

AnguJeffy opening

[Today, you don't get the fancy countdown.]

[Today, you get the the highlights package: Cancer Jiles is a douchebag. Bronson Box is insane. Heidi Christensen is a girl. Dan Ryan used to be a big deal. Troy Matthews kicks off heads. The Phoenix jumps off of shit. Jonny Booya has big muscles. Etcetera.]

[Today it's four in the morning, Evolution TV aired last week sometime, and all you get is the late night ESEN filler show with Angus and Jeff in the studio, cracking wise and showing clips. That said, let's get right to it.]

Angus: [deadpan]

The corporate takeover has begun.

Jeff:

Are you serious?

Angus:

Come on, man, RECAP SHOW? Next thing you know they'll have me doing commentary for a best of Kasper Braddock DVD.

Jeff:

Um, I don't think that old hack ever saw ESEN TV.

Angus:

Whatever, Best of Dan Ryan, SAME DEAL!

Jeff:

You didn't think getting all of these big money contracts and whatnot wouldn't mean more work? Come on dude, you're making like forty times what you used to make!

[Angus's brow furrows.]

Angus:

Wait a minute, you got a raise for this gig?

Jeff:

You, ah... didn't?

Angus:

GODDAMMIT!

Jeff: [snickering]

In other news, Rohan Maholtra and Dragon Jones didn't make the show. Something about a helicopter explosion in Milan. Them faggots are getting penalized five points. And now that we've gotten that out of the way, let's get to the first clip of the night, which is what is left of the match that Maholtra and Jones no-showed!

Rohan Maholdra (-5), Dragon Jones (-5)

Angus:

I'm calling my agent, screw this!

[Fade.]

Alceo Dentari vs Jimmy Fitzgerald



Alceo Dentari vs Jimmy Fitzgerald

[Yeah I don't feel like kayfabing this or trying to be funny either one. Jimmy Fitzgerald doesn't have a bio, he lost and it's his non-bio-writing fault there's no proper match here.]

Alceo Dentari (+5) d. Jimmy Fitzgerald in 3 seconds with a punch or something.

Eric Dane owns Bronson Box, says Eric Dane

[Center ring.]

[The fans are cheering.]

[Eric Dane is suited and booted, hair slicked back and dark shades over his eyes. Cancer Jiles, eat your heart out.]

Dane:

Let me get right to the point.

I've had my lawyers look over the contract created by Elijah Goldman for one Bronson Box, and as much as I am loath to admit this, Box is now, once again, a legally contracted DEFIANCE wrestler.

[The Only Star seethes.]

Dane:

You know what?

Fine.

Box wants to continue to be a thorn in my side, it's his funeral. Goldman wants to hang his hopes for winning this whole thing on Box when he's got people like Heidi Christenson and Dan Ryan in the locker room, that's fine too.

[Extreme Closeup of the former Champion.]

Dane:

But Bronson...

If you think I'm the type to let bygones be bygones, then you **must** have forgotten the entirety of your time with the Hydra.

You're in enemy territory, Bronson, and let me explain this to you so that it makes it all the way through that thick, shiny skull of yours... Your ass belongs to **me**.

[His sneer turns magically to a wide, knowing smile.]

Dane:

And just so everyone's clear, Elijah Goldman's not the only one around here who can sign talent arbitrarily and assign them to a League. So you see, I made some phone calls, did some finagling, threw a little bit of money around, and I've paid for your head on a spike. All that's left is for the delivery, but I'll let you find out all about that yourself...

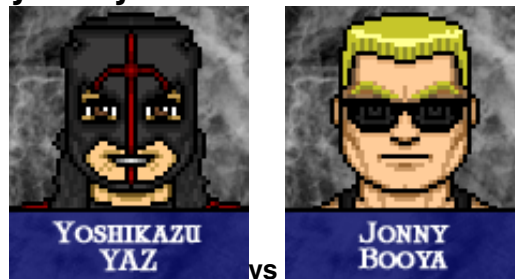
[If possible, his smile grows wider.]

