

Forty People. One Ring. One Finger. Salute.

[DEFIANCE Wrestling continues in...] [...3...] [...2...] [...1...] [Flash.] [Cold open.] [The hard camera zooms in on the double Hall of Famer and former six time World Champion and current End All, Be All of DEFIANCE, Mr. Eric Dane. Da Baws is wearing a sharp silver and black three-piece, tied together by Godzilla-skin loafers and a gleaming million dollar smile. Standing to his right is the returning Kelly Evans, classed up as much as she will allow in a three-piece skirted suit. To his right is Tyrone Walker, dressed in an HNB basketball jersey over a pair of black and red trainers. The rest of the HNB stands near to Walker. Around them are more wrestlers clustered around the ring.] [Dan Ryan has one full corner occupied by himself and the FIST championship belt, the only person brave enough to be anywhere near him is the visibly injured Python. Standing near, but not too near are Jimmie Rix, Diego De Leon, Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper, they seem to be in some sort of awed, if not subdued conversation of their own. On the right side of Dane, Kelly, and the HNB stands Bronson Box and Edward White, with Nicky Corozzo and Frank Dylan James on either flank. Box darts his eyes from Dan Ryan in the back of the ring to Dusty Griffith who stands across from him with Eugene Dewey and Sam Turner on either side of him.] [Milling around are Junior Keeling's Team HOSS, Lash Graham and his uncle, the Philosopher Kings, Curtis Penn with the Southern Heritage Title, Jeremiah Rainwood, Seth Stratton with Wayne Dewey in tow, and the young Team KYOTO Pro. Taking up a fair amount of one side of the ring is the Giant Defiant Jupiter Jones, and taking up the other side is Alceo Dentari and his Legitimate Businessmen's Club.] [Cancer Jiles is somewhere, sans shades, and Chance Von Crank is front and center, doing everything he can to get himself noticed by anyone willing to give him the time of day. Standing near him, and becoming a little too chummy with the Shock 'n Rolla, are the Angel City eXpress of Dapper Don Hollywood and Mr. Morning After Rich Mahogany.] [Standing outside of the ring and looking especially irritated at having been summoned from his place of brooding is the World Champion, the Ace of Heels Kai Scott. Surrounding him are the entirety of his Truly Untouchables, most notably including the Tres Brujas team of Clair St. Sure, Diane Parker, and Lisa Loeh. Hulking behind them is the extra-gelled, extra-COOL, t-shades wearing Enforcer of the Tee-You-Tees, Jonny Booya.] [Eric Dane surveys the scene, his smirk a tempered one. He knows that everyone inside of this ring and out had all been giving the same very clearly-worded warning about screwing this up, just like he knows that at least three-quarters of the men and women around him couldn't wait for an excuse to ignore said preamble. He looked down at the gathered mass of bloggers, writers, and photographers for the various websites and dirtsheets and even a fair amount of legitimate media for a couple of International outlets. From there he takes in the crowd, just over twenty-two hundred jam-packed in, Super No Vacancy style, sitting at full attention and waiting for him to speak. When he does, a translator is ringside for the Japanese-speaking audience.] **Eric Dane:** It's been a long road since I last stood here in a DEFIANCE ring... [He is met with polite applause.] **Eric Dane:** There've been riots. Assaults. Injuries. Lawsuits. Television blackouts. We had a referee strike, and we were forced to take our show on the road, all the way to the other side of the world... [More applause. Around him some thirty-five or so wrestlers and managers look on, some bored, some annoyed, some clearly wishing they were anywhere else. None of them makes a move, though. There is a time and a place, and it is getting ever nearer.] **Eric Dane:** I sent the promotion that I've built from the ground up with blood and sweat to another continent to scratch and claw and struggle for its survival, all while I stayed home to clean up all of our various messes. I've shaken more hands lately... kissed more asses even... than I ever in my life or career thought I'd had the stomach to endure... All in the name of DEFIANCE. And here we stand, in unison, if only for the moment, and we tell the wrestling world at large exactly what we think of them and their standards. This industry may not like what DEFIANCE is, and those in the upper-echelon of [finger quotes] "power" might not think we'll play nice in their little sandbox, and we don't care. [The applause goes up a level.] **Eric Dane:** We stand here, in the center of the ring in the legendary Korakuen Hall in Tokyo Japan, with our bodies broken but our wills hardened, our spirits renewed, and we tell everyone out there who ever said that we wouldn't make it just exactly what we think about them! [Around him

middle fingers go up, it catches on, almost like it was planned (wink). He continues on with his diatribe.] **Eric Dane:** If you ever doubted DEFIANCE? I say Fuck you. If you've ever doubted any of the men, women, assholes, idiots, morons, and maniacs in this ring, I say Fuck you. [The crowd is getting in on the action.] **Eric Dane:** If you think that you're better than us? "Fuck you!" **Eric Dane:** If you think that our demise would be worth a chuckle? "Fuck you!" **Eric Dane:** And last but not least, if you even now think that you can do something in this business that we can't, then I've only got one thing to say! "Fuck you!" [The Only Star pauses, takes it all in. The men and women under his employ all with his signature middle finger jabbed toward the sky. The crowd joining along with his casual dismissal and crass opinion on the nay-sayers and ne'er do wells. For a moment, all is right in the universe.] **Eric Dane:** Ladies and Gentlemen, we can't thank you enough for what you've meant to us as wrestlers, as promoters, as men and women of a sport that gets more heat than it does press... What we can do is deliver you the best show that Tokyo Japan has seen in a decade! Now let's go blow doors off'a this place! [The crowd erupts, full standing ovation. Over the PA system but barely audible Krizz Kaliko's "The Finger" plays as wrestlers, managers, staff, and security all begin milling about and leaving the ringside area.] ♪ ♪ *Four fingers down...* ♪ ♪ *One High!* ♪ ♪ *Put your Middle Fingers in the sky!* ♪ ♪ *This one here's a Doozy, a Humdinger!* ♪ ♪ *If they don't recognize: GIVE 'EM THE FINGER!* ♪ ♪ *Give 'em the Finger!* ♪ ♪ *Anybody say "fuck me?"* ♪ ♪ *Everybody say "FUCK YOU!"* ♪ [Cut to ringside.] **Angus:** AAAAAAND WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRE LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE! **DDK:** On tape delay! **Angus:** From TO-KEE-YO, JAPPYLAND! Welcome ladies and gentlemen to our first ever EYE-PEE-PEE-VEE!!! [Behind the commentation station the standing ovation continues as wrestlers still mill around ringside, kind of waiting their turn to get out of the ringside area and not start anything.] **DDK:** We've got eleven, count 'em ELEVEN big matches tonight! **Angus:** ELEVEN friggin' matches? Is that legal? [As it turns out, we'll be having nine matches, not eleven. Blame Biron and Blue.] **DDK:** On top of that every single DEFIANCE title will be on the line tonight folks! **Angus:** That's right, we're gonna leave this country in our dust after it's all over and done with tonight, Keeps! **DDK:** You said it, partner! **Angus:** Alright then, well instead of the original plan, we're gonna kick this bad boy off with the first of three trios matches tonight! Darren, take it away!

Team HOSS vs TexMex Holiday

DDK: The Trios division is as hot as it's ever been and this match will be proof of just that! Team HOSS – the powerhouse combination led by Junior Keeling – have bullied the roster for weeks. We've seen a collection of talent such as "Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix, Diego de Leon and Frank Holiday each suffer individually. After weeks of torture, they've taken the fight back to the team and that's how we're here now. Team HOSS takes on the newly christened TexMex Holiday. **Angus:** Not to interrupt Darren Keebler storytime, but how about you tell the folks what's REALLY happened... TexMex Chex Mix stuck their noses where they didn't belong and now Junior Keeling's Team HOSS are going to KTFO those little pricks. That about sum it up? **DDK:** That colorful soliloquy notwithstanding,



let's take it on to ringside for the match.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey: The following contest is a Trios Tag Team Match and is scheduled for one fall! [The opening riffs of "Hail To The King" by Avenged Sevenfold start to play and out from the back step the three men that have terrorized several members of the DEFIANCE roster. Passing through the curtains first with an angry scowl on his face is Junior Keeling, Superagent! He waves a hand for his giants to come and the Ariake Coliseum gets their first glimpse of the monsters. "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad. Aleczander The Great. Capital Punishment. Keeling low-fives each one of his monsters before they all march to the ring.] **DQ:** First, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling, Superagent... they weigh in at a combined weight of **EIGHT HUNDRED FIFTY SEVEN POUNDS...** Angel Trinidad... Aleczander... Capital Punishment... The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers... **TEAM HOSS! Angus:** Good God, these guys must look like a group of Godzillas to these people! Junior Keeling has put together an awesome group here! **DDK:** That racist sentiment notwithstanding, the rest is true. He has quite a collection of talent here and you'd be hard pressed to find a bigger group of people, height-wise. [As the members of the team gather one by one in the ring with Junior shouting instructions, their music gives way to "How You Like Me Now?" by The Heavy and when the music plays, the crowd gives a respective set of cheers for the threesome coming out. Billy Pepper leads his own guys to the ring and waves them out. One by one the staunch resistance of Team HOSS comes out. "Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix, Diego de Leon, and Frank Holiday! The three friends each put their fists out in a huddle as a sign of solidarity before they each head to the ring.] **DQ:** And their opponents, being led to the ring by Billy Pepper... at a combined weight of six hundred seventy-pounds... Frank Holiday... Diego de Leon... and "Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix... **TEX... MEX... HOLIDAY!** [The three friends and their newfound alliance is about to be tested as they each head to the ring. The Texan veteran, the masked warrior, and the former stuntman with a screw loose all head to the ring while Junior Keeling paces around ringside. He watches and waits as the three members of Tex Mex Holiday and Billy Pepper all raise their hands for the crowd, one man on each buckle. Team HOSS is strategizing in the corner while the referee in the middle Hector Navarro keeps a watch.] **Angus:** These guys aren't just the underdogs... they're idiots bringing knives to a fight against TANKS! **DDK:** You can't look past Tex Mex Holiday for a second. Holiday and De Leon showed great teamwork and thanks in part to Billy Pepper and Rix countering some cheating, Team HOSS took a loss last week. But now it's all even, Steven. Who's gonna win tonight?! [Before the match can get underway, Junior Keeling tosses something up into the waiting hands of Angel Trinidad. The Rookie Monster leans over the ropes and shouts across the ring.] **Angel:** HEY! DIEGO! [The masked grappler turns his attention from his team's scrum to look. Angel is holding up the very same mask Diego gave him as a gift last week. Sneering, Angel viciously rips the mask apart at the seams and flings the torn shreds aside. Diego just shakes his head.] **DDK:** Fairly unsubtle message being sent to Diego de Leon by Angel Trinidad here. **Angus:** Yeah, and that message is: don't re-gift your stanky, sweaty masks! [The bell rings as each team picks a representative to start things off. Team HOSS have Aleczander going up to bat against a game Jimmie Rix. Aleczander poses down in the middle of the ring and tries to get inside the head of The Southern Sling who isn't having any of it.] **DDK:** Rix hasn't forgotten about the loss he took to Aleczander two weeks ago. He wants some payback here tonight. **Angus:** Aleczander's gonna send this redneck back to the Picante Salsa commercial he came from. [Jimmie Rix goes for a single leg on the big man and tries to maneuver him to the canvas only for Aleczander to hang on tightly. The Brit lifts

The Texan up over his shoulders and tries to take him down with a running slam only for Rix to slide on the back with a Sunset Flip-style hold. He rolls through to his feet and gets in a submission hold on Aleczander trying for a Half Crab only for The Big Brit to kick away. Rix holds up two fingers as replicating inches to tell him he was that close to locking it in, something that makes Junior seethe on the outside.] **DDK:** Team HOSS are getting a taste of their own medicine here. Rix has Aleczander scouted tonight. [Rix goes on the attack against the bigger man with his signature Forearm Smashes to the face, ruining Aleczander The Great's chiseled complexion. Aleczander shoves him off and puts it to the ranch hand with a pair of boots before trying to whip Jimmie to the ropes. The Wrangler breaks the whip by using the crook of his elbow for a throat punch! Aleczander gets disoriented and Jimmie takes advantage by punching him in the gut which doubles the Englishmen over. Rix grabs Aleczander by the head and slams his face against the ropes!] **Jimmie Rix:** Oooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!! **DDK:** Rix now dragging Aleczander's face against the top rope!! And now has slammed his face into the top turnbuckle- tag out to Diego De Leon! **Angus:** You cheating fucks! They win one tag match and think they're the Trios kingpins? **DDK:** Double-team offense now! Jimmie Rix hits a series of Shoulder Thrusts in the corner! [While Diego jumps into the ring with the quickness, Rix hits an Inverted Atomic Drop. He manages to negotiate the bigger Aleczander with a Snapmare to set up a run from Diego de Leon off the ropes... KNEE TO THE FACE! Aleczander is clobbered and right away, Diego goes right into the cover. [ONE... TWO... NO!] **DDK:** Close one! Tex Mex Holiday come out swinging with some nice offense on Aleczander quickly! [Diego peppers the big man with a flurry of kicks as he tries to get to his feet. The young lion cocks back for the Roaring Elbow that Capital Punishment is all too familiar with, but Aleczander moves and gets a tag to Capital Punishment himself.] **DDK:** This is kind of startling seeing Aleczander back away like that, but while Team HOSS are powerful, none of them are stupid in between the ropes. **Angus:** Cappy's gonna eat this kid. [Capital Punishment waits for the kid to make a move first, biding his time. Diego obliges and goes low, trying to take the big man quickly with Thigh Kicks. He lands two or three before Cappy swings with a wild right. He ducks and fires back with a quick series of Elbow Smashes to the face to try and rattle the big man. An attempt at going to the ropes is blocked when the IWO Hall of Famer grabs him in a tilt-a-whirl... NO! Diego out the back! He dropkicks the leg of Cappy out from under him and brings him to a knee and a low Enzuigiri puts him on his back!] [The hits keep on coming from Diego when he tags into Frank Holiday and gets to the ring. Frank gestures at him.] **Frank:** You ready to do this again? [Diego shakes his head like he can't believe he's about to go through with another crazy Frank Holiday idea. Diego runs off the ropes and into the grip of Frank who Hip Tosses Diego across Capp's chest with an assisted Senton! As Diego rolls away from him, Holiday follows with his own Leg Drop across Cappy's throat! Frank throws the horns up for the crowd while Junior is about ready to blow a gasket at ringside.] **Junior:** You're letting these fuckers embarrass you! Come on! Get in there! Mop them up! **Angus:** Junior's not happy! These shits keep on cheating and it's not right! You don't see HOSS double and triple-teaming them to death! **DDK:** I don't know what Team HOSS matches you watch, here's Frank with a cover... [ONE! TWO! NO!] [Frank is about to stand again and pulls Cappy up with him when the veteran SOCKS him with a good Uppercut that actually knocks Frank down to a knee. Cappy then pushes him into the corner and tags Angel Trinidad for the first time. He holds the Train Wreck up by his ribcage and allows Angel to bury a nasty haymaker to his exposed ribs that brings him down.] **DDK:** There you go. Should Team HOSS be disqualified for that? **Angus:** Nope, they should get a medal for filtering out these floating turds in the gene pool! [The Rookie Monster stands over Frank Holiday and starts to power him before connecting with a big Scoop Slam! Angel looks pleased with himself when Junior motions for him to hurry up. Billy Pepper looks on worried when Angel runs off the ropes to deliver a Jumping Elbow Drop but Frank moves and he hits nothing but the canvas!] [Frank rolls around and starts to quickly get up. He goes head on with the biggest member of Team HOSS with a series of right hands before trying to whip The Rookie Monster. It's like trying to Irish whip a tree: Angel doesn't budge, but he turns the tables and sends Holiday flying across the ring instead. As Frank rebounds off the ropes, Angel dives at him with a lunging clothesline with surprising speed -- only for Holiday to duck at the last second! Trinidad hits the canvas with a thud!] **DDK:** Nobody home there for Angel Trinidad! The Rookie Monster getting back to his feet, and Frank goes to the top rope... FLYING CROSS BODY! Trinidad missed but Frank Holiday didn't! [Frank then waits for Angel to stand after the big move and then rushes him to the corner. He runs at Angel with a running knee in the corner and tags into Diego who follows suit with a charging Elbow Smash! This then sets the stage for Jimmie Rix as he tags back in and makes Angel suffer by grabbing his leg and dropping it down into a shin breaker- effectively jacking up his knee!] **DDK:** Rix has Angel Trinidad on the mat now where he can do the most damage! He goes to the leg and he drops a couple elbows! Everybody's the same size when they're on their back. **Angus:** Tell that to your fatass momma, Keebler! Somebody break this up! [The Southern Sling goes low and tries for a Figure Four Leglock on the big man and he gets it! It's quite a sight to behold as The Southern Sling tries to pick Angel apart, but the size difference is just enough for Angel to quickly power himself to the ropes and get an arm. As much as he wants Trinidad to suffer, Rix has to let go.] [Angel starts to try and stand with a noticeable

limp. Aleczander begins to gesture towards Rix in the corner with a lovely middle finger. It's clear that Jimmie has had enough of Aleczander so he turns around and smashes the shit talking Brit in the jaw! The crowd cheers Jimmie Rix but when he turns around...] **Angus:** HOSSPLOSION! I love that fucking move! **DDK:** What a shoulder block! Even from a stationary position, Team HOSS's Rookie Monster comes through and has enough strength to BLAST Jimmie Rix across the ring! [The Southern Sling goes ass over and he falls to the canvas. Angel shakes off the damage done to him and checks his leg to make sure he can still walk on it before he palms the back of Jimmie Rix's head. Rix is no small man, but looks like a child next to The Rookie Monster who buries a knee into his gut. He tosses him into the corner and makes the tag to a ready-and-able Aleczander, still stinging from Rix's punch. The two men whip him off to the ropes and they mow him down with a Double Back Elbow which is followed by a Double Elbow Drop to the chest of Rix!] **Angus:** Yes! Yes! That's what you deserve when you're a little smart ass and talk shit to Team HOSS. **DDK:** Cover by Aleczander! [ONE.....TWO....Kick out by Rix!] [Aleczander reaches down grabbing Rix by the hair lifting him eye level, he returns the right hand to the face that Jimmie delivered earlier. Rix is now doubled over and Aleczander throws him onto the second rope close to the HOSS corner. The Brit runs behind him hitting a Running Rope Guillotine on The Southern Sling!] **DDK:** Aleczander picking Rix back up and tossing him into Team HOSS' Corner.....RUNNING BODY SPLASH BY ALECZANDER! And now he is posing as Jimmie is stacked in the turnbuckle. **Angus:** That hick is slumped over like a soggy bag of oats! [Angel is tagged in and takes a running start crushing The Southern Sling with a Body Splash in the corner again! Rix stumbles out to be caught by the waiting HOSS member who delivers a thunderous spine buster! Trinidad pops up letting out a feral roar charge off to Capital Punishment who gingerly enters the ring for a half hearted pin.] **Angus:** ONE.....TWO.....NOOOOO! **DDK:** Frank Holiday just yanked Capital Punishment off Jimmie Rix by his leg! And now Cappy is furious! [Cappy mean-mugs Frank Holiday on his way out of the ring before he turns his way back to inflict more damage on the Southern Sling. He picks him up off the mat when Rix fights back with a barrage of hard Knife-Edge Chops to try and stop the rugged giant in his tracks when he is immediately stopped with a big knee to the chest. When he's down, he follows up with a violent barrage of headbutts that are sure to rattle the brains of the Southern Sling.] **Angus:** Rix is getting the shit whipped out of him right now! **DDK:** He needs to find a way to get over to the corner, but it doesn't look like Team HOSS are going to allow it. [Capital Punishment grabs him by his tights and with ONE ARM, he drags him over to the corner and tosses him like a bale of hay before making the tag into Angel Trinidad again. One by one, the members of Team HOSS start to line up in a row while an angry Frank Holiday and a tense Diego watch. One by one they go flying HARD at him in the corner. Capital Punishment runs in and hits a big Corner Clothesline! Angel Trinidad is next and follows up with an even BIGGER Corner Clothesline that rattles him. Aleczander takes up the rear and flexes his arms before he goes charging and SPLATTERS him with a Running Body Avalanche! Rix crumbles to the canvas as Aleczander, Angel, and Cappy all tap fists as a sign of a job well done!] **Keeling:** THE OPERATION BULLDOZER! THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU MOTHERFUCKERS! **DDK:** This is just straight brutality in the ring by these big men. **Angus:** That's what it should be! [Jimmie Rix falls over in the corner when Angel lifts him up in his grip like a small child – an impressive feat since Rix was just about two-twenty in weight. He picks him up and lays him across the top corner before unleashing a flurry of Clubbing Forearm shots to wear him down some more.] [Aleczander tagged in and The Rookie Monster leaves the ring as The Big Brit comes in and picks up where his HOSS ally left off, laying into him some more with some good shots. He then lays Rix across his shoulders in a Torture Rack position before he starts spinning around...] **DDK:** What's Aleczander going for here? He's going for something big right here on Rix, spinning around and trying to wear him out some more! **Angus:** And he's not even holding him now! [Like him or hate him, the crowd is thoroughly impressed with the rotations that he's getting until Aleczander comes to a dead stop and lets him drop to the ground! Billy, Frank and even Diego wince a little bit as Jimmie comes crashing to the canvas at an awkward angle.] **Angus:** HOSS TOSS! That banjo-strokin' cousin-pokin' moron's gonna get what's coming to him! **DDK:** That is some incredible strength! Cappy and Angel have the size, but Aleczander may just be pound-for-pound the strongest member! This has gotta be all! ONE! TWO! THRE... NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! RIX IS STILL GOING! [Indeed he is and the fans love him for it as The Southern Sling continues to defy the odds. Aleczander slaps his hands three times to the referee who only flashes two to tell him this match is still happening. He starts to lift him up this time in a Suplex position. He hoists him up when suddenly Rix shifts his weight into a Small Package pin!] [ONE... TWO... NO!] [The Mancunian Muscle kicks out and when Rix tries to get up he gets BLASTED with a nasty European Uppercut that nearly dims his lights! He gets picked up by an angered Aleczander now and gets pushed into the corner. However, Jimmie STILL fights and starts swinging, throwing whatever blows he can. He lands punches at Angel Trinidad and Capital Punishment in the corner and tries to fight his way out. Aleczander runs at him until Rix slips underneath his legs to get to the corner.] **DDK:** And now he's trying to get to the corner, but Aleczander won't let him. **Angus:** Just take this guy behind the barn! He's probably done it to several golden retrievers! Karma, baby! [Keeling bites his tongue when Aleczander comes

charging at him. When he does, Rix gets a sudden burst of energy and actually drives Aleczander into the mat with a big Spinebuster Slam! It takes a lot of energy for Rix to land the move, but he does! The crowd gives him some polite applause as both Rix and Aleczander are down.] **Angus:** Damn it! Come on, ice this hick and take it home, HOSS! **DDK:** He has a chance to turn the tide now! Team HOSS have been chopping away at him and now The Southern Sling needs to get in the ring. [Rix crawls toward his corner but Aleczander somehow manages to get up and tries his best to stop Rix, but he's too late! It's Frank Holiday with the tag! The crowd starts to show a little more love as The Train Wreck and Aleczander come face to face. Aleczander is hurt from the Spinebuster, but he still manages to put on a cocky grin, adopt a bodybuilding pose, and make his pecs dance. Frank then looks to Billy and starts to mock the Team HOSS member with a flex and posedown of his own!] **DDK:** Aleczander doesn't like that! And Aleczander swings, but Frank Holiday ducks...HE COMES BACK WITH A BIG SHOULDER KNOCKDOWN! **Angus:** This guy is nuts! Get him out of there! [Frank Holiday charges off the ropes a second time as Aleczander stands only to knock him down with a big Clothesline! The hits just keep on coming as Billy Pepper cheers on his friend. Holiday charges the corner and comes at Capital Punishment, knocking him off the ring apron as Angel tries to grab him, but the quicker Holiday moves. When Aleczander starts to stand again, Frank fires off a barrage of right hands to back The Big Brit back into the corner.] **DDK:** Uh-oh, he's got him going in the corner now, what's he doing? **Angus:** Hopefully collapsing from a brain aneurysm. [Frank goes running at Aleczander and connects with a Running Knee to the chest! With Aleczander stunned, he charges and blasts him with an Inverted Powerslam! He goes into the cover!] **DDK:** ONE... TWO... AND A BIG SAVE FROM ANGEL TRINIDAD! [Angel Trinidad is there in the nick of time to save the match for his team by delivering a Leg Drop to the back of Frank's head. The hyperactive Rookie Monster forces The Train Wreck to his feet and muscles him into the corner just as Capital Punishment starts to join him. Capital Punishment holds him up by the Sidewalk Slam as Angel Trinidad runs off the opposite side of the ring. He comes back and the two big men deliver a tandem Hip Toss. They catch him then lift him up and THROW him damn near through the ring with a big Double-Team Powerbomb!] **Angus:** Well, he's dead! Call it! **DDK:** The HOSSes clear the ring and Aleczander crawls over to get the cover! ONE! TWO! THR... NO, DIEGO WITH THE SAVE NOW! [The sudden intrusion takes Angel and Cappy by surprise. The fiery Diego is now back to his feet and he manages to start throwing blows at anything that moves. Thigh kicks all around for both Cappy and Angel who keep on trying to land shots on the young lion, but he keeps sticking and moving. When they least expect it, Jimmie Rix manages to get back into the match and comes at Capital Punishment with a running Chop Block to the knee that brings the big man down. Angel Trinidad tries to fight off Diego De Leon who keeps swinging with the big kick at the knee of the Rookie Monster. Meanwhile, Aleczander is half distracted by all the commotion as he starts dragging a groggy Frank Holiday off the canvas.] **DDK:** All six men are in the ring now, and I'm not sure who's the legal man for each team anymore! **Angus:** Get some control in there, Garcia! Come on! **DDK:** Since when do you care about the rules? **Angus:** Since I want TexMex Holiday to go away and die, maybe? [Keeling and Pepper each continue to yell and cheer for their respective parties on the outside as bedlam continues to ensue inside the ring. Rix and Capital Punishment have engaged in a battle on one side of the ring while off the other end, an unsteady-looking Frank Holiday shoves Aleczander into the ropes, gets a big right hand reared back before he sends Aleczander over the ropes and out to the floor with a tremendous Lariat!] [Capital Punishment fights back against Rix and buries a knee into his gut before palming the back of his head and tossing him between the ropes to the floor next to where Aleczander landed. Cappy heads to the outside with them to finish the job he started on Rix. Garcia is still trying to get the chaos under control, but it's looking more and more like a lost cause.] **DDK:** Uh-oh! Diego De Leon is coming to the rescue of Rix on the outside... Dives off the apron... FLYING KNEE STRIKE TO THE FACE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! [The brawl continues on the outside as Frank Holiday starts to recover from the Double Powerbomb he was caught with. He too, enters the fray as Aleczander gets up and rams Diego hard into the barricade on the outside! And in the midst of all this, "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad is the only man left in the ring. The hamster looks like it's about to slowly turn inside the head of the hyperactive rookie before he gets a running start...] **DDK:** Uh-oh. Angel has something big in mind... **Angus:** No shit! He's like seven and a half feet! I'm guesstimating, probably. [Angel grabs the ropes and he takes off to the outside... PLANCHA FROM THE THREE-HUNDRED POUNDER TO TEXMEX HOLIDAY AND HIS OWN PARTNERS! The crowd is very responsive to the brawl between all six men ending with a big dive from The Rookie Monster that wipes everybody out. Even still, the fighting continues on the outside as Aleczander and Holiday continue their brawl while sprawled out across the ground. Hector Navarro has seen enough...] Ding! Ding Ding Ding! **DDK:** Hector Navarro has had enough! He's calling for the bell and I don't know... both teams get counted out? This is over and the crowd doesn't like it one bit! [The Japanese crowd is still watching in awe as the the brawl continues to break out among the six men. Cappy trades off a fight with Frank Holiday and the two men brawl while Aleczander tosses Jimmie Rix back inside the ring just as DEF Sec starts swarming the ring to break up the fight!] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen... referee Hector Navarro

has declared this match... Double Disqualification! [Jimmie Rix looks right at Aleczander then over to Keeling who has Hector Navarro distracted.] **DDK:** Rix jumping in the ring! RUNNING CLOTHESLINE TO ALEczANDER AND BOTH MEN GO OVER THE ROPES AND ARE BRAWLING ON THE OUTSIDE! AGAIN! [Holiday and Punishment decide to trade punches, but Holiday is getting pumped and starting to land in bunches that has CP backing up towards the ring, but not before "Buffalo" Brian Slater gets in between the men to break up the fight] **Angus:** Someone get control over these losers! They are ruining this sport! Tex Mex Holiday are out of control! Fire them all! [Angel decides to run in to get the pressuring Holiday off his partner. Diego De Leon will have none of it and mounts the adjacent turnbuckle in a flash.] **DDK:** TEXTBOOK MISSILE DROPKICK FROM THE TOP ROPE FROM DE LEON!! [Diego pounces on Trinidad as Frank and Capital Punishment decide to scramble on the mat as well. Referee looks around him as all hell has broken loose and full chaos has taken over the ring. Rix and Aleczander on the outside, Punishment and Holiday in one corner scrapping on the mat and Diego with Trinidad exchanging grounded shots in the other corner.] **Angus:** Security! Someone! These assholes are violently attacking athletes! **DDK:** Well we have a double disqualification here tonight as it seems neither team can contain their anger towards each other. You have to believe nothing has been settled between these men! [As security continues to clean up the scene once Hector has rendered his final decision, Diego De Leon, Billy Pepper, Frank Holiday, and Jimmie Rix all regroup in the ring showing the wounds of this battle. They're each exhausted, but they look like they still want to fight. On the outside, Junior Keeling tries to get his men under control which is pretty hard considering about three alone are trying to pry Capital Punishment away from the ring. Trinidad is waving his fists and wants to fight while Aleczander is yelling several slurs in his English accent that may involve the members of TexMex Holiday performing sexual congress upon their own persons.] **DDK:** You hate to see a match end like that. These guys want to fight, these fans want them to fight, but the match is over and we still have a lot of show left! **Angus:** TexMex Holiday have four-leaf clovers and rabbits feet up their asses. They are LUCKY that Team HOSS was pulled away before they could finish the job. [The crowd doesn't like this turn of events, but Keeling has rounded up his soldiers and they head up the ramp, each staring back at the ring as security continues to watch on. Meanwhile, the members of TexMex Holiday enjoy the moment. They look like they've been through hell, but they look itching to fight again. It is clear to each side and to the fans that this feud is far from over.] [Cut.]

Goggles down, gears on

[Bursts of steam shooting from all sides of the frame, slowly, slowly clearing. The first thing visible is a bright pair of steampunk goggles with red lenses, followed by a bright red mustache and intense open-mouthed grin, followed by the rest of the visage of DEFIANCE's newest wrestler, Henry Keyes, standing before a large old steam train engine.]

Keyes:

I've been itchin' for quite a while now...itchin' and itchin', waiting, pacing back and forth, a caged tiger in the middle of the jungle forced to wait and to watch the fighting all around me without a chance to step in myself, and at LONG LAST...the wait's almost over. And a deep part of me hopes you all felt this coming. You may not have specifically seen ME, The Steampunk, coming; you may not have specifically seen ME, the goggle-wearing fire-breathing death knell of all the wrongs and brutality and arrogance that's been poisoning this place for God knows how long; but the feeling must have been there. Deep, guttural, the stew that was boilin' from the fire in your bellies. This moment has been unavoidable.

[Henry lifts the goggles to his forehead. His eyes are wide open and wild.]

