to use his facilities, the door to the adjoining bathroom swings open. Only this time it's not a greasy little meatball stood there... No, this time Eugene Dewey exits. He towels his hands as he takes his seat with the rest of the court.]

Eugene:

What're we talking about?

Sam:

I was jus' sayin' 'bout how Dentari an' 'em boys was outta line earlier.

[Eugene nods.]

Eugene:

Well what do you expect, Sam? Guys like them just want attention, and they'll do anything to get it. It's despicable, but at the end of the day that's the mentality of most of the guys around these parts.

[Eugene shoots a sideways glance to one of the number in the locker room, and it doesn't go missed by its target, former Blood Diamond member, Frank Dylan James. It does however slip past Dusty, the very man that now vouches for Frank's change of heart.]

Dusty: [leaning forward with his head down]

Heh.

[Dusty clenches his jaw tightly, his hands fidget, then he snorts one long, deep breath before thumbing his nose and sitting upright on his chair.]

Dusty:

You know what? The hell with it...

[Sam, Frank and Eugene all look to Dusty with confusion.]

Dusty:

This isn't what I came back for, I came back to finish something I started years ago...

[Sam attempts to interject, Dusty raises a hand.]

Dusty:

Hold on, brother, I know what you're thinking... I'm sure Skaaland's out there right now telling Darren how he's been right all along and this proves it. But since I've been back, I've been witness to the fact that this place is choking.

The Blood Diamonds.

The Totally Untouchables.

Them damn Italians.

All of them, they're choking this place to death.

[Griffith rises to his feet.]

Dusty:

Be it Bronson Box and his terrorism tactics enabled by Edward White's funding. Kai Scott and his his army of goons whose only purpose is to ensure he reigns as champion forever. And then Dentari and Tony and Vinny, some glorified mercenaries fresh off the set of some cheap knock off of a Godfather remake.

[He looks to Eugene, then Frank, and then Sam, all of whom nod their agreement.]

Dusty:

Boys, I'm not going to lie to you. My goals will always remain the same, but as far as my priorities go? As of tonight, they've changed. Because I'm sick of it, all of it, I am sick and damn tired of these people and I've absolutely had it with them running around here unchecked to reign with terror and chaos like they've been allowed to do for far too long.

[Eugene takes to his feet as well, for what he has to say cannot be said from a seated position... probably.]

Eugene:

Dusty's right. These guys are running amok all over DEFIANCE, and every time someone steps up to take them on... they end up getting hurt. Just look at Tom Sawyer...

[Remember him?]

Eugene:

Tom wasn't prepared to stand by and watch as The Untouchables ran this place like their own personal sandbox.

[Eugene looks directly at Sam for that one.]

Eugene:

He tried to rid DEFIANCE of the evil plaguing it all by himself, and look what happened to him...

[Dewey falls silent for a moment.]

Eugene:

Dusty... if you're prepared to see this through... If you're prepared to risk everything... If you're prepared to attack the seeds of evil that have dug their way into the heart of DEFIANCE and tear them out from their very roots... I'll be right there alongside you.

Dusty:

Right on, brother.

[Sam stands next.]

Sam:

Iff'n you boys gonna f'aight dem boys to the end an' we's gonna run 'em on outta here or die tryin', then y'all can count on the Rednek Rekker!

[The last to rise is Frank Dylan James.]

Frank:

Dusty, yer mah bess frien' an' Ah'll f'aight with all'a yew boys against these basterds, 'cause they made me do thangs that Ah dinn'it wanna do 'cause they had me bah mah short an' curlies. Yew jus' point ol' Frank in their direction an' Ah'll put a hurtin' on all'a dem boys.

[The four men stand together as one, each of them nodding in agreement. The Good Guys, the old Good Fight, the new Good Fight, the Happy Face Brigade, SUPER HEROES MAXIMUM FORCE OF DESTINY, whatever you want to call them, a new force for good has been born to combat those who are fucking it up for everyone else.]

[Back to the booth.]

Henry Keyes vs Curtis Penn



Angus:

Aww, man? Are we back to this? What is this, DEF Row version 3.0? If I smell one single sniff of Tom Sawyer, I swear to God I'll kill myself on live internet television, and I'm takin' you with me, Keeps!

DDK:

Calm down, man! We all know how you feel about *Tom Sawyer*, but I don't think you have to worry about it. I mean come on, look at that group! Dusty! Sam Turner! Eugene! Frank Dylan James! That's a **whole lot** of beef right there!

Angus:

Yeah, I guess so. I'm just saying, I don't trust Mayberry and Eugene keeps sayin' the "T" word...

DDK:

Get it together, man!

[“Airship Pirate” by Abney Park blasts out from the speakers as red lights flash through the arena.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...HENRY! KEYES!

DDK:

Here's the man who laid down the challenge to our Southern Heritage Champion! Henry Keyes debuted in a big way last week, taking down the massive Luke Windham and making a bold statement backstage!

Angus:

I still don't know what to make of this guy. He's steampunk, yet his shit's bright red. He's a rookie, but he's got the damn bark of a veteran. It's 2013, and he's using damn Bell Claps and shit like it's going out of style.

DDK:

Maybe he's bringing it BACK in style - the fans cheering him on seem to think so!

[“Enae Volare Mezzo” by Era cuts in. A cascade of boos.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent...from PENSACOLA, FLORIDA...weighing two hundred fifteen pouns, he is the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...CURTIIIIIS PENN!

Angus:

That fucker is PISSED. Look at him.

DDK:

Penn's made it a mission to teach Defiance's new blood a thing or two, and it's clear that Keyes took an exception to that when we stopped in England. Keyes, beckoning him on - Penn, eyes locked in on his opponent, they're wasting no time here! He just flung the Southern Heritage title belt at referee Carla Ferrari and the fists are flying!

Angus:

The title isn't on the line but they want to BREAK each other and thank god - one of these fucks need to get destroyed sooner or later.

DDK:

Carla can certainly hold her own in there, there's no question about it, but she's having a hard time separating these two to get the match started proper! FINALLY she has them somewhere resembling opposite corners and we're off!

[Immediately after the bell the two men charge each other and lock up. Fans are a bit rowdy from the pre-match scrum and are egging the two wrestlers on. Penn breaks the clinch up and slaps Keyes in the face.]

DDK:

How did this escalate so quickly?

Angus:

The short answer is that they're both fucking hotheads. The slightly shorter answer is that they're both fucks.

[Keyes, angered by the slap, throws a wild haymaker that Penn easily dodges. Penn responds with a heavy kick that connects with Keyes' ribs, staggering him. He rushes in for another clinch, gaining the upper hand.]

DDK:

It looks like he's setting him up for something Stockton Pyre knows all too well!

[The cameras pick up Penn's dialogue as he begins to throw knees to Keyes. "Knees to Keyes" not an official signature move. Yet.]

Penn:

You little ingrate, I'm going to teach you why you don't mess with ME!

[Knee]

Penn:

This!

[Knee]

Penn:

Is!

[Knee]

Penn:

How!

[Keyes slips out of the clinch and swiftly positions himself behind Penn, wrapping his arms tight around his waist.]

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX! He's crawling over for the coverRRR! Kick out at one and a half. Looks like he really scouted that one out!

Angus:

Monologuing. It never works for long.

DDK:

Keyes isn't letting up, he's got Penn rolled over onto his belly and has a Full Nelson hold strapped on! He's wearing him down pretty effectively here! Wrenching and wrenching it!

[Carla Ferrari asks Penn if he wants to quit, which results in a glare and a resounding "NO!". Penn winces as he digs deep to get up to one knee, then one knee and a foot; each step causing more and more pain to his shoulders, but finally giving him the leverage he needs...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

How in the WORLD did Ferrari miss that mule kick?? That low blow has Keyes on the GROUND, and he is vulnerable!

Angus:

...okay, THAT was good. But he's still a fuck.

DDK:

Penn's got his hands raised like he's an innocent man, and that's just frustrating as hell for these fans. He drops down, going for the win HERE! KEYES! He found a way to kick out at two!

Angus:

Even his BALLS don't know when to quit!erm.

DDK:

....

[Penn, frustrated, gets to his feet. A lightbulb seems to go off in his eyes and he stomps HARD onto Keyes's left arm.]

DDK:

Targeting the arm with the brace on it, and Keyes is in trouble!

Angus:

A brace, huh? So THAT'S what it is. Was thinking maybe he was into kinky stuff.

[Another stomp to the left arm, and Keyes is writhing here. The cameras pick up another line from Penn: "HOW ABOUT A MATCHING SET?", followed by a full on punt to Keyes's right arm.]

DDK:

He's just toying with the man now, and this is just sick. He SHOULD have been disqualified by now, and at this point it's just shooting fish in a barrel!

Angus:

Gonna be hard to wrestle without arms, that's for sure!

DDK:

If we know one thing about Keyes, it's that he's no quitter. He's making his way to his feet - I don't believe it! A quick takedown by Penn, and that's a Kimura Lock! Kimura Lock focused on the right arm! He wasn't kidding about giving him a matching set of arm braces!

[Keyes wildly churns his legs, somehow getting enough momentum to reach the ropes, forcing a reluctant break of the hold from Penn. Keyes gets to his feet as Ferrari checks on him to make sure he can continue. Keyes nods, though his arms are mostly dangling at his side. Penn charges FAST going for a killing strike - Keyes ducks down and sends him ringside with a back body drop, wiping out two drunk fans who were ringside!]

DDK:

Ah hell, what were those guys DOING there?

Angus:

Being STUPID DRUNK ASSHOLES who DON'T KNOW TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF OUR DAMN TALENT! Security! Get those two cocks out of the damn ARENA!

DDK:

This might be the best thing Henry Keyes could have hoped for - now he's got a chance to rest a bit in the ring! Penn crashed HARD out there. He's covered in beer and he'll DEFINITELY have some welts in the morning from that.

Angus:

Good, security's here. THOSE TWO. THE ASSHOLES. YES, THOSE ASSHOLES. Get 'em out.

[Penn finally makes his way to the ring after a few moments, the crowd yelling angrily in his face but not laying a finger on him out of fear of getting destroyed. Penn heads angrily towards Keyes, shouting loudly for that fucker to try that again before missing with a clothesline. Keyes slaps him with a HARD Bell Clap.]

DDK:

Your favorite move!

Angus:

I still can't believe that's a real thing.

DDK:

Keyes has the arm draped over - FRONT SUPLEX! Penn slow to get up, Keyes bounces off the ropes - CORKSCREW ELBOW DROP SQUARE IN PENN'S BACK! That looks like it sent a shot of pain up that right arm of his, but he's willing to take pain to GIVE pain! Rolls Penn over, here's the coverRRRRR! KICKOUT at two and a half! WHOA.