Dane:

Now, since that dirty business is out of the way, let's get on to some DEFIANCE wrestling action!

[The DEFIANCE theme plays and The Only Star leaves the ring, slapping hands with a few fans on his way out.]

Yoshikazu YAZ vs Jonny Booya

**Angus:**

For our first real match, we had Yoshikazu YAZ taking on Jonny Booya.

[Dim the lights. Cue the sitar. YAZ, accompanied as always by Lisa Loeh, made his way to the ring. And then...]

OH MY GOD ITS THE FUNKY SHIT!

[Out came Jonny Booya. He flexed, he adjusted his shades, he grooved, he tagged hands all the way down the ramp and around the ring and back up the other side of the ramp and finally went through the crowd to get back down to the ring. Kai Scott, accompanying him, seemed rather bemused by how thoroughly Jonny had taken to facedom, and how the fans had taken to him.]

[YAZ hadn't, and as referee Carla Ferrari checked Jonny's legs and boots for concealed weapons, YAZ lunged and threw a bicycle kick straight over her head that knocked the bigger man flat!]

Jeff:

I don't like YAZ, not at all, but I'll give him props for being dangerous in the ring.

[YAZ brutalized Booya with every chop in the book and some that weren't, mixed in with a few shoot kicks. Jonny fought back with a headbutt, YAZ regained control with a knee. But he relied on the striking too much and didn't mix it up enough, because when he tried to finish it quick with the Shotei, Booya ducked, caught the arm, and pulled him into an axe bomber! Jonny decided to enjoy himself. He threw YAZ into the corner and applied some bootscrapes, getting the fans to shout "booya" along with each scrape.]

Angus:

Fine, I'll just say it. Jonny Booya is the token face I don't not like. Can't believe Kai hasn't got something better for him to do than slap hands and dick around in the undercard though.

[Almost as though Jonny heard, he crossed YAZ's arms and set up for the Booya Bomb. Lifted him... GREEN MIST! Booya dropped clutching his face, but the first thing he did was rolled his way straight out of the ring. Unable to capitalize in the way he wanted to, YAZ still did pretty well with a tope suicida down over the ropes!]

Angus:

So YAZ was determined to make a match out of it.

[YAZ crept up the ramp, and as Booya stood, he ran, did a handstand on the apron, bounced his ankles off the top rope and used the momentum to DDT Booya on the ringside pads! With that done, he turned around and started after Kai Scott. Lisa had to run and prevent him from doing something stupid.]

Jeff:

Threatening Kai Scott was one of the most extraordinarily stupid things YAZ or anyone else could've done. Luckily Lisa was able to save his soul, but... she couldn't save the match.

[Booya exploded off the mats with another axe bomber. In the ring, it was a simple Booya Bomb and a three count.]

Jonny Booya (+5) d. Yoshikazu YAZ via Booya Bomb

Chris Cannon vs Jack Cassidy

**Jeff:**

Next on the list we had Jack “The Ripper” Cassidy taking on Chris “THE” Cannon. Cannon, you know, he was the only thing that Elijah Goldman came even close to getting right back in Defiance 1.0. When Cannon came in, he was an ACW leftover who was annoying the world by claiming he had his own country, and he managed to become a legitimate World Title contender, although he came up short against both Boston Bancroft and Bronson Box. On the other hand, you’ve got Jack Cassidy. Wrestling Inferno graduate, came within inches of making it big, but bad attituded himself into obscurity, and he’s trying to put it all back together.

Angus:

So let’s watch what happened!

[Jack Cassidy had made his entrance first. As Cannon, accompanied by his associated Adrien Cochrane and Vincent Chell, headed to ringside, Jack decided he didn’t feel like a slow match. So he jumped to the top rope, and backflipped off it with his Jacks Are Wild (Stardust Press to the outside) that got all of the ooh’s and ahh’s one would expect as he took out Cannon and his entire entourage.]

Jeff:

And it was pretty much like that all night for Cannon.

Angus:

It’s like the guy’s being handled by someone else...

