

A COOL start to a COOL show!

[The road to Ascension is almost at an end.]

[That said.]

[5.]

[4.]

[3.]

[2.]

[ONE.]

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.....

BOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Pyros so hot they almost come with a NSFW warning illuminate the 1st Mariner Arena.]

YEAH~!

[The camera pans around revealing a rabid audience in attendance.]

[Jump to the commentary team.]

“Downtown” Darren Keebler:

Hello everybody! I’m Darren Keebler! The man to my left is none other than the Mr. Journalistic Integrity himself, Angus Skaaland! Welcome to Defiance TeeVee!

Angus:

Why Darren? That was... nice of you to say. Don’t get me wrong, I still dislike you on an unheard of level, but... thanks.

DDK:

No problem, Angus. Folks, we have a jam packed show set to explode for you tonight! From top to bottom, every match jumps out.

Angus:

Yeah... they sure do. ESPECIALLY that ten man tag main event.

[Darren sighs. He knows where Angus is going.]

Angus:

Ya know, because High Chancellor COOL, The Defiance World Heavyweight Champion and owner of like seventeen ferns, Cancer Jiles will be in action.

DDK:

There’s also nine other people in that match. And, not to mention, TEH BAWS is refereeing it!

Angus:

If you’d let me finish talking about Count COOL, and not have rudely interrupted me, Darren, I would have eventually spoke in glorious praise of The Only Star.

[Shit-grin.]

DDK:

Of course you would have. Anything other than Cancer Jiles and Eric Dane that you'd like to see?

Angus:

Does a competent and much younger, blonder, female version of you count?

[Silence.]

DDK:

In other action, a walk down memory lane sees Python squaring off against Heidi in a remember the Old Line Wrestling days match!

Angus:

Heidi is going to choke the shit out of that Python tonight! Ha. I think that might have been the first sex joke said about their... **affair** this whole menstrual cycle.

DDK:

Only problem with that Angus is there's going to be no one around to see him tap! We still don't know who's refereeing the other matches tonight!

Angus:

Meh, I'm sure Brian Soil will buckle.

DDK:

It's Benny Doyle, Angus! He's worked here for as long as you have, and you don't even know what his name is?

Angus:

No, that's not it at all. It's, I don't care to know what his name is, Darren. Big difference.

DDK:

Unreal. Anyway, also on the docket we have ourselves a Trios Title defense, pitting Alceo Dentari and The Gorillas against Tres Brujas. Who do ya got taking that one home?

Angus:

Tres Brujas FTW. Alceo Dentari can go sit himself atop of an Italian hotdog. No mustard.

DDK:

Vivid.

Angus:

I was being honest. Frankly, that's all a guy like me has when he's sitting next to someone like you.

DDK:

Well then. First up tonight on Defiance TeeVee we have....

[An interruption.]

♪ I'm the one your momma warned you about ♪
♪ When you see me I will leave you no doubt ♪

Angus:

This, is surprisingly fucking awesome!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

♪ I'm the coolest man on the face of this earth ♪
♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

[The crowd shoots to their feet, giving off somewhat of a mixed reaction. See, last time Defiance and Cancer Jiles were in Baltimore, Count COOL pulled a Riley Cooper in the center of the ring.]

♪ I am the COOL ♪

[Calmly emerging from the back, with a cloud of smoke accompanying his first few steps, is Lord Jiles of COOLstantinople. Topless and T-shaded, he poses atop the ramp with the Defiance World Title draped over his left shoulder.]

DDK:

Kind of an off reaction for the Champ tonight, hey Angus?

Angus:

For now. I'm sure once he gets going they'll change their tune. It is Cancer Jiles we are talking about here. Not to mention... just look at that hair. It's fucking impeccably perfect. Our Champion sure does fit the bill, doesn't he Keebs?

DDK:

...Yes.

[After allowing all involved to get their fill, Cancer calmly walks down the ramp, floats his way up the ring steps, and slides between the top and second rope. Once home, he reaches into the pocket of his trousers and pulls out a microphone.]

Angus:

Not one word, Elf.

Cancer Jiles:

Helloooooooooooooo, Baltimore! Let me first start off by saying, MAI BADD for the last time I was here. That guy, well, he wasn't me. Not now anyway. See, back then, I was so mad at Jeff Andrews....

[Crowd pop.]

[It is Jeff's hometown.]

Cancer Jiles:

Yeah... well, I'm sorry for what I said. I was drunk... with rage. No excuse, but still. I'm sorry for what I said. Never. Never. Should a man of my status use such harmful verbiage. Being Champion has opened my eyes to that fact, so, you'll never hear me say it again. And, if I hear anyone else say it... they gonna get yolked!

[The crowd is quick to accept Cancer's apology. You can tell because his usual reception, the one with all the flashbulbs and cheering and hooting and hollering ensues.]

Cancer Jiles:

Now that we've gotten that out of the way, let us get down to the business of wrestling. More so, about a certain ladder match for the biggest prize in all the land.

[Cancer shows off the title belt, which in turn causes an uproar from the crowd.]

Cancer Jiles:

After tonight... after me and my team of one night stand Egg Bandits run Edward Plight, Bronson Cox, Kai Scoff, Chance Not Dank and Beth Stratton out of your great town... next up for Cancer Jiles and the World of Defiance is the long climb up the ladder to Ascension.

[Shuffling about the ring, Cancer takes a few moments to gather his thoughts.]

Cancer Jiles:

Now, I think we all know I've seen my fair share of ladder matches during my tenure here with Defiance. Matter of fact, I'm pretty sure Count COOL has been in every ladder match to have ever been contested underneath a Defiance banner.

[The important ones anyway.]

Cancer Jiles:

I can remember soaring through the sky, like an eagle about to attack a mouse, and snatching the Tag Team Championship from out of thin air. I can remember Bronson Box falling his way to victory in the very first ladder war for this Defiance Championship. I can remember The Last Nighthawk stealing TEH PIONTZ right out from underneath my feet -- even when I had all parties bedazzled and looking the other way .

[Fake injuries for life, bitches.]

Cancer Jiles:

And now, we have Ascension. What will Cancer Jiles remember of the night he made his first title defense? Will it be the thrill of victory? Or, will it be the agony of defeat?

[T.H.C. of COOL waits for an answer.]

Angus:

Thrill. One hundred and ten percent -- thrill. I know it. They know it.

[Indeed, they do know it.]

VIC-TO-RY

VIC-TO-RY

VIC-TO-RY

Cancer Jiles:

Yeah, that's what I was thinking. I'd hate to jinx myself, god knows I'm going to do it enough times once the arepee period starts.

[Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy WHAT?]

DDK:

What's an arepee period?

Angus:

It's when Cancer is cutting his jib.

DDK:

Oh, like when he's doing a promo?

Angus:

Dude. Darren. Quit breaking kayfabe.

DDK:

But...

Angus:

SHHHHHHHH! I thought I said no talking when Cancer Jiles is in the ring?

[Back to the four by four unwallled ring.]

Cancer Jiles:

All jinxing aside -- **victory** -- will not be easy. The four men I face will all have gold fever in their eyes come showtime. I know Ace Dentarted believes Ascension to be place he rides out on a horse ten times his size. Which, now that I've said it aloud, would really make it a pony he rides out on... but, anyway... that's what he's thinking.

POE-KNEE-BOY

POE-KNEE-BOY

POE-KNEE-BOY

[The rousing chant emanating from the crowd causes Cancer's grin to go agape.]

Cancer Jiles

Ha, nice one.

YEARSGHAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Cancer Jiles:

I know Fast Eddy is making sure his crack team of accountants are clearing all the checks. Matter of fact, I'd even venture to bet a signed photograph of myself that he's paying a large village of illegals right_now to rummage through all of his many imported-dinosaur-leather couch cushions.

Make no doubts about it -- every dime that billion-dollar-bum has will be invested into winning at Ascension. And to that, I say Eddy better take out a loan. **A big one.** Not even the richest man in the world -- which, by all accounts he is -- has enough cheddar to buy his way up the ladder.

[Flashcut to Edward White sitting in the Blood Diamonds locker room; enjoying a cigar.]

Edward White:

Then I guess I'll just have to buy Wisconsin.

[Back to Cancer.]

Cancer Jiles:

And Kai Scott?

[Not buying one ounce, The Lord of COOL shakes his head "no."]

Cancer Jiles:

That Johnny Mongo is probably sneaking up behind me as I speak, getting ready to cheapshot the gel from my hairdo, that's how ready he is.

[Awkward pause. Then, Cancer quickly jumps and does a one-eighty spin. To his chagrin, there is no one there to surprise him.]

[A sigh of relief.]

Cancer Jiles:

Phew.

JOHN-KNEE MONG-OH

JOHN-KNEE MONG-OH

JOHN-KNEE MONG-OH

Angus:

JOHN-KNEE MONG-OH

DDK:

You know you're not covering your mic.

Angus:

Oh...

[With that, Angus checks behind him and no, Kai Scott is not there.]

Angus:

Phew. Maybe he didn't hear me.

DDK:

You're still not covering your mic.

Angus:

FUCK.

Cancer Jiles:

And... there's someone else I've failed to mention... who could it be???

[Confounded, The Ruler of the COOL World lightly taps the mic to the side of head. That is, up until the thousands in attendance shine a little light on the subject.]

PY-THON

PY-THON

PY-THON

[The Count looks about the arena, taking full notice of the crowds adoration.]

Cancer Jiles:

You sure it ain't Cobra? He'd be much easier to talk about.

PY-THON

PY-THON

PY-THON

Cancer Jiles: [smiling]

And last but not least... Python.

[Crowd pop.]

Cancer Jiles:

Yes, the other snake sure has been on some sort of intergalactic rise, hasn't he? With such momentum, he could quite possibly be my biggest threat heading into the ladder duel.

However, he still has to get there first.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cancer Jiles:

That's not me threatening him either. It's more me wondering if he will survive his match later tonight. Now, trust me when I say I hate giving The Scab Princess any shred of credit, which, unashamedly, I will admit is due mostly impart to her affiliation with...

[Not wanting Jeff to get another pop, Cancer skips his name.]

Cancer Jiles:

...that surly guy however, Heidi-Hoe is not the girl next door. Not even the girl from next Venus. She's of... well, I've already said enough.

[A small contingent of the brave begin to softly chant.]

hi-dee-hoe

hi-dee-hoe

hi-dee-hoe

[No amused grin forming this time around. Instead, Cancer places his index finger against his flat lips and attempts to quiet the already totally not deafening chant.]

Angus:

These fans are going to get Lord COOL killed!

[As if Cancer could hear Angus' words, The Champion of COOL looks over in his friends general direction and mouths "for real."]

DDK:

That was odd.

Angus:

We, unlike us, are in sync.

DDK:

One day.

Angus:

Likely never. Oh, and Darren? SHUTTHEFUCKUP!

[Someone just got tolded.]

Cancer Jiles:

If Python does come out of his match walking... well, then... I guess that's all the sign we need to know that he's ready.

[Trufax.]

Cancer Jiles:

So. yeah. That's about it. The four men I face, will make my quest to remain champion a dubious endeavour, indeed. They have proven such facts already. However, I am Cancer Jiles. I am the Defiance Heavyweight Champion. I will remain vigilant against all threats to my throne.

and you can take that to the bank!

[Crowd pop.]

[Mic. Drop.]

[Cut to...]

HNB: The Arrival of Our Heroes

[HOOKERS AND BLOW!]

[SAMuRAI-TAI have entered the building. That would of course be the fearsome three and one fourthsome of Sam Horry, Ryan Matthews, Tyrone Walker and the enigmatic PINIS 2000 with the kung fu grip firmly clutched to his magical boombox.]

Sam:

Ry, you had to be there. It was amazing, yo.

Ry:

It was a mullet... how special can it be?

Ty:

Dude, it was not just any ordinary mullet.

Sam:

I know, right? This thing defied all laws of mullet-ology.

Ty:

Indeed. They say it's business up front and party in the back, right?

Ry: [nodding]

Yeah?

Sam:

Well this thing was party up front and after party in the back. It was funny, 'cause we started calling that dude the Hookers An' Blow Kid.

Ty:

An' thus the origins of...

All Three in Unison: [Pinis cues the music, Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me"]

Hookers An' Blow!

Ry:

DEFIANCE's New Heroes.

Sam:

Hookers An' Blow is here.

[Laughs all around as they continue with the banter while heading for the locker rooms. Just as Walker, Horry and Matthews are about to get to their locker room they hear the familiar voice of everyone's favorite mobile mic stand Christie Zane.]

Zane:

Tyrone Walker! Can I have a moment of your time?!

Ty: [sighs]

Here we go again...

Ry: [puts a hand on Ty's shoulder]

Nah man, don't worry, I got this. You and Sam go on inside.

Sam:

Don't be too rough with her Ry...

Ty:

HIYO! A'ight dude, good lookin.

Sam:

See, I told you, we got somebody to talk to cops AND reporters for us.

Ry:

Fuck off, Sam. I heard that.

[Sam and Ty, along with Pinis 2000 proceed inside and close the door with Matthews facing it, he then turns to Christie Zane who seems somewhat dejected.]

Ry:

Oh c'mon Christie, don't seem so down. Just because Ty's not really in a talkative mood about what happened last week, and we knew coming in that was what YOU wanted to ask him about, doesn't mean you can't make some lemonade outta this situation. I mean after all, I'm still here.

Zane:

And who are you exactly?

Ry: [smirks]

My name, is Ryan Matthews, probably the least known among fans of DEFIANCE of the newest trios squad on the block. Aside from our mascot, Pinis.

[Suddenly the door opens up and Pinis sticks his head out the door.]

Pinis:

Eugene Dewey!

[With that, he goes back inside and shuts the door.]

Ry: [shakes his head]

He does that. You're welcome Pinis! But anyway back to what I was saying. I could go on listing all the stuff I've done elsewhere but in this business you're only as good as what you've done where you currently are. None of the past matters, and in short order three members of the DEFIANCE roster won't matter as much as they think they do.

Zane:

Referring to...?

Ry:

Keep up Christie, I don't think they pay me enough to take the time to explain it to you, even though everybody gets one, so I will. Tonight, Ty, Sam and myself have a match against Virginia Quell, Jane Katze and Frank Dylan James. Three members of DEFIANCE's roster and members of the Blood Diamonds. Unfortunately for them, we know what we need to know and they know nothing. That's how we like it for now. Element of surprise and all that. Tonight folks, you better have your cameras ready, put down the popcorn, and if you're watching at home set your DVR's because you're about to see hands down the greatest collection of trios talent ANYWHERE. EVER. And then you'll get to see the trios titles defended later on in the night.

Zane:

How did the three of you come together and...?

Ry:

Whoa first off Christie, pause.

Sam: [popping his head out of the door]

Yeah man, pause, but you know... if you wanna, [looking her up and down] you and I could...

Ty: [from inside the room]

Nigga, you tryin' to get a her-ass-ment suit thrown at you?

Sam: [big grin]

Hiyo!?

[Just then Sam gets yanked back into the room.]

Ty: [from inside the room, but louder]

Sityoassdown, fool!

Ry: [roll of the eyes, for that rude interruption]

AHEM. Second, if you wanna know how Ty, Sam and I joined forces, let's just say lots of pieces had to fall together like a good game of Tetris. I'm sure eventually when we're enshrined as the greatest trios team ever in like 6 months, the director's cut of our whole journey will come out on whatever disc media they have then or it'll be on Netflix or something like that for all to see. Next Question.

Zane:

How are the three of you going to co-exist as a team?

Ry: [shakes his head with a smirk]

What I think you're meaning to ask is how is the full extent of Cheap Heat, which is what Sam and I called ourselves in several promotions BEFORE this one, and one half of Team Danger going to make it through even a single match? See I knew this was how this was going to play out, and I have an answer to that question already. We're going to do what we do best. Kick ass, take titles, get money and fuck bitches. Like I said before, just watch and see. And with that, this interview is over...

Zane:

But wait I...

[With that, Matthews turns and walks to the door of the locker room, kicks it open and yells inside.]

Ry:

HOOKERS AN' BLOOOOOWWW!!!

Zane:

...didn't even give the signal for the camera to start filming.

[From offscreen right a hand enters the shot and we see a thumbs up, and Christie's face lights up just before we cut away...]

[Cut.]

Say "uncle"

Rainwood:

You really know what's getting to me right now...

[Camera fades up, Rainwood is crouching in one of the backstage areas with a roll of duct tape in one hand, you can see him from waist up, and he's clearly looking at something or someone below him.]

Rainwood:

I went on camera and had my very first little chat with the lovely people of Defiance and what did I do? I promised you all the match of a lifetime not just because this handsome devil would be in the ring, but because he would be fighting a highly skilled opponent named Graham Lash. I sung Mr Lash's praises so much that my vocal chords felt like sandpaper. And what do I get in return? I'm called a victim and told that there's no chance I'm going to win that first match. I'm told that I'm going to be beaten to a pulp that I'm going to be the "channel for Lash's anger". The dude called me ICE CREAM. ICE CREAM.

Actually I didn't mind that too much, I've always liked to think I'm a pretty...

...chill guy.

[Rainwood chuckled at his own pun. Whilst talking he'd been systematically tearing off strips of duct tape and placing them on something below the camera. He took a second to admire his work, a cheeky smirk on his lips.]

Rainwood:

"Anyway comments about frozen goods aside. I've been quite offended and a little bit worried about what was being said about little old me. Yah see, I thought I was going to have a good old fashioned scrap with a like minded individual, but some of the stuff I've been hearing from Lash and that Uncle of his is starting to make me think I'm going to be fighting in some down and dirty slugfest with foreign objects and cheating galore. So you know what I thought, I thought it was time me and Lash had a chat. Mano el mano."

[At this point Rainwood grabbed the camera and suddenly yanked in down to show the product of his past hours labour; something that looked suspiciously like a stuffed aardvark which had been man very sloppily "man-wrapped" in duct tape and newspaper.]

Rainwood:

"Well it'd be rude to go to turn up to a man's locker room uninvited without a present!"

[Rainwood grabs the tape and present with the camera following and heads down the corridor, gesturing for the camera as he walks, eventually coming to a door with Lashes uncle standing outside.]

Rainwood:

"Hey Uncle man, do I call you uncle, I'm not quite sure of your name, but I think calling you uncle just seems a bit creepy. Anyway I've come to..."

Uncle:

"Stop right there Jeremiah, I don't know what you're doing and I don't care. I've just got my boy good and ready to absolutely destroy you in the ring, and I am not letting you ruin his concentration right before his fight. So you just turn around and walk away"

Rainwood:

Woah woah woah, slow down. I would absolutely love to leave big guy, absolutely love it, I've got a match to prepare for to you know! But ya see, when I signed my name right down on that little dotted line in order to wrestle for this fine e-stab-lish-ment, with Dane standing right next to me kind of like my own slightly creepy uncle figure, I signed a clause that made me official DPS manager

Uncle:

What the hell...

