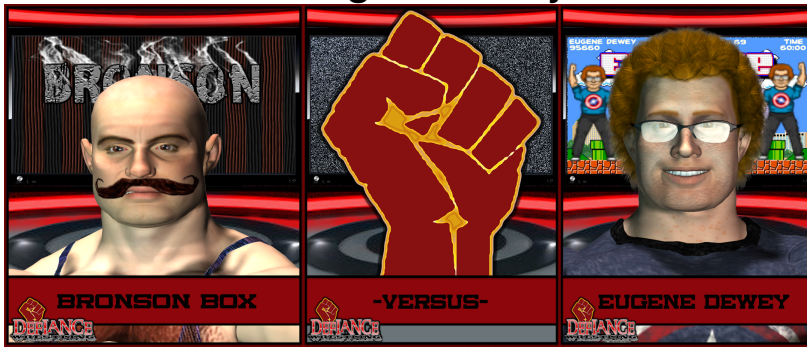


We Defy

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...coming to you LIVE on TAPE DELAY from Dusseldorf!] [The European leg of the Grindhouse World Tour is coming to a close live in Germany...] [Let's leave this place with a fucking bang in...] [3...] [...2...] [...1!] [Go.] [Images of DEFIANCE stars making their entrances flash up for split-seconds each, their fleetingness matching the quick drum rolls of Machine Head's "I Defy," never lingering on one combatant for too long. Heidi Christenson, Team HOSS, Edward White, Frank Dylan James, Jonny Booya, Seth Stratton, Roger Stevens, Lisa Loeh, Yoshikazu YAZ, Eugene Dewey, TexMex Holiday, Henry Keyes, Troy Matthews, The Truly Untouchables, Clair St. Sure, Mushigihara and Eddie Dante, The ACX, Dusty Griffith, Stockton Pyre, Dan Ryan, The LBC, The of course, the Champions. Curtis Penn, H'n'B, Bronson Box and Kai Scott all get slightly more screen time, but they're gone before the main intro riff kicks in.] [Clips from the latest leg of the world tour play, starting with Junior Keeling and Billy Pepper arguing in the middle of the ring and Keeling discarding his jacket!] [I thought it was Superman who was weakened by Kryptonite, not Jesus? Doesn't matter, because Kai Scott drops The Black Jesus, Tyrone Walker, with Kryptonite to retain his title!] [Sam Turner Jr, after answering the open challenge from the FIST champion, takes Box down with a double leg and starts wailing away with punches!] [Dan Ryan delivers a Headliner to Eugene Dewey on the elevated ramp in Amsterdam, the feed stuttering just before the impact, because that's just what happens!] ♪ Be my one would you take my son ♪ ♪ Would you tell someone whether we had fun ♪ [Eugene Dewey nails Edward White with a shoryuken and covers him for the three!] ♪ With your heroes double zeroes goin' in circles 'round your fear ♪ ♪ Then I'm never ever falling again ♪ [Henry Keyes hits a bell clap on Jonny Booya, Stockton Pyre, Luke Windham and Curtis Penn!] [Angus looks on confused.] [Clair St. Sure locks in the Truly Untouchabreaker on Roger Stevens, forcing him to tap out!] ♪ Would you take my grace, look into my face ♪ ♪ With your limp handshake and your smile that's fake ♪ [Mushigihara drops Troy Matthews on the ramp with the Kinboshi!] ♪ Would you back my fight, say you're down for right ♪ ♪ See it's easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing ♪ [Hookers 'n' Blow dump purple drank all over Diane Parker not once, but twice, which she's unhappy about to say the least.] [Curtis Penn locks Heidi Christenson in the Curtis Clutch thanks to the distraction from Jonny Booya!] ♪ Maker makes me long for a better way ♪ ♪ You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage ♪ [Seth Stratton, disguised as a fan, reveals the lead pipes used to take out Clair St. Sure before celebrating with Wayne Dewey.] ♪ Because I ♪ [A Dusty Griffith Atomic Powerbomb to Don Hollywood, a Bombasto Bomb to the exposed turnbuckle from Dan Ryan on Pete Whealdon. In fact one might say Rich Mahogany gets off lightly, but he still takes a double underhook piledrive on the ramp from The Egobuster.] ♪ I defy ♪ [An all out brawl breaks out between Team HOSS and TexMex Holiday.] ♪ I defy ♪ [The LBC hit the ring and lay a beating to Dusty Griffith.] ♪ I defy ♪ [Kai Scott holds his World title up high and wears his trademark grin before cutting into the live feed. We zoom in to the arena and pass over the fans, all of them going batshit mental, pounding on the ring apron, holding signs up, chugging beer, you know, the usual German pastimes.] [Finally we cut to the announcers table.] **DDK:** Guten Abend meine Damen und Herren, herzlich willkommen auf Grindhouse: Deutschland. **Angus:** And good evening to all of those non german speaking viewers my broadcast partner just isolated the crap out of! **DDK:** I am 'Downtown' Darren Keebler alongside Angus Skaaland, and THIS. IS. DEFIANCE! **Angus:** Honestly, this European leg of our World Tour has felt like World War Three on more than one occasion, I don't think we could have picked a more fitting location to end our European run than the birthplace of World Wars one and two! **DDK:** Highly inappropriate Angus, but then should we expect anything else? **Angus:** Other than a kick ass night of high calibre Wrestling? **DDK:** I'd be happy with that. **Angus:** Then I think you'll be heading back to your hotel tonight fucking ecstatic. **DDK:** Well folks, let's not waste any time, take it away DEE-QUE!

Bronson Box vs Eugene Dewey?



Darren "DQ" Quimbey: Ladies and

Gentlemen... [The arena is bathed in a flickering brown sepia brown as the Defiance big screen flickers to life.]

DDK: The Original DEFIANT on his way to the ring to kick this show off with a BANG, partner! **Angus:** Potentially by his goddamn self. **DDK:** Well said, we've been getting reports on the health of number one contender Eugene Dewey since that vicious attack by Dan Ryan on our last show in Austria. Ryan was subsequently SUSPENDED by the front office and Dewey's availability for tonight's contest has been sketchy at best! **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 four pounds! He is a former Defiance World Heavyweight champion and current reigning TWO time FIIIIIIIIIIIST OF DEFIANCE! [The ragtime piano stops cold.] **Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen, the self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of professional wrestling"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THIS IS... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOX! [The live camera cuts to the stage where Bronson stands ready for war.]

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

Angus: God, Bronson is lookin' beast tonight. ♪ *Run on for a long time...* ♪ [Next we're witness to a series of Box applying The Boston Massacre on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. We catch glimpses of Heidi Christenson, Edward White, Christian Light, Tom Sawyer and several other current DEFIANCE superstars all screaming in pain at The Wargod's hands. On his way up the ringsteps Bronson sheds his robe and tosses it to a ring attendant. Sans robe we see the gold and red leather FIST title belt strapped around his waist. He unstraps it, holds it in his hands for a moment before handing it over as well.] **DDK:** Since Ascension The Wargod has single handedly taken Jeff Andrews' failed FIST experiment and turned it into one of the most sought after titles in the company.

Angus: Yeah, by beating the ever-loving Christ out of everyone who steps in front of him. Gotta' admit, since he's shut his mouth about God and church and all that shit, dude hasn't been bugging me as much. **DDK:** Even with his close association with The Socialite Edward White? **Angus:** He truly is an enigma. **DDK:** Are you mocking me? **Angus:** Yup. ♪ *Run on for a long time...* ♪ [Finally a grainy sepia clip from the ladder war where Bronson unified the vacant Defiance Crown with the WfWA World title to become the first official DEFIANCE World Heavyweight champion. A bloody battered Boxer reaching down and snatching one belt from Boston Bancroft and adding it to his own... lifting both championships over his head in triumph. His greatest opponent a bloody heap at his feet.]

[Back live, Box is crouched in the corner primed and ready for the upcoming contest.] ♪ *Sooner or later, God'll cut you down* ♪ **DDK:** The moment of truth, Angus. Last word we got from backstage nobody had seen or heard from Dewey today. **Angus:** He probably took his ball and went home... pussy. [We wait longer than normal for the next competitor, Box stands up straight and leans over the ropes beckoning off microphone for them to "play his damned music"...]

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg] [As the remixed version of the theme from HALO plays and the crowd pops hard...]

[Nothing. No Eugene.] **Angus:** HA! [The music plays a few beats past when Dewey normally steps out and greets his fans and stops. Boxer immediately strides over and demands a microphone.] **Box:** PLAY IT AGAIN! PLAY THE FAT LITTLE HOBBIT'S MUSIC ONE MORE BLOODY TIME! [DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg... again.] **DDK:** Bronson Box is absolutely livid here folks.

Angus: The man lives to fight, Keeps. You take that away from Box and you have one unhappy Wargod. [Nothing. Still no Eugene.] [The Original DEFIANT is legitimately furious. He kicks the ropes and

paces around the ring like a caged animal. He yanks the straps of his singlet down as he stops and makes eye contact with the camera.] **Box:** Is this the level of competition this company has to offer me? Fat little gimmick wrestlers who can't take a few scrapes and bruises? This is the FIST of DEFIANCE ladies and gentlemen. No bloody rules, no bloody restrictions, just bloody and glory. Only the strongest survive when you challenge for this belt. The only man that seemed bloody interested in puttin' himself through hell for this prize that PEST Jeff Andrews... and mark my word I bloody know it was him... suspends him. **DDK:** No love lost between Bronson and Jeff Andrews, if you'll all recall the two were briefly stablemates in the group Hydra... **Angus:** Hush your face. Enough with the history lesson, the man is talking. You wanna piss him off? [The Wargod's face turns into a scowl.] **Box:** Say what you will about Dan Ryan, the man was finally startin' to walk the bloody walk and what does the management of this great company do? Quake with bloody fear and send the man packin'. Jeff Andrews, Eric Dane, Dane's twat girlfriend... all of 'em would rather have a PAPER champion like Kai Scott than invest time and money into a FIGHTIN' champion. They'd rather have Dan Ryan walkin' around here neutered, smilin' like some sort of DOG. They'd rather have old friends like Tyrone Walker and Dusty Griffith walkin' these halls, fallin' in line, doin' as they're told strokin Eric and Jeff's bloody egos instead of developin' a stable of WARRIORS to make this company GREAT again! **DDK:** Some nasty barbs thrown at DEFIANCE management there, partner. **Angus:** Well, he can say what he wants about Andrews, but he better keep the BAWS' name out of his goddamn turn of the century lookin' mouth. [Boxer laughs to himself.] **Box:** So here I stand in the mess THEY'VE made without a challenger for my beloved FIST! Dan Ryan suspended and unceremoniously sent home and fat titted little Eugene Dewey can't drag himself from his sick bed for his first taste of DEFIANCE gold... well fine then, you know what? **Angus:** What? **DDK:** Boxer choosing his words wisely here. [The Scottish Strongman looks at the little "DEF" cube around the hilt of the microphone, spinning it in his hands for a few moments before shaking his head and looking back towards the camera.] **Box:** Bronson Box is bloody done for the night... **pfffft** **Angus:** WHAT?! [Boxer drops the microphone with a thud and slides to ringside to retrieve his belt.] **DDK:** It looks like the current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE is taking his proverbial ball and going home! **Angus:** No FIST title match?! Fuckin' boo. [Boxer makes a beeline for the backstage area.] **DDK:** I... wow, more on this story as it develops folks, but for now we actually do have another match to get too...

Claira St. Sure vs Seth Stratton

**Quimbey:**

The following contest is set for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit, and it is for the number one contendership to the FIST of Defiance!

[Dokken's "Breaking the Chains" begins to play.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from Atherton, California, and weighing in at 205 lbs! Accompanied to the ring by Wayne Dewey! Seth! STRATTON!

[The tennis prodigy turned professional wrestler makes his way to the ring. Due to his mild OCD he stays as near the middle of the ramp as he can, trying not to let the fans touch him. Once he's in the ring, Dokken fades, and is replaced by Reveille's "What'chu Got."]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 142 lbs! She is Claira! Saint! SURE!

[St. Sure makes her usual entrance, without any accompaniment by the Truly Untouchables. She discards her robe at the foot of the ramp before stepping into the ring.]

DING! DING! DING!

[St. Sure dives low for the takedown. Stratton flails his arms and falls over backwards. St. Sure jumps up into side control, shoots in on the arm. Stratton bridges her off, gets to his feet and runs back into the corner and hugs the ropes.]

DDK:

This match happened because Claira St. Sure has been on a bit of a winning streak after spending time in the trios division. She beat Troy Matthews on Grindhouse 07, and then Roger Stevens on Grindhouse 08, and called in a shot at the FIST. Seth Stratton objected, and then this number one contender match between them got booked.

Angus:

Stratton didn't want to wrestle St. Sure on Grindhouse 08, and he doesn't seem to want to now either!

[Stratton slowly lets go of the ropes and then offers a knuckle lock. St. Sure immediately puts him in an overhand wristlock. Stratton makes the universal sign for "she grabbed my hair" and referee Carla Ferrari pulls St. Sure off of him. Stratton wrings out his arm, then signals for another knuckle lock. This time he tries to use his superior size to shove her to the mat, but St. Sure dodges and takes him down with a wakigatame armbar! Stratton shrieks in a most un-manly high pitch and flails towards the ropes.]

DDK:

St. Sure is a top of the line grappler and very good striker. Stratton is an... opportunist? He got this match by seizing the opportunity, but it's not doing him much of any good in the ring.

[St. Sure, frustrated by the stalling Stratton, doesn't want to let go of the armbar, and so Carla has to force the break. When she does, Stratton sneaks an eye poke over her back. Clutching her face, CSS spins away, and Stratton knocks her to the mat with a backhand strike to the back of the head. He quickly takes her over in an Oklahoma roll!]

ONE...!

...TWO...KICKOUT!

[Stratton pulls her up, Irish whip, hangs on and brings her back into a kitchen sink and follows it with a spinning neckbreaker! He slides under the bottom rope, and springboards in - missing the knee drop as St. Sure rolls out of the way! Favoring his knee, Stratton is halfway up when St. Sure smashes him in the cheek with a backfist, and follows that up with a spinning backfist! Stratton drops and rolls, fleeing for his life.]

DDK:

We've seen Clair St. Sure finish matches with a combination that starts like that, and if nothing else Stratton had it scouted.