Angus:

Two and a half?? Penn's hurt worse than I thought...

DDK:

You might be right here...Keyes pleading with Ferrari, making sure it wasn't a three, but no dice. Penn's crawling to the corner here, Keyes is shaking out that right arm - wait a minute here...

Angus:

That has GOT to be the most blatant untying of a turnbuckle ever.

DDK:

You're not wrong, and Carla is all over it! Getting in his grill, she just held those fingers up close together, saying he's THIS CLOSE to getting tossed out of this match!

Angus:

...COULD've been about something else, those fingers. Awfully small gap.

DDK:

Carla's busy trying to retie that turnbuckle on as quickly as possible. Keyes charging hard! Shot with the elbow! Another shot! Keyes has to shake it out after that one, he's still hurting from that earlier - NO. NO!

BOOOOOOOOOooooooooooooooooOOOOOOO!!! BULL-SHIT! BULL-SHIT! BULL-SHIT!

DDK:

ANOTHER damn low blow to Keyes, AGAIN Carla didn't see it.

Angus:

That little fuck's gone and hit Keyes with the double switch - he knew he could distract the ref to pull that off.

DDK:

Penn drags Keyes over a bit towards us, shouting at Carla to do her job, and this is just a travesty. He's got the cover here...

1!

2! Feet on the ropes, are you serious??

3!

DINGDINGDING

BOOO-

DDK:

It took TWO low-blows, an exposed turnbuckle, AND feet on the ropes to do it, but Curtis Penn, our goddamned Southern Heritage Champion, gets to walk out of here with a win. They're throwing their Heinekens at the man as he makes his way up the ramp, and I can't blame them at this point.

Angus:

Oh god, look at Keyes...

DDK:

Wow. If looks could KILL.

[Cut to one of those minute and a half long commercials that Hulu likes so much.]

Philosophical Differences

[Backstage. Moments later.] [Crowd still buzzing and booing loudly from the last match. You could swear to hear a pocket of Dutchmen swearing violently off-screen.] [Curtis Penn, wiping the Heinekens he's just been doused with off his face and body with a large white towel. A hoarse voice off-screen.] "Penn! Curtis Penn!" [Penn turns.] *CRACK!* [A leather-brace clad arm enters the frame, rocking Penn square in the nose. He falls to his back, clutching his face as Keyes pounces. STIFF elbows rain down across his head and chest, morphing technique and becoming little more than hammer strikes.] [A commotion.] [Penn covering up, then throwing a hard fist into Keyes's gut. Penn rolls over on top of Keyes, blood dripping squarely onto Keyes's chest, Keyes trying to cover up now.] "Hey! HEY! Break it up!" [Referees start pouring in, ripping Penn off of Keyes. Keyes bolts up and charges straight into Penn, bull-rushing him into a wall and knocking down a nearby ladder. A stiff European Uppercut from Keyes.] **Keyes:** You want to have a go like that? YOU WANT TO HAVE A GO LIKE THAT?? [Spinning back elbow. Penn on his back again. Keyes mounts and strikes.] "I SAID BREAK IT UP! GET OFF HIM, KEYES!" [The referees pull a flailing Keyes off Penn, who is clearly sporting a nasty gash on his forehead. He holds his hands up to the refs to indicate he's heard them - three refs are holding Keyes back, when suddenly...] *POWWWWWWWWWWWW* [Roundhouse kick. Square in Keyes's grill, unprotected. Keyes WOULD fall to the ground, had he not been held up by the officials - instead, he finds himself spaghetti-legged. Two of the refs leave Keyes and form a wall between the two as other staff, wrestlers, and arena security pour in. A sea of bodies between the two men.] **Keyes:** I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU, CURTIS PENN! NOT BY A LONG SHOT! **Penn:** GET IN LINE YOU STUPID SONOFABITCH! [The screaming and yelling continues, from Penn, Keyes, and the staff members pulling the two of them apart backstage.] [Meanwhile...] [Unbeknownst to anyone involved in the scene in the background, crouched behind a stack of production boxes, is a man wearing a red and blue mask with a gray line down the middle.] [Stockton Pyre is silent and mostly still, his head sticking up above the production equipment just enough for his covered eye slits to be revealed. He occasionally looks down at the floor behind the boxes and then back up at the melee in front of him while security struggles to drag off the two combative men.]

Eugene Dewey vs Chance Von Crank



[Back to ringside.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our next match, scheduled for one fall, is the number one contenders match for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:

And they're going to let a nerd contend for it.

DDK:

The FIST is symbol of everything DEFIANCE stands for, hard work, determination, and not giving a crap about what anyone else says or thinks. I think you'd be hard pushed to find someone that embodies that more than Eugene Dewey.

Angus:

I'll see your nerd and I'll raise you the living embodiment of 'notgivingafuck', Chance Von Crank.

DDK:

You're not telling me Chance Von Crank is a hard worker, are you?

Angus:

It's not about working hard, it's about working smart, and Chance Von Crank works smarter than anyone out there.

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Harlan, Kentucky, Weighing in at 261 lbs, the Shock'n'Rolla, The Razzledazzler, The Trailer Park Prodigy, CHAAAANCE VOOOOOOOOOOOOON CRAAAAAAAAAAANK!

[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"

[Orange and purple pyro's explode from the top of the stage as Cranks theme song blasts over the loud speakers.]

Boooooooooooooooooôooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Angus:

Wow, they don't like Chance over here in Euroland...

DDK:

Amsterdam.

Angus:

Gazoontite.

[Crank struts across the stage and spins around showing the crowd his new expensive robe. Grand standing like only Chance Von Crank can. The fans react with boos at the very sight of the Trailer Park Prodigy. cVc struts on the stage and retrieves a microphone from his robe.]

DDK:

Oh Great.

Angus:

Cocked Back And..

[Crank flips off a few fans just off the stage just before speaking.]

cVc:

The last time Dewey had any Pussy it was having him... Yet he is going to defeat yours truly? The Shock N Rolla? Please. Eugene will have to go back to Mechanicville to get all the shit fixed that I'm about to break. I'm going to hold every strap in this company and unfortunately for this freckled covered tube sock fucker its FISTING time.

[Crank continues to strut across the ramp with fans just mere feet on either side from him. He slides through the ropes with his signature sly grin across his face. He spins around throwing his arms out from his body indicating he has arrived.]

cVc:

I own you people even more so than Adolph Hitler did. Just like all of you were Hitler's bitches, Dewey will be mine tonight. Total and complete domination rather than "occupation". Speaking of dumb bitches, I was going to visit the Anne Frank House until I realized who gives a fuck? I'd dig her up and fuck her dead corpse if I thought it would sell one more ticket.

Booo!

DDK:

Oh My God.

[Crank begins to speak again but is interrupted but an oh so heavenly choir.]

[Enter Eugene.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Buffalo, Wyoming, weighing in at 260lbs, EEEEEUGEEEEENEEEEEE
DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Emerging from the back Eugene makes his way along the elevated walk way, bending down to slap hands with a few of the fans as he goes.]

DDK:

You really can't get much more opposite than these two. Chance is as loud mouthed and brash as they come, while Eugene is much more...

Angus:

Of a pussy?

DDK:

I was going to say respectful.

Angus:

Potato Tomato

[Eugene steps in through the ropes, turns right back around and climbs the corner to pose for the fans. He lets out an almighty roar before turning back to look Chance in the eye.]

DDK:

He knows to watch CVC.

Angus:

And he's gonna be watching him as he kicks his ass all around Holland.

DDK:

The Netherlands.

Angus:

Jeez, you're sneezing everywhere tonight.

DDK:

Did you just say 'Jeez'?

[Mark Shields calls both men explaining the rules mainly towards Crank. Dewey extends a hand to cVc. Eugene's attempt at showing sportsmanship is met with The Harlan County Devil spitting directly in his face.]

Angus:

Hahaha!

DING! DING!

[Open palm strike! Left over rights as Dewey rocks Crank. He takes a brief moment wiping the spit from his face only to continue his assault. Dewey has him on the ropes in the corner turnbuckle as Crank spins his feet throwing Dewey's head into the turnbuckle with violent force. Dewey hits one knee as cVc catches momentum from the ropes, Knee Smash! Eugene hits the mat flat on his back mere feet from the corner turnbuckle. Chance rushes to the corner climbing up on the middle rope. He falls forward with all his weight elbow first aiming for Dewey's throat!]

DDK:

Missed! Dewey rolls out of the way!

Angus:

These two men faced each other in Japan and Crank defeated Dewey. I don't see that outcome being any different here tonight.

DDK:

Angus is leaving out a major detail... Dewey had Crank beat until Stratton interfered in the match!

Angus:

Nerd Mark.

[Crank gets back to his feet holding his elbow. Eugene hooks him for a vertical suplex. cVc attempts to block it but Dewey has none of that, executioning the move to perfection. Crank is right back to his feet dazed as Dewey follows up with a sidewalk slam and goes for a quick pin! Chance uses the mat and bottom rope to flip over ontop of Dewey for a crude rollup pin of his own.]

Angus:

Kick out at one!

DDK:

Eugene has been so aggressive since the opening bell.

[Crank and Dewey lockup in the middle of the ring. Eugene gets the upper hand and pushes CVC in the ropes. Chance wraps his arms around the top rope to stop himself before ducking a clothesline attmpt from Eugene. As Chance drops he grabs the rope and pulls it down, low bridging Dewey which sends him to the outside amongst the fans.]

Angus:

A genius move by The Shock'n'Rolla!

DDK:

I'm not sure it takes a genius to pull the top rope down.

Angus:

He used gravity, and physics, and all that shit. If Isaac Newton was a genius then Chance Von Crank must be too!

DDK:

I don't think that's how it works...

[The fans rally around Eugene, willing him to get up as Chance taunts him to get back into the ring. Dewey obliges and slides in under the bottom rope, but Chance charges in and lands a few stomps to Eugene's back and shoulders. Dewey tries to shrug them off and get to his feet, but Chance drives a knee into the side of his head that knocks Eugene right back down to the mat. Chance drops his his knees and locks a front facelock on Dewey. He stretches out his legs so as to apply more pressure and block the nerd from powering out from beneath him.]

Angus:

Still want to deny his genius?

DDK:

That's some very smart wrestling from Chance, keep Dewey grounded and most of his offense is neutralized.

Angus:

...genius?

DDK:

I'll give him a 'smart'.

