

DEFIANCE Wrestling: Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour 09

Miles One Centre, St. John's, Newfoundland & Labrador
23 Feb 2014

In which Box calls out the Champ

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...]

[...a Hulu Plus original presentation!]

[The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from the Great White North in...]

[3...]

[...2...]

[...1!]

[Go.]

[Go?]

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

Angus:

Thaat's not our theme music.

DDK:

Indeed it's not, partner. Indeed its not.

[From the back, dressed to the nines in his three piece suit, emerges The Original Defiant.]

[Bronson Box.]

[Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Wargod, as we quick cut to a few short clips of Bronson performing some of his brutal signature maneuvers on various opponents. Most notably Ty Walker, Boston Bancroft, Cancer Jiles and Eugene Dewey. We catch a quick glance of Box nose to nose with Eric Dane as well.]

DDK:

You can plainly see Bronson's face isn't completely healed from the all out assault he received in Germany.

[Bronson's nose is a swollen purple mess, a huge bandage taped right in the middle of his face hiding the worst of the damage from view.]

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Angus:

That broken schnoz is what ended up losing him the FIST.

♪ Run on for a long time... ♪

[The next series of clips is of the tragic night that Bronson turned on his tag team partner Evan Hurley, sending his former friend back first into the exposed turnbuckle with a viscous Bombasto Bomb. A metal on metal CLANG added for extra effect. The camera cuts to Bronson making his way down the ramp, jawing with fans along the way.]

♪ Run on for a long time... ♪

[Next we're witness to a series of Box applying The Boston Massacre on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. We catch glimpses of Heidi Christenson, Edward White, Christian Light, Tom Sawyer and several other current DEFIANCE superstars all screaming in pain at The Wargod's hands. On his way up the ringsteps Bronson stops and adjusts his tie, looking with disdain out over the sea of screaming chanting faithful..]

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

[Finally a grainy sepia clip from the ladder war where Bronson unified the vacant Defiance Crown with the WfWA World title to become the first official DEFIANCE World Heavyweight champion. A bloody battered Boxer reaching down and snatching one belt from Boston Bancroft and adding it to his own... lifting both championships over his head in triumph. His greatest opponent a bloody heap at his feet. Back live, Box is standing patiently with microphone in hand.]

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

[Bronson brings the microphone to his lips as the music fades away but the rowdy Canadian crowd has other plans.]

EUGENE PINNED YOU! *clap clap clapclapclap*
EUGENE PINNED YOU! *clap clap clapclapclap*
EUGENE PINNED YOU! *clap clap clapclapclap*
EUGENE PINNED YOU! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Box takes the chant in stride, pursing and licking his lips giving a disingenuous chuckle.]

Box:

IF...

[The crowd quiets down some.]

Box:

If you're not one to look at the Twitter you'd assume I'd be out here to do just that an address the fat titted little prat that once again found himself failing upward at my expense. No.. no, I'm not out here to do that. You see I did my part after Jeff Andrews packed his bags and disappeared into the front office by cleaning up the mess he left in the form of that FIST belt... Dane wanted it to mean

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something and I did just that, I made it a prize simply by strapping the bloody thing around my waist and spending a few months screaming at the top of my lungs... COME AT BLOODY GET IT!

[No pacing like an animal, no tantrums, this is a grade 'A' shoot.]

Box:

I used that belt to keep the in ring product of this bloody place something to talk about, something to SEEK out after our television show was snatched away from us. Hook or crook, for better or worse I laid my body on the line for DEFIANCE over and over and over while fools and sycophants held more sway. I shouldered the burden of keeping DEFIANCE the premiere wrestling company touring the globe. A company worthy of superstars the caliber of Mike Bell and Dusty Griffith to make their glorious returns from obscurity.

DDK:

I'm sensing a little sarcasm at the end there concerning Bell and Griffith.

Angus:

Duh, you remember what happened in Germany? Box and Ryan nose to nose with those two? Rowdiest this tour has been, bar none. The fas nearly took the damn ring down. Who's idea was it to not use barricades anyway?

DDK:

I believe that would be Jeff Andrews.

Angus:

What a dick.

Box:

Now with our feet planted back on North American soil and our sojourn almost at an end I feel the time is right to lay my burdens down and get back to the business of making this place great again. While I was spinning gold from straw making the FIST championship something men would risk life and limb over I silently bore witness to the Worlds championship I helped create get carted around by a pathetic little manipulator. A man who throughout his career has made a sport out of ducking and dodging the sort of career defining moments I myself would barrel into head first. Literally squirming his way to the top with a little physical effort as possible.

I'd be inclined to call a man like that a COWARD to his bloody FACE.

Kai Scott... if you would be so kind.

[Bronson dramatically motions with his hand]

Angus:

He's callin' out the champ!

DDK:

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Some strong words there from The Wargod, partner.

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

Angus:

Well I'll be. He's actually going to show.

[As "Holy Fool" oozes forth from the sound system, Kai Scott has yet to show himself. Box, who'd allowed himself a small smile when the song started, now scowls.]

♪ 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? ♪

Angus:

Fucking Kai. I don't know whether he's trolling, stalling, or both.

♪ I spread my wings and my minions sing ♪
 ♪ I know you heard it, man ♪
 ♪ Yet my sun still shines on your back ♪
 ♪ Your mountains, your sins ♪

[His temper boiling over, Box screams into the microphone, trying to shout over the song.]

[Bronson leans over the ropes, eyes wild and bloodshot like a fucking madman.]

Box:

DON'T THINK FOR A BLOODY MOMENT I WON'T MARCH BACK THERE AND DRAG YOU OUT
HERE SUPERSTAR! I'LL HIJACK THIS SHOW FROM START TO BLOODY FINISH IF I HAVE TO!

[Kai Scott waits precisely 6.7 seconds between the outburst and stepping through the curtains.]

[The champ isn't dressed to fight. In dress slacks, a crimson red muscle shirt and a black trench coat, with that crutch he doesn't actually need tucked under his arm and the World Title belted around his waist, Scott walks onto the stage and throws his arms out to the side as the rest of the Truly Untouchables file out to stand behind him. Jonny Booya and Clair St. Sure both turn around to face the curtain.]

♪ You got to come (you've got to come) to me ♪
♪ You got to come (you've got to come) to me ♪
 ♪ Oh with your arms outstretched, baby ♪

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[A few awkward moments pass. Kai waits patiently... the rowdy Canadian fans in attendance less so. Bronson pensively tosses the microphone around in one hand, his eyes locked on Kai Scott. His mustache twitches as the corner of his lips slowly curls upward.]

DDK:

Bronson is just standing there, Angus...

Angus:

Poor dumb basket case has probably been dropped on his head one too many times.

[Bronson slowly draws the microphone to his lips. He waits a few more beats.]

Box:

So that's what you'd rather do? Deny reality, then?

[Bronson leans over the ropes this time veeeeery slowly.]

Box:

This is how I sees it from where I'm standin' lad. I can take your barbs in stride. My face was crushed and I succumbed to that fat little urchin's asault and I lost. That's not, sir, why I marched out here and hijacked this the very first glimpse these people are getting of Grindhouse Canada.

I've waged a right bloody WAR across two continents takin' a forgotten toy of Jeff Andrews' and making it a championship even a star the caliber of a Dan Ryan is willing to risk life and limb over to claim it as his own. I've kept EYES on his product after Goldman and ESEN neutered his machine and TOOK AWAY his bloody show, Kai. You know it. He knows it. Dan Ryan knows it, it's why he's thrown in his lot with me.

[Box's thick gravelly accent growls through clenched teeth.]

Box:

Whilst you've sat around and done bloody nothing. You've held the belt. Congratulations Kai Scott you finally held the World title. And you might look at me and think me just ludicrous but deep down each and every one of your cronies and yes men will realize what I've said over and over and over since the day I walked into this company is true. Eric Dane, Mike Bell, Dan Ryan... these men didn't become who they are because they held titles. They are who they bloody are because they ripped this bloody sport in **half**.

Angus:

If he's proposing he's even a quarter as famous as either of those three he really is out of his mind.

DDK:

Would you hush?

[Backing up he whips off his coat and tosses it gingerly to ringside.]

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Box:

I'm done with the FIST. Hell, I'm even done with Eugene... for now. What I want is what I'm due. I want my opportunity to take his safe bet champion and put him through the bleedin' meat grinder. I was the first man to hold that version of the DEFIANCE title after ladder war ONE when I pried the DEFIANCE Heavyweight Crown from Boston Bancroft's broken fingers. I wrestled in the very first match this company ever held, dyed in the wool. I've bled buckets to imbue the FIST of DEFIANCE with a soul... you and he poke fun at me callin' myself the Original DEFIANT.

Did either of you ever stop to think maybe I just might have earned that bloody distinction?

RAAAAAAHHHBBOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Would you listen to these fans?

Angus:

Fuckin' weird ass Canadian crowds. Whenever Box gets cheered somewhere a baby falls down a flight of stairs.

Box:

Kai Scott you've fallen so far upwards you actually achieved your ultimate goal after all that hard work squirming and slithering through the system of actually HOOOOOLDING... a World title. What you need now is that moment, that spark. That thing helps make your entry in the history books read just a little bit better than the other poor bastards. It isn't enough to just hold the belt, Kai... you have to step through a few loud n' annoying ne'erdowells. A few self-styled Wargods...

To prove you're worth rememberin' at all ye' mincin' little politician.

[Scott just rolls his eyes and motions with his hand for The Wargod to get to the point.]

Scott:

You don't get it, do you Boxer? Running around like a dog tied to a tree barking at the cats he can't reach doesn't validate you. Spilling blood doesn't make legacies - if it did, all those kids in the backyard feds slicing each other up with weedwhackers and fluorescent light bulbs would be World Champions, not yardtards. It's an act, Box, a charade, a put-on, a gimmick. If it mattered as much as you think it does, I wouldn't be telling you that you can't have a title shot because you can't beat Eugene Dewey.

And yet, here we are.

YOU CAN'T HAVE A TITLE SHOT BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BEAT EUGENE DEWEY or anyone else really without stabling up with them first you ridiculous pompous FRAUD.

RAAAAAAHHHBBOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

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Just LISTEN to these fans, Angus!

Angus:

When was the last time ANYONE got Kai Scott this fuckin' mad?

DDK:

Jonny Booya two cards ago when he messed with Heidi?

Angus:

DAMMIT KEEBS DON'T BURY MY POINT!

[Boxer's grip on the microphone is white knuckle tight.]

Box:

You can brush me off as a raving lunatic and a half baked gimmick all you like, boy'o. It's what HE'S been doing since he hired me. But you said it yourself, I single handedly almost closed the doors on this company. Exactly how long do you think it would take for me to pick apart your little Scooby Gang? Eh, lad? What do you think of Ed, Dan and myself having a go at your dear Diane or that spunky little Clair? Dan's expressed GREAT interest in tangling with her, let me tell you...

[Kai holds up his free hand and begs an interruption..]

Scott:

Slow down just a minute there. If you don't believe that the Truly Untouchables are every bit as capable as the Blood Diamonds of making a... physical statement, just ask Tyrone Walker what he thinks.

[He is of course referring to the incident in which the T-UTs cuffed Walker to the ropes and flogged him with kendo sticks.]

Box:

You want to make that gamble? How many men stand between Dan and myself and people you count as friends? I'll personally grind through the whole lot of them and not bat a bleedin' eye... you really want to make that gamble? Myself, Dan, Ed... we're game. Are you? Are your friends? Or do you want to simply give me what I'm due?

[A short staredown.]

DDK:

Kai Scott choosing his words very carefully here, Angus.

Angus:

Even Kai doesn't want to have to weather all out war with The Diamonds. He hasn't had anyone the size of Dan Ryan or Nicky Corozzo on his side since Cole Christenson quit, and thank God for that.

Scott:

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I'll meet you part way, Box. You can have a match against a Truly Untouchable of my choice later tonight. If you win it... we'll begin negotiations. No, you don't have to say anything, it's the best goddamned deal you're going to get.

pfffft

[Scott spikes the microphone, turns around and vanishes backstage so quickly it catches his stable flat footed. Clair, David Race and Leon Maddox all follow him. Jonny Booya points at the Wargod like he thinks he's going to do something.]

[Bronson jaws with Booya off mic before the big man finally disappears behind the curtain.]

Angus:

Jonny Booya is a fucktard.

DDK:

But it does look like Bronson Box has finagled himself a chance at a future World title shot, partner.

Angus:

A shot at NEGOTIATIONS for a shot, Darren... **big** difference.

[Bronson hucks his microphone to ringside and collects his coat as we throw it to the backstage area.]

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Eugene:

And what about Seth Stratton?

Wayne:

Seth Stratton? Well... Seth's kinda... not around anymore...

[That brings a slight smile to Eugene's face.]

Eugene:

What happened? Did he get arrested for pissing on the Berlin wall while singing the first verse of the national anthem and saluting the Fuhrer?

[Wayne laughs nervously.]

Wayne:

Haha! No, nothing like that... that would reflect horrendously on DEFIANCE, wouldn't it? No... Seth didn't do anything like that...

[Do you think they bought it?]

Wayne:

No, look, I'll level with you, Eugene... I backed the wrong horse. I was just so jealous of you and your success... and at the time I thought that I deserved some recognition for you being where you were... But I realise now that I didn't. That was all your doing. And this... this is all your doing as well.

[Wayne hands the title belt to Eugene and claps him on the back. Eugene winces slightly but smiles back to his brother.]

Wayne:

I don't want to steal your spotlight anymore, bro. I want to help you keep hold of that right there.

[Again Wayne points to the FIST.]

Wayne:

I want to do anything I can to help you become the greatest FIST champion in DEFIANCE's history and future. So, come on, What do you say?

[Eugene looks down at his title and then back to his brother. He mulls over the idea for a second or two before shaking his head.]

Eugene:

Do you think I was born yesterday?

[In stunned silence Wayne removes his hand from his brother's shoulder.]

Eugene:

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You and Seth tried to end my career in Japan, and I'm supposed to forgive you because you admit you 'backed the wrong horse'?

[Eugene gets to his feet and throws the strap over his shoulder. The pain in his chest doesn't matter right now, all he cares about is giving his brother the telling off he deserves.]

Eugene:

We worked in DEF 1.0, I'll grant you that, but then you started to show your true colors. You are a selfish, conniving, arrogant, deceitful rat, Wayne, and I want nothing to do with you! As far as I'm concerned we're brothers by name only. So understand this. I'm done with you. I'm done with you, Bronson Box, Dan Ryan, everything and everyone from my past... done! From today I start looking forwards, and it all begins with Clair St. Sure later tonight.

[With that Eugene turns his back on his brother and buries his head in his bag again.]

Eugene:

Now get out.

[Wayne stands up and starts for the door, walking like he'd just taken something long, wide, black, and dildo shaped up his keister. Before leaving the room though he turns back to Eugene and snarls.]

Wayne:

You know what? Fuck you, Eugene!

[That gets the FIST's attention.]

Wayne:

You can stand there and act like you've reached these dizzying heights on hard work alone, but you and I both know you're only holding that title because of a fluke!

[As Eugene's mouth falls open slightly Wayne smiles.]

Wayne:

That's right, you didn't earn that belt. You got your ass handed to you week after week, and after spending almost 2 weeks in an Austrian hospital, you got your ass handed to you again! You got a couple of shots in and pulled out the luckiest win of your life, which is saying something, and then what happened? Could you celebrate that win? No! Because you were strapped to a stretcher and wheeled out...

[Wayne shakes his head in disappointment as Eugene replays the events from GRINDHOUSE Germany over in his mind.]

Wayne:

Much win. Such Champion. Wow.

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[At that moment the door to the dressing room opens and Dusty Griffith, Mike Bell, Sam Turner Jr. and Frank Dylan James all enter.]

Dusty Griffith:

Eugene, are you... oh... What's going on in here?

[Knowing when he's not welcome, Wayne backs up to the door.]

Wayne:

Nothing, guys... Absolutely nothing...

[Wayne takes his leave.]

Sam Turner Jr.

Ya OK, U-gene?

[Eugene smiles and nods, but his eyes betray him, for behind them races a new question... Was it really a fluke?]

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Heidi Christenson vs Typheni

DDK:

What do you think Angus, was Eugene's FIST Title win a fluke?

Angus:

If I said it was a 'Madden Game' of a match, would you know what I meant?

[“Faeries Wear Boots” by Black Sabbath begins playing. If you don't know that song, shame on you. A woman not well known to Defiance fans is stepping into the ring.]



DDK:

I'm not sure I do Angus, but we're getting started with our first match of the night! If you don't recognize the young woman stepping into the ring that would be Typheni, one of the two female talent enhancement wrestlers that we signed a few months ago.

[Typheni's wearing one of those skirt-over-briefs lady wrestler outfits. Her gear is all black trimmed with a different shade of black and some vaguely gothic designs. Her hair is very pale blonde.]

DDK:

Typheni as I understand grew up in the UK, and after her first few years in the business relocated to America to enroll in Cito Conarri's Wrestling Inferno. She hasn't won anything in any promotion that does business in the triple digits, but she does actually know the Lancashire style, which makes this a very interesting stylistic matchup.

Angus:

Right. Because that's why we're going to see Heidi Christenson subject this lass to an epic stretching. It's a stylism thing.

[Black Sabbath cuts off, and then.]

♪ Everyone seems to be singing for Satan ♪
♪ Guess I will too ♪
♪ What a joke! You make me laugh ♪

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♪ 'Til I turn blue ♪

[Heidi appears atop the ramp.]

DDK:

There's one other thing to ponder, Angus. Why do you suppose Heidi's wrestling at the bottom of the card like this?

Angus:

I dunno Keebs, maybe because she just lost a World Title shot and she's got to start rebuilding from somewhere? We signed these talent enhancement chicks, might as well let one of them get on TV. Maybe if Heidi's in the right mood we'll get a fanservice spectacle. Or if she's in the wrong mood, she'll kick her head off. Wait, or is that the right mood?

[As far as Heidi's attire goes, she's decided to go with the look she debuted during the crazy days - those ripped up MMA shorts and the sports bra. And the sleeveless vest for the entrance attire, which she drops halfway down the ramp.]

DDK:

One thing we know about Heidi is that she frustrates easily. That could be interesting - the Lancashire style is excellent for counters, we saw Eric Dane himself use it to good effect against her in their I Quit match.

[Heidi is in the ring now. Typheni looks nervous, and who the hell could blame her.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And we lock up!

[The two girls start off with a series of arm drag takedowns. Heidi rolls and tosses Typheni over her shoulder. Typheni takes Heidi over with a Japanese style armdrag. Heidi does a quick arm switch and rolling arm drag. Typheni tries a hiptoss.]

[Heidi traps the arm, smiles, shakes an index finger in Typheni's face, and then.]

DDK:

Heidi with some sort of rolling hammerlock stranglehold neck crank... thing. I'm not familiar with Lucha submissions, especially since they tend to be named after the innovator rather than after the technical hold.

[Typheni actually does manage to wriggle out of the hold. She steps over Heidi's arm and breaks her grip with her ankle.]

DDK:

That's the Lancashire style, but when Typheni tries to follow up Heidi just mares her right back to the mat. Arm triangle choke and single leg scissor.

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[There's no Lancashire counter for that one, but Heidi apparently isn't done playing yet. Heidi brings Typheni back up to her feet, whips her off the ropes, and on the way back hooks her by the leg and arm and twists her into a modified abdominal stretch.]

DDK:

I believe that's called a Stretch Plum that Heidi has applied there, but- Typheni escapes with a hiptoss! And counters into a short arm scissor.

Angus:

Wow. After all that fancy shit Heidi did and the best this chick can manage is that?

DDK:

She's overmatched and we all realize it, but she's doing her best to make a fight out of it anyhow, I consider that respectable.

Angus:

Fag.

[Heidi rolls through the hold but Typheni switches to a hammerlock. Heidi stands, tries to elbow out of it, then changes her mind, sweeps the leg and ties Typheni up into a modified deathlock. Heidi chops Typheni on the ribs until she moves her arms back, then turns it into a modified surfboard.]

Angus:

So, wow, when Heidi pulls her arms like that while stepping on her back it really kinda makes her boobs look huge.

DDK:

Thank you, Angus.

[But Typheni won't give up to the surfboard, so Heidi drops the deathlock and grabs both arms. She twists an arm to spin Typheni around to face her, gets a front face lock - and Typheni instinctively fights out of it with a release northern lights suplex! Typheni floats over into a crucifix - Heidi sees it coming and gets off her back before Typheni sinks it in.]

DDK:

Typheni's got one arm scissored and a keylock on the other! A very good move - unfortunately applied where Heidi's in easy reach of the ropes. Of course, being Heidi, she doesn't want to use a ropebreak.

[Heidi gets her knees under her, then manages to roll through the hold. She brings Typheni over into a cradle pin. ONE... TWO - kickout, but Typheni drops the keylock kicking out. Heidi quickly gets behind her.]

DDK:

Heidi rolls Typheni onto her belly and cutthroats one arm - I think she's looking for Beautiful Dreamer here!