Keyes:

The end of this tour signifies the BEGINNIN' for me. No disrespect to Japan, but I've been chompin' at the bit to make my mark in this company for quite a while. Now, I don't expect everyone to know the bullet's been fired just yet. Yer Boxers, yer Kai Scotts, yer Curtis Penns, yer roughly-eighty-percent-of-the-main-rosters, for you it's an easy thing to shrug off the new fellow. And I get it...talkin' the big game won't shake the bowels of the big bads of this place. But allow me a moment to spell out one thing:

[Henry's grin fades and his eyes stare hard into the camera.]

Keyes:

I'm comin'. For ALL of yeh. And when you hear the gears of the universe clink together, you'll realize your fate's already been sealed long ago.

[Henry pulls the goggles back over his eyes and smacks his right elbow hard into his left palm.]

Keyes:

Out with the new. In with the old.

[Keyes climbs up the train. Choo choo, and we're off.]

Sam Turner, Jr vs Angel City eXXXpress

Angus:

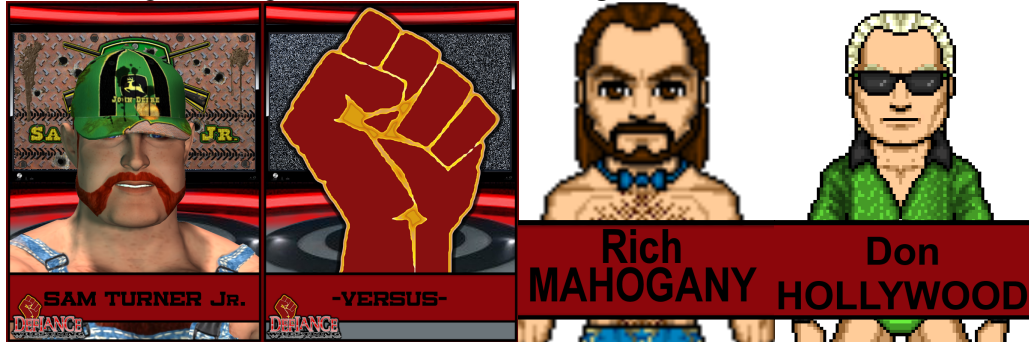
That wasn't weird or anything. **DDK:**

That's prove positive that DEFIANCE is the gathering place of the more eccentric characters in the world of wrestling.

Angus:

You mean the nutjobs. **DDK:**

I said no such thing! Let's take it ringside and get into this next match! **Angus:**



Yeah, full of nutjobs...

Darren "DQ" Quimbey: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... [The duo comes out flaunting their sexiness and try hugging some of the other more voluptuous female fans but they push away.] **DDK:** These two are a walking sexual harassment lawsuit waiting to happen. **Angus:** Aren't they awesome? Heh. **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** ...hailing from Los Angeles, California..."Dapper" Don Hollywood and "Rowdy" Rich Mahogany...THE ANGEL CTTTTTTTTT eXXXXXXpressssssssssssss!!!! [Don and Rich remove their ring jacket and vest as they stay by the curtain. Don on the left. Rich is on the right. The duo waits patiently.] **Angus:** Nice, ambush. Classic ACX. **DDK:** When did you become such a fan of these two jokers? **Angus:** Since they smoked me out then sold me an oz. on the cheap the other night? **DDK:** *sigh* **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** And their opponent, hailing from Bloody Harlan, Kentucky..."THE REDNE'K RE'KER" SAM TUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURNEEEEEEEEEER JUNIOR!!!! ♪The preacher man says it's the end of time♪ ♪And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry♪ ♪The interest is up and the Stock Markets down♪ ♪And you only get mugged♪ [A video of Sam's highlights grace the screen. Just as he hits a wicked powerbomb on Dragon Jones, the words "The Redne'k Re'ker" flashes on the screen.] [Sam steps out and flexes his farmer tanned arms making the crowd pop. As they cheer louder he begins to blush and smile wider.] [He waves harder to the fans and begins his descent to the ring.] ***WHAM*** [Rich forearms Sam in the base of his neck, Don chop blocks the back of sam's knee sending the big man crashing to the floor face first.] **DDK:** Nasty attack for the Angel City Express! **Angus:** That's eXXXpress, Darren. **DDK:** That's what I said, Express. **Angus:** God you're a nerd. [Don and Rich start taunting the booing fans as they thrust their pelvises towards them multiple times. As the fans boo louder Don and Rich start to lay the boots to the back of Sam.] [Don picks up Sam and pulls him to ringside. Don irish whips Sam into the ring apron. Sam drops to his knees holding his back. Rich runs in and knees Sam in the chest with his left knee. Don slides in the ring as Rich pushes Sam in.] **DING! DING! DING!** [Don goes for the quick pin.] 1... 2... ...NO! [Sam kicks out just in time.] **DDK:** You're not going to put away a man like Sam Turner that easy, fella's. [Don picks him up and whips him into the corner. Don runs in connecting with a back elbow smash into Sam's chest. Sam drops to his butt. Don moves over and stuck his manhood in Sam's face and starts gyrating in Sam's face much like Don was being blown.] **Angus:** HAHHAHA... these guys rule. [Don looks at Rich who's just got settled on the ring apron and smiles as he moves his attention from Sam. Suddenly Sam reaches up and grabs a big ole hawking handful of Don who begins screaming like a young school girl. Sam gets back up to his knee and Rich comes in.] **DDK:** Ooof... [DOUBLE NUT CLAW!] **Angus:** Double ooof... [Sam lifts up both Don and Rich almost a foot off the ground and drops them to their feet jarring their nuts even more. Knife-edge chop to Don. Overhead chop to Rich. Again and again. Sam's washing, rinsing and repeating on Don and Rich. Don hits the mat and rolls out quick. Rich is getting torn up in the corner by the gruff hands of Sam. Sam slings him out of the corner and into the ropes looking for the "Harlan Co. Line" but Don trips up Rich and pulls him to the outside.] 1... [The crowd's going nuts as Sam stands strong inside the ring.] 2... [Don and Rich work out a strategy and begin circling the ring.] 3... 4... [Don attempts to slide in the ring, Sam goes after him but Rich blindsides him with yet another forearm to the base of his neck sending him face first to the mat. They begin to stomp Sam again. The referee pushes Rich out of the ring leaving Don to stomp more. Don tags in Rich who has a huge crap eating grin on his face. Rich picks him up and sends Sam into the corner, then charges in with a hard dropkick to Sam's face. Sam crumbles in the corner leaving his legs spread. Rich looks at Sam's groin and yells "Dick

or Treat" as he superkick's downward into Sam's groin making the country bumpkin sing soprano.] **DDK:** That'll slow the big man down. **Angus:** All this dick and ball based offence, I'm getting sympathy pains over here. [Rich pulls Sam out to the middle of the ring and pins him.] 1... 2... 3...NO! **Angus:** Can't keep a good dummy down. **DDK:** Want to say that to Sam's face? **Angus:** His big flat red haired face? Should I write it in crayon so he'll understand? Any pain this big mook endures in this match is all his own fault. He got swindled by these two dapper dudes and he's paying the piper, simple as that. [A frustrated Rich picks up Sam and pushes him into the corner. Sam fires with a kick to Rich's gut and a punch that had little impact. Rich throws a hard hooking uppercut into Sam's lower ribs doubling him over. After three straight hard forearm shots to Sam's back he finally drops to his knees. Rich picks him up and whips him into the ropes and catches him with a devastating side slam. Sam thrives in pain as Rich goes for the pin.] 1... 2... [Rich pulls Sam up by his hair; he brings him to his feet and locks on a front headlock and drags him toward Don's corner. Rich leans in the corner and tags in Don. At the same time Don rakes one hand down Sam's back and checks Sam's oil with his other thumb, or as Don says 'that's the best of both worlds.'] **DDK:** Don Hollywood taking sam Turner to task here, partner. **Angus:** Give him hell Dapper Don! You can do it ol' buddy! **DDK:** Laying it on a little thick, aren't we? It was just a bag of weed, Angus. **Angus:** Yeah, really GOOD weed. COME ON BOYS, YOU CAN DO IT! [Don whips Sam into the opposite corner landing a hard clothesline. He grabs Sam by the back of his head and sends him out of the corner to Rich who picks him up in a side slam but drops him across his knee instead. Don drops a knee to the lower back of Sam as the referee gets Rich out of the ring.] **DDK:** Some impressive teamwork from The Ancel City boys. [Don picks up Sam. He tags in Rich. Don holds Sam and Rich hits the ropes, he winds up, Sam ducks, Rich lariats Don out of his wrestling tights. Rich checks on Don. Sam spins Rich around and kicks him in the knee. Rich drops to one knee, Sam bounces off the ropes connecting with a stiff forearm strike to Rich's face. Sam covers him.] 1... 2... ...NO! [Rich kicks out.] **Angus:** If these guys could find a REAL third man the trios division would be better for it. **DDK:** They are putting up one hell of a fight against a seasoned DEF veteran here. [Sam moves to the corner, he loosens up his right arm for the "Harlan Co. Line". The referee checks on Rich. Don comes through the ropes and low blows Sam sending him to his knees. Don gets Sam to his feet and lifts him with a back suplex. He hands him to Rich who drops to his knees with a powerbomb. Rich goes for the pin as he humps Sam's stomach.] 1... 2... 3...NO! [Sam kicks out just before the three.] **DDK:** I didn't think Don and Rich had it in them, they've got STJ on the ropes here! [Don and Rich have huge grins on their faces as they feel the winds are in their favor. The duo dances provocatively and the fans boo them with all they have.] **DDK:** They're wasting precious time here... [Rich goes over and lifts Sam up. Rich slaps Sam across the face a few times. He then licks his hand palm to fingers and then spits in his hand. Rich's hand goes into his trunks and appears to be jerking off. A few seconds later he jerks his hand out and slaps Sam across the face then kicks him in the nuts.] **Angus:** HAHAAHAHA! Jesus, Rich Mahogany rules so hard. [Rich reaches back into his tights and pulls out a baby bottle of baby oil. Rich unleashes the oil and pours it all over his hairy manly chest. He starts rubbing it in. Sam starts moving up to his feet. Rich goes to grab Sam but his greased up hands are like a slip n' slide on Sam's sweat soaked body. Realizing he's in bad shape Rich kicks Sam in the gut and runs over to his corner and tags in Don.] **DDK:** Probably not the best time to oil up. **Angus:** Gotta' stay lookin' kick ass and greazy man, it's in the ACX bylaws. [Don comes in swinging hands like a mad man. The only problem is there having no effect on Sam. Sam gets to his feet and "rednecks" up. He's taking what Don gives him. Sam grabs Don's right hand, pulls him in and blasts him with a short-arm clothesline. Sam lifts Don up to his feet; he sets him up for his trusty powerbomb. Sam lifts, but Rich comes in and attacks him from behind.] **DDK:** More impressive teamwork from the ACX, using the numbers to their advantage yet again. **Angus:** There's chest hair and baby oil all over the goddamn place, Keebs! [Don and Rich take turns stomping Sam. Rich picks Sam up and holds him. Don digs in his trunks and pulls out brass knuckles. The referee grabs them and turns his attention away. Don reaches back in his tights, this time he comes out with powder. Don throws it but Sam slides off Rich's oiled body. Rich hits the mat screaming. Don checks on Rich. Sam gears up. Don turns around.] ***WHAM*** **DDK:** The Harlan County Line! [Sam covers.] 1... 2... 3... **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen, your winner: "THE REDNE'K RE'KER" SAM TUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURNEEEEEEEEEER JUNIOR!!!! **DDK:** What a satisfying victory for Sam Turner Jr. **Angus:** Also a good showing from Donny and Rich. **DDK:** No doubt. [Sam can't believe it. He beat the two lowlifes that tried to ruin him and use him to get a job.] [Sam celebrates in the center of the ring as Don and Rich tuck their cocks between their legs and turn into punk bitches.] [Cut.]

The Original DEFIANT

DDK: I'm getting word a participant in one of tonight's two main events is arriving at the arena via limo right now, partner. **Angus:** Ugh... they're all assholes. [Backstage a long sleek black limo rolls to a stop in the same nondescript backstage area limos always roll up all bad ass on pro wrestling shows. Road crates, garage doors, random DEF staffers, the usual. A DEFsec drone steps up and opens the back door of the limo. A pair of classic brown loafers step into frame. As we pan upward we see a dark brown pinstripe three piece suit and blood red bow tie top off the outfit.] **Angus:** Uh oh, alert security to stand by. The mustache has landed, I repeat... **DDK:** Shhh. [Bronson Box stands for a moment, taking in the general tone of his surroundings. His face curls into scowl when we hear an immediately recognizable voice clear her throat. As the camera pans back we see the one and only Kelly Evans starring the Wargod down, eye to eye. Eric Dane's number one bitch doesn't blink once before speaking, not giving Bronson an inch.] **Kelly Evans:** Eric says keep your shit together tonight. [Boxer doesn't say a word, he just looks back with the same disgusted self-righteous look on his face.] **Kelly:** Finish this shit with Ryan or let it finish you. Either way, it's done tonight. Got it preacher man? [Box manages a snort before addressing Kelly.] **Bronson Box:** You can run along back to your boss and let him know he doesn't have a bloody thing to worry about in that regard. Eric boots this unstable beast Ryan into MY locker room and he injures my dear Virginia. I'm going to put that bloody beast DOWN, rake his damned skin off with my knuckles and leave Ego Buster flavored LUNCH MEAT right on his bloody doorstep. Another of Eric's failed experiments, more of DEFIANCE's money washed down the drain with the promise of another "big star"... my my I wonder how Mr. Griffith is going to fare against our illustrious World champion tonight? [Kelly just derisively chuckles under her breath.] **Kelly:** Save your wind, freakshow. Like I give a shit. I relayed the message I was given. I could give a rats ass about you and that kooky bitch of yours anyway you thick headed prick. I've told Eric over and over to save himself the headaches and cut your ass loose. More trouble than you're worth if you ask me. [Boxer cracks a strange little smile. Kelly shifts uncomfortably. The two stand in awkward silence for a few moments.] **Kelly:** ... what? Fuck you, what?! [The Original DEFIANT takes a small step forward causing Kelly to back up with a start. She immediately gets hot, her face twisting in anger. Nobody fucks with Kelly Evans. DEFIANCE's number one bitch. The queen bee of Eric Dane's wrestling empire. Just recently out of a cast having her forearm snapped in half by the one and only Heidi Christenson. She's a bad bitch is what I'm sayin.] [She's also not stupid. She quickly checks herself, shoving only a finger into the center of Bronson's chest.] **Kelly:** You are on such fucking eternal thin ice with Eric, you have to know that at this point. And it isn't the run ins and interference and shit either. A liability is a liability whether it puts butts in the seats or not. Eric wants a show, he could honestly give two shits about the chaos you cause... out THERE. [Now it's Kelly's turn, sliding her ample curves up against the Scottish Strongman.] **Kelly:** But you bring that shit back here one too many more times causing shit for the company on the business side and you're going to understand what it is to be on Eric Dane's ACTUAL shit list. And on a personal note, I've witnessed first hand how hard he's been working to keep this goddamn place open for you psychos the last few months so if you fuck that up for him in any goddamn way? [Matter of factly.] **Kelly:** I'll cut your fuckin' nuts off, Wargod. [Bronson chuckles and nods, he gives Kelly Evans a slight gentlemanly bow. Bronson is crazy, he's not goddamn stupid.] **Bronson:** [with a knowing smile] What can a man do but acquiesce to threats of that caliber, Miss Evans. You have my full and unequivocal promise that tonight? I'm a model employee... if'n your definition includes eviscerating a man on live pay per view in front of his bloody family and walkin' away the two time FIST of DEFIANCE, that is. [Kelly Evans turns on her heels with an irritated snort and marches off back towards the bowels of the arena as we fade back to ringside.] **Angus:** I've got a fuckin' rock hard boner right now. **DDK:** Really? **Angus:** Can't help it, that woman does weird fuckin' shit to me dude. I'd eat the goddamn peanuts out of that goddesses poop, honest injun. **DDK:** Jesus Christ, Angus...

Claira, you're hurt

[Fade up to something in the backstage area.]

Iris Davine:

Claira, you're injured

Claira St. Sure:

Fuck that.

[The centerpiece of Tres Brujas is irate. Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh stand there looking awkward.]

Iris:

I told you after I spoke to you after the Griffith match you'd need to check in at a hospital and get your neck looked at, you didn't do that, and you've tripped three times since you got here!

CSS:

I said, FUCK THAT, I got to wrestle!

Iris:

You're not helping either your team or Kai Scott if you work hurt!

[It was the wrong thing to say. Claira puts her hand against Iris and pushes her, relatively gently but forcefully, out of the way. Diane and Lisa follow her.]

Tres Brujas vs Legitimate Businessmen's Club

**Quimbey:**

Our next contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ 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?" ♪

[The Legitimate Businessman's Club; Alceo Dentari, Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, and 'Big' Vinny Rinaldi, make their way out from the back and stand in front of the entrance way. Tony Di Luca raises his hands in the air just before Alceo Dentari cuts in front of him and leads the way down to the ring.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Brooklyn New York...

[Tony is quick to follow Dentari and tries to slip in front of his partner. The two each try to subtly push the other out of the way with their shoulders until Rinaldi walks straight through the middle of them, breaking up the struggle.]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at a total combined weight of 806lbs...

[Tony and Dentari each head around to opposite sides of the ring and hop up onto the apron. They raise their hands to the crowd as Vinny fumbles his way into the ring and waits for his partners to join him.]

Quimbey:

THE LEGITIMAAATE BUSINESSSSMAAAAN'S CLUUUB!

DDK:

And already the disagreements between Di Luca and Dentari are proving to have their effect on the team.

Angus:

They're gonna need to keep it together against Tres Brujas. Those girls will exploit any weakness like that.

DDK:

Like what?

Angus:

Well I was gonna snap my fingers, but then I realised you'd be the only person that knew I was doing so...

[Dean Martin's 'Ain't That A Kick In The Head' fades to be replaced by something much, much heavier.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents...

[Cue The Sword.]

Quimbey:

Hailing from Tampa, Florida, and weighing in at 144 lbs, LISA! LOEH! From Waterbury, Vermont, and weighing in at 161 lbs, DIANE! PARKER! And from Kingston, Jamaica, weighing in at 141 lbs - CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUURE! Together, they are former Defiance Trios Tag Champions. Representing the Truly Untouchables - they are TREEEESSSS... BRUUUUUUUUUUJJJJAAAASSS!!!!

♪ 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 ♪

[Claira St. Sure is first out. She's wearing a boxing style robe, open in the front, and her shorts are cut low below the waist to better show off dem abs. As she steps through the curtain, she also puts her hand to her head quickly and winces. Diane Parker, whose wrestling style is pretty no-nonsense, follows her. Lisa Loeh is last out, and she stops to do one of those sorta-dances where she twitches her hips violently from one side to the other. Claira and Diane are most of the way to the ring before she stops and follows them.]

DDK:

Does Claira look OK to you?

Angus:

Now that you mention it she looks a little... woozy.

♪ Three witches you shall meet ♪
♪ Along the path to your fate ♪
♪ The first will love you ♪
♪ The second will deceive you ♪
♪ And the third will show you the way ♪

[In the ring, Claira doffs her robe, Diane tests the ropes, and Lisa does a supposedly exotic straddle-dance on the top rope that reeks of trying too hard.]

DDK:

I'm not too sure Lisa's posing is going to help Tres Brujas out tonight.

Angus:

It might not matter, if Dentari and Di Luca can't get on the same page then Lisa could spend the whole match crawling sexily around the ring all night long, biting her bottom lip all the while... winking suggestively at every single guy around ringside...

DDK:

You gonna finish that train of thought?

Angus:

I would, but I'd have to go to the bathroom straight after...

Ding Ding Ding!

[While Dentari and Di Luca argue between themselves over who'll start the match Lisa Loeh and Clairia St. Sure immediately exit the ring, leaving Diane Parker to wait for her elected opponent. Tony and Alceo stand nose to chest, each pointing at the apron, until Vincent Rinaldi steps back in through the ropes and separates the two.]

DDK:

Rinaldi looks to be taking matters into his own hands tonight.

Angus:

I'm not sure he even knows what's going on. He probably thought his partners were pointing at him.

DDK:

You should give Rinaldi some credit. I'm not sure the guy's as dumb as he looks.

Angus:

I think he's dumber than he looks...

[As Vinny and Diane meet in the middle of the ring Tony and Alceo take their place on the apron, still arguing over who holds which tag rope. Vinny throws a slow right hand at Diane which she easily manages to avoid and lifts a knee into Rinaldi's hefty gut. Diane pulls Rinaldi's head down into a front facelock and lifts another knee into his chest. Rinaldi stands tall and lifts Diane off of her feet, but she slips down the side of Rinaldi and grabs his arm, looking for an arm drag.]

Angus:

Yeah, good luck with that.

[Diane tugs on Rinaldi's arm, but the big man doesn't move a muscle... that is until he pulls Diane in and takes her down with a short arm clothesline. Rinaldi tries to cover her, but Diane quickly rolls to the outside, making room for Lisa Loeh to enter the match. Lisa charges at Rinaldi and hits a dropkick to the ass of Rinaldi as he chases Diane out of the ring. Vinny starts to get to his feet, but Alceo Dentari reaches over the top rope and slaps him on the shoulder, forcing his way into the match.]

DDK:

Dentari just tagged himself in. Rinaldi seems fine with it, but Di Luca is absolutely livid!

Angus:

Of course he is. Lisa Loeh is the smallest competitor in this match save for Dentari himself. Why would Alceo put himself in there in place of the biggest?

DDK:

Exactly.

Angus:

Oh, I thought you were confused as to why Di Luca would be angry.

DDK:

No, I get it.

Angus:

Well that makes a change.

[Stepping through the ropes Dentari turns back to Di Luca and mouths 'watch this'. He turns around, and the grin that was on his face isn't there for long as Lisa wipes it off with a picture perfect dropkick. Lisa scrambles into a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Alceo gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Dentari's cockiness almost cost the LBC this match.

Angus:

You can't take Lisa Loeh lightly. She's a former Trios champion for a reason.

[Lisa grabs Alceo by the arm, wrenches it, and uses it to control him, pulling him across the ring into the Tres Brujas' corner when she pushes him into the corner. Lisa plants a straight kick into Dentari's midsection and lifts her foot into his face, pushing him down into the corner. Lisa scrapes the sole of her boot across Dentari's face not once, not twice, but thrice before hitting the ropes and coming back with a running boot to Alceo's cheek, almost knocking him through the ropes.]

DDK:

Did Dentari just get whacked?

Angus:

No, that boot wasn't to the head, that was right in the face.

DDK:

There's a difference?

Angus:

Sure, you get kicked in the face and you get a black eye. You get kicked in the head and you get a subdural hematoma and die.

DDK:

Oh...

Angus:

The moar you know!

[In the LBC's corner Di Luca tries to enter the ring, but Lisa grabs Alceo by the belt and prevents him from falling to the outside, thus retaining him as the legal man. Referee Mark Shields orders Tony out of the ring, meaning while his back is turned Tres Brujas all put feet onto Alceo Dentari wherever they can. Finally Tony gets back out onto the apron allowing Mark to get back to the legal participants, but the damage has already been done. Lisa underhooks Alceo's arms and lifts him up in the corner. She pushes one of her legs into his chin and pushes his head back against the top turnbuckle, breaking the hold at 4.]

DDK:

And now as Mark Shields admonishes Lisa for the choke Diane Parker is choking Alceo with her tag rope!

Angus:

This is great! We knew both of these teams would do whatever it took to win and we're not being disappointed.

[As the referee releases Lisa, Diane releases the choke and holds her hands up innocently as Shields turns back to the corner. Alceo gasps for air as Lisa closes in on him, but he's still got the wherewithal to throw a kick that connects with Lisa's midsection, stunning her for enough time to nail Diane Parker with a back elbow. Clairea St. Sure reaches over the ropes and grabs a hold of Alceo's shirt collar, but Dentari turns and hits her with a backhand to the side of the head. Dentari turns back to Lisa to be met with a forearm shiver that knocks him back through the ropes and to the outside.]

DDK:

And now here comes Di Luca.

[Quick as a flash Tony enters the ring and charges at Lisa, knocking her down with a clothesline to the back of the head. Di Luca peels Lisa up off of the canvas and presses her above his head before turning and throwing her into Diane Parker, knocking her off of the apron and down to the floor!]

Angus:

That's one way to take someone out.

DDK:

And now Tony wants Clairra.

Angus:

He wouldn't be inviting her in if she was 100%.

[Probably true, but she's not, so he is. Tony Di Luca backs off and challenges Clairra to step through the ropes. She does so, but Tony charges her and lifts a knee into the side of her head before she can get all the way in. Tony grabs Clairra by the dreadlocks and drags her into the center of the ring where he locks in a side headlock and wrenches on it. Now, Clairra might be hurt, but she's not hurt enough to forget how to escape a side headlock. She pushes Di Luca against the ropes and bounces him off. Tony comes back and ducks a clothesline attempt, then comes back again and nails a clothesline of his own. Tony drops into a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Clairra slips out of the cover!]

DDK:

Any other day and I'd say Tony was a fool for trying to get the win there.

Angus:

Clairra's obviously not herself right now.

[After sitting Clairra up Tony cinches in a chinlock. He pulls back on Clairra's head and buries his knee deep into her spine until St. Sure manages to slip to the side. Tony transitions into a side headlock, but when Clairra tries to push him off again Tony puts on the brakes and drops to one knee, taking her over with a headlock takedown. Clairra scissiors Tony's head and pulls him off, Tony rolls around and flips over into a pin though!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Diane Parker throws herself into the mix and breaks up the pin with an axe handle to Di Luca's midsection!]

DDK:

I'm not sure Clairra could have made it out of there.

Angus:

We'll never know... unless they do that spot again, in which case we could find out.

[While Mark Shields takes his time in ushering Diane out of the ring Di Luca pulls Clairra to her feet and sends her into the LBC's corner of the ring. Alceo reaches over and begs for the tag, but Tony tags Vincent Rinaldi back into the match. Together the two take Clairra out of the corner and take her over with a double suplex. Di Luca exits the ring and

shares a glare with Dentari as Rinaldi grabs Clairra by the arm and drags her back towards the LBC's corner.]

DDK:

If looks could kill.

Angus:

Di Luca would be pushing up the daisies.

DDK:

I'd have said sleeping with the fishes.

Angus:

Damnit, that's much better.

[Again Alceo asks for the tag, and Rinaldi looks set to give it to him, however Di Luca reaches in and slaps Vinny's hand before Dentari can do so. Rinaldi keeps a hold of Clairra's arms while Di Luca steps through the ropes and grabs her legs. Together they launch Clairra into the air and drop her back down to the mat from about six feet. Di Luca drops into the cover as Rinaldi exits the ring!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Clairra gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

I never thought I'd say this, but Clairra St. Sure is getting dominated.

Angus:

She needs to make a tag or Tres Brujas are gonna lose this thing.

[Tony pulls Clairra to her feet and opens her up with an abdominal stretch. He looks right at Alceo before slapping Rinaldi on the chest and tagging him back in.]

Angus:

Vinny's getting tired just entering and exiting the ring!

[After getting back in the ring Rinaldi plants a right hand deep into Clairra's ribs. He stops her from falling down to the mat and lifts her onto his shoulders before delivering a crushing samoan drop! Rinaldi goes for the cover, but Mark Shields doesn't drop into position.]

DDK:

Alceo made the blind tag!

[He did indeed. Just before Rinaldi dropped Clairra with with Samoan drop Alceo Dentari reached over the ropes and tagged himself in again. The littlest mobster points Rinaldi to the outside of the ring as he drops into a nonchalant cover, making sure to keep eye contact with Di Luca at all times!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR-CLAIRRA COME ALIVE AND SLIDES DENTARI INTO A PIN OF HER OWN!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-DENTARI KICKS OUT AT THE LAST SECOND!]

[Slightly shocked, Alceo gets to his feet and grabs a hold of Clairia. He pulls her to her feet but Clairia explodes and nails a backfist that spins Dentari on the spot. She catches him in a rear waistlock and take him over with a German suplex! Clairia can't bridge though, and she certainly can't keep her grip around Dentari's waist, but she is able to start crawling towards her corner.]

DDK:

I don't know whether to cheer Clairia on Dentari on.

Angus:

Follow your heart.

DDK:

That's the thing, my heart says neither.

[Slowly Dentari gets to his feet but manages to grab the ankle of Clairia St. Sure before she can make a tag. Clairia turns, jumps and hits an enziguri that damn near turns Dentari inside out before leaping to her corner!]

DDK:

And here comes Parker!

[Diane runs straight for Dentari and hits him with a soccer kick to the ribs that sends him rolling to the outside. She sprints to the LBC's corner and nails Rinaldi with a forearm that knocks him off of the apron and then catches a right hand from Di Luca. Diane lifts a kick into Tony's shoulder and then calls Lisa Loeh over. Lisa rushes across the ring to help Diane hip toss Tony into the ring over the top rope and then returns to her corner. Diane meanwhile sits Di Luca up and delivers a stiff soccer kick to his spine!]

Angus:

That'll rearrange your skeleton!

[Unsatisfied with just the one kick Diane sits Tony up again and nails another soccer kick, this one harder than the first. She rolls Di Luca over and over until he's in Tres Brujas' half of the ring and tags Lisa Loeh in. Lisa climbs the turnbuckles and perches herself on the top rope and Diane picks Di Luca up off the floor and hits him with a back elbow, stunning him long enough for Lisa to launch herself with a missile front dropkick! Diane exits the ring while Lisa scrambles over for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Di Luca barely gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

That's a good job Di Luca could kick out there, Dentari and Rinaldi are nowhere to be seen!

Angus:

Dentari's ribs might be broken after Diane's kick, and that forearm cleaned Rinaldi's clock. Di Luca's at the mercy of Tres Brujas for the time being.

[Lisa pulls Di Luca up and pushes him against the ropes. Lisa takes a couple of steps back and charges at Di Luca. Tony ducks and elevates her over the top rope and onto the apron. Tony turns and eats a kick to the head from Lisa

which sends him stumbling back into the ring. Lisa jumps, possibly to springboard into the ring, but Alceo Dentari appears from almost nowhere and collides with her on the apron, knocking her over the ropes and back to the inside.]

DDK:

Finally Dentari does something worthwhile for his team!

[After gathering his bearing Di Luca bears down upon Lisa, wide eyed and full of furious anger. He grabs Loeh and pulls her to her feet, pushing her into the ropes where he unleashes an axe handle to the back of her head that knocks her throat first across the second rope. Tony chokes the everloving shit out of Lisa, all the while screaming at the top of his lungs.]

Angus:

What the fuck?

DDK:

I think Di Luca's snapped...

Angus:

Snapped? I think he's shattered!

DDK:

Maybe getting his ass handed to him by Diane and Lisa was too much for him.

Angus:

Maybe having to be saved by Dentari was the straw that broke the camels back.

[Di Luca breaks the choke at the count of 4 and grabs hold of Lisa's hand. He twists her fingers around, manipulating the joints in ways they shouldn't be manipulated for another count of 4. After breaking that up Di Luca pulls Lisa from the ropes and delivers a swift piledriver in the middle of the ring! Di Luca covers!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Diane Parker breaks the count!]

[Tony rolls off of Lisa and gets to his feet where he's met by Diane who delivers a spinning back kick right into his abdomen. Diane rolls Lisa out of the ring while Clair St. Sure starts to ascend the turnbuckles!]

DDK:

I don't know if this is wise...

[Claira steadies herself on the top rope and then stands up. She almost loses her balance, but she manages to catch herself before falling... Then she does fall. It's no fault of her own though, right behind her on the apron is Vincent Rinaldi with the shove!]

