

Opening Commentary

[DEFIANCE Wrestling on ESEN continues in...]

[5] [4] [3] [2] [1] [...] [The DEFtv logo explodes on the screen, fading quickly into a live shot of the crowd. A pan around the arena quickly reveals that this ain't your Daddy's DEFIANCE, as quite a few things are not quite as we left them last week.] [For starters, we've got brand spankin' new DEFIANCE Theme Music!] [Cue: Machine Head, "I Defy"] ♪ Be my one ♪ ♪ Would you take my son? ♪ ♪ Would you tell someone whether we had fun? ♪ ♪ With your hero, double zero ♪ ♪ Goin' in circles 'round your fear ♪ ♪ Then I'm never ever falling again ♪ [Next up is the highlight package! Gone are the days of homages to the original DEFIANCE with shots of Aaron Vasquez and Steve Greer and Boston Bancroft, no more is there any ode to v2.0's Grand Champions League tournament; all to be replaced with Hi-DEF shots dominated by none other than the UNTOUCHABLES!] [FLASHCUTS: JEFF ANDREWS launches himself over the desk at the COMMENTATION STATION at CANCER JILES where he drills him with punch after punch, opening up the forehead of Jiles in the process. HEIDI CHRISTENSON wraps MIKE SLOAN's leg in a heel hook and breaks his leg, ending his most recent run in the business. KAI SCOTT lifts TOM SAWYER up in the piledriver position only for Heidi to stuff him to the mat from the top turnbuckle with the UNTOUCHADriver! RONNIE LONG plasters ERIC DANE dead square between the eyes with a shovel!] [Kai, Heidi, and Ronnie all hold up their DEFIANCE TRIOS TITLE belts] [Heidi straps the DEFIANCE WORLD TITLE around Andrews' waist.] ♪ Would you take my grace ♪ ♪ Look into my face ♪ ♪ With your limp handshake ♪ ♪ And your smile that's fake ♪ ♪ Would you back my fight ♪ ♪ Say you're down for right ♪ ♪ See it's easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing ♪ [The UNTOUCHABLE highlight reel switches inside the Big Sandy Superstore Arena where nine thousand screaming fans have the entire venue rocking and rolling. There are anti-Untouchable signs blurred out all over the crowd. The camera quick-pans out to a crane shot.] [The first thing you notice as the crane-cam swings around the building is the ring. The mat is a slick silver, with black posts and back ropes that connect at silver turnbuckles. The DEFIANCE and ESEN logos are nowhere to be found on any of the four sides of the ring apron, instead replaced by UNTOUCHABLES logos on two sides, and JOHN DEERE logos on the two opposing sides.] [The next thing you notice is that gone are the padded, sleek looking crowd-restraint walls that had been instituted by ELIJAH GOLDMAN after that last riot, only to be replaced with good old fashioned plain metal guardrails wrapped around the ring. The traditional grated ramp leading to the ring has also been replaced by an elevated black boxed out ramp that connects directly from the entrance stage to the side of the ring. It's all very oldschool. Very Jeff Andrews.] ♪ Maker makes me long for a better way ♪ ♪ You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage ♪ [Finally the camera switches to ringside where "DOWNTOWN" DARREN KEEBLER and ANGUS SKAALAND sit behind a plain wooden table with monitors sitting atop and cords going everywhere.] ♪ Because I, ♪ ♪ I defy ♪ [As usual Keebler is dressed in a three-piece suit, and he is ever the consummate journalist. Beside him, however, with a frown plastered across his face and a purple #52 Ray Lewis Baltimore Ravens home jersey.] **DDK:** Welcome wrestling fans and DEFIANCE Faithful to West Virginia where Jeff Andrews and the Untouchables bring to you the biggest, baddest, boldest version of DEFtv yet! **Angus:** Of for fuck's sake! **DDK:** What can you possibly be on about THIS EARLY in the show? **Angus:** Are you kidding? Look at me! I'm wearing a Baltimore GAWD FORSAKEN Ravens jersey out here because Jeffy-poo decided I needed to look "more relevant" to current events. I CAN NOT BELIEVE THIS SHIT! **DDK:** Well, I mean, it's relevant, I guess. **Angus:** How? **DDK:** Well, Ray Lewis has only just announced his impending retirement- [Angus interrupts.] **Angus:** HOW IS THIS RELEVANT TO DEFIANCE? **DDK:** Okay, well, Jeff is screwing with you. Deal with it. **Angus:** BUT WHY? **DDK:** Because you're an unrepentant Eric Dane fanboy. And because he can. **Angus:** So why doesn't he screw with YOU? **DDK:** Because despite what my personal feelings may or may not be, I do my job and I do it well and I have a good reputation because of it? **Angus:** [sulking] I hate you. **DDK:** Well, it doesn't matter, because no matter what anyone says or thinks we've got one heck of a show on deck here tonight! Jeff Andrews defends the World Title against Christian Light! Ed White defends the FIST against- [Keebler's mic is suddenly drowned out by Grand Funk Railroad.] ♪ Ain't seen a night ♪ ♪ Things work out right, go bye ♪ ♪ Things on my mind ♪ ♪ And I just don't have the time ♪ ♪ And it don't seem right ♪

Andrews opens the show

[Enter: JEFF ANDREWS.]

[The Defiance World Title is strapped around his waist, and of equal importance, the green and yellow mesh John Deere trucker's cap is in its' appropriate place on his head.]

[He raises his hands above his head, slowly, as if to bask in the heroes welcome that he most certainly is not receiving.]

[Matter of fact, the fans are pretty much all saying nothing but...]

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Andrews drops his arms and stares around the arena in seeming exasperation.]

[KAI SCOTT, entering second, shakes his head and laughs, then pats Andrews on the back, directing him down towards the ring. He's wearing his trench coat buttoned up today. No one in wrestling ever wears a shirt or coat of any description buttoned unless they're hiding something under it.]

[So keep this in mind. Kai Scott's Trenchcoat is Buttoned Up.]

[HEIDI CHRISTENSON is next out, and she has no comments and nothing much interesting to do or say. She stalks towards the ring with her head down. She's wearing the gi-based outfit so there's no particular reason to get any close-ups of her legs or hips or anything like that.]

[And lastly, RONNIE LONG steps out. He extends the shovel, pointing around the arena with it, a threat insinuated, before following the rest of The Untouchables to the ring.]

♪ This might seem a little bit crazy ♪
 ♪ But I don't think that we should be so lazy ♪
 ♪ You think you've heard this before ♪
 ♪ Well stick around, I'm gonna ♪
 ♪ Tell you more ♪

[As the music fades into a guitar solo that any non-homo fans would have preferred to listen to than some dude running his mouth, Andrews raises a microphone.]

Jeff Andrews:

The following goes out to the Defiance roster. Unlike Elijah Goldman, I take pride in the company I oversee, and unlike Eric Dane, I take pride in the company I work for. I do not take Defiance's name in vain, and I do not expect that anyone else will either.

People are reminded that speaking negatively about the titles and the wrestlers who hold those titles reflects poorly on Defiance as a whole.

What I'm getting at is, the next time I hear anyone say - or tweet - anything about 'paper champions', they're getting suspended and docked a week's pay.

Defy me on that. I double dog goddamn dare you.

[The fans react as you might expect - by saying 'boooo' - and Andrews prowls around the ring ropes, waiting for silence.]

Andrews:

I made a promise - a very, very simple promise - when I decided to step up my role here in Defiance. I said that there would be a federation, and a title, that everyone could be proud of. That's just what I'm doing - and I don't need anyone naysaying it.

[Andrews looks stern. The fans aren't buying it.]

Angus:

I'm not buying this. Jeff can talk all he wants about respect and dignity and all that boring shit, but I think he just wants to make it against the rules for people to criticize him.

Andrews:

In case anyone wasn't paying attention, I happily agreed to defend the World Title against the man who won the Grand Champion's League. Paper champions don't do that kind of thing. As far as Light goes, I don't care how many people failed to beat him - And later tonight, I will prove that I have the biggest dick in DEFIANCE, kick Light's stupid teeth down his throat and force his kids to grow up spoonfeeding their vegetable father applesauce.

[Word.]

[Andrews glances to the rest of the Untouchables, who nod firmly. Their piece was said. Everything was established that needed to be. They were done.]

Andrews:

And now, we will see the four-way-dance. Consider this my gift to you. Everyone always likes a good four-way, right?

BBBBBB000000000000000000000000000000!

[Wait for it.]

$$[\dots]$$

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

♪ A modern day warrior, a mean mean stride ♪

♪ Today's Tom Sawyer, mean, mean... pride ♪

[Once again. Jeff Andrews is being interrupted once again. ONCE A-GODDAMN-GAIN.]

[The interruptor was dressed in a pair of orange-and-yellow spandex ringpants and a bright yellow tee-shirt. Black silhouette on it, showing long hair and a big grin. Beneath that were the words "MACHO RANGER". Yes, it was a direct reference to that tee-shirt. And it was now available on DEFShop.com.]

Andrews:

Tom, seriously, stop interrupting me. I'm sick of this shit, and you're making me hate Neal Peart.

Tom Sawyer:

And you're a liar.

Andrews:

And I... dammit, Tom, do you sit at home, trying to think of things to say to make me hate you even more?

[Tom continues to walk. No motorcycle. No Rider. It was just Tom Sawyer, and he is boldly striding down the ringramp, all by his lonesome. It was cool, he had his armor on. He had this covered.]

Sawyer:

You said last show that you were making the Untouchables the World Trios Tag Champions because it was a continuation of the OLW Trios Championships. There's one problem with that.

[Jeff Andrews has a vein twitching in his temple. Ronnie Long steps up to Jeff's side, muttering something into his ear. Kai Scott and Heidi Christenson trade a few words.]

Sawyer:

IF THAT WERE THE CASE, YOU THREE STANDIN' AROUND JEFFY WOULD BE NAMED BIG D, KARL PACE, AND IMPACT!

[Heidi just snarls with barely-restrained hatred, Kai smirks in amusement, and Long's shades hide his expression. He saunters on over to the ringropes as Tom gets to ringside. Ronnie sits down on the middle rope, gaping them open for Tom. Easy access.]

Sawyer:

And all I see is a guy who wishes he could carry Big D's jockstrap.

[Tom does the unthinkable.]

[Tom dives into the ring and rolls to his feet. Alone in the wolf den.]

Andrews:

Give me one reason that we shouldn't stomp you into a puddle of Canadian goo.

Kai Scott:

Jeff, that's called maple syrup.

[Tom points behind him, up to the DEFIATron.]

Sawyer:

Because it took me such a long time to find footage of this very moment.

[The 'tron flickers to life, breaking away from the shot of the ring.]

[And suddenly, we go back in time to 2008, in the low ceilinged two centuries old arena that Old Line Wrestling called home, and 1,100 screaming fans.]

[This is the episode of OLW Outrage that never aired. OLW was closed abruptly partway through the promotional period for the card after this.]

[And the match, just so you don't have to figure it out, is The Untouchables - here represented by Kai, Heidi, and some guy named Adam Delicious - taking on The Brotherhood, collectively Big D, Impact and Karl Pace.]

Cito Conarri:

Big D's been taking some of the nastiest shots that Kai Scott's faction of The Untouchables can hand out! Even with Heidi not cooperating, Kai's ability as a field general in the ring is formidable.

Leslie Stanton:

That, and The Brotherhood doesn't just have to worry about The Untouchables, but about that LAREDO guy!

Steven Styles:

And that chick in the red trench coat who attacked Jeff Andrews over in Cascadia! You know Kai's got her somewhere in the wings!

[At the very end of Old Line Wrestling's run, there were two feuding Untouchables factions. One, a purely antagonistic one lead by Kai Scott, containing Heidi (who was being manipulated into participating in it against her will) and Adam Delicious. The other, a tweenery "they're heels but they're honest about it and have principles so they're OK" (OLW loved its shades of grey) faction consisting of Jeff Andrews, Ronnie Long and Danny Vicious.]

[Big D is sent off the ropes by a double team Irish Whip by Kai Scott and Adam Delicious. On the rebound, he ducks the double clothesline, rebounds again, and connects with a two-man clothesline! D army-crawls towards his corner. Heidi remains aloof at her spot on the Untouchables corner, not interested. Kai rolls out of the ring, Adam grabs Big D by the ankle to try and slow him down, but D lunges and makes the tag!]

Conarri:

Big D makes the tag! In comes Impact! Ever since the Untouchables broke his hand Impact's wanted his pound of flesh, and now he's got a chance to get it!

[In comes Impact like a house of fire! Spin kick to Adam! Another spin kick to Adam! Spin kick to Kai! Mile-high flapjack to Adam! Kai stumbles into the Untouchables corner and slaps Heidi in the face before diving out of the ring.]

[Heidi steps into the ring, stares up at all 7 foot 3 of The Monster Dubbed Impact, and instead of fighting, spreads her arms, almost daring him to give her his best shot.]

Styles:

WTF is Heidi doing? Committing suicide by Impact to spite Kai?

[And Impact does, booting her, and taking her up over his shoulders and down to the mat in the double underhook dominator he called The Earthquake! Impact goes for the pin! One... Two... and OLW head referee Charlie Strembatel is pulled out of the ring backwards by LAREDO!]

[LAREDO, who would later go on to Defiance fame as Jonny Booya, hits the ref with an axe bomber. Kai rolls Heidi out of the ring and begins screaming at her, Heidi refuses to answer him but stares him in the eyes, completely expressionless. In the ring, LAREDO somehow lifts all of Impact onto his shoulders and then drops him in a Yokosuka Cutter (look it up).]

Leslie:

Disqualify the Untouchables!

Styles:

No ref!

[LAREDO roughly flings Heidi out of the ring towards Kai. Kai grabs a handful of hair, yanks her to her feet and starts screaming at her.]

Leslie:

I don't know what on earth Kai's got on Heidi to be able to get away with treating her like this but it sickens me to watch it.

[Heidi doesn't flinch from the slap - or the follow-up slap. She locks eyes with Kai, keeping a mild, emotionless gaze fixed on his face.]

[That's when the "chick in the red trenchcoat" shows up.]

[It's Clair St. Sure, by the way, although when this happened she was still a mystery person and going by the name RED.]

[RED/Claire delivers a spinning backfist to Heidi, knocking her to the aisle. As the fans boo and throw garbage, she grabs Heidi by the arms.]

Styles:

Dudes! In the ring!

[Adam Delicious hooks Impact in the front facelock and hits him with the So Delicious (Twist of Fate)! LAREDO throws the ref back into the ring and the count is slowly made.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

Conarri:

This one's not over yet. Delicious setting up another So Delicious... Impact pushes him loose! Delicious off the ropes REBOUNDS INTO A PRESS CUTTER! IMPACT HITS THE HURRICANE! TAG TO BIG D!

Styles:

D's got Delicious set up!

[Kai Scott suddenly realises his plans are falling apart. He rushes into the ring - and forgets to keep an eye on Karl Pace. Pace, blood pouring down his face from the pre-match assault, sets up.]

Conarri:

Yakuza Kick from Pace cuts Kai off at the pass! Heidi hairsnaps RED to the ground! D's got Delicious on his shoulders, AND HE HITS THE EVERLASTING!

[The running delivery inverted piledriver connects with a thump, and D turns Delicious over for a pin.]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

Leslie:

THEY DID IT! NEW CHAMPS!

[Big D is handed one third of the OLW Trios Tag Championship. He stands and helps Karl Pace to his feet, and Pace is also handed a title. Impact, already having retrieved a belt, joins them in the ring. Kai Scott, fuming helplessly, watches from the ramp.]

[Freeze frame.]

[Back in the present day, none of the four Untouchables still in the ring look particularly happy to have seen this all dredged up, and not just because of the whole title-losing thing.]

Sawyer:

You're basing your titlehood on nothing. Nothing but a lie. The Untouchables weren't the last Trios champions. And seeing as I was in the last tag team recognised by DEFIANCE as World Champions, I SAY I HAVE EVEN MORE CLAIM TO THOSE BELTS THAN YOU DO!

[Jeff leans forward, getting right into Tom's face. The surliness has been engaged.]

Andrews:

We went over this last show. I_AM_THE_BOSS_AND_WHAT_I_SAY_GOES.

[Tom again does the unthinkable. He jabs a finger into Jeff Andrews' chest.]

Sawyer:

That's not fair. And I want my shot.

Andrews:

We went over that last show too. I don't see Lucas Harper. In fact, I don't even see Eugene Dewey or Sam Turner Jr. or Christian Light. I see one ma-

[Jeff takes a moment.]

Andrews:

I see one KID.

[Tom curls his upper lip.]

Sawyer:

I'LL GET PARTNERS! OR I'LL TAKE YOU ON BY MYSELF! I DON'T CARE, WHAT'S FAIR IS FAIR AND THESE FANS WANT TO SEE A FIGHT!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Andrews:

Get out of here before you get yourself kil-

Scott:

Sure.

[The needle gets yanked off the record. Jeff's eyes bulge as he clenches his teeth, turning to face the Ace of Heels.]

Andrews:

You're gonna undermine me, Kai? This is supposed-

Scott:

Tom Sawyer just offered to take on The Untouchables without any partners at all. I've accepted his challenge.

[...]

Tom Sawyer vs The Untouchables

[Uh, nobody seems happy with that idea. Not the fans, not Tom Sawyer who suddenly realises what he has talked himself into... Well, one person seems happy. No, now it's two.]

[Oh, Heidi Christenson is just BEAMING.]

[And Jeff turns his head back to Tom in a rush, leaning forward and walking right into Tom's personal space.]

Andrews:

You know what, kid? Fine. You asked for it, you got it. THE FOLLOWING MATCH IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FALL, NO TIME LIMIT, AND IS FOR THE DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIPS!

[Tom backs up into his ring corner, eyes wide. His mouth has clamped shut, lips squeezed into a line. Aaaaaaall the color has drained out of his face.]

Andrews:

THE CHALLENGER... TOM SAWYER! ALL BY HIMSELF! AGAINST THE REIGNING, DEFENDING, AND SOON TO BE RETAINING WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONS... KAI SCOTT! RONNIE LONG! HEIDI CHRISTENSOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON... THE UNTOUCHABLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

[Andrews walks right past Tom, onto the apron. As he does, he signals for the bell, and mutters "Good luck, kid. You're gonna need it."]

DING DING DING!

Angus:

Okay, even I don't want to see this.

DDK:

This is going to be really, really bad.

[The three Untouchables turn inward for a huddle. Not expecting to have to come out for a bit, Miss Carla Ferrari comes running flat-out from the back. There had to be a referee for an official title defense, after all.]

