

Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu Plus original presentation!] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from Austria in...] [3...] [...2...] [...1!] [Go.] ♪ *Be my one would you take my son* ♪ ♪ *Would you tell someone whether we had fun* ♪ ♪ *With your heroes double zeroes goin' in circles 'round your fear* ♪ ♪ *Then I'm never ever falling again* ♪ ♪ *Would you take my grace, look into my face* ♪ ♪ *With your limp handshake and your smile thats fake* ♪ ♪ *Would you back my fight, say you're down for right* ♪ ♪ *See its easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing* ♪ [The Defiance theme song blasts over the PA system as the camera pans around the the arena. Red and silver spotlights whirl around the Tiroler Wasserkraft Arena as the fans around the ring bang on the apron in time with the beat of the song.] ♪ *Maker makes me long for a better way* ♪ ♪ *You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage* ♪ [One end of the arena has been set up with a black stagewall, behind which is the backstage area. The black box ramp connects it to the ring, and in a box above the wall is the commentation station, with Keebs and Angus overlooking the action.] ♪ *Because I* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ [Zoom in.] **Angus:** WEEELLLLLLLLLCOME TO THE SHOOOOOOOOOOW!!! **DDK:**

And once again, we've got a heck of a show for you tonight! **Angus:**

Do we, though? I mean, there's like two matches booked. Maybe Eric Dane decided to just let the cards fall as they may leading into Grindhouse: GERMANY. **DDK:**

Is that you doubting in the wisdom of The Only Star? **Angus:**

What? Fuck you! **DDK:** Not on your life. Anyway, this is DEFIANCE, and I can personally assure you that we've got a hell of a show coming to you, but right now we've got to swing it back to the locker room where I'm hearing that something's going on with the TexMex Holiday boys! **Angus:**

OH GAWD HUGE FREAKING FIGHT HERE WE GO... [Cut.]

Diego de Leon, Give Me The News

[Backstage: The TexMex Holiday locker room.] [Where we find three men in street clothes -- Frank Holiday, "The Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix, and Billy Pepper -- sitting on chairs around a desk on which rests a laptop, screen up.] [Yep, we are one man short at the moment.] [Billy is commandeering the keyboard, messing around with applications, while Jimmie sits stoically, and Frank fidgets impatiently in his seat, elbows on knees and chin in hands.]

Frank Holiday: What's wrong? Bring up the thing, Billy. **Billy Pepper:** I'm trying, Frank. **Frank Holiday:** Just click that thing there. **Billy Pepper:** I said I'm trying, Frank! It's not me, it's the wi-fi here. Just hold your horses. [Blowing out a breath, Frank turns to Jimmie and nudges him on the shoulder.] **Frank Holiday:** Jimmie, do something. [Jimmie Rix gives him an incredulous look.] **Jimmie Rix:** Ah look like Ah'd know what ta do with that thing? **Billy Pepper:** HA! Success! Two bars, but better than nothing! [Indeed, the connection strength indicator on the bottom of the screen is finally showing some green, so Billy uses the touch pad to flick over to the Skype icon and clicks to fire up the application. He goes down his contact list to "Diego" and clicks the little telephone icon. The distinctive Skype ringtone plays for a second or two, and then the video chat window comes alive with what appears to be an uncomfortable close-up of a lion in a hospital gown.] [It is, in fact, an image of Diego de Leon, lying reclined, in a powder-blue smock, seen from the perspective of the webcam in the laptop on his lap. Naturally, he's wearing his wrestling mask. Gauze is wrapped around it once or twice at about forehead level. He gives a little wave and a paper medical bracelet on his wrist bounces.] **Diego de Leon:** Hello, friends. [Billy, Frank and Jimmie's faces light up at the sight of their partner. Frank enthusiastically waves back.] **Frank Holiday:** Hey buddy! How are you feeling? [The luchador gives a small shrug.] **Diego de Leon:** As well as can be expected, Frank. Mr. Dane spared no expense to take care of me. The Charité Universitätsmedizin Berlin is the best hospital in Germany, or so I've been told. [The German syllables roll off his tongue as naturally as a native speaker.] **Billy Pepper:** The Wienerschnitzel what? **Frank Holiday:** Gesundheit. [Diego shakes his head.] **Frank Holiday:** Glad to hear you're in good hands, dude. Now be honest, how hot is your nurse? Like, from one to ten, ten being TEH HOTNESS~! And do they wear like the white skirt and stockings and all that? ["The Southern Sling" looks disgusted.] **Jimmie Rix:** Seriously? **Billy Pepper:** It's an important question, Jimmie. **Diego de Leon:** I don't know. I suppose my nurse seems attractive enough... **Frank Holiday:** Awww ye-- **Diego de Leon:** ...In his own way. **Frank Holiday:** --Ner. [All eyes turn to Frank, whose face is glowing red like a nuclear tomato.] **Diego de Leon:** So far he hasn't shown up in a skirt. I can ask him for you if you like. **Frank Holiday:** Urgh. Just... never mind. **Billy Pepper:** No, do it, Diego. Enquiring minds need to know! [Seemingly immune to all this nonsense, Jimmie Rix leans toward the laptop.] **Jimmie Rix:** So, they give ya a clean bill a'health yet, Diego? [Diego turns and looks off to one side a moment. Only the bottom part of his face is visible under his mask, but there's an unmistakable sadness in his expression.] **Diego de Leon:** I wish I had better news. The doctors say I have a ruptured disc and some torn muscle around the spine. They're testing for nerve damage as well. To make a long story short, they won't clear me to wrestle any time soon. [A long pause while everyone processes that.] **Frank Holiday:** Shit, dude, I'm sorry. **Jimmie Rix:** Yeah. Real unfortunate. Ain't right what happened to ya. **Diego de Leon:** I feel I'm letting all of you down. We're supposed to take on Team HOSS at the end of the tour, and right now I don't know if I'll even be able to compete. **Billy Pepper:** Listen, amigo, your job right now is not to worry about wrestling or that band of asswipes. You just focus on getting well, okay? Let the doctors do their work. You mend your body, you come back when you're ready. Maybe get your handsome nurse's number for Frank if you get a chance. **Frank Holiday:** Not necessary. **Billy Pepper:** No, I insist. Meanwhile, you leave Team HOSS to us. For everything they've done in the past, and for the bullshit they pulled on you last week, we're gonna make them pay. **Jimmie Rix:** Absolutely. Ain't no gettin' away with this. **Frank Holiday:** Diego, I will personally break each of their backs for you, dude, I promise. [A small smile shows under the lion mask.] **Diego de Leon:** Thank you, everybody. And I promise I'll be lending you my support, even if it's only in spirit. **Billy Pepper:** Okay, Diego, take it easy. We'll catch up with you later. **Diego de Leon:** So long, my friends. [The video chat ends and the screen goes black. The three men sit back, mirth draining out of them, anger slowly taking its place. They exchange glances.] **Frank Holiday:** Fuckin' Team HOSS. **Jimmie Rix:** Yeah. Ah hate those bullies. **Billy Pepper:** This has gone too far already. Too goddamn far. [TMH's de facto manager slams a fist on the desk, making the laptop jump and surprising Frank and Jimmie. Billy turns a livid gaze on his compadres.] **Billy Pepper:** Jimmie, you need to watch your back tonight. Frank and I will be watching too. Junior Keeling and Team HOSS want us eliminated before we even get to the PPV. We're not gonna let that happen. [Jimmie and Frank nod their agreement.] **Billy Pepper:** We're gonna make those bastards pay. And we're gonna do it for Diego. [Cut.]

Kai Scott vs Jimmie Rix

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following is a non-title match! It is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first! Representing Tex Mex Holiday, and weighing in at 205 lbs! He is the Southern Sling! Jimmie! RIIIIIX!

[As “Ghost Riders in the Sky” plays, Jimmie Rix makes his way to ringside.]

DDK:

We’re getting started with our opening contest, with Jimmie Rix being given a huge opportunity that he may not actually want. He’s facing off against our World Champion, who doesn’t want to be in this match at all, and will probably be looking to finish it as quickly as possible.

Angus:

And worse for Rix, Scott had to give up long ago any illusions that he’s crippled or broken down. He bluffed his way to contendership, won the belt on a blatant screwjob, but I’ve got to admit he gets shit done when he has to.

[Rix tests the ropes.]

♪ I know there’s something happening here ♪
♪ I know there’s something happening here ♪
♪ Do my eyes deceive my ears ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪
♪ Can you feel, that, man? ♪
♪ I sure as hell can ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪

Quimbey:

And his opponent! He hails from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighs in at 232 lbs! He is the leader of the Truly Untouchables, a former Defiance World Trios Tag Champion, and the REIGNING Defiance World Heavyweight Champion! He is KAI! SCOOOOTTTT!!!

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

DDK:

A lonely entrance for the champ here, as there are no other Truly Untouchables in sight.

Angus:

Confidence. Overconfidence, maybe. Not likely though.

[Scott steps into the ring, hands the World Title off, and waits on the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Scott explodes on Rix at the bell! Lighting up the challenger with alternating roundhouse kicks, solebutt and a buzzsaw roundhouse sends Rix straight to the mat!

[Scott follows up. He dives on Rix, lays in forearm shots as fast as he can, and only backs off when Benny Doyle physically drags him away from his opponent. Rix, sporting a fat lip, climbs to his feet.]

DDK:

Moving into a lock-up now, great go-behind by Rix, no, the champ's out of it, Rix going down low to break the hold, and he hip tosses Scott to the mat! Scott rolling through the attempted armlock, he counters, Rix counters with a wristlock, and he drops the champion to his knees!

[Rix hangs onto the wristlock. Scott rolls through, counters into his own wristlock, moves in quickly and takes Rix up and over with a sick side suplex that drops him on the back of his neck.]

DDK:

Rix rolled to a seated position, and Scott delivering spinal taps!

SWAAACK!

SWAAACK!

DDK:

The champion is in full control

Angus:

DUDE! If you're going to go all Joey I can't get a word in?

DDK:

Alright, what did you have to add?

Angus:

TEEMDANJAR!

DDK:

...Scott following up on those spinal taps, he pulls Rix up to his feet, brings him up and down with a uranage to backbreaker!

[At this point, Junior Keeling and Aleczander appear at the top of the ramp. Capital Punishment and Angel Trinidad follow shortly.]

DDK:

Team HOSS is out here... this is the first time they've crossed paths with the champion.

Angus:

I kinda hope that some shit happens, because the Truly Untouchables are half chicks, and these guys could throw them all over the arena!

[Keeling, however, applauds, and slowly the rest of Team HOSS joins in. Scott throws a joking salute in their direction, pulls Rix to his feet, brings one of Rix's arms underneath his own leg, his other arm around his neck in a cutthroat, lifts him up, inverts him and drops him on the back of his neck.]

DDK:

I have... no idea what to call that, but we've got Team HOSS out here, apparently enjoying the demise of Jimmy Rix, and Kai Scott showing off for their benefit with whateverthehell that move was. But I think there's not much left in Rix's tank if Scott's able to pull that off.

[Indeed, probably the only reason the move didn't earn Scott a pinfall was because he didn't try for one.]

DDK:

Scott's setting Rix up, double underhook... KRYPTONITE! It's over!

[Scott kicks Rix over onto his back, but stops as Team HOSS yells.]

DDK:

And now Team HOSS encouraging the champion to have some fun at his opponent's expense. Scott picks Rix up, turns him upside down, AND HITS ZER SOZE!

[Keeling audibly asks for one more. So Scott acquiesces. He drags Rix into position, climbs to the top rope, and jumps off with the Mad Splash, landing right across Rix's chest.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

[Scott stands up and dusts himself off.]

Quimbey:

Here is your winner: KAI SCOTT!

DDK:

I wish I could say I expected more out of this match, but Team HOSS's presence distracted Rix off whatever gameplan he was managing to put together, and Scott just toyed with him for the remainder of the match. And look at Keeling shake Scott's hand! Loathsome.

Angus:

No hating, Keebs! If a brilliant managerial specialist like Junior Keeling respects Kai Scott that much, then clearly Kai Scott is fully deserving of that much respect. And even more!

DDK:

But... I thought you hated...

Angus:

Stop it with the thinking, Keebs, it's only going to get you in trouble.

Throwing Down The Gauntlet

DDK: The World Champion picks up a decisive win here, albeit in a bit of a lopsided battle, considering Jimmie Rix had not one, but five opponents to keep track of. **Angus:** It's so sad that you can't even give Kai Scott credit when he deserves it. For all he knew, Junior Keeling and Team HOSS were here to make trouble for him too! And yet he performed exactly like a champion should: he kept his head, didn't let anything sway his attention, and dominated like he always does. **DDK:** I'm not even going to ask if you actually buy the nonsense that comes out of your mouth, Angus, because what you described simply didn't happen. They cheered Scott on, he showed off for them. As if Scott had a thing to worry about -- Keeling was his biggest fan just now. **Angus:** Showing the champ the respect he's due. That's what makes Junior Keeling one of the finest men I have personally ever known.

And not because he pays me to say that thank you very much. **DDK:** Need a lozenge for that little problem? [As Keeling, Aleczander, Angel Trinidad and Capital Punishment, gathered outside the ring, watch the World Champion take his leave, Jimmie Rix starts to pick himself up in the ring, using the ropes for support. It's at this point that the assembled members of Team HOSS turn around to stare at him, nothing but malice in their eyes.] **DDK:** Uh oh. This is not good for the "Southern Sling", Angus. Team HOSS didn't touch him while the match was going on, but it's going to be game on now, by the look of things. **Angus:** And why not? They took out Diego de Leon last week, and now it's Jimmie Rix's turn! They're rubbing out TexMex Holiday, one idiot at a time! [At Junior's direction, the giants disperse in opposite directions: they walk around the ring along the apron to take up position each to a side, effectively blocking every exit, Keeling standing where the ramp meets the ring. Rix warily moves to the middle of the ring, darting his glance around rapidly at the HOSSes surrounding him. Keeling flashes his cocky grin, produces a mic from his pocket and addresses Rix.] **Keeling:** Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmie. How y'all doin'? That was a hell of an effort, big guy! You alllllllllmost had him, only... you missed it by juuuuuuuuuust a smidge. [He gives a hearty laugh, echoed by Aleczander, Angel and Cappy. Glaring, Rix snaps a retort that the mics don't quite pick up.] **Keeling:** That's plain rude, Jimmie. Y'all should have your mouth scrubbed with soap. Luckily for Standards and Practices, that's exactly what we're here to do. Only instead of "scrubbed with soap", it's gonna be "powerbombed to death", and instead of "your mouth", it's gonna be "your sorry redneck ass". [Unafraid, Jimmie Rix makes a come-on motion to the members of Team HOSS planted around the ring. Junior Keeling smiles.] **Keeling:** See, on one hand I like this moxie: you're too stupid to realize you're looking hell in the mouth, so you're saying bring it on. Something retardedly awesome about that. On the other hand, your idiocy is getting... oh, so annoying. So let's just cut to the chase here. You know that beautiful carnage we brought last week that put your Mexican Jumping Bean in the hospital? Well, we're about twelve seconds away from sending you to share a room with him. Guys? Kindly fuck him up for me, would ya? [At his word, Angel, Cappy and Aleczander begin to step over the ropes (tall boys right?), nearly salivating at the thought of what's to come. Rix whirls around with fists raised. The arena shudders with the boos and jeers of thousands of unhappy voices.] **V/O:** Hold it right there! [Everyone stops and looks back at the curtain, where two men storm out onto the apron: Billy Pepper and Frank Holiday! The audience whips themselves into a frenzy as the fan favorites march directly toward Junior Keeling -- who, seeing trouble coming straight for him, actually backs off, holding up a palm as he retreats in the only direction available to him: into the ring ropes, and closer to Jimmie Rix.] [Too close. Rix reaches over the ropes, snares Keeling by the neck, and drags him up and over, into the ring. He drops the Superagent unceremoniously on his ass, then ducks through the ropes to join his TexMex Holiday partners on the ramp.] **DDK:** Jimmie Rix out of harm's way thanks to his backup arriving in the nick of time! **Angus:** Boo-urns. [Billy Pepper is the one with the mic. He holds it up and points the Finger of Shame directly at the disheveled Junior Keeling, who is trying to straighten out his rumpled clothes. Team HOSS gathers behind him, sneering.] **Billy Pepper:** This shit is not happening, Junior -- not tonight! **Junior Keeling:** Shut up! Tell your cowboy over there not to put his filthy manure-shoveling hands on me again! **Billy Pepper:** As far as I'm concerned, he let you off easy, asshole. You know, I could blame your boys back there for what happened to Diego de Leon. Why he's in a hospital bed right now. I could say, oh, it was Cappy and Aleczander who held him up for the big move. Or it was Angel who delivered the powerbomb. And all of those things are true. But we all know your mutants have peanuts for brains and there ain't enough of 'em between the three of them to fill an ashtray. What they do, they do it because YOU, Junior Keeling, tell them to do it. **Junior Keeling:** How DARE you. They're all Mensa-level intellects, and I have the test results to prove it. **Billy Pepper:** I'm not done! The most reprehensible thing about all of this is YOU, Junior Keeling, talking endless piles of shit, ordering your humongous golems to attack us week after week, putting guys on the injured list -- and all the while, you're standing behind your gang of big guys like you're untouchable. Well, I. Have. Had. Enough! [Seething, Pepper hands the mic off to Frank Holiday, and starts to take off his blazer.] **Junior Keeling:** Look, I know they do things differently in Germany, but nobody needs to see you naked, Billy. [Pepper gives his jacket to Jimmie Rix and then removes his watch, handing it, too, to the "Southern Sling".] **Junior Keeling:** Should the guys in the truck cue up some porn music for you? [Billy takes the mic back from Frank and shoots a