DDK:

Claira takes a tumble to the inside!

Angus:

She couldn't get her balance up there and took too much time!

DDK:

And Vinny took full adv-WAIT! HERE COMES DIANE!

[Diane Parker sprints her way around the ring and pulls Rinaldi from the apron. She lands a couple of rights and lefts to Rinaldi's chin before bouncing his head off of the ring post! Diane takes a step back before running at him again, only this time Vinny catches her...

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAAAM! ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING!

DDK:

Diane Parker just got crushed on the outside!

[Meanwhile on the inside Tony Di Luca, having recovered from the spinning back kick, peels Clairia off of the mat and delivers a DDT. He rolls Clairia over and covers her!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Lisa Loeh throws herself towards the pin...]

[...AND GETS PICKED OUT OF THE AIR BY A RUNNING BOOT FROM ALCEO DENTARI!]

[EEEEEE!!!!!!]

DDK:

Where the hell did Dentari come from?

Angus:

Where did Lisa come from? Last I saw she was being rolled out of the ring by Diane.

DDK:

Lisa tried her best to save this match, but Dentari Whacked her right out of it before she could reach the cover!

[Inside the ring Tony Di Luca and Alceo Dentari stare at each other as Clairia St. Sure rolls slowly towards the ropes. Slowly the two start to smile and they shake hands in the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

When they walked out here they looked ready to kill each other, now they're shaking hands?

[Dentari embraces Di Luca and kisses him on his cheeks... Of course he has to stand on tippy toes to reach his cheeks, but whatever. The two roll to the outside where they grab Rinaldi's hands and raise them all together in celebration.]

Angus:

What? One win fixes everything?

DDK:

I'm sure there must be more to that than we know...

Angus:

I hope there is.

[Cut.]

Lights Out

[A white room comes into focus in 3d. Live from the Chance Von Crank youtube channel a countdown in the background indicates they go live in less than 90 seconds. The white room is well lit and four camera's dot each corner of the room.]

Angus:

Crank goes live in less than 90 seconds, and he told me he spent all his Japan money?

DDK:

He spent all his money already? Those 3d camera's and world wide broadcast from his own youtube channel can be expensive.

Angus:

He's right, how can the wrestling business survive back in America without this man on tv there?

DDK:

Ugh.

[Crank enters the room as the countdown continues and the camera's are ready to go. The door is shut and the solid white lighting reflects Crank's custom made robe. The rhinestones are arranged to form a confederate flag that covers him completely. The shot is amazing in the room as he walks over to the camera men nodding.]

cVc:

This is the big time... You film this like your life depends on it because I got no patience for a camera man I can break at will. This white room could turn red real quick with some queer camera men blood, and that door is locked. You leave when TPP says you can.

[Crank begins to bounce around swinging his neck admiring his new robe and laughing at one of the camera men who urinated in his pants but continues to film.]

"10.....9.....8.....7.....6.....5.....4.....LIVE in 3..... 2..... .1! LIVE World Wide!"

[Crank slicks his mullet back and begins to spin around as every angle is filmed in 3-D. He flexes extending both arms out.]

cVc:

Welcome to the Chance Von Crank is the fucking man leaving ChinkLand going away extravaganza! I know you missed me America. I know the short delay it takes for this to get to you... You will be jonesin' for some more SHOCK N ROLLA!

[Crank flexes beneath is rope extending both arms out looking at the camera lense with such intensity.]

cVc:

Watch the hits pile up and you could say I am costing DEFIANCE money by broadcasting this live on PPV for free on youtube? Yeah, just like they screw me everytime I cash that shit they call a paycheck? I am worth twice that and you faggots with ties running shit know it too. Where is Python you ask? Oh where could he be? I put him out of wrestling, he quit ducking me no matter what he says... Pussy Faggot Motherfucker. Tom Sawyer and that stack of dimes he calls a neck is all busted to shit now. Too bad he didn't just die. Scott proved Sawyer was bush league. Too real? Fuck You.

[The camera zooms in on Crank as he slides his robe off his back. Across his shoulder blades his new ink is revealed. "DEFIANCE", tattooed across his broad back.]

cVc:

Thats right. I have it written across my back now. Why not? I carry this company across my back week in and week out. These so called main eventers have been falling off at every turn we make. Cancer is just that a cancer to this place. I call him out at every turn and I hear nothing. A true legend? Ha. He has never been Chance Von Crank.

[Chance slaps his hands together up close to one of the 3d camera's.]

cVc:

Got your attention now?! None of those men matter and notice our numbers never drop because people don't watch for Python, Cancer or Mark Twain. No. They watch for yours truly and if you don't believe me ask TRUE! Soon as I shook them off the back of my robe they went bankrupt. Don't shed any tears for those faggots they knew dick about this business. DEFIANCE better treat the Trailer Park Prodigy like the wrestling God he is and not some second rate motherfucker like a Curtis Penn.

[Crank beats his chest walking around looking at each one of the camera's before flexing his muscles at the lense. "Curtis Penn!" he exclaims! Chance after saying Penn's name begins doing the motion of oral sex indicating Penn, "Sucks Dick" his own words.]

cVc:

Curtis Penn... Another loser that will never be me. I wonder if he looks in the mirror and lies to himself about being the best SoHer Champion ever and that he has a bigger dick than I got. Lies. All Lies.

[Crank Chuckles.]

cVc:

I see a man that doesn't know what being crippled the rest of his life is about. I will show you Penn... I want to change your life tonight and watch you end up penniless slash homeless attempting to give hand jobs and autographs just to eat! You think the worse that could possibly happen tonight is you lose your title to a much better wrestler? No way. That waiver you signed when you got here is one my lawyer wrote up. I wanted your name down on paper before I unleashed the fury that is THE Trailer Park Prodigy upon your stale ass. I want them to pack you out of here as everyone in the back holds their breath for poor Curtis Penn. I vow right here and right now you will not walk out of here tonight, Dental Dam... err... Mouth Piece. Chance Von Crank ruins another career and runs another hack out of My business.

[Crank begins bouncing flexing in front of the camera's. He slicks his mullet back and laughs at his own words.]

cVc:

No Disqualification means you lose, Penn. They will remember this night forever Curtis... It will be the night the fans left wondering if Curtis Penn died or did he make it? You will be a twitter sensation and you use that at the soup kitchens in the next few months after I end it all later tonight. You can tell all those homeless people you wrestled the best that ever lived and he ended your career because you didn't have "it". Mike Sloan never sold tickets like The Shock 'N Rolla so what do you think I truly think about you? I have less than zero respect for you in that ring and even less as a man. The last time you showed any sack you was moving them out of the way so Sloan could get deeper. Before you even open your mouth to retaliate remember you're not even on my level. Not even in the same universe and you know it. Shhh.

[Crank puts his hand up to his head extending his thumb and pinky out like he's on the phone.]

cVc:

Owned? Already? Yeah.

[Crank acts as if he drops the "phone" on the ground.]

cVc:

The moment you are beaten in that ring and realize you can't walk you will go to your grave hating Me, cVc. A lifetime of hate that will cause you to begin to hate your loved ones and hate me even more for not just taking your life this

night. My true victory over Curtis Penn will be him dealing with me taking everything he holds dear away in one night. He will want to hang himself yet not be able to stand to do it himself. He will even need help killing himself, useless... Tonight... I prove there is no man my equal in between those ropes. I leave Japan a legend. Take my shovel Dane, cause this motherfucker is buried.

[Crank begins stroking motion up close to the camera, pretending to "finish" on the lense. He acts as if he is slinging semen at it after the stroking motion.]

cVc:

The Shock N Rolla....

HERE 2 SHOW YA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Cocked Baaaaaaaaaaaaaack! AND FUCKING LOADED!

Chance... VON... CRANK!

[The feed cuts with Crank's intensity raising the roof online. cVc's chest heaves up and down from the the energy he has projected worldwide.]

A friendly hand

[Somewhere else backstage.]

[The former chastised Sam Turner Jr. stands in the locker room, his face plastered with a grin that would shatter glass. His overall straps are down from his shoulders, hanging from his sagging bottoms.]

[Sam unwraps the duct tape from his wrist and tosses in the garbage for a three pointer as he's greeted by a visitor.]

Dusty Griffith:

Nice shot, Sam.

[Sam nods his head and reaches out to shake Dusty's hand. Griffith reciprocates, gripping Turner's big bear claw of a hand for a manly shake.]

Dusty:

Speaking of... Good work out there tonight with Don and Rich, you gave them two a real good stomping.

STJ:

I thank ya Mr. Griffiff. Ya really helped me thank thang through an 'at's what helped me win I rekon.

Dusty:

Naw, you handled your business like a man, Sam. I might've given you some advice, but what you got done out there tonight? You did all of that on your own. You're one of DEFIANCE's young lions, you can get to the top one day, make a real name for yourself here, I believe that.

[Sam paused not knowing how to respond to Dusty saying that Sam could be at the top of Defiance one day.]

STJ:

Uhh...well I dunno how far I can get, but I'm willin ta try. I wanna get ta tha big stage in 'is sport. I'd like ta get get ta where yer at. Well I be happy ta get back up ta 'at Southern Her'tage title. I coulda won 'at bad boy once so I rekon a second run fer it won't hurt ta much. Howev'r I'm down ta go atter whatev'r title I can. Maybe we can have a keg tossin champi'nship, I could win 'at one.

[Dusty cracks a smile and shakes his head slightly.]

Dusty:

You certainly have goals at least. That's more than I can say about half the other wrestlers around here.

STJ:

Welp Mr. Griffiff I knows ya got a big match against ole Kai Scott, I wish ya luck. Bring back 'at title ta tha good side.

Dusty: [nodding]

Appreciate it, Sam. I better get back to it.

[Cut.]

Eugene Dewey vs Seth Stratton (w/Wayne Dewey)

**DDK:**

Up next folks, we have Seth Stratton and Eugene Dewey in a Deathmatch.

Angus:

This one's been a long time coming. I imagine Seth can't wait to get his hands on that portly little Judas who cost him sweet, sweet gold.

DDK:

Oh yeah, because Seth and Wayne Dewey were blameless victims in all that.

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our next match is a Deathmatch scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

[Dokken. "Breaking The Chains".]

Quimbey:

From Atherton, California...

[Seth Stratton throws the black curtain back and walks into the aisle.]

Quimbey:

Standing Six feet, two inches tall...

[He walks down the aisle towards the ring. None of the usual antics. All business.]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.

[Some of the fans may even reach out and touch him. He doesn't notice. This is a big deal.]

Quimbey:

HE IS... THE SULTAN OF SWEET... SETH... STRATTON!

[Stratton nimbly climbs the ring steps and settles in the ring, staring back at the entrance.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent...

[Breaking The Chains fades out to be replaced by...]

[Is that?]

[Yes it is, it's that old favorite, The Jogging Theme from Mike Tyson's Punch Out!]

DDK:

It's been a while since I heard this.

Angus:

Speak for yourself, I was on YTMND yesterday.

[Eugene Dewey emerges from the back with what appears to be a light tube in his hand and heads down the aisle. Eugene forgoes his usual waves to the crowd and focuses on nothing but Seth Stratton as he paces around the ring. Dewey lifts the light tube and points it down the aisle just before it lights up bright green!]

DDK:

Has Eugene got what I think he's got?

Angus:

A Nerd Hope! The Eugene Strikes Back! Return Of The Jellybelly!

[Eugene holds the lightsaber up high to applause from the fans and heads down the aisle. He doesn't make it far though as Seth Stratton launches himself through the ropes with a dive, Eugene however swings the lightsaber and connects with the top of Seth's head, knocking him straight down to the arena floor!]

DDK:

These two can't wait to get at each other!

Angus:

The Fatty Menace! Attack Of The Chubs! Revenge Of The Shi-

DDK:

I get the distinct impression this one is going to be brutal...

[Eugene brings the lightsaber down across the shoulders of Seth, hitting him over and over again until Seth manages to scurry away around the ring post and hide behind Wayne. Eugene is right behind him though and doesn't hesitate to push Wayne to one side, but that's when Seth unleashes a quick shot to the chin that stuns Eugene for a moment. Seth grabs both of Eugene's legs and takes him down. Seth transitions into a mount and starts raining down rights and lefts. Eugene tries to fight him off with the Lightsaber, and manages to connect a couple of weak hits to Seth's arm, but that's soon stopped as Wayne throws himself on top of Eugene's arm and tries to pry the handle out of his grip.]

DDK:

I wondered how long it would be before Wayne got involved.

Angus:

Eugene came down here with a weapon in hand! They're just trying to level the playing field.

DDK:

I don't think anything will be level as long as Wayne's out here.

[Wayne finally manages to get the lightsaber out of Eugene's hand and backs off from the scuffle as Seth dismounts his opponent. Stratton grabs a handful of Eugene's hair and pulls him to his feet before slamming him face first into the ring apron. Seth pulls Eugene back and slams him again, and again, but the fourth time he tries Eugene puts his hands out and blocks it. Eugene throws an elbow that connects with Seth's chest, stunning him long enough for Eugene to grab Seth's head and-]

DDK:

Stratton eats the apron!

Angus:

These two look like they want to kill each other!

[Eugene checks his nose for blood before grabbing Seth and lifting him into a bearhug. Eugene squeezes tightly and turns to run Seth into the ring post, but Wayne pops out from behind it and clips Eugene's knee with the Lightsaber. Seth manages to break out of Eugene's loosened grip and adjusts his position so that he can drop him with a DDT. Seth gets back to his feet quickly and looks down at Eugene as Wayne holds the Lightsaber out for him.]

Angus:

Turnabout's fair play, Keebs!

DDK:

With Wayne Dewey out here this is basically a handicap match!

Angus:

So?

DDK:

So there's nothing fair about that.

[Seth takes the Lightsaber by the handle and looks it up and down before launching it into the bleachers!]

Seth Stratton:

I don't want some fucking nerdy piece of shit! Go get me a real weapon!

[Seth watches as Wayne hurries away and dives under the ring. While he roots around for something else Seth puts a couple of stomps into Eugene's head and shoulders to keep him down.]

DDK:

And again Wayne's presence out here proves only to assist Seth Stratton.

Angus:

Eugene knew what he was getting into when he accepted the challenge, Keebs.

[Wayne pulls a trashcan from beneath the ring and drags it back to Seth Stratton. Seth grabs a hold of the can and lifts it above his head, where he waits for Eugene to get to all fours before bringing it down across the back of Eugene's head. Seth then pulls Eugene's head off of the floor and places the deformed trash can under his face, making sure to grind Eugene's face into the aluminium before hopping up onto the apron.]

DDK:

Where's Seth going?

[Seth takes a step off of the apron and looks to drop a leg across the back of Eugene's head, but Eugene moves out of the way just in time and Seth's leg connects with nothing but trashcan!]

Angus:

I thought Shane might have been... knocked out, dislocated my right shoulder, also think I broke my tailbone

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Dunno where that came from.

[Eugene pulls himself up with the help of the guardrails and catches his breath while Seth Stratton squirms in pain on the floor. Wayne checks on his client right up until the point where Eugene walks over, then he hightails it away, leaving Seth to be scooped up by Eugene and dropped groin first across the steel barrier!]

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHH

Angus:

I don't care where you live, you know that hurts and you're bound to empathise with Seth over it.

[Eugene takes a step back and runs forwards again, clotheslining Seth off of the guardrail and knocking him into the front row! Eugene hops up on the apron and raises his hands to applause from the fans and waits for Seth to get up. Stratton doesn't take long to get to his feet, but he can't stand straight following the crotching and doubles over to relieve some of the pain. Little does he realise he's bent over the guardrail again, and Eugene jumps from the apron dropping an elbow across the back of Seth's head, bringing him back onto the correct side of the barrier!]

DDK:

Eugene throwing caution to the wind with that one!

Angus:

He could have shattered Seth's breast bone!

DDK:

..wait for it...

Angus:

Haha, breast.

DDK:

There it is.

[Eugene grabs Seth by the neck and pulls him to his feet where he send him into the ring and follows him in.]

Ding Ding Ding

DDK:

Finally we're officially underway!

Angus:

This is a Deathmatch, Keebs, that bell means almost nothing.

[What the bell does mean though is that Eugene can cover Seth!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Seth kicks out!]

[Eugene grabs hold of Seth again and pulls him to his feet before pushing him back into the ropes. He whips Seth across the ring and attempts a clothesline, but Seth ducks it and hits the opposite ropes. He comes back with a crossbody. It doesn't take Eugene off of his feet, but does cause him to stumble back and sends the two tumbling through the ropes.]

DDK:

Hard landing for both men on the outside!

Angus:

Looks like Eugene landed on the back of his head!

[As Eugene grips at the back of his neck Seth Stratton manages to put some distance between himself and his opponent. Wayne Dewey skips around the ring and over the steel steps to check on Seth, but backs off when Stratton assures him that he's fine. Seth looks under the ring for something and pulls out a table, which he rests against the barrier before diving back under the ring. Seth moves along the ring under the apron and pulls out a ladder which he slides into the ring, however he leaves the bottom few rungs overhanging the edge of the ring.]

Angus:

Seth's arranging hardware.

DDK:

Thanks, Captain!

Angus:

I needed to say something to break the action up...

[Seth puts a couple of boots into Eugene and pulls him up, feeding his head through the bottom two rungs of the ladder until he can go no further. Eugene struggles, but he can't get free as Seth slides into the ring and grabs a hold of the top of the ladder.]

DDK:

What's this?

[Seth pushes the ladder, forcing Eugene to run forwards before pulling it back and forcing Eugene's back to collide with the ring apron. Seth twists the ladder, forcing Eugene to twist with it, then twists it the other way.]

DDK:

Seth's just playing with Eugene right now.

[Seth slams Eugene's back into the apron again and drops the ladder, but only so that he can hit the ropes and come back with a dropkick to the top of it that sends Eugene careening into the barricade. Finally Eugene slips out from between the rungs and gasps for breath on the outside.]

Angus:

Fatty McFatfat's sucking air already! This wont last long.

DDK:

I don't think Eugene's tired, Angus, being slammed around like that surely winded him.

[Seth rolls to the outside and checks under the ring again, this time pulling out a Singapore Cane, a toolbox, a stop sign, and a length of wood. Seth slides all of the objects into the ring and follows them in, picking up the singapore cane as he stands up. Seth reaches through the ropes and prods at Eugene with the cane, sharing a laugh with Wayne as he does so.]

DDK:

Hasn't Seth ever heard the phrase 'Don't poke the bear'?

[Eugene grabs a hold of the cane and pulls it from Seth's hand. He takes a swing at Stratton but hits nothing but air as Seth narrowly avoids the handle. Eugene pulls back and threatens to hit Wayne which sends the younger Dewey brother scampering for the safety of the other side of the ring. Seth dashes back to the weapons and grabs hold of the

2x4, brandishing it like a baseball bat he challenges Eugene to step into the ring!]

DDK:

And the challenge is answered!

[Eugene slides in and blocks a quick swing from Seth Stratton. Eugene tries to hit Seth in the leg, but Seth blocks Eugene's swing with the wood. The cracks of the Singapore Cane echos around the arena as the two duel it out in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

This is probably the worst swordfight Japan has ever seen.

DDK:

Probably because neither of these two are actually samurai.

Angus:

Also the writer can't be bothered to transcribe an actual swordfight.

DDK:

Huh?

Angus:

I mean, these two still swordfighting... but not with their penises, because that would be weird.

[The two exchange blocks until finally Eugene breaks through with a strike to Seth's ribs!]

CRACK!

[Seth howls in pain as Eugene pulls the cane back!]

CRACK!

[Seth drops to one knee.]

CRACK!

[Eugene lifts the Cane high above his head...]

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH!

Angus:

THE HAMSTRING HAMMER! 2x4 assisted Hamstring Hammer!

DDK:

Just admit what it is! It's a low blow! But that doesn't matter, because everything is legal in this match.

Angus:

No, it's the Hamstring Hammer! And anyway, if in the unlikely event that it was a low blow, it's not like Eugene's gonna have kids, is he?

[Seth hits Eugene with an uppercut that knocks him to his back and drops over him for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Not an emphatic kick out by any means, but then Eugene did just take a 2x4 to the Netherstorm!

Angus:

Nerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrd!

[Seth forgoes any of the weapons laying around the ring and locks Eugene in a side headlock. With his free hand he rains down punches to Eugene's forehead before pulling Eugene up and biting into his skin!]

Angus:

He should call that 'The Seth Tyson'.

DDK:

Seth Stratton is just out to hurt Eugene for costing him the Southern Heritage title.

Angus:

Stop telling the story and talk more about how Seth just bit into Eugene like Eugene bites into hostess cakes!

[Seth grabs two fistfulls of ginger afro and drags Eugene to his feet. He pushes Eugene back into the corner of the ring and hooks his arms over the top rope. Seth then heads over to the ladder and picks that up. He drives the top of it into Eugene's midsection before propping it up against Eugene in the corner. Seth backs up before running into the corner with a splash that sandwiches Eugene between the ladder and the turnbuckles!]

DDK:

Seth putting himself on the line with that one!

[The ladder falls down to the mat as Eugene stumbles out of the corner. Meanwhile, Seth sneaks behind Eugene, hops up to a seated position on the top rope and jumps from the second rope. He hooks Eugene's head as he passes him and bulldogs Eugene onto the ladder! Seth shoots the half and rolls Eugene over!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

[Seth drops a hammerfist on Eugene's chest in frustration and gets back to his feet. He heads over to the stop sign and takes it into the corner of the ring where he lays it on the mat just out from the corner. Seth grabs Eugene's hair again and drags him to the corner where he takes up his position on the bottom rope and double underhooks Eugene's arms.]

DDK:

There's no way!

Angus:

Ahhh man, I missed this move last time out, and I'm real sore about it.

DDK:

I don't think you'll miss it today!

[Maybe Angus will though as Eugene Dewey kicks his legs and fights Seth's lift. Finally Eugene stands tall and backdrops Seth off of the ropes! Seth almost bounces up to his feet and turns right into a stop sign to the head!]

DDK:

And that stopped Seth Stratton!

Angus:

I'm sure I've heard that before... Also, for once can someone question just why there's a goddamned road sign under the ring?

[Seth doesn't go down, nor does he fall after the second shot, but he sure does look out on his feet. Eugene lifts Seth into a fireman's carry, walks him around the ring and then hits a samoan drop right onto the ladder!]

DDK:

I think that hurt my back!

[Eugene rolls out of the ring and looks under the apron. He pulls another ladder out and slides it into the ring. Eugene follows the steel in and picks it up. He lifts it over his head and drops it down onto the first ladder, but Seth narrowly avoids being crushed by rolling out of the way and out of the ring. Wayne hops over the steps again and gets close to his client. Seth whispers something in Wayne's ear and quick as a flash Wayne sprints around the ring, all the way up the aisle, and disappears to the back. Eugene picks the ladder back up and heads for the ropes, looking to drop the steel onto Seth Stratton, but Seth grabs Eugene's foot, trips him and forces Eugene to drop the ladder on his own face!]

DDK:

Where's Wayne gone?

Angus:

Where's Eugene's face gone is more like it.

[Seth drags Eugene out of the ring and hits him with a European uppercut before lifting him and dropping him into an inverted atomic drop. Before Eugene can fall anywhere Seth grabs him by the hair and throws him into the announce table!]

Angus:

Awww man, Eugene just left a grease spot right in front of me... that's disgusting!

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

Look! I think it's moving!

[Seth grabs Eugene by the hair again and pulls him back. He measures Eugene and nails him right in the forehead with a right hand. Another right, then another, and another knock Eugene down to his knees before Seth slams his face into the announce table again. Seth pushes Eugene all the way down to the floor and grabs his legs. He adjusts his position ever so slightly and slingshots Eugene up and onto the announce desk! Eugene bounces and rolls right over it!]

Headset fumbling noises**DDK:**

Holy Crap!

Angus:

Jesus Christ! Seth, dude, seriously? You're launching nerds at me now?

[Seth ignores Angus' complaints and walks around the table to grab a hold of Eugene. He drags Eugene out from

behind the table, but Dewey grabs a hold of a chair and tries to prevent it.

Angus:

Don't get any of that acne grease on my chair you fat fuck!

[Seth lifts a kick into Eugene's arms that breaks his grip on the chair arm and throws him into the timekeepers area. Eugene stumbles into a mass of chairs, humanity and Darren Quimbey as Seth turns back to Angus and Keebler. Seth grabs a headset from the table and puts it over his head.]

Angus:

If there's even a spot of grease on my shirt you're paying for the drycleaning, Seth!

Seth Stratton:

No problems, Angus. I'm gonna take this nerd's life, then I'll take his World Of Warcraft account! I'm sure one of these can't-even-grow-a-neckbeards would pay handsomely for it.

DDK:

I thought MMOs were more popular in Korea...

Seth Stratton:

Shut up, Darren!

Angus:

Yeah! Shut up, Darren!

[Seth turns and grabs a hold of the nearest camera. He pushes it right into his face so that nothing else can be seen.]

Seth Stratton:

Take a look at that fat bastard over there, struggling to breath! That's what happens when you screw Seth Stratton!

[Seth removes the headset and heads over to Eugene again.]

DDK:

And there I was thinking you got gonorrhea if you screwed Seth Stratton...

[Seth kicks a couple of chairs off of Eugene's legs and hips before bending down to pick him up.]

DING!

[Eugene rolls over on his own and lifts the ring bell right into Seth's face. Seth stumbles back and falls to his ass as Eugene drags himself to his feet.]

DDK:

Eugene just clocked Seth with the ring bell!

Angus:

You could say he rung his bell.

DDK:

...

Angus:

I'm here all week.

DDK:

Shame.

[Eugene pushes his way out of the timekeepers area and grabs Seth by the hair. He pulls Seth up and rolls him into the ring. Before following him in however Eugene checks under the ring and pulls out another trashcan, this one complete with a lid. He throws the can into the ring and slides in after it. Dewey sits Seth up and grabs the lid. He hits the ropes and comes back nailing Seth in the face with the trashcan lid. Eugene hits the ropes again and runs at Seth, but he stops just before reaching him.]

DDK:

Is Eugene having second thoughts?

Angus:

It looks that way... only I don't think he's had a change of heart!

[Eugene grabs the trashcan he'd thrown into the ring moments earlier and stuffs Seth's head into it. He works the can down over Stratton's shoulders and slams him back down onto the mat. Eugene hits the ropes and comes back with a running Senton, crushing the trashcan as he lands! Eugene rolls over and covers Seth!]

Angus:

How can Hector count? He can't see Seth's shoulders!

DDK:

That's a good point, Angus, and it looks like he's telling Eugene the same thing.

[Despite Hector's best efforts at explaining, Eugene takes his time in understanding just why he hasn't already won this match. Finally he gets just what Navarro is telling him and takes the trashcan off of Seth's head. He covers Seth again and this time gets a count!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-SETH KICKS OUT!]

DDK:

That moment of confusion might have just been what Seth needed to stay in this match.

Angus:

Moment of confusion my ass, Seth was wide awake in that can.

[Exasperated, Eugene lifts Seth to his feet and positions one of the two fallen ladders behind them. He hooks Seth and lifts him up high for a vertical suplex. Before he can drop him back, however, Seth reverses momentum. He lands on his feet, lifts Eugene up halfway, and drops him belly first on the ladder.]

Angus:

I like my broken ass, broken ass, broken ass... I like my broken ass, broken ass, broken ass... EUGENEEEEEEENE'S... BROKEN ASS RIBS. Wait for it...

DDK:

Let's not wait for it.

Angus:

Wait. For. It.

DDK:

Ugh.

Angus:

BARBEQUE SAUCE.

[With Eugene lying stomach down on the ladder, Seth takes the opportunity to drop a leg across the back of his exposed head. This causes him to roll over on his side, one hand favoring his ribs and the other his head. Seth climbs to his feet and sets the other ladder up, climbing up to the 3rd rung backwards before leaping and landing a body splash on Eugene, whose once again crushed against the steel. He drags Eugene off the ladder and goes for a pin...]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRNO!]

DDK:

Shoulder up by Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

He looks like he just washed up on a beach, though.

[Seth sits up with mild anger in his eyes, but laughs it off. He lifts Eugene to his feet, but takes him down with a quick russian leg sweep. He goes for another quick cover...]

[ONE!]

[TW-KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Eugene kicks out after two!

Angus:

Finish him, Seth!

[Seth, now noticeably angered by Eugene's not staying down, stands again. He slides out of the ring and grabs the table leaning against the barrier. He quickly sets it up, then casts a glance down the aisle, as if he's looking for something.]

DDK:

It's been a while since we've seen Wayne Dewey...

Angus:

He's probably in the back lining up the sake bombs, like a good manager should.

[Seth climbs onto the apron and waits for Eugene to crawl to his feet, before reaching out and hooking his arm...]

Angus:

Here it comes, inside out!

DDK:

Wait!

[But Eugene is the one who hits the suplex.]

DDK:

Outside IN!

Angus:

POOP.

[... And to top it all off, Seth lands back first on the already crushed trashcan. Eugene climbs to his feet, using the raised ladder for assistance. He walks over to Seth and lifts him to his feet, hitting him with a couple hard chops to the chest. This backs Seth into the ropes, where Eugene sizes him up for a clothes. Seth, however, ducks underneath and levels Eugene with a dropkick to the face. Eugene climbs to one knee, and then to his feet. He turns, and gets a face full of the once used trashcan lid, now totally obliterated. He falls back to the mat, and Seth tosses the lid into the crowd.]

Angus:

Seth's giving out all kinds of souvenirs tonight!

DDK:

Yes, he's really too kind.

Angus:

I knew you'd come around!

DDK:

Sarcasm.

[Seth pulls Eugene to the front of the set up ladder, and begins ascending it again. This time though, he's going to the very top. When he gets there, he stares down at Eugene, then out at the fans. He smirk creeps across his face.]

Angus:

This is about to end with a giant pop, followed by ten angry Japanese ring workers mopping glutenous fat off the ring surface.

DDK:

Thank you for that visual.

[Seth steadies himself, ready to leap from the ladder onto the prone Eugene below...

... But it turns out he's not so prone...

...Because, you see...

...he sits up.]

DDK:

Oh, holy God.

[And he shoves the bottom of the ladder hard, causing it to teeter...]

Angus:

Shift your weight, Seth!

[Teetering.]

[Teetering.]

[Teetering.]

[...]

[Timber.]

CRASNAAAAAAAAAAAAAP

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH MY! SETH STRATTON FALLS OFF THE LADDER, OUT OF THE RING AND THROUGH THAT TABLE! THAT THING JUST EXPLODED INTO KINDLING!

[Seth lays out cold in the wreckage of the table. The Japanese fans gasp appropriately. Eugene climbs to his feet with help from the ropes, then stops. He eyes the ladder that Seth just fell off of, leaning on the ropes. He grabs it and sets it back up.]

Angus:

Stop this! Seth is out!

DDK:

This doesn't seem like an all together great idea.

[Eugene slowly climbs to the top of the ladder, the crowd's noise level gaining with every rung. Seth is barely stirring as Eugene reaches the top. He takes a deep breath, and lets it out. He leaps.]

[Silence, then...]

THHHHHUUUUUUDDDDDDDD

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

HE. FUCKING. MISSED! HAHAAHA!

DDK:

This isn't good.

[Indeed, Seth manages to roll out of the way at the very last second before impact. Eugene crashes into the wreckage of the table, landing audibly and immediately favors his already bruised ribs. Seth begins dragging himself back to the ring slowly.]

DDK:

Both these men are down! How much more can they take?

[Seth reaches the ring and begins frantically searching for something underneath. He eventually pulls out a small pillowcase full of something, and tosses it into the ring.]

Angus:

I bet you there's a few bars of soap in there. He's going to give Eugene the Private Pyle treatment!