[Chance rolls Eugene over and goes for the cover, but barely manages to get a one before Eugene pushes his way out from under him. Dewey sits up but Chance locks in a rear chinlock and digs his knee into Eugene's spine for good measure. He can't hold him long though as Eugene works his way up to a knee, forcing Crank to switch to a side headlock. Eugene pushes Chance into the ropes and sends him across the ring. Chance ducks a clothesline on his way back and puts on the brakes immediately. Both men turn and Chance grabs Eugene, looking for GODBOOKED!]

DDK:

Dewey slips away!

[It's way too early in the match for that though, and Eugene manages to escape Chance's grip and backs up into the corner as Chance taunts Eugene with just how close he came to ending the match.]

DDK:

Eugene looks surprised that Chance would go for Godbooked so early on.

Angus:

Nothing Chance does should surprise anyone. He's a card carrying member of the Truly Untouchables!

[Eugene leaves the corner and meets Chance back in the middle of the ring where the two tie up. Eugene pushes Crank back into the corner where he's ordered to break it up. Eugene does so, and slowly starts to put some distance between himself and cVc, but Chance has other plans and jabs a thumb deep into Eugene's eye, bust to the disdain of the crowd. Chance spins Eugene into the corner and lands a series of knifedge chops across Dewey's chest before whipping him out of the corner and across the ring. Eugene hits the turnbuckles hard and stumbles out into a running clothesline that almost turns him inside out! Chance covers quickly!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Eugene gets his shoulder up at two!]

Angus:

And that's the difference between 261lbs of muscle and 260lbs of fat!

DDK:

261lbs and a thumb to the eye...

Angus:

WHAT'S THAT!?

DDK:

You heard.

[Chance grabs two fistfulls of hair and, ignoring Carla Ferrari's warnings, uses them to control him back into the corner. Chance lifts a knee into Eugene's midsection and follows it up with another. He whips Eugene across the ring, but Dewey reverses it, and whips Chance out. He holds onto his hand though and pulls him back in, dropping Chance with a short arm clothesline! Dewey this time goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[Chance gets a shoulder up before two!]

DDK:

Eugene seems to be having some trouble with that eye.

[Both men get to their feet, Dewey tries to regain clear vision in the eye Chance jabbed his thumb into. The distraction is enough for Chance to hit a straight boot to the bread basket that doubles him over, allowing Chance to hit a snap DDT. Crank doesn't go for the cover, instead he chooses to grab Eugene by the head and roll him to the edge of the ring, where he drapes Dewey's throat across the bottom rope.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Eugene...

[Chance stands on Dewey's shoulders and pushes him down across the rope, choking the bejesus out of him. Carla's count reaches four and nine tenths before Chance jumps off of Eugene and taunts the fans directly in front of him.]

Angus:

I'd have thought these Dutch motherfuckers would love Chance...

DDK:

Why's that?

Angus:

He has 'Von' in his name. Pretty much all Dutch people have 'Von' in their names.

DDK:

No, surnames with 'Van' in them are common over here.

Angus:

Potato Tomato

DDK:

STOP SAYING THAT!

[Chance gets right back onto the shoulders of Eugene and chokes him out on the bottom rope again before jumping and bringing all his weight down across Eugene's back with a seated drop. Again Carla tries to warn Chance, but her words fall on deaf ears as Crank brushes her aside as pulls Eugene to his feet. Chance lands a hard elbow to Dewey's chin and pushes him back, Eugene stumbles and trips, tying his arms up in the top and middle ropes as he falls. Chance takes the opportunity to land a few free right hands to the forehead of Dewey before hitting the ropes. Carla tries to get Eugene free from the ropes but her efforts are interrupted as Chance comes back with a running knee to the midsection of Dewey. Chance lands a few more right hands before pie facing Eugene, all the while shouting a plethora of derogatory remarks.]

DDK:

Chance is risking disqualification if he carries on with this...

Angus:

He's too smart for that.

DDK:

How so?

Angus:

He knows what he can get away with when Carla's refereeing a match, and that's a hell of a lot.

[Again Chance taunts the fans and receives a chorus of boos as he does so, his showboating gives Eugene enough time though to free his arms from the ropes. Chance turns and looks to run another knee into Eugene, but Dewey lifts a foot and plants it right on the butt of Crank's chin! Chance stumbles back until he gets taken down with a clothesline from Dewey!]

DDK:

Eugene's rallying back!

Angus:

But Chance is back up!

[Chance pretty much bounces back up to his feet where he gets taken down with another clothesline. He gets back to his feet again, only to get slammed by Eugene in the middle of the ring. Dewey drops an elbow to the chest of cVc,

which he follows up with a legdrop! Eugene covers!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Chance Von Crank gets his shoulder up!]

DDK:

Chance spent too much time posturing and he's paid for it.

Angus:

He's not out yet.

[Dewey pulls Chance up and lifts him in a fireman's carry onto his shoulder. Eugene walks around the ring with him for a moment before resting him on the top rope. Dewey lands a heavy right into the side of Chance, then another, and another before taking a step back. He comes forwards with a kick that connecting with Chance's midsection and sends him tumbling to the floor!]

Angus:

How the shit did Eugene get his leg up that high?

[The fans scatter as Chance falls amongst them and provide a path for Eugene to exit the ring to join him. Chance scrambles to his feet and tries to back off, only to be pushed back towards Eugene by the crowd. Dewey lifts another foot into the midsection of cVc before lifting him with a gutwrench. Dewey lifts Chance as high as he can with the gutwrench before simply dropping him face first across the apron!]

Angus:

I think Chance might have lost a tooth there!

DDK:

Oh no! How will he cope with only six?

Angus:

Are you suggesting Chance is some sort of toothless redneck?

DDK:

I'm not suggesting, I'm implying.

[Eugene grabs Chance by the tights and lifts him into the ring. He follows Chance in after sharing in a couple of high fives with the fans around him and pulls cVc up to his feet. Eugene whips Chance across the ring and catches as he comes back with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Eugene drops into the cover almost immediately!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-cVc kicks out!]

DDK:

I've never seen Eugene hit a Tilt-A-Whirl before!

Angus:

I guarantee you this time last year he was trying to order one from Dairy Queen.

[Chance tries to scramble for the ropes, but Eugene grabs him by the ankle and holds onto it. Chance manages to work his way up to one foot and hops around the ring, swinging fists at Eugene, but none of them find their mark as Eugene keeps hold of cVc's ankle. Dewey steps in and sweeps Chance's leg from under him before dropping an elbow to the inside of Chance's thigh. Eugene hooks in a knee lock and wrenches on it as Carla checks on whether Chance wants to give up.]

Angus:

I promise you Chance ain't gonna quit.

[Chance reaches forwards and rakes his fingernails across Eugene's face forcing him to break the hold and kicks Dewey away with his free leg. Both men get to their feet and Chance is the first to throw a right hand. Dewey blocks the shot and scoops Chance up for another slam, but cVc slips out and drops down behind Dewey. He puts two hands into the small of his back and pushes him forwards, running him into the corner and almost crushing Carla against the turnbuckles! Dewey however holds onto the ropes and stops that from happening, but in doing so blocks Carla's view of Chance Von Crank as he lifts a forearm up between Eugene's legs!]

Angus:

DING!

[Chance rolls Eugene up with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Eugene kicks out at the last second!]

DDK:

Chance Von Crank almost stole this one!

Angus:

You mean earned.

DDK:

I know what I meant.

[Chance places a knee of Eugene's chest to keep him grounded and grabs himself a handful of hair. He pulls Eugene's head up before knocking it back down with a fist to the forehead. Chance then resorts to headbutting Dewey before covering him again!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Eugene kicks out again!]

[Chance pulls Eugene up and pushes him back against the ropes before whipping him across the ring. Eugene comes back into a back elbow that knocks him to the floor and Chance heads for the corner.]

DDK:

Where's he going?

[Chance climbs to the top rope after jaw jacking with the fans once again and steadies himself. He leaps through the air and comes crashing down with a knee drop to Eugene's chest! Chance rolls over and goes for the cover again!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene kicks out for a third successive time!]

Angus:

WOAH!

DDK:

Where did Eugene find the strength to kick out of that!?

[Chance doesn't hesitate to get right back onto Eugene and heads around to his legs. He grabs both of Eugene's ankles and steps though, obviously looking for the sharpshooter, but Eugene reaches up and pulls cVc's head down into a small package!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Chance kicks out this time!]

[Eugene rolls to the ring apron as Chance regains his bearings. As soon as he does so, Chance makes a beeline for Eugene on the edge of the ring, grabbing him through the ropes and pulling him to his feet. Dewey throws an elbow through the ropes that connects with Chance's midsection and momentarily stuns the former Southern Heritage champion. Dewey pulls Chance through the ropes and onto the apron with him before turning him around, lifting him and dropping him with a belly to back suplex across the apron!]

DDK:

There is no give on that apron!

Angus:

The only thing giving there would have been Chance Von Crank's spine!

[A couple of the fans pat Eugene on the shoulder as he struggles to get back to his feet as a chant breaks out around the arena.]

Let's go Eugene!

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

Let's go Eugene!

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

Let's go Eugene!

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

[A small group of fans attempt to replace the claps with 'cVc', but needless to say they are unsuccessful.]

DDK:

These fans are firmly behind the Ginger one.

Angus:

Isn't Orange the national color over here?

DDK:

Would you pl... actually I think that's right...

[Eugene grabs a hold of the bottom rope and pulls himself up onto the apron and rolls into the ring. He grabs hold of Chance's arm once he's back in a drags him under the bottom rope and towards the corner. Dewey sits cVc up in the corner and backs up across the ring...]

Angus:

Look out Chance!

DDK:

He could be losing the rest of his teeth here!

[Eugene charges forwards and squashes Chance's face in the corner with a running hip attack! Dewey bounces out of the corner and roars again, much to the delight of the crowd. Chance meanwhile, probably having been knocked silly by the hip attack, tries to get to his feet with the help of the ropes and staggers into the middle of the ring. Eugene hits the ropes and comes back with a Biotic Charge!]

DDK:

Say it! I know you want to!

Angus:

P... P... POOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUNCEEEEEEE!

DDK:

There we go.

Angus:

I suddenly feel so dirty...

[The Biotic Charge sends cVc rolling out of the ring and down to the arena floor where he immediately starts trying to crawl away through the legs of the fans around ringside. Eugene is quick to follow Chance out though and goes searching for him amongst the audience. Of course he's not hard to find as the fans point out his exact location to Eugene almost immediately.]

Angus:

Fuckin' snitches.

[Eugene reaches down to grab cVc but takes another thumb to the eye for his troubles. Chance lifts a kick up that connects with Eugene's undercarriage and knocks him to the ground. Of course, the blatant cheating is blocked by the fans and so missed by Carla Ferrari. Chance manages to get to his feet and steps over and heads for the elevated entranceway, heaving himself up onto it where he lays out and tries to catch his breath.]