deadly glare at Junior.] **Billy Pepper:** You think you're such a big man? Then get out from behind your boys and put your dukes up! **Junior Keeling:** Waitwaitwait... With YOU? **Billy Pepper:** Is there somebody else talking to you right now? I. Want. You. In. That. Ring. Now! [That sends Team HOSS into uproarious laughter. Aleczander immediately starts to pull off Keeling's jacket as Angel eggs him on to do it, but Junior Keeling looks dismayed. He shrugs out of Aleczander's grip, holds his hand up.] **Junior Keeling:** I can see you're a little upset, there, Billy, but let's be reasonable here. We're not wrestlers. We're agents, managers. You and me, we don't do the ring thing. Besides, aren't you already getting what you wanted for the PPV? [The crowd is instantly booing the shit out of Team HOSS's manager. Billy Pepper, Frank Holiday and Jimmie Rix look unimpressed.] **Billy Pepper:** What we wanted was a trios match to settle our business, but thanks to you, one of our guys isn't gonna be medically cleared to do it. So fuck you, Junior. Get your goddamn jacket off and fight me like a man! **OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHH! Junior Keeling:** I don't need to fight you to prove I'm a man! Statues have been built in my likeness to celebrate my manhood in countries that I can't even pronounce! **BOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Billy Pepper:** I'm not challenging a statue, I'm challenging you, Junior Keeling, standing right there with your stupid emaciated Penn Jillette looking face! **OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHH! Junior Keeling:** I'll take that as a compliment to my awe-inspiring celebrity and talent, and I'll thank you very much! **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Billy Pepper:** The fuck? Look, are you gonna fight me? ...Or are you CHICKEN? **OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHH! DDK:** Oh no. **Angus:** He didn't. [Angel, Aleczander and Cappy actually take a step back as Junior Keeling's face goes beet red. The Superagent is visibly shaking with rage.] **Junior Keeling:** Chicken? CHICKEN? Nobody. Calls. Me. CHICKEN! [He thrashes his arms, shedding his blazer and popping the buttons out of his dress shirt.] **Junior Keeling:** It's on now! Bring it, bitch! **Billy Pepper:** Jesus, it's like pulling teeth with you. Eject your douchebags and let's do this! Somebody ring a damn bell!

Billy Pepper vs Junior Keeling

DDK: I can't believe we're going to do this, but it looks like the spokesmen for Team HOSS and TexMex Holiday are going to have a match! **Angus:** You know my love for wonton destruction, but... yeah, I don't have high hopes for this one. [Junior Keeling takes off his coat and hands it over to Angel Trinidad on the outside so he can get ready to throw down. Billy Pepper is about to do the same and he actually has his game face on. Much to the surprise of all the parties at ringside, the crowd is actually eating up this confrontation and they're looking forward to seeing Junior Keeling get the shit knocked out of him.] **Keeling:** You don't want to do this, Billy... I'll have you know... [Pepper isn't hearing it and he jumps right after Keeling with a tackle that sends the tall skinny beanpole of a Superagent back to the corner. He starts to ball up his fists and is about to swing for the fences when Junior backs away to the ropes.] **Keeling:** Ref! Ref! Back him up! Back him up! You have to! Union rules or something! **Angus:** Is that really a thing? [While he tries to figure out that mystery, the referee does do his job and forces Billy Pepper back a couple of steps. Keeling takes a breather and looks to his clients for moral support. Cappy is watching stoically, Angel is clapping fiercely and Aleczander is... well, looking at his reflection in a mirror he has on his person for some reason. Billy Pepper sees enough and goes charging...] **DDK:** HIP TOSS... BY KEELING? [The fans are shocked, but indeed that's what just happened. Billy Pepper charged right at Junior only to take a rather nice-looking Hip Toss that dumps the TMH spokesman on his back. Billy is shaken up a little bit by the impact, while Junior Keeling stands over him cackling. Junior starts to do a little bit of something reminiscent of a Fargo Strut meets a guy having a seizure before he stops over Billy.] **Keeling:** I WAS going to say... I know a few tricks, kiddo! I used to be a wrestler, but I like making money a hell of a lot more! **Angus:** Ha! Brilliant! They suckered him in! Billy Pepper's gonna get the shit knocked out of him! Where's Chris Tucker when you need him? [Billy looks a little bit hesitant to stand while Junior Keeling continues to look smugly. He raises a hand as Billy stands to his feet getting ready to fight. He comes running at the Superagent again only to get taken down with another basic but effective wrestling move in the form of a classic Arm Drag! The crowd starts to boo as Junior Keeling raises two fingers in the air to show that twice now, he has bested Pepper move for move.] **Keeling:** Wrestling cham-peen! [The members of Team HOSS on the outside are each cheering and hollering for their manager as he struts around the ring again looking like the cock of the walk... or a cocksucker, somewhere in the middle. Cappy looks on while both Frank and Jimmie look at their friend with a hint of worry. Pepper shakes off the uneasy feeling and he gets back up while Junior mocks him again.] **Keeling:** I'm cool with a three-peat of embarrassing you. [He goes right back to the grappling again and this time, it's Junior Keeling's turn to get surprised. Billy Pepper ducks underneath an attempt at a grapple only to switch it up with a go-behind. He grabs Pepper and yanks him off the ground for a quick rear takedown and rolls over right into a front facelock. Keeling starts to freak out and get claustrophobic in the middle of the hold while he fights his way out. Pepper rolls over and starts to paintbrush the back of Keeling's head!] **DDK:** How do you like **THAT**, Junior? He's getting a taste of his own medicine! **Angus:** What the...? That's bull! He's doing wrestling moves, too? That's Jimmie Rix chain wrestling! [Indeed it is and the crowd starts to go nuts as Pepper now stands over the arrogant Junior Keeling with a look of grim determination on his face. Junior tries to brush himself off before suddenly trying a quick sneak attack to catch Pepper off-guard. Pepper sees it coming and goes low for a quick single leg and follows that up with an Elbow Drop right to the chest of Junior! He goes for a quick cover!] [ONE...] [TWO...] [NO!] **DDK:** I can't believe this! We may be getting more of an actual match from these two than we thought! **Angus:** You know that I'm a staunch supporter of the destruction and fuck-with-people-ness of Team HOSS, but this is like watching two nerds in a slapfight over the last issue of Action Comics #1. [Billy leads Junior to his feet only to take him down again with a somewhat sloppy but effective-looking Snapmare. He starts to now pull a page out of the book of Diego de Leon and kicks him in the back of the head with several good shots! Junior winces in pain while the crowd starts a quick chant for each kick.] **Crowd:** OLE! OLE! OLE! OLE! OLE! OLE! **Angus:** We're in the Twilight Zone... you can be honest, Keebs, we're in the Twilight Zone, aren't we? **DDK:** I'm starting to think so. [Keeling tries to cover up quickly and just barely manages to shove a fired-up Billy Pepper away before he heads to the ropes. When he stands

up, he comes running at him with what looks like a Dropkick, but Junior finally manages to land a move and swats Billy Pepper away before running away from him. When he's sure that Billy is down just enough, he runs forward and just plants a hard punt kick of his own to the ribs! **Keeling:** Call me CHICKEN? You're gonna wish you flew your ass outta here on a DeLorean! [The members of Team HOSS continue to cheer on the outside as he throws a couple more kicks into Pepper's exposed ribs for good measure. Billy is sucking wind now while Frank Holiday and Jimmie Rix watch on carefully – one eye on the lurking Team HOSS and another on their fallen friend. They watch on as Keeling picks him up by his hair.] [He gets in his face and is about to talk some more trash until he fights back and lands a nice right hook to the side of his head! Junior Keeling goes backwards a couple of steps before Billy Pepper comes at him and finally lands another move from the book of Frank Holiday... A spear! He gets taken down and Junior Keeling rolls out of the ring and heads to the floor for higher ground. The crowd continues to cheer when he sees Aleczander make a move towards him...] **DDK:** FRANK HOLIDAY WITH A SPEAR TO ALE CZANDER! [And indeed, the match is about to hit a full-on collision. The referee has no choice but to call for the bell as it turns into all-out mayhem! Angel stands in front of the fallen Junior Keeling and goes right after Jimmie Rix on one side of the ring while Cappy guns right for Frank Holiday! There's fights now breaking out on all sides of the ring breaking out now.] **DDK:** It's bedlam out here! Aleczander's still trying to get up! Oooh, right hands from Cappy to Holiday, but he's fighting back! **Angus:** There's about to be a WHAT? HOSSFIGHT! [Angel grabs Jimmie Rix after blocking a punch and HURLS the Southern Sling viciously into the barricade near the announce table! Jimmie collapses to the ground in a heap while Angel walks over to Aleczander and helps his fellow HOSS back to his feet. Billy Pepper is still stalking Junior Keeling on the outside when he's grabbed from the back of his shirt by Angel. He and Aleczander each take an arm and toss him back inside the ring.] **Angus:** Uh-oh. Pepper gon' get got! **DDK:** What are they doing? He's a manager and granted we just saw him fight for his friends, but he isn't a wrestler! [Frank sees what's going on and tries to jump to his friend's aid only for Cappy to level him on the outside with a devastating Clothesline! Holiday and Rix are both down now on the outside and that leaves Billy Pepper inside the ring by his lonesome against the monsters. Junior is still sucking wind from getting the crap beat out of him by Billy Pepper but he still has a smile across his face knowing the predicament that his rival is in.] **Keeling:** TexMex Holiday is gonna be down another member. Get his ass up! Now! **Angel:** POWERBOMB COMING UP! [The Rookie Monster palms Billy Pepper by the back of his head and gets dragged to his feet. He's an average-sized person, but he's like a gnat in the grip of the giant Bronx native. Cappy and Aleczander take either side and prepare Pepper for the worst - the same move that took out Diego de Leon last week.] **Angus:** You had your chance, Pepper! **DDK:** Come on, you made your point! Don't do it! [Aleczander and Capital Punishment continue to hoist Pepper up for the move affectionately called The Greatest Move In The HOSS-Tory of Our Sport. The same dangerous triple-team powerbomb that spelled curtains for Diego was on deck. He struggles against the giants...] **THWACK! Angus:** Hey! Cheap shot! **DDK:** Frank Holiday and Jimmie Rix are back up! And they've got equalizers this time! [They sure do... a pair of steel chairs to be precise. One good shot lands across the back of Aleczander, making the Brit drop Billy Pepper on the ground harmlessly. They continue to swing at whatever moves, landing a glancing blow to the side of Cappy's chest to stave off any intent of an assault. The HOSSes decide that discretion is the better part of valor -- loosely translated, they get the fuck out of the ring with the quickness! Junior ducks out before he can get beamed with a chair and now, both teams are at a standoff.] **DDK:** Holiday and Rix save Billy Pepper in the nick of time, but they're still one man down and with an Elimination Rules Trios match coming up, they're at a serious disadvantage. **Angus:** They could have a thousand rednecks and luchabeans at their disposal and it won't matter! With Junior's brainpower and the sheer force of Team HOSS, they're screwed! [The final scene ends with Holiday and Rix each staring down The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers as they hightail it back up the ramp. Angel wants to go back and fight, but Junior and Capital Punishment both hold The Rookie Monster back. There will be plenty of time for fighting soon enough... and what can TexMex Holiday do to overcome the odds?] [Well, you'll have to tune in and find out, that's what!]

Hostilities

[The LBC, Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca, and Vincent Rinaldi stroll the halls while Alceo and Tony discuss random business, Big Vinny trails behind like the gargantuan sentry that he is.]

“There’s that son-of-a-bitch!”

[Off camera another piece of unresolved business has caught sight of them.]

“Dentari!”

[Pausing in his tracks, Alceo Dentari and his cohorts turn towards the disturbance and they find a charging Dusty Griffith, who bull rushes towards all three members of the Legitimate Businessmen’s Club.]

[The giant Rinaldi takes the brunt of Griffith’s charge, while Dentari manages to avoid the rush and his partner, Di Luca joins the fray throwing cheap shots. Which is when Griffith’s friends, Frank Dylan James and Sam Turner Jr. join the fray, both attempting to pull Dusty back as DEFSEC gets involved.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Come on, Dusty, git offa ‘im, he ain’t worth it.

[Despite his tree trunk like arms Sam struggles to restrain Dusty, who is still swinging wildly in Dentari’s direction. The Legitimate Businessmen’s club meanwhile backs off and allows DEFSEC to fill the gap between them and three of DEFIANCE’s self appointed heroes.]

Dusty Griffith:

Let go of me, Sam! Hngh!

Sam Turner Jr.:

Nu-uh, I ain’t lettin’ go no way.

[Beyond the wall of hair, muscles, fat and security shirts Alceo Dentari looks to his side and nudges Tony Di Luca in the ribs.]

Alceo Dentari:

This guy wants a piece a’ me.

[Turning to Rinaldi, Dentari starts to laugh. Very loudly, and very fakely.]

Alceo Dentari:

Yous seein’ this Vinny? Mayberry wants a piece a’ Alceo Dentari!

[Together Di Luca and Rinaldi join in on Dentari’s laughter.]

Alceo Dentari:

Go ahead, Sam, let the man go. Let’s see how he does, shall we?

[Quickly Alceo takes off his jacket and roughly tosses it into Big Vinny’s chest. He removes his cufflinks and tucks them into his waistcoat pocket before rolling his shirt sleeves up.]

Dusty Griffith:

Let go of me, Sam!

Sam Turner Jr.:

...

[Not knowing quite what to do Sam looks to Frank Dylan James for guidance, but obviously the Mastadon's advice will only ever go one way.]

Frank Dylan James:

Let 'im go.

[Reluctantly Sam releases Dusty, who throws himself at the wall of DEFSEC, almost clearing them in a single bound. Fitting perhaps as Dusty looks to land a superman punch right on the kisser of the Itty Bitty Italian.]

[But he doesn't quite reach as together Di Luca and Rinaldi each grab one of Dentari's arms and pull him out of harms way. DEFSEC turn and grab a hold of Griffith and pull him back, they manage to stop Dusty's almost windmilling action by having one man restrain each of his arms as another grabs hold of his torso.]

Dusty Griffith:

RARGH!

[Through the confusion of each DEFSEC member shouting different instructions and Dusty's almighty roar, Alceo Dentari takes the opportunity to lunge forward himself...]

THWUMP

[And land a hard right hook to Dusty's chin.]

Frank Dylan James:

Yoo sunnuva-

[Frank takes a step forward, but his progress is halted by another wave of DEFSEC, including Head of Security, Wyatt Bronson, who flood the scene.]

Wyatt Bronson:

This shit ends right now!

[Wyatt turns to the LBC and point down the hallway.]

Wyatt Bronson:

Get them outta here!

[As the guards start to advance on them Dentari grins and pats his partners on their chests.]

Alceo Dentari:

No need... we was just leavin'...

[With that the LBC take their leave, all three of them reenacting the sucker punch Dentari delivered moments ago and laughing about it amongst themselves.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Hey, Dusty... you OK, man?

[But Dusty doesn't reply. He simply spits out a mouthful of blood as he stares daggers at the back of Dentari's head.]

[Cut back to ringside.]

DDK:

Wow, Dusty Griffith would take on the World by himself if given half the chance.

Angus:

Especially if he could take the credit.

DDK:

You really, really still have it out for him?

Angus:

I just calls 'em how I sees 'em, Keebs, you know that.

DDK:

Yeah, sure, I know anything that goes on in your head...

Angus:

Let's cut back to the backstage, where it seems like Kelly Evans is about to get raped. Is that even possible?

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

What? She's a hooer? Amirite?

[Cut.]