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[Typheni tries to fight out of it with spirit and stuff, but spirit isn't enough to counter 10 years of experience. Heidi works both arms into the cutthroat, snakes one of her arms through the middle of it for a half nelson, then uses the other to crank back on Typheni's arm. Finally she rolls over, Beautiful Dreamer tightly applied.]

[Typheni tries to withstand it, and manages about 4 seconds, which isn't bad, all things considering.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And that's the end of that, with Heidi coming out victorious.

[Heidi lets go of the hold as soon as the bell rings. She helps Typheni up; the two girls briefly converse and then Typheni shakes Heidi's hand before leaving.]

DDK:

Heidi managed not to flip out even when Typheni got a good move in, and Typheni not only got to be on television, but she got to go eight minutes with one of the best of all time - all things considered not a bad deal for her.

Angus:

I kinda have a half-chub.

DDK:

At the expense of staying professional, Angus, would you PLEASE shut the fuck up?

[Abrupt, awkward fade out.]

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Redirecting Ones Aggression

[Backstage.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty Griffith, Frank Dylan James and Sam Turner Jr.]

[The good friends traverse the halls of the Miles One Centre, Dusty taking point with Frank on his right and Sam on his left. Frank and Sam converse about the merits of this latest excursion into enemy territory.]

Sam:

Ah'unno 'bout this, Frank.

[Frank grunts in response.]

Sam:

Ah'm jus' sayin', this is a damn fool idea.

Frank:

Well 'at's why were here.

[As for Dusty, menace lurks behind those eyes, he only barely pays attention to the conversation between his friends and allies. The Bad Man from Boise is on the hunt and as of late, he's only got two types of game on his mind. Edward White, his white whale and the rest of his cronies who have taken it up themselves to make his life just a little more interesting.]

[Dusty stops and turns to his comrades.]

Dusty:

You know, if anybody needs the backup it's Eugene, because that kid has taken it worse from these sons a bitches than anyone else around here... That don't mean I don't appreciate you all coming with me, but you don't have to follow me around like the Secret Service.

[Frank puts a big paw down on Dusty's shoulder.]

Frank:

An' you flyin' off'a th' hannel like this, lookin' fer trouble alone is darn right crazy. 'Sides, Ol' Euge's doin' jus' fine in the locker room.

[Sam nods as Frank steps back.]

Sam:

An' y'never know where dem no good Dah'mens are gonna be lurkin'.

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[Dusty nods and shrugs, but it doesn't really deter him from his current objective as the three approach the door of the Blood Diamonds. Standing back, he looks to Frank and then Sam, they both nod to him. However, when Dusty charges forward and tries bust through the door, they both quickly react and grab him before he can do something stupid like... charge headlong right into the lair of the beast that is the Blood Diamonds locker room.]

Frank: [struggling to hold Dusty back]

Now see, this's what Sam an' Ah's talkin' 'bout. Are you dun sick in yer head, Dust? We can't just go a bargain in thar like'at.

"Indeed, Francis."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Edward White.]

Edward:

Because behind that door are no less than twelve members of my private security force armed with billy clubs and several stun guns. And besides... isn't it me you're looking for?

[We pan right and down the hall, from around a corner comes Vinny and Tony of The Legitimate Businessman's Club, Ed's private security enforcer Nicky Corozzo and a small platoon of the aforementioned private security detail.]

[Sam and Frank are immediately on guard, Dusty walks right up to the proverbial line of scrimmage looking past all the muscle right at Edward White dressed in an immaculate white suit, gold cufflinks and watch glinting under the florescent lights of the hallway. Ed adjusts his tie with a little arrogant sneer before continuing.]

Dusty:

Do you ever travel without your stupid entourage, money bags?

[Edward's lip curls with disdain.]

Edward:

Do you?

[Frank and Sam both bristle at the dig from The Socialite.]

Frank:

We's just watchin' big Dust's back! He ain't yellin' like you you snake.

Edward:

I'm sorry, what is that intelligible squawking I hear? Dusty my boy, do you hear that? Sounds like something filthy... and stupid... and poor.

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[Frank starts towards the crowd of villains but is held back by Dusty with just a hand on the shoulder.]

Dusty:

Not like this Frankie, not like this.

Edward:

You're correct. Not here. Not ever as far as I'm concerned. My dear friend Bronson has always been right on the money when it comes to you lot. "Superstars"... outsiders.

Dusty:

Are you delusional sociopaths honestly trying to convince everyone I'M what's wrong with DEFIANCE? You march around here wearing your wealth on your lapel like it's some point of pride. Maybe out there, but not here. Here you prove yourself out there in the ring, you have to...

[Like a switch was flipped, Ed surges against his bodyguards. Leaning towards Dusty with all his might.]

Edward:

Again with this trite run around, "prove it out there" you say?! You big dumb brute, have you even watched this product?! HAVE YOU?! I've spent the last few years of my life here, wrestling here, bleeding here. I've fought in ladder wars, cage matches and pier six brawls! I've been tag team champion, Southern Heritage champion, first ever FIST of DEFIANCE... and you people have the audacity to call me a CANCER?!

[Dusty stands his ground.]

Dusty:

It's what I said, isn't it?

[Veins start protruding from The Sophisticate's forehead.]

Edward:

I HELPED BUILD THIS COMPANY DAMNIT! And I didn't do it for a paycheck, I don't need Eric Dane's blasted money! I could BUY this wretched place if Dane had anything rattling around between his ears besides hot air and the stink of that whore Kelly Evans! Hell, I could open my own damned wrestling company if I wanted!

Dusty:

Why don't you then?! Take your money, take your influence, take your goon squad and just LEAVE! You and Box both throwing that crap in mine, Bell, Ryan before he decided to turn coat... you all throw it in my face that I didn't earn my spot here, that I jumped in line. It's called respect. And I didn't buy that respect either, I'm awarded it with pride by my peers.

I **earned** it, Ed. A concept you know nothing about.

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[That comment obviously digs deep as Ed backs up a step and starts taking deep, long deliberate breaths. Dusty stares back, snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty:

Come on money bags...

[Griffith grits his teeth, Sam and Frank both flank their friend and leader and prepare for an all-out brawl.]

Dusty:

... bring it.

[White looks like he's trying desperately to Darkseid Omega Beam the trio of babyfaces into oblivion. His perfectly coiffed beard bristles with anger.]

Edward:

I've lived with my money and possessions being coveted by both the great and powerful and the insignificant, the weak. Here, to men like you? My money is meaningless to men like you. You're standing there with that same covetous look in your eyes but all you want is the pleasure of facing me in one on one combat... that excites me sir.

And you stand there with the gall to ask me why I'm here?

[Ed thumbs his nose and leans in with a sneer.]

Edward:

Lets you and I meet live on pay per view, what say?

Dusty:

Absolutely.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Edward:

Splendid. Simply splendid.

[White and Griffith stand locked in a staredown, White grins deviously as Griffith rubs his hands together.]

[Back to the action.]

DDK:

What a match that is going to be!

Angus:

You know this isn't going to be end of it, right?

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DDK:

What do you mean?

Angus:

You gotta know White's not going to just let Mayberry get to the pee pee vee without putting him through a few obstacles along the way.

DDK:

Absolutely, partner.

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Never again

[Kelly Evans is sitting at her desk, being a boss.]

Kelly Evans:

If this is about Bronson Box, you can turn around and walk straight out of here. I have orders that I'm not allowed to let you sit on your ass and avoid-

Kai Scott:

This has nothing to do with Bronson Box.

[The Ace of Heels is still in his street clothes - still with the trench coat, still with the crutch.]

Kelly Evans:

Really?

Kai Scott:

Really.

[The Boss Bitch narrows her eyes.]

Kelly Evans:

Then what are you in here for?

Kai Scott:

To lay down an ultimatum.

Kelly Evans:

Excuse me? You don't get to-

Kai Scott:

Has nothing to do with whether I get to or not, because I am anyway. I don't care if it's Box, Ryan, Dewey, or whoever else I end up in the ring against, that's the shit that happens. But I will not EVER wrestle Heidi Christenson again.

Kelly Evans:

Huh.

[A brief pause.]

Kelly Evans:

And why's that?

Kai Scott:

It's a long complicated story and you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Kelly Evans:

Try me.

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Kai Scott:

Fine. Cliff notes version - Karma owed me one.

Kelly Evans:

What the fuck does that even mean?

Kai Scott:

Exactly what it says. I don't carry this crutch just for show, you know. By all rights, after everything I've put my knees through over the years, I shouldn't be able to walk. But because Karma owes me one, I can - are you with me so far?

Kelly Evans:

I'm with you. My brain's withering from the stupid and I don't believe a word of it, but I'm with you.

Kai Scott:

Well, you know how no one's been able to do anything to my legs until Heidi got that knee cross on me?

Kelly Evans:

Yeah...

Kai Scott:

That was Karma firing a warning shot.

Kelly Evans:

...You're so full of shit that I almost want to make you wrestle her.

[Awkward silence.]

Kai Scott:

If you did, I'd quit. Even if it got me blackballed from the entire business and I had to buy out my own contract.

Kelly Evans:

Wow.

[Awkwarder silence.]

Kelly Evans:

Luckily for you, Heidi isn't going anywhere near a title so long as I have the books.

Kai Scott:

Then I suppose our business is concluded.

Kelly Evans:

What a waste of 5 minutes.

[Scott doesn't even bother with trying to get the last word. He just leaves the room, and we cut back to Angus and DDK at ringside.]

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Angus:

You know Keebs, most of me would like to say that I think Scott's full of bullshit, but if you think about what he said, that's like the first time anyone's actually gotten a hold of his leg in like 8 years. And he has had a few breaks so good that they couldn't have happened to anyone besides him, the New England Patriots or the Canadian women's hockey team.

DDK:

In all honesty Angus, I don't know. Scott has admitted that he likes to mix truth and bullshit together, and I simply don't know how seriously to take anything he says. But as Kelly said she's not giving Heidi a rematch, and so it's a moot point.

Angus:

I wonder why Kelly might deny Heidi a rematch. DOES SHE HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST SOMEONE?

DDK:

Either way, let's take it back to ringside and Darren Quimbey!

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Sam Turner, Jr. vs Curtis Penn



Quimbey:

The following contest is for the Defiance Southern Heritage Title. Hailing from Bloody Harlan, KY, and weighing in at 255lbs.! He... is... SAM... TUUUUURRRRNEEEERRR
JUUNNNNNIIIIIOOOORRRR!!!

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

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

Angus:

How in the Hell does this kid have a shot at the So Her Title! Didn't he already lost to those other two guys?

DDK:

Chance Von Crank and Tucker Alston you mean?

Angus:

Yeah, those two douchebags. He lost to those two and he thinks that he has a shot in the dark...

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

Angus:

God, I hope like hell his aim is better than tan.

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

DDK:

He might have lost, but Sam Turner Jr. is one of the White Knights of Defiance and nothing keeps this big fella down.

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

Angus:

Let's hope he can knock Curtis down and keep him there. How in the hell does he keep skating by

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each week. I want him off of his perch and out of Defiance, he's a blister on my ass!

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

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

[Turner awaits his opponent.]

Quimbey:

Now, coming to the ring...

[Darren Quimbey's voice echo across the arena as "Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era is set to begin. Curtis steps onto the ramp, he is proudly wearing his black and green "I Fight Every Day" t-shirt from TapouT and trunks to match, flanked by security the arena darkens and the Gregorian chanting begins. He stares at the ring, with a cold blank look.]

Quimbey:

The Southern Heritage Champion...

[After a few moments Curtis and his team take their first steps towards the ring.]

[Penn makes his way to the steps of the ring and removes his shirt, he hands it off to one of his security team before making his way up the steps. They check and make sure his mouth guard is in place before he stomps up the steps.]

Quimbey:

Curtis Penn!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope. His, cold, blue eyes stare through his competition.]

[Collar and elbow lock up. Turner backs Penn up towards the corner but Penn uses his speed to avoid getting trapped by the big behemoth.]

[Turner tries to grab at Penn but he backpedals quickly avoiding contact.]

Angus:

Chicken!

[Curtis shoots a glare at Angus turning his back on Sam Turner. Turner complains to Carla Ferrari, but she shrugs him off.]

DDK:

Show some integrity Angus and let Curtis Penn wrestle one match without you making it about you and him.

[Turner goes for another grapple on Penn but, Penn drops to one knee and ducks out of hold, floats around to the back of Turner and kicks him swiftly in the ass.]

Angus:

Penn is laughing at the redneck! Is he showing any integrity as a champion? NO! So I don't have ta either!

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[The angry red faced hillbilly gives chase after Penn only to have Penn quickly sidestep Turner and slaps him in the back of the head. Penn grabs his ears and drags Turner to the corner. He tries slamming Turner's head into the top turnbuckle but, Turner stops it and shakes his head. Penn tries again, but to no avail, Turner looks at Penn and chops him hard with an open hand.]

Angus:

JEEZUSS! Was that his nipple that just flew off? Take him down nipple by f'n NIPPLE if you have ta just beat him!

[Penn holds his chest and turns his back to Turner. As he rubs his chest Turner locks on a reverse bearhug. Turner squeezed Penn like a vise.]

DDK:

I think I just heard his back pop.

Angus:

If Sam's in ring career doesn't work out he could a doctor of Chiropractics. Mine could use an alignment from all of this travling.

[Turner wrenches his arms around Penn tighter and tighter.]

Angus:

Penn's eyes are buggin' out of his head!

DDK:

He could win this match and the So Her Title if Curt passes out here.

Angus:

Doubtful!

DDK:

Why?

Angus:

Umm...well he's too country to function here in DEFIANCE and he's not smart enough to keep the hold up.

DDK:

You could shout at him and maybe he'll listen to you.

[Just as Angus stands up to yell some tips Penn kicks out his legs and props his foot on the second rope.]

Penn:

GET HIM THE FUCK OFF OF ME! MY FEET ARE ON THE ROPES DAMNIT!

Ferrari:

1...

2...

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[Turner drops Penn on his ass as he backs away with the ref standing between the two of them.]

DDK:

That looked like it hurt.

Angus:

Hurt, I hope he broke his ass. Then I can make fun of his ass being sore!

[Penn rolls out of the ring and rubs his lower back.]

1...

2...

[Turner slides out of the ring and chases Penn around the ring like young children playing tag.]

3...

4...

[Penn slides in the ring and gets to his feet quickly. Turner slides in only to get his hand stomped. Penn continues to stomp on Turner. Turner rolls to his back and gets stomped again. Penn goes for a knee drop but Turner moves. Penn holds his knee in anguish.]

Angus:

Bet that hurt!

[Turner grabs Penn and body slams Penn to the mat. Turner reaches down, turns Penn's head and drops a knee to Penn's jaw. "Now 'ats how its dun, bud!" Turner yells. He picks Penn back up to his feet. He walks him over to the corner and locks him up in tree of Joey Lawrence (or woe). He kicks him twice in the gut, then bends over and chops his chest. Turner takes four steps back and charges at Penn hitting a shoulder tackle in Penn's gut sending him crashing to the mat.]

DDK:

He's ready to blow some major chunks.

[Turner drags Penn out of the corner and goes for the pin.]

1...

2...

[Kick out by Penn.]

[Turner picks Penn up from the mat and slaps his back. Turner adds a forearm between his shoulders. Turner pulls him to his feet and throws him into the ropes. Penn bounces off and is met with a big boot to the face.]

DDK:

Penn goes down...Penn goes down.

Angus:

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This is like Frazier and Ali. You know, down goes Frazier!

[Turner picks him up and slaps his face, punches him in the gut and hits a straight knee of a knee lift sending Penn back to the mat once again. Turner goes for the pin.]

1...

2...

[Kick out by Penn.]

[Turner picks up Penn's limp body and presses him over his head. He walks towards the ropes nodding his head. Penn squirms and slips out of Turner's grasp. He hits Turner in the back, but it doesn't faze him. Penn bounces off the ropes as Turner turns around. Turner delivers a hard shoulder block to Penn sending down to the mat where he rolled out to the floor.]

DDK:

Where is Penn heading?

Angus:

What type of chickenshittery is this?!

[Angus looks disgusted as Penn crawls underneath the ring.]

Angus:

He's hiding from the hillbilly? WHATDAFUQISDAT!

[Sam ducks under the ropes and lands on the padded floor. He lifts the ring apron and a blast of smoke explodes in the face of STJ. He blindly finds the guardrails and begins to wipe his face free of the powdery substance.]

DDK:

SAM just got BLASTED in the face with a fire extinguisher! He's trying hard to clear his vision from powder.

Angus:

Where da FAQ is Penn! He's still in hiding?

[Ferrari calls to STJ to get back into the ring, Sam slowly fumbles his way back to the ring. Once STJ finds his way into the ring Ferrari starts the 10 count.]

1!!!!

2!!!!

[Sam falls back against the far ring ropes finishing clearing his eyes.]

DDK:

His eyes are almost swollen shut, if Penn doesn't come out from under the ring soon STJ will win via count out!

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Angus:

STJ isn't smart enough to stay in the ring and take the 10 count victory... He'll fuck it up.

3!!!!

4!!!!

[Penn crawls out on the far side of the ring, below STJ's feet. STJ starts stomping and clapping his hands, walking towards the center of the ring. Angus stands up at the table trying to yell and point at STJ .]

Angus:

BE ...HIND...YOU!. This fucking nimrod can't understand English! PENN is BE...HIND... YOU!

[Penn smiles, dumping the liquid contents of a brown bottle onto a rag and tosses the empty bottle towards Angus.

Angus:

Bitch! Wait... what is this.

[Penn mounts the apron and sneaks behind STJ.]

5!!!!

6!!!

Angus:

Chlor...ro...form...Chloroform... This match is over. Penn has a chloroform soaked rag and the dumb buffoon in the overalls can't even see behind him.

DDK:

Curtis leaps onto the back of STJ, STJ is thrashing around like a wild wildebeest trying to escape from the jaws of a crocodile. Curtis clamps the damp rag in the bend of his elbow and locks a sleeper hold on STJ.

[STJ drops down to one knee.]

DDK:

Ferrari turns around and stops the 10 count.

[STJ drops down to both knees.]

DDK:

Ferrari lifts Sam's arm and it drops for the first time.

[STJ falls flat on his face as Penn releases the hold, Ferrari looks at him as he turns his back on her. She checks on STJ wondering what has happened. She's calling for the bell because STJ isn't moving. Penn smiles as he slides the rag down in the crotch of his pants.]

Quimbey:

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WINNER AND STILL YOUR SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION....CURTIS PENN!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

The crowd is really letting him have it! It's fine to beat a guy, but to go to this length to cheat is purely cowardice.

Angus:

The guy only wishes he had a bulge like that!

[Penn takes his time walking over the body of STJ, he stands tall over the Redneck gallute and strikes a pose as he reaches down and slips the head of STJ under his arm, he leans back and pulls up on STJ head and neck.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

The guy is out and he's still trying to be an ass!

Angus:

I've been tryin' to tell you that!

DDK:

He's just trying to injure the guy now. Ferrari is trying to get him to break the hold because the match is over.

[Penn smiles at Ferrari and drops the hold, she goes to raise his hand and he snatches it away and goes back to applying the Curtis Clutch again on STJ!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Ferrari pushes Penn off of STJ, which turned into more of a shove that caught Penn's attention. He smiles and slides out of the ring and starts to dig back underneath the ring, Ferrari storms over to the ropes and calls Darren Quimbey to the ring.]

Quimbey:

The referee in charge of the match has reversed her decision, the winner of this bout via DISQUALIFICATION isSAM TURNER JR.!!!!

[Penn comes out with a roll of duct tape and smiles at Ferrari, he jumps onto the apron and ducks back into the ring. He walks back over to the body of STJ and grabs him by the arm and drags him to the closest ring post.]

DDK:

What the hell is he about to do?

[Penn walks back over to Ferrari and starts screaming into her face.]

Penn:

THIS IS BECAUSE OF YOU! IF YOU WOULD HAVE JUST LET THE MATCH END THE WAY IT WAS GOING TO END I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS NOW! THIS IS YOUR FAULT!

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[He turns away from her and tosses Sam's arms over the mid ropes. Ferrari goes to grab Penn's arm, but he snatches it away like child's play. He stands up and yells again.]

Penn:

YOU TOUCH ME ONE MORE MOUTHERFUCKING TIME AND I'LL HAVE YOU FUCKING TWISTED UP LIKE A PRETZEL.

[Spit flies from his mouth and lands squarely on the forehead of Ferrari. She backs down and rolls out onto the floor and runs to the backstage area. Penn walks back over to STJ and starts taping his wrists to the ropes. With a good job completed he tosses the roll of duct tape at Angus and Keebs.]

Penn:

Wake up...

[He slaps him in the face a couple of times trying to get him to wake. He stands up, rolls out of the ring and grabs a bottle of water and a microphone from the time keeper.]

Penn:

I said wake up...

[He dumps the bottle of water onto the head of the Redneck 'Reaker, and Sam's eyes flutter to life.]

Penn:

I just wanted you to know that you just won, you beat me by a disqualification, but you did win. Does it feel like you won?

[He motions the Sam's arms being tied to the ropes. Sam groggily looks over to his duct taped arms.]

Penn:

There you go... you're understanding now aren't you? What's winning when you end up like this?