[Tom grabs onto the top rope with both hands, crouching and stretching out his shoulders. He couldn't back out now. Not with all the kids in the crowd who he could see. Not with everything on the line here.]

[And one of the Untouchables turns on Tom with the biggest, evildest, most horrible smile of all time. Heidi Christenson gets to start the match.]

Angus:

I dare say Heidi's got the biggest girlboner of her life right now.

DDK:

Heidi has been extremely vocal about her dislike for Tom Sawyer for a long while. I agree, this is probably one of the happiest days of her life.

[Tom steps out of the corner, clapping his hands together as he does. Clap, clap, clap. The crowd quickly picks it up and begins to clap along with Tom.]

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

[Tom and Heidi circle one another, neither one of them wanting to close for a tie-up just yet. Tom out of jitters, Heidi out of not wanting to rush her BEST DAY EVER.]

Angus:

Seriously, I can hear that song from Pee-Wee's Big Adventure playing in her head. This is gonna be Heidi's Best Day Ever.

[And so, they move in to lock up. Heidi may not have had the weight advantage, but she definitely had the skill advantage. And so, Tom was quickly shoved backwards, Heidi instantly snagging Tom's arm and twisting it into a rougher-than-necessary armwring!]

[Tom skips forward, twitching over the pain, slapping at his pec. Heidi cackles, snapping a few teasing kicks into Tom's ass, before she lifted Tom's arm up and over her head... For another go-round of the twist!]

Angus:

Seriously, she looks way too happy to be doing this.

DDK:

I think this'd be the equivalent of Bronson Box finally getting people to come to listen to his gospel and believe as he does.

[Heidi rushes in as Tom is wracked with pain from that armtwist, shockingly breaking the ho-ELBOW TO THE FACE]

[Tom staggers backwards, and Heidi grabs ahold of the kid's other arm, hauling off and irish whipping him across the ring! The Queen of Mean sets up in the center of the ring, and as Tom rebounds, she crouches, arms going out...]

DDK:

Things are about to get messy!

[Tom comes rushin' back across the ring, and Heidi ducks low, hands planting on Tom's stomach! The kid is shoved straight upward with a flapjack! As Tom comes inexorably back downwards, Heidi snaps a kick straight up... AND RIGHT INTO TOM'S STOMACH!]

Angus:

WHAT A FRIGGIN' KICK!

DDK:

I heard Tom's ribs creak!

[Tom hits the mat in a crumpled heap, legs kicking, face contorted in agony. Heidi glances across the ring to her partners, wordlessly asking if they want in on this, but Long and Scott just gesture down to Tom. Let her have her fun.]

[Heidi grabs ahold of Tom's hair and pulls the kid up to his knees, a hand guiding his face up to look at her. At ringside, Jeff whoops and shouts "GET 'IM!", and Heidi grins brightly down into Tom's face.]

[So Tom reaches up, grabbing ahold of Heidi's head! He leaps upward, and drops back onto his knees with Heidi's chin landing smack-dab on the top of his skull!]

DDK:

JAWBREAKER! Press your advantage, Tom! Now or never!

[Tom pops up, eyes wide! With Heidi clutching her chin, Tom rushes in and catches a deep armdrag, spinning and tossing Heidi across the ring! Thrown head over heels, Heidi scrambles back to her feet, spoilin' for a fight!]

[And Tom is already there, hooking Heidi for another armdrag! WHOOSH goes Heidi, flying across the ring!]

Angus:

Don't show off, idiot! Hit her! Hard! Now!

[And so Tom does. As Heidi comes popping back up, Tom flies across the ring, handspringing forward and coming down with both feet, straight down onto the crown of Heidi's head!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Heidi drops to her knees! Tom grabs ahold of her hair and pulls her back up, before leaping into the air! He doubles both knees up, and immediately goes crashing back down to the mat behind! Lungblower on Christenson!]

[Heidi pops back up, but so does Tom, one arm snaking around her head, the other going for a leg! With his free leg, Tom hooks at her other thigh before throwing himself back...]

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

[Heidi kicks out and rushes up to her feet, fists clenching as her face contorts in rage and hate and pain and fury!]

[Tom is already up and backpedalling, falling into a defensive position! Heidi comes rushing in, leg snapping out for that quick-as-a-hiccup roundhouse!]

Angus:

SAWYER DUCKED THE ROUNDHOUSE!

[Tom knew what was coming, and went low, leg slashing out as he spun! Legsweep on the judoka! Heidi goes down, and Sawyer is quick to pop up... And come down with a double leg legdrop!]

[Sawyer comes up, leaping forward as Heidi comes up, teeth gritted in anger and disgust. She rises to see... Tom! On... his hands! And kicking her in the chest, sending Heidi back into the ringropes! As Heidi rebounds, Tom lands and snaps a kick backwards, right into Heidi's stomach! Heidi doubles over, and Tom faces forward, rushing in to grab at Heidi's wrists... And crossing them!]

DDK:

PERMANENT WAVE! SAWYER GOING FOR HIS NEW FINISH!

[Tom pulls Heidi in for the front facelock! THE CROWD ERUPTS!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Ronnie Long suddenly appears. Remember, this is a tag match? Worse yet, a trios tag? So, Ronnie Long appears, charging across the ring like a furious bull. And the unwitting Sawyer takes Long's flying shoulder-rush hard, thrown damn near headfirst into the mat with an explosive crash!]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Heidi straightens, works a crick out of her neck to the right, then to the left, and saunters casually over to her ringcorner. Ronnie Long just looms over Tom for a moment, before heading to the Untouchacorner as well.]

[The three confer for a few moments, then Heidi tags Kai Scott in.]

Angus:

I gotta say, I'd love to see Tom kick Kai right in the face.

DDK:

Does it burn to say that?

Angus:

A little.

[Kai comes in, and wiggles one knee, then the other. Tom, crouched in the ring corner, comes up. A little battered, a little beaten... But he's got adrenaline on his side.]

[So, Tom comes running in, leaping at Kai! The Ace of Heels instantly responds with a lashing-out of his beautiful Crescent Kick, but Tom somehow turns in midair, corkscrewing to the right, out of the way of the kick! He keeps going, hitting the ring ropes and coming back!]

[As the kid comes rushing back, Kai sticks out a backhand chop. Tom ducks it, grabs the arm, swings up to snag Kai's neck with his ankles! Tom spins around, switching his grip to the arm and driving Kai face first into the mat!]

DDK:

WOTTA MOVE~!

[Kai gets up, nursing his nose, as Tom rushes back in. Kai blocks with a flapjack - AND TOM TWISTS IN MIDAIR, catching Kai by the head and monkey tossing him over backwards! Tom spins his hands in the air and then jumps back into a crouch as the Ace of Heels dazedly rolls to his feet.]

Angus:

Don't showboat, just try to win! If you can strike a blow against the Untouchables, maybe it'll rally Da Baws!

[Kai takes a wild swing. Tom ducks, dives to his knees and slides behind Kai, picking one of his ankles. The Maryland native hops, horribly unbalanced with his leg stuck out behind him.]

Tom:

DRAGONSCREW~!

[Tom stalls, soaking in the fan reaction as Kai hops and pleads.]

[And Heidi, realizing that he's within reach, climbs to the middle rope, grabs two hands full of Tom's hair and yanks him over backwards!]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Tom got a little greedy there. He targeted Kai's right knee, and while that knee's held together by little more than silicon rods and malice, it's rare if ever that I've seen a wrestler successfully damage it. And now the Untouchables are back in control.

[Shaking out his leg and looking distinctly irritated, Kai pulls Tom up to his feet and throws him into the Untouchables corner.]

[He lines up the chop, and then hauls off.]

CRACK!

[Tom's eyes bulge as his arms go across his chest.]

WHOO!

[Tom doesn't want to give the inch. So, he ratchets it back and FIRES OFF A CHOP OF HIS OWN!]

CRACK!

WHOO!

[Scott isn't happy with that. So, he decides to hit Tom back, and hauls off for the chop...]

[And kicks Tom directly in the stomach with the point of his boot! Whammo!]

[Scott grabs Tom by the head, turns, and snapmares Tom to the mat! With the kid ending up flat on his ass, Scott hauls off...]

CRACK!

DDK:

SPINAL TAP!

[Tom's face contorts in pain! His fists clench, knuckles going white as his back arches in sheer agony! The kid goes to come to his feet...]

Angus:

SCOTT'S NOT DONE!

CRACK!

DDK:

SPINAL TAP X2!

[Tom is thrown to his feet by the impact of the kick, and Scott grins. With Tom's back arched in pain, it's gotta be child's play for the move. Tom turns... And Scott shoots the leg out for the Crescent!]

[Somehow, somehow, Tom Matrixes backwards, throwing himself out of the way of the blow! The Crescent Kick misfires!]

[So Kai snaps it back up the other way, cracking Tom in the jaw with the reverse Crescent Kick!]

DDK:

Ohhhh boy. That one hit good.

[Tom collapses, arms clasping around his head. And Kai Scott just gives a barking laugh as he casually sashays on over to the ring corner.]

[Tag goes the hand. And now, Ronnie Long was finally in.]

Angus:

How strange is it that any other time, I'd be excited for this moment?

[Ronnie Long steps over the ropes and into the ring, advancing on Tom Sawyer's fallen form with the inexorable pace of death. He looks down, and shakes his head just a bit, a look not entirely unlike regret on his face. Unlike the other Untouchables, Ronnie Long doesn't particularly like cruelty.]

[But on the other hand, if that's what the situation and his stablemates call for, he'll hand it out. And besides... fuck that Defiance-loving Eric Dane-worshipping little shit, he's bringing it on himself.]

[He walks on over to the slowly stirring Tom... Grabs ahold of his head... And hauls Tom up by a handful of his hair. Totally ignoring Carla Ferrari's demands to let go of the hair.]

[WHAM goes the punch to Tom's forehead! WHAM goes another! WHAM goes a third! SPLUNCH goes a fourth!]

DDK:

There goes Tom's nose!

[Long wasn't satisfied. WHAM. WHAM. WHAM. WHAM. WHAM. **WHAM. WHAM. WHAM.**]

[And then Long takes a few steps back, getting a running start before he rushes in, hammering a kick into the side of Tom's head!]

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Tom was down and out, but Long wasn't content to let him stay there. Ronnie bent and scooped up Tom, hooking on a single chickenwing and a side headlock. With the kid held so, it was easy for Ronnie to roll him over to his feet, and haul him up to a standing position. And then...]

Angus:

Ohhhhhhhh shit.

[Ronnie Long doubles Tom over and shoves Tom's head between his thighs.]

DDK:

For the unaware... Ronnie Long's powerbomb is like Raid.

Angus:

Kills ants dead?

DDK:

Precisely.

[Ronnie Long bends over, getting the waistlock. Tom is still loopy from the skullkick a short moment ago. And so it's child's play for the big man to haul Tom up, and the kid is deftly flipped over...]

[Tom ends up seated on Long's shoulders, sitting bolt upright! And Long grabs a double handful of those yellow-and-orange longtights, elevating Tom up and off the shoulders...]

Angus:

Sawyer's gotta feel like he's on top of the world up there!

DDK:

But the fall from grace is gonna be nasty!

[Long's grasp has Tom up high... But Tom snaps back to it, and balls up both hands! He brings a fist back, and cracks Ronnie right in the face! Then another! And a third punch! Tom brings both fists up, then brings them crashing down on Ronnie's face!]

DDK:

Sawyer battling back!

[Tom wraps his legs tighter around Long's neck and throws himself backwards for the 'rana! Long goes forward for the ride!]

Angus:

LONG CATCHES HIMSELF!

[The 'rana stops in midmotion! Long with a double fistful of the tights, and Tom hangs between Ronnie's legs, trying to keep the momentum going forward!]

oooooOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[And Ronnie hauls Tom aaaaaaall the way back up! With the double handful of tights, Long can even get the full setup off before he brings Tom CRASHING down!]

WHAAAAAAMM!!!!

DDK:

Tom is DOWN! Extension powerbomb from Long, and Tom ended up dropped right on the back of his neck!

[Long ends up on his knees, Sawyer's feet still straight up in the air!]

Angus:

Sawyer's been planted like a tulip!

[Ronnie Long crawls forward ever-so-slightly, grabbing up one of Tom's legs and hooking it downward. With Tom so solidly down, Long covers Tom for a very casual pin. Heidi and Kai, in their ring corner, clap politely. Very pretty towerbomb.]

[Jeff leans on the ring apron, grinning like a cat with a bellyful of cream. Carla Ferrari slides in to count the pinfall.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO~!

[No?]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jeff, Heidi, Kai and Ronnie are all flabbergasted. Their bulging eyes tell the whole story. Somehow, someway, Tommy kicked out.]

LET'S GO TOM!! LET'S GO TOM!!

LET'S GO TOM!! LET'S GO TOM!!

[Ronnie Long pops to his feet, looking to Heidi and Kai. He curls an arm up, clenching a fist. He shoots them a questioning look. Without saying a word, he asks visually "Should I really do this to the poo-Okay, God, Heidi, stop looking at me like that." Ronnie takes the hint from Heidi's glare at him, and grabs a double handful of Tom's hair.]

DDK:

Oh, this is gonna be bad.

Angus:

Western Lariat. Think Tom's gonna foam at the mouth?

DDK:

I bet he's gonna be retired from it.

[Ronnie goes to lift Tom. But... Unlike the last lift off the ground, this one doesn't go as smoothly. It's not that Tom is fighting back... It's that he's totally dead weight.]

DDK:

Oh, god. I hate to see things like this. Tom must've been knocked out from the elevated powerbomb, but kicked out on reflex.

Angus:

Yeah... This isn't pretty. Still, some part of me is giggling and clapping because I fucking hate Tom Sawyer.

DDK:

He's shown a lot of heart out here, fighting three World Champions like this. Gotta respect him for that.

Angus:

I might want to see him get turned inside out with this Lariat, but I will admit, lot of fight in the kid.

[Ronnie bends down, grabbing Tom bodily. Another head-and-arm hold, and Ronnie begins to lift the limp, mutilated corpse of the kid off the mat.]

LET'S GO TOM!! LET'S GO TOM!!

LET'S GO TOM!! LET'S GO TOM!!

[Ronnie hauls. Tom really isn't helping. There's no ability to stand left. That kickout was absolute luck. Ronnie grits his teeth and HAULS, muttering something. The camera just barely manages to pick up a "You shouldn'ta kicked out...", as Ronnie gets Tom to his knees. Giving it a testing try, Ronnie lets Tom go.]

[Head hanging, arms limp, somehow Tom stays upright. But barely.]

LET'S GO TOM!! LET'S GO TOM!!

LET'S GO TOM!! LET'S GO TOM!!

[Ronnie grabs Tom's underarms. Doublehooking 'em, Long lifted Tom up higher. Off of the knees, and to his feet. Tom was still out of it, his head hanging, arms limp. No movement, no fighting back...]

[Kai leans forward.]

Kai Scott:

Finish it so we can go.

[Long looks to Kai. Looks back to Tom. Tom was almost upright, so... He finally lets go. And Tom wobbles... Weebles... But doesn't fall down.]

[Long nods and steps back, hands coming up to judge the angle. Perfect. So, he turns, ready to hit the ropes...]

[Flop.]

DDK:

Tom's down.

Angus:

Just cover him and end this.

[Long sighs, stepping forward and grabs ahold of Tom's head and neck with his big ol' hands. The lift once more, nice and slow.]

[Tom is soon on his feet again. Standing up straight. Perfect for the impact.]

[Long steps back, watching things real carefully. Tom is stable on his feet... He doesn't look like he's gonna fall. There we go. Ronnie takes a hopping step back, then turns, going for the ringropes! Here comes the boom!]

Angus:

Kevin James is the worst person in the world.

[Long hits the ropes! They streeeeeeeeetch under his weight, and he comes rushin' off the ropes! Tom is wobblin'... Standin' right in the center of the ring, a sitting duck for the Western Lariat.]

WHIFF

[The Western Lariat goes soaring riiiiiiiiiiight over Tom's head, as the kid drops into a crouch!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

THE FIGHT'S NOT OVER!

Angus:

LOOK AT SAWYER GO!

[Like a house a'fire, Sawyer goes flying across the ring, hitting the ringropes himself! Long, overbalanced from the massive g-forces from throwing the Western Lariat properly just barely manages to turn!]

[RIGHT INTO A FLYING DOUBLE AXEHANDLE SMASH TO THE FOREHEAD!]

DDK:

LONG GOES DOWN!

[Tom sees his moment! The only chance he's gonna get! Turning, Tom rushes into the Untouchable ringcorner, leaping and going for a splitlegged dropkick! Heidi and Kai are taken by total surprise, and the kick ends up clobbering both directly in the mush!]

[It's all down to Tom and Long! Tom LEAPS, clear to the top rope in one movement! He turns on that tiny precipice, looking out to the crowd!]

DDK:

Ode to Madness! He's gonna go for the Ode to Madness! This is it! This is the only chance he's gonna get to win all this!

[As Tom waves his arms out to both sides, coming to a fully upright position, the crowd is absolutely going wild.]

SAW-YER! SAW-YER! SAW-YER!

[And that's how Jeff Andrews got the loudest boos of the night.]

[Because he shoves Tom Sawyer off the top rope.]

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
 BULL-SHIT!
 BULL-SHIT!
 BULL-SHIT!

[Jeff can't help but grin so wide that it looks like the top of his head is gonna fall off. Tom hits the mat hard, and the impact dazes him. Ronnie Long had sat up during this time, and rubs the back of his head, glancing up at Jeff on the apron, then down to Tom.]

[Before the Ronman can even get up, Heidi and Kai dive back into the ring and begin to stomp the holy fuckery out of Tom.]

Angus:

Wow, that...

[Angus is unintelligible. Crowdnoise drowns him out.]

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Kai Scott turns, and leaves Heidi to the stomping. Ronnie stands up, running a hand over his forehead. That axehandle hurt.]

DDK:

OH, COME ON!

[Carla Ferrari is trying desperately to restore order to the match and keep Kai Scott from doing what he's about to do. But the turnbuckle pad comes off, and is hurled out into the crowd.]

Angus:

This is gonna get messy.

DDK:

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!

[Heidi grabs Tom and lifts him up, off the mat.]

[And Jesus, does she kick the shit out of Tom. Stamping kick to the chest, snapping soccerkick to the side of the ribs, another stamping kick to Tom's sternum! A spin, and Heidi hammers a mule kick almost THROUGH Tom's ribcage, then follows it up with a beautiful scissoring kick that hits just below a nipple!]