Kelly Evans: Queen Bitch of the DEFIANCE Universe

[Legs!] [A slow pan up on a pair of legs wearing those high heels with straps that wrap around the calf, a miniskirt that could charitably be called a belt, and a gauzy white blouse. In other words, a Kelly Evans-sized version of a business suit.] [In one hand, Kelly has a pot of coffee, in the other, a thick manila envelope.] [Kelly Evans _loves_ attention. As long as the stage hands and techies and other low level DEF staff don't, y'know, actually try to talk to her or anything, she's quite content to have all eyes on her.] [Except the eyes currently trying to figure out just how easy it would be to get her naked, at this very point in time. If undressing with the eyes was a crime, Pete Whealdon would be sentenced to death. Between his drooling, rubbing his very, VERY oily chest, and playing with his mustache, it would be hard to overlook the fact he is not wearing pants of any stripe at all. In fact, he is dressed only in a bath towel that would only be hair lengths longer than Kelly Evan's skirt.] [Kelly Evans is not impressed.] **Pete Whealdon:** Daddy. I've got a business proposal for you. How's about you and me, and my two closest associates here. [Dapper Don Hollywood, Dapper as always with his perfectly coiffed crop of platinum precision, props himself up nicely on the boulder-like shoulder of his erstwhile partner in crime, Rich Mahogany. I have several words to describe this: Neckerchiefs and Bananna Hammocks. That was four words.] **Pete Whealdon:** Why don't we all go have some sex, and maybe hit a lobster dinner at the local buffet and see where things go from there. [Whealdon winks hard at her.] **Kelly:** The fu- Did you just call me Daddy? Who the fuck are you? Why the fuck are you? How much goddamned babyoil is that? WHAT THE FUCK?! [Whealdon is undeterred. He wipes his mustache with baby oil and resets his hips in a fashion that is requiring the camera to be above waist level.] **Pete Whealdon:** Daddy, I'm sponsored by Johnson and Johnson. [SIDEBAR] **Pete Whealdon:** NO MORE TEARS~! [Thumbs up.] [Johnson and Johnson do not endorse or condone, agree with or even understand the actions of one Pete Whealdon.] **Pete Whealdon:** What I'm thinking is, you're right. we can skip the lobster buffet and get right in to that Three Man DP action. Now, I want to tell you this one thing. [Moving in uncomfortably, cigarette and cheap scotch breath close.] **Pete Whealdon:** I want to be on you. And you can call me, and the two sexiest compadres north of the Mississippi, The Angel City E to the triple X press. [Kelly's nostril twitches, followed by the opposing eyebrow. Rich Mahogany sticks his head over Pete's shoulder to get a closer view of the action.] **Rich Mahogany:** [to Kelly] Nice rack! [to Pete] Barkin' up the wrong tree, kid, that there is Eric Dane's lady! [Don Hollywood slides in from the other side.] **Rich Mahogany:** And also at times Tyrone Walkers lady. Also Stephen Greer. Possibly Christian Light. She won't fuck Freemantle though, he's got weird teeth. ...bonedaggers... **Don Hollywood:** That's what's up. Puss-on-ya-Non-Grata. Naw'mean? [Flinging baby oil everywhere, Whealdon gesticulates around Kelly's assets.] **Pete Whealdon:** Daddy, don't worry, me an 'ole man Dane have an understanding, if you borrow the car, just gotta have it back before dinner [Whealdon winks at his compatriots, before stroking his mustache cunningly.] [This is when time stops.] [The camera switches from closeups of each individual ACX junky, to the sheer rage etched on the face of the Whore Next Door. Time starts again with a guttural rage-growl that breaks all of the glass in the tri-state area. Er...tri-country... whatever. EUROPE.] **Kelly:** And you three FUCKS wonder why we left your asses behind after DEFIANCE left Japan? Whealdon... you disgusting little shit. Use whatever brain cells are still firing in that tiny gin soaked head of yours and listen to me. You and your buds have just had all your WHINING answered... you're on our radar. **Rich Mahogany:** Ummm... and that means what exactly? **Kelly:** It means you can thank your BFF Pete for the pain you're all three about to go through tonight. [Don slugs Pete on the shoulder.] **Don Hollywood:** Jerk. **Kelly:** We've seen you three pricks get your teeth kicked in in trios action a few times over, hows about we test your mettle in some singles action tonight? I'm sure Eric won't mind me booking you three nitwits and giving some real talent a nice warm up match heading towards Germany. Rich Mahogany... how about you let the number one contender to the FIST Eugene Dewey stretch his legs against you tonight? [Rich gives a worried little twitch as he dribbles a little oil onto his chest and gives it a slow sad rub.] **Kelly:** You... new guy, Ron. [Dapper Don pushes his shades up onto his head.] **Don Hollywood:** It's actually DON, ma'am. DAPPER Don. **Kelly:** Ma'am? Are you fucking kidding me? You get Dusty Griffith tonight DAPPER DON, you catchers mitt lookin' creep. Lay off the tanning booth once in a while. Jesus. Stupid prick, now move. [Don steps aside as Kelly takes a couple sinister steps towards Pete Whealdon... the one who started this whole mess if you'll recall.] **Pete Whealdon:** Hold on, You said I had a small head? Those Ron Jeremy pills promised to fix- [Kelly jabs a finger HARD into the oiled up chest of Pete Whealdon and gives him a look that could warp steel. Pete's smile fades and Kelly gives him at least a good minute of icy silence.] **Kelly:** Because I particularly LOATHE you... you get Dan Ryan. I hear he's in a fantastically foul mood, and looking for another sacrificial lamb to put in the hospital right next to Virginia Quell. [Whealdon's face drops into his lap, his trademark grin going up in flames.] **Kelly:** You

boys hurry along now... those matches? They start right the fuck now. [We can hear Don Hollywood's entrance music start up over the DEFIANCE sound system.] **Kelly:** Good luck, boys, and I hope you brought protection, because you're all three about to get fucked! [Kelly winks and walks out of frame leaving the Angel City boys slack jawed and in Pete Whealdon's case, terrified.]

Don Hollywood vs Dusty Griffith

[No lead in intro, just annoying techno sounding garbage and the words “the big bad wolf” on repeat.]

Angus:

Well, it was nice knowing them, Keebs...

DDK:

Kelly Evans is certainly no wallflower.

Angus:

More like a cross between a cactus and a venus fly trap...

DDK:

Only she doesn't swallow...

Angus: [snickering very loudly]

.....HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

DDK: [sighs]

Walked right into that one.

[Angus continues to laugh hysterically as Dapper Don Hollywood makes his way out to the ring, trying his very best to puff himself up with as much bravado as he can muster.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, hailing from West Hollywood, California... He stands at a height of Six Feet tall and weighs in at Two Hundred and Fifteen Pounds... He is the BIG BAD WOLF of the ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS... This is DAPPER DOOOOOOONNNNNNNN HOLLLLLLLYYYWOOOOOOOOOOOOD!!

DDK:

In any case, Hollywood's problems certainly don't begin and end with an enraged Kelly Evans, especially now that he's being put to the test with an already agitated Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

You don't think Kelly, of all people, would be that devious do you? To put a guy into a match with a big, angry, wrecking ball like Mayberry do you?

DDK:

Wouldn't that usually be my line?

Angus:

Yeah, I was just trying it out for myself, see how the other side lives... Anyway, of course she would use that in her favor, she's a bitch with a capital BITCH.

DDK:

Something tells me that by the end of tonight, at least three people will completely agree with you.

[Dapper Don gets into the ring, making for his corner where he proceeds to make sure his hair is just right as his music fades along the with the lights.]

[After a moment the lights begin to flash in rhythm with the opening drum beat of KISS' "I Love It Loud" along with the sound of the audience stomping their feet in unison as well.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now, coming to the ring, hailing from Boise, Idaho... He stands at a height of Six Feet Three Inches tall and weighs in at Two Hundred and Ninety Pounds... This is the WILD BRONCO... DUSSSSSTTTTTTYY
GRRRRRRRIIIIIFFFFFFFFFFFTH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[The voice of Gene Simmons calls forth Dusty Griffith, who bursts through the curtains and jogs down the ramp, no pomp, no circumstance, just a straight rush towards the ring.]

Angus:

Oh yeah, there's not gonna be much left of Hollywood except a greasy, orange stain on the mat when Mayberry's done with him.

DDK:

The man is certainly spoiling for a fight, that's for sure. Sadly for ol' Dapper Don, Dusty's more than a handful when he's not riled up.

Angus:

On the other hand, it could be fun to see what kind of damage Mayberry'll do when he's all pissed off and spoiling for a fight.

[Getting to the ropes, Dusty slows up only enough to climb through the ropes, which is exactly when Dapper Don decides he had better take his well being into his own hands.]

DDK:

Hollywood connects with a knee lift to the chest as Griffith was climbing through the ropes!

Angus:

Smart move, piss him off more, I'm sure Mister Honor and Respect won't take issue with that down the line.

[Don pulls Dusty into the ring, clubbing him on the back a few times before raking his claws along Dusty's spine as referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell, officially starting the match. Shoving him into the corner, Hollywood puts the boots to Griffith, planting one after another into his midsection until Carla Ferrari pulls him back after a couple of her

warnings were ignored.]

Angus:

Certainly going better for Hollywood than anyone would have thought it would.

DDK:

The man is a long time veteran of the sport, as we saw last week, when he and his partners are motivated enough they can make quite the showing for themselves.

[Dapper Don considers hitting on DEFIANCE's lone female referee, but thinks better of it, remembering the task at hand. Going back to work, he subdues Griffith with a blow to the throat that gets another admonishment from Ferrari, but Don pays no mind to it as he goes back to planting a few more boots into Dusty's gut. Stepping aside, he pushes Griffith's head up, exposing his chest before he lays into him with a chop.]

KEEERRRAAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

KEEERRRAAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

KEEERRRAAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

[Don turns away for a moment to bask in the glory.]

Dapper Don:

Yeeaaaah!

[When he turns around, the "oh shit" look is immediate...]

KEEERRRAAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

[Griffith comes to life, lashing the orange skinned, Dapper Don's chest with some vicious chops of his own. Each one causing Hollywood's whole body to gesticulate oddly, legs kicking, arms flailing.]

KEEERRRAAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

Angus:

And when they ask what lead to Dapper Don's untimely demise, we'll be able to say it was when he took his eye off of the ball.

KEEERRRAAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

DDK:

I'm sure it was fun while it lasted.

KEEERRRAACK!

"WHOOOOO!"

[Don backs away comically while Dusty follows, cracking him again and again with chops that begin to turn his orange tanned skin towards a more beet reddish color. Backing himself into the opposite corner, Hollywood does what any cornered animal would do.]

DDK:

Thumb to the eye!

Angus:

Whatever works, Keebs.

DDK:

Perhaps, but all he's really doing is winding Dusty up.

Angus:

And the carnage that follows will be entertaining television.

[Don charges at Dusty, who had brought a hand up over his eye, and rams a shoulder into his gut and driving him back across the ring like a tackling sled. Crashing against the turnbuckles, Don takes the opportunity to ram his shoulder into Dusty's midsection a couple more times before whipping him back across the ring.]

DDK:

What's Dapper Don got in mind here?

Angus:

Whatever it is, he had better hurry up, because it looks like Mayberry's starting to come to.

[Don charges across the ring...]

Angus:

Too late.

[...Just as Hollywood dove at Griffith, his intended target suddenly disappeared. Sidestepping, Griffith allowed Dapper Don to crash front first with a resounding impact against the turnbuckles. Moving behind Hollywood, who stumbles back into the waiting arms of Dusty Griffith as they grab hold of him with a waistlock and...]

DDK:

Oh my good god, Griffith just threw Don Hollywood halfway across the ring with a release German Suplex!

Angus:

Uh oh... INCOMING!

[Upon impact, Hollywood's body rolled up with the momentum and landed him into the opposite corner where Griffith followed up, crushing him between his 290 pounds and the turnbuckles with an Avalanche Splash. Bouncing off of Don Hollywood, who slumps into the corner, Griffith releases a burst of emotion as he throws his arms out and roars to the crowd.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

If ever there was a time I'm glad that I'm not a wrestler, right now is it.

Angus:

Yeah, you're not a two sport star like me.

DDK: [sarcastically]

Some of us aren't as brave as you, partner.

Angus: [completely not picking up the sarcasm]

Don't worry, Keebs, you can live vicariously through me.

[Griffith closes the distance before he opens up with a barrage of right and left hooks, alternating his shots to the body and head as he pummels the bejesus out of him until Carla Ferrari has no choice but to force her way between Dusty and his human punching bag, Don Hollywood. Admonishing Dusty for not breaking off his assault when she commanded him the first time, Griffith nods and grunts his acknowledgement.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, this guy's an animal.

DDK:

An animal who's on the warpath, unfortunately for Dapper Don, he ended up getting thrown under the bus for the actions of his teammates.

Angus:

And the fact that everyday is that time of the month with Kelly.

[Griffith returns to the corner, grabbing Hollywood as he takes two big handfuls of his formerly slicked back hair and pulls him back up to his feet after having slumped down to the floor. Pushing him back against the turnbuckles, Dusty unloads with a heavy forearm across Hollywood's chest before whipping him back across the ring.]

DDK:

Here we go...

[Rushing back across the ring, Griffith lands with another Avalanche Splash, crushing Dapper Don yet again between himself and the corner. Griffith whips him back across once again and once more, charges back across the ring, but this time doesn't leap into the splash, opting to run full speed until he crashes into Hollywood. Backing off, Griffith hits the ropes as Dapper Don stumbles out of the corner, completely punch drunk and levels him with the Rushin' Elbow.]

DDK:

Dapper Don just got run over by the Stampede.

Angus:

Yeah, I think this is pretty much over.

[Griffith looks out to the crowd as he raises his arms up, clasping his hands together and then bringing them up and down, signalling for his perfected powerbomb.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Reaching down, Griffith pulls Hollywood up once again and right into position as he stuffs his head between his legs. One brutally quick moment later, he whips Dapper Don up and then drills him to the mat with as much force and speed as he can muster, driving Hollywood down with the Atomic Powerbomb and leans forward to roll Don up for the cover.]

Angus:

Christ, we've seen lots of dudes use a powerbomb over the years, Keebs, but Mayberry's is just ridiculous.

DDK:

Yet another reason I'm glad to be out here and not in there, partner.

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And your winner... By pinfall... DUSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFITH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Griffith pulls himself upright as he tosses aside Dapper Don's legs. He stomps around the ring, mugging it up a bit for the cheering crowd before he stops Darren Quimbey from exiting the ring, asking for him to hand over the mic.]

[Griffith paces around the ring, his chest still heaving in deep breaths as he contemplates the words that he'll be speaking.]

PFFT* *PFFT* *PFFT

[He continues to pace as he pats the receiver of the mic before raising it up to his mouth.]

Griffith:

Alceo. Dentari.

[Back and forth he paces like a caged animal that is waiting for it's opportunity to strike back at it's handlers.]

Griffith:

Brother, I don't know what your problem is, frankly, I don't give a goddamn. All I know is, since I've landed in DEFIANCE, you've made it clear that you and I, we have some urgent business that needs to be handled.

[He paces still, but he stares down the rampway the entire time.]

Griffith:

So I say lets handle it. You and me, in Germany, on pay-per-view, one on one...

Hell.

...I'll fight all three of you if I have to, I don't care, whatever it's gonna take to put you and I together in this ring, so long as I get a chance to put these big ol' mitts around your neck.

[Big Band.]

[I mean, really big.]

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

Alceo Dentari:

Cut the music!

[The sound guy does just that and leaves Dentari standing at the end of the ramp with nothing but the sound of 3000 angry Austrians trying to drown him out.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

Yous wanna-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

...Yous wanna-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

You bastards better shut the hell up or I'll come out there an' clock yous all just like I did Mayberry earlier tonight!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

Speakin' a' which, are yous sure yous wanna be my personal punchin' bag when we roll into Germany? Yous ain't got no concussion after earlier, right? Yous is thinkin' clearly, ain't yous?

[In the ring Dusty nods as he continues to pace back and forth.]

Griffith:

Brother, I'm thinking clearly. I'm thinking that since you've got such a problem with me-

Alceo Dentari:

Woah, woah, woah, I ain't got no problem with yous.

[Dusty's brow... it arches.]

Alceo Dentari:

I warned yous that them waves yous was makin' was rockin' boats that was otherwise nice an' steady. I warned yous that it was just a matter a' time before yous was gonna get burned... But did yous listen?

[A shake of the head from Alceo.]

Alceo Dentari:

You had every chance to end this, Dusty. Yous coulda walked away at any point, but yous didn't. Yous ignored the warnings, yous ignored the messages, an' yous ain't learned nothin' since all this started... If yous had, you wouldn't a' jumped me earlier tonight. You'd a' come to me, with your bags all packed, an' you'd a' thanked me from the bottom a' your heart for showin' yous the errors of your ways.

[Dentari fixes Dusty with a stare that almost forces him to stop pacing.]

Alceo Dentari:

It ain't me that's got the problem, Dusty...

It's yous.

It's always been yous, but you're too stupid to realise it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

An' now that stupidity's stretchin' to challengin' me?

[Dentari pauses for a moment and scratches his chin. Slowly a smile spreads across his lips.]

Alceo Dentari:

I'll tell you what, I'll teach you one more lesson in Germany. Maybe this one will finally stick.

