

Show Opening

[For once, there's no pretaped anything. No dungeon and bodybag scene, no one grandstanding in the ring with the microphone. What we get is a wide-out view of the jumpacked UCBS Events Center full of fans screaming and waving signs, and flashing swirling lights.]

"Downtown" Darren Keebler:

Fans, welcome to another exciting episode of Defiance Television! We're coming live to you from Santa Barbara, California, and we've got an action-packed card headed your way! I'm Downtown Darren Keebler on play by play, alongside "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland on color, and tonight we're going to see the reigning Defiance World Champion, Cancer Jiles, in singles action as he takes on Alceo Dentari in a non-title singles match!

[Commentation Station. DDK is, as always, neat and professional looking in a Defiance polo-shirt and slacks. Angus is wearing his favorite "t-shirt that looks like a tuxedo" shirt and ragged jeans.]

Angus Skaaland:

He is the COOOOOOOOOL!

DDK:

We've also got two qualifiyer matches for the Ladder War at our upcoming payperview, Ascension, with former Defiance World Champion Bronson Box taking on former OLW standout and Wifwah World Champion, Python, and we've also got the former FIST of Defiance, Edward White, taking on the current FIST, in the Egobuster Dan Ryan!

Angus:

It's a hell of a card Keebs. We also got Chance Von Crank defending the So Her against the BLACKACONDA himself, Tyrone Walker! And we got a debuting trios team called The Shadowmen! And another debut of a guy named Eddy Whisky. And Jamie Murray making his more-or-less debut against Lash Graham, and we got Heidi Christenson in singles action against Curtis Penn, and some tag match or other, and...

[Very harsh discordant guitar chords rip across the PA system.]

Angus:

...and I KNEW I shouldn't have thought we could open the show properly without someone coming out here.

♪ I, I see the fucking manger ♪
♪ On her flesh she left a warning ♪
♪ And I said "Will I ever see ♪
♪ all that's coming through for me?" ♪
♪ And will I ever breathe? ♪
♪ We die ♪

[Heidi Christenson appears at the top of the ramp. Clad in her torn up MMA shorts, and a sports bra under a sleeveless unbelted judogi, she looks around the arena in disdain before heading for the ring.]

DDK:

Folks, I can count the number of times Heidi's come out to the ring to talk on one finger. She's been involved in some vicious altercations with Tom Sawyer over the past few weeks, and Eric Dane finally stepped in and told them they were not under any circumstances to attack each other outside the ring, so...

[Heidi steps in over the middle rope and holds her hand up for a microphone.]

DDK:

Well, let's just turn it over to her.

[The fans boo as Heidi walks around the ring.]

Heidi Christenson:

All I EVER wanted to do was hurt Tom Sawyer. Is that really so much to ask?

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Apparently, the fans think it is. Boos echo.]

Heidi:

Ever since the very first day I stepped into Defiance, I've been treated with a double standard. Bronson Box kidnaps a kid and attacks a techie, and what does Eric Dane do about it? Nothing! Cancer Jiles shouts slurs in Baltimore, and what does Eric Dane do about it? NOTHING! But let me try hurt someone, even though that person has been doing nothing but antagonizing me since the very DAY he got into this promotion, and you know what Eric Dane does to me?!

He kidnaps me! He drags me into a fucking basement, duct tapes my mouth shut...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

[Heidi stops talking, puts her hands on her hips, and sighs.]

Heidi:

He tapes my mouth shut and threatens to have me tortured! Just for standing up for myself!

[This is, if anyone hasn't been paying attention, an exceptionally biased version of the true story.]

Heidi:

And then he assigns me HANDLERS!

[Heidi points at the two DEFsec brutes that have been accompanying her lately. The bald bearish looking guy with the handlebar mustache, Samuel Grant, and the guy with the coif and pushbroom, Jamie Stanley. Jamie keeps his impressively muscled arms folded across his chest. Samuel keeps one hand on the taser.]

Heidi:

He didn't do that for Box! Or Bancroft! He didn't even do that for E-Gold! E-Gold stole Defiance out from under him. KAI SCOTT gets the fed back! And he does it on JEFF ANDREWS' ORDERS! No, the only person Dane ever gives a hard time to is ME.

Angus:

Jesus Christ. Victim complex much?

Heidi:

I guess that makes me special. Well guess what? I already knew I'm special! I am one of the greatest submissionists in wrestling! Pound for pound, I have THE most powerful roundhouse kick in athletics!

[The fans respond to this boasting as fans do best.]

SHUT THE FUCK UP! *clap clap clapclapclap*

SHUT THE FUCK UP! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Heidi:

MAKE ME, faggots!

[The jeering intensifies, and Heidi starts towards the ropes, stepping halfway over the middle as if she's actually going

to go beat someone's ass. About 15 people near her quiet down. The others just get louder.]

[So Heidi flips the fans off and turns back to the microphone.]

Heidi:

And Eric Dane, knowing exactly what I'm capable of doing in the ring, tells me I'm going to have to wrestle in an Aggro Crag match!

Why should I have to wrestle on the Aggro Crag?!

THE AGGRO CRAG IS STUPID!!

[Super-duper-mega-fucking...

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Angus:

She. Did. NOT! That blaspheming bitch!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Heidi looks downright pleased at the reaction she got from this.]

Heidi:

It's the worst idea that anyone's ever had. It's not a wrestling match, it's an obstacle course... jungle gym... BULLSHIT.

But it's also the only kind of match, and I use the term 'match' loosely, in which Tom Sawyer has even the slightest chance of beating me, and both he and Dane know that!

Well, you know what? There's dozens of kinds of matches in wrestling. I thought about saying I'd agree to fight Tom Sawyer in the Aggro Crag if I could get a match of MY selection with him afterwards. Something like an ironman submissions match. Or a stretcher match. Something that gives the advantage to the wrestler, and not the scampering little monkey!

[She pauses for breath. Finally. The fans take the opportunity to boo a little louder.]

Heidi:

You think it's unfair to expect Tom Sawyer to wrestle a real match? I think it's unfair to give a job to an acrobat disguised as a wrestler, and expect me to indulge him while he antagonizes me! Yes, making Tom wrestle an ultimate submissions match with me is completely fair, and completely reasonable, and making me climb the Aggro Crag is so ridiculous I'm actually offended. Me. On the Defiance roster. Have to listen to Bronson Box and Alceo Dentari and Curtis Penn yap at me. That, I've learned to be amused by. This so-called match? Offends me.

So you know what? FUCK the Aggro Crag, because I'M NOT DOING IT!

[The chants roar.]

BULLLLLLL-SHIT! BULLLLLLL-SHIT! BULLLLLLL-SHIT!

BULLLLLLL-SHIT! BULLLLLLL-SHIT! BULLLLLLL-SHIT!

Heidi:

I agree! It IS bullshit that such a thing even exists!

[That's very clearly not what they meant.]

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Heidi:

The only thing that's more bullshit than the Aggro Crag is Tom Sawyer himself.

HOW CAN YOU PEOPLE LOVE THAT LITTLE LOSER?! I have fought and cried and BLED for this business, I've sacrificed things you people can't even imagine, and Tom Sawyer treats it all like it's a goddamned game!

Tom Sawyer is a fraud! A phony! A little bitch...

Python:

Holy long-winded self-absorbed monologues, Batman!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

[The fans uncork a roof-rocking pop as Python steps confidently out onto the entrance ramp, microphone in hand. Heidi's face betrays just the slightest hint of surprise, though it's impossible to tell whether it was caused by the appearance of her former OLW friend or by the string of ridiculous, possibly improvised adjectives he just strung together.]

Python:

Heidi, lo- wait a second.

[He turns to the crowd.]

Python:

What's up, Santa Barbara?

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

Python:

I said...

[The fans yell this next line in unison with him.]

Python and Fans:

WHAT THE FUCK IS UP, Santa Barbara!?

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[With that out of his system, the young superstar refocuses his attention back down the ramp and towards Heidi, who snarls impatiently in the ring.]

Python:

Alright. Heidi, look. We've known each other for a long time now. There was a time in the not so distant past when I looked up to you. Respected you. I was proud to call you not just an ally, but a friend. Tonight, however... on behalf of the fans, superstars, staff, and crew of Defiance as well as the entire world of professional wrestling as a whole... I am here to present you with THE BIGGEST "shut the fuck up" that has ever been presented to anyone in the history of

forever.

[The fans raise their voices in tremendous approval. A few cameras even go off as Python runs a hand through his hair, rears back, and delivers this next line with great exuberance.]

Python:

So please. For the love of all things that are good. Shut! The fuck! Up!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

THANK YOU PYTHON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THANK YOU PYTHON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Python grins and nods to the audience as if to say "no problem" before turning back toward Heidi, who is now silently fuming.]

Python:

We get it. You've been through some shit. Welcome to professional wrestling. Welcome to **life**. You want to waste your time bitching and moaning about it instead of working at it? That's your problem. But you've been nothing but a fifth grade bully lately and just a second ago I decided that I've seen about all of that bullshit that I'm going to allow.

Heidi:

Wh-

Python:

Ah I'M NOT FUCKING FINISHED AND I CAN YELL LOUDER THAN YOU SO DON'T TRY TO TALK OVER ME.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Python:

When exactly was the last time you stopped to count your blessings, Heidi? There are people in this company who have it much, much worse. Who have won so much less and lost so much more. And I'm not just talking about title wins or matches on a stat sheet. Your problems entitle you to **nothing**, Heidi. This company and these people owe you **nothing**. And no matter how many times you push some poor kid off a swing set and take his lunch money, the world doesn't have to listen to you and neither do I. Because you might scare the security and the kids coming up in the business, but you sure as hell don't scare me.

[Python takes a few steps toward the ring and presses on before Heidi has a chance to interrupt.]

Python:

So you've set up your soap box, you've climbed purposefully up onto it, and you've aired your glorious list of grievances. Now that we're all quite clear on what's got your panties in a twist, maybe you'd be so kind as to explain to us your selection of targets? Why Tom Sawyer ? Jimmy Kort? If old Bronson bugs you so much, why aren't you roundhouse kicking **him** off of stages? What about Dan Ryan, are you cool with him? I doubt it.

Heidi:

What are you implying?

Python:

I'm not implying anything. I'm **saying**... you're a coward, Heidi.

[Heidi curls her lips into a snarl. If looks could kill, Python would currently be being deposited into an industrial shredder, feet first.]

Python:

You weren't always, but you are now. You'll pick on the ones you know you can squash, and you stay far away from

anyone else.

[Python has reached the ring and, in a flash, he now leaps deftly up to the apron and sails over the top rope in one fluid motion, landing perfectly balanced on his feet and standing just an inch or two from Heidi, his eyes burning harshly into hers.]

Python:

Unfortunately for you... I'm anyone else. And I'm not so far away at the moment.

[Heidi walks up to Python, face to face with him.]

Heidi:

And what makes you think you're any different from Tom Sawyer?

[Sam and Jamie both look tense. Their job is to keep Heidi out of trouble. Not to refuse to let her defend herself if someone else starts with her. And this is sort of a gray area. It really comes down to who throws the first shot. And neither of them has yet.]

Heidi:

You should've been on my side all along. I thought I respected you. But obviously, I was wrong, and you're still the silly little kid who formed a tag team with Shelly Hollins of his own free will.

Python:

If you think I'm a kid, then do something about it.

[The two are forehead to forehead right now.]

Heidi:

I'm not allowed to hit you first.

V.O. Curtis Penn:

Python, step away from the bitch.

[Curtis Penn has walked out of the back.]

Penn:

Kid, I've been waiting for months to get my hands around her neck. This isn't any of your business and I'm not gonna let you get in my way here.

[Python frowns. Without turning his back on Heidi, he steps out of the ring and down off the apron.]

Python:

Listen dude. I don't have any beef with you. But you really ought to be taking this more seriously.

Penn:

I don't need help. After the match, if you want to help me run train on what's left of her after I'm done, we can talk.

[And that was enough.]

[Heidi takes a short run, gets her hands on the top rope and flips over it with a tope con hilo, landing on top of Penn and Python! Sam and Jamie both run to break it up as Heidi grabs Python by the head, Python grabs Heidi by the leg, they trip over Penn and land in a retarded heap.]

V.O. Eric Dane:

ENOUGH! Goddammit, I told you guys not to let this happen!

[Dane comes down the ramp at something between a brisk walk and a slow jog. Jamie kneels on Heidi's back, trying to get her wrists ziptied. Sam holds Penn down on the ground. Python, who's a pretty decent guy, raises his hands and backs away.]

Dane:

Heidi, yet again, I'm going to be more lenient with you than I have to be. We'll consider that line about running train adequate provocation and not fill you with electricity, even though you did exactly what I told you not to and started a fight. Curtis, one wrestler to another, I hope you do put her in her place - I really do hope that - but insisting on underestimating a two time World Champion is retarded, and you need to not do that.

[Dane stops in front of the pile of wrestlers.]

Dane:

As for you Python, here's what I've got. This probably will come as no surprise to anyone, but Jeff Andrews booked a Defiance show in Baltimore. How does that sound, Python? You want to wrestle Heidi one on one in the OLW arena?

[A smile slowly breaks over Python's face.]

Dane:

That's settled then. We've got a match between Eddy Whisky and Diane Parker set to start, so how about everyone who isn't Eddy or Diane get the hell backstage now?

[Python leads the way. Penn leaves of his own accord, with security keeping a close eye on him. Having given up on the zipties, Jamie finally just puts Heidi in a hammerlock and marches her up the ramp.]

Angus:

Wow. Python versus Heidi in Baltimore next week? That's going to be one hell of a hot show.

DDK:

Stay tuned fans, we'll be back in a few minutes with our first match!

Eddie Whisky vs Diane Parker

DDK:

It's about time to get started with our first match of the evening! Let's give it over to Diamond Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first, making his Defiance debut!

[The sound of... kazoos starts up.]

Angus:

What the FUCK.

[The kazoos are playing 'Ride of the Valkyries' by Wagner.]

Quimbey:

Hailing from the streets of San Francisco in the state of California! Standing six foot six, and weighing in at 281 lbs! Introducing... EDDIE...WHIIIIISKY!

[The big man bursts out onto the ramp, fists above his head.]

DDK:

Whisky getting a decent reaction from the fans here. He's a big guy. I wasn't able to find too much of his history, but he participated in the infamous Ultratitle tournament and did advance out of the first round.

[Whisky enters the ring, and mercifully the kazoos stop.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Representing the team of TRES BRUJAS!

[Bring on Dio.]

♪ When there's lightning ♪
♪ You know it always brings me down ♪
♪ Cos it's free and I see that it's me ♪
♪ Who's lost and never found ♪

Quimbey:

Hailing from Montpelier, Vermont, and weighing in at 161 lbs! She is DIANE... PAAAARRKER!

[Diane emerges from the back as her name is spoken, clapping her hands to try and get the fans going. It basically works.]

DDK:

Good reaction for Diane too. She participated in the battle royal for the FIST title and actually pinned Seth Stratton.

Angus:

With a figure 4 headscissor. It was hilarious.

DDK:

Before Heidi Christenson literally tried to break her neck. Since then she's been teaming with Lisa Loeh and Clair St. Sure in Tres Brujas. She's not a highlight reel kind of wrestler, but she's a very smart wrestler.

[Diane steps over the middle rope and into the ring.]

♪ No sign of the the morning coming ♪

♪ You've been left on your own ♪

♪ Like a rainbow in the dark! ♪

♪ A rainbow in the dark! ♪

DING! DING! DING!

[Eddie Whisky looms over Diane Parker.]

DDK:

Of course, Diane's actually a nine year veteran of the squared circle now. Whisky, I don't know as much about, but he's accomplished.

Angus:

He also ain't real bright.

[Whisky moves in. Diane goes straight for the leg, kicking the big man in the quad several times, but she's not a martial artist like CSS is. Whisky manages to shake it off long enough to knock her to her knees with a headbutt, then take her over in a gutwrench suplex. He leaves Diane to hold her back while he walks the pain out of his leg. Diane tries to get up, but Whisky delivers a knee lift that takes her up off her feet and drops her on the mat face first.]

DDK:

One thing about these bigger guys wrestling girls in the ring is that it makes them into bullies even when they don't particularly want to be. That being said, I think Eddie's alluded to having some issues he's got to work through.

Angus:

Well, fuck man, everyone's got those issues. Girls are mean! They get away with it because they have boobs. You know that, right?

[DDK doesn't even dignify this with a response as Whisky sends Diane across the ring and into the corner. He charges in after her and Diane sidesteps! Whisky hits the buckle with his back and Diane quickly jumps up, clobbering him in the face with forearm shivers as fast as she can. She backflips off the middle rope, then runs into the corner with a high front kick that lands like a bootscape, leaving Whisky to stagger out of the corner, nursing his face. Again Diane climbs the turnbuckle behind him, leaps off - and just flops on the mat as Whisky isn't felled by her attempted move.]

DDK:

Diane just attempted the diving somersault cutter she calls the Miranette, but Whisky was too big and she was too light.

[Diane landed hard on her tailbone. Whisky decides to follow up, he picks Diane up onto his shoulders and drives her down with an atomic drop! Diane arches her back in pain as Whisky runs the ropes, rebounds towards her and wipes her out with a running lariat. Measuring her, Whisky jumps and drops a knee on her head, then goes for the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRKICKOUT!

[Whisky stays on his knees for a few seconds, catching his breath.]

DDK:

Whisky's a good power wrestler, but he hasn't got the best stamina, and he's beginning to feel it.

Angus:

Yeah, well, he's panting, his opponent's flat on the mat!

[Whisky picks Diane up and picks her up in a fireman's carry. He lets go long enough to raise one arm up, then carries her over to the ropes]

DDK:

Whisky uses a top rope Samoan drop, he's looking for it but he's elected to carry Diane on his shoulders instead of suplex her off the turnbuckle, which gives her a chance to get free. She's kicking - and loose!

[Diane slides off Eddie's shoulders and sends him head first into the turnbuckle. Whisky staggers, Diane ducks and takes him over backwards with a chop block! Whisky topples to the mat, Diane quickly moves him to a seated position, and...]

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

DDK:

Spinal taps! Diane trying to make up for lost time with those shots, she runs across the ring and seated dropkick takes Whisky down! Cover!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THR-LAUNCHED!

[Whisky kicks out with enough authority to launch Diane into the air so she lands on her face.]

Angus:

I love watching that happen. Dunno why.

[Diane gets up holding her face as Whisky gets up holding his back, but Whisky's the first to attack, landing a boot to the stomach and a cross-ring Irish whip. He catches Diane on the rebound for a one-arm scoop slam - in mid air Diane converts it to a spinning headscissor and tries to convert that into the Christo!]

DDK:

Diane trying to sink that flying octopus hold called the Christo, Whisky trying to block it, he won't give up the arm... and Diane spins it back around and tries a sunset flip!

Angus:

She can't get him!

[Whisky wobbles, but he's just too big for her to pull over. Instead, he jumps, drops the knee - on the canvas! Diane's quickly up to her feet, chickenwings his arms behind his back and hits a modified bulldog to put him face down on the canvas. From there, she rolls him over with an amateur style chickenwing pin!]

[It takes a hell of an effort for her to turn him, but once she does, gravity's working for her and against Whisky for the first time in the match.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DDK:

She got him!

DING! DING! DING!

[Diane drops the pin, rolls clear of Whisky, and throws up a double V-for-victory sign from her knees.]

Quimbey:

Your winner, as a result of a pinfall - DIANE! PARKER!

♪ When there's lightning ♪
 ♪ You know it always brings me down ♪
 ♪ Cos I'm free and I see that it's me ♪
 ♪ Who's lost and never found ♪
 ♪ I cry out for magic ♪
 ♪ I feel it dancing in the light ♪
 ♪ It was cold, lost my hold ♪
 ♪ To the shadows of the night ♪

♪ No sign of the morning coming ♪
 ♪ You've been left on your own ♪
 ♪ Like a rainbow in the dark! ♪
 ♪ A rainbow in the dark! ♪

♪ Do your demons? ♪
 ♪ Do they ever let you go? ♪
 ♪ When you tried do they hide deep inside ♪
 ♪ Is it someone that you know? ♪
 ♪ You're just a picture ♪
 ♪ You're an image caught in time ♪
 ♪ We're alive, you and I ♪
 ♪ We're words without a rhyme ♪

♪ There's no sign of the morning coming ♪

♪ You've been left on your own ♪
♪ Like a rainbow in the dark! ♪
♪ Just a rainbow in the dark! ♪
♪ Yeaaaahhhh!!! ♪

♪ When I see lightning ♪
♪ You know it always brings me down ♪
♪ Cos it's free and I see that it's me ♪
♪ Who's lost and never found ♪
♪ Feel the magic ♪
♪ I feel it floating in the air ♪
♪ But it's fear, and you'll hear ♪
♪ It calling you. Beware! ♪
♪ LOOK OUT! ♪

♪ There's no sight of the morning coming ♪
♪ There's no sight of the day ♪
♪ You've been left on your own ♪
♪ Like a rainbow! ♪
♪ Like a rainbow in the dark! ♪
♪ You're a rainbow in the dar-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rk! ♪

Angus:

There, we just played the WHOLE DAMN SONG. Happy yet Kevin?

[Ah, Fourth Wall, how we hath missed thee.]

DDK:

Back in the days of the Truly Untouchables, Kai Scott assured us repeatedly that Diane didn't have the wrestling style to be a good singles competitor, but she's taken her smarts and amateur wrestling skills to a couple of wins here in Defiance now.

[As Diane takes a lap around the ringside area tagging some hands, one over-eager fan reaches all the way over the rail for a hug.]

[This is weird enough, but when Diane steps back out of reach, he takes a wild grab at her, misses, and front flips over the guardrail.]

DDK:

Oh great. Once in awhile we get an overzealous fan here...

Angus:

I dunno if that's what I'd say. Look at that dude, I bet the people on the short bus laugh at him!

[The 'fan' is wearing a very ratty Appalachian Wrestling T-shirt and brown shorts. His hair's cut in a bowl cut, and his face makes it very clear that his family tree doesn't fork.]

Angus:

I've seen that dude somewhere before...

[The fan is up quickly and this time he grabs a handful of Diane's hair! He pulls her towards him, but the former Truly Untouchable leads with her forearm, knocking the fan stumbling backwards. Shaking it off, he starts back towards her...]

KA-THWACK!

DDK:

Whisky Kick!

[Eddie Whisky may have had issues with girls being mean to him in the past, but apparently, he wasn't going to stand by and watch one get molested by an inbred problem child. The kick busts the fan's lip open, and Whiskey picks him up overhead in a press slam, then throws him into the stands! This isn't ECW, the fan's a bit bigger than LSD was, and so he just splats on the concrete.]

DDK:

Eddie Whisky with the assist, but where was security during all that?

Angus:

Oh, you know, with BBS having to serve Seth Stratton and those other two big guys assigned to Heidi, we're shorthanded as hell on security. Still, if I know the boss, heads are gonna roll.

DDK:

We'll be right back with more Defiance action, fans!

Angus:

Hey, I remember where I saw that guy! He was at CVC's White Trash Party last week!

Face/Off

[In the bowels of the UCSB Event Center, a meeting of the minds was going on. The four men who would soon debut as the Shadowmen were standing around a set-up card table, looking over a number of headshots, in-match pictures, and written-out biographical breakdowns. Well, two of them were. One of them had no chin, three days' worth of stubble, a painfully bright red sportscoat, and a black baseball cap with a familiar logo... The ol' I

Lash Graham vs Jamie Murray

DDK:

Our next match sees Lash Graham going one on one with the returning Jamie Murray.

Angus:

The tennis player?

DDK:

What? No, that's Andy Murray...

Angus:

Then who's Jamie Murray.

[The lights begin to flicker in the arena, as "Song 2 " by Blur blares out into the arena.]

WOOOOO HOOOOOOO!"

DDK:

This guy.