[Penn tosses the empty plastic bottle in the face of Sam Turner Jr.]

Penn:

Right now it looks...it feels like I'm the winner here. I still have the title that I MADE desirable, I'm the one with his arms free to defend himself, and I'm the one who will walk back to the locker room area and not have to make a trip to the hospital. And just perhaps one of your good friends in the back might take your luggage with them to the next stop on this freezing ass tour of Canada!

[Sam, now fully aware that he's in Penn's crosshairs begins to thrash, trying to escape. But, it's duct tape and Sam knows from his redneck engineering degree that Harry Houdini himself couldn't escape from duct tape.]

[Penn drops the microphone and takes a step back, and delivers a stinging kick to the ribs followed by on on the opposite side.]

Penn:

I dont' see any of those friends coming to save you STJ...maybe you're not one of the cool kids like you thought!?

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[Penn strikes STJ with a right hand. Penn looks over his shoulder.]

Penn:

Nope still no....

RAAAHHHH!!!!

RAAAHHHH!!!!

RAAAHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Out comes STOCKTON PYRE! The crowd is on their feet! Penn squares up and readies to take on Pyre. Penn runs at full the big man as he ducks through the middle rope, Penn drives and elbow into the neck/back area of Pyre, but a determined Pyre drives his shoulder into Penn's ribs, Penn doubles over and takes a step back, Pyre gets the separation that was needed to enter the ring.

[Penn stands up, smiling as Pyre takes a step towards Sam Turner Jr., Penn mirrors him in order to keep him from getting to STJ. Pyre rushes towards Penn, but Penn ducks to the side of Pyre, Pyre bounces off the ropes and connects with an Enlightenment Bullhammer Elbow.]

DDK:

OH MY GAWD! PYRE DROPS THE CHAMPION!! Penn is DOWN... PENN IS DOWN!

[Penn rolls out of onto the ground, clutching his jaw.]

DDK:

And Penn escapes.

[DEF SEC and the entire referee staff makes their way to the ring. DEF SEC forces Penn back up the ramp as Pyre and the referees and medical staff cut STJ loose and check on him. The crowd gives a huge face pop when STJ stands up, leaning on Pyre and Diego for support.]

[Penn is about halfway up the ramp by now, and from somewhere, he's got a microphone in his hand.]

Penn:

Stockton Pyre, it seems that I might have caused you severe brain damage in Germany after dumping you on your head and shit. Because for some reason, unbeknownst to me, you think coming to Canada has given you superpowers and shit, you attacked me while I was working!

[A smirk pops onto the champion's face.]

Angus:

He's talking a lot of shit for someone who just got knocked on his ass.

Penn:

You have already had your chance Pyre, now it's back of the line for you bub. I'm in need of a new challenge. You, Keyes, Heidi... ya'll are yesterday's news. Old Hat! And YOU, you ginger redneck bitch, you don't deserve to go anywhere near my title after I just beat your ass! Deigo De Leon...

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Yeah I know your name, but don't get too excited I also know you by what the guys in the back call you...The Cowardly Lion, you haven't even done a damn thing the entire time you been in this promotion! Nearly getting killed by Team HOSS doesn't count!

[He snorts.]

[In the ring, Pyre, Diego and STJ all stand watching him. None of them have microphones, so there are no comments.]

Penn:

I told you already Sam, you're not part of the cool kid's club, and having the masked dork brigade run out to help you isn't gonna get you there.

[There's a rustle in the curtains behind Penn. Penn doesn't notice, but Pyre nudges STJ, who shows a small smile.]

Penn:

You're garbage. All three of you. While we're in Canada make yourself scarce or I'll have to take you out for good.

[He pauses.]

[The curtains part, and Jonny Booya steps out onto the stage behind Penn. FYI, Booya is a LOT bigger than Penn.]

Penn:

Because there's always more duct tape from where that came from.

[The fans are cheering. Penn, maybe getting the feeling something might be happening, turns around... right into Booya's left hand getting wrapped around his throat.]

Booya:

The FUCK you say about cool kids, you little bitchfaggot?

Penn:

splutter

[Penn kicks Booya's arm loose and takes a few steps down the ramp. That's when he notices Stockton Pyre has left the ring and is heading up the ramp towards him.]

[Abandoning the mic to the strong, retarded hands of Booya, Penn takes a flying leap off the ramp and into the crowd.]

DDK:

It looks like Curtis Penn's mouth may finally have caught up with him, Angus! He's beset on all sides by all the people he's made angry, and not only has he pissed off every good guy in the back, he's working on getting the bad guys angry at him too!

Angus:

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I was almost routing for Jonny Booya for a second there. I feel... unclear. Is he going to throw a fit every time says c-o-o-l now?

[If you were expecting any sort of camaraderie between the assembled faces and Booya, don't. Booya limpens his wrist and smacks it against his chest in the international gesture for 'faggot' before turning up the ramp and leaving.]

Angus:

Jonny Booya is a fucktard.

DDK:

Journalistic integrity says I can't openly agree with you on that point Angus, and speaking of journalistic integrity, let's take it backstage!

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The unexpected shitty test run

[Edward White and all of the sophistication in the known universe walk into the public bathroom.]

[Standing there, is a janitor with a mop and bucket.]

Edward White:

I saw you come in here like an hour ago, so I figured you were doing your job at making this place not so much a third world toilet. Pun intended.

[White quickly scans the restroom while taking a short breath through the nostrils.]

Edward White:

I can see, and more so smell that I was completely wrong in that assessment. Here, take this. Go and buy some new cleaning materials, and maybe even get a haircut while you're at it.

[Being arrogant, pompous and rich, Daddy Warbucks throws nine hundred -- cash -- on the ground as if he were tipping his valet helicopter driver. Smug and proud of his rich deed for the day, he then turns on an Armani covered heel and exits. While the door is closing behind him, the janitor he just so obnoxiously tipped, wisely quips, "That's not nearly enough for me to get a haircut."]

[White, who's now a few steps beyond the exit originally pays no mind to the janitor's odd comment. Then, like a mosquito bite to the neck... the comment... seems all too familiar to him.]

Edward White: [to himself]

Wait. That...

[Hastily, White darts back into the bathroom.]

Edward White:

What did you just say?

[Confused, the janitor gawks at The Sophisticate as if he just asked him to do some forensic accounting.]

Edward White:

What about a haircut?

[Still, the janitor persists as if he haven't a clue.]

Edward White:

You said the money wouldn't be enough?

Janitor:

Eh, I don't know what to tell you, mate. Aye didn't say a thing.

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[White walks right up to the man, and stares him dead in the eyes for the better part of ten seconds.]

Edward White:

You know what? You're right. Here. Take some more money and forget I was even here. Which, as it turns out, is a feat my nose will not be able to do. Good day peon.

[Casually, White shells out another six hundred cash unto the floor. Then, once again quick turns on an Armani covered heel and exits.]

[Time passes.]

[Out from one of the far stalls, a man resembling the janitor who just had a conversation about nothing emerges. The mystery man is wearing the same outfit, has the same in need for a haircut, and even has the same name tag.]

[Joe.]

Joe the Janitor:

What the hell??? Are you???

[Instead of engaging in a conversation with his astonished twin, the lookalike Joe the Janitor calmly steps past him and heads for the door. In an effort to quiet the ridiculousness of the current situation, he firmly presses his index finger against his lips and shhh's. Surprisingly, the tactic works-- probably because the real janitor's head and heart are set to explode after seeing his shadow come to life.]

[Anywho, before the impersonator can become dust in the wind, he reaches into his pocket and drops a grand total of seventy-eight cents onto the ground. Then, he looks at Joe and sadly shrugs his shoulder as if to say that's all I got because I spent a ridiculous amount of money on the disguise.]

Imposter Joe the Janitor: [in Janitor Joe's voice]

One thing. Mind if we borrow this from ourselves? I'll bring it back when you get done mopping the floor for us. Honestly, me. You swear I'll bring it back. OF ALL PEOPLE, we know that us Joe's-- we are responsible like that.

Joe the Janitor:

HEADEXPLODINGNOISE~!

Imposter Joe the Janitor:

Guess you're cool with it. Oh, and Joe, tell our boss I am so not cleaning that up.

[And like that, the not Joe the Janitor grabs his tools and exits.]

[You might be wondering how this is all possible? Well, the easy answer is wrestling. The complicated one is Edward White's first conversation was with the impersonator. While that was

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happening, the real Joe the Janitor was dropping the kids off, if you catch my drift. Hence, why it smelled so badly when Edward first entered.]

[Then, Edward exited the bathroom, and the real Joe the Janitor flushed the stall he just put six feet under. Though the window was small, it was just enough time for the imposter Joe the Janitor to sneak into a stall of his own, and sidestep his true identity being unearthed.]

[And now back to Angus and Keebler.]

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Team HOSS vs White Hot Anger

Angus:

What did we just see, Darren? WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?!

[Darren Keebler decides not to respond to this.]

DDK:

We've got some trios action coming your way here in just a moment! Team HOSS - The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers - have been on the biggest roll of their DEFIANCE careers so far. After a war lasting several months and across two continents with TexMex Holiday, they defeated their rivals in a match many are calling sleeper of the night.

Angus:

Speaking of sleepers... wrap it up, Darren, I'm nodding off here!

DDK:

...Anyway, Team HOSS are looking to keep their momentum, but they're going to get some stiff resistance coming their way! The newly-dubbed White Hot Anger - Lisa Loeh, "Radical" Roger Stevens, and Yoshikazu YAZ can't be overlooked! Loeh's a former Trios champion herself and they can get it done if HOSS looks past them.

Angus:

All I care about in this particular moment is that Team HOSS lay a beatdown on somebody. They're going to make the world a better place for all HOSS kind!



Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is a trios tag team match scheduled for one fall! Making their way to the ring first...

[The fans start to cheer as "Complaint in the System" by Savatage plays and the crowd gets a big burst of life coming out from the back in the form of "Radical" Roger Stevens! The perpetually angry, but fun-to-watch brawler comes out first and revs up the crowd! Behind him, the crowd cheers even louder as Lisa Loeh makes her way out second, standing next to her on-again, off-again boyfriend. Last and certainly not least, the masked Japanese legend Yoshikazu YAZ is out and lurks not far behind as the trio make their way to the ring.]

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DQ:

Making their way to the ring, weighing in at combined weight of 582 pounds, they are the team of Lisa Loeh... "Radical" Roger Stevens... and Yoshikazu YAZ... WHITE HOT ANGER!!!!

Angus:

All right, we got some Loeh out here!

[As the fan favorite threesome heads to the ring to discuss the strategy of taking out big monster douchebags, the opening Riffs of "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold play next and already, the crowd is jeering to all heck.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents, weighing in a combined weight of 857 lbs... Angel Trinidad...Aleczauder.... Capital Punishment... They are the Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers.... TEAM HOSS!

[Team HOSS come out to a chorus of boos. Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczauder struts confidently, and Capital Punishment remains apathetic in general. Following closely behind is Junior Keeling with a smug smirk and again, we would be remiss if we didn't point out the SWANKY suit he was wearing. Extra cash for extra class. The team enters the ring with a shower of arena deafening boos.]

DDK:

Team HOSS has been one of the most talked-about teams to come along in some time, but White Hot Anger are not pushovers by any stretch. Their first match as a team, they BEAT the Truly Untouchables!

[Team HOSS is in the ring now as their music fades out. Aleczauder and Angel do a bit of Rock, Paper, Scissors to see who's going first. Sadly for The Rookie Monster, Scissors beats paper and Aleczauder wins out. He nods to Cappy to offer the IWO Legend the chance to get inside, but he politely declines allowing the Mancunian Muscle to have his fun. Surprisingly - or not depending on who you ask - it's actually Loeh who starts first for her team. Stevens offers words of encouragement to his teammate while YAZ stands on his side of the ring pensively.]

Angus:

Team HOSS should murder the other two, then maybe I can console Lisa a little later...

DDK:

Keep dreaming there, buddy. Looks like Aleczauder's going to start with Lisa Loeh... Aleczauder has the reputation in his group of being something of a womanizer... let's see how this goes.

[The bell rings as the two representatives of each side meet in the center of the ring. Loeh is ready for a fight and looking to prove herself against the Big Brit. He tries to grab at her, but she ducks and swings with a hard Forearm Shiver! She keeps going and going doing her best Energizer bunny impression until stunning the big man. She runs the ropes and when Aleczauder took a wild swing, she ducked and came back off the ropes with a Dropkick to the knee!]

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DDK:

Lisa Loeh is giving up a lot of size to Aleczander The Great, but she's not backing down! She's probably picked that up from her partners!

Angus:

And look... I think Aleczander's trying to pick her up!

[Aleczander has a limp in his step, but when Lisa tries to come at him, he holds his hands up and tries to get her to stop. She stops for just a moment and looks completely confused as The Mancunian Muscle tries to turn on the charm.]

Aleczander:

Hey, Lisa, you want a go at me willy?!

[Lisa looks repulsed by the big musclebound goof as he starts to undo his tights. Referee Hector Navarro starts to warn him that taking off his tights is not something he should be doing in the match, but there's nothing TECHNICALLY wrong with that. The Mancunian Muscle steps towards Loeh and starts to saunter with a grin as she holds up her hands.]

Lisa Loeh:

Close your eyes for a second.

Aleczander:

Got it!

[The other members of Team HOSS protest with Aleczander about thinking with the wrong head, but he acts like he knows what he's doing. The Mancunian Muscle starts to shut his eyes while Lisa starts to actually... get on her knees? Well, she did that until she rolled over and tagged in Roger Stevens as he anxiously gets ready for a fight. When Aleczander opens his eyes...]

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

[The crowd has themselves a laugh before the cheer on "Radical" Roger Stevens as he chops the living shit out of the big man. Angel protests while Cappy actually facepalms as Junior Keeling yells at the referee for what he claimed was an illegal move. Roger has him in the corner and even Aleczander's chiseled chest is not immune to some of the hardest chops in professional wrestling today!]

Angus:

You know my love for Team HOSS, but... dude, you asked for that to happen to you!

DDK:

Look at Stevens go! He's showing some fire here tonight! A big win for White Hot Anger would certainly put them in the driver's seat towards another title shot!

[Roger goes to whip Aleczander cross-corner only for the Big Brit to turn the tables and send him

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flying across the ring. The Mancunian Muscle comes running at him only for Roger to get the boot up and stop him in his tracks! He grabs Aleczander in a headlock and starts taking to the ropes by rubbing his precious face over the ropes with a classic burn. He makes the tag over to YAZ and the crowd cheers for the Japanese legend as he steps into the ring. Both men lead Aleczander to the center of the ring and each take out a leg from underneath him, sending him falling to his knees. YAZ and Stevens each measure him up...]

DDK:

DOUBLE ENZUIGIRI!

Angus:

Well, see-y and bye, Aleczander!

[YAZ goes for the first cover of the match on Aleczander and hooks both legs...]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR- NO!]

DDK:

He almost got him off the double-team there! Stevens, YAZ, and Loeh have been working on their own bag of tricks!

Angus:

I'm only interested in Lisa's bag of tricks... drool... yeah, I said drool...

[The fight continues as YAZ waits for Aleczander to get back to his feet again before landing a pair of open-palmed strikes to the chest of the Big Brit before doubling him over with a low Spinning Kick to the chest that sends Aleczander into the ropes. Lisa and Stevens each roll on either side of him and connect with stereo Dropkicks from the apron to the facial features of Aleczander! He goes sailing out of the ropes and right into the path of a big Jump Spinning Heel kick from YAZ! The crowd is cheering the teamwork of White Hot Anger here tonight!]

DDK:

White Hot Anger is working well tonight against the bigger men! Aleczander hasn't even gotten the tag out to his partners yet who are still chomping at the bit to get inside.

Angus:

That whole last sentence would explain me on a date with Lisa Loeh.

DDK:

...Ew.

[YAZ goes for another cover on The Big Brit...]

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[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE... SAVED BY CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!]

DDK:

The big man breaks up the cover! And now the veteran goes back to his corner while YAZ is trying to get back to Aleczonder... OUCH!

Angus:

HA! Knee to the stomach! That's my HOSS! You go!

[Aleczonder muscles him into the corner and starts to try for a Shoulder Tackle when Yoshikazu continues to clip him in the jaw with a couple more of his patented strikes. Capital Punishment tags in, but YAZ sees him coming and continues to chop away at the IWO Legend. He's in enemy territory, swinging at anything that moves! The crowd cheers on the member of the WHA only for Cappy to catch him with a big right hook. Then Aleczonder whips him... RIGHT INTO A BIG BOOT BY CAPPY!]

Angus:

Well, YAZ had a good run!

DDK:

They're not letting the size disadvantage get to them too badly, but it was only a matter of time before HOSS took advantage!

[Junior Keeling finally stops panicking and now starts strutting around the ringside area like the Hostile Order were successful all along. Capital Punishment stands over the much smaller YAZ now and picks him up by the arm before blasting him in the face with a series of jabs to stun the masked man. He pushes him back into the ropes before FLOORING him with a big right-armed Lariat!]

[Cappy picks him up and pushes him to the corner to tag into The Rookie Monster. Angel Trinidad steps over the ropes and the crowd boos as the two monsters send YAZ flying into the ropes! They each take a shot at him with a Double Shoulder Block to knock him down before they head him to the ropes.... DOUBLE-TEAM ELBOW AND LEG DROP! And a cover by Angel now.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE- NO!]

DDK:

In just one fell swoop, Team HOSS took the advantage away from Yoshikazu YAZ! And now Angel Trinidad is standing around the ring...

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Trinidad (with Angus at ringside):

HOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEE!

[DDK sighed as Angel Trinidad continues the punishment on YAZ. When he picks him up, he starts to fight back with a kick and chop combo to stun the big man. With Angel fazed for the moment YAZ heads to the ropes to try for something big when Angel catches him in mid-move. He poses around the ring for a second with the Japanese star in his grip before simply throwing him backwards with a Standing Fallaway Slam variation!]

[He picks YAZ up after that and pushes him into the nearby corner again. The crowd continues booing Angel as he swings his massive arm and CLOBBERS YAZ in the corner with a hard Corner Clothesline. He backs up one more time and swings again, crushing YAZ a second time in the process! Stevens and Loeh even wince a little after each blow as Angel goes in a third time!]

Angus:

The Holy Trinidad! It's done and over, toetag YAZ!

DDK:

And the cover now!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR—KICK OUT!]

DDK:

YAZ isn't done just yet! The Rookie Monster's skillset is basic, but standing at 6'10" and 303 pounds you don't need a lot!

Angus:

YAZ just needs to roll over because Team HOSS isn't going to stop until they snap these guys in two! They have a record for laying a beatdown on masked me. Diego de Leon says hi!

[Things don't look all that great for the mysterious YAZ as he gets picked up to his feet again by the much larger Trinidad. He palms the back of YAZ's head and throws the masked member of WHA into the corner of Team HOSS where the tag is made to Alec Alexander once again. Alec Alexander goes over to the corner of both Lisa Loeh and Roger Stevens before he starts laughing and gyrating in their general direction. Roger is about ready to get into the ring and beat somebody's ass, but it takes both Navarro and Lisa to restrain him. Angel CRUSHES YAZ with a big splash in the corner before throwing him into the path of a BIG missile-like Shoulder Tackle from Alec Alexander...]

Angus:

SHOT AT LOVE! Kind of an ironic name considering I think Junior Keeling and the HOSS crew may be the only ones that loved that move... well, I did. YAZ got some air!

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DDK:

The move is a tribute to Alecander's days as a reality star in the UK... shockingly, somewhere, this brute is loved by masses.

[Alecander continues to toy around with the fallen YAZ at this point who needs to make a tag right away to his corner. Roger and Lisa are each chomping at the bit in the corner, but it's not to be because The Mancunian Muscle goes for another cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... NO!]

DDK:

That was a VERY close one, but YAZ needs to get to his corner fast!

Angus:

Since Team HOSS have been in control, they haven't let YAZ do jack-all. Maybe he's got some mist somewhere on his person? Don't they all have that?

DDK:

HEY!

[The crowd is firmly behind YAZ as they start to clap for him, but now Alecander tags out to the elder HOSS member, Capital Punishment to dish out some more... well, the second part of his name. Cappy lightly approaches YAZ before he buries a hard forearm into the temple. From there, he powers him off the ground and right into a hard Bearhug! He's got nowhere to go in the middle of the ring and Capital Punishment knows his shit... he isn't anywhere near the ropes so nowhere for YAZ to grab onto. Underneath the mask, pain is still visible in his eyes, but he struggles to break the almost bear trap-like grip of Cappy.]

[YAZ reels back a hand and tries to effectively strike Cappy until he gets loose. His grip is still too tight so then YAZ switches it up a little bit and connects with another pair of hard palm strikes to the head. He even goes to the classic ear box and has to hit about three or four in succession until Cappy's iron resolve is finally broken! YAZ fell to a knee and tried to get away from Cappy when the IWO Legend was back up. He approached YAZ, but Yoshikazu ducks the oncoming swing and comes back with a kick to the knee followed by a hard Snap DDT!]

DDK:

There we go! YAZ basically fought for that opportunity! Now he needs to get to Stevens or Loeh! They need that tag badly now!