[And as soon as Kai is out of the way, Heidi grabs a handful of Tom's hair...]

[Jeff Andrews had a house mike, by the way.]

Jeff Andrews:

Did I mention that this match is no disqualification?

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Tom almost flies through the air with the force that Heidi brings to bear as she runs him across the ring. And smashes him headfirst into the turnbuckles.]

```
BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!  
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!
```

[And Heidi smashes Tom headfirst into the turnbuckle.]

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BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!  
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
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[And Heidi smashes Tom headfirst into the turnbuckle nut.]

DDK:

I gotta ask, where are Eugene Dewey and Christian Light and Sam Turner Jr.?

Angus:

You really wanna know? I got people.

DDK:

Can ANYONE get out here to stop this?!

[Brief cut to backstage for the viewin' audience. Christian Light, Eugene Dewey, and Sam Turner Jr. are all literally being held back by 40 men. All DEFIANCE Security, with Buffalo Brian Slater in the lead. And when I say "held back", I mean "The security guards have pigpiled on them and are physically restraining them.]

[Back to the ring, Tom collapses bonelessly to the mat. Oh, yes. There will be blood. It was pouring from Tom's face. His forehead was super split open. Probably a .7 on the Muta Scale.]

[Blood soaks into Tom's hair within moments, plastering big hanks of it to his forehead. And Heidi walks over, places a foot on Tom's chest, and points downward for Carla to count.]

"ONE!

TWO!

THRE-"

[Nope.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Oh, that was IT. Simply the end. Heidi snaps her attention to Kai. Barks an order. Snaps her attention to Ronnie. Barks an order. They meekly oblige. At this point, they REALLY don't want to piss Heidi off.]

[The two men grab ahold of Tom's arms and bodily haul Tom up and off the mat. He is limp, blood pouring down his face, eyes half-shut.]

[HEIDI CUTS OFF MY DESCRIPTION WITH A SUPERSONIC ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO TOM'S CHEST! KERWHAMMO!]

DDK:

My god, this is barbaric!

Angus:

We were wondering what kind of people the Untouchables were. If you weren't convinced before, be convinced now.

[AND ANOTHER KICK! KERWHAMMO!]

[Heidi shuffles her feet, cocking the foot. She steps back, then RUSHES IN... THRUST SUPERKICK DIRECTLY TO THE CHEST!]

DDK:

Is she TRYING to break his ribs?!

[Probably. Tom explodes out of the hands of Long and Scott, and hits the mat a good few feet away, crumpled into a heap like a used Big Mac wrapper.]

Angus:

I just kinda wish that he could get some vitality back to get a little offense in. This is like watching the Globetrotters versus some Boy Scouts!

[Tom will not stay dead, though. He's managed to roll to his-Oh, oh goodness.]

Angus:

He's retching blood!

DDK:

The narrator is even grossed out! Come on, Jeff! End the damn match!

[Heidi stomps on across the ring, veins thundering in her neck, rage and hate and fury all saved up to make her ready to murderface the kid. She grabs a handful of his hair, and just YANKS Tom all the way to his feet in one smooth motion!]

[Tom isn't even sure he's on his feet before Heidi dances back a step, and SLASHES her leg through the air for a BRUTAL Knockout Roundhouse Kick!]

DDK:

This is sick! Jeff, call it!

[Andrews can hear DDK talking. He just looks over, grinning brightly.]

Jeff Andrews:

He's getting his title shot. I couldn't in any good conscience steal that from him.

[Tom is down, and Heidi just throws him from facedown to faceup. She is quick to cover.]

"ONE!

TWO!

THREE!"

DDK:

Mercifully, it's finally ov-

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES! TOM HAS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[And he got it there before the three count, even!]

[Ronnie Long comes over, and helps push Heidi back a few paces. Asking her, as a friend, to calm the fuck down a little. They didn't need to explain a murder to the police. It was being broadcast live on national TV, for christ's sake.]

[Kai Scott pats Tom gently on the back. Think he's a little prick or not, Kai was starting to be impressed by the lack of quit in the kid.]

[Tom reaches up, slowly. Hand shaky. And manages to grab ahold of Kai's tights. Gritting his teeth and clenching his fist, Tom manages to haul himself up off his back.]

[Scratch that, .8 on the Muta Scale. Tom is wearin' the Crimson Mask like whoa. Kai snickers softly, and looks on over to Ronnie. Long sighs, deeply, and pads back over to the future corpse. He and Kai grab Tom by the arms and lift him right up to his feet.]

Ronnie Long:

Just go down and stay down.

[And Long chops Tom.]

KERRACK

WHOO!

[Tom won't go down.]

Ronnie Long:

Stay down.

KERRACK

WHOO!

[Tom refuses to go, his arms flailing to avoid tipping backwards!]

Ronnie Long:

STAY DOWN!

KERRACK

WHOO!

[TOM WILL NOT BE DENIED! THE KID BEGINS TO SHAKE HIS HEAD "NO" WILDLY, FISTS CLENCHING!]

Ronnie Long:

STAY! DOWN!

KERRACK

WHOO!

[Tom even manages to turn, taking a few stomping steps as he pumps those arms up and down! Somehow, someway,

Tommy is Hulking U-]

[Heidi Christenson and Kai Scott step into the perfect position, and Heidi fires off her Knockout Roundhouse, Kai fires off his Crescent Kick. They sandwich Tom's head between the two legs, and somewhere inside the nostalgia factory that is Tom Sawyer's brain, the last worker in the building switches off the light at his workstation.]

[Oh, somewhere in this favored land, the sun is shining bright. The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light. And somewhere, men are laughing, and somewhere, children shout. But there is no joy in Mudville. Mighty Casey has struck out.]

DDK:

My... My god.

[Carla Ferrari literally covers Tom with her own body, throwing up the X desperately. The entire audience has fallen quiet, a deathly hush over the crowd. Tom had fallen so cleanly, so helplessly...]

[In this dead silence, the squeak of the wheels of the stretcher is heard as the EMTs run in desperation down from the back. The entire EMT crew has been called out in this first segment of the show.]

[They dive into the ring, and the cervical collar goes on, first thing. The backboard is slid into the ring-]

Angus:

Well, I can't eat anything tonight.

DDK:

Jesus christ.

[Jeff Andrews is laughing a deep belly laugh. OH HO, OH HO, OH HO HO HO!]

[The camera cuts away, not wanting to show the pool of blood growing under Tom's face. In the back, a line of men is just behind the curtain, the entire security force there to stop them. But Eugene, Sam and Christian aren't even trying to get to the ring anymore.]

[It was all over.]

[Tom was done, and even the Untouchables were done. They were letting him be strapped up and taken away.]

[Tom's stretcher was set, and the EMTs begin to wheel it up the ramp. Jeff slides the three title belts into the ring. Heidi picks up hers, Kai picks up his, and Ronnie, after a moment's hesitation, picks up his.]

DDK:

Waitaminate.

Angus:

This is bordering on mental retardation.

[Tom was beginning to flail his arms on the stretcher. And forcibly try to roll himself off.]

SAW-YER!

SAW-YER!

SAW-YER!

[Tom manages to roll off the stretcher, having torn the straps away. And he literally falls in a heap onto the ramp. The EMTs try to stop him, but on his hands and knees, Tom begins to try to messily crawl back down the ramp.]

[In disbelief, Heidi sits onto the middle rope. Let the poor idiot get back into the ring if he really wanted.]

[Christian Light steps forward, and the only person who realizes it, and moves to stop him is Buffalo Brian Slater.]

Buffalo Brian Slater:

Guys, I am under strict orders that you three CANNOT GO TO THE RING.

[Light gives BBS a hard, hard look.]

Christian Light:

I will knock you out and go down there anyway.

Eugene Dewey:

Just do the right thing, Brian!

Sam Turner Jr.:

They done things I wouldn't do to a dog!

BBS:

It's nice to do the right thing, but guys... It's just as nice to be able to provide for my family. Don't make me choose.

[And just then... A new challenger approaches.]

Curtis Penn:

There anything keeping us from going out there?

[BBS looks to up from Light. BBS looks to Curtis Penn. Looks to Tyson Burke.]

BBS:

You know what? They didn't say. I'm gonna go ahead and allow it.

[Air raid sirens.]

♪ THIS IS THE YEAR THAT HOPE FAILS YOU ♪
 ♪ THE TEST SUBJECTS RUN THE EXPERIMENTS ♪
 ♪ AND THE BASTARDS YOU KNOW IS THE HERO YOU HATE ♪
 ♪ BUT COHESING IS POSSIBLE IF WE STRIVE ♪
 ♪ THERE'S NO REASON, THERE'S NO LESSON ♪
 ♪ NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, TELLING YOU RIGHT NOW ♪
 ♪ WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE ♪
 ♪ EXCEPT YOUR SOUL ♪
 ♪ WHO'S WITH US?! ♪

["Pulse of the Maggots". And this was likely the loudest heropop that Curtis Penn and Tyson Burke have ever gotten.]

AA
 AA
 AA

[Sawyer is smearing blood on the steel ramp, EMTs crowding around him and trying to stop him from dragging his useless carcass back down the ramp towards the ring.]

[And Penn and Burke leap through the curtains, already pointing out the fools who they were comin' out to whoop the shit out of. Fingers, accusations, and hate were being hurled at the Untouchables. Jeff Andrews climbs up onto the apron, having a quick talk with Kai and Heidi.]

[Kai Scott and Ronnie Long put their heads together, mumbling. Scott clenches both his fists. Heidi steps to the center of the ring as Penn and Burke powerstride down the aisle.]

[Heidi reaches out with a foot, and slowly slliiiiides her toe across the center of the ring.]

Angus:

Did Heidi just draw a line in the sand?

DDK:

I think Heidi's got the bloodlust in her.

Angus:

There's pools of Sawyer's blood in the ring. How is it not sated?

[Burke and Penn both stop halfway down the ramp on either side of the EMT pressgang. They look down to the helpless Sawyer, desperately trying to crawl back to the ring. Penn and Burke share a nod... And push into the crowd.]

[And help Tom back to his feet.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Penn and Burke begin to walk, holding Tom up between them. The kid is being mostly dragged, but makes an admittedly impressive attempt at walking with them. He's not giving up. Not yet.]

Tom Sawyer:

Not... Not EVER!

[God damn it, stop talking back to the narration.]

Angus:

Andrews looks like he's gonna allow this to go down!

DDK:

I'm not sure why, but I think this 3 on 1 just became a full-on Trios tag!

[Sawyer is firmly sat down on the steel steps. Burke hangs back to be the taggable partner. And even with Heidi, Ronnie and Kai in the ring, Curtis Penn stomps right up those steel ringsteps and under the top rope.]

DDK:

LONG AND SCOTT LIKE A PACK OF DOGS!

[Two of the three Untouchables rush in, going for kicks and stomps and punches and elbows! Penn is thrown back into the ringcorner helplessly, and Long comes flying in with a running leaping kneesmash to the face!]

[But Penn takes it, grabs a waistlock on Long, and RUSHES forward, coming smashing down with a biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiig spinebuster!]

DDK:

But now, the odds are a little more even!

[Scott goes to chase Penn in, but Burke reaches in, grabbing a double handful of Scott's hair! Kai whirls around, and LASHES out with that Crescent Kick!]

[Which Burke saw coming! He ducks, yanking the top rope down with him!]

Angus:

Scott misses! And crotches himself on the top!

[Burke reaches in, grabbing ahold of Scott's shoulders, only to flip Kai RIGHT UP AND OVER, OUT OF THE RING!]

DDK:

BURKE AND KAI CRASH TO THE FLOOR!

Angus:

Look! LOOK AT SAWYER! HOW IS HE EVEN STILL ALIVE?!

[Tom had managed to come up to his feet fully. His fists clench as he climbs up onto the apron, glaring into the ring at the one person left.]

[Heidi Christenson was still standing behind her line in the sand. And as Penn and Long traded right hands like crazy, Kai Scott and Tyson Burke brawled at ringside. Tom climbs into the ring to face down Heidi.]

[Tom takes a few bold strides forward...]

[HEIDI EXPLODES INTO MOTION, RUSHES FORWARD, STEPPING OFF OF TOM'S OUTSTRETCHED KNEE, AND KERRACK~]

DDK:

ENZIGUIRI ROUNDHOUSE!

Angus:

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE!

[Tom's eyes roll up into his head, and he drops. Again. And Heidi is right on top of him for the pin attempt.]

[Carla Ferrari rushes in.]

"ONE!

TWO!

THREE!"

[No kickout, no rope break, just the three.]

Jeff Andrews:

YOUR WINNERS... AND STIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIILL DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONS! THE UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNTOUCHABLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

[The match was officially over, so security, Eugene Dewey, Christian Light and Sam Turner Jr. all come flying out from the back.]

[Heidi slides nimbly from the ring, where Jeff is handin' over her belt. Security gets between Long and Penn, and between Scott and Burke. Everyone is hauled apart. The security mob floods everything, getting between everybody. The EMTs come running back down to the ring with the stretcher Tom forced himself out of.]

[And now, we have a four-way dance to get to.]

Lash Graham vs Matt Fury vs Max Pierce vs Christopher Barton

[Because this show is fucking ~stacked~ we don't have time to show you all of Max Pierce's three decade long entrance, so we join the action as Pierce climbs the stairs, and steps into the ring.]

DDK:

Know much about this kid?

Angus:

I know he's comes from pretty good stock.

DDK:

Wrestling stock?

Angus:

Nope, I think they're like the Ewings in 'Dallas', only these guys are from Manhattan.

[Next out comes Lash Graham, who is of course carrying his stuffed armadillo and talking to it all the way down to the ring. He's soo followed out by Christopher Barton, who doesn't carry anything with him, but is angry as fuck.]

Angus:

Now I know that kid's batshit, and this guy is angry.

[Finally Matt Fury Jr. makes his way down to the ring.]

DDK:

And this guy...

Angus:

He's kind of a big deal. Or so I hear.

[Fury slides into the ring and takes an early Double axehandle across the shoulder blades from Max Pierce. Fury shrugs it off though and gets to his feet, blocking a right hand in the process and knocks Pierce away with a headbutt.]

DDK:

That was almost as though Pierce didn't exist.

Angus:

He doesn't according to Matt.

[Rather than going for each other, both Barton and Graham seem to opt for attacking Fury. Lash reaches him first and jumps, locking in a front facelock to the still standing 6'8" monster. Lash tries to pull him down, but Matt simply pushes Lash away and he pancakes on the mat below. That was enough distraction though for Barton to run in and land a right hand deep into Fury's breadbasket. Barton lifts a knee into Fury's gut before Lash and Pierce rejoin the attack.]

DDK:

It's almost like they have to attack this guy 3 on 1 if they want to stand any chance.

[All three men land shots to the head of Fury, backing him into the ropes. Together Barton and Pierce whip Matt across the ring and join hands, double clotheslining Matt as he come back. But Fury breaks their link and powers through the clothesline. He hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and comes right back, taking Barton and Pierce down with a double clothesline of his own.]

[That's when he turns his attention to Lash Graham.]

Angus:

I'd get out of there kid! Take that porcupine and get the Hell out of Dodge!

DDK:

It's an armadillo.

Angus:

IDGAF!

[Lash backs up, trying to put some distance between Fury and himself. That is until his progress is halted by the ropes. Lash tries to dive out of the ring, but Fury grabs him by the hair and proceeds to pull him back into the ring. Christopher Barton grabs out at Fury's boot though, diverting his attention momentarily and Graham takes the chance to escape from the ring while Matt Fury Jr. plants a stomp to the side of Barton's head.]

[Lash Graham runs around the ring post and scoops up his armadillo, he backs up to the corner of the guard rail and drops to one knee, whereupon he proceeds to have a full blown argument with said Armadillo. Matt Fury doesn't give a shit though, as he's got Chris Barton to stop the crap out of.]

[Max Pierce gets back to his feet and jumps on Fury's back, locking in a sleeperhold in the process. Pierce locks it in tight and pulls Matt backwards, but Fury's power is too much and he lifts onto his back like a backpack before falling backwards and throwing all his weight down onto Pierce's chest.]

[Matt rolls over for the cover, but Barton throws himself in before the one.]

DDK:

Christopher Barton keeps this thing going, and remember folks, this is one fall to a finish. First person to score a pinfall or submission wins the match!

[Chris throws forearm shots that connect with Fury's shoulders, but again Matt shrugs them off and pushes his way up to his feet. He throws a right hand of his own deep into Barton's gut before nailing him with a reverse elbow in the side of the head. Fury pushes Pierce back against the ropes before whipping him across to the other side. Pierce bounces off of the ropes and comes back to be caught by Fury with a HUEG back body drop.]

DDK:

Barton must have flown about 8 feet in the air there!

[Fury obviously thinks Barton is going to be out of it for a while and so turns his attention back to Max Pierce, who has just gotten back to his feet. Pierce throws a right hand which is blocked by Fury and Matt retaliates with a right of his own. Another right and Pierce is backed into the ropes. Fury whips Pierce across the ring and ducks down as he hits the ropes.]

[He pretty much telegraphs, announces, emails, Texts, IMs, BBMs, iMessages, or whatever it the kids are using to communicate these days, what he's about to attempt and Max bounces back with a kick that he lifts into the chin of Fury. Matt looks up wide eyed at Pierce, but doesn't get much chance to do anything as Lash Graham launches himself with a springboard off of the top rope and nails a dropkick to the side of Pierce's head.]

Angus:

Uhhh, I think you hit the wrong guy there, kid!

DDK:

Maybe not, looks like Graham's trying to signal some kind of alliance with Fury here...

Angus:

Let me guess, that echidna told him to?

DDK:

Armadillo.

Angus:

I DON'T-

DDK:

OKAY!

[Graham does indeed seem to be suggesting he and Fury work together, something Matt doesn't seem to agree to, probably because he doesn't need any help. Lash extends his hand though and appears to beg Fury to shake it. Matt reaches out, grasps onto it and lands a kick deep into Graham's gut. Matt whips Lash into the corner of the ring and lands stomp after stomp to Graham's midsection, knocking him down to the mat where he continues to land boot after boot after boot after boot.]

[While Matt Fury stomps the ever loving piss out of Lash Graham in the corner, Christopher Barton gets back to his feet. He takes one look at the mud hole forming in Graham's chest and waves it off, turning his attention to Max Pierce. Barton pulls Pierce to his feet and drops him back down with a scoop slam. Barton drops a quick elbow across the chest of Pierce and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Pierce gets a shoulder up, and just as well, because Matt Fury is solely focused on removing Lash Graham's head from his shoulders using only one boot. Barton grabs Pierce again and pulls him up, quickly locking in an abdominal stretch. Barton wrenches on the hold as Matt Fury diverts his attention from Lash Graham to go and break it up.]