[Stratton slides out of the ring and gasps for breath. He doesn't pay attention, and St. Sure baseball slides right into his shoulderblades, sending him sprawling on the floor. Instead of fighting on the floor, she throws him right back into the ring.]

Angus:

Y'know, when she fought Roger Stevens, they fought in the crowd and it didn't go real well for her, putting it back in the ring was probably smart.

[St. Sure climbs to the top rope and connects with a missile dropkick, sending Stratton back down. Again, Stratton rolls to the safety of the ropes. This time he doesn't quite make it. CSS grabs him by the ankle, drags him back to the middle of the ring, and lies down on his back with a choke sleeper.]

Angus:

And CSS has a really good sleeper. Cos she's got muscles on girl-sized arms and there's a physics thing where equal force over a smaller area does more damage. So when you watch Clair St. Sure wrestle, you're supporting Science.

[Stratton gets to his knees and CSS grapevines his legs out from under him, sending him face first into the canvas. Stratton does a pushup, lugs to the ropes, and checks his face as Carla makes St. Sure break the hold. Clutching his nose, Stratton tries to beg off as Wayne Dewey makes the time-out symbol from ringside. Carla blocks CSS from following up, and while she's attending to that, Wayne grabs CSS's ankle! CSS turns to kick at him, Stratton lunges to his feet and knocks her over with a clothesline.]

[All pissed and stuff, Stratton mounts up and starts driving punches into CSS's forehead. Except after the first two, she gets her forearms up and deflects or blocks the worst of the shots. Then she gets her legs up and rolls him off her with a sunset flip!]

ONE!

...TWO...Kickout!

[Stratton runs at CSS, but she ducks the knee shot. Stratton spins around, Clair gets him in a standing arm triangle choke, then twists her body, suplexing him to the mat with the hold still applied! Wayne Dewey gets up on the apron, yelling to Carla that it's an illegal choke. Carla to keep St. Sure away. Carla instead tries to get Dewey off the apron...

giving Stratton a nice chance to hit the Hamstring Hammer! St. Sure falls to her knees.]

DDK:

A cheap shot by Stratton turns this one back around, and he's pulling St. Sure up!

[A forehand strike to the head, a backhand strike to the midsection, and Stratton sets up the Match Point on his doubled-over opponent. He stops to dry-hump St. Sure before running off the ropes-]

[-and she's ready for him.]

DDK:

Northern lights suplex into a cross-armbreaker! She's got that synched in tight! AND HE TAPS!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Yeah, I don't think Stratton's a big fan of the whole 'being hurt' thing. Kinda sucks that Clair's with Kai Scott and the Truly Untouchables, cos this is the third time in a row that she's proved she doesn't need them.

[Stratton whimpers and moans and nurses his arm.]

DDK:

I know it's Stratton, but - I'm not sure he's faking that. Clair snapped back awfully hard on his elbow joint when she applied that armbar.

Angus:

Yeah. If he wants to fucking molest her in the ring, and I'm not saying I wouldn't if I thought I could get away with it, well, there's this thing called consequences. Which is why I wouldn't. Ever. Because I don't want her to do horrible things to my elbow.

[St. Sure raises her arms to the crowd.]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

And you know, that's not cool right there. I mean, she just put that punk Stratton in his place, but she's still a Truly Untouchable, she'd snap anyone's arm who Kai Scott told her to. And they're cheering her? Not smart man, not at all.

DDK:

I'm getting word from roving reporter Lance Warner there's something our cameras need to see backstage.

Cash Money

[We cut backstage to the office door we'd normally associate with the CEO Eric Dane, his nameplate has been replaced with one that reads "Head Bitch In Charge: Kelly Evans. Lance Warner, microphone in hand, stands ready outside the door.] **DDK:** Lance, what's going on? **Warner:** Darren, Angus I got word that not ten minutes ago none other than... wait, here he is! [The office door swings open and out strides the one and only Ego Buster DAN RYAN!] [As the door swings out the camera catches a glimpse inside the room where Kelly Evans and what looks to be several of DEFIANCE's lawyers all standing over an open briefcase OVERFLOWING with cash and in Evans' hands a thick stack of paper.] [What looks to be a signed contract of some kind.] **Warner:** Dan! Dan what just happened in there? Weren't you suspended? Dan! [Ryan has a placid looking grin on his face, he stops for a second and looks Lance up and down before shaking his head and pushing past the diminutive reporter without a word. Lance adjusts himself and looks back towards the camera.] **Warner:** What a bombshell. Back to you boys at ringside. **Angus:** What the fuck was THAT all about? Where did Ryan get all that cash? Is he back in? **DDK:** Folks more on this story as we get it, Lance keep up the good work back there my friend.

In which the DEFIANT Landscape Changes Drastically...

Angus:

What's next?

DDK:

Coming up... wait a minute, I'm being told that the arrival of Eric Dane's big acquisition is finally here.

[Cut to the front of building.]

[Kelly Evans awaits the arrival of DEFIANCE's guest.]

[From the right a long, and I do mean long, stretch, black limousine rolls up to the curb just outside of the main entrance of the Mitsubishi Electric Halle.]

[Evans steps forth and pulls open the door of the limousine and we are greeted by the presence of the BAWs his-damn-self, Eric Dane, dressed to the nines as usual in a finely crafted silver Armani suit.]

Dane:

Holding down the fort?

Evans: [nodding]

Piece of a cake.

"Is that... Kelly Evans?"

[Dane steps aside, taking his place next to Kelly to help greet the man of the hour.]

[Stepping out of the limousine, a pair of old worn cowboy boots, a pair of blue jeans, and a nice, fresh and crisp button down shirt tucked into the jeans. The face is unmistakable to any true fan of professional wrestling.]

DDK:

IT'S "THE NATURAL" MIKE BELL!

Angus:

Ooh gawd, does Eric hate me? Have I done something to offend him? Just when this place is done mourning the loss of Som Tawyer, now we have to deal with Mike Bell? The Grand Daddy of All Goody Two Shoe wearing Do Gooders?

RAAH!

[That sound, no not the fans, that OTHER sound is Angus banging his head on the desk.]

[Back to scene at hand.]

[Bell stands tall, and let me tell you folks, the man has aged quite well for someone who has seen and gone through the wars that he has. Stepping forward he shakes hands with Dane and takes a glance over at Kelly, who is not impressed with this revelation and not trying all that hard to hide it. Bell sneers ever so subtly and looks back to Dane.]

[Trust me, it's old issues, from a time long, long, long ago.]

Bell:

One thing.

[Dane arches a brow.]

Bell:

I, **do not**, answer to her.

[He says as he points an accusing finger in her direction. Kelly's jaw drops, offended by such a statement, after all, she is the Queen Bitch of DEFIANCE.]

Angus:

HAAAAAH! I change my mind, I love this guy!

[Kelly leaves in a huff, Dane ignores it and escorts his honored guest into the arena.]

[Back to the action.]

The End of You

[Dead silence.] “This is the end of you, Troy.” [And then, the voice of Eddie Dante. Followed by Dante himself, suited up to the nines, leaning against the locker room wall. And beside him? None other than the Sumo Beast, Mushigihara.] **Eddie Dante:** I said that Germany would be your last stand, Troy, and tonight, Dusseldorf will bear witness to your last moments as a wrestler. They will bear witness to your ritual slaughter, any memories of you... [Eddie raises a gloved hand to his own face, before balling it into a fist.] **Eddie Dante:** ...will be crumpled and disintegrated, replaced by images of a broken down corpse in the middle of the ring, being hauled out on a stretcher, into obscurity. Forever. Mushigihara will walk into that ring dead set on making you feel EVERY measure of his hatred for you, and making sure that you suffer; suffer every waking moment in that ring, with no end in sight. [The camera begins to zoom in on Mushi's face.] **Eddie Dante:** Take a close look at Mushigihara's face, Troy. [We get an up-close view of his masked face; it looks the same as ever before, except that we can now look directly into his eyes.] **Eddie Dante:** Take a look into his eyes, Troy. Mushigihara wanted his eyes to be revealed tonight, because he wants the last things you see before you pass into unconsciousness to be the HATE glowing from his eyes. He wants you to know that he will be STARING at you all the while. He wants to you to know that he will NOT accept submission; he will NOT release you from this hell he wants to put you through, until he has had enough. [The camera pans over to the Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare.] **Eddie Dante:** Which means you are in for one long, harrowing finale in your career, Troy. Say your prayers... and accept that no god will be able to end your suffering, because the Golden Goliath and myself will cheat them however possible to make sure that you don't end up dead... [Eddie grins.] **Eddie Dante:** ...just wishing that you were. **Mushigihara:** OSU! [Fade back to ringside.] **Angus:** Man oh man, I can't wait for Mushi eat Troy Matthews! **DDK:** I thought you liked Troy? **Angus:** I do. Sometimes. Kind of. Not today. **DDK:** Well, lets send it to Darren Quimbey in the ring and see which one of these Philosophers are gonna end up King in the end! [Cut.]

Troy Matthews vs Mushigihara



Darren "DQ" Quimbey: LADIES AND

GENTLEMEN, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! In the ring, introducing from Jersey City, New Jersey, weighing in at one hundred eighty-six pounds, "The JERSEY Devil..." TROY! MATTHEWS! [Surely enough, without entrance or fanfare, Troy Matthews is standing alone in his corner, no Saori Kazama in sight. Furthermore, he doesn't seem dressed for battle, his traditional vinyl tights and vest replaced with track pants and a hoodie that is presently drawn over his face, obscuring all but his jaw.] **DDK:** Curiously enough, Troy Matthews doesn't seem at all fazed by the gravity of this situation... his opponent seems dead-set on ending his career tonight in Dusseldorf, but he's made no waves regarding this match. **Angus:** That's because he knows, deep down in his heart, that this IS the end. I'm sure that his strategy against the mighty Mushigihara involves plopping to his hands and knees and begging to make this a quick end. **DDK:** I'm sure Troy knows that he wouldn't receive that even IF he were seriously considering that. [The lights cut out, save for a few small gold beams, bathing the Mitsubishi Electric Halle in a strange, ethereal glow as a drumroll fills the air.] **DDK:** And speaking of Mushigihara... [A sole spotlight shines upon the arena entrance, revealing the suave sophisticate of the squared circle, Eddie Dante. Dressed in an impeccable suit, hair slicked back, and gloved hands resting atop a silver-tipped wooden cane, Eddie glowers contemptuously at his former partner and friend.] "BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" **Angus:** ON YOUR KNEES, DUSSELDORF! BEHOLD THE SUMO BEAST! [Almost as if Angus was delivering a cue, the haunting shamisen riffs of the Yoshida Brothers' "The End of the World" and an influx of golden-tinted lights intensify, as the curtain splits open to reveal the similarly hooded form of the Golden Goliath.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante, he hails from parts unknown and weighs in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... MUSHIGIHARA! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [The Sumo Beast is ready. Wearing a black-and-gold robe, Mushigihara saunters up to his manager, who then leads the way, staring at the crowd all the way. Mushi doffs the hood on his robe, revealing his customary insect-face mask, sans mesh covering over his eyes.] **DDK:** Now there is a rumor going around, Eddie Dante had said that Mushigihara was not going to cover his eyes with his mask tonight, because he wanted Troy to see the hatred burning in them before he puts him out of this business for good. And I can see why; Mushi's got MURDER in those eyes. [The camera closes in on Mushi's face. His eyes are about what you'd expect from a large, angry Asian man, except they glow with fierce, irrational hatred. The big man sheds the remainder of his robe as he lumbers onto the apron, and steps over the top rope and onto the mat.] **Angus:** I don't know how much I believe of Eddie and Mushi blaming Troy for the downfall of the Philosopher Kings, but I DO know I agree with him that it's time to put Troy out to pasture... too bad Troy seems to want to go out like Old Yeller. [For his part, Troy is completely unmoved by this show and spectacle, a fact that visibly annoys Eddie Dante. Mushi takes the initiative and storms right to Troy...] **Mushigihara:** OSU! [And shouts right into his face, as loud as possible.] **DDK:** Mushigihara firing the first shot... verbally, anyway... [Troy thinks nothing of it, and merely grins, and Mushi walks away... only to lumber right back to the Jersey Devil and shout again...] **Mushigihara:** _OSU!!!_ [...much louder than before. And still no reaction from Troy.] **Angus:** Man, Mushi looks like he's about to rip Troy in HALF. [Sure enough, Mushi's fists are balled up and shaking, and his mask seems to be vibrating in fury.] **DDK:** Eddie's grinning now, and seems to be giving Mushi a gesture to end this! [Mushi then stares at Troy and grabs the lip of his hoodie...] **PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP-- Mushigihara:** Ah... AH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [..only to get a stream of RED mist blown right into his face.] [Oh, and don't forget, big boy wanted to wear a mask with no eye cover. DOWN GOES MUSHI...] [...wait a second. _Red_ mist?] **Angus:** WHAT?! NO! TROY'S... [His hood has fallen down around his neck in all the excitement, revealing his face to the Dusseldorf crowd. His hair, once short, spiked, and a bright neon-green in color, is still short and spiked, but now is a bright fire red. He grins before shedding the hoodie completely, and with a single, fluid motion, tears away his track pants, revealing new, short tights and exposed legs with a number of tattoos. Most notable of his new looks is on the waist of his tights, the words...] **Angus:** "...Devil Red?" "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!" **DDK:** It looks like Troy was leading