Rainwood:

DPS, the Defiance Postal service, and my first job is to deliver this here package to my opponent and your lovely nephew, one Mr Graham Lash. Now if I was following US postal protocol I'd just have to knock three times like so.... Fill in a slip saying no one's home and then skedaddle on out of here. But I like to think we here at the Defiance Postal Service have much higher standards than that seeing as we come from some a fine parent organisation, so if you could kindly let me speak to Graham it would be apprecia...

Uncle:

I'm sorry Jeremiah but I'll have to sign on his behalf. My boy doesn't need folk like you rattling him before his fight...

Rainwood:

See that's a real shame big guy, because I really take this role seriously and most certainly do not want to let Unky Dane down so...

[Suddenly the Laid back Legend sprung into action, dropping the gift and smoothly spinning Lash's uncle round then tearing a strip of duct tape off. As the manager turns to face, Rainwood slaps the tape over his mouth before swiftly wrapping duct tape round the man's wrists. With a neat little shove from Rainwood's left boot, the man was sent scurrying down the corridor on his needs. Right on cue Graham opened the door armadillo in hand, masking his uncle, to see only Rainwood standing in the corridor.]

Its almost as if it were choreographed.]

Graham:

Rainforest?

Rainwood:

One and the same my man, one and the same, look, I just thought before we had our match, that I'd drop by and say hi properly. I know you're preparing and all but I felt we needed to have ourselves a little old fashioned chin wag before we squared up in the ring.

Lash:

What you want, Rainforest?

Rainwood:

A chat compadre, and that is all. I even brought a peace offering see!

[Rainwood picked up the stuffed aardvark and presented it to Lash, much to his pleasure the wrestler took it and began unwrapping it. At the same time uncle, now back on his feet rounded the door. Putting his arm round Graham to direct his gaze away from his charging uncle, Rainwood swiftly shoves the boys manager into the room Lash had just exited, closing the door behind him with the other. Arm still round Lash he began to walk off.]

Graham:

Aardvark!

[Graham yelped with joy, clearly excited with Jeremiah's purchase.]

Rainwood:

I thought you would like it, I saw that Aardvark, and I thought to myself, you know that Lash guy, I hear he likes animals. I hear he has a stuffed one too. And you know, I thought, who do I know who has a stuffed animal that could do with a friend. And then it hit me. I should get you the Aardvark, I personally think he'd make a great personal trainer

Graham:

Thankya Rainforest

Rainwood:

No worries friend no worries, now I'll keep it brief brother, cause we gotta match in about five minutes. I just came here to wish you all the luck tonight, and hope you and me can put together a fab-i-u -lous show. Cause the things I've been hearing from that uncle of yours makes me worried that we might not get one

Graham:

No way Rainforest, you get beat though

Rainwood:

I may well do buddy, but if it's going to happen, do it with some style and class. I'd hate this great opportunity to turn into some down and dirty slugfest. Wouldn't you?

Graham:

Yeah, no dirty snails.

Rainwood:

That's some sweet Jazz music right there my man. Good to hear you singing from the same hymn sheet. Now just before you head off for final match preps, I got one last thing to say you gonna hear me out.

Lash:

Yep

Rainwood:

Good good, I just want you to think, really think about your managers. Cause as far as I see it you got two of them. Your uncle and your Armadillo, and I'm not one hundred percent sure ones giving you the most tip top advice. I'd have a long hard think about that uncle of yours. Cause I think you're really going places, and the best manager to take you there, is being held in your arms right now. Surely there's a reason your uncle keeps trying to take him away from you

[Rainwood paused just long enough to allow the idea to creep into Lash's skull]

Rainwood:

Is that the time kid, I gotta bounce, you have a think about our chat.

[Rainwood jogs off screen and Lash is left thinking as the camera fades to black.]

Jeremiah Rainwood vs Lash Graham

DDK: Our first match... **Angus:** Our first match is between a nutcase who lost on the last card and yet another DEF newbie coming in here and calling himself a legend. **DDK:** I was going to say two unique young competitors looking to make their mark here in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** Either or. **Quimbey:** First up, hailing from Memphis, Tennessee. Weighing in tonight at 208 pounds... [Burning Up by Seasick Steve starts to play and on the last "Oh I want you..." Rainwood saunters out at a slow pace, pauses for a good minute or so at the top of the ramp and then salutes the crowd with two fingers as nonchalantly as possible.] **Quimbey:** Jeremiah Raaaaaainwoooooood! **Angus:** Take your time, new blood. We've got all night. **DDK:** He is quite nonchalant. **Angus:** Did this dude pop a soma before the match or what? ... and if so can I have one? [After saluting, he strolls down the ramp at a very gentle pace, often hi fiving the fans and having full conversations with random members of the crowd.] **Angus:** *sigh* [Once he's finally made his way to ringside, Rainwood gets up onto the apron, climbs between the top and middle rope hanging there for a second as if lying in a hammock. Once in the ring Jeremiah does on one slow dull turn, slightly bowed with his hand on temple before lazily flicking a final salute to the crowd.] **DDK:** Well, quite the entrance from Mr. Rainwood, Angus. [Angus makes a few forced feux waking up noises.] **Angus:** Wha?! What? Is it over? **Quimbey:** And hailing from New Bedford, Massachusetts. Weighing in tonight at [Ok Go and the Muppets hits and Lash sprints from the back like a bat out of hell, slapping hands with the fans on his way to the ring.] **Angus:** Here we go. Little more animated, this one. [He leaps up on the ring apron and does a forward somersault over the top rope and into the ring. Running to the far corner he leaps onto the top rope and moonsaults off, landing on his feet in the center of the ring and playing to the crowd. He looks at the spot he would normally place his armadillo and looks rather forlorn.] **Angus:** Awww poor baby misses his little friend. Can we please get this thing started now? **DDK:** The fun isn't over partner. Remember we're dealing with a night full of guest referees. [This song fires up over the arena PA system...] <http://youtu.be/70d0RJK6JPg> **Angus:** Oh ewww. [Several stage hands holding sparklers flank the entrance curtain. And a big fat asshole in a cheap devil costume bounds out onto the stage to mostly groans from the DEFIANCE faithful... especially when he pulls out a wrinkled and far too small referees shirt and stuffs it over his head ontop of his costume.] **Angus:** Out of what sticky dank corner of the DEFIANCE vault did Eric scrape this cum stain? **DDK:** Satan has returned, ladies and gentlemen. Whether we like it or not. I heard they found him squatting in the old DEFIANCE offices. The smell I'm told was indescribable. **Angus:** God Dane has a screwy sense of humor. I can't tell if this is a fuck you to the striking referees or a fuck you to... well, everybody. [Rainwood runs his fingers through his hair, looking kind of bored. Graham on the other hand is down on all fours in the corner with his ear pressed up against his stuffed armadillo. Kevin... Satan... whatever, slowly waddles down to ringside and rolls under the bottom rope like a spastic fat little baby before finally getting to his feet. He motions for a mic and for both men to meet him center ring.] **Kevin/Satan:** I want a clean bout fella's, no monkey business DO YOU HEAR ME?! HUH?! [Kevin eyeballs Graham up and down.] **Kevin/Satan:** I'm watchin' you FREAK. You might not have your corner man this week, but I know you're still about the shenanigans. So I'm keepin' an eye on you... GOT IT PUNK?! **Angus:** Corner man? He's talking about Graham's stuffed toy, right? **DDK:** Yup. **Angus:** Just checking. God this is a fuckin' weird place to work. **Kevin/Satan:** Okay... LETS GET IT ON! DING DING! **Angus:** Okay Big John McCarthy, yeah lets totally get it on. lck. [Rainwood and Graham immediately start circling one another. Rainwood might move at the speed of sleep usually lashes out at Graham with his long lanky limbs and lands a kick to the guts and a few overhand forearms to the back of the odd young grappler.] **DDK:** Graham might outweigh Rainwood, but Rainwood has the reach. [Jeremiah slides down and drops Graham with a leg trip. After a little technical grappling Rainwood takes Lash's back and latches on a tight sleeper.] **DDK:** Some impressive grappling from Jeremiah Rainwood here, Angus! [No sooner did those words escape Darren Keebler's mouth does Lash Graham fling his legs up around the neck of Jeremiah Rainwood, forcing him to release the hold. Lash clamps down tight, Rainwoods head planted firmly between his thighs. The hold lasts but a moment as Rainwood deftly maneuvers himself out of the hold, the two men ending up on their knees inching away from one another.] **Angus:** Not bad. **DDK:** Indeed we're seeing... wait, where's the referee? [Satan is in the corner on his cell phone. Angus screams off mic.] **Angus:** HEY ASSHOLE, WRESTLING MATCH? [Satan looks up with a smile holding his phone out in front of him.] **Kevin/Satan:** INSTAGRAM! I'M TAKING A VIDEO! Say something funny Angus, like you do. Say something dirty! The internet loves dirty! **Angus:** Goddamnit, fuck you Kevin. Fuck.... and what the FUCK is goddamn Instagram? [Somewhere Benny Doyle and the rest of the DEF referees are laughing their collective genitals off.] [Graham gets the better of several exchanges that prove the following. Firstly that when Lash Graham isn't jabbering with a children's toy every so often he's actually a pretty solid talent. And secondly that even the most laid back wrestler on earth has his limits. Rainwood slapping the canvas after Graham escaped a rather uncomfortable looking three quarter facelock.] POP! **DDK:** OUT OF NOWHERE, OH MY GOD! LIGHTNING SPIRAL! [While Rainwood showed just a glimmer of frustration, Lash Graham took the opportunity and busted out his finishing maneuver drilling the back of Rainwoods head into the mat, folding the lanky

wrestler nearly in half.] **Angus:** Graham goes for the cover! 1... 2... 3... [No bell.] **DDK:** Lash Graham with the lightning quick Lightning Spiral for the pinfall here... **Angus:** HEY FUCK HEAD! CALL FOR THE BELL?! END THE MATCH! [Satan is still in the ring on his belly where he surprisingly slid in and made the three count. He looks a little sweaty and winded.] **Kevin/Satan:** Can't... too tired... *wheeze* **DDK:** It is probably the most physical activity he's ever had, partner. Give the little guy props, he actually did his job there in the end. **Angus:** Calling him little is an insult to small shit everywhere, Darren. Can someone roll his ass out of the ring so we can get on with this show? And someone call Benny Doyle? I'LL pay his damn salary so long as I don't have to witness some shit like this ever again.

Viewing Station 1 - Alewife Baltimore

[We cut to the inside of the rowdy Alewife Baltimore, one of Defiance's official on site viewing stations near 1st Mariner Arena. The place is PACKED. A round of whoops and cheers goes up from the crowd gathered around the big screen HDTV next to the bar as they see Lash Graham's arm raised in victory. However, the majority of the bar's inhabitants are pushing and shoving their way toward the line to get to the autograph tables, where Chance Von Crank and Virginia Quell currently sit. CVC glances toward the big screen as he finishes signing a young woman's... um... chest.]

Chance Von Crank:

Would you look at that shit?

[The next fan to step forward in line is a middle aged hillbilly of a man wearing jean overalls, a huge toothy grin, and nothing else. He presents The Trailer Park Prodigy with a magazine to sign. CVC promptly ignores the man and turns to Virginia Quell next to him.]

Chance Von Crank:

Kinda turns your stomach to see that fat fuck of a fake ref floppin' around the ring, doesn't it?

[Virginia ignores him and poses coldly from her seat for a photo with a young girl.]

Chance Von Crank:

I mean, it's gotta make you appreciate a real man. With a real body. You know what I'm saying?

[He scoots his chair an inch closer to hers. She doesn't even seem to register his existence. CVC leans in close.]

Chance Von Crank:

Maybe I can show you how I count to three and ring the bell sometime.

Virginia Quell:

Shut up.

Chance Von Crank:

Fine, your loss. Hosebeast.

[CVC takes the rejection like the champ he is. Mostly because he just caught sight of an attractive blonde waiting in line a couple rows back. He palms the hillbilly man's face and shoves him aside, happily waving the blonde to the front of the line.]

Chance Von Crank:

Hot bitches to the front of the line! Come on guys, this shit should go without saying.

[Cut.]

Human Chess

[Kai Scott is standing in a hallway.] [He's dressed in street clothes - in his case that means black slacks, dark red muscle shirt, and a black trenchcoat - and has that silver crutch tucked under his arm as usual. Some sort of mobile communications device is in his hand.] [He doesn't do much besides occasionally tap on it.] [A door opens.] [Kelly Evans.] [The plaster cast on the arm of the Whore Next Door means that about 25% more of her skin is covered than usual. Heidi did a number on it.] **Kelly:** Eric's ready to see you. [Scott taps the screen of his device and sticks it in his coat pocket.] [Eric Dane's office not only looks professional, it's starting to look comfortable. Only one trace of The Untouchables and the reign of Jeff Andrews remains - a big poster for the Untouchable PPV. Other than that, the Baltimore Ravens memorabilia, miniature John Deere tractors and everything else that made it Jeff's is gone, replaced by some generic but tasteful landscape paintings and some laminated DEFIANCE gear.] **Dane:** Come in. Have a seat. [Scott does.] **Scott:** Enjoy not having someone barge in? **Dane:** You don't know the half of it. [Silence.] **Dane:** Care for a drink? **Scott:** Johnny Blue? Yes, yes I would care for a drink. [Dane takes down one glass, pours it full, then produces a bottle of AquaFina from somewhere and hands it to Scott.] **Scott:** ...touche. [He doesn't even deign to pick up the bottled water, instead sitting down.] **Dane:** So, do you know why you're here? **Scott:** I imagine we're going to measure our dicks and then you're going to warn me that Defiance is yours and I better keep my ass in line. **Dane:** ...well, let there be no mistake that Defiance IS mine, and you better remember that. [Silence.] **Dane:** So let me get to the point, because there's something I'm curious about. Back when you rejoined Defiance for the Grand Champion's League, you said, over and over again, that you were done playing the game and all you wanted was to help your clients. Then Jonny Booya turned on you, and you disappeared for a while and started pretending to be Yoshikazu YAZ. How much of that was fake. **Scott:** You want the honest answer? **Dane:** YES. **Scott:** Jeff asked me to infiltrate ESEN way before he had the idea of bringing back the Untouchables. The whole idea for the Untouchables came from me asking if he was just going to make me give the promotion back to you after I took it from Goldman. The Untouchables kind of went from there. We didn't even think Ronnie Long would come back - he really can't stand Defiance. **Dane:** It's mutual. And I actually believe all that - I know how impulsive Jeff is. **Scott:** May I ask you a question? **Dane:** Shoot. **Scott:** After the Untouchables imploded - how come you didn't just try to take me out behind the proverbial woodshed and put a bullet in my head? **Dane:** I wanted to see if you were everything Jeff always said you were. **Scott:** Well, Light won the Masters tournament, and so I never got a chance to really show off. It was all going to start with Goldman celebrating after Evolution won the thing, and I was going to step in and tell him he was fired, he'd freak out, I'd unmask... everything would've gone from there. It would've been badass. You really owe Light. **Dane:** I'm surprised you managed to get him pressed up so close to the edge. **Scott:** The way I see it, it makes us even for all the fucking you've been doing with Heidi's brain. **Dane:** Fair enough. Chris'll never turn though. He's one of those true-blue boyscout types. Every decade or so some asshole, that'd be you this time, leans on him until he starts questioning himself, but in the end he always remembers where his bread is buttered.. [Dane's words linger in the air for an awkward moment.] **Dane:** Besides, I saved his life once, real talk. As far as Heidi goes, I've gone out of my way to get that one on board with the team. I've fired and maimed people for less than the bullshit drama she goes through every time the words "Tom" or "Sawyer" are so much as breathed. Even Jeff'll admit that I bent over backwards to keep her happy for a good year. **Scott:** You know, I spent five years of my career messing with that girl's head. And it's not that she can't be manipulated to an extent. It's more that she always seems to know who's doing the manipulating and then she turns on them. Sometimes, I honestly wonder if maybe she somehow tricked me into not wanting to play the game anymore. [Eric's eyebrows scrunch together.] **Dane:** I don't know how much I'd believe that. She doesn't have the strength of personality it takes to manipulate her way through this business. That's why she's been attached to somebody's hips for the majority of her run, or reduced to a raging psychopath without somebody's closely scrutinizing supervision. I'll tell you this much, though. If I have to put her down myself it's gonna be quick and messy and it's gonna leave a weird void, so I'd just as soon somebody flip her switch back off of "Batshit" and get her with the program than go head to head with her. **Scott:** You were the one that flipped the switch, though, because you just didn't care so much for the 'mousey karate chick that everyone loves'. But enough about Heidi. If she ever really forgave me for everything that happened since 2002 in the first place, there's a reason she kicked me in the head and not Jeff or Ronnie. I can't control her, and do you really think I can scare a person who laughs their way through taser blasts? [The boss shrugs behind his desk.] **Dane:** She's a project, and a handful, that much I'll admit. Nothing I can't deal with, though. As for you, I didn't really have any good reason to get into the dirty business with you. I don't know you, and outside of that little cage thing, and helping Jeff almost fuck this place out of existence, I don't have any long standing issues with you. Jeff says you should have been more than a glorified support role for the majority of your career, but circumstance never allowed it. I

sat down and I thought about that, and I asked myself, "Self, what would happen if circumstances were different?" [He smirks.] **Dane:** And that leads us to the here and the now. Whatever happens is gonna be whatever will happen, so long as it doesn't hurt my bottom line or scare off any sponsors, I really couldn't care less who does what to whom, when, why, or how. Get it? [Scott stands up.] **Scott:** I'm a wrestler, Eric. I've made myself useful to various superiors and subservients alike in a number of ways, but if I really wanted to be you, I'd go open my own fed. Not steal someone else's, and not wreck it for shits and giggles. I know which games we're playing, and I'm not playing that one. But I have been around to know where business starts and ends. Now... [A pause.] **Scott:** Is there anything else? [Eric arches an eyebrow, then waves the Ace of Heels off.] **Dane:** Nah. Go about your business. Just don't do anything that I wouldn't do, mmkay? [Kai was almost out of the door when he turned back in toward the boss, a knowing look spread plainly across his face.] **Scott:** Seriously. Does that even count anything out? [He shuts the door behind himself without waiting for the answer.]

Contrition and Zebras

[Christian Light, the giant, blonde flat topped, super hero and all around pro wrestling legend is leaned up against the opposite wall of the locker room door of one, err three, Tyrone Walker, Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry. There is something odd about all of this, but I can't quite put my finger on it.]