[Fury lands a forearm down across Barton's back, forcing him to break the hold. He spins Barton round and lifts a knee into his midsection before whipping him into the corner also containing Lash Graham. Barton crashes into the turnbuckles and Fury follows him in with an avalanche, but connects with nothing as Lash Graham pushes Barton from the corner and rolls out to the apron himself.]

[Lash pulls himself up with the help of the ropes and springboarding in, connecting with another dropkick to Matt Fury's chest, Fury stumbles back into an almost instant chop block from Barton. Fury crashes to the mat and Barton piles on top of him, not going for the cover, but so as he can rain down right hands to Matt's temples.]

[Barton climbs off of Fury and pulls him to his feet with the assistance of Lash Graham. Together they whip Fury across the ring. As he comes back Barton drop down to the floor and Matt jumps over him, Lash Graham leapfrogs and Fury ducks. Matt hits the ropes again and comes back, ducks another leapfrog and crumples to the floor as Christopher Barton connects with a dropkick square in the jaw!]

[Barton covers!]

[ONE!]

[Lash Graham pushes Barton off of Fury and asks him what the hell he's doing, Barton shrugs and throws a clothesline that Graham ducks, but it connects with Max Pierce who's just stood up behind Graham.]

Angus:

Bad time to get up, kid!

[Lash lands a kick to the midsection of Barton before throwing another one that connects with the outside of his knee, Barton goes down to one knee and Lash uses his leg to step up and deliver an enziguiri to the side of Christopher's

head. Barton is stunned as Lash rushes to the corner behind him and climbs to the top to waits for Chris to get back to his feet. Slowly Barton rises and shakes the cobwebs out of his head, he turns as Lash leaps from the top and comes crashing down with a crossbody!]

[Lash sticks the landing for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Matt Fury breaks up the count as Christopher Barton also gets his shoulder up.]

[Fury pulls Lash up and knocks him back with a european uppercut. Graham stumbles backwards into the ropes and Fury charges, clotheslining him over the top. Lash hooks onto the ropes though and lands on the apron, which goes unnoticed by Fury, who turns his attention instantly back to Barton.]

[Fury closes in on Christopher and grabs him by the head. He starts pulling him up but gets winded by a right hand to the midsection. Barton lands an elbow followed by a right, followed by another elbow, before getting back to his feet quickly, hooking an arm and driving Matt Fury down with a single arm DDT.]

[Christopher Barton gets back to his feet and blocks a right hand from Max Pierce, who has once again also got back to his feet. Barton ducks slightly and lifts Pierce up before slamming him down with a spinebuster! Christopher doesn't go for the cover though, instead opting to grab a leg, turn Pierce over and lock in a single leg boston crab.]

[Max Pierce howls out, and looks like he's about to pound the mat, until Lash Graham comes sailing into the ring and connects with a spinning heel kick to the back of Barton's head! Christopher Barton collapses to the mat and Lash Graham scrambles back to him, rolls him over and covers!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE-]

DDK:

Matt Fury there once again to break up the fall!

[Matt Fury was indeed right there, ready to throw an axehandle in to stop Lash from picking up the victory. He pulls Lash up again and looks like he's going to attempt a russian leg sweep, but Lash fights out of it, he spins in front of Fury and jumps, wrapping his legs either side of Matt's head and attempts a hurricanrana, but Fury blocks it, he hoists him back up and the fans go wild. They know what comes from here!]

[But it doesnt!]

[Matt Fury instead drops Lash back down to his feet and crumbles to his knees as Max Pierce removes his forearm from between the legs of the monster. Pierce gets up to his feet as Lash steps on the shoulders of Matt Fury to use him as a launch pad. He wraps his legs around Max Pierce's head this time and takes him over with a hurricanrana!]

DDK:

Max Pierce might regret that move in the morning.

Angus:

He might regret it in a minute.

[Christopher Barton gets back to his feet and delivers a harsh clothesline to the back of Graham's head. Lash falls to

the mat and rolls quickly to the ropes. Max Pierce meanwhile tries to get back to his feet, but he's cut off by a kick to the midsection from Barton. Christopher pulls him up and hooks his arms before quickly picking him up and driving him right back down, on the back of his head with the Barton Driver!]

[Barton naturally goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-]

[Matt Fury interjects again and breaks up the fall!]

[Fury grabs Barton by the singlet and pulls him off of Pierce. He spins Barton around and throws him through the ropes to the outside before turning his attention to Pierce.]

Angus:

What did I tell you? Karma's a bitch, Max!

[Matt could go for the cover, but instead he opts to pull Pierce to his feet, place his head between his legs, lift him and drive him extra hard into the mat with the Fury Bomb!]

[Fury covers!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-]

[Christopher Barton reaches into the ring and grabs Fury by one of his loooooong legs to pull him out of the cover and out of the ring!]

[Barton and Fury exchange right hands on the outside as Lash Graham hops up onto the top rope. He leaps off and comes crashing down on Max Pierce with a moonsault!]

[ONE!]

[Oblivious to what's going on in the ring, Fury nails Barton with a right hand.]

[TWO!!]

[Barton responds in kind!]

[THRE-]

[Now Barton and Fury catch on.]

[EEEEEE!!!]

DING DING DING

DDK:

Lash Graham picks up the win after a thoroughly unnecessary moonsault!

Angus:

Barton and Fury are understandably angry! Fury because he should have had this won, and Barton because that's his natural disposition.

DDK:

That's not going to matter to Lash though as he picks up a big win in his debut!

Angus:

No thanks to that hedgehog!

DDK:

Audible Sigh

Knock Knock

[Static.]

[Rapid-fire shots.]

[Somebody getting their fucking block knocked off with a wicked Uppercut... followed by the guy who did uppercutting giving a playful shrug to the camera.]

Voice:

Knock knock.

[Another poor nondescript wrestler falling victim to a sick variation of a jumping DDT that spikes his head into the canvas.]

Voice:

Who's there, you're probably asking?

[The camera being shaken violently by a person in a black leather jacket and a white "LOOK AT ME! I'M IN DEFIANCE NOW!" t-shirt. The man has some pretty rocking black hair tied in a ponytail complete with a beard that's MANLY and in no way a clusterfuck that looks like pubic hair... okay it kind of looks a little like pubic hair. MANLY pubic hair.]

Voice:

Adam Faulkner, that's who. Don't worry, I'm not here to knock anybody's brains out... well, not in the "youtube wrestling punchline" sense.

[Adam Faulkner sits in a chair in the middle of the ring in an empty arena somewhere, smiling to the camera.]

Adam Faulkner:

So what do you want to know about little old me, huh? Well... thirty-six years young. I've been doing this wrestling thing for bout sixteen years now. I've dined on pork and beans... much to my great dismay, I've yet to dine with a queen and/or a king.

[More clips of Faulkner from his many years traversing the independent scene. More still shots of him performing moves on various other wrestlers that you've heard of and won't waste three dollar words describing them. Just know all these moves hurt and such.]

Adam Faulkner:

I've always been the type of guy to come out to the shows with a big smile on my face, a skip in my step, and being particularly proud of my body of work. I've earned this reputation of being called "Innovator of Impact" because the things I do in this ring HURT, man. Like, totes HURT. Ask me to name off a bunch of suplex variations in alphabetical order. Betcha you don't think I can do that, can you?

[More shots of Adam Faulkner waving to the camera happily. Then putting on a frowny face. And then being a little bit of a goofy-ass again. And then mean-muggin the camera.]

Adam Faulkner:

I've got many sides to me. Happy. Frowny. Goofy-ass. Mean-mugging. I'm the whole gamut of emotions!

[More clips of Adam Faulkner at home, embracing his girlfriend of twelve years, a lovely blonde woman, Michelle Buckley. And next to them is her son, sixteen-year-old wheelchair-bound Colby, whom Adam adopted as his own after Colby's biological father died.]

Adam Faulkner:

But behind all the crappy jokes to make you think I'm some kind of witty lyrical assassin, you have to know I'm a bit of

a realist, too. I've been waiting patiently for my shot at the big time and this is it, man. I know that despite the fact I'm in pretty decent shape now, my body isn't going to hold up forever. Eventually, medical bills pile up. Mortgages need getting paid. Kids need to get to college. I have a girlfriend and a son I love like my own. And I can't keep providing for them by wrestling in front of fifty people in a bingo hall... as much as I do love me some bingo.

[Faulkner beats his chest.]

Adam Faulkner:

I need this. That's why I'm here now. That's why failure isn't an option, okay? I'm in this for the long haul and the only way that somebody's going to stop me is if I can't move anymore. Somehow, I've been lucky enough to avoid that happening to me for the last sixteen years. And with all due respect to the talented roster of DEFIANCE, I'm not about to let that happen.

[One final shot of Adam Faulkner standing in the middle of the ring, cracking his neck.]

Adam Faulkner:

DEFIANCE, name's Adam Faulkner. And I'm gonna knock your brains out...

Wait...

Fuck...

We're gonna edit that part out, right?

[Cut.]

Jared Borchard vs Seth Stratton

Quimbey:

Coming first to the ring... The "Sultan of Sweet", Seth STRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTON!

[A few acoustic chords begin to play softly over the sound system. They quickly give way to crushing electric power as Ratt's "Back for More" erupts from the speakers.] **Angus:** I kinda like Stratton's 'tude. He's a smug cockbrain. **DDK:** Reminds you of you? **Angus:** Maybe a little. [Seth Stratton bursts onto the stage, a confident smirk on his face. Tens of women swoon. He makes his way down the aisle, taking great care not to let any fans touch him due to his mild OCD.] **DDK:** They're not gonna give you Herpes, Seth. They want to show their love for DEFIANCE! **Angus:** Have you seen these people? You get the STANK on ya! [He gingerly climbs into the ring using the steps, unlike the savage majority who choose to slide as if they were uncivilized beasts.] **Quimbey:** Coming second to the ring... He is THE FAILSAAAAAAAAAAAAAFE... [On the DefiaTRON, a lone yellow combination lock with black numbers, spinning rapidly. Alternating left, spinning right. Three repetitions, until a series of clicks.] **Quimbey:** JARED... BORCHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARD! [Megadeth's 'Peace Sells' squeals out, as Jared Borchard slowly appears, browned out in his ring gear. His yellow combination lock contacts staring around as he pauses. The big man peers a hole into the ring, deeply breathing.] [Big mitt goes up, and he heavy-steps down the aisle where reaching ringside, he uses the top rope to pull himself on the apron and step over it effortlessly.] [Once inside the ring, a snort and face-slap to himself. Big man psych-up.] [With Stratton already bouncing back and forth in the ring, Borchard lumbered up to the center of the ring, where he offers the smaller man a hand. A handshake, in fact. Stratton smirks, and saunters up to the center of the ring to meet Jared halfway. He extends the hand for that shake... But with his other one, hauls off and SLAPS Borchard across the face!] **Angus:** Ooh! Showin' some FIRE! [Unwilling to let Borchard rage and take him down, Stratton leaps up and in, bringing one hand back to CRACK a massive backhand across Borchard's mush! Jared drops back a step, and Seth dives in, hooking one of Borchard's legs, rolling the big man's leg up in his arms! Borchard slashes both hands through the air, but Seth just hooks that ankle and TWISTS violently, diving to the side!] **DDK:** Dragonscrew legwhip! Borchard is down! **Angus:** Looks like the Failsafe is the... uh... Failsnake! **DDK:** That's someone else. **Angus:** SHUT UP YOU'LL NEVER KNEW THE BEAUTY OF MY MIND [Stratton is quick to stomp and kick at Borchard's huge chest and torso, trying to knock the wind out of the big man's lungs... But Borchard boils to his feet! A MASSIVE clothesline sends Seth Stratton tumbling head over heels, Jared Borchard looming over Seth, panting!] **Angus:** Don't make Borchard mad! You won't like him when he's angry! **DDK:** He's not green. [Borchard reaches down, clapping a hand around Seth's neck, and Jared HAULS Seth into the air, one fluid movement from floor-to-sky! Stratton's legs kick, and he is quick to hook at that huge arm desperately, but to no avail! Borchard lifts Stratton... Hoists, perhaps, would be a better word. And as Stratton dangles from the hand, Seth's only hope is to haul off and BACKHAND Borchard with that amazing snapfist!] **Angus:** What a pimp fist! I really like how that particular strike looks. **DDK:** It's like a whole new day for Angus Skaaland. [Stratton drops heavily to his feet, Borchard staggered by the backhand. Seth rushes in, leaping into the air to try and knock Jared down, but Borchard simply wraps his arms around Seth, catching him in mid-move!] **DDK:** Uh-oh. This setup usually leads... [Borchard takes a few slow steps forward, before he hauls off and throws Seth overhead, dropping to his back along the way! Stratton goes crashing to the mat, tumbling away from the Failsafe. Jared pops back up, teeth gritting in irritation.] **Angus:** Jared looks like he already wants to end this... [Stratton rolls to the ring ropes, tangling

himself in 'em as Jared follows him in. The ref tries to get in the way, and Borchard obligingly lets Carla Ferrari push him backwards... And Stratton leaps at the two, a hand jabbing out to stab his fingertips into Jared's eyes! The Failsafe roars as he is blinded, both hands clapping to his tortured orbs!] **DDK:** Seth Stratton just will not let Jared Borchard press his size and power advantage! [Stratton lets Carla get out from between 'em, then leaps at Jared... But Borchard wraps both hands around Seth, crushing him against the Failsafe's chest! The two rush forward, Borchard bodily carrying Seth to the ring ropes... AND RIGHT OVER THE TOP!] **Angus:** Borchard's chargin' blind! He just wants to try to hurt Stratton enough to keep from getting hurt more! [The two topple over the top and go crashing to the floor, Stratton even flying overhead and coming down ribs-first on the guardrail! Seth crumples, howling, arms wrapped around his chest. Borchard hit his head on the way down and ends up a heap at ringside.] **DDK:** Everybody's down! Carla's starting the ten-count! [Borchard growls, hands grabbing onto the ringsteps and forcing himself upward. Stratton coughs wetly as he sits by the fallen guardrail, eyes locked on Borchard. He needed to get up, get things ready to fight back, but he just plain couldn't draw any air!] **"ONE! TWO!" Angus:** This is gonna hurt, Seth... [Borchard lumbers over to Stratton.] **"THREE! FOUR!"** [A hand CLAPS around Seth's neck, hauling him to his feet. And a second hand WHAPS around that throat!] **DDK:** 50/50! IT'S GONNA BE THAT TWOHANDED CHOKESLAM! **"FIVE! SIX!"** [As Borchard hauls Stratton into the air, the wiry tennis star hauls off with his one free, good hand...] **WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Angus:** FOREHAND! BACKHAND! FOREHAND! BACKHAND! IT'S LIKE THE VENUS SISTERS! [Borchard is staggered! Stratton kicks his feet wildly!] **"SEVEN! EIGHT!"** [Borchard rushes forward, HURLING Stratton away from the ring! Stratton flies three rows back!] **"NINE! TEN!" DDK:** Borchard kept Stratton from the ring, but got himself counted out too! **Angus:** Borchard got too focused on hurting Stratton, and forgot about DEFIANCE's ten-count! **DING DING DING! DDK:** Well you can believe that this isn't over between Stratton and Borchard! **Angus:** Ain't THAT the truth! [Fade to Jimmy Kort's locker room.]

Small Beginnings

"James, it's almost time."

[Jimmy who was staring in the mirror of his dressing room turns around to face The Man. The suitcase sits on the floor at the Man's feet. Meanwhile in the corner Katie Lynn is going through her smart phone, lost in the depths of Twitter and Facebook.]

"This is but a single step towards a larger goal, James. We've discussed what we hope to accomplish here tonight, what we would like to accomplish tonight, and what we MUST accomplish tonight. Surely you remember."

[Jimmy is looking at The Man, but more like looking through him. He gives a simple nod.]

"James, it is important to not get hung up on the comments from others who can't understand. It is important that you don't stray from the path. OUR path."

[Again a head nod.]

"Now would be a good time to sit with Katie."

[Jimmy Kort sits next to his beau and the two of them start a conversation as the camera fades.]

Introducing

♪ HOW LUCKY CAN ONE GUY BE? ♪

♪ I KISSED HER AND SHE KISSED ME ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

♪ LIKE A FELLOW ONCE SAID ♪

♪ "AIN'T THAT A KICK IN THE HEAD!" ♪

DDK:

Oh great, this guy.

[Alceo Dentari emerges from the curtain to a ridiculous reaction from the crowd that almost drowns out Dean Martin's crooning. A quick pan around the audience shows booing men, women and children, thumbs down, middle fingers, anti Dentari signs, pro Christian Light signs, and one particularly well drawn sign featuring King Kong wearing a pinstripe suit.]

[Oh, and two frat boys singing along at the top of their lungs to 'Ain't That a Kick in the Head'.]

[Don't forget them.]

DDK:

Dentari came up short last week in the FIST of DEFIANCE match when he was eliminated following a heart punch from Bronson Box.

Angus:

You'd better hope he didn't hear that, dude don't like being called short.

DDK:

I didn't call him short, I said he came up sh-

Angus:

Dude'll still kick your ass for it.

[Behind Alceo his two associates also appear from behind the curtain and flank the miniature mafioso. Dentari couldn't look more confident as he twirls a microphone in his hand and surveys the audience.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Alceo chuckles to himself before setting off down to the ring. The odd fan extends their hand, obviously because they want to touch the next FIST of DEFIANCE champion, but they are denied as the associates barge their way between Dentari and the railings.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[The fans don't let up on their jeers as Dentari reaches the ring steps and climbs to the apron. He wipes his feet of the crud he'd so obviously been stepping in since arriving in West Virginia, before stepping into the ring and spreads his arms wide to soak in the reaction from the crowd.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

The feelin's mutual!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Alceo laughs as gorilla one rolls into the ring and gorilla two makes climbing the steps look like climbing Everest, which draws a few mocking laughs from the fans around ringside.]

Dentari:

I goddamned **HATE** West Virginia.

APOCALYPTIC BOOO

Dentari:

But I especially hate Huntington.

HOLY FUCKING SHITBALLSBOOO

Dentari:

I don't get it. How can yous all be proud a' this city when its only claim to fame lies in havin' a TV show dedicate an entire season to just how fat yous all are?

