

Show Open... The Champion Graces Us With His Presence.

[DEFIANCE Wrestling]

[is an exclusive presentation]

[ONLY on HULU PLUS]

[5...]

[4...]

[3...]

[2...]

[1...]

♪ I know there's something happening here ♪

♪ I know there's something happening here ♪

♪ Do my eyes deceive my ears? ♪

♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪

♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪

♪ I sure as hell can ♪

♪ Can you feel that, man ♪

Angus:

Mother of fuck.

DDK:

The World Champion, fresh off retaining his World Title against Bronson Box, is going to grace the ring with his presence-

Angus:

He's going to brag until someone cuts his microphone off, more like.

[Kai Scott appears.]

[Then Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker.]

[Then Jonny Booya, Leon Maddox and David Race.]

Angus:

And he's brought the whole crew just in case someone wants to tell him no, I bet.

[As the smug music plays, Scott struts. The World Title belted prominently around his waist, no crutch in sight. He walks up the stairs, steps over the middle rope, and spins around and around in the ring with his arms spread wide.]

[The two girls follow him, and there's a little bit of a funny thing where Jonny Booya thinks they're going to hold the ropes open for him but they don't and he almost trips.]

Angus:

AHAHAHAHA KEVIN.

DDK:

Very good, Angus, you didn't say the f-word?

Angus:

They'd have changed it into Kevin anyway, might as well just say Kevin.

[Anyway.]

[Kai Scott receives a microphone.]

KaiScott:

C'mon out, Bronson! Come tell me that former champs don't get rematches again. Come tell me that I'm a pretender hiding behind my brainwashed minions. Come say paper champion.

[Scott grins.]

Scott:

Nothing, Box? Then maybe one of the other Blood Diamonds would like to speak on your behalf?

[A ringing silence.]

Scott:

Maybe some day people will realize that I simply do not say things that are not true. Bronson Box may be a dangerous man and a talented wrestler, but he bears false witness. He calls me a chessmaster and himself a warrior. And yet, in the end, he is the one who tries to arrange the board in his favor, and I am the one that goes in fighting and comes out with the World Title still around my waist. And speaking of this belt...

[Scott strolls across the ring, collecting his thoughts.]

Scott:

As usual, it seems that most of the wrestlers who could have been worthy challengers to the World Title were busy slapfighting over the FIST. And so, without an active challenger...

V.O. Eric Dane:

Yeah, no, we're not even pretending to be doing this again even a little bit.

[Cue the cheers as DA BAWS walks out.]

Dane:

That 'slapfight' as you call it, is being called one of the greatest matches, if not the single greatest, in Defiance history. So you beat Bronson Box. Congratulations. You're already wearing your medal. Seeing as you've proven time and again that you're as good as they come when you're not sitting on your ass and I don't want my title devalued by a lazy champion, I'm not even giving you a chance to sit down. You get to defend tonight. Congratulations, Champ.

[Wild cheers.]

Scott:

....you know what, fine, I'm not even going to argue about it. Despite all the talk about me being lazy and how wonderful Eugene Dewey is, my title's been on the line more often than the FIST, and I've wrestled more matches than any of the FIST guys. So just... find me a non-Heidi Christenson challenger and I'll defend my belt again.

[A mixed reaction.]

Angus:

I... wasn't expecting him to say that.

[Dane seems to be thinking.]

Dane:

I've got more than half a mind to make you wrestle her out of sheer spite. Why in fuck's name are you so scared of her?

Scott:

I just said I'd defend against anyone else on the roster. No weaselling, no dodging, no bullshit. And my threat to walk if you try is still on the table. In other words - none of your fucking business, Eric.

[The wind goes out of the crowd.]

Dane:

What if I walked in there, challenged you myself, took that title belt from you in less than five minutes, shoved it up your sorry ass, and then let Heidi come out here and drag your carcass out of my building and stuff you in the nearest dumpster?

[GASP~!]

Dane:

Then, maybe, would you quit being such a fucking girl?

[Big Band time.]

♪ How lucky can one guy be?♪

♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪

♪ Like a fella once said ♪

♪ Ain't that a kick in the head ♪

[Alceo Dentari, closely followed by 'Big' Vincent Rinaldi and the new Southern Heritage champion, Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, stomps his way out onto the stage, microphone in one hand, thumb and pinky finger extended on the other. Dean Martin's crooning cuts off as he brings the mic up to his mouth.]

Alceo Dentari:

Woah, woah, woah, Dane, I got somethin' for yous to hold over here.

[Dentari extends the hand with the outstretched thumb and pinky towards Teh BAWS as he shakes his head.]

Angus:

He's telling him to hold the phone.

DDK:

I get it.

Angus:

Just making sure.

Alceo Dentari:

I know yous wasn't about to go givin' yourself a world title shot, was yous? Not when there's a perfect candidate stood right here.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

I kept my mouth shut for too long now, Dane, but I got grievances that need to be aired, an' it seems like right now's the best time for 'em.

[Down in the ring Kai Scott looks around his Truly Untouchables and gestures towards Dentari on the stage as though asking 'is this guy for real?'. Eric Dane however lowers his microphone and offers Dentari the opportunity to proceed.]

Alceo Dentari:

Remember when we were last here in the United States, Kai? What happened? Ascension, weren't it? That was the night yous so deservedly won that there World title... well... maybe not so deservedly. See, I mighta got clocked in the head a few times that night so my memory's a little fuzzy on all the specifics, but I remember your lapdog Clairra over there climbin' the ladder, collectin' the belt, bouncin' that gold offa my skull, then handin' it over to yous.

[Kai smirks. Clairra nods.]

Alceo Dentari:

For 9 months I kept my mouth shut, but seein' Tony over here pick up the Southern Heritage title in Toronto got me thinkin'... Yous and your Truly Untouchables screwed me outta my World title...Now I want what should'a been mine almost a year ago. I want that belt, an' I want it tonight.

[The opening riff to "Zero" hits but is cut off almost immediately as DAN RYAN steps out alone, mic in hand.]

Dan Ryan:

NO. No music.

[Kai sneers, the side of his mouth curled up a bit.]

Dan Ryan:

Here's the deal. You can call it slapfighting all you want, but the God's honest truth, and YOU... [Ryan points at Dane] ..KNOW IT, is that it hasn't been Kai Scott spilling his blood and busting his ass to win and defend his championship the last six months. It's been ME. Kai Scott hasn't gone to hell and back for the DEFIANCE faithful. No, that was ME.

[Dane raises an eyebrow and glances at Scott, whose eyes narrow.]

Dan Ryan

When CSWA made an ill-fated attempt to take shots at us and made the mistake of assuming I would leap to their side, it wasn't Kai Scott that derailed the whole damn thing by throwing up a middle finger to Ivy and Hornet and ending it before it started. That was me. I've fought.... I've scratched and clawed, I've opened up skulls, I've wrapped my fist in glass shards and survived. I've climbed cages and I took none other than the one and only true DEFIANT BRONSON BOX to the end of the Earth and back.

[The crowd cheers.]

Dan Ryan:

I haven't said a word about the World Championship, but I'm saying it now. You want a challenger for his belt, Eric? You're lookin' at him.

Booya:

WaitwaitwaitwaitWOAH!

[Jonny Booya has grabbed the microphone from his boss.]

Booya:

If all y'all want for a tattle shawt is someone won a match, then fuckin HEY - let me all up in this bitch!

Dane:

Kai, what did he just say?

Scott:

He said he won a title shot. Apparently he's forgotten that he actually lost last night.

Booya:

Yeah buddat was to a fur[kevin] so its lak a double negative type thang so its the same thang as a ween.

Scott:

Two Truly Untouchables won the other night. One lost. You are the one that lost. If I'm defending from someone in the Truly Untouchables, Jon, it's going to be Clair. Who won. Not you, who lost.

Booya:

AH DID NAWT LOSE TO DEEYAYGO DE LIONHOMO!

Scott:

You were pinned. That is the very definition of losing.

Booya:

THAT DONT CAUNT COS DEEYAYGO DE LIONQUEER IS A GAWD DAYUM-

[Clair snatches the microphone from Booya mid-rant.]

Clair:

Jonny, shut the fuck up.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[She hands the mic back to Scott.]

Dane:

She gets a raise.

[A pregnant pause develops as Dane contemplates, almost as if he's waiting for anyone else to make some noise. Meanwhile, Scott, Ryan, Dentari and even that lovable goof, Booya begin to grow impatient with waiting for a decision.]

[Dane curls a lip as he looks at them all.]

Dane:

That said... This was, illuminating, consider all of this being taken under advisement.

[Dane turns and leaves them all in the ring.]

[And we take it to the desk!]

DDK:

What a development to start the show!

Angus:

Yeah, but who is Da Baws gonna out up against Scott?

DDK:

Knowing Eric Dane, it could be anyone in that ring... or it could be someone else entirely.

Angus:

Right, right, so what's next?

DDK:

I'm being told the new World Trios Tag Team Champions, Team HOSS, are rip roaring and ready to get their reign as champions underway.

Angus:

YUSS, HOSSTACULAR! Take it away... somewhere... anywhere... TO THE HOSSMOBILE!

Team HOSS defends their newly won World Trios Tag Titles



DDK: Well, after that blockbuster

opening, we've got one hell of a match coming up for you! In our triumphant return to American soil tonight, we have not just any match – for the first time in a long time, the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Titles will be ON THE LINE! Tonight, the NEW champions Team HOSS are in action... but we're still a little unclear as to their opponents here tonight. **Angus:** What's to understand, Keebs? MUH BOY TY is action... and I think his cousin, Sam Horry, and Ryan Matthews are here too, I supposed. A Trios title rematch! **DDK:** Look, Angus, I know that you're hopeful for Hookers N'Blow to get their titles back just by sheer virtue of Ty being around, but Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry haven't been heard from since they were heinously assaulted by Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment, and Aleczander just before their match. Junior Keeling laid out the challenge on Twitter for this title match and it was accepted, so I guess this is going down! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions. **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** Your opening contest for tonight's Homecoming is a trios contest is scheduled for one fall! This match will be before the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles! [The crowd ROARS with approval for the announcement of getting a title match to kick off the show. Unfortunately for them, it's not the good guys coming out first...] [The opening Riffs of "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold play next and already, the crowd is jeering to all heck. One by one, the brutal monsters flank the stage, each holding one of three World Trios Tag Team Titles! Junior Keeling appeared to the side of them, clapping and stomping with approval as the crowd booed.] **DQ:** They are being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling... Weighing in a combined weight of 857 lbs... Angel Trinidad...Aleczander the Great.... and Capital Punishment... They are the reigning and DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions... the Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers.... **TEAM HOSS!** [Team HOSS come out to a chorus of boos. Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment looks disinterested in general, but three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. Following closely behind is Junior Keeling with a smug smirk and again, we would be remiss if we didn't point out the SWANKY brown Hugo Boss suit he was rocking tonight. It was also about a size too big and had a tag hanging off the side, but Grindhouse: CANADA was a great night for them.] **Crowd:** BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **DDK:** I don't know how the hell Junior Keeling or Team HOSS can even be proud of themselves! These guys have wreaked havoc to anybody that's stood in their way and yet they STILL stoop to things like outnumbering competition and backstage assaults! **Angus:** I am not fans of their Ty Walker-hurting policy, but I wholeheartedly support their hurt-everybody-else policy! It's about time we had champions that I like just mowing people down... GO, TY! [DDK sighs as Junior Keeling continues to clap and cheer the loudest of anybody in the Boardwalk Hall for The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers. They hand their belts over to the Benny Doyle who holds them in the air as they await their opponents... but not before Angel Trinidad has a microphone.] **DDK:** Uh-oh, Angel wants to talk. I hope he doesn't hurt himself. **Angus:** He'd hurt YOU if he heard you rocking that noise. [The crowd continues to jeer as The Rookie Monster stands proudly in the ring holding his third of the belts.] **Angel Trinidad:** SALUTE YOUR TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, NEW YORK!!!! **Crowd:** BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! [Junior Keeling motions over to Angel Trinidad and whispers something into The Rookie Monster's ear. He gets a slight look of embarrassment across his face as he nods with what appears to be correction from his manager.] **Trinidad:** Sorry, sorry, everybody, I made a mistake there... SALUTE YOUR **HOOOOOOOOOOOSSSOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE** TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, NEW YORK!!!! **DDK:** Oh, Jesus, we're in Atlantic City, New Jersey! Give me a break! **Angus:** There's nothing new about most of these tanned guidos anyway! **Trinidad:** [through the crowd booing] I know, I know, I know, I am also booing on the inside at the fact that your previous Trios Champions were a bunch of frail, easily breakable little toys! We broke them up, one by one, we tore them apart and we won the gold! That's a pretty sweet night, I'm not gonna lie! But Mr. Keeling decided that in our return to the good old U-S-of-A that we would be greeting you, the fans, with a Trios Tag Title Match. I mean, we're gonna totally snuff them out again with no effort just like we did at Grindhouse: CANADA, but it'll be fun to watch them try! Horry... Matthews... Walker... please come out here and take your beatings like men! Please and thank you! [Thankfully, the eager Rookie

Monster drops the microphone as Aleczander pats his friend on the back as Capital Punishment starts to stand in place, ready for a fight. A few moments pass before the fans hear what they want to hear... [“Stroke Me” by Mickey Avalon plays next and the reaction turns into complete CHEERS from the fans in the Boardwalk Hall! Junior Keeling’s jaw drops near ringside. He didn’t think this was at all possible, not after everything that happened at Grindhouse with Matthews and Horry getting badly beaten! Junior has a meltdown at ringside and protests with Benny Doyle...] **DDK:** Oh, my lord, are they here? HNB is going to be out here by payback! **Angus:** TY WALKER... and other guys... GET YOUR BELTS BACK, TY! [The music plays...] **DDK:** ...What the hell? [Sure enough, the music plays and standing at the top of the ramp are three very out-of-shape men that appear to be in the late-thirties to early forties! One man has a big, puffy afro. One has a darker toned bald cap and the other is wearing an HNB shirt as the three men stand on the top of the ramp. Junior Keeling starts losing his shit as he falls to the side with laughter.] **Angus:** HAHHAHAHAHAHAHA, THAT’S AWESOME, I DON’T KNOW WHAT’S GOING ON... **DDK:** One of the oldest tricks in professional wrestling and yet we fell for it. **DQ:** And introducing the challengers, they are the team of Doug Walker, Nathan Horry, and Bryan Matthews! Hookers N’Blow! [The three men are the victims of horrendous booing as they approach the ring, each trying to egg on the fans with the same antics that the actual HNB would be doing... only this was not a good thing at all. Team HOSS members each share a sly grin between themselves while Capital Punishment cracks his knuckles getting ready to hurt somebody. The three men start doing some utterly awful crumping routine just because they can...] [DING DING DING!] [The three men now break out into their own badly-done version of Stroke Me and continue singing until...] **DDK:** Uh-oh a mugging is coming! **Angus:** THE HOSS OVERLORDS ARE ON THE ATTACK! [Sure enough, the crowd is shitting all over this as Angel Trinidad mauls Doug Walker in the corner with a flurry of big elbows to the head! Meanwhile, Capital Punishment is living up to his name as he punches Nathan Horry right in the jaw! He whips him off the ropes and when he comes back he gets blasted with a BIG Gargoyle Suplex so powerful that his bald cap goes flying right off!] [This leaves Bryan Matthews to take a beating by Aleczander The Great! The Mancunian Muscle continues to drill him in the far corner with a series of Shoulder Thrusts to the stomach! He is doubled over in pain when Aleczander rips the HNB shirt right off his back! He wraps it around the throat of the Matthews impersonator, trying to choke the life out of him! He squirms around the ring for a few seconds before he THROWS him nearly three quarters of the way across the ring with the shirt-aided Biel Throw!] **DDK:** We were promised a Trios Tag Title match and we get this?! Keeling is just a jerk! **Angus:** Wow, way to swear it up there, Keebs. What’s next, you got an “oh, yeah” hiding in that big back of insults? [Aleczander picks up the Matthews impersonator again as he powers him up only to DRILL him damn near through the ring and out the other side to China with a BIG Delayed Thrust Spinebuster!] **Angus:** ALECZANDER WINS THE MATCH! **DDK:** He probably could! He goes for the cover and this one is academic. One... Two... Oh, lord, he pulled him up off the canvas! [Aleczander laughs as he picks up Bryan Matthews and simply shitcans him by throwing him carelessly through the ropes, dumping his carcass in front of the announce table. Aleczander then takes the HNB shirt and decides to really class things up by blowing his nose on it! The boos are deafening now as he laughs and tossed the useless rags out of the ring and into the crowd where some gross fan actually caught it as a souvenir. Whatever floats your boat, buddy.] [Meanwhile, Angel Trinidad is still imposing his will on Doug Walker as he powers him up and SLAMS him into the mat with a big Scoop Slam... no, two Scoop Slams... nay, THREE! After the series of slams, Walker is a quivering mess on the canvas as Capital Punishment forces him back up and lifts him up... DEATH PENALTY!] **Angus:** GOD! This is awesome! Anybody else getting a wiggle under the table right now? **DDK:** Ew... and this Sam Horry impersonator... Well, he’s dead. [Angel Trinidad waited in the corner as both Aleczander and Capital Punishment pulled up Nathan Horry to his feet. He was on two limp feet but he was forced up as Angel Trinidad stomped his feet in the corner. He started to give himself a little “HOSS!” chant by screaming the word over and over again. When they were ready, Aleczander and Capital Punishment whipped him right into Angel’s path...] **DDK:** OWWWWWWWWWWW! That Running Pump Kick from the three-hundred pound Angel nearly just took his head off! **Angus:** That’s his new finisher! He calls that the HOSS of Fire! [Angel confidently stands over the unconscious Nathan Horry and gestures down to Benny Doyle as he nudges him over onto his back. The Rookie Monster puts a foot on Horry’s rib cage while beating his own chest like a gorilla as the three-count is academic.] [ONE... TWO... THREE!] [The absolutely travesty is mercifully over as all three members of Team HOSS stand proudly! Benny Doyle calls for the bell and runs over to retrieve the belts as Quimbey makes things official for their first successful title defense.] **DQ:** Here are your winners and STILL the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions... Capital Punishment, Aleczander and Angel Trinidad... **TEAM HOSS!** [The giants are handed their respective titles now as they raise them high overhead for all to see. The crowd is booing this entire farce of a match as the giants and Junior Keeling celebrate. He looks over to the camera and winks.] Keeling: Party in the ring later tonight!!!! **DDK:** Well, that was a total waste of time! Team HOSS do retain their belts tonight, but this whole match was a joke. And what the hell is Keeling talking about, a party being later on? **Angus:** I dunno, but I hope you have

to leave, you'll just bring everything down, you goddamn buzzkill... That Pump Kick was really cool, though!

In the bosses office.

[The cameras fade away as Team HOSS celebrate their victory and the crowd continues to boo as they do. The cameras fade back in and we find ourselves in the Bosses office, Inside behind one of the desks in the office is Kelly Evans, she is joined by Eddie Dante and Wayne Dewey. Kelly rubs her temples as she is clearly frustrated.]

Kelly Evans:

So you're telling me you think this lady is trying to poach talent.

Wayne Dewey:

That's what I'm saying. For weeks she's been out there and nobody knows who the hell she is or where she's from.

Kelly Evans:

Ok, say she is poaching talent... Then what for, another federation?

Eddie Dante:

Or for her own devices. I've seen the way she eyeballed Mushi.

Wayne Dewey:

And she couldn't keep her eyes off of Stockton whenever he was out there.

Kelly Evans:

I don't know. I know for a solid gold fact that we haven't hired any new managers.

Wayne Dewey:

And if you haven't then who has? Kelly, whoever this woman is, she doesn't belong in or anywhere near DEFIANCE. You need to get the police in here and have her arrested for trespassing. You need to get a restraining order against her. You need to do something.

Eddie Dante:

I gotta agree with the man here. What image does DEFIANCE radiate if we allow an unsigned individual with no available information to slither about the locker room?

Kelly Evans:

First off it is Ms. Evans to you, but you both have some good points. I think I will have to...

[Before Kelly can finish her thoughts the door opens and in walks Eric Dane. He slams the door shut and walks to Kelly's desk and drops a couple folders on her desk.]

Eric Dane:

Fucking Christ, Kels, I thought you were gonna handle the type of stuff I just did.

Kelly Evans:

I... What?

Eric Dane:

Did you not just see what happened, Nevermind.

[Dane turns his head, just now noticing the two managers sitting in chairs on the other side of Kelly's desk. Dane looks from one to the other and then leans forward a bit.]

Eric Dane:

What do you two want?

[Before the two can answer Kelly speaks up.]

Kelly Evans:

That's just what I was dealing with. I think we have a issue on our hands. I think we're being invaded.

[Dane backs up a bit and looks down at Kelly who is still sitting at her desk.]

Eric Dane:

What the hell are you talking about?

[This time Wayne Dewey speaks up]

Wayne Dewey:

This Asian chick that's been running around backstage and hanging out at ringside. I... No, We're sure she's up to no good, and my money's on her being here from one of DEFIANCE's competitors, snooping around, trying to poach talent. Probably HOW, those guys are full-on KEVIN to the nth degree.

Eddie Dante:

She doesn't even have a contract, at least any contract that was signed with Ms. Evans, and yet this... POACHER... is trying to gather DEFIANCE talent who are under the watchful eyes of management!

[Eddie looks over to Wayne Dewey and then smiles.]

Eddie Dante:

Or, in some cases, WERE under those watchful eyes, eh, Wayne?

Wayne Dewey:

Don't start with me, Eddie. If Stockton Pyre doesn't want the best representation in the business then that's his problem, not mine.

[Dane shakes his head a little bit, and then raises his voice a bit.]

Eric Dane:

Will the two of you just stop. Look, I've already looked into her, Slater says she has the right paperwork to be here. So shes not an invader from another federation. And before you say anything else. Think. It is clear, if you really look, shes not just looking at just any managed or unmanaged talents by themselves. Shes been looking at several across the board, especially those that where a mask. Do you assholes not do any homework at all?

[Dane lets that sink in for a moment before opening his mouth to speak again but instead Kelly's voice rings out.]

Kelly Evans:

Right. Clearly I do not know what you *two* were thinking, but Defiance management does not support poaching.

Eddie Dante:

So now that's settled... but that doesn't answer the question of *WHY* she is here.

Eric Dane:

Ohh I don't know, maybe shes looking to do an in depth interview for some magazine or website.

Kelly Evans:

Or opponents.

Eric Dane:

Or that. So you see gentlemen. Nothing to worry about. This is a non-issue.

[The two nod in agreement Eddie stands up and grabs his cane and shakes Eric's hand and turns to head out of the office and then Wayne Dewey shoots up and heads out the door as Dante opens it. You can here Dewey say as he

passes Dante.]

Wayne Dewey:

Magazine interviewer makes sense, she's probably here to interview me... Poacher... man what were you thinking, Dante!

[Dante opens his mouth to challenge what was just said but Wayne Deweys gone before he can so he just walks out and shuts the door.]

Kelly Evans:

Well that's solved.

Eric Dane:

Not really. I still ain't sure exactly what the fuck she's here for.

Kelly Evans:

But you just said...

Eric Dane:

I said what needed to be said. She is an employee of Defiance. I just don't know what she is up to. Quit pressing, sometimes I do shit just to see what happens. You of all people should know this, seeing as how that's how you got your job in the first place.

[The cameras fade out as Dane continues his tirade.]

An Unexpected Offer

[The White Knights of Defiance, Sam Turner Jr., Mike Bell, and Frank Dylan James are gathered in the hallway outside the room housing the catered food for them.]

Frank Dylan James:

Ya head hurt?

Sam Turner Jr.:

Just a little, it ain't as bad as it was tha other day.

Mike Bell:

That's good man, I thought you were seriously hurt.

[FDJ cracks a smile.]

Frank Dylan James

Us hick already got a screw loose, a lil' thing like brass knux ain't nuttin new to our skulls.

[The three laugh out loud, just as Eugene Dewey rounds the corner.]

Eugene Dewey:

What up guildies?

[They all turn and say "Hey" to the FIST champion.]

Eugene Dewey:

So what are you all doing out here, why aren't you in there grubbing?

[Out of the room walks Dusty Griffith, patting his belly and sucking the food residue from his teeth.]

Dusty Griffith:

We did, it was good.

[Dusty runs into the quartet of White Knights.]

Dusty Griffith:

So yeah, how goes it?

[The four look at one another and shrug their shoulders.]

Mike Bell:

Frank and I were just checking on Sam after last weeks title match.

Eugene Dewey:

Yeah, how's the head, Sam?

Sam Turner Jr.:

S'all good. A lil' sore, but ain't no biggie.

[Eugene smiles and nods.]

Eugene Dewey:

Good, because I have a proposition for you. You remember back in Europe? You versus Bronson Box?

[Sam nods.]

Eugene Dewey:

Then you remember how screwy that match was. Blood Diamonds all around, Dan Ryan swinging a chair like he was at the batting cages... I seem to remember that match going to a no contest... So, I think you've waited long enough for another chance, and a fair fight at that. So what do you say?

[Eugene puts both hands in the the air as if he's reading a marquee.]

Eugene Dewey:

Sam Turner Jr. verses Eugene Dewey for the FIST title here tonight?

[illegible]

[Sam's dumbfounded and shocked, as are the rest of the White Knights.]

Frank Dylan James:

You sure 'bout that, Eugene?

Mike Bell:

You two... against each other?

[Sam stares at the FIST title as Dusty puts his hand on Sam's shoulder.]

Dusty Griffith:

You alright, Sam?

[Sam shakes his head.]

Sam Turner Jr.,:

I jus' dunno. Much as I'd like ta have a belt, I ain't wantin' U'gene ta lose his belt, an' if'n he did ta me I might lose a fr'end.

[Dusty nods his head and pats Sam on the shoulder.]

Dusty Griffith:

Guess you all got some talkin' to do then, lets let 'em get to it.

[Dusty, Frank and Mike all walk off leaving Sam and Eugene to discuss this themselves.]

[Sam folds his arms and looks suspiciously at the FIST of DEFIANCE. Clearly he doesn't quite understand Eugene's motivation for offering up such a match.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

So b'cause I lost ta Box ya wanna give me a shot at the FIST title.

[Eugene bounces his head around, not really committing to a nod or a shake.]

Eugene Dewey:

Yes and no... I want you to have the title match you were cheated out of by the Blood Diamonds... And to tell you the truth, I still feel guilty about the part I played in getting that match thrown out. I want to make it up to you, Sam...

There is one condition though.

Right now, we agree this doesn't come between us. We're professionals. We take it out to the ring, we compete for this

belt in a manner that it truly deserves, and, whomever wins, we shake hands at the end of it.

[Sam ponders for a moment.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Aight, I re'kon I accep't.

Eugene Dewey:

Perfect! I'll see you in a few minutes.

[The two shake hands and Eugene leaves to get ready for his match leaving Sam with a huge grin on his face.]

Complacency?

[Backstage.]

[The BIG Boss, the Overlord if you will, stalks the halls with only the sheer confidence that says "I own all of this" that of which the Only Star possesses.]

[Probably because he does.]