[A DEFIANCE staffer scurries by Light to pop his head into the door, something about it being "time". Before long the HNB Crew emerges from their sanctuary, ready to do battle in this, their official DEFIANCE debut.]

Light:

Ty...

[Stopping before they even started, the three look Light up and down and, AH-HA, that's what it is! Christian Light is wearing a referee's shirt. Oh... waitadamnminutenow!]

Ty:

It's a'ight, guys, I'll catch up.

[Looking to each other for a moment, Ry and Sam shrug before heading off towards the entrance way of the arena. Ty turns his full attention towards Light whose hands are figuratively hat in hand showing his contrition.]

Ty: [pointing at the zebra shirt]

So, uh... Yeah?

Light: [nodding]

Yeah, I'm... It was Eric's call, so... yeah. Hey listen, I...

[Light trails off... The door cracks open and we hear "I'm Sorry" playing from behind the door. Ty smirks as he shakes his head before reaching back to pull the door shut.]

Ty: [turning back to Light]

It's a'ight, dude, but hey, we gotta do this thing first. So hit me up later an' we can get our Dr. Phil on.

[Light nods his agreement and they part ways with Ty taking off after his partners in crime.]

Ryan/Python

[Backstage at the 1st Mariner Arena in Baltimore. Dan Ryan comes through a set of doors in street clothes, a bag over his left shoulder and sunglasses on. He rounds a corner and starts to enter his dressing room when he catches a glimpse of Python down near the catering area.]

Ryan thinks about it for a moment, then changes course and heads in Python's direction. Python sees him coming and interrupts his shot at getting to the food before Eugene Dewey long enough to turn toward the FIST.]

Python:

Hey champ. What can I do for ya?

Dan Ryan:

Actually -- I had something I wanted to tell you, and I want you to know how very much against my nature this goes.

Python: [Intrigued, an eyebrow raises]

Is that right? Well, fire away.

Dan Ryan:

I've never been one to ask for help, but I wanted you to know that I appreciate what you've been doing. And, I want you to know that if things get ugly with Heidi out there tonight and you need my assistance, I'm only a signal away.

[Python nods and grins, a little surprised.]

Python:

Hey man, don't mention it. You're a good dude and a hell of a hard worker and you've had to deal with a lot of bullshit lately. I just saw no reason why you should have to deal with it on your own, you know?

[His smile hardens into a thoughtful grimace.]

Python:

And thanks for letting me know you have my back tonight. Normally I wouldn't be too worried... there aren't many folks who are too keen on Heidi these days, so I'm not anticipating any interference on her behalf. But hell, the refs are out, the security is loose... if ever there was a night when anything could happen, this would be it.

[Ryan nods.]

Ryan:

Alright -- well, I'll just say good luck with your match, then.

Python:

I appreciate it. You too.

[Python puts his hand out and Ryan smiles and shakes it, and Python turns and walks off. Ryan keeps watching as he goes, the smile leaving his face.]

Unfair

[The Baws is on the phone. Who to? That's not important.]

Eric Dane:

Yeah? Well this shit needs to get fixed.

...

No, I'm doing it myself.

...

I have someone in mi-

[Record scratch... Well, the door flings open and slams against the wall.]

Alceo Dentari:

Hey, Dane! What's the bullshit we been hearin' 'bout a strike?

[Eric rubs the corner of his eyes and inhales slowly through his teeth as he looks up at Alceo Dentari, Vincent Rinaldi and Tony Di Luca. Each one of them with their respective Trios title belt draped over their shoulders. Alceo doesn't look happy, but how is that new?]

Eric Dane:

Fucking hell, do you even know how to knock?

[Alceo lets out a forced chuckle as Eric places the phone down on the desk.]

Alceo Dentari:

We are the Trios champions an' I am the next World champion, we don't need-

Eric Dane:

And I'm the owner of DEFIANCE. I don't care if this is your first day or if you're Angus fucking Skaaland, I tell you what you do and don't do, and you don't waltz into my office demanding answers to questions that have nothing to do with you.

[That doesn't sit well with the stereotype.]

Alceo Dentari:

Nothin' to do with me? Let me remind you, Dane. We got a title defence comin' up tonight, an' last I checked there ain't no officials 'round to do no officiatin', capiché?

Eric Dane:

Oh yeah, I capiché all right, but I think you need to understand you aren't the only person... or persons... around here affected by this strike.

Alceo Dentari:

But there ain't nobody else havin' to defend no titles, is there?

Eric Dane:

But there are plenty of other important mat-

Alceo Dentari:

There ain't nothin' more important than these titles, Dane.

[Alceo lifts his belt from his shoulder and pushes it to the face of Eric Dane. Eric's eye twitches ever so slightly, but he keeps his head about him.]

Eric Dane:

If I could referee your match myself then believe me, I would, but I've got enough on my plate with this ten man tag match later tonight, so I'll tell you what... I'll do the next best thing and make sure you have a referee that knows just how important title matches are.

I'll make sure you have a referee that can keep order in the match, and won't egg anyone on.

[Dentari's eyes narrow.]

Eric Dane:

I'll make sure you have a referee that, when the pressure's on... stays **COOL**.

[Mouth.]

[Wide.]

[Open.]

Eric Dane:

I'll make sure the referee for your title match tonight is Cancer. Fucking. Jiles.

[That oh so important belt drops to the floor like a finished cigarette butt.]

Alceo Dentari:

Are you kiddin' me! Are you fuckin' kiddin' me with this shit! You can't do this to me!

[Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi hold Dentari back as he flails, trying to get any part of his body to make contact with the scowling face of Eric Dane.]

Eric Dane:

Too bad, I just did. Now get the fuck out of my office.

Alceo Dentari:

This ain't on, Dane! This ain't fuckin' on!

[Eric smiles to himself and sits back down at his desk to pick the phone up once again.]

Eric Dane:

Yes. It is.

Tyrone Walker/Ryan Matthers/Sam Horry vs Blood Diamonds (Virginia/Jane/FDJ)

Angus:

No Entrances Style, can I get a hell yeah?

[Both teams are in the ring. Christian Light's there too in his referee's shirt.]

DDK:

Blood Diamonds being represented by Virginia Quell, Frank Dylan James and Jane Katze, with Nicky Corozzo on the outside.

Angus:

See, the Blackaconda's going to love this match, because he can ask where the white womens at, and there's two of 'em on the other side of the ring!

DDK:

That may be, but Virginia Quell is Bronson Box's woman. As for Jane

Angus:

Any potential benefits are outweighed by the risk of getting Venus Thigh Trapped?

[Witty commentator banter aside, the match is starting.]

[Quell's got some British grappling going on. She quickly arm wringers Ty, rolls him to the mat and hooks a wristlock to keep him there. Walker rocks to build up some momentum, kips to his feet, dropkicks Quell flying! She's up, ducks a palm strike and drives her shoulder into Walker's knee before he can recover. An ankle lock attempt is blocked as Walker bridges up to his feet, tries an enzuigiri, Quell ducks but drops the foot, Walker throws a spinning heel kick that she also ducks, but she doesn't duck the spinning backhand that he follows up with!]

DDK:

I'm not sure that watching Tyrone Walker knock a woman flying with a backhand slap and get cheered for it is going to make Defiance's sponsors happy.

Angus:

Fuck that noise, TEEM DANJAR!

[Quell rolls out of the ring, and Jane steps in over the middle rope.]

Angus:

This chick gets me wrongfooted. At first I watch her practically dryhump the ropes and think yeah, that's worth a boner. But she's so, I don't know, weirdly unemotional, and actually kinda creepy.

[Walker looks around, tags out to Horry.]

DDK:

A decision to fight the MMA-inspired mat technician with a heavier stronger mat technician by HNB. Jane's got her shoot kicks, some judo throws and locks and her thousand and one scissor holds. Horry doesn't use that style

Angus:

Thank fucking GOD. Some dude did that, I'd go on strike.

DDK:

But he's a black belt in jujitsu and I believe accomplished at judo and amateur wrestling as well.

[Horry looks Jane up and down, and then poses suavely. It doesn't impress her, and she roundhouse kicks him, hard, in the breadbasket. His wind knocked out, Horry is kicked backwards into the turnbuckle.]

Angus:

Basically Sam Horry is Justin Brooks, he was real close to the top for a couple years he never quite made it.

[Jane frankensteins Horry out of the corner, remains seated on his neck, and hooks him in a top mounted triangle choke. Horry coughs, kicks and unseats her, Jane keeps the choke hooked but Horry gets his foot on the ropes. Light calls for a break, Jane holds on just long enough to 'prove' that she isn't intimidated by his referee shirt and the authority that goes with it.]

[Horry gets up mad. He double-legs Jane, lifts her up over his shoulder, then spikes her to the mat and applies a heel hook. Jane tries to kick her way out of it and can't, so she twists her body and reaches the bottom rope. Horry releases the hold when Light tells him to, Jane pulls herself out of the ring.]

DDK:

HNB has the size advantage when you consider that Jane and Gin are both under 150 lbs, but the Blood Diamonds have the Mastodon of the Mountains in their corner, and Nicky Corozzo, who's even bigger, at ringside.]

[Quick shot of Corozzo in his suit looking all boss-like and badass.]

[FDJ steps in over the top rope. Horry asks Matthews if he's sure he wants in, Matthews says yes, and the tag is exchanged.]

DDK:

Former WfWA World Champion Ryan Matthews facing off against a man who outweighs him by close to 100 lbs.

[FDJ lunges. Matthews easily ducks the lunge and catches the big man with an elbow to the mush. A three elbow combo has FDJ off balance, flailing and staggering, and Matthews grabs the arm, twists it in an arm wringer, then jumps and drops, bringing the arm down across his knees! FDJ howls in pain and clutches his elbow. Matthews goes right back after the arm, wringing it again, delivering a driving elbow, another one... but failing to realize how damn strong FDJ is. FDJ yanks that wrung-out arm back towards him and knocks Matthews down with a headbutt!]

DDK:

FDJ looking a bit frustrated there, he's got no patience for anything besides brawling.

[Matthews is brought to his feet, FDJ throws him into the Blood Diamond's corner and goes batshit, smashing forearm after forearm into Matthews' chest! Light starts the count to five, FDJ ignores him, and so Light gets in between them, forcing FDJ back! It looks like FDJ might turn on Light when Quell screams at him.]

DDK:

Something seems different with the Blood Diamonds dynamic here.

Angus:

Yeah, well, Jane and Gin just barely get along and that's after Box threatened to dump Gin back on the streets of Glasgow, and now FDJ... y'know Blood Diamonds aren't even close to being a big happy family.

[Quell however has taken control of Matthews in the ring. Despite being a chick, she gets his arm in an overhead wristlock, bends him around, and waffles him to the mat with a trip shortarm clothesline! Grabbing the head she delivers a series of knee drops to the crown of his head, then hooks in a tight front chancery.]

DDK:

Quell has the forearm pressed up against the aorta with that one, and she gator rolls him away from the ropes!

[Virginia leans as much bodyweight as she can into the hold. Matthews tries crawling backwards, Quell suddenly

stands up and immediately drops down with a DDT, interrupting his struggle. A fairly rough tag is exchanged with Jane.]

DDK:

Matthews needs to get out of the ring and soon.

[As Matthews crawls towards his corner, Jane raises him to his knees and shuffle side kicks him under the jaw. A cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....Kickout!

[Jane gives Matthews another thrust kick and he falls into the corner. She bounces to the middle rope, brings her feet up in the air banzai style - and swings downwards driving them both into Matthews' jaw!]

DDK:

Caviar Dreams from Jane, and that might just have put Matthews on dream street! She's pulling him to mid ring - no, not following up, tagging out to FDJ!

[FDJ walks in and drops a huge knee drop on Matthews. He picks him up, throws him into the corner, follows up with a jump - and Matthews gets his feet up! FDJ goes stumbling backwards, and Matthews runs to follow up!]

[And lands on his face as Corozzo pulls his ankle out!]

[But Christian Light is refereeing this, and the last time he and Corozzo ended up opposed to each other, Corozzo got spinebusted straight through the ramp.]

DDK:

Light dives out of the ring and wipes Corozzo out with a high running knee! And Walker with a sprinboard dropkick, caddy-corner and takes Quell off the apron!

[Virginia Quell crashes into the guardrail on the far, unsupervised side of the ring.]

DDK:

Horry into the ring, ducks a wild swing from FDJ, and OH! DOWN WITH ONE HIGH ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

Angus:

Is they legal? Hey, Light's not in the ring, he had to kick Corozzo's ass!

[Horry makes the cover. He yells for Light, Light sees the cover, slides into the ring, makes the count.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

Angus:

If Light had been in position, that totally would've been it!

[Virginia Quell slowly makes her way back into the ring, one hand tucked out of sight. She spins Horry around and lands a European uppercut with that hidden hand - Horry wobbles on his feet and then slumps!]

DDK:

Virginia Quell's got her fist loaded with that set of knucks, and Light didn't catch the shot on Horry!

[Quell yells for Jane to hold Ryan Matthews for her. Jane does. Virginia brings her fist back, swings - and Matthews ducks! The loaded punch hits Jane in the forehead, and Edward White's business assistant hits the mat flat on her back!]

Angus:

BOOM HEADSHOT! TIMES TWO!

[The first headshot was the misfired loaded punch. The second was Walker flying in out of nowhere with a busaiku knee to Virginia, knocking her clear of the ring.]

DDK:

Matthews picking up Jane, vertical suplex, drapes her across the top rope - and off with a neckbreaker! One Minute To Midnight he calls that, and that's gonna be it!

[Matthews doesn't even bother to hook a leg.]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners - the team of H! N! B!

[Walker, Matthews and Horry all raise their arms. FDJ, who wasn't able to break up the pin, walks backstage alone. Quell shrugs and follows him, leaving Jane to slowly roll out of the ring and land on the mats nursing her head. Corozzo ends up picking her up and carrying her backstage.]

DDK:

Miscommunication from the Blood Diamonds leads to HNB winning their debut match!

Viewing Station 2 - All Star Sports Bar

Python and Fans:

```
YEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
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[A small ocean of mugs and bottles are thrust into the air and begin clinking together as the fans gathered in the All Star Sports Bar wildly celebrate the victory of Walker, Matthews, and Horry over The Blood Diamonds. Right in the middle of the madness stands Python hollering along with all the rest and drinking a bottle of Pepsi. He is totally unprotected by boundaries or security, and he is loving it.]

Python:

Atta boy, Tyrone!

Fan 1:

You're friends with Tyrone Walker!?

[Python gives the fan a look of genuine surprise.]

Python:

Well, yeah! Isn't everyone?

[Python laughs as the crowd of people around him all begin talking to him simultaneously and shouting over each other about the match and Gemma Lockhart and Heidi and the Blood Diamonds. The young grappler gladly fields all the questions he can and throws down some money on the bar, hollering through the noise.]

Python:

Barkeep! Another round for these good folks, on me!

Fans:

```
YEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
```

Fan 2:

GET DRUNK WITH US!

[The bar erupts with laughter.]

Python:

Haha dude, you try going up against Heidi sober sometime! I don't need anything to further increase the odds of one of my limbs being taken away from the rest of my body tonight. But, ah... find me when the show's over and we'll fuck some shit up, arriight?

Fans:

[illegible]

[Throughout all of this, Eugene Dewey sits chuckling at the autograph table as he scribbles his name across dozens of printed copies of the meme that went viral of him Shoryuken-ing Jeremy Knyte in June.]

Preparations Interrupted

[CVC walks down a backstage hallway. He's dressed and ready for his main event match later. As he walks down the hallway, he says hello to staffers the only way he knows how. First he passes a petite girl working on someone's wrestling tights.]

CVC:

Sup Cumrag.

[He then passes a skinny man by a table of food.]

CVC:

How's it goin' Faggot?

[Lastly he passes a very large woman.]

CVC:

Shamu.... FREE WILLY!!!

[CVC laughs to himself and looks for his next victim. Ahead he finds two men that have recently been a thorn in his side, Sam Turner Jr. and Tucker G. Alston. CVC sees them and instantly his face changes from a smile to a snarl.]

CVC:

Well well well. Look what dropped out of their mothers' cunts.

[The two men, who assumingly were going over their final game plan for their upcoming tag match, look up and share CVC's disgust.]

CVC:

Oh, umm Sam, how's my wife and fetus?

[Sam stares bonedaggers through CVC and snarls up his upper lip. He has to grit his teeth and bare it or else he could face actions from the Defiance higher ups.]

STJ:

Ya knows how 'ey is. Ya best be watchin ya mouff bout 'em, ya und'rstan. I ain't in na mood ta mess wiff ya low down rotten gutless summa beetch.

[CVC can't keep a straight face as he begins to giggle like a little school girl, which only draws Sam's anger higher.]

CVC:

Oh Sam, don't go ruining your "good name" on me. Your feeble attempt at swearing is all so humorous, you should take that act on the road. You'd make more money at that than you do wrestling.

[Sam's face begins to turn a bright shade of red, his hands clinched tightly and still snarling.]

STJ:

Ya bout ta mess up 'ere Chance. Ya bout ta write a ceck 'at ya Hep C infested body can't cash.

CVC:

Yeah, yeah, I've heard it all before from you, your threats don't scare me and they never will. Your just an oversized infant still sucking on its mommas tit. I'm done with you, you can now leave my presence, you local jokal.

[CVC turns his attention to Tucker.]

CVC:

Ugh. And you. How many chances are you going to get before the people that understand how much of a shitstain you really are?

Tucker G. Alston:

You know I'm sick of your....

CVC:

You know what I'm sick of? The fact that you think you've done something in this sport. All I've ever seen is you on your back after I've just kicked your ass and beaten you yet again. The only thing you've actually done here, outside of boring every since fan, is beat Sam over there. But who hasn't pised on his mother for giving birth to that abortion?

Tucker G. Alston:

I've had enough of this. One day Chance. You're going to get your ass handed to you, and I'm going to relish in being the one that does it.

[Tucker moves closer to CVC, the tension builds. The fury is seen in Tucker's eyes.]

CVC:

Ok tough guy. You think you're so smart? Answer me this. What do you call an athlete who's paid for a living and is also the leader of the three stooges?

Tucker G. Alston:

Pro...Moe?

[CVC reaches behind his waist and takes off his title belt and hands it to the camera with a look of mock surprise.]

CVC:

Ooooooooooh!!!

[He then winks and turns around quickly and slams the title into Tucker's head sending him to the ground. Turner quickly goes to his tag partner's help.]

CVC:

That's a bad word! You can't say that! Can someone bleep that out in post?

[CVC laughs and struts around a bit as Turner looks up at him with rage.]

STJ:

Get'cha laughin in now, cause come Ascens'n I'll be tha one laughin all tha way back ta Bloody Harlan.

[CVC makes a fart sound with his mouth, turns and walks away down the hall laughing.]

The Past Five Years

[The camera opens up backstage, the focus is Curtis Penn. Dripping in sweat, a black towel covering his shoulders, and already in his wrestling gear he eyes the camera.]

Penn:

Alston you're an idiot, a complete fucking nimrod. Five years ago you had just taken your first fist to the face. Five years ago I was sitting pretty on a beach, one hand wrapped around a drink with a pretty pink umbrella and with the other keeping a closed fist around the couple million I had in the bank.

Five years ago you were dying slowly of from the stresses of the Stock Exchange and the hustle of Wall Street. Five years ago I was playing a round of golf with a few of my not-so-famous friends, relaxing.

[He grins.]

Penn:

Five years ago I was 23 and already a former World Champion. Five years ago you were watching me on television wishing that you had the life that I had.

Five years ago no one knew who the hell Tucker G. Alston was, not much has changed for you. People ...the fans still don't know about Tucker G. Alston.

Today, I'm still one of the youngest World Tag Team Champions that the WfWA has ever had, you not so much at a Southern Heritage Title to claim. I'm not going to go into a list of accolades with you, I'd win. I'm not going to sit here and tell you that you have a snowball's chance in Hell in beating me. Because that would give you hope and what I do is break people with hope.

[He grabs the corner of his towel from his shoulder and wipes down his face.]

Penn:

Failure, Tucker, is your only option; you failed when you were on Wall Street. You failed, twice, in taking the Southern Heritage Title from Chance. Tucker, it looks as if failure is the only thing that you've known.

You are right one thing though...

[Holy shit, he's agreeing with someone.]

Penn:

One thing I learned back in my early 20's, back in 2005, Tucker is stick with what you know. I know strikes and submissions and I know how to win on the big stages. I know how to make pussies like you scream. When you step into that ring with me at Def 39 I'm going make you tap out. I'm going to make you scream for you fucking soul. When the ref steps in and tries to make me break the hold, I'm just going to cinch it in tighter... until all of that hope, courage, and heart drains from your body and you're carted off a broken human.

Tucker...I'm not CVC or Sam. I'm going to hurt you...

[His smile fades.]

Penn:

I'm going to hurt you in ways that you never thought were possible.

[/ Promo.]

Bygones Under a Bridge

[It's backstage, and it's long after Ty Walker has completed his match and showered off. He's ditched the in ring gear for his usual, a white baseball jersey representing the Baltimore Orioles which garners a cheap pop.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[See?]

[He also sports a pair of well worn blue jeans and classic black and white Adidas sneakers, while Christian, now the one set for battle, has his blue and white wrestling trunks on as well as a fresh Team Danger shirt. Matthews and Horry are in the vicinity as well, conversing about something to do with Dat Ass and a chick named Miranda.]

Light:

Listen, man, I...

Ty:

Yo, lemme lead this off if ya don't mind, I wanna get somethin' off my chest.

[Light nods.]

Light:

Yeah, man, that's fine. Go for it.

Ty:

A'ight, look.

[Ty snorts as he scrunches his face up a bit, almost like he was loosening up his face for the torrent of words that will be spilling out of it.]

Ty:

First off, we cool, a'ight?

[Again, Light nods.]

Ty:

I jus' wanna get all'a that outta the way. Anyway. I got heated an' was ready to get all personal an' bloody about how the shit went down at 38. After havin' some time to think it through, I had a change o' heart. I ain't sayin' I'm necessarily cool with how it all transpired, but we cool, homie...

[A pause from Ty, a nod from Christian.]

Light:

I can respect that, no doubt.

[Hand slaps and bro hugs all around.]

Light:

So what does that mean for Ascension? Are we off now?

Ty: [shaking his head, "no".]

What? Nah man, nah, we still gonna go out there an' do our thing. I mean, we cool, but we still got all'a this history chasin' us an' I dunno 'bout you, Chris, but I think it's 'bout damn time that we done did made it history once an' for all. Y'feelin' me?

[Christian seems to take a moment before a small smile tugs at the corners of his mouth.]

Light:

Completely agree. It'll be phenomenal to work a match where I actually respect the opponent...first time since the GCL finals probably.

Ty: [nodding.]

Right, right, 'sides... They got Tommy Boy doin' his thing on the Crag with Heidi, Cancer an' friends doin' their thing in the Ladder Wars, the only thing that's missin' is us. Ascension is as good'a place as any to finally get this done an' while we're at it, we'll show 'em what all'a the fuss has been about.

Light:

Often imitated, never duplicated...The Last Nighthawk and The Extreme Franchise, one-on-one for the first time ever. We still got a lot to show these kids, don't we?

Ty:

HALE yeah, homie, an' when we're done gettin' our violence on, we can move on an' finally, leave this old stuff in the past where it belongs.

[Light offers his hand, which Ty accepts.]

[MANLY HANDSHAKE ENSUES!]

Ty:

A'ight dude, I'mma bail, I got business to attend an' money to collect. Fools, I keep tellin' 'em, like Wesley Snipes said, always bet on black.

Light [nodding]:

Understood, man. Take care, watch your back. See you at Ascension

[Ty motions to his cohorts and the three head off to parts and trouble unknown.]

Light:

Looks like I'm finally out of the woods. Things are gonna go right back up from here..

[Back to ringside.]

Why you little...

[Back in the Gorilla position, road agent Wyatt Bronson is laying into DEFIANCE newcomer Eddie Whisky.]

Bronson: ...I went out on a limb getting you signed Whisky! And you lay a fat steaming turd in the middle of the ring!

How d'ya think that makes me look?! **Eddie Whisky:** I did all I could! You kow me Wyatt, I can't fight a woman!

[Bronson pantomimes crying and eye wiping.] **Bronson:** Well get yer head outta yer ass, Eddie, this here is Two-

thousand and One-Three! You want to fight with the big boys? Y'all gotta fight the big girls too! **Eddie Whisky:** Just

gimme another chance Wyatt! **Bronson:** You ain't worth a tin-shit Eddie, and everyone backstage knows it! Either

you get your ass in gear and bring the old Eddie to the ring, or I tell the boss you were in his porn stash! You'll never

work a town again! [Bronson turns and sees the camera.] **Bronson:** Piss off! [And back to ringside we go.]

watching a taunting Crank. Murray rolls out of the ring as Tucker hooks Penn around the head and slams his throat down to the ropes and he bounces clear off the apron to the outside.] **DDK:** Penn just bounced nearly to the security wall! **Angus:** Tucker's eyes are on the prize here he comes after Penn. [Alston pursues after Penn and gets a body to body suplex over his head courtesy of Curtis Penn. Alston bounces off the table as Angus moves just in time avoiding a huge collision.] **Angus:** Get off my fucking table! **DDK:** Penn's amazing athletic ability there was impeccable. [Crank is amazed by the belly to belly still standing in the ring. He snaps out of it and begins counting both men still being out of the ring. Penn charges Alston and his head is nearly taken off with a clothesline from his blindside!] **Angus:** That stopped him dead in his tracks! Amazing, Crank has lost complete control of this match. **DDK:** Sam rolls Penn into the ring! What a clothesline he nearly took his head off his shoulders with that one. [Alston slides in the ring and immediately goes for the pin! Murray stops the count at 2 stomping both men including Penn to break it up. Crank pushes him toward his corner as he fights to get at either man. Alston tags in Turner Jr. and slides out of the ring to take the fight to Murray. Turner comes in and drops a elbow on Penn's spine. He writhes in pain in the middle of the ring. Sam goes for a pin! Penn with a last minute kick out at 2 and a half.] **DDK:** I thought Penn had him there. **Angus:** They don't pay you to think, asshole. [On the outside of the ring Alston hammers Murray. He falls off the apron and lands on the steel steps. Alston continues his assault as Penn knees Turner in the gut and he bends...] **Angus:** Your Face is Fucked!!!! Over! **DDK:** He goes for the pin and Crank hits the mat. One... Two... KICK OUT BY SAM TURNER JR! **Angus:** No Way! [On the outside on the steps Alston hammers Murray with lefts and rights. Murray gets hold of him wrapping his arm around Alston's head and implant ddt's Alston on the steel steps. He pushes Alston off as Penn stands up and backs toward the ropes to get a running go, Slap! Murray slaps his back tagging him out of the match.] **DDK:** Here comes Murray. [Murray charges into the ring. Penn goes to the apron with a look of disgust across his face. Sam makes the tag and Alston bounces in the ring. Jamie Murray hits him with a huge splash elbow to the face. Alston shakes his head as Murray hits the ropes and kicks Alston in the face. Crank is laughing at Jamie Murray stomping Alston when he scolded him for it earlier. "Karma" he mutters at Alston. Tucker trips up Jamie causing him to fall. Alston stumbles to his feet and gets a half crab locked in on him in Murray's own corner. Jamie desperately reaches up to tag in Penn. Penn reaches and just as they are about to tag he jumps off the apron!] **Angus:** This place is going crazy! **DDK:** Be a man! Be a man! [Penn watches from the ramp as Murray has to tap out. The crowd rain boo's down on Penn. He walks towards the back still facing the ring. The arena is booing Penn in epic fashion. cVc calls for the bell and refuses to raise the hands on Sam Turner Jr. or Tucker G. Alston. Sam starts hitting Alston in the face while he is still holding the half crab on Murray. He hammers away as they fight back and forth. Crank stands in front of them looking straight at Penn. He points a finger, "Pew" "Pew".] **DDK:** What a great match and congratulations to Sam Turner Jr. and Tucker G. Alston! They will face Chance Von Crank for the SoHer Championship at Ascension! **Angus:** Time to pay some bills!

Viewing Station 3 - Pratt Street Alehouse

[The Pratt Street Alehouse rings loudly with boo's in the wake of Penn's attack on Alston and Sam Turner Jr.]

Fan 1:

Totally uncalled for, man!

Fan 2:

I kinda liked him until this. Fuck him.

Fan 3:

Heidi shoulda broke his leg when she had the chance!

Cancer Jiles:

Yeah, what a dick!

...

Fans:

OMG.

[In the heat of the crowd's reaction, COOL Cancer Jiles had totally sauntered in without anyone realizing it. Upon hearing his voice, the room immediately forgets about the events on the big screen and surges toward the world champion as he makes his way toward the autograph table.]

Fans:

SDKLFSDKLFNSDFJNSKJSNFKJSDNFKLSNMXCKLMVLKSNLJJSFDFKLNSNDSLKNSDIJ!!!!

Cancer Jiles:

Couldn't have said it better, myself.

[He settles in and greets the first fan in line with the coolest smile ever to grace the Pratt Street Alehouse.]

Sage Advice

[Tyrone WALKING!] [Get it? Anyway.] [Blackimus Prime strolls the halls, randomly saying “hey”, slapping fives, bumping fists, and occasionally stopping to converse with the nameless and more or less faceless backstage crew that works for DEFIANCE. He appears to be paying off winners and collecting from losers on bets. The man is a bookie too?] **DEFIANCE Crew Member:** Come on dude, Machida was **ROBBED!** **Ty Walker:** Hey! Jus’ ‘cause the judges robbed Machida, doesn’t mean you ain’t gotta pay up on your obligations an’ shit. [Great. The man is a bookie, as well as, a professional wrestler. Also, see? Told you. Perfectly reasonable explanation for why he would be doing all of this. Grudgingly, the man forks over the \$10 bill on his failed UFC bet. Ty keeps the bets low so as not to break his consumer base, he’s smart like that... or something.] **Ty:** A’ight, bet on black next time. [While all of that was taking place, Tom Sawyer walked by, the penultimate hero of the day didn’t pay no mind to the transaction and just kept on track down the hall. Stuffing the Alexander Hamilton in his pocket, Ty takes off down the hallway after Sawyer.] **Ty:** Yo! Hey, Tom-ay! [Tom pauses for a moment, and flashes Ty a pleasant, if distracted smile. With his hands nervously clenching and unclenching at his sides, Tom definitely looks like he’s been having a good, inward, shoe-gazing think.] **Tom Sawyer:** Ty. Hey. Nice to see you. [Catching up with the young Canadian, Ty matches his pace.] **Ty:** Can you believe that guy back there, tryin’ to get me to let him slide on a bet. Nigga must be trippin’ or something. So uh, yeah, what up? You all serious business right now an’ shit, that’s cool, I get it. **Sawyer:** Big match. Lotsa names in it, especially ones who want to see me grievously injured. I count no less than four people who would love to see me leave the arena tonight on a stretcher. [They continue on down the hall a bit.] **Ty:** Heavy, kid. But hey, listen. [Tom nods, glancing down for a moment. The kid sucks on his teeth, mind awl with all sorts of worries and strategies and thoughts and plans and even some schemes...] **Sawyer:** Go for it. I’m always willing to listen to someone like you, Ty. [Walker pauses, giving Tom a stern look.] Ty: Someone like me? ...That a black man joke? [Tom looks stricken.] **Sawyer:** No... I mean a veter- [Ty breaks into a huge grin.] **Ty:** Messin’ with you. But seriously, kid. Aggro Crag is just one show away. An’ I wanna to see that match, like, real bad, so bad that I gots blue balls. You can’t let this thing get you too distracted. You gotta be ready for that Radical Rock. [Ty reaches out, patting Tom on the shoulder.] **Sawyer:** Listen, I know. I know more than anyone else, that I need to be ready for Heidi. But Dan Ryan is a threat to all of us. Moreover, Bronson Box is a bigger threat. And Ed White. Kai Scott. Even that weasel Von Crank, and that sleazeball Stratton. I need to make sure they can’t take advantage of any of us. Eugene... Jiles, especially. So many of these guys would love to injure Can- **Ty:** Jiles can fend for himself. He won that World Title, he’d better be man enough to fight for it. Christian Light? Well, I’d doubt anybody in the world before I doubt that Chris can defend himself. Eugene’s got a lot of heart and a hell of an uppercut, I think he can handle himself. And Dan Ryan? Well... I know he ain’t exactly yo’ favorite person, but I think he can fight off Bronson Box. [Sawyer nods a bit, but still, he’s biting his lip and glancing at the floor.] **Ty:** Lemme spell it out for you. This match does nothin’. Even if you personally take the pinfall... You still got th’ biggest match of your career just after. An’ that’s where the real score is gonna be made, so remember. [Tom glances up to Ty Walker.] **Ty:** The most sage wisdom I got in this case. The Dude abides. [With that, Ty jets off the other way, looking to continue his criminal enterprise while leaving Tom Sawyer with some words of wisdom for the young Canadian Defiant to consider.]

Sing Amongst The Stars

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

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

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

[Alceo Dentari has scowled before, but never as much as he is right now. Behind him come Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi, each holding one end of a ladder. Dentari stomps his way down the ramp ignoring the jeers and the insults from the crowd and climbs the steps. He steps into the ring as his boys slide the ladder under the bottom rope, which they then follow in.]

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

[Dentari heads across the ring and leans through the ropes, demanding a microphone from the time keeper as his boys set up the ladder in the middle of the ring.]

Alceo Dentari:

Is that any way to greet your next champion?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

The truth really must hurt, huh?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

Whassamatta witchu? You don't want a champion yous can be proud of? You don't want a champion yous can look up to?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

You suck!

DDK:

'Look up to' might not be the right choice of words there.

Alceo Dentari:

Do none a' yous want a champion yous can respect?

Angus:

Oh I know he didn't just say that. Hold my beer.

DDK:

Would you sit down? ...And put your jacket back on!

Alceo Dentari:

Yous should... You should all want a champion that yous can respect, 'cause yous sure ain't got that in Cancer Jiles...

See, that man is exactly what his name suggests... he's a cancer... a growth... a tumor that's eatin' away at the very core a' DEFIANCE. An' that core ain't gonna last much longer if this self proclaimed 'Lord a' COOL' keeps struttin' out here with that World Title strapped 'round his waist.