Mushigihara along to this moment, waiting for the right moment to strike, and sure enough it looks like the Sumo Beast is simply incapacitated! [Just as you'd expect, Mushi is clutching his face, shouting unintelligibly, while Eddie just looks on, horrified.] **Angus:** Dante definitely didn't think his night would go like this! [The medical staff has rushed in to help the big man out of the arena, but Eddie stands still, shocked and almost scared, it seems. Meanwhile, Troy is standing stoically, arms across his chest.] **DDK:** I never thought I'd see THIS; Troy Matthews calmly assessing the circumstances and Eddie Dante in a state of frantic desperation! [That "frantic desperation" seems to drive Eddie mad, as he's undoing his suit jacket and shirt, all while Troy seems to be looking away from him.] **Angus:** What's he... is he gonna fight Troy on that bad... **"KA-THWACK!" Angus:** ...leg? [For those of you who missed it, Eddie stripped to the waist and dove into the ring with his cane, and swung it like a bat right in between Troy's shoulders. All without looking the least bit hurt.] **DDK:** It would seem that Eddie had a ruse of his own! He was never hurt! [A fact that becomes even more obvious as Eddie starts stomping on Troy's back, almost oblivious to his charge's removal from the arena, still screaming in burning agony.] **Angus:** Man... well, this certainly just got interesting. [Eddie grabs his cane from the mat and now covers the struggling Troy from behind, and holds across his throat.] **DDK:** Eddie's plans to remove Troy Matthews from professional wrestling have been derailed, but now he's going to try and choke the LIFE out of him! [Eddie's got his cane cinched in tight against Troy's throat, and Troy himself? He's flailing wildly, trying to find some kind of leeway that he can use to get out of this mess. Wriggling out... doesn't work. Finding something to grab... doesn't work. Stomping wildly in the hopes of hitting Eddie's leg?] [THAT works. The back of Troy's boot finds it way onto Eddie's shinbone, and that proves to be enough of a distraction for Eddie to loosen his grip on his cane, allowing Troy to break free.] **DDK:** Troy's loose! [The Jersey Devil now turns to Eddie and starts WAILING on him with hard rights, enough to knock the Gentleman Brawler back. Troy reaches for the cane, and...] **KA-THWACK!!! DDK:** AND EDDIE DANTE GETS IT BETWEEN THE EYES! **Angus:** AUGH! EDDIE _DEFINITELY_ DIDN'T EXPECT HIS NIGHT TO GO LIKE THIS! [Eddie Dante, face now split open and bleeding, has been knocked back onto the ropes, while Troy gazes at him for a moment and then bounces off the ropes on the opposite side.] **DDK:** What could Troy be trying to do now... [He then greets Eddie with a BEAUTIFUL spinning heel kick... that takes both former friends over the top rope, spilling out onto the floor. Troy lands on his feet, but Eddie isn't so lucky, spilling out onto the concrete.] **DDK:** WHAT A MOVE! I don't think I've ever seen Troy pull off a trick like THAT before! But he's not finished! [Surely enough, Troy is pointing to a section of the crowd to get the hell out of his way, which, strangely enough, they do... meanwhile, Eddie is stumbling to his feet.] **DDK:** Fans, I think this... well, the match OBVIOUSLY is being thrown out, but now with Mushigihara indisposed it looks like Troy and Eddie are taking this rivalry well beyond what anyone in DEFIANCE ever expected! **THACRUMBLEBUMBLEBUMBLE** [THAT sound you just heard was Eddie Dante being whipped into several rows of chairs, knocking them all down like bowling pins and wiping out in the middle of the spectator's area.] **Angus:** Eddie's in deep trouble now, Keebs, but man, I don't think this is even the BEGINNING of it! [Now on a roll, Troy cracks a grin and appeals to the Düsseldorf crowd.] "RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!" **DDK:** Well, I think Troy's found himself back in DEFIANCE Wrestling's good graces, don't you think, Angus? [Troy pursues the downed Dante, wading through a pool of chairs in the process...] [...only to get tripped up by Eddie's obscured legs, and sent via drop toe hold into a wayward chair.] **Angus:** Don't be so sure, HOW many false starts has he had? Including that one? [Dante rises to his feet and grabs Troy by his hair, and HAMMERS a right hand into his face.] [Troy responds in kind, with a right of his own.] [And now it becomes a full scrap.] **Angus:** Now HERE we go! NOW it's a fight! [The duo seem on even terms now, staring at each other with blood in their faces and HATRED in their eyes. This moment of relative tranquility is short-lived, however, as the two rush into each other and continue brawling, to the fans' delight, up the stairway into the arena's bleacher seats.] **Angus:** Now HERE'S a bench-clearing brawl if I ever saw one! I thought this was gonna be ritual slaughter, but Troy-o changed colors and, for now, at least, seems to be re-energized! Though I'm sure this will be short-lived too. **DDK:** Don't be so sure! Eddie Dante and Troy Matthews are now laying into each other, climbing up those steps together! [The steps then become the section's vomitorium, and these two keep on their slugfest on an even floor.] **Angus:** Now THIS is the kind of old-school classic brawl I like! [Meanwhile, Eddie has rammed Troy headfirst into a nearby wall, then grabs him by the scruff of his neck and leads him along.] **DDK:** Yes, this is definitely a throwback to the vintage Southern-style brawls... I wonder if we'll be seeing... [Eddie and Troy spew out into the arena hall, Eddie still holding Troy by his neck. While Troy is reeling in pain, Eddie stares at...] **DDK:** ...a concession stand sometime soon. Well, then. [Just as you'd expect, Eddie sees a nearby concession stand, with lines of people who probably saw this match as a snack break. As Eddie points to the stand and makes a "step aside" gesture, those fans are probably a little embarrassed by now.] **DDK:** Dante swings Troy... OVER THE COUNTER AND INTO THAT CONCESSION STAND! And he follows suit, and it looks like he's cooking up some more carnage, fans! **Angus:** Cooking up some mo... wow, Keebs. Just wow. [Eddie has already swung himself over the counter also, as Troy crawls on all fours looking for some solid ground, a hunt cut short by Eddie's boots laying into

his ribs. The camera now pulls away and frantically rushes for a door to enter, so as to give us a better view of the carnage.] **Angus:** Good idea, cameraman, let's get a good look at these two fuckers trying to murder each other in a fucking kitchen. [Eddie has lifted Troy up to his feet yet again, and socked him in the face, before yelling into his face...] **Eddie:** Hope you eat meat now! [And whipping him RIGHT in the direction of the sausage rollers. Troy plops right into the counter below the rollers, and crumples to the ground, leaving Eddie to stalk him, grab him by the neck, and choke him on a counter with one hand and walloping him with the other. The fans are roaring in both cheers and boos, but they seem generally thrilled at the chaos unfolding here.] [Troy miraculously gets an arm up, and reaches for a ketchup bottle to squirt in Eddie's face. The Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare has no choice but to let go as he tries to un-blind himself, leaving him wide open for Troy's salvo of kicks to the knees and torso. As Eddie comes to, Troy keeps the battle to his face, grabbing a nearby napkin holder and....] **THWACK!** [To his face.] [Eddie gets knocked back, onto the door of the refrigerator, and Troy reaches up to him, and chokes him with his forearm.] [Which is all Eddie needed to break free and turn TROY onto the refrigerator door, and slam him against it a few times. He then starts kneeing Troy in the ribs, almost mocking his kickboxing style...] [...only for Troy to counter it by grabbing Eddie's leg and opening the fridge... And SLAMMING the door onto his knee.] **Eddie:** AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Troy walks away for the scene, face covered in blood, and Eddie screaming in pain...] **KA-TWAAAAA K!** [...only to rush right back and deliver a BLISTERING high kick RIGHT IN EDDIE'S FACE. Troy is slowly crawling now, while Eddie dangles by his trapped leg on the floor. Troy makes it to the fridge and opens the door, letting Eddie free... Then he grabs him by the neck and pushes his HEAD into the fridge...] **SLAM** [and slams the door on it.] **SLAM** [And again.] **SLAM** [And again.] **SLAMSLAMSLAMSLAMSLAMSLAM** [And again and again and again...] **SLAM SLAM SLAM... SLAM... SLAM** [Troy has finally calmed down, and the slams slow down and eventually stop. Standing over his broken foe, the newly-Christened Devil Red stares towards the slumped over corpse of Eddie Dante. The fans have long fallen silent, and don't make any noise as Troy leaves the stand and through the crowd.] [The camera gets a good look at Troy; bloodied and battered, his body almost coated in crimson. His eyes are dead, his face expressionless, as if he endured some kind of trauma... because he did.] [We cut out as he walks off-camera.]

Poor useless fucktard

[Backstage.] [Jonny Booya is walking.] [He's wearing the COOL shades, as well he should, but it doesn't hide the fact that he looks a whole lot less than cool. Nervous? Yeah. Not cool.] [Jonny arrives at a door somewhere backstage and raps on it.] **Jonny Booya:** Damn. [Receiving no answer, he tries again.] [This time, it swings open while he's still knocking, and when it does he jumps back a foot.] **Heidi Christenson:** What do you want? [The contempt in her voice is withering, and what little remained of Jonny Booya's COOL fades away like so much mist in the sunlight.] **Jonny:** Uhhh... Kai told me to apologize to you. For helping Curtis Penn beat you and stuff. **Heidi:**come in. Sit. [Jonny very slowly steps into Heidi's locker room. Once he moves aside, we get our first look at Heidi of the night. She hasn't changed out of her street clothes yet.] **Heidi:** I said sit. [Jonny looks around, then sits down on a bench.] **Heidi:** Do you really think that making me lose to Curtis Penn is something you can apologize for, Jon? **Jonny:** Well, Kai told me... **Heidi:** Let me come back to that. Answer me. **Jonny:** No. **Heidi:** Of course there is. Pride heals. You gained nothing by costing me that match, I lost nothing by losing it. Anyway. So Kai told you to come apologize to me? **Jonny:** Yeah. [Heidi smirks. It looks like malice soaked in cognac.] **Heidi:** What kind of self-respecting pro wrestler apologizes for anything? **Jonny:** I... ah... [Whether Jonny Booya is as stupid as he sometimes comes across or, like his cousin Jeff, he's smart when he bothers to think things through but usually doesn't bother with that, is unclear. But right now, Heidi's got him completely wrong-footed.] **Heidi:** And why would you even listen to a guy who told you to do something like that? [Jonny stammers.] **Heidi:** Jon, here's what you're going to do. You're going to go back to wherever Kai's hiding out, and you're going to tell him that he has one hour to come see me. If he doesn't show, I'm going to hunt him down. Now git. [Jonny leaves the room as quickly as he can. Heidi's evil smirk turns into a sort of melancholy half-smile, and she shakes her head.] **Heidi:** Poor useless fucktard...

The Lion, The HOSS and the Swanky Wardrobe

[After that exciting match-up, the camera averts its attention backstage now. Standing in the backstage interview area is none other than Lance Warner, ready to deliver to you the fans streaming on Hulu – and you ILLEGAL BIT

TORRENTERS FOR SHAME ON YOU – the nitty-gritty. As always, he's ready to bring it.] **Warner:** Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us tonight! With me at this time are one side in the ongoing war we've been seeing for months now. The three men about to take on TexMex Holiday in an Elimination Trios match to hopefully settle the score between these two teams – Please welcome Aleczander the Great, Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment, collectively known as Team HOSS. Also welcome their manager and official spokesman Junior Keeling! [One by one, the camera sees the three big brutes pop into view and the crowd starts jeering their hearts out for the powerhouses. The arrogant Aleczander The Great, the energetic Angel Trinidad, the gruff Capital Punishment and Junior Keeling right in front of them... wearing a SWANK black business suit that they don't carry at some lowbrow store like Tar-je or The Men's Wearhouse!] **Keeling:** Lance Warner, it's your pleasure having us here. And I'm already going to correct you, my friend. First off... that's SUPERAGENT Junior Keeling to you. Second of all, It's not even TexMex Holiday anymore. At best, they're like... I dunno, Texas... **Angel Trinidad:** TEXAS HALF-DAY! YEAH! **Keeling:** ...That. These three troll shave been getting in our shit since day one and we're tired of it. They've won some. We've won some. But now, I'm long tired of this. Angel's tired of this. Aleczander is tired of this. I know Cappy is tired of this shit. [The camera pans to an annoyed Cappy and he is indeed tired] These three are roaches that have followed us all the way across Asia and Europe just to ride our coattails. Well, the problem is this, guys... the free ride is done. We broke Diego De Leon DOWN. We've hurt Jimmie Rix. The only person on that team that's even close to 100% is Holiday and last I checked, there was only ONE of him and three of these healthy engines of destruction. [Aleczander The Great pats Junior on the shoulder before he has his say. It is worth noting that he's looking extra glossy to accentuate his awesome muscles that you probably don't have.] **Aleczander:** Mate, we've been kicking their asses for the longest time now and the only reason they even won that little series is because I was prepared for that Yankee yokel, Rix, not that little tosser, Frank Holiday. I'm with Junior here, we're sick of looking at these little faggots coming up and trying to take our spotlight. We aren't taking... **Angel Trinidad:** NO SHIT ANYMORE! YEAH! [Aleczander taps The Rookie Monster on the shoulder now like a father giving his son a "can you believe the things this kid says?" look.] **Aleczander:** What he said. I've already beaten Rix, I helped cripple Diego and before this is said and done, Frankie, I'm gonna pin YOU. You've been walking around here like your shit don't stink, mate, cause you beat Chance Von Crank that one time. Well, we're still here and we're going to stomp the three of you eensy little wankstains into oblivion! **Lance Warner:** While this match is elimination, you guys already have the man advantage. What is your gameplan heading into this match tonight? [Cappy takes the microphone and moves it closer to him. **Cappy:** We're... **Angel Trinidad:** HHHHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! [While Junior Keeling and Aleczander are more understanding of their eager-to-please little brother of the HOSS stable, the elder statesman HOSS Cappy is not.] **Cappy:** Do you fucking mind, kid? **Angel Trinidad:** Nope, I don't mind Warner's stupid clueless expression. Go right ahead. [Obligatory eye roll from the IWO Legend before he has his say.] **Cappy:** Well, Lance... we're going to DOMINATE. That's what Diego, I had all the respect in the world for you since you brought the fight to me a few weeks ago and it's a shame you couldn't be here because I wanted to be the one to finish you off tonight... but you guys just couldn't stop, could you? You've impeded our progress towards gold here for far too long and now we have to put the three of you down for good if we're going to get past this. Frankie, Jimmie, Diego... know that this wasn't personal. It's a business decision. [Keeling looks up at his client.] **Keeling:** ...Well, it's personal to me. That homo Billy Pepper put his hands on me. Bonus points to somebody that can fuck Frank Holiday up while making Billy watch. **Angel Trinidad:** OH! OH! OH! ME, ME, ME! I WANNA DO IT! I BEAT HIM ONCE, I CAN DO IT AGAIN! **Keeling:** ...He has spirit, I'll give him that. Let's go, boys. [One by one, the three men take their leave and Junior Keeling flashes a cheesy grin before he takes off, getting ready to end this fight with Tex... er, Tex Holiday for good... okay, he comes back, does a quick spin to show off his suit, then he leaves.]