[YAZ is hurt pretty bad right now, but that doesn't stop him from making his way over to the corner at long last. Cappy rolls over and heads to his own corner while holding his own throbbing head as he went to the corner and reached out for a tag...]

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Angus:

Sweet, Aleczer's back in! Break these puny mortals with your awesome muscles!

Keeling:

FINISH THEM OFF! GO, GO, GO!

[Aleczer runs over to try to block YAZ from getting to his corner, but...]

DDK:

Lisa Loeh is in now!

[She ran right into the ring at a charging Aleczer who swung wildly with a Clothesline but she ducked! The White Hot part of White Hot Anger charged at the ropes only to come back and take down The Big Brit a running Dropkick to the knee!]

DDK:

Look at Loeh go! She's got Aleczer on the ropes now!

[Lisa Loeh coming with a flurry of kicks to the legs! She kept coming at Aleczer while he was on one knee and fought back with a series of Forearm Shivers to the face. Angrily, Alec shoved her backwards to the ropes only for him to come back right back and nail a nasty Kenka Kick to the face that actually got him down!]

[Lisa was on fire now and she rolled over and started to head to the top rope. The crowd was starting to buzz even louder as the Floridian waited for Aleczer to stand before she connected with a Flying DDT! Aleczer was down and she went for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... NO!]

DDK:

Give credit to Lisa where it's due, she's not backing down, but Aleczer is just way too strong to stay down that easily!

[Lisa knows this too, especially when Angel Trinidad has seen enough! She goes to try and get away from him, but Angel grabs her by the arm and starts to lob her away into the far corner! Before he can do anything more...

DDK:

DOUBLE MISSILE DROPKICK FROM YAZ AND STEVENS! TRINIDAD'S DOWN!

[Sure enough, since Team HOSS had jumped in first, the rest of White Hot Anger wasn't going to stand around and watch it happen so both YAZ and Stevens came to the aid of their partner and

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knocked Angel clear from the ring! The two started to stand when Cappy headed into the ring and charged, shoving Roger Stevens aside. Aleczander got up and started trading fists in the corner with Roger Stevens! YAZ fought back against Capital Punishment and blasted him with some good chops. He ran into the ropes and he called for the Shotei...

Angus:

OUCH! DEATH PENALTY!

[YAZ was caught and drilled with a thunderous Uranage Suplex that Cappy had used as his finisher for years! YAZ wasn't going anywhere, but Stevens still got up and caught Cappy flush in the face...
RADICAL OVERLORD!]

DDK:

Good God, it's bedlam in the ring now! These teams both really want this win! Hector Navarro has just about lost all control out there!

[Roger is back to his feet and helps Lisa up just as Aleczander comes to swing. He goes for a double clothesline and ducks the move. Lisa and Roger both run off the ropes when Angel reaches out from the outside and trips up Roger, pulling him to the outside and THROWING him hard into the barricade! Lisa instinctively sees what happens to Stevens and stops for just a second to glance his direction but by now Aleczander is back up and he has a wicked grin on his face...]

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Angus:

ALECXANDER WINS THE MATCH!

[He may have just done so with his finishing maneuver as he grabbed Lisa, powered her up high and SLAMMED her into the canvas with a ring shaking high angled Thrust Spinebuster! The crowd jeers while Junior Keeling laughs and boasts from the outside, counting along with the referee.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

DDK:

Let it be known that the ladies of DEFIANCE are among the toughest out there, but nobody's kicking out of that souped-up Spinebuster!

[Amid the chaos, Team HOSS did exactly what they did best- divided and conquered. YAZ was down on the outside and Roger Stevens was slammed into the steps on the outside, which left Lisa alone to take the brunt of the punishment! Angel walked over and helped Capital Punishment up, still nursing a throbbing temple from where Stevens caught him with his kick. Now the trio was in the

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ring celebrating their big victory!]

DQ:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... TEAM HOSS!

Angus:

Two for two, Keebler! They won in Germany and they won here tonight! I approve of Team HOSS's scorched earth policy in taking out everybody... I mean EVERYBODY! And Roger Stevens chopped a dude real hard, so I'm happy on that front too

DDK:

You have to wonder how long it's going to be now until HOSS comes after the DEFIANCE World Trios belts! They've mowed down everybody in their path and now there's only one team at the top!

[As a sickening thought overcomes Angus, Keeling jumps into the ring and celebrates as Navarro raises the hands of the member of Team HOSS before they exit the ring. The cruel foursome heads back up the ramp now, proud of their victory!]

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On Second Thought

[Backstage.]

[Curtis Penn.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Proudly he rubs the faceplate of his Southern Heritage title to remove a small smudge and looks ahead with an unmistakably smug, self satisfied grin on his beardy face.]

???:

Curtis, baby!

[Penn looks to the side to see Defiance's resident rodent problem in all his cheap suited glory. He looks Wayne up and down and raises his eyebrows as though to say 'Hey'.]

Wayne Dewey:

Terrific work out there, Curtis. A world class performance.

[One wouldn't have thought Penn could look any prouder of himself than he did moments ago, but he manages it somehow.]

Curtis Penn:

You know I'm full of them Wayne. Remember, you got a front row seat to one back in Japan... Remember? When I beat Seth Stratton?

[Obviously falsely, Wayne chuckles.]

Wayne Dewey:

Haha, good one, Curtis.

[Slowly Wayne sidles his way up to Penn and places a hand on the Southern Heritage champion's shoulder. Penn looks at Wayne's hand and he's quick to remove it.]

Wayne Dewey:

Look, Curtis... can I call you Curtis? 'Corse I can. Curtis, you're hot property right now. You know it, I know it, everyone knows it. And being so hot, everyone wants a piece of you.

[Penn nods in agreement.]

Curtis Penn:

That they do.

Wayne Dewey:

DEFIANCE has seen an influx in new talent over the last few months, and you know all of them have

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their sights set on gold.

Curtis Penn:

Naturally.

Wayne Dewey:

And the first stop for a lot of guys is the Southern Heritage title.

Curtis Penn:

Let me guess... You're finally going to strap on a pair of boots and you want a shot at my title right off the bat? Well let me tell you something, Wayne-

[Wayne's eyes widen as he shakes his head vigorously.]

Wayne Dewey:

No no, nothing like that. Curtis, I know you're welcoming of all challengers, but I believe that without proper representation you could find yourself in a hole.

[Penn's eyes narrow.]

Curtis Penn:

Explain.

Wayne Dewey:

Well, it's simple. You ended up having to defend your title against 2 men at Grindhouse: Germany. Who's to say that won't happen again. Or worse, you could have 3, 4, 5, or even 6 men to defend against. You could end up running a gauntlet after all these competitors decide to band together and quit on a number one contenders match.

[Rubbing his beard Penn nods.]

Curtis Penn:

You know, that makes sense. I am the hottest thing going in DEFIANCE right now.

[Wayne Dewey wavers at that point, but he doesn't say anything, instead electing to let Penn run with his train of thought.]

Curtis Penn:

And there are a lot of guys that want this.

[Adjusting the strap on his shoulder Curtis scoffs.]

Curtis Penn:

Not that they're ever going to get it. I mean, it doesn't matter if there's 1, 2, 3 or a whole army of them. Nobody's ever going to take this from me. And do you know why?

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[Curtis turns to Wayne and waits for an answer. Wayne simply responds with a shrug.]

Curtis Penn:

No, come on, you know the answer. Everyone knows the answer. It's because I'm Curtis Penn. As I said in Germany, I'm the best wrestler in DEFIANCE, bar none. I've got the biggest set of grapefruits in DEFIANCE. Bar. None. And I'm never losing my Southern Heritage title.

[Wayne opens his mouth to talk, but he's immediately cut off by Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

It doesn't matter who comes next, I'll send them straight to the back of the line. Each and every one of them. I did it to Sam Turner Jr. earlier tonight, and I'll do it against whoever wants to step up next week, and the week after, and the week after that.

[Again Wayne goes to speak, but Curtis simply carries on talking.]

Curtis Penn:

I beat Heidi Christenson! I can handle Diego De Leon. I can handle Sam Turner Jr. I can handle...

???#2:

Stockton Pyre?

[From the side, which is probably where the shadows are, a masked man clad in red and blue emerges. Curtis turns to the new arrival and smiles again.]

Curtis Penn:

Now that you mention it, yes. I can handle Stockton Pyre as well.

Wayne Dewey:

You know, that wasn't quite wha-

Curtis Penn:

In fact I'm pretty sure I've handled Stockton Pyre before, and on more than one occasion.

[Wayne looks down at his body and presses a hand into his chest, almost as though to check that he's really there right now. Assured that he is he taps Penn on the shoulder... which clearly doesn't gather a response.]

Curtis Penn:

Hey Pyre, can I get you a drink? I heard you liked tap water.

[Unphased by the 'joke' Pyre simply rolls his shoulders and flexes his pecs in front on Penn. An action that immediately grabs the attention of Wayne Dewey.]

Stockton Pyre:

Funny. But I couldn't help but hear you talking, because you're nothing if not good at talking. No

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more talking. No more words. My turn to speak, and I will make it short and use little words so you can understand.

[Penn scoffs at Stockton Pyre, but Pyre ignores it completely and continues talking (possibly to prevent a derailment of his conversation).]

Stockton Pyre:

You have escaped thus far. You have managed to find more and more cheap ways to hold onto that Southern Heritage title. It is time you come to account for your sins against this company and its wrestlers. I will be the light shining on your every action. I will be the conscience that dogs you for each improper deed. And when it comes time for you to pay, you will pay...

[Pyre motions to the Southern Heritage title belt, which Penn adjusts on his shoulder again.]

Stockton Pyre:

...with the thing you hold most dear. I will take it from you, and leave you hollow and empty.

Wayne Dewey:

Sorry, do you mi-

[Guess who's going to interrupt...]

[Go on... Guess.]

Curtis Penn:

Blah, blah, blah, yYou had your chance, Pyre. You're at the back of the line now.

[Exasperated, Wayne throws his hands in the air and turns away from the two arguing wrestlers. But not before giving Pyre the old once over before doing so. Wayne walks away with, surprisingly, a smile on his face.]

Curtis Penn:

It's gonna be a long time before you get another shot at this!

[Penn lifts the belt from his shoulder and holds it up in Pyre's face. Stockton doesn't look away from Penn's face though, and totally unfazed by his posing he shakes his head.]

Stockton Pyre:

It will be sooner than you think, Curtis...

[Stockton smiles ever so slightly as Penn's grin turns into a snarl.]

Stockton Pyre:

Sooner than you think.

[Fade.]

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In which Jonny Booya demands a push

[Backstage n' shit.]

[You know Jonny Booya's got intents and purposes when he walks past a reflective object and doesn't pause to flex at it. He power-swaggers his way through the hallways, stopping only to smack a roll of cable out of a DEFtech guy's hands for no fucking reason, until he reaches Kelly Evan's office.]

[Needless to say, he doesn't knock.]

[The Boss Bitch of Defiance is seated behind her desk wearing her take on a business suit. All the parts are there, it's just that usually the blouse isn't opened far enough to risk indecent exposure.]

[She was actually typing on a laptop PC, but when Booya walked in, she slammed it shut.]

Kelly Evans:

Excuse me?!

[Jonny just walks right on in, up to her desk, and slams both hands down on it.]

Jonny Booya:

AH WANT A SOW-HER TITLE SHAWT!

[Kelly leans back and looks disgusted.]

Kelly Evans:

If you want to make any money either tonight or any other night, I suggest you never, EVER spit on me again.

Jonny Booya:

AH~

Kelly Evans:

Are we clear?

Jonny Booya:

AH SAYD~

Kelly Evans:

Nonono. I said. Are. We. Clear?

[Booya scowls.]

Jonny Booya:

Yes'm.

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Kelly Evans:

Now, what do you want? And say it in English, not in whatever the fuck language you were speaking before.

[Booya takes a deep breath and speaks in his normal voice.]

Jonny Booya:

Can I have a title shot against Curtis Penn for the Southern Heritage Title.

Kelly Evans:

No.

[Booya's face twists up like he can't figure out what the hell just happened. You can faintly hear Angus Skaaland guffawing out in the arena proper.]

Jonny Booya:

What?

Kelly Evans:

What what what DUHHHHH can you understand English you no-chin meathead?

[Booya takes another deep breath, then adjusts the COOL shades on his face. He leans forward.]

Jonny Booya:

Lissen here, lady, it's cute an' all that Mistah Dane's lettin' you play like you're in charge or somethin'. But in case you weren' doin yer jerb an payin attention, Ah got disrespected by the guy who's carryin the Sow-Her strap, an Ah ain't one fer toleratin' that shit.

Kelly Evans:

You 'ain't one' for taking a hint, are you? You get no title shot, not without earning it. If you don't get out of my office, you're never getting the chance to earn it either. You want to make an appointment and discuss your progression up the ranks? Pick a fucking number and call me later.

[Booya walks around the desk to loom over Kelly.]

Jonny Booya:

You ain't readin' between the gawd damn LINES, bitch. You ain't the boss. You ain't the boss of me, you ain't the boss of SHIT. You're a whore. It's right in your gawddamn NAME. Now GIMME MAH TITLE SHAWT FOR AH START TREATIN YOU LIKE ONE!

[Knock knock knock.]

Kelly Evans:

Come in.

[Diego steps enters.]

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Diego de Leon:

You wanted to see me Ms. Evans O~

[Diego stops, looks between Jonny Booya and Kelly Evans.]

Diego de Leon:

OH! Is... is everything alright, Ms. Evans...?

[Kelly politely smiles at Diego.]

Kelly Evans:

Things aren't exactly fine, Diego, I've got a neckless meathead who seems to think he can intimidate me invading my personal space, but if he was going to do anything he wouldn't keep talking. Ignore him. I called you in here for a reason. Now, Diego?

Diego de Leon:

Yes ma'am?

Kelly Evans:

It's come to my attention that Curtis Penn has called you out a few times.

[Diego merely nods]

Diego de Leon:

Yes ma'am he has.

Kelly Evans:

Well, what do you plan on doing about it?

[Diego shrugs.]

Diego de Leon:

Nothing I guess? He called me out but I don't have a title shot. Plus, it's not my place to make demands or anything like that. A lot of guys gunning for him. It'd be rude to think I could just jump ahead of them for some reason.

[Kelly smiles and looks from Diego to Jonny and back again.]

Kelly Evans:

Well, Stockton Pyre and Henry Keyes both just had their chance at the title, and they came up short. Right now it's down to... well, the two of you. On one hand, we've got a guy in a furry mask who doesn't know how to respond to being challenged, and on the other we've got a... a... what the fuck are you supposed to be, anyway?

Jonny Booya:

Th'fuck you mean whome I s'posed to be?! AH'M JONNY GODDAMN BOOYA! AH'M **BIG KING**

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COOL! POWERBOMBER OF FAYGITS AN BEST FLEX IN WRESLIN!

[Kelly wordlessly fixes her hair.]

Kelly Evans:

As I believe I was saying, I can only give one of you a title shot. And without any other way to decide who gets it, I'm going to have to default to Diego De Leon.

Jonny Booya:

WHAT?!

Kelly Evans:

What can I say? He keeps cool.

[That was the wrong word to say.]

[Or maybe the right one, depending.]

Kelly Evans:

Diego, you can go.

[Diego hurries out of Kelly's office as Jonny Booya's face turns red, and then purple.]

Jonny Booya:

**WAT'TH'FUCK?!?! AT'LIL FAYGT INT COOLER NMEE?! FUCKS WRONG WITCHU?!
STUPID WHORECUNT WI'THUH BOOKS AH'LL RIP'R HEAD OFF AN SHIT DOWN YOUR
NECK!!**

[Translated from Booya to English: "What on earth? That individual cooler than myself? I am outraged by the fact that anyone could think such a thing. You are a stupid woman who should not have been given the duty of making matches. My masculine dignity has been wounded and I feel a great need to attack someone."]

[Kelly heaves a world-weary sigh and takes out a nailfile. Ignoring the bellowing gym monkey above her, she begins examining her hand.]

Kelly Evans:

Walter Levy's waiting in the ring, Jon. Now why don't you go hurt a cruiserweight so you can feel better about yourself, you big bad wrassleman you?

Jonny Booya:

**YOU KNOW WHAT AH THINK AH WILL! I'MONNA BREAK THAT LITTLE FUCKER IN HAAF AN
ITS GONNA BE YOUR OWN GAWDDAMN FAULT!**

[Jonny storms out of the office, slamming the door so hard that a picture falls off the wall and breaks.]

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[Kelly sighs, picks up her phone and dials someone.]

Kelly Evans:

Accounting? Yeah. Dock one-fifty from Jonny Booya's next paycheck. Damages. No, one-hundred fifty dollars, not a dollar fifty. Asshole.

[Fade to commentary.]

Angus:

I've said it before, and I'll say it again. Jonny Booya. Is. A. Fucktard. I guess we're going to ringside to show what a roids-raging fagmaster he is though.

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Yeah, I can hardly blame Levy for wanting to punch Jonny Booya in his stupid face, but when the guy outweighs you by 70 pounds that's just bad strategy, man.

[Booya had sent Levy flying halfway across the ring with a single massive push. As the Birdman gamely fights back up to his feet and tries to follow up - it's Booya being quicker to the punch, goozeling Levy around the throat with that calloused meathook he calls a hand.]

DDK:

CHOKESLAM!

Angus:

NO! HA~!

[Levy isn't done quite so soon. He boots Booya, and keeps booting him until his grip slips. Running off the ropes for momentum, Levy comes back with a flying dropkick to the chest! Booya wobbles, windmilling his arms, and Levy heads back off the ropes and dropkicks him again - and the big man hits the mat!]

DDK:

Down goes Jonny Booya! Walter Levy may have been demoted from full time wrestler to developmental, but he's a long time Defiant, a fan favorite, and he's not going to let Booya have this one for free!

[Booya rolls out of the ring.]

DDK:

I'm not sure Booya's quite sure what happened.

Angus:

I'm not sure Booya's sure of a single damn thing that doesn't have to do with steroid cycles.

DDK:

AND HERE COMES LEVY! OVER THE TOP ROPE WITH THE SUICIDO!

[Levy hits Booya full on and both men go down.]

Angus:

That's how it's done.

[Levy is up first. He slaps hands with a few fans near the guardrail, then leads Booya to his feet and throws him back into the ring.]

DDK:

Levy now heading to the top rope, he's taking time to pose-

[Levy raises his arms to the fans, then jumps.]

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[Booya catches him.]

[From a front lift, Booya tosses Levy up and on top of his shoulders, then starts spinning like a madman.]

DDK:

Thunder Down Below! That's Booya's name for that tornado spinning backbreaker.

Angus:

Why can't he just do a normal backbreaker? So retarded.

[Booya brings Levy up to his feet and whips him chest first at the turnbuckle. Levy hits with a thump, staggers backwards, and Booya drives a single heavy punch right into the small of his back! Levy howls in agony and sinks to his knees, Booya kicks him between the shoulderblades knocking him to the mat.]

DDK:

Although I acknowledge Angus has legitimate reasons to hold this particular grudge, someone should at least note that Booya's a powerful, dangerous wrestler. He's extremely strong, a trained boxer, and

Angus:

Shuttup.

[Booya picks Levy up in a front carry, and then shows off by holding him up with only one arm. Then he takes Levy over with a fall away slam. Booya reclines across Levy's chest.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

DDK:

You're not going to pin anybody with a cover as lazy as that one.

[Booya stands, then swagger-walks to the middle of the ring. He drops to one knee and flexes both his biceps.]

Booya:

OH YEAH!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

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DDK:

Jonny Booya puts a lot of work into maintaining that physique, but the fans aren't giving him a bit of respect for it.

Angus:

He's a meathead. Fuck that dude.

DDK:

Meathead though he may be, I think it's about it for Walter Levy.

[Indeed it is. Booya pulls the Birdman to his feet, crosses his arms beneath his chest, swings him up and drives him DOWN with the Booya Bomb!]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE-PULLS HIM UP!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

Oh come on!

[Booya hurls Levy out of the ring, the Birdman landing at ringside in a heap. Benny Doyle, knowing what wrestlers like Booya have in mind when they take it out of the ring after having a match won, tries to interfere. Booya simply piefaces him over backwards, then grabs the ringside mats, pulling them away to expose the concrete underneath them.]

DDK:

We need some help out here! Booya's got bad intentions for Walter Levy here!

[DEFsec is on their way, but too slow. Booya crosses Levy's arms, lining up another Booya Bomb on the cold hard concrete...]

[And as he lifts, Henry Keyes comes in out of nowhere, chop blocking Booya's leg out from under him!]

[Booya falls backwards and Levy takes a far less than comfortable but far better than the concrete landing on the ringside mats.]

DDK:

Henry Keyes just saved Walter Levy from a possible severe injury at Booya's hands, and now-

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[Booya is brought to his feet. Keyes whips him down the aisle and into the ringpost! Flattop meets metal, metal wins and Booya falls away to face plant. Keyes turns his attention to Levy.]

DDK:

Thank goodness for Keyes I'm - wow, I'm being told that Booya was disqualified for pushing Benny Doyle like that, and that Walter Levy wins the match via disqualification!