DDK:

I'm not surprised that Chance is winded, did you see that Biotic Charge?

Angus:

I'll tell you what is surprising, how Eugene's eyeballs haven't been replaced by his gonads.

DDK:

That was a hard kick.

[Eugene manages to get to his feet and stumbles through the crowd, all the while holding his aching plums. He reaches onto the walkway and grabs Chance's ankle, catching him by surprise. Chance immediately kicks out at Eugene's hand with his other foot, breaking the grip and slides back against the ropes as Eugene climbs up onto the entrance way. Chance kicks out a couple of times, trying to keep Eugene at bay but Dewey catches a foot and hooks up the other one. He slings cVc into the air and brings him down hard on the entrance way while Carla Ferrari orders the two to return to the ring.]

DDK:

Eugene's looking like he wants to finish this.

[Dewey looks around the fans by the walkway and asks them if they want to see a Shoryuken!]

[illegible]

[Eugene raises his fist in the air and asks again, even louder.]

[illegible][illegible]

[Eugene waits for Chance to get to his feet and crouches down. Chance stumbles around for a moment before finally getting into position...]

DDK:

SHORY-

Angus:

RYAN! DAN RYAN!

[Dan Ryan, coming from seemingly nowhere, charges along the walkway and almost simultaneously wipes the crouching Dewey out with a boot to the side of the head and the dazed Crank with a lariat to end all lariats!]

DDK:

Goddammit!

[Ryan peels cVc off of the rampway, then lifts Chance Von Crank into a press slam and just tosses him out into a sea of fans, sending them scattering for cover. Ryan turns his attention back to Eugene, obviously dazed but trying his best to get his wits about him. Ryan poises in a crouch, waiting for Eugene to get to his feet. As Dewey stumbled around to face his attacker, Ryan scoops him up onto his shoulders, then with a primal scream drives him to the rampway with a Headliner.]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

My sentiments exactly! Dan Ryan just drove Eugene Dewey onto the back of his neck with a burning hammer on the entrance ramp!

Angus:

And he threw Chance Von Crank off of it, don't forget that!

DDK:

Say, where is Chance?

Angus:

I think he managed to escape through the fans. I think he got off easy, considering he can walk away from this.

DDK:

As long as he's OK, eh? Meanwhile Eugene Dewey hasn't moved following the Headliner!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[We don't go anywhere as Dan Ryan stands over Eugene Dewey, staring down into his closed eyes. Ryan looks toward the ring, then down at the mass of people just outside it. He spots some crew members and gestures toward one of them for a microphone. The guy fights his way through the crowd and hands it up to Ryan, who then proceeds to lie down on his stomach, his face just a few inches away from Dewey's.]

Ryan:

Eugene, I want you to know that this is a simple matter of being a man of my word. Do you understand? I'm the FIST. Belts don't matter. The only things that matter in life are what you say you can do and what you really can do. I have absolutely no intention of allowing anyone else to call themselves the FIST of DEFIANCE or even put themselves in a POSITION to call themselves the FIST. This is the world I live in, my dear Mr. Dewey. You don't belong here. So.. every so often, assuming you continue to pursue this course, I will come along and remind you why you ARE NOT WORTHY OF THE TITLE OF FIST.

[Ryan slowly makes his way to his feet.]

Ryan:

Now, I won't be here when you wake up. I plan on making a Christmas visit to a very dear friend of mine who suffered an unfortunate accident recently. Thus, I won't be here for the next show. But, should you wish to discuss this further... [Ryan gestures with his hands as if mocking marking time across a two week span] ..I'll be available for the show AFTER that to talk about it as much as you'd like. In the meantime, enjoy your nap. I'm sure you're beat. This travel schedule has been... killer.

[Ryan drops the mic, which hits the ramp with a loud thud that echoes through the arena speakers, then turns and walks back down the rampway.]

A Beautiful Dream

[Backstage.] [To be specific, the Boss's office.] [Again.] [The intercom buzzes, The Only Star's eyes roll. He presses pause on the eighty-inch screen that he's watching the live (on tape delay) show on, and picks up the old school corded office phone.] **Dane:** Kelly, I told you, I don't want to be bothered with this stuff for the rest of the night. I've gotta try and keep some tabs on the gangfight that's about to break out in our World Title match. [He listens, silently massaging his temples.] **Dane:** Fine. [pause] Fine. [pause] I SAID FINE! [A moment passes as lines are connected.] **Dane:** Speak. [Another moment of silence passes before Dane sits straight up in his chair.] **Dane:** Already?! Don't fuck with me about this, Cito! [More listening.] **Dane:** Do you remember who it is you're talking to? I handled this once, I'll handle it again if it becomes a problem. That's kind of sort of like what I do around here. Solve problems. [Another longer silence.] **Dane:** We won't make a big deal out of that. We'll handle it the same way we've handled it whenever any other former Defiance World Champion's decided to come back. An open microphone and fifteen minutes on Grindhouse 06, and a good match on Grindhouse 07, and we'll see where we go from there. [Another silence. This one gets cut very short.] **Dane:** I don't give a good goddamn what anybody wants, this is my show, it runs my way. None of that whole mess made any sense to be honest. Fifteen minutes, live microphone. Take it or leave it, it's the only offer on the table. [Another pause.] **Dane:** What business are we in? No, shut up - ok, sorry, but look - what business are we in? That's right, professional wrestling. I know the doctors said it's alright because you just told me that, but do you really think it's going to last? [One last pause.] **Dane:** Whatever. If it comes down to that it'll be on both our heads, Cito. [He slams the phone down. Kelly Evans in the meanwhile has slithered her way about one-quarter of the way into the office. An eye cocked in her direction stops her mid-slink.] **Kelly:** So this is a thing that's actually happening? **Dane:** Yes. [Kelly rubs her right arm. You know, the one that was broken several months back.] **Kelly:** Are you sure? **Dane:** It's either going to send me to an early grave, or make us all a ton of money. Just like everything else that happens in this business. If you want to help, get me another two aspirin and some scotch. The really good stuff. [Kelly finishes entering, a bottle of aspirin in one hand and a bottle of Johnny Walker Gold in the other. It's like she knew, and knowing Kelly Evans, she probably did.] [Cut and fade, it's Main Event time!]

Tyrone Walker vs Kai Scott ©

[We cut away for a DEFshop.com commercial, animated versions of Chance Von Crank, Eric Dane, Edward White among others tout the latest t-shirts and merch available just in time for the holidays.]

[Back to Darren and Angus at ringside.]

Angus:

Main Event time, baby!

DDK:

Absolutely, Tyrone Walker, who scored a sudden pinfall over Kai Scott last week, earned himself a title shot because of it.

Angus:

New champ, Keebs, I'm telling you, it's going to happen this time.

DDK:

Yes, well, if Kai Scott has anything to say about it...

Angus:

And do I give any fucks about what he has to say about?

DDK:

No you don't.

Angus:

Exactly. Ty wins! Ty wins! Ty wins!

DDK:

Take it away, DQ!

[With a smile upon his face, The Voice of DEFIANCE, Darren "DQ" Quimbey steps to the center of the ring, bringing the mic up to his lips.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is time for the MAIN EVENT of the evening and it is scheduled for ONE FALL with a SIXTY MINUTE TIME LIMIT and is for the DEFIANCE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!



"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, the Challenger! He is one third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions, HOOKERS AND BLOW, and the BLACK JESUS of Professional Wrestling...

[With the anticipation rising, the lights drop as it giving way to the opening of Sevendust's "Black" blasts away at the eardrums.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Hailing from JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, and weighing in at 205 POUNDS! He is TYYYYYRRRRROOOONNNNE WAAALLLLLKEERRRRRR!

[Quimbey's voice gives way to Sevendust's frontman Lajon Peterson, whose soulful voice brings forth the arrival of BLACKIMUS PRIME! Draped in a white TEAM DEFIANCE baseball jersey which hangs open, showing off the scars that roadmap his upper torso. Perhaps most interestingly, his hands are taped up in white and while one has HNB on it, the other has #R4S meaning #revenge4sawyer.]

Angus:

WHOOO NEW CHAMP COMIN TO THE RING, KEEBS!

DDK:

He still has to beat Kai Scott, Angus, and based on their Twitter exchange leading up to the show, I'm not so sure the championship is Ty's ultimate goal.

Angus:

Whatever.

DDK:

Look at his left wrist, Angus, hashtag are four ess, he tweeted that this week. It's not a secret Ty had taken a liking to Tom Sawyer and now he finds himself in there with the man who put one of this companies most popular on the shelf with a sickening neck injury.

Angus:

Whatever. I'll say it again, whatever.

♪ Voices call, they call out my name, my name, my name ♪
 ♪ Well, they say I'm different. Well I'm not the same, same ♪
 ♪ You say you want to, ah, be like me ♪
 ♪ Well, boy let me tell ya, you don't know what I've seen ♪

[Bursting through the curtains as he steps out on to the stage, already in full "I just wanna fight" mode, Walker blasts down the rampway before entering the ring by way of diving over the top rope.]

♪ They say a devil lives in my soul ♪
♪ I promise not to let him take control ♪

[Rolling to his feet, Walker strides over to nearest set of turnbuckles and mugs it up for the crowd before backflipping off and going to the corner on the opposite side.]

♪ I'm mindin' my own business ♪
♪ I ain't doin' nothin' wrong ♪

[Mugging it up a little more, Ty drops down from the turnbuckles as the music slowly fades out and takes up position at the ropes opposite on the far side of the ring where he stares down the long rampway, awaiting the champion.]

♪ I ain't doin' nothin' wrong ♪

DDK:

As he called it, the title would be a “bonus”.

Angus:

Don't believe everything you read on the internet, Keebs, even from the actual source.

DDK:

Oh don't worry about that, partner, I rarely take anything you have to say seriously.

Angus:

Right, right...hey wait a damn minute!

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

And his opponent! He is the man they call the ACE OF HEELS, he is the leader of the TRULY UNTOUCHABLES, and he is the reigning DEFIANCE WORLD CHAMPION!

♪ Two thousand years I've reigned ♪
♪ As the King of Man ♪
♪ And every morning you felt my guiding hand ♪
♪ What'd you do to deserve me? ♪

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Hailing from ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, and weighing in at 232 POUNDS! He is KAAAIIII....
SCCCCCOOOOTTTTT!!!!

[Kai Scott steps out onto the ramp and raises the Defiance World Title over his head. Then he shoulders it. He walks out onto the box ramp, looks down at the fans, then heads straight to the ring. As usual, he tries to hang onto the title when Benny Doyle tries to take it from him.]