[The fans aren't happy, not one bit, and they're more than willing to voice their opinions. Alceo drops the mic to his side as waits for the screams and the jeers to die down before bringing it back up again.]

Alceo Dentari:

...

[But he can't continue as the fans pipe up once more, drowning out anything he might want to say. Vincent Rinaldi unfolds his arms and move away from his position at the foot of the ladder as though he's threatening the fans to be quiet, but not one of them pays any attention.]

Alceo Dentari:

It's OK, Vinny... I hear these people. I hear 'em cryin' out... I hear 'em screamin'... beggin' for a person truly deservin' a' the moniker 'champion' to step forward an' finally grasp that title with both hands.

THATSNOTWHATWEWERESHOUTINGABOUTBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

People like Cancer Jiles...

RAHHHHHHHHH

Alceo Dentari:

Heidi Christenson...

Not sure if RAHHHHHHHH or BOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

...Jeff Andrews...

Pretty sure that's RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

DDK:

Alceo had better be careful what he says next. We're in the heartland of Jeff Andrews Country.

Angus:

I'd be surprised if that greaseball either knew or cared.

Alceo Dentari:

A man with a penchant for eggs, a woman with a penchant for bitchfits, an' a man whose daily planner contains nothin' but drinkin', an' servin' his own overinflated ego, have no business holdin' the richest prize in this game.

[If he could lean over the top rope to address the fans in the front row he would, but being as... vertically challenged as he is Alceo opted to place one leg through the ropes and lean out on the apron to point to the baying crowd.]

Alceo Dentari:

Your hometown boy claimed to be a fightin' champion, but he was more interested in pickin' out the weaklings. The Christian Lights an' the Eugene Deweys. He never even glanced at the man that gave his girl the beatin' a' her life.

[Alceo reenters the ring as he pushes a finger into his chest while the fans voice their disgust at the beratement of their hometown hero.]

Alceo Dentari:

An' Heidis 'reign'? That was even more laughable. She wins the title an' this place gets shut down. DEFIANCE reopens, she comes up against yours truly... an' she's gone... just like that.

[And with a snap of his fingers the fans come alive again.]

Alceo Dentari:

But that's OK, ain't it? 'Cause Cancer Jiles has come to break that string a' embarrassments.

[Alceo drops his chin and shakes his head slowly from side to side.]

Alceo Dentari:

But yous get more a' the same. A guy universally mocked behind that curtain. A guy laughed at for havin' a memory like a sieve...

Alceo Dentari:

I get it, you want a new champion, you crave a new champion...

[With a wave of his hand Alceo dismisses Tony Di Luca to one side. Tony sighs audibly, which draws and placed one foot on the bottom rung of the ladder his boys had been standing guard beside.]

Alceo Dentari:

You need a new champion.

[Alceo steps up another couple of rungs.]

Alceo Dentari:

Someone that ain't gonna embarrass you every step a' the way. Someone that ain't gonna run this place further into the ground than it already is.

[Anyone else might be above of the ladder by now, but Dentari had to take a couple more rungs before he could lift his leg over and sit himself atop the steel.]

Alceo Dentari:

Well all a' your prayers will be answered at Ascension, 'cause when all the smoke clears an' all the dust settles, Alceo Dentari will be standin' above everyone holdin' that world title.

OHMYMOTHERFUCKINGGODBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Alceo Dentari:

'Cause I'm the only one walkin' into the Ladder War RUTHLESS enough to take what I want! I'm the only one in this match who ain't flubbed a million shots at the stars! EVERY TIME SOMEONE SHOWED ME A GUN, I SNATCHED IT AWAY AN' SHOT 'EM IN THE FUCKIN' HEART! Heidi Christenson, I nearly ended her damn career! Tom Sawyer, I kicked him so hard I was limpin' for days!

[Alceo unstraps the Trios title belt from around his waist and holds it high to a chorus of boos.]

Alceo Dentari:

An' then yous got this title right here. The ones me an' my boys are wearin'... the ones me an' my boys are about to successfully defend... we beat The God-Damned Untouchables for these an' ain't had no competition since.

[Alceo looks down at his boys and asked for confirmation. Vinny can't count, but Di Luca seems to put some thought into his answer, even though he really doesn't care. Back at the top of the ladder Alceo counted to one on his fingers while mouthing 'MSX' and then shakes his head, returning to zero.]

Alceo Dentari:

All a' these tired old guard wrestlers? Their day is done. Cancer Jiles shoulda stayed in whatever slimy hole he crawled out from. Ed White's gonna go BANKRUPT when I'm done wit' him! Python an' Kai Scott shoulda retired when their beloved OLV folded LIKE THE SHITHOLE IT WAS!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

YOU KNOW IT AS WELL AS I DO, OLV WAS THE DEFINITION OF 'SHITHOLE'! AN' IT WEREN'T WORTHY A' MY RESPECT! IF THEY HAD ANY TALENT BEHIND THEIR CURTAIN IT WOULDN'T A' DIED! FUCK ALL A' YOUS FOR WORSHIPPIN' IT TEN YEARS AFTER IT SHOULDA BEEN TAKEN OUT BACK AND SHOT, LIKE TH-

FUCK YOU ALCEO
FUCK YOU ALCEO
FUCK YOU ALCEO
FUCK YOU ALCEO!

Alceo Dentari:

FUCK JEFF ANDREWS! FUCK KAI SCOTT! FUCK CLAIRA ST. SURE! FUCK PYTHON AN' HEIDI CHRISTENSON AN' EVERYBODY WHO EVER SET FOOT IN THAT FUCKIN' PLACE!

SHUT THE FUCK UP!
SHUT THE FUCK UP!
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

[Dentari, going(? Nope. Gone.) red in the face, pauses, and lets the fans throw their hatred and malice at him. It was impossible to talk over them. He let them say their piece once again. Eventually, they had to quiet down.]

Alceo Dentari:

I-

FUCK YOU ALCEO!
FUCK YOU ALCEO!
FUCK YOU ALCEO!

Alceo Dentari:

I AIN'T FINISHED! I AM YOUR NEXT CHAMPION, AN' I DEMAND THE RESPECT I DESERVE. I COME FROM A STATE THAT AIN'T A WASTELAND, SO DON'T TREAT ME LIKE SOME INBRED SHIT FROM MARYLAND!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

GO BACK HOME!
GO BACK HOME!
GO BACK HOME!

DDK:

If Alceo wants respect then he's going the entirely wrong way about it.

Angus:

To get respect you have to give respect, but that shit goes both ways, Keebs.

[There's a momentary pause in the vitriol, after a good while of waiting.]

Alceo Dentari:

Know what? I-

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alceo Dentari:

YOU KNOW WHAT?! FUCK ALL YOUS. I'M GONNA DEFEND MY TRIOS TITLES WHETHER CANCER JILES IS THE GUEST REFEREE OR NOT, THEN I'M GONNA GO BACK SOMEWHERE'S THEY'LL ACTUALLY APPRECIATE ME! AN' FUCK ALL A' YOU FOR LIVIN' IN A STATE THAT MIGHT AS WELL BE TURNED INTO A PARKING LOT!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With that Alceo drops the microphone to the mat and opens his arms out wide to soak in the reaction from the fans before climbing back down the ladder and ordering it out of the ring.]

Angus:

Darren, if someone jumps the guardrail, I want you to know that I'm not gonna stop him from knifing you.

DDK:

With how vocal these fans are being, that's a distinct possibility! We've got Tres Brujas coming out, hopefully they'll be able to make these people keep from murdering us all and burning this building down!

TRIOS TAG TITLE DEFENSE: Tres Brujas vs Dentari & Gorillas (c)

[Tres Brujas by The Sword is indeed playing as Alceo's boys slide the ladder out of the ring and to the outside. Clair St. Sure, Diane Parker, and Lisa Loeh all make their way down to the ring, obviously unimpressed with Alceos words.]

♪ A strange voice within his mind ♪ From the glowing orb in his hand ♪ Spoke of the properties of certain herbs
♪ Growing wild all across this land ♪ **DDK:** Tres Brujas look pissed. **Angus:** Well that greaseball has just stood out here talking about how he's going to win the world title at Ascension, completely looking past the challengers for the Trios titles tonight. **DDK:** Any idea how Tres Brujas are feeling about Cancer Jiles being named the referee for tonight's title match? **Angus:** I'm not fucking psychic, Darren. **DDK:** Of course not.

[The girls step up onto the apron as Di Luca and Rinaldi both slide back into the ring. Both teams keep their distance as the music fades to be replaced by something a lot... COOLer.] ♪ I'm the one your momma warned you about ♪ When you see me I will leave you no doubt ♪ I'm the coolest man on the face of this earth ♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪ [Through a cloud of smoke that may or may not have been generated by a fog machine, the World Champion appears. World Title around his waist, body adorned not with a referee's uniform, but with a silk button down shirt. He still wears his zebra stripes though, only they've been haphazardly applied to the front of his ultra-COOL T-Shades that have been placed appropriately atop his COOL head.] ♪ I am the COOL ♪ **DDK:** I've never seen a man referee a match in shades before. **Angus:** You mean you never saw Ray Charles as a special referee?

[Cancer Jiles wastes no time in heading for the ring and slides in under the bottom rope. He straightens up and the fans go wild.] RAHHH [Jiles takes the title from his waist and makes a point of heading over to Alceos corner and climbing the turnbuckles to pose with it. He even looks back at Dentari and smiles before jumping back down and winking at Lisa Loeh on the other side of the ring.] **DDK:** Do you think it was wise of Dentari to tear into the man that would be refereeing his match just moments before it was due to start? **Angus:** I don't think anything Dentari does is wise, but I don't think he expects this match to be called down the middle anyway.

DDK: He might have a point there- **Angus:** You shut your God-Damned mouth right now, Darren. Cancer Jiles is a stand up citizen and a role model to all. Dentari is a moron if he doesn't think the champ will call this thing right down the middle! [Despite the fact that all six competitors are still in the ring, and Dentari and his boys still have hold of their title belts, Jiles calls for the bell.] Ding Ding Ding!

DDK: And we're underway with Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca, and Vincent Rinaldi versus Tres Brujas; Lisa Loeh, Clair St. Sure, and Diane Parker. **Angus:** With the greatest guest referee you ever did see, The World Champion, The Lord of COOL, Cancer Jiles! [Dentari gives Tony Di Luca a pat on the back and steps to the outside along with Vincent Rinaldi. Di Luca looks a little peeved to be starting the match, but he doesn't have time to argue as Clair St. Sure charges in and lifts a knee into the small of his back. Tony collides with the turnbuckle and bounces back out into a waist lock from Clair, who uses all of Tony's momentum to take him over with a bridging German suplex! Cancer is right there to count the fall.] [ONE!] [Rinaldi has one leg in the ring, but, as Clair hasn't got much leverage in the bridge, Tony is able to kick out almost immediately. Clair is back to her feet first though and levels a kick into the kneeling Di Luca's shoulder. Tony tries to get to his feet, but Clair lands a couple more stiff kicks before Tony is finally able to catch her leg. He can't do much with it though as Clair jumps and lands an Enzuigiri to the side of Tony's head.] **DDK:** Clair St. Sure is certainly showing why Dentari and his boys shouldn't have been looking past them. **Angus:** I don't think Di Luca ever looked past Tres Brujas, that was all Alceo.

[Clair grabs Di Luca by the shirt and pull him to his feet, but Tony sticks out a thumb and jabs it into her eye, blinding her for long enough to scamper to his corner and tag out to Vincent Rinaldi. Clair obviously doesn't want to take on the largest of the champions with impaired vision and so opts to tag out to Diane Parker.] **DDK:** I don't think any of Tres Brujas have a chance of overpowering Rinaldi, but Diane Parker probably gets the best odds of the three. [Diane seems slightly reluctant to get near Rinaldi as he uses his superior reach to keep her at bay. Rinaldi steps in looking to tie up, but Diane ducks to one side and sweeps the leg... well, she doesn't sweep the leg, he wraps her arms around Rinaldi's tree trunk like limb and attempts to take him down to the floor. That gets cut out though as Vinny drops a double axehandle down across her shoulders.] [Vinny scoops up Diane and slams her hard to the mat before hitting the ropes and coming back with a big leg drop. Vinny adjusts his position for the cover.] [...]

DDK: Where's Jiles? [Cancer isn't anywhere near in position to count the pin, instead he's over in the corner of Tres Brujas, chatting away with Lisa Loeh. His attention is brought back to the match at hand as Vinny pounds the canvas and Dentari screams across the ring to, you guessed it, pay attention.] [O- Diance gets a shoulder up before Cancer can even hit the mat the first time.] **DDK:** How's that for impartial? **Angus:** Distracting the referee is a big part of Trios combat. At least I think I read that somewhere before...

[Vinny grabs Diane by the hair and pulls her to her feet. He pushes a foot into Parker's midsection and pushes her back into a neutral corner where he can charge in and sandwich her with a big splash! Diane collapses to the mat and rolls to the outside. Once she's out Lisa Loeh quickly hops into the ring and charge at the back of Vinny's legs, clipping them with a running dropkick. Lisa takes a step back and land a Kenka

kick right to the back of Vinny's head!] **Angus:** Cover him! [Lisa can't capitalize though as Alceo Dentari charges in behind her and lands a punch right to Lisa's kidney. He grabs a handful of hair and Lisa's waistband before sending her careening shoulder first between the ropes and into the ring post. With Lisa dangling over the turnbuckle Dentari takes the opportunity to push Rinaldi out of the ring and make his tag official.] **DDK:** That's not a legal tag. **Angus:** I'm not sure Cancer Jiles cares. [What Cancer Jiles does care about though is Alceo Dentari choking Lisa on the middle rope as he digs his knee into her shoulder.] [Onetwothreefour-] [Dentari is forced to break the hold after the very fast count and turns to argue with Jiles, who simply smiles back at him and taps his shades.] **Angus:** What'cha gonna do, Dentari! **DDK:** Oh, Brother... [Alceo grabs Lisa by the hair again and pulls her away from the ropes and into the middle of the ring. He steps on the back of her legs, pushing her down to her knees, and locks in a dragon sleeper. Rather than checking whether Lisa wants to submit, Cancer starts counting again.] [Onetwothreefourfi-] [Dentari breaks the hold and squares right up to Jiles questioning why he was counting during a perfectly legal hold. Jiles gestures that it was a chokehold and waves Dentari away, but Alceo isn't going anywhere.] **DDK:** Cancer seems to be taking a few liberties with his officiating duties here. **Angus:** He's taking it seriously. There's a title at stake afterall. [Alceo continues to argue over the dragon sleeper while Lisa has time to recover and roll to the outside. As soon as he feet touch the mat Clair St. Sure enters the ring and takes Dentari over with a reverse northern lights suplex, she rolls through and locks in a rear naked choke!] [Jiles drops to his chest and asks Dentari if he wants to give up, but there's barely any time to answer as Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi both scramble into the ring and break up the hold with boots to the shoulders of St. Sure. Cancer injects himself into the mix and keeps the gorillas from doing much more to her by ordering them out of the ring, but that only give St. Sure time to grab Dentari by the ankle and drag him into Tres Brujas' corner of the ring.] **Angus:** I thought that was going to be it! **DDK:** I'm surprised it wasn't. I though Cancer was going to go all 'Montreal' on us. **Angus:** Shhh! I think that happened in a different universe; one we're not supposed to know about. [Claira sits Dentari up in the corner and holds him in place with a knee as she tags to Diane Parker. Diane comes in over the top rope, turns and lands a dropkick to Dentari's chest all before touch the mat. She rolls back and up to her feet before grabbing Dentari's leg, which she uses to pull him out of the corner and covers!] [ONE!] [T- Dentari gets a shoulder up as soon as possible.] **DDK:** A surprisingly fair paced count there, Angus. **Angus:** Down the middle, Keebs. [Diane doesn't waste any time in sitting Dentari up before driving a stiff kick right into his spine! Dentari arches is back and howls in pain as Diane locks in a rear chin lock and drives her knee into Dentari's spine. She doesn't hold him there long though as Big Vinny charges in and breaks the hold with a boot. Cancer Jiles interjects again, but as he's ordering Vinny out of the ring Tony Di Luca steps through the ropes and drives a running knee into the side of Parker's head.] **DDK:** Cancer seems to be losing control. **Angus:** All that grease makes these Italians very slippery. [Di Luca pulls Parker to her feet and hooks her up in a full nelson, seemingly going for the Shallow Grave, but Lisa Loeh leaps into the ring and nails Di Luca in the chin with a missile Dropkick. Big Vinny gets right back in and wipes Lisa out with a clothesline as she's getting back to her feet. He wraps his arms around the waist of Lisa and lifts her in a gutwrench, but he can't throw her as Clair St. Sure has jumped on his back and has locked in a Rear Naked Choke.] **DDK:** Rinaldi is holding Lisa Loeh while Clair St. Sure climbs all over his back. **Angus:** I bet he wasn't expecting his day to end up like this. [Rinaldi stumbles forwards into the ropes and twists, managing to dump Clair over the top and onto the apron. He then lifts Lisa while Clair is getting to her feet and throws her into the Jamaican. Clair and Lisa tumble to the outside but they soon have Rinaldi for company as he gets knocked through the ropes by a dropkick to the back of the head from Diane.] [In the meantime Alceo has gotten back to his feet and surveys the ring. Diane Parker is just getting back to her feet and Tony Di Luca is still down from the dropkick. Instead of getting right back on Diane though, Alceo slides to the outside of the ring and drops to a knee behind the apron.] **DDK:** Alceo is hiding from Diane Parker! [Diane doesn't notice though, she's way too focused on Tony Di Luca, who is just starting to stir on the mat. She waits for him to get to a knee before hitting the ropes, but that's about as far as she gets before Big Vinny reaches in and grabs her by the ankle. He can't keep hold of her though as Clair St. Sure and Lisa Loeh both grab one arm each and pull Big Vinny back. Now Diane's not locked onto Tony, she's sailing over the top rope and wiping out Big Vinny with a crossbody!] **DDK:** Diane Parker putting it all on the line! **Angus:** And Cancer Jiles is just watching all of this unfold. He's such a fantastic referee. [Diane gets back to her feet quickly to a big cheer from the fans and regroups with her partners. They don't have much time to celebrate though as Tony Di Luca, who has perched himself on the top rope, takes flight towards them! Di Luca collides messily with all three witches and almost uses Rinaldi's body as a crash mat!] **DDK:** And so is Two Hands! These titles mean everything to him, Angus. **Angus:** I don't think I remember any of the champs going airborne like that in the past. [Tony Di Luca gets to his feet on the outside and spies Alceo Dentari sliding back into the ring. Dentari points right at Lisa Loeh and barks orders at Tony to throw her into the ring.] **DDK:** Dentari wants the least experienced of the challengers in there now. [Tony obliges and peels Lisa off of the floor. He rolls her in under the bottom rope and watches as Dentari sits her up and hits the ropes...] **DDK:** WHACKED! Dentari almost took Lisa's

head clean off right there! [Dentari drops into the cover and hooks the leg while Jiles slides into position!] [ONE! [TWO!] [THR- Cancer stops counting and gets to his feet rubbing his eyes under his Authori-T-Shades.] **DDK:** What's this now? **Angus:** Jiles has something in his eyes! He can't count a fall if he can't see, Keeps! [Dentari drops Lisa's leg and gets right in Cancer's face while Jiles is trying to get something out of the corner of his eye. Alceo soon goes red in the face as he screams at Jiles to count the fall, but when that fails to motivate the champion he shoves him, one hand on each pec.] **Angus:** Dentari just put his hands on an official, you saw it! [Jiles responds with a tirade of words, which gives Clair St. Sure enough time to grab Tony Di Luca by the neck and send him careening into the ring post. Clair slides into the ring, rolls Lisa out and school boys Dentari!] [ONETWOTHREE!] [Cancer Jiles leaps into action and hammers the canvas three times in rapid succession. And I mean rapid. That hand hit the mat three times faster than you could blink, son!] **Angus:** Ring that bell, this one's over! [Jiles signals for the bell to ring but the timekeeper either doesn't understand what just happened or flat out refuses to ring it. Cancer jumps to the outside and tries to scoop up the title belts, but he can't take them out of the hands of the guy holding them. Meanwhile Lisa and Diane have rolled back into the ring and are confusedly celebrating with Clair St. Sure.] **DDK:** I know Dentari's an unlikeable guy, but he and his boys have been screwed here. **Angus:** You don't put your hands on an official. Simple. [Di Luca and Rinaldi have now gotten back to their feet and are back in the ring. They, along with Dentari, are livid about the result, but have to restrain their boss from going after Cancer Jiles on the outside of the ring.] [Cut away.]