Angus:

BAAAAAA HAHAAHAHAHA!

[Throwing one of Levy's arms over his shoulder, Keyes helps him to his feet. The two make their way towards the ramp and backstage.]

[Except, Jonny Booya's up.]

[What, you thought getting run headfirst into a steel ringpost was going to hurt his head?]

DDK:

Booya with a double clothesline from behind!

[Walter Levy falls off the side of the ramp. It's actually probably the best place he could've landed. Of course, now Booya's more angry at Henry Keyes.]

DDK:

Henry Keyes decided to be a hero and save Walter Levy, but it looks like he's just going to catch Levy's beatdown in his place! Booya's pulling him up!

Angus:

CHOKESLAM!

[Booya slams Keyes down on the foot of the ramp. The awful sound of meat hitting metal rings out. Booya stares down at Keyes, his chest heaving, then spits and stomps back up the ramp.]

DDK:

We need to get medics down here!

[Fade as the DEFmed squad begins appearing.]

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The King Beast of COOL

[Walter Levy has been broken in half.]

[Henry Keyes is DOA.]

[Jonny Booya, however, has his chest puffed out and is strutting the hallways-- prouder than proud and looking to tell somebody all about it.]

[The only problem with that is, no matter what corner COOL Hand Jonny turns around, he can't find someone to talk to. The place is barren, like the fire alarm has been pulled. Well, there's that theory, or people are doing their very best to avoid the still hulking COOL shaded behemoth who just spined fucked Walter Levy and Henry Keyes with his bare hands.]

[Either way you slice it, the point is about to become mute.]

[For you see, The King Beast of COOL has just spotted a lonely, long haired janitor mopping the area outside of his locker room.]

[Problem solved.]

[Though, that usually means another, more dastardly one is on the horizon.]

[That said, the mere presence of another human being, and moreover the thought of being able to boast causes COOLYA's eyes grow wide with fever. Even his heart kicks up another beat from the two hundred a minute it's already running at.]

COOL Jonny Booya:

Yes!

[Stealthy, Booya trots over, doing his best to not startle the man who has his back turned to the ridiculous situation he's about to find himself in.]

COOL Jonny Booya:

HEY YOU!

[And just when Jonny is about to reach out, and spin the unsuspecting janitor around to tell him all about how bad he just put it down on Walter Levy, and that no one can do it as bad as Jonny Booya can...]

WHACK~!

[No. It's not the mop handle of a shit-streaked janitor, but rather the right hand of a poised kung fu master that comes crashing down a top of Jonny's skull. I say kung fu master because in an instant, Jonny's COOL shades are sent flying from off of his face, and his spiked hair becomes unwantingly parted straight down the middle. More importantly than all that though, the man once known as

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LAREDO falls flat to the floor, like someone just hit the off the button on his life.]

[Turning his attention away from the recently comatosed, the jedi janitor's footsteps quake the ground in which he walk atop of. His prize is near. He knows it. He leans down, allowing some of the weight to freely roll from off of his shoulders. It's been awhile, there's no need to rush things.]

[Slowly, carefully, and with Lasik like precision, the janitor reaches out and delicately plucks from off the ground.]

[TEH SHADEZ.]

[Time. Stops.]

[Not a thing in the world could bother the janitor right now. Not a nuclear bomb going off inside his pants. Not a COOLtanium plated sledgehammer to the foot and nuts. Not even a woman asking for a DNA test.]

[Then.]

[The moment.]

[We've all.]

[Been waiting for.]

[The kung-fu chawping super janitor stalks his way back over towards Booya. After propping him up against the wall, he looks him over long and hard. Then, holding the shades high up in the air, with the thunder of Zeus behind him, he swiftly lowers his hand.]

[AND PLACES TEH SHADEZ BACK ON JONNY'S FACE!?!?!?!?!?!]

Janitor:

You're still going to need these... **but not for long**. See you around, COOLYA.

[And like that, the janitor whistles away around the bend, presumably to return the mop and bucket to himself.]

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Kai? Clairra? Anyone?

[If you were wondering where the Truly Untouchables were while Jonny Booya was getting mongo chopped by a janitor, wonder no further.]

[The Ace of Heels looks to be more than a little bit agitated following his confrontation with Bronson Box earlier. As we watch, he withdraws a Mobile Communications Device from his pocket, and snaps it open.]

Kai Scott:

Yeah, Diane? Yeah, it's me. Were you watching? ...Alright, good, but I didn't expect him to turn around on me so suddenly. ...no, worried is what happens when you can't deal with what's about to happen. I can deal with anything Box and the Blood Diamonds throw at us, but if they're coming for us now, we need to start dealing now.

[Maybe you missed it during the Box/Scott exchange earlier, but for some reason Diane Parker isn't here tonight, and that's why Scott's on the phone.]

V.O. Wayne Dewey:

Scott! Mr. Scott! Kai!

[A door opens allowing Wayne Dewey to slip into the background and, almost like an incredibly pale shadow of the world champion, hover behind Kai. If Scott notices the diminutive Dewey, he doesn't show it. He strides off down the hall, Wayne having to half-jog to keep up.]

Scott:

First, I want you to call Cole. I don't think there's much of any chance of getting him back, but he would very nicely offset Dan Ryan.

Wayne Dewey:

You know Mr. Scott, if you're looking for someone to manage contacts and relay messages, I could do that for you.

Scott: [ignoring Wayne]

And when Cole says 'no,' see what you can find as far as heavyweights go. Booth's still injured, right? ... yeah I was afraid of that. Well, see if there are any decent heavyweights in the Wrestling Inferno kids these days. No, they don't have to be good, just decent enough to throw a punch and heavier than 280 pounds. We've got three cruiserweights, two light-heavyweights and Jonny.

[Another, longer silence, and this gives Wayne the opportunity to say something.]

Wayne Dewey:

It's all about strategy and timing. If I could manage a nerdy fat kid to two victories over Bronson Box, how much do you think I could do if I had some wrestlers to work with who could actually wrestle?

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Scott: [still ignoring Wayne]

Diane, listen. I know you're trying to help and it could have been a good idea, but I do not want Jeff involved in this. I don't need him to bail us out. Nor Heidi. Nor Ronnie. This isn't an Untouchables thing.

[Scott reaches the Truly Untouchables dressing room with Wayne still on his shoulder. He marches in. Wayne, trying to follow him, is stopped very suddenly as Clairia St. Sure appears out of nowhere to block his way.]

Wayne Dewey:

Oh uh. H-hey Clairia!

[He's not really much better at talking to the ladies than Eugene, actually.]

Wayne Dewey:

So your boss and I were talking strategy, and I was just thinking how - how -

[Wayne fumbles his words as Clairia glares silently.]

Wayne Dewey:

How - how I could help the Truly Untouchables get another piece of gold around their waists! You've got a title match against my brother tonight, right?

[Clairia glares more... glare-ily.]

Wayne Dewey:

Well, er... I'm sure that um...

[Clairia has gone full ice-queen and is only getting colder.]

Wayne Dewey:

I know Eugene and um... strategies and things that would um, help you... win?

[The cold BURNS.]

Wayne Dewey:

Because... I....

[Right down to the soul.]

Wayne Dewey:

I'll..... be going. Thinkaboutwhatisaidok?

[Clairia continues to glare until Wayne backs away slowly and the door to the Truly Untouchables locker room is closed.]

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DDK:

Wow. Clairia St. Sure hasn't asked the Truly Untouchables for help in any of her matches, and she was absolutely not interested in accepting any help from Wayne!

Angus:

I really don't think Clairia needs anybody's help to beat Eugene Dewey, Keeps. She's done it once before, she wants that FIST title back, and she hasn't just been put through the ringer by the Blood Diamonds either.

DDK:

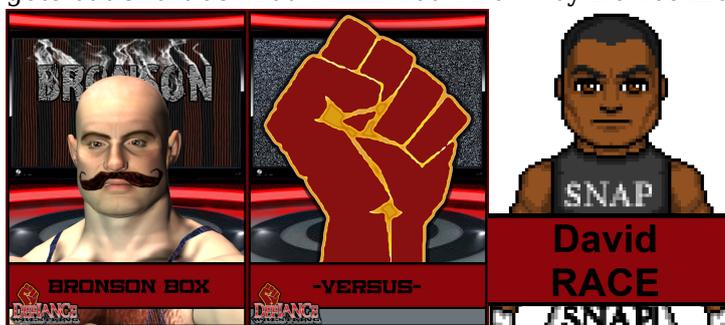
And speaking of ringers, we've got the meeting between Bronson Box and a Truly Untouchable coming up next!

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Bronson Box vs David Race

Angus: Here we go, who's it gunna' be, Keebs? **DDK:** Which Truly Untouchable will Bronson Box face for a shot at the World title? **Angus:** A shot at NEGOTIATIONS for a shot the World title. Get it right, Darren. [The announcers and audience all pause together and wait for the man in black.] [Nothing.] [No music. Bronson steps through the curtain microphone in hand and dressed for battle.] RAAAAAAHHHBBOOOOOOOOO!!! **Box:** I'm sorry, were you expecting song and dance? Costume, perhaps? [Bronson starts down the ramp and towards the ring.] **Box:** No. Tonight we focus on one thing, one task. No pretty lights. I left the robe backstage. You see... [The Wargod takes each steps slowly, deliberately.] **Box:** I don't want anything to distract Kai Scott from what's about to happen here tonight. [He steps through the ropes and takes his place, center ring.] **Box:** As I slaughter one of his little piggies. [Bronson drops the microphone with a thud, crouching down to wait for the Truly Untouchable of Kai Scott's choice.] **BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIIIIIIIIIILL YOU! BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIIIIIIIIIILL YOU! BOXERS GUNNA KIIIIIIIIIIIIILL YOU!** [The fan chant gets cut short as "You Think You Know" by Device kicks up over the DEFIANCE sound system.]



DDK: Kai Scott's hired gun, The Arms Collector. This young man David Race is one dangerous individual, not to be overlooked. [Bronson's mustache twitches with anticipation as Race steps cautiously between the top and second rope. Race quickly backs into the nearest corner, his eyes never leaving The Wargod.] **Angus:** Bronson isn't lookin' past anybody, Keebs. He's lookin' a hole right into Race's forehead. **DDK:** Buffalo Brian Slater calling for the opening bell... **DING! DING! DING!** **DDK:** And we're off! [Kai Scott's Hired Gun and The Original Defiant stand across the ring locked in a staredown. The tension in the arena builds and intensifies when the two begin to slowly circle around the ring, closing in on each other.] [Box feints a shoot in, Race however doesn't bite and shoots in hard on the Wargod with a power double. Box tries to defend, but Race digs in, lifting Box and slamming him with the takedown on his side.] [On the mat, Box attempts to escape to a standing position, but Race is having none of it as he stays in 'lock step' with him. Eventually Race ends up taking Boxer's back, grabbing a hammerlock to cranking on it.] [Box finally has enough of this and works his way back to his feet with Race still grinding on the hold. Once they're up, Box looks for a way to get up, eventually reversing out and trying to grab a hammerlock of his own, only for Race to drop down and send Box crashing face first with a drop toe hold.] [Race takes advantage as Box instinctively clutches at his already mangled face. Flattening Box out, he stretches out his arm and begins drilling it with a couple of knees drops and digging his knee into the shoulder on a third and final one.] [Reaching down, Race pulls up on Boxer's wrist and leans back with a step over armbar aided by Race's knee being ground against Boxer's shoulder. After a bit, Race drops down and tries to apply the Fujiwara armbar, but the momentary release of pressure on his arm gives Box just enough of an opportunity to pull away before Race could sink it in.] [Undeterred, Race continues to doggedly pursue Box, focusing on the Wargod's weakened limb. Pulling Box up to his feet, Race grabs the wrist, twists it with an arm wringer and then yanks down hard on it. Box grunts in pain before lashing out with

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sheer, blunt force, smacking Race upside the skull with a forearm.] [Race responds by yanking on the arm again, and again, Box clobbers him with a forearm. Race responds in kind and hits him with a forearm of his own. Box fires back with another forearm and Race lets go of the arm and grabs a headlock, but Box is having none of it and shoves Race off. Hitting the ropes, Race comes flying back with a clothesline that Box ducks.] [Hitting the ropes again, Race charges back at Box and this time, Box ducks under and hurls the Arm Collector up into the air with a back body drop. Timing his next move as Race scrambles up, Box charges towards the ropes, dropping low to shoot himself off of the middle rope and dives at Race just as he gets to his feet and turns him inside out.] **DDK:** PENDULUM... **Angus:** ...LLLLAAARRRRRIIIIIIIAAAATTTTTOOOOO!
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! [Box gets up to a roar of cheers, which he sneers disdainfully in response while trying to loosen up his damaged arm. Adjusting the face protector on his head, he stalks his prey into a corner and traps him there.] "Fuck 'em up, Boxer, fuck 'em up!" "Fuck 'em up, Boxer, fuck 'em up!" "Fuck 'em up, Boxer, fuck 'em up!"
Angus: Damn and here I was thinking Canadian's were the nicest people around. **DDK:** They usually are, partner, but this is DEFIANCE afterall. **Angus:** Or the booze is starting to kick in and this crowd is completely shit hammered. [Having become thoroughly annoyed with David Race, Box begins slapping him with big open handed blows upside the head. When Race tries to respond, Box drives a knee into his gut and chops him across the chest, lighting him up with a few more.]
KERACK! WOOOOO! KERACK! WOOOOO! KERACK! WOOOOO! [Race again tries to fight back, but Boxer's having none of this either, again driving a knee deep into his midsection. Growing increasingly agitated, Box begins bludgeoning Race with some serious European Uppercuts, each one rocking Race's head back.] **THHUUMMP! THHUUMMP! THHUUMMP! THHUUMMP!**
[Pulling him from the corner Box grabs him, rears back and smashes him in the face with a headbutt. Holding on, he rears back again and smashes him with another headbutt, and another...]
WHAACK! WHAACK! WHAACK! WHAACK! [Letting go, Box backs off, showing a trickle of blood coming from his still badly cut up forehead and blood splattered on his face mask. Race on the other hand collapses to a knee, his forehead and nose covered in both his and Box's blood. Box steps up, grabbing Race by the back of the head and begins dropping fists down on the cut in Race's forehead, opening it further and allowing the crimson to flow freely.] **DDK:** Brian Slater's seen enough and is trying to drag Box away from Race and... oh god. [Everyone gets a good look at Race's face.] **Angus:** THE CRIMSON MASK! DAVID RACE CAN HAZ IT! [Shining under the lights, the thick crimson layer of plasma that covers his face gleams with only the whites of his eyes peering through. Looking down he touches his face, feeling the cascade of blood on his features. Meanwhile Box and Slater are having a decidedly, one sided 'discussion' about Box's tactics and his lack of restraint and willingness to follow commands.] [Telling Slater to piss off and abandoning the referees admonishment, Box goes back to work. Standing over Race, Box toys with the man, slapping him upside his head as he verbally taunts him. Grabbing him by the neck with a front chancery, Box pulls Race up, but suddenly the bloody shooter comes to life when he traps Boxer's arms and takes him up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex and puts everything he's got into the bridging pin.] **DDK:** Was he playing possum the whole time Box was ranting at him? **Angus:** Cover! [ONE!] [TWO!] [THR-NO-KICKOUT!] [Box just barely escapes the pin and the two scramble, with Box getting up first and immediately attacking Race with clubbing forearms to the back as he stands over him. Race ignores this, getting to his feet and hooking Box before taking him up and over with a T-Bone Suplex. They scramble again and Box gets tossed with a second T-Bone.]
DDK: Race is a bloody mess, but he's got Box reeling! **Angus:** Here they go again, Keeps...
[Scrambling to their feet again, this time Race is the first one up and he swarms Box with a furious

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flurry of strikes that drives Box into the nearest corner. With Box trapped up in the corner, it's Race's turn to go to work and he does so with a series of left and right elbows to completely subdue Box, opening him up.] **KERACK! WOOOOO! KERACK! WOOOOO! KERACK! WOOOOO! KERACK! WOOOOO! KERACK! WOOOOO!** [Race grabs a wrist and whips Box across the ring, backs up against the turnbuckles and then rushes at full speed and then dives in for the big corner splash. As Race flies in Box explodes out of the corner and catches and slams him down with a hellacious one armed side slam.] **RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!**
DDK: Just when you think the man is reeling... **Angus:** Box just **DONKEY KONGED** David Race like he was nothing! [Diving on top of him for the cover, Slater drops down for the count.] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [THHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEE!!!] **RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!** [NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!] [KICKOUT!] **DDK:** How in the world do you survive that?
Angus: Especially when you're bleeding buckets like Race is. [Box tries to transition from a pinning position, but as he moves, Race instinctively shifts and latches on to the arm he had been attacking earlier with a Jujigatame armbar.] **Angus:** Jesus this kid's squirrely. **DDK:** Box caught in the deadly Jujigatame armbar! [Box howls in pain as he claws desperately at Race's grasp with his free hand.] **DDK:** Bronson is helplessly trapped here, partner! **Angus:** Not so fast, Darren! Look! [Bronson shifts his weight and squares his feet. He places his free hand firmly against Race's air tight grasp, grits his teeth and with one mighty effort...] **Angus:** HE'S NOT LETTIN' GO! **DDK:** Bronson has him up! Dear God what pure **STRENGTH** from The Wargod! **Angus:** Feast your eyes Kai Scott. "Scottish Strongman" 'aint no gimmick, believe me. [It's at this moment David Race experiences the unique sensation of his shoulders leaving the canvas with his armbar still cinched tight around the arm of his victim. Bronson hoists the Arms Dealer almost shoulder high before lunging forward and dropping him back first across the nearest top turnbuckle.] **Angus:** **MODIFIED BOMBASTO BOMB!** **DDK:** Amazing feat of unrivaled strength from The Original **DEFIANT!** **Angus:** Love him or hate him, Bronson Box is pound for pound the strongest motherfucker I've ever seen, Keeks. [As soon as Race's shoulders hit the mat Bronson is on him like an attack dog. After dropping several lightning quick knees across his face and chest The Wargod drops down to his knees and simply claws at the man's eyes. Viciously digging his fingertips as deep as he can into David Race's eye sockets.] **Angus:** This guy is goddamn unhinged. **DDK:** Don't let him fool you, partner. Bronson Box has picked up a trick or two from his tag team partner Ed White, he always has a plan... look! [As referee Brian Slater tries to pry Bronson off of David Race in the ring we see the big seven foot tall Blood Diamond enforcer Nicky Corozzo step over the guardrail. Referee Slater pulls Boxer free of Race's eye sockets. Slater does his best to back the bombastic brawler into the nearest corner, admonishing him for his ocular attack.] **DDK:** What is Corozzo up to here? **Angus:** He's grabbin' for Race! [Corozzo grabs Race by the arm and drags him halfway under the bottom rope and lights up the Arms Dealer with a series of vicious elbows across the head and neck. He stops and fishes through his pants pocket, producing a black leather flapjack. He raises it in the air with a grin for all the fans to see.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!** **DDK:** Oh come on, not like this! **Angus:** Only the Blood Diamonds could out heel The Truly Untouchables like this. **DDK:** Consider this the first volley in that war, partner... [Nicky drops the blackjack across Race's forehead with a sickening thud. Blood visibly splatters underneath the blunt force trauma of the simple mob weapon. The shocking pain causes Race to roll back under the rope with his hands covering the gusher in the middle of his forehead... blindly, right into the waiting grasp of The Wargod.] [Miraculously, Slater misses that entire exchange. The ref turning around just in time to witness Box tucking Race's head setting up...] **Angus:** OH SHIT! **DDK:** **PACKAGE PILEDRIIVER ON DAVID RACE!** [Bronson bounces Race's head off the mat and visibly compresses

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his neck as the top of his skull makes contact with the unforgiving canvas. Boxer wastes no time with the rollup.] **Angus:** He's goin' for it, Keebler! [Ref slides into first.] 1... 2... 3... [Brian Slater calls for the bell.] DING DING DING! **DDK:** Consider Bronson Box's first hurdle lept, partner. **Angus:** Kai's going to be so piiiiiiiiiiiiiiissed.

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Even Nerds Like Hookers 'n' Blow

[Backstage.]

[Catering.]

[With their Trios title belts set aside at the other end of the table, Sam Horry, Ryan Matthews, and Ty Walker, otherwise known as Hookers n' Blow, sit huddled around a piece of paper that Walker quickly scribbles on.]

Ty Walker:

That's the safety. We don't want the PieMaster MegaBlaster 3000 goin' on in our faces, do we?

[You know, adding MegaBlaster 3000 onto the end of anything makes it instantly cooler.]

Sam Horry:

Man's got a point.

Ryan Matthews:

So then what about this part? What's that?

[Matthews points to one area of the sheet filled with lines and a big mess of squiggles.]

Ty Walker:

That's us.

Ryan Matthews:

Is it?

[Matthews tilts his head to look at the picture from a different perspective, but it doesn't help. He probably figures that it's unimportant though and dismisses his confusion with a shrug.]

Pinis:

Lisa Loeh.

[The trios champs look up from their paper and make room around the table for their... mascot type person and his huge plate of wings.]

Ty Walker:

Thanks, Pinis. It does look good, don't it?