Henry Keyes vs Stockton Pyre vs Curtis Penn ©



[CUE UP: "Morphine Child" by Savatage. Stockton Pyre, the red-and-blue Gonzo Goliath, makes his way through the curtain. He stands at the top of the ramp and, just before the song goes from low-key to a burst of guitar-led hard music, Pyre claps his hands together twice and, as the burst comes over the sound system, Pyre raises both fists in the air, to a decently positive reception.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall, and it is a TRIPLE THREAT MATCH for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first, from Parts Unknown... Standing at Six Feet Six Inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred and Sixty Six Pounds...STTTTTOOOOCCCKKKKTOOOONNNN PYYYYYYYYRRRRRRRRRRRE!

DDK:

Last show, we had an extremely unusual finish to the #1 Contender match between Stockton Pyre and Henry Keyes, which saw referee Carla Ferrari knocked out for the count and throwing out the finish...and here we are now, in Germany, with three men who have danced around, and TOWARDS, each other!

Angus:

Funny how you can go back to the very first stop on our European tour and see how this whole shebang started. Pyre, he's got a hell of a lariat and can fuggin' HAWS with anyone. And let's just say, there's no chance that a referee getting bonked in the temple is going to ruin this one. We're getting a DEFINITE WINNER.

DDK:

I think our fans would love nothing more, and even with mixed results, it's clear we have a blue-chipper here in this rookie Stockton Pyre-

[CUE UP: "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park. Beacons of bright red lights flood the arena as the be-goggled Gearshift Grappler Henry Keyes power-walks, half haunched over, with a manic grin on his face. The European fans are a bit warmer on Keyes.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Introducing next...from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

And ANOTHER BLUE CHIPPER, Henry Keyes!

Angus:

I've got a high frame rate camera setup for this guy, because I swear to you, I WILL find out what that Bell Clap is all about!

DDK:

He's more than that, Ang - he's shown raw intensity and impressive power all throughout Europe, and it seems like he's already developed a bit of a following with his bizarro-world tactics.

[Keyes and Pyre lock eyes. They nod to each other as a sign of respect, and Pyre extends his hand. Keyes grasps it Roman-style, but before Pyre can pull him away, Keyes maintains his grip and stares coldly into Pyre's eyes. They hold the stare before nodding once more, grip released.]

DDK:

What do you think THAT was?

Angus:

Keyes just said "Yeah, we've been buddies, but I'm not afraid to shove my crazy bionic elbow down your THROAT for the title", and I think I LIKE it!

DDK:

Say what you will about these two colorful characters - they mean business, and they're here to make a real statement in that ring.

[CUE UP: "Enae Volare Mezzo". A cascade of boos resonate throughout the arena as the Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn, stands firmly at the top of the ramp, belt held high. He seems to bask in the heat-glow his presence is generating.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And finally, from PENsaCOLA, FLORIDA...weighing in at TWO hundred FIFTEEN pounds, he is the reigning SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...CURTIIIIIIIIIIIS, PENN!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

THIS fucking guy.

DDK:

You've never been one to hide your opinion of our Southern Heritage Champio-

Angus:

I hate him.

DDK:

You hate him.

Angus:

Hard.

DDK:

But allow me to play Devil's Advocate for a moment...he has been ABSURDLY difficult to figure out in that ring ever since he won that championship. It's like winning the Stars n Bars unlocked some sort of secret powers in Curtis Penn, and he has been nothing short of RUTHLESS in his defenses up to now!

Angus:

...don't try to cover for that fucker. He's LONG overdue for some pain. And I'm glad I cornered that sonofabitch with this match.

[Curtis Penn just grins at the two hungry rookies as he nonchalantly hands his title to referee Mark Shields, who is already set up with cigarette lit and in-mouth. Keyes and Pyre strike fighting poses, while Penn just stands, smiling, arms wide. The smile slowly turns to a snarl, then something darkly sinister.]

DDK:

Penn looking to get into the heads of the rookies here?

Angus:

Everyone in that RING knows they're in for a fight - and it's a good thing Shields is in there, he can take a hit too.

DINGDING

[Keyes and Pyre, predictably, come flying with all the speed in the universe towards Penn - who merely steps between the middle and top ropes and hops outside, the crowd parting to give a small amount of space. With an angry look on his face, he points at the two of them, shouting 'YOU TWO FIGHT, YOU IDIOTS, THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE JUST ONE OF YOU.' Boos rain down and Shields rolls his eyes, pissed that he already has to get to work. Keyes and Pyre look between each other and Penn, weighing the economics of the situation. Both men shrug their shoulders and step between the ropes themselves and charge after Penn, who begins to run around the ring, nearly crashing with a few fans.]

DDK:

Penn trying to slip out early, narrow down the competition, and both rookies are in hot pursuit! Keyes slightly quicker, but Penn slides into the ring - Keyes follows - OOOOH a big running punt to that right arm of Keyes! You may remember he targeted that arm weeks ago! Penn now trying to wrench that arm, but here comes Pyre, CLUBBING blows to Penn's neck and back and the space has been created. Keyes up, and he's throwing wild elbows at anyone in his path - one connects with Pyre, ANOTHER CONNECTS WITH PENN! He's stopped for a moment, time to re-evaluate, and all three men are standing tall in different corners of the ring, the fans rumbling their palms on the mat in anticipation!

Angus:

Mission statements from the start - doing what you have to do to win, versus isolating the champion and using your brain, versus hitting anything and everything in your path. Just let me close my eyes and ignore face/heel dynamics for a minute, because I want to see this shit play OUT.

[More staredowns. Keyes is the least patient and charges towards Penn, connecting with a series of stiff elbow shots to the grill. Backing him into the corner, Keyes Irish Whips him out into an awaiting Stockton Pyre, who connects with a palm strike followed immediately by a release German sequence.]

DDK:

Opening Statement by Stockton Pyre - AND HENRY KEYES CHARGES IN WITH A MASSIVE EUROPEAN UPPERCUT on Pyre! Two men down, and Keyes grabs Penn by his head, locking in a front chancery here! Looking to wear the champion down!

Angus:

I wonder if Henry squeezes hard enough if he can legitimately bust a major artery. Or at least his trachea.

DDK:

Henry doing his best to wear down the champ, but Pyre is up! He's rubbing his jaw now, looking at the two in the middle, picking, choosing, debating the pros and the cons - BULLHAMMER ELBOW! TO HENRY KEYES! He calls that move The Enlightenment! Keyes is knocked silly, and here's the cover!

1!

2 - broken up by Curtis Penn, and just LOOK at that rage in Penn's eyes! He's got a clinch locked in on Pyre, just like the first time we saw these two face off, and HERE ARE THE KNEES!

Penn:

MY!

KNEES!

WILL!

FUCK!

YOUR!

LIFE!

[Penn's face is a cranapple hue.]

Penn:

DOMO ARIGATO!

[Penn connects with a roundhouse kick to the jaw of Pyre.]

DDK:

Penn now with the cover on Pyre!

1!

2!

A strong kickout by Pyre, but he looks hurt out there!

Angus:

The man's gotta get used to getting kicked in the grill eventually, right? Right?

DDK:

Keyes is back up, and he's winding up - Penn's ready for him! He's got him hooked up, and he's looking for a suplex here!

Angus:

Did...did Keyes scout that??

DDK:

It looks like he did - he's hung up over the shoulder of Curtis Penn, who just went for an overhead suplex, but Henry's leather-wrapped arm is wrenched around Penn's chin and neck! Penn's face - it's turning red again, but this time it doesn't seem intentional...

Angus:

Did he do it? DID HE POP HIS JUGULAR??

DDK:

...Let's hope not, but either way, it looks like Penn's strength is fading - he's lowering Keyes down! That arm's still wrapped in that facelock-style choke hold, and Henry is just wild-eyed out there!

[Keyes lets out a large belly-laugh before planting Penn in a big DDT, which leads to a kickout cover at two.]

Angus:

FEHHHHK.

DDK:

...journalistic integrity?

Angus:

Not when it comes to Curtis Penn.

[Pyre stirs and drags himself up by the ropes in one corner of the ring, arms draped over the top ropes as he attempts to regain his faculties. Keyes charges in and hits him with a running European Uppercut. Penn has situated himself similarly in the opposite corner of the ring, which Keyes sees - he charges the Penn corner and connects with a second uppercut. Charges Pyre, connects. Charges Penn, connects again. Charges Pyre's corner again...

...his last charge.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHH

DDK:

Powerslam?? POWERSLAM!

Angus:

You're damn right that was a power slam, and like a PLAYA IN A STRIP CLUB AT ELEVEN A.M. - all that momentum has come to a GRINDING halt!

DDK:

...

Angus:

You know I'm right. Get back to your gig.

DDK:

Pyre is breathing heavily, looking at the fallen body of sometimes-friend, sometimes-rival Henry Keyes, but wait a minute...his gaze has lifted! It's centered SQUARELY on the champion!

Penn:

STEP UP, BITCH!

[Pyre charges, looking for his Herculean lariat, which Penn ducks under at the last second. Penn strikes with a pair of sharp kicks to the legs of the massive Pyre. Stockton charges again with his beefy hamhock, only to again get ducked and retorted with pointed feet on his legs. Penn goes for a taunt, pointing to his head and articulating his general geniusness and otherwise more proficient skill at all things relevant to the world of wrestling, which Pyre...no-sells. He is a veritable brick wall of non-emotion. Shields puts his cig out on a turnbuckle. Further Penn-taunts, continued curious no-selling.]

DDK:

Is it possible to get in the head of Stockton Pyre?

[Angus is silent for a few moments, trying to gather his thoughts.]

Angus:

...

DDK:

Nothing?

Angus:

I almost get it? He's the dispassionate observer? But...this FUCKING GUY. How is he not on FIRE with anger??

DDK:

Nice use of 'dispassionate'.

Angus:

Don't tell anyone I've been reading books.

[Infuriated and out of patience, Penn charges feet-a-flyin' towards Pyre, connecting with a brief series of kicks to the torso. He pushes him for an Irish Whip, which gets reversed and sends Penn into the ropes. Pyre connects with a running double ax handle to the chest, which floors Penn. After a quick two count, both men lock up again, Pyre using his power and leverage advantage to connect with an STO. Another two count, another kickout.]

DDK:

Great offense here by Pyre, and great resilience by the SoHer cham-pee-own.

Angus:

...Don't encourage him.

DDK:

Another lockup between Pyre and Penn here, Pyre with the clear strength advantage here, pushing him back into the ropes - KNEE TO THE GUT by Penn! Another knee! Another - wait, was that low??

Angus:

YES, DQ him Shields!!

DDK:

Apparently the ref's vision was skewed or maybe we mis-saw it, but I SWEAR Curtis Penn just hid a nut-shot in with those other knees to the stomach! Pyre is REELING here. Penn stalking his opponent now, measuring his next step, figuring out the next body part to strike...THE CHOKE SLEEPER! A classic!

Angus:

YOU'RE SERIOUSLY NOT DEE QUEUE-ING HIM?! God. DAMNIT. Well. I mean, the title would stay. But THIS FUCKING GUY. I'm in a GLASS CASE OF EMOTION.

DDK:

Curtis is just WRENCHING this sleeper here, and Pyre is fading! Here comes the arm test - one drop! Shields lifting the arm aga-wait. WAIT A MINUTE! Henry Keyes is STALKING Curtis Penn, and Penn has NO IDEA HE'S THERE! A second arm drop, and Penn's one drop away from retaining - HERE COMES HENRY! HE'S LOCKED IN A REAR NAKED CHOKE OF HIS OWN ON CURTIS PENN!

Angus:

...WAT

DDK:

IT'S AN INCEPTION-STYLE SERIES OF SLEEPER HOLDS! Sleep-ception! Penn's got one locked on Pyre, but Keyes has one locked on Penn!!

Angus:

The tension is KILLING ME.

[The German crowd gets rowdy in this pseudo-Human-Centipede setup of submission holds. Penn breaks his hold of Pyre and reaches for Keyes' weaker left arm, trying to wrench it off of him. Pyre rolls away, breathing a sigh of relief that his arm wasn't raised a third time. Keyes keeps his hold, and Penn rolls over, nearly trapping Keyes in a pin before the hold is released at 2.7.]

DDK:

Penn rolls to the outside trying to catch his breath.

[Pyre and Keyes wait for him to re-enter the ring, Keyes taunting him and Pyre just waiting.]

DDK:

Penn is screaming at the two!

[Penn's face is flush red and he's pointing the two rookies.]

Penn:

Ya'll do know that ya'll don't have to pin me right! Fucking dolts!

[Keyes steps away from the masked wrestler and eyes him suspiciously.]

Angus:

MIND GAMES! TRICKERY!

DDK:

That's right Angus, Penn just shot himself over the ropes and takes out both guys with a diving clothesline. Penn adds a new skill set to his arsenal!

Angus:

Yeah, a human battering ram. Too bad those always end up broken in the movies.

[Pyre is the first back up to his feet and lifts Penn's dead weight up and suplexes him over his head. Penn bounces off of the mat and rushes back into Pyre and he pops his hips and suplexes him again. Frustrated, Penn rushes him again, expecting the clutch of the Pyre he baseball slides underneath him and kicks the big man in the back of the knees and then bulldogs him into the mat.]

DDK:

Keyes was just watching the exchange and charges Penn on his way up, Keyes lowers his shoulders and hits Penn with a massive Shoulder Block.

Angus:

PIN HIM!

[Less than a three count; more than a two count.]

[Keyes hooks Penn to pull him up. Glancing at Pyre to make sure he's down, he holds a groggy Penn up and...

DDK:

Bell Clap! Did you get it Angus?

Angus:

Yes! Wait, no! What the high fuck is up with sleep mode?!?

[Penn's bell is rung, and he stumbles back into ANOTHER bell clap!]

DDK:

Angus, you're missing Curtis Penn getting the clap!

[Angus puts down the camera and guffaws.]

Angus:

Couldn't happen to a bigger prick.

[As Penn stumbles around he walks back towards the standing Keyes, who front body presses Penn up in the air and SMASHES him in the face on the way down with a European Uppercut.]

DDK:

What an uppercut! Penn might be out!

Angus:

We can only hope.

DDK:

Keyes with the cover!

1...

2...

Foot on the ropes! Penn reached out and at the last second got the foot on the ropes!