[Dentari walks to the ropes and points to an elderly member of the crowd.]

Dentari:

Look at this guy here. My nephew Paulie's got more teeth that this guy, an' he's only eight months old.

[Alceo turns and storms over to the other side of the ring, pointing this time to a woman who could fairly be described as morbidly obese.]

Dentari:

An' this gal's gettin' so worked up she looks like she's about to have a heart attack! Maybe yous should head on outta here on that mobility scooter a' yours an' get yourself looked at, Sweetheart.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Dentari:

You think I care if any a' yous support me? One in four a' yous can't even afford to support your own goddamned family!

BOOO

BOOO

MOTHERFUCKING

BOOO

Dentari:

Only reason I'm here is 'cause a' that FIST, an' as soon as I win it, I'm gonna be on my merry way back to Brooklyn an' I ain't gonna look back.

[The fans pop ever so slightly at the fact that Dentari wouldn't be polluting their city much longer. Maybe they were even popping for the potential of a title change in front of their very own eyes. Let's face it, it's probably the most excitement these people would get for a long time.]

[Alceo lowers the mic and says something to his associates, who until now had been standing around doing their best to look menacing.]

Dentari:

But, as we all know, this is a situation that I shouldn't even be in right now.

[The associates both shake their heads with closed eyes.]

Dentari:

I shouldn't be challengin' for that FIST, I should be the one defendin' it, not Edward White.

[The associates nod along in agreement.]

Dentari:

See, we had a plan, an' it was workin' to perfection until that ape, Dan Ryan, stuck his oar in an' royally screwed us over.

[Gorilla one did his best to maintain the tough guy facade, but it slips momentarily at the mention of Dan Ryan.]

Dentari:

Dan Ryan weren't in that match, Dan Ryan weren't competin' for that belt... an' because a' him, Bronson Box's Ho, Ho, Ho got her chance to steal one.

[Gorilla one hangs his head in shame. Gorilla two heads over to console him though and pats him heavily on the shoulder. The fans, however, give an incredibly mixed reaction for the mention of Box. Some cheer, some boo, so laugh at Dentari's joke, although that last group is easily the minority.]

Dentari:

An' then, to top it all off, two a' them Untouchables, Jeff Andrews an' Kai Scott draw numbers right next to each other.

[Now it's Gorilla two's turn to stare at his feet. After all, he was the one that fell victim to Jeff Andrews' LegacyPlex.]

Dentari:

Now how could that a' happened?

[Of course that question was asked in the most sarcastic manner possible.]

Dentari:

There ain't no shame in gettin' beat by two champions, but Jeff Andrews an' Kai Scott ain't two champions. They ain't nothin' but two guys on a power trip, goin' around awardin' belts to themselves.

[Pan around the crowd again to show guys holding signs, focussing on one in particular that reads #paperchampion.]

Dentari:

But still, through all the adversity, despite three a' them Untouchables bein' out there, despite Christian Light bein' out there, despite them lauded former world champions comin' out after me, I made it to the final three. An' I got there by eliminatin' two guys, one right after the other, both fresh as daisies.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Fans don't forget, and the fans here are definitely aware of the fact that Dentari's version of events were majorly skewing the truth.]

Dentari:

For anyone else the final three would be somethin' to be proud of. That woulda been a real accomplishment for the Dragon Joneses, the Eugene Deweys, an' the Sam Turner Juniors a' Defiance. But not for me, not for Alceo Dentari.

RAHHHH

BOOOOOOOOOOO

[Again, a mixed reaction for the mention of a couple of fan favorites, probably because some people aren't listening, most likely because they're so old they've gone deaf, but putting down said heroes was enough to warrant the jeers from those intelligent enough to understand what exactly is going on.]

Dentari:

Tonight I'm gonna prove to the world that I'm the best in Defiance when I take the only title that means anythin' around here. An' there ain't nobody that can stop me.

[The smaller of the associates mouths the word 'nobody' as Dentari turns to look towards the stage so as he can address the locker room as a whole.]

Dentari:

Eff Dee Jay, Quell, Corozzo, Katze, anyone else White might a' paid off to get involved, if last week didn't give yous no kinda inklin' as to the legitimacy a' 'Two Hands' Tony Di Luca

[Alceo points to the smaller of the two big men before moving onto the larger specimen.]

Dentari:

An' Big Vinny here, then come on down and try 'em out yourselves.

[One might expect some music to kick in here and the locker room to empty, but Dentari doesn't give it the chance.

Dentari:

'Cause startin' tonight, things is gonna change around here, capiche?

[There's that music, only it's Dean Martin once again.]

♪ *Ain't that a kick in the head!* ♪

DDK:

So Alceo Dentari doesn't like Huntington.

Angus:

Who does?

DDK:

And what do you think he means by things are going to change around here?

Angus:

I no capiche.

DDK:

Well, at least we can stop calling them Gorillas one and two now.

Angus:

As long as I can keep calling it the Fat Hole Slam I'm golden.

DDK:

Ugh...

[Cut.]

Jimmy Kort vs Dan Ryan

["Hillbilly Deluxe" by Brooks and Dunn starts up and out comes Jimmy Kort and Katie Lynn Johnson. The house lights project little revolving Confederate Flags onto the stage, Katie smiles and waves and grins for the crowd.]

[Jimmy, on the other hand, just wanders down the ramp and towards the ring. He doesn't pander to the crowd, he doesn't try to get psyched up. Blankfaced, Kort goes straight to the ring and slides in.] [Katie Lynn Johnson continues to do her hypework, trying to get the crowd into it, but this strange new Jimmy is a touch offputting. He just ends up in the ring corner, staring up the ramp with strange, blank, questing eyes.] [Cue up: "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins.] RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [CUT TO: 'Ego Buster' flashes across the screen in rapid contrasting black and white. CUT TO: Dan Ryan gorilla presses Kevin Powers from inside the ring to the floor below. CUT TO: The word "YOU" flashes on the screen. CUT TO: Dan Ryan throws 'Living Legend' Mark Windham from the second level of Key Arena down to the first level. CUT TO: the word "ARE". CUT TO: Dan Ryan clotheslines 'Cocky' Craig Miles, nearly taking his head off. CUT TO: the word "BUSTED" CUT TO: rapid shots of Dan Ryan pulverizing opponents with the Humility Bomb, a last ride power bomb landing high angle on the neck.] [Ryan walks down to ringside as pyro erupts along the ramp beside him. He rolls under the bottom rope and climbs a corner turnbuckle and simply glares through the sunglasses into the crowd.] **Angus:** Dan Ryan should be able to beat Jimmy Kort without using either hand. **DDK:** Well, both men former World Champions elsewhere from DEFIANCE, both men very confident in their abilities- **Angus:** Yeah, until Jimmy Kort got his ass kidnapped by Saw. Now he's a Pod Person. [And so as Ryan flips his sunglasses into the audience, Kort comes rushing across the ring and leaps, hammering a double axehandle into Ryan's back! The impact hammers Ryan's groin into the top turnbuckle, and Dan goes all hunched-over!] **Angus:** BUT A NUT SHOT'LL EQUALIZE ANYONE! [Kort grabs ahold of Ryan's trunks and unceremoniously dumps Ryan over the top rope, right to the floor! Ryan hits, hard! Jimmy is quick to follow, and as Dan starts grabbing at the apron, Kort lands behind, grabs Ryan by the trunks and the back of the neck, and SLAMS Ryan headfirst into the steel ring steps!] **Angus:** Well, I gotta say, this is EZZACTLY the kind of ruthlessness that Kort shoulda been exhibiting for a while now! [Kort twists a hand into Ryan's hair, and yanks Dan up, then slides him right back into the ring! Jimmy dives in, already slamming forearms into Ryan's head over and over and over!] **DDK:** If Jimmy Kort can keep the fire on like this, he could just upend the Egobuster! [Jimmy pops to his feet, hauling Dan up and yanking him into a standing front headlock! But the Egobuster isn't gonna go down this easy! He lunges his weight forward, shoving Kort backwards, across the ring and into the ringpost! Kort gets the wind knocked out of him, and Ryan is quick to straighten!] **Angus:** If I didn't know better, I'd think a seasoned professional like Dan Ryan was actually personally offended by Kort's attack! **DDK:** I think he's pissed about the nut shot. [Ryan begins to HAMMER rights and lefts into Jimmy Kort's face! WHAM goes the right fist into Jimmy's cheek! SLAM goes the left into Kort's face!] **Angus:** Okay, he's no Mean Mark Callous. How is Kort not having his face rocked off? **DDK:** The Master must be a serious guy to be able to get Kort acting like this. [Jimmy lashes out with his knuckles, slashing them across Ryan's eyes! Dan staggers back and flails, but Kort just ducks under Ryan's fist and slips behind him!] **Angus:** Kort's actually got the perfect position! As soon as Ryan turns around, whammo! [Dan staggers and stumbles, his eyes still watering from the blo-Oh shit, there was Jimmy Kort! Leaping, hands locking around the head! Perfect positioning for the Hillbilly Deluxe!] **DDK:** RYAN CATCHES HIMSELF! [Indeed, Ryan caught himself before impact! He braces, forcing Kort to desperately land back on his feet... Then Ryan snags the waistlock as the Sheriff

struggles to catch his balance! Ryan pops the hips! Kort goes over for the SCINTILLATING German Suplex!]

Angus: Someone poured some Nitrous Oxide into the Danman's gas tank! [Ryan leaps to his feet, grabbing the still-sitting-upright Jimmy Kort! The Sheriff is glassy-eyed and wobbling, but is that from the impact or the reprogramming?] [Katie Lynn pounds on the apron, and Jimmy Kort snaps his gaze to her, but Dan Ryan rushes a

boot in, slamming it into Kort's stomach! The Sheriff gets his head stuffed between Ryan's legs, and the force of the kick kept Jimmy down for long enough...] **DDK:** HUMILITY BOMB! RYAN'S GOT KORT UP! [Kort ends up seven

feet in the air, seated on Ryan's shoulders before the Egobuster elevates Kort up even further!] **Angus:** Kort's firing back! [Jimmy throws down with rights and lefts and forearm smashes, but Ryan shakes his head wildly, and-]

KRAKA-THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO DDK: HUMILITY BOMB! MY GOD! [Kort was flat-out like roadkill. Ryan crawls forward on hands and knees, laying limply across Jimmy.] ONE! TWO! THREE!

And Then There Was Boogie!

[What doesn't happen is "Zero" doesn't play.]

[CUE UP: "Black Superman" by Above The Law.]

Angus:

Wait a minute... WAIT A MINUTE!

DDK:

You don't think?

[Boogie Smallz walks out onto the stage with a microphone in hand.]

Angus:

It's BOOGIE SMALLZ! Straight off'a bein' fired from The Empire by Dan Ryan himself!

DDK:

Boogie Smallz is in DEFIANCE! Things are only gonna get ROWDIER from here on out!

[Inside the ring, if Dan Ryan rolled his eyes any further back they'd roll out the back of his head. Meanwhile Kort has managed to roll outside and is being tended to by Katie Lynn at ringside.]

Boogie Smallz:

To the fans here that don't know me...I'm the guy that recently maimed your beloved Christian Light and left Alceo Dentari for dead when he didn't want to play ball in our match for the King of the Cage in EPW.

And right now, this isn't about Light or Dentari. Right now, I'm here because of that piece of shit in the ring..."The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan. The man who, after takin' six months off from in-ring activity because of his embarrassin' first round loss in the Ultratitle tournament, decided to give it another go and show his face again here.

[The crowd pops, Boogie gives a jerking off motion with his hand.]

Boogie Smallz:

I think some of the words I said on EPW television may have struck a nerve with you...maybe it rekindled your passion for this business or lit some sort of fire under your ass. You can thank me later.

But before I bathe in the accolades of revivin' your career and doin' more for it in the last six months than has been done in the last six years...let me get to the task at hand.

You fired me. Let me rephrase that, because it gives you far more credit than you deserve. Rather, you chose to not re-sign me to a deal after my contract expired a few weeks ago. Maybe it was jealousy, maybe it was stupidity, maybe you felt like you had to flex your muscle to show whose boss. Hell...I don't know. I'm guessing it's a combination of all of them.

[He pauses for a moment before continuing with his speech. The camera cuts to Dan Ryan, who is not impressed.]

Boogie Smallz:

See Dan, here in Defiance...we're on a level playin' field. You don't get the opportunity to hide behind a desk and be an authority figure. You can't try to manipulate management, you can't intimidate the talent...you are basically castrated.

And to me...that was the huge bargainin' chip that Defiance played in order to sway me to come here and sign the dotted line. They witnessed how I tore down the house and ripped a couple of their biggest stars apart. They know what type of commodity I am in this business...and you as a fed owner were just too blind to see it yourself.

You can't shut me up, you can't censor me, you have zero jurisdiction here to force my hand and get me to play ball

with your cockamamie schemes.

[The fans aren't sure what to make of Boogie. Some of them recognize him from EPW and elsewhere, some of them have never seen him before. The DEFIANCE FAITHFUL seem to want to shit on him though, because they like them some Dan Ryan!]

Boogie Smallz:

When you decided in your infinite wisdom to cast me aside, Defiance stepped up to the plate and signed me to an extremely lucrative deal. And I can assure you, my agent looked over the paperwork to make sure I wasn't gettin' screwed out of any money. No questionable loopholes...and certainly nothin' that would prevent me from taking my business elsewhere like the deal I had in Empire Pro.

I mean, seriously...did you think you could get rid of me THAT easily? That I would let you one-up me and that I would just accept that? You're outta your fuckin' mind! This is just the tip of the iceberg. I'm gonna make your life a livin' hell. I'm gonna make you regret ever fuckin' me over.

[Boogie drops the mic. He and Dan Ryan exchange glares at one another, then Smallz exits the stage area.]

DDK:

Wow. Just, wow. Dan Ryan has been living up to his name and reputation since coming to DEFIANCE from the New Frontier, but we all know he's been treading water, biding his time and sizing up new adversaries, but this is the first time I've seen him look really irate at someone!

Angus:

Well ya gotta think, Boogie knows all about how to get under The Egobuster's skin from past experience! That "Dan Ryan" aura doesn't affect him as much as it may have effected some of his DEFIANCE opponents so far. I wouldn't say that the big guy's irate though, maybe annoyed.

DDK:

Well, either which way, Dan Ryan has just wrapped up Kort, and Boogie Smallz has come a'calling! Things are just starting to heat up!

[Cut.]

Critters

[Lash wandered down the hall, trying to keep out of sight as he looked for the door to Matt Fury's locker room.]

Lash:

I show you who retard!

[Of course finding the right locker room isn't easy, but Lash is persistent, and only sidetracked a few times by the urge to pause and blow bubbles at several of the other wrestlers wandering the halls. Finally, he sees the locker room with Fury's name on it and shoves open the door, a white box the size of a deck of cards clutched in his hand.]

Lash:

You no be champion no time soon, you no be main event no time soon, but you soon be very, very itchy!

[Lash was laughing as he slid the zipper open on the gym bag on the bench and shook the contents of the box inside, releasing several ticks into Fury's bag of clothes before sipping the bag closed again.]

Lash:

You learn lesson this time Fury, or next time, won't be something funny, next time, I make you hurt!

Just give me a straight answer

[And we open up to Christie Zane backstage.]

Christie Zane:

Fans, in just a few minutes we'll be going ringside for the match between Sam Turner, Jr. and Clairra St. Sure. I'm standing by with Clairra and her manager Diane Parker right now!

[Pan back enough to get Clairra and Diane in the screen. Clairra's already ready to go, sporting her ring robe (hood down) and taped fists. Diane's dressed to manage, still wearing a Truly Untouchables T-shirt.]

Christie:

First of all, Clairra, congratulations on your performance in the Grand Champions League!

[For those who've forgotten: Clairra won the most points of anyone in either league, and she missed winning the entire thing by about a second, having dived to break up Christian Light's pinfall on Heidi and missed by inches.]

Clairra:

...Thank you, Christie.

Christie:

The reformation of The Untouchables has been the talk of Defiance ever since the tournament ended. Jeff Andrews, Heidi Christenson, Ronnie Long, and of course your manager, Kai Scott. Girls, I have to ask - did either of you know that he had anything planned?

[Clairra and Diane exchange looks.]

[Clairra just shakes her head.]

Diane:

No. We were told nothing. We don't know anything that everyone else doesn't.

Christie:

But you especially Diane, you were always closest to Kai...

Diane:

That's what I thought. And then Heidi tried to kill me. Or weren't you watching?

[Christie pauses awkwardly.]

Diane:

If you want to accuse us of being in on it, just do it. Don't make fucking hint hint remarks.

[Diane looks downright pissed.]

[Christie swallows nervously.]

V.O. Kai Scott:

I assure you Christie, if Clairra were in the Untouchables, you'd know it. And frankly, I'd have rather had her in than out.

[Boos go up.]

[Christie steps well back as Kai Scott, crutch under his arm, slowly enters the shot.]

[Clairra doesn't look at him. Diane folds her arms and glares, a look of burning resentment etched on her face.]

Diane:

Why'd you abandon us?

Scott:

I haven't. It's just that... look, this would have been so much easier for me if Clairra had managed to win the GCL.

Diane:

Why?

Scott:

To get into the Untouchables, you have to get a 'yes' vote from all active members and any inactive founders who haven't waived their right to vote. Right now, that's Danny Vicious and Mr. Dude. If... IF Clairra had won the entire tournament, she'd have gotten all the yes votes she needed.

But she didn't.

I proposed her membership anyway. For what it's worth, Jeff, Ronnie and Danny all voted 'yes'. But Heidi and Dude voted 'no'.

[Clairra lowers her head again. She's taken the GCL loss really badly. Learning all this hasn't helped.]

Diane:

And what about me?

Scott:

Yeah, as a wrestler you never had a shot at making it, but if you'd taken Clairra to the win, we could have negotiated some sort of managerial contract so I didn't have to break the two of you apart. The Untouchables are elitist, and justifiably so, but they're not stupid, and good managers are really hard to find these days.

Diane:

And so just because she couldn't beat Christian Light, she's not good enough to join The Untouchables?

[Kai shrugs.]

Scott:

Wrestling's a cutthroat world. Every time a faction makes room for somebody new, they're giving themselves that much less room to succeed. If you're not good enough to beat 'em you can't join 'em. But I refuse to believe you didn't already know that.

[And now it's Diane's turn to look down. Christie has long since slipped out of the shot, realizing her presence wasn't needed.]