[For tonight anyway, it's the property of Eric F. Dane.]

[The Baws continues down the hall as Dusty Griffith, on his way from the meeting of the minds with his fellow "Knights", approaches from the opposite direction, the two pass each other like ships in the night, with Griffith nodding respectfully towards Dane along the way. Dane reciprocates with a nod of his own, but only takes another step forward before stopping, one of his brows arching with a perturbed look contorting his face.]

Eric Dane:

Hey, kid...

[Pausing mid-step, Griffith turns back and notices the questioning glare.]

Dusty Griffith:

How goes it?

[Dane eyes Griffith, who fidgets as his brows rise to complete the question he asked.]

Dane:

Where were you?

Dusty:

Come again?

[Dane points off in the general direction of the arena.]

Dane:

Out there.

Dusty:

That cluster of stupid falling all over themselves to get a crack at Kai Scott?

Dane:

Yes. That.

[Griffith shrugs indifferently.]

Dusty:

What about it?

Dane:

Okay, what the... Seriously? I figured if ANYBODY would be out there to make a play... it would be you. Dan Ryan, Dentari, even that meathead idiot, Jonny Booya, but not even a peep from you. So, I say again, where were you? Or am I wrong and you don't give a damn anymore... Again?

[Griffith shakes his head with an audible "heh".]

Dusty:

So let me get this right... Because I wasn't out there to make a fool of myself during that dick waving contest, that somehow means I don't care? Is that the score on this one, boss?

[Dane nods an affirmative.]

Dane:

Squeaky wheel gets the oil, right?

Dusty:

Maybe so, brother, except I'm not begging for something I can earn outright.

[Dusty snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty:

But, to answer tonight's big question.

[A momentary pause as he clears his throat.]

Dusty:

Do I want a shot at Kai Scott again?

[He nods his affirmative.]

Dusty:

Absolutely, more importantly, I want a crack at this new Kai Scott. The guy who hasn't needed the fight dragged out of him against Heidi and Boxer and even YAZ, that's a champion right there... That's a guy I have to fight.

[He takes a step closer to Dane.]

Dusty:

That's a guy that I, **want** to fight.

[He looks Dane square in the eyes as he backs off a step or two.]

Dusty:

So yeah... How's that for "giving a damn"?

Dane:

So, you still couldn't be assed to say that, figured I'd just guess it?

Dusty:

I figured you were omniscient, being the da baws and all.

Dane:

Eh... Whatev... Go do whatever it is you do when you're not breaking peoples world.

[Dusty nods and resumes his march to wherever as Dane stands there... and at the last second, puts a hand up to Griffith's shoulder.]

Dane:

Be ready though, I'm not saying, but I'm saying...

Dusty:

Heard.

[Back to the desk.]

Mexican Holiday

[Billy Pepper and Frank Holiday are backstage. Frank is gesticulating wildly, eyes wide, a smile on his face. Billy narrows his eyes, puts his hands on his head and rakes his hair back.] **Frank:** And so, that's when I said! LOOK! Lexi, I'm sick of the cray-cray! Well, okay, I didn't say exactly that. Maybe it was more like... I think we should see other people. **Billy:** And what did she say in response? **Frank:** Well, the thing is... You gotta understand, she's really special to me, Billy. **Billy:** Frank... What did she say? **Frank:** (mumble)... **Billy:** Huh? **Frank:** ...We're thinking of getting back together. **Billy:** WHAT?! Frank, as your best friend I have to say-- **Frank:** Hey man, she's really changed! She gets me... We have a history... And she has this tight, peachy ass, you know? **Billy:** (groan) **Frank:** She does P90x! The Insanity Workout and EVERYTHING! [There's a knock on the door.] **Billy:** It's open. But beware, there's a hurricane of pathetic self-delusion blowing around in here. [In walks Diego de Leon, mask and all. Frank's face lights up like a kid on Christmas morning.] **Frank:** Diego my friend! **Diego:** Welcome back Frank! **Billy:** Yeah, welcome back Diego! **Diego:** Thanks Billy! [Frank narrows his eyes in suspicion, he leans over and inspects Diego.] **Frank:** Something's different about Diego... Billy, you know what it is? [Billy comes over and puts Diego through a less intrusive glance.] **Billy:** Hmm... Could it be that it's a Mexican Holiday? [As if on queue, all three men turn to the camera, smile, and give equally cheesy thumbs ups.] **Frank:** No... No, that's not it. **Billy:** Is it the fact that Diego's my *newest* client? **Frank:** No... It's not that either. **Billy:** Way to no-sell the fact that Diego's my newest client, Frank. Anyway...I give. [Frank stands up to Diego, eyes narrowed in suspicion.] **Frank:** Okay amigo... Be honest, did you grow since I last saw you? [Diego de Leon, at this, looks down kicks a foot into the ground.] **Diego:** One centimeter. **Frank:** One!?! **Diego:** Maybe one and a quarter. **Frank:** Adulthood-growth-spurt high five, amigo! [Frank throws his palm high in the air. Diego looks up at it with some surprise, and after a moment's hesitation, he realizes he's supposed to respond in kind. Diego slaps it, which delights his friend even more.] **Frank:** Listen, dude, I meant to congratulate you on your awesome match with Jonny Booya. WAY. TO. GO! Only thing that would've been better than beating that nuclear douchenozzle is if you got to keep the COOL shades too. **Diego:** Thanks Frank. I don't think I want those shades, they make people look like douchebags. I didn't know you'd be back in time for Toronto! [Frank turns momentarily serious. He turns to face the camera.] **Frank:** For the record, and for any authorities who might be watching, I declare it was not me in Toronto, but my exact genetic duplicate. [At this, Diego's jaw drops. Bewildered, he looks from Frank-to-Billy-back-to-Frank. Billy, incidentally, is rolling his eyes.] **Diego:** You have a twin?! What a coincidence, Frank listen -- **Billy:** Just roll with it, Diego. Trust me. **Diego:** Oh, okay, I got it. **Frank:** Anyway, the dashing dude who looked like me in Toronto had to do something so Ty Walker wouldn't get squashed by the Agents of DOUCHE. I got a feeling it won't be the end of things, either. So Diego, my man, what's next for you? **Diego:** Night off. Big match next week but tonight I have off. **Frank:** Good for you, it's well deserved. You enjoy the afterglow from that wicked hurt you put on Booya. Myself, I've got a few things to do tonight -- lots to catch up on -- paperwork and filing, you know the score. But you and me are gonna make up for lost time soon as we can, okay? **Billy:** Oh, and on behalf of my *other* client here, who is so... insanely thick sometimes... let me say again: welcome aboard, Diego! **Diego:** Thanks again, see you guys next week.

The past, comes to the present.

[The cameras fade back in and both the mysterious woman that's been coming to ringside for weeks, the same woman that Christie Zane could not get a straight answer from, and her mystery cameraman are walking the halls talking to each other. Well, the woman is doing all the talking and the cameraman is just nodding his head or shaking it no as they look at her tablet. Glimpses of different wrestlers' faces flash across the screen. The two are so into what they are discussing that they do not see the three men coming their way.]

Enter the Osaka Street Cutters. Mach Hawke and Demon Azuma are both in their ring gear and ready to go, black gi pants for Azuma and a sleeveless black and silver top and long tights for Hawke. Kaz Araki is in a leather jacket and an expensive looking pair of black jeans, and he is none too pleased to see the pair standing in front of him.]

Kaz Araki:

(Japanese) Nani yatteru, omae?

[The woman looks up in surprise, then a smirk crosses her face. She exchanges a look with her cameraman and clucks her tongue. The camera man quickly looks down and pulls out his phone followed by the woman. The woman looks up and smiles]

Woman:

(Japanese) Shitsurei naa, kono chibi.

[Araki raises his hand in a fist and makes a move in the woman's direction, but is held back by an arm as Hawke steps in front of him.]

Hawke:

Hey, hey, hey. Cool it with the Japanese, both of you. In case you didn't notice, we're back here in the good ol' U.S.A., the land of the obese and the home of the xenophobic, so you better make with the English. I don't want to get knocked down to dark match status before we even get started.

[The camera picks up the sound of the indignant obese and xenophobic crowd from all the way in the back]

Boooooooooooooo!

[Turning up her nose, the woman spins away from Araki and folds her arms]

Woman:

Whatever. (under her breath) Midget.

Araki:

Bitch! I'm going to ki-

[Araki makes a move in the woman's direction again, but once more is held back by the restraining arm of Hawke]

Hawke:

For fuck's sake, Kaz.

[Straightening his jacket and readjusting his sunglasses, Araki tries to compose himself but can't keep the anger out of his voice as he addresses the woman.]

Araki:

Just what exactly do you think you're doing here, Songome? Following us all the way across the ocean?

[The woman turns back around her face shocked, but she quickly recovers from that. She looks at her personal camera man who nods and then she turns back to address Kaz.]

Woman:

Oh, I've been here a while now. So it would appear that it is you... [Points her index finger at Kaz.] ... who is following me. [Points her thumb to her self as she wrinkles her nose in a disgusted face.] Ohh, and only my friends get to call me Songome. Slime like you, can call me Miss. Tsunami.

Hawke:

Look, just because you're here physically doesn't mean you're here officially. I don't see your name on the roster. Or your client's, if you syill work for him that is. So that means you're just here to start to trouble, as usual.

Songome:

I don't see how any of that, is any of your business. So you can just take your little Street Cutters and go.

[She waves her hand to shoo the three away.]

Araki:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a second, here. They're not his Street Cutters. They're my...

[Azuma and Hawke both give Araki a dirty look.]

Araki:

Heheheh. I mean, we're all the Osaka Street Cutters. Together.

Songome:

Sure... fine. It is just, how do I say this? The only one with with any true ability is Hawke. Azuma is no more than a savage criminal and you...well, Defiance isn't exactly known for its midget wrestling division, now is it?

[Kaz lunges at the woman again, and this time Hawke actually has to struggle to hold the smaller man back.]

Kaz:

You had better watch your tongue, woman, before something happens to it!

[Kaz, perhaps sensitive of the camera present, stops struggling. Turning away from Hawke, he walks over to Azuma and slaps him on the back, trying to laugh it off.]

Kaz:

Whatever. This woman clearly has no idea what she's talking about, right Azuma?

[Azuma just glares at him. There's an uncomfortable silence]

Songome:

I tire of this conversation. Hopefully your in-ring performance tonight isn't nearly as boring. By the way, shouldn't you be getting ready for your match?

[The woman turns her tablet around in order to show the lineup for tonight's card, and indeed it says Mach Hawke -vs- El Serpenti -vs- Jake Donovan.]

Songome:

It's next from the looks of things.

[Songome Tsunami smiles mischievously as she and her camera guy wheel around and head through the curtains, walking down to the ringside area. The Osaka Street Cutters watch her departure with varying degrees of disgust. Araki turns to look at Hawke.]

Kaz:

She doesn't really plan on scouting you, does she?

[Hawke shakes his head, still looking in the direction the woman has headed off in. The cameras switch to a shot of the

crowd and we see Songome and her cameraman head down the ramp. Then they switch to the commentary table.]

Angus:

We have a name Keebs!

DDK:

Seems we do. And it looks like our new imports from Japan don't like each other.

Angus:

Well this sucks.

DDK:

Well, we can not expect everyone to like...

Angus:

Huh? No Keebs. I could care less if they rip each other apart. What sucks is, she has never done a porno!

DDK:

Sigh

Angus:

It is true. I just Googled it, on my new phone.

DDK:

Why me? ... *Deep sigh* ... Anyways let's head to the ring to Darren Quimby for the introductions to our next match up.

[The cameras switch to the ring where Darren Quimby stands in the center of the ring.]

Jake Donovan vs. Mach Hawke vs. El Serpenti



Quimby:

Ladies and Gentlemen! The following match is a triple threat match! It is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at 220 pounds. Hailing from Miami, Florida by way of Heroica Veracruz. He is the Mexican Superstar known as El Serpenti!

[The lights dim as the acoustic guitar beginning of "La Balada Del Pistolero" begins to ring out through the arena as a slithering serpent crosses the screen of the Defiatron, after 29 seconds the acoustics stop as the Serpent twists is self to form a S, The song changes tempo into a metal version of "La Balada Del Pistolero" by Victor De Andres, which blasts out through the arena. The name El Serpenti forms on the Defiatron at the same time the superstar himself emerges onto the stage. A few fans that know who he is begin to cheer, while the rest of the Defiafans wait to cast their judgement.]

DDK:

Well here comes a fresh face to the world of Defiance, but not to wrestling. My research shows that this guy is a many time champion all over Mexico. So should be a good addition to the roster.

Angus:

Oh god. Another one of those flashy flippy furries!

DDK:

ANGUS! You got the memo. We're not supposed to...

Angus:

Fuck the memo, Keebs. Fuck it! We already have one that think's he is a lion! Now we have one that thinks he is a snake?

DDK:

I don't think he thinks he is a snake. I would explain it Angus, but I don't think we have the time.

[Serpenti slaps the hands of some fans before sliding under the bottom ropes. He pulls himself up and stretches in the corner as Quimby brings his mic back up.]

Quimby:

And introducing the second competitor in this match.

[Cut the lights. The opening build-up of "Monolith" by Crossfaith reverberates throughout the arena while smoke begins to stream out of the entranceway, illuminated by multi-colored strobe lights. As the heavy guitars kick in, three figures appear silhouetted in the color-shifting mist.]

Quimby:

He hails from Osaka, Japan, weighing in at 224 lbs. He is one third of the OSAKA STREET CUTTERS! He is Mach Hawke!

[Hawke walks purposefully down to the ring, flanked on either side by Azuma and Araki. Sneers abound, as none of them seem to be happy following their earlier exchange with the mysterious Asian woman, Songome. A lot of the hardcore wrestling fans in the arena begin to boo, while the rest of the Defiance fans eye the newcomer team with suspicion.]

Angus:

Now this guy looks like he means business, as well as that mean-looking mutha behind him.

DDK:

Wait a second...he's wearing a mask, too. How come you're not mad about him being a so-called furry?

Angus:

Does he look like a animal of some sort, NO! He looks like a bad ass ninja! Thus he's not one. Got it?

DDK:

Not really. I mean, how can Serpenti be a furry if snakes don't even have fur?

Angus:

What? Because... Shut up Keebs!

[As he reaches the ring, Hawke climbs up on the middle turnbuckle on the outside, pointing and shouting angrily at Serpenti across the ring, before leaping over the ropes into the ring. Araki and Azuma stay on the apron, Kaz slapping Hawke on the shoulder to fire him up for the match, while Azuma just stands there and death stares El Serpenti.]

DDK:

I have to admit that this new trios team has the chops to back those looks, Hawke and Azuma were multi-time tag team champions together in Japan. So like El Serpenti, these guys also look to be a good pick-up for Defiance, Angus.

Angus:

The Osaka Street Cutters, I say right now are a sure bet. We shall have to see on the furry, though, Keebs.

DDK:

Well the last trios team added to Defiance, The Big Damn Heroes, just came off a big win at the last PPV. So we shall have to see indeed.

Quimby:

Introducing the third competitor in this match. He hails from Mason City, Iowa, weighing in at 215 lbs. He is Jake Donovan!!!

["Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and there's Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in green and purple, his hair sporting streaks of green, purple and blue. He's got on black cargo pants with purple streaks running down the side, a purple mesh vest top and a green mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo. He slaps hands with the people, hugs the little kids, fist bumps the guys and hugs the girls on his way to the ring. Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a summersault and landing in the ring.]

Angus:

Groan And here comes the Justin Beiber of Defiance, Jake "The Flake" Donovan.

DDK:

What's your beef with Donovan, Angus? Just this past week he was in the news for volunteering his time at a youth center. He's an upstanding role model for all our young fans out there.

Angus:

Well, you basically answered your own question right there.

[As Donovan lands, Mach Hawke spouts a few inaudible words in his direction, which Jake dismisses with a wave of his hand. He lowers his body, hands on his knees, ready for action. Hawke and Serpenti look ready too. Quimby climbs out of the ring and takes his seat as referee Mark Shields, with a final look in the direction of each of the three athletes, signals for the bell.]

DING DING DING

DDK:

And we're underway here, in this Defiance debut of two new exciting superstars, Mach Hawke and El Serpenti.

Angus:

And that's to say nothing of Jake Donovan. And saying nothing about him is the way I prefer it.

[The three men circle each other, eyes shifting from one opponent to the other. After an initial feeling out process, Hawke feints in Donovan's direction, before launching a hard kick into the midsection of the approaching Serpenti. Jake is immediately on him, pulling him back and delivering a few elbow strikes to the side of his head. A rake to the face breaks up the onslaught, but now it's Serpenti on the attack, driving Hawke back with a series of hard chops to the chest.]

DDK:

Hawke is trying to take on both Donovan and Serpenti at the same time. I wonder at the soundness of his strategy

Angus:

That's because he's a real warrior, Keebs. He's got that samurai spirit. What, do you expect him to do? Cower on the outside like that sissy Curtis Penn?

[Grabbing Hawke's arm, Serpenti whips him hard into the turnbuckle and charges in after him. He looks for a corner splash, but stops himself before he fully launches as the move, as the Street Cutter has already moved out of way. Without stopping, Hawke rushes at Donovan now, only to be taken over by an ippon-seoinage judo shoulder throw, slamming him hard on his hip.]

Angus:

Oh, fancy throw by Donovan, there. Wonder who he stole that move from.

DDK:

Jake appears to have undertaken some serious martial arts training in his time away from the ring. He's really upped his game to the next level.

[Jake looks as if he's thinking about going for an armbar, but seeing Serpenti heading toward him opts to lunge forward and lock up with him instead. The two jockey for position, before the luchador slaps on a standing headlock. Donovan pushes him off, sending Serpenti into the ropes. As he comes back off, Jake catches him with a backdrop...only for Serpenti to land cat-like on his feet.]

DDK:

What athleticism shown by Serpenti!

[Serpenti comes back at Jake with a roundhouse kick, which is barely ducked. Serpenti tries a whip this time but is reversed and sent into the ropes instead. Donovan leapfrogs him on the way back. Running to the ropes on the far side, Serpenti springboards off the middle rope and catches onto Jake in mid-air with a flying armdrag, sending the youngster sprawling to canvas.]

DDK:

For someone who styles himself after a snake, this guy sure does jump around a lot.

Angus:

Oh god! Not only is he a furry he is one of those flippy-do types. I hate him already.

DDK:

Well we know who you want to win this one then.

Angus:

Yeah, I want Mach Hawke to ... hehehe

DDK:

Whats so funny?

Angus:

That sounds like I am saying My Cock!

DDK:

Sigh

[Looking to capitalize, Serpenti charges at the recovering Donovan...but Mach Hawke is lying in wait. He spears Serpenti from the side and transitions in mid-move to a rolling school-boy for the cover.]

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!****DDK:**

Hawke almost stole the match right there with a roll up from out of nowhere.

Angus:

My Cock needs to pound them harder... See what I did there?

DDK:

I wish I didn't.

[Serpenti kicks out on his own, and Donovan is there a beat later with a double axhandle to the back of Mach's head. Grabbing the Japanese import around the midsection, he lifts him up in a waist-lock, looking for a suplex, but Hawke fights back, breaking apart Jake's hands and attempting to roll forward into another pinning predicament.]

Angus:

My Cock is just too strong for a sissy like Donovan!

[Serpenti is there for the block, however, grabbing Hawke in a front facelock as he rolls forward. Working together, Donovan helps Serpenti lift Mach back up again, and the luchador then plants him with an assisted wheelbarrow DDT.]

Angus:

God no! My Cock is getting double teamed by a furry and a painted up tranny! NOT COOL!

DDK:

Will you please stop?

Angus:

Admit it, even you thought that was funny, Keebs.

DDK:

I'm going to do no such thing, Angus.

[As Serpenti gets up from the mat, Donovan immediately engages him in a tie up. Hooking his arm, he trips him backward to the mat and immediately starts to torque the locked arm backward looking for a kimura.]

DDK:

Donovan looking for a submission right here.

Angus:

I can not believe my eyes here. When did Donovan learn this type of stuff?

DDK:

Looks like Donovans rounded out his arsenal in his time away from Defiance and if he can lock this in, this could be over!

[With a struggle, he manages to fully extend the hold, but not before Serpenti shows the wherewithal to spin his body 120 degrees and stick a foot under the bottom rope for the break.]

DDK:

And El Serpenti showing his years of experience and what made him a multi-time champion in Mexico.

Angus:

That's in Mexico, Keebs. This is Defiance and here he has done nothing.

[Donovan breaks the hold immediately and gets a boot to the back of the head before he can get to his feet.]

Angus:

There we go, put the boots to Jake "The Flake". Hawke just might stomp the color out of him.

DDK:

Mach is trying to get this one back in his control right now.

[A still dazed Hawke delivers several more boots to Donovan's head, then, grabbing him by the hair, pulls Donovan into a lock-up and whips him over with a snap suplex. Serpenti staggers up holding his arm. Hawke kicks Serpenti hard in the stomach and then snap suplexes him onto the midsection of the prone Donovan.]

Angus:

Hawke just used Serpent boy as a weapon to smash Donovan with. I approve!

DDK:

Figures, but I have to say it is an effective strategy.

[Hawke now goes to work on Serpenti, pulling him to his feet and delivering a few forearms. He whips him hard into the turnbuckles, falling to the mat for added momentum. Serpenti hits sternum first and collapses back to the mat, arms holding his chest in pain.]

DDK:

Hawke in full control now.

Angus:

Right where he should be. It is only a matter of time before Hawke wins this.

[The Street Cutter takes his time walking across the ring to lift Serpenti back to his feet. Looking over his shoulder to the turnbuckles across the ring, Hawke whips Serpenti hard again, this time running in after him.]

Angus:

Here we go... what!! NO!

[Nobody is home, however, as Serpenti has run up the turnbuckles and moonsaults backwards, landing nearly in the middle of the ring. As Hawke turns around to face his opponent, Serpenti connects with a running high knee to the face.]

DDK:

Serpenti with a devastating High Knee right there.

[In the hang-time after the knee, Serpenti grabs the top rope for leverage and wraps his legs around Hawke's neck in a figure four headlock. Snaking down over the top rope to the outside, he grabs Mach's legs and hooks them under his arms in a modified tarantula lock.]

Angus:

What the hell! That is as Illegal as he is Keebs!

DDK:

Mark Shields, however, is busy checking on Jake Donovan. So he is not seeing any of it.

Angus:

Ohh come on Shields, do your job!

[Serpenti is rocking back and forth in the hold, really pulling back on Hawke's legs hard...until fellow Street Cutter Azuma measures a big right hand and blasts the luchador hard in the temple. The shock of the blow knocks him loose from the submission and Serpenti falls upside down to the outside, jarring his shoulder on the ring apron on the way.]

Angus:

Or that man will do it for you!

DDK:

What a cheap shot there.

Angus:

Azuma had to stand up against that Illegal cheating furry! I just hope he and Lion-o don't mate and have furry kids!

DDK:

It does not work like that Angus.

Angus:

Who knows how these furry freaks multiply. Might be like in that movie and you get them wet and shit and then you're in trouble as they take over the whole damn place!

DDK:

That's the Gremlins

Angus:

See, I knew you would see my logic, Keebs. About time.

DDK:

Groans

[In the ring, Hawke, now free, staggers forward. Donovan meets him with a spinning side kick that keels him over near the ropes. On the outside, Azuma lifts Serpenti to his feet, only to grab him by the arm and deliver a cracking shortarm clothesline to the jaw.]

DDK:

Ohh this is starting to break down here.

Angus:

Azuma just teaching the little furry how to play fair is all.

[Jake runs the ropes, bouncing off the far side and rushing full speed at Hawke. Instead of delivering a blow, however, he opts to use Hawke as a springboard, leaping off his back and over the top rope with a shooting star body press to the outside. Sending the fans into a frenzy.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

De-fi-ance! De-fi-ance! De-fi-ance!

[Azuma sees Jake coming, bracing himself at the last second. The impact sends him staggering back into the guardrail, but he manages to secure a hold on Donovan before he hits the ground. With a modified bearhug, he leans the young wrestler backward, then swings him hard into the guardrail, arm and side first. Which changes the mood of the fans.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

You Suck! You Suck! You Suck!

[Referee Mark Shields leans through the ropes and shouts at Azuma, threatening to disqualify his partner. Azuma merely growls back at the man, spitting off to the side, before rolling Jake back into the ring. A recovered Hawke is perched sitting on the ropes, waiting for him. As Donovan attempts to get to his feet, Mach Hawke comes off the second turnbuckle with a flying rocker dropper.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

My Cock's back in control now that justice has been served.

DDK:

More like injustice! Hawke's just capitalizing on Azuma's attacks.

Angus:

Thats what friends are for, Keebs. But Hawke should be going for a pin here.

[Dragging Donovan to his feet by the arm, Hawke whips him into the ropes and catches him in an overhead belly to belly suplex on the rebound. He kips up to his feet, appealing to the crowd.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

The Defia-fans not having any of that!

Angus:

Ohh, who cares what those idiots want.

[Kicking the ropes in fury, Hawke scowls and makes a cut-throat gesture. Picking Donovan back up, he crosses his opponents arms and delivers a picturesque straightjacket northern lights suplex in the center of the ring, silencing the crowd.]

Angus:

Thats it this one is over! Donovan is out.

ONE!

DDK:

Not so fast Angus!

TWO!

RAAAAAAAHHH!!!

[The crowd lets out a cheer seeing Serpenti, back in the match, leap to the top turnbuckle in a single bound. Wasting no time, he flies off backwards in a moonsault.]

THR-NO!!

Angus:

NO! Damn flippy fucking furry!

[At the very last second Serpenti tucks his legs in and crash knees first into Hawke's raised rib cage, breaking the pin.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

What a move from El Serpenti!

[Hawke's gasps of pains are loud enough to be picked up by the camera, and Serpenti is quick to press his shoulders down to the canvas, hooking the leg for the pin.]

DDK:

And Serpenti not wasting any time here.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Donovan breaks the pin before the three count, by shoving El Serpenti off Mach Hawke.]

Angus:

Well about time Donovan does something right.

DDK:

But does Jake have anything left to take advantage of breaking that pin.

Angus:

Hope not. Damn do gooder!

[Fired up, Serpenti slaps the mat, then picks up the still dazed Donovan. He chops him a few times in the chest, then sends him to the ropes. He tries for a tornado clothesline as Jake comes off, but Jake ducks and spins Serpenti around. He reels off a few quick elbow strikes on Serpenti and now sends him into the ropes. Serpenti tries a spinning inferno kick on the rebound, but Donovan cartwheels out of it. They both resume fighting stance, staring at each other as the crowd pops for their wrestling display.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Let's go Donovan! Let's go Serpenti! Let's go Donovan! Let's go Serpenti!

DDK:

And the fans getting behind both of these guys here tonight.

Angus:

Gagging sounds I think I am going to puke.

[Both wrestlers seem unsure of how to break their stalemate, but notice that Hawke is getting to his feet in their peripheral vision. Nodding their heads at each other, Donovan and Serpenti both sprint toward Hawke and nail a double dropkick!]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

Ohh come on now, this is an illegal double team.

DDK:

Not against the rules at all. I guess the two have decided to take Hawke out of the match and then finish this between themselves.