[Jamie bursts onto the entrance ramp looking pumped up, screaming out into the arena. He strolls down the entrance ramp, wearing his trademark Union Jack jacket, looking as confident as ever.]

Angus:

He should call that a Union Jacket.

I GOT MY HEAD CHECKED...BY A JUMBO JET

[He stops short of the ring so he can turn to face the fans ringside, who are all screaming abuse towards him. He smirks at the fans, and he beats his chest, motioning to the flag on it. He sticks his hand out for a high five, and as a fan goes for it, he takes the hand away with a cocky laugh.]

IT WASN'T EASY...BUT NOTHING IS...NO

[He slides into the ring, spinning around three times, finally stopping with his arms spread wide. He unzips his jacket, quickly running up the turnbuckle and looking out into the arena. He smirks as the fans boo him, this is exactly what he is looking for right now. He hops down of the turnbuckle, bouncing from rope to rope.]

WOOOOO HOOOOOOO!

[He looks ready for action as he loosens up a little more, before taking his jacket off, kissing the flag on the front as he does this. He neatly folds the jacket, and he carefully places it down at ringside, before returning to the middle of the ring, bouncing on his toes, ready for action.]

DDK:

Murray had some strong words for Lash Graham in the lead up to this match.

Angus:

How could you tell? He's English, isn't he? Wasn't it all "Dog n' bone apples n' pears me old mukka!"

[Song 2 fades and Ok Go and the Muppets hits as Lash sprints from the back like a bat out of hell, slapping hands with the fans on his way to the ring. He leaps up on the ring apron and does a forward summersault over the top rope and into the ring. Running to the far corner he leaps onto the top rope and moonsaults off, landing on his feet in the center of the ring and playing to the crowd.]

DDK:

No time wasting from Lash Graham here.

Angus:

Nor from Andy!

DDK:

Jamie.

Angus:

Who?

[Angus was right though, Jamie Murray burst out of his corner and laid Lash Graham out with an axehandle across the shoulder blades. Graham tries to get back to his feet but Murray drops to his knees and lands another axehandle down across his back. Murray hammers down a couple more forearm strikes to Lash's shoulders before pulling him to his feet and whipping him into the ropes.]

DDK:

Murray starting out really aggressive, almost as though he's trying to prove a point.

[Jamie catches Lash as he comes back in a sleeper hold. Graham is quick to run to a corner and step up the turnbuckles. He pushes off and lands in a pinning combination on Murray!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Murray releases the sleeperhold and gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

And Lash Graham almost won it as quick as that!

[Both men get to their feet and Murray throws a stiff kick into the thigh of Graham. He kicks again, again and again, the final kick takes Graham's leg out from under him and sends him flipping down to the mat. Murray grabs hold of Lash's leg, rolls him over and drops down to the mat, locking in a heel hook. Lash flails wildly and quickly manages to get Murray on to his front where he's able to drag himself the short distance to the ropes and break the hold.]

Angus:

It's too soon for submissions.

DDK

Murray's looking to make an impact, and an early tapout would surely do just that. That and taking out Lash Graham's leg is just smart.

[Murray gets back to his feet as Lash pulls himself up with the ropes. Jamie wraps his arms around Graham's waist and pulls him back into the ring. He lifts him and SA-LAMS him into the mat with a hard German Suplex. Graham rolls to his corner and grabs his armadillo, asking its advice as Murray stands up and stalks his way closer.]

Angus:

I hate that thing. I really do.

DDK

I'm sure it hates you too.

Angus:

It's stuffed. If you think it has feelings then you're as delusional as that r-tard asking its advice.

[Murray grabs Graham by the hair and pulls him to his feet. Lash drops the Armadillo and goes with Murray, but jumps just as Jamie looks set to pull him down into a backbreaker. Lash flips and connects with a foot to Murray's temple.]

Angus:

Murray must be a fan of soccer, so he must be familiar with that one.

[Jamie doesn't go down, but he's certainly stunned by the Pele kick. Lash gets up quickly and pushes Murray back into the ropes before sending him across the ring. Jamies bounces back right into a picture perfect dropkick from Graham. Lash quickly moves into position at Murray's side and hits a standing moonsault to his downed foe. Graham sticks the landing for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Murray kicks out!]

[Lash doesn't waste any time and pulls Murray up to his feet. He wrings Jamie's arm before twisiting around him, locking his arm in a hammerlock, and takes him over with a northern lights suplex! Lash doesn't go for the cover though. Instead he opts to head for the corner and climbs to the top rope.]

DDK:

Lash is going high risk!

[Graham waits for Murray to get to his feet before launching himself with a cross body! Graham hits it, but Murray rolls through into a cover of his own!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Graham kicks out!]

[Murray and Graham both get back to their feet and Jamie throws a stiff kick to the leg of Graham. Lash tries to rally back with a right hand, but Murray shrugs it off and sends him into the ropes. Jamie winds up and unleashes a discus elbow as Graham rebounds, but Lash ducks it! Lash hits the ropes on the other side, comes back and connects with a spinning heel kick right on the butt of Murray's jaw! Murray stumbles back and falls through the ropes to the outside!]

DDK:

A lucky tumble for Murray!

Angus:

Not too lucky though!

[Lash Graham hits the ropes and comes back with a somersault senton over the top! He connects with Murray and sends him sprawling to the floor!]

DDK:

And these fans love it!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Lash grabs Murray and pulls him up. He rolls Jamie into the ring and climbs up on the apron where he waits for Murray to get to his feet.]

DDK:

Lash is looking to go big again!

[Jamie Murray slowly gets up in the middle of the ring and turns to see Lash Graham sailing towards him. Murray takes a step back...]

DDK:

SUPERKICK! Murray lands a superkick right to the chin of Lash Graham!

[Both men collapse to the mat. Murray crawls over and covers Graham!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE-NO!]

[Lash Graham gets a shoulder up at the very last second!]

DDK:

How did Lash Graham get that shoulder up?

Angus:

Retard strength. It's the only explanation.

[Murray get to his feet and signals that's the end. He pulls Graham up and hoists him onto his shoulders, but Lash wriggles free and drops down behind him, Murray turns and tries to clothesline Graham but Lash ducks it and hits the ropes. He comes back and leaps up behind Murray, hooking his arms with the crucifix!]

DDK:

Could this be it!

[Lash tries to pull Jamie down to the mat but Murray fights it. He grips hold of Lash and adjusts his positioning up onto his shoulders!]

DDK:

THE LONDON SPIKE!

[Murray almost puts Lash Graham through the ring with a Death Valley Driver. He rolls over and covers him and it's academic.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Winner: Jamie Murray

Putting things right...

BZZT! [The phone in Eric Dane's office makes a buzzing noise, indicating intercom between himself and his secretary, Kelly Evans.] **Kelly:** Eric, Christian Light is here to see you. [He pushes a button.] **"The Only Star" Eric Dane:** Send him in. [In walks CL. He has a Team Danger hockey jersey on over a pair of jeans. He stands there, hands in pockets, looking a bit awkward and waiting for Eric to speak first.] **Eric Dane:** What is it, Chris? You have something else to complain about? **Christian Light:** No, not really. [The Boss rolls his eyes, he was short and curt with Light and that wasn't normal. The two of them had been friends, colleagues, and teammates for over a decade at this point. The kids of Team Danger were definately not All Right.] **Dane:** You want to complain how you're not in Ladder Wars? You had your chance, and you blew it, so there's really no one to blame but yourself on that one. **Light:** Nope, not here about that, either. [Eric finally looks up from his work, his eyebrow raised in perplexity.] **Dane:** Then what is it, Chris? I've got shit to do, you know. **Light:** I understand, Eric. But I wanted to come here today and say "I'm sorry" to your face. After our argument, I took some time completely away from the business to think about things. At some point when mediating an argument between my kids, it kind of hit me that I was being a bit petulant. [The Master of Wrestling furrowed his brow.] **Light:** I let Kai Scott and The Untouchables get under my skin and in my head, and to be frank I'm sick of it. I am done harboring anger and dislike for my fellow wrestlers in Defiance, and I'm REALLY done taking it out on my friends. I know you have a job to do, and part of that is protecting the talent on your roster. [A pregnant pause. Christian looks on as Eric continues to look Christian over.] **Dane:** And what about Ladder Wars? [A thoughtful pause from Christian Light.] **Light:** Not gonna lie, it hurts being left out of an event I won last time around. But I earned my way out of it. I'll find my way on the show somehow, but as to the main event, I'm out and...while I hope you keep my name in mind if someone drops out, I won't actively seek entry into the match or initiate aggression against anyone in it over Ladder Wars. **Dane:** The World Title? **Light:** I'll earn my way back to it soon enough. [Eric cracks a bit of a smile, an appreciation of the confidence of the Last Nighthawk. The smile lasts only a moment, however, as Eric's face returns to "business casual"] **Dane:** All right, Chris. That's what I wanted to hear. Go enjoy the rest of the show; I'll have your booking for next show a bit later. [Light nods as he stands.] **Light:** Thanks, Eric. Have a good one. [Dane nods an acknowledgement of the compliment before Christian leaves, closing the door behind him gently.]

Last Words - The Challenger Arrives

[Walking in through the back doors of the UCSB Event Center is the fashionably late trio of Ryan Matthews, Sam Horry, and tonight's challenger to the Southern Heritage Championship, Tyrone Walker who carries a duffle bag over his shoulder and has a black #teemCVC tee shirt on.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

[The sound of hateration coming from the audience causes the crew to stopping dead in their tracks. Sam and Ryan look around, reading to just into attack mode before looking to Ty who they notice is wearing the #teemCVC tee shirt. Looking back at his compadres, then looking down at the large block lettering on his shirt, he shrugs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Uh... whoops.

[Pulling that off, he reveals another tee shirt. This one also being black, but with #teemSTJ in large block lettering in white over the chest. Having removed and tossed away the CVC shirt, he looks off in no particular direction as he also lifts his duffle back up and slings it over his shoulder.]

Walker:

A'ight, better?

[Choose your side by getting your own #teemCVC or #teemSTJ tee shirt at DEFIANCE's online store today for only \$19.99!]

RRRRRAAAAAWWWWRRRR!!

[Now with the ROAR of the crowd greeting DEFIANCE's latest and as of yet to debut and/or unnamed crew to burst onto the scene, they continue their journey further into the arena. Also with the momentary bout of drama behind us we finally notice that stalking behind the guys is a younger and smaller, but equally chocolate skinned man as two thirds of our heroes. This unknown entity scans his surroundings nervously before staring down at the floor as he follows along. The only other notable detail being the boombox that he carries with both hands clutched around the handle of the sonic delivery device.]

[Strolling through the place like they own the joint, they don't get all that far before they're ambushed by Mic Stand Extraordinaire, Christie Zane. Slowing their stride, they stop, with Ty having already perused this particular merchandise he doesn't pay much mind to the tight blouse that accentuates Zane's most prominent assets. Ryan and Sam on the other hand have no shame in ogling her finely crafted figure. The silent, fourth member takes a momentary glance but quickly averts his eyes back to the floor before he can be found out, also unlike Ryan and Sam.]

Christie Zane:

Guys, guys, can I get a word?

Walker:

Can you keep up?

Zane:

Uhm... Yes?

Walker:

A'ight then, what you want?

Zane:

Tonight you face Chance Von Crank for the Southern Heritage Title. Do you have any words...

Walker:

Yeah actually, I do.

[Blackimus Prime just glares with bad intentions as serious business mode is engaged.]

Walker:

I'm here to show you, Crank, why I'm not like anyone else you ever been up against here in DEFIANCE. An' this painful lesson in your life is gonna be proven a fact when you're laid out, face down on **your cumcatcher** an' I take off with that strap to raise it beyond it's current standing an' on up to the next level.

[Pause for breath. His glare never losing focus as this mobile group of five weaves their way through the backstage traffic.]

Walker:

But don't worry, 'cause I ain't about to leave you empty handed, a bit light in the luggage, but not empty handed. Y'see, Crank, when you lose, an' trust me, playa, you'll be doin' yourself a lotta good if jus' you start believin' this to be the truth, you can go around tellin' people that you got personal issues in your life to deal with.

[There is no mock concern this time.]

Walker:

Basically, I'mma take the belt off of you an' in exchange I'm givin' you an' out, my nigga. That way you can take your mangy ass back to whatever hole you crawled out of in Kentucky an' get your goddamn shit together. Or...you could go after Turner an' sleep with his moms like you said or whatever other, random ass nonsense that you'll concoct. Which, of course, will be yelled at full blast like you're the fag who types in ALL CAPS.

[Arriving to their designated locker room, their stride comes to a slow a halt. Ryan, Sam and the unknown, boombox carrying figure all enter into the room.]

Walker:

Either way, Crank, the Southern Heritage title is jus' gonna become another thing that you've lost in this white trash trainwreck that you unfortunately have to call your life. But hey, it's not all bad news for you, homie, the good news being, that you'll be on the right side of history.

[And with that, the challenger follows his compadres, once again leaving before Christie Zane could possibly get another inquiry. Christie huffs and takes her leave, but before she gets even a few steps away, the door swings open and the face of Sam Horry pops out.]

Horry: [Makes the gesture of a phone next to his head]

Aye girl, call me!

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arm around the waist, lifting Magnus into the air... And Mushi brings him crashing down with a biiiig belly to back suplex!] **Angus:** Well, that kinda took the wind out of the Shadowmen's sails. **Donovan Torment:** HEY MUSHIGIHARA YOU FAT DUMB PIECE OF JAP-CRAP! LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU! [Mushigihara, as he waits for Magnus, glances over to Donovan Torment, before jabbing a finger in his direction.] **Mushigihara:** OSU! [And Mushi grabs ahold of the rising Magnus's hair, then tosses him across the ring, into the Philo-Kings' corner! A quick tag to Troy Matthews, and the Jersey Devil is in! Grinde snarls and barks something in Norwegian, but Troy begins to fire off stomping kicks to Magnus' stomach! A grab of the arm, and Troy sends Magnus off, Irish whipping him to the ropes...] **DDK:** Troy is setting up... [Troy leaps as Magnus comes flying back, and a beautiful spinning wheel kick cracks Magnus RIGHT in the snoot! Magnus goes down, and Troy is quick to dive atop him for a pin!] "ONE! TWO! THR-" [Honon the Shaman is in to intercept. He stomps Troy Matthews right between the shoulderblades, and Troy sits up on his knees, face contorted in pain...] CLAP **DDK:** CHOKESLAM! HONON'S GOT TROY FOR THE CHOKESLAM! [Magnus Grinde rolls weakly out of the ring, holding onto his face as Honon pulls Troy Matthews fully to his feet.] **Donovan Torment:** YOU'RE DOOMED NOW, BOY! [Troy hauls off, trying to kick Honon in the stomach, but Honon just clenches his hand tighter around the Jersey Devil's throat, lifting him off the mat, off his feet! Troy's feet kick, and Honon just POWERS Troy up, off the mat, fully into the air! Honon, with that one-handed chokeslam, marches Troy around the ring for a moment, before he brings Matthews crashing down onto the mat!] BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Honon turns, and strides directly toward the Philosopher King corner. Eddie Dante suddenly realizes his predicament as the Shaman reaches out with both hands, grabbing ahold of Eddie and hauling him into the ring, right over the top!] **DDK:** Things look like they're gonna start breaking down... [Honon shoves Dante back into the corner, hauls off, and goes **CHOP** right across the chest! With Troy and Dante both in the ring, that means to Omar... Time t' get in there! Clambering under the bottom rope, Omar slips in, and goes RUSHING across the ring, leaping into the air to come crashing down across Troy's chest with a HUGE Splash!] **Angus:** HA! WHAT A SPLASH ON THAT SPASTIC, TROY! [Mushigihara decides that it's time to get his ass in there too, and boils right in through the ropes! Omar comes to his feet in time, and Mushigihara is right in there for some punchface time!] **Omar Wise:** YOU WANT 'NOTHER TASTE, HUH?! C'MON, SON! [Mushigihara comes after Omar. And Omar balls up those fists... WHAM!] **Angus:** ...Did he just break Mushroom's jaw? **DDK:** Omar calls his fists "The Hammers", and for good reason! [Mushi, despite taking a HELL of a right hand, doesn't go down! He hauls off, and slams Omar right in the face! And Omar responds in kind! WHAM!] **Donovan Torment:** KILL HIM, OMAR! [Honon, distracted by Omar vs Mushi's punchfest, turns and tries to lumber into the fray... But Eddie Dante leaps onto the second rope, springboards off, and dropkicks Honon RIGHT in the back of the head! The Shaman crashes into Omar from behind, then goes down from a back elbow clippin' him in the jaw!] **Angus:** Mushi and Eddie are actually working together! **DDK:** Too bad none of the Shadowmen are working as a unit! [With Omar all knocked akilter, Mushigihara ducks, and rushes forward, grabbing Omar around the waist and takes them right between the top and middle rope! Omar goes crashing right outside of the ring, and takes a header to the floor! Mushi lands on the apron, clinging to the ringropes!] [Honon is down! Magnus Grinde is nowhere to be seen! Troy Matthews is still clutching his ribs, but Eddie Dante comes to his feet. A shufflekick into Honon's ribs, and Eddie grins, slicking back his hair. This was all coming together...] **Omar Wise:** I'MA KILL THIS FOOL! [Roaring, Omar rushes over, both fists clenching above his head. He smashes his double axehandle into Mushi's back, but Mushi throws a stamping kick into Omar Wise's face, staggering the big man and sending him stumbling backwards! Omar staggers backwards as Donovan Torment comes running over to offer succor...] **DDK:** Omar Wise is blinded! **Angus:** [But as Omar leans against the guardrail, Mushigihara looks back into the ring, out to his mentor-slash-leader. Eddie Dante grins, and comes running across the ring just as Mushi leaps onto the bottom rope!] [In stereo, Dante leaps through the ropes, even as Mushi leaps off the bottom rope! A crashing elbow takes Omar down, and Eddie Dante both takes Donovan Torment down... AND brings them down onto the Assault Breacher Vehicle!] **DDK:** Troy Matthews is all alone in the ring! **Angus:** I don't think Magnus is much of a problem for Troy... [Indeed, Grinde has ended up screaming in the face of some poor fan in the front row, bellowing at the iPhone that the man has in his hand.] **DDK:** Troy Matthews is left alone with the giant Honon! [Honon has finally lumbered himself back to his feet to glare down at Troy Matthews. The Jersey Devil, to his credit, ignores the intimidation factor, the size difference, the might of the Shaman...] **DDK:** Matthews is beckoning Honon on! [Indeed, Matthews brings both hands up, fingers flapping to beckon Honon on! The big Native American's face contorts in rage and hate, and he brings a big fist back, before hurling a massive haymaker directly at Matthews' face!] **Angus:** What... a shit punch. **DDK:** Matthews ducks! [And just as fast as Honon threw his punch, Matthews leaps into the air, delivering a WALLOPING roundhouse kick to Honon's temple! Honon stumbles backwards, hands flailing before his face protectively!] **DDK:** If Troy doesn't capitalize now, he never will! [But Troy Matthews grits his teeth, clenching his fists and letting out a fierce yell! Turning to his side, Troy shuffles forward, and shoots out a snapping

sidekick into Honon's stomach!] **Angus:** ...Awfully familiar... [Honon drops to a knee, both hands clenching at his stomach, aaaaand-] **DDK:** MATTHEWS WITH THE RUN-UP! [He leaps off the upraised knee, and SNAPS a leg into Honon's temple!] **CRACK DDK:** TRENDSETTER! [Honon goes DOWN! Troy LEAPS on top of the big man, levering a huge leg up for the pin! The ref slides in!] ONE! TWO! THREE! **DDK:** TROY MATTHEWS DOES IT AGAIN! HE'S KILLED ANOTHER GIANT! [Troy falls off of Honon, fists shooting upward in glorious victory! The referee comes over to lift Troy's hand, and the Jersey Devil leaps to his feet, then leaps up and down and up and down, stomping and shouting and screaming in victory!] **Angus:** LOOK AT OMAR! [The big man has finally muscled Mushigihara and Dante off of him, sending Eddie Dante flying with a toss halfway down the ringside area. As Omar rolls back into the ring, Troy turns, a dazzling grin on his lips. Omar puts a knee up, going to lever himself back to his feet, and Troy comes rushing across the ring at the big man!] **DDK:** TROY GOING FOR ANOTHER TRENDSETTER! [Troy leaps off the knee, leg slashing through the air...] [OMAR DUCKS!] **DDK:** OMAR CATCHES TROY! [In a Torture Rack, to be specific! Omar boils to his feet, arms caught tightly around the Kung-Fu Boogeyman's neck and leg! Troy's arm flails, trying to go for a elbow smash to the temple, but Omar's grip is JUST TOO STRONG!] **Angus:** HA! HE'S BENDING TROY IN HALF! **DDK:** Enhanced Interrogation! [Magnus Grinde rolls into the ring, fists clenching as he comes stompin' to his feet. With the Philosopher Kings coming up to their feet, Omar caught glance of where exactly they were... He stomps forward, hands planting under Troy's hip and shoulder.] **Angus:** Troy's goin' for a trip! I love it! **DDK:** The Philosopher Kings catch Troy! **Angus:** MUSHROOM caught Troy! Eddie Dante was havin' no part of that! [With the two teams reunited, Omar Wise stomps backwards, beckoning for the Phils to get back into the ring, but Eddie Dante just puts both arms up, blocking the path of the Jersey Devil and the masked monster.] Eddie Dante: We've already got what WE came for... [Omar snarls, glancing to the man standing by his side. Magnus Grinde, with his big, bushy beard... His completely ineffectual self who had just cost them the match by being busy arguing over an iPhone. Omar reaches out, taking Magnus by the shoulder-] **BOKK DDK:** HEADBUTT! [Omar knocks Magnus for a loop with that unstoppable headbutt! Magnus staggers back, even dropping to a knee! Omar, eyes blazing, lumbers forward, those big fists clenching up as he cocks 'em back...] **Angus:** THE HAMMERS! I'm already in love with those punches! **KRAK KRAK WHAM SMACK** [Omar batters Magnus left and right as Donovan Torment, on the outside of the ring, has a fit! Magnus's face is quickly beaten into a bruised mess, before Omar grabs ahold of Magnus' arm, turning and Irish whipping the Pagan right into the ringcorner!] **DDK:** We saw this before! [The Assault Breacher Vehicle breaks into a run, charging forward... WHAM! RUNNING AVALANCHE IN THE RINGCORNER!] **Angus:** The entire ring just moved a foot to the left! [Magnus Grinde crumples to his knees, then falls to the mat. Omar turns, looking back to the Philosopher Kings. Eyes still blazing with rage and hate, Omar holds up three fingers on one hand... One on the other. And then, he beckons Troy, Mushi and Eddie on!] **DDK:** Did Omar Wise just take out his trio partner to tempt the Philosopher Kings back into the ring? [Eddie Dante continues to shake his head, slowly backing his trio up the ramp. Incensed, Omar Wise turns, grabbing ahold of Honon's hair. Honon, still loopy on the mat, is dragged up to his feet, and Omar ducks, arm shooting between Honon's legs!] **Angus:** Omar's gonna kill Honon, too! **DDK:** I think we're seeing the dissolution of the Shadowmen, right here and now, folks! [With Honon perched on his shoulder, Omar turns... RUSHING across the ring to slam Honon back-first into the turnbuckle pads! The ring gives a mighty shake, and Omar pivots on his heel, stomping across the ring with the 300+ pound weight of the massive Honon held aloft! Omar leaps...] **BLAMMO** **DDK:** SHOCK AND AWE! **Angus:** Good god, I could feel the impact from here! Omar Wise has some power to him! [Omar pops back to his feet, throwing his head back and just bellowing in incoherent rage! He stomps to the edge of the ring, stepping up onto the bottom rope. And, unfortunately for Omar...] **DDK:** The Philosopher Kings have left the ringside area! [Omar grabbed the top rope in both fists, his (presumably) former trios partners laid out behind him, totally unmoving.] **Omar Wise:** YOU COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT ME! YOU YELLOW LITTLE BITCHES! [Nothin' doin'.] **Omar Wise:** YOU BITCHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

The Babysitters' Club

[The camera shot opens up in a hallway backstage at the UCSB Events Center. Seth Stratton stands in a white bathrobe shadow boxing. After a few rapid fire left jabs, he turns to his pre-match meal of KFC and beer, already in progress. However, he's quickly interrupted by head of DEFSEC 'Buffalo' Brian Slater.]