Jeff:

Dude, come on, fourth wall!

[Jack made quick work of The Cannon, threw him in under the ropes, waited and measured, and knocked him ass over teakettle, whateverthefuck that means. He dropped Cannon with a couple of twisty flippy kick combos too.]

Angus:

What I’m getting out of all this, is that Jack Cassidy is basically Tom Sawyer, if Tom was tolerable. Which of course he isn’t.

Jeff:

Dude’s legit a great flyer and every fed needs a flippydoo, right?

Angus:

Right. At least Jack looks like he’s kicking ass when he’s kicking ass, not like he’s getting lucky.

[With Cannon having mounted very little in offence, Jack hooked him up for a vertical suplex, lifted him, and sat down instead driving him face first into the mat. This move, he calls the Facewaster, and after it he rolled Cannon over for a three count.]

Jack Cassidy (+5) def. Chris Cannon (-5) via Facewaster

AnguJeffy interlude (1)

Angus:

Well, it's time Chris Cannon heads on back to the drawing board.

Jeff:

You can say that again!

Angus:

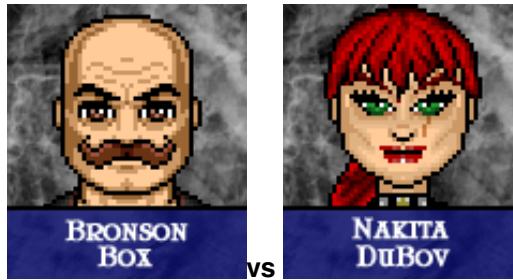
Now, the crowd was hot, and they were ready to watch Bronson Box eat Nakita Dubov alive, but before the next match could even get going, Eric Dane's cryptic words from earlier in the night came true!

Jeff:

I'll give the boss this, he sure as hell knows how to bring in a Heavy! Keep in mind, Dubov was in the ring waiting for the match to start when this happened!

[Cut.]

Nakita DuBov vs Bronson Box



[Bronson Box was on his way through the Gorilla Position when his mustachioed face was introduced quite violently to a size 12 Wolverine work boot. One the camera was repositioned and some of the commotion got the hell out of the way, the Affliction shirt wearing, Levi Jeans sporting, Bronson Box face-stomping figure was quite recognizable to fans of the old World Wrestling Alliance.]

Angus:

That's right, **MIKE FUCKIN' SLOAN** is kickin' fuck right out of Bronson Box!

Jeff:

Mike Sloan never was a slouch, brought up in the business by Eric Dane himself, he dominated the hardcore scene back in the NWA, had violent and bloody feuds all over the NWC, and won a World Title or two in the WWA!

Angus:

This was pretty much a no-brainer, everybody knows that Sloan is loyal to Dane, and everybody knows that Dane's gonna need a heavy hitter if he's gonna take Box down a peg or two!

[Sloan grabbed Box by the head and shoved him through the curtain, the Scottish Strongman struggled to regain his footing but took a heavy rising knee to the gut for his troubles. Sloan grabbed him and flung him into and almost through the railing on the other side of the entryway before grabbing a chair out of the front row and slamming it so hard over his head that he horse-collared him with the chair.]

Jeff:

Ya know, I don't think I've seen anyone in the entirety of DEFIANCE put a beating like this on Bronson Box.

Angus:

I think you may be right.

[In the ring Nakita Dubov was beside herself, her chance to defeat Box having been taken away from her. She screamed at the referee, but at ringside the assault continued as Sloan had mounted Box and was just driving fist after fist into his bloodied head.]

[The DEFIatron lit up with the smiling face of Eric Dane.]

Dane:

I see you've met my good friend Mike, Boxer!

[Sloan stood up and drove a knee hard into Box's breadbasket.]

Dane:

See, I've hired Mike to a very lucrative contract, but it's incentive-laced. As a matter of fact, every match that you lose due to his presence in the Evolution League, he gains an extra ten grand!

[Sloan pulled the limp body of Box up, lifted him up onto his shoulders.]