[Lifting Hawke to his feet, they whip him into the turnbuckles now. Serpenti follows him in and hits a powerful running splash in the corner.]

DDK:

Serpent Splash!

Angus:

What? Snakes don't splash!

[Hawke staggers out from the impact, and BOOM, he's on the receiving end of a superkick from Jake.]

DDK:

What a Superkick from Jake Donovan. That caught Hawke right on the chin!

Angus:

groans Ohh no....

[Jake goes for the cover quickly, as he notices Serpenti's arm in the air, firing up the crowd.]

ONE!

NO!

[Noticing the pinfall attempt, Serpenti drops an elbow to break it up. Jake sees it coming, however, and the elbow lands on Hawke instead. Donovan looks to drop an elbow of his own, but this time it's Serpenti out of the way as Hawke eats it again.]

DDK:

Hawke taking all the damage from both Serpenti and Donovan!

Angus:

Come on ref! This is just more double team tactics!

[Seeing their partner in a bad way, Azuma and Kaz each grab one of Hawke's legs and drag him out of the ring before any more damage can be done.]

Angus:

There we go. Justice being carried out here again, no thanks to the referee!

DDK:

Hawke is lucky that he is not getting a DQ here on the count of his partners.

[Serpenti and Donovan look at each other, then look at the Cutters on the outside. Nodding their heads, they bounce off the ropes on the far side in tandem, get a running start...]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Here we go!

Angus:

What the hell?! Let's make it fair and make it a tag match since these two want to double team My Cock so much! Heh.

[Serpenti and Donovan fly through the ropes with a pair of suicide dives, each spearing into one side of the group of three Street Cutters. None of them can react in time and the five men fall in a heap to the concrete. The two fan favorites roll back into the ring and each take a turnbuckle to the cheers of the crowd, arms outstretched. Jake points down to the mysterious woman now known as Songomei who claps her hands in approval.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

De-fi-ance! De-fi-ance! De-fi-ance!

DDK:

The Defia-fans eating this up.

Angus:

Figures, I do not think that modern day fans have the attention span for good wrestling, just flippy floppy bullshit wrestling.

[The two come off the turnbuckles and then shake hands in the center of the ring.]

DDK:

What a show of sportsmanship right there.

Angus:

Gagging sounds Now I know I am going to puke.

[They circle each other and lock up. Jake is quick to grab a headlock, but Serpenti struggles, lifts him in the air and then drops him with a side suplex. Serpenti gets to his feet and hits the ropes, coming back with a running shooting star press into a pinfall.]

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Close one right there.

Angus:

Fast count. I bet Snake boy paid the ref off!

[Serpenti is quick to stay on the attack. Pulling Donovan to his feet, he quickly escorts him back to the canvas with a Russian leg sweep. Rolling back to his feet, Serpenti runs perpendicularly to the ropes and comes back off with a springboard moonsault.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

KICKOUT

DDK:

Another near fall from El Serpenti.

Angus:

Jake 'The Flake' showing a bit of guts, here. Even he does not want a furry to win this match.

DDK:

El Serpenti might be getting a bit frustrated though.

Angus:

Who cares if he is, or is not? I sure don't.

[The luchador slaps the mat again, then lifts Donovan to his feet again. This time, he grabs him in a fireman's carry of sorts, using it to sit Jake on the top rope.]

DDK:

Looks like Serpenti is taking this to the top!

Angus:

Well if Snake-boy drives Donovan though the mat, I might like him a bit more.. just a slight bit, though.

[Climbing up to the second strand, Serpenti twirls his finger in the air, then leaps into a hurricanrana...]

DDK:

Hurrican...

Angus:

Wait no....

[...Serpenti goes nowhere as Jake leans back and holds onto Serpenti's legs around his neck, hanging him upside down. Using amazing abdominal strength, Serpenti powers himself back up again...]

DDK:

Donovan fighting and Serpenti is going to go for it again!

[...but it's all for not, as Donovan stands up and then releases Serpenti in a powerbomb off the top..]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

De-fi-ance! De-fi-ance! De-fi-ance!

DDK:

Donovan just drilled Serpenti with a massive top rope powerbomb! And with the Osaka Street Cutters still down that could be Jake's chance to win it!

Angus:

Well at least it won't be no furry winning it, so I guess it will be okay.

[Serpenti's withers in pain as Donovan staggers to his feet and points into the air. Jake leaps to the top turnbuckle and Serpenti tries to roll away, but he can't escape Donovan, however.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Jake! Jake! Jake!

[The fans cheer as Jake raises his arms in the air and comes off the top with a tremendous phoenix splash!]

DDK:

Phoenix splash! Phoenix splash! Phoenix splash!

Angus:

This is it, Jake hooking the legs of Serpenti!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Mach Hawke, from the outside, has positioned Serpenti's foot under the ropes and has called out to the ref, who calls off the pin at the very last second.]

Angus:

Now that is using your brains Hawke.

DDK:

Hawke taking a page out of Curtis Penn's playbook.

Angus:

HAY NOW KEEBS!! Douchebag Penn is not smart enough to think of something that ... umm smart! So can we please just stop saying that asshole's name, and call the damn match.

DDK

I. Well...

Angus:

I mean it Keebs. Come on Hawke, kick the living shit out of that painted up tranny clown!

[Reaching into the ring, Hawke grabs Jake by the hair and punches him in the head several times]

Angus:

There you go. Hawke is really laying into Donovan now, its like he has found another gear to go into.

DDK:

Well, Hawke has had a lot of time to recover on the outside as Donovan and Serpenti got caught up in fighting each other.

Angus:

And now Hawke is going to pick their bones clean. Like I said earlier, he looks badass and is showing it in the ring. He keeps this up and works his way up, I am sure he will be a factor here in Defiance.

[Hawke drags Donovan out under the bottom rope so that Donovan's head is hanging off over the ring apron. After reeling off a few more punches, Hawke gets up on the ring apron and drops a leg across the back of Donovan's head.]

Angus:

Now that had to hurt!

DDK:

Donovan in a world of trouble now. But looks like Hawke is not satisfied with just damaging Donovan

[Donovan rolls away holding his head, Hawke quickly Rolls back in under the bottom ropes, Hawke is quick to his feet, and he immediately goes to back work, this time stomping on the ribs and back of the still grounded Serpenti.]

Angus:

Hawke just demolishing Snake-boys ribs and back.

DDK:

And now back on the attack on Donovan.

[Turning his attention to Donovan, he takes over the youngster with a textbook snapmare, then blasts him with a hard dropkick to the back of his head.]

Angus:

Hawke putting on a clinic now, and just further damaging both of these freaks.

DDK:

He certainly is taking advantage of this situation.

[The impact of the dropkick sends Jake flying forward onto his stomach. Circling around, Hawke rushes in, somersaulting over Donovan and grabbing his head in mid-flight in a rolling neck snap.]

[Seeing Serpenti recovering his senses, Hawke moves to stomp him again, and this time throws him through the ropes to the outside.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Hawke not letting up on neither of these guys and now with Serpenti on the outside.

[Kaz starts to get on the ring apron, drawing Mark Shields attention and allowing Azuma to send Serpenti shoulder first into the ringpost.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

And now the numbers starting to play a major part in this match.

Angus:

What? Snake and the Flake have been double teaming this entire match, and now that things are even you say something, Keebs?

DDK:

Azuma and Kaz are not officially part of this match.

[Hawke nods and then turns back around, where he finds Donovan waiting for him with a headbutt to the gut.]

DDK:

Jake got just enough time to recover from Hawke's onslaught.

Angus:

Aww damn!

[Jake fights back now, dropkicking Hawke into the corner.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Jake gaining momentum here.

[Looking to capitalize, he charges in with a full head of steam...and meets a hard elbow to the face.]

Angus:

Only to have it all shut down by Hawke!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Hawke swiftly moves out of the corner to stand parallel to Donovan, grabbing him in a ¾ facelock and whipping him back with a Russian leg sweep. He floats through straight into a cover...]

Angus:

And Hawke just planted Jake with that move right there.

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Hawke with a pin. This could be it right here, Angus.

ONE!**TWO!****THR-NO!****KICKOUT!****Angus:**

What the hell? HOW?!

DDK:

Jake digging down deep to stay in this match.

[With the referee concentrating on the pinfall in the ring, Azuma seizes this opportunity to approach Serpenti from behind. He nails a clubbing blow to the back of the luchador's head, then picks him up and drops him across his knee with a gutbuster. Standing over Serpenti's back and lifting him up by his mask, Azuma proceeds to unleash a series of stiff elbows to the face, causing Serpenti to slump back to the ground.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The ref turns to look suspiciously at the goings-on at ringside, as Azuma stands over Serpenti's body and stares back defiantly. In the ring, Hawke takes the opportunity to deliver another rolling neck snap to Donovan.]

DDK:

Looks like Azuma's job now is to keep Serpenti on the outside of the ring, and now the OSC's are in full control.

Angus:

Wow, thank you Mr. Obvious!

DDK:

Whatever, Angus.

[Pulling Donovan up by his hair, Hawke grabs a front facelock and slowly grinds Jake's head around until they are back to back. Both hands placed on Jake's jaw, he then drops him hard with a neckbreaker.]

You Suck! You Suck! You Suck!

Angus:

Hawke is in full control of this match, after trying to snap Jake the flake's head off.

[The crowd is trying to get on his case again, but this time Hawke ignores it, smelling blood. He drags the limp Donovan to his feet again, and works him around into another neckbreaker...only this time Jake is fighting back. Wriggling back and forth, he reaches up and separates Hawke's hands from their grip around his neck.]

DDK:

Donovan not going down without a fight!

Angus:

Just like your date last night right, Keebs?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Huh?

[Spinning around, Jake lands a boot to Hawke's gut. Then another.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Jake! Jake! Jake!! Jake!!!

[The crowd is getting behind him now, working to fever pitch. Donovan takes a step back, then leaps up with hurricanrana.]

DDK:

Jake with a comeback right here.

Angus:

Come on Hawke!

[As he flips back to the mat, however, Hawke holds on to one of his legs, trapping him in an elevated half crab.]

Angus:

That's what I'm talkin about, Keebs!

DDK:

Hawke has that submission locked right in the center of the ring!

[Jake fights the hold, trying to crawl to the ropes. Hawke is pulling back on the hold with a seemingly impossible amount of torque. Donovan almost seems folded in half over himself. And yet still he's working towards the ropes. He's inches away. He's almost got it.]

DDK:

Donovan's so close!!!!

[Jake reaches out for the bottom rope, it's right in front of him, but Hawke is ready for it. Donovan's base disrupted with one arm out from underneath him, the Street Cutter swiftly drags him back into the center of ring. Applying the viscous torque to Donovan's leg, this time Hawke plants his knee hard into the back of Jake's neck.]

Angus:

That hurts me just looking at it. There is no way Donovan's not going to tap out now!

DDK:

Donovan's been showing alot of guts here tonight.

Angus:

Yeah and it is all over the mat!

[Seeing referee Mark Shields on the mat looking for the submission from Donovan, Azuma goes to pound on Serpenti some more. He lands a hard right and left to Serpenti's gut, then sets him up for the clothesline...only Serpenti ducks out of the way at the last second, and Azuma's arm slams hard into the ringpost.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Serpenti's on the comeback on the outside.

Angus:

A bit late though, as it's just a matter of time before Donovan taps out.

[Azuma shouts out in pain, as the recovering Serpenti comes off the apron with a springboard side kick that knocks him into the guardrail.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Inside the ring Donovan has endured the pain of the elevated crab for as long as humanly possible, but he looks just about finished. Hawke throws his head back into triumph, and in doing so, finds an unexpected arm entangled around his throat. El Serpenti is back in the ring, and has a dragon sleeper on Hawke.]

DDK:

Serpenti with a submission of his own!

Angus:

What the hell!?! Tap, Jake, TAP!

[After a few seconds of the sleeper, Hawke is forced to release his half crab. Serpenti pulls him a few steps back. The Street Cutter is bent over backwards, but still standing. Serpenti remedies this by driving him down into his knee with the sleeper still applied. He lifts him up and drives him into his knee again, then sinks down to the mat to really get leverage for the submission.]

DDK:

Serpenti looks to have this in the bag.

Angus:

What? NO! NO!

[Hawke looks to be fading, as the crowd rallies around El Serpenti.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Let's go Serpenti! Let's go Serpenti! Let's go Serpenti!

[Donovan, still visibly hurt, sees the sleeper locked in and the match in danger of being finished. Fighting through the pain, he screams and runs up Hawke's prone body to deliver a crushing knee to Serpenti's face.]

Holy Shit! Holy Shit! Holy Shit!

DDK:

What a shot from Jake Donovan!

Angus:

HA! Yes, way to go you painted up tranny! Keep the furry down!

[All three men collapse to the mat in a heap. A bewildered referee Mark Shields starts a ten count, and the fans join in for good measure.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

DDK:

What a sad way for this match to end, in a triple countout.

Angus:

Well if Hawke can not win, this is the next best thing.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEV...

DDK:

Wait, they are all starting to get up.

[The fans give out a mixed reaction as all three men start to get up on spaghetti legs, though Serpenti appears to be the freshest. He delivers a pair of forearm uppercuts to Hawke, then switches to Donovan with another pair of uppercuts. This jars Jake's injured neck and he slumps back to the mat.]

DDK:

What a shot from Serpenti!

[Serpenti choses to work over Hawke now. Uppercut, uppercut, and the Street Cutter is on dream street. Serpenti goes for the kill, running up the turnbuckles and coming back off in a moonsault to deliver a reverse DDT...to Jake Donovan, who Hawke has pulled the man in the way of the maneuver.]

DDK:

Wow! I don't think i have ever seen that before!

Angus:

HAHAH!!! now that is some quick thinking!... Donovan's out cold!!

DDK:

But Serpenti with a pin on Donovan!

[Hawke is quick now. He pulls Serpenti off of Donovan's prone body before the one count can even be sounded, and delivers a stiff tiger suplex before the luchador can realize what has happened. Taking a deep breath, he rolls Serpenti over for the cover.]

Angus:

This is it, Keebs. This one is over.

ONE!**TWO!****THRE-NO!****KICKOUT!****Angus:**

What the hell!?

DDK:

I don't know how, but this match is still on!

[Hawke is undaunted, pushing Serpenti aside and immediately going to finish off Donovan now. He stomps him a few times, then lifts him up by the waist. He twirls him up into powerbomb position, surely looking for the Liger Bomb featured prominently in the Street Cutters promo video.]

Angus:

LIGER BOMB!!!

DDK:

Wait no! Reversal!

[Jake goes up and down, but not in the direction Hawke had intended for him. Donovan keeps moving with the

momentum and comes down the back, snapping Hawke down hard with a flipping piledriver. He rolls him over for the pin.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-NO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

YES! Hawke staying in this match!

[Donovan thinks that he got the three, but referee Mark Shields is insisting that Hawke kicked out at the very last possible second. Jake shakes his head and goes back on the attack.]

DDK:

Jake staying focused and he is back on the attack.

Angus:

Come on Hawke!

[The crowd has built to a fever pitch, as Jake gets to his feet. He pulls up Hawke, locking up and hooking his leg for the Lightning Spiral, but he lets him go as he sees Azuma climb up onto the ring apron.]

DDK:

Ohh Man here we go again. OSC playing the distraction once again.

Angus:

They are just trying to keep this a level playing field.

[Azuma sneers at Donovan, then gestures at him, daring him to come at him. Donovan never gets the chance to take him up on his offer. As a good sized man leaps over the guard railing dressed in white pants with a black flame at the bottom and a matching T shirt, his face obscured with a black and white mask and a sugegasa (Asian straw hat.). Songome starts pointing at the newcomer and telling the cameraman to get good footage.]

Angus:

And who is this guy?

[He pulls Azuma feet first off the apron, and begins laying into him with a madman flurry of lefts and rights. It's seconds before Azuma realizes what's happening and attempts to grab the man around his throat to stop him. The man knocks his arm away and nails him with a big uppercut.]

DDK:

I have no idea, but he is ripping into Azuma, and it looks like he has the attention of our no longer mysterious woman.

Angus:

Maybe she's looking for porn partners. Never know she might be into the whole S and M stuff. I wonder is she likes leather, maybe she's wearing...

DDK:

Angus! Can we please concentrate on calling the match.

Angus:

Fine! Ruin my daydreams, Keebs.

DDK:

Azuma in a lot of trouble here.

Angus:

Because this interloper sucker punched him!

DDK:

And here comes Kaz.

[Azuma staggers a bit as Kaz runs over to aid his partner. Kaz leaps onto the newcomer's back and locks in a chokehold, Azuma, now recovered, fires shot after shot into the newcomer's chest.]

Angus:

Well he is now paying for his interference and his sucker punchery with his life, as Azuma and Kaz are putting a beat down on him.

[Meanwhile in the ring Donovan, smelling his chance, hits the far rope and takes out Azuma, Kaz, and the mystery assailant with a suicide dive.]

DDK:

AIR DONOVAN!!! And it looks like a train wreck out here.

Angus:

Total carnage!

DDK:

Donovan could have had the win there, but looks like he is hurting just as much as the guys he took out!

Angus:

As I have said all along, that painted up clown has no focus.

DDK:

He was focused at the PPV to get the pin on Romero Antiguas.

Angus:

Luck, that's all that was.

DDK:

Sure ..

[Mark Shields with the count on Donovan, as well as a count on the two in the ring. As he counts, security make their way down to the ring, scoop the newcomer up and begin to place him in handcuffs.]

Angus:

Looks like this stranger is going to get a stay at the county jail.

DDK:

He is not a contracted wrestler, so I am sure there will be charges filed. Hope he got what he wanted.

[Meanwhile in the ring Hawke staggers to his feet. Barely recovered he looks over to the carnage on the outside, pointing at the newcomer he begins to climb out of the ring, shouting something. As he does Serpenti climbs to his feet, runs up behind Hawke and takes him backwards with a quick roll up for the pin.]

DDK:

Serpenti catching Hawke distracted with a pin here.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****DING! DING! DING!**

[The Defiance crowd erupts in cheers, Songomei Tsunami begins to clap her hands in appreciation of the match as she and her cameraman begin to leave, as they do Serpenti climbs the turnbuckles to celebrate his win.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Angus:

What a cheating little furry snake!

DDK:

Serpenti did not cheat Angus. It was a clean pin, and I point out again. Snakes do not have fur.

[Mach Hawke slams a fist into the mat and then rolls out of the ring and checks in on his partners while security hauls the unwanted guest away from ringside. Trainers run down and check on Jake Donovan]

Angus:

I don't care Keebs! I state again he cheated, That was an illegal Mexican roll up. Ha get it an illegal Mexican! HAHA!

DDK:

Not very funny. Fans please know that Defiance in no way condones the actions or words from Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

What, since when?

DDK:

Since the memo was sent out, you know the one you did not care to read after we left Canada. The one I mentioned before this match.

Angus:

Whatever Keebs. No one tells me nothing, and let me guess it came from that Bitch of a Boss Kelly Evans.

DDK:

Well yeah.

Angus:

Well fuck that memo then, I only take orders from Eric Dane!

[The OSC leave after a few threats to El Serpenti. Soon Jake Donovan follows suit as El Serpenti climbs the turnbuckles to Celebrate with the Defiafans!]

DDK:

And Donovan looks to be hurt, after his little stunt over the top rope, he could be back out of Defiance before he even has a chance to really get started here.

Fuckup

[Paint smeared in places and flaking away in others, Jake stumbled through the curtain, rubbing the back of his neck after launching himself over the top rope in that crazy suicide dive and then battle the intruders on the outside. He doesn't even notice Curtis Penn leaning against the wall.]

Curtis Penn:

Aaannnd you lost.

[JD glares at the smirking Captain Obvious.]

Jake Donovan:(rubbing his neck)

Fuck off. Like all the way off.

[Penn rubs his beard as he pushes off of the wall, he circles JD stopping only to look him in the eyes.]

Curtis Penn:

I've only heard about what you've done during your reigns as the So Her Champion. And you know after watching you flip-flop around the ring and floundering like a fish on the outside of the ring I can say with absolution that I am The Greatest Southern Heritage Champion since forever.

Jake Donovan:

You can say whatever you like, don't make it truth.

Curtis Penn:

Only history tells the truth and my history says unbeaten, never pinned, and only gave up the So Her Title because it took FIVE people to take it away from me. And you just lost to....

[Penn's face pinches.]

Curtis Penn:

....whoever the fuck that was.

Jake Donovan:

Thanks for the history lesson, but in the end, neither of us is champion, so bragging about what you were is about as meaningless as a homeless man bragging that he used to be rich. What you are now is the same thing I am, an EX So Her Champion. Better learn to live with it.

[Without a backwards glance, Jake stalks away, muttering beneath his breath about a bitter ex-champion and idiots who jump the guardrail and interrupt matches.]

Next In Line

[Backstage, the designated "interview area".] [Standing front and center, dressed in a pair of non-descript blue jeans and a new Stockton Pyre baseball jersey that was blue on the one side and red on the other (available now at

DEFSHOPZONE.COM!), is the Gonzo Goliath himself, arms at his sides and glancing to his left left at one Lance

Warner.] **Lance Warner:** Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is none other than the Gonzo Goliath,

Stockton Pyre. RAAAHHB000!! [Some fans still clearly remember him as the charge of Wayne Dewey.] **Lance**

Warner: Stockton, Grindhouse Canada was certainly a bittersweet event for you. On the one hand, you were unable to capture the Southern Heritage title last time we saw you in the ring, but your night was nonetheless eventful. Tell us more about what led to the breakdown between yourself and Wayne Dewey. **Stockton Pyre:** Wayne and I had

different world views on things. Wayne thought he was helping me by cheating on my behalf. He thought he was helping me by helping me win. [A thoughtful pause.] **Stockton Pyre:** When seeking to quench your thirst for

knowledge in the fountain of information, there is no shortcut. I came here to learn of the business that so many people have come to adore, admire, and worship as one would a religion. And eventually, I will succeed at this business on my own, with my own two hands. [At this, Stockton holds up his fists in front of him to the camera for a moment before he lets them drop.] **Stockton Pyre:** But I cannot do that when someone takes action on my

behalf...someone that should not be doing so. I hold no ill will towards one Wayne Dewey, as I do not believe I should. He has taught me things of wrestling as well, things I will strive to put into motion on my own. But in order to continue

to learn and grow as a professional in this business, I must be vigilant in fighting my own fights. The only way I could think of at that moment to keep Wayne from interfering in my affairs again was to...well, take matters into my own hands. **Lance Warner:** Speaking of taking matters into your own hands...later on in the match, you could have let the

match proceed to a different conclusion by letting Curtis Penn save Sam Turner. Instead, you pulled Curtis Penn out of the ring, costing yourself the Southern Heritage Title. Why? **Stockton Pyre:** Lance, I made a promise to Curtis Penn at the beginning of the Canadian tour. I told him that he would not leave Canada with the Southern Heritage

Championship. And he did not. It's not how I expected or hoped it would happen, but at that moment, I felt it was the right time to fulfill my promise. Of course Curtis Penn doesn't learn, he simply whines on over and over like a petulant child. And if he's feeling up for more than just arguments at one hundred and forty characters, I'll be happy to send

him to the Inferno. But right now, my focus is on correcting another wrong that I have done myself. **Lance Warner:** What would that be? **Stockton Pyre:** I have not learned what it feels like to be a champion yet. It is time I changed that. I will re-pursue the Southern Heritage championship, and this time I will make one more promise...when I get my

next title shot, I will not only uncrown Tony Two-Hands, but I will learn how it feels to be a champion. "Hey now, dude, cool your horses or whatever." [A hand claps down on the Gonzo Goliath's shoulder, and suddenly this one-on-one interview has two new guests: Frank Holiday and his manager, Billy Pepper. Despite their genial demeanor, Stockton seems annoyed by the interruption. Lance, for his part, obligingly holds out his trusty mic to catch what comes next.]

Frank Holiday: Sorry to cut in, guys, but I just overheard you talking about the SoHer Title and it got me pumped. I missed out on my chance to go after the strap in Canada, but now that Defiance is back in the good ol' U.S.-of-A., I gotta make up for lost time, you know? **Billy Pepper:** Lance, I kid you not. It's all he's been talking about for weeks. Literally. ALL he's been talking about. Even at the drive-through. The speaker asks him what he wants, he says "One

Southern Heritage Title with Coke and a side of *makin' history, brah!*" **Frank Holiday:** Direct quote. So I am, here and now, declaring that I want a shot at Tony Two-Hands for the gold! **Stockton Pyre:** Perhaps you misunderstand, Mr. Holiday. The line forms behind me, and if you intend on bypassing me for that shot, I should warn you that may not be the wisest course of action for you. [Frank slaps him on the back again, this time with a little less of that former

geniality.] **Frank Holiday:** That's real macho of you, my mysterious friend. Loving the fighting spirit. But let's be honest, you had a few kicks at the can and it didn't work out so well. [The not-so-subtle jab at Stockton Pyre's failure to win the belt on a handful of occasions hits home, and the masked man clearly doesn't like it, going from stoic to scowling in no time at all.] **Stockton Pyre:** How does the saying go? It is better to have fought and lost than to be

detained at the border and never fought at all? **Billy Pepper:** No, no, *totally*. We got it. What my buddy is trying to say is -- and I think I speak for both of us when I say that this is with the utmost respect, Mr. Pyre, sir -- is that many roads lead to the title, and, well, you're not really in the way of ours. **Stockton Pyre:** With all due respect returned, Mr. Pepper, I've stood and fought against this whole division. I've proven myself worthy through actions. What deeds does Mr. Holiday have to back his bold words? **Frank Holiday:** Oh, is that what you call it? [His face turning stone

cold serious, an unusual change of mood for the Train Wreck, Holiday stares eye to eye with Pyre.] **Frank Holiday:** "Proving yourself." Is that what you call that phase you went through with Wayne Dewey managing you? When he screwed over your opponents and helped you win? That was "proving yourself?" **Stockton Pyre:** Clearly he was

doing it behind my back. When I saw that there was a problem, I rectified it immediately. [Holiday puts on his most theatrically sardonic smirk.] **Frank Holiday:** Oh, sure, dude, you had *no* idea. I mean, Wayne Dewey's got *such* a sterling rep around here that you'd *never* suspect what a squirrely weasel he is. **Billy Pepper:** Or a weaselly squirrel, even. **Frank Holiday:** I tell you what I think, Stockton... [No trace of amusement left in his expression, Holiday pushes a fingertip into Pyre's chest.] **Frank Holiday:** I think you're a shady bastard. Between the Wayne Dewey thing, the spying on people thing, and the wearing a mask so no one knows who you are thing, you're shady. And I don't fucking trust you. [He steps back, slaps his hands together as if dusting them off. Holiday turns from Pyre to Lance Warner.] **Frank Holiday:** But trust me on this: I *will* be the next contender for the SoHer Title. [Abruptly, Frank lunges at the camera and throws the devil horns in the air.] **Frank Holiday:** HOLIDAY... OUT! [The psyched-up Train Wreck exits the scene, stage left, leaving a fuming Pyre, a bemused Warner, and a dutiful Pepper to explain what just happened.] **Billy Pepper:** Yeah, he does that. [To Pyre] Big fan, by the way. [With that said, Pepper shrugs his shoulders and strides off after his friend. Stockton stares at both of them, a sneer etched upon his lips.] **Lance Warner[v/o]:** It looks like there's a lot of unsettled issues here about who's going to be the next to go for that Southern Heritage championship. Let's get back to the ring for our next match, folks.