[Seth climbs to his feet and steadies himself using the apron. He then turns and slowly walks towards Eugene, who's still down. He grabs Eugene's 'fro and yanks him up harshly, dragging him back towards the ring. He hefts him in, and slides in after.]

DDK:

I'm not sure how much Eugene has left in the tank, those ribs might be broken.

Seth:

Don't worry, I'm sure a merciful Seth will be glad to end this shortly.

[Seth grabs Eugene's hair again and yanks his head up. With the other hand, he grabs the pillowcase, and turns it upside down...

... Spilling hundreds of thumbtacks onto the mat.]

DDK:

Now, come on!

Angus:

So much better than soap. So much better.

[He pulls Eugene up onto shaky legs. He's still doubled over holding his ribs. Seth manically slaps his elbow and points to the crowd.]

DDK:

No! Seth is calling for the Match Point, he's going to drive Eugene's face into those tacks!

Angus:

Well, come on. It might make an improvement.

[Seth hits the ropes, and comes back at Eugene. He brings his elbow down..

... But Eugene snaps his head up, sending Seth's elbow, and the right side of his body, into the pile of tacks.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Seth hits the tacks! These fans are getting loud!

Angus:

You can't stick a man with his own tacks! I think that's in the wrestling handbook!

[Eugene, leaning back first against the ropes, crouches down.]

DDK:

Eugene senses an opportunity here, I think he's getting ready to hit the Shoryuken!

[Seth climbs up to one knee, frantically trying to pull tacks from his flesh. He pulls them from his elbow, a few even embedded in the side of his face. He stands and turns quickly, his eyes full of rage. Eugene springs up...

... But Seth catches his arm at the elbow and lands an epic boot to the balls.]

DDK:

And what do you call that? The shin bone shellacking?

Angus:

No, that was a kick to the family jewels. But give Seth a break, he's covered in thumbtacks!

[Seth grabs Eugene and summons all the strength he's got...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

POWERBOMB!

Angus:

ONTO THE TACKS! Eugene's back is going to look even more covered in acne than usual!

[Seth falls onto his ass, and Eugene arches his back in pain. Seth crawls over and grabs one of Eugene's legs, pulling him out of the pile and going for a cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

Angus:

It's ovaaaah!

[THREE-]

DDK:

Not so fast!

[Kickout.]

[Seth looks up incredulously at Hector Navarro, who jumps back a few steps, acutely aware that Seth can attack him with no consequence. Seth fumes, stomping his feet on the mat and pulling his own hair. It seems like nothing will stop the Sultan of Sweet's petulant rage this time.

That is, until Wayne Dewey comes trudging back through the curtains.]

Angus:

So that's where he's been!

[Wayne flashes Seth a smile and a thumbs up. He pulls on a rope that's attached to a large cart, and with Seth gets a load of what's on the cart, his smile returns and he rubs his hands together fiendishly.]

DDK:

Wayne Dewey is pulling a cart with a stack of light tubes taller than he is, and Seth Stratton looks overjoyed. This... I don't like where this is headed.

Angus:

Grow a pair, this is so awesome.

[Seth picks Eugene up by his hair again and forcefully throws him over the top rope. He lands hard, and Seth gingerly climbs out of the ring, taking his sweet ass time. He leaves Eugene at ringside and walks over to Wayne. The two have a quick discussion and Wayne shrugs his shoulders, turns, and heads back through the curtains.]

DDK:

It appears Seth is sending Wayne Dewey away?

Angus:

Seth's a nice guy. He doesn't want Wayne to bear witness to what's about to happen to his big bro.

[Seth walks back over to Eugene and grabs his 'fro yet again, but this time Eugene sends a boot of his own right up between Seth's legs, to a huge pop from the crowd.]

Angus:

I'll have to ice down my marbles after the match just for watching this.

DDK:

And now Seth's down!

[Eugene uses the steel barrier to climb up, and slowly approaches Seth. He begins hitting Seth with harsh boots to the midsection, until Seth is backed up against the opposite barrier. He then lifts Seth to his feet, hits a few loud chops, and clotheslines him into the crowd. Eugene climbs over the barrier himself, and picks Stratton up, dropping him face first on the barrier's rail.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton's face has been busted open!

[Eugene walks over to a man in the crowd. He bows and motions to the man's seat. The man stands and bows, and Eugene folds the chair up. As Seth climbs to one knee, Eugene drills him in the face with the chair, causing him to fly back. More blood streams from his face. Eugene hands the chair back to the Japanese Gentleman.]

Angus:

That was the most polite accessory to assault I've ever seen. Gotta love Japan.

[Seth seems more preoccupied with his face than Eugene, placing a hand on his cheek and then studying the crimson upon it. This allows Eugene to grab him around the neck and lead him through the crowd.]

DDK:

Eugene Dewey firmly in control now. Seth Stratton seems to be in disbelief.

Angus:

Give him a break, he's probably never bled before!

[One of the fans taps Eugene on the shoulder. Eugene turns, and the fan hands him back the mock lightsaber. Eugene thanks the fan, then cracks it over Seth's skull, sending him to the ground.]

Angus:

I'm almost certain that's been up someone's ass by now. Gotta love Japan.

[Eugene peppers a downed Seth with shots from the lightsaber, to the delight of the crowd. He can't resist turning and soaking it all in, bowing to the fans. Which turns out to be a mistake, because it gives Seth time to scurry to his feet, run up behind him and land a bulldog, sending both men to the floor.]

DDK:

How did Stratton get up that fast?

Angus:

He's a wounded animal, Keebs. He's running on pure adrenaline.

[Both men scramble up and begin trading blows. Seth takes an advantage, backing Eugene up deeper into the crowd. He steps back and lands a forehand, then spins and hits a backhand fist to Eugene's chops. Eugene falls to one knee. Seth turns around and snatches a chair from an unsuspecting fan, and hits Eugene with not one, not two, but three lightning quick chairshots. Now Eugene is busted open.]

Angus:

Eugene is bleeding like a stuck Eugene Dewey! Ha! See what I did there?

[Both men's faces are crimson masks at this point, and Seth grabs Eugene's upper body and begins dragging him up the stairs to the balcony level. Every so often, he throws a punch at Eugene's face to keep him down. Eventually they arrive on the balcony above the entrance, with the giant stack of light tubes sitting precariously about 25 feet below. A few of the fans sitting on the balcony scatter to make room for the two men. Seth kicks Eugene in the gut and plants him on the concrete with a DDT.]

DDK:

Seth with a DDT on the concrete, and that may be it for Eugene! He may be out!

[Seth picks Eugene up and leans him against the balcony wall. He steps back and begins shouting, loud enough for the boom mic to pick up.]

"Just call me Sir Isaac Stratton..."

[Seth pauses to gather himself.]

"Because I'm about to teach this fat fuck a lesson in gravity."

[Seth grabs Eugene's hair and pulls him to his feet. Eugene is barely stirring.]

DDK:

Oh no. No. NO.

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

SHATTERCRASHHOLYSHITRH9UUH9DC95H9F5HFH

HO-REE SHIT! ... HO-REE SHIT! ... HO-REE SHIT!

HO-REE SHIT! ... HO-REE SHIT! ... HO-REE SHIT!

HO-REE SHIT! ... HO-REE SHIT! ... HO-REE SHIT!

DDK:

OHMYGOD! EUGENE DEWEY JUST CRASHED THROUGH THOSE LIGHTS TUBES! THAT STACK HAS BEEN REDUCED TO NOTHING BUT OF MILLIONS OF TINY SHARDS!

Angus:

That was intense.

DDK:

Call the EMT's, Call the goddamn EMT's!

Angus:

You know, I told a girlfriend once I'd get tested for Hepatitis when pigs fly. Guess I better call and make an appointment.

DDK:

This is not funny, damnit! Eugene Dewey just fell from the balcony into that stack of light tubes! There's no way he's okay, there's no way he isn't half dead! Stop this match! If you can hear me, Hector Navarro, stop this damn match now!

[A group of EMT's storm the aisle while Seth admires his handiwork from above. He begins to make his way back down through the fans. Referee Hector Navarro joins the EMT's at the entrance curtain, as they heft a battered Eugene out of the pile of shards with care.]

DDK:

Eugene Dewey is in bad, bad shape.

[Indeed he is. His body is covered with an untold number of small lacerations from the light tubes. EMT's manage to load him onto a stretcher, and Navarro assesses the situation, turning back towards the ring to signal something to the timekeeper. Instead of seeing the ring however, he finds himself face to face with a maniacal Seth Stratton. The two begin to argue fervently.]

Angus:

Seth's taking Navarro to task!

DDK:

I think Hector Navarro wants to stop this match...

Angus:

... And that's a heap of BS, Keebs!

[Screaming, Stratton directs Navarro back to the ring. He complies. Then, Seth turns his attention back to Eugene.]

DDK:

Oh come on, leave him alone you big bully!

Angus:

I had no idea Mother Dewey was joining me for tonight's broadcast.

DDK:

This is just sick, Eugene could be seriously injured.

[Unlike the ref, the three EMT's have no intention of allowing Seth to continue. So Seth starts knocking the crap out of them, one by one.]

DDK:

Now Stratton is assaulting the medical team, this has to stop!

Angus:

Don't get in his way.

[With the EMT's handled, Seth grabs the stretcher Eugene is laid out on and begins wheeling it back to ringside. He lifts Eugene off of it and rolls him into the ring. He slides in after him and mercifully goes for the cover.]

[ONE!]

[...]

[TWO!]

[...]

[THREE!]

[...]

DDK:

NO. WAY.

Angus:

Oh, you've gotta be shitting me right now!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Keebler is shocked. Angus is shocked. The crowd is shocked. Seth is in disbelief. Eugene? His shoulder is up.]

DDK:

How Eugene Dewey summoned the will to do that, I'll never know.

Angus:

Retard strength. It's the only explanation.

[A bewildered Seth begins slapping his open hands on the mat, which is now covered in a significant amount Eugene's blood. He let's out an anguished shout then crawls over to the other side of the ring, where the unopened tool box from earlier sits. He pulls it open and rummages through, producing a large steel device. He raises it over his head and grins.]

Angus:

Hey Eugene... Have you seen Seth's stapler?

DDK:

Please, no. Look at the man! Just pin him again, he's out!

[Seth uses his free hand to pull Eugene up onto his knees, but he's still pretty much out of it. Seth then drives the stapler into his forehead, sending Eugene sprawling back. He then follows up with two more brutal staple shots to the same area.]

DDK:

This isn't a match, it's a horror movie.

[Seth considers a pin, but then gets an idea. He starts stapling Eugene's hair to the mat. He punches in five or six, then tosses the stapler aside and goes for the pin.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE-]

DDK:

And thankfully, this is...

[-SHOULDERUP.]

RAA!!!

Angus:

Oh COME ON.

DDK:

HE DID IT AGAIN! EUGENE GOT THE SHOULDER UP AGAIN, AND THE KORAKUEN HALL IS GOING INSANE! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

[Seth climbs up and pulls Eugene to his feet, whipping him to the ropes. Eugene hits them, then collapses to one knee. Seth walks over and tangles Eugene's arms into the top rope. He then fetches the singapore cane from earlier, and begins taking brutal shots at Eugene's bloody, thumbtack riddled back.]

THWACK

OOOOH!

THWACK

AAHHH!

THWACK

OOHHH!

THWACK

AAAHHH!

THWACK

RAAAAH!

[Satisfied with the damage, Seth untangles Eugene and throws him out of the ring, where he lands in a heap.]

DDK:

Seth isn't even trying to win anymore, this is about punishment!

Angus:

That's what it was always about!

[Seth slides out of the ring and joins Eugene. He lifts him to his feet and rolls him back onto the still present stretcher.]

Angus:

See? I bet Seth's taking him backstage now for medical attention.

[Then, Seth hits him with a few mighty blows to the midsection.]

DDK:

Yeah, or not.

[Seth then turns and walks to the ring steps, climbing up... and ascending the turnbuckle.]

Angus:

Finish him, Seth!

DDK:

Seth Stratton is on the top rope, he can't... he isn't...

[He is.]

Angus:

Start singin', Eugene! It's all over!

[Seth lifts his right bicep to his face, kisses it, raises his elbow and leaps.]

[...]

[...]

[...]

SNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP

YU-GENE! ... YU-GENE! ... YU-GENE!

YU-GENE! ... YU-GENE! ... YU-GENE!

YU-GENE! ... YU-GENE! ... YU-GENE!

DDK:

EUGENE MOVED! EUGENE ROLLED OFF THE STRETCHER AT THE LAST MINUTE!

Angus:

SETH! ARE YOU OKAY?

DDK:

SETH STRATTON JUST BROKE THAT STRETCHER IN HALF, AND HE'S DOWN!

[Eugene is dragging himself back towards the ring. He manages to crawl in, then falls flat on his back, sucking wind. Seth is barely stirring.]

DDK:

Both this men are down, and they may stay that w-WHAT!

Angus:

A physical specimen, there is no doubt.

[Seth. Stratton. Is. Getting. Up.]

DDK:

I think that Seth Stratton is being driven by pure hate, here. This isn't human.

Angus:

WE NEED AN OLD PRIEST AND A NEW PRIEST! THE POWER OF SETH COMPELS YOU!

[Shockingly, Seth Stratton uses the barrier to pull himself up. He has a noticeable limp and he begins slowly walking towards the ring. Eugene, upon seeing this, uses the ropes to climb to his own unsteady feet. He eyes the standing ladder and begins to climb.]

DDK:

Eugene, come on. That's not a good idea.

[Seth rolls into the ring. He approaches Eugene as Eugene climbs. Each man is moving at an almost comically slow pace from all of the punishment they've endured.]

Angus:

This is like an episode of The Walking Dead.

[Eugene is halfway up the ladder when Seth gets to him. Seth reaches up to grab one of Eugene's legs, but Eugene responds by sending a boot to his face, making him stagger back. Eugene clings to the ladder, trying to catch his breath.]

DDK:

I think Eugene is just trying to survive at this point!

Angus:

A fool's errand! Come down from there and lose like a man!

[Seth abandons trying to pull Eugene from his perch and instead begins setting the second ladder up. Eugene continues climbing until he reaches the top, where he sits. Seth then begins slowly climbing the second ladder, never taking his eyes off Eugene. The noise level in the hall rises with every higher rung Seth hits.]

DDK:

This has been a war, ladies and gentleman, there's no other way to put it.

[Seth reaches the top. He begins to scream.]

"YOU CAN'T BEAT ME, YOU FUCKING NERD!"

[Then, steadying himself first, he leaps.]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[... Landing on Eugene. He quickly finds his footing and applies a sleeper hold.]

DDK:

There are NO WORDS.

Angus:

Seth Stratton has cat like reflexes. There. Six words.

[Stratton wrenches in the hold, laughing maniacally.]

[Then...]

[...All of a sudden.]

DDK:

EUGENE DEWEY IS STANDING UP.

[With the sleeper still on and Seth draped on his back, Eugene stands straight up on the tip top of the ladder. Without looking back at Seth, he bellows...]

“There’s...

[...]

NOTHING.

[...]

WRONG.

[...]

WITH.

[...]

BEING.

[...]

A.

[...]

NERD.”

[... And then promptly falls backwards.]

DDK:

OH. FUCK.

Angus:

Uhhh... OOOOOOOOOOH!

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[...]

KRRRRRFRUMPKSSSSSHSHSHSHHHHHHH

[Silence.]

[A few seconds pass.]

DDK:

I can't believe what I've just seen. Eugene Dewey just dropped himself and Seth Stratton off the top of a ladder and THROUGH THE RING MAT.

[Sure enough, in the middle of the ring, there's a large crater where the mat should be.]

[Hector Navarro begins waving his arms wildly in the direction of the backstage area.]

Navarro:

MEDICS! GET THE DAMN MEDICS OUT HERE NOWNOWNOW!

[Wayne Dewey runs out flanked by several EMTs pushing two stretchers to ringside.]

Angus:

Is it over? This can't be!

DDK:

There's no way either of those guys are getting up out of that ho-LY SHIT!

[All eyes in the hall are directed to the ring. A solitary arm rises from the abyss.]

[Navarro holds a hand out to keep the EMTs at bay.]

[The arm grasps a part of the mat that's still intact and begins dragging it's owner out.]

DDK:

IT'S EUGENE! HE'S DRAGGING HIMSELF OUT OF THAT HOLE! HE'S DRAGGING SETH STRATTON OUT TOO!

Angus:

It's an optical illusion, pay no mind!

[With both men out, Eugene collapses prone on the mat.]

[With one arm draped over Seth Stratton.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREEEEEE-]

[-EEEEEEEEEE-]

[-EEEEEEEEEE-]

[-EEEEEEEEEE-]

[-EEEEEEEEEE-]

[-EEEEEEEEEE!]

DINGDINGDING

Quimbey:

THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH... EUUUUUUGEEEEENE DEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEY!

YU-GENE! ... DE-FI-ANCE! ... YU-GENE! ... DE-FI-ANCE!

YU-GENE! ... DE-FI-ANCE! ... YU-GENE! ... DE-FI-ANCE!

YU-GENE! ... DE-FI-ANCE! ... YU-GENE! ... DE-FI-ANCE!

DDK:

HE DID IT! EUGENE DEWEY DID IT!

Angus:

I refuse to accept it.

DDK:

WELL, YOU BETTER! EUGENE DEWEY IS A WINNER DAMNIT!

Angus:

Neither of these two look like winners.

[And he's right. EMTs swarm the ring and load both Seth and Eugene onto stretchers, as Wayne looks on nervously. As they're wheeled up the aisle, Seth barely stirs.]

[Eugene, however, with perhaps the last of his energy, raises a hand and gives the crowd a thumbs up.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a battle! What a war! What a...

Angus:

... Mess. Someone needs to fix this giant pile of scrap we used to call a ring.

DDK:

Well, uh, yeah. That may be prudent.

[Just as the ring crew descends on said pile of scrap, we cut away.]

Preparation

[Backstage at Korakuen Hall.] [Dan Ryan is in his dressing room pacing back and forth, a stern expression on his face. Python is in a chair in the corner, neck bandaged up and a gash on the back of his head cleaned up, but not looking particularly well.] **Python:** You know this is getting way out of hand. [Ryan barely glances in Python's direction and keeps pacing.] **Python:** This? [Python motions to this neck.] This will heal. What you're about to do is serious. This isn't some simple stipulation. Tai-Pei Death Matches end careers. They put people out of commission permanently. [Still nothing.] **Python:** Are you hearing me? I'm telling you -- this is beyond dangerous. Bronson already baited you into making one mistake.... [Ryan winces, but keeps pacing.] **Python:** Don't let him bait you into doing something else that you're gonna regret the rest of your life. You've worked long and hard to be more than just some uncaring lummoX that rampages through people's careers and lives like Bronson Box does. You've proven you're better than him. Don't let him drag you back into the pit. [Ryan sneers, nearly snorts, but keeps pacing.] [There's a knock at the door, and Ryan stops. The door opens and two Japanese men wheel in a small cart. On each side are protruding shelves, one side holding tape and gauze, the other with a small reservoir containing clear liquid adhesive. In the center, in a metal bin are hundreds of shards of tiny bits of broken glass.] [Each of the two men bow briefly, then exit.] [Ryan steps forward, placing a hand on each side of the cart, and smirks.] **Python:** Jesus...

Jonny Booya vs COOL Cancer Jiles



Angus:

Man, if anybody can knock a dent in Bronson Box, it's Dan Ryan.

DDK:

I've voiced my personal opinions about that match behind closed doors, but suffice it to say I think that they're taking it entirely too far.

Angus:

Save it, Keebler, those guys asked for it, they got it. Now shut up and let's see who DQ wants to bring out here for me to ridicule next!

Quimbey:

The following contest is a shades on a pole match, with no time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina, and representing the Truly Untouchables! Weighing in at 271 lbs! He is JONNNNY....
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOYAAAAAAA!!!!

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

[Jonny Booya slides out from behind the curtains on his knees and flexes his biceps. He then jumps to his feet, crosses his arms and flexes his shoulders.]

Angus:

I can't wait until Cancer kills that no-chinned fuck.

DDK:

Of course, the shades have already been placed atop a pole, which is right above our announce table. The winner will have to retrieve the shades

[Booya swaggers down the aisle, vertical jumps onto the ring apron and then hops the top rope into the ring. The Japanese fans applaud politely.]

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

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from PHILLY, and weighing in at 220 lbs! COOOOOOL! CANCER! JIIIIILES!

♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

Angus:

YUSS! CANCEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Cancer Jiles makes his way out of the ring. He reaches out to tag some hands, but remains completely focused on Jonny Booya.]

[In fact, so completely that he's caught completely unaware by a man in the stands who grabs him by the arm, pulls him in, twists the arm into a keylock and then falls down, smashing the contorted arm on the guardrail!]

Angus:

What the fuck?!

[Jonny Booya in the ring howls with laughter and the man - completely unfamiliar to DefiaFans - takes off his baggy T-shirt to reveal a Truly Untouchables T-shirt under it.]

DDK:

That's - I recognize that man! That's David Race!

Angus:

That's who in the what?! Arrest him! KILL HIM! CANCER NOOOOOOOO

[Jiles is down, clasp his mangled arm in against his ribs. A big grin on his face, David Race allows security to lead him away.]

[While Booya loiters and hotdogs in the ring and Wyatt Bronson and a couple refs have a frenzied whispered conversation, DDK attempts to fill the dead air.]

DDK:

David Race was most recently employed in this circle by All-Star Championship Wrestling, although he hasn't been seen since it closed earlier this year. I absolutely was not expecting Kai Scott to go recruiting outside the familiar circles, but Race...

Angus:

Fuck him! FuckhimfuckhimFUCKHIM!

DDK: [sighing]

Angus, do you realize that your fanboying is almost annoying enough that I hope Jiles IS injured just so I don't have to listen to this every time he or anyone who has ever done anything mean to him says or does anything?

[Jonny leans over the ropes. A big gleaming white smile with a million and a half teeth in it on his face, he points at Cancer Jiles.]

Booya:

You want these back or not, boaih?!

[Jiles knows his arm is hurt, and he needs to get it looked at.]

[And all he can see is a mouth with too many teeth on an oversized chin that just plain fucking needs to be punched.]

DDK:

Jiles is heading to the ring!

[A medic tries to ward Jiles off. Jiles pushes it out of his way and dives into the ring.]

[Booya immediately starts stomping away.]

DDK:

Here we go! And thanks to the pre-match interference from David Race, Cancer Jiles is starting this match with one arm! But it's about pride and hatred right now, and Jiles isn't going to back down!

[Jiles weathers the stomps as best he can, rolls over onto his back and shoots one of his legs straight up between Booya's!]

Angus:

DING!

DDK:

Although this match wasn't expressly no-disqualification, you can expect some relaxation with the rules! Booya's down, and Jiles is making a bid for the shades!

[Jiles climbs to the middle rope. The shades are out of reach. He climbs to the top, and he can get his fingertips on them, but can't get a good grip.]

DDK:

Jiles is trying to balance up there with one bad wing, and you have to imagine that his seven inch height disadvantage will come into play. Booya's going to have a much easier time reaching the shades, and he's up!

[Booya grabs Jiles by the waist and throws him backwards off the top rope. He then starts up himself.]

[Jiles pulls himself off the mat, walks up behind Booya, brings his forearm up straight between Booya's legs!]

Angus:

I repeat myself. DING!

[Jiles steps in front of Booya, lifts him, wobbles a bit, then gets his balance and drops him with a powerbomb! Balling his titanium reinforced hand into a fist, he drives it into Booya's lampjaw.]

[With disappointingly little effect. On Booya, that is. Jiles instead yelps and grabs his arm.]

DDK:

And that's why David Race went after the arm! To prevent the Mongo Chop!

[Booya wraps his meathooks around Jiles' throat, and lifts him straight up off the mat and into the air.]

Angus:

Sterrr-roids! Sterrr-roids!

[Booya tosses Jiles into the corner and smashes his chest with a chop or five. He grabs Jiles by the neck and leans in, choking him, bellowing something mostly incoherent at him. There are at least seven audible f-bombs that the Japanese censors don't think to block out.]

[Booya then whips Jiles across the ring into the turnbuckle and charges.]

[Jiles dodges!]

[Booya squashes his own ribcage against the turnbuckle, driving the air out of his lungs. Jiles can't get a superkick aimed at his head, but he delivers one right between the shoulderblades. Booya hits the turnbuckle again. Jiles grabs his head, vaults the ropes and bulldogs him on the turnbuckle pad (with his good arm, obvs), leaving Booya to fall to his knees and rest his head on the middle rope.]

DDK:

There's absolutely no quit and no give-up in Cancer Jiles, but he's going to have to figure out how to do enough damage with one arm to keep Booya down long enough to retrieve those shades.

Angus:

Maybe he's done enough now, he's going for it!

[Yes, Jiles gets on the ring apron and runs along it to the pole, then starts climbing the turnbuckle from the outside. From this angle he also has a better view across the ring... and so when he sees Booya get up and stumble towards him he just steps down rather than risk getting thrown off.]

[A shoulderblock through the ropes doubles Booya over and a springboard kneedrop puts him down... but even the springboard taxed Jiles' elbow. On his knees, he clutches his arm, teeth gritted in pain.]

DDK:

Cancer Jiles is in a bad way thanks to David Race snapping his arm across the guardrail earlier! He's obviously in intense pain, and he's got to fight through it and get to the shades.

[Jiles stands up and throws a superkick.]

[The only problem is, now that he's relying on the superkick, Booya's seeing it coming and dodging it more easily. This time he catches the leg and hammers Jiles to the mat with a short range axe bomber.]

[Booya puts Jiles on his shoulders.]

Booya:

Take one good last look at them shades, BOAIHE!

[Booya, with Jiles on his shoulders, steps up onto the bottom ropes - Jiles' fingers are millimeters from the shades - and then falls over backwards with an electric chair drop. Turning his back on Jiles, Booya flexes and points at himself with his thumbs.]

Booya:

OH YEAH!

[He jumps to the middle rope and immediately loses his balance. He doesn't fall all the way, but he does have to cling to the pole.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya demonstrating why it's not a good idea to play around on the ropes, and that's one of the very first things they teach kids in wrestling school, how risky even climbing the ropes can be.

Angus:

What a fag.

[Booya climbs to the middle rope.]

[Jiles gets to his feet.]

[Booya climbs to the top rope and wraps his hands around the shades.]

[And Jiles, rather than just throw him down and risk breaking the shades, climbs up beside him.]

OOOOHHHHAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

[The Japanese fans do that noise thing that Japanese fans do as the two wrestlers teeter on the top rope.]

[With his good arm, Jiles drives two solid elbows into Booya's chest. The first one stuns him, the second doubles him over, and hanging onto the pole for balance, Jiles sorta-superkicks Booya down to the mat!]

DDK:

Jiles just gave himself a clean shot at the shades, but can he reach them?

Angus:

If he had two good arms he could, but he can't balance himself with the bad one and straightening it hurts. He's... he's turning around Keebs, what d'you think he's...

[Jiles takes a deep breath and does a front flip off the turnbuckle, and drives that titanium laced hand, arm injury and all, right into Booya's head hard enough to knock a dent in his flattop!]

[The only thing is, Jiles goes down too. He screams in pain, clutching his arm and kicking his lower legs.]

DDK:

Jiles just took a big big risk to hit Booya with the biggest move in his arsenal, but he hurt himself doing it! Booya appears to be unconscious, but Jiles is in too much pain to capitalize!

[Jiles is still writhing. The ref goes from one wrestler to the other.]

DDK:

We may be seeing a no-contest here, I'm not sure, it appears neither man may be able to continue...

[And out to the ring comes Diane Parker with a bottle of water.]

[The ref immediately blocks her from entering the ring.]

Angus:

That cagey little... Keebs, that chick has gone from someone who I actually rather liked even if mostly for her theme song, to like... I don't like her any more than I like Booya and Scott! She's up to something!

[Diane doesn't try to get on the ring apron. She takes a big drink of water, and spits it into the ring at Booya. Booya rolls over and clutches his head.]

DDK:

She woke him up!

[Booya slowly gets up. Jiles, too, notices something happening and tries to handle the pain.]

[But Booya is on his feet first, and he puts Jiles back on the mat with the Fire In The Hole!]

Angus:

Oh God no...

[Diane screams at Booya to just get the shades.]

[He does. Very uneventfully.]

[And then he turns around while on the top rope, using the pole to balance, and dons the shades - and turns to Angus.]

Booya:

DEAL WITH IT!

[And he jumps off the top rope and lands hand first across the top of Jiles' head.]

DDK:

Top rope Mongo Chop from Booya, and with the shades on this is going to be it!

ONE...!

TWO...!

THREE!!!!

Angus:

blubber

[DDK quickly unplugs Angus' headset so that the howls of misery don't deafen anyone watching the tapes.]

DDK:

Thanks to a new recruit and a pre-match assault, Jonny Booya has officially won the rights to the COOL shades! I'm getting word that we're going to have the medics take a look at Jiles' arm, and hopefully we'll have an update on his condition soon!

[Cut, as Jonny swaggers up the ramp.]

Crossing Paths

[Elsewhere.]

[HOOKERS AND BLOW!]

[Tyrone Walker, Ryan Matthews, and Sam Horry are collectively gathered around some packing crates in one of the corridors backstage as they go through their final preparations for the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Title Match.]

[Apparently the locker rooms have gotten a little more crowded than they were earlier in the night, filled with the sounds of excitement from those who found themselves victorious this evening and those who found themselves tasting the bitterness of defeat.]

[On top of one of the crates is Ty who finishes taping up his hands, off to the side Horry is getting his stretches in, while Matthews is leaned against the wall adjusting the sleeves of his kneepads. Their peace and quiet however is disrupted by the commotion coming their way.]

“Yah, boai!”

[Coming down the hallway from his victory over Cancer Jiles, Jonny Booya, accompanied by David Race and Leon Maddox, the three members of the Totally Untouchables approach, with Booya getting more boisterous with his celebration.]

[HNB pays them no mind, in fact they don't even so much as glance in their direction as the noise the other three are making gets closer and closer to their position. Walker does audibly “heh” as he looks up towards his cousin and then to Ryan.]

[As Booya and company get closer, the muscle bound Duke Nukem cosplayer with the T-Shades of COOL takes notice of who are along his path. Noting Ty Walker specifically, he whispers something to Maddox and Race with a smirk.]

Booya:

An' so it were the worst nait of Angus Skaaland's career.

[Booya continues on, a snide smirk curls up all satisfied on his ugly, shades wearing mug. Ryan and Sam looked to each other, rolling their eyes knowing that crack about Angus is gonna rile up the Black Jesus.]

Booya:

An' knowin' that faygit, thas' sayin' somethin.

Walker:

The fuck you say, bruh?

[Indeed. Walker looks up, the calmness about him pushed aside for a fresh layer of instant “fuck you” as he pops off of the packing crate where he once resided. Booya ignores him and keeps on trucking, chuckling a sarcastic laugh with absolutely no fucks given.]

Walker:

“Aye, nigga! You wanna run that shit by me again?”

[Ryan and Sam leap in, holding Ty back.]

Horry:

Yo, settle down cuz.

Walker:

Man, you hear what that no neck mothafucka said?

Matthews:Yeah, but right now we have other, **moar** pressing business about to be at hand. Remember?

[Ty relents, relaxing his arms as he nods, further acknowledging what Matthews said.]

Walker:

I'm just sayin', we're gonna have to kill that fool...

Matthews:

Who says we can't? Just... later.

[Ty looks to Ryan, his brow furled curiously.]

Horry:

Yeah cuz, the nights still young, kna'mean?

[Walker grins, his line of sight returning to the direction Booya headed off in.]

[Back to the ring.]