[Indeed he did. Mark Shields, in an unusual fit of rules competency, reaches out and taps Keyes on the shoulder, indicating the presence of Penn's foot on the rope. Keyes huffs as Penn rolls under the bottom rope and tumbles to the ground, the fans splitting as he rolls out and offering him no comfort as he hits the concrete with a thud. Keyes goes to follow, but he sees an issue.]

DDK:

Pyre's back up. And now he and Keyes are circling each other, looking for an opening.

Angus:

When friends collide, refs get kicked in the head and everyone becomes a fairy.

[The two men lock up in the center of the ring, both trying to bull each other around in a collar-and-elbow lockup. The bigger Pyre is leading the dance, but Keyes is smartly using his momentum to move the lock-up where he wants. Keyes tries to swing Pyre into the corner, but Pyre ends up brute-forcing him into the corner, where a clean break happens.]

Angus:

See what I mean about this guy? Clean fucking break?!? Are you serious?

[Both men lock up again, and Stockton rolls behind Keyes, taking his left arm with him into a hammerlock. Keyes quickly ducks down and grabs the leg, putting Pyre down on his back, but Pyre shoves off with his free leg. Pyre stays down with the trip, which Keyes hops over. Then Pyre gets back up and drops Keyes with a drop-toe-hold, which he turns quickly into...]

DDK:

Purgatory! Henry Keyes is trapped in Purgatory!

Angus:

I'M trapped in purgatory! Where's MY sympathy?

[Keyes is struggling for a way out. Pyre's got the hold cinched in deep, but Keyes has an out to reach for the ropes. Slowly Keyes crawls towards the ropes on his elbows, pulling the lock with him.]

DDK:

Keyes is going to have to reach the ropes soon...he reaches out for the ropes, annnnnnnndddd.....

Angus:

Pyre's pulling him back!

[Indeed Keyes did miss the ropes with his outstretched arm, as Pyre started to pull Keyes back into the ring. But as he slowly pulls Keyes away from the ropes...]

DDK:

Penn, back from the dead! He's got Keyes' extended left arm, and yow!

Angus:

He's trying to jerk the bell clap out of existence! DON'T DO IT, I MUST KNOW THE SECRET!

[The sudden burst of power actually breaks the hold and sends Pyre forward, falling on his face. Meanwhile, Penn, having pulled Pyre's head under the bottom rope and out onto the apron, lashes out with a quick elbow before he hooks up Pyre.]

DDK:

What's Penn...

[And before DDK can finish that thought, Penn pulls Keyes out so he's parallel with the floor, back-down, and hanging by both Penn's grip and his feet on the apron. And then, just as quickly, the bottom drops out and Penn hits Keyes with a neckbreaker on the floor.]

Angus:

God Damnit, you steamfucker! You gotta break out of that...it's fucking CURTIS PENN!

DDK:

Hangman's neckbreaker on the floor by Penn on Keyes, and Keyes is in big trouble here!

[Penn stands up and turns to the crowd, pointing to how smart he is once again. But his taunting gets met in the back between the shoulder blades by one Stockton Pyre executing a baseball slide into the back of the champ.]

DDK:

Baseball slide! And the champ goes flying forward into the crowd!

[Indeed he does. Penn falls forward, landing on the floor as the fans scatter. Pyre completes the motion of moving outside the ring as the champ searches for something...anything to give him an edge.

DDK:

Pyre stalking past a wounded Henry Keyes to come after the champion.

Angus:

That's stupid. Pyre could probably finish off Keyes right now.

DDK:

Yeah, but look at Curtis Penn. He may be down but he's not out yet. What's Curtis got in his hand?

[It's a cup of lager. As Pyre stalks forward, Curtis takes a mouthful of some of Germany's finest. Pyre reaches down and picks up Penn, and in that moment, Penn sprays beer right in Stockton Pyre's face.]

[Which Pyre no-sells, since his mask has eye guards on it.]

Angus:

I always knew Penn was a fucking moron, this just proves it.

[Penn, thinking he's bought himself a moment, stumbles backwards, taking his eye off Pyre and dropping the cup. He turns back around, and is met with a THUNDEROUS right cross that causes the champ to tumble backwards on his ass.]

DDK:

And Pyre made him pay with a huge right hand! The champ could be in big trouble here!

[Pyre picks up Penn and drags him back into the ring. They pass Keyes, who's still writhing on the ground in pain, as Pyre rolls Penn back under the bottom rope. Rolling back in himself, Pyre stands at full attention as Penn gets to his knees, begging off.]

DDK:

If I were Stockton Pyre, I'd be careful, we know the champ has a plan here.

[Pyre approaches with a cold, methodical stalking after Penn. As Pyre leans forward, Penn tries to jab him in the eye, but Stockton shows lightning quickness and grabs the thumb of Curtis Penn!]

DDK:

Pyre caught the thumb aimed for his eye!

Angus:

Fucking ow! Look at him twist that cockroach's thumb!

[Indeed, Pyre has begun to apply pressure to Penn's thumb, and Penn, who is now screaming in pain, is pulled to his feet by his thumb.]

DDK:

What's Pyre going to...head butt! He head-butted the champ between the eyes, Penn on spaghetti legs, and the scoop and...Paradise Lost! Penn just got dumped right on his head, and listen to these fans cheer!

Angus:

They hate Penn almost as much as I do! Finish this shithead off!

[Pyre takes a moment to pick himself up, and another moment to look at the cheering crowd. After a couple of seconds, and a quick glance at Henry Keyes, who is still recovering outside the ring, Pyre claps his hands together twice and then twirls his right index finger in the air.]

DDK:

That's the signal for the Inferno!

Angus:

What are you waiting for, stop signaling and lariat this guy's head into the fifth row! GIVE THE FANS THEIR SOUVENIR!

[Pyre picks up Penn and hooks him with the belly-to-back arm grab. He pushes off of Penn and swings...]

Angus:

...FUUUU-

[...but Penn ducks! Pyre turns around, and catches ANOTHER low blow, this time a kick, that bends him over and

draws big boos from the crowd. Penn quickly locks the bigger Pyre into a crossface chickenwing and heaves him over into a crossface chickenwing suplex!]

DDK:

What strength by Curtis Penn, taking over a man that well-outweighs him.

[Penn wastes no time in locking in the Curtis Clutch once again.]

Angus:

No, no, Jesus bowl-smoking Christ fucking no!

[We can't see Pyre's face, but everything about the body language says he's in terrible pain, and he's locked in the middle of the ring. On the outside, Henry Keyes is trying to shake the cobwebs out, but he hasn't seen yet that Penn has the submission hold locked in.]

Angus:

Wake up, Henry! Break up the hold! Oh for fuck's sake, LOOK IN THE RING!

[Henry finally turns and sees the predicament Stockton Pyre is in.]

DDK:

Henry Keyes needs to move fast, Pyre has been in this hold a long time!

[Keyes rolls into the ring and gets to his feet. He dives for the hold....

...but is too late, as Pyre taps out!]

DING DING DING!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Enae Volare Mezzo kicks off as Penn drops the hold when Keyes makes contact with him while diving. Rolling out of the ring and arms raised triumphant, Penn slowly backs away on his knees while Henry Keyes fumes, burning a hole in Penn with his eyes.]

Angus:

FFFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU....

DDK:

Somehow, some way, Curtis Penn manages to escape AGAIN!

DQ:

The winner of this match, and STTTTTTTIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII Southern Heritage Champion...CURTIS! PENN!

[Penn is handed the belt by an official while he stumbles to his feet. Snatching the belt from the official, he clutches it to his chest as he stumbles and falls backwards, landing on the rampway. In the ring, Keyes is SEETHING as he stares out at Curtis Penn, who gets off of his ass and starts to make a huge show.]

DDK:

It's clear that Penn is still rattled from the last flurry of offense Stockton Pyre was able to land on him, but he somehow manages to get away with the Southern Heritage title around his waist.

Angus:

There isn't enough weed in Europe to kill this low.

Demanding competition

[The belt is handed to Curtis Penn and a large grin forms with his lips as he watches Henry Keyes and Stockton Pyre walk up the ramp as losers. He motions for a microphone, which is promptly handed to him, he shrugs the Stars and Bars title over his shoulder and watches as Keyes and Pyre walk into the back.]

Penn:

Well, now that is over I have something that I need to get off of my chest.

[He paces the ring, back and forth of a moment and then stops in the same exact spot from which he started.]

Penn:

I'm the **VERY best** .

[Huge sigh.]

Penn:

Wow, that was a relief, I mean telling the truth is supposed to hurt, but man that was liberating. Since the Grindhouse tour has started I have beaten Alston for the Southern Heritage Championship. I leveled Chance Von Crank and he left town after heading into the Europe leg of this tour a loser. I kicked Frank Dylan James' ass at his own game. I bitch slapped Henry Keyes and Stockton Pyre just now so that they'd remember their place for a very long time. Then there was Heidi Christenson who I made lose consciousness in the middle of the ring, something that has not been done without a tranquillizer dart or a stun gun in Defiance yet.

[He pauses.]

Penn:

Ya'll see that when you step into the ring with me, the best, that I'm going to win. I'm going to walk into the ring a champion and I will always walk out of the ring the champion and there's not a single one in the back who can say otherwise. I've proven it time and time again.

[He looks over the crowd and towards the backstage area.]

Penn:

I know there are men and women in the back who'd like to say different and I'm going to give all of you a chance to prove me wrong while we travel in the Great White North of Canada.

[He shrugs.]

Penn:

I know you won't, but I will at least give you a chance for you to realize that I am the best wrestler on the roster and that I have the largest set of grapefruits on the roster. You see we move from Germany to Canada, the home of Maple Syrup and free healthcare and I just don't see a contender for a title shot at the Canada iPPV. So, Sam Turner Jr., Frankie Holiday, and Diego stop being the shy kids in the back of the class and step up to the plate. I'm bored and ya'll are fresh new faces for my fist to land.

[He pats his title, smiles, and then drops the microphone to the mat.]

[Cut.]

Starstruck

[Backstage.]

[The Only Star and The Natural, walking side by side, if you only knew what these two and their many associates have done to each other over the last 15 or so years, you would fully understand how weird this sight is.]

[Never the less.]

[Here they are, walking and talking, peacefully.]

Mike Bell:

Come on now, there can't be anybody who cares that much about an old dog like me.

Eric Dane:

Would I lie... to you?

[Bell glances at him, Dane shrugs.]

Dane:

Nevermind. Point is, this guy was in high school when we were in our old stomping grounds up in Portland. He's a real throwback, trained by Ramsey and everything, a real do gooder, it's actually kind of annoying how much he reminds me of you at times.

Bell:

Still, I don't see how that means he'd be especially impressed with me?

Dane:

Ten bucks. I guarantee you get a bigger pop from him alone than we got earlier when they showed us arriving on the big screen.

[Reaching the door to Eric's appointed inner sanctum for the evening, they enter the office space. Cutting to an interior view, we find that Dusty Griffith is seated and waiting.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dusty:

Hey Baws, not sure what you need, but...

[Dusty turns and gets up from his seat and is greeted by the sight of one of his biggest idols and for those who remember my roleplays from when I won Summer Games in 2008, is the man who inspired Dusty Griffith's career in pro wrestling.]

[So all you evil doers out there can thank Mike Bell for that.]

Dusty: [starstruck]

...here I am.

[Dane looks to Bell, Bell looks back, then to Dusty, who's face goes from calm to OMG I AM SO HAPPY TO BE HERE RIGHT NOW!]

Dusty:

Holy shit, uh... I mean... it's MIKE BELL?!

[Dusty's face lights up, literally, it could have replaced the star on the tree in Rockefeller Center and just now, at this

very moment, Bell knows he's about to be down ten bucks.]

Dane:

Yeah, I wanted you two to...

[Bell offers his hand, which Dusty gladly accepts and begins shaking mindlessly, a stupid, markish grin splattered across his face. Dane kind of smirks at the whole scene.]

Dusty: [ramble-babbling]

It's really MIKE BELL?!.. DO YOU REMEMBER AT BATTLE OF THE BELTS WHEN YOU SIGNED MY DWA TEE SHIRT BEFORE THEY FIRED YOU IN THAT BATTLE ROYAL?! THAT WAS SUCH TOTAL BULLSHIT!

[Bell nods as he can't help himself from smiling, it is a bit of an ego stroking moment. Dane is still standing there, smirking like the mastermind that he is.]

Bell:

Big football player looking kid, right? Looked much older for your age.

[Somehow this makes the moment all the more special for Dusty. His hero remembers some dumb kid back in the day and so many chair shots ago.]

Dusty: [awkward chuckle]

Whoah... Mike Bell actually remembers... me.

[The Baws looks on, keeping a chuckle to himself.]

Dane:

Yeah, well, you got a match coming up, and me and the old man here have a couple of final eyes to dot and tees to cross on his contract-

Dusty:

THE MIKE BELL IS GOING TO WORK IN DEFIANCE?

[His inner-mark is all out in the open.]

Dane:

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanyway, scram kid, go find Frank and keep him from eating the production staff or whatever it is you do when you're not suplexing people to death.

[Dusty takes a deep breath and looks at Dane, then at Bell, and his face gets a little bit red as the realization of his outburst hits him. Nodding, he makes his exit.]

Dusty:

Uhm... Ah... Right... right... I'll go do that.

[Dusty has left the building... err... office, leaving Bell and Dane standing alone as the door shuts behind Griffith. The smirk never leaves Dane's face, Bell's smile never fades, he stands back with his arms crossed over his chest. Silence brings a lull for the briefest of moments now that the two legends stand side by side.]

Bell:

So, he's the real deal, then?

Dane:

I've been working with him since he came up. Kid's got the size, the power, the speed, the science... and he does it for the right reasons.

Bell:

I reckon I'll have to keep an eye on him then.

Dane:

I'd appreciate that.

[A moment passes.]

Bell:

So Kelly, huh? Really? You didn't tell me she was gonna be here.

Dane:

Ancient history, my man.

Bell:

You weren't there. Ty and Stevie were there. Kelly was there. They did awful things to Sherry.

[Eric kind of looks away, kind of covers his mouth.]

Dane: [muffled]

They might be here too.

[Bell raises an accusatory eyebrow.]