Romero Antiguas vs Frank Dylan James



DDK: If I'm Romero Antiguas, I consider running right now, before the match even starts. **Angus:** I wouldn't blame him if he did! What sort of way is this for DEFIANCE to treat a promising newcomer? Throwing him in with the hillbilly messiah that is Frank Dylan James? **DDK:** DEFIANCE is a cauldron, Angus! We don't give easy pathways to anyone around here. **Angus:** Yeah, yeah, let's just get this over with. I can't even look! **Quimby:** The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first! ["Tonight" by Enrique Iglesias hits the arena's speakers, the impossibly and irritatingly catchy pop hit heralding the arrival of the newest DEFIANT to DEFIANCE Wrestling. The man who emerges from the back wears traditional trunks in the Mexican tricolor. He sports abdominal muscles that make women the world over swoon. And, perhaps most forebodingly for the future, he comes bearing a microphone, and he's not afraid to use it.] **Quimby:** Aw, Hell. Romero Antiguas: Callate! [The single Spanish word, meaning roughly "be quiet," catches the attention of one Darren Quimby, who does as requested. Begrudgingly.] **Romero Antiguas:** Thank you. I am fully capable of handling things from here. Let's take this from the top, shall we? Sound guys, my music, please? [Romero gestures towards the back, and waits a few moments, tapping his toes impatiently. Finally, though, the Enrique Iglesias hit begins playing once more, and a much happier Antiguas begins to slowly saunter down the aisle, throwing glances at nearby female fans.] **Romero Antiguas:** I come to you all from San Diego, California, by way of the greatest city on this planet, Monterrey, Mexico! I stand five feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh in at 225 lbs, but let's face it, ladies, the only measurement that really matters to you is what I've got in my trunks, now isn't it? [A cascade of jeers follows, but sharp-eared listeners can pick out the approving shrieks amongst the boos.] **Romero Antiguas:** Soy misterioso, peligroso, y delicioso...hombres y mujeres, I AM ROMERO ANTIGUAS! [With a smirk on his face, the Mexican DEFIANT rolls into the squared circle, ready to begin his first contest as a member of the roster. The microphone is placed carefully on the ring apron as Antiguas stretches out.] **Quimby** And, HIS OPPONENT! ["Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent hits, as Romero Antiguas in ring wonders just why Mr. Quimby has such a self-satisfied smirk on his face. Moments later, it's clear, as the walking Appalachian Mountain that is Frank Dylan James makes his way out from behind the curtain, hellbent on hurting someone - and tonight, Antiguas is the appointed victim.] **Quimby:** From the Mountains of West Virginia. FRANK! DYLAN! JAMES! [The black tights and black boots wearing ass-kicker marches upon the ring - and Romero, promptly screams like a little girl, much to our ring announcer's amusement. The official in charge doesn't even wait to ring the bell - knowing the modus operandi of FDJ, he wants the match official as soon as humanly possible.] **DDK:** Welcome to DEFIANCE, Romero Antiguas. **Angus:** GET OUT OF THERE, KID! HE'LL EAT YOU! WEST VIRGINIA'S FULL OF CANNIBALS! [Romero attempts to ambush James as he steps over the top rope, but FDJ easily pie-faces the much smaller Antiguas, sending him down to his keister. By the time Romero is up, so is Frank, and that is not a state in which Romero wants to be.] **DDK:** In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to... [To Romero's credit, though, he ducks under a big FDJ clubbing forearm, sliding between the big man's legs. Standing up behind Dylan, he uncorks a big forearm of his own to the back. FDJ feels it. Sort of. Maybe. It's more like an annoying fly landed on his back.] **Angus:** Don't do that! You're only going to make him mad! [Slowly, deathly slowly, Frank Dylan James turns around. Romero is frozen like a deer in the headlights as FDJ leans down and CLOBBERS THE HELL out of Antiguas with a VICIOUS headbutt! Romero falls between the second and third ropes, landing back-first on the mats at ringside with a loud THUD.] **DDK:** Good LORD, I could feel that from here! [Antiguas, by now, has given up on the idea of trying to get a big, career defining win tonight. Instead, he has taken up a new mission: survive. Lying on the ring mats, collecting himself, he shrieks at the sight of Frank Dylan James stepping over the top rope to continue the battle.] **Angus:** I don't think Mr. Antiguas scouted FDJ very well. [The Mexican-American begins to crawl, scrambling up to hands and knees, and then his feet, simply SPRINTING away from the ringside area as fast as his legs can carry him as FDJ shakes his head. To the West Virginian's credit, he remembers to roll back inside the ring at the count of "9," ensuring that he'll

get the winner's share of the purse. Once the ref hits ten, though?] [The pursuit is on.] **Quimby:** YOUR WINNER OF THIS MATCH, AS A RESULT OF A COUNTOUT, FRANK DYLAN JAMES! [And so another night in the life of Romero Antiguas goes utterly pants.]

Pens Envy

[Fresh off the match with Romero Antiguas taking on the mentally unstable Frank Dylan James, the camera finds itself back in the office of Kelly Evans. Leaning back in her chair, she's carefully going through some paperwork. With promises of a new contender going up against Kai Scott tonight, it was going to be a doozy. She scribbles through some paperwork and starts throwing a couple signatures down when...]

Kelly: Ugh. Fucking pens never work. [She reaches into one of the drawers behind her desk and looks for a pen, but per the rule Murphy's Law, they're never around when you actually fucking need them. She then peeks up and nearly jumps out of her chair when suddenly, Junior Keeling appears in front of her with a pen in hand.]

Keeling: Here you are, my dear. All yours. [Looking a little irritated already at what will probably be a slew of people looking to make their case for tonight's main event, she shakes her head before begrudgingly snatching the pen from Junior's hand before scribbling the last of her signatures.]

Keeling: Keep it, Ms. Evans. The Team HOSS pens are going to sell like crack in a back alley once we get them mass-marketed.

Kelly: Team HOSS pen? [She takes the pen and notices it is indeed, a prototype Team HOSS pen. The camera catches a close-up of the pen and it shows a blue Team HOSS logo on one end and a picture of Junior Keeling on the other side giving a thumbs up.]

Kelly: What the fuck is this thing?

Keeling: Turn it upside down, that part is awesome. [She shoots the voice of Team HOSS a concerned look and against ever fiber of her being, she does so and glances...]

Kelly: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOUR CLOTHES!

Keeling: That's for the single moms in attendance. And I've got about fifty more of those bad boys ready to go if you want me to send the specs to our marketing team!

Kelly: What I need are a new pair of eyeballs... what do you want, Keeling?

Keeling: Glad you asked! Let's get to brass tacks... Kai Scott. Scuttlebutt is you're looking for somebody to take him on tonight and as you saw earlier, my boys are ready to shut shit down! You saw what they did to Horry, Matthews, and Walker TWICE when they not only took those fucking titles, they retained those bad boys, too!

Kelly: ...You don't actually expect me to believe that I'm going to let that slide, do you? You know the second that he wants it, I'm granting Ty a rematch for those belts. [Keeling waves off the notion with just a feint worried look before he nervously changes the subject.]

Keeling: Yeah, but that's down the road. Kai Scott is a formidable foe. He has defeated every man that has been put in front of him... ALL EXCEPT... any of my boys! Imagine this... [Junior holds his hands up and looks off into the distance trying to get the current HBIC of DEFIANCE to stare along with him. She only looks disinterested as he continues his sales pitch.]

Keeling: Kai Scott versus the greatest superstar to come out of Europe since Arnold Schwarzenegger... ALECZANDER THE GREAT! Or one better... Kai Scott, World Champion versus THE IWO Legend, Capital Punishment, a HALL OF FAME WRESTLER! NO, WAIT... OR, OR, OR... FOLLOW ME WITH THIS... Kai Scott defends his championship against the youngest man to ever challenge for that belt in the 24-year-old Angel Trinidad! Rookie Monster graduates to FULL ON BEAST MODE TONIGHT! You saw him mow down those fuckers earlier!

Kelly: Uh-huh.

Keeling: Champion versus champion! That's the kind of thing that makes money, Ms. Evans! I know it, you know it, and these people know it! Kai has done wonderfully as a representative of this company, but eventually times change, trends changes, and well... CHANGE. IS. NOW. [Keeling continues to disappear up his own ass the more he talks while Kelly Evans just lets him drone on.]

Keeling: Bam! A lucky member of Team HOSS brings THE GOLD into our camp, you have a MONSTER of a representative carrying DEFIANCE across their broad shoulders! That's the future of DEFIANCE and tonight the future is now! What say you, Ms. Evans? You get another new champion carrying on the fine work that Kai Scott has done, and these Team HOSS pens are going to bring it the money! [Now that the pitch has been made, would Kelly Evans catch it?]

Kelly: Well, you certainly drive an... (she stares at the pen) ...interesting pitch. I'll take this decision under advisement and trust me that a decision will be made tonight.

Keeling: That's what I like to hear! Now keep steering this fine ship called DEFIANCE and I just want you and Eric Dane to know that you are doing a fantastic job. Remember... you want a strong and powerful man as the captain of this ship. Oh, also the pens. [Junior holds out a hand and Kelly Evans shakes it and already feels like she needs a show as she watches Junior Keeling leave. After he leaves, she quickly knocks the custom Team HOSS pen into the trash and shudders.]

Kelly: Ugh... I better burn that trash can, too. [Cut to elsewhere.]

Big Damn Heroes vs Walker Clan



[We cut away from backstage and Team HOSS over to the ring where The Walker Clan, comprised of “Big Bruvva” Rory, “Nipper” Joel, and Bren, wait for their opponents to enter from the back. They give each other some fist bumps in anticipation.]

DDK:

And we’re back to the action! A few weeks ago, at Guerrilla Grindhouse 10 in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, The Walker Clan was at the mercy of Jake Cassidy and The Conclave, only to be rescued by the Big Damn Heroes in their DEFIANCE debut! Tonight, the Walker Clan hopes to put on a stronger performance than the Conclave did against their saviors!

Angus:

Gooooood luck. The Big Damn Heroes have only been a Big Damn success in their short time in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Can’t argue with that. The trio of Lindsay Troy, Tyler Rayne, and Wade Elliott proved themselves as a real force with their win against The Conclave at Grindhouse: CANADA.

♪ We were born to ri-iiise... ♪

[The arena lights dim as Red Light King’s “Born to Rise,” hits the speakers. Fans cheer loudly as a white spotlight hits the left side of the stage. Followed by a red light to the right.]

♪ We were born to ri-iiise... ♪

[A gold spotlight hits the center stage. Three silhouettes rise from under the stage inside three lights before...]

KA-BOOM!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Pyro and flames erupt in a wall behind them. The DEFtron comes to life with a ball of fire blossoming on the screen. Troy, Rayne, and Elliott turn and walk forward in unison, pure business on their mugs.]

♪ So whatcha know about sacrifice when the lights go out? ... ♪
 ♪ The price you pay when you’re digging down? ... ♪
 ♪ The skin of your teeth and the blade in your back ... ♪
 ♪ Whatcha know about hope? Whatcha know about that?... ♪

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! Our next match is a trios matchup scheduled for one fall! Facing off against The Walker Clan: at a combined weight of 664 pounds...the "Queen of the Ring," Lindsay Troy, the "Underground Pimp," Tyler Rayne, and the "Bad Dog" Wade Elliott...the **BIG! DAMN! HEEEEEROOOEESSSSSS!**

DDK:

The DEFIAFans have absolutely taken a liking to these three, and in a hurry.

Angus:

They seem to give no fucks. I can get on board.

[The 'Heroes make their way down the aisle and into the ring. Each picks a turnbuckle to climb to give the DEFIANCE fans some face time.]

♪ *We are the ones who were born to riiiise! ...* ♪
♪ *We are the ones with the fire insiiide! ...* ♪
♪ *I go to war with the brothers I trust ...* ♪
♪ *And there ain't no stoppin' us ...* ♪
♪ *There ain't no stoppin' us! ...* ♪

[The lights return to normal as the music dissipates, leaving only the cheering of the crowd. "Big Bruvva" Rory and "Nipper" Joel take position outside the ropes, leaving Bren to begin, while Wade and Rayne do the same, allowing their Queen to do the honors.]

Ding ding ding!

[Troy and Bren move in for a collar and elbow tie-up. Bren pushes down on his legs first, backing Troy up a little before hooking the right arm and twisting it around. Troy throws a few elbows to the side of Bren's head, dazing the Aussie enough for him to release her. She runs for the ropes and on the rebound Bren dips a shoulder to send her over his back. She turns 90 degrees and rolls across, coming to a stop immediately behind him. As Bren turns, Troy lands a snap kick to the side of his head.]

DDK:

Troy on the offense early with those quick feet.

[Staggered by the kick, Bren is prone to several more, each finding its mark. Troy leaps into the air, wraps her legs around the side of Bren's head, and flips him over with a hurricanrana. She goes for the pin.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Bren's not going to be put away that easily.

Angus:

Surprisingly... Pretty sure I saw these guys on the 'Enha-

DDK:

-nced Super Athlete' roster.

Angus:

Wow... we have one of those?

DDK:

Uhhhh...

[Bren fights to his feet and Troy responds with sharp kicks to his ribs. She attempts a shining wizard type knee to the head but Bren uses his power to his advantage and slams her down with a modified spinebuster. He hooks her leg for a pin.]

[ONE!]

[TW-KICKOUT!]

[Bren stands up and moves to tag in "Big Bruvva" Rory. The eldest of the Walker Clan steps through the ropes to bring Troy to her feet. The Queen has other plans, landing a quick uppercut to Rory's chin which stuns him. She then rolls forward to her corner and tags Wade in. The Bad Dog stomps into the ring and continues with punches where Troy left off.]

Angus:

It's HOSS TIME, dudes!

[Wade grabs Rory by the arm and shoots him into a neutral corner. He gets a head of steam and charges in after him, ramming Rory's back against the turnbuckles with a clothesline. Wade follows that up with some mudhole stops to his sternum. Rory slumps down to the canvas. Wade kicks away, only to do an about-face and go charging back into the corner to connect with a big steel-toed boot to Rory's face.]

Angus:

I'd have thought the Walkers would be used to getting a booting...

DDK:

What makes you say that?

Angus:

That Simpsons episode in Australia.

[The Bad Dog brings the dazed Walker brother to his feet and hooks him in a chancery. He lifts Rory into the air with a suplex, but instead of bringing him straight down Wade turns his body and brings him down across the top rope first, then drives him to the mat with a powerslam. He covers.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[KICKOUT!]

[Wade is back to his feet and he tags in Rayne. The Golden Boy hops into the ring via a springboard and connects with a leg drop across Rory's throat. Rayne gets to his feet and connects with a standing shooting star press.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR--KICKOUT!]

DDK:

I'm actually shocked by Rory's resilience here.

Angus:

Kid's probably drunk... Like most Australians...

[Rayne pulls Rory to his feet and sends him into the ropes. A blind tag is made by "Nipper" Joel Walker, which Rayne doesn't see. Rayne sends Rory to the mat with a leg lariat but as he gets to his feet, "Nipper" flies off the top rope with a missile dropkick that sends Rayne to the canvas. Joel runs for the ropes, hops over Rayne and continues to the other side as Tyler gets to his feet. As Joel rebounds off the far side, Rayne throws a knee into his midsection and Joel goes flipping over onto his back. As he gets back to a seated position, Rayne jumps into the air and connects with a dropkick to the back of his head.]

[Tyler brings Joel up to his feet and locks in an abdominal stretch. Joel cries out in pain. Hector Navarro moves in to check on him and Rayne reaches his hand out to tag in one of his teammates. Wade Elliott answers with a slap to Tyler's hand and is back in the ring. He lands a big boot to Joel's rib cage as Hector begins his 5 count. Tyler releases the hold and exits between the ropes.]

DDK:

Wade Elliott putting work in on Joel!

["Nipper" sees stars as The Bad Dog continues to stomp a hole in his gut. Finally he relents, taking grip of Joel's wrist and pulling him to his feet. Elliott scoops the Aussie over his shoulder, takes a few big steps toward his corner and tosses him into the air, dropping his face down on the turnbuckle.]

Angus:

In the faaaaaaaaaaaaaace!!!

[Troy is quick to tag as Joel staggers back toward center ring, but only so far as she leaps inside, back onto the middle ropes, and launches herself at him, wrapping an arm around his head and planting him with a springboard DDT.]

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

DDK:

Impressive maneuver from The Queen of the Ring!

Angus:

That Aussie is seeing little tiny kangaroos bounce around his head!

[Instead of going for the pin, Troy springs to her feet and tags in The Golden Boy. Rayne, to most everyone's confusion, walks right past the stirring "Nipper," and toward Rory and Bren, only to stop short with a knowing grin and the wag of a finger, turning on his heel and waiting for Joel. The Underground Pimp takes a deep breath, and...]

Tyler Rayne:

[As loud as he can] DO-DO-DO! DO-DO-DO! DO-DODO-DO-DO-DO! DO DO DO-DO-DO! DO DO DO-DO-DO!!

Angus:

What the...hell?

DDK:

Is Rayne trying to...sing?

Angus:

Key word: "trying."

[The crowd's cheers are somewhat...confused. Though a few members have caught on and are starting to sing along with the Golden Boy. Wade and Troy keep their eye on Bren and Rory, who are both just as confused.]

Tyler Rayne:

[Again, as loud as he can, with a small amount of help from the crowd] DO-DO-DO! DO-DO-DO! DO-DODO-DO-DO-DO! DO DO DO-DO-DO! DO DO DO-DO-DO!!

DDK:

I'm being told he's trying to sing "The Song of Storms," from a Zelda video game.

Angus:

I thought it sounded familiar!

[Meanwhile, Joel has finally got to his feet, but not for long, as Rayne charges forward and leaps into the air, planting his knees into Joel's chest, putting him on his back. Rayne kip-ups to his feet, quickly turns to the corner and bounds up, splitting his legs and bouncing off the ropes, connecting on the downed Walker Clan member with a split-legged moonsault.]

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!"

DDK:

An anonymous tip is telling me that the Big Damn Heroes call this "The Song of (Rayne) Storms!"

Angus:

Good Lord that's awful.

[Yet effective. Rayne is quick to hook a leg after the athletic display, and the ref is there to count.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREEE!!]

Ding ding ding!

Quimbey:

Your winners....**THE BIG. DAMN. HEROOOOOEES!**

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

["Born to Rise" returns to the speakers as Rayne rolls out of the ring. BDH puts arms in the air for the roaring crowd, playing and pandering before ascending the ramp, leaving Bren and Rory to attend to the fallen "Nipper."]

DDK:

Another win for the Heroes! These three must be looking forward to a successful ride here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

A little showy, borderline douchey, but hey, a W is a W.

DDK:

Stick around! There's a lot more show to come here at DEFIANCE!

[The scene fades off with BDH trio at the top of the ramp, high fiving fans and celebrating another victory.]

As the Crow flies

“Our worlds ain’t so far apart as the crow flies.”

[Open.]

[Monochrome. A freshly plowed field, an old weathered tree with a tire swing off in the background.]

“You people build your buildings tall, and they all fall, all of them in the end, some day somehow they will fall, and you look back and you wonder why, why, why, and how how how. How can I fall so far when I was up so high? And to that I say...”

[A face, a flat face with a squashed-in nose and a gapped-toothed smile appears in front of the camera, and he blows a mouthfull of smoke.]

“Wrong kind of High, fools, wrong kind of high.”

[Cut.]

[Full color.]

[This man, this skinny man with a bowlcut and a face that speaks of a family tree that does not fork, reclines on bales of hay. His T-shirt is ragged, his feet bare, his hair the color of creek bed mud.]

“We who sit foremost upon the earth are best equipped to receive her bounty.”

[In one hand, he cradles a ripe peach, in the other, he holds a joint.]

[In the background, a much larger man, a man in overalls, lifts a bale of hay over his head. His muscles ripple.]

“And from our lowly heights do we, the Sons of the Soil, see the folly of the human spirit, because we know that there is nothing you can build that She cannot take away.”

[He exhales.]

“Earthquakes, tsunamis, volcanoes, tornadoes, hurricanes, droughts, floods, plagues of locusts and toads, rabbits and ants, and haven’t you seen yet?”

“Of course you haven’t.”

[He bites into the peach. The juice runs down his chin gruesomely.]

“You build high and you put your bodies in the air, but you renounce the truth of your existence and your minds stay in limbo until the end comes, and then, no matter how you try to avoid it...”

[Cut.]

[Reopen. Monochrome.]

[The man hangs upside down from the tree, his knees over a branch.]

“You return to the soil.”

[He lets go.]

[He crashes head first into the ground.]

[A few seconds later, he raises his head. His nose is bleeding.]

“But take comfort in the knowing that, with our help, it’s not a long way back.”

“As the crow flies.”

[He dissolves into giggles, rolling over on his back.]

[The shrouded man steps out from behind the tree and watches him, his eyes glittering.]

Sons of the Soil

Ned the Crow

Tony Di Luca defends the Southern Heritage Championship

Angus:

What in the HELLDAMNFUCK was that?

DDK:

A video advertising the Sons of the Soil?

Angus:

And why in fuck's shit would anyone advertise that? Those dudes scare me already and I haven't even seen them live!



[For the second time tonight Dean Martin croons over the loudspeaker system of the Boardwalk Hall.]

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

[From the back struts Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, with a microphone in one of said two hands, closely followed by 'Big' Vincent Rinaldi while the diminutive Alceo Dentari brings up the rear with a huge smile upon his face.]

Angus:

Thank god. Dagos I can handle. Those hicks, not so much.

DDK:

Dentari sure looks confident, doesn't he?

Angus:

You'd look the same way if you were convinced you were getting a shot at the world title a little later on.

[At the top of the ramp Di Luca stops and surveys the crowd. He brings the microphone up to his mouth as the Legitimate Businessman's Club's music fades out.]

Tony Di Luca:

Sooner or later the Legitimate Businessman's Club collects payment...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[The fans are loud, no doubt about it, but the mixed reaction is understandable, what with half of the crowd disliking the LBC because of who they are and what they stand for, while the other half cheer Tony for finally removing the Southern Heritage title from Curtis Penn's waist.]

[Of course, Angus Skaaland is in the latter group.]

Angus:

These peons need to sit down and shut up while Tony's talking.

DDK:

Wait... I thought you wouldn't cheerlead for any LBC member while they were still associated with Edward White.

Angus:

Meh. Tony's a guy I can get behind.

[After waiting for the crowd's reaction to die down Tony continues.]

Tony Di Luca:

Curtis Penn came to us wantin' protection 'cause he wanted a' keep hold a' this...

[Just as he starts walking down to the ring Tony unclips the Southern Heritage title from around his waist with his free hand and holds it up in the air.]

Tony Di Luca:

An' if that had been the end a' that story, this belt would still be 'round Curtis' waist, but it aint. See, Curtis Penn didn't come to us first, oh no... Curtis Penn went to the Blood Diamonds... Curtis Penn went to the Angel City Exxxpresss!

[Tony spits on the floor as he makes his way slowly down the ramp.]

Tony Di Luca:

Now The Blood Diamonds we can forgive, but the fuckin' **Angel City Exxxpress**? Curtis Penn slapped each an' every one a' us in the face when he knocked on their door before ours... He should consider himself lucky he only paid for that disrespect with his title, an' not his fuckin' life.

[With a smug grin on his face Tony rounds the ring and hops up on the apron. He steps through the ropes and continues.]

Tony Di Luca:

An' all a' you should consider yourselves lucky too, 'cause you all get to witness the start a' somethin' special. You all get to witness the start a' Tony Di Luca... Southern Heritage champion...

It's just a shame it's gotta start in New Jersey!

BOOO

Tony Di Luca:

I said it before, an' I'll say it again, ain't nothin' worth it's salt come outta New Jersey in a long, long time. The only thing this toxic waste dump of a state has goin' for it is the fact that it's right by the greatest city in the world, New York City.

BOOO

Tony Di Luca:

An' as soon as I beat whoever it is I gotta defend my Southern Heritage title against, that's where we're headin', 'cause we ain't gonna spend a second more than we hafta in this cess pool.

BOOO

Tony Di Luca:

Now as it happens, I heard the team known as 'White Hot Anger' has been over in Japan an' is lookin' to actually do something here in Defiance now that they're back... And I also heard through the grapevine that Lisa Loeh decided to go back to school and spent some time trainin' with some guy named Jason Ramsey - whoever that is-

B00

Tony Di Luca:

An' it got me thinkin'... if some broad who really ain't a wrestler learned to wrestle from some guy who hasn't been relevant since some time last century, then there ain't a better place in the world for her to show off what she 'learned'... than New Jersey.

So maybe if White Hot Anger wants to come down to the ring...

[The drum beats, and then the discordant guitars of "Silver Future" by Monster Magnet hit the PA system.]

Angus:

So this is a thing that's really happening?

Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger! Hailing from Tampa, Florida, and weighing in at 147 lbs! She... is... LIIISA...

LOOOOOOOOEEEEHHHH!!!!

[The arena lights dim and a glowing blue and pink backdrop appears behind the stage entrance. A black silhouette of a girl struts out in front of it. That girl dances, her hips swinging, her back arching, as the music increases in volume.]

♪ 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 ♪

DDK:

And the LBC are laughing. They're standing in the ring laughing!

Angus:

Well yeah, Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, new Southern Heritage champion, versus Lisa Loeh? That's comedy gold.

[As the lights come on, Lisa flings her head and hair back, then walks, almost skips, to the ring. Up the stairs, over the middle rope in a most lascivious fashion, and into the ring. Trailing along in her wake, keeping a very low profile are Yoshikazu YAZ and Roger Stevens.]

♪ You ♪
 ♪ Stand ♪
 ♪ On the edge ♪
 ♪ Of a silver future ♪

DDK:

Lisa seems quite happy to step into the ring with the entirety of the LBC... I mean, she's bought Stevens and YAZ down with her, but look at them, they're both just stood on the outside.

Angus:

She doesn't look happy at all. She looks pissed as fuck.

DDK:

Well, they are pretty much laughing in her face.

[Tony wipes a tear from his eye and turns back to Dentari and Rinaldi.]

Tony Di Luca:

It's OK, Guys. I think I got this.

[Tony ushers his associates out of the ring and turns back to Lisa.]

Ding Ding Ding!

[Despite the bell ringing, he's still got something to say.]

Tony Di Luca:

Listen here, Sugarti-

THWACK

THWUMP

[illegible]

[Lisa Loeh lifts a foot and drives the sole of her boot directly into the chin of the Southern Heritage champion!]

DDK:

Kenka kick! Kenka kick from Lisa to Tony!

Angus:

That wiped the smile off of his face!

[Lisa grabs Tony's arm and pulls him in. She wraps him up and drives him into the mat with the Sex Pistol!]

DDK:

LISA NAILS THE SEX PISTOL! COVER HIM! COVER HIM LISA!