Chance Von Crank vs Curtis Penn (c)

**DDK:**

This next match up was bound to happen. The stipulations in this one are simple. The only way you win this match is to make your opponent submit or unable to continue via knockout due to submission.

Angus:

Penn is favored due to the submission stipulation but the No Disqualification really makes cVc a player here too though. He is one nasty... mean... son of a bitch that has something to prove here tonight.

DDK:

As does Penn and he has owned this division since Crank left honestly. He has everything to prove here tonight. Everything is on the line

Angus:

Penn's interference at Ascension led to Crank losing the SoHer Championship.

DDK:

Later that night Crank would exact his revenge attempting to run over a then defenseless Curtis Penn with a ATV side by side.

Angus:

Penn claims now that this was his plan all along. The Shock N Rolla claims he wanted the belt on a weaker opponent like Tucker G. Alston because he could never defeat a cVc caliber talent for it. Those are Crank's own words, Keeps.

DDK:

Tonight that debate will come to an end. Penn also nearly took off Crank's left ear if you remember that, Angus? The folding chair caught Crank's ear and nearly ripped it off the side of his head. Needless to say this could be one violent match up.

Angus:

Penn defeated Alston during this tour in Japan for the Soher Championship but all summer long that belt had Chance Von Crank on the name plate. Speaking of the Harlan County Devil...

Shock N Rolla....

Here to Show Ya....

Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded!

Chance.... Von.... CRANK!

[Crank struts out on the stage wearing his bright Confederate Flag Rhinestone robe and mullet greased back.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first in this No Disqualification, Submission Matchup for the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP hails from Harlan Kentucky! The Harlan County Devil weighs in at 257 pounds. He is the SHOCK N ROLLA! THE TRAILER PARK PRODIGY! CHANCE VON CRANK!

DDK:

The former Southern Heritage Champion was in a 3d live youtube broadcast out all over the world here earlier tonight. He swore Penn would not walk of here tonight.

Angus:

He said he would be a... and I quote, "I vow Penn will not walk out of here tonight." . End Quote.

[Chance walks down the ramp taunting the fans. His obscene gestures revolt fans in America these just simply ignore it. cVc makes his way around the ring pointing at Angus, " You Know who the best sucking air is, call it. Crank beats his chest after giving props to Angus.]

DDK:

Crank is as confident as ever. What is he doing now Angus?

Angus:

It looks like he is looking for something under the ring.

Quimbey:

Now, coming to the ring...

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

Quimbey:

3rd Kandidat Master ranking in SAMBO... a student of Renner Gracie and holder of the Purple Belt in Brazilian jiu-jitsu.

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

Quimbey:

He is also a former WfWA World Tag Team Champion with the CHIMERA Fight TEAM and a fighter known the world over...

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

Quimbey:

Hailing from Pensacola, Florida; weighing in at 215lbs and standing 6 feet 2 inches...YOUR SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! "The MOUTHPEICE" CURTIS PEEEEENNN!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope. His, cold, blue eyes look for Chance along the apron. Crank trips him up immediately using the rope of his robe. He twists it around Penn's ankle dragging him underneath the bottom rope and out onto the floor.]

Angus:

Crank strikes first with the belt of his robe!

DDK:

There's the bell this is all legal. Mark Shields has his hands full tonight may be the over statement of the year.

[Crank hammers Penn with elbows and ties the robe belt around his throat. He drags him around the ring choking him as he does so. Crank ties the other end of the rope to the ring post and uses the rope to pull Penn to his feet stomping his midsection as he does so.]

DDK:

cVc has certainly Cranked up the Violence early in this one.

Angus:

He wants his belt back, Penn hammers back!

[Penn elbows cVc in the ribs as he slips behind him, he hammers him again and again with elbows to the rib cage. Crank releases hold of the ropes as Penn springs on him. They roll around in front of the announcers desk. Penn gets both his knees on Crank's shoulders holding him down as he hammers him with huge forearm shots possibly breaking his nose. Crank spits in Penn's face then brings his knees up to hammer Penn in the back sending him head first into the announcers table.]

Angus:

Get off our desk!

DDK:

Curtis Penn just got a mouthful of table.

Angus:

I hope he was wearing his "Mouth Piece".

[Crank gets to his feet and yells at Penn who turns right into kick to the jaw. One of Penn's teeth hits the announce table and bounces in the floor between the two announcers. Crank rolls him on the table and taunts the crowd as he applies the Kansas City Cloverleaf ontop of the announce table.]

DDK:

Crank has him in the Kansas City Cloverleaf! Penn is desperately attempting to get ahold of anything to reverse this.

Angus:

cVc just applies more pressure. Penn is losing the fight here on our table.

[The table collapses underneath the mens weight.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH

[Crank holds the move even after the table collapse. He begins to scream at Penn.]

cVc:

TAP FAGGOT! YOU CAN'T BEAT THE TRAILER PARK PRODIGY! TAP YOU FUCKING FAGGOT!

DDK:

Crank's language is so obscene and he is clearly trying to hurt Penn. He held that submission through a table collapse. This has been a fight before there ever was a bell.

Angus:

Trying to hurt him? What the fuck? This is Japan, motherfucker. Anything goes! Penn is starting to show life!

[Penn reaches desperately and he finds a piece of paper in the rubble beneath the two men. He frantically reaches with it paper cutting Crank with it, once then again.]

Angus:

Ouch! Goddamn!

DDK:

Crank releases the hold!

[Crank steps forward away to tend to the cuts from Curtis after releasing the hold. Penn immediately picks up the monitor that was in the announce table and swings it at Crank hitting him solid in the head and he goes down holding the cuts. Penn gets back to his feet and notices the monitor has a cable and finds a break in it. He then begins unscrewing it then snaps the other end out of the monitor and wraps it twice around Crank's neck holding the other end he flips him over and applies a figure four leg lock! Crank twists in pain on his back and Penn uses the cable to pull him back up choking him in the process. He continues applying pressure to Crank's legs while tugging the cable choking Crank out. Crank if he chose to couldn't even tap at this time with both hands around his throat attempting to breath.]

Angus:

I thought I had seen it all! THESE TWO ARE TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER. MOAR VIOLENCE! MOAAAR!

DDK:

These two both have something to prove and Crank is attempting to flip over Penn! A reversal on the floor!

Angus:

Reversed!

[Crank turns the move on Penn by flipping him over. Penn pulls the cable over his shoulder now on his stomach pulling Crank by the neck closer to him causing him in turn to apply more pressure on Penn himself! TPP gets loose catching Penn not pulling at the cable. He unwraps the cable with two visible marks around his neck from being choked.]

DDK:

I don't know how Crank got out of that one.

Angus:

What do you want?

[Crank approaches Angus taking his chair out from under him. He folds the chair and rubs his side that is bleeding from the cuts and his nose that was busted earlier. cVc hits Penn across the back with the chair as he falls attempting to get away towards the ramp. Chance gives chase and hammers him over and over with the chair. He limps slightly favoring his left leg now as he chases down Penn up the ramp. The Mouth Piece low blows cVc before he can hit him again with the chair. Penn notices a security guard beside the fence thats there to keep the crowd out of danger.]

DDK:

What is he gonna do?

Angus:

OH SHIT! NO WAY!

[Penn nails the security guard with the chair taking his cuffs off his belt as soon as he hits the ground. He takes the cuffs opening them as he turns back toward Crank. He handcuffs him to the security fence as he comes to attempting to get loose. Penn walks away from the carnage as cVc desperately tries to get loose from the cuff. He notices a woman with a bobby pin in her hair. He reaches up and yanks the pin from her hair using his teeth to unfold it out.

Meanwhile Curtis picks up the ring steps and heads back toward his handcuffed opponent. Chance fidgets with the cuff on his hand attempting to pick the lock, desperately attempting to get loose. Penn creeps closer holding the steps high above his head as he approaches Crank. The Mouth Piece takes the steps throwing them down with all his force just as Crank picks the lock and manages to roll away unscathed at the last possible second.]

Angus:

Where did he go!?!

DDK:

He just saved himself right there! Chance Von Crank picked a lock to avoid certain death!

[Crank comes up from behind Penn and bulldogs him onto the ring steps face first! Chance steps up on the first step. Penn flips over and grapples with cVc on his back on top of the steps! Penn fights on his back attempting to hook TPP's neck. Penn uses the back of his mullet finally to pull himself up off his back and he headbutts Crank violently. Curtis continues his assault with sharp elbows to the chin and side of the Shock N Rolla's face. cVc backs up and charges Penn spearing him back into the ring steps now half way up the stage. Crank continues sharp punches hitting him with his right fist over and over using his other hand to hold him down on the steps.]

Angus:

Back and Forth! These two assholes are trying to kill each other over the SoHer Championship! Crank is pushing him off the steps but leaving one leg hiked up on the top of the steps now?

DDK:

Chance Von Crank has picked the chair back up...

Angus:

Uh Oh.

[Crank swings the chair with everything he has smashing Penn's leg between the steps and the chair. He twists away as Chance just puts his right leg back up on the top and swings again! He connects again working the right leg of Curtis Penn over now. Penn pulls himself up the stage as Crank stalks him slowly taunting him with explicit language. Penn pulls himself to his knees and looks around for a weapon, any weapon. cVc continues to walk along side him then suddenly pounces atop of Penn as he tops the stage. TPP puts on a half crab pulling the right leg with all his might atop the stage.]

DDK:

These two men have fought all over this arena already and now The Harlan County Devil is working that leg over good right now.

Angus:

He is screaming for Penn to give up. Penn continues to shake his head. Crank's nose may be broken it has yet to stop bleeding.

[Shields is now watching both Penn's hands standing down on the floor below the stage. Penn grabs the edge of the stage and uses it to gain leverage. He twists his hips and legs and before Crank falls backwards he releases the hold. Penn pushes himself up obviously favoring his right leg. He manages to wrap both arms around Crank before he can turn back around and german suplexes him backwards off the stage. Both men fly backwards off the stage just missing the referee, Mark Shields. Crank hits his head on the corner of the ramp when he hit the floor busting the back of his head open.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:

BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!

DDK:

Neither man is moving! Shields count has reached three! They could both be knocked out and this end in a draw!

Angus:

Yeah and piss me right the fuck off! GET UP! GET UP!

DDK:

Penn has begun to stir moving his arms attempting to get to a base before the count reaches ten. Chance Von Crank hasn't moved since the back of his head hit the corner of that stage. That was one of the most vicious licks he has ever taken while being on the DEFIANCE roster.

[Penn wobbles to his feet still dizzy from the big fall. He falls on top of Crank locking him in a crossface on the concrete floor! Crank still has not moved even after having the cross face locked in. Referee Mark Shields comes in close and holds up cVc's hand once and its drops limp to the floor. Shields lifts his hand up once more and watches as Crank's face is now red with his own blood. He picks up his hand one final time and lets it go and just before it smacks flat on the concrete floor he comes to life!]

DDK:

OH! I thought it was all over so close... Curtis Penn was so close to retaining the championship right there.

Angus:

Crank is using his own blood as some sort of lube to slip out of that crossface! GROSS!

[Crank slips out of the submission with ease with the aid of his own blood. As he gets loose and rakes both of Penn's eyes with one hand! He struggles to his feet kicking Penn and attempting to stomp his head. Penn rolls away and gets back to a vertical base as well. Penn rushes Crank as he attempts to catch his breath heading for the ring holding his shoulder. The suplex off the stage also has his left shoulder out of place as he staggers towards the ring grunting in pain. Penn gains ground but suddenly cVc staggers out of the way as he rushes past he stomps the side of Penn's right knee cap. He falls to one knee as cVc hits the RazzleDazzler out of nowhere one armed! Both men hit the concrete floor. Both men are down as Crank attempts to wipe his blood out of his eyes so he can see. He gets to one knee and continues to stumble toward the ring.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Some Razzle and with a bit of Dazzle! Crank is about to win his second championship within a year here in DEFIANCE. Where is he going!?!]

DDK:

He is bloody and that RazzleDazzler on the concrete floor has now busted Penn open! Both men are now bleeding pretty badly!

Angus:

The Shock N Rolla has been bleeding nearly this entire match which is heading towards thirty minutes. I don't know how much more either of them can take. cVc's left shoulder is out of socket and he is desperately trying to slip it back in place.

[Crank makes it to the ring post and puts his head up against it smearing his blood as he builds his courage. He slams his shoulder against it screaming, "FUCK! from the intense pain. He hits it again and then one last time with all he has left slipping his shoulder back in place. cVc falls to the floor and leans up against the ring looking out at Penn, who now begins to stir a bloody mess himself.]

DDK:

These two need medical attention! How could Shields let this continue? He should have stopped this match after that fall.

Angus:

Are you shitting me? No way you stop this kind of fight! Crank looks like he just realized he is going to have to kill Curtis Penn to take his belt back.

[Penn stumbles towards Crank now favoring his right leg. cVc looks on and finally gets to one knee and reaches out to get ahold of him with his right hand. Penn slaps it away turning Chance slightly. The turn leaves his hurt left arm and shoulder exposed just long enough for Penn to get a cross armbreaker applied. Both men hit the floor as Crank yelps in pain. Penn has the hold applied solid to cVc's hurt shoulder. He flops around only tightening the hold. cVc puts his free arm close to the floor behind him. He flattens his hand out as Mark Shields closes in to see if Crank is about to tap out. He keeps his hand flat hovering inches from the floor as the intense pain just becomes to great. "Pussy", exclaims Penn at cVc. The free hand near the floor balls to a fist and Crank shifts his body just enough to have free punches at Penn. He hammers him over and over aimlessly attempting to beat himself loose from the hold. Penn reluctantly releases the hold and grabs the back of cVc's mullet. He pulls cVc to one knee and he counters with sharp elbows to Penn's privates. Sharp elbow after sharp elbow puts Penn on his knees to catch his breath.]

Angus:

Anything goes in this match. Anything.

[Crank gets to his feet holding his hurt shoulder as he backs himself up from Penn. cVc pulls his knee pad down on one leg. Penn is still on his knees, Crank rushes him and hits one nasty knee to the face sending the blood flying.]

DDK:

This is obscene display of violence. They are both hurt and bleeding and now Penn may be knocked completely out. That was one nasty bare knee to the face.

Angus:

You heard that! There is no one in this business that knows about taking a nasty blow to the face like Keebs. Penn is done. It is taking everything cVc has to put him in the ring. You can tell that is complete deadweight there. He is Out.

[Chance rolls him in the ring and then rolls in himself. He picks up both of Penn's legs and drags him to the center of the ring. He then drops both legs to clutch his hurt shoulder. Crank taunts the crowd by standing over Penn. He is on his belly in the center of the ring as Crank begins making hand signals at the crowd and the commentators now sitting ringside with no table. He uses both index fingers and thumbs together to form a square and mutters, "Box". He then sits down on Penn's back and hooks the camel clutch! He continues to pull as Penn comes to reaching for the ropes but they are out of reach. The Shock N Rolla continues the pressure as he transitions the move into a full nelson paying homoge to Bronson Box.]

DDK:

THE BOSTON MASSACRE! CRANK HAS THE BOSTON MASSACRE HOOKED ON PENN! Box must have really had an effect on Chance Von Crank!

Angus:

Yeah you can say that again, look at all the blood.

[Penn reaches behind his own head and gets ahold of Crank's broken nose twisting it. He releases Penn immediately from the intense shot of pain. The Mouth Piece limps to his left leg quickly as possible carefully avoiding putting any weight on his right one. cVc wipes the water from his eyes and blood from his nose as Penn takes him to the mat hooking the Curtis Clutch!]

Angus:

Tables have turned now! Crank reaches for the ropes to no avail.

DDK:

Crank may be out cold he is not moving or even attempting to get the ropes now!

[Mark Shields goes in close and raises cVc's hand high into the air and releases it. **Thud!** It hits the mat with dead weight behind it. Shields once more does this with the same result. Curtis Penn continues his hold on Crank as Mark Shields raises his hand one final time. Again his hand hits the mat as Shields calls for the bell and raises the hand of Penn who falls back off Crank completely spent. Medical staff and a clean up crew head for the ring. cVc lays in a pool of his own blood knocked out.]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Winner by Knockout... And Still DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion! "THHHHHE MOUTH PIECCCCCE!
CURTISSSSSS PENN!

DDK:

Phew! What a match that was. Penn has knocked him out in the middle of the ring using his signature, CURTIS CLUTCH! cVc has now come to in the ring. Medical staff are tending to Penn's leg as the referee hand him his championship.

Angus:

We need a new fucking desk.

[cVc comes to and gets to his feet but still dizzy after one of the ring doctors have him smell smelling salt. Crank holds his shoulder and walks over to Penn and begins stomping his right leg and the two ring doctors looking at it too. Chance is finally hauled away from the ring by Shields and the security. Crank spits on Penn before they do get him completely away. Two medical staff help the Southern Heritage Champion to his feet as Crank looks on from the stage as everyone around the ring warn him to go. Chance reluctantly walks back to the backstage area to get stitches and checked out as Penn is helped out of the ring and up the ramp.]

DDK:

cVc has no respect for anyone and that display just further proves that fact.

Angus:

That may be true. He also said Penn wouldn't walk out of here and as you can see he is not. Not under his own power anyhow. Curtis Penn has retained his championship belt in maybe the most violent match either of these two have ever participated in.

DDK:

What a match...

Angus:

Well, what's up next?

KINGS vs HNB ~ How Did We Get Here?

DDK:

Alright, the next match we have coming up is what I personally hope will be the first of many great Trios titles matches we at DEFIANCE will bring you in the near future and...

Angus:

Tag team wrestling is dead, Keebs. The only reason to watch this match is Tyrone Walker being in it.

DDK:

...and of course my co-worker here had to go and ruin what I was trying to say as always. Ladies and Gentlemen, the tension for this match has been building since Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry secured the title match for Hookers and Blow against the reigning champions, the Philosopher Kings...

Angus:

Alright we get it...let's just get to the hype video and get this train wreck going.

[That said, the feed cuts to the opening reel of the video, a vintage looking start screen as "Survival" by Eminem begins to play over the loudspeakers as we hear Troy Matthews' now infamous words...]

"Let's go at it; each of us, against each of you."

♪This is survival of the fittest

♪This is do or die

♪This is the winner takes it all

♪So take it all

[The video snaps to a graphic with that says "Match 1: Tyrone Walker vs Eddie Dante" as we see first Ty, then Eddie come to the ring as the first verse begins.]

♪Wasn't ready to be no millionaire, I was ill-prepared

♪I was prepared to be ill though, the skill was there

♪In the beginning, it wasn't 'bout the ends

♪It was 'bout busting raps and standing for something, fucking acronym

[As the verse moves on, we see flashes of different spots in the match, the first being the opening exchange of attempts at single leg takedowns by both Ty and Eddie...]

♪Cut the fucking act like you're happy, I'm fucking back again

♪With another anthem, why stop when it doesn't have to end?

♪It ain't over 'til I say it's over – enough when I say enough

♪Throw me to them wolves and close the gate up

♪I'm afraid of what'll happen to them wolves

♪When the thought of being thrown into an alligator pit, I salivated it

[We flash to later in the match, where Ty catches Dante with a dropkick from the second rope, and flash forward to the exchange of near falls by both men, followed by a flash to the exchange of hands and slaps by both men, followed by a flash of Ty hitting the Black Thunder, Blackout Bomb, and then Eddie catching Ty in Virtue's Vice...]

♪Weight is up, hands up like it's 12 noon, nah, homie

♪Hold them bitches straighter up, wave 'em 'til you dislocate a rotator cuff

♪Came up rough, came to ruffle feathers, nah, egos

♪I ain't deflate enough, last chance to make this whole stadium erupt cause

[As the verse comes to an end, We see the final exchange and Ty getting the Victory Roll and the fall, followed by the two men getting face to face at the end of the match.]

♪This is survival of the fittest
♪This is do or die
♪This is the winner takes it all
♪So take it all

[It then snaps to the graphic that shows "Match 2: Ryan Matthews .vs. Troy Matthews w/Saori" as we see the respective entrances again.]

♪I can see the finish line with each line that I finish
♪I'm so close to my goals I can almost pole vault over the goal post
♪And if I don't got enough in the tank, maybe I can just siphon enough
♪To fill up this last can, man will I survive in this climate or what?

[We see the opening exchange again, first Ryan pointing to Saori and her incredulous face, before showing the arm wringer by Ryan, then the reversal by Troy, which is reversed and avoided into the hurricanrana by Troy.]

♪They said I was washed up, and kinda blood-bathed
♪I'm not a rapper, I'm an adapter, I can adjust
♪Plus I can just walk up to a mic and just bust
♪So floor's open if you'd like to discuss
♪Top 5 in this motherfucker and if I don't make the cut
♪What, like I give a fuck, I'mma light this bitch up like I'm driving a truck
♪To the side of a pump, 0 to 60 hop in and gun it
♪Like G-Unit without the hyphen, I'm hyping 'em up

[We see the corner exchange where first Ryan dominates with elbow smashes, then Troy counters and works Ryan over before being caught by the powerslam on the run...]

♪And if there should ever come a time where my life's in a rut
♪And I look like I might just give up, eh might've mistook
♪Me for bowing out I ain't taking a bow, I'm stabbing myself
♪With a fucking knife in the gut, while I'm wiping my butt!

[Flash forward to Troy hitting Ryan with the baseball slide to the outside before getting shot putted into the post and the knee/elbow combo that leaves him writhing in pain.]

♪Cause I just shitted on the mic, and I like getting cut
♪I get excited at the sight of my blood, you're in a fight with a nut

[We then see Troy hitting the Trendsetter on Ryan and narrowly getting a two count, and the look of disbelief on his face afterward...]

♪Cause I'mma fight 'til I die or win
♪Biting the dust it'll just make me angrier, wait
♪Let me remind you of what got me this far, picture me quitting
♪Now draw a circle around it and put a line through it, slut
♪It's survival of what?

[As the verse ends we see Ryan jawing at Saori before getting hit with the Kendo Stick shot which lays him out, then Troy picking up the win begrudgingly before all hell breaks loose in and out of the ring...]

♪This is survival of the fittest
♪This is do or die
♪This is the winner takes it all

♪So take it all

[Last but not least we see the graphic "Match 3: Sam Horry .vs. Mushigihara" as Sam and Mushigihara on a split screen make their entrances.]

♪So get your ideas, stack your ammo
♪But don't come unless you come to battle, I'm mad now jump in the saddle
♪This is it, it's what you eat, sleep, piss and shit
♪Live, breathe, your whole existence just consists of this
♪Refuse to quit, fuse is lit, can't diffuse the wick
♪I don't do this music shit, I lose my shit

[We see Horry drill the referee, followed by the flurry, ended by Mushigihara hitting the palm strike and STO and legdrop.]

♪Ain't got shit to lose, it's the moment of truth
♪It's all I know how to do, as soon as I get thrown in the booth, I spit
♪But my respect is overdue, I'm showing you the flow no one do
♪Cause I don't own no diploma for school, I quit!

[We hear the bell after seeing some extracurricular from both Sam and Mushigihara, followed by the barrage first by Sam of kicks and elbows, then palm strikes by Mushigihara. This was all punctuated by the exchange of throws, first by Mushi, second by Sam.]

♪So there's nothing for me to fall back on, I know no other trades
♪So you better trade your fucking mics in for some tool-box-es
♪Cause you'll never take my pride from me
♪It'll have to be pried from me, so pull out your pliers and your screwdrivers
♪But I want you to doubt me, I don't want you to bel
♪Cause this is something that I must use to succeed
♪And if you don't like me then fuck you!

[We then see where the second official got accidentally taken out by Mushigihara, followed by the thunderous combo of palm strikes by the big man, then the third official comes in and surveys the scene...]

♪Self esteem must be fucking shooting through-the-roof cause trust me
♪My skin is too thick and bullet proof to touch me
♪I can see why the fuck I disgust you
♪I must be allergic to failure cause every time I come close to it
♪I just sneeze, but I just go atchoo then achieve!

[And we see the ref promptly call for the bell before Mushigihara chucks Sam from the ring onto his two HNB compatriots, leaving the last image prior to the end graphic as the Philosopher Kings standing tall in the ring...]

♪This is survival of the fittest
♪This is do or die
♪This is the winner takes it all
♪So take it all

[As the graphic fades out we see a vintage shot of both trios, champions on the left, challengers on the right with the words "For the DEFIANCE Trios Titles" across the top of the screen and "The Philosopher Kings (c) versus Hookers and Blow" across the bottom.]

Angus:

I'm betting I know who paid for that...

DDK:

Eric Dane?

Angus:

No Keeps, Hookers and Blow. I swear Ty needs to get away from those two self-serving pricks he's teaming with before they infect him with their suckery.

DDK:

Just because they're not Team Danger doesn't mean they can't be Trios champions...

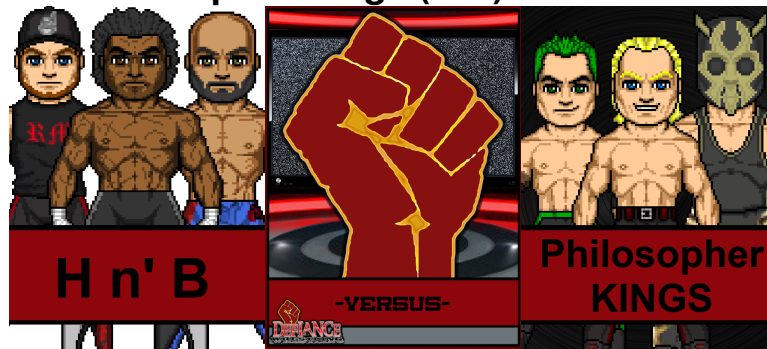
Angus:

If the current champs have something to say about it they might not.

DDK:

Let's send it up to DQ...

Hookers n' Blow vs Philosopher Kings (ccc)



[We cut to the ring where Darren “DQ” Quimbey stands center ring. The bell rings and he raises the mic...]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following contest, scheduled for one fall is, for the DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The lights in the arena drop down as the opening beats of “Stroke Me” by Mickey Avalon begin to play over the loudspeakers in the arena. Suddenly from the side of the entrance way, a black 1968 Cadillac Deville convertible with white leather interior enters the arena through the curtain. The cherry condition classic automobile pulls to the side of the entrance aisle and from the drivers seat steps Tyrone Walker. Out of the passenger side, hopping over the door is Sam Horry, and out of the back is the third member of the compadres loved by tus madres, Ryan Matthews.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Approaching the ring at this time, at a total combined weight of 679 pounds, Tyrone Walker, Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews. They are Hookers and Blow!

[All three members of the trio play to the crowd as Quimbey says “Hookers and Blow” getting the entire crowd to say it with him in unison.]

DDK:

One thing about these guys, at least they know how to make an entrance.

Angus:

Only reason they got out here was because Ty was driving.

DDK:

Really? You’re going to keep this up all night?

Angus:

Hey, that’s what she said...hiyo!

[After playing to the crowd around the ringside area for a bit, the trio enter the ring by various means, and make their way to a neutral corner AWAY from the entranceway as they are all checked for foreign objects by the referee. Slowly, their music fades out...]

Angus:

And here come the aforementioned champions.

DDK:

I thought you didn’t like these guys.

Angus:

Only when one of them is in the ring with Ty.

["Hand of Doom" begins to play over the loudspeakers in the arena as Eddie Dante, Troy Matthews, Saori Kazama and Mushigihara enter the arena. The three of them play to the crowd on the entrance ramp as streamers fall from the ceiling to celebrate the entrance of the champions.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Their opponents, accompanied to the ring tonight by Saori Kazama, at a total combined weight of 734 pounds. They are the current, reigning and defending DEFIANCE Trios Champions. Eddie Dante, Troy Matthews, and Mushigihara. They are THE PHILOSOPHER KINGS!

[The crowd shows their respect as the champions make their way down to the ring, Saori remaining outside while the three Kings enter and hold the titles aloft at center ring as the streamers rain down yet again around them. Finally after their moment of adulation they hand the belts to the referee and make their way to a corner across from their opposition...]

DDK:

Now the big question of the night.

Angus:

How long is it gonna take Saori to come over here and sit on my lap?

DDK:

No...who is going to start the match? We know there's no love lost between these two teams and...

[Before the bell can even be rung, or DDK can even finish his sentence, Ryan Matthews seems to break loose from both Sam Horry and Tyrone Walker and charges into enemy territory Leeroy Jenkins style, slamming into Troy Matthews with a splash before throwing hands at Eddie Dante and Mushigihara, staggering both back before turning his attention back to Troy. Mushi and Eddie descend upon Ryan but are quickly turned back by Sam and Ty respectively, each member of each trio pairing off with one of the other team and scrapping away.]

Angus:

WE GOT OURSELVES A DONNYBROOK!!!

DDK:

It's already broken loose and the bell hasn't even rung.

[Indeed, Troy and Ryan are in one corner, trading fists before Ryan gains a slight edge, tossing Troy to the outside between the top and middle ropes before going to help Sam as he goes to whip Mushi across into the corner where Ty is in the hopes of crushing Eddie against the turnbuckles.]

DDK:

This could end up very badly for Eddie Dante...

Angus:

No shit, but hey, all I gotta say is HOOKERS AND BLOW!

[Ryan and Sam whip Mushigihara across the ring hard, only to have him hit nothing as both Tyrone Walker AND Eddie Dante get out of the way at the last instant, and the big man manages to get his hands on the ropes on either side of the corner to stop himself. Sam and Ryan, somewhat taken aback for a moment, charge across the ring and are met by a huge double clothesline from the bigger man. Just as Ryan gets up and is about to rejoin the fight, Troy Matthews comes flying from nowhere and tackles him with a Lou Thesz press and begins hammering away with fists of fury.]

DDK:

The referee needs to get control of this soon!

Angus:

Like hell, LET THEM FIGHT!

[Angus inadvertently starts a crowd wide LET THEM FIGHT chant as Ryan Matthews manages to reverse his situation a bit. Meanwhile Eddie Dante and Tyrone Walker are scrapping on the outside until Ty lands a knee to Eddie's chest and sends him headfirst into the ringsteps. On the far side of the ring, Mushigihara has backed Sam Horry into the corner and he raises one of his huge meathook hands to the sky and yells to the crowd.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[The crowd responds in kind as Mushi brings his hand down across Sam's chest with a thunderous open hand chop, causing Sam to clutch at his chest for a moment and try to walk out of the corner away from the big man only to be pie-faced and sent back into the corner.]

DDK:

Mushigihara is having none of that nonsense, he's about to drop the hammer again.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[This time, however, Sam manages to drop down with a perfect chinese split, causing Mushi to slam his hand into the turnbuckle. Sam, thinking quickly, slams HIS closed fist into Mushi's nether regions, causing the big man to groan loudly, and the audience with him. Mushi stumbles backward slowly out of the corner and drop to a knee. Sam, seeing his opportunity arise, takes off running at Mushi, only to get caught off guard by Troy Matthews, who comes in from an opposite direction and springs off the downed Mushigihara's knee and catches Sam with a flying knee to the chest.]

Angus:

Is that even legal?

DDK:

Like what Sam did is?

Angus:

Self-defense Keebs.

[Troy doesn't have any time to celebrate however, as Ryan Matthews is back on him seemingly instantaneously, and the two men tumble to the outside. The referee, finally having SOME semblance of order, FINALLY gets the bell rung, making Sam and Mushigihara the legal men in the ring.]

DDK:

And there's the bell!

Angus:

Really? It only took them like half the match!

[As the last echoes of the bell ring through the Korakuen Hall, Sam and Mushi rise to their feet as the audience buzz with anticipation when the two lock eyes from across the ring.]

DDK:

Here we go, partner...

Angus:

Round Two... FIGHT!