Dane:

Mike, just like we spoke about, your job in Defiance is simple. You keep Bronson Box out of the Playoffs, and you get a free ride! Now BREAK HIS GODDAMNED NECK!

[Sloan easily shouldered all of Box's weight, walked him over to the time-keepers table, lifted, and drove him violently down through the table with a Burning Hammer! Box was a crumpled mess, but Sloan grabbed him up again and tossed him into the ring.]

[Benny Doyle reluctantly called for the bell. Nakita Dubov sneered down at the beaten body of the former DEFIANCE World Champion, and Mike Sloan smirked at his handywork.]

[Dubov made the cover, never taking eyes off of Sloan.]

[From there, it was academic.]

Nakita Dubov (+5) def. Bronson Box (-5) via lateral press

AnguJeffy interlude (2)

Angus:

Don't cross the boss, that's all I got.

Jeff:

Yeah, it's gonna get way worse before it gets any better...

Heidi Christenson vs The Phoenix

**Angus:**

So how about the words "The Phoenix" Jake Donovan had for your girl, Jeffro?

Jeff:

Yeah I'm pleading the fifth on that one.

[Jake Donovan hurtled over the top rope with a swan dive Thesz press, landing on Heidi as she tried to make her entrance. He was full of the fire and the fury, raining down punches, hitting a german suplex, and then a Lightning Spiral right on the ramp!]

Angus:

Jesus Christ the clank!

Jeff:

Jake was fighting mad, I'll give him that. I don't think Heidi expected it in the slightest, because she didn't mount much offense at first.

[Jake did get the match back into the ring, but he wasn't letting Heidi get to a vertical base or trying to grapple. It was all punches, stomps, and the occasional leaping attack off the top rope. Heidi got a brief opening when she got knees up to block a 450. But.... Jake cut that off at the pass with a black tiger bomb.]

Angus:

With the match in hand, Jake decided that he was going to talk some shit to Heidi.

[Instead of going for the pin after the BT Bomb, Jake stood over Heidi, pointed his finger in her face and shouted and shouted and suddenly Heidi pulled butterfly guard, slipped out from under him, and suddenly had him in side control and blasted knee after knee into his ribs. As Jake struggled to get away, Heidi stepped through the legs, rolled, and ended up with him caught in some funky looking modified heel hook with the other leg trapped.]

Jeff:

Exact same hold she tapped him with back in Def 1.0, and you know what?

[Jake taps.]

Jeff:

It worked again.

Heidi Christenson (+5) def The Phoenix via modified heel hook

HIRE ME

[Cut to the backstage area, where COOL Cancer Jiles awaits with a mic in his hand. He's got all his usual fixin's going... the hair, the shades, and even a scowl from eating a hefty dose of dog shit on the last show.]

CCJ:

Hello, and happy new year Defiance. Hopefully -- and I mean this -- 2012 is the year when all you COOL haters die in miserable car crashes, and maybe, just maybe I get a fucking a chance to witness half of them.

[A surge of boos rattle through the Phillips Arena. It would seem as if Georgia is chalk full of COOL haters.]

CCJ: [grinning]

And by COOL haters, I mean guys like that pipsqueak, Shits Connari. Get this. That fucking guy thinks Cancer Jiles doesn't win important matches. Thinks that he's got style out of a LL Bean catalog.

Fucking dolt.

I'm a ring _general_.

I do it slow because my opponents are retarded, Ceets. Like your boy, "Teh Molotov Cockhound" Jeff Andrews.

[To think, here I thought Cancer didn't care.]

CCJ:

ON THE REAL, you two Mongos need to do me, and the environment a favor and start carpooling every where you go. Go green, really. While you're at it, pick up Heidi and rest of the worthless flock, too.

[Enough said.]

CCJ:

Cancer Jiles **IS** Defiance Wrestling.

[No, he doesn't have the banner to prove it.]

CCJ:

Not the Faces of Death.

Not Eugene Dewey and his total zero of a brother.

Not Jimmy Kort, or Justin Brooks, or Bronson Box, or the rest of them zeros for that matter.