Angus:

What the shit is going on?

DDK:

I think Dentari and Rinaldi Are asking themselves the same thing! They're absolutely stunned on the outside!

[Lisa quickly crawls over to Tony, who's folder up like an accordion, and holds down one of his legs, pushing his knee into his shoulder for the pin!]

[ONE!]

[One the outside of the ring Dentari and Rinaldi finally snap out of their trance. Rinaldi puts a knee up on the apron and tries to get into the ring while Dentari screams out for Tony to kick out.]

[TWO!!]

[Tony reaches in through the ropes but can't quite reach Lisa's leg!]

[THREEEEEEEEE-]

[-EEEEEE-]

[TONY KICKS OUT!]

BOOO

Angus:

OH THANK YOU GOD, THANK YOU JESUS, THANK YOU ALLAH.

DDK:

That literally couldn't have been closer, but somehow Tony Di Luca kicked out... and Dentari and Rinaldi are sent scampering away as YAZ and Stevens round the ring to chase them off.

[In the ring Lisa punches the mat and questions Benny Doyle's count, but he assures her it was just a two. In the meantime Tony Di Luca has taken the opportunity to roll to the outside where he regroups with Dentari and Rinaldi.]

DDK:

Lisa took Tony completely off guard with that Kenka Kick, and in doing so almost picked up the win and the Southern Heritage title!

Angus:

Please! That was a cheap shot and you know it!

DDK:

The bell rang, Angus. The match had started, but Tony Di Luca wanted to keep running his mouth.

[On the outside, Vincent Rinaldi holds Tony up as Dentari whispers in his ear. Tony doesn't take his eyes off of Lisa, who remains on the inside pacing back and forth waiting for the champion to return. Slowly YAZ and Stevens creep around the ring towards the LBC, but their progress is stopped by Benny Doyle, who orders them to return to Lisa's corner. Lisa heads over to them and warns them off of the LBC, which they seem to take more notice of than the orders from the referee.]

DDK:

Lisa's warning her partners not to do anything rash here, she doesn't want to go getting disqualified after coming so close so early on.

[With Lisa somewhat distracted by talking to her partners, Di Luca slides into the ring and charges at her. Roger Stevens points in the oncoming champions direction to warn the challenger, but the warning comes just too late. It does mean however that the axehandle destined for the back of Lisa's head connects with her shoulder instead.]

DDK:

You wanna talk about cheap shots now?

Angus:

Hey, that's Lisa's fault for taking her eye off the ball.

DDK:

And how is that different from Lisa clocking Di Luca moments ago?

Angus:

There was no ball for Di Luca to take his eye off of!

[Without wasting a second Tony goes to work on Lisa, laying into her with rights and lefts that back her into the corner. Loeh tries to cover up but the barrage of fists is too much for her to contend with and she opts to protect her head above all else. Tony takes the opportunity presented to him to land a series of right hands in quick succession to the side of the challenger before lifting his knee into the same area.]

Angus:

Ever wondered why they call him 'Two Hands', Keebs?

DDK:

Not really.

Angus:

Well I heard he was on vacation back in Italy, taking a swim in the mediterranean, and was attacked by a great white shark. He fought it off though using-

DDK:

Only his two hands?

Angus:

You heard the story as well?

[Tony whips Lisa across the ring. Hard. She turns into the corner and bounces back out falling flat to the canvas. Whether he's more focused on not letting Lisa get in another quick kick, or just in a rage due to the first kick, is unclear. What is clear is that Tony's not going to let up on her. He quickly cross the ring and grabs Loeh by the hair, roughly turning her around and placing her throat across the bottom rope. Di Luca drops to his knees and pushes on the back on Lisa's head to choke her.]

One! Two! Three! Four!

[Di Luca breaks the choke just before the five count, but returns to it before Lisa can move from the ropes.]

One! Two! Three! Four!

[Again Tony breaks the choke in time to avoid getting disqualified, but this time Benny Doyle has something to say about it. Di Luca holds his hands up and backs away from Lisa, but that only draws Doyle away from Loeh, who instantly has Alceo Dentari in her face screaming at her, telling her she's got no chance against Di Luca.]

DDK:

Just what Lisa needs, any angry little italian in her face.

[Around the corner of the ring come YAZ and Stevens to chase Dentari off as Lisa pushes herself off of the ropes. She starts to get to her feet, but Di Luca charges in with an axehandle to the back of her head, which knocks her right back to one knee. Tony smiles at YAZ and Stevens for a moment before pushing Lisa's head through the ropes before pulling it back through, using the middle rope to stretch Lisa's back and neck around.]

DDK:

Di Luca's not exactly known for his technical abilities.

Angus:

And Lisa had to know that coming into the match.

[Just for good measure Di Luca claws at Lisa's eyes while Doyle counts again.]

One! Two! Three! Four!

[Di Luca releases Lisa, but just as soon as he's let go of her, he wraps his hands around her waist and lifts her up. He walks her into the middle of the ring and dumps her to the mat with a slam.]

DDK:

There's no name for that move. Di Luca just threw Lisa to the floor.

[Lisa rolls up to all fours, but Di Luca drops a knee across the back of her head which flattens her out against the canvas. He takes his time in measuring the next knee, which he plants into her neck, then quickly brings down another knee, then another, then another, all finding their mark in the neck and head of Loeh. Tony rolls Lisa over and goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Lisa gets a shoulder up!]

Angus:

That's not wise, Lisa.

DDK:

There's a title on the line here, Angus.

Angus:

And maybe Lisa's career if things carry on this way.

[Di Luca sits Lisa up and slaps on a chinlock, digging his knee into Lisa's spine for good measure. Loeh works her way up to a vertical base and throws an elbow that connects with Di Luca's midsection. Another elbow causes some separation, and a third breaks Di Luca's grip entirely. Lisa runs for the ropes, but before she can get a step away Di Luca grabs out with both hands, takes two handfuls of her long blonde hair and drags her back down to the mat.]

BOOO

DDK:

Di Luca doesn't want Lisa to get any kind of upperhand here, and if you need a reason, just take a look at what she opened with!

[Tony doesn't release his grip on Lisa's follicles and uses them to pull her to her feet. Doyle reaches a three count before Tont releases her, but he only does so to push her from behind into the corner of the ring. Tony follows in with an elbow to the back of the head before lifting Lisa into a seated position on the top rope.]

DDK:

He's following her up!

[Tony comes to rest on the middle rope and hooks Lisa up for a back suplex. He lifts her and falls down, but Loeh turns in the air and reverses with a cross body! She can't stick the landing and bounces off of Di Luca, but the damage done is enough to keep him down for a few seconds and allow the challenger to regain her composure. Di Luca gets to his feet first and charges in looking for a clothesline, but Lisa avoids with a front dropkick that connects with the champion's leg.]

DDK:

Di Luca down to one knee!

Angus:

Damnit, this is you and your 'upperhand' talk.

DDK:

'Curse of the commentator' I believe they call it.

[Slowly Loeh crawls over and drapes herself over Di Luca's body!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Dentari drags Di Luca out of the ring!]

DDK:

Oh come on! Lisa had the title in her grasp!

Angus:

What? What happened?

DDK:

Dentari saved the match, and the title, for his associate... That's what happened!

[But Roger Stevens wasn't going to let Dentari get away that easily, and comes right back at his brawling buddy. He grabs Dentari by the arm and spins him around before delivering an arena rattling knife edge chop!]

CRACK

[illegible]

[Having decided he'd rather not take one of Stevens' unnecessarily stiff knife edge chops, Di Luca rushes over to Big Vinny and dips into his track pants pocket. He removes his hand and rolls into the ring where both Lisa and Benny Doyle are distracted by the continuing loud chops from Roger Stevens to Alceo Dentari.]

DDK:

Wait wait wait wait, what's Di Luca got in his hand? Lisa, WATCH OUT!

[Lisa turns around and take a right hand to the jaw from Di Luca. A right hand that allows everyone that's paying attention (Read: Not Benny Doyle) to see that his knuckles are adorned with a strip of brass.]

DDK:

God damnit!

[The shot spins Lisa around, and also draws the attention of Roger Stevens, who stops chopping Dentari long enough to look into the ring. Di Luca pockets the brass knucks and quickly hooks Loeh up so that he can hit the Shallow Grave moments later!]

DDK:

Not like this!

Angus:

Easy, Switch.

[Di Luca rolls Lisa over and covers her. He has to call for Benny Doyle's attention, but he soon gets it.]

[ONE!]

[Stevens starts to slide into the ring!]

[TWO!!]

[But his progress is halted by Dentari, who grabs onto his legs!]

[THREE!!!]

Ding Ding Ding!

DDK:

Damnit! Just like he did in Canada, Di Luca steals the match with a foreign object!

Angus:

If the ref don't see it, it's not illegal!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and still DEFIANCE Southern Heritage champion... TONY 'TWO HAAAANDS' DIIIIII
LUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

[Just as quickly as it ended, Di Luca rolls from the ring under the bottom rope and rejoins the now recovering Vincent Rinaldi to celebrate. Dentari takes his chance and escapes from Stevens, grabbing the Southern Heritage title on his way around the ring before joining up with his partners. Dentari hands the belt over to Di Luca and the three celebrate on their way up the ramp.]

Tap tap tap tap tap!

Roger Stevens:

There's no way you guys are getting away that easily.

[Yoshikazu YAZ, still holding the his back after the collision with the post, rolls into the ring to tend to Lisa Loeh, who still hasn't moved following the blow to the head/Shallow Grave combo.]

Roger Stevens:

You called us out here why? To prove what we learned in Japan wouldn't help us here? If you really believe that then get your asses back down to this ring and face YAZ and me like men!

[illegible]

[Halfway up the ramp Dentari shakes his head and smiles. Stevens meanwhile slide into the ring and heads over to YAZ, and the only just conscious Loeh.]

Roger Stevens:

Come on! You haven't proved a damn thing other than the fact you're a bunch of cheap, shortcut taking cowards!

[Still the LBC continue to back their way up the ramp.]

Alceo Dentari:[Off mic]

I got a world title match comin' up!

Kelly Evans:

Actually, Alceo, no you don't.

[The LBC turn around to see The Boss Bitch of DEFIANCE emerge onto the stage from the back.]

Kelly Evans:

You know what, Roger? I quite like your idea, so tonight we're going to see Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ versus Alceo Dentari and Vincent Rinaldi.

[illegible]

Kelly Evans:

Unfortunately Alceo, that kinda means you're out of the running for the World title match tonight... Sorry...

[Dentari face turns as red as the ring ropes as he stomps the ramp in protest.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh, and this new tag team match? That's gonna happen right now, so ring the bell.

[illegible]

Stevens/YAZ vs Alceo/Big Vinny**Ding Ding Ding!**

[The bell sounds as Kelly Evans heads to the back, leaving The LBC nobody to protest to. They all turn back to the ring to see Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ standing in the ring, waiting for their return.]

Angus:

This is horse shit, Keebs. Dentari shouldn't have to fight now, he's got a world title match later tonight!

DDK:

Not anymore, Angus. So sayeth Kelly Evans.

[Seeing as the bell rang, Benny Doyle has no choice but to start his count.]

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE

DDK:

Dentari and Rinaldi are gonna get counted out here if they don't head back to the ring.

Angus:

They shouldn't even have to fight this match!

DDK:

They called White Hot Anger out. They said their training in Japan wasn't going to help them any. Maybe now they can prove it in a way that doesn't involve a set of brass knucks!

FOUR!

FIVE

SIX

[Rinaldi looks to Dentari for instructions, but Alceo's far too busy complaining to Di Luca about his lost title opportunity to advise the big guy.]

SEVEN!

EIGHT

NINE

[Vinny can't take it anymore and runs to the ring, lumbering in just before the ten count. Obviously he's elected himself as the legal man for the LBC, but for White Hot Anger, their legal man is a little less clear. Both YAZ and Stevens charge at Rinaldi and nail him with a double drop kick as soon as he stands up, which knocks him back into the ropes. Rinaldi bounces back off of the ropes into a double side slam! YAZ rolls out of the ring while Stevens goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Rinaldi kicks out!]

DDK:

Dentari needs to get his head into the match rather than standing around complaining to Di Luca. Rinaldi almost got pinned, and he doesn't seem to care.

Angus:

I'm not even gonna tell you he shouldn't be in this match.

DDK:

Technically you ju-

Angus:

NO DIDN'T SHUT UP GAWD!

[Stevens pulls Rinaldi up and sends him into the corner YAZ has just hopped up on. He closes in and delivers a back elbow before tagging to his partner. YAZ steps into the ring as Stevens delivers an ear ringing chop to Rinaldi's chest.]

CRACK

[illegible]

DDK:

You can hear the contact even through Rinaldi's jacket!

[Together YAZ and Stevens grab an arm each of Rinaldi and pull him from the corner. They immediately throw him back into the turnbuckles and repeat one more time. Vinny tries to break free from their grasp, but on the third trip out of the corner both YAZ and Stevens drop him with a drop toe hold. Finally Alceo Dentari takes up his position on the apron, but Vinny doesn't have any chance of getting to him as YAZ locks in a fujiwara armbar.]

DDK:

Vinny could be in trouble here.

Angus:

Do you think YAZ learned this hold on his trip to Japan?

DDK:

Maybe. He looks like he's got in in tight, and he's even twisting the wrist!

[YAZ may have it in tight, and he may have Rinaldi under control with it, but that doesn't stop Alceo Dentari from entering the ring and delivering a stomp to the side of YAZ's head to break it. YAZ gets to his feet as Benny Doyle tries to usher Dentari out of the ring. He makes another tag to Roger Stevens and together they lift Rinaldi back into the corner and unzip his jacket...]

CRACK

[illegible]

CRACK

[illegible]

CRACK

[illegible]

CRACK

[illegible]

[The two chop Rinaldi across the chest one after the other much to the delight of the fans. After a fair few shots they both pull Rinaldi from the corner and whip him across the ring. He bounces off of the ropes and comes back into a 'lift' from Stevens. In reality Rinaldi barely leaves his feet, but Roger gets him high enough that he can drive him into the mat with a spine bomb after YAZ nails a bicycle kick!]

DDK:

Rinaldi hasn't been able to get out of the blocks here. Do you think the lack of instructions from Dentari might be to blame, Angus?

Angus:

I think it's the cheap shotting nature of *White Hot Anger*. I thought they went to Japan to learn to wrestle. Not to cheat.

DDK:

White Hot Anger? Cheating? Need I remind you Tony Di Luca just used a pa-

Angus:

LALALALALALALA IM NOT LISTENING!

[Stevens covers Rinaldi again!]

[ONE!]

[T-Dentari breaks the pin again with a boot.]

DDK:

Alceo not letting that pin get anywhere near close.

[Doyle again tries to get Dentari out of the ring, but he breaks free from Benny's clutches and delivers a couple more stomps to Stevens' back and shoulders. Benny finally regains control of the situation and orders Dentari out of the ring. Alceo seems to cooperate and steps through the ropes, but reenters the ring as soon as Tony Di Luca hops up on the apron to protest something or other.]

DDK:

I was wondering how long it'd be before Tony got involved.

[With the referee distracted Dentari drops an axehandle across the back of Stevens and rolls him over onto his back. He wraps both hands around his throat and starts to squeeze, right up until YAZ enters the ring and makes a beeline for Dentari.]

DDK:

This is why we can't have nice things.

[YAZ connects with a shining wizard on Dentari that sends the diminutive Italian to the outside. He gets back to his feet, turns around and-]

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAAAM!

[His work being done, Di Luca hops down off of the apron and rushes around the ring to help out Dentari. He picks the miniature mobster up off the ground and helps him to his corner while Vinny crawls across the ring to the same place. Roger Stevens, having regained his breath after being choked, grabs hold of Rinaldi's ankle in an attempt to stop him, but Dentari just manages to make the tag!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Dentari steps into the ring and jumps at Stevens, taking him down with a Lou Thez press. He starts to rain down rights and lefts to Stevens before turning his attention to YAZ, who he kicks in the ribs and forces to roll out of the ring. Stevens gets back to his feet by gets pushed back against the ropes so that Dentari can whip him across the ring and catch him with a kitchen sink knee on the way back. Stevens manages to roll around Dentari though and take him down with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Dentari kicks out!]

[Both men scramble to their feet and Dentari sticks a thumb directly into Stevens' eye.]

BOOO

DDK:

Should we have expected anything else from Dentari?

Angus:

Hey, it worked, didn't it?

[With all of Stevens' momentum halted for a moment Dentari buries a shoulder into his midsection and pushes him back into the LBC's corner. Once there Dentari wraps Rogers leg around the second rope and wrenches on it trying to pop his hip or his knee out of its socket. With Stevens tied up on the ropes, Dentari lays into him with a few right hands before pulling him out of the corner, turning him around and throwing him back in shoulder first into the ring post!]

DDK:

That's pure frustration Dentari's taking out on Stevens right now.

Angus:

Totally understandable. He didn't want some tag match tonight. He wanted gold.

DDK:

Well maybe a good showing here could put him in line for a shot at a title further down the line.

[As Doyle pushes Dentari back to allow Stevens time to recover Rinaldi pops back up on the apron and runs at him to squash Stevens head between the post and his hip. Roger slumps in the corner, as Dentari breaks free from Doyle's

shepherding.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Roger.

[Dentari pulls Stevens from the corner and drags his limp body into the middle of the ring. He holds him up and drops him into an STO backbreaker before driving him all the way down to the canvas with a complete shot!]

Angus:

That's it! This is over!

[Dentari covers Stevens!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-YAZ dives in with an axe handle!]

DDK:

YAZ with the save for his team!

[YAZ brings forearm after forearm down across Dentari's back before throwing him off of Stevens. Both men get to their feet, but YAZ takes a clothesline to the back of the head from Vincent Rinaldi. Vinny pulls YAZ up and lifts him into position for a side slam, but instead drops him across his knee with a backbreaker. Alceo climbs the ropes and drops a fist across YAZ's chin.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The LBC have taken control now!

Angus:

It's only a matter of time before they put White Hot Anger away!

[Rinaldi rolls YAZ off of his knee and pushes him with his feet to the outside. He falls to the floor as Alceo turns back to Roger Stevens in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Roger pops up and damn near takes Dentari's head off with a Lariat! Vinny runs in on Steven who backtracks to the ropes and low bridges the big man, sending him sprawling to the outside. Steven then crawls his way over to Dentari, covers him and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Dentari kicks out!]

DDK:

I thought that was it!

Angus:

God Damn, Dentari's eyes still haven't stopped rolling after that lariat!

[Stevens looks up at his corner to see nobody there, then looks back to Dentari. He stumbles up to his feet and signals for the end!]

DDK:

Busted to the Mat coming up!

[Stevens hoists Dentari up and sets in position for a pumphandle lift. He's just about to pull the trigger when Di Luca hops back up onto the apron!]

DDK:

Come on Benny, get him out of there!

[Stevens discards Dentari to one side and heads over to argue with Di Luca.]

DDK:

No! Keep your eyes on Dentari!

[Alceo groggily gets to his feet and runs in on Stevens. He rolls him up with a school boy for the pin!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Stevens kicks out!]

DDK:

Oh my days! I thought the LBC had stolen another one!

[Both men get back to their feet. Stevens tries for another Lariat but Dentari ducks it and throws himself into his own corner where he's able to make the tag to Rinaldi. Vinny steps back into the ring as Roger checks his corner, where YAZ is still nowhere to be seen.]

Angus:

YES VINNY! Slam him! FAT HOLE FUCKING SLAM HIM!

[Roger strikes first with a knife edge chop, but Vinny responds with a clubbing blow to the side of the head which sends Stevens reeling. A headbutt from Rinaldi knocks Roger back into the ropes and Vinny whips him across the ring.]

Angus:

Twice in one match! I'm being spoiled tonight.

[Stevens comes back and baseball slides between Rinaldi's legs. He gets back to his feet and hits a running dropkick that forces Rinaldi to stumble. YAZ pops back up on the apron and holds his hand out for a tag, which Roger happily slaps. Both men head for the top rope on adjacent corners and leap, connecting with a double missile dropkick that takes Rinaldi off of his feet!]

[YAZ goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Dentari back in with the save!]

DDK:

All four men are in the ring now, this has been absolutely wild.

[Roger grabs Alceo by the head and runs him at the ropes, but at the last second Dentari reverses and sends Roger over the top to the outside. YAZ spots this and charges in to catch Dentari as he turns around to clothesline him over the top as well! With YAZ distracted Tony Di Luca hops up on the apron on the opposite side of the ring and reaches into his pocket. He calls out to Rinaldi, who is only just getting to his feet and swings his arm back.]

DDK:

Damnit no! Di Luca's got the brass knucks still!

[Before they can leave his hand though, Lisa Loeh grabs Tony's leg and yanks him down off of the apron. The brass knuckles go flying off errantly into the crowd.]

[illegible]

Angus:

Where the shit did she come from?

[Rinaldi watches as the Brass Knucks sail away from him, then turns around into the Shotei!]

[illegible]

[Rinaldi drops like a sack of potatoes and YAZ falls into the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Ding Ding Ding

Quimbey:

Here are your winners, Yoshikazu YAZ and Roger Stevens, WWWWWWHITE HOT AAAAAAANGEEEEEEEEER!

[Dentari pounds the apron in frustration as Stevens and Loeh both slide into the ring to celebrate with each other.]

DDK:

Despite all the chicanery from The LBC, *White Hot Anger* pick up the win.

Angus:

But where did Lisa even come from? I coulda been ogling her all match long had I know she was still out here!

Once More Into the Abyss

[For Romero Antiguas, it was another shitty day in what was rapidly becoming a less-stellar than planned DEFIANCE tenure. Fresh off of a “match” against Frank Dylan James in which Romero had realized discretion was the better part of keeping his handsome, handsome face intact, the Master of the Martinete was backstage brooding about his misfortune.] **Antiguas:** Figures. They must really want me out of here to send that hillbilly Neanderthal after my pretty, pretty face. [What Romero wasn’t saying, though, was that he was all manners of unhappy. He’d only gotten to hit his beloved piledriver once. It had splattered its victim, but ever since then, things for Romero Antiguas hadn’t been going so well.] [And now, as he stood backstage, still dressed in his ring gear, his day was about to get even worse in the sort of way that it had gotten worse for him in Canada.] [Three letters, kiddies.] [A. C. X.] [Rich Mahogany strolled onto the scene, oozing of swag the likes only Justin Bieber and Marky Mark have pulled off before him. The face-guard from Canada is gone, replaced by pink heart-shaped shades to go with a matching pink bow-tie, tights, and suspenders. The suspenders, for their part, are straining to keep Rich from showing off just enough dick-neck to get DEFIANCE kicked off of Hulu.] [It’s one of those kinds of days.] **Mahogany:** My brother from a different colored mother! Tough luck running into Man Mountain Frank out there tonight! I’d have probably ran faster though. That guy is sixteen kinds of gross. [Romero Antiguas looked up from his sense of abject disappointment, only to come face to face with every woman’s nightmare and every man’s dream. Well, every man who you can find on certain forums of the Internet, anyway. Romero, on the other hand, felt bile coming up out of his throat, and made several interesting retching sounds. It took a few moments for him to manage to calm enough to speak.] **Antiguas:** Hooray. My second favorite person. **Mahogany:** Shit yeah, I told those other guys we were homies! Up high! [Rich loads up the mother of all high fives. It is not reciprocated.] **Mahogany:** Goddammit, again? [Antiguas cocks his head, the look of dismay somehow growing. Rich no-sells it, continuing on in his quest of bro-man-dude-ness.] **Mahogany:** WTFevz, bro. Look, me an’ the boys are goin’ out later, gonna see what this town’s got in the way of the Night Life, if ya diggit, and I was wonderin’ if you wanted to tag along. The Rich-meister can always put a good Wing Man to work! [Antiguas was so dismayed, in fact, that he couldn’t even get off his punchline of “everyone else in the history of Earth is tied for first.” It had already been a bad enough night, and now, Rich Mahogany was here attempting to have him act as a...wingman. Considering the quality of woman Rich would attract (poor), Antiguas didn’t even want to COMPREHEND the sort of grenades he would be expected to fall upon.] **Antiguas:** You’re...a little slow, aren’t you? It’s alright. I apologize. I should have made this clear to you in Canada. I will accept fault, and explain this to you in words that even you can understand. Ahem. [Drawing himself up to his full height, Antiguas regarded Mahogany as if dog crap on the bottom of his shoe before speaking.] **Antiguas:** I do not want to be your friend. I do not want to know you. You and your comrades’ mere existence makes me want to spend the rest of my evening on Twitter reading the #YesAllWomen hashtag; even that might have more educational value than you. LEAVE ME ALONE. This is the last warning you will EVER get from me. [Romero shoulders past Rich with a little extra umph than may have been necessary. The Shaman of Sleaze, having been turned entirely around, watched as Antiguas stormed off down the hallway, a single tear developing in his eye.] **Mahogany:** Dag, yo... I was just tryin’ to be friendly... [Rich sulks as the screen fades and cuts away.]

The Curtis Clutch Challenge

[“Enae Volare Mezzo” echoes through the arena, the music could mean only one thing and that is the absolutely dominant **former** Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn is standing on the entrance ramp with a black duffle bag in hand.]

DDK:

Well Angus it looks like your favorite person is about to make his way down to the ring with microphone already in hand.

[Angus rolls his eyes in disgust.]

Angus:

He looks a lil leaner doesn't he Keebs?

[DDK squints his eyes in order to take a closer look at Curtis as he makes his way down the ramp.]

Angus:

Come on Keebsie-baby doesn't he look **TEN POUNDS** lighter! By Gawd I LUV Canada for the simple facts of Maple Syrup and that Curtis Penn is no longer clutching GOLD!

[Curtis flips the microphone end over end as he rounds the bottom of the ramp and grins as he notices a kid taunting him while wearing a red and blue Stockton Pyre replica mask. Curt tucks the mic in the waistband of his shorts and walks over to the kid. DEFsec eyeballs the situation as the boy starts yelling and pointing at Defiance's only true gladiator. Curtis lays a hand on the top of the boys head and snatches off the mask quickly as the DEFsec couldn't even make a move before Penn balls it up and takes it into the ring.]

DDK:

What a distasteful move by the former champion! Losing his title did nothing to quell his ...his...

[Curtis drops the duffle in the center of the ring all while grinning at the kid who is pretty pissed off at him for taking his Pyre mask.]

Angus:

I believe the term you're looking for is ASSHOLE-itude!

[Curtis' only retaliation to Angus' outburst is to mount the mask of his foe the ring post closest to the announcer. He, then, raises the microphone to his lips and paces back towards the center of the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

For Six Months I walked down to this ring carrying the Southern Heritage Championship. And every time that I stepped into this ring I did one thing that no other person in history of DEFIANCE could do. I dominated every single person that I stepped into the ring with. EVERYONE from the dregs of the roster to former world champions has fallen to my Curtis Clutch.

[He drops the microphone low enough to wipe down his beard.]

Curtis Penn:

To the **FIVE** guys it took to beat me; you're welcome. You're welcome that I took that belt and turned it into the legitimate championship that it is today. Each time you guys step into the ring for that title it's not just that title you're going to be fighting for, it's not each other that you're fighting against... it's my legacy that you'll be battling, it's my legacy that you're going to try and outshine.