THWUMPKZZZZZZT

[Dentari drops the mic as Dusty points out to him and nods his agreement, a grin stretches across his face knowing he's got the fight he's looking for. The fans roar with excitement.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Holy crap, it's on! Dusty Griffith vs. Alceo Dentari in Germany!

Angus:

It'll be the Meat-ah-ball versus the Meat-uh-head!

A Good Day to Troll Hard

[We cut to the backstage area, most specifically the area of the locker room of The Truly Untouchables. From stage left we see Ryan Matthews, and the diminutive fourth of Hookers and Blow, Pinis 2000, appear. Ryan carrying a large roll of what appears to be Saran Wrap, Pinis a pair of scissors and a bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's.]

Pinis:

Eugene Dewey?

Matthews:[Sighs]

I told you Piney, just trust me, this is gonna be awesome.

Pinis:

Bronson Box....

Matthews:

Okay really, you're gonna bring that shit up now? Yes, getting the liger was a good idea, it made the party that much better dammit. And what the hell are you complaining for? You're the only one who apparently got any that night...

Pinis: [thumbs up and cheesy grin]

Cancer Jiles!

Matthews:

Yeah yeah, now just help me dammit so we can get this done, ya know, BEFORE they come out looking to figure out what's going on?

[Pinis snaps to, helping Matthews unroll a good sized length of the saran wrap, before uncapping the bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's and coating the Saran Wrap heavily. The smaller man hands Matthews the scissors and soon the length of wrap is cut.]

Matthews:

Shit! I forgot to bring the duct tape!

[Seemingly by magic, Pinis produces a small roll of duct tape and hands it to Matthews.]

Matthews:

One of these days you're gonna have to explain to me how you do that shit...

Pinis:

Dusty Griffith...

[The two quickly place the length of syrup ladened saran wrap at what would be a good enough height to get any member of The Truly Untouchables, and they tape the sides of the wrap to the doorframe.]

Matthews:

Alright, take the tape, scissors and syrup and disappear. I'll be along shortly.

Pinis:

Eugene Dewey?

Matthews:

This shit is gonna be hilarious, I'm gonna be out here ready to Youtube this...

[Just then, the two hear the door handle start to turn and they dive behind a pile of equipment a few feet away.]

[Emerging from the locker room are Diane Parker, Leon Maddox and David Race. Parker, in front, has her head turned back to the locker room interior.]

Parker:

We'll be back after we take care of some b...

[Her sentence is cut off as she turns her head and runs face first into the syrupy saran wrap, essentially clotheslining herself with it as it sticks to her on the way down. Maddox and Race watch the whole thing happen, and are caught between being pissed and laughing...so they do nothing as Parker flails around for a bit.]

Matthews: [Stops the recording on his cell phone]

And...cut! YOUTUBE, BITCH!

[Both Matthews and Pinis emerge from the nearby equipment pile and beat feet as quickly as they can. Meanwhile Parker gets to her feet, face red with anger, even though she still has it encased in saran wrap.]

Parker:

THHSSS UT! RMM THUSS BSSSRD DNNN!

[Maddox and Race look at each other, then back at her.]

Maddox:

Uh...what?

[Angrily, Parker grabs at the Saran Wrap and rips it off her face, causing a sudden look of shock and pain on her face for a moment...Obviously a few eyebrows or eyelashes getting plucked by the sticky situation she found herself in.]

Parker:

AAAAAHHHH! SON OF A....I said...RUN THOSE BASTARDS DOWN!

[Maddox and Race snap to, heading off in the direction Pinis and Matthews took off in as Parker follows behind, struggling to get the Saran wrap off of herself as best she can.]

Pete Whealdon vs Dan Ryan

[Shapeshift by HORSE the Band blares loudly over the Tiroler Wasserkraft Arena's Sound System.] [Several seconds pass.] [Pete Whealdon is shoved out from behind the curtain. Soaking wet in baby oil, and rubbing body glide on himself as a ring attendant more or less forces him down the aisle. The crowd is booing, and Whealdon is trying to make it seem like no big deal. Pulling out a cigarette apron side and attempting to light it with shaky hands. Dropping the whole apparatus a couple of times.] **DDK:** You know, if Pete Whealdon is gonna fare any better than his comrade in sex-crimes Don Hollywood did against Dusty Griffith, he's gonna have to give up on the act and get serious. **Angus:** Are you kidding me? Right now he's doing his best not to piss himself, guaranteed. [Finally doing so, he slides into the ring, and puts on a pink ascot.] **DDK:** I'll just take your word for that. **Quimbey:** And His Opponent! Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is... DAAAAANNNNN... RYYYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!! [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:** That's the instrument of Pete Whealdon's destruction right there, Angus. [Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays. He literally walks right past his opponent, not even hazarding Whealdon a glance on his way to the next turnbuckle.] **Angus:** *snickering* I love these guys but this is going to be hilarious. [Pete seems to be psyching himself up a little as Ryan hops off his last turnbuckle and lands right in front of Whealdon. Ryan stares right into the eyes of his opponent as Pete does the unthinkable.] **Angus:** Is he offering a HANDSHAKE to Dan Ryan right now? [The former FIST of DEFIANCE just looks on bewildered at the greasy little grappler stands there grinning with his hand extended in his direction. Ryan just aggressively reaches for Whealdon, the lithe wrestler slipping right out of Ryan's arms.] **DDK:** All that damn baby oil! [Whealdon nips to ringside, pulling an asthma inhaler out of his tights and taking a little breather.] [The referee screams for Pete to get BACK in the ring.] [Ryan just crouches down and crooks a finger in poor Pete's direction.] Ryan: Come on back in the ring, sweetheart... don't make this harder than it has to be... [The second Whealdon's boots hit canvas Ryan is shoving him back into a corner. Dan rips the long pink ascot from around Pete's neck and proceeds to whip some of the baby oil from his body.] **Angus:** *dying laughing* He's whippin' the shit out of him! *snort* **DDK:** There should be a rule about dousing yourself head to toe in lotion before a damn wrestling match... **Angus:** It's baby oil, not lotion! They're not faggots, Darren! [Once sufficiently dry he tries to take Pete over with a German out of the corner but he rolls through attempting a small package on Ryan!] 1... 2... KICKOUT! [Pete Whealdon is launched halfway across the ring with the kickout from Ryan.] **DDK:** Oh Pete no. **Angus:** See, that's just going to make Ryan like REALLY mad, right? [Pete slowly looks back over his shoulder, a look of terror in his eyes.] **Angus:** Run Pete run! [Ryan is already on one knee, a look on his face that speaks volumes about almost getting rolled up by someone the likes of a Pete Whealdon.] **DDK:** I think Pete Whealdon just made this a little personal for Dan Ryan, partner! **Angus:** It's like watching a kid get hit by a bus. [Ryan explodes towards Whealdon, locking in a tight waist lock and taking Whealdon over with a short belly to back suplex. Immediately back to his feet Ryan drags Whealdon to spaghetti legs...] [Dan tucks Whealdon's head and wastes little time taking him up...] **DDK:** HUMILITY BOMB! [Textbook. Dan rolls over and takes the pinfall victory.] **Angus:** Nighty night, Petey. 1... 2... 3... **DDK:** That's all she wrote... wait, what's Dan Ryan doing? [Ryan leisurely walks over to one of the tuckbuckles and with little effort strips the top lug of it's protective padding.] **Angus:** He's... he's not going to do what I think he's going to do is he? Because if so wow. [Ryan violently wrenches Whealdon to his feet. Referee Mark Shields tries to protest but Ryan pie faces him down to

the canvas. Ryan takes a long hard look around the arena, again tucks Whealdon's head and...] **DDK:** BOMBASTO BOMB FROM DAN RYAN! [The Ego Buster takes a page directly from the playbook of one Bronson Box drilling Whealdon neck first into the exposed lug with a devastating release powerbomb.] **DDK:** I'm pretty sure Whealdon only caught part of that but he's out cold folks, we need some help out here. **Angus:** Dude just poached Bronson's spot, man. Ryan's got a set of brass ones on him, don't he? [Ryan starts to leave, then spies the ascot laying limp near the corner under the ropes and turns toward it. He goes over and picks it up and heads toward Whealdon.] **DDK:** What's this? I think the man's had enough. **Angus:** I don't like this. Normally, I'd like this. But I don't like this. [Ryan drags Whealdon to a bottom rope and uses the ascot to tie him to the bottom rope via his NECK. Whealdon lies full prone and still essentially unconscious.] **DDK:** We need some people out here RIGHT NOW. **Angus:** This is about to get REALLY bad! [Security and medical crew come pouring out from backstage to the ring, but not before Dan Ryan lays a couple of mean, stiff boots to the head of Whealdon, whose only reaction is that his eyes pop open just enough to roll back in his head and shut again. Security gets in and backs Ryan away, but Ryan is content to leave anyway, smirking into a camera.] **Ryan:** The check is in the mail, Jeffrey. [The Ego Buster soaks in the strange mixed reaction he's developing here in DEFIANCE as he makes his way backstage... a satisfied smile on his face as he watches the EMT's aid Pete Whealdon still out cold back in the ring. The camera focuses in on Ryan as we transition to the next segment.] **DDK:** That is one terrifying man, right there partner. **Angus:** *sniff sniff* I think Whealdon might have shit himself...

Is this a Thing that you Do now?

[Backstage.]

[The Boss's office.]

[You know how we do.]

[Eric Dane sits behind his desk, reclined. Across from him, sitting in as lady-like of a manner that she can muster, (especially in that skirt), is Kelly Evans, formerly the Whore Next Door.]

[Somewhere, elsewhere, Pete Whealdon is dead, Don Hollywood is in a coma, and Rich Mahogany is shitting his thong.]

Eric:

So, this is what you wanna do now?

Kelly:

I mean, why not, right? You do it, how hard can it be?

[Rimshot?]

[Dane rolls his eyes.]

Eric:

This is serious, Kels, you can't just shake your tits at this. You wanna be taken seriously by the boys and girls, you gotta earn their respect. On top of that, you have to have a certain...

[He scratches his chin.]

Kelly:

Bitchiness? Yeah, got that covered.

Eric:

I dunno. I mean, if you're running the show, who's gonna bring me coffee?

Kelly:

Very funny, ass.

[The boss contemplates for a moment.]

Eric:

Fine. Tell you what, you can have Canada. I could really stand to be down in New Orleans, there's a lot to do before we get back to the States, and I can oversee it better if I'm not all jacked up on Maple Syrup all the time.

Kelly:

Fine! Wait, what?

Eric:

Canada. The book is yours. Don't fuck it up.

[Without batting an eye she squeals and hops over the desk, hugging the neck of the most dangerous man in the promoting business.]

[Cut back to Darren Quimbey at ringside for more ACX torture.]

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after right hand into his forehead. Dan ceases his barrage of fists only to pull Eugene's head up and sink his teeth into Dewey's forehead.] **DDK:** He's biting him! **Angus:** Dan Ryan's going all Mike Tyson on Evander Deweyfield! [Ryan spits a mouthful of blood to the canvas before slamming the back of Eugene's head down against the mat, all to a chorus of jeers from the audience.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Undeterred however, Ryan places a foot on Eugene's throat and shifts all of his weight down. Dewey flails wildly, kicking and punching at the mat before Dan finally releases the choke.] **DDK:** And now Carla Ferrari, who was supposed to officiate the match between Eugene and Rich, is trying to get Dan Ryan off of Eugene. **Angus:** Oh Jesus, don't get us shut down again, Dan. [Ryan turns and chases Carla off and out of the ring, forcing her out into the fans before turning his attention back to Eugene, who has started to crawl for the ropes. Ryan slowly stalks Dewey as he reaches out for the ropes and starts to pull himself up. Dan sticks behind Eugene, waiting for the perfect moment to hit a Release German Suplex!] **DDK:** Eugene landed right on the back of his head! Jesus... that might have broken his neck. **Angus:** If the impact didn't then the way he folded up might have... [Despite exiting the ring, Dan Ryan isn't finished. He merely grabs the buckled chair that laid on the ramp next to only-just-stirring Pete Whealdon, who gets a soccer kick to the ribs that sends him rolling off of the entrance way, and re-enters the squared circle.] **DDK:** Ok, this is getting to be too much now. Can we get someone out here to stop this... Please? **Angus:** I don't think anyone wants to fuck with Dan Ryan right now. [Brandishing the chair high above his head Dan Ryan lets out a primordial scream.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [And...] **KERRRRRRRACK!** [Dan brings the chair down across Eugene's shoulder and side.] **KERRRRRRRACK!** [Another.] **KERRRRRRRACK!** [Eugene tries to roll away, but the chair collides with his back.] **KERRRRRRRACK!** [And his other side.] **KERRRRRRRACK!** [And his chest.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Dan places his feet on Dewey's throat again, but only to keep Eugene still as he drives the edge of the bent, buckled and broken chair down into Dewey's chest.] **THUD!** [The dull thud of steel on ribcage echoes around the arena as Dan Ryan brings the chair down again.] [And again.] [And again.] **DDK:** Angus, do something! **Angus:** Are you crazy? I'm not getting in there. **DDK:** For Christ's sake, will someone get out here! [Without posing Dan Ryan throws the chair to the canvas and pulls Eugene up to his feet. He tucks Eugene's head between his legs and lifts him, driving him down with a Humility Bomb right onto the chair.] **DDK:** Finally! [Down the ramp comes Sam Turner Jr. and Dusty Griffith, almost flying into the ring where they put themselves between Dan and Eugene. Ryan takes a deep breath before turning to the ramp and exiting the ring.] **DDK:** Damn, Eugene's a mess. [Despite the fact that he hasn't so much as stirred since landing from the release german suplex, Dusty makes sure to tell Eugene not to move. Meanwhile Sam keeps watch as Dan Ryan heads backstage, not even bothering to dodge the trash thrown at him by the fans in attendance.] **Angus:** No kidding about here, that was hard to watch. [Finally through the crowd come the EMTs.] **DDK:** Dan Ryan has every right to be pissed about losing the FIST of DEFIANCE, but to take that frustration out in this way is simply not right. **Angus:** One could argue that Eugene had fair warning in both Birmingham and Amsterdam, but you're right, this just went too far. [The EMTs slide into the ring and check on Eugene, who has blood flowing from his head and seeping from the corner of his mouth. It takes the combined efforts of the two EMTs, Dusty Griffith and Sam Turner Jr. to roll him onto a spinal board, strap him in place and slide him to the edge of the ring. The fans separate as the four lift him onto the waiting stretcher and start wheeling him out of the arena.] **DDK:** If Dan Ryan's wages were garnished for what happened with Virginia Quell just imagine what's going to happen after tonight. [Cut to one of those weird forty-five second commercial breaks that Hulu likes to do.]