Action Figures

[There was nothing funny, or silly about two men playing with action figures.] [Okay, there was, but just for a moment, pretend that there isn't. Because Eugene Dewey and Tom Sawyer had the entire current line of DEFIANCE brand action figures. Tom Sawyer, Eugene Dewey, Christian Light, Cancer Jiles and even Dan Ryan on one side of the DEFIANCE Action Ring. On the other, Bronson Box's little plastic version, flanked by Edward White, Kai Scott, Leonardo and Tennis Pro Ken.] [Look, Seth Stratton and Chance Von Crank didn't have figures yet. So the Ninja Turtle and the Ken Doll (with his tennis racket accessory!) were standing in. CVC was set to come out with the next line, tentatively titled "ASCENSION". Seth Stratton... Well, maybe he'd get a toy sometime soon. Step it up son.]

Tom Sawyer: Okay. So, we're gonna let Ryan start? **Eugene Dewey:** I doubt we have a choice in the matter, he seems to be really focused on trying to maim Box. [Tom rolls his eyes and snorts, before glancing down to the clipboard he had put his papers on. Y'see, Tom's little prop display was more to just be a visual display of the dossier he had worked out for the match. Not necessarily because action figures rule, and product placement also rules.]

Eugene Dewey: I'm glad we didn't ask Light to put this ring together. Dude would have flipped out at all the little plastic pieces. **Tom Sawyer:** Yeah, you had this Official DEFIANCE Action Ring™ put together in no time flat. I never knew you were so good with assembling plastic things. **Eugene Dewey:** If you want it painted just let me know, I've got cases of figures back in Buffalo. **Tom Sawyer:** So do I, man. I'm just garbage at putting them together. So, we let Ryan start, and get his face beaten in. Because he's going to try to take on their entire team, and he's not half the man he thinks he is. [Eugene gives a helpless snicker, hand coming up to hide his mouth.]

Eugene Dewey: You really don't like him, do you? [Tom just shrugs helplessly.] **Tom Sawyer:** I just think that he doesn't see DEFIANCE as a wrestling company that's deserving of his respect. He sees it as another notch in the bedpost, just a place to collect a paycheck and fill some time until he can move on to another wrestling company and sponge it dry of excess money and whatever credibility he can suck up. He's just a dude who has bought into his own hype so much that he's convinced he's the biggest thing going in pro wrestling. The biggest thing going in pro wrestling should be pro wrestling. **???:** For th' first time, I actually agree with yeh, yeh spastic little monster. And the thought of agreeing with you sickens me. **???:** Indeed. However, you have indeed identified the biggest cancer within our fair company. Figuratively speaking. As Mister Dentari so perfectly put it earlier tonight... The biggest Cancer in this company is our World Champion. [The camera pans to the side slightly, where the newcomers to the scene appear. Mister Bronson Box, in his natty striped suit (sans jacket), a purple vest, and even a bit of moustache wax. Beside him, looking quite literally like a million dollars in an immaculately tailored suit, was Edward White.] [No James, Quell, Jane or Corozzo. The backup boys (and girls) were still returning backstage after their match.] [Bronson reaches past the two men (who are suddenly on a razor's edge of tension, fists clenched and jaws set, and plucks his action figure from the scene.)

Bronson Box: Awful bloody job on my face. Just look at that mustache. [He turns, showing Edward White. White simply closes his eyes and shakes his head.] **Edward White:** That would be why I never bother looking at these cheap dolls. They re-use the faces from old GI Joe toys. I always end up looking like some sort of grimacing army man. **Eugene Dewey:** They're action figures, not dolls. And what do you two want? [The tension in Eugene's voice is palpable. Tom simply says nothing, tongue flicking out to slowly moisten his lips.] **Bronson Box:** To make you two realize the gravity of the situation yeh're in, lads. To ensure that yeh're thinking of the danger you're walkin' into. [Box tosses the little Boxer figure from hand to hand.] **Edward White:** This isn't a game of cops n' robbers, boys. There's no line dividing the heroes from the villains. There'll be some mean, nasty men opposite you in the ring... and some truly dark and sulfurous souls backing you up as well. Quite the pickle you two underdog heroes have gotten yourselves into. Can't trust two of your partners and I'm sure you're both worried the other will even show up to ringside. Does Cancer remember he's even in the main event tonight? Hazy little twit, might have slipped his drug addled mind. [Both of the Blood Diamonds give a sinister cackle.] **Bronson Box:** I liked the little outburst you had on that wastrel, Ryan, Tom. You really got his dander up, didn't you? Got him to realize that you're not just going to bow down and let him walk all over DEFIANCE... **Edward White:** And made yourself a target in his eyes, as sure as Bronson is. You remember why Ryan is so fixated on Boxer, right? His quest to prove that he's the best in DEFIANCE, the one with the loudest mouth and largest ego and biggest prick? [Bronson Box reaches out, clapping Tom on the shoulder. Sawyer just leans into it, eyes hard, and almost shoulder-butts the hand. At the show of bravado, Bronson Box gives a barking laugh.] [And in the blink of an eye, is RIGHT in Tom Sawyer's face, nose-to-nose, inches from one another.] **Bronson Box:** But we both know that you're feelin' your oats these days, aren't you? Thinkin' yeh're deservin' of being "The Man" in this company, eh? More'an me? Whether you, Dane or anyone else cares to bloody admit it the name "Original Defiant" is a title I EARNED by being the man to put this blasted company

on the MAP, boy'o. [Tom tilted his head to the side a little bit, forehead creasing with anger.] **Tom Sawyer:** Better me than you, Boxer. And remember, when you were making your mark in the singles division, the Foreshadowing was becoming the greatest tag team this company had ever seen. I've been here just as long as you have, Hollis. [Bronson's eyes open a bit in surprise.] **Bronson Box:** Why, you- **Ed White:** Ha! Very good! Very good, Sawyer. Try to antagonize everyone, as you did the Untouchables, and you'll be all over the company, seen as the brave hero who stands up to all the bullies, huh? Well. Not for nothing, Tom, but just remember... [Ed White jerks a thumb on over to the still-silent Eugene Dewey.] **Ed White:** You're not just standing up for yourself. You're standing up for your friends. Your loved ones. And when Superman's secret identity comes out in the open, Lois Lane tends to get hurt. [Eugene Dewey, actually a bit bigger than Edward White, puffed himself up and took a step forward, getting into Ed White's sphere of personal space.] **Eugene Dewey:** Lois Lane didn't knock Bronson Box out with a Shoryuken. [White's hands blur with the speed he moves, and before Eugene can even register, White is levelling Eugene Dewey's own action figure at Dewey's face.] **Edward White:** Careful, Dewey. Wouldn't want anything nasty to happen to the mortgage your dear old mother has taken out against her home. [Eugene's eyes widen, his face going a teensy bit white.] **Bronson Box:** Indeed, lad. Be a shame to see that poor old woman out in the cold. All your precious knickknacks and computer puzzles all piled in the snow. [Tom Sawyer steps forward, interspersing himself directly between Bronson Box and Edward White. Right in the Danger Zone, heedless of the imminent destruction it puts Mister Sawyer's body in. He's shorter than both. He weighs a lot less, and has never knocked Bronson Box out with a Shoryuken. And regardless of any of that, he is absolutely willing to draw the attention of both members of the Blood Diamonds away from Eugene.] **Tom Sawyer:** Save your empty threats and posturing for the ring. We all know that the only thing you two want is victory in that ring. If Dan Ryan won't work in my side as a member of a team, then it'll be Four and One versus Five. [Tom jabs an index finger toward the floor, to stab the proverbial dagger into the table, emphasizing his point.] **Tom Sawyer:** I'd still bet on my team before yours. We have heart. We have bravery. We have the grit to persevere, and we have every bit of skill and raw ability we need to beat the both of you, much less your teammates. And do you really think that a Seth Stratton or a Chance Von Crank, once locked into the Light Leg Lock, are gonna be able to hold on? If Eugene's battering your moustache into a bloody mess, and I'm droppin' that BIG ELBOW onto Ed White's Cayman accounts, while Dan Ryan and Cancer Jiles run interference, then I can guarantee that Stratton or Crank would tap out like their life depends on it. **Eugene Dewey:** Yeah! You got the handicap, not us! [Boxer tosses the Boxer figure back into the ring. He then calmly reaches behind him and pulls something from his back pocket.] [Long, sharp and rusty.] **Bronson Box:** I need you two to remember just who you're dealin' with here, lads. You say we're out to win? I'm out for nothin'... I'm out for that moment, standin' over your broken, bloody CORPSES, when the camera fades to black and the fans KNOW they just saw the greatest attraction in sports and entertainment today DOMINATE THE SO CALLED "MAIN EVENT" OF THIS BLASTED PAY PER VIEW... that ladder match is White's to walk away with, lad. You lot are a blasted JOKE. **Tom Sawyer:** I've bled for DEFIANCE before. I'm sure I'll bleed for DEFIANCE again. But you remember one thing, Bronson. [The DEFIANCE Security team, having been watching warily for a while, are now moving in, what with the long, dangerous blade being produced.] **Tom Sawyer:** Three Untouchables couldn't keep me down for the count. It took an Act of God - YOUR GOD - to put me out. You honestly think there's any chance I'm gonna give you the satisfaction? [As the DEFSec heavies begin to push between everybody, separating Bronson and White from Eugene and Sawyer, Ed White gives a brilliant, million-dollar-grin.] **Edward White:** No, Tom. [And White tosses something underhanded-style back to Tom and Eugene. The pieces land perfectly within the center of the DEFIANCE Action Ring. The Tom Sawyer and Eugene Dewey action figures, snapped clean in half, with all the limbs pulled off the torsos.] **Edward White:** I think we're going to buy it. [Bronson and Edward allow themselves to be pushed backwards, away from the babyfaces. And as they do, they both laugh deep, booming belly laughs. Tom and Eugene are left to grit their teeth and watch the Blood Diamonds go. Box yells out over the DEF sec muscles' shoulders.] **Bronson Box:** Good luck out there, lads! Goin' to be a pleasure steppin' out there with you two again. [The Blood Diamonds laughter echoes throughout the hallway as the camera focuses on the grim faces of Tom and Eugene.] [Cut back to ringside...] **Angus:** Oh god, Bronson Box is gonna cut himself off a ribeye from those dickasses. **DDK:** I wouldn't put it past him to try.

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RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

Ah, excuse me, I said...

Python and Fans:

WHAT THE FUCK IS UP, BALTIMOOOOOOOOOOOOORE!?

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The young highflyer grins and sweeps a hand back through his hair, coolly taking in the nostalgic pandemonium.]

Python:

You know, there aren't many things in life I can thank Jeff Andrews for. But the next time I see him, I'll be sure to thank him for bringing me back to the greatest crowd on the god damn planet.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!

Python:

You guys have been nothing short of incredible to me through every up, down, twist, and turn of my career. I walked back up this very aisle and out of this arena more times than I can count. Sometimes limping, sometimes crawling. Sometimes as a winner, sometimes not. Regardless, there was never a night when you guys let me feel like I did this for nothing. Everything I did, I did for **you**. And tonight will be no different. You're going to see a lot of great shit tonight. But when Heidi and I set foot in that ring, you're going to see the match of your lives. And it's all... for... **you**.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

Now, Heidi and I...

BOO!!!

DDK:

There was a time when the thought of booing Heidi's name in 1st Mariner Arena was considered reprehensible. These fans must really feel betrayed by her actions in Defiance as of late.

Python:

Heidi and I have a lot of history in that ring.

[He reaches out and points to the ring.]

Python:

We spilled our blood and sweat on the same canvas while battling the same injustices. We teamed up a few times. We had each other's backs. As much time as we spent together in that ring, tonight marks the first time we'll ever meet from opposite corners. And I just want to say... I'm fucking stoked. Are you guys stoked?

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

Yeah you are. Of course you are. It's going to be nuts! Heidi and I know each other so well, and yet I have literally no idea what's going to happen when we throw down. But I can tell you one thing for damn sure. Tonight ends with my

fucking fist in the air and her fucking face tattooed to the canvas!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*WHERE IS GEMMA *clap clap clapclapclap**

WHERE IS GEMMA **clap clap clapclapclap**

[Python cocks his head to the side, grins, and sighs.]

Python:

Yeah, yeah. I know it's no secret. I'm still dating Gemma.

[This elicits another huge pop from the crowd as they begin to cheer for the appearance of Heidi's most infamous rival.]

BRING HER OUT! BRING HER OUT!

BRING HER OUT! BRING HER OUT!

Python:

She unfortunately couldn't be here tonight. But believeeeeeee me. She tried.

[Python laughs as a collective groan of disappointment fills the arena.]

Python:

Hey, hey, it's probably for the best. There's been enough evening-destroying brawls around here lately as it is. You guys really wanted to put Heidi and Gemma back in the same building tonight of all nights? You're going to scare off our poor volunteer refs before they even get through their first show, let alone what's left of our security team!

[This sends ripples of laughter and cheers through the crowd, who clearly does not have the best interests of the Defiance staff at heart.]

Python:

So, that's enough out of me, as far as I'm concerned, it's go time!

[And with that, Python begins his descent back to ground level. All the while this is happening "My Wings" by Lacuna Coil plays. The Baltimore fans know exactly what this is about.]

Angus:

What the huh?

DDK:

HAHA! It's our good friend and former broadcast partner!

[Cito Conarri walks out from the back wearing a referee's shirt.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Angus:

Aw, COME ON MAN! THAT OLD BASTARD?

[Python touches ground just in time to shake Cito's hand. Cito allows Python to take center stage as both men walk toward the ring.]

DDK:

Well, it's an OLV Fan's dream come true!

[Glassjaw plays. "Star Under My Bed" is the track.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Angus:

Well, here comes the Sexy Submission Siren!

[But she doesn't.]

DDK:

Um...

[Still nothing.]

Angus:

So...

[The music plays. The song finishes. Python shrugs to Cito, who shrugs and looks down to Angus and Darren at the Commentation Station for any kind of information.]

DDK:

I don't know what to tell him Angus.

Angus:

Hang on, I'm getting word, we're cutting to the back!

[!FLASHCUT!]

[The Boss is beside himself, screaming at every DEFsec member he could muster.]

Eric Dane:

FIND HER FIND HER FIND HER FUCKING FIND HER! Turn this place upside down until you fucking FIND HEIDI CHRISTENSON!

[Cut back to ringside.]

Angus:

...

DDK:

...

Angus:

So...

DDK:

Moving right along... I guess?

Jiles/Ryan/Light/Sawyer/Dewey vs White/Box/Scott/CVC/Stratton

[After a few awkward moments of mostly dead air, the DEFIANCE Boss and referee for the main event, Eric Dane, appears at the ramp. Gone is the silver Armani suit and jacket, replaced by a referee's shirt with the sleeves hacked off and a pair of black and white Nike training pants.] **DDK:** Well, here comes the boss. **Angus:** Take a second and try to come up with something we didn't already know, doofus. [Dane, with a scowl planted firmly across his face, makes his way around the ring to where Darren DQ Quimbey is seated. He confers with the ring announcer for a moment before Quimbey stands up and gets to his job. **Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen, I've been informed that the SHOW WILL GO ON! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **Quimbey:** The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! It is a ten man tag team match with no time limit! **Angus:** So, wait, where's Heidi? **DDK:** Suffice it to say, Eric Dane is not going to let Heidi or anyone else stop his show! [Engage "El Distorto de Melodica" by Everclear.] **Quimbey:** Introducing the first team! Hailing from Buffalo, Wyoming, and weighing in at 260 lbs - EUGENE! DEEWWWEY! From Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, and weighing in at 190 lbs - TOM! SAAAWWWYER! From Garden City, New Jersey, and weighing in at 271 lbs - The Last Nighthawk! CHRISTIAN! LIIIIIGHT! From Houston, Texas, weighing in at 305 lbs - he is the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE - DAAAAAN... RYYYYYAAAN! And finally! Hailing from PHILLY... weighing in at 202 lbs... He is the reigning Defiance WORLD CHAMPION... COOOL! CANCER! JIIIIIIILLESS!!! **Angus:** HE IS THE COOOOOOOOOOOLLLLL!!! [The instrumental song with the pounding beat plays. Dan Ryan is the first man out, and he stands, larger than life, filling up the entranceway as he raises the FIST overhead. Christian Light is second out, and he jogs in place to limber up. Next comes a somber Tom Sawyer, and Eugene Dewey with his hand on Sawyer's shoulder. And lastly, accompanied by a cloud of malfunctioning smoke from the smoke machine (it isn't supposed to be blue), is Cancer Jiles, Defiance World Title belted around his waist.] **DDK:** One thing I can say for the 'good guys' - they've got a significant weight advantage with Light and Ryan on their side. **Angus:** They've got something else. Wanna know what? **DDK:** I'm not positive, but I'm sure it'll involve you fanboying for Cancer Jiles again. **Angus:** MAING FUCK YOU! [El Distorto fades out.] **Quimbey:** And their opponents! ["Orion" by Metallica.] **DDK:** I feel compelled to remind everyone that these instrumental themes are used for these large scale matches so that we don't waste time with separate entrances and don't have to deal with the proverbial dickwaving over whose theme song is to be used. **Angus:** And this time Elijah Goldman isn't here to get it backwards, so Fuck Yeah. **Quimbey:** Hailing from the Scottish Highlands, and weighing in at 234 lbs! BRONSON... BOOOXXX! From Louisville, Kentucky, weighing in at 231 lbs! The Socialite! EDWARD! LIIIIIGHT! From Atherton, California, weighing in at 2...50? lbs... The Sultan of Sweet! SETH! STRAAAATON! From Harlan, Kentucky, weighing in at 261 lbs - he is the reigning Southern Heritage Champion - CHANCE! VON! CRAAAAANK! And hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! He is the Ace of Heels! KAI! SCOOOTTT! [Bronson Box is out first. His mustache is bristling. The rest of him would be too if he weren't a cueball. Edward White follows him, trying to play it cool. Seth Stratton lags behind them, avoiding the reaching fans like the plague.] [There is a delay.] [Then finally Kai Scott comes out, looking so disgusted he almost forgets to do his throw his arms out and spin like he's the Pope pose thing.] [And lastly, Chance Von Crank, who swaggers out like it's him that's the World Champ and not Cancer Jiles in the ring. The Southern Heritage title tossed proudly over his shoulder.] **DDK:** Of course, something to be mentioned in matches like this is that the good guys tend to get along better. If you remember back to the beginning of DEF2.0, the Cancer Jiles/Jonny Booya/Michel LaLiberte team got eliminated in the first round because they spent all match trying to upstage each other. Box and White get along, Scott and White tolerate each other, and that's about it. None of them have any respect for Stratton, none of them can stand CVC, and Box and Scott don't get along due to issues with The Untouchables. **Angus:** With apologies for laying down some serious commentary instead of trolling, they're also at a size disadvantage and a prestige disadvantage. Between Jiles and Ryan you've got the World title and the FIST. What do the baddies got? Chance and the old bars and stars Heritage title? [The heels all make it to ringside, each man spreading out a little around the front of the ring. Kai Scott the only man slightly up the ramp. Box and White stick together to the left, CVC and Stratton form a unit on the right. The babyfaces seem slightly less unified in their actions. Sawyer and Eugene are back to back like the dynamic duo, Light and Ryan are both lone wolfing it on different sides of the ring.] [All whilst your WORLD Champion is handing his belt and shades with Angus at ringside.] **Angus:** SHUT. THE. FUCK. UP. [The CHAMP can be heard from off mic.] **Cancer Jiles:** No better man for the job. Keep those shades safe my man. **Angus:** He... he called me his man... [Once Jiles slides into the ring and we have ourselves a nice tense moment where everybody looks at each other waiting for someone, anyone to make the first move Eugene Dewey screams at the top of his lungs...] **Eugene Dewey:** FOR THE HORDE! [The babyfaces scatter to the four winds.] **DDK:** I believe that was a reference to World of... **Angus:** Yeah yeah fuckin' video games, we get it we get it. [Dewey and Christian Light head for Stratton and CVC. Sawyer springboards off the top rope and suicide dives directly into an