Dane:

To be fair, it's mostly just Ty, Stevie can't be assed. And he's on the up and up. You have my word, absolute guarantee, ancient history is ancient history. Look, Mike, I'm out of the business of ambushing guys for title shots. Aside from that, I've never been in the business of letting personal history affect DEFIANCE. This is what I do now, and you have my word that Kelly is on a leash, and Ty won't be a problem.

[A pregnant pause.]

Dane:

And I will personally step in, should the need arise.

[Bell takes a breath and then sighs, nodding and mentally agreeing to take Dane at his word. Then reaches down into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash, which he strips a ten spot from and hands it over to Dane. The BAWs glances at the bill and shrugs.]

Dane:

Nah, it's alright.

Bell:

A bet's a bet, Eric.

Dane:

I knew all about Dusty's hero worship for you, I just wanted to see what would happen.

Bell: [smiling and shaking his head]

Always holding something back, I see.

Dane:

Always. Rivalries die hard, you know?

Bell:

They sure do.

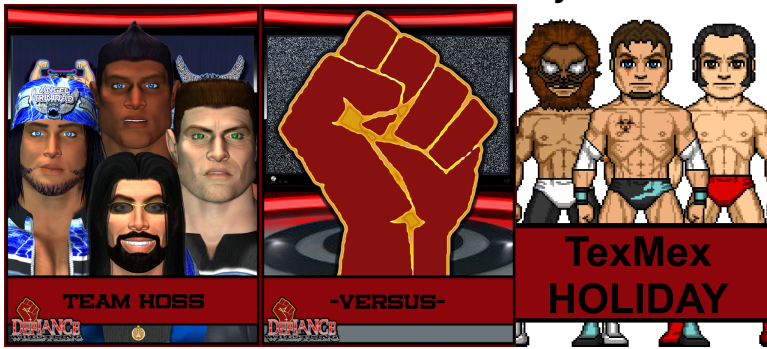
Dane:

Besides, I wasn't sure if I should be mad at him or jealous of you a minute ago. That kid practically no sold me when we first met. It was the first time I actually started to feel my age, fucking kid.

[Dane shakes his head, his usual smirk adorning his face as Bell slaps him on the back while he chuckles a bit at his old adversaries expense.]

[Back to the desk.]

Team HOSS vs TexMex Holiday



DDK: It seems like it's been a long time coming, but we're finally here. These two teams have been at each other's throats since they all debuted together in Japan. They've been going at it tooth and nail all across both Japan and more recently, all across Europe. The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers aka Team HOSS are about to take on the upstarts TexMex Holiday. **Angus:** Only they don't have the Mex! Diego's out! He ain't coming back any time soon! All the quicker this whomping is going to be! **DDK:** Normally I would disagree with you... but I don't know how Jimmie Rix and Frank Holiday are going to go this alone. Any time the numbers advantage has favored Team HOSS, it's meant nothing but bad luck for all of them. Countless attacks on Holiday, Rix and more recently, Diego De Leon. But they're going to give it their all regardless! These guys won a two-out-of-three series against Team HOSS to get here so they always have a chance, albeit a small one! This match is elimination rules and we're going to ringside for the conclusion to this personal rivalry! **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** The following is an elimination style match up with no time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined weight of 665 lbs, the team of TexMex Holiday! ["How You Like Me Now?" by the Heavy plays. Frank Holiday, Billy Pepper, and Jimmie Rix all emerge from the back. They look all business, yet relaxed. Holiday has his hand in the air, horns flying, bopping his head to the music. Rix walks with fists clenched at his sides, rolling his neck to keep the muscles limber. Pepper, in the lead, is rocking a fine designer suit, a salmon dress shirt with no tie, and a look of determination. All three casually slap hands with fans on the way to the ring, as the crowd cheers them enthusiastically.] **Angus:** All things considered, shouldn't he be announcing them as "Tex Holiday"? Which, by the way, sounds like a cartoon studio from the '40s. **DDK:** That was... random. **Angus:** Stream of consciousness, baby. **DDK:** Anyway, you've got a point. TexMex Holiday have their game faces on, but there's no getting around the fact that they're going into this match with a one-man disadvantage. And that has everything to do with what their opponents tonight did to Diego de Leon at Guerrilla Grindhouse in Athens!

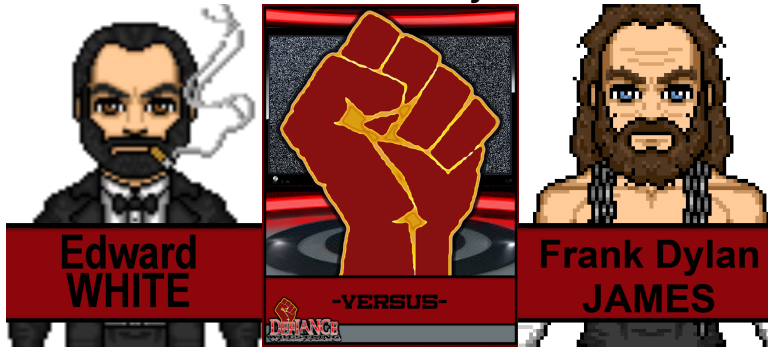
Not So Fast, Champ

Angus:

Moving right along... **DDK:** I'm getting word there's a situation developing outside the locker room of The Blood Diamonds. **Angus:** Ed probably "pulled something" to get out of facin' big Frank. **DDK:** That match is indeed coming up, but no. According to Lance Warner this all has something to do with the still developing situation surrounding the FIST of DEFIANCE title match. [We're backstage, this time outside the collective locker room of The Blood Diamonds. Outside the door stands Edward White's head of security and former Mafia enforcer the massive seven footer Nicky Corozzo. This is a bad man ladies and gentlemen, not to be trifled with but right now Nicky has a pensive nervous look about him. After a few moments none other than the Bombastic Bronson Box comes striding towards the door and Nicky snaps to attention.] **Box:** I'm done for the night Corozzo, tell Hector to bring the car around. And phone the airstrip, as soon as Edward finishes with that beast James we're leaving. [The Wargod reaches for the door handle.] **Nicky:** Boxer, wait... I, uh... [Bronson gives the seven footer an annoyed look.] **Box:** What is it boy'o, spit it out. I've had an awful night, I'd like to get as far away from this ridiculous continent as possible. **Nicky:** Well... you've got some visitors boss. [Bronson breathes a heavy angry sigh and pulls open the door to find none other than the Queen of DEFIANCE and all around head bitch in charge Kelly Evans sitting in a folding chair surrounded by referee Buffalo Brian Slater, DEFIANCE head of security Wyatt Bronson and a few of his DEFsec drones. Kelly is all smiles as the FIST of DEFIANCE emerges from the hallway and takes a few long strides into the center of the otherwise empty locker room.] **Angus:** Didn't he call her a twat earlier? **DDK:** Shhh. **Box:** What's the meanin' of this? [Kelly gets up and walks towards Bronson.] **Kelly:** The MEANING of this? Does management need a rhyme or reason to powwow with its top talent? You're a champion in this company and sitting back here listening to you at the top of the show it seems you have a few gripes Bronson. Lack of competition was it? [Boxer stays silent, bowing up slightly and puffing out his chest as he tosses the FIST belt over his shoulder. Slater and Wyatt both takes a step or two forward to reestablish to The Original DEFIANT nothing physical is going to happen while they're there.] **Kelly:** I'll tell you what Boxer, you're not one hundred percent wrong about that. Everything that's happened the last week or so concerning Dan Ryan and Eugene Dewey has left an unfortunate hole in our card here tonight. As a former World champion and two time reigning FIST of DEFIANCE you deserve the highest caliber of competition. [Evans leans in close with a scowl on her face.] **Kelly:** And after you called me a TWAT live on PPV I'd love to see you get pounded into the mat here tonight in Düsseldorf. **Angus:** Theeeeeere it is. **DDK:** Would you hush? [Boxer smiles as we hear the crowd gives Kelly her cheap pop for mentioning the host city.] **Box:** Bring your best lass, I'll still be FIST at nights end no matter what scrub you've dug up to throw in the lions den. [Kelly's scowl turns back into a big shit eating grin.] **Kelly:** Well, you know how much I truly HATE to undermine Jeff Andrews' decisions... [The crowd pops before Kelly even finishes her sentence, they know what's about to happen.] **Kelly:** But DAN RYAN is in the building... and earlier today? We came to something of an understanding.. [The Wargod doesn't blink an eye.] **Box:** That right? **Kelly:** Yeah, that's right. Tonight Boxer Dan Ryan gets his rematch for this... [She taps the FIST with the tip of her manicured nails as the crowd pops again for the announcement. The buzzing of the fans out in the arena can be heard on camera even backstage.] **Kelly:** So keep your fancy duds put away and shine that belt up real nice because you've still got some WORK to do tonight, Hollis. **Box:** You honestly think I'm intimidated by all this you up jumped little trollop? [Kelly purses her lips and crosses her arms in front of her.] **Angus:** Yikes, watch it Boxer... **Box:** I've beaten your little "superstar" before and I'll beat him again. Dan Ryan doesn't bloody scare me, girl. You call up Eric and you tell him to watch closely what I do yet again to his failed experiment. You tell him to watch as I smear his blood across that canvas and END that beast once and for all and prove definitively that I am THE ONLY TRUE CHAMPION IN THIS BLOODY COMPANY! [Arms still crossed Kelly takes a few steps forward.] **Kelly:** Your little outbursts are getting so cute Bronson. [Miss Evans walks up and leans in close.] **Kelly:** Don't think for one second Eric notices even one of the petty little barbs you throw at him. You can march around here with HIS logo on your stupid robe and declare yourself "the original" all you want. Eric Dane is the Original Defiant, Bronson... and don't you forget it. [Kelly DARES to reach up and pat Bronson on the cheek.] **Kelly:** Good luck tonight. The mood Dan's in you're going to need it. [Kelly walks right past The Wargod followed closely by her security detail, the flippant response infuriating Boxer to no end. He spins around, pulling the title off his shoulder gripping the red leather belt tightly in his huge meaty mitts.] **Box:** [to himself, for the camera] Thank you so much, lass. [A thin sinister smile crawls underneath Bronson's mustache.] **Box:** The stage is set. Doomsday. [The camera focuses in on Bronson's face as we fade back to ringside.] **Angus:** Well that was cryptic. The fuck is that lunatic talking about, doomsday? And most importantly how did he get off so light after calling Kelly a twat? I did that shit once at a party at Eric's house just joking around a few years back and nearly lost a testicle. **DDK:** Folks, what a bombshell! Kelly Evans has officially REINSTATED Dan Ryan! And The Ego Buster is finally getting his rematch after losing the FIST to Bronson at our last PPV in Tokyo! **Angus:** Yeah, guess we know what that briefcase full of cash was paying for... I'm still

wondering what all that shit was about though. Ryan's rich as hell but not THAT friggin' rich. I smell a goddamn RAT, Keebler. **DDK:** You may be absolutely right, partner. Something tells me before the night is through everything will be a lot clearer in that regard.

Edward White vs. Frank Dylan James



DDK: Coming up next, Frank Dylan James has the opportunity of a lifetime, to fully emancipate himself from the clutches of Edward White and the Blood Diamonds.

Angus: Yeah, sure, but will the grass really be greener on the other side? **DDK:** It's certainly has to be better than being Edward White's indentured servant, being humiliated, having his family's wellbeing threatened, and forced into being a glorified attack dog. **Angus:** A role, some might say, is perfect for the Hillbilly Jesus. **DDK:** There's at least one man, who would disagree. **Angus:** Yeah, yeah, Mayberry just can't stand by and watch as his good buddy gets bullied around. **DDK:** Well, that's one, but I was thinking Frank Dylan James himself. **Angus:** Yeah, whatever... You know what though, Keebs? I am looking forward to this one. **DDK:** That so? **Angus:** Hell yeah. Ed's what, five foot ten on a good day with the right shoes? And Frank's six foot seven, sober, focused, and pissed off? This thing has the makings of being one of the most hilarious shit-kickings that DEFIANCE has ever had the pleasure of seeing. **DDK:** Well, when you put it that way, partner... By the end of the night, Edward White might be regretting that he and Bronson Box ever took the man in. **Angus:** Let the shit-kicking begin, take it away, DEE QUE! [The Voice of DEFIANCE Wrestling takes center stage as the minimalist styles of Michael Nyman's "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" brings forth a chorus of boos for the incoming arrival of the Blood Diamond's money-man begins to play.]

Quimbey: The following contest is for one fall... Coming to the ring first... Hailing from LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY... He stands at a height of FIVE FEET, TEN INCHES tall... and weighs in at TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY ONE POUNDS... This is the SOOOOCIALLLLLITE... EDDDDDWAAARRRRDDDD WHHHHHIIIIITTTTTEEE! BOOO! [The richest man in the history of professional wrestling saunters out amidst a storm of jeers and screams from the audience, clearly showing their allegiance to the Mastodon from West Virginia in this contest. White is indifferent about who the fans favor, he is geared up and focused, ready to make an example of Frank Dylan James.] [He takes a couple of steps from the curtains before being joined by his gigantic guardian and the Blood Diamonds Head of Security, Nicky Corozzo. Marching down the aisle, White pays absolutely no mind to the raucous crowd all around him the entire way. Corozzo steps forward and holds open the ropes for his boss, who nonchalantly steps through the ropes. Corozzo steps down to the floor and moves to his position near White's corner.] [White stalks around the ring for a bit before moving to his corner where he disrobes his entrance attire and drops it down for Corozzo to hand off to one of the ring attendants. Darren Quimbey returns the center of the ring as the White's music fades and after a few moments the heavy, pounding intro of Black Label Society's "Doomsday Jesus" begins to play.] **Quimbey** And now... Coming to the ring... He hails from the MOUNTAINS OF WEST VIRGINIA... and stands at a height of SIX FEET, SEVEN INCHES tall... and weighs in at THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS... this is THE MASTODON... FRRRRRAAAAANNNNNNNNNK DYYYYLLLLLLLAAAAANNNNNN JAAAAAMMMMMMMMMEEEESSSSSS! RAAAH! [Big Ol' Frank walks through the curtains and is bathed in a sea of cheers from an audience that has rallied behind him in his fight for liberty from Edward White's clutches. At first the man is unsure what to make of an audience that is actively rooting for him. Pulling his chain from his neck, he raises it high and gets another huge cheer. Lowering his arm, he takes a few steps forward and raises the chain high again, getting another chorus of cheers. Feeling energized by the response, he lets the chain fall so that it hangs from his fist and begins swinging it around like a helicopter as he monster stomps his way down the ramp.] **Angus:** And here comes the Redneck Wrecking Ball! **DDK:** Quimbey had better get out of there if he doesn't want to get clipped by Frank's chain! [Indeed.] [FDJ reaches the ring and White stands his ground, but when Frank steps over the top rope, still swinging his massive chain, he, Darren Quimbey and referee Mark Shields got the hell out of dodge as Frank circled around the ring, stomping around and swinging his chain like the madman that he is.] RAAAH! [After a bit, Mark Shields dares to return to the ring and tries to get Frank to reach a higher plain of calm, but all it does is serve as an inadvertent distraction that allows Edward White to sneak back into the ring and clip the Mastodon from behind.]