[Sam and Mushi approach, gauging each other, until Sam fires first with a sharp kick to the side of the big mans knee. Mushi stares back, slapping the side of his leg as if to say he felt "nothing", to which Sam responds with another that gets him a big meaty paw'd slap to his chest that leaves an equally big large hand print where his hand impacted. Sam returns fire with another kick to the leg and then alternates to the body on the other side, Mushi blocks the spinning back chop and blasts Sam again with a chest caving slap to the middle of his pectorals that causes Sam to recoil ever so slightly.]

DDK:

If Mushigihara hits him any harder...

Angus:

We're going to know exactly what Ty's cousin is made of.

[Sam returns fire again with a kick to the left leg, then the right, then the left, then to the right side of Mushi's body, a second kick to the body gets caught and Mushi sends Sam flying, up and over with a belly to belly suplex. Sam scrambles up quickly and catches Mushi rising with a knee to the body that finally seems to rock the big man, but doesn't put him down. Sam continues blasting away as Mushi struggles to get back to his feet, until Sam tries for a kill shot as he looked to kick him in the face with a soccer kick. Mushi snapped himself upright, avoiding the kick and then with a roar, unloaded a huge flurry of sumo slaps and then tossed him again with an overhead belly to belly, sending Sam into his own corner.]

Angus:

Beast Mode Engaged.

DDK:

And there's the first tag of the night.

[After Sam landed, his cousin Ty reached down and tagged himself in, but as the senior member of the match readied himself to fight the biggest man in the match, Eddie Dante called to Mushigihara and asked for the tag. Obliging, Dante smirked at Walker and then entered the fight, looking for another chance at the Black Jesus.]

Angus:

Team Danger!

DDK:

Where?

Angus:

In the ring, fool!

[Ty looks out to Angus, bumping his fist against his chest in acknowledgement. Walker and Dante don't waste time with the feeling out process, simply opting to rush towards the other, getting chest to chest, nose to nose, and jawing up a storm. Before long they're shoving each other and before you know it, they're swinging away with some good ol' fashion fisticuffs.]

Angus:

DONNY...

DDK:

BROOK!!

Angus:

Heh, good call dude...

DDK:

I try.

Angus:

And fail...

DDK:

And the moment is over.

[Swinging away, Ty fires a haymaker that Dante ducks before running himself off of the ropes. On the rebound, he slams into Walker with a shoulder block, but Ty doesn't budge. Dante challenges Walker, to which Walker responds by coming off the ropes with one of his own, getting the same result. Dante shoots himself off the ropes and collides with Walker's chest with a clothesline, again, Walker doesn't budge and then responds with one of his own, also with Dante not backing up even a little bit.]

DDK:

These guys are running into each other with the force of a trainwreck.

Angus:

Frank Holiday's in this match? Where?

DDK:

Not that kind of trainwreck. It's a figure of... nevermind.

[Ty and Dante hurl a few more jabs verbally, then Ty shoots himself off the ropes and hits Dante with a running front kick to the head, that does knock him back a step or two. Dante looks back to Walker, who taunts and challenges him to give it his best shot. Shooting the ropes, Dante comes charging in only for Walker to step forward and try to back body drop him, but Dante manages to twist in mid air as he uses Ty's shoulders to help turn himself around before landing on his feet. Dante grabs a waistlock and tries for a German suplex, but Ty manages to flip out of it as Dante went to throw him.]

DDK:

Good heads up thinking by these two vets, finding ways to escape danger.

Angus:

The only danger Ty escapes is fat chicks and the po'leece.

DDK:

Because he's the one causing the danger?

Angus:

See, you get it!

[Scrambling, Dante avoided a shotgun dropkick and then missed with an elbow drop as Ty rolled out of the way. Scrambling some more, Dante is up first and shooting the ropes, but Ty drops back down quickly, avoiding Dante who hops over him. Ty sends himself bounding off the ropes and the two collide in the center of the ring as they clothesline each other.]

DDK:

Certainly didn't avoid that danger.

Angus:

SHUTUPYOU!

[With both laid out on the mat, their respective corners cheer them on, desperately looking for the tag. After a few

moments of looking up at the lights, both Dante and Walker begin to stir and then dig, scratch and crawl their ways back to their awaiting teammates.]

DDK:

Walker and Dante! Both making their way to their corners! Who's gonna get there first?

Angus:

Blackimus Prime will, how dare you suggest otherwise Keebs!

[Indeed Tyrone Walker makes the tag out to Ryan Matthews, who immediately rushes into the ring and across it only to be caught with a missile dropkick from Troy Matthews, whom was tagged in by Eddie Dante only seconds after the previous tag.]

DDK:

What a missile dropkick there by Troy! He caught Ryan coming in with two boots to the mush!

Angus:

And it looks like THESE two are picking up where they left off last week at craft services!

[Troy immediately jumps on Ryan and begins pounding away with fists before picking him up and shoving him back to the corner. He lands a series of stiff kicks and punches before going to whip Ryan out of the corner...only to be stopped dead in his tracks.]

Angus:

Oh no, I think the bigger man of the two is slightly...how do I say? Pissed off.

[Troy tries again, and immediately a bloodthirsty grin crosses Ryan's face as he yanks Troy back to the corner and nearly takes his head off with a short arm clothesline. Ryan then presses the advantage by first dropping to a knee, with his calf across the throat of Troy, cutting off his air, as he turns his attention to Saori, who is ringside. This time, what he says to her is clearly caught by the nearest camera.]

Ryan:

You see this? This is YOUR fault! What's about to happen to him, is on you.

[Using the traditional 5 count to his advantage, Ryan stands up at 4, but then immediately takes a step toward the referee, but not before driving the heel of his wrestling boot directly into Troy's solar plexus, knocking the smaller man's wind right out of him.]

DDK:

This might get ugly quickly.

Angus:

Doesn't it always?

[Ryan quickly grabs Troy by the back of his head before shoving him into the corner and tilting his head back and yelling at him.]

Ryan:

The pain hasn't even begun DAVE!

[With that, Matthews unleashes a thunderous knife edge chop that reverberates through Korakuen Hall...]

CCCCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKKK!!!

[The effect of which seems to be Troy Matthews entire sternum area bending inward, then popping back outward a

millisecond later. The sound even causes the usually unimpressed Angus Skaaland to say...]

Angus:

Damn, he's gonna feel that one for the next three years.

DDK:

Part of me is starting to wonder if Ryan Matthews doesn't really care about winning the Trios titles as much as he cares about hurting Troy Matthews.

Angus:

And part of me thinks that you think too much. Besides, if that was his goal, I think my main man Ty would know about it.

[Ryan Matthews rears back with a huge right hand at that moment only to have Troy charge out of the corner and catch him on the chin with a headbutt.]

DDK:

Troy fighting back out of desperation here!

[Troy Matthews goes to make a break from the corner but is caught by the hair by Ryan Matthews, in response he spins back toward the larger man and catches him with a jumping roundhouse to Ryan's exposed rib cage. The larger man lets go of Troy's hair and immediately Troy goes on the offensive again, this time snapping Ryan over with a snapmare followed by a dropkick to the back of his head.]

Angus:

This little man is about to...

DDK:

Pick up the pace.

Angus:

Do NOT ever try to finish my sentences again.

[Troy leaps up to the corner and uses the top rope to perform a split-legged moonsault onto Ryan's prone form and immediately hooks the near leg.]

DDK:

COVER!

1...2....THR-NO!

[The larger of the two men puts his foot on the bottom rope, causing the referee to call for a break.]

DDK:

Troy Matthews almost had the fall there!

Angus:

I'm starting to like this Ryan Matthews cat a bit more now. Smart move there, minimum effort, maximum result.

DDK:

Sort of like your broadcasting career, only minimum result too?

Angus:

You're treading a thin line, Keebs, don't make me have to teach you a lesson the hard way.

[Back in the ring, Troy Matthews has again picked up the pace, first picking the larger man up before kicking him in the knee, following that up with coming off the ropes with a snapping spinning neckbreaker. A quick cover follows...]

1! 2! KICKOUT!

[This time, Ryan responds by throwing an arm out of the situation, Troy responds by getting to his feet and firing off a series of soccer style kicks. He waits for a moment as Ryan starts to clamber to his feet before rocketing himself off the far side ropes.]

DDK:

Troy may be trying to end this now!

[Indeed, Troy launches himself skyward for the Trendsetter off of Ryan's knee but he is caught in mid-air and the larger man slams Troy powerbomb-style on the mat at center ring. Ryan then goes for the cover of his own.]

1...2...THR...NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

He's got balls DDK, he may not be the brightest bulb, but he's got some balls.

[Almost in disbelief, Ryan is a little slow to recover and before he can, Troy is past him and diving for the outstretched hand in the corner...]

DDK:

THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET INTERESTING!

[As Troy is about to make the tag, however, Ryan grabs his leg and yanks him back to the center of the ring, mere inches from the outstretched hand of Mushigihara. Ryan immediately grapevines Troy's leg with his own and then stomps down on the back of Troy's knee, causing him to writhe in pain on the mat. Ryan then grabs Troy and drags him to his corner. He looks over at Mushi and Eddie in the corner and gives the same bloodthirsty smile while shaking his head before reaching for the tag to Walker.]

Angus:

Or not Keebs! Hell of a save by Ryan Matthews there, keeping Troy out of the corner and making him work to stay in the match.

[Tagging in, Walker is quick to follow up on Troy, dropping a repetition of elbows across his back. Getting up, Ty brings Troy up with him and calls for Ryan before he exits the ring. Hooking him up, they hit a combo of an atomic drop by Matthews followed by an inverted atomic drop by Walker before hooking Troy and snapping him over with a tandem snap suplex. Ryan looks to and without a word, Ty goes to the apron while Ryan holds Troy down as he exposes his leg for Walker, who slings himself over the top rope and down on Troy's leg with a senton dive. The referee gets in between Ryan and Troy, forcing Ryan out of the ring.]

DDK:

Is it possible that Ty Walker wouldn't be able to have tag team chemistry with anyone in the sport?

Angus:

Absolutely not. Ty Walker could carry anyone to a tag team title anywhere in the world.

[Hearing Angus, Ty shoots him a toothy grin as he points to his boy. Tagging in his cousin, Sam joins Ty in another round of double team mania, all the while, Dante and Mushigihara complain to the ref. Ty holds Troy in the corner for a moment as Sam enters the ring the two then quickly light Troy's chest up with a double knife edge chop in the corner, causing both to yell WOOOOO! Sam, not wanting to waste time picks Troy up into the corner again and commences to pummel him with a series of right and left hands, followed by a series of kicks to Troy's midsection that the crowd counts along with as they connect. Ty manages to take a moment of the referee's time as he exits the ring slowly.]

DDK:

Hookers and Blow working like a well oiled machine here! They've cut the ring off and Mushigihara and Eddie Dante, as much as they want to do something, are helpless.

Angus:

This is almost Team Danger-esque...almost but not quite. Ty and Greer would already have been at the afterparty by now.

DDK:

Not to say that Ty's new trios team is chopped liver or anything...

Angus:

More like ground beef.

[Sam reaches out to tag his long-time tag team partner, Ryan Matthews, back into the match and the crowd reacts to this pairing that they've seen before much the way they would react to Team Danger...]

"CHEEEEEAP HEEEEEEAT!"

[Sam snapmares Troy out of the corner and as Troy sits up he kicks him in between his shoulder blades, causing Troy to arch up slightly before Ryan Matthews comes out of the corner and snaps over Troy in a style reminiscent of Curt Hennig with a rolling neck snap on Troy, who flops back to the mat only to be hit by a Powerdrive Elbow from Sam.]

DDK:

Excellent teamwork there and...

1! 2! KICKOUT!

[Ryan moves over and picks Troy up and together he and Sam push Troy to the nearside ropes and shoot him off, but their plans go awry when Troy narrowly avoids the double superkick Sam and Ryan set up for him, and comes flying off the near side rope with a double clothesline that takes both men off their feet.]

DDK:

Troy has got to make the tag here! What a move to counter the attempted double team though!

[The referee makes his way over to Sam and helps him slowly roll out of the ring as Troy begins his crawl to his corner. After a few moments Ryan stirs and senses what's about to happen, the normally stoic crowd getting amped up at the prospect of seeing Mushigihara get back into the match. Ryan manages to grab Troy's leg again, but this time Troy turns into it, hopping on one foot before catching Ryan with an enzuigiri to the head. He stumbles for a moment and leaps and makes the tag to Mushigihara, causing the crowd to erupt.]

Angus:

Oh hell, this is NOT good...

[Indeed, the big man gets in the ring with bad intentions, as Ty and Sam both rush across the ring to meet him, only to have the big man blow through both of them. Sam gets back up first, only to meet a meat hook to the top of the head, and Ty gets the same treatment moments later.]

DDK:

The big man on fire here! The tide is turning...

[Indeed Mushigihara launches Ty over the top rope, but Blackimus Prime lands on the apron like a cat...]

Angus:

That's what I'm talkin' bout! Get em Ty!

[...only to almost be cut in half by an onrushing Eddie Dante, who dives between the top and middle rope and spears Ty to the floor. Both men are slow to get up as Sam steps back in against Mushigihara and trades with him for a moment, finally being overpowered by the larger man. Mushi pushes Sam against the far ropes and whips him to the near but rather than rebounding off the ropes into a brick wall, Sam shows off his athletic prowess by performing a round off then a moonsault over the top rope to the outside, coming down more to the side of Eddie Dante than Tyrone Walker as both men were attempting to regain their feet.]

DDK:

WOW! Did you see that?!

Angus:

Of course I did, I'm watching the same thing you are Keeps.

[Not to be outdone, Troy Matthews is up on the apron near his corner, and as he watches the three men on the outside getting back up, he runs across the apron, around the corner, and leaps to the top rope before springing backward with a twisting moonsault of his own into the pile at ringside.]

DDK:

This match is starting to resemble a car crash! Eddie Dante, Troy Matthews, Sam Horry and Tyrone Walker are all down outside!

Angus:

Don't look now but it looks like Ryan Matthews is about to join them!

[Center ring, Ryan Matthews has regained his feet and charged at Mushigihara, the two largest men in the match trade blows for a moment before Mushigihara clubs Ryan over the head with his fist, then picks him up and presses him overhead in an impressive display of strength. The camera picks up something from Ryan that high up.]

Ryan:

YO SAM! TY!

[Sam Horry and Tyrone Walker look up, somewhat wide-eyed.]

Ryan:

CATCH MEEEEEEEE!!!!

[As he yells that, Mushigihara tosses Ryan Matthews out of the ring, over the top rope and into the pile, causing everybody outside to tumble to the floor. Suddenly Mushi is the only one standing in the ring, alone, and the crowd begins to stomp on the floor of the Hall causing the entire place to reverberate with the energy, and Mushigihara feels it.]

Angus:

What the hell are they doing?

DDK:

More importantly, what the hell is HE doing?

[The crowd begins to chant...]

"OH-ESS-YOU!" "OH-ESS-YOU!" "OH-ESS-YOU!"

[Mushigihara pauses mid-ring and he suddenly begins shaking both fists to the beat of the chant and foot stomps. After a couple moments he looks around at the gathered crowd, then at the rest of the competitors outside...]

DDK:

He wouldn't...

Angus:

Um....

[Suddenly Mushi throws his head back and howls.]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!"

[With that, he runs to the near side ropes, then the far, and back to the near...]

DDK:

He's not going to...

Angus:

HELL YES HE IS! AIR MUSHI!

[Just before he reaches the near ropes, Mushigihara, all 300 plus pounds of him, launches HIGH over the top rope to the outside and crashes onto the entire pile outside, the crowd cheers in amazement at the athletic feat they just saw.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, NOW I have officially seen everything!

Angus:

Holy hell Keebs! He took out EVERYBODY!

[The scene outside resembles a 10 car pile up, bodies strewn everywhere in all sorts of disarray. The first one back to his feet is Tyrone Walker, who seems to have gotten the least of the barrage of dives, and he waits in the ring, only to have Eddie Dante be the next one in the ring. Dante approaches, only to end up being sent skyward...]

Angus:

BLACKOUT BOMBAH!

[As Ty goes for the pin, he's immediately engulfed by the huge form of Mushigihara, who picks Ty up by the throat before striking him in the throat with his thumb Asian Spike style.]

DDK:

KINBOSHI!

Angus:

Gesundheit!

[Before Mushi can make the pin or roll Dante over, Sam enters the ring and lashes the back of the big man's legs with a series of hard roundhouse kicks, dropping Mushi to a knee. Sam steps back, runs at the big man and springs off his knee, slamming a roundhouse kick into the back of Mushi's head as he descends, knocking the big man for a loop.]

Angus:

METEOR HAMMAAAAH!

[Not to be outdone, Troy Matthews snakes into the ring and catches Sam unawares and hits the Trendsetter. He plays to the crowd for a moment before getting a boot to the gut by Ryan Matthews, who grabs his wrist and pulls his arm straight before throwing a leg over and rolling through into an omoplata on the ground, causing Troy to scream in agony as he sits up over the move and cranks on the trapped arm.]

DDK:

Trendsetter by Troy only to be told YOUR MOVE NOW, BITCH! by Ryan Matthews!

Angus:

Oh man, you know what they say Keebs, don't look now but HELL HATH NO FURY!

[Indeed, Saori is in the ring, Shinai in hand, and she has it upraised, not realizing Ryan saw her enter the ring, she charges, intent on delivering a knockout blow before Ryan rolls back away and pulls Troy into the path of the oncoming swing...]

CCCCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKKKKKK!!!!!!

DDK:

Saori just hit Troy Matthews with a Kendo stick shot from hell!

Angus:

Wow, that backfired worse than a beat up Pinto.

DDK:

And now look at her! She's distraught!

[After Ryan releases the now dead weight of Troy, Saori slumps to her knees, she begins sobbing at the side of Troy before she realized that Ryan is right behind her, a look of murder in his eyes. She turns and the look of fear that crosses her face is priceless.]

DDK:

He wouldn't...

Angus:

Oh yes he would. Remember what I said about deserving it Keebs? I think Ryan now believes that Saori deserves it. And I'm inclined to agree...

[Saori struggles, clawing at the hand that is now wrapped in her hair. But rather than lay a fist on her, Ryan Matthews points to the side of the ring where Eddie Dante and Mushigihara are standing on the apron, shaking out the cobwebs. Ryan Matthews then runs with Saori and launches her over the top rope into the waiting arms of Dante and Mushi, taking all three off the apron.]

Angus:

YES! HOOKERS AND BLOW!

[Sam Horry and Tyrone Walker now re-enter the ring, and the three members of Hookers and Blow circle the now slowly stirring Troy Matthews, obviously setting him up for something huge.]

DDK:

Troy Matthews is a guppy alone in an ocean of sharks right now.

Angus:

Blood in the water Keebs, the end is near...

[Troy stumbles to his feet, right into Tyrone Walker, who catches him, straightens him up, then slaps him in the face quickly to wake him up before catching him with a Codebreaker, causing Troy to snap back and stumble backward into a footsweep by Ryan Matthews at the same time as Sam Horrey connects with a spinning heel kick to Troy's face, flipping him over and folding him in half...Tyrone Walker rushes in and hooks the leg...]

DDK:

That was almost as complicated as a Rube Goldberg Machine!

Angus:

That's a perfect name for it Keebs! The RUBE GOLDBERG MACHINE! COVER!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!

THHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEE!!

DING DING DING

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen your winners of the match...AND NNNNNNEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWW DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! TYRONE WALKER... RYAN MATTHEWS... and SAM HORRY.... HOOKERS.... ANNNNNNNNNND... BLOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!

Angus:

THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! WHOOO!! TYRONE WALKER IS DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPION!! AND HOOKERS AND BLOW TOO!!

DDK:

What else can be said, partner, Walker, Matthews and Horry from day one said their reason for coming to DEFIANCE was to win the Trios Championship... And by god, they sure as hell went out there and made it happen.

[The referee approaches the new champions with their hard fought prizes, the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Title belts, to which they descend upon him like a pack of starving wolves, stripping him of their titles like they were bloody strips of meat off of a buffalos carcass.]

[Cue up the music.]

[Stroke Me. The Mickey Avalon Edition.]

♪ Stroke me, stroke me (how to stroke me) ♪

♪ It's as easy as 1-2-3 ♪

♪ Stroke me, stroke me (how to stroke me) ♪

♪ I'll touch you if you touch me ♪

[Meanwhile the Philosopher Kings head away while the new champs celebrate their victory. Sam, Ry and Ty all take the ropes, each holding their respective title belts up high and proud as they bob their heads with the beat of their walk out music.]

Angus:

This is the greatest day of my life, Keebs!

DDK:

I thought Cancer winning the World title...

Angus:

Okay AFTER that...

DDK:

But what about that time when Team Danger...

Angus:

HEY! Don't ruin my high with your histrionics! Everything is AWESOME right now!

DDK:

Fair enough, partner... And after the shenanigans you've been through on this tour, you earned it.

Angus: [leaning over to hug Keebs]

Awww, thanks Keebs!

DDK: [sighs]

.....

Preparation: Final

[Backstage, back in Dan Ryan's dressing room.] [Ryan stands over the cart of broken glass and finishes wrapping his left hand after carefully wrapping his right. Python remains, but is now standing near the cart as well looking down at the glass.] **Python:** You don't have to maim him to win, you know. That's what he wants. He wants you to lose your cool. [Ryan dips his right hand into the liquid adhesive, then the left, before digging both into the broken glass simultaneously.] **Python:** Just go in there, do what you need to do to win, then get out. That's all you need to do to prove your point. You're the champion. You don't have to stoop to his level. [Ryan turns his head to look at Python, then smiles, relaxing the tension in his face a bit.] **Ryan:** You know..... you know, you're right. I'm a professional wrestler. This is still sport, right? **Python:** Exactly. That's what I've been saying. You're still.... **Ryan:** [with a smile] It's still a sport and I'm a tremendously talented athlete. You know what? I was just thinking, I really need to give myself a minute to focus here before I go out to the ring. Could you do me a favor and give me some space for a bit? **Python:** Uh... yeah. Yeah sure, no problem. *[Python pats Ryan on the shoulder.]* I'll go find a safe place to watch... *[Python holds up a finger]* Just remember what we talked about. [Ryan's smile widens.] **Ryan:** Don't worry. I will. [Python turns and walks to the door, gives Ryan a little knowing nod, and leaves. Ryan's smile is gone the moment the door clicks. He pulls his hands, now covered in broken glass, up, turns rapidly and, faster than most would expect from a man his size, leans into a hellacious punch to the first locker in a row of them and watches the metal door crumple into a heap --- THEN --- another --- and another --- until the entire row of lockers is little more than a pile of jagged metal falling off of the wall.] [Ryan sneers, looking at his handiwork and holds a fist up, blood soaking through from underneath the wrapping on his hand. He holds up the other and sees the same coat of red forming over his fist and smiles again, unpleasantly.] **Ryan:** I... will. [Cut to outside the dressing room as Python starts down the hall. Just then the loud pounding sound of angry fist on metal goes off like a bomb -- like multiple bombs -- stopping him in his tracks. He turns back to the door, concerned.]

The Wargod Puts On His Armor

Angus:

He's gonna kill him. **DDK:**

He very well has the ability. **Angus:**

What's next? MATCHTIEM? **DDK:** I believe we're going backstage to the locker room of Bronson Box. **Angus:** Ah, fer fuck's sake. [The same little Japanese men and their cart from earlier with Dan Ryan are there, Boxers hands are already finishing up getting taped up to mid forearm. He's dressed in a pair of black trunks tonight, Bronson Box's big match gear.] **Bronson Box:** Make 'em tight, Spud. [Surrounding the Wargod are a few of his cohorts.] **Spud**

Collins: You got it, Boxer. [Helping Box with his fists we see the man we've come to know as Spud Collins, the UK journeyman that first trained Bronson. Lurking in the background we see Frank Dylan James looking morose as we've ever seen The Mastodon. And just over Bronson's shoulder the bearded face of his tag team and business partner "The Sophisticate" Edward White.] [Ed is in mid rant when we the feed cuts in.] **Edward White:** ... the obvious slight

of sending that trollop Evans aside, he's just puffing out his chest. Eric knows you're a commodity he can't afford to lose. Big roster, shallow talent pool if you know what I mean. Your brand hasn't been more important to this company, Bronson. Tonight you're only going to highlight that fact. The company spent a fortune getting that emotionally disturbed monster Ryan on the roster, now they're burning cash to shove that no account hack Dusty Griffith down all our throats. It's disgusting is what it is. [Bronson responds without turning around, his eyes on the two traditional dressed Japanese gentlemen preparing the glue and the shards of broken glass.] **Bronson Box:** Yes, well. That no

account hack is wrestling AFTER me for the World bloody title if you haven't noticed the card, Ed. Whilst I'm about to go risk life and limb with said limbs dipped in a livin' hell of glass and sharp stones. Tell me, what's wrong with this picture then? [Ed reassures Boxer with a squeeze of the shoulder.] **Edward:** You just go out there tonight and show the faithful, the boys and Eric Dane exactly what Dan Ryan is made of, my friend. The rest of our just rewards come with time and patience. **Bronson:** [snapping a bit] Yes well my bloody patience is wearin' pretty damned THIN, lad.

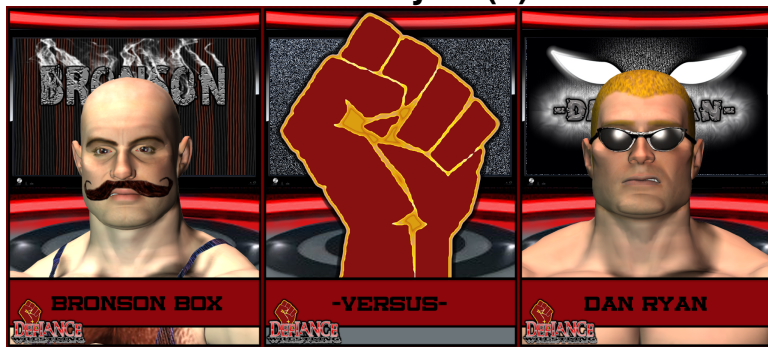
[An awkward silence hangs over the room for a moment, all we hear is the soft crunch of broken glass. Ed just pats Bronson again on the shoulder as the men spread the adhesive up and down Boxer's hands.] **Edward:** I know, Bronson. I know. That's life inside one of Eric Dane's damnable machines. You pass test after test, you endure slight after slight. You accept the fact he's going to preside over his gladiatorial arena like some sort of demented modern day Cesar. You're his star attraction whether he likes it or not, my friend... let him bring on all comers from all corners, I say! You showed them with Boston Bancroft and the WfWA World title, you'll show him tonight with Dan Ryan and the FIST! [Bronson steps up to the little cart and dips his glue soaked fists into the bowl of glass and small sharp stones. Over and over he aggressively digs his hands into the cacophony of razor-like bits and pieces.] **Bronson:** And after

him it'll probably be Dusty Griffith... [he raises his fists, caked with sharp edges, up to eye level] it'll always be someone. We're like rats in a maze to that bloody man. [Bronson finally turns around and faces Ed with a cruel smile spreading under his trademark handlebar mustache.] **Bronson:** What'd you say to that, Ed? What do we do to stand out from the pack and take our rightful place at the top of the bloody card, eh? **White:** Make enough noise to raze the maze walls down to the ground, my friend. [Bronson again raises his fists to eye level in a traditional boxing stance.]

Bronson: That... or kill all the other bloody rats. I'm going to nail pieces of Dan Ryan's bloody SKIN to Eric Dane and Dusty Griffith's blasted doors tonight, boy'o. That big stupid beast is so touched in the head, so wrapped up in his stewing emotions and fractured psyche, so utterly consumed by his own pure unbridled EGO that he thinks he's just going to WALK through THE WARGOD?! OH I'LL YELL, I'LL BLEEDIN' SCREAM! [Bronson turns towards the camera, his tiny pinprick sized pupils make his eyes look wild and unfocused.] **Bronson:** Talkin's done, lad. You're live on bloody pay per view with the sickest bastard this sport has EVER PRODUCED... [through gritted teeth] you bloody heard me, sickest. Bastard. EVER. You've been doin' it longer? Well I've been doin' it better, with more gusto, more showmanship... [snort, head shake] MORE BLOODY BOLLOCKS, YE' WEE' PONCE! I haven't been second guessin' myself at every turn wafflin' around the locker room like some sort of lonely depressed teenager lookin' for a shoulder to cry on! This company is my wife, these men followin' me are my bloody children... Come what may

Danny boy, win or lose. [Pausing for a beat.] **Bronson:** You're in for the longest night of your illustrious bloody career, superstar. [On that note we fade back to Darren and Angus at ringside.] **Angus:** Jesus. **DDK:** Something tells me we have a true blue bloodbath coming our way here in a few minutes, Angus. **Angus:** No shit, sherlock.