Scott:

Clairra. Normally, wrestling doesn't have a season, so you don't have the luxury of matches you can ignore because you're already guaranteed to make the playoffs. Sam Turner may be a good ol' boy, but he's also an ingrate who doesn't remember what happened at War Games.

Make an example of him.

You came up just a little short this time, but you still came in second. You're ahead of Tom Sawyer, Bronson Box, Alceo Dentari, Heidi herself, ME - everyone. Now it's time to prove to the wrestling world that you're not going to just fade away.

[Kai turns and walks off.]

[The camera waits, just in case Clair or Diane has anything further to say, but when it becomes clear they don't, we fade.]

Claira St. Sure vs Sam Turner Jr.

[Back to ringside, Darren "DQ" Quimbey is ready to do his thing.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first! From Bloody Harlan, West Virginia, weighing in at 255 lbs! Sam! Turner! JUNIOR!

[The big man from the mountains steps through the curtains, waving to the fans.]

♪ *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 market's down* ♪
♪ *And you only get mugged if you go downtown* ♪

DDK:

Sam Turner's no small man and he's no unaccomplished man, but he's got quite a task ahead of him.

[STJ slaps hands on his way to the ring, then climbs in, puts his hat on the ringpost and raises his arms.]

♪ *I live back in the woods you see* ♪
♪ *The woman and the kids and the dogs and me* ♪
♪ *I got a shotgun a rifle and a 4-wheel drive* ♪
♪ *And a country boy can survive* ♪
♪ *Country folks can survive* ♪

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Accompanied to the ring by Diane Parker! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, by way of Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 141 lbs! She is CLAIRA! ST! SUUUURE!

* *whk-ka-whh-whh-wk* *
* *whk-ka-whh-whh-wk* *

[The electronica of "Death Threat" brings out Claira St. Sure. She, too, looks ready to wrestle. Diane, accompanying her, reaches out to slap hands with some fans, but Claira's all business. She shrugs her robe off, hands it to Diane, then jumps into the ring.]

DDK:

As we wait for Carla Ferarri to check them, Angus, how do you see this one going?

Angus:

It's like this, Keebs. I'm calling it for St. Sure, straight up. I dunno if I'd call her the second best in the fed yet, because she hasn't beaten Bronson Box, but no denying she's beaten everyone else not named Christian Light. Sammy's got strength but no technique, Clairra's got all the technique in the world and enough strength to use it for what she needs it for.

DING! DING! DING!

[Clairra and STJ circle each other. Clairra offers a handshake, but STJ stares at it like he doesn't know what it's for and that he suspects treachery. St. Sure retracts her hand. Lock-up, and STJ easily throws St. Sure head over heels and across the ring.]

DDK:

STJ going to work quickly here, he's moving in!

[STJ pushes Clairra into the corner and lines up a chop. Clairra tries to slip away, but STJ's got a good grip.]

KE-RACK!**Angus:**

Tough girl or not, St. Sure can't take those kinds of shots.

[St. Sure is knocked to the ground. STJ picks her up, whips her across the ring, follows up - St. Sure sidesteps! STJ hits the buckle, Clairra hits him with a savate kick to the jaw and STJ falls into the corner! Taking a running start, Clairra steps to the middle rope and blasts STJ in the face with a knee!]

DDK:

Nice move by Clairra, hitting one of her big shots early!

[STJ stumbles out of the corner, Clairra shoots in on the arm with a wakigatame. She moves from there, trying to get the omoplata sunk in. STJ powers his way out of it and Clairra loses her grip. She tries to hip toss him over, but STJ puts on the breaks, drops his weight, then whips her back at the buckle!]

WHAAAM!

Angus:

He done threw her so hard I think the ring moved!

[St. Sure hit the turnbuckle so hard that she immediately bounced off it and fell to the mat, holding her sternum.]

DDK:

That's a bad place to be holding yourself in a match against STJ, he'll be looking for that bearhug of his. Plus she needs every bit of her stamina advantage and shots to the ribcage like that will cut into it badly.

[STJ does in fact pick Clairra up for the bearhug. He doesn't get her arms trapped ahead of time.]

Angus:

St. Sure escapes the bearhug! Backfist! Spinning backfist combo! Jumping enzuigiri!

[STJ's wobbling on his feet. Clairra decides to take a shot at the busaiku knee kick, but STJ anticipates it!]

DDK:

Clairra cut off at the pass with a big boot!

[STJ decides that since she escaped the bearhug she needs a little more wearing down, and he resorts to clubberin'.]

Angus:

Sam wasn't real eager to get into a match with Clairra, he was raised not to hit girls, I don't exactly agree with that, but even guys who go into matches all derp derp chivalry, they usually lose it once they realize the chick they're up against can fight and is gonna mess them up. It'll be a tough match for him even with his fists, but he's got next to no chance against her without 'em.

[Pulling Clairra up, STJ backs her into the ropes with nasty forearms to the collarbone. Another Irish whip, and this time STJ runs after her and stops her on the rebound with a knee lift. St. Sure goes straight up in the air, does a flip, and lands on her back.]

DDK:

STJ currently easily using his power to his advantage.

Angus:

Give it time, Keebs. Either she reverses this shit and fucks his arm up and wins, or she doesn't, and he splats her with a powerbomb and wins. So actually I guess you're right and she better get it together.

[STJ picks Clairra up again, delivers another knee lift but doesn't let her fall. Instead he applies the standing headscissor.]

DDK:

Powerbomb coming up!

[STJ lifts Clairra up overhead - and recognizing her peril, Clairra flies into action, driving a half dozen boxing-loaded punches into STJ's face while seated on his shoulder! STJ loses his grip and stumbles backwards, Clairra rolls backwards off them, lands on her feet, applies a standing keylock and drops him to the mat!]

Angus:

Keylock driver! Haven't seen that out of her before and OH SHIT TRULY UNTOUCHABREAKER she's goin for it!

[Clairra hooks his first arm, and his second arm. STJ tries to block letting her grab his legs, Clairra elbows him on the back of the neck twice, then gets the legs locked up!]

DDK:

That devastating hold hits just about every part of the body - shoulders, elbows, knees, ankles - and once it's properly sunk in it's just about unbreakable! I don't think we've seen it escaped after having been fully applied yet, and... Sam Turner Jr. will NOT be the first! STJ taps! STJ taps!

DING! DING! DING**Angus:**

Man, Kai Scott sure got in Clairra's head!

DDK:

There's no arguing that.

Angus:

Well, Clairra can look forward to a FIST Title match at DEFtv33 now, and ol' Sammy Tee Jay is gonna have to carry it back to the drawing board!

The Meatwagon

DDK:

I'm getting word from backstage that something's going down!

Angus:

I bet Jeff's murderfacing someone again. Hey, maybe Dooky Spoom tried to sneak into the DEFIANCE backstage area and Heidi is beating the piss out of him!

[The cameras cut to a running cameraman, heading for the loading dock. In the back of the arena, where the talents' vehicles were all parked... Which was also where the ambulances were parked. Spinning emergency lights reflected off rear windshields and chrome as the cameraman comes running around a corner.]

[A small crowd was gathered around the stretcher being loaded into the back of an ambulance. People, distinctive people, were immediately recognisable. The orange 'fro of one Eugene Dewey. The flat-top and shoulders-like-boulders of one Christian Light. Buffalo Brian Slater in his DEFIANCE polo-shirt, having a decidedly frosty reception from the other two.]

[And as the cameraman comes running up, another figure appears, running into frame. A mesh trucker cap, bright red sideburns, overalls. Recognisable as the sweat-drenched Mistah Samuel Turner Junior, fresh off of battling Clairia St. Sure.]

[And there, on the stretcher, with EMTs trying desperately to get him to just lay down and stop being a spaz is Tom Sawyer. Face a bloody ruin, hair plastered to his skull in big Muta-Scale-Level-.8 globs of coagulating blood. Bruises and contusions visible all over his body. Tom got messed **up**.]

Tom Sawyer:

N-... Nuh! No! Got to'... Ungh...

Christian Light:

Tom, for you own sake, relax. You've done more than anyone can ask of you. Go to the hospital before you do permanent damage and end your career.

Eugene Dewey:

Tom, just let them help you!

[Tom keeps flailing his arms, eyes almost rolling up into his head as he does so. He keeps fighting them, and one EMT goes rushing into the ambulance for a sedative. Sam and Eugene come up, each grabbing at one of Tom's arms.]

[The kid keeps fighting... Until he realizes who was holding him down. A sudden moment of lucidity, as Tom blinks, looking up to Eugene, up to Sam. Christian comes over, taking Tom's hand in his, a small smile on his face.]

Christian Light:

You did good, kid. Just go to the hospital now. Heal up to fight another day..

Tom Sawyer:

Got... Gotta be there... For you.

[That last bit was forced out with most of the last of Tom's strength. Stricken, Christian looks to Eugene, looks to Sam. Tom wanted to be there to help make sure the Untouchables didn't put Christian on a stretcher alongside Tom.]

Christian Light:

There's nothing more you can do, especially in this state.

Eugene Dewey:

Tom, you couldn't help fight off Diamond Shazam like this! Just let the EMTs do their job!

Sam Turner Jr.:

Nuttin else is gunna happen, Tom. We gots'is. Ya keep'is up and theys gunna treat ya like a red headed step child.

[Tom manages to force down a hard, hard swallow, bringing his other hand up to grip at Christian's hand, joining his first. After a moment of trying to gather himself... A single tear begins to trace down Tom's cheek, plowing a line through the clots of blood and gore all over his face.]

Tom Sawyer:

I... I did my bes'. I tried... Really, I tried.

[Tom had to take a moment.]

Tom Sawyer:

But i-... It wasn't enough. I couldn't get it done. I let you down. I let... you all down. I failed.

[Tom's eyes flutter, and he goes somewhat limp on the stretcher, finally offering no resistance to the EMTs, Eugene, Sam, Christian... Anyone. The wrestlers gathered around Tom share a look. How do you console a guy who had just been through that?]

Christian Light:

You did everything you could, Tom. And then some. That's all anyone can ask of you.

Eugene Dewey:

There isn't anybody, man or woman, on this roster that could have done any more than you did, Tom.

Sam Turner Jr.:

They ain't anyone ALIVE who could'a won against'em three!

[Tom gives a weak nod, before managing to force his eyes back open. He looks up at Eugene, another one of those pathetic tears skittering amongst the ruin of his face.]

Tom Sawyer:

Eugene... Don't let Dragon Jones get you down. Get 'im. Get 'im for me.

[Eugene nods, and goes to pat Tom on the shoulder before faltering in mid-motion. He had no idea if he should even do that much. So... He just gave Tom a thumbs-up.]

Tom Sawyer:

Christian... Kick Jeff's ass.

[Christian Light gives a firm nod.]

Voice:

Tom.

[Three heads turn around to look, and Tom's slowly follows. What's left of his eyes opens wide.]

Justin Voss:

Look, man. I know it's got to tear you up inside, knowing your friend's going out to the ring and that you won't be there to have his back. I can't change that. Would if I could.

[Voss's hands are stuffed into the pockets of a jacket.]

Justin Voss:

When I met Jeff Andrews at Ultratitle, I thought he was a better man than this. Guess I was wrong. I don't even know the other three. Look, what I'm getting at is - I'm no doctor, I can't help you there. But if you're willing, and if Christian Light's willing, I stand ready to tag in for the night and watch his back where you can't. Do what I can to make sure they don't do it again.

[Tom Sawyer sighs, and his mouth twitches. He manages a smile before collapsing back on his gurney.]

[And the EMTs finally bodily grab that stretcher, haul it forward, and slide the thing into the ambulance. They had to go. Christian willingly let go, and the three remaining people who were fighting the Good Fight just watched the doors slam shut. One, then the other.]

[The siren starts up, and the ambulance pulls away, lights flashing. The driver was under clear instructions: Get us the hell to the hospital right now. Christian, Eugene and Sam turn their circle inward to face one another, Voss standing a step or two outside.]

Christian Light:

Voss? I appreciate the offer. And if you're serious - thank you.

[Voss nods his head.]

Christian Light:

Eugene... I think our matches tonight should be dedicated to Tom's bravery. Win or lose.

[Eugene can't bear to let Christian see him get all misty-eyed, so he just makes a big show of adjusting his glasses. His hand wipes at his nose, and Eugene gives a snotty, choked-up snuffle.]

Christian Light:

Don't worry about Tom. He'll be back, good as new. And we've got work to do. Let's win for the kid.

Sam Turner Jr.:

LETS'EM KNOW WHATS WE CAN DO!

[Eugene gives a weak "yeah...", and Christian claps Eugene on the shoulder. The four men turn, and head back toward the internals of the arena. They had work to do.]

DDK:

You hate to see anyone get driven off in an ambulance.

Angus:

Meatwagons suck to ride in. Jeff's got to be feelin' pretty proud of his family right now. But hey, Tom Sawyer for Justin Voss is a trade I'd take in a split damn second.

Eugene Dewey vs Dragon Jones

[Eugene heads out from the back and waves uncomfortably to the crowd. He appears to be holding back tears. He gets into the ring, waves again and takes his place in the corner quietly.]

DDK:

Next up, Dragon Jones versus Eugene Dewey.

Angus:

Eugene looks a little emotional tonight.

[Dim the lights, start the smoke. The fat beats behind Killer Mike rip into life and fill the arena. Dragon walks through shortly after Mike begins to spit his flow. He thousand yard stares the ring and his opponent, dragging Folding Chair behind him he makes his way to the ring promptly as he seems eager to get to beat someone up.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones look rarin' to go.

[The bell sounds. The two men circle each other for a moment before locking up to begin the match. Jones delivers a quick knee to Dewey's ample midsection, then slaps on a front face lock, looking for a quick snap suplex to start things off. Eugene's feet begin to leave the mat, but gravity takes control and he lands unharmed. Instead, he wraps his arms around Jones, lifts him, and drops him on his side.]

DDK:

Not the most amazing hold, but effective.

Angus:

That might've taken more out of Eugene than Dragon. He's broken a sweat!

[And so he has. Wiping the moisture from his forehead, Dewey decides to take advantage of the temporarily downed Jones in a less labor intensive way, dropping an elbow across his ribcage. He considers a quick pin, but Jones is able to sit up. As Dewey stands to continue the punishment, Jones delivers a leg kick, causing him to fall to one knee. Jones quickly rises and rushes Dewey, but Dewey gets the edge and forcefully whips Jones into the corner, despite not having proper footing.]

DDK:

Eugene showcasing his power advantage.

[He climbs back to both feet, then launches his entire body at Jones, crushing him in the corner. He grabs both top ropes and readies himself for another strike, but Jones quickly ducks underneath. Dewey hits nothing but turnbuckle

and jumps back, mildly stunned.]

Angus:

And Dragon Jones showing off his speed advantage. Tit for tat.

[Jones delivers a kick to the back of Dewey's knee, then rises and executes a face smash. Jones rolls Dewey over for a quick pin.

ONE!

TWO!

.. But Dewey thrusts a shoulder off the mat, not bothering to even kick his legs. Jones raises him off the mat and throws a few punches at his head, trying to keep him dazed. He lands another knee to the midsection, and attempts the snap suplex again. This time he gets Dewey up, though the landing is less than clean. Lifting Dewey again, Jones tries to sap some energy by throwing a few mighty chops that echo through the arena.]

THWAP

OOOOOOOOOOHHHH!

DDK:

Some impressive chops by Dragon Jones, and Dewey is hurting!

Angus:

I don't know what's more disturbing, the sound they make, or Eugene's fat rippling outward from the blast radius.

[Jones rears back for another, but Eugene catches his hand. He plants his right foot, then shoves Jones with all his might into the ropes. Jones comes careening back at him much faster than Dewey had anticipated, and slams into him, crumpling to the mat. Eugene smiles at his good fortune.]

DDK:

I believe we just found out what happens when the stoppable force hits the immovable object.

[Dewey drops down for a pin, mindful to hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO

THR-NO!]

Angus:

Jones manages to kick out of a Eugene Dewey pin, a feat in it's own right.

[Frustrated, Dewey climbs to his feet and drops all his girth..

.. Right onto Dragon's hastily risen knees.]

DDK:

Ouch.

Angus:

That'll knock the wind right outta you.

[Dewey rolls onto his back to catch his breath. Sensing an opportunity, Jones crawls over and hooks the leg quickly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-NO!]

DDK:

At the last possible second!

Angus:

He might've kicked out, but he still looks gassed from that gut shot.

[Jones rises to his feet and drags Dewey, with noticeable difficulty, into a specific position of the mat. He walks to the corner and climbs to the top rope.]

DDK:

Uh oh.

Angus:

Has this ever worked?

[Jones leaps from the top rope, attempting a Deej'sault. As usual, the move is landed incorrectly, with Jones coming down hard on his side. Adding insult to injury, Dewey scurried out of the way the moment his feet left the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Eugene Dewey was playing possum!

Angus:

Maybe some of this new training is working out for him?

[Now it's Eugene's turn to ascend to the top rope. A hush falls over the crowd as he climbs, but when he reaches the top they erupt in cheers.]

WHOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh, holy God.

Angus:

What's the weight capacity for those turnbuckles? Does anyone have the owner's manual handy?

[Eugene takes a deep breath, then leaps backward..

Down..

Down..

Down..]

THUMP

DDK:

Avalanche!

[ONE! TWO! THREE!]

Angus:

Someone go fetch some liquid soap or melted butter. We're not peeling Dragon Jones from the mat without some form of lubricant.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey is your winner, folks!

The Cure

[A light red, liquid like image floods the screen. Almost like the Starship Enterprise, a double helix strand of Deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA to the unread out there, floats into view. A box zooms in on a section of the strand and illegible text appears around the box. Whatever it says it's probably some medical or scientific mumbo jumbo.]

[And I'm not a doctor, so... fuck it.]

Voice Over:

Defiance is infected with a virus.

[Slowly the close up is invaded by small, black dots, swarming to grab a hold of any part of the DNA strand they can get their grubby little hands on. I KNOW! Microbes don't have hands, but what do you want? I told you I wasn't a doctor.]

Voice Over:

It's early foothold is strong. It's intentions, clear.

[The close up closes as the strand begins to turn black. The darkness spreads steadily and evenly in all direction from the point of origin, kind of like a fire...]

[Fine, I'm not a firefighter either, sue me.]

[No, please don't sue me.]

Voice Over:

No mortal can halt its progress.

[Soon the entire strand is blackened by the swarm, and the cracks begin to appear.]

Voice Over:

Fortunately for you I am no mere mortal.

[The strand begins to break apart, dissolving in the red liquid, making it too dark, until the whole screen is pitch black.]