Philosophy of Kings

Angus:

And we're back! **DDK:**

What's next on the run-sheet? **Angus:**

Wait, you think people actually pay attention to that? **DDK:**

Yeah, well... No. **Angus:**

Bastards. [Darkness falls upon the Wasserkraft Arena, as the solemn strums of an electric guitar drone throughout. The astute recognize this as the introduction to Jean-Jacque Burnel's "You Won't See Me Coming," and start to boo accordingly, a discord that only intensifies as the song's drums and synthesizers roar in with machine-gun pace, and a sole spotlight beams upon two recognizable figures...] **DDK:** Eddie Dante and Mushigihara are here! [Indeed, the two remnants of the trio formerly known as the Philosopher Kings are in Innsbruck, a fact that really brings out the displeasure in the crowd. Eddie Dante, to his credit, casually saunters down the ring as quickly as his cane will allow, as the Sumo Beast flanks him.] ♪ *I'm not the man I used to be* ♪ ♪ *And what you see is not what it seems* ♪ ♪ *I travelled through space to be with you* ♪ ♪ *What you don't know you shouldn't fear* ♪ **Angus:** Probably to deliver the eulogy to Troy Matthews' career far away from home! **DDK:** For those of you just joining us, fans, the Philosopher Kings splintered on the first leg of our European tour in Birmingham, England, and since then, Dante and Mushi have been hounding Troy Matthews in and out of the ring. I've gotten word that Eddie Dante is going to make a public statement on this matter, that will set the pace for our final European card in Germany. ♪ *You won't see me coming* ♪ [The Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare has gingerly brought himself onto the ring apron, and sloooooowly steps between the ropes, almost as if to egg on his not-so-esteemed audience. Meanwhile, Mushigihara simply lumbers in, looking for a fight.] ♪ *You won't see me coming* ♪ ♪ *'Til I strike!* ♪ [Eddie is now in the center of the ring, one hand pressed on the handle of his cane and the other producing a microphone from the lapel of his coat, while Mushi stands stoically behind him. Meanwhile, the crowd is growing more restless...] **"EDDIE SUCKS!" "EDDIE SUCKS!" "EDDIE SUCKS!" "EDDIE SUCKS!"** **Eddie Dante:** And yet, I've accomplished more in under one year in DEFIANCE than any of you in your chairs could DREAM of achieving. **"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"** **Eddie Dante:** And have enough of a trajectory to be secure in the fact that I will accomplish more in 2014 than that pathetic vestigial limb known as Troy Matthews will accomplish in his lifetime. **"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO--"** **"JER-SEY DE-VIL! *STOMP STOMP STOMP-STOMP-STOMP*" "JER-SEY DE-VIL! *STOMP STOMP STOMP-STOMP-STOMP*" "JER-SEY DE-VIL! *STOMP STOMP STOMP-STOMP-STOMP*"** [Eddie is becoming visibly annoyed at the sudden rush of support for his former tag team partner and best friend, and starts snapping glances at random fans before stopping himself and losing composure...] **Eddie Dante:** You _cheer_ Troy Matthews? You want him to fight? Win? Succeed? After ALL OF THE TIMES he has DISAPPOINTED YOU?! Let me tell you a story, Innsbruck. In fact... let me tell ALL of DEFIANCE Wrestling a story. [The crowd has begun to die down, and Eddie quickly calms down and grins, knowing he has a captive audience.] **Eddie Dante:** You see, friends... I have been in this business for, oh... sixteen years now. In that time, I've wrestled in over thirty countries, spanning six continents, and wrestled thousands, if not TENS of thousands, of matches, against every kind of opponent you can imagine. I've even taken a few of them under my wing... taught them and shared my experiences and stories with them, and helped them become stars in their own right. [The smile now all but vanishes, leaving a serious, somber Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare in our midst.] **Eddie:** ...and in that time, I have never, NOT ONCE, seen a man who has been given so many opportunities, and yet accomplished SO LITTLE, as Troy Matthews. [That name is spoken with a dash of contempt, almost as if Eddie were spitting the words out. He grits his teeth and continues.] **Eddie:** His entire career in DEFIANCE _ALONE_ is a tapestry of chances given to him, and pissed away for one reason or another, getting by on nothing other than pure _luck_, and riding that luck as far as he can; tell me, friends... other than Dan Ryan, can anyone name me one giant Troy has beaten that anyone in DEFIANCE, hell, anyone in this _industry_ gives the least regard anymore? You see, while Troy is bragging about beating Dan Ryan once, talking about pinning Clair St. Sure in the middle of the ring, THEY WERE OUT THERE, PUSHING THEMSELVES TO BE THE BEST IN THEIR FIELD. They were _PROVING_ WHY DEFEATING THEM IS A BIG DEAL. And TROY?! [A contemptuous snort.] **Eddie:** Riding the gravy train until it breaks down, AGAIN. Disappointing opponents... fans... promoters... AGAIN. Trying to coast on past relevance, AGAIN. [Eddie shakes his head and looks down to his feet.] **Eddie:** I took him on board with Mushigihara and myself as a favor, because I knew that he would ONLY be welcomed back into Defiance as a part of a trios tag team. And while we won the Trios Tag Team Titles, the truth is, he continued to coast on past glory as archaic and outdated as those belts predecessors in Old Line Wrestling, FAR beyond the expiration date for anyone not named Jeff Andrews to give a damn about them... and what's worse, Troy was the WEAK LINK of this team. As soon as we started battling Ty Walker and his men I immediately regretted recruiting Troy, and in Birmingham, I decided that the time had come to let him loose. [Eddie sadly shakes his head and grimaces.] **Eddie:**

And in Amsterdam, when he went into that ring and, well, I won't say "fought," because he surely didn't give any fight to Dan Ryan, but after that bout, I decided that now was time to deal with Troy; to put him, and DEFIANCE Wrestling as a whole, OUT of his MISERY. [Eddie accentuates his stance with a swift "cut-throat" gesture.] **Eddie:** In Athens, it seemed like Troy didn't NEED us to pull him deeper into the abyss, when Clair St. Sure made Troy scream in agony... but now? [Eddie taps his cane on the mat, before taking on a predatory pose and grinning again.] **Eddie:** I've come to herald the END of Troy Matthews... permanently. You see, as the Philosopher Kings are still technically an outfit, and Troy still a member, I hold a considerable amount of sway over his contract, and as such, I have the ability to make this proclamation; at the finale of DEFIANCE's European tour in Germany, Troy Matthews will do battle with Mushigihara, one on one. And then? **Mushigihara:** OSU! [Mushi's battle cry is easily picked up by the mic despite it being a good eighteen inches from his face, causing Eddie's grin to widen. **Eddie:** Yes, Mushigihara. We will finally break the weak link. We will expose Troy Matthews, once and for all, for the FRAUD he is, and then leave him to drown in the past. [The camera closes in on Eddie's face, alone.] **Eddie:** Where. He. Belongs. "Well, I'm glad we've had this breakthrough, Eddie, but it looks like you've gone back to talking out your ass again." [Eddie snaps a glance at the arena entrance...] **DDK:** IT'S THE JERSEY DEVIL! **Angus:** Homeboy's just in time for his own funeral! How considerate! [Sure enough, Troy Matthews is here, clad in track pants and hoodie, New Jersey Devils hat resting on his head, and emerald eyes ablaze.] **Troy Matthews:** So let me get this straight; I was the reason you two can even claim to have ever HELD DEFIANCE gold in the first place, I was the only one of us who won their singles match against someone in Hookers 'n Blow... I carried you two hacks on my back and I'M the dead weight?! [Troy turns to a look of incredulous, if sarcastic, shock.] **Troy Matthews:** Let's not forget that I WILLINGLY took a backseat for this team so that you could be our mouthpiece, so everyone else didn't think you were some goofball who knew fifty thousand versions of a suplex but STILL didn't know how to WRESTLE! [If you listen carefully enough you'll hear a smark or two "OOOOOOHHHHH!" Eddie as if he just got SERVED~! A fact that has Eddie getting even hotter under the collar than before.] **Troy Matthews:** But that's OK, because I might have been losing since we broke up, but YOU two? Jack shit. That's how much you've done since. But you're right about living in the past, I will give you that. I need to look into the future now... and I see two crumpled up heaps of skin and bones in my future... in Germany. "RAAAAAAAHHHHHH!" **Troy Matthews:** See ya there. **Eddie Dante:** Troy... it was I that was wrong about you living in the past. In fact, I advise you live on your past glory as much as possible before you step in the ring with Mushi, and he makes what happened to poor Evan Hurley all those years ago look like a mere HANGNAIL. Once you step in this ring for the last time in Germany? [Eddie grins at the equally grin-tastic Jersey Devil for the last time.] **Eddie Dante:** You HAVE no future. **Troy Matthews:** We'll see about that, Eddie. We'll see. [Cut.] [More commercials.]

Claira St. Sure vs Roger Stevens

[Back to the commentation station.] **DDK:** We've got an interesting matchup headed your way Defiafans, and it could be a big one! Claira St. Sure, the number two of the Truly Untouchables and Masters of Wrestling runner up, taking on former Cascadia Cup holder Roger Stevens. Stevens, of course, is the significant other of Claira's former tag partner Lisa Loeh, so we've got hostility on that front already. **Angus:** Defiance 90210, amirite? More importantly, it's a great stylistic matchup. The chick who does horrible things to people's arms versus the dude who chops people crazy hard with the hands that are attached to his arms. It's just like Juggernaut versus The Blob! Except not really,

Quimbey: The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from Waterbury, Vermont, and weighing in at 231 lbs! He is RADICAL! ROGER! STEEEEEEEVENS! ♪ *Where're we going?* ♪ ♪ *Just walking in dinosaur shadows* ♪ ♪ *No way of knowing* ♪ ♪ *How much longer we'll all be surviving* ♪ [The pounding guitars of Loudness and "Pray for the Dead" blast out and Roger Stevens immediately makes his appearance. He stands atop the ramp, eyes closed, head thrown back, both hands straight up in the air throwing up the devil horns.] ♪ *Beggars and whores standing in doors* ♪ ♪ *Cities on flame, cities at war* ♪ ♪ **PRAY FOR THE DEAD** ♪ **Angus:** PRAY FOR THE DEAD! ♪ **PRAY FOR THE DEAD!** ♪ **Quimbey:** And his opponent! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 142 lbs! She is CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUUUUUURRRREEEE!!! ♪ *You better buck-buck-buckle up prepare for this impact* ♪ ♪ *Car crash, whiplash, BAM, snap your neck back!* ♪ ♪ *In half! Why can't I just be realistic?* ♪ ♪ *Give 'em what they want and make the biddies go ballistic* ♪ [Reveille brings out CSS. The hood of her boxer style rope is up. No Truly Untouchables accompany her. At the end of the ramp she doffs the hood and steps into the ring. Stevens waits in his corner impatiently, obviously ready to charge the split second the bell rings.] **Angus:** Now see, some guys are a little more sportsmanlike when they're wrestling the girls even if they've decided it's alright to hit them. Roger Stevens don't care. Roger Stevens don't give a fuck. **DING! DING! DING!** [Roger Stevens gives no fucks and bolts at CSS. CSS goes sideways for a leg sweep. Stevens is not retarded and goes horizontal in the air for a flying clothesline. So Stevens sails straight over Claira's head AND the ring ropes, and lands on the ramp. Quickly up to his feet, Stevens charges again, this time trying a spear between the ropes, but Claira cuts him off with a knee. Nursing his head Stevens stumbles back, Claira grabs the top rope for an assisted enzuigiri. Stevens stumbles and steps off the side of the ramp!] **Angus:** CROWD BRAWL! WOOOOO [Claira jumps to the top rope, sites Stevens down amongst the fans and jumps off vertical, snaring his neck with her legs and flinging him to the ground with a hurracarrana! Fans jump out of the way as CSS pulls Stevens up to his knees and smacks him with a spinning back kick. Stevens fights back with a chop to the ribs! CSS takes a step back, Stevens lunges, tackles her, and simply drops to the floor, landing on top of her.] **DDK:** A questionable strategy by Claira, taking the match to the outside, as we saw right there Stevens uses the outside to his advantage well. [Stevens instructs some fans in the bleachers to clear out of the way, then Irish whips CSS. She tries to run up the bleachers instead of taking the painful tumble down into them, but doesn't quite pull it off. Stevens takes a running start, leaps, flips - and misses, as CSS scrambles down between the rows! Stevens' back hits hard into the bleachers.] **DDK:** Of course, Roger Stevens is known for his reckless wrestling style. **Angus:** It's worked for him more often than against him, all I'm saying. [CSS pulls Stevens to his feet, hooks the arm, and as the fans scream, hits a release northern lights suplex that sends Stevens off the bleachers and splat on his back on the floor! She follows it up with a flying double stomp.] [The fans that can see are going nuts. The fans that can't, on the other side of the ring and ramp, start a chant of "We can't see shit."] [Back to the ring, CSS throws Stevens in under the bottom rope. Instead of letting him go all the way in she grabs and wrenches the arm, then bangs it into the ring apron. Stevens howls and rolls to safety, but CSS has calmed down and she's gotten methodical about this shit, stalking Stevens and then kicking him in the elbow joint.] **DDK:** Claira just there showing off the opportunistic streak that she only found after she started with the Truly Untouchables. **Angus:** C'mon, Keebs, she always had it! All that good guy stuff we saw during the Masters of Wrestling, that was only because Kai Scott told her to do that! Kai Scott tells her to volunteer at a soup kitchen, CSS'll do it. Scott tells her to burn an orphanage, she'd do that too! And the sad

part is, she doesn't need to. You don't go 25 minutes with Christian Light at his best when you need to resort to shit like that right there. [That right there is CSS wrapping Stevens' arm around the bottom rope and planting her weight on his wrist, trying to pop the elbow out of joint.] **DDK:** You have a problem with that? **Angus:** Keebs, even my Team Danger and Cancer Jiles loving self knows that some people are just better off not doing that shit. She's one of them. [Mark Shields gives the laziest five count ever. Clairra ignores it. When Shields reaches five and she hasn't let go, he gets confused.] [Stevens takes matters into his own hands. He grabs a handful of Clairra's blonde dreadlocks and headbutts her from close range three times. Clairra wobbles and falls backwards. Stevens takes a lap, trying to get his arm working again. Then without warning, he runs to the corner, jumps to the middle rope and comes off with a flying facebuster on Clairra! Pulling the lady to her feet, Stevens sends her into the corner and follows up with a running clothesline! The fans are on their feet right up until Stevens holds his fingers up to his lips.] [Stevens adjusts CSS into the turnbuckle, lines up a shot.] Stevens: CHOP! **THWAAAAAAAAACK!!** [Clairra's feet fly up and she lands on her back on the ground, clutching her chest.] Angus: DWAAAAAAAAAM! No mercy, son! **DDK:** One thing about Roger Stevens is that he's ambidextrous with those chops. [Stevens tries an Irish whip. CSS hangs on, but doesn't have the weight to counter with her own whip. Instead she throws an axe kick at Stevens' arm. Stevens anticipates, ducks behind her to pick her up in a modified fireman's carry.] **DDK:** Deemed Unrighteous! Stevens with that judgment slam he calls Deemed Unrighteous, and there's a cover! ONE...! ...TWO...!THREFOOTONTHEROPES! [Stevens slaps the mat, then pulls Clairra to her feet. He quickly sets up the pumphandle - and when he lifts CSS slips out the back! Keeping hold of his arm, CSS jumps, flips, and hooks a cross armbar!] **DDK:** And CSS turns this match around out of nowhere with that armbar! She's got great ring positioning too. [Stevens, nowhere near any set of ropes at all, decides to try and fight his way out of it. He powers to his feet, Clairra shifts her grip, twists the arm behind his back and hooks an omo-plata. Forcing him down towards the mat, she spins, trying to catch his other arm with her legs.] **DDK:** St. Sure's looking for the Truly Untouchabreaker! We saw her chain wrestle her way into it last week against Troy Matthews. Stevens has it scouted, he's protecting his free arm, but she's got that other arm hooked in the omo-plata, and that's doing plenty of damage without all the other stuff she adds to it! [CSS has another trick. Giving up on the Truly Untouchabreaker, she works one leg under Stevens' throat, preventing him from countering the omo-plata by rolling through it.] **Angus:** Man that hurts to even watch. ARMS DON'T BEND LIKE THAT OHMAGAW! [Stevens tries dragging himself either forwards or backwards. CSS has too much leverage for him to go forwards, trying to go backwards tightens the hold. He finally grabs CSS by the leg under his neck and uses it to tip her over backwards into a pin!] ONE...! [CSS easily kicks out but has to drop the omo-plata to do so.] [She wrenches the arm and then axe kicks the shoulder. Stevens drops to the mat with a howl of pain. CSS takes another try at the omo-plata, Stevens rolls through it before she can get it anchored, but she quickly hooks a crucifix hold instead.] **DDK:** CSS with the chain grappling, she's tipping Stevens over backwards, but he's in the ropes! [Mark Shields tells CSS to let him go. She does, reluctantly. Stevens can't bound to his feet this time, he has to nurse his left shoulder.] **DDK:** Stevens is actually a decent mat wrestler himself, but CSS did some damage and she's just not letting him get his balance back. [An arm wrench and an over-the-back hip toss put Stevens back on the mat. This time CSS goes back to the omo-plata, applying it to Stevens while he's in a seated position.] **DDK:** Stevens is an exceptionally tough competitor and ornery to boot, but I'm amazed he hasn't given this one up yet. **Angus:** He's got two chopping arms, Keebs! All he has to do is get that other arm in play and bust her like he did Rich Mahogany last week. [Stevens, from this position, uses his legs to roll all the way over backwards. Suddenly with a better grip on CSS's legs than she has on his arm, he twists her legs into a deathlock, hooks her ankles with his legs and applies the crossface.] **DDK:** WHAT A COUNTER from Roger Stevens, turning the omo-plata into his own RSTF! But with only one arm to pull, he can't really get enough pressure on it to make it a potential match ender. Still, he gets a chance to adjust his gameplan while CSS works on escaping it. [CSS decides to counter it by going after Stevens' good arm (his right), but Stevens is anticipating this. Once she wrenches it, he simply yanks her in towards him and takes her up and over with a belly to belly suplex!] [Feeling the match slipping out of her fingers, CSS gets back to her feet before she's really ready, and ends up walking right into.] **THWAAAAAAAAACK! Angus:** CHOPPU! [Down goes CSS. She gets back up, nursing her chest.] [Literally her chest. Stevens' chops have been landing on the sternum above her breasts - we will not be duplicating that stupid WWE angle where Shaniqua got breast implants because Bradshaw clotheslined her boobs here in Defiance.] [CSS gets back up, and right into another chop that actually knocks her flying over backwards! Trying to get herself back up, CSS rises to one knee - and Stevens takes the opportunity to step on that knee and deliver a 'shining' savate kick.] **DDK:** Radical Overlord! Stevens just landed that step-up kick, he's rolling CSS up in a high cradle! ONE...! ...TWO...!THREE...EEEEKICKOUT! **Angus:** SO CLOSE. [Stevens slashes his thumb across his throat, then pulls CSS to her feet.] **DDK:** Another attempt at Busted to the Mat coming up, and you'd be forgiven in thinking that the pumphandle would be easy to counter into an armlock but it's actually very difficult to escape. [Clairra tries to