[Actually, Justin Brooks preaches about not being Defiance. So, in fact, Cancer is a liar.]

[But I'm sure all of you knew that by now.]

CCJ:

Fuck, not even Eric Dane is as Defiant as the COOL one, and yet... this high treason still persists. This, grandest of alllllllll Micky Mouse charades still exists.

And for what reason?

What purpose?

What end?

[Cancer waits for a response. It's something like seven seconds of dead air.]

CCJ:

This place straight out hums when Cancer is king. The wrestlers make more money. The fans hate their lives more. All in all, it's just better place to be.

Tell me, who doesn't work harder, faster, and more efficient with the constant threat of eggs looming?

[Another stint of cross-armed, dead-air Cancer ensues.]

CCJ: [nodding in approval]

Exactly.

Everyone does.

It's proven like E equaling MC squared, and Cancer Jiles being Defiance Wrestling.

I won't say it's a shame, not making money hand over fist as if it were being stolen from Eddy White's hidden vault. I won't cry about not being on a roster that wouldn't make the epilogue of my memoirs.

Just don't come crying to me when it's too late, and six people are watching the Main Event. Cause, as much as I hate not being shown the fucking proper respect a man of my ilk deserves...

I WILL LOVE WATCHING THIS PLACE BURN.

HIRE ME.

[cut.]

AnguJeffy interlude (3)**Angus:**

YEAH! HIRE HIM!

Jeff:

Abso-fucking-lutely never-goddamn-ever.

Angus:

Just because your panties are still twisted about the Defiance Rumble!

Jeff:

Uh, yeah. The thing about that is, I'm the boss, he doesn't get hired if I don't say so. So there.

Angus:

Remember when I was kind of the boss?

Jeff:

Yeah, and Goldman damn near took over the whole damned place.

Angus:

DETAILS!

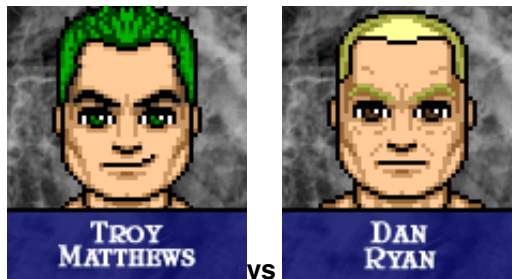
Andrews:

Also there was that time I beat him on back to back weeks without cheating.

Angus:

LIES!

Dan Ryan vs Troy Matthews

**Angus:**

Last but not least, it's MAIN EVENT TIEM~!

[Dan Ryan was in the ring, he looked rather unimpressed at the DEFIANCE Faithful and the whole setup in general. The Egobuster got plenty of heat until Troy Matthews made his way out, all green-haired and rarin' to get it on. Saori Kazama was by his side, Kendo Sword in tow, and the two of them sprinted down toward the ring.]

Jeff:

You know, I think Troy really likes this whole giant-killer gimmick.

Angus:

He should, he's getting Trendkiller's paycheck now.

[Zing!]

[Matthews started off like a flash, lacing low kicks into the tree-trunk legs of Dan Ryan while Kazama urged him on at ringside. Troy was going a zillion miles a minute, keeping the much bigger, much more experienced Dan Ryan off of his gameplan with an array of kicks, elbows, and springboard everythings.]

[The Jersey Devil pressed hard on the accelerator, doing everything he could do to keep the big man wobbling while he laced into him with everything in his arsenal. Where he fucked up was grabbing Ryan by the head and pulling a Thai-clinch. Troy got a few good knees in, but as hard as he hit, Dan Ryan absorbed every bit of it and gave it all back with a HYOOOGE headbutt that crossed Matthews' eyes.]

Angus:

Well, thanks for coming Troy Matthews!

[Dan Ryan grabbed Troy bodily and tossed him from mid-ring into the corner, followed him in and drove all of the air that Troy had ever sucked in out of his lungs with a massive shoulder-block, and then rattled his brains with a back elbow right between the eyes.]