♪ I spread my wings and my minions sing ♪
♪ I know you heard it, man ♪
♪ Yet my sun still shines-

[Standing back as he observes the scene unfolding between the champ and the ref, Walker, who has already ditched his entrance attire, is pacing around as he eagerly awaits the festivities of violence to get underway.]

DDK:

Walker growing impatient here.

Angus:

The man wants to fight.

DDK:

And I think that's exactly...

[Deciding to pick up the pace, Walker rushes in and referee Benny Doyle just narrowly manages to escape being caught up in Walker's attack, who crashes into Scott. Backing away a few steps, Doyle calls for the bell.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

DDK:

There's the bell and this ones already turned into a giant ball of crazy.

Angus:

YEAH! Get him, Ty, get him!

[Backing Scott into the corner with a flurry of punches and elbows, Walker proceeds to pummel the champion with a vicious series of elbows and chops, alternating with lefts and rights as he crashes his elbow into Scott's skull he hits him immediately with a chop to the chest with the same arm and then switches sides.]

THHUMMP! KERRACK! "WHOOOO!"

[Every chop eliciting a "whoooo" from the audience.]

THHUMMP! KERRACK! "WHOOOO!"

THHUMMP! KERRACK! "WHOOOO!"

THHUMMP! KERRACK! "WHOOOO!"

THHUMMP! KERRACK! "WHOOOO!"

THHUMMP! KERRACK! "WHOOOO!"

"YEEAAH!"

[Ty pulls back as he hollers out to the crowd, while Scott slumps forward a bit with his hooked on the ropes being the only thing keeping him from dropping to the mat.]

Angus:

Ty's whoopin' DAT ASS, just like he said he would! Even if part of it is in memory of Heidi Christenson's glorified scratching post.

DDK:

He certainly is, partner, but perhaps...

Angus:

Hush, YOU! There are no buts...There is only Ty... Whoopin' DAT... ASS!

[Indeed. In fact, Walker continues his assault, pushing Scott back to an upright position in the corner as he mounts the ropes, however instead of raining down with punches that earn him a ten count from Benny Doyle and the fans, he commences paint brushing the champion with his pimp hand.]

Angus:

How many times must he slap you before you get some act right?

“ONE!” “TWO!” “THREE!” “FOUR!” “FIVE!”
“SIX!” “SEVEN!” “EIGHT!” “NINE!” “TEN!”

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

Angus:

TEN! AH-AH-AH-AH! TEN PIMP HANDS!

DDK:

He just literally slapped the taste out Kai Scott’s mouth.

Angus:

The Pimp Hand is indeed STRONG with this one, Keebs, Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah!

DDK:

And Sesame Street has now officially been defiled by DEFIANCE. Perfect.

[Ty drops down from the turnbuckles and mugs for the crowd as Benny Doyle fails in his attempt to admonish the riled up veteran for his antics.]

DDK:

Why is he not staying on Scott?

Angus:

What are you going on about now?

DDK:

He’s spending an awful lot of time hamming it up.

Angus:

You’re such a square. The man is having fun and whoo...

DDK:

Dat ass, yes, we get it.

Angus:

Did... Did you just say, dat ass?

[Angus laughs, Keebs sighs.]

[Keebs point is validated when Ty gets back to work and is welcomed back by the champ, getting slugged in the gut. Ty responds with a boot to the gut and then a couple more elbows before whipping Scott across the ring. Charging across, Ty takes flight, but Scott moves at the last possible moment as he lets Walker crash into the turnbuckles.]

Angus:

NOOO!

DDK:

Scott up quick.

[as Walker stumbles back from the impact against the corner, Scott pops up and takes him over with a school boy.]

DDK:

The champion with the cover...

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[Ty rolls away, but as Scott tries follow up, he gets rolled into a small package by Walker.]

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[Scott rolls the small package, now pinning Walker.]

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[Scott is the quicker of the two in the scramble and catches Walker with an Oklahoma Roll.]

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[Walker is up quickly as Scott tries to roll away, but Ty grabs an arm as he ties the champ up and rolls him up with a La Magistral Cradle.]

ONE! TWO! THR-NO-KICKOUT!

[Champion and challenge scramble, but when Ty swings at Kai, the champ latches on to his arm as he takes him over with crucifix hold.]

ONE! TWO! THR-NO-KICKOUT!

[Scrambling again, Ty ducks as Scott charges only to be taken over with a sunset flip.]

ONE! TWO! NO!

[Ty escapes the pin as he rolls back to get out of the predicament and quickly grabs Scott's legs as he rolls forward with another cradle.]

ONE! TWO! THRE-NO!

[Scott breaks the count as he bridges up, which causes the two of them to rise and as they get up far enough they twist so that Scott is leaning over Walker's back. Switching his grip, Scott rolls Walker again and then takes him down with a backslide.]

ONE! TWO! THREE!-NOOO-KICKOUT!

Angus:

C'MON TY!!

DDK:

An incredible pace being set by these two wily veterans.

[Walker escapes at the last possible second, narrowly avoiding Boyle's hand slapping the mat for the three count. Scott is quick to stay on top of his challenger, hooking Ty for a powerbomb, but as he gets Walker up, he's countered with a hurricanrana.]

ONE! TWO! THREE.....NO! KICKOUT!

[Putting everything he had into kicking out, Scott pops Walker off of him, sending him tumbling forward. Both immediately look to Benny Doyle, who signals that it was indeed only a two count. Walker is disappointed, Scott is relieved.]

DDK:

Both of them know this match was a millisecond from being over.

[The two combatants look to each other for a moment, each heaving breaths after the sprint they just went through as the applause of the audience rises in appreciation.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss. I can barely hear my own thoughts.

DDK:

It just goes to show, partner, DEFIANCE can take it's brand of pro wrestling all around the world and it'll translate wherever we go.

Angus:

So what you're saying is, we're the Rosetta Stone of pro wrestling?

DDK:

Not exactly, we haven't failed to impress anywhere we've been.

Angus:

HAH! No kidding, I'm on my 4th attempt at Rosetta Swahili.

DDK:

Swah... What? No, nevermind.

[Walker and Scott approach until they're face to face, mouths running a mile a minute about their general agreement that they really don't like each other. That is until Ty shoves him back, to which Kai responds with a sharp kick to the side of Ty's left leg, causing Walker to a wince every so slightly.]

THWAP!**DDK:**

Well, that scintillating discussion is over and the champion nearly buckles Walker's knee.

[Walker steps back and looks at Scott for a moment.]

Angus:

Oooh boy, it's on now.

THWAP!**DDK:**

And Walker responds in kind.

[The two begin trading shots, each one crashing against the side of Walker's left leg and Scott's right leg.]

THWAP!**THWAP!****THWAP!****THWAP!****THWAP!****THWAP!****THWAP!****THWAP!**

[Scott fires back once more, again to the left leg, after Walker targets his right.]

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

[Walker fires a combo, right, left, right.]

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

[Scott again mirrors Walker, left, right, left.]

THWAP!

[Walker switches up, targeting Scott's body as he plants a shin into the champions ribcage, Scott grimaces and Walker continues connecting.]

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

Angus:

FINISH HIM!

[Scott backs off a step, but when Walker goes high with a roundhouse, Scott ducks away and catches Walker wide open with a crescent kick that rattles his skull. Scott capitalizes, grabbing a fistful of Walker's fro as he steers him towards the ropes before throwing him out of the ring.]

DDK:

And Scott rocks his challenger and then tossed him like yesterdays trash.

Angus:

ILLEGAL! Kick to the head, fifteen yards, personal foul, two minutes in the box, something!

DDK:

This is wrestling, Angus, not foot-sket-hock-ball.

Angus:

Well damnit, it should be!

[Back in the ring, where the action is, Kai Scott shoots himself off the ropes and as he bounds across the ring he dives through the ropes and crashes into Tyrone Walker who had just gotten back to his feet. As they hit the floor, Scott takes position over Walker and rains down with a flurry of short punches to Walker's head.]

DDK:

And Scott unloading on his challenger.

Angus:

C'mon, Doyle! Your job, do it! Those are closed fists!

[Scott rises up and puts the boots to Walker for a bit before Benny Doyle slides out and tries to separate him from Walker. Scott backs off and enters the ring, but as Doyle goes to return to the ring, Scott slides back out to the floor from another side of the ring and stalks Walker who has begun pulling himself up by the ring apron.]

DDK:

The champion stalking his prey.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, just wait, Ty'll be back in this soon enough.

[Scott approaches, driving a knee into Walker's midsection and then clubbing him with an elbow to the back. Walker grunts in pain, but throws an elbow into Scott's gut which earns him a grumble from the champion, who responds with another knee to the body. Pulling Walker back from the ring, he tries to whip him into the ring, but Ty gets a foot up that stops his body hitting the edge of the ring. Turning, he charges at Scott who back body drops him right into the people sitting in that section of the first couple of rows.]

DDK:

Or not.

Angus:

Shutup.

DDK:

Meanwhile, Scott just used Walker to wipe out about ten of our fans in attendance.

Angus:

We're like Doritos back in the day, crunch all you want, we'll make more.

[Scott continues to stalk, Walker struggles to even get his footing in the mess of upended fans and chairs that are strewn about. Walker begins to crawl away in whatever direction gives him the most traction, Scott continues to stalk. Reaching a concession stand near the wall that also serves as the entrance to the building for the audience, Ty pulls himself up off the floor as Scott approaches.]

Angus:

Come on, Ty, get up! You can do this!

DDK:

Why don't you go over there and help him?

Angus:

Uh... No speak-a-teh-eng-glass?

DDK:

Probably for the best. The last thing Walker needs is to have to keep you safe, after all, your latest foray into being a wrestler again didn't go so well.

Angus:

Well Merry Christmas to you to, fucko... Hey do they celebrate Christmas here? You know, because this isn't America?

DDK:

What the... Angus, they celebrate Christmas everywhere, it's Amsterdam, not Mars.

Angus:

Oh, right. Anyway, GO TY!

[As Scott reaches Walker's position, he is stunned when he grabs hold of Walker's shoulder and gets a plastic cup of beer smashed in his face. Stumbling back as he wipes his face, Ty charges over and starts wailing on him, but the champion quickly recovers and drives another knee into Ty's gut. Pulling him over to the table and then bodyslams him through it, spilling every cup of beer that now soaks the Black Jesus.]

Angus:

Damnit.

DDK:

Guess Scott wanted to repay Walker for the drink.