deadweight out of it. Stevens tries to grab her second arm to hook it, and CSS plants her hand on the mat and scorpion kicks him.] [You're rarely going to see a scorpion kick do a damn thing outside 80's martial arts movies, but catching Clair's heel right in his face makes Stevens lose his grip. CSS quickly takes him over her shoulder, down to the mat, and back into the omo-plata! This time, before he can get his other arm protected, she hooks it with her ankles and gets it twisted up that weird way the Truly Untouchabreaker does.] **DDK:** CSS trying for the finish! Stevens, desperately trying to not let her get hold of his legs, CSS punching at the back of his head and the kidneys alternately, and - she's got it! Truly Untouchabreaker applied! [Stevens roars in pained fury, but the problem with the Truly Untouchabreaker is that, with no limbs in contact with the mat there is no way to fight for the ropes! Dan Ryan countered it with brute force; Stevens weighs 80 lbs less than Dan Ryan and can't muster the brute force to counter it.] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** And it's over! **Quimbey:** Here is your winner, as a result of a submission! Clair! St.! Sure! [As the sound of the bell fades, Roger Stevens rolls limply out of the ring. Clair begins to climb up, but before she can someone sprints through the crowd and slides into the ring.] **DDK:** Wait, there's a fan in the ring! I knew this close proximity thing was a bad idea! **Angus:** That's no fan! [Angus is right. It's no fan. It's...] **DDK:** Oh, come on! [... Seth Stratton!] [And he's got lead pipes taped to his forearms.] [And he's pissed.] [Seth sends one of the piped forearms into the side of Clair's head, sending her sprawling to the mat. As soon as he does this, another familiar face parts the crowd and climbs into the ring, clutching a microphone in his hand. It's Wayne Dewey. Him and Seth stare at each other for a moment, then embrace.] **DDK:** I think I just threw up in my mouth a little. **Angus:** That's not vomit, Keebs. That's the taste of greatness. [Wayne raises the mic to his lips, Clair still down on the mat.] **Wayne Dewey:** That's right, Austria and Defiance at large. This is the answer. This is the answer to the question, "What happens when you disrespect Seth Stratton?". You get hit in the head with a pipe, and you get blood all over your nappy white dreadlocks. [He's right. A small stream of blood trickles down from her forehead.] **Wayne:** But wait, what was that? [Wayne kneels down near her.] **Wayne:** I think... I think she has more to say! Well, well! I admire your spunk! I could be wrong, but I think she just questioned your manhood, Seth. [Seth throws his hands out in mock anger.] **DDK:** Oh, please. **Angus:** I didn't hear anything, but then again we're all the way over he- **DDK:** She didn't say anything, you troglodyte. **Wayne:** Do you have a retort? [Indeed he does. Seth walks over, lifts Clair off the mat, hooks her arms and drives the crown of her head into the mat with the Mind Eraser.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Seth saunters back over to Wayne, who puts an arm around his shoulder.] **Wayne:** That's right, Defiance. We're reunited and it feels so good. Unless you're Clair St. Sure, then it feels kinda shitty. [He raises Seth's arms in the air.] **Wayne:** You're looking at the rightful, the true #1 contender to the FIST of Defiance title. And if anyone has anything to say about it... [He shoots a heated glare at Clair.] **Wayne:** ... We aren't hard to find. ["Breaking the Chains" hits, as Wayne and Seth exit the ring.] [Clair St. Sure sits up. She rubs her forehead, then looks at her hand where she wiped her blood with it.] **DDK:** I can't believe the Truly Untouchables let Stratton get away with that? **Angus:** Are you kidding? Kai Scott's been hiding ever since Heidi got declared the number one contender, Diane and her boys are way too worried about HNB, and Jonny Booya is a useless worthless fuckwipe who's probably flexing at a mirror or something. Anyway, she didn't need them to beat Roger Stevens, did she? **DDK:** That's a very good point Angus. **Angus:** Of course it is! **DDK:** And now we're gonna shoot it to the back to the World Trios Tag Team Champions! [Cut.]

Hans Grubers Revenge!

[Hookers and Blow!]

[They are walking and talking and laughing as Ryan Matthews regales his comrades with H-N-BIZZLES latest "attack" on their desired target, Diane Parker, carried out by the man himself.]

Ryan:

Oh man you guys should have seen that shit...it was awesome, and it already has like 10,000 hits on youtube. She couldn't even talk straight she was so pissed.

Sam:

NICE!

Ty:

Bitches... They be gettin' all wet and sticky wherever we go, mang.

[Ry, Sam and Ty continue to laugh at Parker's expense as they round the corner, when suddenly Leon Maddox jumps out of nowhere and...]

SSSSSSPPPPPLLLLLLAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!

Sam:

The fuck...

"PFFFFFFTTT-AAAAAAAAAHAAHAHAHAHA!"

[Ryan and Ty however break out in a fit of laughter as they point at Sam, who took nearly all of the surprise explosion of Purple Drank that splashed all over his head, face, and chest. Tossing the super extra large cup, it hitting Sam right on the forehead, Maddox bolts down the hall with Sam quickly in pursuit.]

[A moment later.]

Ty:

Uh... ahem... right... so...

Ryan:

We should probably go after them, yeah?

[Nodding their mutual agreement on the matter, Ty and Ry take off down the hall only a few seconds later.]

[Cut.]

[Sprinting down the hall, Leon Maddox passes through an open security gate with Sam Horry still hot on his trail. Lennox reaches the end of the corridor to find that the security gate in front of him is closed just as Horry passes through the open gate.]

[Seeing Maddox trapped and alone, in his blind fury, Horry doesn't notice that Diane Parker is crouched and hidden near the gate.]

[Horry runs through at full speed... and just as he passes, Diane stands and slams the gate shut.]

Diane:

Surprise, nigga.

[Before Sam can do anything, Maddox goes low and chop blocks his legs out from under him. He circles Sam, stomping away, as Diane takes a wad of chewing gum out of her mouth and smears it right into the lock on the gates, fouling up the keyhole.]

[David Race appears. He's got an 18" length of pipe in his hands, and he slaps it against his palm as he looks down on Sam Horry.]

[Ty and Ryan come right up against the gate. Ty shakes it. Ryan goes for the lock, recoils in disgust.]

Diane:

Still think it's funny? Do you?

Ty:

Mothafucka...Y'all know there ain't no comin' back from this shit, right?

Sam: [struggling]

Make it good!

[Maddox grabs Horry's arm and twists it. Race swings the bar, bashing it across Horry's forearm! Horry howls in pain as Race takes another swing. Maddox keeps his foot on Horry's shoulder, holding him in place, and Race smashes him in the upper arm.

Diane:

Oh what, why so sad? I thought it was all fun and games until someone got hurt... OH WAIT.

[Diane cackles almost like a witch.]

Ryan:

Bitch, you ain't going to be laughing in a minute...Second I get through this gate I'm gonna fuck you up so bad that even Angus would recoil at the idea of fucking you.

[Matthews grabs at the lock and pulls at the gate. He shakes it pretty well, but it's staying shut. Out of desperation Ty grabs a chair and attacks the gate with it, to no effect.]

[Race hands the pipe to Diane and takes over control of Sam's arm from Maddox. He twists it up behind him and sits down on Sam's back with the Armed and Dangerous V1. Sam howls in pain. Race, maybe finally having some fun as a Truly Untouchable, laughs at the distress of Walker and Matthews.]

Ty:

Keep laughin', nigga, this shit ain't gonna be funny when I'm slappin' the HALE outta all'a you mothafuckas.

[Maddox picks up a fire extinguisher and hands it to Diane.]

Diane:

Oh I don't know Ty, I think it's going to be pretty funny for a long time. I mean, you're going to have to wrestle a man down, and then we'll easily take the trios titles from you, and what then?

[She depresses the fire extinguisher. A cloud of white smoky foam engulfs Matthews and Walker on the far side of the gate. And to finish off, she hits the fire extinguisher against Horry's head.]

[Race finally drops Horry, leaving his arm twisted awkwardly behind him, and the Truly Untouchables trio strolls away. Diane withdraws a key and unlocks the far gate, and they disappear into the hallways.]

[Walker and Matthews, both dusted with fire extinguisher foam, can only stare through the gate as their tag partner, arm mangled and bleeding from the head, lies on the floor groaning.]

[Cut away.]

Angus:

You know what, I try and I try and I try to like these Truly Untouchables. I really do. And then they go and do something like this, and it makes me wish I hadn't hung up the ol' boots, yanno?

DDK

I know you're a girl who would run away screaming if any of those three Tee-Yoo-Tees got their hands on you.

Angus:

Aw, Keebs, fuck you, man, I was tryna have a moment. Lemme skip right to the point then. Tyrone Walker and Ryan Matthews around going to lock those two little homos in a closet while they run the train on Diane Parker, and then we she's done getting the Finger Cuffs treatment, they're gonna sell her into White Slavery in Africa. Bet.

DDK:

You're out of your mind, take us somewhere else. Anywhere!

Eugene, Boxer and The Meat Wagon

[We're backstage at the waiting ambulance back in the garage area of the arena. There's a cluster of people at the back doors to the meatwagon, talent, security, producers. Eugene is still in obvious pain, Dusty and Sam are still by his side as the EMT's go about their work tending to Eugene's wounds and injuries.] **Dusty:** Don't worry kid, you're going to be fine. **Sam:** Y'all's the toughest son of a gun I ever dun' seen Euge. [A voice from behind the crowd sends Dusty and Sam's faces scowling.] **Voice:** Indeed. He's the toughest ANY of us has ever seen. A bona fide strongman. [The crowd parts and Bronson Box, all on his lonesome comes striding forward dressed in his usual finery. A brown three piece suit, blood red bowtie, gold pocket-watch chain draped ever so across his torso.] **Box:** Then again, I should know. Stand down gents, I'm not here to cause trouble. As you can see I'm not quite dressed for conflict. I have an engagement after the show I wouldn't want to get my outfit mussed. You all understand, don't you? I come under a white flag to have a few words with our dear friend Eugene here. [Sam steps between Bronson and Eugene, folding his arms across his tree trunk sized chest.] **Dusty:** Seems to me Sam doesn't quite like the sound of that. [Bronson sighs under his breath before taking several steps towards Sam Turner Jr.] **Box:** I've agreed to face that young man in battle for my title in a few short days in Germany. I gain nothin' from walkin' out there and wresslin' nobody in front of thousands. Seems to me he might not make that match and that concerns me just as much it does him. If it's a'ok with you ye' big ginger prat... I'd like to have a word with the boy before they haul him away. Get a couple things bloody straight. No funny business. [Box hazards a glance towards Dusty who pats Sam on the shoulder.] **Dusty:** Let him say his piece. [Sam reluctantly steps aside, Dusty places a hand on Bronson's shoulder before he steps towards the stretcher.] **Dusty:** You try anything and I'll be up. Your. Ass. Understand me? **Box:** Kindly remove your hand from my person before you start something you 'aint quite ready to finish, lad. [Dusty smiles and pats Bronson's shoulder before letting him pass.] [Boxer slowly approaches Eugene who's still barely in and out of consciousness.] **Box:** Eugene... can you hear me, lad? [Groggy acknowledgment from Dewey.] [Box places a hand on the back of Dewey's head, he speaks in low whispers. Dusty and Sam can be seen visibly tense up as Box lays any sort of hands on Eugene.] **Box:** I want you to do something for me Eugene. I want you to survive. I want you to weather this storm with Ryan, I want you to weather it and make it to Germany in one piece. I want you to march yourself down that ramp and face me for the FIST. I want that more than anything... so I can end you. Those two wins you hold over me grind in my guts. They plague me, Eugene. [Eugene lets loose what sounds to be a chuckle.] [Bronson's eyes go wide.] **Box:** You find that funny, do you? I'm going to grind your bones you little shit. [Box places a finger under Eugene's bobbing head and raises his eyes to his.] **Box:** Do you understand me, boy'o? I'm going to finally stomp you out one way or another. I'm forewarning you now bring all of your little friends with you because I'm going to bring all of mine. I'm going to use every nasty underhanded trick in the book to ensure I leave you laying embarrassed in a pool of your own blood because I'm sick of looking at you, Eugene. Your... fat tits and your pathetic little backstory. I'm going to rid my precious DEFIANCE of your stink once and finally. [Box lets Eugene's head drop back against the cot as the EMT's wheel the stretcher back into the waiting ambulance. Box watches as they close the door, Dusty steps up beside the Wargod. A short silence hangs between the two titans before dusty finally breaks the silence.] **Dusty:** That kid is going to beat you in Germany. [Boxer doesn't even turn to face Griffith.] **Dusty:** Doesn't matter how many of your troops you bring in, Eugene's going to pin your ass to the mat. [Bronson turns around and looks The Bronco square in the eyes.] **Box:** [puffing out his chest] That right, superstar? **Dusty:** [planting his feet] Damn right. [Bronson takes a few aggressive steps towards Griffith and leans in close.] **Box:** We're gunna' have a reckoning one day, you and I. [The Old School Shooter, with balls the size of grapefruits, claps Bronson on the shoulder yet again.] **Dusty:** Bronson... I'm honestly lookin' forward to it. [..:] [Ringside.] **DDK:**

Wow. **Angus:**

Do you know how much we could sell tickets to that fight for? **DDK:**

Nevermind that, is there a ring in DEFIANCE big enough to hold those two? **Angus:**

We'd better call the Blood Bank, Keebs, if those two ever put hands on eachother, well, let me just say There Will Be Transfusions! [Cut.]

Stockton Pyre vs Henry Keyes

DDK:

Angus... Angus

[Angus has his back turned looking around the arena.]

Angus

What!

[Angus snaps around and gives the look of deepest sincerity.]

Angus

I ordered my damn Stiegl 20 minutes ago and it's still not here. Last week it was my pizza, now, now it's my BEER!

DDK:

Angus it's time for the number one contender's match for the Southern Heritage Championship, the winner of this match faces a longtime rival of yours in Curtis Penn. Thoughts?

[Angus has gone back to looking for his beer, this time he is standing on his chair looking over the crowd.]

Angus

Huh? Oh, I see it... **OVER HERE!**

[The vendor goes in the other direction. Angus slumps and takes his seat next to DDK.]

Angus

He just walked away...

[Angus' eyes wet.]

Angus

Why would he do that? I'm so thirsty.

[DDK's eyes show a mixture of sympathy and anguish.]

Angus

Alright Darren let's call this match.

[Angus props his chin on his balled up fist.]

DDK:

.....

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 20 minute time limit for the Number 1 Contendership for the Southern Heritage Championship!

[Cue Savatage's "Morphine Child." Stepping out from the gorilla position is the Red and Blue clad masked wrestler Stockton Pyre. He stands at the top of the ramp and, just before the song goes from low-key to a burst of guitar-led hard music, Pyre claps his hands together twice and, as the burst comes over the sound system, Pyre raises both fists in the air, to a politely positive reception.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Now making his way to the ring he comes from Parts Unknown... Standing at Six Feet Six Inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred and Sixty Six Pounds... This is... **STTTTTOOOCCCKKKKTOOOONNNN
PYYYYYYYRRRRRRRRRRRE!**

Angus

In recent weeks Stockton Pyre has shown a mixture of bravery and talent. He has stood up to the likes of The Legitimate Businessman's Club and to the Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn.

[Stunned, DDK stands up on his chair and locks eyes with the closest vendor.]

DDK:

BEER ME!

[In a moment there is a plastic cup of golden refreshment placed in front of DDK. He slides it over to his colleague. Angus double grasps the cup and in less than a second the cup is upside down and the contents are emptying down the throat of Angus Skaaland.]

DDK:

I couldn't take it any longer. You, you were giving information. I was scared.

[They lock eyes.]

Angus

Me too, I never want to be in that place again.

[While all this happened, Pyre made his way down the rampway, occasionally and cautiously slapping a fan's hand that reaches up for a high five. He had also stepped into the ring, went to the middle of the ring, clapped both hands together in a clap and then pumps his fists in the air again.]

[In the present again, Pyre bounces off the ropes as "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park blasts out from the speakers as red lights flashes through the arena. A red-goggled man with a leather brace and a wild grin marches down the ramp with something in between a haunch and a strut.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

From SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...**HENRYYYYYYYYYY
KEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!**

DDK:

If you can sum up what Henry Keyes is all about in two words what would they be?

[He holds up the plastic up in one hand and smashes it with both hands.]

Angus

BELL CLAP! I just wished that he would be a lil' cooler, those goggles are nice and all, but they are not SHADES! Last week he did earn a lil' spot next to my heart when he beat Jonny Booya, the only thing that would have made that match better is if it was The King of COOL instead of Henry Keyes.