BOOO! **Angus:** Way to go, Shields, our referees are as dirty as the NBA's. **DDK:** I hardly think Mark Shields intended for that to happen. [FDJ falls over, immediately clutching his knee as White steps up and grabs the chain from FDJ's now loosened fist and begins to whip his insubordinate 'employee' with it. Each successive blow leaving chain-link track marks up and down his back wherever the chain happens to make contact with the flesh of FDJ's back.] **Angus:** Man, Ed's whipping Frank like a runaway slave. **DDK:** Fitting, since that's exactly how he treated the man. [Mark Shields tries to intervene, but gets shoved aside by White who transitions to wrapping the chain around FDJ's neck as he straddles him and pulls up on the chain with all of his enraged might.] **DDK:** Mark Shields needs to get some control or White is liable to strangle FDJ to death! **Angus:** Yeah, tell me about it, he didn't try very hard to get Ed off of FDJ. I'm tellin' ya Keebs, dirty like the NBA. **DDK:** Oh brother... [Just as Frank feels the darkness closing around his consciousness, a sound rises up through the audience that pulls him back.] EFF DEE JAY!! EFF DEE JAY!! EFF DEE JAY!! [Suddenly, with a new breath of life, Frank brings his hands up and grabs the chain and with every bit of strength that he has, pulls the chain from his throat just enough so that he's no longer choking.] **DDK:** This crowd is willing Frank into this fight! **Angus:** ALIVE! HE'S ALIVE!! [With Edward White still on his back, FDJ rises up to his knees and then reaches back, grabbing for whatever part of Edward White that he can manage to get a grip on. Rising up to his feet with White hanging off of his back, Frank tosses White to the mat with a mighty heave, causing White to slam down hard on his back.] RAAAH! [Mark Shields seeing his chance, grabs the chain, which got dropped when FDJ dumped White on the mat, and dropped it outside of the ring. With the ring, clear of international objects, Shields signals to Quimbey.] **DING! DING! DING!** **DDK:** There's the bell and off we go. **Angus:** It's midget tossing time! [It certainly is.] [White gets to his knees and immediately sees FDJ coming for him. Bringing his hands up, White begs off, but his pleas fall on deaf ears as both of FDJ's big, meaty paws grab him around the throat and in, seemingly effortless motion, lifts White up in a hangmans choke.] RAAAH! **DDK:** The strength that this mans possesses, it's astonishing. Edward White's far from the biggest of men in DEFIANCE, but he's certainly no feather to simply toss around. **Angus:** I think Ed's turning blue with those big, Chewbacca lookin' paws wrapped around his throat. [With a quick pop of his hips, Frank drops Ed back first down across the canvas with a devastating choke bomb. The Mastodon is on his feet in a flash pumping his fist in the air, the fans popping hard for Big Frank.] **Angus:** He better cut that shit out, ignore these stupid people and focus up! He's in there with a former DEFIANCE World Champ! Ill gotten as his title may have been... *mumbles something incoherent about Cancer Jiles* [White turns over on to his hands and knees and grabs for Frank's boots, which might have been a mistake on his part, because all it accomplished was reminding Frank who he was in there with. Leaning down, Frank rips White up off the canvas, scoops him up high and holds him for a bit as he walks around until he's got a good bit of space before running ahead and diving down on top of White.] [The camera catches Nicky Corozzo cringing down at ringside, pounding the canvas egging his employer on.] **DDK:** Good lord, what a running powerslam by Frank Dylan James. **Angus:** BAW GAW HEE CRUSHED 'EM LIKE AN EMPTY BEER CAN! [Frank gets up and is hit with another wave of cheers, the crowd loving the wanton destruction of the Socialite. Leaning down, Frank peels White off of the mat again and then brings him to the center of the ring before slamming him back down and then dropping a big country boy knee right down White's forehead. White rolls around on the mat, clutching his face.] **DDK:** Oh man, Edward White is busted wide open! **Angus:** In the words of that one immortal UFC fan... JUST BLEED! [Frank repeats the motion, dropping the knee down across Ed's forehead again and again. White begs off, rolling into the corner. Frank laughs as he stomps over and pushes his bootheel into the tender neck area of The Sophisticate.] **Angus:** Choke him to goddamn DEATH Frankie! [After a little bit, Shields dares to give FDJ a count, but the big monster from West Virginia is hearing none of it, which forces Shields to begin his count. After Shields reaches "THREE!" in his count, FDJ seemingly just gives up on it. That is, until he drops down to his knees and starts choking him again with his bare hands.] **DDK:** He... He isn't listening to you, is he? Nah... That can't be it, that might be the most horrifying thought ever... You having that lunatics ear. **Angus:** If by horrifying, you mean amazeballs, then yes, it would be horrifying. Imagine the change I could effect in DEFIANCE if all I had to do was ask ol' Frank to choke bitches to death. That'd solve my Jonny Booya problem right there, I tell ya. **DDK:** That... That would certainly be one way to do it, yes. [Shields begins a new count after a couple of warnings, meanwhile, in spite of being choked to death, Edward White has a smile on his face.] **Angus:** Jay-zuss, is he insane? Why's he smiling? **DDK:** Think about it, Angus. If Frank gets disqualified, everything White promised he would do, will come to pass. **Angus:** Frankie will be a Chinese coal miner, right? **DDK:** I believe that's correct, yes. **Angus:** I'll give Ed White one thing, he's goddamn creative. [The conversation at the desk apparently managed to get to Frank's ears, or the thought might have occurred to him in his blind rage, because suddenly he lets up on the choke. Rising up, but with his big mitts still gripped around White's neck, he lifts him up again. Swinging around and with mighty heave, he tosses White clear across the ring.]

WHHHHHOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH! [The fans gasp, ooh and aah as flashbulbs pop at the sight of Edward White taking a flight on Air Mastodon, the friendly skies, indeed. Frank stomps over and drops down for the cover.] **ONE! TWO! THHHHHRRRRREEE... NO! KICKOUT! DDK:** I've got to be honest, I figured once Frank went for a cover that this would be over... **Angus:** Yeah, but Edward White hates losing on investments, Keebs. [Frank is actually a little surprised by the fact that White kicked out. Frank gets to a knee and starts to pull Ed to his feet. Ed cries out to Corozzo on the outside. Nicky immediately hops up on the apron and draws the referee's attention.] **DDK:** What is Ed up to here? [White manages to fight back enough to maneuver Frank between himself and the distracted referee. Ed reaches into his tights and pulls out something balled up in his fist.] **DDK:** PLATINUM DUST! PLATINUM DUST TO THE EYES OF THE MASTODON! [Frank staggers backward. Spinning around he swings wildly out in front of him trying to make contact with White. Ed takes his time getting up trying desperately to shake the cobwebs loose from his rattled noggin. Once upright, Ed stalks closer to FDJ looking for an in and finds one clipping the back of Big Frank's knee with a vicious chop block.] [Blinded and hobbled Frank drops to one knee still trying desperately to rub some of the disgusting platinum dust from his eyes. Ed leans over the rope and screams at the collection of stage techs gathered just right of the announce table. He grabs a microphone from one of the ringside monkeys turning quickly back to Frank and like lightning cracking him over the head with butt of the microphone.] **White:** How about that big Frank?! HUH? You like that you big stupid animal?! [Ed cracks Frank again, FDJ falling back onto his ass. The Socialite gets into the mount position and just starts raining microphone shots opening up a big welt above one of Frankie's eyes.] **White:** I'm going to ship your ENTIRE STUPID FAMILY ACROSS THE PACIFIC! Do you hear me you APE?! These people, these SHEEP are cheering you now but after I BURY YOU in some dark hole on the other side of the world they're going to FORGET YOU Francis! Forget you and move on to the next sad sack charity case legitimate competitors like that infernal Dusty Griffith takes in like a stray DOG... [After a few more shots from the mic Ed dismounts and gets to his feet.] **White:** I'M EDWARD WHITE AND I DEMAND RESPECT! I DEMAND SATISFACTION! [Frank rolls over on his stomach and slowly but surely gets to his knees as Ed stomps around the ring throwing an epic level tantrum.] **Angus:** [to himself] Goddamnit... always gotta' be me, I HAVE to have a soft spot for the big lug. [Angus stands up holding a bottle of water not unlike a football...] **Angus:** [yelling off mic] DON'T SAY I NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR YA'... **DDK:** That was damned decent of you, partner **Angus:** Eat me. [Angus launches the water bottle in a perfect spiral directly at the planted knees of Frank Dylan James, before Ed puts together what improbable thing just happened Frank has dumped the contents of the bottle over his face washing away enough platinum dust to reveal nothing, but bright red flesh and bloodshot eyes underneath.] **DDK:** Ooooo Ed, run... [Frank slowly gets to his feet gritting his teeth and clenching his fists white knuckle tight.] **Angus:** Frank is gal'dern JACKED man! [Ed turns around with a jerk and tries desperately to beg off the hulking redneck breathing down his neck. Frank rolls his shoulders forward popping his neck left then right. White turns to try and escape through the ropes but Frank is just too quick for The Socialite.] **Angus:** He's pullin' him back into the ring kickin' and screamin' by his jockeys! [Ed rolls on his back and pops Frank across the face with the heel of his boot.] **DDK:** No reaction from The Mastadon after those STIFF kicks across the jaw! **Angus:** HE'S A GORRAM MACHINE, DARREN! [Frank Irish whips Ed across the ring and levels the billionaire with a stiff armed lariat. Frank follows through marching around the ring pumping his fist in the air faster and faster until finally he stops dead in his tracks and points towards the nearest turnbuckle and starts to ascend.] **DDK:** The big man is going high risk! **Angus:** MOUNTAIN TOP KNEE DROP 'CAUSE FRANK DON'T GIVE A FUUUUUUU... [The Massive Mastodon soars off the top rope, his knee angled down.] [The sharpest point of his knee lands directly across Edward White's throat.] **Angus:** ... UUUUUUUUCK! **DDK:** Huge maneuver from The Mastodon! [Frank wastes zero time rolling up his "employer" in a tight small package.] **DDK:** COME ON FRANKIE! YOU CAN DO IT! FREEDOM AWAITS! [Referee Mark Shields slides in for the three count.] 1... 2... 3... **DING DING DING!** RAAH! [Nicky Corozzo reaches in and deftly plucks his employer from further harms way. The two villains escaping through the crowd. The massive Corozzo single handedly hoisting White over his shoulder and bowling over any fan that dared get in their way.] **Angus:** We gloss over just how big and strong that fuckin' guy is sometimes I think... [Frank Dylan James pops up and literally jumps for joy, he starts scaling turnbuckles pumping his fist and celebrating with **HIS** fans. From backstage emerges one figure and one figure only...] **DDK:** It's Dusty! [Frank steps out onto the ramp, a complete mess and looks across the platform at the man who helped motivate him, fought for him and with him to gain his freedom. The two old friends meet in the middle of the entrance ramp. The exchange words, Dusty holding out his hand...] RAAH! [Frank and Dusty shake hands, then pull it in tight for the manliest hug you've ever seen.] **FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ! FDJ!** [The two superstars, the two friends make their way to the back as The Mastodon's name echos through the Mitsubishi Electric Hall.]

Heidi Christenson's goals make sense to her alone

[Heidi Christenson is facing down the entirety of the Truly Untouchables.] [There's no shouting or screaming though - in fact, the whole thing is eerily calm. Kai Scott is standing front and center. Diane Parker, Jonny Booya and Leon Maddox are all trying to look inconspicuous, David Race looks more like he thinks this isn't any of his business. Only Clair St. Sure looks like she's ready for action. Her arms are folded, and she stares Heidi down with an unblinking gaze. Heidi doesn't seem to notice.] [A line of security guards, anchored by Wyatt Bronson, separates the two sides.]

Kai Scott: Heidi. What are you trying to accomplish here? **Heidi Christenson:** I don't recall asking you to bring anybody with you when you came to see me. **Scott:** I don't recall you not asking, either. **Heidi:** Touche. [The Queen of All Wrestling walks like a panther. She turns her back on the Truly Untouchables, apparently not lacking the slightest bit of confidence, and strolls down the hall, then turns around.] **Heidi:** Well, get rid of them. I'm talking to YOU. **Scott:** They can just watch the tape. **Heidi:** You'll tell them what I said anyway. That's not the point. [Scott frowns.] **Scott:** Clair stays. Everyone else leaves. **Heidi:** ...alright, fine, it's not worth fighting about. She might as well hear all this, face to face. [Again, Heidi turns her back on the Ace of Heels.] **Heidi:** Do you know why I kicked you in the head back when the Untouchables split up? **Scott:** Because you're batshit crazy. **Heidi:** It made sense to me at the time. I was tired of carrying you. **Scott:** I made plans, Heidi. I'm not the one who screwed up everything we did because I couldn't control my temper. I'm not the one who nearly got my eye dug out by Steve Greer because I had to go attack Kelly Evans for no reason. I'm not the one who blind tagged in and tapped out to Dentari. **Heidi:** No. No you're not. You're the one who limped around on a crutch, so proud of how smart you were. You're the one who postured, and bluffed, and did as little as possible in the ring. [She turns around.] **Heidi:** The Untouchables were - SHOULD STILL BE - badasses. It fell apart, not because I was crazy, not because Ronnie Long hated Defiance and wasn't over, but because you weren't trying to help the Untouchables. You were helping yourself. At OUR expense. **Scott:** I... **Heidi:** And you're doing the same thing with your new guys. Has David Race asked you for a raise yet? Do 'families' talk to each other the way you talked to Jonny? [She turns to Clair.] **Heidi:** Clair. Are you really happy that you're wrestling Seth Stratton while the top of the card is full of guys she's beaten? No, don't answer that... [Heidi strolls forward until she's right under Scott's chin and looks up at him.] **Heidi:** The Untouchables had this saying, Kai, that you jump on one, you jump on us all. And the rate things are going, you're the one who's going to get jumped. Hard. And probably very soon. But me? I want to help you. I want to get you prepared. I want to help you remember that you are an Untouchable, and this whole Truly Untouchables thing started as a mockery of some guys you didn't like back in the year 2005. **Scott:** And? **Heidi:** So here's what I'm going to do. We've got this match, and I'm going to prove something to you. Even if I have to hurt you to do it. You need to win this match. And if you don't... I'm going to tear you to fucking shreds. [Clair St. Sure steps forward, pushing her way in between Heidi and Scott. Heidi ignores it as best she can, continuing to stare down her ex stablemate. Scott blinks.] **Scott:** You're saying you're going to tear me to shreds... unless I beat you? **Heidi:** Exactly. If you cheat, I'll destroy you. If you run away, I'll hunt you down. And if I beat you, I will tear your limb from limb in the middle of the wrestling ring. But if you can beat me? You get to live. And maybe, when you get jumped, you'll be ready for it. **Scott:** ...That doesn't make any sense. **Heidi:** Nothing I do makes any sense. Just ask Eric. But whether you boys understand or not, I'll still kill you if you can't beat me. [Heidi pivots on one foot and walks briskly down the hall, leaving the World Champion and the FIST #1 Contender dumbfounded.]