BBS:

So I was sitting in my office tonight, minding my own damn business, when Eric Dane comes in. You know what he says?

Seth:

"Hey Brian, you left your douche in the men's room."?

BBS:

No. He said that I had a new responsibility. That I had to watch your ass, keep you out of trouble. I have to babysit you, in essence. Now, I thought that was a extreme. You are, after all, a grown man. But seeing what you've decided to eat before your match tonight, maybe he was right. Maybe you can't be left to your own devices. How does that make you feel?

Seth:

All right, I don't want to alarm you here, but...

BBS:

What?

Seth:

... I think I ate the bones.

[Seth slaps his knee and laughs. Slater begins to turn an angry shade of red.]

BBS:

That's good, joke around. You've got a match with Eugene Dewey and Tom Sawyer in under an hour. You think they're joking around right now?

Seth:

Wait, under an hour you say? I guess it's time to take my vitamins.

[Seth pulls a bottle of diet pills with a spanish label from his bag. He empties nine or ten into his mouth and downs them with half a bottle of water.]

BBS:

Do I even want to know why that label isn't in english?

Seth:

Because ephedrine isn't exactly street legal anymore.

BBS:

Oh for god's sake, give me those!

[Slater reaches into Seth's bag and pulls out the pills.]

Seth:

I need those!

BBS:

Shut up. If you drop dead while I'm supposed to be looking after you, I'll get my ass chewed. And what the hell is this?

[Slater pulls a bottle of vodka from the bag.]

Seth:

Water. I keep it in old vodka bottles because I've chosen to live a green lifestyle.

[Slater tests the liquid in the bottle and sure enough, it's water.]

BBS:

Good. I guess even you aren't stupid enough to drink before a match. Wait, if there's water in the vodka bottle, why'd you take your pills with bottled water?

Seth:

I, uh...

[Before Seth can turn and run, Slater grabs the water bottle from his hand and gives it a whiff.]

BBS:

You're pathetic, Stratton.

[An angelic expression comes across Seth's face.]

Seth:

You're absolutely right, Bri.

BBS:

Don't call me 'Bri'.

Seth:

You're absolutely right, Brian. But I've decided to change, and that change starts now. I'm committed to becoming a better wrestler and a better man. As a gesture of good faith, I feel honor bound to tell you that I've hidden two handles of tequila, three sheets of blotter acid and a box of Coricidin Cough & Cold in that broom closet.

[Seth points to a nearby maintenance closet. Slater turns and opens the door, then looks back.]

BBS:

You're not just telling me this so you can lock me in here and run amok backstage, are you?

Seth:

That hurts, Brian.

[Slater scowls and ducks his head into the closet.]

BBS:

Holy shit, you weren't lyin'. Look at all this!

[Slater walks into the closet fully.]

BBS:

Well, good on you for being honest at least. Help me take this stuff to the dumpst-

[Slater is interrupted by the sound of the door slamming, and Seth positioning a folding chair under the knob.]

BBS:

What the... Oh, you little asshole! Open this door! Ope- Ugh, he's gone.

[Slater starts pounding on the door as the camera feed fades.]

WORDZ

[Backstage.] [Off camera, a shouting match can be heard. It's between two men. Both of whom, have more than recognizable faces.] **???:** Bull_fucking_shit! You were the one who cowarded the fuck out like a spineless baby pig-rat! Therefore, NO, I do not give one FUCK! **???:** That's ALWAYS been the problem with you! You never give a fuck! Not when Doozer and I were going at each others throats... not when we teamed up and started a riot. **Not now.** Not ever. It's always the COOL Cancer Jiles show, isn't it? There's no co-host, no room for a supporting cast or guests to interview on the show. It's a one man show and let me tell you, the reviews are abysmal. It's just you and your stupid fucking outfits and-- **Jiles:** --Don't. Don't even go where I think you're about to go, Eddy. You know what that means, and you have to face a guy who's literally twice the size of the guy I have to face tonight. [As an aside, it might sound as if The Count is looking past Dentari, and writing him off as a literal stepping stool. I should point out that it has nothing to do with respect, but more so to do with the fact that King COOL can't see him.] **White:** Shut you filthy hole of a mouth, I'll say whatever the fuck I want to say about anything, and then I'll shove a fist full of dollars down your throat. Silver Dollars, I might add. [Right about now, the camera catches up to the argument. After a focus and a zoom, Edward White and Cancer Jiles are seen standing almost nose to nose. Both have red faces. Both have clenches fists. Both are breathing heavy. Jiles has discarded of the title belt which lay on the floor a few feet behind him. His shirt is also off and... so are his sunglasses.] [I know. Total GASP.] [White's cigar remains lit, evidenced by him blowing smoke in Cancer's face on more than one occasion. His suit jacket is removed, and thrown behind him. His sleeves are rolled up, and the guy who constantly shines his shoes... is... well, shining his shoes.] **Jiles:** If you'd rather squander another chance to capture that which has eluded you... so be it. [A shove.] [Down the hallway, standing with his wall of security, The BAWWS emerges from out of nowhere. His arms are crossed. His brow is sharpened. His smile is nonexistent.] **Jiles:** Right. Well, to you, Edward, and your fucking misguided ass, I say what's done is done. You played your hand, and you lost. Get the fuck over it. You want another shot, go have fun with Dan Ryan first. Try to qualify. Loser. [Lord COOL T-shades up, spins on an abrupt heel and walks away. Before he can get going though, The Socialite reaches out and grabs him by the shoulder, spinning him back around. Dane sighs, and motions for the Sec Team to move in. The hallway is narrow, and there's about twenty five yards they have to cover before reaching the two stalwarts of wrestling.] **White:** Loser? I'm the loser? [He cackles, smoke billowing out of his mouth as he does so.] **White:** Cancer, unlike you, I've invested and picked my business partners quite well. You on the other hand, you have a certain stench... the stench of a pion. I can smell it through your imitation designer cologne. You stink like the pawn of Eric Dane. So, I have to ask, who's the real loser? [White releases his grip, dusts off Cancer shoulder, and then slowly starts to walk backwards with his arms raised high in the air. Not before long, the security team comes charging in, and creates a wall between the former Tag Team Champions.] [Unfortunately, one of the security team happens to graze White's jacket with his foot. It did not matter that the jacket was still tossed to the side, for his treason, he received six stitches to the lip.] [Gazing past all of the commotion and a wide grinning Edward White... Cancer fixates on the BAWWS, who still stands some twenty or so yards away.] **Jiles:** ... pawn? [cut.]

Tucker G. Alston vs Sam Turner Jr.

DDK: This match could be huge for either of these guys. Whoever wins is going to be highly considered for future Southern Heritage Championship shots! **Angus:** If Ty Walker doesn't smear Chance Von Crank across the mat and take the title out of his grubby hands. [To no fanfare whatsoever, Tucker G. Alston casually walks out from the back, working out stretching motions in his arms and legs. Some people cheer, some don't. Y'see, the point of ring music is to hype the crowd up, and... Well.] **Quimbey:** COMING FIRST TO THE RING, FROM SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY... TUCKER G AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALSTOOOOOOOOOOOOON! **Angus:** And listen to the crowd. Mister Excitement is hypin' them up. **DDK:** Alston is a brave competitor who has brought a lot of fire to the ring. **Angus:** Dude's a failed day trader who probably lost me some of my hookers n' blow portfolio. And his ring music is silence. **DDK:** It's unique, isn't it? [Alston pauses for a moment to slap a few hands, before rolling into the ring under the bottom rope. Tucker pops up to his feet and turns back to watch the entryway carefully.] [A song finally hits, and this one? "A Country Boy Can Survive". Hank Williams Jr, suckas. And upon hearing an actual bit of musical-ness, the crowd begins to cheer and hoot! Sure, we're in California, but the fans appreciate a good bit of tuneage.] **Quimbey:** COMING SECOND TO THE RING, FROM BLOODY HARLAN, KENTUCKY... SAM TUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURNEEEEEEEEEER JUNIOR! [As the curtains are thrown apart, Sam Turner comes stompin' out from the back, throwing one hand into the air, index finger pointed skyward! Whoohoo! Turner clenches both hands into fists, pumpin' those hands up and down as his big ol' legs carry him down the ramp!] **Angus:** I kinda want Sam to break Tucker like Mice and Men. **DDK:** That's kinda messed up, Angus. **Angus:** Darren, tell me again about the farm. **DDK:** ...If I do, do I get to shoot you in the head? **Angus:** I get to raise the rabbits. [Sam locks his eyes on the ring, and walks right on up to the apron. Turner climbs onto the apron, slips under the top rope, and put ones fist in the air as he looks out to the crowd.] **DDK:** I have to imagine both these guys don't want to fight one another. **Angus:** Yeah. A shame they're getting paid to. Might possibly be time to man the fuck up. [The bell rings, and Sam and Tucker trade a lock, before beginning to circle one another. Sam puts his big hands out to the side, fingers clawing. Tucker narrows his eyes, watching Sam carefully.] **Angus:** He's gonna hug Tucker... And squeeze Tucker... And call him George. **DDK:** I think Tucker Alston has more to him than that. **Angus:** But sometimes, he hugs too hard, and he breaks his little friends. [Tucker intended to put paid to Angus's jibes, and goes in fast, going for a low waistlock. As Sam brought both fists downward for a big ole' smash to Tucker's back, Tucker dives behind, hooking Sam's leg and making the big Country Boy fall across Tucker!] **Angus:** Ha! Schoolboy roll-up? Really? ONE! TW- [Sam Turner kicks out with authority, sending Tucker flying! The big Kentuckian sits up, fists clenching, and Tucker comes flying over, arm snaking around Sam's neck to try for a side headlock! Unfortunately for Tucker, Sam's barely winded, and goes popping to his feet, arms locked tightly around Tucker's chest!] **DDK:** Bearhug on Alston! [And indeed, Tucker was quickly feeling his ribs creak. The bearhug was very serious... But moreso was Sam Turner goin' charging into the ringcorner with Tucker, sending Alston's back smashing into the turnbuckles!] **Angus:** Sam Turner's showin' a little bit more fire than we usually see from him! Maybe he really wants ta earn a fight with Chance? **DDK:** I think he knows that Tucker can take it! [The big man let go of Tucker, letting the man slump back in the ringcorner. Hauling off, Turner brings a big forearm crashing down across Alston's chest! And again! And a third time! Rearing waaaaaay back, Sam brings his entire bodyweight to bear...] **DDK:** Turner misses! [The body-avalanche catches nothing but turnbuckle! Tucker darts behind Turner, as Sam ends up slumped against the turnbuckle, and the smaller wrestler began to fire stomping kicks at Turner's stomach, hammering the big guy deeper and deeper into the ringcorner!] **Angus:** He wants ta bring Sammy down to his level! [With Turner sagging down low against the top rope, Tucker turns, pumping a fist in the air and letting out a loud roar of energy! He dashes across the ring, rebounding off the ropes, before leaping at Sam with a flying elbow striii-] **DDK:** STO! [And a heck of a throwing STO, at that! Turner spikes Alston onto the mat with a BRUTAL throw, and quickly pounces atop him for a pin attempt!] "ONE! TWO! THR-" [Tucker throws up a shoulder at the last moment. Sam fell back on his haunches, running a hand through his hair for a moment, before he beckoned Alston up. Grabbing ahold of Alston's hair, Sam drags Tucker up... And Tucker reaches up, grabbing Sam by the hair! He drops to his knees, giving Sam a

big jawbreaker!] **Angus:** WHAMMO! What a reversal of fortune! [With Sam staggered, Tucker rushes in, hooking an arm around Turner's neck, his leg hooking around the big man's calf! A lean forward, and they both went crashing back to the ground, a quick Russian Legsweep taking Sam Turner down to the mat!] **DDK:** Sam Turner is down! If Tucker Alston can take advantage, this's where the match momentum might really change! [Tucker grabbed ahold of Sam's head with a front headlock, and he begins to lift Sam up and off the mat. He keeps that headlock cinched in tight, and Tucker reaches down, grabbing at Sam's right leg...] **Angus:** You think Tucker can get Sam up for his Fisherman's Buster? **DDK:** If he can't, it's gonna be painful for Tucker in a moment! [Tucker grits his teeth, forcing Sam up high enough for an attempt at the Buster... But as he tried to lift, Sam suddenly thrashes! And kicks! And fights! A bunch of veins and muscles stand out in Tucker's neck as he tries to lift Sam up...] [The big man lands back on his feet, puts both hands on Tucker Alston's chest, then THROWS him straight upwards with a pancake toss!] **Angus:** HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HA HA HA! TWENTY FEET OF ELEVATION! **WHUMPF** [Tucker lands with great force, and Sam Turner was quick to spring on him. Grabbing ahold of Tucker's head, Turner begins to pull Alston back up and onto a seated position. He points out to the crowd, then up into the air.] RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Turner stuffs Alston's head between his thighs, and bends down, grabbing at Tucker's legs. Alston gets flipped up...] **DDK:** Redneck Power Brawler! If Sam hits this... [But Tucker Alston shows quite a bit of agility, giving a twist and a graceful dive forward, arms lashing out and around!] **Angus:** Alston into a sleeper! [Sam Turner's eyes bulge, his arms thrashing as he is suddenly caught with a tight sleeper! Tucker's got it cinched in perfectly, and he even catches his legs around Turner's waist!] **DDK:** Can Turner break free? [Sam thrashes his arms, before an idea breaks through his brainpan. Turning, he rushes backwards all at once, and SLAMS Tucker Alston into the turnbuckles! Tucker cries out in pain, but keeps the sleeper held on!] **Angus:** TELL HIM ABOUT THE RABBITS, TUCKER! [Turner stumbles forward, flailing his arms, and turns his back, rushing across the ring for the other turnbuckle! Tucker glances backwards, seeing the turnbuckles coming up, and kicks his legs out!] **DDK:** TUCKER ALSTON SHOWING INCREDIBLE AGILITY! [Alston pushes off the turnbuckles with his feet, and swings, forcing Turner to spin slightly, dropping to both knees! With his face going red, Sam drops to one hand... And then lands facedown on the mat!] **Angus:** Poor ole' Lennie... [The ref comes in to check the hands. A lift once... Twice... Three times!] DING DING DING! **DDK:** Tucker Alston chokes Sam Turner out! Tucker's won! [Tucker immediately lets go, and the ref comes up, lifting Tucker's hand. In a kind move, Tucker immediately goes to Sam's side, shaking the big man's shoulder, looking into his face as the ref checks.] **Angus:** No, you can't go back and fix Lennie after the gunshot, man! [But Sam Turner is soon moving around, and Tucker helps the big man to his feet. As the crowd cheers, Sam and Tucker raise one another's hands, Sam pointing on over to Tucker. Sam might not be happy with the result, but it was well fought.]

#TeemCVC

[Throughout the arena people of all ages have been purchasing the #TEEMSTJ or #TEEMCVC t-shirts. Sam Turner Jr. is looking all for his cell phone that has went missing meanwhile Charlene Crank twists bubble gum around her finger from her mouth as she texts with one hand. She stands with her back up against the wall. The hallway is booming with wrestlers, referees and various other DEFIANCE staff. She is texting her mother currently back home in Harlan Kentucky. Her mother finds so much solace in the fact she is away from cVc and with Sam Turner Jr. Charlene suddenly gets a text from her boyfriend, Sam Turner Jr.] "Sam: I needdd 2 talk 2 you in the staging starewell."

"Charlene: Your spelling is getting so much better baby. You mean stairwell* Close enough, ill be there in just a minute." "Sam: K" [Charlene heads for the staging stairwell where she thinks STJ awaits her. Sam Turner Jr. walks out of his locker room still searching for his phone. A DEFIANCE staff intern walks up to him and hands him a yellow post it.] **Intern:** Sam, Charlene stuck this on my desk and I just now seen it, I hope it's not important. [Sam looks at the note and turns it upside down and side to side attempting with failure to read the note. The intern can see he is struggling.] **Intern:** It says to meet her in the staging stairwell. I brought it as soon as I seen it. [STJ nods at the Intern as he heads toward the stairwell. Charlene opens the door and walks in. It is darker than usual she notices and she looks down the stairs that leads to the staging area. There is a small area at the top of the stairs and another door to her right she can just barely make out in the dimly lit area. She peers through the darkness for Sam as she hears something and lets out a whimper from fright.] **Voice:** Here 2 Show Ya. **Charlene:** What?!? [A figure from behind her suddenly comes at her from behind and pushes her down the stairs. She lets out a blood curdling scream as she falls down the stairway. The pregnant petite Charlene tumbles down the stairs taking some rough licks to her head and ribs as she tumbles all the way to the bottom. The individual responsible for pushing her down the stairs exits out the right door quickly after dropping something at the top of the stairs. STJ rushes through the hallway to get to the stairs after hearing the screams. He opens the door Charlene entered from quickly. As soon as he opens the door he sees his cell phone on the floor on top of a t-shirt. His phone is ringing indicating he has a text. The shirt reads, "#TEEMCVC". The text is from a number he does not know and simply reads, "How Could You?" Mark Shields just so happens to find Charlene before anyone else does attempting to use the restroom before he has to be in the ring.] **Mark Shields:** Oh Lord! Charlene can you hear me?! [Sam can hear the referee at the bottom of the stairs and suddenly remembers the screams before and this is where he was to meet Charlene. He peeks over the staircase still on one knee looking at the items on the floor.] **Mark Shields:** She's bleeding below the waist she could well be having miscarriage we have to get her to the hospital. She is bleeding badly from cuts on her head and body but she is bleeding profusely below the waist and only one thing has caused that. [Sam stands up suddenly with concern for his unborn child as the referee and the medics who have joined him notices Sam.] **Shields:** Sam, why? Why Sam? [Sam continues down the stairs to get to Charlene as the referee and medics push him away calling for security to hall him away. STJ fights to stay with Charlene as he is handcuffed and lead away from the scene.]

Curtis Penn vs Heidi Christenson

Angus:

I'm gonna enjoy watching thi-

BEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWW

Angus:

OHGODDAMNIT

[Rush. "Tom Sawyer". Gee, the person coming to the ring was a total mystery.]

DDK:

This... might start a bonfire.

Angus:

I HATE MY GOD DAMNED LIFE

[On foot, Tom Sawyer comes walking out from the back, in a brand-spanking-new teeshirt advertising... Well, a monolithic mountain. A huge rocky silhouette in bright orange, on a black background. He brings a hand up, shading his eyes, looking out to the fans.]

Angus:

OH, AND HE'S GOT A FUCKING AGGRO CRAG TEE-SHIRT ON

[Yup. Tom turns around, showing the big stamped-metal AGGRO CRAG logo. A single thumb jabs down behind Tom's head, pointing towards his back.]

WE WANT THE CRAG! *clap clap clapclapclap*

WE WANT THE CRAG! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Tom spins around, and begins to jog down the ringramp, keeping to one side to slap a whole buncha hands. As Geddy Lee wails and Alex Lifeson shreds and Neal Peart does things that are indescribable to a drumset, Tom comes to the ringside area...]

[Then turns around, running back up the ramp!]

Angus:

YEAH, FUCK OFF. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, DIE IN A GREASEFIRE YOU FUCKING MONGO

DDK:

Why are you so extra-vitriolic right now?

Angus:

BECAUSE I SENSE A DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE

[And Tom runs all the way back down the ramp, now staying to the OTHER side, highfiving all the fans he missed the first time down!]

Angus:

BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

[Tom jogs around the ring, slapping the hands of every single person reaching out to him, before he turns, and leaps onto the apron! Yanking off his T-shirt, Tom points out into the crowd! Who wants the tee?]

DDK:

Well, whether you love him, like all the fans indahouse here tonight, or you hate him, like Angus here...

Angus:

XXM;LSMC;VEW'NQVE;JB;VMEQB;A

[How is that pronounced?]

DDK:

Tom Sawyer is definitely HERE!

[Tom tosses the tee-shirt into the crowd, before hopping down and heading right over to the commentary station.]

Angus:

see SEE SEE **SEE?!?!?!?!?!!**

[Tom sits down beside Darren, offering the man a handshake. Which, Darren happily accepts. Then, Tom puts a headset on.]

Tom Sawyer:

I see that Angus is overjoyed to have me here!

[Angus is leaning back in his seat, literal foam bubbling from his mouth.]

DDK:

Well, welcome to commentary, Tom. What do you think is gonna happen in this match?

Tom:

Heidi Christenson is the most skilled competitor that DEFIANCE has under contract, bar none. But I would never count Curtis Penn out. Dude's extremely skilled with his hands and his feet, not to mention them elbows and knees!

Angus:(Moaning sorrowfully)

not his mouth...

DDK:

Uh... Yeah. Excuse Angus, I think he just had a stroke. After the war of words they had this week, do you think that Penn's mindgames have gotten the better of Heidi Christ-

Angus:

HA!

DDK:

-enson?

Tom:

I don't think there's much anyone can do or say to keep Heidi from coming out to the ring with intent to maim. I wouldn't be surprised if Curtis Penn just made her mad.

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first!

♪ This is the year where hope fails you ♪
♪ The test subjects run the experiments ♪
♪ And the bastards you know, is the hero you hate ♪

Angus:

OKAY! Okay. I'm okay. I'm... I'm fine. Let's just do our jobs. Like professionals.

Quimbey:

Hailing from Pensacola Florida, and weighing in at 215 lbs! He is The Mouthpiece... CURTIS... PENNNN!!!

[Penn walks out. He doesn't play to the fans or do anything but head straight for the ring and roll under the ropes. He throws a couple warmup kicks.]

DDK:

Penn, without the Mike Sloan Experience anymore. As is my understanding, Sloan recovered from the knee injury Heidi inflicted on him back in November, and stayed in Japan with Tyson Burke and Luke Windham. He has nobody watching his back here.

Tom:

It's a bad situation to be in, when going against Heidi Christenson. She can attack you from five directions at once!

Angus:

It's funny, Keebs, because all along he's been going on about how he was gonna tear Heidi up for what she did to Sloan, and now that he gets a chance he's all like 'fuck Sloan I hate him', and is that a coincidence?

DDK:

The thing is, Penn's a good striker and a good submissionist in the ring. Essentially, he's playing the same game as Heidi. Is it good enough?

Tom:

The real question is whether Heidi's reputation and momentum have made Curtis Penn worried. I hope his time in Japan left Penn with lots of inner peace and focus.

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! She is a former two time Defiance Tag Team Champion, and a former Defiance World Champion! She... is... HEIDI...
CHRRRIISSSTEENNNSONNNN!!!

[Sharp discordant guitars lead into "Star Under My Bed" by Glassjaw. As the song blares to full volume, Heidi Christenson walks out onto the stage. Head lowered, she raises her arms, fists clenched, out to her sides at an angle.]

♪ Kneeling on my pillow, child ♪
 ♪ Kneeling on my pillow ♪
 ♪ I will see there, I will be there ♪
 ♪ You and me, we die ♪
 ♪ I will fracture, I will capture ♪
 ♪ You and me, we die ♪

[Heidi lowers her arms and locks her gaze on the ring and Curtis Penn in it. A predatory smile spreads across her face as she stalks towards the ring and climbs up onto the apron. Right up until Heidi manages to catch a glimpse of Tom Sawyer's blonde head at ringside. To her credit, all that merits is a narrowing of the eyes.]