[He pauses.]

Curtis Penn:

I'm might have lost my gold, but I never lost my title or my streak. Not one time in Six Months have I been pinned... So I have that going for me. OH and the single most devastating submission hold ever to be used inside of a wrestling ring The Curtis Clutch makes the Beautiful Dreamer look like a bear hug. And it's unbreakable. **PERIOD!**

[He struts around the ring listening to the crowd throw out taunts, he sees the signage in the crowd that mocks him, but he just smiles because it entertains him.]

Curtis Penn:

I've seen the twitter rants, I've heard the commentary...

[He glares at the announce table.]

Curtis Penn:

Ya'll think that I'm just out here wagging my jaw about how unstoppable the Curtis Clutch is, you want examples maybe? I'll give you three: Chance Von Crank, Tucker Alston, and Henry Keyes, all three have been in **MY** Clutch and all three have never been the same afterwards. Alston was the very first victim and the last I heard he was still laying around his house in a vice just so his back stays in a straight line. Chance Von Crank in all of his vile, crude, and lude actions slunk back to whatever dark hole he came from after he tried with all of the might that he could muster from his mullet and he still fell to the Curtis Clutch. Then there was the brute; a man that I could have admired if didn't run away like a lil' bitch after being snatched around like a rag doll. There are many more that I could name: STJ, Heidi Christenson, Stockton Pyre, and many many more that can atest to the cold feeling that shocks their system when I lock onto their neck and attempt to separate it from their spinal cord.

Starting tonight I'm going to be holding the Curtis Clutch Challenge. The **WHAT** do you ask? Let me explain it to ya for a moment. I simply select someone... someone at random... I invite them up here and I place them in the Curtis Clutch and have you all bare witness to the inescapability of the move, if they escape I'll show them that I'm a nice guy and shake their hand with my right and hand them the contents of this duffle bag with my left.

[He kicks it with his foot and makes a surprised look as he glances around the ring. He bends over and unzips the bag.]

Curtis Penn:

Oh, DUBYA TEE EFF is this...TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

[He stands tall again and dumps the bundles of cash onto the mat.]

Curtis Penn:

And it's all in singles! We all know who would want that in the back, right! But no... not even close, I see out there...

[He points into the crowd.]

Curtis Penn:

Hundreds of people **NEED** this money to live. I'm not offering indentured servitude like Ed White and his Blood Diamonds. I'm not going to be all shady like the LBC and lie to your face and take the money and run. It's a simple contest, you break the Curtis Clutch and you can take the money and save your home, your car, and the respect of your children.

[Curtis walks over to the side of the ring where he "borrowed" the Stockton Pyre mask.]

Curtis Penn:

Hell kid you can start your college fund that your pathetic parents had to siphon off to keep a roof over your pathetic head. In fact... you two...

[Curtis points at the DEFsec squad that was eyeing the situation earlier.]

Curtis Penn:

Let lil' Timmy into the ring.

DDK:

What is going on, Curtis Penn just invited a child into the ring!

Angus:

That's because Penn's balls are just about as large as this kids. The child doesn't even have leg hair yet!

DDK:

Someone get ERIC DANE on the phone!

[Moments later standing in the ring is a kid, wire framed, but with the trace outline of muscle standing equally in height to Curtis Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

You're almost a full grown man-child.

[Curtis circles the kid, eyes never leaving him.]

Curtis Penn:

What's your name?

[Curtis tips the microphone to his competitor's lips.]

Boy:

Name's Bobby.

Curtis Penn:

Well, Booby...how old are you?

Bobby:

I'm sixteen.

[Curt mocks the boy.]

Curtis Penn:

Well folks what we have in front of me tonight is a 16 year old Booby. Booby, did I explain the game well enough?

Bobby: (not showing any fear.)

Yeah...you put me in your hold-

Curtis Penn: [interrupting]

The Curtis Clutch.

Bobby:

The Curtis Clutch... if I break the hold, I win the duffle bag full of money.

Curtis Penn:

More importantly you win my respect, which no amount of money can buy. Oh and recognition as the only person ...ever...to break this hold. So are you ready to begin?

[He tilts the microphone back toward the kid.]

Bobby:

Sure am!

[Penn smiles.]

Curtis Penn:

Confidence, I like it. Alright Bobby, to make this slightly less painful, I'm going have you get on your knees.

[While Bobby assumes the position Curtis makes his way towards the boys mask that impaled on the ring post earlier.]

Curtis Penn:

Alright Bobby are you ready?

[Penn stands behind the kid with the mask in his hands.]

Angus:

Um...Someone get legal on the phone I smell lawsuit coming in...THREE.

Bobby:

Yeah, come on let's get this over with!

Curtis Penn:

Oh, one last thing here's your mask back!

DDK:

There is no way he's going to go through with this? This is just some sort of stunt, right Angus?

Angus:

TWO!!!

[Penn pulls the mask over the kids face backwards and as soon as his hands reach up to stop Curtis from doing so Penn seizes the opportunity and wrenches one arm around the kids throat and secures the loose arm while sitting down on the child's lower back.]

Angus:

ONE!!!

[The boy starts screaming in pain and waving his arm frantically, Penn leans back on the spine and wrenches the head/neck even further back. Bobby's arm goes limp as Curtis yells at Mark Shields to check the kid. Shields raises the arm thrice and rings the bell. Curtis wrenches back one more and the Stockton Pyre mask slides off the kid's face and catches his arm pit and he pushes the boys face into the mat.]

Angus:

That's it...we're out of a job, I'm going to have to be the sales announcer at WAL-MART!

[Penn takes a step back, shoots a snot rocket at the boy, and shoves the mask down the front of his shorts then lifts the boys head once more and rests Bobby's check on the tea bagged mask Shields instantly calls for the med team as Penn retrieves his duffel bag full of cash before heading to the announce table with scowl on his face.]

Angus:

YOUFRAKINIDGITYOUJUSTCOSTUSALLOURJOBSBECAUSEYOURANASSHOLLEEEEEEEEE!

[Penn smirks at Angus just prior to grabbing his water bottle off of the desk.]

Curtis Penn:

Perhaps next week these Ten GEE's will come in handy to you.

[He takes a deep drink of the cold fluid and spits it in the face of Angus. Curtis walks pass the stretcher and the tearful woman in the first row, laughing all the way up the ramp.]

East Meets South

DDK: I'm being told there was an altercation backstage during our previous match. **Angus:** A backstage altercation at a Defiance show? Holy shit, Keebs. Big surprise there. **DDK:** I believe we were lucky enough to have a camera on hand to catch what happened. **Angus:** How convenient. [We cut to the back where we see Sam Turner Jr. and Frank Dylan James standing around, watching a TV with a live feed of the action in the ring. At least, Sam seems to be watching intently. Frank has a noticeably far-away look in his eyes.] **STJ:** 'At sure was a nice move. **FDJ:** Mmm. [They continue to watch the monitor.] **STJ:** 'At's it. 'At was anoth'r nice move. Ya reckon 'at'll win'em tha match? **FDJ:** [Grunts.] [Turner turns his attention away from the tv set to see Frank scowl and cross his arms.] **STJ:** Ya ain't still sore over 'at perddyboy gettin' one over on ya ,are ya? Ev'ryone knows ya had him whooped well an' good. **FDJ:** Well ta be completely honest with ya, I'm doin' my durndest not ta drive ma fist through that thar wall. So mad I could put a beatin' on anythin' that moves. **STJ:** Aw Frank, ya just furget about that.... [Sam is interrupted by a flying trashcan that just barely misses knocking the television set off the countertop it's sitting on. Both men's heads snap quickly to the left, and there is now a gleam in Frank's formerly dull eyes as he cracks his knuckles.] **FDJ:** Looks like ma wish dun got granted. [Enter the Osaka Street Cutters, as the terror that is Demon Azuma moves forward in a blind rage. The two men walking backward in front of him, Mach Hawke and Kaz Araki, are talking to him in flustered-sounding Japanese and from their gestures it is apparent they are attempting to calm him down. To no avail, as he storms past them and flips over a catering table, strewing plates of sandwiches across the room, before repeatedly kicking the table until cracks and splinters form.] [Sam shakes his head in disbelief.] **STJ:** That poor table. Can't even fight back. **FDJ:** Maybe that feller should be pickin' on somethin' more his own size. An' since I don' see anyone like that aroun' heea, I guess I'll just have ta do. [Frank is already starting to head in their direction before Sam can even say a word to stop him.] **STJ:** Frank, hey, hold on jus' a minute... [Sam starts to follow after, but Frank is already chest to chest with Azuma before he can get in between them. Luckily for him, both Hawke and Araki already seem to be attempting to defuse the situation.] **Hawke:** Whoa, whoa, whoa. We're not looking for trouble here. Azuma's just in one of his moods. It's got nothing to do with you guys. He just didn't get the chance to murder the miscreant that hit him in the head earlier tonight, is all. **FDJ:** Oh, I can relate, alright. If this ol'boy is lookin' for a fight, I can give him one. No questions asked. **Kaz:** Oh, there's no need for that. I'm sure your friend will agree, what with his FIST title match coming up shortly. [Hawke and Araki manage to back Azuma up a few steps away from Araki, but only for a second. Brushing their arms aside, he immediately gets right back up in Frank Dylan James' face. Neither man speaks a word, but the intense expressions on their faces say it all. Now Sam Turner Jr. steps in between them, inserting his arms in between the two men and separating them.] **STJ:** Come on, Frank. These guys don't wanna fight. They... [Sam doesn't get a chance to finish before he's pisted in the face with a big right hand from Azuma. Unexpected, the impact sends him staggering back a few steps. Raising a hand to his face he pulls it away to find a trickle of blood coming from his nose. His eyes furrowing, Sam takes a step toward Azuma.] **Hawke:** Uh oh... [Hawke barely has time to brace himself before Frank shoves Azuma asides and lands a big right hook to his jaw, knocking him hard to the floor. As he starts to stomp away at him, Araki jumps up on FDJ's back, grabbing on with a sloppy looking sleeperhood. While Frank attempts to remove the nuisance from his back, Sam Turner Jr. dives into the midsection of Azuma and the two men start trading lefts and rights in a maniac flurry.] **Voice off camera:** FIIIIIGHT! FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!!! [Sam and Azuma are just winging wild haymakers, only one in three or four landing, but those that do with such cracking force that it's a god-damn miracle that neither man has been knocked off his feet. A number of minor Defiance officials and arena security now run on screen, doing their best to get in between the five men brawling. Azuma is screaming unintelligibly as he's pulled away, now bleeding from a cut opened above his eye, and neither Sam Turner Jr. nor Frank Dylan James look like they're finished just quite yet, as they strain to get through the wall of men currently positioned between them and the Street Cutters.] [The camera cuts back to the announce table where we see Darren and Angus shaking their heads.] **DDK:** Well ladies and gentlemen, it appears that neither the Osaka Street Cutters nor Frank Dylan James were very happy about the events that transpired earlier tonight. **Angus:** Let's be honest, Keebs. We all know that catering table had it coming. Did you have any of those sandwiches? B-level at best. **DDK:** You have to wonder if that altercation will have any effect on Sam Turner Jr., either physical or psychological, just minutes before his big shot to become the FIST of Defiance. **Angus:** At the very least, I don't think we have to worry about any psychological effect. When your I.Q. hovers around the single digits like that, your brain isn't capable of processing much more than the basic life-sustaining functions. **DDK:** *Sigh*

It's Party Time All The Time... Except This Time

[Back from the backstage area, the ring has already been set up by some nondescript stagehands to give it more of a professional feel. The ring is decorated with a big red tarp and a big plaque is placed in a glass frame that currently houses the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles, making them look very pristine. And inside the ring currently are Team HOSS themselves, dressed sharply. Angel Trinidad is rocking a big, black business suit and red tie. Aleczander The Great is sporting a dark blue business suit with a pink shirt and teal-colored tie to keep up his own color scheme. Cappy's is a bit more patriotic - brown business suit, white shirt, blue tie and red cufflinks.]

DDK:

Well, while we were backstage moments ago, we had this presentation placed out in the middle of the ring with the DEFIANCE Trios Tag Team Titles. We already saw Team HOSS in action once if you want to call it that.

Angus:

Stop being a goddamn fuddy-duddy, Keebler! I mean, come on, it's a celebration! We have new HOSS overlords of the Trios division!

[And with this, Junior Keeling starts to make his way down to the ring to a tremendous flurry of booing as he hires a stagehand behind him to start tossing pens into the crowd.. more of those awful Team HOSS pens.]

Angus:

If they can get me one of those with Lisa Loeh on it, then I will praise their names forever.

DDK:

You kind of already do.

Angus:

Oh, yeah.

[Junior Keeling climbs up the steps and into the ring where a series of photographers are currently in place to take pictures. Keeling undoes the glass case and starts to hand the members of Team HOSS their belts one by one.]

Keeling:

Since we have already competed for you once this evening, we're going to keep this short and sweet. My boys have already had the chance to take out Horry, Matthews and Walker, so we have finally put that issue to bed. Ty Walker, you and your little crew are in our reverie now and we're looking to the future!

[Keeling continues to showcase his clients as they stand proudly with their DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Titles out.]

Keeling:

The purpose of this little shindig is to give all of you a glimpse of the future that you can be accustomed to for a very long time. These men aren't going to be one-and-done champions like the most recent title holders of the past. They will DEFEND these belts proudly as they did once tonight... they will DESTROY every last team that dares try to step to them. TexMex Holiday? GONE! Hookers N'Blow? Kaput!

[Aleczander takes the microphone.]

Aleczander:

We're declaring' open season on the DEFIANCE Trios Roster! If any of you fuckin' wankers even so much as look at us funny, then you'll be dust!

[Capital Punishment takes the microphone next and starts to hold it up his third of the belt.]

Cappy:

We may be the champions of this division, but if you even think that you're good enough to challenge us for these belts, then YOU'RE the fucking targets.

[And finally, Angel gets to say his piece.]

Angel:

Lap it up, members of the HOSS Army! CHAMPIONS! And how is that spelt? I'll tell you... H-O-S-S!

Keeling:

Okay, let's give these people something to actually look forward to! HOSSes, get your belts ready!

[The crowd is booing even more now as the three men each hold out their belts and raise them high so that way a pair of photographers could get some good shots. Keeling is enjoying the view and claps and hollers...]

AHEM!

[A voice at the top of the ramp gets their attention.... that of Frank Holiday! The former member of the deceased Team TexMex Holiday. He stood at the top of the ramp giving them the double deuces.]

Holiday:

HEY... AGENTS OF DOUCHE!

[Keeling freaks out and starts to yell at his boys to chase after her and they do so on command! Angel takes off his tie, Cappy rolls up his sleeves and Aleczander just rips away his coat to show his muscles... well, because he fucking can and he's all strong and shit.]

Angus:

Get him! Get that nutjob! This is Team HOSS's moment!

[And as they go to chase him up the ramp, the fans start to buzz when another figure comes out from the crowd and sneaks in right behind Team HOSS's spokesman...]

Angus:

MUH BOI TAI!

DDK:

TY WALKER! TY WALKER'S IN THE HOUSE! HE'S ALL OVER JUNIOR KEELING WITH RIGHT HANDS NOW!

[Sure enough, the crowd starts roaring with approval as the leader of Hookers N'Blow is assaulting the leader of Team HOSS! Aleczander notices this and charges back to the ring. Luckily Ty is just a little quicker and leaves the ring and back through the crowd from where he came!]

DDK:

Ty Walker is NOT done with Team HOSS! That much is for sure, he wants Junior Keeling to suffer in the worst way possible.

Angus:

As well he should, shame for hurting Ty Walker like that... I mean, GO HOSS!

[The other members of Team HOSS run into the ring now and hover over a sore Keeling while the camera catches a glimpse of Ty Walker grinning from ear to ear as he disappears into the crowd! This issue appears to be far from over! And now, here's a commercial break where we talk you into buying shit.]

[illegible][illegible]

DDK:

And?

Angus:

Nothing, I just wanted the people know he was a retard.

DDK:

...

[A video of Sam Turner Jr.'s highlights grace the screen. Just as he hits a huge powerbomb on Dragon Jones, the words 'Tha Rednek Reker' flashes on the screen.]

♪ The preacher man says it's the end of time ♪
 ♪ And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry ♪
 ♪ The interest is up and the Stock Markets down ♪
 ♪ And you only get mugged ♪
 ♪ If you go down town ♪

DDK:

Sam did seem quite reluctant to accept the challenge earlier, care to shed any light on that, Angus?

Angus:

Uhhhh, maybe 'cause the guy's a fucking idjit?

DDK:

How eloquent.

Angus:

Well, what did you think I was gonna say? Because he's afraid he'll lose his friend if his wins? This is wrestling, Keebs, and the aim of wrestling to win title belts and make that dollar dollar. If Sam doesn't realise that then he's even stupider than I previously thought.

[Sam steps out and flexes his farmer tanned arm making the crowd pop. As they cheer louder he begins to blush and smile widely.]

[He starts waving to the fans as he walks to the ring.]

[Once at ringside he goes around slapping hands with the fans.]

[When he's done he jogs up the ring steps and continues to wave to all the fans.]

♪ And a country boy can survive ♪
 ♪ Country folks can survive ♪

[A country boy can survive fades to be replaced by Datheavenlychoir.jpg.]

[illegible]

[The lights in the arena drop, before one spotlight shines upon a ginger afroed figure in the middle of the stage. The FIST of DEFIANCE strapped around Eugene Dewey's waist sparkles as he raises his hands out to his side and roars to the crowd.]

[illegible]

DDK:

There he is, Angus. The undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE, finally with the belt wrapped around his waist right where it

belongs.

Angus:

I'll give the kid his due, he grew a set of stones inside the steel cage against Dan Ryan. But that doesn't excuse him from selecting his friend to defend the title against.

DDK:

I don't know how many times I'm going to have to explain this to you, Eugene offered Sam the shot because-

Angus:

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT!

[Eugene walks his way slowly down to the ring, making time to stop and slap hands with fans on both side of the aisle along the way. He reaches the ring side and slides in under the bottom rope, once in, he climbs the turnbuckle, unclips the FIST belt from his waist and holds it high in the air.]

DDK:

Say what you like, Angus, but that belt looks good on him.

Angus:

It'd look good on anyone. All I'm saying is that everyone claims Dewey proved himself worthy of the FIST in Canada. Well tonight, he's undoing all that work by hand picking his opponent, who let's face it, still isn't in the best condition after a failed attempt to capture the Southern Heritage title in Toronto.

DDK:

Many would call his gesture honorable...

Angus:

I'd call it cowardly.

[Dewey dismounts the turnbuckle and turns back to Sam. He smiles across the ring at his challenger and hands the FIST belt over to Benny Doyle. Doyle shows the belt to Sam before lifting it above his head. He then carries the belt to the time keeper, hands it over and calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[illegible]

DDK:

AND HERE WE GO! FIST of DEFIANCE on the line. Eugene Dewey vs. Sam Turner Jr.!

[The two competitors circle the center of the ring and slap hands before locking up in a collar and elbow tie up. With his height advantage, Sam is able to push Dewey back into the corner of the ring with relative ease. Benny Doyle immediately interjects himself and calls for a clean break, which he gets from both men.]

DDK:

Something tells me this is gonna be nice and clean between both men.

Angus:

Translation: boring.

[Sam backs up and holds a finger up as though to say '1-0'. Eugene smiles right back at him and meets him in the middle of the ring for another tie up. Again Sam pushes Eugene back into the corner of the ring, and again Benny Doyle calls for a clean break.]

Angus:

See? It's just gonna be shit like this until the show is stopped because either that neckbeard in the front row or, and this is far more likely, I will have died from boredom.

DDK:

I wouldn't be so sure of that.

[Again the two meet up in the middle of the ring, however this time Eugene lifts his hand high in the air asking for a test of strength. Sam asks 'are you sure?' before accepting.]

DDK:

I remember this being called a Greco Roman Fingerlock.

Angus:

That's because you're a throwback to a bygone era. You're like one of those planes that looked like a biplane, but had 7 or 8 wings stacked vertically.

DDK:

What does that make you then?

Angus:

In this analogy I'd be one of those new AirBus thingies.

DDK:

...No one can claim you don't know your subject matter, Angus.

Angus:

I know everything about everything. I'm like a walking wikipedia.

[Back to the Greco Roman Fingerlock... Sam starts to bend Eugene backwards, but the FIST lifts a foot and plants it behind the leg of Sam Turner Jr. He uses the extra leverage to push his way back up and started folding Sam backwards. Sam's not as flexible as Eugene though, and has to resort to putting a foot into Dewey's midsection as he falls to the floor. The foot aids Sam in taking Eugene over with a sort of throw, but Eugene lands and rolls over instantly, crossing Sam's arms and holding him down in a pin!]

[ONE!]

[T-Sam rolls a shoulder up easily!]

[Sam rolls to his front and stares at Eugene, who smiles back at the challenger. They both rise to their feet, still with their hands locked and resume the test of strength.]

DDK:

Eugene might have the slight advantage when it comes to innovative abilities here, and that's a very unusual place for him to be in.

Angus:

Eugene having any kind of advantage other than weight is a strange place for him to be in.

[As Sam starts to get the upper hand in the test of strength he pushes Eugene back into the corner again. Rather than getting backed up against the turnbuckles though, Eugene plants a foot on the bottom turnbuckle and starts to climb the ropes. He steps up to the second turnbuckle, and with the height assistance, manages to break the Greco Roman Fingerlock. He jumps from the ropes and hooks Sam's head, looking for a tornado DDT, but after turning Sam throws Eugene off. The FIST lands on his feet, spins on the spot and puts up his dukes, but Sam remains stationary.]

Angus:

Come on! Hit him! Do something!

DDK:

I know I don't agree with why you're saying that, Angus, I certainly agree with what you're saying.

Angus:

You do?

DDK:

Of course. Sam has to capitalise on moments like that if he wants to leave here with the FIST. He can't let Dewey gather his bearings after every exchange.

[Eugene looks stunned that Sam was able to reverse the DDT attempt and circles him warily. Sam looks to tie up again, but Dewey ducks the attempt and goes behind Sam. He rushes him into the ropes and tries to pull him back in a roll up, but Sam hooks the top rope and Eugene rolls back by himself. Dewey rolls straight up to his feet though and charges at Sam, who turns around to get caught by a clothesline that sends him over the top rope and to the outside!]

DDK:

That's what happens when you capitalise. You gain the advantage.

Angus:

I feel like a proud father right now. You're actually offering up something insightful.

DDK:

One of us has to.

[Eugene steps out onto the apron and takes up position against the ring post. He waits for Sam to get back to his feet and charges along the apron, cannonballing his way off of it and collides with the challenger!]

[illegible]

[Eugene pops up to his feet and roars along with the crowd before bending down to pull Sam back up. He rolls STJ into the ring before following him in. Eugene covers Sam almost instantly!]

[ONE!]

[T-Sam kicks out with plenty of time to spare!]

DDK:

Very quick kick out from Sam. It's gonna take more than a couple of shots to take out the big country boy.

Angus:

Maybe Eugene was hoping Sam would just lay down for him.

DDK:

I highly doubt that.

[Eugene picks Sam up from the mat and whips him into the corner.]

DDK:

What a thud!

Angus:

That was just all the fat on Eugene's back slapping together.

[Eugene runs in to splash Sam, but he gets a boot up into Eugene's midsection. Dewey puts the brakes on just in time to catch the foot, but Sam pushes Eugene away. Eugene recovers and charges back into the corner looking for a splash again, but Sam ducks under, locks his hands around Eugene's waist and holds him up for a bearhug.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Eugene as Sam has one of the strongest grips on the roster.

Angus:

Sam as the FIST would be a joke.

DDK:

Why's that?

Angus:

He'd pawn the belt within the first few days of having it.

[Eugene claws for the ropes but Sam walks him into the middle of the ring and sets him down on his feet. Sam tightens his grip and clenches his arms tighter, making sure to dig in to the small of Dewey's back. Eugene pushes Sam's head away and pulls back a right hand, but seems to think twice about actually hitting his friend.]

Angus:

LEVEL HIM! LAY HIM OUT!

DDK:

Eugene doesn't want to actually punch Sam.

Angus:

But throwing himself off of the apron into him and squashing him in the corner is fine? Logic much?

[Sam's grip tightens even more, forcing Eugene to do something to break the hold. Eugene seems to contemplate the right hand again, but instead opts to clap his hands around the head of Sam.]

Angus:

What is it with these guys and that fucking bell clap recently?

DDK:

It's effective.

Angus:

It's stupid.

[The bell clap serves its purpose and Eugene manages to break away from Sam's tight grip. Dewey hits the ropes and comes back at Sam, who gathers his bearings just in time to throw a double axehandle in Eugene's direction. Dewey ducks the attempt and hits the ropes on the other side, returning to the Redneck Reker with a crossbody that takes Sam off of his feet.]

[illegible]

DDK:

Eugene Dewey leaves his feet for some high impact there!

Angus:

My colon's been more impacted than that. He got, what? 1, maybe 2 feet of 'air' on that?

DDK:

He got enough!

[Both men get back to their feet, Eugene beats Sam up by a split second, which is enough for him to push Sam back against the ropes and whip him across the ring. Sam bounces back and jumps over Eugene as he drops to the floor. As Sam comes back off of the other side Eugene springs back up and looks for a hip toss. Sam blocks the attempt and reverses with a rolling backslide for the pin!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Eugene kicks out!]

[Both men scramble to their feet, Sam throws a clothesline that Eugene ducks, goes behind and rolls Sam up with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-This time Sam kicks out!]

[Again both men get back up, but neither moves. Both simply stare at each other in the middle of the ring before breaking out in smiles.]

[illegible]

DDK:

The fans certainly seem to appreciate the sportsmanship being shown by these competitors.

Angus:

Sportsmanship? There's a title on the line! They should be going at it tooth and nail to walk out with the strap!

[Sam reaches out to shake Eugene's hand and when Eugene reaches out Sam grabs an armbar on Eugene.]

Angus:

Finally a little bit of shadiness!

[Sam grins widely and points to his head saying 'he has brains'. Eugene tries to pull his arm away but Sam jerks it back. Sam attempts a headbutt on Eugene's arm but Eugene turns his arm and elbows Sam right in the forehead. Once again it's a stalemate.]

Angus:

Eugene fights dirty, and I'm kinda liking it.

DDK:

That wasn't dirty, he was keeping his arm safe.

[The two behemoths step nose to nose. Sam pushes Eugene. Eugene pushes Sam back. Again Sam pushes, but Eugene answers back with a knife edged chop, and another. Sam grabs Eugene's head and headbutts him dazedly sending Eugene back first in the corner.]

Angus:

It's breaking down now! Get him Sam!

DDK:

Since when do you root for Sam Turner Jr.?

Angus:

Since he just headbutted the daylights out of Eugene. I bet Eugene's missing Wayne right about now.

DDK:

Maybe, maybe not. I know Sam sure isn't.

[Sam chops Eugene in the corner then sends him to the opposite corner. Sam rushes in. Eugene moves.]

WHHHHHHAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMM!