Jeff:

It was right about here that Dan Ryan took over and went to work on the Jersey Devil. He pretty much just bulled him around the ring for the next five minutes, taking his time and picking Troy apart. It was really starting to kind of look bad there for a minute...

[Ryan pressed Troy high over his head, then pumped him three times before walking out from under him and letting Troy fall gut-first to the mat. DR dropped down for a cover, but Matthews was out at a quick two!]

[The Ego Buster gloated, taking even more time with Matthews, even taking the time to blow a kiss to Kazama at ringside as he stuffed Matthews' head between his legs in a standing head-scissors.]

Angus:

He hits the Humility Bomb, it's all over.

[Dan pulled and lifted, bringing Troy up over his head, but Matthews was a wiggler, and he wiggled his way loose, spun his weight on top of Ryan's giant shoulders, and by the grace of God managed to bring Dan Ryan down head-first to the mat with a swinging DDT!]

[One...]

[Two...]

[Dan Ryan was a big man, with big power, and he pressed Troy off of him and straight back into a standing position.]

Jeff:

Jesus, pure power from Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Maybe, but look at him, he's setting himself up!

[Ryan had gotten to one knee when Troy's eyes widened and a sick grin spread over his face. Kazama screamed at ringside as Troy hit the ropes, leaped, stepped off the knee and brought his shin directly up into to back of Dan Ryan's head with a Shining Enzugiri.]

Angus:

TRENDSETTER! That's the same move he took out Trendliller with!

[Ryan's lights were out.]

[Troy dropped in for the cover.]

[Carla Fierri dove in for the count.]

[She slapped the mat once, twice...]

[And Dan Ryan kicked out.]

Jeff:

DEEZAMN!

[Troy pounded the mat in frustration, giving Ryan just enough time to shake loose the cobwebs and pull himself up to his feet using the ropes. Troy, having had enough, came in for the kill. If one Trendsetter failed, two might just do the trick, and so he threw that kick.]

[Ryan caught the leg.]

[Lifted him straight up off the mat and high overhead!]

[Ryan held Matthews upside down overhead, trying to decide how to drop him and kerflatten him for his impertinence, and Matthews, collecting himself, drove his knee downwards right into Ryan's forehead! Once! Twice! The enzuigiri-weakened head of Ryan began to spin, and as Matthews was dropped, he held onto the neck, rolled under Ryan as he fell, and took him over in a small package!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Troy Matthews (+5) def. Dan Ryan via Small Package

Angus:

HOLY FUCK HE DID IT AGAIN!

Jeff:

I'm calling it right now, Troy Matthews is the real deal, and it looks like he's finally got his head in the game for the long term!

[But Dan Ryan disagreed. About the "long term" that is.]

[Before the referee could even raise the Jersey Devil's arm, Dan Ryan was up and he was enraged. He grabbed Troy and stuffed him between his legs once again, this time wasting zero time as he pulled him all the way up and forced him all the way back down, flattening him with a MASSIVE Humility Bomb.]

[Ryan dropped down and grabbed Matthews by the head, going to work on him with several stiff shots before Saori Kazama could make her way into the ring.]

KEEEEEEEEEERAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

[She broke her shinai over Dan Ryan's back.]

Angus:

Big mistake!

[The Ego Buster glared up at Kazama, rage in his eyes. He stood over Troy's prone body and snatched what was left of the kendo stick out of Saori's hands. He stalked ever closer...]

Jeff:

Ah, fer Christ's sake...

[Out of nowhere Jack Cassidy appeared at ringside, tripping Kazama to the mat and pulling her out the ring to safety. Cassidy and Kazama backed up the ramp, shouting insults at the much larger man, giving Troy Matthews time to roll his busted ass out of the ring and keep from catching anymore of the beating that Dan Ryan wanted to give him.]

Angus:

SHIT SON! Them niggas got LUCKY!

Jeff:

I don't know about all that, but what I do know is we're about out of time!

Angus:

Stay tuned for updates and lineups, bitches!

Jeff:

DEFIANCE, out!

[Credits.]