Bronson Box vs Dan Ryan (c)



[The arena is bathed in a flickering sepia brown as the Defiance big screen flickers to life.] **Angus:** Oh shit, here we go. **Quimbey:** Now making his way to the ring! Hailing from the Highlands of Scotland... [Cut in on a sepia-toned film reel of two men in black trunks, jerkily throwing one another around in the ring. The moves weren't flashy, they were just effective. A music box began to tinkle, slowly playing the familiar tune to "The Entertainer" by turn of the century musician Scott Joplin.] **Quimbey:** Weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty eight pounds! He is a former Defiance World Heavyweight champion, he is a former FIST of DEFIANCE... [The ragtime piano stops cold.] **Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen, he is the self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of sports and entertainment"... THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THIS IS... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOX! [The live camera cuts to the stage where Bronson stands ready for war. He's dressed in plain black trunks, no singlet. He's sporting the team DEF black and red colors on his ring robe tonight, the DEFIANCE logo emblazoned on the back. Hood up, he shadow boxes a minute with his taped and glass emblazoned fists before starting down the ramp.] **DDK:** Bronson looks to be in rare form tonight. **Angus:** He knew he had to be extra jacked tonight because Ryan is always pure diesel. Box has to bring it extra spicy if he plans on walking out with the FIST. ♪You can run on for a long time...♪ [Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Bombastic One, as we quick cut to a few short clips of Bronson performing some of his brutal signature maneuvers on various opponents. Most notably Stephen Greer, Boston Bancroft, Tyrone Walker, Jimmy Kort and Eugene Dewey. We catch a quick glance of Box nose to nose with Eric Dane as well.] ♪Run on for a long time...♪ **Angus:** I fear respect both of these guys, Darren but goddamn did you see what Dan Ryan did to those lockers? I'm not 100% liking Bronson's chances here. [The next series of clips is of the tragic night that Bronson turned on his tag team partner Evan Hurley, sending his former friend back first into the exposed turnbuckle with a viscous BOMBASTO Bomb. A metal on metal CLANG added for extra effect. The camera cuts to Bronson making his way down the ramp, eyes forward. Hype focused on the ring.] ♪Run on for a long time...♪ [Next we're witness to a series of Box applying The Boston Massacre on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. We catch glimpses of Heidi Christenson, Edward White, Christian Light, Tom Sawyer, even Dan Ryan himself and several other DEFIANCE superstars all screaming in pain at The Wargod's hands. On his way up the ringsteps Bronson sheds his robe and tosses it to a ring attendant.] ♪Run on for a long time...♪ **DDK:** Nobody on the DEF roster has the ability to switch it on like Bronson Box in a big match situation though, Angus. [Finally a grainy sepia clip from the first ladder war where Bronson unified the vacant Defiance Crown with the WfWA World title to become the first official DEFIANCE World Heavyweight champion. A bloody battered Boxer reaching down and snatching one belt from Boston Bancroft and adding it to his own... lifting both championships over his head in triumph. His greatest opponent a bloody heap at his feet. Back live, Box is center ring opening and closing his fists shifting his weight back and forth as he silently focuses on the entrance curtain waiting... watching.] ♪Sooner or later, God'll cut you down.♪ **DDK:** Folks, Box looks as focused as we've ever seen him. **Angus:** This ring is about to become the goddamn mouth of madness, Keebs. [Slowly, electric guitar reverb comes over the speakers, settling on a hard low G chord and holds. The lights go out immediately. A drum rhythm starts up, every fourth beat a hard loud crashing drumbeat. The screen flickers to life, a different scene filling each four beat section of the rhythm. Dan Ryan drills Castor Strife in the face with a pair of brass knuckles during an NFW event. Darkness. Dan Ryan needlessly grabs EMWA announcer Wendy Wylde at ringside and spikes her neck first through a table. Darkness. Dan Ryan has Marcus Westcott in a fujiwara armbar during an A1E event and pulls back, visibly pulling his arm out of socket and breaking his forearm. Darkness. Dan Ryan backstage during a GXW event taking Frankie Scott by the back of his head and flinging him hard THROUGH the exit door out into the rain where he falls in a heap and lies unconscious. Darkness. Dan Ryan is brawling with Mark Windham for the CSWA World Championship among spectators on the second level of the Key Arena in Seattle. He sneers, hooks Windham and tosses him over the railing into a sea of fans below. Darkness once more as the rhythm stops. Silently and finally, the screen comes on and in a clearly mocking sepia tone, shows an old newsreel

set of footage of Dan Ryan spiking Virginia Quell on her neck before going pitch black. Then... Light comes on around Dan Ryan on the stage, silence, then the drumbeat starts up again and Ryan thunderously claps his hands together in time to the drumbeats, bits of glass flying from his hands, his gaze intense upon Bronson Box in the ring. Slowly but surely, the Tokyo crowd starts to clasp along, low at first, growing slowly.... until the entire building is clapping the same rhythm... everyone but the challenger in the ring. Ryan stops clapping but keeps egging the crowd on as the noise grows louder and louder... and louder.] ♪GOD IS EMPTY JUST LIKE ME♪ [With that, the music starts, Ryan lets out a roar and starts toward the ring.] ♪My reflection, dirty mirror♪ ♪No connection to myself♪ [Ryan stops just outside the ring, wiping each boot once on the outside mat before stopping. He stalks to one corner post, tapping it with a bloodied, glass covered fist. He stalks to another doing the same.] ♪Save your prayers for when you're really gonna need 'em♪ ♪Throw out your cares and fly♪ [Ryan walks back to ringside center, cracking his neck once to each side then hopping from one foot to the other and stares holes into Bronson Box.] ♪Wanna go for a ride?♪ [Ryan stands resolute, his taped fists already stained with his own blood. His jaw is clenched so tight we can see the big veins on either side of his head throb. Box starts stomping the mat with the heel of his boot, screaming at the top of his lungs for Ryan to "come on and bring it" a request Dan quickly obliges, swinging a taped fist under the bottom rope and clipping Boxers shin. Bronson's short start is just the opening Ryan needs to slide under the bottom rope getting immediately to his feet with fists flying.] **Angus:** Oh goddamn... [Skaaland, the crowd, referee Buffalo Brian Slater, the camera guy, we all cringe in unison as Ryan lands the first blow of the match. A stiff left across the side of Bronson's head, the Wargod's blood pitter patter across the mat in a fanlike pattern. Bronson is staggered and the blows keep coming. Over and over Ryan just lays into Bronson with zero percent wrestling expertise one hundred percent beat the holy living shit out of you.] **DDK:** Dear God! Ryan with an endless series of blows right to the exposed flesh of Bronson Box! [Ryan takes the time to rake and dig the glass across Bronson's forehead causing blood to immediately just pour down the Wargod's face. Ryan relents for a moment, taking a couple steps back and surveying the damage. Box stumbles to his feet on spaghetti legs, his vision obviously impaired by the fresh warm blood dripping down into his eyes.] **DDK:** LARIAT FROM RYAN! [Box is turned inside out by the stiff running lariat from his opponent.] **DDK:** I've never seen someone take Bronson Box to task so quickly before! **Angus:** Boxer wanted the old Dan Ryan? Well here he is. [Again the bloodied Wargod struggles to his feet, his fists out in front of him in an attempt at a fighting stance. Ryan deftly maneuvers behind Boxer, wraps the Scottish grappler up and pops off a crisp release German suplex that sends Bronson sprawling across the ring. He wastes zero time, dragging Boxer to center ring and applying a crossface submission hold.] **Angus:** Oh, fuckin' goddamn! [The crowd gives an audible "ooooo" as the backs of Ryan's glass taped hands violently dig into Bronson's face. The Wargod's screams are so loud they echo off the walls of the arena, this only causing The Ego Buster to pull back harder on the maneuver. The hold lasts what seems like an eternity, Brian Slater asking several times of Boxer if he gives up. We hear an audible "NO!" from the Original DEFIANT.] [Ryan relinquishes the hold by raking his hands up across Bronson's face. Box's blood literally sprays up and across Dan's face as he gets to one knee beginning a sick series of elbows directly to the top of the Wargod's sheared dome.] **Angus:** God that's fucking brutal. **DDK:** Ryan is obviously targeting Boxer's face and head here. Taking a play right out of the Wargod's playbook. **Angus:** He's also taking full advantage of that goddamn glass, wow. [Dan drags his opponent to his feet.] **DDK:** HARD Irish whip right into the turnbuckle! [Ryan puts his weight behind the maneuver just violently launching Box into the turnbuckle. Bronson comes stumbling out of the corner right into the waiting hands of Dan Ryan.] **DDK:** Overhead belly to belly suplex from Dan Ryan! **Angus:** Has Bronson EVER gotten an ass whooping like this before? [Boxer lands hard on the back of his neck but has the wherewithal to roll under the bottom rope and fall to ringside nearest the announce table. Ryan hops to ringside in pursuit but gets stopped cold by a low blow from the Wargod.] **DDK:** Now THAT had to smart. **Angus:** Gah... sharp glass to the ball bag, fuck. [Ryan is staggered just long enough for Box to mount his first offence of the night waffling the multi time world champion with vicious lefts and rights from his gloved fists, taking the time to rake the backs of his hands over any exposed flesh he has afforded to him. It's not long before Ryan is almost as bloody a mess as Bronson.] **DDK:** The Wargod on the comeback trail, here. **Angus:** What's he doing now? [The Wargod looks wide eyed through his solid crimson mask and proceeds to dig his glass covered fingers into the stapled wound Ryan has been dealing with since being leveled by a nasty chair shot from Frank Dylan James several weeks ago. The dark sludgy blood starts pouring down Dan's neck and down his back almost immediately.] **Angus:** *hurk*... **DDK:** You going to be sick, partner? **Angus:** No... *hurp* I'm fine, honestly. [Box grabs Ryan by the wrist and violently whips the Ego Buster back first into the ringsteps, the opened up back of his head slamming off the unforgiving steel. Boxer then whips up the ring apron and goes about searching under the ring for something, pulling out a nondescript black bag tied closed with dark red ribbon. Untying the sack he tips it over and pours out its contents right in front of the announce table.] **DDK:** THUMB TACKS! THOUSANDS OF THUMB TACKS! **Angus:** Why the hell do they have to be so close with this shit?! TAKE IT IN THE RING YA' FUCKIN' NUT JOB! [Box turns

around just in time to see Ryan barreling towards him...] **Angus:** HERE COMES RYAN! [Box telegraphs his opponent ducking and...] **DDK:** HUGE BACK BODY DROP FROM BRONSON BOX! **Angus:** And there goes Ryan... [The Ego Buster lands hard directly on the sea of thumbtacks. Ryan's eyes shoot wide, screaming at the top of his lungs. Every direction he rolls there's more tacks, once on his feet we see tacks embedded in both his forearms, up his back and neck and even embedded in the open wound on the back of his head.] **Angus:** Okay, yeah I'm gunna' spew... *blorch* **DDK:** Oh God, point it the other way! Jesus! [Ryan doesn't even get a chance to brush away the excess tacks or even clear a cobweb before Box rushes in, takes both legs and hoists The Ego Buster skyward yet again.] **DDK:** SPINEBUSTER ON THE TACKS! OH MY GOD! [Boxer gets a few tacks in his arms and knees but Ryan is now a literal pincushion just covered in thumbtacks. As Dan rolls over onto his hands and knees attempting to get to his feet, Bronson takes full advantage DIGGING his glass caked fist into the open gash on the back of his victim's head. Ryan howls in pain, unable to immediately react due to still being trapped in the middle of a sea of thumbtacks.] **Angus:** Oh shit... *hurk*... **DDK:** Away from the desk Angus, away from the desk. [Box grabs Ryan by the ears and drags him back to the apron hoisting him up and unceremoniously tosses the former world champion under the bottom rope. Box follows close behind and goes for the quick pinfall victory.] 1... 2... 3... KICKOUT! **DDK:** Close call there! **Angus:** God, would you look at the canvas? It's goddamn SOAKED in blood. [Both men sit for a moment, bleeding. Boxer's earlier rush of adrenaline has obviously waned. Bronson is shocked to his feet however as Ryan sits up suddenly with a start, his eyes wide and locked directly on the Original DEFIANT.] **Angus:** Who the hell does he think he is? The Undertaker? **DDK:** Who? **Angus:** Your mom. [Box heaves himself towards Ryan dropping as many high lefts and rights as he can across Dan's dome but to little effect. Teeth clenched, veins popping, blood flowing The Ego Buster rallies to his feet letting loose a guttural warcry before barreling full speed into Boxer. Bronson does his best to block Ryan's second wind onslaught but Dan is relentless in his assault.] **Angus:** Look at Boxer's face! [The right side of the Wargod's face looks like ground beef with a huge flap of flesh hanging loose. You can barely make out either man's features for all the blood flowing down their faces. Ryan loses that extra steam quick, the brawl devolving into a sluggish trading of glass packed blows to the head and chest with Bronson taking the brunt of it.] **DDK:** Bronson is in trouble here, partner! I'm not sure how much more EITHER man can take at this point! **Angus:** Yeah, well something tells me Bronson is going to get a "second wind" here... look. [Up on the stage we see "The Mastodon" Frank Dylan James emerge, dressed in his black trunks and draped in several feet of heavy steel chain. Following close behind FDJ we spy Bronson's financial beneficiary "The Sophisticate" Edward White and Ed's ever present well paid meathead Nicky Corozzo. The Blood Diamonds in full and frightening effect.] **DDK:** You had to figure it was only a matter of time before Ed White and the goon squad showed their faces. **Angus:** Careful there Darren, Ed will buy for damn contract and have you spit polishing his shoe collection if you don't watch your mouth. **DDK:** I'm not scared of Edward White, Angus. **Angus:** Do you KNOW how many shoes that dude owns? His closet is bigger than my apartment. [Ed gives Frank a little shove and a point towards the ring. FDJ, looking like he's about to blow a gasket, just stands there at the top of the ramp and folds his arms. White grows beet red and gets right into the Mastodon's face barking orders.] **DDK:** It looks like Frank is giving his... well, for lack of a better word "owner" a little resistance here. **Angus:** He better hop to or he and his family are gunna' be living in their friggin' car. Unless Ed owns that shit too... which he might. [Done with his tirade Ed again points towards ringside. About to blow a gasket and without a better place to direct his fury The Mastodon starts towards the ring where his other "benefactor" and Dan Ryan are still trading blows bleeding all over creation and back.] **Angus:** Here comes Franky boy! [FDJ is under the rope and behind Ryan in a flash, the massive West Virginian wrapping a length of chain around Ryan's throat and using it to whip him into the corner where he proceeds to give The Ego Buster his patented Redneck Welcome... a series of stiff back elbows directed to Ryan's already busted up face. Frank ducks out of the way allowing for Bronson to slam shoulder first into Ryan's guts with the impact of a runaway freight train. Ryan doubles over and falls face first down onto the mat as even this more subdued Japanese crowd peppers the heel faction with boos.] **DDK:** Can Bronson not get the job done on his own? He's been leaning pretty hard on Ed White and his goons to finish a lot of his battles lately. Has the Wargod lost a step, partner? **Angus:** Nah, he gets the job done, that's all that matters. By any funds necessary, remember? That ain't just a slogan, that's a credo with these guys. Anything to win. I mean, that's most of DEFIANCE's credo... look at our world champ. Talk about needing backup at every friggin' turn. Kai's got a damn ARMY at his back. **DDK:** True enough. [As Frank drags Ryan to his feet by his ears The Ego Buster is still kicking, clawing, fighting.] **Angus:** Can't stop, won't stop. Ryan is a goddamn animal, man. **DDK:** So much fight still left in him, Angus but I just don't think his body can take anymore of this. [Boxer barks orders at Frank who in his state of blind rage quickly obliges, again whipping the chain around Ryan's neck holding him in place. Bronson cockily walks up to his opponent, grabbing him by the chin and screaming into his face. The Wargod peppers Ryan with a few glass packed slaps across the face for good measure before motioning to Frank. Bronson steps back and falls against the second rope, setting up his Pendulum Lariat takedown...] **DDK:**

LARIAT FROM BOXER... NO! SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK FROM RYAN! [Ryan ducks the lariat attempt and pops off a crisp superkick right under Boxer's chin. Bronson drops like a sack of oranges onto the absolutely blood soaked canvas. Dan and Frank move quickly at the same time. Ryan atop Bronson to rake a few more glass caked forearms across the open wound the Wargod now calls a face and Frank atop Ryan trying to little avail to wrest the bull-like former world champion from the man who holds his life in his hands.] **Angus:** Is Bronson's stache even on his face anymore? I'm pretty sure I see it hangin' off Dan's knuckle. [Frustrated, angry, at his wits end FDJ steps back and glares to ringside. Without saying a word Nicky Corozzo tosses a chair in to Frank from where he and Ed White have been patiently watching the proceedings. Ryan is in such a haze of blood and pain he scarcely notices Frank keying up behind him... his eyes on the open wound he himself had caused with a chair a lot like the one he's got clutched in his bearlike mits.] ***WHAM* *WHAM*... *WHAM* *WHAM* *WHAM* *WHAM* *WHAM!* DDK:** Jesus! Frank Dylan James just... **Angus:** Frank Dylan James just BEAT Dan Ryan's head into the canvas with a chair. No other way to say it man. [It takes all the force the big West Virginian can muster from his massive farm strong body. The first shot staggers Ryan, the second causes him to dismount Bronson... the rest were all just for good measure. Born from the rage that's been stewing in the guts of Frank Dylan James for months toiling under the yoke of The Blood Diamonds. Dan Ryan might not be either of the men responsible for his contractual slavery... but he's as good a substitute as any.] **Angus:** Damn man, that's one cold as honkey. [Frank drops the bloodied chair, tosses his chain to Bronson just getting to his own feet and slumps down against one of the turnbuckles. The red hot intensity has drained from his face, Frank sits despondent. His eyes look unfocused at Dan Ryan struggling up to all four. Box just glares down at Ryan and wraps the chain around his glass shard covered hand.] **DDK:** Frank Dylan James is obviously at his breaking point ladies and gentlemen. But his rage fueled attack has given the Original DEFIANT a golden opportunity here! **Angus:** What's Bronson have planned here? [Boxer wrenches Ryan up by one arm, twisting it up over his own head.] [He holds up his weaponized fist of hardened steel and broken shards of glass.] **Angus:** HEART PUNCH! [Bronson lands his patented Sacred Heart maneuver (aided with glass and steel)) immediately turning Ryan inside out, whipping him up and tossing him into the nearest unoccupied turnbuckle.] **DDK:** BOMBASTO BOMB! Good God, how much more can Ryan take! **Angus:** We'd be asking the same question of Bronson if his goddamn buddies hadn't come out here and fucked everything up via Franky boy over there. Poor bastard. [Boxer is so exhausted he doesn't even go for the cover, simply dropping to his knees allowing himself to quietly bleed for a few moments before doing anything else. His eyes unfocused he glares through the blood over at his opponent looking more like a murder victim than a former multi time World champion. All this and Ryan STILL managing to struggle up to his hands and knees.] **DDK:** Look at the fight in Dan Ryan! Good God, what's driving this man?! Stay down Dan! Stay down! **Angus:** Two on one, more backup waiting in the wings, thumbtacks buried in his fuckin' skin, giant open wound on the back of his head filled with glass, lacerations all over his body, eight or nine insane chair shots to the dome, pints of precious blood GONE... dude still wants to throw bones with Bronson fuckin' Box. I'm sold, Dan Ryan is one epic motherfucker. **DDK:** The same could be said for both of these men, Angus. **Angus:** Yeah well, I don't see Dan Ryan's private army out here blasting Box in the face with chairs and whippin' chains around his neck. **DDK:** Darn true, partner. [Boxer struggles to his feet and watches as Ryan crawls out of the corner on all fours, blood just POURING off his face and down onto the canvas. In one deft movement Bronson takes Ryan's back and latches on his signature submission maneuver.] **DDK:** BOSTON MASSACRE! BOSTON MASSACRE! [Bronson locks on the hold a little higher than normal so the glass caked backs of his hands are pressed firmly against Ryan's nose and eyes. The cameras pull in close and we pick up on Box screaming "TAP YE' BIG BASTARD, TAP DAMN YOU" as he pulls back harder and harder on the poached submission hold.] **Angus:** Look at Ryan! [The Ego Buster's eyes wide, he claws at Bronson's iron like grip trying desperately to get out of the hold. Ryan's pure fighting spirit has managed to whip the normally subdued Japanese fans into something of a frenzy. The ringside fans pound on the ringside guardrails, cheers ring up from all around the arena, chants of "RYAN RYAN RYAN" can be heard from the upper decks. Bronson is having none of that shit. He quickly transitions into a seated Full Nelson, his glass gloves digging DIRECTLY into the open gash on the back of Ryan's head.] **DDK:** NEXT LEVEL BOSTON MASSACRE! Dear God listen to those howls from Ryan! **Angus:** He's still not giving up, Keebs! [After what seems like an agonizing eternity Ryan's color goes a little pale, his eyes roll back in his head and his neck goes slightly limp against Bronson's hold. Referee Brian Slater slides in and checks on Ryan, lifting his arm up...] 1... [Ryan's arm drops.] 2... [his arm goes limp yet again] 3... [and... NO! The Ego Buster's arm shoots up in a fist of pure DEFIANCE. His eyes go wide yet AGAIN through his crimson mask as he begins to struggle against Bronson's brutal submission hold when all of a sudden...] **KER-CRACK!** [Edward White stands in ring with a scowl on his bearded face as Ryan again goes slack, FDJ's bloody chains wrapped around his bare knuckles. He spits right in Ryan's face before grabbing Slater by his referee's shirt ordering him to check yet again on Ryan's "well being"...] 1... [Ryan's arm is as limp as a noddle] 2... [no sign of life from The Ego Buster] 3... [that's all she wrote]

DING DING DING! Quimbey: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOUR "WINNER" AND NEEEEEW FIST OF DEFIANCE! BRNSOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOO... *hurk* *pffft* [Having relinquished the hold Boxer snatches the microphone from the hands of ring announcer Darren Quimbey and shoves the little man through the ropes and out of the ring. Absolutely covered head to toe in blood, his face one giant open wound Bronson paces the ring fueled at this point by leftover adrenaline and the thrill of "victory"... his brand of victory at least. Ed White presents him with the FIST of DEFIANCE strap, helping to fasten it around his waist.] **Bronson:** HOW SWEET IT IS! BOOOOOOOOOOOO! [A surprisingly loud reaction from the Japanese fans who are all at this point on their feet. He walks over what's left of Dan Ryan and leans against the camera side ropes, blood pitter pattering onto the ring apron from the huge open wound on his cheek. Ed, Frank and Nicky stand below the Wargod at ringside.] **Bronson:** How bloody sweet it is to be RIGHT... this useless lying prat thought, just like so many before him, that he could just march into this company and best the Original, the BEST... well look at your hand picked superstar now Eric! You let this unstable BEAST loose on my locker room, well I put your beast down! Virginia Quell's blood is on YOUR hands just as much as it is on this pile of garbage! This DOG! [Bronson laughs, Ed and Nicky clap, cheer and nod in agreement.] **Bronson:** I'm putting EVERY SINGLE SOUL IN THAT LOCKER ROOM ON NOTICE, BOY'O! This... [pointing behind him without a glance] is what happens when you cross The Blood Diamonds! THIS is what happens when you cross Bronson Box! Keep steppin' up, keep challenging the Original DEFIANT! I'll keep makin' examples of each and every one of ye'... [Ed and Nicky try and get Bronson attention.] **Bronson:** Hush lads, I'm far from done! This company is MINE you... see... [FDJ smiles quietly to himself as the fans rise up in one voice and cheer louder than we've heard them this entire tour. This of course gets Bronson's attention. The new FIST of DEFIANCE slowly turns around and gets a face first introduction to a steel chair.] **Angus:** HE'S ALIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE! [After leveling Bronson Dan Ryan heaves the chair with all his might between the middle and second ropes catching Ed White right in the goddamn throat, The Socialite dropping to his knees coughing desperately to catch his breath. With no wasted motion, Ryan turns and hoists the new champ up onto his shoulders...] **Angus:** HOLY SHIT! **DDK:** HEADLINER! HEADLINER ON BRONSON BOX! [Bronson crumples to the mat like a napkin.] [Ryan stands resolute over Bronson for a moment, spitting down at Boxer's bloody visage. Without any preening, no acknowledgment of the fans The Ego Buster rolls through the ropes and starts up the ramp just as Nicky Corozzo and a (slightly) recovered Ed White scamper into the ring to check on Bronson.] **DDK:** The fact that man is leaving on his own two feet is a testament to just how much intestinal fortitude Dan Ryan truly has! [Medics swarm from backstage, one group heading directly for the ring to tend to Boxer. The others try desperately to assist Ryan but to little avail. The Ego Buster shoves past the EMT's and makes a beeline directly for the backstage area.] **DDK:** No medical attention, is he out of his mind? **Angus:** Did you see what he did to his locker room earlier? Dude has some SERIOUS demons. **DDK:** Losing the FIST probably won't help matters either.

Bloody Stars and Bars

Angus:

Well we've got to get somebody out here to clean up this mess. *Again!*

DDK:

This is starting to be a theme tonight...

Angus:

What's the over/under on how many minutes before Kai Scott has the Tee-Yoo-Tees trying to put Griffith through what's left of our table here?

DDK:

Honestly? Seven.

[Ringside crew are once again on the scene, scurrying about to get things ready for the main event.]

Angus:

We need to take a commercial or something.

DDK:

I'll do you one better, we'll jump backstage to the retaining Southern Heritage Champion! Curtis Penn!

[Angus rolls his eyes.]

[Cut backstage.]

[Curtis leans against the wall of white painted brick, barely able to hold himself up, he slides down the wall, as he falls his body leaves a bloody smear trail as he finds the floor. He positions the Southern Heritage Championship in his lap; the stars and bars plate has started to cake from the drying blood from the champion's body.]

Penn:

Chance von Crank.

[His chin lifts from his chest and the whites of his eyes pop against the crimson mask he wears.]

Penn:

I beat you, I **BROKE** you, I **DESTROYED** you in our No DQ Submission match and I beat you within an inch of your life.

[The dried blood cracks and turns into bloody dandruff in his beard as he forces a sinister smile.]

Penn:

I broke out of every submission move that you knew, boy, I bled you like a stuck pig, and then I locked in the Curtis Clutch and heard you squeal like a bitch. Tonight, I took any and all hope from you of ever taking this title out of my hands away.

[He rolls the back of his head along the blood streaked wall.]

Penn:

Tonight I showed everyone that I **AM** Southern Heritage Title.

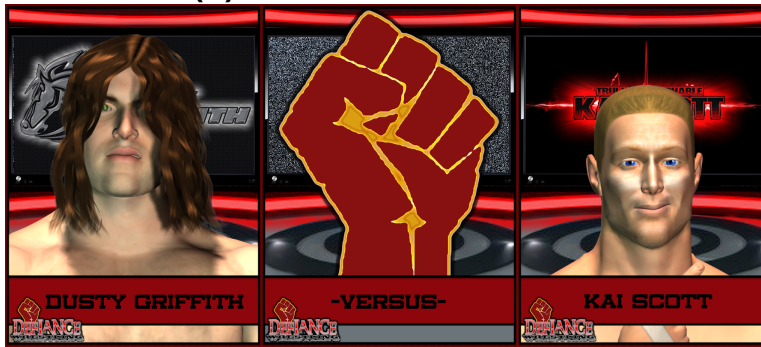
[Penn releases a hard laugh.]

Penn:

And coming after the title is synonymous with their demise.

[Fade.]

Dusty Griffith vs Kai Scott (c)



[Back at ringside and magically things are mostly cleaned up. That isn't to say there may not be a spare thumbtack or shard of glass lying around somewhere. Those DEFcrew guys are pretty good, ain't they?]

DDK:

Here we go, partner. Dusty Griffith gets the long awaited opportunity to compete for the World Heavyweight Championship.

Angus:

Yes and it could also be the last time we ever see or hear from Mayberry again if he loses tonight. Well, unless we return to Japan and Dane needs a white guy these people recognize to pop for.

DDK:

Still beating that horse, eh? I think it's been dead for a while.

Angus:

He brings it on himself, Keebs, acting all self righteous. Then when things didn't go his way, he bailed on us. I can respect the athlete and not respect the man.

DDK:

Fair enough. In any case, Dusty Griffith won the Ninth Annual Summer Games in 2008. A reaggravated shoulder injury at the hands of Victor Mandrake put a multi-year halt to those aspirations. Meanwhile, Kai Scott has spent much of the last few years taking a relatively passive role in wrestling, managing the Truly Untouchables and then playing the strategist role in The Untouchables behind Jeff Andrews and fellow Untouchable, Heidi Christenson.

Angus:

I know you're about to say how it all changed, but the guy stole the title from Cancer! He backed his way into the Ladder War at ASCENSION and stole the damn belt... from Cancer! And while we're at it, fuck the Untouchables because I hate them and they suck, and the only reason Scott started actually wrestling is because he's all assmad that people didn't like Jeff giving himself the belt!

DDK:

Right... As I was about to say. At ASCENSION, Kai Scott broke through, albeit with the aid of his resurrected Truly Untouchables, seizing the moment of his big opportunity and finally captured his first World Heavyweight Championship. Since that time, their paths have crossed when Griffith made his surprise return and has been a one man army, taking down almost every member of the Truly Untouchables with one goal in mind. Getting a match with Kai Scott for the World Heavyweight Championship.

Angus:

Well said.

DDK:

Thank you.

Angus:

Now lets get this main event rolling, take it away, DQ!

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... On behalf of DEFIANCE Wrestling...

[DQ switches to speaking Japanese.]

“Thank You, So Very Much, For All of Your Support... THANK YOU!”

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

[DQ clears his throat and proceeds the rest of the way in English.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following contest is the MAIN EVENT of GRINDHOUSE: JAPAN!... And it is set for ONE FALL with a SIXTY MINUTE time limit... It is for the DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The lights dim.]

OOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

[The now familiar drum beat, the sound that calls for the oncoming storm of war as the spotlights in the arena begin flashing in unison.]

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!! ♪

[With the riffs kicking in and the voice of Gene Simmons on lead vocals, “I Love It Loud” by KISS begins to surge through the airwaves as the spotlights begin swirling frantically over the sold out crowd inside the Korakuen Hall.]

♪ Stand up, you don't have to be afraid ♪

♪ Get down, love is like a hurricane ♪

♪ Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it ♪

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

[The roar of the crowd signals the arrival of Dusty Griffith, who rushes to the ring at a steady jog, he is of course adorned in his black and silver “Wild Bronco” windbreaker, along with black trunks, black knee pads, and black knee high wrestling boots with silver laces.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪

♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪

♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president, 'cos ♪

[Reaching ringside, Dusty dives in under the bottom rope, sliding in a couple feet with the momentum. Springing to his feet, Dusty shoots himself towards the ropes, bounding back and forth several times.]

♪ I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes ♪

♪ Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise ♪

♪ You got to come (you've got to come) to me ♪
 ♪ You got to come (you've got to come) to me ♪
 ♪ Oh with your arms outstretched, baby ♪
 ♪ (you better come) And on your knees! (to me) ♪

[With his trademark obnoxious little half-smirk, Scott holds the World Title over his head by the strap, slowly turning to face the four corners of the arena.]

♪ Cos I'm your holy (holy, holy) ♪
 ♪ Your holy fool ♪
 ♪ I am your holy fool ♪
 ♪ Yes I'm your holy (holy, holy) ♪
 ♪ Your holy fool ♪
 ♪ I am your holy fool ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Introducing first... Hailing from BOISE, IDAHO... He stands at SIX feet, THREE inches tall... And weighs in at 290 pounds... Ladies and gentlemen... He is the 2008 SUMMER GAMES CHAMPION... And the CHALLENGER to the DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP... This is... the WILD BRONCO... DUSSSSSSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIFFFFFFFFFFIIIITH!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

[As black and white streamers come cascading into the ring, Griffith stares with a cold, steely stare across the ring at Kai Scott as he makes the "belt" motion with his hands around his waist before unzipping his jacket and handing it off to one of the ring attendants on the floor.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND! He stands at SIX feet, THREE inches tall... and weighs in at 232 pounds! He is the LEADER of the TRULY UNTOUCHABLES... a former DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG CHAMPION... and the reigning DEFIANCE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! This is the ACE OF HEELS! KAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIII... SSSSSSSSSSSSCCCCCOOOOOOOOTTTTT!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

[Scott quickly fastens the World Title belt around his waist, throws his arms out to the sides and spins like the pope as red streamers flood the ring.]

DDK:

Angus, who do you got in this one?

Angus:

Personally? I want Mayberry to break Kai Scott in half for what he's done to Cancer. On the other hand... I can't stand his holier than thou, no loyalty having self importance, and hope Kai Scott crushes his dreams so we can see if the man is here for more than himself.

DDK:

So in other words, either way you win and lose.

Angus:

Pretty much, yeah.

[As the large tangle of red, black and silver streamers are cleared from the ring... Kai Scott removes his entrance attire and hands off the DEFIANCE World Championship to the referee who takes it over to Griffith. Showing the challenger the prize that he's fighting for, Dusty lays a hand on it's main plate and then nods that he's ready.]

DDK:

Referee Brian Slater is about to ready, I think we're in for a hell of a match, partner.

Angus:

No doubt, Keebs, hopefully one of them kills the other and we, and by we, I mean me, will only have one of them to deal with going forward.

[Once the ring is clear, referee Brian Slater steps to the center of the ring as Kai Scott and Dusty Griffith stare at each. Looking over to the timekeeper, Slater gives the signal.]

DING!!* *DING!!* *DING!!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[As all eyes focus on the the champion and challenger, neither of whom has moved, both remaining caught in the glare of the man standing across the ring from them. The tension in the audience builds, a few screams in Japanese, and one voice said something that was apparently humorous as it got a laugh from those who heard it. The tone of the audience quieted when Dusty and Kai began their approach.]

[Dusty closed in, looking to engage, but the champion side stepped and walked away. Turning around, Dusty stared back at Scott with a quizzical look upon his face while a deadpan look adorned the face of the champion. Approaching again, Dusty reached in, but again the champion showed no interest in engaging, dodging the challenger and then shoving him away. Stumbling forward a bit, Dusty's brow furled and jaw clenched, showing his annoyance. As for Kai Scott, the champion stood back near the ropes, an almost imperceptible smirk curled at the corners of his mouth.]

DDK:

What in the world is Kai Scott up to?

Angus:

If I had to guess, I'd say he's trying to piss off, Mayberry.

DDK:

Think that's safe?

Angus:

Frustration, Keebs, it's a classic Eric Dane move. You just gotta wait until the big galoot makes a mistake. They always make mistakes, Keebs, always.