unsuspecting Kai Scott. Ryan steamrolls towards Box, Jiles baseball slides Ed White back against the guardrails. Ed comes charging back however, rolling into the ring. Dane can't do anything as wrestlers spill out of the ring in all directions.] **DDK:** And we're off to the races! **Angus:** Big fuckin' surprise this one turns into a mess right off the bat. **DDK:** And at the center of it all our boss. **Angus:** Poor bastard... [Dewey immediately slaps the shit out of Stratton, the blond grappler staggering back against the guardrail a little shocked. Although he's still fat by wrestler standards, dude's dropped about 50 lbs and added maybe 10 lbs of muscle, and now he can actually throw a punch and the punch hurts and also Stratton's a wussass. Stratton flounders away, but Dewey catches him and knocks him down on his ass with a brutal headbutt.] **Angus:** DAMN! **DDK:** Eugene means business! [Ryan clotheslines Box over the guardrail and jumps over after him. He motions for fans to clear the fuck out of the way, then lifts Boxer overhead in a press slam and throws him into a pile of chairs! Abandoned drinks and plates of nachos go flying as Box plows back first into the stands.] **Angus:** Somebody better keep track of Box and Ryan, you lose track of those two fucks arena staff'll find those two still lockin' horns next week while they're setting up for Taylor Swift. [Sawyer knocks Scott's head right into the ramp, then runs about halfway up it, eyeballs Scott, sprints towards him and shoots off a sick standing moonsault directly onto the Ace of Heels. Tom shoots to his feet, no wasted motion and is off the second rope in a flash, landing ANOTHER moonsault across Kai's ribs. Scott doubled over in pain, Tom on his feet slapping hands with the excited fans at ringside.] [CVC and Light end up near the announce table, and Light hits a HIIIIIGH overhead belly to belly suplex on CVC directly across the announce desk which miraculously survives the maneuver.] **DDK:** JESUS! **Angus:** Sup Chance! How's the match goin' man?! Good?! [As Angus laughs at his own awful joke CVC flails around still tangled in his entrance robe. Light grabs Chance's legs and flings him off the announce desk directly into the ring apron sending the rude grappler sprawling. Light starts to lift CVC overhead in a gorilla press! ...but CVC rakes the eyes and clotheslines Light back over the guardrail and into the stands! The back of Light's head pops off the concrete floor.] **DDK:** Nasty spill there for Christian Light! **Angus:** Scrappy one that Von Crank. [The World Champion and his current arch-enemy take center stage - or rather center-ring. Exchanging punches, exploding with the spirit of bingo halls in Atlanta and Mason, White raises his dukes and throws haymakers, hooks and bodyshots at Jiles, who counters with knife edge, backhand and overhand chops. The heavier White begins to take the advantage, Jiles is whipped off the ropes, flips over the back drop, throws the superkick, White ducks, tries for the neckbreaker, Jiles spins around on it, hits a short spinebuster and starts laying in the punches!] **Angus:** I hope this feud never ends, when Jiles and that fat greedy fuck get in the ring together it's goddamn magic. [Eric Dane is beside himself trying to figure out how to get the other eight wrestlers back on the apron in their respective corners.] [After celebrating with his adoring fans for a moment Tom launches himself at Scott, Scott catches him and atomic drops him on the guardrail. Tom howls in pain. Scott wastes no time and hooks him in a chickenwing and suplexes him off the guardrail! Kai slams Tom into the ringside mats with authority.] [As the cameras finally catch back up with Bronson and the FIST title holder Box is scoop slamming Ryan into a pile of chairs. Box proceeds to throw more chairs on top of Ryan. Ryan looks like he's caught in a mudslide of brown steel. Box grabs a chair and smashes it into the top of the pile, screaming at the top of his lungs like the madman we know he truly is.] **Bronson Box:** DIE YOU INSUFFERABLE ASS, DIE! **Angus:** Box is teeing up on Ryan, fuckin' hell. [Stratton manages to set one of those infamous heel boobytraps outside the ring on Dewey. He grabs Dewey's arm around the ringpost and yanks, driving his shoulder into it. Dewey falls with a howl and Stratton stomps away at the damaged shoulder. What Stratton isn't ready for is Dewey using his good arm to sweep his legs right out from under him! Stratton is down on his ass and Eugene pounces on Seth and rains down forearms and elbows into Stratton's head and neck.] **Angus:** THE FAT NERD BE CLUBBERIN', KEEBS! [CVC is grandstanding atop the announce area jawing with everyone within earshot about how he just knocked Christian Light on his ass. So he doesn't notice Light recovering from his spill and hopping back over the guardrail until Light yanks Chance's legs out from under him! CVC lands heavy on the table (still unbroken) Light hops up on the announce desk in one fluid athletic motion. He starts looking for the Light Leg Lock, CVC starts fighting frantically and screaming clawing most unmasculinely, and escapes with a quick eye rake! Light lets go and Chance scrambles off the table.] **DDK:** Chance Von Crank escapes yet again! [Dane decides to deal with all this shit one person at a time. He first reaches over the top rope and grabs Sawyer by the hair - Sawyer starts to fight back, but upon realizing who it is immediately starts behaving himself. The next person he collects is Eugene Dewey, who also listens and gets back in the ring. Stratton appears to be very relieved by this.] **Angus:** Awww, come on! Eugene was on his way to squishing that blond twerps face into the ringside mats. [Box and Ryan are brawling in the stands and Dane isn't about to go chasing after them, they can make it back to the match or not, whatever. Light reasonably returns to the ring when Dane yells and he sees his teammates already there.] **DDK:** Dane almost has this mess back in order! **Angus:** If anyone can, it's him. [Ignoring Box and Ryan, White, Scott, Stratton and CVC powwow on the ramp. Or rather, White and Scott powwow while CVC postures and Stratton acts like he's hurt a whole lot more than he actually is, hobbling around holding his face.] **Angus:** God that guy's a pussy.

DDK: With Box going lone wolf Ed and Kai are going to have to rework their strategy. [A quick camera cut while Dane gets the participants in order over to the Box/Ryan brawl spots Ryan back dropping Box into a pile of fans! The DEFIANCE faithful all collectively go basket case as The Wargod falls backwards into some of their brethren. The blackshirts almost instinctively catch Box and push him back towards Ryan, unharmed.] **Angus:** HOLY FUCK! [Box barrels into Ryan like a fucking bus, the duo slamming into another wall of fans. This time however doing some real damage. A few people go sprawling as Ryan and Box scramble across the concrete to get their claws on each other.] **Angus:** HOLY FUCK A-GODDAMN-GAIN! [Even with Dane's insistence he stay put Tom throws caution to the win and sprints towards the ropes.] **DDK:** SPRINGBOARD SUICIDE DIVE FROM SAWYER! SCOTT, WHITE, CHANCE AND STRATTON ARE ALL DOWN... NO! Kai Scott moved out of the way! Kai Scott is on his feet and after Sawyer! [The Ace of Heels pulls Tom to his feet planting a few knees into Tom's guts before screaming for a microphone from a stageside attendant and breathlessly addressing Sawyer.] **Scott:** Heidi... should NOT have to bear the sin for YOUR determination to self destruction, Tom! And she shouldn't have to risk her own life and career on that INSULT to this sport! The Aggro Crag is a JOKE! [Kai pauses long enough to violently grab a fistfull of Tom's hair.] **Scott:** And so are you... [Kai drops the microphone, and like lightning it's over. It all happens so fast the fans barely register the events that just took place on the ramp. Sawyers neck bent in such a way the fans all knew something was really wrong. The normally resilient young grappler slumps down to the mat like someone pulled his spine out through the top of his skull.] **DDK:** ZER SOZE! OH MY GOD, KAI SCOTT JUST PLANTED TOM SAWYER SKULL FIRST ON THE RAMP WITH THAT TOMBSTONE! **Angus:** Dude, Sawyer ain't movin'... [Angus' words echo through our ears as the arena quiets a little, all eyes on the ramp and Tom Sawyer.] [Scott stands over Sawyer's fallen body and throws his arms wide. His scream echoes through the arena, no need for a microphone. His words echo through the muted arena.] **Scott:** YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN TO BRING KRYPTONITE! [Kai slaps his chest and steps over Sawyers still yet to move an inch body and makes his way into the ring motioning for Chance, Seth and Ed to follow. Jiles, Light and Eugene have gathered with Eric Dane and some medical staff and trainers from backstage. All of them crowded around Tom. A faint "please don't die" chant can be heard from the upper decks.] **DDK:** Kai Scott is a despicable human being, ladies and gentlemen. I'm... I'm not sure the situation but I've yet to see Sawyer move, have you Angus? **Angus:** Not from any of my angles, this looks bad man. **DDK:** I'm being told cameras have caught up with Bronson Box and The FIST Dan Ryan backstage, we'll keep everyone posted on this touch and go situation here at ringside. [We cut to the merchandise tables just inside the entrance to the arena. Box whips The FIST of DEFIANCE through a table of gimmicks, wrapping one of his own black and red #ORIGINALDEFIANT t-shirts tightly around Ryan's neck pulling him to the mat. Bronson pulls the shirt tighter and tighter around the huge grapplers neck.] [Even with the screaming fans all around them the camera picks up Box's every word in the close confines they find themselves in.] **Bronson Box:** I 'AINT GUNNA' STOP LAD! NEVER! I'LL PLANT YE' IN THE CROWD RIGHT NEXT TO YER' CUNT DAUGHTER IF I HAVE TE' YE' THICK HEADED BASTARD! [Ryan powers back like a man possessed, wriggling his hands between his veiny neck and the shirt he literally RIPS the shirt in two. Ryan turns around and grabs the Scottish Strongman's head in his viselike grip and viciously slams Bronson's head back through the scaffolding holding the sample merch and back into the cement wall it was attached to. Ryan lands several absolutely nasty closed fist shots directly to Box's face.] **Angus:** Okay seriously how strong is this fuckin' dude? **DDK:** I'd say Ryan's strength is unmatched by ANYONE in the Defiance locker room, Angus. [Bleeding from several wounds on his face and head Bronson still manages to duck an incoming clubbing blow from Ryan, ducking behind and wrapping his arms around the waist of The Ego Buster in an attempt to snap off a quick German Suplex. Ryan blocks the attempt and goes about breaking the waist lock, slipping behind Bronson and snapping off a German Suplex of his own. The bleeding Bombastic brawler flying back into the legs of the bloodthirsty DEFIANCE faithful.] [We cut back to ringside where we see Tom Sawyer strapped to a gurney with a series of neck bracing devices keeping his head from moving side to side. We can see Sawyers eyes are open but with a look of seriousness and worry we aren't used to seeing on the young grapplers face. Before being wheeled to the back the gurney stops and Tom gives the fans a thumbs up before being wheeled to the back.] **DDK:** Fan's we'll keep you posted as best we can throughout the night as to Tom's condition. **Angus:** Yeah, well, I guess there's nine other people out there still ready to kill themselves/each other and this is supposed to be the Main Event... **DDK:** Kai Scott, Ed White, the SoHer Champ Chance Von Crank and Seth Stratton against Eugene Dewey, Christian Light and the World Champ Cancer Jiles. Not a ten man tag, but still not a bad match by my estimation! [Dane shakes his head and quite gruffly calls for the bell to finally, miraculously get this match started. Cancer steps into the ring for team babyface whilst Chance Von Crank starts for the baddies. Once they realize the match is continuing the fans refocused ire is directed right at The Ace of Heels.] DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! [Kai leans back on the ropes and smiles out at his adoring public.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Cancer cranks back in Chance's arm in a tight hammerlock, after

a little struggling Chance stomps back on Jiles' feet. Slipping from The Champs grasp CVC steps back and hits a beautiful dropkick right to the chin and chest that sends Cancer stumbling back into the turnbuckle. Chance steps quickly back across the ring and tags in Edward White. The Socialite bolts across the ring before Cancer clears the cobwebs and sandwiches The Champ between his girth and the corner. Ed steps back just in time to see Jiles double over down onto the mat. Ed wastes no time laying heavy boots to his former tag team partner.] **Angus:** NOOOOOOOOOOO! [Cancer puts up his hands to no avail, Ed eventually gives Jiles the old face wash, scraping his boot across The Champs oh so precious face over and over and over. Eventually stepping back and taking in the absolute defending shower of boos he and his vile teammates are receiving from the faithful.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! FUCK YOU EDWARD! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK YOU EDWARD! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK YOU EDWARD! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** **DDK:** These fans letting Ed and his cohorts know how they REALLY feel! [Ed steps back and invites The Sultan of Sweet, Seth Stratton into the ring. Kai barks orders to the cocky young grappler from his place on the apron. Seth crouches down and stalks The DEFIANCE World Champ like he's prey. It looks as though Stratton is going to pop off an impressive maneuver but simply rakes Cancer's eyes once he gets to his feet and laughs like a maniac.] **Angus:** OH SNAP! [The World Champ digs down deep, opens his red bloodshot eyes as wide as he possibly can muster and slaps the fucking TASTE out of Stratton's mouth. His jawline still throbbing from the beating Eugene Dewey laid on it earlier, the slap staggers Stratton... that's all the opening Cancer Jiles needs. He takes a step back and lands a vicious spinning elbow right across Stratton's face, following up with more wild elbow and forearm shots pushing the blond grappler back into a corner. Cancer steps back waving his arms and pumping up the fans. As Seth staggers out of the corner Jiles crouches down and...] **DDK:** TERMINAL CANCER! **Angus:** HE IS THE COOOOOOOOOOOOOOL! [Stratton hits the mat like a ton of bricks. Cancer is quick with the cover.] 1... 2... [Before Kai, Ed or Chance can react Cancer is pulled violently under the bottom rope off of Seth Stratton's lifeless body. A brown and tan blur, a flurry of closed fists right into the face of Cancer Jiles.] **DDK:** It's Bronson Box! Bronson is back at ringside! But where's Dan Ryan? **Angus:** LET HIM GO YOU FUCKIN' MONSTER! [With Cancer out of the ring Christian Light steps through the ropes. Thankfully CVC thinks quickly as he drops down off the apron reaches in and pulls Stratton out of the ring. Kai Scott makes his first official appearance in the match proper stepping in in Seth's place. Even if you're not a lip reader you can tell Light is REALLY pissed about what Kai did to Tom Sawyer. Lots of jawing and pointing from The Master of Wrestling towards The Ace of Heels.] DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! DIE SCOTT DIE! [Another blistering chant from the faithful, Scott just smiles and opens his arms wide taking it all in.] **Angus:** I feel bad for the kid, I really do but you can't deny it's a good play from Scott taking out Tommy boy. **DDK:** A good play? God you're sick, that poor young man might be paralyzed for Christ sake! **Angus:** Just sayin', one less body to contend with. And the three partners left in the ring were all pretty good friends with the kid. They're totally off their game now. Divide and conquer, man. Divide and conquer. [At ringside we see Eric Dane having bailed from the ring getting between the World Champ and a wild eyed blood soaked Bronson Box. Somehow managing to get both men back into their corners. Bronson smiles over Dane's shoulder back at Jiles and makes the classic belt motion around his waist before joining Chance and Edward on the ring apron. Seth Stratton is just barely showing signs of life down at ringside.] **DDK:** It's five on three, Angus! With Sawyer on his way to the hospital and Dan Ryan MIA in the arena somewhere the Champ and his team are running at a real deficit here. **Angus:** CANCER WILL OVERCOME! [Whilst all this commotion was taking place at ringside Christian Light was getting the upper hand on Kai Scott in the ring. Light's face a mask of anger as he lands some crisp open hand chops across Kai's reddening chest. Like Lightning Light steps into Scott and pops off a massive leg trap suplex out of the corner sending Kai sprawling back across the ring.] [Kai regains his composure quickly looking back towards his corner. He's about to tag in Ed White but The Socialite declines and motions towards Boxer who's absolutely beside himself to get into the ring. Kai slaps Box's shoulder and The Wargod barrels into the ring.] **Angus:** Why isn't he going for Light? [Box simply points towards Eugene.] WE WANT EUGENE! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** WE WANT EUGENE! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** WE WANT EUGENE! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** [Christian grins as he tags in Eugene Dewey and the formerly tubby grappler steps through the ropes to face the man he's beaten not once but TWICE in DEFIANCE competition in The Scottish Strongman Bronson Box.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! [Box motions for Eugene to bring it.] **Angus:** WHAT THE FUCK? [A folding chair waffles Bronson across the face.] [Dan Ryan, covered in his own blood, shoves Eugene out of the way before laying the chair across Bronson's... well, his everything. After a relentless few moments of chair armageddon Eric Dane yanks the weapon from Ryan's grasp and gets directly in The FIST's face screaming at the top of his lungs. Light, Jiles and especially Eugene are also NOT happy about Ryan's tactics.] **DDK:** Dude what did Box do to Ryan? Looks like he got shotgunned in the face... [Ryan's nose is probably broken, one of his eyes is swelling shut, and he's positively covered in blood. But you couldn't tell by his demeanor, The Ego Buster in