Voice Over:

I have the antidote... I will cure Defiance.

[Through the darkness eight white shapes emerge as though floating up from the depths, they bob around and turn before settling to reveal a single, familiar word.]

[OBSIDIAN]

A Meeting of the Minds

[We cut backstage to the lavish private dressing room of the current reigning FIST of Defiance "The Socialite" Edward White. Already dressed for his upcoming triple threat match White sits quietly reading the latest edition of The Wall Street Journal]

[He turns the page over slowly, smirking at the stock reports, laughing at current events and musing to himself over the idea of the fiscal cliff. Edward takes a sip from a fine china tea cup, the set a priceless heirloom.] [Resting the paper against his knee White sighs a contented sigh.] [It was times like these that Ed White could find solace, the eye of the storm. Jane, Nicky, Thomas and whatever personal security he had hired for the night were in the room right next to his, only connected through a conjoined shower and vanity area.] [So much chaos, so many pretenders vying for his spot. The moment of alone and quiet was a nice reprieve.] [The silence of the room was almost calming.] [All was good.] [Well... for a moment anyway.] [The locker room door opens with a loud pop, the commotion of an arena full of stagehands, producers and personal assistants fills the room.] [One voice speaks up from the doorway.] **Voice:** Well well, private dressin' room. Ya' fancy ponce. [Edward White froze for a moment, he looks up unphased with just his eyes to see the former Defiance World Champion the "Bombastic" Bronson Box also already dressed for the triple threat later on tonight. Behind Box, looking a little annoyed, the true first lady of Defiance "The Red Queen" Virginia Quell.] **Bronson Box:** I didn't figure you for a tea drinker, Eddy. [Box glares at The Socialite with a condescending gaze.] [Calmly and very deliberately White sets his teacup off to the side, letting the paper fall to the ground. He leans back in his chair, his arms crossed aggressively across his chest.] **Edward White:** And what is it that you want Box? A fight? An ally? A loan? What? **Bronson Box:** The same thing I've always wanted fella'... **Edward White:** Ahh yes, your convoluted quest to cleanse Defiance of the wicked and to spread the word of your "God" and all that tripe. Remind me, I can't remember if you were hell bent on the book of Revelation or proverbs chapters -- **Bronson Box:** SHUT YER' BLOODY MOUTH! [Box takes a few strong aggressive strides towards White... who doesn't even flinch. With Box raising his voice it was only a matter of moments before Jane, Nicky and the rest of White's entourage floods into the room. Four burly Defiance security guys grab Box by the shoulders and arms pulling him back towards the door.] [Chuckling to himself White motions for the security team to stop.] **Edward White:** Let him finish. I'm sure whatever he has to say he can... [As Ed finally stands up and starts to slowly stroll over to the now very restrained Boxer he stops mid sentence though, his eyes catching the stunning British beauty of The Red Queen. He looks back over and Box and smiles... then turns his attention back to Virginia.] **Edward White:** Oh my, you are truly immaculate, ma'am. Tell me, why do you waste your time with this bottom-feeder when you could be showered with diamonds, pearls and all the jade you could ever dream of. How would you like to take a walk on the rich side of things? [White starts to run a hand down Gin's cheek like we've seen Boxer do so many times before.] [Before Boxer even has a chance to scream and flail and protest the little spitfire Quell rears back and wallops The Socialite right across the chin... and staggers the much bigger grappler. A dribble of blood trickling down his chin White whips around with fire in his eyes just in time to see Gin tucking her brass knucks back into her bosom. She didn't get all of it, but she still drew blood.] **Virginia Quell:** Touch me again. I DARE you. [Then we hear the creepiest sound on earth. Bronson Box laughing. White gets right in the still very restrained Strongman's face as he wipes the blood from his busted lip.] **Edward White:** I'll ask you ONE_ MORE_ TIME, you ignorant psychopath. What. Do. You. Want. [Box just smiles.] **Bronson Box:** My religion is my own business, not Defiance's... not anymore. What I want Ed? I want what I've wanted since day one I ushered in the age of Defiance in the first match this place ever put on. To OWN this bloody league. To stand atop a heap of broken bloody pretenders as the undeniable undisputed toughest meanest bastard to ever lace up boots. To cause enough mayhem in that ring to be remembered FOREVER as the GREATEST of all time. [White scoffs, Bronson continues.] **Bronson Box:** That's why I'm here, Ed. To open your eyes. You're not the stuff greatness is made of. You buy greatness. I EARN it. You cheapen everything you touch... you're not goin' to cheapen my path to greatness, Ed. So tonight in our match, when I rip yer' bloody spine out right through that doughy chest of yours? Before the darkness takes ye' take a second to look into my eyes. And see what real greatness is. [Unphased Edward just takes a deep breath and turns his back on Bronson.] **Edward White:** Are you done? I have a cross word to finish before our match. [Box doesn't open his mouth.] **Edward White:** Let me tell you, if I had a dollar for everytime someone puffed up their chest screamed in my face using my wealth, my position in life in some feeble attempts to tear me down... Wait. [Looking back over his shoulder at The Wargod still restrained by security.] **Edward White:** I do. I have a dollar for every single time someone said I had a silver spoon born in my mouth. I've worked hard for my empire, for my prizes and for my employees. We just have a different definition is all. And Tonight, Mr. Box, I'm going to show you the difference in our ways. Why you pride yourself in the ways of the psychopathic brutes, I pride myself in the earnest and forthright ways of the capitalist. The only reason people

remember Charles Manson is because of the crazy things he's said, they don't remember that he's behind bars and hasn't done a god-damn thing since then. I'm going to show you why I'm still standing after all these years. Psychopaths come and then they check out... they burn out quickly. You'll be dead and buried, forgotten by all those fat black t-shirted neck bearded super fans out there and I'll still be here. Just like every other serial killer who couldn't captivate an audience. I will survive the test of time... [Seething through clenched teeth.] **Edward White:** By any funds necessary. [White nods at Jane and Nicky who commence with assisting the security team in dragging Box kicking and screaming from the room. Jane grabs Virginia by the arm with a grin but the Red Queen pulls away with a scowl and spits at Jane's feet... obviously still bitter about Jane eliminating her from the gauntlet match on the last show. As cacophonous crowd leaves the room White stands alone again in the eye of the storm. Calm, quiet, serene. He sits back down in his chair, dabbing at the bloody welt growing on his bottom lip from where Quell struck him.] [Muttering to himself he picks back up his paper.] **Edward White:** Cheap... I'll show him cheap. [With an audible harumph from The Socialite we cut back to ringside.]

V/O:

He's a strongman from yesteryear.

[Cut in on a sepia-toned filmreel of two men in black trunks, jerkily throwing one another around in the ring. The moves weren't flashy, they were just effective. A music box began to tinkle, slowly playing the familiar tune to "The Entertainer".]

V/O:

He's a throwback to a bygone era.

[A Model T Ford putt-putts by the camera, skinny little wheels rolling over a gravel road. The driver smiles out the window, waving enthusiastically. The aged camerareel makes his waving look spastic, and frantic.]

V/O:

A relic of a time long ago.

[A penny-farthing bicycle rider races by the camera, and then tips over! Oh, what fun!]

[The music stops cold.]

V/O:

And he's the first ever DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion.

[The camera slowly goes black, then wipes horizontally in on a manically grinning Bronson Box, raising the DEFIANCE World Championship over his head.]

♪ *You can run on for a long time...* ♪

[Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Bombastic One, as Bronson turns, hauling off and belting someone directly in the face.]

♪ *Run on for a long time...* ♪

[Bronson grabs Evan Hurley by the waist, and flips him up... Charges forward, and powerbombs Hurley onto the exposed nut of the top turnbuckle, an added sound effect of a metal-on-metal CLANG sounding at the moment of impact.]

♪ *Run on for a long time...* ♪

[Heidi Christenson is yanked into the Boston Massacre, pulled back until her poor spine was simply creaking with agony, strained against itself under Box's violent touch.]

♪ *Sooner or later, God'll cut you down* ♪

♪ *Sooner or later, God'll cut you down* ♪

Quimbey:

This is YOUR Fist Championship Co-Main Event!-- Introducing first, hailing from --

[Mic Cut. Quimbey looks confused, but then classic Sinatra is cued up as 'Ain't That A Kick In The Head' creates a sea of boos. Storm-walking down the aisle is an already pissed-off Alceo Dentari, followed closely by Big Vinny, formerly known as Gorilla #2.]

DDK:

Well, we were expecting The Moral Majority, and it looks like Alceo Dentari is already messing with everyone's head.--

Angus:

HEY! Who the ?!--

[A large figure casted down on Tony Two-Hands Di Luca who was bringing up the rear. The smaller of Dentari's Goons almost seen it coming. A mighty drawback of a chair and a split-second slow on Di Luca pulling out his slapjack.-]

THWAACKK!**DDK:**

OH MY G--Nicky Corozzo just obliterated Dentari's muscleman!

Angus:

But Vinny's still guarding up Alceo, FAT-HOLE HIM! C'MON!

[The 7'2 Corozzo has his chair in hand as Vinny wedges his 350 lb. frame between the ring and Edward White's olive-skinned Death-Chooser. Alceo uses this time to go to the ring while Darren Quimbey is tapping on his killed mic like a circus monkey on Windows XP.]

[From Behind!-]

[The Moral Majority, in full effect. FDJ gets a running start and delivers a hellacious boot to Nicky Corozzo's mid-back. The Sicilian stumbles forward, dropping his chair as Virginia Quell bursts past that action and gets in Vinny's path. Oh- But not 'Bombastic' Bronson Box, he is stone-coldly looking in the ring at Alceo.]

DDK:

Mark Shields better get a handle on this!

Angus:

Mark Shields can't even get a handle on his di--

DDK:

Look OUT!--

[Box, unrobed, tosses it on the steel steps and slides in as Alceo greets him with some angry stomps.]

DDK:

Edward White hasn't even came out yet, the bell hasn't EVEN rang and we already have brawling in the ring, in the AISLE, and one of Dentari's guys is down!

[Box muscles up, as the Pit Bull that is Alceo is throwing all sorts of punishment. Box seizes a very slim opening and jawcracks Dentari several times, and Dentari's flurry begins to slow. Box goes for a lariat only to miss the short-statured Alceo, who tackles him in one of the ugliest but effective ways.]

DDK:

Dentari and Box, trying to mount and murder each other already!--

[Edward White appears upstage, folding his FIST Championship up and tucking it under his arm. FDJ and Corozzo are still brawling it out to his left and Big Vinny just got low-blown in the aisle by Virginia Quell.]

[White takes off!-- Well, as fast as he possibly can. Championship now in striking position and LEVELS Virginia Quell!]

OOOMPHH!

DDK:

Quell never seen it coming!

[Not wasting any more time, White looks to the ring just to see if Bronson Box paid attention with a sadist's smile.]

[Not only did Bronson see it, he slipped away from Alceo and staggered out of the ring, STALKING the FIST Champion!-- However, the always resourceful White narrowly breezes by the irate Box and scampers into the ring forgetting Dentari!]

DDK:

Dentari ripping OFF his tie, wrapping it around White's neck!

[Referee Mark Shields is in a corner, gawking at chaos. He chooses to 'light one up', as Box sees an opening to enter the ring once more. With all three FIST Championship combatants in, Shields waves his arm and signals for the bell as this Triple Threat is FINALLY legally started.]

[Dentari attempts to snap-mare White over with his tie choking the champion, but White grabs the top rope with his arms. Bronson rifles off a series of ribcage shots as White lets go and is thrown awkwardly by the Dentari Snapmare.]

DDK:

That's a precursor! --

[Dentari turns into Bronson, though, and received a double-take down and usually meant a submission from Box. Instead, Bronson grabs both of Dentari's ears and starts HEADBUTTING him from their grounded position.]

Angus:

I LOVE IT!-

RRAAWWHHH!

[White is trying to get Dentari's tie off his neck, in a corner eyeing the methodical nature of each headbutt.]

[Dentari, in desperation, grabs Bronson's moustache! Digging his fingers into Bronson's upper lip. Bronson twisting Dentari's ears!-- Dentari fish hooking Bronson's mouth and ripping at his trademark 'stache!]

DDK:

White is UP!

[With Dentari and Box on the ground ripping at each other's face, White licks his chops and plants a flat footed stomp on Bronson's right ankle. Then to Dentari's ankle!]

[-- And they are NOT letting go. In fact, Bronson uses his long fingernail to stick in the ear of Dentari as Dentari responds by shoving four fingers in Bronson's throat!]

DDK:

Come On, Shields! This is going too far already!

[Edward White sizing up Bronson's back, -- hard knee! Bronson feels it, and with Dentari's fingers trying to rip out his entrails, his eyes roll as he is losing his oxygen. Damn you, flu!]

Angus:

Dentari wasn't kiddin' when he said he'll rip out their entrails. HAHHAHA!

[White looked down at Alceo, who just won't release his mouth and moustache grip on the too-powerful Box. Flat-foot to Dentari's mouth by White who then SMILES!]

DDK:

No wrestling maneuvers this whole brawl! I don't think you'll see three more dangerous men in Defiance than these SICK individuals!

[Finally, Shields casually comes forward, weakly encouraging Dentari to let go but by then Dentari was going to have to. A trickle of blood on his lip from White's malicious stomp. With Bronson slumped over Dentari's undersized frame, White put some more boots to the challengers before grabbing Bronson by his gasping head and hooking him in.--]

DDK:

DDT by White on Bronson!--

[Alceo crawls quickly, grabbing onto Edward White's boot and starts to rain down shot after shot! A reddened face glaring down, he attempts to choke White but White is able to grab both of Dentari's wrists in the under-mount position.]

Angus:

That's a whole new meaning to being a Choke Artist! HA! I love being paid to be cruel!

[Bronson comes to, seeing White on the bottom and Dentari on top trying to choke him to no avail. A sadist's look into the eyes of 'The Bombastic One', as he KNOWS Referee Mark Shields is too chicken-shit to mess with anyone in this FIST Championship Triple Threat.]

[A reach into his black trunks, --]

DDK:

OH GOD NO, Bronson and that SPIKE! He warned THEM!

[Dentari isn't stupid, but he is prideful as hell. He mouths off to Box as he still wants to wrap his fingers around White's neck!]

RRAWWWHHS!!

[White isn't going to let go of Dentari's wrists, because MAYBE, just MAYBE, Dentari gets spiked and he doesn't.]

[Bronson on his side, licking the spike but you can tell he is hurting. Dentari DARING Bronson to use it. White wide-eyed and looking around. No One is around! Corozzo and FDJ have brawled to the backstage, and Jane Katze came out during the bout fighting Big Vinny somewhere near the Gorilla Position.]

[A laying on his side Box slashes down on Alceo Dentari's right arm, and this time White lets go as Dentari falls sideways scurrying away in every conceivable way you can scurry.]

DDK:

Someone stop this!

Angus:

NO! -- This is amazing!

[White attempts to slide on his butt away from a spike-weilding Box, but Bronson grabs onto his left leg and attempts to raise the spike for penetration into White's knee.]

[Referee Mark Shields is way out of position, and if he was he couldn't do a damn thing anyway. Alceo is laying on the bottom rope, gathering his wits and feeling the pain in his arm. Not serious, but he's bleeding steadily.]

[Bronson fumbles it! Edward White uses a free foot to kick Bronson Box in the nose multiple times. The effect made Bronson release his leg control and move away from White. White clawed his way to a corner, propped up.]

DDK:

All three men wearing down, and that spike still in the middle of the ring!--

[Alceo sees it, Bronson remembers it falling out of his grip and White is ever the opportunist. Dentari begins to crawl toward it as Bronson is heavily breathing and doing the same. Edward White is using his legs to scoot on his butt from the corner.]

[All three GRABBING onto the spike. Bronson has the handle. White has the middle porton and Alceo Dentari has the slightly bloody tip.]

DDK:

3-way Tug for the spike that shouldn't even be allowed!

[Dentari gets poked and lets go, as White and Box struggle for Spike control. He has better ideas.]

Angus:

What's Alceo up to?!

THWACK!

[Another, as Dentari is on his knees, with SLAPJACK. Edward White gets popped hard on the forehead and then..]

THWACK!!

[Dentari hits him again, in the ear!]

[Box rips the spike away, and rolls himself far enough to get assistance standing. White is on his side, his hand fluttering with the stinging effects of Dentari's hidden weapon. Dentari rolls him over!]

[Shields is way over in a neutral corner, but drops to his count position]

ONE!--**TWO---****DDK:**

Box with the save!

[Bronson pulls off Dentari last second, as he now has a spike and Dentari, glaring back, sports a mean-looking slapjack. Bronson immediately slashes downward, but Alceo would be damned if he would feel that spike tearing his flesh again.]

DDK:

Quick move by Dentari, and now they're both standing as the FIST Champion is dazed at their feet.

[Not even caring that Edward White is down, Box and Dentari bull-rush each other with weapons drawn back. At first, nothing but a breeze of air and then!]

THWACK!!

[Dentari's slapjack cracks Bronson's spike-weilding hand, which goes flying out of the ring. Dentari smiles just like a hungry jeckyl, but gets kicked in his mid-section by Box's boot. Sensing urgency, Box pulls him in to standing headscissor position.]

DDK:

Final Judgment by Box on Dentari!

[A brutal traditional piledriver as Alceo's head ricochets off the canvas and DEFIAFANS stand on their feet! Box in a slight cover.]

[Sheilds positioned!]

ONE-

TWO--

[Edward White jerks off Box as the third slap was about to crack down!]

[White drags up Bronson, as the two are trading punches that have less steam on them than usual. Neither man getting the upperhand as Alceo Dentari is laying prone, with the slapjack nowhere to be seen.]

[White rips the eyes of Bronson after eating a nasty blow. The defending champion grabs head control but then unleashes a neckbreaker!]

[For the cover!]

ONE--

TW--

[Shoulder-up by Box. White with a forearm across Bronson's throat and pressing in, even shooting his lower body upward to add extra pressure!]

DDK:

White using every dirty trick he can!

[Alceo is somewhat coming to. White glances over, and decides to pre-emptively keep Dentari from being a factor. Scrambling to his feet, 'The Socialite' picks up Alceo and attempts a snap suplex]

[Blocked! And Dentari throwing stones into the gut of White. White shoves him away but the 'Pitbull' mentality never dies from Alceo. He lunges with a Kitchen Sink variation so nasty that White dropped sideways clutching onto fading

breath.]

DDK:

Almost a roaring kitchen sink by Alceo. FOR the cover!