[Sam crashes into the top turnbuckle shoulder first. Sam falls to his butt and grabs his shoulder. Eugene sees the pain on Sam's face and walks over to check on him.]

Angus:

NO...I SAID NO! THIS IS NOT WRESTLING! THIS IS MORE LIKE GAY SOFTCORE PORN, AND WITHOUT THE LESBIANS!

DDK:

WHAT!?!?

Angus:

You wouldn't understand Keebs.

[Sam says he's okay and Eugene helps him up to his feet.]

Angus:

What is this?

DDK:

You mean the friendship between the two?

Angus:

No...yes...no, I don't know, this is just a mockery of a professional wrestling match.

[The two circle up and once again shoot the collar and elbow lock up. Sam takes advantage and whips Eugene into the ropes. Eugene bounces off and ducks the clothesline from Sam. He hits the ropes again and ducks under Sam's big boot.]

DDK:

Once upon a time, Eugene would've been sucking air right now. That's cardio for you.

Angus:

Cardio? He's sweating zits right now.

[Eugene's speed advantage means he bounces back off the ropes before Sam can turn fully around. Dewey drops his head and...]

Angus:

POUUUNCE!

DDK:

...

Angus:

Ahem... I mean... That was okay I guess.

[The Biotic Charge sends Sam rolling into the ropes. Eugene follows him and grabs a leg to drag him back into the ring and goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Sam gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

I thought that was it! How did Sam get his shoulder up?

Angus:

Maybe he's finally realized there's a belt on the line.

[Eugene grabs Sam by the neck and pulls him to his feet, but the dead weight of the Redneck Reker is too much to maneuver easily. Eugene manages to work Sam up to his knees and lifts him via his underarms, but only manages to sloppily shove him into the corner of the ring. Eugene takes a couple of deep breaths before trying to lift Sam up onto the top rope.]

DDK:

It's not so much the weight with Sam that makes him hard to shift, it's that he's a big, bulky guy. Eugene can barely get his arms around him to lift him.

[Eugene heaves Sam up and sits him on the top rope, adjusts each of Sam's legs over the top and sets off up after him. Dewey reaches the second rope himself and hooks Sam up as though to attempt a superplex. Eugene tries to lift Sam, but Sam's weight is too much for Dewey. As such, Eugene steps up to the top rope and starts to pull Sam up with him.]

DDK:

Dewey's trying to get a little more leverage.

Angus:

Brace yourself, Keebs. If he hits this the roof's gonna come down, I swear.

[Eugene tries again for the superplex, but Sam holds onto the top rope and doesn't budge. The Redneck Reker lifts a fist into Dewey's midsection, then lands another which breaks his grip. Eugene slips down one rope, leaving his head open to a headbutt from Sam that knocks him from the ropes and down to the canvas!]

DDK:

Can Sam capitalize!?

[Sam brings his legs back into the ring and stands up on the second rope. Fortunately for him Dewey's landing caused him to bounce, and unfortunately for Dewey, he was in a perfect location for a fist drop from Sam.]

DDK:

Sam connects with the fist drop off of the second rope! Now's his chance!

Angus:

Eugene was gonna superplex you through the ring, Sam! DESTROY HIM!

DDK:

Sam looks like he's still trying to shake off the Biotic Charge though. The impact of that really shook him up.

[Sam pulls himself up with the help of the ropes and brings Eugene with him. Sam nails Eugene with a stiff forearm to the side of the head, then hits another, and another, and another to push him back into the ropes. Sam whips Dewey across the ring and catches him when he comes back with a flapjack!]

DDK:

Sam didn't get the kind of elevation he usually gets on that flapjack, but it was enough!

[Eugene practically bounces back to his feet, but that only means Sam can lift him onto his shoulders and start spinning in the middle of the ring. The fans count along with the rotations.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

[Sam stops spinning and drops Eugene with what would have been a Death Valley Driver had he fallen with him. Sam steadies himself on his feet and then realizes the position Eugene's in. He drops into the cover and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Eugene gets a shoulder up at the last moment!]

DDK:

Did you see how close Sam came to winning the FIST?

Angus:

He was about as close as an ants asshole is to the ground.

DDK:

You really do have a way with words.

[Sam can't believe it, he thought he'd just won the FIST, but Eugene just won't stay down. Sam locks his hands around Eugene's head and pulls him to his feet. Sam puts one hand on Eugene's forehead and holds his head back so he can look directly in Eugene's eyes.]

I's finishin' 'iss, NOW!

DDK:

Sam is mannin' up!

Angus:

Yeah and I'm ten foot tall and bulletproof.

[Sam slaps Eugene's face to wake him up, then delivers a forearm smash to Eugene's face. Eugene shakes it off just as Sam delivers another forearm smash to Eugene. Again Eugene shakes it off, only this time he delivers one of his own. Sam fires back. Eugene responds.]

DDK:

DUELING FOREARMS!

Angus:

It's like Deliverance, but with more forearms and less banjos... and anal rape...

[Eugene and Sam keep throwing forearms into each others jaw. Eugene begins to put his weight behind his forearm strikes.]

DDK:

Eugene's getting the better of Sam.

Angus:

Sam, don't play it again.

[A final forearm strike from Eugene stuns Sam and knocks him back into the corner of the ring. Dewey follows him in and grabs an arm to whip the Redneck Reker across to the opposite corner. Dewey charges after Sam and hits an avalanche splash, sandwiching Sam between himself and the turnbuckles. Sam drops to his ass in the corner as Eugene hits the ropes and comes back with a butt bump, squashing Sam's head against the middle turnbuckle!]

DDK:

Now Dewey's building up a head of steam!

Angus:

I thought Sam was gonna 'finish iss'?

DDK:

Seems Eugene had other ideas!

[Eugene grabs a leg and drags Sam from the corner. He covers the challenger and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Sam kicks out!]

DDK:

Sam's not gonna go down without a fight!

[Again Eugene pulls Sam up to his feet and back him into the ropes. Dewey whips him across the ring, but closely follows so that he can lift a knee into Sam's midsection just as he hits the ropes. Dewey rinses and repeats to the other

side before maneuvering Sam into the middle of the ring where he takes him down with a russian leg sweep. Dewey carries the momentum through and rolls up to his feet so that he can hit the ropes immediately and come back with a leg drop down across the chest of Sam Turner Jr. Dewey moves into a pin again!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Sam gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Look at Dewey's eyes. He knows what he's gotta do to end this one.

[Eugene looks around the crowd before crouching down at Sam's head. He bides his time and waits for Sam to slowly rise to his feet, all the while staying crouched just behind the Redneck Reker. As Sam turns around Eugene leaps into the air, hand outstretched above him...]

[SHORYUKEN!]

[...But Sam takes one step back and avoids the contact!]

Angus:

Looks like Sam knew what Dewey had to do as well!

DDK:

And Sam- POLISH HAMMER! Sam hits the Polish hammer to the back of Eugene's head!

[Dewey drops to the mat like a sack of whatever Sam's folks grow on their farm. Sam looks torn between taking advantage of the situation and checking on his friend's well being, but the fans around ringside will Sam to do the former. After a moment of deep existential crisis, Sam grabs Eugene and pulls him up into position for a powerbomb!]

Angus:

He's gonna do it! He's gonna powerbomb Eugene and win the FIST!

[Sam heaves Eugene up onto his shoulders, but before he can drive him down to the mat Eugene hops over his head and lands on his feet behind the challenger. Dewey takes off for the ropes and comes back at Sam!]

DDK:

HARLAN COUNTY LINE!

[...]

[But Eugene ducks it!]

[Dewey, after narrowly avoiding the lariat to end all lariats, puts on the brakes and stops behind Sam. He drops into position and leaps again, this time however his outstretched fist connects with the jaw of Sam just as he turns around.]

[SHORYUKEN!]

[Sam hits the mat and Eugene scrambles into the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

DING DING DING

DDK:

What an exchange to end this match! It could have gone either way, but Eugene Dewey eeks out the victory!

Angus:

It took them a while to get past the whole "I don't wanna fight my fwiend" thing, but once they did... well, it was OK I guess.

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and STILL FIST OF DEFIANCE!

EEEEEEEEEEUUUGEEEEEEEEEEENE

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Benny Doyle hands the title belt over to Eugene who heads for the corner and poses for the fans. As he hops down from the ropes he turns to see Sam getting to his feet in the middle of the ring. Dewey stops in his tracks as their eyes meet.]

Angus:

Oooooooh, are we gonna see an implosion of the White Knights?

DDK:

Dewey said he wanted to start and end the match with a handshake... Do you think that's gonna happen?

Angus:

If I was Sam, no way. Then again, if I was Sam I wouldn't have lost. Actually if I was Sam I'd be a loser in all aspects of life... Come back to me on that one... I... have some things I need to work out.

[With a nod Eugene sticks out his hand. Sam pauses for a moment...]

[...]

[...]

[or two...]

[...]

[...]

Angus:

OH COME ON WITH THAT SHIT!

[...but responds in kind as he holds his jaw with the other hand. Sam releases the handshake and grabs Eugene's wrist and raises his hand high in the air.]

Angus:

This crap makes me sick!

DDK:

This is a great...

Angus: [cutting DDK off]

...a great waste of precious TV time if you ask me.

Don't Tread On Me

"All I'm asking is we give it a chance!"

"Ugh, but it's so CORNY."

"I still don't know what th'hell yer talkin' about."

[Playful bickering can only be synonymous with three members of the DEFIANCE roster, and the scene reveals said three as it fades in. The trio of Tyler Rayne, Lindsay Troy, and Wade Elliott stroll from a hallway and through the swinging doors into a catering section of the backstage. The Big Damn Heroes have changed into street wear from their earlier match against the Walker Clan.]

Lindsay Troy:

I doubt anyone will get the reference, anyway.

Wade Elliott:

I don't.

Tyler Rayne:

[Ignoring Wade] You mean to tell me those fans out there won't recognize the Song of Storms? Like, really? Isn't part of our demographic teenage video gaming nerd types?

Lindsay Troy:

I'd put money on half of them never seeing a Nintendo 64 before, nevermind knowing where that comes from.

Tyler Rayne:

Gods take me. I don't want to live in a world where people don't know Ocarina of Time. Which is on 3DS now, by the way.

Wade Elliott:

An' I don't wanna live in this conversation no more! Wish just once y'all would speak like normal...oooh. Turkey.

[The Bad Dog veers away from his teammates and straight for a table covered in food. He grabs a plate and starts stacking any type of meat available.]

Tyler Rayne:

It'll be fun! We need some team-style finishe-type moves anyway, and...

Lindsay Troy:

And ...what? People just burst out singing it? Instead of a flash dance mob it's a flash song?

Tyler Rayne:

Exactly! Starts out soft, y'know? Someone makes a hot tag, it rises in volume, and then... [Pauses] ... Country, have you ever heard of a salad?

[Wade stops before he can turn away from the table, already chewing away. He turns back, plucks a leaf of spinach from a bowl, and daintily rests it on top of his pile of dead animal before topping it off with a middle finger toward The Golden Boy. Rayne can't help but chuckle.]

Lindsay Troy:

[Sighing] This is ridiculous.

Tyler Rayne:

I'm a ridiculous man.

[Troy looks at Rayne. There's no disagreement here.]

Lindsay Troy:

Alright...fine. We'll talk about it, but first we should...

"Don't worry 'bout it. They ain't gonna be so lucky next time."

[Rayne and Troy stop their conversation as the unmistakably greasy and thick New York accent of Tony Di Luca comes through the door on the opposite end of the room. He steps through the doors, still in his ring gear, fresh and sweaty off his successful defense of the Southern Heritage Title. Alceo walks along his right, Big Vinny in tow still holding his jaw, having not been so successful in their match against Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ.]

Tony Di Luca:

One loss to White Hot Anger ain't nothin'. Besides, we still got what matters right here... ain't nobody takin' that away.

[Tony slaps the faceplate of the Southern Heritage title belt strapped around his waist as Dentari nods reluctantly.]

Lindsay Troy:

Took some real brass to hang onto it, too.

[The LBC, for the first time since walking into catering, notice they're not alone. Troy's quick barb shoots across the room and is followed up with a glare sharp enough to cut glass.]

Tony Di Luca:

Hey, Alceo, would you look at that, New Girl over here's crackin' wise.

Tyler Rayne:

Ain't like the subject matter's much to work with but, y'know, taking what we can get and all.

Tony Di Luca:

Oh, that one has a voice too? Ain't they cute? Like little bunnies in spring on their first trip out into the big wide world...

Alceo Dentari:

Blissfully unaware to the rest a' the food chain above 'em.

Lindsay Troy:

[To Tyler] Why is it everywhere we go, we have to deal with this?

Tyler Rayne:

What's that?

Lindsay Troy:

Cavones who think they're hard as hell 'cause of their heritage. [She glares at Di Luca.] Can't seem to keep places clean of rats long enough before they climb out of the sewers.

[Tony sticks a finger in his ear and wiggles it around a bit.]

Tony Di Luca:

Sorry, New Girl, I thought I heard you callin' us 'Cavones'... Just wanted to check on that, you know?

Lindsay Troy:

Since it wasn't you getting your bell rung by Lisa...yeah, you heard me right.

Tyler Rayne:

Ain't like sleezebags are real hard to spot. Seen all matter and mass in my time. You all just make it so easy.

Tony Di Luca:

Listen here, New Girl... an' you New Guy, hows about this... You two go crawl back to whatever shit pile you first came from, an' we'll forget this conversation ever happened. If however, you wanna continue we'll mow you down like the confederates at Gettysburg...

[Whaddya know? A Southern Heritage champion that knows his history.]

Wade Elliott:

Now that weren't very polite...

[The Bad Dog, who up to this point was far more interested in his meal, suddenly barks from behind his teammates. Wade walks between Troy and Rayne, a thundercloud-glare in his eyes as he steps up to Tony Two Hands.]

Wade Elliott:

Someone mind repeatin' what this chicken-shit just said?

Tony Di Luca:

What? I said we'll...

Wade Elliott:

I fuckin' heard ya, boy.

[The Southern Sparkplug flicks his plate to the floor, smashing it to pieces, before pushing a stiff finger into Di Luca's sternum.]

Wade Elliott:

Now I've got some pretty thick god-damn skin. Sticks an' stones ain't breakin' these bones. But I tend t'git a li'l pissy when it comes t'the Stars an' Bars.

[The Blue Collar Brawler turns his steely blue eyes to Tony's belt and the Rebel Flag graphic on its front.]

Wade Elliott:

An' it sure as shit don't change my tune when I see that flag carried 'round an' gettin' pissed on by some greased-up, limp-wristed, god-damn Yankee.

[Tony can't but smile at Wade's rant.]

Tony Di Luca:

You know, that hot headed temper's what got your forefathers into so much trouble to begin with...

Alceo Dentari:

An' it just got yous added to our shit list too... so keep talkin' if yous want... or shut the fuck up, I don't care.

Tony Di Luca:

Just know, if you keep lettin' that bulldog mouth run that puppy dog ass, somethin' real bad's gonna happen

Alceo Dentari:

Bad Dog...

Wade Elliott:

Well ain't it such that real bad things happen t'follow me wherever the fuck I go. so how 'bout y'all quit jackin' yer jaws and put that title on th'line 'gainst a southern boy who's more'n well equipped t'beat that stupid god-damn accent

out've yer god-damn mouth?!

Tony Di Luca:

You know, I'd love to... Problem is, you ain't exactly beat nobody worth their salt 'round these parts yet.

[Alceo counts off the opponents on his fingers.]

Alceo Dentari:

Conclave, ACX, Walkers... we forgettin' anyone of any relevance?

Tony Di Luca:

Meanwhile we're former Trios champions... Alceo over here's a Masters a' Wrestlin' finalist an' a former number one contender...

[The 'former' part gets to Dentari somewhat, but he stays focused on the task at hand.]

Lindsay Troy:

Oooh... a former this and a former that. Well, you go, Glen Coco.

Tony Di Luca: [Ignoring her]

And in case you might've missed it, I am the current Southern Heritage champion.

[He makes sure to fix onto Wade Elliott as he emphasises 'Southern Heritage.']

Tony Di Luca:

But I'll tell you what... if she...

[Tony sticks a finger directly into Lindsay's face.]

Tony Di Luca:

...can beat Big Vinny over here next week... you got your shot.

Lindsay Troy [Swats Tony's hand away.]

Fine. [She looks Vinny up and down.] Done.

[Alceo Dentari smiles with only one corner of his mouth.]

Alceo Dentari:

Yeah... Done..

[With that Dentari, Di Luca and Rinaldi all shoulder their way past the Big Damn Heroes and exit the room out a back door. Well... Rinaldi looks back longingly at the table of food he wasn't allowed anywhere near before disappearing from view. Wade spits, then kicks a few pieces of broken plate across the floor.]

Tyler Rayne

Hooraaaaay....new friends. And another Dildo Baggins. Shorter than the last, too.

Lindsay Troy

How lucky we are.

Wade Elliott:

Guess we're just too god-damn friendly for our own good.

[The Bad Dog starts walking to the doorway. Troy and Rayne glance at each other and shrug, then follow in Wade's wake.]

I'm the Man You're Looking For...

[Backstage.]

[The nameplate on the door reads: DA BAWS, or in English, Eric Dane.]

KNOCK.

[The taped fist pauses before it hits twice.]

KNOCK.

[Zooming out that taped fist belongs to Defiance's greatest gladiator, the centurion of the Defiance roster, Curtis Penn, and he wants to talk to the BAWS.]

KNOCK.

VOICE:
COME IN!

[Curtis' head lowers because that's not the voice of an Umpteen time World Champion, it's the voice of his harlot, Kelly Evans.]

Kelly Evans:
I said COME IN!

[Penn turns the knob and watches as Kelly's face goes from red to OHMYGODITMIGHTASWELLBEHIEDI red as he steps a single toe into the office.]

Kelly Evans:
YOU!

[Her boney finger extends as she shoots up out of her chair.]

Kelly Evans:
You rotten piece of dog sh....

[Curtis isn't shocked or surprised by this reaction, in fact this is the type of reaction that just makes him bubble in delight.]

Curtis Penn:
Yes...I'll say it for you... SHIT. But when you address me could you please do so formally as the Greatest of All Time, The LEGENDARY Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn then you can follow up with the insults. Honestly Kels, can I call you Kels?

[He pauses only to start back up before she can speak.]

Curtis Penn:
Sure I can because what you're looking at Kels, is the fella that is looking to do you and Defiance a favor, and really Kels you need this favor to save your cheap ass from going back to hooking on Bourbon Street. And this favor that I'm offering you Kels is better than selling your soul to the devil and not quite as messy, the best part about it is that you'll actually be able to reap the rewards and I'll even allow you to claim to Eric Dane that it was your idea to place me in the ring with Kai Scott and crown me the next WORLD CHAMPION!

[The color of her face drains out and is forced into laughter. Curtis lays back and waits for the laughter to settle.]

Kelly Evans:

You... the next World Champion? You should be happy that I don't have your ass suspended, fired, and humiliated for what you did in that ring tonight!

Curtis Penn:

Except you no longer have that stroke anymore and I just doubled the ratings from the Canada Tour in ten minutes. That FAVOR was a freebie Kelly and after Canada I'm the only thing that you actually have going for you that keeps the boss from canning your cunt ass right now.

Kelly Evans:

Curtis...

[Curtis lays his index finger on the tightly stretched lips of Ms. Evans.]

Curtis Penn:

Ah..The Legendary Southern Heritage Champion...

[She cuts him off at the balls here and now.]

Kelly Evans:

No, you're not. Honestly, cVc was a better champion than you. In fact I liked him a lot better and I could tolerate his shit because ...

Curtis Penn:

The only thing cVc was better at was spreading Herpes, by the way is that a cold sore popping up?

[Curtis wipes his finger off on his pants leg as Kelly reaches for her lip.]

Curtis Penn:

Now as your longest reigning champion, the man on the roster with the longest winning streak, the man that hasn't been pinned in over Six Months and counting, and the inventor of the Curtis Clutch Challenge, I strongly suggest that you choose me over **anyone** that you have in mind to challenge Kai Scott purely on the basis that I cannot be beaten by one man. Reality is that it took five men to take away my title just so I could offer you this favor. You really should take me up on this offer before I take the FIST or some other title that DEFIANCE has readily available to me.

[Now the smugness of Curtis Penn can only be taken so long before someone actually snaps.]

Kelly Evans:

You don't get to suggest anything after what you just did out there in that ring! Actually you won't be seeing any title matches for quite some time Curtis and that's if I don't have your ass fired before the end of this show. Now get the hell out of my office before I have you escorted out.

[There is an eerie moment of silence to where Kelly thinks that she has just won a war of nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, when the reality is the Curtis Penn was just finished talking to the underboss.]

Curtis Penn:

Kels, just because you stroke the balls of the BAWs doesn't mean that you have the stroke of the boss. I didn't come in here to throw verbal jabs with you when I can sit down with another LEGEND and hash the in's and out's of my World Title match. I'm sure Eric would see the possibilities of having Curtis Penn carry the weight of DEFIANCE's World Championship, all the while he's raking in the dough because he can see my greatness from a mile away.

[Kelly grabs the nearest thing to her, which happens to be a vase with an awful blue color and tosses it at Curtis' head. Curtis bobs away from the throw and backs out of the office.]

Curtis Penn:

Kelly I offered and when Dane has your shit packed and waiting on the curb because you were too busy fantasizing about Heidi ball gagged and submissive to place me in the ring with Scott, I want you to remember that it was your bottle blonde ass that walked away from the idea.

[Kelly slams the door shut as Curtis' face exits the room. She walks back to the desk and the piles of paper and starts tapping the desk with her fingers.

Kelly Evans:

Ingrates.

[Cut.]

Heidi Christenson vs Tyrone Walker

**Quimbey:**

The following contest is your semi-main event of the evening! It is set for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!

Introducing first, from Jacksonville, Florida, weighing in at 205 lbs! The Black Jesus! Tyrone Walker!

[“Black” by Sevendust brings out Ty Walker, who is noticeably hobbled after his three on one confrontation with Team HOSS.]

Angus:

MUHBOYTY!

DDK:

This isn't the first time that Tyrone Walker and Heidi Christenson have crossed paths. The last time, back during the days of the Untouchables, Ty got his ass kicked for most of the match but came back to win-

Angus:

Because black men > white women. Trufax.

DDK: [ignoring Angus]

-but Heidi attacked him with a chair post match, getting the last laugh. Between that and the whole Team Danger/Untouchables divide, I don't expect to see good sportsmanship on display here.

[Sevendust fades out and is replaced with Kyuss and “Writhe”.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! The Sexy Submission Siren! Heidi! Christenson!

Angus:

Let it not be said I'm incapable of neutrality. Her nickname is accurate. Meaning I would hit that.

[DDK doesn't answer, appropriately.]

[Heidi makes her entrance. Her face says she's in a good mood. Her posture says she isn't.]

DDK:

Heidi's heading into this match after a close and not-quite-fair loss to Clair St. Sure at Grindhouse CANADA. Of course, Ty was essentially robbed of his Trios Titles, and he lost both his tag partners at the hands of Team HOSS. Heidi and Ty may both be on the pale side of the alignment spectrum, but this one could get ugly and vicious easily.

DING! DING! DING!

[Ty gets down in a crouch and offers up a knuckle lock. Heidi takes it. Ty pulls her in - to a swingdance. Spinning the

two of them around twice, he lays Heidi down across his knee.]

[Heidi flails.]

[Ty is forced to drop her.]

[He backs up laughing, and many if not most people are laughing with him. Especially Angus.]

Angus:

BWAHAHAHA! He be trollin, she hatin'.

[Yes, Heidi is "hatin'".]

[She gets up and dusts herself off. She irritatedly swats Ty's hand aside when he offers another knuckle lock and fires off a kick at his leg. Ty spins with the swat, avoiding the kick, and goes down to one knee, offering his hand to her.]

DDK:

What game is Tyrone Walker playing here? He seems to be trying to get under Heidi's skin, and that rarely works well

Angus:

For starters Keebs, Team. Danger. Represent.

[Heidi throws a roundhouse at Ty's head. Ty ducks, grabs her arm and Irish whips her off the ropes. Heidi rebounds, but Ty sidesteps before she can attempt anything she might've been thinking of attempting.]

Angus:

Second, he makes making bitches mad an artform. If anyone's going to make her screw her gameplan, it's Ty.

[Heidi rebounds back to Ty and goes up for a headscissor. Ty converts it into a tilt-a-whirl. Heidi flips out, lands on her feet, throws a high roundhouse, but Ty does the splits to duck and from there rolls her down into a small package. ONE...! and Heidi's out.]

Angus:

Anyway, Heidi thinks she's too good for gameplans.

[Wild swing. Ducked. Backslide! ONE...! kickout.]

[Heidi scrambles to her feet, but Ty's very quick and hits an inside leg lariat before she can get anything going. He comes in from the side with an Oklahoma roll! ONE... TWOKICKOUT.]

DDK:

Last time they teed off, Ty absorbed some of Heidi's best shots. This time, though, he's in bad shape from absorbing a three on one beatdown from Team HOSS, so he's got to be more careful about how he handles her this time around. It's a shame, because Ty and Heidi could have a great wrestling match if they got along just a little better.

[Heidi just kicks Ty on the leg while lying on the mat before rolling backwards to her feet, She darts forward, trying a low dropkick, but Ty jumps and does a somersault over it. He lands rolling, runs, jumps to the middle rope and comes off with a rebounding cross body block! It connects perfectly.]

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

A two and a half count early in this match, but Heidi seems to be trying to, well, not flip out.

[Heidi gets up slowly as Ty backs out of her range, his jaw going. One can only imagine what kind of shit he might be

talking, but Heidi clenches her teeth, smiles, and shakes her head. Ty laughs.]

[Tie-up.]

[Ty goes into a rear waistlock and Heidi counters with a headlock.]

[And Ty, instead of trying to counter, throws a thumbs-up to the fans.]

[See, although Heidi's really more of a legs girl than a chest girl, her chest is not insignificant and Ty's got his face pushed right up against it.]

[Heidi figures it out once she sees the thumbs-up. She drops the headlock and grabs the thumb.]

Angus:

Uh-oh.

[Heidi twists. Benny Doyle warns her about small-digit manipulation being illegal as Ty drops to one knee and then both.]

DDK:

If I know Heidi, she's seriously considering breaking that thumb... she does not take well to being harassed in the ring. And most guys who're good enough to do it and not die instantly are professional enough to keep it clean, but not

Angus:

MUH-BOY-TY!

[But instead of snapping it, Heidi gets her face close to Ty's, says.. something, and then lets go and backs off.]

Angus:

The hell was that about?

DDK:

I can't read lips, but I think Heidi was trying to indicate that she's more interested in wrestling a proper match than in antagonizing and trolling.

Angus:

Pfft. Bor-ring. Psycho Heidi is the bestest Heidi.

DDK:

Psycho Heidi ate your bosses face.

Angus:

Oh... yeah.

[Ty offers up a knuckle lock. Heidi accepts. And this time, Ty plays it straight. He goes into the overhand wristlock, tilting Heidi back across his knee for a modified backbreaker. But with nothing holding her legs, Heidi kicks him on the side of the head, powers back to her feet and counters the armlock into a hammerlock. She picks the leg, and down they both go to the mat, Heidi on top and with Ty's arm twisted behind him and in her grasp.]