♪ Summer's trudging closer, and a flurry of white as well ♪
 ♪ It's the, it's the heart of nuclear winter ♪
 ♪ And you can bet I'm scared as hell, but ♪
 ♪ I DON'T BLAME YOU! ♪
 ♪ I DON'T BLAME! YOU! ♪

DDK:

And that, right there, may be the most unpredictable and dangerous wrestler on the Defiance roster.

Tom:

Bar none, man. Say what you will about Bronson Box or Dan Ryan or anyone else, but Heidi Christenson's Christmas decor goes back to the Pagan era, with intestines strung up along the tree-branches.

Angus:

I'll say, Keebs! Look. I can't really support her because she's in direct opposition to Eric Dane, and all that, but in theory, I love Heidi in the same way I love Bronson Box. She walks out there and dammit Darren, I just wanna see

what she does. And Eric agrees with me. Most people who whip their dicks - er, their proverbial dicks out, end up kicked the fuck out of Defiance, and instead Heidi gets two bodyguards.

DDK:

Who're under authority to taze and ziptie her if she steps out of line. Especially if she comes after Tom, here.

Angus:

Let's not talk about him. But the most impressive part of all that is that she's a 150 pound woman, I mean, HOLY HELL.

♪ My God, am I the wrong one? ♪

♪ She's a monster of mankind ♪

[Heidi turns her back on Penn and climbs the turnbuckle, then hits her old facey index finger in the air pose.]

[Super-duper-mega-fucking-

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[And Curtis Penn decides he isn't going to wait for the bell!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Penn yanks Heidi backwards off the turnbuckle and he's going to town!

Angus:

Defiance is bizarro land. Dude just jumped a chick from behind, is applying the bare knuckles to her head, and he's getting cheered for it.

Tom:

One of the only ways to get Heidi Christenson offbalance in the ring is to get the momentum on your side, really fast!

Angus:

If only Keebs had said that, I might agree. I DON'T WANT TO GIVE YOU ANY CREDIT YOU MONGO

DING! DING! DING!

[Benny Doyle yells at Penn, but Penn doesn't give a damn. Months of frustration, struggling with the Mike Sloan experience, and feeling lost in the shuffle are boiling over. Heidi made it very clear in the promotional period that she intended to humiliate him, and he fully intends to put her in her place before she gets a chance.]

[Heidi turtles up, Doyle backs Penn off, and Heidi gets to her feet. She dusts herself off, laughs, and roundhouse kicks Penn on the upper thigh. Penn retaliates with a thigh kick of his own that sweeps her legs right out from under her.]

DDK:

Massive kick from Penn, and he's making the case that he will not be intimidated!

Sawyer:

He's got some grit to be going at Heidi full steam ahead like this.

Angus:

He's hoping he can finish her off before she fucks his head off his neck. It's that simple!

[Penn backs off and spreads his arms, asking Heidi if she's got any more than that. Heidi gets up, her expression now

blank, and circles him.]

[And then Penn rushes in! Heidi lands a kick but Penn blocks it, grabs her head in a clinch, delivers one knee, two knees - and Heidi trips him to the mat, spins around into side control, grabs the wrist..]

DDK:

Arm dragon screw! Heidi's just twisting that arm of Penn's, smashing it into the mat. Penn trying to get to his feet, Heidi with the go-behind and applies a hammerlock, hooks Penn's free arm with her leg, she's trying to end the match right here!

[Penn is able to wriggle and get his feet on the ropes. Almost needless to say, Heidi doesn't let go of the hammerlock. Mark Shields starts the 5 count without trying to argue with her, Samuel Grant brandishes the taser, and Heidi drops the hold at 4 and backs off. Penn gets up quickly, shakes his arm out a couple times to get the feeling back into it, then runs at Heidi.]

[Push kick misses, as Heidi drops her arms and leans back to dodge - but in the long run it works about as well for her as it just did for Anderson Silva, as Penn sweeps the legs with a back kick! He drops down behind Heidi, tries to hook the crucifix, he can't get her second arm hooked but he lays a couple elbows into the head. Heidi pushes back and bridges, rolling Penn back into a pin! One... Penn drops the crucifix, switches around to front chancery, lays in a Thai knee strike.]

DDK:

Penn has come into this match believing that his martial arts ability easily surpasses Heidi's. Without passing judgment on that comment, he's certainly more than adequate.

[Penn throws a second knee, but Heidi was waiting for it and catches the leg. Penn wobbles, and on one leg Heidi's able to push him over backwards. Instead of going straight for a submission, she simply grabs the ankle and flips over his body, snapping the leg Mr. Perfect style. And then instead of something fancy she just kicks him while he's lying on the mat as hard as she can.]

THWAAACK!

Angus:

Oh sweet Jesus!

Tom:

Honestly, Heidi's crazy to overlook Curtis Penn, he's a former World Tag Team Champ before, but trying to overlook Heidi is closer to suicidal, and if Curtis Penn doesn't learn better than that quickly...

Angus:

Ka-pfft. Jon's biggest problem is that he DOESN'T PAY ATTENTION.

DDK:

Curtis Penn, Angus.

Angus:

Whatevs.

[While the commentators banter, Heidi prowls around Penn's body, then bolts forward and kicks him again.]

DDK:

Heidi utilizing those quasi-legal soccer kicks.

Tom:

I can tell you all first hand how hard that woman kicks. She hits you in the ribs, it knocks your wind out. She kicks you

in the leg, your leg goes numb. She kicks you in the back, your balance gets knocked off center.

[Another soccer kick connects, this one right under the left shoulder. Penn is rolled over onto his back, and Heidi drops down on top of him for a very lackadaisical cover. One... TWO... Penn's out in about 2.2. Heidi sits down on his back, drapes his arms over her knees as though going for a camel clutch, then rolls over, bringing him with her and applying the lotus lock!]

Tom:

Heidi's toying with Penn. I know her style by now, and I know she'd be surgically dissecting a specific joint to aim for the win if she really wanted to head toward the back. Something's up, here.

DDK:

None the less, the vast majority of Heidi's strength is in her lower body, and she's using it to apply pressure to the neck.

Angus:

Yeah, she's also squeezing his arms together behind his back, too, that's gotta hurt his shoulders... I probably shouldn't have mentioned I noticed that.

[Penn braces his feet and pushes back, rolling Heidi over onto her back! ONE...quick kickout, but Penn escapes the lotus lock. Instead of getting to his feet, he rolls over onto his back and catches Heidi in guard when she dives back at him! An elbow strike from the ground stuns her, and Penn sinks in the kimura!]

DDK:

And Penn finally has a chance to do some damage! Heidi's looking for a way out of it...

[And not finding one. He's too heavy for her to stand up, she can't break his guard with one hand, rolling over would be counterproductive, and Heidi has to resort to pulling backwards and draping her ankle over the bottom rope. Shields calls for the break, Penn argues, Shields tries arguing back before giving up and starting the five count.]

Angus:

And it begins. Heidi spazzes whenever she has to rope break. She's all mad and sad 'cos she thinks she's being held to a double standard, and since Penn gets to argue...

[But Heidi slides out of the ring. Holding her elbow, she walks down the ringside towards the announce table. Sam and Jamie immediately jump in place between Heidi and Tom, and as though she never had the slightest intention of attacking Tom Sawyer, Heidi climbs up on the apron.]

Angus:

You catch her givin' you the stinkeye there, Tommy Boy?

Tom:

Yeah. She wants me to know what the Aggro Crag is gonna be like.

DDK:

Mindgames go both ways. You might have the advantage with knowing the match, but Heidi is Heidi. And now, she's going for something nasty on Curtis Penn... DROPKICK!

[With the distraction, Penn was waiting on Heidi and as she climbed onto the apron, sprinted and knocked her flying backwards with a dropkick! Heidi flies into her security guards as Penn heads across the ring to build up speed, and...]

DDK:

TOPE! Tope suicido from Curtis Penn!

Tom:

But he missed Heidi! He only got the guards!

Angus:

Better start running, kid.

[As Sam goes all the way down and Jamie hangs onto the commentary desk, Heidi quickly moves in behind the fallen and shaken Penn, locking in the full nelson and delivering her trademark vicious dragon suplex right on the ringside mats!]

DDK:

And that's going to hurt for days. She whips people over so fast with that dragon suplex I'm surprised she hasn't broken a neck with it. Heidi's pulling Penn to his feet, setting something up!

Tom:

Schwein! On the outside! She's sick, she's trying to injure his neck!

[Heidi was close enough to overhear, and she screams loud enough to be picked up clearly.]

Heidi:

He asked for this and you know it!

[Curtis Penn is thrown back into the ring and Heidi rolls in after him.]

DDK:

Heidi, applying a standing deathlock to the legs, ducks her head underneath his arm and hooks an arm triangle choke!

Tom:

Ooh. Modified jail hold.

[Penn tries punches with his un-trapped arm, but he can't get leverage enough to hurt her with them. The punches slow down, and his arms drop. Shields checks his arm.]

ONE!

...he's out.

TWO!

...he's out.

THREE!

...he's rallying!

DDK:

Penn, shaking his fist, trying to get the fans behind him, and...

[Suddenly, his fist drops again. Shields looks a bit puzzled, but he goes back to check.]

ONE!

...he's out.

TWO!

...he's out.

THREE!

...he's rallying!

DDK:

Penn, trying to stay in this, delivering shots to Heidi's ribcage with his free arm, and... stops?

Tom:

Guys. I know what's going on here.

[Shields is checking Penn again.]

ONE!

...he's out.

Tom:

Penn's not breakout out of that hold of hers, but since it's a knockout hold rather than a submission, she's deliberately not putting him to sleep.

TWO!

...he's out.

Tom:

So she lets him start to get some energy back and then she tightens it up again.

THREE!

...he's "rallying"!

DDK:

I do believe you're right.

[This time the fans don't bother to cheer, they just boo. Mark Shields wags a finger in Heidi's face. Heidi rolls her eyes, braces her leg that isn't anchoring the deathlock and pushes with it, synching in the hold as tight as she can possibly manage.]

[Penn taps.]

DING! DING! DING!

Tom:

I can't say that I didn't expect the match to end kind of like this...

[Sam brandishes the taser meaningfully, and so Heidi drops the hold. She climbs up on the ropes facing the announcer's table, flips Tom off with both fingers, and then swagger-walks across the ring and onto the ramp before heading to the back.]

DDK:

We'll be back in a bit, wrestling fans!

The Principal's Office - Like A BAWS!

Knock, knock.

[Eric Dane's office.]

[It's an awfully popular place, yeah?]

[The Ultra Mega BAWS of DEFIANCE is behind his desk. He heard the knock, by the way, he's just busy, so he's ignoring it.]

Knock, knock.

"Aye, we know you're in there..."

"You can't hide from us forever!"

[Before Dane even utters a response of permission, the door flies open and there stands the Triplasian that Includes a Caucasian who barge in, lead by Tyrone Walker.]

Tyrone Walker:

Dayumn, homie, answer your door much?

[At this moment all three of them try to enter but in classic comic fashion, the three combined are too fat to fit. Rather than wait on the three of them, the dark-skinned fourth wheel of the group scrambles over top of them, boombox in hand before performing a flip and landing on his feet a few feet inside the office. He calmly reaches down and presses a button on the boombox and suddenly Like a Boss begins playing and he begins bobbing his head to the beat as Ryan, Sam and Ty fight their way through the door.]

[Meanwhile. The BAWS finally turns his attention away from business and looks at the pint sized member of the crew that stands before him. He is not amused, with a look that says he might just stab this little fucker.]

Fourth Wheel: [Shaking nervously]

Heidi....HEIDI!

[With that he scrambles back away from the desk, planting himself firmly against the wall and holding the boombox up as a measure of defense before pressing another button, causing the song I'm Sorry to play.... Say hello to Pinis, Pinis 2000. That's PINE-US, not PEEN-IS or PEEN-US. He's a strange little fellow, who only speaks in song from his magical boombox with an infinite playlist and with the names of people who represent his current emotional state. Needless to say, Heidi Christensen is one scary bitch.]

[Finally managing to shove Ty and Sam out of the way, Ryan Matthews makes his way into the office, followed by the other two members of the Triumvirate that makes em beg for it. Matthews calmly takes a seat across from DA BAWS and folds his hands in his lap.]

Matthews:

I understand you wanted to speak with me...

[Dane's icy blue gaze focuses on the lightest skinned brother of the four who stand before him.]

Dane:

Yes, Mr. Double Crown, I do. I was surprised when Ty over there, actually no, I was shocked that you would want to work **for** me.

Matthews:[Snickers to himself]

Ah yes, the age old jab at me that never seems to want to go away and die. I guess I should thank you for that bit of

motivation. After all not six months later I went out and proved you wrong. I mean all jabs about transitional championships aside, I did manage to at least do ONCE what you managed to do what? Six times? But that's all beside the point to me, water under the bridge if you will. And as far as working for you goes, I'm just here to have some fun with my compadres and maybe make a bit of scratch in the process.

Dane: [nodding]

Good, good. Just as long as you understand that I'm not going to tolerate any bullshit disruptions that cost me money.

Matthews: [shrugs]

I'm living by a simple philosophy these days Mr. Dane. Don't start nothin, won't be nothin. The only money I'll be costing you will be the money you're paying me in my contract and I think with the amount of merchandise my cohorts and I will be able to sell for you, that contract will be well worth it's weight. I have no ambitions aside from the three of us doing what we plan to do as a team. Other than that, I'll just be watching from the sidelines really. Unless somebody in the locker room feels the need to get feisty with me...then I'll handle business in the ring, the way it should be done. In other words, you needn't worry about me tearing shit up in the back and making a mess of things. But if I have no choice but to put somebody down, I'm gonna put em down, that's just the nature of our business.

[Again Dane nods, accepting Matthews word on the matter. Turning towards Ty, he continues.]

Dane:

Alright then, you vouched for them, so they're your responsibility.

[Ty merely smirks with a roll of his eyes.]

Walker:

Yeah, yeah... I'll try to keep the property damage to a minimum, heh.

Matthews: [raises a hand for a moment]

Just for future reference for the payroll department, Mr. Dane. The last name that should be on the check is Matthews, not Double Crown. Just wanted to clarify that for tax purposes. Would make me filing those bitches next year kinda difficult to explain to my accountant.

[Just then from the back of the room...]

Horry:

Oh yeah, and remember to tell them my last name is spelled H-O-R-R-Y. No E in there. Makes cashing them damn things difficult even with my ID in hand.

Walker:

Yeah, 'cause droppin' the E from your name is such a brilliant tactical maneuver in evading the feds.

[Dane's brow, it cocked all curiously and such at the mention of the feds. Sam takes a swing at his cousin, a flat handed chop directly to the chest.]

Walker:

Did I say feds? I meant, baby-mamas, 'cause you know how we do.

Matthews:

He's not just evading fe-*ahem* baby-mamas in THIS country. [Turns to Dane] Probably doesn't match many of your stories but if you want a decent laugh remind me sometime to tell you why he's not allowed to go back to England...ever.

[Dane stares back at the three and their silent fourth member for a moment, but a quick twitch of the head breaks him from the stupor.]

Dane:

Right... Well, that was "utterly entertaining."

[Taking that as a cue, the four take their leave, with Matthews being the last to exit. He turns back to Dane for a moment at the door.]

Matthews:

You know, I actually look forward to us doing business together. Never thought I'd be able to say that. Have a good one [Shooter McGavin-style single pistol gesture]...boss.

[Cut.]

Is it worth the hassle?

[Aside from a quick trip out to the ringside area to engage in some commentary action, Tom Sawyer has been simply spending his evening stretching, engaging in light calisthenics, and mentally preparing. Sure, he had a monitor tuned to the TV feed, and sure, he was half-watching it at all times, but in his locker room, there was mostly... peace.] [As the camera feed panned back, catching Tommy stretching and preparing, it also caught the other half of the fearsome twosome who were bound and set to fight Seth Stratton and the First. Eugene Dewey, newly shed weight or not, was plopped in a chair, furiously gaming. And from outside in the arena, as they caught the view, the fans go-]

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" [Tom pauses, giving a grin

and a soft smile upward, before he stops his running-in-place.] **Eugene Dewey:** Hey... I wanted to put something out there. You know, I just don't get it, Tom. [Eugene on the other hand has been having a relatively relaxing, physicality-and-promo-free-evening. Well, peaceful by other peoples standards. He's been on edge all night with a PS3 (ZOMG) controller in hand and 'The Last Of Us' on the TV screen in front of him.] [Clickers ain't peaceful, you get me?]

Eugene Dewey: There's times I envy you, man. You know, with the following you've got, and everything.... And that new contract? I wouldn't say no to that... [Eugene chuckles, but it's more of an awkward laugh than anything else, mainly because of the way Tom is looking at him.]

Tom Sawyer: Had to shed a lot of blood, sweat and tears to get here. But so long as you keep at it, keep doin' what you're doin', I'm sure you'll be selling action figures and tee-shirts like me sooner rather than later. [Eugene smiled proudly for a moment before laughing to himself again.]

Tom Sawyer: What's funny? **Eugene Dewey:** I was just thinking... To get the fame and the money, do you really need the hassle?

Tom Sawyer: Hassle? **Eugene Dewey:** Yeah, you know. Like... I'd like to be headlining shows and have everyone talking about my huge upcoming match and everything... But if that meant having to face Heidi Christenson on the Aggro Crag... I don't know if I'd really want that. [Tom takes a seat in front of Eugene and leans in. Fortunately Dewey is at a point where he can pause the game easily and not worry about being eaten as soon as he unpauses it.]

Tom Sawyer: I'm not gonna lie to you, Eugene, but that's what this business is all about. You have to take your licks, if you're willing to be someone people pay to see. You don't think I wanted to fight the Untouchables, three on one, do you? **Eugene Dewey:** Listen, I still wish I could have been the-

[Tom interrupts with a slash of his hand.] **Tom Sawyer:** I know. It's cool. I did what needed doing. Bullies need standing up to. I may not have accomplished much in that particular match, but people needed to see that SOMEONE was willing to stand up to the Untouchables. But I learned something that day.

Eugene Dewey: Don't fight a stable of World Champions four-on-one? **Tom Sawyer:** Besides that. Don't challenge people when they have the advantage. Force them to come to someplace where you are strong, if you can.

Eugene Dewey: That's why you want to fight her in the Aggro Crag? **Tom Sawyer:** Exactly. Heidi's never been to the Crag. I've been there twice. Nobody else has more experience than me in that match. That's why she wants to change the matchtype. But as long as Eric wants a spectacle for Ascension, that's what we're gonna get. [Eugene nods softly, and glances down to his PS3.]

Eugene Dewey: Man, I wish life were like video games, sometime. [Tom reaches over, slapping Eugene on the shoulder.] **Tom Sawyer:** That's why we're gonna go out there in a little while, and we're gonna kick Seth Stratton right in the mouth. At the end of THIS Suicide Mission, Commander Shepard wins with a right hook. You're gonna shut him up nice and seriouslike. Sound good?

[Eugene brings the cursor icon down to "Save", and let the system remember where he was. Then, soft power off.] **Eugene Dewey:** Yeah. Time to go show the bully that someone's gonna stand up to him.

[Tom Sawyer heads to the door, a big smile appearin' on his lips.] **Tom Sawyer:** That's the spirit. C'mon, Eugene. Let's do this. [Exit: Team Dewyer.]

Edward White vs Dan Ryan (Ladder War Qualifier)

DDK: Time for another LADDER WAR QUALIFIER! **Angus:** It's Scrooge McDuck versus The Incredible Hulk, Keebs! Mr. Moneybags versus Mr. Human Growth Hormone! **DDK:** I thought you liked Dan Ryan? **Angus:** Is he named Cancer Jiles OR a member of Team Danger? **DDK:** Well, no... **Angus:** Then FUCK YOU Darren. **DDK:** *sigh* [The opening chords of O Fortuna kicks its way through the UCSB Center's sound system prompting the crowd to simply erupt in a chorus of boos and jeers aimed directly at the entrance ramp. This relatively new entrance music belongs to two very established members of the DEFIANCE roster. Two men this packed southern California crowd obviously can't stand.] [The Sophisticate and The Original DEFIANT, The Socialite and The Wargod. The Blood Diamonds.] **Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen! Now making his way to the ring being accompanied by his tag team partner Bronson Box! He is a former DEFIANCE Tag Team, DEFIANCE Southern Heritage, and FIST of DEFIANCE champion. He's is The Socialite... EDWAAAAAAAAAAAAARD WHIIIIIIIIITE! [Bronson is dressed to the nines in his trademark three piece suit, all black with a blood red tie. He keeps a few paces back clapping and presenting his Blood Diamonds tag team partner and good friend to the DEFIANCE faithful, only fueling their ire. Edward looks out over the crowd with contempt.] **DDK:** The Blood Diamonds coming out here as a unit only spells trouble for The Ego Buster, Angus. **Angus:** This is going to be more brutal than a death metal concert. [Edward White gives the fans a derisive smile as he and Bronson make their way down the entrance ramp. A few fans managing to heave popcorn boxes and empty beer cups at the duo's feet. Edward is disgusted, Bronson looks as though he couldn't be more pleased.] **Angus:** Like a pig in shit that one. **DDK:** Bronson Box is almost fueled by the fans hatred, Angus. [As The Socialite climbs the turnbuckles and jaws with the always abusive first row fans Bronson makes his way over to the announce desk.] **Angus:** Oh you gotta' be fuckin' kidding me. Is this really happening right now? **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen, a DEF TV first. The Bombastic Bronson Box has chosen to sit in on commentary with my partner and I... [The rustle of Bronson situating behind the play by play area and adjusting his headphones is heard. Edward applauds from inside the ring and urges the crowd to give Bronson a round of applause only drawing their ire even more.] **DDK:** Bronson, welcome. **Bronson Box:** Gentlemen. Pleasure. **DDK:** You okay over there partner? **Angus:** I'm going on record as saying I'm not fucking okay with this. [As The Socialite goes about preparing in one of the corners and Bronson settles into commentary Zero by The Smashing Pumpkins causes the fans to absolutely erupt into cheers and adulation. The Ego Buster, The Outsider (according to certain bald mustashioed grapplers), their newest hero.] **Quimbey:** Aaaaaaaaand his opponent! Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is the current reigning FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIST OF DEFIAAAAAAANCE ... The EGO Buster... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!! [The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson] ♪ *My reflection, dirty mirror* ♪ *There's no connection to myself* ♪ *I'm your lover, I'm your zero* ♪ *I'm the face in your dreams of glass* ♪ *So save your prayers* ♪ *For when you're really gonna need 'em* ♪ *Wanna go for a ride?* ♪ **DDK:** Dan Ryan is looking ready for war, gentamen. **Bronson Box:** Dan Ryan is a right fool if he thinks he's going to just stomp his way through a thinking man's wrestler like Edward White. [Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, his eyes never leaving Edward White as he does so.] [Ed takes a few aggressive steps towards Ryan. Dan hops down off the turnbuckle and lands right in front of White. The Ego Buster's eyes afire, ready for the bell.] [Speak of the devil, Benny Doyle signals for just that.] **DING DING!** [After some forehead to forehead shit talking, White lands a lightning fast European Uppercut jaw jacking Ryan for a moment.] **Bronson Box:** Picture perfect! **DDK:** Dan Ryan fires back though! [The two bulls rain down closed fist shots into each others mellons for what seems like an eternity, Ryan ever so slowly getting the better of Ed White. Dan eventually pushes the financial titan back into the corner, Irish Whip...] **DDK:** The Socialite landing hard in the turbuckle! **Angus:** I think I hear a