ONE

TWO

[Breakup by Bronson Box, who stomps on the back of Dentari's neck. Bronson grabs Dentari by his ears, yanking him into position. The delayed Vertical Suplex hoist!]

RAAWWWRRRRR!!

[Edward White, rib-clutching, is now up. A stepping- forward back elbow to Box's face as Dentari feels the brunt of the suplex release! White grabs Box up seconds after his fall with Dentari by the trunks for a go-behind, slides down his position and low-blows Box from behind!]

[White roll-up!]

ONE-

TWO-

THR-

[Box again escapes.]

[Dentari now sitting up, but White is determined to capitalize on Box being delivered the low-blow. White drops a knee precariously close to Box's unborn child area, and spinning -toe holds into an STF.]

DDK:

First submission I seen all match!

[Box roars in pain. Alceo is now staggering but on his feet. He quickly sends a double-stomp into White's hip!]

Angus:

This is never going to end until somebody dies! Are we insured?

[White releases, as Dentari grabs him by the beard and hooks on the Guillotine Choke by actually jumping into White's body, and scissoring him. White is flailing his arms wildly. Bronson Box is huffing horribly, but refuses to succumb to the past dozen minutes of intense hatefulness inflicted.]

[Dentari's arm bleeding still, he tries tightening. Box comes forward, headbutting Dentari in the right eye! Bronson sledges the back of Edward White and the Guillotine Choke is broken. Mark Shields was a little closer than he liked, so he stepped back into his corner of safety. Box begins to grab Dentari, but White is pounding Box's foot in desperation. The FIST Champion receives a pointy kick of the boot in the face for his trouble.]

[Dentari is in Box's grasp. Box shoving him into a corner, of which no one wants to ever be with Bronson. Repeating some stiff European Uppercuts, with each one finding its mark and raising Dentari off his feet.-- And White from behind!]

DDK:

Opportunistic German Suplex by Edward White! Too exhausted to bridge, however.

[Dentari's lip further busted, he roars out at the downed White, with so many kicks and falling elbows that Defiafans started to chant!]

HOLY KICKS! HOLY KICKS!

[Dentari is fuming, and hits the ropes and blasts a reeling White with a 'Shining Wizzard']

Angus:

Oh, it is SO over!

[Mark Shields in position, thankfully]

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

[Dentari tries again.]

ONE

TW--

SHOULDER ROLLED UP!

DDK:

Alceo has 'that' look. And Mark Shields is receiving it.--

[Alceo gets in the face of Shields, fuming. Box sneaks in and hooks both legs on White, all for not. Shields is too busy back-pedaling. Dentari kick behind the knee for a pin break-up. Alceo grabs Bronson and hits a surprisingly flush standing dropkick. Bronson staggers out of the ring, rolling hard into the barricade.]

[Which was an opportune moment for Vinny, who got away from Jane Katze long enough to make his way ringside. As Dentari barks an order, Vinny yanks up Bronson Box and delivers a .--]

Angus:

FAT-HOLE SLAM! Yes! YesYESYES!

[While Angus marks like a four year old for the Fat Hole Slam, Dentari has gained the upperhand on White. Alceo lays White onto the bottom cable and with gritting, bloody teeth he steps on the middle rope and slams a knee into White's neck. Oh, it doesn't stop there! He hooks his arms around his knee and White's neck, and uses a brutal variation of what some call a 'Koji' Clutch! only on the bottom rope.]

[Shields is actually pre-occupied with Vinny, telling him half-assedly to go away. The damage done, Vinny walks away, stepping over a dazed Virginia Quell who was rocked earlier by White's running belt wallop in the entrance.]

DDK:

Will somebody please fire Mark Shields! Dentari has been choking White on the ropes for a 35 count!--

[Shields turns, sees and once again half-assedly admonishes Dentari. Alceo lets loose, believing the damage to be great. Near the ropes, Alceo makes a cover on the gagging Edward White as Box is motionless from the Fat Hole Slam.]

ONE

TWO

THR---

[Virginia Quell, that volumptuous red-haired killer, slaps the dangling leg of Mark Shields, who stops his own count to look back.]

[Alceo is so pissed, he is literally purple-faced. He lunges at Quell, who wisely staggers behind the ringpost. White is gasping, but moving. In the aisle, Nicky Corozzo is coming to ringside on behalf of Edward White.]

DDK:

Fantastic! Corozzo is coming.

[..and Virginia Quell doesn't see him.]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

[Dentari gets blindsided by White's Side Russian Leg Sweep.]

DDK:

Corozzo Ringpost Splash from BEHIND on Quell! Oh That Is TOO MUCH!

[Quell's body smushed in-between metal and Corozzo, as White has begun to put together a string of 'Socialite' power moves. Pleased with Corozzo's obliteration of Quell, who was twice attacked from behind by Camp White.-- White delivers his own piledriver to Alceo!

DDK:

Market Failure!

[Bronson Box is finally stirring. He eyes Corozzo coldly. Corozzo comes forward, walking over Quell! White is covering Dentari in the ring! Box nails Corozzo with hard ribcage shots, but is noticeably exhausted. Shields in position!]

ONE

TWO

THR--- KICKOUT!

[Dentari turns and eeks out the continuance! The pin attempt causing Box to attempt to enter the ring but Nicky Corozzo grabs him and presses him throat-first onto the edge of the ring apron! He shoves Box under the ropes, who is literally struggling for air. White has picked up Dentari, and thrown him out of the ring where Jane Katze is now advancing.]

DDK:

All that abuse to Box's throat, and Camp White seems to be rallying!

[White with a stunner. A pick-up, and calculated look as he hooks a 3/4's head control on Box. Turning into a brutal neckbreaker that caused Box to twist awkwardly limp.]

DDK:

White calls that the Recession Buster!

[Mark Shields near-by.]

ONE

[White using a tight cradle!]

TWO

[Dentari catching Jane Katze with hard fists of his own, but on the wrong side of the ring.]

THREE!!

[A resounding, earth-shattering chorus of boos. Mark Shields points to the FIST Champion, cigarette in his mouth. Dentari leans on the apron, shirt half-hanging off him as he been through a war. Box holding his throat, as Virginia Quell is stirring from her Nicky Corozzo experience. Edward White isn't exactly possessing his shit-eating grin as Corozzo aids his employer out of the ring.]

DDK:

And The Sociallite pulls it out of his-

Angus:

SHUT YO MOUTH!

DDK:

However he did it, he's got Clair St. Sure to look forward to at DEFtv33, and after Kai Scott got in her head earlier tonight she looked damn good against Sam Turner Jr!

Angus:

Yeah, well, Edward White ain't no Ess Tee Jay, and besides, it's easy being Champ when you put the FUNDS into "By Any Funds Neccesary!"

Tonight, Tonight

[Alone. Dressed for battle in his blue tights and black T-Shirt with “#BeatEvo” on the front in red letters.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! RRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [Normally, Christian likes to have Lance Warner help him with this pre-match hype, but tonight he told Lance to stand down.] [Christian had no interest in Lance catching any unreasonable collateral damage from being in the same room as him during the interview process.] [So tonight, Christian holds his own microphone in his left hand and points his right hand at the camera.] **“The Last Nighthawk” Christian Light:** It shouldn’t have been this way, Jeff. In other circumstances, I think you and I would have gotten along really well. I have a lot of respect for what you’ve done in the business, and I think you do for me as well. You and I both agree that we should have a prestigious World Heavyweight Title, and it should be defended with some level of frequency. And you and I both agree that Elijah Goldman was bad for business. [Pause.] **“The Last Nighthawk” Christian Light:** But. You and I took far different ways to solve our problems with Defiance Wrestling. I entered the tournament to crown the Master of Wrestling. I fought night after night, defeating any and all competitors that stood before me. Aside from one night when Ed White got the best of me, I have been on one of the best runs of my career, racking up wins. I fought to save our company. I fought to be the Master of Wrestling. But you...you came up with this scheme somewhere along the line. You got together with your friends and plotted the takeover of Defiance from its rightful owner, Eric Dane. To your credit, you succeeded. But you must have not been listening when I was talking to Elijah Goldman before the Grand Champions League finale. You must have thought I was just talking to Elijah when I told him that his attempted coup was something that I just couldn’t abide. News flash, Jeff: your coup is only different from him in that you succeeded. So tonight, I have to make a point. [Another pause as Christian runs his right hand through his blonde flattop.] **“The Last Nighthawk” Christian Light:** Tonight, I have to put aside the respect and admiration I have for your wrestling acumen, Jeff. Tonight, we stand on opposite sides of our Civil War. Tonight, we face each other in combat for the richest prize in Defiance Wrestling, the World Heavyweight Title. Tonight, we go to war. And when the smoke clears, I hope you understand that it was your actions that lead us to this. Your turn on Defiance. Your attack on us at the Grand Champions League finale. Your putting Tom Sawyer on a gurney for the second time in as many shows, when all he did wrong was want to be in the same atmosphere as you and Heidi. Your choices have brought forth your own ruin. Tonight, I am the bringer of ruin. Tonight, I am the man that will take you down. Tonight, I am the man that will restore normalcy to Defiance Wrestling for the first time in over a year. But most importantly...tonight, I will be the Defiance World Heavyweight Champion.
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! RRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [Light drops the mic and walks off-shot. Cut back to the ring.]

Andrews lifts Light to a seated position, takes aim, lays a spinal tap right into his back, follows it up with 3 more, then runs the ropes and rebounds in with a seated dropkick! Quick cover!] **ONE...! ...TWOQUICKKICKOUT!** [Andrews, thrown clear when Light kicked out, charges back in with a clothesline, but Light ducks and takes him over high in a release German suplex! To his credit, Andrews rolls straight back to his feet, but Light's there to take a side waistlock and loft Andrews over in a side suplex!] [Andrews slowly gets up, and Light takes him down with a running high knee to the face!] **Angus:** Yep. **DDK:** Light's got a good handle on how to wrestle Jeff Andrews. [Light sets up and runs in, looking to bulldog Andrews, but Andrews is ready for it this time. He catches Light as he jumps and atomic drops him! Light staggers on his feet and Andrews grabs him by the hair and waistband of his trunks and throws him out of the ring.] [Light lands with a splat, and Ronnie Long immediately moves in.] [So does Justin Voss. He stops Long in his tracks with a finger point. The other Untouchables circle around the ring - but so do the two members of The Good Fight, and the standoff leaves Light untouched.] **DDK:** Andrews tried to throw Light to the wolves there, but thanks to The Good Fight and Voss it didn't happen. Light's getting back into the ring under his own power. [But Andrews cut him off coming in.] [And now the surliness has been unleashed.] [Light is thrown into a corner. Andrews starts driving roundhouse kicks into his ribs and breadbasket, then switches over to vicious backhand chops. He sends Light across the ring with an Irish whip, leaps and catches Light in the corner with a side leg lariat, lands on his feet and takes Light out of the corner with a reverse tiger suplex! Rolling over to make a pin attempt he hooks the leg and plants his forearm across Light's face.] **ONE...! ...TWO...!KICKOUT!** [Andrews hooks the reverse headlock, setting up the Mind Eraser, but Light's quick to counter with a release northern lights suplex!] **DDK:** Andrews got greedy there, went for the finish too soon and Light was ready for it. Now the Last Nighthawk's back on the attack! [Light boots Andrews, Irish whips him. Andrews plants his feet and reverses. Light rebounds off the ropes and...] **THWAAAACK!** [From the outside, Heidi kicks Light right in the small of the back!] **KA-THWAAAAACK!!** [And Light rebounds off balance right into a superkick!] **Angus:** Dammit no! Not like this not the superkick not because of that thunder- **DDK:** **ANGUS!** [Jeff Andrews drags Light into position and ascends the top rope. Then he yells Ultraglide like this.] **Andrews:** **ULTRAGLIIIIIIDE!** [Except, Eugene Dewey decided that two wrongs might just make a right for once, and as Andrews leaped to the top rope, Dewey yanked the rope, causing Andrews to crashland on the turnbuckle. So it sounded more like this.] **Andrews:** **ULTRAGLUH.....iiiiiiiiiiduh.** [The strange thing is, Heidi and Ronnie were about to go on the attack path, but Kai held Heidi back instead and let Andrews fall off the turnbuckle.] [This left Light with a clear shot to go on the attack. He grabbed Andrews by the neck and ear (remember, Andrews = bald = no hair to grab), and lifts him overhead for the Realizing the Dream.] [This of course is when everything goes to hell.] [Long picks up his shovel, smacks the blade against the turnbuckle to make a loud noise, then advances on The Good Fight. Voss picks up a chair and tells him to come on, but Benny Doyle has to leave the wrestlers to yell at them - a weapons brawl at ringside just won't do.] [And with the diversion successfully executed, Scott rolls into the ring and chop blocks Light!] **DDK:** Kai Scott just prevented the Realizing the Dream on Andrews! Andrews lands on top of Light! [As Kai rolls out of the ring, STJ runs around ringside to meet him with a big right hand! The Ace of Heels goes reeling across the ringside area! Long and Heidi attack! Dewey and Voss attack them, and it's a Pier 6 at ringside!] **DDK:** It's just broken down between The Good Fight and The Untouchables, Benny Doyle's yelling for security, and Andrews just grabbed the World Title Belt! [The boos go up even preemptively as Andrews gets into a crouch. Light's up to one knee - and Andrews runs forward and embeds the belt in his forehead!] **Angus:** **DAMMIT NO!** [The brawl at ringside has lead to this going unnoticed. Long and STJ are exchanging haymakers. Heidi's trying to sink an ankle lock in on Voss. Kai's warding Dewey off with his crutch.] **DDK:** Andrews just hit Light with the twenty pounds of gold that is the Defiance World Title, and now he's headed to the top rope for the Ultraglide! [Andrews leaps.] [And crashlands right across Light's ribcage.] [Grabbing Benny by the ankle, Andrews collapses across Light as Benny dives in to make the count!] **ONE...! ...TWO...!THREE!!!! DING! DING! DING! Angus:** Noooooo..... **DDK:** On the heels of a Kai Scott-manufactured diversion, Andrews manages to walk away with title in hand after using the belt as a weapon! **Angus:** I forgot about this shit. I shouldn't have, but I did. Back when he was CAL World Champion, Andrews loved using that belt as a weapon. And he did it again! [The ringside brawl is in the process of being broken up, with The Untouchables remaining at ringside and The Good Fight and Justin Voss being backed slowly up the ramp. Light, a trickle of blood running down his forehead, joins them.] **Light:** This isn't over, Andrews! [But in the ring, Andrews calls for the microphone.] **DDK:** Looks like we're about to get a celebration speech from the champion... [Andrews taps the mic.] **Andrews:** ...AND SO, FROM NOW ON, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR A GOD DAMN THING FROM ANYONE ABOUT ME BEING A PAPER CHAMPION! **BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!** **Andrews:** And having retained my belt, and becoming the first person in Defiance to pin Christian Light during standard competition, I'm declaring my next defense already! I thought about giving it to Tom Sawyer, but since he's not here to accept it - how about you, you fat ginger shit?! [Andrews points up the ramp, at Eugene Dewey.] **Andrews:** Beat Box twice? Haven't beat Andrews once!

WON'T, either! C'mon get your shot next week, fat boy! I'll run through all you sonsabitches one by one! [Eugene Dewey looks almost like he'd like to protest, but STJ's already patting him on the back and Voss ducks in with some encouraging words. Dewey's deer in the headlights stare slowly changes into a stare that's downright grim.]

Andrews: You gimme that look next week and I'll smack it right off your face and into the balcony! [Dewey disappears backstage along with everyone else.] [Andrews tosses his microphone down, grabs his title with both hands and raises it overhead as "Catarax" begins to play.] **DDK:** Well fans, there it is! Next week it'll be Jeff Andrews vs Eugene Dewey for the World Title! **Angus:** Yeah, mugging Chris Light and then taking advantage of a damned rookie's gonna make people stop calling Jeffro a Paper Champion... [He rolls his eyes.] [Only to be interrupted by the Funeral March.] **DDK:** What the...? What's this all about? [The lights suddenly turn all steely blue and eerie.]

Angus: Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! **DDK:** It's a coffin? [From the ceiling, a casket slowly lowers. The casket's most notable feature is that it's adorned with a pair of gigantic shades.] **Angus:** He just HAS to rub it in, that surly bastard! [Inside the ring though, Jeff Andrews is beside himself.] **DDK:** I don't think that's what this is Angus, Jeff sure doesn't look like he's happy to see that! [Indeed, Andrews is raging, looking up at the casket.] [The morbid monument lowers and hovers 15 feet above the ring.] [Then, nothing from it.] **Angus:** I don't get it... **DDK:** Wait a tic! [But as Andrews stares up at the casket, someone leaps the guardrail and rolls into the ring behind him!]

Angus: LORD CANCER OF THE KEWL~! [The mixed reaction from the fans startles Andrews out of his rage-reverie, and he turns around. At ringside Angus Skaaland makes a mess in his pants.] **Angus:** MAAAAAAAWN... GO., CHAWPPAAAAAH!!!! [The chop lands smack on his cheek and Andrews wobbles around in a slow circle.]

KA-THWACK! DDK: Terminal Cancer! [Jiles' patented superkick connects with picture perfect precision to the bottom of Andrews' jaw, his eyes cross and he drops to the mat like a sack of shit, the World Title landing next to him.]

Angus: MURDER! DEATH! KIIIIIIILL!!! [Taken by surprise, the Untouchables weren't quick enough into the ring to stop this, but the other three are now on their way in, ready to mutilate Jiles...] **DDK:** Not for long, here comes the cavalry! [Jiles pulls a remote control out of his pocket and dives out of the ring.] **Angus:** Blast that with Piss! King Cool is too smart for these mongos! [As Heidi, Kai and Ronnie stand there looking down at him, the lid of the casket swings open.] **DDK:** What in God's name... **Splat! Angus:** HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHA!!! **splat splat splatsplatsplat splat splat splat splatsplat splat!** [EGGS!] **DDK:** It's the ULTIMATE DEFIANT EGGING OF THE UNTOUCHABLES! [Eggs by the dozen roll out of the opened casket, pelting the four wrestlers in the ring]

Angus: CANCER JILES IS THE KING OF DEFIANCE~! [Jeff Andrews may have walked out tonight with his World Title still in hand, but he'll do the walking while covered in eggs. Inside the ring the entirety of the Untouchables make a comedic display of trying and failing to regain both their footing and their composure, and failing at both.] **DDK:** We're out of time! We're out of time! We'll see you next time on DEFtv33! [And this is where we end things.]