[Angus pauses and notices the third chair set up next to DDK.]

Angus

When did that chair get there?

DDK:

While you were acting all weird and shit calling the entrance of Stockton Pyre.

[Angus is looking confused.]

Angus

No I wasn't. Seriously, why is that chair there?

DDK:

A stage hand ran down here and set the chair up and the extra set of headphones.

[Suddenly, "Enae Volare Mezzo" echoes over the sound system. Standing at the top of the ramp is the Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn. He rips off the Stars and Bars from around his waist and raises it high in the air.]

[The two competitors stare up at the ramp, Keyes motions for Penn to join them by sitting on the middle rope. Curtis Penn makes his way towards the ramp.]

Angus

I hope that they kill that lil' fuck.

DDK:

What is your problem with Curtis Penn exactly?

Angus

He is a liar, cheater, thief, and a no talent hack! AND HE **CHEATS!**

DDK:

Your rational perplexes me. Team Danger and Cancer Jiles have done it all and you praise them like some sort of gods.

[Angus makes the sign of the cross over his chest.]

Angus

Stephen Greer, Tyrone Walker, and The King of Cool!

[Stockton Pyre and Henry Keyes back up as Penn grabs the top rope and goes to send himself over, just prior to it he smiles and shakes his index finger gesturing that he is going to the announcer's table.]

Angus

Why is he pointing over here?

[Angus looks over at the empty chair and head set.]

Angus

Awe... FUCK! Where's my knife! I'll kill him!

[DDK places his hands on Angus' shoulder to try and keep him calm.]

DDK:

I'm sure he came down here for more than to jaw with you. These are the two guys going after his title.

[Penn walks in front of the table; he shakes the hand of DDK. To Angus he feigns an attack that sends his chair out from under him sending him crashing to the floor. Curtis takes his seat next to DDK, while Angus regains his seat.]

Penn

Wow, so this is how the ring looks from down here! Darren it's a pleasure to be calling the match with you. Angus, the restroom needs to be cleaned, get on your job.

[Angus' face turns a bright shade of red.]

Penn

From my recollection you spent a lot of time on your hands and knees cleaning the stalls at Dane's academy.

Angus

That's it! I'm gonna kill him!

[DDK pushes Angus back into his seat.]

DDK:

And the bell sounds it's time for these two Defiance rookies to see who will get a chance at our champion over here.

Penn

Oh, how cute, they're shaking hands.

[Keyes bypasses Stockton's out stretched hand and clasps his forearm for a Roman-esque handshake. Stockton looks down a bit confused but acknowledges the gesture.]

Penn

They're doing that gay forearm grab thing. Angus, did you teach them that?

DDK:

Alright guys, we should start calling this match.

Penn

Keyes and Pyre lock up...

Angus

DDK, it looks like a traditional show of strength here.

Penn

Size and leverage should give the edge to Stockton Pyre!

[Keyes is down to one knee and powers back up to a vertical position.]

Angus

HA! Shows what you know, Keyes, the smaller of the two powers himself back to a vertical base.

[DDK just stares with a dropped jaw at Angus.]

Angus

I didn't get this gig because I can make Dane's shoes shine!

Penn

That's not the only thing you shined of his.

[Stockton hooks Keyes in a side headlock. Keyes throws a few kidney shots to get Pyre to release the advantage, he

shoves Pyre from the back and sends him into the far ropes. Keyes leap frogs the big man on the return only to have a double axe hammer blow smash him in his chest. Penn cringes.]

DDK:

What a blow from the big man! Curtis, just from the sheer size and strength that Pyre possesses how do you plan on stopping a blow like that?

Penn

Unlike you partner over there I possess a superior intellect, Darren, I would just side step the man and use a drop toe hold and then I would embarrass him with my superior wrestling skills. But, you're right he is a big man, but I've beaten bigger men.

Angus

I heard you like beating bigger men.

[Pyre walks over and lifts Keyes to his feet and strikes him with an open palm strike that spins Keyes around and clenches his hands around the waist of Keyes.]

DDK:

THE POWER of Stockton Pyre is being shown as he releases that German Suplex and causes Keyes to flip over in mid-air and land on his stomach and face!

Penn

Keyes should have lowered his goggles there, he went airborne!

[Angus is tossing papers left and right when he finally comes up with the correct one.]

Angus

Stockton Pyre calls that the Opening Statement. Him being a journalist it kinda fits!

DDK:

I don't think this is starting the way Keyes's would have liked, I'm sure he planned on using speed and endurance to out wrestle Pyre, but right now Pyre is just having his way with the Air Pirate.

[Keyes is pulled to one knee, strikes Pyre in the mid-section a couple of times, but Pyre puts stop to it with a clubbing blow to the left arm.]

Penn

Smart move by Pyre, keep Keyes from having any offence and that left arm is a weak point in that guys armor. I wouldn't let up on it.

Angus

Except that you did and you went to his right arm.

Penn

Like I told him he needed a matching set, his attire was out of balance.

[Stockton helps Keyes back to his feet and whips him into the far corner, following close behind and delivers a nasty back elbow to the jaw of Keyes.]

DDK:

Stockton loves to club and strike, those elbows are nasty.

Penn

For a guy who has never had any formal training as a striker he really does have some good precision. That back

elbow would have been better placed above the eyebrow; it would serve a doubled purpose by opening up a cut and the blood would have blinded Keyes. These are the things I was trying to show him in his first match.

[Stockton belly to belly suplexes him out of the corner, he slowly approaches Keyes.]

DDK:

It looks like Pyre wants to slow things down, he might not be able to keep up the pace he's set for this match.

[Keyes pops up before Pyre makes it to him and starts on a barrage of European Uppercuts.]

DDK:

Keyes has finally found some sort of offense with those European Uppercuts.

Penn

He's gained some separation. This is where he should slide out of the ring, regain his composure, and come up with a game plan.

Angus

That's what you would do Curt? Run, like a chicken, we've all see it over the last few weeks. You've gotten a yellow streak.

Penn

Says the man who couldn't throw a proper punch.

[Keyes sends the big man across the ring, off the ropes, Bell Clap!]

Angus

BELL CLAP! OMG I hope his hits you with that Curt, I would love to see it pop your head like a grape.

[Keyes drops a knee on the fallen Pyre's shoulder area.]

DDK:

He's trying to weaken that shoulder, perhaps for a submission maneuver.

[He lifts the arm and slams it down on the mat. Keyes then locks fingers and encourages Pyre to stand. Keyes wrenches the arm and yanks down hard on the left arm. This drops Pyre down to his knees, Keyes with a boot to the shoulder that sends Pyre down to the mat.]

DDK:

Keyes with a pin attempt.

Carla Ferrari::

1....

2....

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Keyes is starting to look frustrated.

Angus

Both men want Penn, both men want that championship...

Penn

Both men just want another ass whoopin'. Keyes' should have locked on an armbar and made the man tap. Instead he tries to pin him, rookie mistake.

[Stockton wipes the cobwebs from his head as he stands up, Keyes back on the attack, they collide mid-ring throwing fists. Stockton lands a hard right that rocks Keyes. Keyes lands his own big right hand.]

DDK:

TOE TO TOE, both men are throwing big right hands.

[Stockton hits two in a row, grabs the wrist of Keyes and pulls him in and hits him with back to back shoulder thrusts. He pulls him in and launches him over his head with a belly to belly, Keyes bounces and Stockton covers.]

Carla Ferrari::

1.....

2....

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Both men don't want to give up. They both want a shot at the SoHer Championship.

Penn

They might want it, but they don't deserve it. Neither one of them have shown me any more than the other no talent hacks in the back.

Angus

No talent hacks... I'd place money on Pyre or Keyes would beat your ass and take your title!

DDK:

Angus, as your friend and broadcast partner I wouldn't bet against this man.

Penn

That's right, the Southern Heritage Championship is staying firmly around my waist. I could beat both of those men in the same ring at the same time and walk out unscathed.

[Pyre pulls Keyes up and launches him into the ropes and Pyre scoops him up and inadvertently knocks Carla Ferrari to the mat.]

DDK:

Looks like Pyre was setting up for Paradise Lost, but Ferrari was too close and is on the ground.

Penn

That's the problem with referees they get in the way of the action, now look, Stockton didn't finish the brainbuster and is now checking on the ref.

Angus

Keyes is back to his feet now and has a chance to turn the tide in the match.

[Keyes walks up behind the kneeling Pyre who is trying to shake the referee awake.]

Penn

This is when you lay waste to the unsuspecting victim.

Angus

The ref is down.

Penn

They'll send another one out.

[Keyes touches Pyre on the shoulder, Pyre tenses and looks up at Keyes.]

Penn

What are they conversing about... finish the match!

[Keyes throws up both of his arms in an "X". In which the medical staff runs out to check out the situation.]

DDK:

The centrifugal force from the scoop must have knocked her completely out and their taking extra precautions by placing her on the stretcher and immobilizing her.

[Keyes and Stockton stand back as the medical staff helps Carla Ferrari onto a stretcher.]

DING

DING

DING

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

As a result of Carla Ferrari's injury this match is ruled a **NO CONTEST!**

[Stockton and Keyes shake hands and agree that it is the right call. But, Curtis Penn does not agree, he slams down his head seat and grabs the microphone from Darren Quimbey's hand.]

Curtis Penn + Live Mic = Open Challenge!

Penn

Excuse me!

[The crowd parts as he pushes himself through them and onto the ring apron.]

Penn

Twiddle Dee and Twiddle Dumb, yeah you two, the ones quitting on the match!

[Keyes taps Pyre on the shoulder asking if Penn was talking to them. Penn makes his way into the center of the ring.]

Penn

Both of you, in this ring now! You just don't quit in a Number One Contender's match, there can be only one WINNER!

[At that moment another microphone goes live, this time it's in the hands of Angus Skaaland.]

Angus

Oh Curtis...hey, over here nimrod!

[Curt takes a step or two back in the direction of the announcer's table.]

Penn

You hush, I'm talking to ...too, they're not wrestlers, we don't quit in the middle of a fight.

[The camera shoots over to a smiling Angus.]

Angus

That's what I was going to talk to you about. Just moments ago you told the entire world that you would beat both of them and come out, how did you put it, unscathed? Here's your chance big man, why don't you take them both on at the iPPV!

[The crowd hears this and they like it, Keyes and Pyre like it, but Penn not so much. But he's not much on losing face he twists his beard with his free hand and raises the microphone back to his lips.]

Penn

Don't you two look all cozy and shit, all grinning like ya'll are best buds. Let me tell you both something that you should know about the industry you're in, the guys that stand to your right are just as dangerous as the guys who will stand behind you and put a knife in your back. In fact the ones, who you trust, ride the roads with, and share a room with are the most dangerous of them all because you'll think that they would never turn on you.

[Keyes and Pyre look at each other for a second and turn back to Penn still grinning.]

Angus

Quit your stalling shit head. What is it going to be, are you going to be the big bad Curtis Penn and take on both of these guys at the iPPV or are you going to be the chicken shit weasel Curtis Penn and sneak out of the iPPV all together?

[Penn walks to the ropes nearest to Angus and extends his middle finger in a rude salute.]

Penn

Fuck you, you're a commentator. And it's about time you keep them to yourself.

[He struts back over to the far ropes and places his arms on the top rope, holding the microphone back to his lips.]

Penn

You both want a piece of Curtis Penn...

[Keyes is motioning for all of Curtis Penn, while Pyre places an arm on Henry Keyes to hold him back.]

Penn

So you think you deserve a shot at Curtis Penn, The Southern Heritage Champion?

Angus

Quit your stalling... Yes or Fucking NO, **COWARD!**

[Curtis simply extends an arm and another outstretched middle finger towards Angus from the far side of the ring, never taking his eyes off of Keyes or Pyre.]

Penn

Shut up and fuck you.

[Penn exhales sharply.]

Penn

At Grindhouse: GERMANY 2014 it will be your Southern Heritage Champion , Curtis Penn, because the champion always has top billing; versus ...

[He momentarily pauses, you know for effect.]

Penn

Stockton Pyre!

BOOO!

BOOO!

BOOO!

[He raises his hands to the crowd motioning them to settle down.]

Penn (whispering.)

And Henry Keyes.

[The crowd erupts as Pyre and Keyes pat each other on the back; they turn around to walk through the curtains.]

Penn

Opie and Andy wait a moment.

[They stop and turn back to Curtis Penn and gesturing what now.]

Penn

You both had a week to prepare for the match you just had and it was almost a two star match, it was close.

[He holds up his thumb and index finger to show just how close it was.]

Penn

Since you're both going to be in the ring with me at the iPPV I'm going to show you both how to put on a five star caliber match. I want you both to understand what it means to be in the ring with a FIVE star wrestler like myself and the perfection I expect inside of this ring. Now you're dismissed to sit in the back and take notes. Pyre, I know you're really good at writing shit down; maybe you can let your half-witted friend copy them when you're done.

[Keyes is done with the insults and starts towards the ring; Pyre quickly cuts him off and whispers into his ear. Keyes

nods with a certain amount of respect and follows Pyre into the back.]

DDK:

Angus you seem especially proud of yourself?

Angus

Yep , the Germany iPPV is going to be so much fucking fun! Curtis will lose his title and fall back into insignificance.

[Penn taps his mic.]

Penn

I'm not done yet! You see I'm all dressed up and with no dance partner.

[He means he is already dressed in his wrestling attire.]

Penn

So here it is, I want a fight!

[Angus stands up.]

Penn

We've already addressed this, Angus you're a commentator and a janitor. Sit down.

[He looks towards the backstage area.]

Penn

There are at least two dozen people sitting around in the back wanting a shot at the Southern Heritage CHAMPION, but sadly out of those couple of dozen guys and girls there are only five people back there that could give me what I'm looking for.

[His first finger rises.]

Penn

Eric Dane, but his suit and tie might get dirty if he were get up from his desk. So, that would be a no.

[He pauses.]

Penn

Two, Jeff Andrews, but I'm not even sure he's in the building.

[Smiling.]

Penn

The Defiance Champion Kai Scott! Alas he has already fought his one time this month, so I know he won't be stepping out from behind that curtain.

[He paces the ring.]

Penn

Four is actually taking it a step down this one might be a four and three quarter star that would be Tyrone Walker.

[The crowd erupts at the mention of Blackamus Prime!]

Penn

Silence from the back, huh, he must be too busy with Clairra. I wouldn't turn that down either.

[He laughs when the crowd releases their feelings in boos and hisses.]

Penn

Five... Five

[He pauses.]

Penn

I meant four people in the back that would be a good fight. So it looks I'll take on anyone who steps through that fucking curtain! Anyone who has a set of balls that wants to fight!

[His face turns red.]

Penn

I CANNOT be the only fucking person in this COMPANY who has a set of KING KONG NUTS! ANYONE! Not ONE **GAWDDAMPERSOON!**

[Spit flies. He looks back towards Angus and starts motioning him to step into the ring. DDK starts waving him off, telling him no. Penn makes it to the rings edges when...]

♪ *Everyone seems to be singing for Satan* ♪

♪ *Guess I will too* ♪

♪ *What a joke! You make me laugh* ♪

♪ *'Til I turn blue* ♪

DDK:

Is that...

Angus:

HEIDI CHRISTENSON'S MUSIC!

["Writhe," by Kyuss reverberates through the crowded venue. Curtis Penn drops the microphone to the ground and utters two words one syllable apiece.]

Penn

Fuck Me.

[He turns around and swallows.]

DDK:

Curtis and Heidi have met once before and it did not turn out in Penn's favor. Heidi took the career from Curtis' one time friend and mentor Mike Sloan and Curt hounded her for a match afterwards. When it was finally awarded she made short work of Curtis in that match.

Angus:

POPCORN... IMA NEED SOME POPCORN! This is going to be good.

[Curtis stands in the middle of the ring, shirt off, waiting for Heidi.]

Heidi Christenson vs Curtis Penn (c)

♪ *Every tailor's out to ware* ♪
♪ *What a menhir looking crew* ♪
♪ *I don't think I'll tease my hair* ♪
♪ *I'd rather sit here teasing you* ♪

♪ *Won't you writhe like snakes down on the floor* ♪
♪ *Out you go and he done one hundred and more* ♪

[Heidi Christenson walks out onto the ramp, one hand on her hip and a microphone in the other. "Writhe" fades as she stands there.]

Heidi Christenson:

So I was sitting backstage, listening to some annoying little twerp ramble on, and wishing that I had a pair of [finger quotes] King Kong Nuts [/quotes] so that I could go out and shut him up. Then I realized something.

[Evil smile.]

Heidi:

I've never needed those for anything. And anyway... it's **just** Curtis Penn.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Heidi:

I've got a World Title shot in one card's time, I've had a nice six week vacation, I'm back, I'm ready to wrestle again, and Curtis Penn's issuing an open challenge?

[Off-mic evil laugh.]