[Pulling Walker from the wreckage, he continues pulling him around the venue and through pockets of audience members who have gathered to get a better view of the action. When they stop near a set of double doors, Scott whips Walker into them, causing him to crash back first against them. Charging in, Ty shows some signs of life as he dodges and allows Scott to smack face and chest first into the door, causing one of the security windows in the doors to break and fall out to the floor on the other side.]

Angus:

Yeah, alright, momentum breaker!

DDK:

You are such a homer.

Angus:

You're just mad because all of my favorites are awesome and all of your favorites, uhm, aren't.

DDK:

Great comeback.

Angus:

I know right?

[Ty turns Scott around and begins to light him up with some slaps to the chest, each one ringing out as flesh smacks against flesh.]

KERRACK! KERRACK! KERRACK!

[The searing pain awakens Scott, who lashes out with his own, slapping his hand hard against Walker's exposed chest.]

KERRACK! KERRACK! KERRACK!

[Ty winces with each shot before he reaches in and grabs a headlock and begins punching at Scott's forehead while dragging him further around the building. Seeing a support beam, Ty points to it, getting an affirmative response from the crowd as if he were asking for orders to attack a hostile target. As they get close, Scott frees himself and shoves Ty front first into the beam. Smacking his head on the beam, Ty stumbles back and gets back suplexed on the floor. Getting up, Scott smirks down at Walker and then reaches down to pick up a chair.]

DDK:

This is about to get real nasty now.

Angus:

Doyle! DOYLE! What're you doing man, get your ass over there!

[Raising the chair up, Scott whips it forward and hits nothing but floor as Walker moved out of the way. Not to be deterred, Scott turns and tries again, only to miss again as Walker scrambles away from the chair toting champion. Scott chases Walker to the entrance ramp and finally connects as Walker climbed up on the rampway, slamming the chair down across Walker's back and shoulders. Walker howls in pain, but manages to roll himself on the to ramp.]

DDK:

And there's Benny Doyle, trying to wrestle the chair away from the champion.

Angus:

About time, only took him forever.

[Giving up the chair to Doyle, Scott follows Walker on to the ramp where he stands above his challenger. Looking down, Scott smirks once again as he looks out at the audience, the smirk growing wider and more disdainful. The momentary lack of attention paid to his opponent left him open for Walker to reach up and put a foot right into his crotch.]

Angus:

HAAAH! Dick. Kick.

DDK:

There's no scientific way to put it better than that.

[Scott stumbles back and then drops to his knees as his hands cup over his balls while he seizes up from the mind numbing pain. Walker gets up and immediately plants both feet into Scott's chest with a shotgun dropkick and then stretches out his shoulders and back after getting back up, grimacing in pain from the Scott laid on him. Pulling him up, Walker whips Scott into the ropes at the end of the rampway, bounding back, Walker tries for the Blackout Bomb only for Scott to float over and land off to the side and back where he clobbers Ty with a crescent kick and then tries for the Tombstone Piledriver on the ramp.]

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

No, don't do it! This is what ended Tom Sawyer's career and Walker has an infamous history of neck injuries!

[Sensing the danger Ty begins kicking his legs, which eventually causes Scott to bend back now putting Walker on top where he tries to lift Scott up.]

Angus:

Hell yeah, drill him, Ty!

DDK:

You're a sick man, Angus Skaaland.

[Scott also fights to escape, eventually twisting himself to the side where his feet land on the ramp and the hold is broken. Both back away for a moment realizing the danger they were both in, but that moment was instantaneous as they rushed right back at each other. Scott connects with an elbow to the side of Walker's head, who fires back with one of his own and the two exchange blows for several rounds until Scott begins to land a few consecutive shots before he hops back and takes aim.]

DDK:

He's gonna send him flying off of the ramp!

[Walker dodges the superkick attempt, somehow Scott manages to not send himself tumbling to the floor. Walker has other ideas and lands another shotgun dropkick that sends Scott flying off the ramp and into another group of fans. Ty is up quickly and stands back at the edge of the ramp on the opposite side of where Scott is and then takes a quick two steps before launching himself with somerset dive off of the ramp and on to Scott and more of the audience, creating a sizeable crater in the crowd.]

DDK:

If we can get out of this show without a lawsuit, I'll consider it a success.

Angus:

Hey, they paid for a ticket, Ty's just trying to give them a fully immersive experience!

[With the fans crowded around them, Benny Doyle does not say anything, simply watching from the ramp as the two struggle to their feet amidst the collapsed chairs and fans who also attempt to get back to their feet. Once they do, they continue throwing shots as they seemingly push, drag and punch each other towards the ring.]

Angus:

I'll tell you what, Keebs, on my scorecard, Ty is winning this one.

DDK:

I'm sure. Though your judgement is highly suspect.

Angus:

I'm being totally objective, Ty's only winning by 3,921 points to 1700 points.

DDK:

Completely unbiased... for you.

Angus:

See? I can be fair and impartial. I had to take some points off for all of Scott's blatant cheating and unsportsmanlike conduct.

[As they reach ringside, it's Scott who's in control, pulling Ty along by his afro. Pinning him against the ring, Kai unloads with a few slaps upside Walker's head and then rolls him into the ring. Walker crawls away as Scott re-enters the ring and once again pursues his challenger, kicking at him as Walker crawls towards corner. Once in the corner, Walker finds himself trapped as he's turned and has back set against the bottom turnbuckle. Scott mockingly kicks at Walker's head and then presses his boot into Walker's throat, which gets Benny Doyle to come over and try to get him to stop.]

DDK:

Scott doesn't care, look at him smile at Doyle while he chokes the life out of Walker.

Angus:

The bastard!

[Scott relents, but only so he can shift and scrapes his boot across Walker's face, which continues to do several times until he backs away with Benny Doyle admonishing him for not backing off when he was told to do so. Scott sneers at the referee for thinking he could tell him what to do, much less actually talk to him. With his attention diverted again, Walker uses the opportunity to recover as his hand holds his jaw while he tries to work it out. Before long, Walker uses the top ropes to pull himself up and with an annoyed look in his eyes, he marches over to Scott who's back has been turned the whole time while Walker recovered. Grabbing him by the shoulder, he spins Kai around and...]

KERSLAP!

DDK:

What a backhand.

Angus:

He just like Turner'd the guy!

[Kai looks back at Ty, a hand rubbing at his jaw and a seething annoyance building within him.]

KERSLAP!

[Ty slaps him again, challenging him.]

KERSLAP!

[And again.]

KERSLAP!

[Once more, with some stank on it.]

Angus:

He's slapping the hell outta him, Keebs!

DDK:

He's challenging him and I think the champion is about to accept.

[Scott steps into the "pocket".]

KERSLAP!

[Right hand.]

KERSLAP!

[Left hand.]

[Ty responds in kind with a right-left combo of his own.]

KERSLAP! KERSLAP!

[The two continue to trade slaps.]

KERSLAP! KERSLAP!

KERSLAP! KERSLAP!

KERSLAP! KERSLAP!

KERSLAP! KERSLAP!

KERSLAP! KERSLAP!

THWAP! KERSLAP!

[Until Kai unfurls another kick to Ty's leg and then another slap, to which Walker responds, mirroring Scott with a right leg-left hand pair.]

THWAP! KERSLAP!

[Scott scores again with another combo, left leg to the side of the knee, right leg to the body, left hand slapping Walker's head.]

THWAP! THWUMP! KERSLAP!

[Not to be outdone, Walker fires back with a right leg to the body, a left leg to the body, and when he tries to go high again, Scott ducks it again, but eats a spinning back hand.]

THWUMP! THWUMP! KERSLAP!

[Having had enough of this.]

DDK:

Scott just tackled Walker to the mat.

Angus:

Yeah and he has crappy form, Ty's rolling with it.

[Indeed he is, but as Ty manages to take top control, Kai is quick to shift himself around as he takes an arm locks up a cross armbreaker.]

DDK:

What an impressive display of ground technique by the champion.

Angus: [snidely]

What an impressive display... nyah!

DDK:

Well, it is!

[Ty howls in pain as he tries to find a way to break free, but ends up falling over, giving Kai full control of the hold. Benny Doyle is on the scene, checking if Walker wants to give, which of course gets an emphatic "no" in response.]

Angus:

Seriously, does Doyle think my man Ty is gonna tap to some silly MMA nonsense?

DDK:

He is one toughest men to ever lace up a pair of boots, I'll give you that.

[Searching for a way out, Ty is constantly halted when Kai cranks on the hold, instantly sending a shiver of pain through his entire arm.]

DDK:

Doyle might have to jump in here or Walker could end up with a broken arm.

Angus:

Pssh, Ty'll just snap it back in place and continue fighting.

DDK:

Your faith is endless.

[Angus' faith is eventually rewarded as Ty digs through the pain and manages to get to his feet again while Kai continues to pull on his arm. Stepping in and crouching slightly to ease some of the pressure, Walker begins scraping his foot over Scott's face, which it first is annoying, but after a few more starts to break the champions concentration.]

Angus:

See? You need to accept the Black Jesus into your heart, Keeps.

DDK:

Oh brother.

Angus:

Exactly!

[Ty finally breaks the hold after he starts stomping Kai's face, forcing him to loosen his grip which allows Walker to pull himself free. Stumbling back, Ty falls out of the ring and on to the ramp where he clutches his elbow.]

DDK:

Walker creating some distance so he can work that arm out.

Angus:

Yeah, he's like smart and stuff. Always thinking, y'know?

DDK:

Indeed but, I don't think Scott is going to let him have too long.

[Following him out on the ramp, Scott approaches Walker who is hunched over as he tries to shake the growing stiffness in his arm out. When Kai gets close enough, Ty pulls up and puts a foot into his gut.]

Angus:

Hah!

DDK:

Walker playing a little possum it would seem.

[Walker attempts to follow up, but Scott explodes on him.]

KERSLAP! THWAP! KERSLAP!

THWAP! KERSLAP! THWAP!

[Hitting him with a dazzling six hit combo of high and low shots, Scott rears back and tries for a crescent kick.]

DDK:

Walker ducks...

Angus:

Tilt-a-whirl...

[Ty stops the revolution, holding Kai upside down...]

DDK:

TOMBSTONE PILEDRIVER ON THE RAMP!

Angus:

ZZZ-OOH-MAI-GAAWWD!!

[Walker immediately hovers over Scott, jawing at him with a profanity laced tirade that is hardly recognizable as english, much less intelligible enough to make out what he's saying. Scott however doesn't move, laid out on the ramp with his arms and legs splayed out however they ended up after impact.]

DDK:

It's exactly what happened to Tom Sawyer all over again, somebody get some help out here!

Angus:

So new champ, right?

DDK:

Are serious right now? Christ almighty, have some humanity, Angus!