[Circling, Dusty attempts to engage again, but Scott remains elusive, keeping the challenger off balance and raising his temper. Dusty continues to mirror Scott, looking to cut off the ring and eventually corner the champion. Eventually Griffith tires of this and stares at Scott, the champion pauses, curious, but then Griffith shoves him back as he hollars a demand that he start fighting. For whatever reason, the champion relents and finally locks up with Griffith, getting into a classic collar and elbow tie up, but as would be expected Griffith merely muscles the lighter Scott back against the ropes.]

DDK:

Brian Slater looking for a clean break.

Angus:

C'mon, Mayberry, smash this fucker already!

[Untying their arms, Griffith leans back slowly, his arms out and away as he complies with the referee. Scott on the other hand took the low road, cheap shotting Griffith with a slap to the face, which immediately triggered Griffith's temper as he reared back and tried to clobber Scott with a forearm. The champion however ducked away and got

behind Griffith, who turned around and was smacked across the face again. Griffith closed in quickly, rage in his eyes, as he grabbed Scott and bulled him into the opposite corner. Rearing back, Dusty looked to clobber the champion, but Scott managed to duck away again.]

DDK:

I think you're right, partner. If Kai Scott wanted to get Dusty Griffith angry, he's certainly a doing a fabulous job of it.

Angus:

It could be the best or worst move he'll make in this entire match, Keebs. All he's got to do now is not get caught.

[Scott makes a hasty retreat to the outside as Griffith whipped around, looking for his target. Griffith gives chase around the ring, until Scott slides back in and starts stomping away at Dusty who's still hot on his trail. The champion continues laying the proverbial wood, stomping, kicking, and dropping knees on the challenger. Backing away, Scott takes pride in his work as the seemingly subdued Griffith struggles to pick himself up off of the mat. Going back to work, Scott attempts to shoot Griffith across the ring, but Dusty reverses and instead of whipping Scott to the ropes, he holds on and pulls him in...]

Angus:

And he just got caught!

DDK:

Griffith just chucked all 230 plus pounds of the DEFIANCE World Champion across the ring with a belly to belly suplex!

[As Kai Scott slams to the mat and writhes in pain from the impact, Dusty Griffith rises up from the mat and bellows a roar as he throws his arms up into a flex. Feeling the surge of adrenaline, Griffith stomps over to Scott and rips him up off of the mat and then tosses him with another belly to belly, this time holding on and driving him into the mat with it. Not going for the cover, Griffith raises Scott up again, this time under hooking the arms and taking the champion up and over with a butterfly suplex. Holding the underhooks, Dusty rolls himself and Scott before tucking the champions head between his legs.]

Angus:

Scott had better wake the hell up or this thing is going to be over.

DDK:

Is he going for...

[Lifting, Griffith raises Scott up for his original finisher, a standing Tiger Driver or double underhook powerbomb, and slams him down on to the his shoulders as he rolls the champion up for the pin attempt...]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH~!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!

THRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-KICKOUT!

[The crowd stomps and applauds.]

DDK:

Dusty Griffith uncorking a Superdriver Mark II!

Angus:

We haven't seen that since WrestleCoast!

[Griffith looks to the ref for confirmation, Brian Slater showing him a "2" count and just how close it was. A quick shake of his head and Griffith gets back to work, but when he peels the champion off of the mat, suddenly, Kai Scott EXPLODES to life.]

Angus:

WHOAH!!

DDK:

And the champion has come alive!

[With a fury, likely brought on by the near death experience of his reign as champion, Kai Scott unloads a storm of violence on Griffith. Cracking Dusty with sharp elbows to the side of his skull as he backs him up into a corner and continues unleash with an alternating flurry of elbows, chops, knees, and kicks until taking him over with a fireman's carry and then sitting him up before rearing back...]

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!!

[A soccer kick to the spine that makes Griffith recoil in pain.]

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!!

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!!

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!!

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!!

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!!

[Not nearly done, Scott hops around to the other side and then absolutely blasts Griffith directly in the face with a left side buzzsaw kick before diving on for the cover...]

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!

THHHHHHHRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE-NO-KICKOUT!!!

OOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH~!!

[And again, the audience begins stomping their feet and applauding, supporting the fighting spirit of the two men in the ring.]

Angus:

Good GAWD, Keebs, and I don't think I've ever seen ANYBODY ever handle Mayberry like Kai Scott just did right now.

DDK:

Well, Dusty did say he would drag a real fight out of Scott if he had to... I think he just did.

[The champion doesn't waste time with arguing the call, sitting Griffith up and driving a knee into his back as he grabs a hammerlock that sends a shiver of pain into Dusty's infamously bad shoulder. The sudden shock waking Dusty from the stupor he was in following Scott's sudden assault and continues to reverberate every time Scott cranks the hold. As the pain of the hold burns away the fog on his mind, Griffith grunts and growls in response every time Scott yanks on his arm, before long the challenger starts to fight out of the predicament.]

DDK:

Kai Scott showing some good tactical strategy here, targeting Griffith's bum shoulder.

Angus:

A sore shoulder ain't gonna stop Mayberry. Piss him off, sure, but Scott should be trying to turn his lights off, not on.

DDK:

That was actually some very good analysis, partner.

Angus:

I have my moments.

[Scott cuts off Dusty's attempt to fight free, lashing him with another soccer kick, this time aimed directly at the back of Griffith's shoulder and then drilled into him with another knee to the back, and then another, and another. Grabbing the arm, he extends and locks it up while driving Griffith's head to the mat with a knee as the champion kneels over him for added pressure and leverage. Cranking and twisting away, Scott tears at the shoulder with the armbar while Griffith's face is twisted in a combination of pain and frustration.]

Angus:

Think Mayberry is regretting that whole, "get a real fight outta you" stuff he was talking about last week?

DDK:

His shoulder might be cursing him, but if we know anything about Dusty Griffith, it's moments like these that the man lives for.

[Kai continues cranking the arm, while also taking a few verbal, and snide, pot shots at Griffith "needing to fight". This continues for a bit longer until Dusty starts shifting around, trying to find a way to break Scott's leverage on him. Struggling free, Griffith is up on his knees while Scott is now standing, but still grinding the armbar. As Griffith continues to work his way back into the match, the audience urges him on with cheers and claps, which further sparks Dusty's will to fight back against the champions assault.]

DDK:

The crowd is practically willing Griffith back into this!

Angus:

FAI-TEEN-SPEAR-IT!!

[As Griffith rises to his feet, he forces his arm free and then hip tosses him. Scott pops back up and eats a clothesline, pops up again and gets floored by a shoulder block, pops up yet again and gets clobbered with an elbow to the face, followed by a knee lift driven into his gut before Dusty tries to stuff Kai's head between his legs...]

DDK:

Dusty's trying to end it right here!

[Indeed he does. Scott sensing the danger, the champion broke free and scrambled away from his challenger as Dusty gave chase. Escaping to the floor and the surrounding safety of his stablemates, Scott stares back at Griffith with a bit of shock in his eyes knowing how close he was to taking the ride. Dusty merely stares back stoically while rotating his shoulder as he tries to loosen it back up.]

Angus:

Did you see how fast he got the hell outta dodge on that?

DDK:

Sure did. His Totally Untouchables know all about it, nobody could blame Scott for not wanting to have first hand knowledge of it himself.

[While Scott is out on the floor, he's joined by Diane Parker, who tries to give him some words of encouragement while referee Brian Slater begins his count.]

Angus:

What do you think she's telling him, Keeps?

DDK:

What could she tell him?

Angus:

I'unno, don't let that big guy hit you?

DDK:

Insightful as always, Angus.

Angus:

I know, right?

[As Slater's count gets to 15, Scott climbs up on the apron, which stops the count. Once he's back in the ring, he approaches Griffith and they go in for a lockup, but Scott closes the distance and brings a knee up into Dusty's groin, instantly dropping him to his knees. Slater admonishes Scott who puts his hands up, feigning his innocence.]

Angus:

Damn it, Mayberry, how didn't you see that coming?

DDK:

He's not clairvoyant.

Angus:

Pssh, mothafucka should be.

[Taking advantage of the opening, Scott attacks with another barrage of kicks, as he targets Dusty's shoulder and

body. Lifting Dusty up, Scott takes him over with a snap suplex, rolls with it and brings him up for second snap suplex, rolls with it again, looking for a third, but instead grinds Dusty back to the mat face first. Grabbing the damaged arm, Scott steps over as he clutches the wrist and squats over Dusty's shoulder.]

DDK:

UNTOUCHABREAKER!

Angus:

And he's got it in the center of the ring!

[Scott violently cranks back on the arm, demanding for Brian Slater to check on Griffith for a submission. Griffith manages only some grunts and growls in response as he pounds and grinds his fist into the mat, his face red and scrunched showing the agony his arm and shoulder are in with the hold.]

Angus:

You know, for someone who's waited five years for his big opportunity, he's kinda blowing it.

DDK:

He's certainly in a bad way right now, Kai Scott is absolutely tearing apart that shoulder. Scott isn't historically a submissionist, but it appears he's picked up a few tricks from his association with Clair St. Sure.

Angus:

Yeah. I mean, you think Scott's too proud to learn from his kids or whatever they are? She taught him how to fuck an arm right up, and now he's doing just that. Here lies Dusty Griffith's career, a one hitter quitter, who couldn't hack it when he made it to the big time.

[As if he heard those words, even with the audience once again trying to rally behind him, Dusty's eyes open wide as he sucks in a deep breath, grits his teeth, and begins to force himself back up.]

DDK:

I think he heard you, Angus.

Angus:

Oh shit... Uhm... Hide me?

DDK:

Where? Our desk is barely holding together as it is!

[Sensing the proverbial ground shake beneath him, Scott attempts to roll the hold into a cross armbreaker, but Griffith having none of it and manages to break the hold as he grips and lifts Scott up on to his shoulders and then slams him down with an Olympic Slam. Scott taking the brunt of the impact is laid out, while Griffith lays on the mat clutching his shoulder.]

DDK:

And he breaks free! What a courageous display from Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

Yeah, but they're both down, Keebs!

[Several moments pass with both down. Dusty is the first up, but Scott had already begun rolling himself up to a knee as Griffith approached. Slamming down a clubbering blow across Scott's shoulders and neck before proceeding, Griffith pulls the champion up the rest of way. Scott thanks him for the lift as he fires back with a left jab, then another, and another, backing the challenger off of him and then lighting him up with an overhand chop to the center of Griffith's barrel-like chest.]

DDK:

Uh oh, that might have woken him up...

Angus:

SLAPPUFYTAH!!

KRRRACCCKKK!!

[Scott recoils from the sting as Dusty responds with a knife edge chop to the champions chest.]

KRRRACCCKKK!!

[Scott returns fire.]

KRRRACCCKKK!!

[Then Dusty.]

KRRRACCCKKK!![Scott] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Dusty] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Scott] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Dusty] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Scott] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Dusty] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Scott] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Dusty] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Scott] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Dusty] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Scott] **KRRRACCCKKK!!**[Dusty] **KRRRACCCKKK!!****DDK:**

Good lord, their chests are beet red.

Angus:

THIS IS GREAT!! LIGHT 'EM UP SOME MORE GUYS!!

[Scott however has other plans, changing up as he goes low, lashing Dusty with a Thai style roundhouse to the leg. Dusty responds with an elbow smash, starting another round as they trade blows.]

[Scott] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!**

[Dusty] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUDDDDDD!**

[Scott] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!**

[Dusty] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUDDDDDD!**

[Scott] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!**

[Dusty] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUDDDDDD!**

[Scott] **THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUMMMMMMP!**

[Scott again changes up, firing a few roundhouses in quick succession to Dusty's leg before rattling off a combo starting at the leg, then one to the body, but when he tries for a high kick to Dusty's head, he misses and upon spinning around gets absolutely clocked by a Deacon Jones style head slap that made sweat EXPLODE from the champions skull.]

Angus:

ACK!!

DDK:

What's wrong?

Angus:

Ugh, some of that douche's sweat hit me in the face!

[The shot rocked the champion, giving Dusty the opening to unload a hellacious flurry of those fying pan-like slaps to the left and right sides of Kai Scott's cranial region, each one making sweat explode off of his head.]

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

THHHHHUUUUUNNNNNK!

DDK:

How is Kai Scott even able to stay standing?

Angus:

Shoot, I gotta better question for ya, Keebs... Did Mayberry watch some Karate Kid before he came out here? That's some serious drum punch technique he's got going on there!

[Dusty grabs Scott's head and attempts to set him up again for the Atomic Powerbomb, but the champion reaches up and jams a thumb into his challenger's eye. As Dusty recoils, bringing a hand up to his face, Scott jumped up, grabbed the head and blasted Griffith with a clutch enzuigiri.]

DDK:

Annnnnnd they're both down again!

Angus:

Jay-zuss, anywhere but Japan, this would be considered crazy.

[Brian Slater steps in to check on both men, when neither of them respond, he begins to count both of them out.]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

[The audience begins counting along in Japanese.]

“FOUR!”

[Griffith starts stir, getting to his hands and knees.]

“FIVE!”

[Scott now rolls up, sitting on the mat as he holds his head.]

Angus:

Wait... is it a 10 or 20 count in Japan?

DDK:

I believe it's 10 for this sort of count, so they better get moving.

[Griffith has managed to crawl to the ropes and begins trying to pull himself up.]

“SIX!”

[Griffith hunches over middle rope. Behind him, Kai Scott scoots himself into a nearby corner.]

“SEVEN!”

[Scott reaches up, gripping the top rope.]

“EIGHT!”

[At the same time, Griffith manages to pull himself up.]

“NINE!”

[Both with a mighty pull, manage to lift themselves up just in time to avoid the ten count, which receives a huge applause from the audience. Brian Slater waves off the count and waits for the action to resume. Scott leans back into the corner, still heaving for oxygen. Across the ring, Griffith is hunched over the top rope, also searching for air in heavy gasps.]

DDK:

Say what you will about either of these men, they're showing some amazing heart in this match.

Angus:

I can't help but agree with you, Keebs. No matter what I think of both of them, these guys are showing the world what DEFIANCE can do.

[Suddenly, Scott bursts from his corner and dives on Griffith before grabbing a waistlock, though he struggles at first to lift the larger Griffith, he manages to get him up and German Suplexes Dusty on to the back of his head.]

DDK:

What a suplex, Scott showing he's got enough strength to lift his challenger.

Angus:

Oooh, shit...

[Following the impact, Dusty now suddenly came to life as he popped up, grabbed Kai Scott and hurled him with another belly to belly suplex. Scott, feeling the adrenaline flowing, pops up and catches Griffith with an Exploder Suplex. Griffith pop up again, clutching Scott then lifting and with a twist drills him into the mat...]

DDK:

SAMBO SUPLEX!

Angus:

He just folded him in half with that!

[Although loopy, Scott somehow manages to scramble again after being dropped on his head and neck, but he ends up stumbling backwards into the corner.]

Angus:

INCOMING!!

[Griffith crashes into the corner, pulverizing the champion between he and the turnbuckles. Grabbing a wrist, Griffith shoots Scott to the other side and once again, crushes him in the corner before running off towards the ropes as Kai Scott stumbles forward, punch drunk.]

DDK:

STAMPEDE!!

[Getting hit with the Rushin' Elbow to complete Griffith's Stampede combo, Scott crumbles to the mat with Dusty collapsing on top of him for the cover.]

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!

THHHHHHHHHHHHHRR-KICKOUT!!

OOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!

[Feeling the energy of the crowd, Dusty pops up. Clasping his hands together, he starts raising them up and down, signaling he's going for the kill as he hollars "POWERBOMB!!".]

Angus:

This is it, Keebs, we're gonna have a new champion any second now...

DDK:

If Kai Scott doesn't have one more ace up his sleeve, it certainly be the end for his reign...

[Having been near the ropes when he peeled Scott off of the mat, Diane Parker in a sheer act of desperation hurried over to that side of the ring and just before Dusty could hoist Scott up, wrapped her hands around his ankle and pulled...]

DDK:

What in the hell is she doing?

Angus:

Trying to save her leaders ass, is what she's doing...

[The momentary distraction worked as Griffith let go of Scott, letting him slump to the mat in a heap. Turning around, Griffith shot the much smaller Diane Parker an evil look before bailing to the outside which immediately puts the fear of god into her as she peels out of there faster than Joe Dirt in his 1967 Plymouth Hemi GTX .]

Angus: [laughing]

RUN, BITCH, RUNNNNNN!

DDK:

Normally I'd say violence against women is so wrong, but then I remember where I work and realize that rules of polite society aren't welcomed here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

God I love this fucking place!

[As Dusty chases Parker, Jonny Booya steps in between them, folding his arms and flexing his chest. Dusty stops his chase and looks to Brian Slater, shaking his head "NO!" and telling him not to call the match no matter what happens next.]

Angus:

Man, if this no neck motherfucker messes up this match...

[Diane has taken safety behind Booya, and she pleads with Leon Maddox and David Race to do something. Booya and Griffith start jawing and then slugging it out, while Parker stands by and screams encouragement to Booya.]

[But then something unexpected happens.]

****SHOTGUN BLAST****

Angus:

What in the fuck?

DDK:

Oh great.

"Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Fucking Loaded!"

"Chance Von Crank"

[The music hits, but the slow stroll to the ring and general showmanship is replaced by Chance Von Crank rushing to the ring . Meanwhile in the ring, Kai Scott, who has recovered enough to witness the arrival of the Trailer Park Prodigy, stands in the center of the ring in stunned disbelief.]

DDK:

Wait... is he here to save Dusty?

Angus:

There's no way, Keebs, Chance Von Crank going good guy? That would tear a rift into the very fabric of reality itself!

[Is that a tearing sound I hear?]

[Sure enough, Cee Vee Cee jumps on Jonny Booya, pulling him off of Griffith. Booya stumbles back, Griffith takes a few running steps forward and PLOWS into Booya with the rushing elbow!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

[Diane Parker charges up to cVc and starts yammering some woman shit at the Trailer Park Prodigy, to which he smirks as he backs towards Dusty, taking the Wild Bronco's side against the Totally Untouchables?!]

Angus:

MY MIND IS SO UTTERLY FULL OF FUCK RIGHT NOW!

DDK:

What he said!

[cVc makes a lewd gesture towards Diane, still a couple steps away from Dusty.]

[But then Diane grins at cVc.]

[And BLAM!]

DDK:

What the...

Angus:

I knew it couldn't be it be cosmically possible for that redneck lunatic to turn to the light side of the Force.

DDK:

And look at that sick grin on Kai Scott's face, he knew it all along.

Angus:

Gawd, I hate that fucking guy!

[Crank spun around and and clobbered Griffith with a discus punch. Dropped to one knee, Race and Maddox immediately rush in, Race hooking a standing armbar while Maddox kicks at Griffith's right leg. Griffith is forced down to the ground, and with him restrained so, Diane delivers a spinal tap! And then cVc rushes in and kicks him in the forehead, knocking Griffith to his back. Finish this fucking cowboy, Champ!", exclaims Crank.]

DDK:

Is there anybody back there who wants to stand up for what's right?

Angus:

It's like I said, Keebs... Mayberry's burned more than a few people with his annoying preaching of honor and respect.

[The four on one assault was short lived however when the Harlan Jedi Knight to cVc's Sith Lord of Harlan came charging to the ring.]

DDK:

THE REDNECK WRECKER!

Angus:

Okay, well I stand corrected.

[Seeing the huge hillbilly tearing ass towards them, Diane Parker wisely decides that she won't meet him head on. STJ immediately attacks cVc, the fists flying. With Scott in the ring occupying Brian Slater, Diane starts barking orders like a boss.]

Diane:

Leon you go help Chance, David, get Griffith back in the ring, Lisa, quit being a useless cunt and wake Jonny up or something!

[Maddox does as told, but STJ sends the smallish wrestler spinning away with a back elbow. Griffith pushes Race back. With the sudden realization that he's not alone in this fight, Dusty looks up to cVc and surges with fury as he explodes up and he and Crank start trading wild hockey punches. Every successive blow that Dusty lands breaks open cVc's stitches, causing the crimson to flow down cVc's face and splatter on to Dusty's knuckles and forearms. STJ, letting Griffith have at it, turns back to Race.]

[All the while, Kai Scott stands and watches the carnage, a satisfied smile overwhelming the features of his face.]

Angus:

Seriously. Hate. That. Fucking. Guy!

[Before long, STJ has gotten the best of Race, tossing into the nearby barricade. Elsewhere, Crank has started to get the upperhand on Dusty, and tries to hit the RazzleDazzler on the floor, but Sam Turner manages to make the save, clobbering cVc and in one sick moment...]

DDK:

OH MY GOOD GOD, HE'S DEAD!

Angus:

HOLY FUCK!

DDK:

Dusty Griffith just slammed Crank to the floor with a Sambo Suplex!

Angus:

And he hit his leg on the security railing too, sick!

[Sam runs over to Dusty, pointing to Kai Scott in the ring, leaning back against the ropes on the far side of the ring, just staring back at Griffith with an evil, knowing smirk on his face. It doesn't take long for Griffith to seethe with anger and in a flash he dives back into the ring and is immediately met by Kai Scott who kicks and stomps away. Griffith fights to his feet and starts trading punches with the champion once again, and it doesn't take him long to start overwhelming Scott, causing the champion to try and bail out of the ring only to be cut off by Turner who makes Scott pause...]

[He turns back around.]

[Annnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnd...]

BLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMM!**DDK:**

Dusty Griffith with a HELLACIOUS SPINE BUSTER!

Angus:

Jay-zuss. KRYSTE!

[Griffith pops back up and once again calls for the powerbomb, getting a huge cheer from the audience. Scraping Kai Scott off of the mat, while Turner slaps the mat, urging Dusty on along with the crowd, Dusty stuffs his head between his legs and readies to end one man's reign as champion and begin his very own...]

DDK:

HERE IT COMES, ITS OVER...

Angus:

DIE, KAI SCOTT, DIIIIIIIE!!!

[In a flash Scott is whipped up.]

[In another instance...]

DDK:

NOT AGAIN!

Angus:

That little bitch!

[Diane Parker once again finding a blind spot, gets in under the bottom rope and pulls at Griffith's ankle with both hands. The momentary distraction was all Scott needed, as he shifted on Dusty's shoulder and drove him to the ground with a leg drop assisted bulldog. This latest interference gets the full ire of this Japanese audience as they roar with disapproval.]

DDK:

Scott is coiled and ready to strike...

Angus:

Just like the bastard snake that he is...

[Griffith shakes his head, unaware of what just happened, but then Scott closes in and just as Dusty gets to his feet and turns...]

DDK:

CRESCENT KICK!

Angus:

He nearly took his head off with it!

[Rocking Griffith with the kick to the side of his skull, Scott kicks Dusty with a straight boot to the gut and then butterflies his arms, lifts and with a twist...]

DDK:

KRYPTONITE!! KRYPTONITE!!

Angus:

I can't believe I'm saying this, but Mayberry's getting robbed! This could be the last we see of the guy, Keebs!

[Scott rolls him over for the pin...]

ONNE~!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO~!!

THHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~KICKOUT~!!!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH~!!

[The audience stomps away as they clap and cheer for Griffith's resilience to kickout. Kai Scott and his amassed collection of troops are beside themselves, the champion looks to the referee as he holds up three fingers, the referee showing him two fingers as he pops a shoulder "up" and shakes his head no. Scott's crew are all slapping the mat or yelling at the referee about his cadence being slow.]

Angus:

How in the hell did he kick out of that?!

DDK:

Looks like you're going to have to deal with Dusty for a little longer, partner!

[After the shock wore off, Scott was back on the attack, stomping away at Griffith before pulling him up and drilling him again...]

DDK:

Scott with another KRYPTONITE!

Angus:

But he's not done, Keebs...

[Ascending the ropes yet again, even while Diane Parker actively yells at him to go for the pin... Scott perches himself and then takes flight...]

DDK:

MAD SPLASH!!

Angus:

This is it, Keebs...

ONNE~!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO~!!

DDK:

ZER SOZE!! ZER SOZE!!

Angus:

I can't believe he got him up! This has to be it, it has to be!!

[Scott collapses on top of Griffith as Brian Slater dives in to make the count...]

ONNE~!

TWWO~!!

THHHHHHHHHRRREEEEE~!!!

DING!!* *DING!!* *DING!!**Darren "DQ" Quimbey:**Here is your winner... BY PINFALL... and... STILL... DEFIANCE WRESTLING... WORLD... HEAVYWEIGHT...
CHAMPION... THE ACE OF HEELS... KAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII SSSSSCCCCCOOOOOOOOTTTTTTTTTT!**DDK:**

I don't want to take away from either of these two after such an epic battle...

Angus:

Yet you're about to anyway.

DDK:

...but what a horrible way for this to end. Dusty Griffith, by all rights should be the World Heavyweight Champion, if not for all of the help from Kai Scott's Totally Untouchables.

Angus:

Woulda, coulda, shoulda, but isn't, Keebs. I get what you're saying, but you have to beat the champion to be the champion and he didn't... And I hate Kai Scott, but he won, Mayberry didn't.

[Scott falls back, exhausted and exhilarated, his arms raised in celebration as Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh rush to his side while cVc, Booya, Race and Maddox each stand on the apron, in Scott's corner with cVc and Race on one side and Booya and Maddox on the other. Meanwhile Sam Turner is crouched down and checking on Dusty along with a couple of DEFIANCE staffers, who are focused on checking Dusty's neck following the impact of the Zer Soze.]

DDK:

I get that, Angus... I feel it just takes a little something special away from a moment created by two athletes who put it all on the line to fight for the biggest prize in the business.

Angus:

Well, get over that namby pamby stuff, Keebs, this is DEFIANCE Wrestling, not painting happy little clouds with Bob Ross.

[After a few moments, Kai Scott is helped to his feet by Parker and Loeh before being presented with the DEFIANCE World Championship. Scott snatches the title away from Brian Slater and clutches it tightly to his chest and then raises it up high above his head. Over on the other side of the ring, Dusty Griffith has moved to a seated position against the turnbuckles of a nearby corner, a look of bemusement upon his face as he stares at the gathering across the ring as they celebrate the champions victory.]

DDK:

Wait a minute now, Scott having some words with the troops.

Angus:

Nothing thought provoking is my guess, probably asking Jonny Booya how he can be as big of a douchebag as he is.

[Eyeing his defeated challenger, with a look towards his troops, Kai Scott nods and suddenly the four men on the apron leap into action. Climbing into the ring Race and Maddox rush Sam Turner Jr. and keep him at bay while cVc and Booya rush Griffith who tries to cover up as they put the boots to him for a bit before dragging him to the center of the ring where Kai Scott awaits. Demanding a mic, Diane Parker storms over to Darren Quimbey and rips his mic away before returning to the ring and handing it to her leader.]

DDK:

The Champion apparently has something to say.

Angus:

Great, now we gotta hear him talk, somebody just go ahead and kill me now.

[In one corner, Sam Turner struggles against his guards while cVc and Booya stand on opposite sides of Griffith, each holding an arm as they keep him down on his knees. Checking the mic, Kai Scott looks out at the crowd and then back at Griffith, leaning down he paintbrushes Dusty a few times, bringing the Bad Man from Boise back to his senses. Griffith looks up and snarls at Scott who looks back with nothing but sweet satisfaction upon his face as he brings the mic up.]

Kai Scott:

Well, Dust... You got your shot, did you have fun? Was it everything you hoped it would be? I mean you waited five years to get your dance with destiny.

[An evil grin curls at the corners of Scott's mouth as he brings up the DEFIANCE World Title Belt into Dusty's view.]

Scott:

Oh right, it wasn't, was it?

[Scott chuckles in Dusty's face as he lets the belt sway in front of Griffith's face, reminding him that the World Title still eludes him. Griffith struggles against the restraints of cVc and Booya as he continues stare back at Scott with a constant snarl contorting his face. Scott smirks and pulls the belt away.]

Scott:

You want this, don't you?

[The smirk melts away and is replaced by contempt for his fallen challenger.]

Scott:

Well, too bad, because you LOST! You want another shot, you can start at the bottom and earn it like everyone else, because as far as I'm concerned, you and I are through!

[Scott grinds the title into Dusty's face.]

OOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Without any big entrance, three men come rushing from the back.]

DDK:

Oh boy, here comes the cavalry!

Angus:

YES! BLACKU JAY-ZUSS-AH IS HERE WITH THE WHORES AND NARCOTICS!

[As HNB storm the ring, Sam Turner breaks free during the commotion and shakes loose of his captors. Seeing the violence that is on it's way, the great leader of the Totally Untouchables bails from the ring as Dusty Griffith also manages to shake himself loose from Jonny Booya's grip.]

Angus:

ITS PANDA BEAR LINOLEUM!

DDK:

That's one way to put it, partner!

[Diving into the ring, Ryan Matthews is the first to his feet and he chases Lisa Loeh off in a hurry before going over to help Sam Turner with his Maddox and Race problem.]

DDK:

HNB are here in force and turning the tide.

Angus:

WRAZZLEFYYYYYYTE!!

[Sam Horry enters and goes after cVc, giving Dusty an opportunity to get back into the fight, who immediately sets his sights on the woman who effectively cost him the World Title.]

Angus:

That's right, you better run!

DDK:

If she wants to survive the night, she better!

[Coming in last, Ty hops from the floor to the apron. Ascending to the top rope, he points out to Angus before taking Jonny Booya out with diving cross body and begins wailing away with punches.]

DDK:

What a chaotic ending to this tour of Japan, but then again, would we be DEFIANCE WRESTLING without the chaos?

Angus:

HALE NO! And beat his ass, Ty! BEAT. HIS. ASS! He stole Cancer's shades!

[On one side of the ring, Matthews and Turner dispatch Maddox and Race with tandem clotheslines that send them toppling over the top rope. On the other, Sam dispatches cVc with a superkick that sends him tumbling through the ropes and down to the floor as Ty back body drops Booya out of the ring and to the floor.]

[Then the scream of a woman pierces over all of the other collective noise in the building.]

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

OH YEAH!

[Dusty Griffith has apprehended Diane Parker.]

[Kai Scott and the rest of the Truly Untouchables gather together near the aisle, watching on as a pissed off, vengeance seeking Dusty Griffith has hold of Diane Parker with a tight grip on the back of her neck.]

DDK:

No, Dusty don't do it!

Angus:

Fuck that, Keebs. BREAK HER IN HALF, MAYBERRY!

[Pulling her into the center of the ring, Turner and Walker both look on as they try to talk some sense into the enraged Dusty Griffith, while Matthews and Horry standby and cheer him on. With fear in her eyes, Griffith growls something in her face and then stuffs her head between his legs. All the while, Kai Scott and Lisa Loeh look on in a combination of horror for Parker, but also relief that it isn't them.]

DDK:

But what does he get out of destroying her, Angus?

Angus:

You know what he gets? He gets a sense of satisfaction after being robbed.

[Before Griffith whips Parker up, Matthews calls to Dusty and points out to the aisle. Looking out to floor with an evil grin to match the one that was on Scott's face earlier...]

Angus:

In the words of Axl Rose... TIME TO DIE!

[Then in a flash Parker is hoisted, screaming in terror along the way, but instead of being hurled into the mat with as much force as Griffith can put behind it, he charges forward. Ty and Sam both move aside as Dusty rushes to the

ropes and with a mighty heave, tosses Parker into the sea of humanity on the floor with the powerbomb.]

Angus:

He pitched the bitch like she was a bowling ball and he picked up the 7-10 split!

DDK:

Good god, folks, I don't think there's anything left to say except, thanks for watching, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and for my broadcast partner, Angus Skaaland, this has been DEFIANCE WRESTLING... GOOD NIGHT!

[Standing back and admiring his handiwork, Griffith is joined by Turner, Walker, Matthews and Horry who stand at his sides as audience cheers.]