[Pinis grabs a wing and bites into it as HNB return to the paper.]

Sam Horry:

Wait, if that's us...

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[This time Sam turns his head to get a different look at the drawing.]

Sam Horry:

Is that what I think it is?

[Ty laughs.]

Ty Walker:

You've seen me in the showers.

[Shaking his head Sam leans back in his seat and folds his arms. At that moment another weedy kid joins the scene. He places a hand on Ty's shoulder and leans over him to get a better look at the paper.]

Wayne Dewey:

You guys know that'll never work, right?

[Ty looks up at the new arrival and raises his eyebrows.]

Ty Walker:

What?

Wayne Dewey:

This contraption. It'll never work. The ballast is too light, and there's nothing to stop the pies from falling off here, here and here. Unless that's what you're going for of course... a mess of cream and crust around the bottom of the machine...

Ty Walker:

You know about this shit?

[Wayne makes his way around the group and grabs a chair from the neighboring table. He spins it around and sits on it 'AC Slater' style.]

Wayne Dewey:

Well yeah. I mean, I'm not exactly a master engineer, but I know my way around a blue print. Of course, that's not my only skill, and that's kind of the reason I wanted to talk to you guys.

Pinis:

Edward White!

Wayne Dewey:

What? No, Wayne. Wayne Dewey.

[Pinis snarls back at Wayne.]

Sam Horry:

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Easy Pinis, maybe he's not full of shit...

[Clearly Wayne is uncomfortable with the presence of the wing munching Pinis, but he soldiers on regardless.]

Wayne Dewey:

I wanted to talk to you guys about a business opportunity. One that you'd be fools to pass up.

[The three members of HNB share uncertain looks as Wayne continues.]

Wayne Dewey:

I'm sure you guys are all familiar with my most famous former client, Eugene Dewey. The man that I brought into DEFIANCE and sculpted into the new FIST of DEFIANCE.

[HNB nod, but they all wear slightly confused looks.]

Ryan Matthews:

I know Eugene, but I didn't know you were the one that trained him...

Pinis:

Bronson Box!

Wayne Dewey:

Oh yeah, I trained him, I managed him, I guided him, I advised him... I did everything for him. Now, if I can take a fat, nerdy kid from his mom's basement and turn him into a champion, just imagine what we could do together.

[Wayne stands up from his chair and picks up one of the Trios titles belts.]

Wayne Dewey:

Today you're Trios champions. Tomorrow you're Hall of Famers. Living legends. Gods among men.

Ty Walker: [confused]

But, I'm already a Hall of Famer... The NWA and WWA sent me plaques and everything?

Wayne Dewey:

Yes, but I mean a DEFIANCE Hall of Famer.

Ty Walker: [his eyes brighten]

Ooooh right, right... and that's better, yeah?

Wayne Dewey:

Absolutely!

Sam Horry:

DEFIANCE doesn't have a hall of fame though...

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[Ty sulks for a moment and then shrugs, Dewey waves off Sam's concerns with a smile.]

Wayne Dewey:

They'll create one just for you guys. They'll have to! They'll need something to forever immortalize the phenomenon that will be Hookers n' Blow... and I can get you there.

[After a few seconds of silence Wayne finally breaks the uncomfortableness.]

Wayne Dewey:

So? What do you say?

Pinis:

Bronson Box!

[Pinis jumps up from his chair and lunges across the table. Wayne takes a step back, but not before getting chicken grease all over his cheap suit.]

Ty Walker:

I think Pinis has spoken for us, Wayne. We don't want or need your 'help'.

[Pinis tries to grab at Wayne, forcing him to back away with every swipe.]

Wayne Dewey:

You guys are making a huge mistake!

[Before Pinis finally runs off Wayne the Trios champions look at each other, and then back to the retreating rat.]

Ty Walker:

You know what? I think we'll be fine.

[Cut to commentary.]

Angus:

What exactly the fuck is that thing they call Pinis supposed to even be? Don't answer me Keeps, question was rhetorical.

DDK:

Alright, no answer for you, but we've got something else going down - something about an unexpected return? Don't go away, fans!

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When Heroes can't help you, turn to Villains

[Somewhere in the hallways, a man is walking. He's not unfamiliar to the Defiance Universe, but he's still pretty easily recognizable, what with the Hawaiian shirt, tousled hair and goatee. He's Jack "The Ripper" Cassidy, and he hasn't been seen since the end of the regular season of Def 2.0.]

V.O. Troy Matthews:

Jack?

[Fresh off an on-screen re-invention and hellacious brawl with Eddie Dante in Germany, Troy Matthews, decked in red clothing to match his hair, bolts on-screen, eyebrows raised in shock.]

Troy Matthews:

Jesus, Jack, where the hell have you been? It's been months!

[Jack, for some reason, doesn't look particularly happy to see his friend. He scratches the back of his neck.]

Jack Cassidy:

I've been... thinking, I guess.

Troy Matthews:

I know all about that... guess it's pretty obvious with the change of colors, huh?

Jack Cassidy:

Yeah. It's um... I'm sorry man, I didn't think Ryan would pull shit like this. But I... I kinda didn't really come here about that to be honest.

[Troy Matthews looks surprised, and maybe a little hurt.]

Troy:

Then what for?

Jack Cassidy:

Actually... can you tell me where I could find Bronson Box?

[Troy Matthews only stares.]

Troy:

B... Bronson Box? What do you want with *him*, Jack?

V.O. Bronson Box:

Indeed. What *do* ye want with me, boyo?

[Still in his wrestling gear, still visibly tired and sweaty from his match with David Race, Box still manages to intimidate.]

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[Jack looks Box in the face. Box probably outweighs him by 40 pounds or so, but they're about the same height.]

Jack Cassidy:

I want you to teach me how to not suck at wrestling.

[Box's leer slowly straightens out. He turns, cocks an eyebrow at Troy Matthews.]

Bronson Box:

I don't think this be any of yer concern, boy. Run along.

[With a couple baleful glances over his shoulder, Matthews does.]

Bronson Box:

Now that we've our privacy, I've a question for ye, maybe more. First of all...

[With a snarl, Box leans in close.]

Bronson Box:

What on earth makes ye think that I'd waste my time on a coward like yerself? Ye didn't have the guts to stand up to me when I told ye to leave Defiance so I'd make the playoffs.

Jack Cassidy:

You've always said you were a visionary, that you were the only one that actually had it all figured out, you even opened your wrestling school. But your Conclave students were green and didn't win their match. I may be an underachiever, but I'm not green. If listening to you gets my career back on track, you haven't just backed up what you've been saying all along, you get to show up both Eric Dane and Kai Scott too.

Bronson Box:

Oh really? How does my helping you show either of them up?

Jack Cassidy:

Because Dane loves his home grown talent, and because Scott's got this whole thing of rehabilitating never-wases like my ex-girlfriend and Jonny Booya.

Bronson Box:

Hmm...

[The hostility factor is reduced slightly.]

Bronson Box:

Right, next question. Yer one of Cito's kids. Why turn to me?

[Jack sighs.]

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Jack Cassidy:

Because professional wrestling fucking sucks.

[Jack pauses. Box raises both his eyebrows, but doesn't interrupt, and after a bit Jack continues.]

Jack Cassidy:

I started wrestling in the year 2004, and I tried to fight the good fight ever since. I stuck with a fed in Canada called Lion's Road for a year after the promoter made it clear he didn't want me holding his top belt. Here in Defiance I just kept hoping that Troy Matthews and I'd get on the same page, and saying 'that's alright' every time someone wanted me to step aside, and look where it's gotten me - begging you to help me, and you've been wrestling half as long as I have.

Bronson Box:

I've been training to fight years longer than that, and don't ye forget it.

Jack Cassidy:

I wasn't done. I left when you threatened me because I knew Eric Dane wanted...

Bronson Box:

Stop right there.

[Jack does.]

Bronson Box:

You left because you were a coward and afraid to fight for the spot that you earned, fair and square. Don't EVER let me hear you give any other reason for you leaving. Now, continue.

Jack Cassidy:

Well, I sat at home, and I watched you get to be Mr. Defiance. I watched Heidi Christenson lose her mind and start trying to kill Tom Sawyer and revitalize her career. I watched Diane Parker, who spent years doing just like I did fighting the good fight and being reasonable, accomplish precisely dick - right up until she started flogging people with kendo sticks, screaming her head off and setting up backstage ambushes. So I finally realized that professional wrestling is bullshit, there's no reason to be good, and if I'm ever going to be anything I need to learn how to make shit happen for me. Which is the one thing Cito never taught me.

Bronson Box:

I've a little more respect for Conarri than most simply because he takes the actual wrestling so seriously, but he's a boyscout and a spiritual weakling.

Jack Cassidy:

But everybody listens to everything you say. And that's why I'm asking you for help.

[Box smiles.]

Bronson Box:

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Wait until after the show. We'll speak more then.

[There's nothing left to see here.]

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Dusty Griffith vs Mike Bell

Angus:

What is this I don't even. Did Jack Cassidy just do something that I could possibly respect him for?

DDK:

It's disappointing, Angus - Cassidy has always had the talent, he just never seems to apply himself for longer than a match at a time. But if Bronson Box can light a fire under him, and then presumably Cassidy aligns with the Blood Diamonds, that could really influence the power balance between the T-UTs and the BDs!

Angus:

Wow.

DDK:

It's been a heck of a show, partner.

Angus:

DEFIANCE gon' DEFIANCE, rocking a homecoming harder than Eugene's mom on her second trip through sophomore year.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

It's what I said, isn't it?

DDK:

Anyway, we still have Eugene Dewey making his first defense of the FIST of DEFIANCE in tonight's main event, but first, Dusty Griffith takes on his idol, the returning legend, Mike Bell!

Angus:

Yay, happy happy heroes, blargh... Take it away DEE QUE!



[The Voice of DEFIANCE steps to the center of the ring as the lights dim and the familiar drum beat that opens KISS' "I Love It Loud" begins to play with the packed house stomping their feet in unison to the beat.]

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Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... Hailing from BOISE, IDAHO... He stands at a height of SIX feet, FOUR inches tall and weighs in at TWO HUNDRED and NINETY pounds... This is the WILD BRONCO... DUUUSSTTTY GRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFIFITH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[The voice of Gene Simmons calls forth the Bad Man from Boise as the heavy guitar riffs begin to rip through the airwaves, followed by Dusty Griffith who bursts out from behind the curtains and charges down the aisle at a steady jog.]

♪ Stand up, you don't have to be afraid ♪
♪ Get down, love is like a hurricane ♪
♪ Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it ♪

[Reaching ringside, Dusty dives in under the bottom rope and is quickly up on to his feet where he runs himself off the ropes three, four, five times before coming to a bouncing stop in the center of the ring where he turns in a full circle, taking in the view of the entire arena as the lights come up.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪
♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪
♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president ♪

[Completing his turn, Dusty makes for the nearest corner, climbing it and throwing his fists high up into the air as he mugs it up for the cheering crowd. After a moment, he drops down from the ropes and awaits for the arrival of his opponent.]

♪ Cuz I love it ♪
♪ Loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes ♪
♪ Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise ♪

[The music fades and Quimbey takes the floor once again. In this brief moment as he waits, Griffith does his best to suppress a smile, but his anticipation for this match, with this opponent is clearly showing through.]

[The lights dim as a low humming sound is heard and a very chilling breeze totally engulfs the arena. As the humming continues, fog begins to roll in which engulfs the entire entrance stage. As it continues to accumulate on the entrance stage, it gets so thick that you can cut it with a knife.]

[Not as loud as the humming sound but you can hear what sounds to be thunder off in a distance accompanied by a voice.]

Voice Over:

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Angus:

Yeah, yeah, I'm just surprised Mayberry isn't drooling like an idiot.

DDK:

The man has one moment where he...

Angus:

...acted like a tween getting backstage to meet Justin Bieber.

DDK:

Ahem, one moment where he was caught off guard and he's branded for life, huh?

Angus:

You know it, Keeps. Besides, it was kind of embarrassing, he's a grown ass man.

DDK:

Whatever you say, Angus.

DING! DING! DING!

[Calling for the bell, Referee Mark Shields takes to the center of the ring as he looks to the corners where Griffith and Bell stand. The tension in the arena rises as Bell and Griffith stare back across the ring, their eyes locked on to each other with a mix of anticipation and determination burning behind their eyes.]

DDK:

Here we go, a battle of generations if there ever was one.

Angus:

The last time Mayberry was spoiling for a fight, he whooped ol' Don Hollywood like a rented step mule. This could be fun, Keeps.

DDK:

I don't mean to throw Don under the bus...

Angus:

Hold on, lemme back it up for you... HEERRN! HEERRN! Meep, Meep, Meep, Meep...

DDK: [sighs]

...Nevermind.

[The two slowly move from their corners, circling around the ring as they closed the distance between them and meeting in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow tie up.]

DDK:

Pushing and pulling, who has the advantage?

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Angus:

The big guy.

DDK:

Care to be more specific.

Angus:

The big... er, guy?

DDK:

Thrilling analysis, partner.

Angus:

It's what I'm here for.

[They push and pull back and forth until Dusty digs in, halting Bell's ability to shove him back and starts muscling up some momentum, pushing Bell back up against the ropes.]

Angus:

Light 'em up, Mayberry!

[Mark Shields steps in, asking Griffith for a clean break. After a moment the two untangle their arms and Dusty slowly rears up, putting his hands up as he backs off, letting Bell off the ropes. Once Bell clears the ropes, he gives Dusty a nod of approval.]

Angus:

C'mon!

DDK:

Did you really expect something different out of Griffith?

Angus:

No, but it'd be cool if he pulled a swerve on us and just whacked the guy.

[Bell follows Griffith, who has a hand up as he waggled his fingers "welcoming" him to the center of the ring where they clashed again, locking up with a collar and elbow. Immediately Dusty tries to muscle Bell around again.]

DDK:

Dusty using that country boy strength to shove the Natural around.

Angus: [fake snore]

Wake me up when he starts suplexing the old man back into retirement.

[The taller, savvier veteran lets Dusty push and pull himself into giving up the momentum when Bell spins him around and traps him in the corner. Shields gets in there and calls for the break, which

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Bell obliges and mimics Griffith's "welcoming" taunt as he now backed off to the center of the ring, once again giving a nod of approval.]

DDK:

A little bit of one upmanship here between these two.

Angus:

A little taunting never hurt anybody and you got to think Natch knows how to play them head games.

[Griffith looks back at Bell, offering an amused smirk as he took up Bell's offer and locked up him with the Natural for a third time. This time there was no fun and games or feeling out with the ice broken, the two pushed, pulled and shoved against each other, moving themselves around like a violent mass of muscle that Mark Shields had to dive out of the way of in order to avoid being bowled over.]

Angus:

Alright, this is about to get started for real, Keebs.

DDK:

Looks that way, partner, the time for seeing what the other guy has is over.

[Bell breaks the tie up and takes a headlock and tries to flip him over with it, but Griffith is having none of that, using his strength to simply stop Bell from completing the takedown. Griffith grabs a waistlock and tries to throw Bell with a backdrop, but Bell cranks down on the headlock after he ties a leg back around one of Griffith's knees to block the suplex and then takes him over with the hiptoss where he grinds on the headlock.]

DDK:

Bell showing his savviness.

Angus:

I thought this was gonna get good, what is this headlock nonsense?!

[Dusty is quick to work his way back to his feet while the Natural still holds the headlock. Bell switches gears with a go behind. Griffith responds countering Bell's attempt to reestablish the headlock, pushes off and takes a waistlock from behind and lifts Bell up, twists and takes him down. On the mat, Dusty switches position and grabs another waistlock and lugs Bell up with sheer strength and takes him over with a gutwrench suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a throw by Griffith!

Angus:

Mayberry just shot himself up with horse roids and tossed Natch like it was nothing.

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DDK:

And Bell still runs a good 250 plus.

[Bell rolled to his knees and backed away as he bent an arm behind him to rub his lower back while never letting his focus sway from a now standing Griffith who opts to stand at the ready, showing his boosting confidence as he calmly snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Angus:

Look at Ol' Natch, Keeps, he's got that "what the hell" just happened look all over his face.

DDK:

And Dusty's certainly not lost in his fandom for Bell anymore.

[Bell rises up as Griffith closes in and starts dropping come clubbing forearms down on his back and shoulders. Getting to his feet, Bell grabs an arm, wrings it and then pulls Dusty in for a short arm clothesline that doesn't knock the Wild Bronco down. Still gripping Griffith's wrist, Bell pulls him back in and ties Dusty up with an abdominal stretch, but gets tossed off before he can really get it sunk in.]

Angus:

Shucked ol' Natch off him like he was nothing, again.

DDK:

And Griffith isn't looking to let up.

[Bell catches Griffith coming, throwing elbows into his side before grabbing a leg, bending it as he grabs a waistlock and with a lift, drops him with an atomic drop style leg breaker, which gets Dusty to grunt in pain as he drops and clutches his knee.]

Angus:

Ask and ye shall receive, Keeps.

DDK:

The great equalizer to strength and power, cut his legs out from under him.

[Keeping a grip on Dusty's foot, Bell drives a his knee into the back of Griffith's leg multiple times until he goes for the step over toe hold, which gets Griffith to holler from the pain. Bell goes around a few times until Dusty reaches up and pulls him down into a small package.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE...]

[...NO!!!! KICKOUT!!!!!!]

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DDK:

What a close fall!

[Bell is up quick, followed by Griffith who comes up with a limp. Bell sizes Griffith up and then slams him down with a Samoan drop. Bell is up quickly again and goes right back to work, twisting Dusty's legs up with an Indian Deathlock.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, Natch is like a shark when he gets going.

DDK:

He's definitely keeping a relentless focus on Griffith's leg.

[Mark Shields lolly gags around, occasionally asking Dusty if he's had enough, getting a resounding "NO!" everytime. Before long, Griffith started digging in, scratching, clawing, and pulling himself towards the ropes.]

DDK:

Griffith's almost there...

Angus:

If Mayberry wasn't such a tough bastard, this one'd probably be over by now.

[Inch by inch, Dusty reaches and finally gets a hold of the bottom rope. Seeing this, Bell releases the hold with the assistance of referee Mark Shields to untangle his legs from Griffith's. Getting up, Bell reaches down and drags Griffith back to the center of the ring.]

DDK:

He's going for the NATURAL LOCK!

Angus:

This one's over if he gets this thing, Keeps!

[Sensing the danger he's in, Dusty instantly went into panic mode and fought his way out of the predicament before Bell could get the hold. Bell, relentless tried to keep Dusty from getting away, but eventually got kicked off again. Scrambling, Dusty getting up in spite of the growing soreness in his leg at the same time as Bell got back up. The look on Dusty's face was a mix of pain and equal parts frustration.]

Angus:

Ruh roh, Keeps, look...

DDK:

Dusty's starting to get hot.

Angus:

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Hot? If Ol' Natch isn't careful, Mayberry's about to Hulk Up!

[Dusty attempts to charge at Bell, but gets taken down with a drop toe hold. Bell, following up lifts Griffith and then takes him over with a big German suplex. Griffith rolls with the impact ending up on his feet, throwing his head back to get the hair out of his face, there's a clear fire in his eyes.]

DDK:

Ooh boy...

Angus:

Here we go...

[Getting up and unaware of what's waiting for him and when he turns, Bell is met by Griffith who grabs him and tosses him up and over with a huge belly to belly suplex. Bell instantly recoils in pain on the impact, but is back on his feet and so is Griffith, who grabs Bell again and tosses Bell with another overhead belly to belly suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dusty's got the adrenaline flowing now, partner!

Angus:

And Natch's got a pissed off gorilla on his ass.

[Feeling the emotion, Dusty is up and stomping around, mugging it up a bit while feeling the surge of momentum swinging in his favor. By this time, Bell had recovered enough to get himself back up, which brought Griffith back around who helped pull him up to his feet. Suddenly, Bell rears up and clobbers Dusty with a forearm and Dusty responds in kind with an elbow shot of his own. Bell swings again, Dusty ducks letting Bell spin himself around and then took him down with a huge backdrop suplex.]

DDK:

Dusty with the cover...

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[KICKOUT!]

[Griffith pulls Bell up and drives him into the nearest corner with his shoulder in the Natural's midsection. Putting a mitt under Bell's chin, he pushes his head back and then lights him up.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

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[Bell's face contorts in pain, but just when the sting is about to subside.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Bell can be seen mouthing the words "damn it" after the first couple of blows.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[The echo from each impact fills the arena, Bell's right leg lifts ever so slightly with every shot.]

DDK:

The Natural's chest is already turning beet red from those chops.

Angus:

I'll tell you what, Keeps, Mayberry's chops might not be on par with Roger Stevens, but then again who is?

DDK:

Not many, but certainly Griffith's have to be in the neighborhood.

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Dusty pulls back again and gets smashed with an elbow shot from Bell.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Bell with another elbow.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[And another.]

[And one more time backs Griffith off.]

DDK:

Bell's got Dusty reeling, landing those elbows flush against his face.

Angus:

Eh, Mayberry's got an ugly mug anyways, it might be improvement.

[Bell grabs Dusty and puts him in the corner, then pulls his hand back.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

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[The stinging blow to the chest shakes Dusty of the cloudiness after getting bludgeoned with the elbows.]