Angus:

Screw that noise, if he can't continue, new champ yeah?

DDK:

I have no idea!

[Ty continues barking at Kai when Diane Parker and Clair St. Sure rush out from the back with a pair of medics in tow. Clearly in a panic, Parker shoves Walker away, who finally backs off with a satisfied look on his face. A hush falls over the audience as Diane and Clair along with the medics check on Kai Scott.]

DDK:

What a sick display, I know Walker has been stewing over what happened to Tom Sawyer, but I didn't think this is what result.

Angus:

Yeah, well, you mess with...

DDK:

Shutup, Angus, just shutup.

[Having returned to the ring, Walker is chastised by Benny Doyle who stands nearby and spews a mostly negative review for what he's just done. Back out on the ramp, a gurney has been brought out, while Parker takes a bottle of water from one of the medics, she unscrews the cap and splashes it over his face.]

DDK:

What a terrible way for this to end. I get that it's karma coming back at him, but nobody deserves to have their career or life...

Angus:

...

[As the medics attempt to put Scott on a backboard, there appears to finally be signs of life coming from the champion. Once they lift him on to the gurney, they attempt to roll him away but Scott becomes more and more animated the further they get away from the ring.]

DDK:

What in the world...

Angus:

...

[Refusing to be carted off, Scott starts rocking the gurney side to side until it tumbles over and one of the medics goes tumbling off of the ramp and into the crowd below, he gets crowd surfed to parts unknown. Scott frees himself from the gurney like he's Scrooge about to enter the great beyond and starts crawling towards the ring.]

DDK:

Are you kidding me? How? Why? What?!

Angus:

...

DDK:

What, no snide remarks?

Angus:

Ahem, you told me to shutup.

DDK:

Oh geez, Angus, you don't have to be so damn sensitive.

Angus:

Yeah, whatever. ANYWAY! Of course Kai Scott survives this, he's a not a little bitch whipping boy like Tom Sawyer, so hah!

DDK:

On second thought, shutup.

Angus:

Too late, you get one shutup card per show. You burned yours for the night.

[Meanwhile, Walker who had been watching all of this unfold from a seated position in one of the far ring corners pulls himself up with the top ropes and awaits the return of Kai Scott, who reaches the ring ropes with Parker and St. Sure pleading with him to not continue. Crawling through the ropes, Walker approaches the middle of the ring and meets up with Scott who grabs at his legs, trying to pull himself up while Walker playfully slaps at his head.]

Angus:

No! Ty, c'mon dude, don't screw around now!

DDK:

That has to be most negative thing you have ever said when it comes to anything Cancer or Team Danger.

Angus:

I'm just saying, Keebs, he's got this, Kai Scott is ripe for the picking as it were.

[Angus' fears are realized when Scott pulls an arm back and crotches Walker, instantly buckling him as he falls over with his hands between his legs. This is all to the chagrin of Angus, Keebs the fans and of course, Ty's balls. Meanwhile, a grin plasters Kai's face as he watches the stunned Walker topple over. Scott's associates Diane Parker and Clair St. Sure, who have taken up position in his corner on the floor, applaud and look around as if they have no earthly idea why the fans would be booing.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Gah! Sorry ladies, but the Blackaconda is gonna be outta commission tonight.

DDK:

You would know, I'm sure.

[Scott staggers to his feet, that cheshire grin only getting wider and brighter as he stands tall over his challenger once again. A look to Parker is all that needs to be "said" for her to liberate the microphone from Quimbey. Tossing it into the ring, Parker returns to Clair as Kai steps over to where Ty lays in agony, his hands still down in that region if you will. Scott kicks at Walker's head and chest, annoyingly, humiliating him as he pushes him around with his foot. Leaning down, he drags Walker up to his knees and slaps him around a bit before bringing the mic up to his face.]

Kai Scott:

Do I look like that little faggot Sawyer to you, punk?!

[Kai bops Ty on the head with the mic, the sound being heard all over the building. Getting more annoyed by Walker's mere existence, Scott starts punching him in the head and asking him more or less the same question.]

Angus:

Not that I should be giving this douchenozzle any advice, but he better stop screwing around. He crossed the one line that will make Ty hate you faster than anything... He tried to bring harm upon the Blackaconda.

[Scott jams the mic into Walker's face, demanding an answer.]

Ty Walker:

garbled ramble

[Scott bashes him a couple more times.]

Scott:

What's that? I can't hear you!

[He tries to jam the mic into his face again, but this time Ty grabs his wrist.]

Walker:

Impromptu Strap Match, NIGGA!

[Unbeknownst to Scott, as he was rambling at Ty and smashing his dome with fists and mics, Ty begun removing his belt... When he looks down, Ty unleashes the mother of all dick punches, socking him directly in the balls with a fist that was now wrapped in his belt.]

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[Needless to say, Kai Scott has fallen over faster than your drunk uncle during Christmas at grandma's house, so embarrassing.]

Angus:

In the words of that pony tailed douche from Karate Kid 3, "now the real pain begins, Danny Boy!"

DDK:

How am I supposed to call this? He just punched him in the crotch with a loaded fist.

Angus:

I'unno, Greco Roman Weiner Assault Driver MAXIMUM?

DDK:

Uhm sure.

Angus:

PEE-PEE-PUNCH EXPLOIDAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!

DDK:

That too.

Angus:

This is fun... Give it a try.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Yeah! Don't be a square, Keebs, give it a spin.

DDK:

Okay! Lets see... The old Tahitian 5-knuckle heated palm exploding scrotum technique?

Angus:

HAAAAHAHAHAWESOME! Don't ever do that again!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Don't ever try to do my job better than me, YOU NEED ME KEEBS, don't you forget that!

DDK: [mockingly]

I'unno, Skaaland, I think I did your job pretty well there.

[Much like Django being unchained, Ty rises up as the belt unfurls itself from around his fist until a goodly portion of it's length hangs from his clenched fist. Benny Doyle watches on from a few paces back, he would consider disqualifying everyone, but he has given up all of his "fucks" around the time these two were hurling themselves through masses of people and chairs.]

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!

[And with the sudden pain of being whipped like a slave, Kai Scott's balls don't hurt so much as he comes to the realization that a pissed of negro stands above him and...]

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!**KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!****KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!****KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!**

[Coming to life as he tries to scramble away, Kai finds it most difficult to escape as Ty repeatedly whips him with the belt.]

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!**KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!****KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!****KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!****Angus:**

Beating him like a slave, eh Keebs?

DDK:

Ah, geez Angus, really?

Angus:

Do you think Kai Scott might be Irish for Kunta Kinte?

DDK:

Why don't you go see if Ty will ask him?

Angus:

He's busy, it would be rude to interrupt his "me" time.

[Scott makes it close enough to the ropes for Diane and Clairra to reach in and yank him out of the ring. Ty rushes the ropes, swinging the belt over the top rope as he cusses the two Totally Untouchable wenches. Ignoring him, they tend to their now deeply welated leader, while leaving Ty in the ring to allow the gears to start turning in his head.]

Angus:

Uh... incoming?

DDK:

What?

[Belt still in hand, Ty has hit the ropes.]

Angus:

I said...

[Handspring.]

Angus:

INCOMING!

[Twisting Backflip.]

DDK:

SPACE... FLYING...

Angus:

TIGER... DROP!

[Over the top, to the floor, nothing but TUT's.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Haven't seen him do that since ACW, Keebs, WHOOO!

DDK:

I have to say, it's nice to see he's still got it.

Angus:

Ty's gonna be 90 years old, with a cane, an IV drip and bitches all about. If you piss him off, even then, violence is about to happen... spectacularly.

[Ty is up and immediately lashing at anything that looks remotely like an enemy in this target rich environment. This of course brings out Leon Maddox, David Race, and Jonny Booya who leads the way.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And here comes the rest of his army, surprised they bothered to wait this long!

DDK:

Well, too be fair, this entire match has been one giant mess.

Angus:

Hey, stop punching holes through my ranting and raving!

[Noticing the three remaining Totally Untouchables, increasing the richness of this target rich environment, Ty turns and starts lashing at them.]

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Booya takes one right across his chest.]

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Then Race, right to the left shoulder.]

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[And finally, Maddox takes one to the neck, but the numbers game finally swings the advantage as Clairra and Diane swarm Ty from behind, each grabbing an arm.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

H-N-BIZZLE IS HERE!

DDK:

And they're not coming empty handed either!

[Armed with kendo sticks, Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews rush down the ramp before tackling their way into the pile of humanity that is Tyrone Walker and the Totally Untouchables. Needless to say, the fight is on as three armed men take on six of their worst enemies.]

Angus:

IT'S THE CATTLE-KISS-HIM OF TWENTY THIRTEEN!

[Kai has other ideas however, escaping the eight way clusterfuck to the presumed safety of the ring. What he doesn't know is, Ty agreed that it was a good idea too, except that he took the long way around that ended with him on the apron of the ring behind Scott, who watched the chaos rage on the floor]

DDK:

He doesn't seem to realize that Ty's not tangled up in that insanity.

[That is until he notices something...]

Angus:

He does now.

[Turning around, he is caught with two feet directly to the chest as Walker comes springing off of the top rope, connecting with a dropkick. Scrambling, Ty dives on top of him for the cover.]

ONE! TWO! THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Just a hair shy.

[Ty lifts him up, taking a rear waistlock.]

DDK:

Black Thunder incoming...

[Kai backflips out of it, taking a waistlock and German Suplexing him on to his head and shoulders as he arches as high as possible on the bridge.]

ONE! TWO! THRRRR-NO!-KICKOUT!

Angus:

Phew, nearly didn't make it.

[Ignoring the count, Scott lifts Walker, looking for a suplex of some kind, but Walker knees him in the gut again and again until he is able to position his hands and pop him up.]

DDK:

BLACKOUT BOMB!

ONE! TWO! THREEEEEE-KICKOUT!

Angus:

Aww c'mon, how'd he kick outta that?!

[Ty doesn't waste time, pulling Scott as he hollers "OOH DEE BEE!". Hooking the suplex, he lifts, but again Scott is able to twist his way out and when he lands, he hooks Ty and takes him up and over...]

Angus:

NOOOO!! NOT ON TOP OF HIS HEAD!!

DDK:

Kai Scott with a COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX!

[Doyle dives in for the cover.]

ONE! TWO! THHHHRRRRREEEEEE-NOOOO-KICKOUT!

Angus:

THANK ZOH-MAI-GAW!

[Scott, looks to the ref that time wanting confirmation. Not getting the call he wants, Scott gets an idea.]

DDK:

Oh great, what's he up to now?