train comin' Keebs! [Ryan backs up and sprints across the ring towards White, crushing him between his massive chest and the turnbuckles. Ed instinctively rolls from the ring and backs up to the announce table to talk strategy with Boxer.] **Bronson Box:** Just like we talked about lad, just like we talked about. Protect yourself, don't let him dig in like that. If ye' can't find a weakness MAKE one. [Ed mumbles a few off camera comments to his tag partner eventually stalking back towards the ring at a now very confident Dan Ryan.] **DDK:** Something tells me those ribs of Ed White hasn't completely healed from that nasty shovel shot from Ronnie Long at the Untouchable PPV. Am I wrong Bronson? **Bronson Box:** Well aren't you the little journalist. Why don't you just call the bloody match, Darren. **Angus:** Yeah Darren, Jesus fucking Christ man. Bronson is our GUEST here tonight! **DDK:** ... really? **Angus:** [whispering] I'm so fucking scared right now man, I don't know what to do. I just don't want to die. [Dan having stepped back urging Ed to climb back into the ring, The Socialite does so with great trepidation. Dan rushes in for a double leg take down when he sees an opening but White telegraphs the move taking Ryan's head in a tight headlock.] **DDK:** Ryan's caught! **Bronson Box:** That's what disrespect gets you, Darren. Pain. [Ed wastes little time, tipping back and cracking Ryan's head into the canvas.] **DDK:** DDT from Edward White! Ryan is down! [Boxer laughs into his headset.] **Bronson Box:** My my wouldn't this be an opportune time for... say, guests? [Up on the stage we see... nothing?] **DDK:** Ummm... **Angus:** HA! I mean... **Bronson Box:** What the bloody hell? [Ed lays boots to Dan Ryan who's quickly shaking the cobwebs caused by Ed's earlier assault.] **DDK:** I'm... yes, I'm getting word of a commotion backstage. [We cut to a chaotic scene in a back hallway where we find the DEFIANCE World champion Cancer Jiles having parked a huge forklift against The Moral Majority's dressing room door. Quell and James can be heard banging and clawing from inside. Nearby Python and Tom Sawyer have made short work of Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze, the duo laying major boots to Edward White's goons.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH! CANCER! CANCER! CANCER! CANCER! [Cancer hops off the forklift, whips off his t-shades and stares right into the camera with the COOOOOOOolest smile he can muster.] **Cancer Jiles:** Looks like you're on your own tonight, jerks! Good luck Dan-O! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH! [We witness Tom lay a few more boots to the gut of Nicky Corozzo before the trio troops off down the hallway and the camera cuts back to the ring. Dan Ryan is still on the receiving end of Ed White's two fisted assault. The Socialite has Ryan backed into a corner and is landing some gut shots of his own.] **DDK:** White's assault is focused on Ryan's upper body so far. **Bronson Box:** Yes well, it's bloody hard to pull off those miraculous power moves when your arms are limp noodles stapled to the sides of a lump of bread dough. More importantly just WHO DO THOSE THREE THINK THEY ARE?! Cancer Jiles and his little helper monkeys think they've won, do they? DO THEY, ANGUS?! **Angus:** I... I don't... I can't... **DDK:** Someone get some towels and Angus a new pair of pants down here at ringside, STAT! [Ed's all out assault on Dan's limbs with every rope and turnbuckle assisted cheap shot in his playbook is starting to wear down The Ego Buster. The fans however are firmly behind Ryan, beating on the guardrails, stomping their feet, their voices raised as one.] EGO BUSTER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP EGO BUSTER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP EGO BUSTER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP [Ed takes a moment, half a moment to jaw back at the hostile fans... that's all it took.] **Angus:** OH MY GOD! **Bronson Box:** BLAST THAT BASTARD STRAIGHT TO HELL! [Like lightning Ryan finds the epic burst of speed and strength to step behind White, lock in around his million dollar waist and lift much to the delight of the packed crowd.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH! **DDK:** WHAT A MANEUVER! A release German out of absolutely nowhere from Dan Ryan! [The Socialite lands nastily on the back of his neck, limply rolling over onto his back like a half empty sack of potatoes. Ryan is quick to his feet and on White like lightning, taking the head and forcing Ed back up to his knees. Dan lets go and quickly takes a couple steps back, taking a second to look back over his shoulder at the still kneeling Ed White...] **DDK:** SUPERKICK FROM RYAN! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH! **Bronson Box:** COME ON ED! YE' BASTARD, GET UP! GET UP! [A rustle of headphones being dropped down on the desk can be heard. The camera cuts to the announce desk and Bronson tossing his suit jacket right into Darren Keebler's face before marching off towards ringside. Dan Ryan immediately taking his eye off the ball, said eyes now glued to Bronson stalking around ringside in his dress clothes.] **DDK:** With all their minions subdued backstage, if Bronson is going to pull some shenanigans for his tag team partner he's going to have to pull them off all by himself. **Angus:** Thanks for having them bring me new pants, Keebs. I uhhh... **DDK:** Don't mention it, partner. Honestly. **Angus:** Dude literally scares the fuckin' piss out of me Darren. [Bronson's distraction proves fruitful as Ed shakely sneaks up behind The Ego Buster, balls up his fist and...] **DDK:** LOW BLOW FROM ED WHITE! RYAN DROPS DOWN TO ONE KNEE! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** He's clutchin' his SACK, Keebs! [Back on his feet, Ed is pushed back against the ropes by referee Benny Doyle. The little ref reprimanding Ed for his blatant low blow. With Doyle distracted Bronson picks his spot, pulling Ryan's head out under the bottom rope and choking him with his tie until Benny spins back around. Boxer backs up against the security rails with an evil grin.] **Angus:** Ugh... these two are fuckin' awful. COME ON DAN! DO IT FOR THE CHAMP! **DDK:** Even reduced in numbers The Blood Diamonds are a potent combination, Angus! LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU

DIAMONDS! LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU DIAMONDS! LETS GO RYAN! FUCK YOU DIAMONDS! [Ed reaches down and grabs Ryan by the hair, pulling him to his feet. Ryan struggles and lands a few sharp elbows to White's guts but in vain as Ed heaves Ryan up and drops the muscle bound grappler down on his back with a picture perfect Sidewalk Slam.] **DDK:** It's no mere coincidence Ryan's back and neck are being targeted here, Angus. If you'll remember the last few weeks starting at Untouchable The Blood Diamonds have on several occasions obliterated The Ego Buster's back with vicious targeted assaults. **Angus:** And Dan hasn't taken a friggin' week off. All I can think about every time Dan catches a shot to the back is FDJ back droppin' him over the guardrail at the PPV. **DDK:** Epic brutality, partner. [After some telegraphed shots to the ribs Dan rolls under the bottom rope out of complete instinct. Ed immediately grabs Benny Doyle by the shirt collar and pulls him into the corner complaining about some phantom injury.] **DDK:** CLOTHESLINE FROM BRONSON BOX! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [As Boxer trots past the now reeling Dan Ryan, he confidently taps his head with his index finger mocking the now livid fans. Behind Bronson however, like a fucking superhero, Dan Ryan slowly gets to his feet.] **Angus:** Look behind ya' cueball! [As Boxer spins around Ryan just roars like a psychopath and tackles The Wargod back against the railing. The duo flips over the guardrail and land back in the second row in a heap. Benny Doyle sees the chaos, forgoing a count he simply urges the grapplers back into the ring.] **DDK:** Doyle avoiding a count here, he knows Eric Dane will want a clear winner one way or another out of this one. [Ed White starts screaming in the little referees face about now counting Ryan out. Doyle stands his ground and gets right back in The Socialite's face pointing to his referee shirt.] **Angus:** Ata' boy Benny! [Cutting back to the crowd we're greeted with Bronson clamping down on Dan Ryan's head with God's Fiery Right Hand amongst a pile of chairs. The fans in the immediate vicinity blocking Doyle's view enough that he can't see the maneuver being applied.] **Angus:** This is goddamn madness, Keebs. [After what seems like an eternity Box releases the hold and heaves Ryan back over the guardrail. Dan's body landing back first against the steel ring steps.] **DDK:** I can't see how Ryan can continue like this, that back must be in absolute agony! [Boxer hops over the guardrail, grabs Dan by the scruff of his neck and tosses him under the bottom rope. Backing away from the ring, his hands raised, across his face a broad smile. Doyle leans under the top rope for just a moment to order Boxer to stay away...] **DDK:** ED WHITE BLASTS DAN RYAN WITH SOMETHING FROM HIS TIGHTS! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [As Doyle turns around The Socialite deftly tosses the small leather blackjack the other direction behind the referee's back. Bronson collects the weapon and slips it into his back pocket walking casually back to the announce desk. He leans over and screams right into Angus' face.] **Bronson Box:** HOW'D YE' LIKE THAT ONE LAD?! [He walks off laughing. Back in the ring Ed is taking a little precious time to egg on the fans.] **Angus:** I'm gunna' need therapy after this bullshit... FUCK YOU EDWARD! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK YOU EDWARD! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK YOU EDWARD! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** [Just as Dan Ryan is slowly, wobbly getting to his feet using the ropes Ed grabs the referee by the shirt collar one more time... that phantom injury again. With Doyle's back turned the blackjack comes into play again, this time several sharp cracks across the back of Dan Ryan's head by The Wargod.] **Angus:** This is sick! **DDK:** Bloodthirsty with more money than God... if Eric Dane isn't taking these two seriously, I'd start. [Blood pouring from the fresh gash on the back of his head Edward steps up behind Ryan and hoists him up on his shoulders. He proudly marches around the ring for a moment with The Ego Buster on his shoulders. Power, strenght, money. Ed White is on top of the world.] [He tilts to one side, his feet going out from under him. Dan Ryan's now injured head aimed straight towards the canvas.] **DDK:** STOCK MARKET DROP! THAT NASTY DEATH VALLEY DRIVER RIGHT ON RYAN'S SKULL! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** GOD DAMNIT! [Ed rolls across Ryan for the three count.] 1... 2... 3... NO! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH! [Dan limply rolls a shoulder up. Edward is speechless, Boxer is livid.] **DDK:** Dan Ryan lives! **Angus:** Dude is a BEAST, Keebs! A goddamn BEAST! [Edward gets to his feet and violently drags Dan to his. He whips Ryan's head between his legs and looks out over the packed DEFIANCE crowd. He drags a thumb across his throat before...] **DDK:** MARKET FAILURE! OH GOD WHAT A PILEDIVER! [Dan Ryan's body goes limp and falls down to the canvas in a heap.] **Angus:** Did you hear that sound? Holy fuck I think I'm gunna' to puke. [Edward White's jumping piledriver directly onto Dan Ryan's foreign object abused skull was the final nail. After yet another two on one affair...] [Ed rolls up Ryan with a fist full of The Ego Buster's tights just for good measure.] 1... 2... 3... **DING DING DING!** **Angus:** Such bullshit. **Quimby:** AAAAAAAND YOUR WINNER, MOVING ON TO THE SECOND EVER FIVE WAY LADDER WAR FOR THE WOOOOOOOOLD TITLE... THE SOCIALITE... EDWAAAAAAAAARD WHIIIIITE! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! FUCK YOU EDWARD! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*** FUCK YOU EDWARD! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*** FUCK YOU EDWARD! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*** [The fans hatred is palpable. Edward wastes no time rolling from the ring and joining his tag team partner in backstepping up the ramp. It doesn't take long for Dan to come around and realize what just happened. Needless to say The Ego Buster is livid.] [The Blood Diamonds celebrate their victory as Ryan seethes back down in the ring.]

Tom Sawyer/Dewey vs Seth Stratton/Dragon Jones

DDK:

Welcome back to the events center at UC Santa Barbara! We've got a good one up next!

Angus:

It better be. Wait, what am I saying? Uncle Seth is involved!

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match and is schedule for one fall...

[Dim the lights, fill that bitch with smoke. Hit those red stage lights. Dragon Jones paces out, dragging Folding Chair behind him via an attached chain.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first... Hailing from Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and weighing in at 197 pounds! He... is... Dragon Jones...
THEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE FIIIIIIIRST!!!

♪ *I got some shit ta say just for the fuck of it* ♪

♪ *Them thangs them thangs don't even ask me* ♪

DDK:

Last week Seth Stratton defeated Eugene Dewey using questionable tactics, and this week Eugene and Tom Sawyer will team up to face him and this man, Dragon Jones.

Angus:

Questionable? He won the match, no question about that.

[Dragon ignores the fans on the way to the ring, stomping up the ring stairs and being told his chair is not legal to be used in this match. He then promptly ties it to the bottom post.]

♪ *Master of self contained combust* ♪

♪ *Sustained disgust command him claim* ♪

♪ *Figure eight strut can't be touched* ♪

♪ *Subversive infiltration reign supreme in none me trust* ♪

♪ *Why must them fuck them* ♪

[His music cuts, and immediately Dokken's "Breaking the Chains" rips through the UCSB Events Center. Tens of women swoon as Seth Stratton makes his way out onto the stage.]

Quimbey:

Introducing second, hailing from Atherton, CA... standing six foot two inches and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds, he is THE SULTAN OF SWEET... SETHHHHHHHH... STRAAAAAAAAATONNNNNN!

DDK:

Earlier tonight it was revealed that Head of DEFSEC 'Buffalo' Brian Slater has been tasked with keeping an eye on Seth Stratton, and Seth seemed none too happy with that.

Angus:

Seth is a man of style. Why would he want some lumbering mountain man harshing his groove?

[Seth jogs down the ramp. A fan attempts to reach out and pat him on the back. Seth jumps two feet in the opposite direction.]

Angus:

Hands off, heathen!

DDK:

What a nutcase.

[Seth climbs the stairs and into the ring. He eyes Dragon Jones uncomfortably. The Halo 2 Theme (Mjolnir Mix) hits, to a small pop from the crowd.]

Quimbey:

Introducing third, from Buffalo, Wyoming, standing six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds... EUUUUUUGENE DEEEEEWEEEEEEYYYY!

[Eugene heads out from the back and waves uncomfortably to the crowd. He walks down to the ring and reluctantly slaps hands with a few fans before getting into the ring. He waves again and takes his place in the corner quietly.]

Quimbey:

And finally...

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush.]

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

I can't wait for Heidi to finish this guy off at Ascension.

DDK:

What an awful thing to say! This man is a role model, he spent his week helping with flood relief in Calgary!

Angus:

And Seth spent his week helping with flood relief between the legs of several women, whose to say which act was more courageous?

DDK:

You're a disgusting person.

[Tom makes his way to the ring, giving out plenty of high fives on the way down the ramp.]

Quimbey:

Standing five foot, seven inches tall... weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds... from Red Deer, Alberta, Canada... TOMMMMMMM... SAAAAAAAAAAWYEEEEEEER!

[Tom slides into the ring and begins talking strategy with Eugene Dewey. Seth and Dragon also talk strategy, but it comes off more as whiney bickering. Seth finally sends Dragon to the corner with a 'Whatever, man' expression.]

DINGDINGDING

DDK:

It appears Eugene Dewey and Seth Stratton are going to start this one out.

Angus:

We may not even see a tag out. Seth might just end this here and now.

[The two men lock up. Eugene surprises everyone, including himself, by taking Seth by the arm and quickly slamming him to the mat. Tom Sawyer applauds, the fans cheer, and Seth quickly rises to his feet and delivers a standing kick to Eugene's ribs.]

Angus:

Questionable strategy by Seth, there's still a lot of meat on those bones.

[Eugene winces in pain, and Seth goes for another kick. But this time, Eugene catches his leg and delivers a potent right to Seth's chin, knocking him to the mat.]

DDK:

Now that's how you deal with a bully!

Angus:

No, it isn't. That just pissed Seth off.

[Eugene pulls Seth to his feet before he can regroup, hooks his arm, and lands a picture perfect vertical suplex. The crowd pops, and Eugene lifts Seth again, steps behind him and drops him with a falling neck breaker. He goes for the cover...

ONE! TWO! THR-KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Near fall there for Eugene, after an impressive sequence.

Angus:

Near fall my ass.

[Eugene stands and makes his way to his corner to tag in Sawyer, but Seth scurries up and catches him. He turns Dewey around, plants a boot in his stomach and kicks him rights in the face, causing Eugene's head to snap back and spit to fly everywhere.]

Angus:

Did you really think it'd be that easy, Eugene?

[With Dewey holding his face, Seth hits the ropes and comes back, taking him to the mat with a powerful clothesline. Instead of going for the pin, he stands and hit's the ropes again, turning towards Sawyer and smiling before dropping a knee on Eugene's head.]

DDK:

People think this guy is a joke, but he also may be evil.

Angus:

And by evil, I'm sure you mean easily victorious in life.

[Seth goes for the cover...

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!]

DDK:

And Eugene gets a shoulder up!

Angus:

Stay down, ya doughy bastard!

[Seth lifts Eugene to his feet and walks to his corner with a hand outstretched. Dragon Jones reaches in to tag, but then Seth pulls it away and smooths his hair back. Then, he flips Jones off.]

DDK:

These two seem to like each other.

[Seth drags Dewey back to the center of the ring and executes a spinning back elbow to Dewey's throat, dropping him once again to the mat. Seth picks up one of Eugene's legs and begins viciously stomping him in the back of the knee.]

Angus:

And those knees are already in pretty bad shape, what with them belonging to Eugene Dewey.

DDK:

Just stop it.

[Seth drags Eugene to the ropes and tangles the leg he'd been working in the bottom and middle ones. He then begins to stomp at the knee again.]

B000000000000000000000000000000000000!

[Referee Benny Doyle begins the count, and when Seth doesn't stop at five, Doyle motions to the timekeeper in a serious fashion. Seth then stops and puts his hands up innocently. Doyle untangles Eugene's leg.]

DDK:

It appears that Benny Doyle isn't going to cut Seth Stratton an ounce of slack. About time!

Angus:

I apologize for my broadcast partner, you see, he hates success.

[Eugene tries to stand, but falls to one knee. Seth sits back and watches as he drags himself towards Sawyer. He shouts mock encouragement. Sawyer reaches out, but just before Eugene can tag, Seth drags him back to the center of the ring. Seth waits for him to start crawling again, but he doesn't.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton with the mind games, but the truth is he wants no part of Tom Sawyer!

Angus:

Please. His business is with Dewey.

[With Dewey refusing to take part in Seth's game, Seth walks over and lifts him... but Eugene reverses it into a quick roll up.

ONE!TWO!THR-NO!]

DDK:

Eugene almost ended this one right there!

Angus:

Almost doesn't count.

[Although unable to finish it, Eugene does get to his feet quickly slightly favoring his right knee, and tags Tom Sawyer in.]

DDK:

Here we go!

[Before Seth can fully get up, Sawyer lands a quick standing dropkick to his head. Seth is thrown back to the mat. Sawyer hits the ropes and lands a quick leg drop, going for a fast pin...

ONE! TWO! ..

NO!]

Angus:

Seth with the shoulder up!

[Sawyer stands and takes a step back. Dragon reaches a hand out for Seth to tag, and it appears Sawyer will allow it.]

DDK:

See, that's how it should be!

[Seth walks over to Jones, but halfway there he turns around and charges Sawyer, whose prepared and hits a drop toe hold. Stratton lands head first on the top turnbuckle and bounces up, right into a reverse DDT from Sawyer. He tags Dewey back in.]

DDK:

Tom Sawyer with some quick yet effective offense. Eugene Dewey's back in, and he's going for a pin!

Angus:

Scavenger!

[ONE! TWO! THR-NO!]

DDK:

Stratton kicks out again!

[Eugene pulls Seth up and whips him into his and Sawyer's corner, than delivers a big body splash. The crowd pops, and Sawyer throws his hands up, encouraging them. Seth stumbles out of the corner and Eugene goes for another big right hand. This time though, Seth ducks underneath it, kicks Eugene in the gut and plants him with a DDT.]

Angus:

Boom!

[Seth glances over at Dragon Jones, who wants into the match something awful. Seth waves a dismissive hand towards him and turns his attention back to Dewey.]

Angus:

Seth doesn't need any help beating these two. Honorable!

DDK:

He's too egotistical to realize this match isn't all about him, you mean.

[Pissed, Jones reaches down and picks up his trademark steel chair. Benny Doyle notices immediately and runs over to Jones, ripping the chair out of his hands and giving him an earful.]

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is laying down the law tonight!

Angus:

Booo-ring! Come on, guys! Boo-ring!

[Seth notices the commotion in his corner, and instead of going for a pin he lifts Dewey and whips him hard...

... right at Benny Doyle. The impact of Dewey hitting him sends his head into the chair, and he collapses to the mat. Eugene goes shoulder and neck first into the ring post, and also goes down.]

DDK:

THAT WAS DELIBERATE!

Angus:

You can't prove that!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is down, and he looks like he's out cold!

[With Doyle out, Dragon Jones enters the ring and comes straight for Seth. Sadly for him, Seth retrieves his chair and gives it back. To his face.]

Angus:

Seth knocks Dragon Jones out with his own chair!

DDK:

His own partner, disgraceful.

[Jones falls backwards and out of the ring in a heap. The crowd begins to cheer and Seth bathes in it, thinking they've finally come to appreciate him.]

DDK:

They're not cheering for you, psycho!

[But in reality, they're just cheering for Tom Sawyer, who has snuck up behind Seth. When he turns, Sawyer drop kicks the chair into his face.]

SAW-YER SAW-YER

SAW-YER SAW-YER

SAW-YER SAW-YER

Angus:

Listen to these people chant this cheaters name!

DDK:

You sir, are a fickle douchebag.

[With Seth down, Tom drags Eugene back towards their corner. He steps out of the ring and onto the apron, reaches back in, and tags Eugene.]

DDK:

Now Sawyer is in!

[Sawyer drags Stratton to the corner and climbs to the top rope. He holds his right arm up and leaps..]

DDK:

ODE TO THE MA- OH!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHA!

[Right when Sawyer is about to land the Elbow, Seth shoots into a sitting position. And starts playing air guitar. Sawyer crashes to the mat.]

DDK:

Sawyer is down! Normally that might've done less damage, but he's endured so much punishment in the last few weeks!

Angus:

And Seth Stratton is rocking out! No one plays possum like Uncle Seth!

[Seth climbs to his feet and watches a downed Sawyer try to climb up. Seth takes a look around, and gets a glint in his eye.]

DDK:

I don't like that look.

Angus:

I love that look. Greatness, incoming!

[Seth checks to make sure Benny Doyle is still out. He is. He reaches into the waistband of his tights and retrieves a circular metal object. He slips it up his right arm until it rests snugly under his elbow.]

DDK:

What the heck is that? Looks like some kind of modified version of brass knuckles, but for the arm!

Angus:

What innovation !

[As Tom struggles up, still doubled over, Seth comes off the ropes...]

DDK:

MATCH POINT! WITH THAT PIECE OF METAL ON HIS ARM! NOT THIS WAY!

Angus:

Yes this way!

DDK:

TOM SAWYER IS OUT!

Angus:

Stratton with the pin!

[Seth hooks the leg, waiting for the sweet sound of the ref's hand hitting mat to commence. But it doesn't. Cause, you know, he's still out cold.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton is none to happy now, perhaps he shouldn't have taken Benny Doyle out to expedite his cheating!

Angus:

What? That was a tragic accident, and so is this! Stratton's gotten like a six count! Ring the damn bell!

[Seth angrily rises from the mat and walks over to the half conscious Benny Doyle. He smacks his face a couple times and drags him to where Sawyer lies.]

Angus:

Seth doing his best to revive our downed official! What a humanitarian!

DDK:

What? Ugh... I don't even have the strength to argue anymore.

[Seth again goes for the pin, and probably out of muscle memory, Benny Doyle manages a count...

ONE!

TWO!

..

..

..

THREE-

WHAT?!]

DDK:

'BUFFALO' BRIAN SLATER IS HERE! HE JUST PULLED BENNY DOYLE FROM THE RING!

Angus:

This is a travesty of justice, he can't do this!

[Slater checks on the injured Doyle, then turns to Stratton whose standing in the ring in disbelief. Slater has no mic, but his bellowed words can be heard clearly without one.]

"NOT ON MY WATCH."

*WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

Seth Stratton is livid! I've never seen a grown man throw a fit like this!

Angus:

As he should, he had Sawyer dead to rights!