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

Angus:

Natch's got some nifty chops in his own right.

DDK:

And it's Griffith's turn to have chest turned red.

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

KERRRRRRRRRACK!

[Bell grabs a wrist and tries to whip Dusty across the ring, but Griffith reverses and tries to whip Bell, instead Bell reverses only for Dusty to counter, pulling Bell in and taking him up and drilling him down with a Sambo Suplex.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

NO! BELL GOT THE FOOT ON THE ROPE!

[Indeed. Referee Mark Shields pulls up on the count at the last possible instance when he sees Bell's move of desperation to get a foot on the bottom rope.]

OOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Angus:

How Natch had the sense to realize he was that close to the ropes is beyond me, Keeps!

[Dusty looks to Shields, whose only response is to point at Bell's foot. Griffith sighs heavily as his head droops and takes in a few deep breaths. Grabbing a fistful of Bell's hair, Griffith throws his head back and rises up with Bell in tow before pulling him into the center of the ring.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps, someones going for the wild ride.

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[Stuffing Bell's head between his legs, Dusty brings his hands together and motions for the Atomic Powerbomb.]

DDK:

And nobody has been able to survive it yet, is the Natural any different?

[Bending down, Griffith locks his hands and pulls up, but now it's Bell's turn to sense the danger he's in, causing him to struggle against Dusty's attempt.]

DDK:

Fighting for his very life in this match.

[Dusty tries again, but Bell continues to resist, until Dusty gives up the move to drop a double axe handle smash across Bell's back, causing his knees to buckle, which in turn gives Dusty the opening to try yet again.]

Angus:

That might have done it, how that big ol' double axe didn't drop Natch is crazy.

[Locking his hands Dusty jerks up and whips Bell up, who had brought his hands up trying to break Griffith's grip. Upon reaching the apex of the lift, Bell somehow manages to break Griffith's grip and then brought his hands forward to push off of Dusty's head and "pop" himself up and over.]

Angus:

How in the HALE did he do that?!

DDK:

Bell might not be as familiar with Dusty as Dusty is with him, but you can never say the Natural isn't one of the smartest and most resourceful vets to ever lace up a pair of boots.

[The sudden escape surprises both, Griffith almost unsure of what happened and Bell having the look of knowing he caught a break there. The surprise only catches them for a brief moment before both spin around, ready to engage, but when they see that the man across from them is ready they both hold up.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The two back up a bit, soaking in the cheers as they gather their senses when suddenly.]

DDK:

Come on, what are they doing here!?

[Edward White, accompanied by his new associate, Alceo Dentari and the Blood Diamonds Head of Security, Nicky Corozzo. The three saunter down the ramp towards the ring, instantly getting jeered for their very appearance.]

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BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Maybe they just want a closer look at the action of this faaaannntastic matchup we've got going on here, Keeps.

DDK:

Really?

[Bell and Griffith turn their attention to the ramp, immediately shifting gears from being opponents to being allies.]

Angus:

No, not really. I'm calling a clusterfuck in three... two...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With their attention diverted they didn't notice Tony Two Hands and Big Vinny rushing the ring from the crowd behind them. Jumping in the ring, Tony and Vinny blitz the unaware Natural and Wild Bronco.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

...one.

[White laughs as Tony and Vinny begin their beatdown of Bell and Griffith, Dentari shouts out commands and Corozzo stands silently and emotionlessly as he takes in the view before him. In the ring, Mark Shields shrugs, rolls his eyes and motions to Quimbey, who rings the bell thus throwing the match out as a no contest.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Damn these guys.

Angus:

Take it personal, much?

DDK:

This was shaping up to be a hell of a match, partner.

Angus:

And now it's turning into a pretty sweet beatdown of Mayberry and the Natch. Maybe Dusty should stop poking the bear called the Blood Diamonds, because I see more of this in his future, Keeps.

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[On one side of the ring, Tony has got Bell down the ground and is savagely pummeling him with kicks and stomps. Bell tries to ward off the attack, but it is only of token resistance as Tony has the obvious advantage and is taking the opportunity to literally pound him through the mat.]

DDK:

Can we get some help out here?

Angus:

What for? It's two on two. What more do you want? Besides, the action has picked up and isn't nearly as boring. That has to count for something.

[On the other side, Vinny has Griffith trapped in the corner with his back to him as he continuously squashes him between his girth and the turnbuckles. On the outside, White's laughing has ceased, but a rather amused look is etched upon his face as he observes the action in the ring.]

DDK:

If you say so, Angus.

Angus:

I believe I just did, Keebs.

[As Tony continues the beatdown, Bell starts trying to get back to his feet. However, with every stomp, Bell finds himself flat on his back, taking more punishment. It isn't until Tony slips that Bell is able to get positioned with his back against the bottom turnbuckle, but not fully able to regain his footing. Just then Tony grabs Bell by the throat and pulls him up to a vertical base, preparing to unleash a new kind of hell on the Natural. With a full windup, Tony throws a series of rights and lefts into Bell's face, his head snapping back with every blow.]

Angus:

Tony getting himself some more of the Natch, you'd think he had something against the guy, eh?

DDK:

Heh, well he did specifically call Bell out and it didn't go quite so well for him as he would have liked.

Angus:

Right and now he's showing the big Texan what Noo Yawks all about.

[Meanwhile, Vinny turns around and clobbers with fists across his back and neck before pushing him up while gripping one of his big ham hocks around his throat. Standing in close, Vinny tries to put as much pressure down on Dusty's neck, causing him to flail and gasp as he chokes. After a bit, Vinny lets up and pushes Dusty back to expose his chest before raising up his other big, frying pan sized hand and then bringing it slapping down on Dusty's chest. Vinny continues with this several times, each time causing Dusty to recoil with his limbs flailing with every impact Vinny makes on his chest.]

DDK:

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Something tells me Sam and Frank have been kept from getting out here, there's no way either of them would stand for this.

Angus:

Or maybe they're swerving us?

DDK:

Highly unlikely. Sam's got too big of a heart to ever do that and Frank hates the Diamonds as much as anyone in DEFIANCE.

[On the outside, White leans in and says something to Dentari, who then relays new orders to his soldiers in the ring. Tony picks up on what Alceo says first and then calls back to his partner Vinny, who turns his head and nods. In unison, Tony and Vinny whip Bell and Griffith across the ring at each other, but out instinct they manage to dodge each other and then rush into the corners with Dusty crashing into Tony with an Avalanche Splash and Bell smashing into Vinny with a flying knee that connects with the big man's chest.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Edward White is not amused anymore.]

Angus:

Money Bags isn't seeing the comedy in all of this anymore, Keeps.

DDK:

Yet somehow, I'm finding this be absolutely hysterical.

[Having caught Vinny and Tony off guard so suddenly, Griffith and Bell turn and nod to each other before digging down deep, especially in Bell's case, as they put everything they have into whipping Tony and Vinny across the ring. Laying out, both Griffith and Bell put as much spring behind it as possible, causing the two Gorillaz of the LBC to crash in the center of the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Edward White is now beside himself.]

Angus:

Aaaaaahahahahahaha!

DDK:

What is that you would say here?

Angus:

Swerve?

DDK:

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Yes, that.

[Upon impact, Vinny merely comes to a halt as Tony bounces back off of the girth of his partner in crime, right into a waiting Natural. Stumbling around a bit, Tony gets taken down with a chop block from Bell. Vinny on the other hand gets clobbered by Griffith with left and right elbows until he gets pushed back against the ropes. Dusty hits with a couple more elbows and then sends himself bouncing off the ropes and upon his return, he crashes into Vinny with a clothesline that topples the enormous Italian over the top rope. Dusty turns his attention to the ramp while Bell sees his opening. With Tony now face down on the matt he ties Tony's legs up and crouches before bridging back to grab a chinlock.]

DDK:

THE NATURAL LOCK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And he's going for broke with it!

[Instantly Tony begins kicking and flailing and howling from the pain as Bell sinks the legendary submission hold in and cranks up on the chinlock. Dusty stands guard, prepared for a sudden rush from White, Dentari, Corozzo or Big Vinny. After a few more moments he moves over to Bell and says something which gets the legend to ease up on the hold. Once broken and their legs untangled, Big Vinny who had made his way to the other side of the ring, reached in and grabbed whatever he could of Tony and managed to pull him out to safety.]

DDK:

Edward White is beside himself.

Angus:

That's what happens when you hold something back against guys like Mayberry and the Natch, Keeps.

[Dusty walks over to the ropes and calls for the mic, Darren Quimbey produces his, walks over and stretches his arm out to hand it off to Griffith. Making sure it's on, Dusty pats it to make sure it's in fact operational as he paces around, always keeping an eye on the five men from the Diamonds and LBC. With Mike Bell at his side, Dusty approaches the side of the ring near the ramp where Edward and his associates have gathered together. He glares directly at White.]

Dusty:

I'm in no mood for talking, in fact, all I been wanting to do is fight... and since you won't let me fight this man [patting Bell on the shoulder], then I want to fight you.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dusty:

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So I'm going to make this real simple for you, Ed. I'm tired of your games, tired of you hiding behind your goons and letting them fight for you.

[He walks right up the ropes, resting his free hand on the top rope as he leans on it.]

Dusty:

We got Grindhouse Canada in a few weeks and I'm going to do whatever needs to be done to get you one on one on that night, but I sure as **hell** ain't waiting that long to get my hands on your billion dollar neck.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dusty:

And Since you don't want me and Mike here to put on a show for these people...

I'm calling your ass out!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dusty:

Next week, me and the Natural versus you and any man you got on the payroll.

[Edward White seethes as I Love It Loud begins to play. Dusty drops the mic and he and Bell stare down the collection of DEFIANCE super villains as the head back up the ramp, with Nicky Corozzo having to visibly pull White back in his enraged state.]

Angus:

Ol' Money Bags is gonna pop a blood vessel in his head if he doesn't calm down, Keebs!

DDK:

He's certainly been painted in a corner with that challenge after watching his crew fail to deliver the message he wanted Dusty to receive.

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Philosophical Paperwork

[Troy Matthews is seen backstage, pacing around with his head still reeling from seeing his best friend and former tag team partner Jack Cassidy seemingly aligning himself with Bronson Box. He's so deep in thought that he almost jumps when the familiar baritone of Eddie Dante breaks the silence.]

v.o. Eddie Dante:

Awwww, is widdle Twoy so sad that his best fwend doesn't wanna pway wid him?

[Troy snaps glances everywhere he possibly can, until he finally looks behind him and locks eyes with Eddie, dressed to the nines as always.]

Troy Matthews:

WHAT TH-- EDDIE?!

[Troy's look of shock fades away as he looks down at Eddie's legs and sees a familiar cane at his side.]

Troy Matthews:

Hmmp... so how does it feel actually having to USE that thing for a change?

[Troy and Eddie had a hellacious brawl in Germany that saw Troy slam a refrigerator door on Eddie's knee, and then his head, repeatedly. Eddie visibly winces, though whether it is from reminiscing about that night, or a sudden flare-up now, is unknown.]

Eddie Dante:

You jest, Troy, but this is far from over. I've actually come to discuss a pressing matter that involves the Philosopher Kings.

[Troy raises an eyebrow and stares in surprise.]

Troy Matthews:

What? The Philosopher Kings are broken up. You saw to it.

Eddie Dante:

Maybe in your eyes, Troy, but I'm sure you remember when we first came to DEFIANCE, that THIS...

[Eddie uses his free hand to pull out a neatly folded stack of several pieces of paper from his suit pocket, and presents them to Troy.]

Eddie Dante:

...was part of the reason you weren't outright banned from this company.

Troy Matthews:

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The contract...

Eddie Dante:

Correct. The contract that stipulates that Troy Matthews, Eddie Dante, and Mushigihara are a collective trios tag team, first and foremost.

[The shuffling noise of papers is audible as Eddie unfolds the contract.]

Eddie Dante:

Now, take a look at the highlighted lines.

[Troy grabs the papers from Eddie's hand and mumbles aloud, reading the contract.]

Troy Matthews:

Mumblemumblemumblemumble... on any occasion where the team were separated by way of termination or injury, the rights to the Troy Matthews name, likeness, and all other assorted intellectual properties... revert to...

[Shock etched on his face, Troy snaps his head up. Eddie, on the other hand, is grinning like the cat that ate the canary.]

Eddie Dante:

...me.

[Eddie takes the papers back, not once breaking his smile or gaze.]

Eddie Dante:

You see, Troy, technically, the Kings are still a unit, and you're still a part of it. It's just the matter of separating you from the team.

Troy Matthews:

What, you want to get me out of DEFIANCE so you can use my act on someone else?

Eddie Dante:

PRECISELY, Troy. But the problem is, you seem to have become rejuvenated with this...

[Eddie gives Troy the once-over, wincing at Troy's new red color scheme.]

Eddie Dante:

..."change," and now it seems like people are talking about you again.

[Eddie shrugs.]

Eddie Dante:

Which is why I've come to make a proposition to you.

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Troy Matthews:

And what's that?

Eddie Dante:

The conclusion of this Canadian tour. You versus Mushigihara. If you make it out of the match in any condition to wrestle, you will be released from this contract and free to blaze your own career in DEFIANCE Wrestling, on your own terms. This contract will be voided, and we will go our separate ways.

[Troy nods silently.]

Troy Matthews:

Right... and if I lose?

Eddie Dante:

Who said anything about winning or losing?

[A grin crosses the Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare's lips.]

Eddie Dante:

Mushigihara and I have made clear that our mission is to forcibly end your career, and rest assured, that goal has not been altered one iota. In fact, the terms for this battle will provide us with the perfect environment to do so.

[A beat.]

Eddie Dante:

A Last Man Standing Match.

[Another beat, to let it soak in.]

Eddie Dante:

No pinfalls. No submissions. No disqualifications of any kind. Nothing but a ten count to judge the victor.

[Eddie leans in, edging closer and closer to Troy's face.]

Eddie Dante:

And no rule that says how many times Mushigihara can break that count, and prolong your suffering. No window for you to say "enough" in a fit of desperation. The only way, Troy... the ONLY way out for you is for Mushi and myself to meet that goal, to leave you in the middle of the ring as nothing but a hollowed, crippled shell.

[A slight chuckle.]

Eddie Dante:

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For you, Devil Red, this encounter will be a literal Hell. And when your body is broken into a thousand pieces?

[Eddie's eyes widen and his grin spreads.]

Eddie Dante:

I will use your entire character to give some hungry young wrestler a chance at stardom. Under my wing, he will rise to new heights on YOUR name, while you can do nothing but watch from your living room... as a feeding tube pumps your next meal directly into your stomach. And I will create a BETTER Troy Matthews, from the ground up, than YOU EVER WERE.

[Troy can do nothing but stare in silent surprise as Eddie revels in this fit of gloating, until a brief moment's silence prompts him to say...]

Troy Matthews:

...I acc...

Eddie Dante:

Contract.

[A beat.]

Eddie Dante:

You wouldn't have had a choice anyway. We thank you for your cooperation.

[Eddie walks away from a reeling Troy, only to stop short and turn back.]

Eddie Dante:

Treasure what little time remains of your career.

[Eddie leaves the dressing room, leaving Troy alone. Troy balls his fists and stares daggers in Eddie's direction as we cut out.]

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A Case of Verbal Diarrhea

DDK:

It's been a hell of an evening thus far, wouldn't you say so, Angus?

Angus:

Stop making small talk here. What's going on now?

DDK:

Well, I've been told that we're going to be heading to the ring. As if the Team HOSS crew didn't do enough earlier when they beat White Hot Anger, but we've got Junior Keeling requesting a few minutes of our time.

Angus:

Beats sitting here listening to more Keebler small talk! I am here to support our new HOSS overlords!

???:

A-HEM... A-HEM... HEY! UP HERE! I SAID "A-HEM!" CAN I SAY IT ANY GODDAMN LOUDER?!

[Sans entrance music, the self-professed Superagent and Official Spokesman for Team HOSS, Junior Keeling, makes his way from the back with a big bright smile on his face. His team has managed to follow up a massive win at Grindhouse: Germany with a big win earlier tonight on the first leg of the Canada tour. Needless to say, Keeling could only be happier right now if he had won the lottery. Of note is the fact that Junior Keeling now has a name brand Team HOSS-embroidered headset on his left ear as he saunters to the ring.]

DDK:

And look, he's gone wireless. He'll have both hands free to antagonize our Canadian fanbase now.

Angus:

He lives in the future, Keebler. We can't all still own pagers like you do.

[Keeling steps into the ring and waits there until one of the officials near ringside climbs into the ring and opens the ropes for him so he can step through.]

Keeling:

This suit is worth more than your life, now get the hell out of my way!

[The Superagents stands in the middle of the ring now as the crowd continues to boo the official spokesman of Team HOSS. K2 looks out to the crowd from behind a fancy new set of horn-rimmed glasses.]

Keeling:

In case you MORONS didn't see exactly what happened out here a while ago, let me remind you... Team HOSS are STILL undefeated as a Trios team in DEFIANCE! You people all thought that my

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boys were going to get some kind of divine comeuppance for destroying everything in their path and nearly crippling Diego De Leon... BZZZZZZZZT, WRONG! Thanks to my crew, TexMex Holiday is now just... well, Mex! You won't be seeing Frank Holiday around these parts after the ass-whoopin that my boys gave him and Jimmie Rix is somewhere trying to find out how to milk a damn cow while he's in traction!

Angus:

Hey, I think he's right! Team HOSS have never lost a match as a united trio! They have beaten anybody and everybody thrown at them!

DDK:

Like we need to feed into his ego, but... yeah, he's right.

[Junior paces around the ring as he rubs a hand through his neatly-groomed beard.]

Keeling:

White Hot Anger were tough... ish, but they fell, too! There is NOBODY left for us to take out. No team at all... except for ONE. The most important team of them all right now... well, except for my team because, I mean come on, The Hostile Order are kinda the shit right now! But you people know who I'm referring to... they're a gaggle of degenerates who come out here each and every week with their... ugh... Pinises... whatever that THING is...

DDK:

Oh, no... Angus, he's talking about...

[Angus is noticeably silent for the moment as Keeling continues his diatribe.]

Keeling:

They come out here each and every week with some stupid antics that people their ages shouldn't be doing! They're out here each week acting like a group of jackasses who do nothing but tarnish the very titles that they hold... I'm talking about... ugh... Hookers and blow...

[He says the name of the current DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions like the name makes him want to wretch. The crowd, however, offers their own feelings on the uberpopular tag team...]

H-N-B! H-N-B! H-N-B! H-N-B! H-N-B! H-N-B! H-N-B!

Keeling:

Yes... THOSE IDIOTS! Who the hell other than a bunch of inept retards would EVER support any of those immature punks anyway?!

[Again, Angus is just about silent. His appetite for destruction is usually sated by Team HOSS... however...]

DDK:

Uh-oh, Keeling may be barking up a tree that he doesn't want to climb.

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Keeling:

Only IDIOTS would ever be happy that these morons are running around with the World Trios belts and I'm not going to stand for it one second longer! Every second that they hold those belts, a baby weeps! These people are not role models for anybody but immature pissants! Well, I will stand for this NO MORE! By virtue of my team being undefeated and... well, as Angel likes to say. HOSSOME...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keeling:

I am hereby DECLARING that my team are the new #1 Contenders for the World Trios Titles! Those have been our goal since day one and we've been sidetracked by a group of malcontents holding petty grudges that quite frankly, we are above! Well, no more of that! So Horry... Matthews... WALKER...

Angus:

...

Keeling:

I DEMAND that you accept our challenge for a future title match! Need I remind you that your refusal to accept my challenge will only prove to be a very painful decision. You've seen what Team HOSS is capable of and you don't want any of their wrath coming your way!

[Ask and ye, shall receive.]

♪ STROKE ME, STROKE ME ♪

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" hits and the crowd goes wild.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Uh...

DDK:

Spit it out, Angus.

Angus:

I can't, I don't... know...

[The reigning, defending, and still standing DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions enter the fray amidst a storm of cheers from the crowd. Tyrone Walker leads the way with Ryan Matthews coming up a couple steps later on his left, followed by Sam Horry on his right. The three step out to the stage, each scanning the crowd as they bask in the adoration and otherwise ham it up for further applause.]

DDK:

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Well, here they are, Junior, what are you going to do now?

Angus:

This should be awesome... I think... I don't know... It should be...

[In the ring Junior Keeling is feeling hot under the collar as he watches Walker turn to his partners in championship crime and clearly point out the hype man of Team HOSS. A brief moment is spent on conferring with those same partners before they start to walk down the ramp.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[As the incoming trio get closer, Keeling looks around in all directions for an escape, turning to look at Angus down at commentary who only offers a bewildered shrug and an "Iunno, magnets?" look on his face.]

DDK:

This is perhaps the most impartial that you have ever been, partner.

Angus:

I have no idea who I am supposed to be right now, Keebs!

DDK:

Quite the dilemma there, Angus.

Angus:

So... confusing... this... is...