Heidi:

We're gonna have us some fun, boy.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go! Penn! Heidi!

[Penn tries to get the jump on Heidi with a front kick. Heidi ducks the kick, single legs him to the mat, drops back to jam his ankle and twists his leg up into a heel hook. Penn scrambles, getting his arms on the ropes, as Heidi backs off and spreads her arms.]

DDK:

You never know what's going to happen when you issue an open challenge like Penn just did. You might get a rookie looking for a few moments on the air - I'd like to take this time to remind Defiance fans that of all those talent enhancement wrestlers we signed, few of them have even worked a match for us yet - and then sometimes you get a veteran looking for someone to make an example of.

[Penn gets a grapple and tries to drag Heidi to the mat with a guillotine choke. Heidi rolls over his body, unhooks the headlock with a triangle armbar, uses the armbar to flip Penn over, wraps the arm around his neck, her legs around the other arm, and rolls over into.]

DDK:

I'd have to call that a... crucifix cobra clutch, I think.

Angus:

Upside down reverse FUCK YOU lock!

[Penn kicks his legs frantically, manages to break loose. This time he tackles Heidi to the mat, trying to do as much damage with his fists as he can. Heidi gets her arms up and deflects the worst of it before calmly putting her leg on the bottom rope. Although Penn got the better of that one, he's breathing hard. Heidi gets up, smiles, and adjusts her hair.]

[Heidi throws a snap roundhouse. To Penn's credit he gets his leg up and blocks it. Without putting her leg down, Heidi raises her foot higher and smacks him on the side of the head with it. Penn staggers, Heidi jumps with the flying bodyscissors and rolls him to the mat. She applies the body triangle as Penn rolls to his back for defense, then levers himself up on one elbow to avoid being pinned.]

Angus:

See, that's the worst part about fighting Heidi. I guarantee you that no matter how pissed off he is at this, or how worried he's got to be about losing an arm, he's got at least a quarter-chub going on there. I mean, on your back, in between her legs...

DDK:

Angus, maybe you shouldn't...

Angus:

I'm just saying, anyone who works against Heidi is working stiff, knowwhatimean?

[DDK just sighs.]

[Right now between Penn and Heidi it's a little game of guessing, Heidi trying to figure out how to attack and Penn trying to guess what she's going to do and guard against it.]

[Heidi finally rolls to her back, dragging Penn with her. She shoots in on the arm, and slowly works her way around behind him. Penn tries for the ropes, Heidi releases the triangle, stands, tries to pull Penn up with a full nelson, Penn stomps her foot, back kicks her in the knee, and takes her to the mat with a wakigatame!]

DDK:

Everything taken into consideration Penn's no slouch. He's clung to that Southern Heritage Title for a few months

now, and this isn't the first time his mouth has backed him into a corner.

[Penn gets greedy. He lets go of the wakigatame and tries to sink in a knee cross on Heidi's left leg. Heidi blocks him from getting it properly applied, hits him with a knee to the forehead, and...]

THWAAAAACK!!

[Buzzsaw kick to the forehead!]

[Penn reels backwards on his knees, arms flailing as he tries to keep his balance... for some fucking reason, because she just kicks him again.]

Angus:

This is what daddy likes to see!

[Heidi runs the ropes and plows knee first into Penn's face, sending him sprawling, and goes for a cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

[Penn kicks out in two. Heidi doesn't seem concerned. She grabs Penn's leg, twists it to the side and sits down behind him, applying a lateral crab.]

Angus:

Here's the thing, see. Penn does the MMA thing, he's real smug about it. Heidi works the "traditional" martial arts things into her professional wrestling, and because she's in a ring not a cage it works for her, and she makes guys like Penn look like goobers.

[Penn gets the ropes. Heidi hangs on for just a little bit too long, and Penn is able to kick off and toss her between the bottom and middle ropes. The fans clear a nice big safe out of kicking distance spot for Heidi to land in, but she tries to get right back into the ring, Penn intercepts her and starts laying in punches to the kidneys and mounted knees as fast as he can manage them. Pulling Heidi up, he belly to belly suplexes her into the middle of the ring.]

[Now that he's got some solid offense in, he gets brave. He grabs Heidi by the chin and screams in her face.]

Penn:

YOU THINK THIS IS FUN? YOU HAVING FUN YET?!

[He doesn't scream it, but lip readers can plainly see Penn snarl 'cunt' at Heidi as he drops her head and drops a knee on top of it.]

DDK:

One of Heidi's biggest weaknesses is that when she starts out matches playfully like that she neglects to do significant damage. Now Penn's going to try and make up for lost time.

[Penn doesn't give Heidi a chance to get any room. He neck locks her, lifts her that way, backs her into the corner and starts driving in knee shots as Benny Doyle warns him about having his hands on her face. Penn finishes the combo with a spinning thrust kick to Heidi's midsection. She slowly slumps to her knees, then collapses. Penn jumps on her back, grabs the ropes, and stands there yelling as Doyle starts the count.]

Penn:

WHO'S A CUNT, YOU FUCKING CUNT?!

DDK:

Is there... any way we can edit that out post production?

Angus:

Fuck that noise. Heidi can take it and give it back. That's why I like her when she's not trying to destroy Defiance.

[Penn pulls Heidi up by the hair and sends her off the ropes and swings a superman punch at her on the rebound. Heidi ducks, bounces off the far ropes, leaps up onto Penn's shoulders, swings around while grabbing his arm at the same time, and they wind up on the mat with Heidi in control.]

DDK:

Triangle lancer by Heidi!

Angus:

You just made that name up. I call it the flying back mount inverted reticulated fuck you lock!

DDK:

But you just...

Angus:

Made it up, yeah, and my name's better! Hey, I don't think Penn knows how to counter out of it.

[The Triangle Lancer is a sort of flying neck crank. Heidi's left leg is behind Penn's neck and pinning his far arm, Heidi's pulling on his near arm, and Penn's sort of being strangled by his own chest. He ain't goin nowhere is what I'm saying.]

That's when something incredibly cool happens.]

[No, I mean, COOL.]

Angus:

What the hell is Jonny Booya doing out here?

[COOL Jonny Booya has cooled his way out onto the ramp. His stolen shades are still cool, his hair is still gelled into a flattop, and he points at Heidi.]

[Heidi is smart enough not to let go of the Triangle Lancer, but Doyle runs to the ropes to try and keep Booya out of the match. Booya grins with three thousand teeth, folds his arms, and flexes his shoulders and chest.]

[Penn's arm slows down and his feet quit kicking, but Doyle isn't paying attention. Heidi lets go with one arm just long enough to flip Booya off, but doesn't let go of Penn.]

[Booya raises his finger like he had an idea, disappears behind the curtain for a split second, and reappears with a white gym bag in his hands.]

[This gets a reaction from Heidi. Although she doesn't release the fading Penn, she almost straightens up (this crams Penn's chin further into his chest bone) and shouts something in anger.]

[Booya trundles down the ramp.]

DDK:

I'd say there's a pretty good chance that's Heidi's luggage Booya has, and

Angus:

Why the hell is Johnny McNoChin out here? Didn't Scott tell the Truly Untouchables to leave Heidi alone?

DDK:

He sure did.

[But Jonny doesn't give a damn apparently. He unzips the suitcase and pulls out Heidi's black one-piece wrestling outfit.]

[He sniffs it.]

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

That is just about as classless....

[Heidi's got her teeth bared. She hasn't let go of Penn yet. It's lucky she doesn't have more upper body strength than she does, because she's pulling on his arm like she wants to rip it out of its socket.]

[Booya fishes around inside the gym bag. The next thing he produces is a very plain, very small black thong. More specifically an anti-wedgie thong. With an extra-smug grin stamped on his face, he walks to the ropes. Benny Doyle is still there trying to block the interference, but Booya raises his arms, and snaps the thong like a rubber band in Heidi's general direction.]

Angus:

That did it.

[Heidi lets go of Penn, who coughs and gargles and gasps for breath, and stalks towards the ropes. A roundhouse kick is thrown. It finds its mark, sending Booya spinning and falling to one knee. She reaches over the ropes, grabs him by the arm, and wraps it around the ropes. Just like she did to Kelly Evans when she tried to break her arm during the Untouchables days. I mean the time she didn't actually manage to do it, not the time she did.]

[Since Booya hasn't actually touched Heidi, there's no disqualification, only Benny Doyle trying to save Booya from injury. Penn gets to his knees as Heidi applies the pressure to Booya's arm. Booya looks much less smug now, but Penn stumbles up, takes a wobbly few steps forward, breaks into a run and runs into Heidi from behind with a busaiku knee!]

DDK:

Penn didn't go all the way out, and he recovered quickly once the pressure was off! Now he's going after the arm, and - he's got the Curtis Clutch applied!

[Heidi doesn't quite realize what's happened until Penn has the hold sunk all the way in.]

Angus:

OH GOD MOTHERFUCKING DAMMIT NOT LIKE THIS!

[Heidi goes after Penn's leg trying to break the bodyscissors. And if she had more time she'd probably have managed it. But the cobra clutch is a knockout hold, and as her brain starts fading in and out her muscles lose strength, and...]

DING! DING! DING!**Quimbey:**

Here is your winner, as a result of a knockout... CURTIS! PENN!

[Penn pushes Heidi to the side and does a double fist clench from his knees like he just won the olympics or something. He hits the corner of the ring and yells down at the fans.]

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

Because of Booya's interference, Curtis Penn not only comes out of his comeuppance in tact, but with the biggest singles win of his career!

[Heidi rolls over groggily. Penn walks over and stands there, probably talking mad crazy shit.]

[So Heidi suddenly shoots in on his leg.]

[Penn stumbles around, and Benny Doyle now tries to get Heidi off of Penn's ankle where she's got a heel hook most of the way locked in. Penn pulls his leg loose and decides it's time to leave. Doyle tries to hold Heidi back, and that's his mistake.]

[Heidi throws him.]

[Not the most vicious attack on an official ever, but it's a definite, serious, "get the fuck off me" type judo throw. Doyle lands hard and doesn't get back up.]

[And security floods the ring.]

[Heidi lashes out with one foot and kicks someone in the head.]

[Another security guard grabs her in a waistlock from behind, Heidi snaps his grip and hip tosses him over her body!]

[A third one catches a roundhouse to the belly and an axe kick across the back of the head!]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Heidi has absolutely lost it yet again, and these Austrian fans are cheering her on!

[In fact, the mad cheers stop her mid rampage. She looks over the fans, trying to figure out how exactly to take this, and a chant starts.]

STACK THE BODIES! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*

STACK THE BODIES! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*

[Heidi storms around the ring, staring down security guards and threatening them when they start getting too near her, but she mostly doesn't actually do anything - just maintains her spot in the ring as the chants roll in.]

DDK:

I'm not sure what's worse, seeing Heidi go psychopath again or that they love her for it?

Angus:

Keeps, it's like this. When she's trying to wreck Defiance, of course they don't like that, but she just got cheated out of a win over Curtis fucking Penn! Right now, seeing her wreck shit is exactly what they want!

[Heidi's now clapping along with the chants. In one of those really weird things, the situation is reversing itself. Even Benny Doyle is getting up, and he is allowed to leave the ring.]

He Lives!

[Moments pass. The ring clears. We're not yet to dead air.] **Angus:** Well, I'll say this much. Holy cowfuckers these foreigners are getting their money's worth! **DDK:** You ain't kidding Angus! This overseas tour has jumped the rails! What a time to be wrestling fan! [Both men nod accordingly.] **Angus:** Next stop, Germany for our next iPPV Spectacular! [Overjoyed, Angus throws all of his journalistic paperz wildly in the air. Darren laughs a bit, but not nearly enough to let Angus know that he found it funny.] **Angus:** HOWEVER, what I do know is this. Right now. No one, and I mean NO ONE is better than Defiance! [We're looking at you, CSWA.] **DDK:** Ain't that the truth! Ladies and gentleman of the wrestling world, from AUSTRIA, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, the man to my left is Angus Skaaland, and we are signing-- [Before Darren can take it home for the night, a delivery man comes rushing into view.] **DDK:** Wait just a second. [As politely as possible, the delivery man gets Angus' attention and an autograph later he's gone with the wind-- leaving only a small cardboard box as a reminder of his stay. Said box is square in nature, and looks as if a bowling ball could fit nicely inside.] **DDK:** Well lookie here folks. Seems Mr. Angus got himself a present. I didn't know it was your birthday? Or maybe, it's a late Christmas gift from Santa Claus? [Angus rolls his eyes, unamused with Darren's attempt at playing the jester.] **Angus:** OR, maybe it's a butcher knife so I can cut out your eyes and throat. [Horried, Keebler gulps. Then, wisely gives Angus a moment of silence to try and open the package.] [A moment.] **DDK:** Who's it from? **Angus:** Doesn't say. **DDK:** And you're just going to open it? What if... **Angus:** What if you had a penis instead of a vagina? What then, Darren? **DDK:** ... [Dishearteningly to all, but thankfully for Keebler, Angus continues on with his blistering tirade about Darren's lady parts beneath his breath. All the while, he feverishly tries to bypass the pesky layer of scotch tape keeping the package secure.] [VIOLA~!] [Package open.] [No boom.] [No jack in the box.] **DDK:** So? What is it? **Angus:** How the fuck should I know?!?!? I haven't gotten through all the stupid packaging styrofoam yet! **DDK:** Oh. [After much perseverance, Angus locates the contents hidden within the box. The realization of his laborious discovery sets off a series of mannerisms that would lead you to believe he's just seen a Black Feathered Yeti. Some examples being: bulging eyeballs ready to pop out of their sockets, the hair on the back of his neck standing straight up as if he'd licked his finger and pressed it against a live wire, and his mouth extending to obnoxiously agape via slow motion.] **DDK:** Holy cannoli! Is there a BFY in there or something!?! [Dead still, acting almost afraid to even touch what exactly it is that is in that box, Angus whispers the words.] **Angus:** oh. mai. gawd. **DDK:** What is it? **Angus:** it's..... **DDK:** [snapping in front of his face] Hey! Angus! Are you okay? What's in the box? [Here' a hint. It's not a severed head. Though, Angus might try to chop off Keebler's if he keeps on persisting like he is.] **Angus:**true. **DDK:** What's true? What's in the box? **Angus:** it's.....true. **DDK:** What is? What's in the-- [With curiosity getting the better of him, Darren leans over to take a peek at what's inside the box. Before he can make good though, Angus, who still sits covered from head to toe in sheer catatonia, abruptly turns his head and gazes into the deepest recesses of Darren's soul.] **DDK:** This... is getting odd. Uh... what's that you say? You need me over there? Oh, okay, bethererightnow. [Totally creeped out, Keebler takes a professional bow and exits stage awkward to give some lucky phantom an autograph. Now with the broadcasting duties left to himself, "Outer Body" Angus once again slowly pivots his little head.] [Dead. Air. Gazing.] [And.] [Then.] [Right as the broadcast is about to fade.] **Angus:** He lives. [Cut. One more time.]

You done fucked up, Jonny...

[Jonny Booya has had a pretty good night. He got to rifle through Heidi's gym bag and get all up close and personal with her stuff. He got to cost her the match. There's that pesky thing about maybe Cancer Jiles not being dead and all, but hey - Jiles is no longer COOL, so what could possibly go wrong.]

[Swaggering, pausing by every reflective surface to flex, Jonny struts back to the Truly Untouchables dressing room.]

[As is his wont, he swings the door wide open, slides in, and-]

Scott:

What the FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

[Jonny stops.]

Booya:

What?

Scott:

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?! WHAT IN FUCKS NAME WAS GOING THROUGH THAT ROID-ADDLED PITUITARY GLAND YOU CALL A BRAIN?!

Booya:

I was... getting started on Heidi for you.

Scott:

You. Stupid. Fuck. What did I say last week?

Booya:

Um.

Scott:

I said do not mess with Heidi Christenson. Do not irritate Heidi Christenson. I said leave her the fuck alone. Did you not fucking hear me? Or did you just forget?

[There's this particular look that dumb people get when they are being told they've fucked up and they've got a general idea that they did, but they haven't a clue how. If you don't know what I mean I can't describe it. But Jonny looks this way right now.]

Booya:

But she lost...

Scott:

How does Heidi losing to Curtis Penn help? Tell me that. Tell me that right now!

[The cogs in Jonny's oft-neglected brain slowly start turning.]

Booya:

Well... um... I guess it kind of didn't.

[Jonny Booya looks almost like a dog whose master just kicked it. It'd be easier to feel bad for him if he wasn't a retarded douchebag.]

Scott:

Now, which would you rather wrestle? Normal Heidi? Or psychotically enraged Heidi?

Booya:

Normal.

Scott:

And which am I going to get now?

Booya:

...psychotically enraged?

[Wlth a heavy sigh, Scott slumps down on the couch in the middle of the locker room.]

Scott:

Heidi is going to try and kill me. What the fuck am I going to do now?

[End.]