Angus:

And another good reason to never wrestle Heidi fairly. You'll probly lose.

[Heidi shoots a half with her free arm, grapevines a leg and rolls Ty over into some really fucked up modified hammerlock or something. More importantly though, this hold has Ty's back bent sideways.]

DDK:

And that's a terrible position to be in when you're just hurting all over like Ty is. Having your diaphragm bent messes with your breathing, it hurts your back...

[Ty tries everything, but with both arms and one leg out of play, he has to resort to the ever-undignified "thrash frantically and hope she loses her grip" escape.]

[It works, and Ty backs off clutching his chest.]

[Heidi smiles and steps back, spreading her arms.]

Angus:

Is she mocking him?

DDK:

I...

[Ty gets up, fire in his eyes.]

DDK:

I'm honestly not sure whether that was a clean break or a gesture of contempt, but Ty looks like he's taken it as the latter.

THWAAAACK!

[That was Tyrone Walker - not Heidi Christenson, but Tyrone Walker - unleashing a vicious roundhouse kick to the upper leg that sends Heidi all the way off her feet. Landing right on her butt, she stares at Ty with shock.]

Angus:

Fan, meet shit.

[Heidi throws a sweep, one of those old style legsweeps that went out of fashion approximately when MMA taught us that Jean Claude Van Damme was a fraud. Only she kicks Ty in the knee, not the ankle. His legs buckle and he falls flat on his back, and Heidi gets to her feet.]

THWAAAACK!

[A kick driven into Walker's chest as he tries to stand!]

THWAAAACK!

[A kick driven into Walker's shoulder as he shakes it off and stands.]

THWAAAAAAACK!

[A roundhouse kick thrown by Walker that connects with Heidi's midsection and knocks her back to the ropes!]

[Walker follows up with a running bicycle kick that leaves him straddling the top rope as Heidi ducks out of the way. Taking a second to aim, she delivers a high jump enzuigiri that takes Ty off the top rope and back into the ring.]

Angus:

Eeep.

[Heidi grabs two hands full of afro and pulls Ty up to a seated position, and then blasts him in the back with the nastiest kick she can apply. Seven consecutive times.]

THWACKTHWACKTHWACKTHWACKTHWACKTHWACKTHWAAAACK!!!

[Running the ropes, Heidi flies back at Ty, and Ty - back bridges!]

[The decapitation roundhouse finds only air, and Heidi goes off balance. Athletic, she still catches herself although she ends up running backwards into the ropes, and rebounds as Ty leaps up from the ground, spins...]

Angus:

SUPER ULTRA MEGATON PIMPHAND!

[Ty put EVERYTHING into that leaping backhand strike. Heidi goes down hard, her bell rung, and Ty jumps the ropes. Landing on the apron, he claps his hands, then spins his fingers around calling for some sort of springboard something.]

[Heidi stands.]

[Ty leaps - does a full front flip - and Heidi rolls out of the way! Ty's feet connect not with Heidi's head, but the breadbasket of Buffalo Brian Slater, who was checking on Heidi.]

[BBS is a big guy, and he doesn't go out, he only goes down to one knee, but the distraction is there. As Ty apologizes and Slater tries to warn him off, Heidi gets up to her feet and.]

Angus:

OH GOD NO!

[Kicks Tyrone Walker square in the balls hard enough to lift him a foot off the mat.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOoooooo

[It's a half-hearted negative reaction. Maybe some people felt it was fair retaliation for the backhand, but either way...]

DDK:

Heidi takes the low road, and now she's got the full nelson - Dragon Suplex!

[Heidi's dragon suplex isn't the bridging kind, it's the release kind. Ty lands in a crumpled heap, and Heidi grabs the full nelson on him from the ground, drags him up, and dragon suplexes him again!]

DDK:

She's won dozens of matches over the years with the dragon suplex, and she's just given two - no, three of the, to Tyrone Walker!

[Slater is back up, and he warns Heidi about excessive violence - to which Heidi responds by dragon suplexing Ty one last time. At first it looks like she's going to bridge for once, but instead she rolls all the way over it and clamps a bodyscissor around his ribs instead.]

Angus:

She's trying for a submission instead of pinning him...

DDK:

Has she got the strength to make Ty tap to that? Ordinarily I'd say no, but after the three dragon suplexes and the beating from Team HOSS...

[Ty flails his arms but the flailing begins to slow. Slater takes a knee next to them and waves his hand in front of Ty's face, then raises his arm once... it falls.]

ONE...!

[He raises it again.]

[It falls.]

TWO...!

Angus:

NO TY NO!

[He raises it again!]

[It falls.]

[Halfway.]

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

[Fist clenched, arms pumping, body shaking, Ty brings his leg up, grabs his knee, and snaps the full nelson. Grabbing Heidi's legs, Ty rolls backwards across her body, brings her up and wheelbarrow suplexes her!]

Angus:

TY MAH BOIIIIIII

[Ty's running on empty. No moar troll. He's ready to finish this shit.]

DDK:

Ol' Dirty Bustah coming up!

[Ty lifts Heidi.]

[And as he does, Heidi zeroes in on the arm, pushing the elbow joint out. She lands on her feet. Technically she's still in a front face lock, Ty could transition to a DDT if he were a little quicker on his feet. Which, this time, he isn't.]

[Heidi hoists him up onto her shoulders then down behind.]

DDK:

SCHWEIN!!

[Heidi wraps one of Ty's legs around hers and then rolls over him. It's a pinning combination that's just a little extra hard to kick out of.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOO HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?!

[Heidi allows Brian Slater to raise her hand. She doesn't give the fallen Tyrone Walker any regard.]

DDK:

I'm not sure how I feel about this. Heidi cheated. On the other hand, Ty started the antagonism, and Heidi didn't cheat until after the backhand. And she hasn't uncorked the Schwein for a couple years, so that was pretty cool.

Angus:

WAS NOT WAS NOT!

[Heidi raises her hand.]

DDK:

She wants a microphone...

Statement of Intent

[A microphone is indeed given to Heidi Christenson. She taps it, and then walks to the ropes.]

Heidi:

When I came back to Defiance after my stay in the hospital letting my eye heal, I told everyone I was willing to play the game again... and I stand by that. But the rules of the game only say that I'm not to try to destroy the promotion, not that I have to roll over when someone's a jerk to me. In fact, I'm pretty sure Eric said specifically that. He wants that grey area between mousy karate chick and face eating psychobitch. And I'm like okay, grey areas are fine, I can do that.

I consider kicking some dude in the balls for pimpslapping me that grey area.

[She turns and takes a knee next to Tyrone Walker, who's just sitting up.]

Heidi:

Ty, we could've done this professionally. I was ready and willing to let bygones be bygones. But if you can't help trolling, well, I don't troll. I hurt people. We both know there's going to be a next time, so keep that in mind, will you?

[Ty doesn't say anything on the microphone, just rolls out of the ring, but as he walks backwards up the aisle he points his finger at her.]

Heidi:

Of course it's not over. It's never over. But I won, so I'm moving on. I'm playing the game right. And so I was thinking about what I might want to do next before I even came out here, and I thought that people who play the game right... try to win titles. So that's what I think I'll do. It would be nice to actually get a chance to be an active, defending World Champion.

Angus:

oooooh I can think of one guy who's not gonna like this!

Heidi:

BUT. Last thing I want to do to Defiance is give them another vacant World Title situation, even if this one isn't exactly my fault... so don't worry Kai, I'm not coming after you.

Eugene? It's nothing personal. But I'm coming after YOU.

[Heidi drops the microphone and heads out of the ring.]

DDK:

Heidi Christenson going after Eugene Dewey and the FIST of Defiance?

Angus:

I wouldn't be surprised if Euge had a heart attack when he learned that a chick of Heidi's caliber is interested in him. I also wouldn't put it past me to have a heart attack, because the last thing the FIST needs after the Box/Ryan/Dewey mess is a gawddamed face-eater in the division! Or wait, is that the first thing it needs? FUCK I DUNNO I'M CONFLICTED DARREN!

DDK:

That's one word for it.

Angus:

I resent your implications n' shit.

DDK:

Don't go away fans, we've got the World Title defense up next, with Kai Scott taking on a mystery opponent!

Earspot in a Cornfield

“Environmentalists?”

“HAH.”

“The sheer arrogance, son.”

[Black screen, but the same voice as before. The voice of the man known now as Ned the Crow.]

“You see what She in all her fury can do, and you think She wants your help?”

“She has Her own weapons.”

[Fade up.]

[The lanky, damage-faced man known as Ned the Crow sits on the roof of a ramshackle lean-two. Untreated timber boards have weathered down until they’re nearly black, and overhead purple leaves sway.]

[Purple. Your eyes don’t lie.]

“You witness Her in all of Her fury, and you see what weapons she bears, and you have the temerity to think that she needs your help?”

“Well, she don’t need YOUR help.”

[Wood groans, and then a rusty sound, and the building that Ned sits on lurches.]

[Pan back.]

[That man, that large, hairless, misshapen lump of muscle, has wrenched a board straight out of the wall of the shack, and he throws it like a javelin.]

[Cut.]

“RRRAAAAARRRGHHHH!!!!!!”

[Defiance TV 038.]

[The man lifts Dan Ryan to his feet and delivers a series of headbutts, the final one of which knocks Ryan to the ground.]

[Cut.]

[Open.]

[Close in on the massive man. His left hand dwarfs a claw hammer. Whatever he’s hammering on is out of sight below the screen, but Ned’s face can be seen over his shoulder.]

“Straight roots grow deep. Deep roots grow strong. Strong roots bear large fruit.”

“Respect Her, and she shall deliver unto you.”

[The massive man looks down, directly into the camera, and speaks in a voice that sounds like an off-tune contrabass.]

“Earspot in a cornfield, boy!”

[From offscreen reaches an arm shrouded in black cloth, and it lays itself on the big man’s shoulder.]

[He twitches spasmodically.]

[Cut.]

Sons of the Soil

Jarvis Remus

Dusty Griffith vs Kai Scott (c) [World Title]



Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with no time limit, and is for the Defiance World Championship!

♪ I am the world that hides the universal secrets of all time ♪
 ♪ Destruction of the empty spaces is my one and only crime ♪
 ♪ I lived a thousand times ♪
 ♪ I found out what it means to be believed ♪
 ♪ The thoughts and images ♪
 ♪ The unborn child that never was conceived ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the reigning Champion! He is also a former Defiance Trios Champion, and the leader of the Truly Untouchables! Known as **the Truthsplitter** and as **the Ace of Heels!** Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! **KAAAAAIIIIII... SSSCCCCOOOOOTTTTTT!!!!**

[Kai Scott flings the curtains aside as he steps onto the stage.]

[There's something a little bit different here. No crutch. He spreads his arms wide and spins, showing the belt strapped around his waist to the fans, then starts towards the ring.]

DDK:

An unusually fiery entrance from the champion tonight, Angus.

Angus:

There's two things you got to keep in mind, Keebs. First off, I bet you dollars to donuts Kai Scott's got an elaborate gameplan worked out for every single wrestler on the roster. And second, who's going to stop him? Scott's always pretended he's a wuss, and he got away with it when he was wrestling Cancer Jiles, but he's just been on fire ever since... Heidi told him to man up or she'd kill him...

[Angus trails off into mumbling.]

DDK:

What was that?

Angus:

I, uh - nothing man. Just thinkin.

♪ When little world collide I crept inside my embryonic cell ♪
 ♪ And blackened memories are cast into the never-ending well ♪
 ♪ The name that scorns the face ♪
 ♪ The child that never sees the form of man ♪
 ♪ The deathly darkness that ♪

♪ *Belies the fate of those that never ran* ♪

[Scott has entered the ring. He hands the World Title off to Benny Doyle and then turns to face the entrance ramp.]

Angus:

But you know, he could have the Truly Untouchables stashed somewhere waiting to jump whoever comes down the ramp. You never know with this guy.

["A National Acrobat" fades.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

DDK:

Well, here we go, partner...

Angus:

Let it be Heidi, just to spite him, make him make good on all of his threats to walkout.

DDK:

Right, because that's how the show should end.

Angus:

Works for me.

DDK:

And it's why you'll never be in charge, thankfully.

[The lights dim as the familiar drum beat of KISS' "I Love It Loud" begins, immediately bringing the fans to their feet with cheers.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[In the ring, Kai Scott is cold as ice, discarding his entrance attire as he prepares for the first rematch of his reign as champion.]

Angus:

And the crowd goes wild!.. Meh.

DDK:

They certainly have, even if you're less than inspired.

Angus:

Shoot, look at Kai Scott... Dude is ready to roll.

DDK:

Quite the change from the first time these two met for the championship.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Boise, Idaho... He weighs in at 290 pounds... He is the Returning Challenger... The **Bad Man from Boise**... the **WILD BRONCO**... **DUSSSTY GRRRRIFFFITTHH!**

[We take a quick shot to the Blood Diamonds locker room where upon hearing the announcement, Bronson Box is a whirling mass of sputtering rage as he throws about chairs and kicks lockers while ranting about Dane and his "favorites". Oddly, standing behind him, Edward White merely stares at Box in the midst of his conniption fit, seemingly

annoyed by the display. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan is leaned back against the lockers with his arms crossed over his chest, he observes Boxer's antics with a dissatisfied smirk as the English Brawler storms out of the room with Jacob Cassidy and Felton Bigsby in tow.]

DDK:

Looks like you're not alone, partner.

Angus:

Eh... I'm more curious about White, he didn't seem very amused by Boxer's act than the fact that Mayberry's getting this shot.

DDK:

I'm only concerned about where Box is going, because nothing good comes from that lunatic being enraged and on the warpath.

Angus:

Maybe so, but it makes good tee vee.

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[As the feed cuts back to the arena, the music soars as Griffith comes charging out from behind the curtains to a massive wave of cheers as he power walks to the ring.]

♪ Stand up, you don't have to be afraid. ♪

♪ Get down, love is like a hurricane. ♪

♪ Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it. ♪

[Halfway down the ramp, Griffith pulls up as he reaches the ropes with a few more steps. Grabbing the top rope, he stares into the ring at Kai Scott, who locks eyes with his challenger, both displaying an equally intense focus.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent. ♪

♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident. ♪

♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president. ♪

[Pulling back on the rope, Griffith ducks in through the top and middle rope before rushing into a nearby corner and climbing the turnbuckles where he pulls the black DEFIANCE "Stand Up. Defy." tee shirt off and tosses it into the crowd.]

♪ Cause I love it... ♪

♪ LOUD! I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes. ♪

♪ LOUD! I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise. ♪

[As the music continues to play, Griffith drops down from the turnbuckles and turns to see Kai Scott waiting in his corner, leaned up against the turnbuckles with the DEFIANCE World Championship clutched in his right hand.]

DDK:

Griffith getting a good look at what he's after.

Angus:

Yeah, but this isn't the same Kai Scott who needed the fight dragged out of him, he might drag his heels getting him into a match, but once he's in the ring there's no more hesitation.

[The music fades and referee Benny Doyle approaches Kai Scott, asking for the championship, Kai Scott's eyes never

waver from Dusty Griffith, who stands in his corner while he warms himself up as he turns and stretches his arms, back and neck.]

DDK:

And some might say that's thanks to Griffith's doing in Japan.

Angus:

Yeah, Mayberry loves a good fight, but he might not love this monster he had a hand in creating.

[Scott raises the belt up and gives it a look for a moment and then hands it off to Doyle before turning and grabbing the ropes as he crouches down a couple of times before getting his own last minute warm up in.]

Angus:

Man, you know what sucks though?

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

We're giving this away on free tee vee.

DDK:

Consider it a gift to our loyal fans.

Angus:

What is this hippie dippie nonsense? I'm all about the dolla dolla bills y'all...

DDK:

Right... Remember how I said I'm glad you're not the one in charge?

Angus:

Yeah.

DDK:

That still stands.

[Doyle marches over to Griffith and presents the title and letting him know what this is all about. Griffith however, barely even looks at the twenty pounds of gold and leather, simply nodding his acknowledgement.]

Angus:

For someone so obsessed with being the World Champion, he doesn't even look at the big gold? Kinda strange, yeah?

DDK:

I don't think so. He was likely the favorite to win their first encounter, but as you've pointed out, this isn't the same Kai Scott and in my opinion, I think this rematch is fifty fifty either way.

Angus:

And Scott still has all of the advantages of the champion.

[Doyle goes over to the ropes and hands the title off to Quimbey and then takes to the center of the ring. Pausing momentarily, he looks to champion and challenger, each man standing calmy, but radiating intensity as they stare across the ring at each other.]

DING! DING! DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And there's the bell.

Angus:

Here we go, rock and roll, RASSLEFIGHT!

[The audience falls to a hush as the two combatants slowly emerge from their corners and then tension builds while they circle around. Griffith closes in and fakes a shot that causes Scott to dodge back. Griffith snorts and Scott smirks as they continue to circle around, Griffith twitches quickly, but Scott fires a sharp kick to the side of Griffith's leg. Griffith backs off for a moment and slaps his leg as he looks at Scott, who motions to him keep trying.]

DDK:

Griffith looking for an opening and the Champion welcoming him to bring it on.

Angus:

Definitely not looking to run away this time, that's for sure.

[Griffith grits his teeth and circles around, looking for an opportunity. When he does, Scott dodges again and scores with another kick, this time to the back of his knee, causing Griffith's leg to momentarily buckle. Sensing an opportunity of his own, Scott rushes in and tries for a knee to the downed Griffith, but the big man rolls out of the way before the Champion could connect with it.]

DDK:

Some say this sport resembles human chess, I'd say these two are certainly making a case for that to be true right now.

Angus:

Kings Horse to Queens Dildo!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

The Horse thingy... The Horse and that weird Dildo looking one...

DDK:

The Pawns?

Angus:

No! That's the Joystick!

DDK:

The... Bishop?

Angus:

Yeah, or as Kelly likes to call it, Mr. Saturday Night.

[Griffith rolls to his feet and rushes at Scott, who had flown past him with the missed knee shot. Scott turns and is met by Griffith, but Scott proves to be a step ahead as he spins and scores with a Solebutt (spinning back kick) to the midsection.]

Angus:

Man, Mayberry just can't seem to figure this out.

DDK:

The Champion has his Challenger's number at the moment, but knowing these two, we have a long way to go before this one is even close to being decided.

[Griffith staggers back and Scott stalks forward, taking aim and looking for one of his trademark Crescent Kicks, but this time it's Griffith's turn to be a step ahead. Ducking under the kick and timing it just right, Griffith rises up and catches Scott's leg and muscles him up for a one legged powerbomb. Scott however, reacts instantly and throws himself back and takes Griffith over with a Frankensteiner.]

DDK:

Scott showing an uncanny ability to find escapes here.

Angus:

On the bright side, this is irritating Mayberry, so when he finally does catch Scott, we're due for some good ol' Worldbreaker action.

DDK:

Silverlinings and such, right?

Angus:

Exactly.

[Displaying his own athleticism and ability to adapt, Griffith rolls with the Rana as he holds on to Scott's legs and uses their combined momentum to get to his feet where with a sudden jerk, he lifts Scott off of the mat. Halfway up, Scott tries to deadweight it, but it's not enough to keep Griffith from hoisting him back up on to his shoulders. However, Scott immediately grabbed the back of Griffith's head with one hand and furious raining down punches with the other.]

DDK:

Scott breaks free...

Angus:

And into the fire...

[Before Scott's feet could even land on the mat, Griffith grabs him with a waistlock and with a mighty heave, he is tossed with an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex that sends him flying halfway across the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Jay-zuss, Stewardesses and Frequent Flyer Miles on that trip.

DDK:

Big Dust is half man, half tank.

Angus:

He's Brawl of the Combaticons!

DDK:

Sure, okay.

[Griffith hurriedly gets to his feet as Scott pushes through the sudden jarring pain from impact and scrambles up to a standing position as well. Seeing that the man across the ring from them is ready for the next round, they both hold up, which causes the audience to explode with appreciative cheers.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[That is until...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Bronson Box emerges from behind the curtains, Jacob Cassidy and Felton Bigsby flanking behind him, as the three rush down to ringside.]

DDK:

Oh my God it's Bronson Box!

[Scott and Griffith both turn to see the oncoming assault and ready themselves as Bigsby and Cassidy rush into the ring.]

Angus:

Mount Boxer is blowing his top again, Keebs!

[On the outside Box grabs Quimbey, tosses him aside so as to free up his chair and then slides into the ring. With Scott and Griffith preoccupied by his acolytes, Box brings the chair up and...]

CRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNKKKKKK!!

[Down goes Griffith with a chairshot to the back.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNKKKKKK!!

[And then Scott is dropped with a second to the back as well.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Having downed both, Box dives on top of Scott. His eyes mad, his mustache puffed up like a feral cat's tail, he drives punch after punch into Scott. Felton Bigsby and Jacob Cassidy turn their attention to Griffith and begin stomping away on him. Benny Doyle, caught up in the chaos for a moment, calls for the bell as he hollers his decision to Quimbey.]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

The finish of this match, as a result of interference against both parties, is a No Contest!

[Doyle turns and rushes over to Box, grabbing at his shoulders and trying to pull him off of Scott. Annoyed by the interruption, Box turns and growls at the referee before getting to his feet where Doyle proceeds to reprimand him for his actions.]

Angus:

Is he crazy? He does know who he's speaking to, right?

DDK:

I think you're right, partner, this is a bad idea on Benny Doyle's part...

[Box hollers back with a roar and grabs Doyle by the shirt...]

DDK:

No.. NO NO... NO!

[...Box pulls back his free hand...]

Angus:

No... Way.. Oh... GAWD!

[...and slams his fist right into the chest of Benny Doyle, hitting him with the dreaded HEART PUNCH!]

DDK:

OMYGOODLAWERD!

[Doyle instantly collapses to the mat after getting hit with the Sacred Heart.]

Angus:

I think... I think he's...

DDK:

The man has completely lost his goddamned mind!

[Box smirks as he looks down upon Doyle for a moment and then turns his attention and begins to bark orders, calling for Cassidy to get Scott by the arms and pull him to his feet. Box starts laying body shots into the ribs as Bigsby throttles Griffith on the mat. And the rest of the Blood Diamonds come running out as well.]

DDK:

Here comes Edward White, Dan Ryan and the others! I don't know Angus, I'm not surprised that the Blood Diamonds got involved here, but I think Box might've jumped the gun on this one.

Angus:

Or gone over White's head?!

[But White also slides in and he directs Nicky Corozzo and Dan Ryan to attend to Dusty Griffith for some hoss on hoss action, then directing Jane to join in on the stompfest against Scott. White says something, but Box pushes him back with one arm and continues the attack.]

DDK:

I'm not sure what White's saying, but-

Angus:

He's probably telling Box that if the champ gets injured with the belt still around his waist no telling what's going to end up happening to it! White may have nothing against trying to use his money to get the belt on a Blood Diamond, but he knows that vacant titles don't do any damn good for anyone!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

[...and then...]

RRRAAAHHBBBOOOOOOAAAHHHH!!!!

[The entrance way is suddenly swarmed by wrestlers practically falling over each other trying to get to the ring.]

DDK:

The White Knights! The Truly Untouchables!

[The huge pack of wrestlers contains Eugene Dewey, Frank Dylan James, Sam Turner Jr., Clair St. Sure, Jonny Booya, Diane Parker, Leon Maddox and David Race.]

[Frank Dylan James is pretty fast on his feet when he only has to go in a straight line, and he's big enough that most other people just bounce off him. With a "HOOOOARGH" he's over the top rope and straight into the fisticuffs with Nicky Corozzo!]

[Dan Ryan goes rigid when he sees Eugene Dewey. He looks uncommonly like a Smilodon. But there's too many people in the way and he ends up fighting STJ instead.]

[The TUTs mostly dive into the ring and assault the Box/Cassidy/Bigsby trio that was attacking Scott.]

DDK:

The Truly Untouchables and Blood Diamonds nearly tore apart the arena the last time they got into it! I'm serious, there were damages in the thousands of dollars! And now the White Knights are getting into it too?

[White backs off. He doesn't seem particularly inclined to risk himself in this melee. Jane, too, retreats to his side.]

[But in the ring it's CSS driving kicks and knees into Box, Diane working for a takedown on Cassidy, Race and Maddox double-teaming Bigsby, Jonny Booya flexing at something or other instead of being useful, Eugene Dewey pulling Griffith to safety while FDJ and STJ hold off the Blood Diamond hosses...]

[And cue Mary J. Blige and "The One."]

Angus:

And holy shit we got the not-quite-BAWS out now!

[Flanked by Jamie Stanley and by Samuel Grant and his taser, Kelly has a microphone.]

Kelly:

Ed, I can't help but notice you didn't want to fight. So how about if you call your people off and we can do some business here?

[At the magic 'b' word, White says something. Corozzo ducks away from FDJ and rolls out of the ring. Ryan, his fists still raised, backs off very slowly, but STJ doesn't follow up.]

[Box had ended up near the bottom of a pile of wrestlers on the ring. He'd apparently tackled Scott and then had some people try to stomp him loose. As the pile breaks up, Scott kicks his legs to get away.]

Kelly:

Grovner, I'm going to give you a chance to explain yourself-

[Stomping out of the ring, Box grabs the microphone that had been in White's hands.]

Box:

Lass, when ye say yer givin' me somethin' ye make it sound like ye could stop me from taking it. I'll be glad to tell you what I'm doing out here, though.

[Scott stands up, motioning to the T-UTs to stay back and let Box speak.]

Box:

The truth of the matter is, I don't care how the match at Grindhouse Canada ended, because there's one simple truth and that's that a limpwristed self-absorbed coward like Kai Scott will never be the Defiance World Champion, no matter what he says or does! He was handed the World Title, he's never yet earned it and never will, and I'll not acknowledge him as champion so long as I stand!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Kelly:

I see. And Scott, what do you have to say in your defense? Box, give him that microphone.

[Box shoves the microphone into Scott's chest as hard as he can.]

Scott:

What I've got to say, Kelly, is that I've been showing what I'm capable of ever since I got this belt around my waist. If Box wants to insist I don't deserve to be champion he can do that, but if he wants to target my people he'll find that we went easy on Tyrone Walker and Christian Light.

BOOOOOOOORAAAAHHOOOOOOOOO!!!

Kelly:

Well, it's clear that this isn't the kind of thing we can resolve any other way. Now, I don't like to give matches like this away for free, but it beats letting you guys deal thousands of dollars worth of damages every week, so here's what we're going to do...

[Suspenseful pause.]

Kelly:

The Blood Diamonds. All seven of them. Box, White, Ryan, Corozzo, Cassidy, Jane, Bigsby. Versus. The Truly Untouchables. Scott, St. Sure, Booya, Parker, Maddox, Race. And a seventh guy, I guess I'll leave that up to Scott himself. Either way though. Seven Blood Diamonds. Seven Truly Untouchables. One match. And the losing stable ceases to exist.

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Are you kidding me?! A seven on seven?!

Angus:

And the losers are splitsville?!

DDK:

And that's all the time we have tonight, partner...

Angus:

UNTIL NEXT TIME!!

[Credits.]