a complete adrenaline fueled rage. We're not sure what Eric Dane growls in Ryan's ear but it somehow snaps the big man out of his bloodrage and gets him back through the ropes and onto the apron with his partners. Always the good guy Eugene waits patiently for Bronson to get to his feet before attacking.] **Angus:** WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING? FUCK HIM UP EUGENE, JESUS! **DDK:** The kid has scruples, partner. A rare trait when it comes to THIS locker room. [Still a bit worse for ware The Wargod gets to his feet and looks across the ring at Dewey. We can't tell if he's disgusted or impressed by the ginger haired grapplers honorable actions. Kai Scott is screaming for the tag a few steps behind Boxer. Bronson eventually turns and spits a wad of bloody phlegm right at Kai's boots then turns back to Dewey... and puts up his dukes.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! **DDK:** Bronson still wants to fight! **Angus:** He's a brutal, sick fuck with little to no conscience but dude has intestinal fortitude to spare, Keebs. [Eugene and Bronson slam into each other like two stags fighting over territory. The portly grappler flails wildly getting Bronson on the ropes with some nasty shots to Boxer's obviously injured head and neck.] **Angus:** HE'S DOIN' IT! [Things look dire indeed for the former World Champ until...] **DDK:** NEVER COUNT BRONSON BOX OUT! [With Box backed up into the corner Eugene steps back for the big splash but Box rallies back and takes Dewey down with a one armed side slam. Bronson immediately drops down into the mounted position and starts headbutting Eugene (and himself) into oblivion. After a few bloodcurdling moments Dane is right there to pull Box off Eugene kicking and screaming. Box is immediately to his feet, screaming in the bossman's face, bloody spittle flicking into Dane's angry mug.] [Eugene is now bleeding from the forehead, he tries desperately to claw his way back over towards his partners but is cut off by a refocused Box. The Wargod violently grabs a handful of Dewey's hair pulling the gaming grappler to his knees and with one quick motion rips open Eugene's white dress shirt revealing his slightly less pudgy chest. Boxer starts raining down forearms across Eugene's exposed flesh. Christian, Jiles and ESPECIALLY Dan Ryan are all three begging for a tag.] **Angus:** COME ON EUGENE! FIGHT! **DDK:** Blow after blow, Eugene's chest is a red as the blood seeping from his forehead, Angus! [Once Eugene is sufficiently reeling from the brutalization of his man boobs Box lets the young grappler fall to the mat in pain. He then looks towards Eugene's partners and takes a bow... popping his right forearm into the crook of his left arm shooting the V symbol towards a livid Dan Ryan before stepping back and tagging in Chance Von Crank. We see Box grab the SoHer Champ by the shoulder and growl something in his face, pointing violently towards Eugene just now getting to spaghetti legs.] **DDK:** The Wargod giving some direction to Chance Von Crank. **Angus:** He might be a moron, but he's easily the biggest guy on their team and he's the only one holding gold. [Chance sprints and lays Eugene out with a quick running swinging neckbreaker that simply levels the still groggy young grappler. In an impressive feat of strength Chance turns around, picks Eugene up and pops off an impressive belly to belly overhead suplex.] **Angus:** CVC is hell'a' strong. [An impressive display of strength followed up by a shameful display of disrespect.] **DDK:** Oh come on now... **Angus:** HE'S TEA BAGGIN' EUGENE! [Angus can't help but laugh at the irony of a PC gamer getting tea bagged in real life. Kai Scott, Ed and Bronson are all screaming at Chance to capitalize but to no avail. The SoHer Champ continues his shameful display until...] **Angus:** SHORYUKEN TO THE FUCKIN' BALLS! [Chance's face twists into a palpable mix of blinding pain and good old fashioned embarrassment.] [Eugene leaps towards his corner and attempts to tag in Cancer Jiles but Dan Ryan reaches over and catches Eugene's hand instead. The Ego Buster, still bleeding pretty heavily from his broken face, stomps towards a terrified Chance (doing his best to scoot away with his hands still clutching his aching nutsack.) Chance attempts to tag out but Ryan yanks the Trailer Park Prodigy back by his mullet back towards center ring. Ryan reaches down and locks in Chance's waist and effortlessly flings Von Crank back over his head with a textbook release German.] **DDK:** Ryan just tossed Chance back into his own teams corner! [Chance leans back into the corner, Ed White reaches down and slaps him on the shoulder.] [Ryan doesn't care, he just crouches down and mouths 'come at me fat boy' before slapping himself across the face a couple times.] **Angus:** Dan Ryan is one scary ass motherfucker, man. **DDK:** Not exactly a team player, but indeed. The man is intimidation incarnate. [White and Ryan lockup, significantly fresher than The Ego Buster Ed White manages to ground the blood soaked FIST of DEFIANCE with a quick leg sweep. Ed plants a knee firmly into the neck of Dan Ryan, taking a second to egg on the crowd.] FUCK YOU RICH BOY! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK YOU RICH BOY! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK YOU RICH BOY! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** [Dan manages to scamper away and get to his knees. Ed is quick to capitalize however...] **DDK:** RECESSION BUSTER! **Angus:** FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! [The neckbreaker sends Ryan reeling back into his corner where Christian Light is quick with the tag much to Dan's schagrin. Jiles and Eugene assist Eric Dane in getting Ryan back onto the apron. Ed motions for Light to bring it, and bring it he does with a running spear that drops White like a sack of potatoes.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! **DDK:** The richest man in DEFIANCE taken out by the most decorated athlete in DEFIANCE! **Angus:** LIGHT BE CLUBBERIN' KEEBS! [Clubberin' indeed, Light raining down forearms and elbows. Ed doing his best to avoid the blows.] [We notice Kai Scott and a revived Seth Stratton have dropped down off the apron and made their way over to the babyface teams corner. Cancer Jiles and Eugene have dropped off the apron to

meet them. The four men getting into a tussle near the announce table. Kai grappling with Eugene, and Stratton getting some payback laying some shots to the neck and chest of the World Champ. This of course draws the attention of Eric Dane who immediately bolts to the outside to try and bring order back to the match.] [Light breaks his concentration for just a moment looking over towards the commotion and...] **DDK:** HUGE PENDULUM LARIAT OFF THE ROPES FROM BRONSON BOX ON CHRISTIAN LIGHT! LIGHT IS DOWN! [Box helps Edward to his feet, pointing towards the corner. Ed grabs Light by the ears and hoists him to his feet, setting the corner multi time WfWA, NeWA and CAL World Champion up on his shoulders in an impressive showing of strength. Box heads straight for the nearest turnbuckle... and starts to climb.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! [The faithful loath Boxer, but the sight of the Wargod scaling the turnbuckle is so rare it whips them into even more of a mixed reaction frenzy. Once crouched on the top turnbuckle Bronson looks out over the crowd, slowly stands up and...] **Angus:** Holy fuck... **DDK:** Light is in serious trouble here folks! [Bronson launches himself off the turnbuckle and takes Light's head off with a stiff armed lariat, rolling through and under the bottom rope. Light goes crashing to the mat, the back of his head and neck hitting the canvas with a sickening thud. The same neck that took that nasty spill over the guardrail earlier thanks to Chance Von Crank.] **DDK:** Light is DOWN! [Kai Scott, pleased with what just happened in the ring, pulls Stratton away from Jiles and move back across the ring towards Chance Von Crank, still perched on the apron.] **Angus:** Kai Scott distracted Dane long enough for The Blood Diamonds to make short work of Christian Light! [Speaking of the SoHer Champ, as Ed celebrates and prepares for a what we can all assume would be a decisive pinfall Chance Von Crank slaps The Socialite on the shoulder and scrambles into the ring.] **Angus:** Presumptuous little fart. [Kai stops cold, obviously not pleased that The Shock-N-Rolla has decided this to be an appropriate time to grandstand. CVC reaches down and pulls a groggy Light to his feet. A groggy Christian Light tries desperately to put up some offence but...] **DDK:** RAZZLE DAZZLER! CVC JUST ADDED INSULT TO INJURY LAYING OUT LIGHT! [Chance wastes no time and drops down for the pinfall.] 1... [Eugene and Cancer both try to break up the count...] 2... [Dan Ryan does no such thing, simply hanging back, eyes locked on Bronson Box gathering with his teammates across the ring.] 3... **DING DING DING!** [Chance Von Crank rolls off Light and right under the ropes, joining his partners near the ramp. Stratton is the only one congratulating Chance. Kai Scott, while pleased with the win, really doesn't care for CVC screwing with his well laid plan. Boxer and Ed both wanting to avoid more run ins with the rage machine that is Dan Ryan are the first ones up the ramp.] [Meanwhile Eric Dane has made himself scarce in a hurry, having other matters to attend to.] **Angus:** What a complete clusterfuck. **DDK:** But a huge moment for the reigning Southern Heritage Champ! Easily the biggest win of his young career here in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** You can say that again, Keeps, it ain't every day that somebody pins the Master of Wrestling! Especially when said Master is CHRISTIAN MOTHERFREAKIN' LIGHT! **DDK:** I'm getting something from the back. Ang, are you getting this? **Angus:** Yeah, sounds like the hunt for Heidi is still going on at full tilt back in the backstage area! **DDK:** I really hope this doesn't end up getting out of hand. **Angus:** Again. [Cut.]

A Battle of Wills

[Somewhere backstage.] [Eric Dane is powerwalking. Python and Cito Conarri both are half-jogging behind him, unable to match his stride.] **Dane:** Slater! [Buffalo Brian Slater turns away from a small group of techies and DEFsec to look at Dane.] **BBS:** No sign of her so far boss. **Dane:** Mother of FUCK. [He stops.] **Dane:** Look, you guys know your way around this arena better than I do, right? **Python:** It's been a few years, but yeah... **Dane:** Well, where the fuck are the hiding spots? [Python and Cito exchange glances.] **Cito:** Honestly Eric, OLW held most of its shows in a much smaller arena, I don't know the layout of this one as well. Do we even know she's here at all? **Dane:** GPS says she's here. Plus, she thinks she's fucking with me, no way she left the building. She's around here somewhere. [A walkie talkie around Slater's belt crackles to life.] **Voice:** We found her boss, she's out by the loading docks. **Dane:** C'mon! [Dane takes off almost at a run with Python and Cito following him. Techies jump out of the way, DEFsec holds back unruly fans. Finally they reach the docks.] [Heidi isn't exactly hidden. She's up on some sort of huge blue crate, and she's sitting astride a familiar yellow motorcycle.] **Dane:** Heidi you better have a real good fuckin' reason you just skipped out on your match. [Heidi smiles sweetly.] **Heidi:** It's just like I told Matt, Eric, I have freedom. I don't even need to bother with wrestling him. Bigger better things to do. **Dane:** Yeah, like what? Sit up there on the poor kid's bike while he's in an Emergency Room and smile like an idiot? Take your goddamned happy pills and come down from up there GODDAMMIT! We advertised Heidi versus Python, we're gonna goddamned well deliver Heidi vs Python! **Heidi:** Tell you what. Take one fucking step closer and Tom Sawyer's precious heirloom antique sentimental bullshit bike gets shredded. **Dane:** [facepalm] Fuck's sake... Brian would you go get her before I have to kill her with my bare hands? **Heidi:** C'mon up Eric, I bet this thing would shred a person real good too! [BBS starts walking.] **Heidi:** WHAT THE FUCK DID I SAY?! [Before Slater can react Heidi jumps off the motorcycle and side kicks it. The machine teeters... and topples off the edge of the platform down into the shredder! [Cito's jaw drops open. There's no way he didn't know what Heidi was going through, but seeing it live like this?] [Python, on the other hand, thinks quickly. He turns the shredder off. It's too late for the motorcycle - long shreds of metal with yellow paint still on them have been fed out of the bottom - but at least it won't be pulping any people now.] **Dane:** Are you finished with this little display yet? Do you really think I give a shit if that little twerp's bike gets shredded? I give a shit ABOUT MY GORRAMN SHOW! **Heidi:** And nothing else! You sonofabitch asshole... **Dane:** Brian, get her down from there. [BBS runs up onto the platform and Heidi drops into a fighting stance causing him to come up short.] [Python grabs her ankle and pulls, dropping Heidi to the platform, and BBS dives on top of her. With his 150 lb weight advantage he manages to get her arms behind her back, and a pair of zipcuffs deployed.] **Dane:** I promised these people a fucking Heidi/Python main event, and they're getting it one way or another.

Heidi Christenson vs Python

[Cut to ringside.]

[Python and Cito step through the curtains with no music, both heading straight for the ring. A bit later, and Heidi is pushed through, her hands tied behind her back, BBS marching her step by step to the ring, Heidi fighting every step of the way. **DDK:**

Honestly, this is bordering on disturbing. On one hand, everything Heidi's done has been reprehensible. On the other hand Angus, I'm afraid we're getting into one of those situations where winning is more important to Eric Dane than doing what's best for the promotion. If Heidi wants to no-show matches why not just dock her pay? Or barring that, tell her every time she no-shows that her wages go towards paying for a new motorcycle for Tom?

Angus:

Yeah, see, that all makes sense, but here's the thing.

[As Angus waxes philosophical, Heidi is pushed into the ring. BBS produces a cutter and prepares to slash the zipcuffs on Dane's order.]

Angus:

She's doing a good impression of a crazy person, but she ain't that crazy. She's doing everything she can to undermine the boss, and Eric, being the boss, feels like he's got to stomp that shit out and prove that he is un-undermineable and that he can make her do what he tells her one way or another. Otherwise, he won't have the respect.

DDK:

Does being that confrontational really work?

Angus:

I'll put it this way Keebs, we're here now aren't we? But, credit where credit is due, there've been few people who could really get under his skin. Heidi's absolutely one of them.

[Dane barks the order at Slater to cut Heidi loose. He does. Resigned to wrestling, Heidi completely ignores Cito and Dane, and deathstares at Python.]

Angus:

Truth is, he underestimated her. So did I. So did everyone who watched her be the weak link of the Untouchables.



Jeff and Kai really were keeping her under control. **DING! DING! DING!**



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get after her pride. **Angus:** I dunno man, I don't know if that's a good idea, hey look! [Python switches his grip until he's got a full nelson on Heidi, and then he cranks back.] **Angus:** OH GOD BACKS DONT BEND THAT WAY [The "TAP! TAP! TAP!" chants start up.] [Unfortunately, while pulling Heidi's back back that far may have made the hold more painful, it also got her hands near Python's face.] **DDK:** Fingernail to the eye! [Python reflexively drops her.] [And instead of trying for a hold, Heidi sweeps his legs martial arts style and then kicks him on the shoulder as hard as she can.] [And again!] [And again, and just as the fans start booing Cito gets Heidi in a rear waistlock and pulls her away!] [Needless to say, Heidi takes this very badly. In fact, she sets her foot back to kick. But whatever's left of her former niceness manages to keep that foot on the ground.] **DDK:** Heidi objecting to taking any sort of instructions, although, just as Eric Dane planned, Cito's presence is mitigating Heidi's temper. Still, that's a volatile wrestler in there. [Heidi picks up Python. Onto her shoulders, torture rack style. Seriously. He's only 178, she can lift that much easy as hell.] [Then she drops him down shoulder first over her outstretched knee in a modified shoulder breaker.] **Angus:** Focusing on the shoulder? I mean ok, but that's not usually what Heidi does, and it'd be more smarter to focus on the leg, take the flippydo out of Python. [Heidi wraps Python's arm around the top rope - and before she can do something illegal, Cito gets involved, again pulling her away. This time, Heidi screams in his face to leave her alone, and simply kicks Python on the shoulder. Python's knocked sideways and falls out of the ring. Heidi follows him out and Irish whips him into the turnbuckle!] **DDK:** Heidi's getting violent, Cito reluctant to start a count but he's supposed to keep Heidi from hurting people. [Heidi throws Python back into the ring at Cito's urging. Python keeps his feet facing her.] **DDK:** And Python's watching out for those grounded soccer kicks she's been using, trying to deny her a target. [Heidi grabs Python by the ankle.] [And, some-fucking-how, Python levitates off the mat, twists, and takes her over with an ankle scissor!] **Angus:** How in the?! [Heidi tries to get back on the offense. Python arm drags her, and then follows up with a spinwheel kick! Heidi tries to bail. Python catches her, drags her by the hair in between the middle and top rope, and leaves her bent backwards across the middle rope to jump to the top, and come off with a guillotine legdrop!] **DDK:** Python, as soon as he gets some space in between himself and his opponent he's a fireball in the ring! Heidi covering up, Python's been working the head and neck all evening, and now he's back on the attack! [Python whips Heidi across the ring, runs after her, forward rolls and spears her in the corner! He rolls back, waits on her to stumble out of the corner, drop toe hold!] [OK, history lesson time, because what I'm about to describe takes place in only a few seconds, the commentators don't have time to call it all.] [Back during the preseason, after Heidi submitted Jonny Booya with a flying omoplata, Python asked her to teach it to him. She declined, but instead taught him a new way to apply his Constrictor hold, that started with a drop toe hold and floatover instead of a hurricanrana.] [And Python decided that that would be a good way to defeat Heidi in a way that taught her a lesson.] [The only problem is that Heidi, having taught Python a new hold, immediately devised the best counter she could.] [She allows Python to grab her arms and then rolls through the hold and twists around behind him. A yank on one elbow to get it into position, and then she threads her free arm in between Python's arms and up behind his head in a half nelson.] **DDK:** Heidi's got Beautiful Dreamer locked in! [The voice goes out of the fans.] **Angus:** Is Python going to get a free pizza, Keebs? You know what they say, 'out in 12 seconds or your pizza's free'! And he's... NOT GETTING A FREE PIZZA! **DING! DING! DING!** [Cito immediately begins trying to pull Heidi off the hold. It's hard. Her arms and his are knotted together so that anything he pulls on yanks Python's joints in a direction they shouldn't move.] **DDK:** Heidi's refusing to release that hold, she's got the arm attached to the shoulder she was working earlier trapped and twisting, it could be dislocated there, and even Cito Conarri can't convince her to let it go! **Angus:** Even I don't want to see her break the kid's arms! Goddammit Keebs, where's the boss? Where's Buffalo Brian? WHERE'S JEFF?! He's gotta be here somewhere, we're in Baltimore! [Cito Conarri makes a decision. He steps across Heidi's body and slaps on a sleeperhold. Heidi instinctively raises her arms to defend herself, and Cito is able to pull her off of Python. Python clutches his shoulder, his teeth clenched in pain, but it doesn't look like he was seriously damaged.] **Angus:** Cito's a goddamn hero, Keebs. I give the guy shit for being old, but in my defense he's totally old. And Heidi's totally pissed! [Heidi pushes Cito. Cito steps backwards, catches his balance, and without taking his eyes off her, walks to the ropes and yells something to the ring announcer.] **Quimbey:** As a result of post-match unsportsmanlike conduct, the referee has REVERSED THE DECISION! Therefore, your winner, as a result of a disqualification: PYYYYTHON! **BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** **BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** **Angus:** What the fuck are they mad about now? **STUPID BALTIMORON FANS!** **DDK:** They've been angry all show Angus, I think now they're just hating everything because they can, but this decision has infuriated Heidi! [Heidi grabs Cito by the collar of his referee's shirt and pushes him into the corner. She turns right back on Python and kicks him in that hurting shoulder as hard as she can.] **THWAAAAACK!!** [Before she can throw another kick, Cito grabs her around the waist from behind, throws her away from Python and takes her to the mat with a waistlock!] **Angus:** FUCK YEAH CITO! **DDK:** Cito Conarri has been very patient with Heidi all night long, but he's not about to stand and watch her injure someone, especially not when it's Python!

former Champion, looking down with disdain. He raises the microphone to his lips one final time.] [Thousands upon thousands of people wait for him to say... something.] **Eric Dane:** Tear this motherfucker to the ground. [And that was all she wrote.] [There is no exit commentary for DEFtv39. Only the sounds of screaming, breaking things, and sirens in the distance.]