[Stratton walks over to the ropes and starts a screaming argument with Slater. The two of them exchange verbal

barbs, and in all the excitement Seth fails to notice Dragon Jones slowly climbing back onto the apron and blind tagging himself in.]

DDK:

Dragon Jones is finally in! Sawyer is still out! Benny Doyle is cognizant! It can't end this way!

Angus:

He's going to steal Seth's win!

DDK:

What do you expect, he just hit him with a chair!

[Jones leisurely walks over to Sawyer and lays on him back first. He raises both hands in the air in pre-celebration.

... But there is no count.]

DDK:

Benny Doyle isn't counting! Why?

Angus:

Fix! The fix is in!

[Jones stands up and begins shouting at Benny Doyle.]

"WHY THE FUCK AREN'T YOU COUNTING?"

[Benny Doyle points behind Jones, who turns to find a much slimmer but still rotund Eugene Dewey charging at him like an angry rhino. He knocks Jones to the mat with a shoulder block.]

DDK:

What?! Eugene Dewey is still active! DOYLE NEVER SAW TOM TAG IN!

Angus:

I can't believe this shit.

[With Jones down, Dewey decides to take care of the next order of business: throwing Seth Stratton out of the ring. It appears Brian Slater is able to catch him, but decides not to and Seth hits the floor. Hard.]

DDK:

Jones is down, Stratton is down! Dewey is crouching!

Angus:

I repeat, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS SHIT!

[As Jones staggers up and turns, Dewey launches off the mat.]

DDK:

SHORYUKEN! Now Jones is out! Dewey is... Dewey is... Not going for the pin?

Angus:

What the hell is wrong with this guy?

[Dewey instead walks over to check on Tom, whose sitting in the corner. They begin a quick conversation.]

DDK:

I think Eugene Dewey wants to tag Tom Sawyer in to get the win! What sportsmanship!

Angus:

What stupidity! They're going to let this match slip away!

[Eugene helps Tom to his feet, and Tom slaps him on the back. We see him mouth the words "This one's yours, dude."]

DDK:

True friendship on display here!

Angus:

I'm going to vomit.

[Eugene jogs back to where Dragon Jones lays, still out. He pins him and hooks the leg...

ONE!

..

..

..

Seth Stratton crawls to his feet and notices what's going on. He slides into the ring...

TWO!

... But can't interrupt the count, because Brian Slater has a grip on his left boot so tight, it might as well be stuck in a bear trap.

..

..

..

THREE!

DINGDINGDING!

DDK:

THEY DID IT!

Angus:

Someone get me a bucket, I swear.

Quimby:

THE WINNERS OF THIS MATCH... TOM SAWYER AND EUGENE DEWEY!

[Eugene and Tom stand in the middle of the ring with their arms raised in victory. The crowd showers them with cheers. Brian Slater pulls Seth back out of the ring and their argument continues.]

DDK:

Tom Sawyer and Eugene Dewey snatch victory from the jaws of defeat!

[The argument outside the ring escalates, and Seth backhands Brian Slater like an uppity prostitute.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

[It has no discernable effect.]

DDK:

I think Seth just made Brian Slater angry...

Angus:

Uh, I think Brian Slater made Seth angry when he robbed him of a win.

[Seth scurries up the ramp. Slater gives chase. The feed fades backstage.]

Breaking and Entering

[Roaming in the halls.] [Tyrone Walker is doing it along with, Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry. Their fourth wheel is off somewhere... doing... something.] **Walker:** A'ight, look. I'mma break into his room real quick like and retrieve the "package". **Horry:** (snickering) Package. **Matthews:** Yeah dude, pause, we don't need to know what you want to do with his package, just... pause man, pause. [A roll of the eyes from Walker ensues.] **Walker:** Eh, shutup.

Matthews: Whatever, why are we even coming along for this? **Horry:** Moral support. **Walker:** I didn't even ask, you guys jus' decided to follow me. Anyway, I want to do something for this kid, but I can't be askin' before the doin' or there won't be no surprise. [Ryan and Sam shrug as the three continue on their way down the hall, approaching the door to a locker room occupied by one Tom Sawyer and friends. The locker room is currently empty, and the door is shut. With Tom and Eugene out fighting Seth Stratton and Dargon Jones, that gives Ty Walker the time he needs to do the deed.] **Walker:** Keep an eye out. **Horry:** If someone comes up, I'll make a sound like an elephant seal.

Matthews: How do you know what an elephant seal sounds like? **Horry:** Planet Earth DVDs. [Walker doesn't bother questioning any of this, just slips into the locker room. From inside, the two men assembled outside hear an outburst of "He's playin' The Last of Us!"] **Horry:** Think he's gonna get busted? **Matthews:** P'robably. [And the reason for that is striding down the hallway, still full of vim and vigor from his match. The guy spearheading this upcoming Aggro Crag thing, the Canadian dynamo that makes everyone go "Yay", Tommy Sawyer was on his way. Spying the two men standing before his locker room door like a pair of bodyguards, Tom arches an eyebrow and walks right up to 'em.] **Tom Sawyer:** Sam Horry, Ryan Matthews. I've seen your stuff, it's awesome to have you guys in DEFIANCE. When you guys get goin'.... [Tom lets out a whistle. Sam and Ryan glance to one another, and can't help but grin. A fellow wrestler who ISN'T trying to stroke his ego, but just complimenting them? Bizarro World.]

Horry: Always nice to meet a fan. Boy, you must be crazy to want to fight Heidi in a big payperview match.

Matthews: You sure your eyes aren't bigger than your stomach? Heidi managed to waffle the Black Jesus, you KNOW she's gonna break off a piece of your ass. **Sawyer:** If nobody stands up to people like her, then she wins. And I'm not gonna let that happen. Besides, she doesn't know the Aggro Crag like I do. **Matthews:** I've been meaning to ask. Seriously. Can I play on that thing before the payperview? **Horry:** Yeah, that's like a childhood dream. I want to set up a clubhouse up there. [Tom shrugs helplessly.] **Sawyer:** That's up to Eric Dane, guys. He's the one controlling security, he'd be the one to ask. [With Tom distracted for long enough, the locker room door behind Horry n' Matthews swings open, whacking Ryan Matthews in the back. Ty Walker strides out, hand gracefully slipping something into his pocket. But when he is in the hallway, Ty does a doubletake, seeing Tom Sawyer standing there.]

Walker: Yo, Tommy, sup my nigga? Listen, I was walkin' about wit' my homies and we coulda swore we heard an elephant seal in your room. [Ty looks directly at his cousin who failed on the warning sign.] **Walker:** Anyway, the coast is clear an' shit, no wildlife in there except for this. [Walker holds up a Tom Sawyer Wrestling Pal, and the Canadian gives a grin.] **Walker:** Could I get your John Hancock on this? **Sawyer:** Normally, that's 19.99 for the Pal, the sig is free. But anything for Ty Walker, ya know? [Ty offers the stuffed plush, as well as a Sharpie that manifests literally out of the clear blue. Tom sketches his signature along the chest of the thing, and Ty gives a bright grin.]

Horry: That going on Ebay when we get out of here? **Walker:** Fuck that, it's going in a Lexane case in my Trophy Room. These things are awesome. [Tom recaps the Sharpie and hands the Wrestling Pal back to Ty Walker. Ty gives a huge grin, and smacks Tom on the shoulder.] **Walker:** Always good t' see you, man. Make sure Heidi's not gettin' in your head. And hey, if you need somebody to go all Natural Born Killas on her when you can't touch 'er... I owe her a chair shot. **Matthews:** Isn't that kind of harsh, dude? [Everyone in the room(hallway) turns to stare at Matthews. A moment passes and Matthews shrugs.] **Matthews:** I'm just saying, Ty... I get that she's not some ordinary chick trying to play pro wrestling, but do you really need make change out of her \$5 dollar ass? **Sawyer:** Heidi Christenson is literally psychotic and will eat your face. **Walker:** I ain't never-never met a bitch like her. Straight up knocked my ass flat out with a chairshot. ME! **Horry:** She wears sports bras and it's hot. [Tom and Ty shoot a sidelong glance at Horry.] **Horry:** What? You guys covered how she'll eat your lunch n' shit. She IS hot. [Tom just shakes his head a bit, and Ty Walker smirks a bit at his cousin, also nodding his agreement. What? She is attractive and Ty is a fan of the notoriously crazy. The assembled three men shuffle their feet for a bit, before Ty clears his throat.] **Walker:** Well. I'mma go stick this in my gym bag, and then see about pushing Chance Von Crank's teeth out the back of his head. Good job in your match, Tommy. Tell Eugene Dewey to watch out for Bloaters. **Horry:** Team Amazington: Fall out! [As Matthews and Horry begin to walk off, Matthews jabs an elbow into Horry's bicep.]

Matthews: Bitch. [Horry shoves Matthews as they walk down the hall.] **Horry:** Douche. [Ty grins to Tom, then jogs down the hallway after the two, slapping both of 'em across the back of the head.] **Walker:** Knuckleheads. [Tom watches them go for a second, then just heads into the locker room. The first thing he spies on his duffel bag is a crisp, new \$20 dollar bill. And written across it in Sharpie-] "Tom. Win that Aggro Crag. Ty Walker."

Sweet Child O' Mine

[Chance Von Crank sits in his locker room all alone. He looks around and then stands up from his chair to look out the door. He doesn't lock the door as he shuts it and walks over to his gym bag. He unzips the corner and takes out what appears to be a rolled up poster. He walks over to his chair and slumps back down a sly grin across his face. He pulls himself out of his pants as he slumps even further. Slowly he unfolds the poster revealing it to be Heidi Christenson.]

[Down the hall way comes Tucker G. Alston. He walks up to the door, "cVc" logo drawn in Sharpie.] ["Kick Me In The Face, Again! KICK ME IN THE FACE! I'm so close, One More Kick!"] [Tucker hears Chance through the door and

walks in. Chance immediately stops rubbing one out as he comes through the door using his favorite poster to hide his obscene act. Tucker is completely grossed out as Chance unties a torn into Dollar General plastic bag from around his

throat that he anchored to his wank arm so he could hold the poster of Heidi.] **Tucker G. Alston:** What The Fuck?

cVc: Pre-Match Ritual, Fuck Off. [Chance dresses himself and looks at Tucker with such distaste.] **cVc:** What Can I Say? I love bad bitches that's my fuckin' problem. **Tucker:** Are you quoting a rap song? **cVc:** ASAP. **Tucker:**

Huh? **cVc:** Nothin. So why did you interrupt my quick tug, Prom Queen? I got to be Chance Von Crank tonight and you know this. **Tucker:** I just wanted to make sure you were here. **cVc:** Queer. **Tucker:** No. I just wanted to make

sure you were here and brought my title with you. **cVc:** Yeah I guess that's why your name is on it. Wait no it does

not... [Chance grabs his championship belt and looks at the name plate.] **cVc:** No... I was positive it said Chance

Von Crank and not Shit Head. [Chance takes out a mason jar with, "Bacon Lard" written on a piece of masking tape

across the front. Tucker looks puzzled at the jar.] **Tucker:** What is that? What is it for? **cVc:** That's a ton of

questions without a warrant. Anytime I cook bacon I keep the grease and when cooled it turns to lard. It's perfect.

[Chance starts slicking his mullet back with the lard. Making it shine.] **Tucker:** You're a sick man, Crank. **cVc:** No

Tucker, I have what it takes. Imagine if you will for one moment, you are a real professional wrestler. Follow me, ill

even go slow... You are a great wrestler and week after week you have to face this cocksucker named Tucker G.

Alston, a no talent hack ex quarterback in the closet queer who can suck my unprotected dick. **Tucker:** You have

taken your eye off the ball, Crank it is just a matter of time. [Crank stands up from his seat and is nose to nose with

Tucker now.] **cVc:** I want you to remember something, Tucker. **Tucker:** What? **cVc:** Every time you look while out

there in the shit and see some asshole holding up a sign that says, "Tucker's not queer, I swear" rooting for you I want

you to remember the man who keeps making that shit happen. Is it god given talent? Maybe it's a leech turned

cocksucker using my name to make his own? Anything you want to say to me Tucker? I was in the middle of

something more important than whatever this is. Next time you're sucking air on your back looking up at the referee

raising my hand from the mat, remember your place. **Tucker:** Every time I look at my daughter. I see my eyes. I see

my grandmother's chin. Every time I look at her, I know that she is mine and that I made a wonderful, beautiful little girl.

cVc: Who cares? You should have bagged that load. Just do like I have done for years. Pay the child support, direct

deposit that shit and you never have to even see the little shit stains. I'm not gonna spend time with a mistake.

Tucker: Every time you look at Charlene's kid, you're going to see the face of the only person from Harlan that's more

fucking retarded than yourself. [Tucker forces his way past Chance, bumping shoulders and spinning him around.

Chance stares at Tucker with rage building. Tucker continues out the door and adds one last comment without turning

back around.] **Tucker:** Oh, I forgot. Happy belated Father's Day.

Chance von Crank vs Tyrone Walker

[Lights Out.] **Quimbey:** And now, LADIES and GENTLEMEN, the following contest is one fall and it is for the

RRRAAAAAWWRRR! [The opening to Sevendust's "Black" pulses through the arena with it's synthesized sound with spotlights flashing in unison to it's beat.] **Quimbey:** Coming to the ring first, weighing in at 205 POUNDS and hailing from JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA... He is the BLACK JESUS... TYYYYRRROOOOONNE WAAALLLLKKKEEERRR!! ♪ *Voices Call, they call out my name, my name... my name* ♪ [With the heavy riffs taking over, followed by the soulful sound of Lajon Witherspoon on the mic, the man himself, BLACKIMUS PRIME strides out onto the main stage to the deafening roar of the crowd. He wears the usual, black and orange camouflage pants that are cut off at the knees with the frayed ends left to hang loose and a belt that is a size or two longer than necessary, along with a set of black knee and kick pads that cover up the pair of high ankle boxing shoes.] ♪ *They say I'm different well I'm not the same... the same* ♪ [Coming to a stop at the edge of the runway, setting his hands upon his hips, he takes in the view before him while bathing in the roar of the crowd.] ♪ *You say you want to be like me* ♪ [Stretching out his arms, he swings them back and forth a few times as he turns his neck, before taking the long walk down the aisle.] ♪ *Well boy let me tell you, you don't know what I've seen* ♪ [With a lone spotlight guiding his smooth stride, he reaches out to far and way to his sides with both hands, touching the outstretched hands of the fans seated along the barriers that line the runway towards the ring.] ♪ *They say a devil lives in my soul* ♪ [Slowing his stride halfway down the aisle, he stares towards the ring for a moment before pulling his hands back.] ♪ *I promise not to let you take control* ♪ [Just as the chorus of the song begins, Walker takes off in a quick dash the last few steps before leaping from the floor to the ring apron in a single bound. Gripping the top rope, he slingshots himself over the top rope Hayabusa style. Hitting his feet, he runs the ropes several times before bouncing to a stop in the center of the ring, turning in a circle as he looks out in the crowd before going to his corner.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent, From Harlan, Kentucky. He weighs in at 250lb, he is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage champion... [Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....] *Shock N Rolla... Here 2 Show Ya... Cocked Back... And.. Fucking Loaded!* **Chance Von Crank Quimbey:** CHANCE VON CRANK!!! [His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy emerges from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a "CVC Fucking Sucks!" chant breaks out throughout the crowd. Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous "Aw Ski Ski" after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished. He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle. Crank jumps on the turnbuckle holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and "Fuck You CVC!" chants.] **DDK:** I feel like I should say something but I can't think of anything witty right now. **Angus:** You're not supposed to be witty, that's my job. Your job is to do things like notice how CVC's chick Charlene is NOT HERE because she went to the hospital earlier. **DDK:** Oh, please don't even make me think about that mess of a debacle. SRS BSNS. [No sooner has CVC dropped to the mat is Ty Walker right there laying rights and lefts in to the Southern Heritage champion. Chance tries to get away from the challenger, but a right hand to the jaw rocks him and knocks him to one knee. Walker lifts a knee into CVC's ribs and double underhooks his arms. He uses the hold to control CVC while he lifts more knees into the chest of the champion before discarding him to one side.] **Angus:** Something tells me this isn't going to be much of a wrestling match. **DDK:** What gives you that idea? **Angus:** I had a chat with Tyrone Walker before the show. He told me his strategy. [As CVC tries to crawl for the ropes Walker drops an elbow down across his back. He grabs CVC's and pulls him back to all fours before wringing it and forcing him down to the mat face first. He makes sure to keep hold of the arm and locks in a hammerlock, which he uses to control CVC again while paint-brushing the back of the champions mullet.] **DDK:** Walker adding a little insult to injury there. **Angus:** He might not want to get under the skin of the Shock-n-Rolla. LOL! [Walker releases the hammerlock and allows Chance to get back to his feet. Ty sticks his chin out and offers CVC one free hit, but he ducks the right hand that comes in and hits the ropes. Chance turns around and almost gets his head taken off with a running leg lariat from Walker!] **DDK:** And Ty with the cover looking to finish this early. [One!] [TWO!!] [THR-CVC gets a shoulder up!] [Walker grabs a

hold of CVC's head and pulls him to his feet before whipping him into the corner. Walker follows him in with a running back elbow and waits for CVC to stagger out of the corner. He quickly comes up from behind and scoops Chance up in position for a sidewalk slam before dropping him across a knee with a backbreaker!] **DDK:** Chance Von Crank hasn't had a chance to get into this one yet. This has been all Ty Walker so far. [The curse of the commentator looks like it might strike as Walker starts to pull CVC up again, but the champions right hands to Walker's midsection go by almost unnoticed until they're cut out by another knee lift that almost takes CVC out of his boots. Ty pulls a right hand back and levels the doubled over champions with a fist to the jaw. Chance can't go anywhere though because Walker has a good hold on his head. Another calculated straight right to the jaw is followed by another, and then another as Walker slowly beats CVC down to a knee, then two, then all fours, then flat to his stomach.] **DDK:** Chance could be out here. [Walker rolls CVC over onto his back and points to the corner. He heads to the apron and starts to climb the turnbuckles until he's perched on the top rope. Walker starts to stand, but has to steady himself. All the while Chance Von Crank has managed to will his way to a knee and throws himself at the ropes. Walker loses his footing much quicker than he was able to find it and gets crotched on the top rope!] **Angus:** I hate to say it, but Walker wasted too much time going up there. **DDK:** Is that an honest to God attempt at unbiased commentating? **Angus:** I'll eat your soul for that! [Chance takes a few deep breaths and tries to shake the cobwebs out of his head as he grabs Walker by the afro and drags him down off the top rope. Walker flips and hits the mat hard, but Chance doesn't let go of his hair. Instead he slides under the bottom rope and drags Walker to the apron. CVC hangs Walker over the edge of the ring and drives an elbow into his chest before following up with a stiff kick to the side of Ty's head. Ty tries his best to roll back into the ring, but CVC grabs him by the hair again and drags him all the way to the outside.] **DDK:** Finally some offense for Chance. **Angus:** I don't know, I think I could have watched CVC get knocked around for a bit longer. [Chance mounts Walker on the floor and, using a handful of hair for leverage, rains down punches to the temple of the challenger. Four or five shots later CVC climbs off of his opponent and finally releases the afro. Chance pulls Walker up and drives him spine first into the apron, which he follows up with a whip into the guardrail. Walker goes tumbling over into the front row and Chance follows him out.] **DDK:** Carla Ferrari needs to gain some sort of control here. **Angus:** You need to quit being a pussy. [Chance rips a cup out of the hand of one of the guys in the front row and takes a looooooong slug from it, only stopping when he has to come up for air. He takes another mouthful and spits in in Walkers face as Ty starts to get back to his feet. That probably wasn't the smartest thing to do though, as Walker rises to his feet, slaps the beer out of CVC's hand and uses his other arm to clothesline the champ over the barricade and back to ringside.] **Angus:** They call that Karma. And that's what happens when you waste beer! [Chance scrambles away from Walker as Ty hops the guardrail. He doesn't get far as Walker grabs hold of his waistband and pulls him up to his feet. Walker drives a forearm into the lower back of CVC before pushing him chest and shoulder first into the ring post. Walker runs in looking to crush CVC between his body and the ring post, but Chance moves out of the way at the last second leaving Walker with nothing but the post to connect with. Chance grabs the arm of Walker's that wrapped around the post on the inside of the ring and pulls him into the steel, stretching out his shoulder.] **DDK:** Chance was about 2 seconds from being pancaked against that post. [CVC throws Walker's arm to the side and wraps it around the ring post again. He takes a step back and thrusts his foot up and into the elbow joint of Walker for good measure. Ty howls in pain and tries to roll into the ring, but CVC grabs a hold of his arm and slams it down across the apron, not once but twice, before following him into the ring and attempting a cover!] [ONE!] [TW-Walker gets a shoulder up!] **DDK:** Only a two for Chance, but Walker's arm must have a bullseye on it now. [Keeps is right. CVC gets to his feet and pulls Walker up by the arm. He drags him to the ropes and wraps Walker's arm around the top rope, wrenching it until the count of four when he is forced to release it. Ty tries to fight back, but Chance catches the arm and takes him down with an armdrag. He locks in a deep armbar and really puts pressure on the shoulder as Walker looks for an escape.] **DDK:** This would be a real feather in Chance's cap if he could knock Walker off by submission here. **Angus:** And if he could do it with hold number 712 that would make that feather even bigger. [Walker fights through the pain and starts to get back to his feet. The fans rally behind him and stomp their feet in encouragement.] **Boom Boom Boom Boom** [Ty manages to turn and force himself up to a knee, then to his feet. He throws a fist into CVC's midsection, then another. A third fist breaks the armbar and Walker runs for the ropes, but he doesn't get very far as CVC reaches out and grabs two handfuls of afro, which he uses to pull Ty down to the mat. The back of Walker's head collides with the canvas, and Chance Von Crank drops into another cover.] [ONE!] [TWO!] [TH-Ty gets a shoulder up!] **DDK:** Chance is getting closer! [CVC grabs another two handfuls of hair and pulls Walker to his feet. He wraps Ty's bad arm behind him and drives him back into the corner, making sure Walker's arm is trapped behind him when he hits. CVC climbs the turnbuckles and starts raining down punches to Walker which the fans count along to.] *Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnine...* [CVC Winds up for the tenth.] *OOOOOOOOOOOOOH RAHHHHHHHHHHHH* [The fans explode as Tyrone Walker grabs CVC by the legs, takes a step forward and falls back, dropping CVC chin first across the turnbuckle. Walker gets back to his

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the panicked CVC in a small package.] **Angus:** New champ, bitches! ONE! TWO! THR-NO-KICKOUT-AGAIN! **DDK:** So close! [They scramble once more, CVC lashing out with another wild shot that gets caught by Walker who takes the champion down with a backslide pin attempt.] **Angus:** Fuck, nobody wins with this move. ONE!! TW...NO!! [Walker doesn't wait for the scramble once again, this time rolling CVC up to his feet and clutching him with a suplex grip.] Walker[shouting]: ODB! [Walker lifts up the champion, but sensing the danger he's in, CVC manages to twist himself free in mid-air, landing behind Walker and quickly sliding out to the floor to escape the pressure of his challengers building momentum...] **DDK:** CVC's waved off the match! Looks like he's going to run for the hills. **Angus:** Not today! [CVC's escape is short lived, however, as he's met by Christian Light before he can even think about trying to escape up the ramp.] **Angus:** That'll stop your flight in a hurry! **DDK:** CVC seems to be jawing off at The Last Nighthawk, and with the frame of mind Light's been in recently, that's probably not a good idea... [Being held back by Carla, Ty calls for CVC to get back into the ring while the champion steps up to Christian Light and shoves him right in the chest. Light doesn't go back very far, but he looks down at his chest for a moment and then looks at Chance again with that "are you nuts?" look.] **Angus:** Dude's out of his goddamned mind! [Breaking free, Ty goes over to the ropes and starts shouting at both CVC and Christian Light while Carla slides to the outside trying to break up the altercation that has gone past brewing.] **DDK:** It looks like order is going to prevail here, as Christian Light cuts off Chance Von Crank's escape and is now backing off, letting the match continue... [And indeed, Carla's direction is being followed by Christian as he backs off slowly, facing the Trailer Park Prodigy. Carla has to pull Chance back towards the ring, but before Chance and Christian are really separated from each other, CVC curses at Light one final time. This gets Christian's attention long enough for Chance to spit directly into the Last Nighthawk's face!] **DDK:** Uh...oh... **Angus:** Ho boy, Chris. You gotta calm down, Chance is just... [But it's too late, as the eyes of The Last Nighthawk go wide with rage as a hand reaches up to wipe the spittle from his face. Before anyone else can react, Light bursts with fury, grabbing and hurling Carla Ferrari off the ramp and out of the way before rearing back and absolutely rocking CVC with a right hook to the side of his head that puts the SoHerr champ to sleep.] **Angus:** Chris! What in the history of all the fucks are you doing?!? **DDK:** Light's lost it! [Light has mounted Chance Von Crank and is raining punches down on him despite his defenselessness while Walker's jaw hits the ground in complete amazement. That amazement turns to anger as Carla Ferrera, finally beyond her limit of stretching the match rules, calls for the bell.] **DDK:** Walker furious, and in my opinion justifiably so, as Christian Light just cost him a chance at becoming Southern Heritage champion. [Walker starts to scream at Christian Light. Light's breathing slows and he takes a look at the scene that's transpiring in front of him with a bit of amazement in his eyes. Walker continues to scream at Christian as the Master of Wrestling puts both hands on his head and has a look of both shock and regret on his face as he turns and walks up the ramp. Walker follows him right at his heel, not letting up with the verbal barrage.] **DDK:** Well, once again, through hook or crook, Chance Von Crank has retained the Southern Heritage title via a disqualification win over Tyrone Walker, despite the fact that he doesn't look anything like a winner right now. [For the record, Chance Von Crank is coming to now.] **Angus:** Something's wrong with Christian. He needs to get some mental help, because this just isn't normal behavior. Something's going on, and it's fucking up my Team Danger buzz. **DDK:** Well there's always Cancer Jiles. **Angus:** The only real dimebag amongst the bags full of grass.