[Halfway down the ramp, Walker produces a mic from his back pocket before motioning to Matthews and Horry who head down the ramp ahead of him. Matthews and Horry ascend the turnbuckles from the outside as Walker approaches the ropes himself. Stepping through the ropes, Ty is joined by Ryan and Sam who hop down from the corners they were perched on as their music fades out, leaving on the cheers of the crowd.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Walker steps forth, mic in hand, as Matthews and Horry takes positions at his flanks. Looking out to the crowd, just the act of looking them off gets them to quiet down and then returns his focus to Keeling, who at this point is possibly hoping he's invisible. Ty smirks as he brings the mic, his gaze never leaving the man in front of him.]

Walker:

What up, Newfoundland?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[He turns his head, that pop could have been better.]

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Walker:

Muthafuckas, I said... What in the **HALE** is up NEWFOUNDLAND?!

[He thrusts the mic up in the air, commanding a stronger pop...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[...and getting it.]

Walker:

Goddamn, it's good to be back in CANADA!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[He turns to Matthews and Horry, both agree those were strong pops and applaud the audience for their effort. Keeling is dumbfounded at the display in front of him.]

Walker:

A'ight, enough of that bullshit... We gots some business to hannel.

[Ty turns his attention back to Keeling, whose state of fear has dulled due to Walker's shameless pandering to the crowd. Stepping closer, Ty places a hand on Keeling's shoulder, which immediately snaps him back to reality.]

Walker:

Like some nigga said one day, a long ass time ago, you ask... sheeit, and this muhfuh here demanded for Hookers and Blow. Well, dayumn son, never let it be said that the HNB crew doesn't meet the demands of the business.

[Ty steps in a little closer, putting his arm around Keeling like they're the best of buddies.]

Walker:

Now Jun, can I call you Jun?

[He doesn't wait for a reply.]

Walker:

I'd like to think we're friends... HALE, you're practically besties with my boy Angus down there.

[This cheers Angus up.]

Angus: [beaming with pride]

See, Keebs, told you! Ty and I are boys, it's not a completely one sided relationship!

DDK: [patronizing]

You sure did, partner.

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Walker:

But Jun, here's the thing. Friends don't be spittin' all that evil you just laid out here for all the world to hear... and if I didn't know any better, I'd think you didn't like us, Jun, I mean, what did he call us?

Matthews:

A gaggle of degenerates.

Horry:

Jackasses.

Matthews:

Idiots.

Horry:

Immature punks.

Matthews:

Morons.

Horry:

Malcontents.

[Each recount of Keelings remarks about HNB causes his face to turn a new shade of red as he sweats profusely.]

Walker:

Now that can't be true, can it, Jun? 'Cause if all that's true, then that means we ain't friends and if we ain't friends...

Horry:

And he talked shit about Pinis!

Walker:

Well then, I guess we ain't friends...

[Ty nods as he steps away, while Ryan and Sam simultaneously slide into positions at his left and right.]

Angus:

Uh... I think Keeling is just about screwed right here... On one hand, YAY! KILL HIM!! On the other, NOOO RUN JUNIOR! I am Jack's complete lack of knowing what to make of this!

[Keeling is suddenly overcome with a renewed fear, pleading for mercy as Matthews and Horry grab him, preparing for the Total Elimination!]

DDK:

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I know I shouldn't condone this, but Junior Keeling has been awful son of a bitch since he and his Hostile Order arrived, but this is going to be so good.

Angus:

HEY! THAT'S MY FRIEND IN THERE!... about to be taken apart by my other friend... GAH I AM SO CONFUSE!

Walker:

Oh and by the way, Jun, when your ass wakes up, you go on ahead and tell them Jolly Green Giant mothafuckas of your's that if they want the belts, they can come get 'em!

[Sam and Ryan taunt Keeling, driving up the agonizing tension as he awaits his punishment. Clamping his eyes shut as hard as he can while he shakes in terror...]

[...]

[...]

[Matthews and Horry release their hold on him when they notice something.]

[...]

[...]

Walker: [leaning and squinting]

Is this nigga pissin' himself?!

[Matthews and Horry, who had moved away about five seconds earlier begin laughing, along with the audience as a big wet spot begins to form in his trousers and a small puddle forms around his feet.]

Walker: [laughing and trying to talk at the same time]

DAAAAAH! THIS NIGGA'S PISSIN' HIMSELF ALL OVER THE RING!

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHA! I mean, ahem, boo? Hahaha, ahem, hah... hem... boo!

[Keeling opens his eyes, realizing what's just happened to him and the fact that the entire sold out crowd along with HNB are pointing and laughing at him because he's just soiled himself in front of the whole wide world. His face turns several shades of red, but this time in anger.]

DDK:

Oh boy, looks like Cap and the rest of Team HOSS have seen more than enough, because here they come!

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Angus: [involuntary reaction]

TY LOOK OUT! DANGER DANGER!

[Ty, Sam and Ryan all look to see that yes, indeed, Team HOSS is on their way. However, an enraged Junior Keeling might be their most pressing issue as he screams bloody murder and charges at Ty, who backs off at first and then back body drops him up and over the top rope and right into his own team, who awkwardly try to catch him in such a way as to not get his wet spots on themselves. Back in the ring, HNB continue to laugh and point, which only further enrages Keeling who points and hollers some incoherent babble that roughly translates to "KILL!"]

Walker:

Ruh roh, Shaggy, abortion, abortion!

[Ty tosses the mic at all three of the Hostile Order before he, Ryan and Sam all bail from different sides of the ring and into the crowd.]

DDK:

I can't believe they just psyched Junior Keeling out so bad that they made him mess himself on national television!

Angus:

Never doubt the power of the Black Jesus, Keebs, he can make the impossible happen!

[Ty stops by the desk on his way out.]

Walker:

You damn, skippy, HNB one, HOSS zero!

[And he's gone, disappearing into the crowd.]

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No, no more.

[After handing the title belt to Benny Doyle, who holds it above his head to present to the crowd, Eugene turn his attention to Clair St Sure, who still hasn't taken her eyes off of the champion.]

Ding Ding Ding!

DDK:

And we're underway in the FIST of DEFIANCE title match!

Angus:

And Clair's wasting little time in going after the chubby champion!

[Angus is right, Clair St Sure charges across the ring and lifts a knee into Eugene's midsection. Clair wraps her hands around the back of Dewey's head and pulls it down, lifting knees into his ribs as she does so. Clair controls Eugene back into the corner and lifts even more knees into his chest in rapid succession. All Dewey can do is try to block the knees and weather the assault, but that's easier said than done.]

DDK:

I don't think Clair needed Wayne to point out where Eugene's weaknesses are, do you partner?

Angus:

Not when he's been advertising those ribs like he has been.

DDK:

I don't think Dewey's ever been hurt to this extent before. Clair could well make short work of him tonight.

Angus:

One can but hope.

[After a couple more knees Clair grabs Eugene by the arm and whips him across the ring. She puts so much force into the whip that Dewey hits the opposite turnbuckles and bounces out of the corner, falling to the mat face first!]

Angus:

Jesus, I think the ring just shifted about a foot!

DDK:

Clair's wasting no time. She shoots the half for the cover!

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

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[T-Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Hardly a forceful kick out, and we've only just started!

[Pulling Eugene to his feet Clairra backs him into the corner again. She lifts a knee into his side before climbing the ropes. She holds onto Eugene's head and plants her feet into his abdomen. Clairra leans back and flips Dewey out of the corner.]

DDK:

Clairra with the monkey flip and that sends Dewey half way across the ring.

[The momentum of the flip carries Dewey up into a seated position. Clairra gets quickly to her feet and plants a kick into Eugene's back. Clairra wraps her leg around one of Eugene's arms, holds the other arm up and stretches out his side. She brings a few hammerfists down into Eugene's opened up side as she pulls on the stretch.]

DDK:

An unconventional hold from Clairra, but effective none the less.

Angus:

Look at Eugene's face! He looks like he's about to cry!

DDK:

Eugene suffered a pulmonary contusion while we were in Europe at the hands of Dan Ryan, and he's clearly still suffering from the after effects.

Angus:

There's only one thing Dewey's suffering from right now, and that's the skills of Clairra St. Sure.

[After releasing the hold Clairra lays Eugene down and rolls him over to the ropes. She plants a knee into Eugene's back and then uses the middle rope to get some height on a jump. Clairra brings a knee down into Eugene's back, then follows it up with another.]

DDK:

Benny Doyle warns Clairra about her use of the ropes.

Angus:

And she's just flat ignoring him.

[Clairra rolls Eugene away from the ropes and then back over onto his front. She plants a knee in Dewey's back and applies a chinlock. Dewey tries to prise Clairra's hands from his chin, but she's got her fingers locked tightly.]

DDK:

Can you imagine if Clairra wins the FIST with a chinlock?

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Angus:

That would probably be the most embarrassing moment of Dewey's life, and that's saying something.

DDK:

Didn't Wayne Dewey say something similar to that earlier tonight?

Angus:

I write all my own material, Keebs. I don't like what you're implying!

[Despite the added weight of Clairra on his back Eugene pushes up onto all fours. Clairra can't keep her knee buried into his spine as much as she could and so transitions to a camel clutch. Clairra keeps hold of Dewey's chin despite him getting to his knees and wraps her legs around the FIST's waist.]

Angus:

First time he's had any women's legs wrapped around any part of him.

[HIYOOOOO!]

[With a look of agony on his face Dewey powers up to his feet and, with Clairra still on his back, charges backwards into the corner of the ring! The collision with the turnbuckles forces St. Sure to break the hold and allows Eugene time to retreat along the ropes.]

DDK:

The pain seems to be too much for Eugene. He can't take advantage of this, his first real opportunity of the match.

Angus:

He had an opportunity the moment he came out, and he squandered that one too.

[Having enough time to catch her breath after being squashed in the corner, Clairra closes in on Dewey, who has now made his way to the adjacent corner of the ring. She grabs Dewey's shoulder and spins him around before lifting a kick into his ribs. The strike knocks Eugene back against the turnbuckles and enables Clairra to climb the ropes.]

DDK:

Could be another monkey flip!

[Clairra plants her feet in Eugene's midsection again and tries to flip him, but Dewey blocks the attempt. He steps out of the corner, turns, and dumps St. Sure over the top rope. Eugene turns from the challenger and drops to one knee, clutching at his ribs as Clairra lands on the apron.]

Angus:

You might want to turn around Eugene... Actually, you might not.

[Dewey gets back to his feet and turns back to see Clairra getting to hers. He charges in and takes a

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shoulder to the midsection which doubles him over and allowed Clairra to catapult her way into the ring and roll Eugene up with a sunset flip!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene kicks out!]

DDK:

Another nearfall for Clairra! Eugene simply hasn't got out of the starting blocks tonight!

Angus:

The guy is a champion, but you wouldn't think it by looking at him. He's been outwrestled by Clairra since the opening bell, and I for one can't wait until she gets that inevitable win and takes the FIST from his undeserving waist.

DDK:

Oh come on, everyone knows if Dewey were 100% he'd be putting up a heartier fight than this.

Angus:

I repeat, the guy is a champion. He should be fighting like a champion whatever condition he's in.

[Both competitors scramble to their feet. Clairra gets to hers first and throws a kick at Eugene, which connects with the chest of the FIST, however he grabs Clairra's foot and doesn't let go of it. He twists her ankle and takes her down to the mat.]

DDK:

Do you think he heard you, Angus?

[Dewey drops the foot, steps forward and then drops an elbow down across the small of Clairra's back. He grabs at his ribs after landing and howls out in pain.]

Angus:

See, this is the problem with Dewey. He looks like he's about to do something, then fucks it up.

DDK:

I think that was purely instinct there. Dewey saw an opening and took it without thinking about the consequences it would have for himself.

Angus:

In other words, he fucks it up.

[Clairra clutches at the small of her back as she gets to her feet. She grabs a hold of Dewey's arm and rolls him over onto his front. She locks the arm up and tries to grab a hold of the other arm!]

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touching fingertips before circling Dewey.]

DDK:

What a tremendous show of Sportsmanship. How can you not call Eugene a true champion?

Angus:

He's an idiot. Clair's been dominating him and as soon as he gets a chance he lets her recover.

DDK:

Hold on, a second ago you were admonishing him for a... what was it? 'Cheap, underhanded tactic'?

Angus:

That was when I thought he did it on purpose. Now he's just a little pussy.

[The two tie up and Clair easily gets behind Dewey. She runs him into the ropes and tries to pull him back for a roll up, but Eugene hooks the top rope and throws Clair back. St. Sure rolls through to her feet and runs right back at Eugene, who elevates her over the top and to the outside. Clair manages to hang onto the ropes herself and lands like a cat on the apron. She drives another shoulder into Dewey's midsection and runs for the corner where she quickly ascends to the top rope and waits for Dewey to turn around. She leaps from the top with a crossbody that takes Eugene down, but he manages to roll through and pins Clair's shoulders to the mat!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Clair kicks out at two!]

DDK:

Eugene certainly seems to have been spurred on by something, but every time he gains any sort of momentum Clair returns to the injured chest and snuffs it out.

Angus:

There's only so many times I can tell you she's fighting smart before it gets boring.

[Both competitors get to their feet again. Eugene throws a wild open palm strike that connects with Clair's jaw and stuns her momentarily, giving him enough time to hook Clair up for a suplex. Eugene lifts the challenger, but a combination of pain in the ribs and Clair's ability to block the move with a will timed knee to the top of the head cause him to drop her back down. St. Sure. Buries a shoulder into the midsection of Eugene and pushes him back into the corner where she lands a couple of shoulder thrusts before stepping back to get a running start on the third.]

DDK:

Here she comes!

[Clair throws herself into the corner, but Dewey darts out of it and leaves Clair with nothing to

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connect with but the ring post as she sails through the ropes. Eugene grabs her and rolls her up with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Claira kicks out...]

[...And traps Eugene's arm again!]

DDK:

Truly Untouchabreaker again!

[But again Eugene scrambles for the ropes as quickly as possible forcing Claira to break the hold.]

Angus:

She wants that submission, and her Truly Untouchabreaker, while focusing on the arms, sure doesn't tickle the chest. It's only a matter of time before she locks it in in the middle of the ring, and when she does...

DDK:

I have a feeling you might be right, Angus.

[Claira breaks the hold and lets Eugene up again. Dewey warily approaches his opponent and they tie up in the middle of the ring. Claira goes behind on Eugene, taking one arm with her and locks in a hammerlock. Dewey throws an elbow back that connects with her head and snapmares her over his shoulder to a seated position on the floor. Eugene lays Claira down and drops a quick leg across her throat.]

DDK:

And again that shockwave of that landing shoots up through Eugene's body.

Angus:

Claira's been working over him like a meat mallet, tenderizing every inch of his body. Anything he does is going to feel twice as bad as when he stepped in the ring at the start of this match.

DDK:

You can tell he's feeling it, but that adrenaline seems to be flowing right now as he's getting up!

[Eugene does indeed get to his feet and grab Claira as she starts getting to hers. Eugene lands a headbutt down across the back of Claira's neck and drives a few clubbing forearms across her back, beating her down to one knee. Eugene hits the ropes and comes back, knocking Claira down with a Biotic Charge!]

Angus:

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Did you see Clairas head snap back when Dewey connected with that... *Deep breath*

DDK:

Oh christ, here we go.

Angus:

POOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

[Eugene scrambled back to Clairas and covers her!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Clairas gets a shoulder up!]

[Eugene rolls off of Clairas and grips at his chest again. The Biotic Charge clearly took its toll on his body. Clairas meanwhile gets back to her feet. Eugene rises to his knees and takes a stiff kick to the chest. Clairas follows with more kicks, each one echoing around the arena drawing 'ooh's and 'ahhhh's from the crowd.]

DDK:

Clairas putting everything behind those kicks, but shes not got the speed she did moment ago.

Angus:

That Biotic Charge had to hurt both of them. Id be surprised if Clairas hasn't got whiplash from it.

[After one more kick Clairas hits the ropes and attempts a shining wizard, but instead of falling down Eugene grabs hold of Clairas, stands up and powerbombs her down to the mat. Dewey collapses backwards and Benny Doyle starts to count both competitors down. Naturally the fans count along.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

[Slowly Eugene starts to stir.]

FIVE!

[And then Clairas.]

SIX!

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[Dewey grabs a hold of the ropes and pulls himself up.]

SEVEN!

[Claira pushes her way up to her knees.]

EI-Claira and Eugene both get to their feet!

[Eugene leaves the ropes and throws a right at Claira who ducks the attempt and goes behind Eugene. She wraps herself around him and locks in an abdominal stretch!]

DDK:

Claira goes right back to those ribs, and Eugene looks to be in trouble here!

Angus:

Watch this, Keebs! She's looking to transition it into an octopus stretch!

[Claira manages to wrap herself around Dewey and cinch in the octopus stretch. Dewey drops to one knee as Benny Doyle asks him if he wants to give up.]

Angus:

He's gonna say yes! We're gonna have a new champion!

DDK:

Don't be so sure Angus.

[Vehemently Eugene shakes his head and starts shaking the arm not currently being constricted by St. Sure.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:

These fans are rallying behind Eugene!

[Using every ounce of power he has Eugene pushes up of of his knee and to his feet. He tries to straighten up, and manages to get to the point where Claira can hang on no longer. She drops down behind the champion and gets hips tossed in front of him!]

DDK:

Dewey powers out of the hold! How does he still have any fight left in him?

[Claira scrambles to her feet onto to be met with a clothesline. She bounces back up to get taken down again, then gets picked up and slammed by Eugene.]

Angus:

I've heard of a second wind, but a third wind?

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[Claira doesn't stay down for long, but Eugene is ready for her as he pushes her back against the ropes and sends her across the ring. Claira comes back and gets caught with a side walk slam! Eugene sticks the landing and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Claira kicks out!]

[Eugene looks at Benny Doyle in disbelief and shakes the sweat from his head. Doyle confirms that it was only a two count and Eugene returns to focusing on Claira. He grabs her by the head, but Claira reaches up and pulls Dewey down into a small package!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene reverses the small package!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Claira kicks out!]

[Dewey scrambles to the corner of the ring and gets to his feet. He turns just in time to see Claira charge at him and lift a knee into his chin!]

Angus:

Lights out! That's it!

[Claira pushes Eugene from the corner and drops into the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene kicks out again!]

DDK:

This guy is inhuman!

[Claira sits Eugene up and wraps her legs around his abdomen. She squeezes them together tight as Eugene tries to prise them apart, but it's to no avail.]

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DDK:

Body scissors now from Clair!

[Clair rolls Eugene back and forces him into a pin!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[T-Dewey kicks up and manages to roll back to his ass. With his free arms he lifts himself off the mat and inches his way closer and closer to the ropes.]

DDK:

Can Eugene make it to the ropes?

Angus:

He can't have much strength left in him now.

[Finally, mercifully Eugene lays back and reaches out, grabbing hold of the bottom rope. Clair, starting to show some slight frustration, breaks the hold and heads for the corner, signalling that she's going to end this right now.]

DDK:

Clair's heading up!

Angus:

What's she going to do up there?

DDK:

Desperate times, Angus. We all know what the FIST mean, and Clair's willing to put everything on the line to attain it!

[St Sure perches on the top rope and waits for Eugene to get to his feet. Dewey does so, but he doesn't turn as Clair expected. Instead he runs back into Clair's corner and turn at the last second. He pushes Clair's feet out from under her, crotching the challenger on the turnbuckle!]

DDK:

Desperate times!

[Eugene takes a couple of deep breaths before climbing the ropes where he hooks up Clair for a superplex! He manages to work Clair up to a standing position, but she throws a right hand that connects with Eugene's ribs. Another shot breaks Eugene's hold and a third almost knocks him from the second rope. Clair steadies herself and grabs Eugene's head, but Dewey pulls himself in and connects with a headbut to the side of Clair's neck. He quickly hooks her up again and this time succeeds in superplexing her from the top rope!]

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RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Both competitors roll around on the floor in pain, with Clair sliding all the way to the apron and down to the arena floor. Eugene meanwhile doesn't move on the canvas as Benny Doyle checks on him.]

DDK:

Talk about putting it all on the line! Eugene Dewey just sacrificed his own body to Superplex Clair St. Sure!

Angus:

That move might cost him more than his body, it could cost him his title! Clair still has the wherewithal to get out of an possible situation where she could take the fall, but Eugene can't even move.

[Almost as soon as Angus finishes speaking Dewey gasps back to life and rolls over onto his front. He pushes himself up and looks around for Clair, but can't see her. That is until her hand appears clutching onto the ring apron as she tries to pull herself up on the outside. Eugene rolls to the ropes and drops to the floor. Barely able to stand he works his way over to Clair and grabs her, pulling her to her feet so that he can roll her into the ring. Before he can though...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

Oh come on!

[Eugene's ribs get crushed between the ring apron and a 310 lb mound of muscle known as Dan Ryan.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK: Dan Ryan just came sprinting down the ramp and ruined this match in a second. [Ryan stands over Dewey for a moment and stares at him, then yells at him at the top of his lungs] **Ryan:** I..... SAID.....NOOOOOOO!!!!!! [Ryan grabs a hold of Eugene and lifts him up. He charges at the ring post and drives the small of Dewey's back into the steel before turning around, lifting him up higher and dropping him chest first across the guard rail!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