[Dragging Ty up, he doubles him over as hollers "POWERBOMB!" even doing Dusty Griffith's arm movement gesture.]

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me.

Angus:

That son of a bitch!

[Hoisting Walker up, Scott plants him with his kneeling powerbomb, leaning over to make the cover after the impact.]

ONE! TWO! THHHHHHHRRRRRRRRREEEEE?-NOOOOOOOOO-KICKOUT!

[Meanwhile on the outside, some of the TUTs have bailed to safety as Matthews and Horry stand back to back, but their attention is still focused on the collective of Jonny Booya, David Race and Leon Maddox, all of whom have since taken chairs for protection. This however leaves Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker to roam.]

Angus:

What a puss, he mocks Mayberry and then does some weaksauce powerbomb?

DDK:

I don't think a pin is entirely what he was looking for...

Angus:

What...

[Before anyone knew it, Kai Scott had ascended to the top rope where he takes flight before crashing down...]

Angus:

MISS! MISS!

[...with what amounts to one hellacious belly flop on the mat at Walker rolled away at the very last possible second.]

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHA! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED!

DDK:

The Champion looking for the Mad Splash, just came up very short.

[Scott pops up off the mat from the impact, ending up on his feet and clutching his midsection as he runs right into Walker who heaves him up on to his shoulders before throwing him off...]

DDK:

TKO DRIVER! THE OLD SCHOOL SPECIAL!

Angus:

Haven't seen that since Florida!

[Walker doesn't bother with the cover, grabbing Scott by a wrist and ankle so that he can position him properly before going out to the apron where he grips the top rope, springing himself up and then diving off...]

DDK:

TOPE ATOMICO! The Diving Senton Splash!

[Remember what I said about people roaming? Pay attention.]

Angus:

He's going for Team Danger's DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Rolling with the momentum after impacting on top of Scott's body, he goes to hit the springboard moonsault half of this two part combo.]

Angus:

Wait... no... Ty... WATCH OUT!

[Diane Parker suddenly appears on the apron just as Ty approaches and clobbers him with the DEFIANCE World Title Belt, all the while, Clair St. Sure was running interference “just in case” on the other side of the ring where she took Benny Doyle’s attention away from the action in the ring.]

DDK:

Once again, Diane Parker getting physically involved in one of Kai Scott's title defenses!

Angus:

DAMNIT!

[Walker stumbles back into the waiting Kai Scott, who spins him around, kicks him in the gut before butterflyflying his arms...]

DDK:

KRYPTONITE!

[Scott noticing Doyle is still being distracted, signals to Clairra to be ready before he ascends the top rope and comes crashing down with the MAD SPLASH, nailing all of it. Clairra points to the middle of the ring, Doyle turns and dives for the cover.]

ONE! TWO! THHHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE.....?

Angus:

NOOOO! NOT AGAIN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

And your winner is, by pinfall... and STILL DEFIANCE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD...

KAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIII SCSSCOOOOOOOTTTTTTT!

B00000000000000000000000000000000!

[Diane and Clair enter the ring, but then turn their attention to the floor where Matthews and Horry are still holding Race and Maddox at bay - Booya is nowhere to be seen. Giving each other a look, they nod and sprint towards the side of the ring where Matthews and Horry have their backs turned. Diving feet first, the pair of sirens hit Matthews and Horry with stereo baseball slide dropkicks that allow Booya, Maddox, and Race the opportunity to rush Matthews and Horry.]

DDK:

Something tells me this is not going to end well for HNB.

Angus:

Security! Santa Claus! Jesus Christ of Nazareth! Hey-Zeus down the block at the corner store! ANYBODY!

[Meanwhile, Scott takes a moment to celebrate his hard fought victory, however something catches his eye. Barking orders, Diane Parker and Clair St. Sure return to the ring where they take control of Tyrone Walker.]

DDK:

Do you remember when Ty said he would marry Clair and have relations with Diane? Something tells me, this isn't what he had in mind.

Angus:

Not funny, Keeps.

[On the outside, Race and Maddox have since subdued Matthews and Horry, with Race and Maddox using their kendo sticks to restrain them as they have the weapons laced in their prisoners chicken winged arms.]

DDK:

Oh great, Kai Scott has Ty's belt and obviously evil intentions.

Angus:

COME ON. WHERE IS EVERYBODY?!

[While walking back to where Ty is being held up by the arms by Clair and Diane, Kai bends down to retrieve the mic.]

Kai Scott:

Who was paying attention last show, when I told you all that I don't threaten, I execute? And who was it that made like those two self-congratulating metrosexuals that call themselves the Blood Diamonds are scarier than I am?

Ty. ...Ty, Ty, Ty. Do you remember when Eric Dane told me not to do anything he wouldn't do? Because I do. And the reason I don't go around making threats on people's livelihoods just to show off how eeeeeevil and daaayngerous I am is because, just like your boss, I treat the business with respect.

[There's a pause. You know that Scott's about to add a qualifier here.]

Scott:

...right up until that interferes with my personal interests.

You can demand a title shot, drop my prime protege on the back of her head and knock two of my teeth out, and I can live with that, especially when the World Title stays around my waist after the dust settles. Dusty Griffith and Cancer Jiles both got to walk away.

[Scott turns his back on Walker, looking out over the stands.]

Scott:

But when you try to make me look bad?

That is when the Truly Untouchables stage a public execution.

[Dropping the mic, Scott takes the belt by the buckle and begins slamming it into Walker's forehead, each blow causing Matthews and Horry to holler at Scott as they struggle with their restraints. After a couple more strikes to the skull, Kai holds it there, digging it into the skin which finally gets a reaction from Walker, who hollers in pain as he struggles to break free. When Kai backs away, Walker's face is revealed to be a bloody mess.]

DDK:

Lord, he's torn his skull open with the buckle!

Angus:

Anytime now, assholes!

[Scott grabs Walker by his fro, letting him know he's not done with him yet. He looks to Diane, Diane nods, and pulls a pair of handcuffs out of her kneepad. Jonny Booya appears on the box ramp holding the gurney that got dumped into the stands earlier over his head.]

DDK:

What is he going to do now? The mans beaten for christ sake, what more could you possibly have to prove?!

Angus: [seething]

Gawd. Damn. It.

[Walker's hands are cuffed behind his back, and he's loaded onto the gurney. Clairra holds him in place with a choke sleeper while Diane straps Walker in place. Scott climbs the turnbuckle and stretches his arms out to the sides.]

Angus:

Oh god no, he's not going to

CRUNCH!

Angus:

Mad Splash through the gurney!

[Not precisely through the gurney. It's built tough. Half of the legs breaks off and the body bends, Scott is rolled onto the mat. Ty slumps, can't fall properly due to the restraint, and then falls to the mat still tied in place.]

[For the time being. Because Diane unhooks the gurney belt, then unhooks one of Ty's wrists, and attaches the open end to the ropes. Another pair of cuffs is produced from somewhere, and Ty's other wrist is affixed to the top rope.]

Scott:

We don't need Chance Von Crank to, how we say in America, 'fuck shit up.' Jonny, get his legs. Diane, you've heard enough black man white woman jokes this week to last a lifetime, you want to help me whip this fool?

[Jonny puts Walker's legs on his shoulders so that the man is parallel to the ring, back up. Kai Scott takes a kendo stick. Diane Parker takes a kendo stick. Race and Maddox hold Matthews and Horry at bay, with Clairra standing near them just in case.]

[Scott swings first.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Ty howls as the stinging shiver of pain radiates all along his bare back. Diane rears back and swings.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Scott swings.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Diane swings.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[You get the picture by now.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

Angus: [standing up]

That son of a... why has nobody come out here yet? Mayberry, where the hell are you, damnit? These guys have come to your aid more than once, get your ass out here! See, this is why I hate the guy, he'll gladly take help from others, but is he anywhere to be seen when it doesn't suit his purpose? NO!

DDK:

Angus, what the hell are you doing, you fool!?

[Dropping his headset, Angus storms the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Angus' valiant charge is uninterrupted. He runs square into Diane, knocking her down and causing her to drop the kendo stick Diane was wielding outside the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

That's one down, keep going Angus!

[Unfortunately for Angus, his nemesis, Jonny Booya, drops Walker's legs and snags Angus from behind before locking in a tight full nelson. Booya sinks in the hold as he lifts Angus up so that his feet leave the mat. Angus' eyes grow wide as Kai approaches, an evil look in his eye as says to Booya "what do we do with this little bastard?" as he grips the belt tightly in his hand.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Angus you did it! You lucky son of a bitch, you did it!

[Racing down the ramp amidst a storm of cheers is Dusty Griffith, Eugene Dewey, Sam Turner Jr., Frank Dylan James, Stockton Pyre, Henry Keyes and all of TexMex Holiday! Apparently proving Angus' pleas for help did not fall on deaf ears. When Kai Scott and the rest of the Totally Untouchables see what's coming their way, the entire collective stops what they're doing. Race and Maddox roll into the ring, brandishing those kendo sticks. Booya drops Angus and grabs the twisted remains of the gurney.]

DDK:

It's about to break down in the ring! The Truly Untouchables are armed but they're outnumbered two to one! I think just about every 'good guy' in Defiance has seen enough of this!

[Griffith is front and center on the ramp. The T-UTs slowly back up as the eight men advance. Booya brandishes the gurney.]

DDK:

We've got a stalemate going here, but I think - yes, the T-UTs are heading for high ground!

[Scott waves his arm, and the T-UTs slowly back off. CSS holds the ropes for the others. Booya and Race walk backwards, warding any potential attackers off with gurney and kendo stick respectively. Dusty, Eugene, FDJ and Turner all take up positions at the ropes while they holler at the gathering of TUTs who back away through the audience that now starts to crowd around the ring.]

DDK:

My god, what a display on the part of the champion. If anyone isn't taking him seriously after tonight, you do so at your own peril.

[A commotion is heard as Angus has returned to the desk, the sound coming of the "commotion" coming from him putting his headset back on.]

Angus:

That son of a bitch! And when the cavalry finally gets here, he runs like the yellow dog that he is. Did you see what he was going to do to me, Keebs?

DDK:

I did, partner, and you were quite brave doing what you did, foolish, but brave.

Angus:

Damn right, I'd have taken all of them out if Booya hadn't snuck up on me.

DDK: [eye roll]

I'm sure. Well, I'm Darren Keebler and for my warrior-like co-host, Angus Skaaland, goodnight and thanks for watching DEFIANCE WRESTLING!

[Zero in on Tyrone Walker in the ring, bleeding from forehead and back, hanging from the ropes, as fellow wrestlers and DEFsec alike cluster around, trying to work out what to do about the cuffs holding him up.]

[Black.]

[Out.]