I WILL ROOL U

[Oh shit son, we're backstage!]

[There's a DEFIANCE banner.]

[There's a fern.]

[And there's a motherfucking world champion, Bitch!]

[Oh, and Lance Warner is there right beside him with a microphone.]

[That can only mean one thing.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen I'm here with DEFIANCE world champion 'COOL' Cancer Jiles...

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance Warner:

Ahead of his match later on tonight against Alceo Dentari.

AHHHH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Lance turns to address Lord COOL.]

Lance Warner:

As you well know, Alceo Dentari defeated Tom Sawyer last week to qualify for the Ladder War at Ascension.

[Cancer nods.]

Lance Warner:

And you certainly didn't seem to be short of words for him when you came face to face last week.

[Cancer shakes.]

[The worst addition to the McDonalds menu evar~!]

Lance Warner:

And that's lead to your match tonight. Are you regretting any of those words in the run up to tonight's main event?

[And from that moment Lance becomes nothing more than a well dressed mic stand.]

Cancer Jiles:

Why? Has ol' Ace Dentari said or done anything he's not said or done time and time before? Has he done anything but pout and shout about how he's going to make me taste the remnants of Brooklyn on the soles of his feet? Has he shown even the slightest hint that he's going to bring anything to that ring other than 'Fat-Tits', 'Bitch-tits', and a shinebox to stand on?

So do I regret anything I said to, or about, the little eye-talian greaseball?

No.

Not in the slightest.

[Lance goes to ask another question, but the founding member of the COOL Man Group isn't done.]

Cancer Jiles:

He's stomped around New York last week, all wide eyed and angry like something out of Cloverfield. Only he's about 180 foot shorter and, according to rotten tomatoes, about 76% less fresh.

Ace is nothing.

I'll prove he's not on my level later tonight.

Alceo Dentari:

Not on your level?

[Alceo Dentari, all by his lonesome, walks into the shot and right in front of Lance Warner. Lance has been around his fair share of wrestlers, so he knows to take a step back, but makes sure to keep the microphone in between the two to pick up everything they say to each other.]

Alceo Dentari:

Please tell me I ain't hearin' that right.

[Dentari cups his ear and leans in to Jiles. The champ doesn't bat an eyelid (probably) and readies himself to repeat... himself... Only it's now his turn to be cut off before opening his lips.]

Alceo Dentari:

You know, on second thought, I don't wanna hear it. 'Cause all I been hearin' from yous is a load a' words.

[Dentari make the universal hand gesture for 'running ones mouth'.]

Alceo Dentari:

Words that yous shoulda' chose a lot more carefully.

[Alceo sticks a hand out and pie faces Jiles. Cancer responds with a two handed shove to Dentari's chest which knocks him back a bit. Alceo comes back with a right hand and takes a fist to the midsection from Jiles.]

[Lance Warner meanwhile has fucked right off out of there, but his position between the two wrestlers is soon filled with DEFSEC guards who manage to prise Dentari and Jiles apart.]

[Over the many shouting guards, Alceo calls out to the champion.]

Alceo Dentari:

You wanted to see somethin'! YOU SAID YOUS WANTED TO SEE SOMETHIN'! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHIN'! I'LL GIVE YOUS EVERYTHIN'!

Defsec Guard:

Come on, get him out of here!

[As Alceo is bundled away, still screaming about showing Jiles something. The champion straightens up his shades (Which never left his face) and assures the guards restraining him that he's...]

[COOL.]

Bronson Box vs Python (Ladder War Qualifier)

[The man in black starts to sing, God's Gonna' Cut You Down thumps through the arena.]
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Quimbey:** Now making his entrance into the arena! Hailing from the Scottish Highlands, he is a former DEFIANCE WOOOOOORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... [They know who's on his way out... or is he?] **Quimbey:** WEIGHING IN TONIGHT AT 234 POUNDS... THE WARGOD! THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT... BRONSOOOOOON BOX! [The point the "Bombastic" Bronson Box usually pushes past the entrance curtain and marches onto the stage passes, the house lights eventually go up and the music stops. Darren Quimbey looks to the announce booth and shrugs.] **DDK:** I don't know, I... I'm being told there's a commotion just backstage at the gorilla position! **Angus:** What the fuck's happening now? [We cut backstage to a shaky camera hurrying up to a scene of complete chaos. At the center of a teeming mass of security, stablemates and production crew we see Eric Dane flanked by two of the biggest DEFsec shirted apes we've ever seen having a standoff with Bronson Box, Edward White and The Moral Majority.] **Eric Dane:** IT'S NOT HAPPENING BOX, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?! **Bronson Box:** OH I HEAR YE', IT JUST 'AINT DOIN' BOY'O! That RAT Python, your BOY Sawyer and that joke champion o'yours sent Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo to the bloody hospital earlier, lad. You blame me for wantin' my team at my back? This place is no less a nightmare with you in control, Dane. You, Goldman, Andrews... what's the bloody difference?! **Eric Dane:** The difference is I actually fucking OWN this place you puffed up little shit. I could shitcan each and every one of you, under fuckin' stand? [The situation is tense. Eric Dane takes a deep breath, pushing past the two security guards.] **Eric Dane:** Listen Hollis. I've given you and moneybags a long goddamn leash. If anyone can appreciate a good fuckin' villain it's me but this shit... [Eric looks back over Bronson's shoulder at White, Quell and Frank Dylan James.] **Eric Dane:** This shit 'aint happening every fucking match you two are booked in. I'll give you and White that last one with Ryan. But this match? This match is one on one to a finish, do you understand me? [Box starts to open his mouth, Eric cuts him off and takes an aggressive step forward.] **Eric Dane:** Or does the idea of going one on one with Python, an "outsider" as you put it, actually scare The Wargod, The Original DEFIANT? [Bronson stands inches from the CEO's face, mustache twitching with anger.] [After a few tense moments Eric opens his mouth, Box cuts HIM off.] **Bronson Box:** FINE! Bloody fine. Ed, Gin, Francis... stay back here. **Edward White:** Are you serious? [Boxer's eyes don't leave Dane's.] **Bronson Box:** As a heart attack, lad. [Dane grins, shoo's the security away and pats Bronson on the shoulder.] **Eric Dane:** Love that nickname. The Original DEFIANT. Cute. It'll make a great t-shirt. [Dane brushes past Bronson, Edward and his crew and makes his way down the hallway trailed by a few producers and production assistants around the corner and out of sight. The two huge DEFsec guards flank the ramp to the entrance curtain. Bronson turns to Edward.] **Edward White:** So what's the plan then? [Boxer slips on his black and red entrance robe, a huge DEF logo emblazoned on the back.] [He responds very matter of factly.] **Bronson Box:** No plan. I'm going to go twist that little ragamuffins head off and drop it on Eric Dane's **FUCKING** doorstep. [Bronson pulls on his hood, turns on a dime and stomps up the ramp towards the curtain.] [We cut back to Darren Keebler and Angus at the announce desk. They're both a little stunned.] **Angus:** Never heard him curse before. **DDK:** Sure haven't, partner. **Angus:** It's like... we say shit, fuck, piss, cunt, pussy, dick, faggot, queer, jizz... like all the time right? We're that kinda' show. **DDK:** *sigh* I suppose so? **Angus:** But I'm sayin'... that was like the scariest use of the word "fucking" I've ever heard, am I wrong? *~Well, you can run on for a long time...~* [The arena lights lower into a flickering brown sepia as God's Gonna' Cut You Down by Johnny Cash starts up again. Before Darren Quimbey can even get from his seat at ringside and into the ring the former champion brushes right past his cue and heads straight towards the ring, rolling under the bottom rope, stripping off his robe and crouching down in a ready position.] [Eyes locked on the entrance ramp.] **DDK:** Folks, looks like we might actually get this ladder war qualifier underway! **Angus:** Shit'chea. Let's do this! **DDK:** And ladies and gentlemen in the ring right now you'll see the winner of the FIRST Ladder War, the "Bombastic" Bronson Box. **Angus:** All on his fuckin' lonesome. **DDK:** The first match of course being held to unify the then vacant DEFIANCE Heavyweight Crown and the WfWA World Heavyweight Championship, then held by "The Spoiler" Boston Bancroft. **Angus:** None of those guys walked out of that match the same. Last I heard Chris Cannon was panhandling for change out on the boardwalk. **DDK:** The level

of violence Bronson brought to the table not only earned him his place as one of this companies top stars, but earned him the right to be called DEFIANCE'S first WORLD champion. **Angus:** Couldn't happen to a nicer guy. Fuckin' boo. **Quimbey:** And his opponent... RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [The entire arena jolts to life as the vigorous piano intro to "Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens blasts through the speakers and a dizzying array of strobe lights dance through the ring and out into the crowd.] **Quimbey:** WEIGHING IN AT 178 POUNDS... HAILING FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY... ♪ How'd you know to find me here? ♪ ♪ *Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires ♪ ♪ And insider information ♪* **Quimbey:** PYYYYYYYYYYYTHOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNN! [The arena rocks with music and crowd pop pandemonium as Python bursts through the curtain. He bounds out onto the entrance ramp, slamming his chest with both hands and pointing out to the fans, completely electrified.] ♪ *This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me ♪ ♪ An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the dullest minds ♪* [The wicked green and black snake tattooed around Python's entire right arm glows brightly under the lights as he takes off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach. In seconds flat, he's inside and across the ring, taking a turn on each turnbuckle with an arm raised to the response of hundreds of camera flashes.] [Bronson wastes no time, rushing Python still perched on the second rope.] **DDK:** BOX JUST POWERBOMBED PYTHON OFF THE ROPES! [Box slips between Python's legs and plants the high flyer with a nasty powerbomb as his entrance music abruptly fades out.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Referee Mark Shields gets in Bronson's face. Box just raises his hands with a smile, looking back over the little refs shoulder at Python shaking the cobwebs. With both men somewhat in their corners Shields calls for the bell.] **DING DING!** **Angus:** IT'S ON! [Boxer pushes past the referee making a beeline for Python. The nimble grappler springs into action, playing possum just long enough to lure Bronson in. Python uses Boxer's momentum against him leg tripping The Scottish Strongman face first into the second turnbuckle. Wasting no time Python turns around and...] **Angus:** DROPKICK TO THE BACK OF BRONSON'S SKULL! **DDK:** Python's come here to fight, Angus! [Bronson comes crawling out of the corner, his bell rung something fierce.] [Still on his knees, Bronson turns to face Python. He's greeted with Python's boot across his chest as hard as the former WfWA World champion can throw it. As quick as he can he rears back again and again landing boot after boot across Bronson's chest.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH! [The fans cheer along with each impact.] [Without warning or indication Boxer's eyes fly open, he catches Python's leg flipping the lithe grappler over and onto his stomach. Bronson mounts the back and starts for The Massacre, Python fighting him every step of the way.] **DDK:** Bronson going for that poached submission hold, Angus! **Angus:** Poached, stolen, whatever. Either way he's a dick. **DDK:** Bronson of course taking the maneuver from his rivalry with Boston Bancroft several seasons ago here in DEFIANCE. He calls it taking a scalp, I believe. **Angus:** You're... not gunna' tell him I called him a dick right? You keep your damn mouth shut, Darren. [Utalizing all his considerable gyle Python worms his way out of Bronson's clutches and sops behind the Wargod. Box is quick to act, spinning around, grabbing Python by the scruff of the neck and launching him over the top rope.] **DDK:** Python hangs on to the top rope! [Deftly landing on the apron it looks as though Python is about to go for a springboard something or other, but Bronson has other ideas. Boxer is again quick on the offence, slugging Python in the side of the head with some sharp elbows before taking the lyth grappler up in a beautiful vertical suplex.] **Angus:** He's holdin' it Keebs, he's holdin' it! [And so he does. Bronson holds the vertical suplex so long we can see Python's face growing red as the seconds tick by. The Scottish Strongman lives up to his name, egging on the crowd with his free hand before finally slamming Python down hard center ring.] **DDK:** He's going for a pinfall! 1... 2... **DDK:** KICKOUT! Little early for that I'd say. **Angus:** Mindgames man, this fucker doesn't just want to win... he wants his opponent to crawl from the ring goddamn CHANGED, man. **DDK:** Indeed, partner. [Boxer wrenches Python up by the hair and Irish Whips him into the nearest turnbuckle crushing Python's head and neck with a brutal corner lariat. As Python stumbles from the corner Bronson puts up his dukes like the dapper gentleman he is and peppers with former WfWA Champ with some classic lefts and rights.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** These fans absolutely livid at this display from The Wargod, Angus! [Out of nowhere with a second wind Python ducks several of the fists and drops Bronson with a textbook legsweep sending the musclebound Scottsman to the canvas.] **DDK:** STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS! [Python lands the move directly across Bronson's midsection.] **Angus:** There we go! [Python rolls through and hunkers down into a primed and ready position, waiting a moment for Boxer to finally sit up.] **Angus:** Waiting 'til he sees the whites of his eyes. **DDK:** Indeed partner, the snake is coiled! [As Bronson climbs groggily to his feet, Python two-steps into a forward dive toward the mat. The Wargod lowers his eyes and leans forward, but Python lands in a somersault roll and pops back up like a spring, spearing Bronson in the mid-section and laying him out flat across his back.] **Angus:** Wicked! **DDK:** Python stays on top for the pin! 1... 2... [Bronson not only kicks out, but bench presses Python straight up and HURLS the highflyer across the entire length of the ring.] **DDK:** An impressive display of agility from Python followed by an equally impressive display of strength

RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! DDK: The former world champion gets a shoulder up just in time! **Angus:** It's about to take a miracle to keep either of these guys down. We could be here all night! ...

Angus: I could be stuck here... all night... with you. Fuck. Somebody throw 'em a taser or something! **DDK:** Well you're right about one thing. Since this is a Ladder War qualifier, there is no time limit! This match must go on until we have a winner. **Angus:** ...my life. [In the ring, Bronson Box stomps to his feet in frustration. Shaking his head, he grabs a fistful of Python's hair and yanks him straight to his feet, ignoring the protests from the referee. He wraps a meaty hand around each side of Python's head and lifts him straight into the air, squeezing with all his might.] **Angus:** He's lifting him up BY THE HEAD, Keebs! By. The. Head. **DDK:** Bronson Box is trying to crush this poor kid's skull, and he may very well succeed! [Python's eyes have shot wide open and his face is contorted with pain as he claws futilely at Bronson's hands, but The Scottish Strongman only tightens his grip on the unorthodox hold. After a few moments, the smaller man's limbs fall to his sides and the referee moves in to make sure he's still conscious.]

PYTHON! PYTHON! PYTHON! PYTHON! [Feeding on the energy of the fans, Python's hand twitches back to life at his side and begins to rise steadily in the air.] **DDK:** This sold out crowd is shaking the building here! They're willing Python to fight his way out of this hold! **Angus:** They're also willing my lunch to fight its way out of my stomach.

PYTHON! PYTHON! [Bronson draws Python in closer to himself and roars right in his opponent's face. Python's hand continues to rise shakily.] **PYTHON!!! PYTHON!!!** [As the chants grow to a deafening volume, Python's hand finally balls itself into a fist and swings directly into Bronson's face.] **RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!**

DDK: A right fist from Python, and Box barely flinches! [Python winds up and tries another!] **RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!** [And another!] **RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!** [The New Jersey native lifts his fist high and Bronson Box braces himself for one more punch. Python swings, but stops his fist an inch from Bronson's face and...]

RAAAAAAAAAAHHH! Angus: Python just flipped off The Wargod! He's out of his mind! [Indeed, as Bronson's face is screwed up in anger and surprise at the middle finger floating in front of his sweaty face, Python buries a boot in his midsection. Caught off-guard, Box releases his grip and Python drops to his feet.] **DDK:** Box and Python furiously trading blows now, and the crowd is loving it! **Angus:** Python was staring directly into the fiery eyes of The Original Defiant, and he flipped him the bird. What was he thinking!? **DDK:** He was thinking "I'm not scared of you", and he wanted to make sure Box knew it! **Angus:** Well, that was something The Wargod won't soon forget. We'll see if the kid even lives long enough to regret it. [The two superstars are exchanging a whirlwind of strikes. A right from Bronson. A left from Python. A left from Bronson. Python ducks another left hand and catches The Scottish Strongman in the side with a swift roundhouse kick. Box lowers his torso to grab Python around the legs, but the quicker man leapfrogs and goes for a dropkick to the back of the head. Bronson whirls around and swats him aside just in time. Python lands gracefully on his feet, but can't react in time to avoid a fierce headbutt straight to the bridge of the nose.] **DDK:** Oof! Python staggers back, seeing stars. Bronson follows up with a boot to the stomach and appears to be setting up the former OLW champ for a powerbomb.

[Bronson hoists his young opponent up high into the air, seating him on his shoulders. However, Python comes to his senses and tries to lean forward and roll over Bronson's back. Box is prepared for this counter and simply takes a step back to brace himself against the turnbuckle, keeping his grip locked tight on Python.] **Angus:** Python can't get out of it. Box is going to slam him straight through the canvas! [Box lurches forward to powerbomb Python, but the crafty superstar has grabbed hold of the top rope with both hands, which prevents his momentum from going backwards. Growling audibly, Bronson takes a step forward and tears Python's grip from the ropes, preparing to try again. But...]

DDK: Python throws a quick right jab and squirms free of Box's grip... **HOPS UP TO LITERALLY STAND ON BOX'S SHOULDERS...** leaps off and he catches Box with a nasty enziguri kick to the back of the head! He used The Wargod's strength against him there, knowing that his opponent's shoulders would support the full weight of his body!

Angus: Well yeah, cause he weighs like nine and a half pounds. Still... that was cool. [Box stumbles forward from the

force of the kick, toppling through the ropes and all the way to the floor. Python is already back on his feet and in the process of handspringing across the ring by the time The Scottish Strongman stands back up at ringside. Python sails over the top rope with a no-hands plauncha.] **DDK:** Bronson catches him **again!** **Angus:** When are little guys going to stop flippy dooing themselves at big strong guys? That just never seems to end well for them. [Box has easily pressed Python high over his head and, with one mighty heave, he throws Python up into the air, over the top rope, and back into the ring.] **Angus:** Ha! **DDK:** Did you like that? **Angus:** You know what, I did. [Python stares incredulously out of the ring at Bronson, who flexes his muscles to the displeasure of the crowd.] **Angus:** He's not stupid enough to try again, is he? **DDK:** He sure is. [Python takes another running start toward the ropes and Bronson readies himself, arms outstretched. However, this time Python springboards off the top rope, tucks his feet up, sails clear over The Wargod's head, and lands perched on the guard rail behind him.] **Angus:** WHAT. [The fans at ringside are going nuts as the high-flyer waits for Bronson to turn around. The Scottish Strongman is momentarily unsure of where his opponent ended up and is caught by surprise when Python launches himself from atop the guard rail and takes Box down with a flying hurricanrana onto the concrete floor.] **Angus:** WHAT. **THAT WAS AWESOME CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** **DDK:** Python putting on a remarkable show here with his infamous combination of creativity and athleticism! **Angus:** I feel like he's about to swing off to do battle with Norman Osborn. **DDK:** What? **Angus:** The Green Goblin! Read a fucking comic book, n00b. Or go to the movies. Willem Dafoe was so badass in that role. "OUT, AM I!?" [Python is up in a hurry. He lifts Box to his feet as quickly as he can and rolls him into the ring, sliding in and immediately hooking his leg.] 1... 2... **DDK:** Not yet! [Box kicks out and scrambles to his feet, attempting to create some space between him and his opponent. In a flash, Python dives on top of him and drags him down into an arm triangle choke.] **DDK:** Python looking to keep the momentum in his favor here with a submission hold! **Angus:** Looks like an illegal choke to me. **DDK:** It's perfectly legal and very well executed. Despite his notorious risk-taking style, Python is also extensively trained in mat wrestling, a fact which many opponents overlook. However, the same is also true of Bronson Box. [Box struggles for just a moment before using his size advantage to roll on top of Python, force himself up to a crouched position, and drop a knee into Python's sternum, breaking the hold. Bronson follows up by slapping on a submission hold of his own.] **DDK:** Box has him in a cobra clutch! That looks like it hurts! **Angus:** Der. When Box shakes your hand, it hurts. Nevermind when he puts you in a cobra clutch. [Python manages to wedge his free arm into the hold and loosen it enough to roll to his side and hook Box into an omoplata shoulder lock. Bronson counters by shifting momentum and sliding into a rear naked choke. Python bridges and gets a few fingers under his opponent's arm, relieving the pressure just long enough for him to take a breath, slam his hip down into Box's gut, and roll free.] **DDK:** A nice display of mat wrestling from both men here! Neither seems to have come out of the exchange with an advantage. [Python tries to Irish whip the larger man, but Box uses his strength to counter and swing Python to the ropes instead. Python slides under a huge clothesline on the way back, keeps going, hits the ropes and comes back with a high leaping side kick. Box ducks and immediately swings around to chase Python with a huge haymaker. The Jersey Daredevil drops into a split to avoid the blow. He rolls backward and up to his feet in a ready position. The energy in the building is electrifying as Bronson Box and Python face off, each tensed and waiting for the other to make the first mistake. Box steps and punches, Python sidesteps, throws a knee. Box catches it. Rather than fighting to free his leg, Python quickly hooks Box's head and drags him down into a small package pin.] 1... 2 **DDK:** Bronson Box escapes on a short two count! [They're back on their feet. Before Box can regain his bearings, Python lands an elbow, throws a toe kick, and drops his powerful opponent with a lightning quick DDT. To the thrill of the crowd, Python kips up to his feet and heads for the turnbuckle.] **DDK:** Python using his exhilarating quickness here to overwhelm The Wargod, and now he's heading for the top rope! **Angus:** No wonder he's an ex-world champion... he doesn't stay the fuck still long enough for anyone to ever pin him. [Python scales the turnbuckle as Bronson fights his way to his feet. Disoriented, Box initially looks toward the wrong corner and Python leaps, sailing high and corkscrewing through the air.] **DDK:** He's going for The Snakebite! **RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH- CRACK! OOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!** **Angus:** SHIT, Keeps! **DDK:** Box spun just in time to catch Python with a huge boot to the face, dropping him right out of the sky! And the kid may be out cold, here. [Python hits the mat with a dull thud and lies in a motionless heap. Box laughs as blood begins to flow freely from Python's nose.] **Angus:** Why isn't he pinning him? He could end this right now and move on to the Ladder War! **DDK:** He knows better! He knows he's going to have to damn well kill this kid to keep him down and that may be exactly what he plans to do. [Box hoists Python to his feet. The fans boo at the top of their lungs as The Wargod unleashes a flurry of European uppercuts, striking Python across his head and chest and driving him across the ring. Barely able to stand, the young high flyer instinctively lifts his hands to protect his face as Bronson rears back for one more mighty punch. However, he throws it low and strikes Python right in the heart.] **DDK:** Sacred Heart! And Python drops like a ton of bricks. [With a mighty bellow, Bronson Box wipes his opponent's blood from the back of his knuckles across his own forehead and bends down to pick Python back up for more punishment.] [That's when...]

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RYAN, DOG COLLAR MATCH! LAST MAN STANDING RULES! LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW! FIST OF DEFIANCE **ON THE LINE!!!** RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH! [Dane lets the crowd settle some before continuing.] **Eric Dane:** You two finish this shit at the PPV, over, done. And maybe, just maybe you two assholes might actually compete for a world title again someday. [Eric drops the mic and saunters backstage.] **DDK:** This PPV just got a hell of a lot more extreme, Angus! **Angus:** Da' Baws has spoken! **DDK:** A last man standing dog collar match! **Angus:** These two big mean motherfuckers linked together with a steel chain by the fucking NECK, beating on each other 'til one guy can't physically stand! I LOVE THIS COMPANY, KEEBS!

Let's Hug it Out

[The feed picks up near the loading area at the UCSB Events Center. Seth Stratton and 'Buffalo' Brian Slater stand amongst the Defiance trucks, continuing their argument from ringside.]

Seth:

... You cost me a match, troglodyte! I had Sawyer pinned!

BBS:

You locked me in a closet! I was hollerin' like a trapped bear for almost an hour until someone let me out!

Seth:

And for good reason, had you stayed in the closet I'd have won the match and your parents wouldn't have disowned you. Zing!

BBS:

Oh that's real funny. How about I return the favor on that little love tap you gave me at ringside?

[Seth backs up a bit.]

BBS:

Don't worry. That's your one strike. But if you do it again, I'm going to knock out every one of your teeth with my bare fists.

Seth:

I understand. Now, let's hug it out.

BBS:

No.

Seth:

Come on, bro.

BBS:

Don't call me bro.

Seth:

Come on, home slice.

[Slater groans. Seth gives him a bro hug, extra long and tight. Slater looks ready to commit suicide. He pushes Seth off.]

BBS:

All right, that's enough.

Seth:

Not comfortable with your sexuality, eh?

BBS:

No, I'm not comfortable with your sexuality.

Seth:

Oh, that's very funny.

[We hear sirens approaching from the distance.]

Seth:

... Not as funny as this is going to be, though. Never shit a shitter!

BBS:

What the hell are you talking about?

[A police cruiser pulls up to the loading area. The car reads 'UCSB Campus Police'. A portly officer steps out.]

Officer:

Which one of you is Eugene Dewey? We got a tip.

Seth:

Me, sir. I'm such a losery narc, I know. Anyway, this brute tried to sell me horse tranquilizers! He called it 'Special K'. He said it'd make me 'trip'. All I was trying to do was give him a free copy of the Book of Mormon!

Officer:

Is this true, sir?

BBS:

What? Absolutely not!

Officer:

And what's this hanging out of your back pocket, sir?

[The cop grabs a large Ziploc baggie of white powder.]

BBS:

You've gotta be shitting me.

[He turns towards Seth.]

BBS:

Let's hug it out, huh? I swear to God I'm going to kick you in the ribcage so hard blood comes out your eye sockets.

Officer:

Sir, please calm down.

BBS:

I WON'T CALM DOWN! I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THI-

[Slater stops mid-statement and collapses to the ground, convulsing. We see the campus cop holding a taser. He speaks into the radio on his shoulder.]

Seth:

HA! DON'T TASE ME, BRO!

Officer:

This is unit forty-one, requesting backup. We've got a pretty big guy here at the events center suspected of possession of narcotics with intent to sell.

[The officer turns to Seth.]

Officer:

We'll handle it from here, sir. Feel free to go about your evening.

Seth:

Thank you. Thank the good lord for our nation's police. And for the record, I always thought the Rodney King beating was totally justified.

[With that, Seth turns, takes an unseen bump of something off the back of his hand, and frolics into the night. The camera feed fades.]

Restitution

[Eric Dane's office.]

[Again.]

[Christian Light is standing in front of Dane's desk.]

[Again.]

[The difference between now and an hour and a half ago is that this time Eric Dane is neither tolerating Chris nor trying to get back on the same page with him. This time, the boss is speaking in a strained, hushed tone usually reserved for those who have tried his patience for the last time. Heidi Christenson knows this voice.]

Dane:

This is a thing we're doing now?

[He cocks an eyebrow.]

Light:

I-

Dane:

Shut up. Just... shut up.

[Eric leans back into a more comfortable position, putting pressure on the bridge of his nose to stifle the oncoming migraine.]

Dane:

You go batshit on me, come back in here and tell me you and your kids had some kind of "Come to Jesus" meeting and you had what alcoholics refer to as a Moment of Clarity, and then an hour later you go out to ringside in a match that has nothing to do with you-

Light:

I was trying to-

Dane:

I said shut it, Chris. Don't make call in the tesla-squad.

[Light shuts it, doing his best to hide from an inquisitive glare from the boss.]

Dane:

You go out and involve yourself into someone else's match, a fucking. title. match. at that, and not only do you get involved, but you cost a friend a goddamned title belt. And **then** you've got the fuckin' sack to come shufflin' back in here to apologize again? Are you fucking stoned?

[Light does not answer.]

Dane:

Well maybe you fucking **should** be.

[An awkward silence settles over the two of them. Tension is so thick you could eat it with a spoon. Light looks like he's about to say something again when he is interrupted by a very loud bang.]

Very Loud Bang!

[The door would be splintered and hanging from its hinges if the Black Jesus didn't know better, but suffice it to say he was wound up to the top of the dial and ready to let loose on the man standing in front of him looking all contrite.]

Light:

Look, Ty, I-

Walker:

Shut. The **Fuck**. Up. Otha'wise I'mma shank you'n the fuckin' neck like the cracker ass mothafucka that you are!

[The boss stands up.]

Dane:

Ty, if you could just-

Walker:

Naw, man, FUCK ALL'A THAT! [he turns back to Light] An' fuck you, seriously, the HALE is yo' mothafuckin' problem out there? I told you I had it handled, I had peckerwood reelin' an' runnin' for his damn life, but you just have to go off lose your goddamn mind, YET AGAIN! So what the fuck, do you got some kinda beef with me that we need to go out to the parkin' lot an' settle?

[Silence.]

Walker:

I asked you a question. Do. You. And. I. Need. To. Go. Outside?

Light:

Can I speak now?

[If it were anyone else in the company, it'd be the worst possible time for some sarcasm, but the question is asked in all seriousness, because, well, this is Christian Light. When neither Dane nor Walker responded, other than Walker's intense stare of hatred, Christian then spoke up.]

Light:

Okay so, Ty, I'm...

[Try as he might, Walker is having none of it as a notion hits him as he takes in a deep inhale of oxygen.]

Walker:

Nah, fuck it, dude. You know what? I don't want your goddamn apologies, we've already been there an' done all'a that bullshit... Not that you seem to remember, considerin' how you take every goddamn chance to make use of the worst day of MY career to constantly remind people that you aren't infallible, an' to build hope that one of these days you an' I'll finally get this mothafucka done in the ring.

[EXHALE!]

[Another inhale, he continues.]

Walker:

Since you can't seem to let it go, fuck it, you want this goddamn match so bad? You want to atone for some shit that I have told you time an' mothafuckin' time again that I have gotten over? Well then, you finally done did talked me into this bullshit. So fuck you an' your guilt.

[He turns towards Dane.]

Walker:

Book that shit, nigga, whenever, wherever, however, if this mothafucka wants to bleed for his sins, I'mma do it so this bitch ass honky mothafucka can finally let this bullshit fuckin' die already.

[With that Ty pivots on his heel and exits without another word, leaving Dane and Light behind.]

Light:

...if he calms down tomorrow and still wants to do this, then I'm fine with it.

Dane[interrupting]:

Like you had a choice...

Light:

...but...

Dane[interrupting, slightly louder]:

Are you still here? Are you still talking? See yourself out before someone else does so for you.

[A pause, and a raised eyebrow from Christian Light. He thinks about speaking up, but The Only Star gives him a hatestare, which silences any thought of speech. He turns on his heel and walks out quickly, leaving the door open as he goes.]

Cancer Jiles vs Alceo Dentari

Quimbey:

The following contest is the main event of the evening! It is a NON-TITLE MATCH, set for one fall, with a 30 minute time limit! Introducing first!

DA-NA-NA, DA-NA-NA, DA-NA-NA NA

[Dean Martin begins to croon and the fans boo in Pavlovian response.]

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

Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Tony Two-Hands and Big Vinny! Hailing from Brooklyn, New York City, and weighing in at One Hundred... Ninety-Five pounds! ALCEO! DENNNNNNTAAARRRRRIIIII!!

[The scowling mafioso stomps out of the back, trying to make up with belligerence what he lacks in height and his out-of-place cheerful theme song drives him on. Tony Two-Hands, looking very... conflicted, and Big Vinny, who looks more hungry than anything else, follow him.]

♪ My head keeps... spinning ♪
♪ I go to sleep and keep... grinning ♪
♪ If this is just the be...ginning ♪
♪ My life's gonna be ♪
♪ Beeeee-youtiful ♪

[In the ring, Dentari tests the ropes.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent!

Angus:

YEEESSSS!!!

Quimbey:

Hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at 222 lbs! He is the reigning Defiance World Heavyweight Champion! COOL! CANCER! JIIIIIIIIIIILLLEESS!!!!

♪ I'm the one your momma warned you about ♪
♪ When you see me I will leave you no doubt ♪
♪ I'm the coolest man on the face of this earth ♪
♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

[Through a cloud of smoke that may or may not have been generated by a fog machine, the World Champion appears. World Title around his waist. COOL shades placed appropriately atop his COOL head.]

♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

Angus:

HE IS THE COOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOL!

DDK:

At the expense of professionalism - dammit Angus could you possibly be any more of a fanboy?

[Jiles doffs the shades and hands them to one of those wardrobe guardian ringside types. He steps up to the ring apron... and Dentari attacks immediately!]

DDK:

Dentari! Lefts and rights to the champ! Knee lifts! Jiles tumbles into the ring and Dentari's just stomping away!

[Jiles tries to crabwalk to the corner but Dentari just follows right up, stomping and stomping and stomping. He then switches over to hook punches as Jiles sits in the corner.]

DDK:

No wrestling match here, we're just seeing a fight! Dentari hammering away with everything he's got and Jiles with a kick to the ribs!

[Dentari stumbles back, Jiles grabs the ropes and pulls himself up for another kick, Dentari stumbles back again, and Jiles unleashes the metal-reinforced hand. Knife edge chop!]

WHOOOOO!!!

[Dentari clutches his reddening chest. Jiles keeps firing. Chop! Chop! ChopchopchopchopCHOP and down goes Dentari!]

Angus:

HE IS THE COOOOOOOOOOOOOO *pfffft*

[DDK quietly unplugs Angus' headset.]

DDK:

Jiles attacking Dentari with all cylinders firing! Irish whip, Dentari reverses, Jiles ducks the clothesline, jumping forearm smash and down goes Dentari again!

[Alceo Dentari decides it's bail time and retreats out of the ring.]

DDK:

It's not often you see Dentari moving backwards, but I've rarely seen Jiles fight with that kind of fire before. Dentari moves in between the two gorillas and JILES WITH A RUNNING SHOOTING STAR FROM THE APRON!

[Jiles takes the running start, leaps off the apron with a shooting star press and slams into Dentari and the Gorillas. Dentari and Di Luca both go down. Rinaldi manages to get hold of the guardrail before he falls. Jiles throws Dentari back into the ring, rolls in himself, hits the ropes - just as Rinaldi steps in. Jiles runs straight into...]

Angus:

pffft AT HOLE! SLAAAAAM!! Also, CANCEEEEEER NOOOOOOOOO.....

[Di Luca pulls himself together and enters the ring. He chickenwings Jiles' arms behind his back as Dentari starts laying in heavy punches to the breadbasket.]

DDK:

It looks like, with his path to the ladder war guaranteed, Dentari's more interested in doing as much damage to Jiles as he can rather than trying to win a comparatively unimportant singles match. The bell hasn't rung yet although I don't know why, this match is obviously over.

Angus:

Says you party pooper, this shit is great TV!

[Di Luca releases Jiles, only for Dentari to grab him and slam him to the mat with his STO to Complete Shot. Di Luca begins searching under the ring for something.]

Angus:

OH SWEET JEBUS ISN'T THERE ANYONE IN THIS PROMOTION COOL ENOUGH TO HELP LORD CANCER THE COOL?!

[Dentari directs Big Vinny to the turnbuckle as Di Luca begins withdrawing a ladder. Vinny is very dubious about this whole 'heights' thing, but he slowly climbs to the bottom rope, one foot to the middle, no, he wobbles and steps back down, takes another try at it, gets both feet on the middle rope, then gets one on the top rope, trying to hold his balance...]

[Engage "The Receiving End of Sirens". And before the lyrics even kick in, Python's sprinting down the ramp.]

Angus:

OK, I mean, I'll take it, but why Python? Did he come down with justice seeker's syndrome or something this card?

[Python meets Tony Two Hands at ringside just as the big man turns around clutching the ladder.]

THWACK!

Angus:

HOLY FUCK!

DDK:

Python with a beautiful running dropkick to that ladder! Tony Di Luca is busted open folks!

[Di Luca drops to his knees clutching his gushing nose. Python wastes no time popping up on the apron then onto the top rope all in one beautiful movement. The Snake Man walks the ropes over to where Big Vinny is finally perched on the second rope. One leap later...]

Angus:

FAT BOY GOIN' FOR A RIDE KEEBS!

DDK:

HURRICANRANA FROM PYTHON, BIG VINNY IS FLAT ON HIS BACK ACROSS THE RING!

Angus:

You're dealin' with alot of extra momentum with a man that size.

[Dentari is quick to act, stopping Python in his tracks with a nasty low blow. Alceo gloats a little as Python drops to his knees clutching his balls. Before long however...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

SUPERKICK FROM CANCER JILES, DENTARI'S JAW IS IN THE SECOND ROW!

Angus:

HE'S ALIIIIIIIIIVE!

[Cancer drops down and makes a cover. Ref Benny Doyle slides in to make the three count.]

DDK:

We never heard a bell Angus! The referee was letting this one go!

Angus:

It's up to his discretion I guess... what a trooper that Benny Doyle!

1...

2...

3... WHAT THE HELL?!

[Jiles and Dentari both are crushed by a bloody battle worn billionaire making a crash landing off the top rope.]

DDK:

IT'S EDWARD WHITE! Ed White just crushed Cancer Jiles and Alceo Dentari both!

Angus:

WHERE THE FUCK DID HE COME FROM?!

[As Ed White starts laying boots to Cancer Jiles Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands retrieve their boss, pulling his limp body under the bottom rope and start towards the ramp leaving Ed alone with Python and Jiles back in the ring.]

Angus:

Ugh... cowards.

DDK:

The World Trios champions making a hasty retreat here... wait, look!

[Tony and Vinny (with Dentari slung over his shoulder) back step up the ramp right up to...]

DDK:

IT'S BRONSON BOX! The Blood Diamonds are in full effect AGAIN tonight!

[Box boots Tony Two Hands then grabs him by the tracksuit and plants him head first like a battering ram right into the steep guardrail lining the rampway. The big Italian crumples like a soda can, dropping to the mat like a pile of dirty laundry.]

[Box slowly turns his attention to the fat man. Big Vinny in a moment of panic...]

Angus:

DID HE JUST CHUCK DENTARI AT BOX?!

[He did. Vinny hurls his boss overhead press style right at The Scottish Strongman who catches the lithe little Italian like he was nothing at all. Box takes Dentari up and slams him back first across the guardrail, immediately barreling forward and shoulder blocking Big Vinny back into the ring apron.]

DDK:

BRONSON BOX JUST TOOK OUT DENTARI AND THE GORILLAS!

Angus:

HOLY JUMPIN' JESUS CHRIST!

[Angus' reaction wasn't directed towards Bronson's battle acumen but at the green blur sailing through the air TOWARDS The Wargod.]

DDK:

PYTHON WITH THE SPRINGBOARD SUICIDE DIVE ONTO BOXER!

[The two men tumble backwards, Python rolling through and ending up on his feet.]

THWACK!

[Python crumples down to the ramp.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL NOW?! WILL THIS MADNESS NEVER END?! THIS SHIT ISN'T EVEN A MATCH ANYMORE!

[Behind him holding a dented steel chair...]

DDK:

DENTARI WITH THE NASTY CHAIR SHOT TO THE BACK OF PYTHON'S SKULL!

[Back in the ring referee Benny Doyle is trying his damndest to calm the tooth and nail brawl between Cancer Jiles and Edward White. After a few unsuccessful attempts and a stray fist or two to his person Doyle rolls under the bottom rope and leaves the arena... no decision, no bell he just rolls under the ropes in a huff and heads to the backstage area.]

Angus:

The refs have had it, Darren! They're tired of this bullshit!

DDK:

I don't blame 'em, partner.

[Dentari leaves his goons and starts back up the ramp alone... eventually hitting a big fleshy wall.]

Angus:

Man, when will wrestlers realize it's never a good idea to backstep up the ramp at the end of a show...

[Before the crowd even registers what's happening Dentari is laid out with a nasty t-bone suplex. The littlest mob boss sailing through the entrance curtain and back into the gorilla position.]

DDK:

DAN RYAN JUST TOOK OUT ALCEO DENTARI!!

Angus:

AND HE'S RUNNING DOWN TO RINGSIDE WITH A PURPOSE!

[Down at the foot of the ring Bronson Box and Python are just getting to their feet. Utilizing his catlike reflexes Python rolls to the side just as Ryan makes contact with Bronson. The two men drop to the ringside mat, Ryan raining down elbows from the mounted position right into Bronson's face.]

Angus:

It's complete anarchy, Keebs!

[Ed White has gotten the better of Cancer back in the ring, laying some lasty back elbows to the champs face and head. As cancer slowly slides down the turnbuckle down to his butt Edward spins around and drops the hammer with some vicious stomps to the neck and chest.]

[The ringside camera picks up some of The Socialite's trash talk.]

Edward White:

THAT BELT IS MINE YOU FILTHY LITTLE PRICK! DO YOU HEAR ME?! MINE!

[The camera swings around to the dog pile of fists and hate that at its core is made up primarily of Bronson Box and Dan Ryan. Ryan still has Bronson mounted, his forearm currently doing the damage dug directly into the side of Bronson's bloody face. Through bloody teeth and busted lips Bronson still manages to egg The Ego Buster on.]

Bronson Box:

You'll have to do better than that ye' wee PRINCESS... *spits blood*

[Ryan roars as Bronson gets the better of him, both men managing to get to their feet. An enraged Dan Ryan though wastes no time and drills Bronson through the metal ringside barrier and back through the first few rows of chairs and humanity, crashing into a particularly large fan and collapsing, a broken barrier and a trail of wreckage behind them.]

Angus:

SWEET BABY JAMES, DID YOU SEE THAT SHIT!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!**HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

[Box is down. Ryan gets to one knee, shaking his head, trying to clear his eyes, when...

Fan:

RRRAAAAARRRGHHHH!!!!

[The Large Fan - a truck sized bald man with a lumpy face and a shiny hairless head - grabs Ryan by the neck, LIFTS HIM TO HIS FEET, and begins laying headbutts into him! Ryan, caught completely by surprise, falls to one knee and then over backward.]

Fan:

RRRRRRRRRRRRRGHHH!!!!

[And Box throws himself into the fray with an overhand right, sending the fan stumbling, bleeding from the lip, back through the hole in the barricade and out onto the ramp!]

Angus:

What on God's Green Earth is HAPPENING HERE?! Who the hell is that?!

[Box and The Fan exchange haymakers, Box's boxing training and The Fan's sheer size neutralizing each other. And then Dan Ryan clotheslines them both down, falling himself as he delivers a double lariat!]

[Back in the ring Ed Has Cancer by the hair, hammering the champs head with a heavy downward fist.]

*FUCK YOU EDWARD! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FUCK YOU EDWARD! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

DDK:

These fans not shy about their distaste for The Socialite's actions here, Angus.

Angus:

One fucking main event, man. Just one fucking main event without all this bullshit and interference. The referee just fuckin' LEFT man. No bell no nothin'... what are we even doing here?

DDK:

Calling... whatever this is, partner.

Angus:

Yeah, well I... SPRINGBOARD FLIPPING NECKBREAKER FROM PYTHON!

[It happens in a flash, Python seizing the top rope, launching himself into the ring and seizing Ed White by the head while in midair. The former WfWA World Champion grabs Ed White by the head and brings him down with a gorgeous flying neckbreaker.]

[Python pops back up, still holding his injured head from earlier, and looks around confused. Ed White rolls to the "safety" outside the ring. Which isn't even remotely safe, what with the Box/Ryan/Big Fan brawl, and Dentari and the Gorillas throwing themselves into it!]

[The World Champ Cancer Jiles has slowly scooched his way into a sitting position against one of the turnbuckles, exhausted.]

DDK:

Python is the last man standing in this melee!

Angus:

Now what? WAIT LOOK...

[Python grins and looks around the ring, his eyes coming to rest on the ladder.]

Angus:

I sense it. He's gonna do something.

[Python stands that ladder up near the edge of the ring. He scrambles up it, perches with one foot on the top rung one on the rung just below that, and...]

Angus:

MOOOOOOONSAULT FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDER! MOONSAULT FROM TWENTY FEET IN THE GODDDAMN AIR!

[It's like some kind of slow motion trainwreck. Python lands square on top of the pile. Big Vinny, Dan Ryan and that Big Fan catch the brunt of it, and as they fall, they land on people, and those people also fall, and chaos radiates

outwards as a sea of humanity with Python on top of it collapses.]

Angus:

IT'S LIKE GANGS OF NEW YORK UP IN HERE, KEEBS!

AND KING CANCER THE LORD OF COOL IS ON HIS FEET!

[For like five second.]

EL KA-BONG!

Angus:

WHAT THE NO NO NOOOOOO HES SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD OR SOMETHING!

[Kai Scott, his trademark crutch bent in half and busted beyond belief, stands over the fallen World Champion. Breathing heavily for a few seconds, he drops the busted crutch and rolls out of the ring on the clear side before jumping the guardrail.]

Angus:

EVERYBODY'S OUT COLD! It looks like a tornado hit an opium den at ringside! Handlebar mustaches, pot heads, eccentric millionaires, and greasy italians fuckin' everywhere!

DDK:

FOLKS WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE PAY PER VIEW!

Angus:

WHERE'S LEO, DARREN?!

[Cut to DEFIANCE logo.]

[Black.]