DUSTY GRIFFITH	-VERSUS-	ALECO DENTARI

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ The room was completely black ♪
 ♪ I hugged her and she hugged back ♪
 ♪ Like the sailor said, quote ♪
 ♪ "Ain't that a hole in the boat" ♪

DDK:

I'd have thought being of Italian heritage would endear Dentari to the European fans slightly, but that doesn't seem to be the case.

Angus:

Being a greasy little dick translates into any language, Keebs.

[As Dentari takes a few steps forward before being joined by his partners in crime, Tony Two Hands Di Luca and Big Vinny Rinaldi.]

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

[The trio of made men, the former DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champion, lead by their ace, Alceo Dentari make their way down to the ring.]

♪ I've got sunshine enough to spread ♪
 ♪ It's like the fella said ♪
 ♪ Tell me quick ain't love like a kick in the head ♪

[Getting to the ring, Dentari removes his suit jacket and hands it to Di Luca as he begins his final preparations for the battle ahead.]

[The lights dim as the drum beat begins, which is accompanied by the lights flashing along with the fans stomping their feet in unison to the music's cadance.]

Quimbey:

Annnnnnnnd now... Coming to the ring, hailing from BOISE, IDAHO... He stands at a height SIX FOOT THREE INCHES tall and weighs in at TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY pounds... This is the WILD BRONCO...

DUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRRRIFFITH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

[The voice of Gene Simmons on lead vocals of KISS' "I Love It Loud" call forth the arrival of Dusty Griffith to another roar of cheers as the song courses through the airwaves while the lighting begins to swirl around the arena.]

♪ 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 ♪

[Stepping out on to the stage, Dusty Griffith is accompanied by his friend, the big ol' country boy from Harlan, Kentucky, the Rednek Rekker himself, Sam Turner Jr.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

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

[A couple steps further, Dusty pauses a moment as he scans the crowd until his eyes lock on to the ring where his target awaits him. Pulling his hoodie off, he tosses it aside, leaving it on the staging area before rushing towards the ring.]

♪ 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 ♪

[Almost like liquid... angry, wrestling liquid, Dusty flows through the ropes and into the ring. Any thought Dentari et al might have entertained about jumping him flew out of the window as he fixed Alceo with an icy stare. By the time Sam Turner Jr. had entered the ring The LBC had all exited and dropped to the outside where they huddled, using the ringpost for cover.]

♪ Turn it up, hungry for the medicine ♪
 ♪ Two fisted to the very end ♪
 ♪ No more treated like aliens, we're not gonna take it 'cos ♪

[Not fearing any shit, Dusty heads over to the ring post and climbs the turnbuckles. He challenges Dentari to get back in the ring, but Alceo ignores him and continues to converse with his associates.]

♪ 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 ♪

[Dusty hops down from the turnbuckle and heads back across the ring to Sam Turner Jr. Alceo meanwhile spots this and slides into the ring. As Sam wishes Dusty luck Dentari charges in from behind. He jumps, looking for a knee to the back of Griffith, but Dusty side steps and leaves Dentari with nothing to collide with but the turnbuckle!]

Ding Ding Ding!

[Clutching at his knee Dentari turns around it a hard right hand from Griffith that knocks the taste out of his mouth and his ass down to the ground. Dusty towers over Dentari... not that he wasn't doing it before, and rains down rights to the side of the head until Alceo can finally escape out of the ring. Discombobulated from the first strike Dentari turns and walks right into Sam Turner Jr.]

DDK:

Wrong Way, Alceo!

Angus:

Mayberry's a seasoned veteran, I should know, I've seen everything this guy's done this side of the Pacific.

DDK:

You know we're in Europe, right?

Angus:

This side of the Pacific and the other side of the Atlantic, otherwise know as 'MERICA, KAY! Point is, he's not gonna get caught by a sneak attack before the bell.

[Dentari backs away from Sam and right into Dusty. Without turning around he swallows hard before trying to escape back into the ring. Dusty grabs him by the shirt collar though and pulls him back as the fans erupt.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:

That's what I call a rock and a hard place!

Angus:

Mayberry could at least let Alceo back into the ring, you know, where the match is supposed to be!

[The fans part as Di Luca and Rinaldi round the ring and charge at Dusty. Griffith releases Dentari, who scampers into the ring, and turns to the oncoming associates. He lands a right hand to Di Luca and knocks him down to the mat before Sam Turns Jr. runs past and collides with Big Vinny!]

DDK:

THAT is what happens when an immovable object meets an unstoppable force!

Angus:

I'm getting sick of your god damned clichés already.

[Both Sam and Big Vinny take a step back from the force of Sam's shoulder block, but neither go down. They simply stare at each other until Carla Ferrari steps out onto the apron and orders them to head back to their own corners. Di Luca gets to his feet and proceeds to argue with Dusty meanwhile slides into the ring, where he gets many of Dentari's fingers raked across his face. Alceo drops to his knees and brings down forearm after forearm to the shoulders and neck of Griffith, but Dusty powers through them and lifts Dentari as he stands up!]

DDK:

And Griffith throws Dentari away like he's nothing!

Angus:

Dentari lands on his feet though, and he's coming right back at Mayberry!

[Alceo charges back at Dusty and shoots for a double leg, but Dusty doesn't go down. He does get pushed back though, and right into Carla Ferrari knocking her off the apron... and right into Sam Turner Jr.'s arms!]

DDK:

It's a good thing Sam was still there.

[Sam lifts Carla and puts her back on the apron before taking an elbow smash to the back of the head from Tony Di Luca!]

DDK:

What a cheap shot!

[With their work done Di Luca and Rinaldi retreat to their corner. Carla admonishes them on their way, but it has no effect other than to distract her from what's going on in the ring. Griffith tossed Dentari away after colliding with Carla and witnessed the elbow smash, so he's through the ropes checking on Sam. Dentari takes full advantage of this and jumps on Dusty's back, dropping him across the middle rope. Alceo then stands on Griffith's back and grabs hold of the top rope, stretching out as much as he can to put even more pressure on the throat of Dusty Griffith.]

DDK:

Dentari breaks the choke before 5 there, but I think the damage was already done before Carla even started counting.

Angus:

DDK:

There's way too much for Carla to keep track of here.

Angus:

Too much to keep track of? She's a referee that's her job!

[Sam tries to lift Big Vinny, but Vinny fights back with an axehandle before throwing Sam face first into the ring post.]

DDK:

I think that moved the ring!

[The knock was definitely felt in the ring as Carla and Dusty both turn around and finally spot the brawl between Sam and Vinny. Carla heads over to try and break that up leaving Di Luca to step in the ring and hook Dusty up from behind with-]

DDK:

SHALLOW GRAVE! DI LUCA HITS SHALLOW GRAVE!

[Tony then heads over to check on Dentari, who slaps him lightly on the cheek and tells him 'he's got this'. Di Luca then slips out of the ring and rushes around to the brawl between STJ and Big Vinny, where he nails STJ with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

DDK:

You're awfully quiet, Angus.

Angus:

I'm just in disbelief at how shockingly Carla is handling this...

[Dentari drops into a relatively nonchalant cover on Griffith and yells at Carla to count the fall. Finally she turns around and, although confused by how Griffith and Dentari got to the point they are, counts the fall!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH]

DDK:

Dusty kicks out at two!

Angus:

Who the fuck thought having Carla Fucking Ferrari officiate this match would be a good idea? Seriously, did nobody in the back think that Dentari and Griffith would maybe want to rip each others throats out?

[On the outside, Vinny and Tony roll Sam Turner into the ring, where Dentari starts to rain down with kicks to the back.]

Angus:

Well, Keebs, here we go again.

DDK:

Looks like it, partner!

[Having rolled away with Dentari's focus switching to Sam Turner, Dusty Griffith got to his feet, but as he went to make

a move on Dentari, he was met by Rinaldi who crashed into him as Di Luca came in and blindsided him with an elbow shot to the side of the skull.]

DDK:

Once again the LBC are turning one of Dusty Griffith's matches into a gang style beating.

[Throughout the arena the lights flicker.]

Angus:

The hell? Is someone actually trying to troll us on live television?

[Dentari and company pay no mind to the lighting situation as they continue to kick and stomp on Griffith and Turner, both of whom try covering up the best that they can.]

[The lights begin to dim, and a light humming sound is heard as the lights further and a very chilling breeze totally engulfs the arena.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss Krispy Kreme, what in the HALE is going on?

[Almost immediately fog begins to roll in and the entire entrance ramp is completely engulfed. It is so thick that you can cut through it with a knife.]

DDK:

I haven't a clue, partner, but something is ringing nostalgic about all of this...

[Not as loud as the humming sound but you can hear what sounds to be thunder off in a distance and lightning is seen through the fog at the roof of the arena.]

[You then hear a voice]

v/o:

Passion is what drives me now...

[The thunder gets a little louder and just when you least expect it...]

BONG!

BONG!

BONG!

[It is the erie ringing of a bell that is being heard.]

BONG!

BONG!

[Then you hear the voice again]

v/o:

For whom the bell tolls.

BOOM!

BOOM!

ZIP!

ZIP!

[Loud explosions and pyro begin shooting all through the arena to the point that enough static electricity is generated to make the hair on the back of your neck stand up.]

Angus:

Now wait just a damn minute...

DDK:

I know this song... could it be?

[Then "Sirius" by the Alan Parson's Project begins to play and the fans begin to cheer as they can see someone running through the fog and down the entrance ramp.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The cheers get even louder when they see the godfather of all babyface heroes, "The Natural" Mike Bell, who charges down the ramp towards the ring with a chair in hand.]

DDK:

The Legend... The Natural... MIKE BELL IS HERE!

Angus:

This could be very interesting, Keeps...

DDK:

Yes it could, you have the prototype of the heroic icons in Mike Bell and you have the new generation of heroes in Dusty Griffith and Sam Turner Jr.

Angus:

Nah, I mean, how is Mayberry going to wrestle if he's tripping all over his tongue after freaking out like a girl at a Justin Bieber concert?

[Mike Bell hits the ring with a fury, swinging away with the chair and clearing the ring of the LBC. Once the rats in Italian suits have abandoned ship, Bell turns his attention to a stunned Dusty Griffith and Sam Turner Jr. who look at the Natch with a little confusion until it dawns on them that he's just cleared the ring.]

DDK:

Quite the turn of events, but now what? Is Dentari going to be disqualified or what?

Angus:

I'unno, but ol' DQ seems to be getting something on the Batphone.

[Out on the floor, Darren Quimbey puts a hand to his ear, covering the earpiece so that he can hear the instructions being given over the noise of the raucous crowd. Receiving his orders, Quimbey rises to his feet, his trusty mic in hand.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... I have just been told that this match is now a TRIOS MATCH pitting the Legitimate Businessmen Club versus Dusty Griffith, Sam Turner Jr. and THE NATURAL! MIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE BELLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dentari and company huff and puff over this recent development as they shout back into the ring at their new opponents and at Quimbey for delivering the news, but they opt to not kill the messenger. Dusty and Sam however welcome the chance at a fair fight along side of one pro wrestling's greatest heroes and eagerly call for the LBC join them in the ring. Carla Ferrari orders for the match to be restarted, pointing to the LBC and telling them to get to their corner. Meanwhile, Dusty and Sam shake hands with Bell before big ol' Sam says he wants to start and points out Dentari's wild eyed partner in crime, Tony Two Hands.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go... again.

Angus:

Right, now lets see if Ferrari can handle six dudes at one time after being unable to handle two of them five minutes ago.

DDK:

I... Nevermind. Definitely not going there.

Angus:

C'mon Keebs, you know you wanna...

DDK:

Absolutely not.

Angus:

Fine, HIYO!!

[Not needing any further invitation, Di Luca rushes across the ring while Turner's back was turned and begins wailing away on the big ol' boy from Kentucky. Hammering away, Di Luca traps Turner up against the ropes closer to the LBC's side of the ring. Di Luca whips Turner across the ring and swings for the fences with a clothesline, but Turner ducks and hits the ropes again before barreling into Di Luca with a standing shoulder block that sends Di Luca tumbling back against the ropes, which gets a round of cheers from the audience.]

DDK:

Sam Turner Jr. the Human Wrecking Ball, ladies and gentlemen.

Angus:

HE CAME IN LIKE A WRRREEEECKKKKINNNNG BAAALLLLL!

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Sorry.

[Di Luca closes in and the two lockup, which predictably doesn't go so well for Dentari's right hand man, as he gets heaved with a mighty push off from Turner. Rolling to his feet, Di Luca looks back at Turner, his face turning a slight shade of red in frustration. He marches right at Turner and they lockup again and again, Turner shoves him off, getting another round of cheers. Di Luca, not to be deterred, tries once again, but this time buries a knee into Turner's midsection.]

DDK:

Practice makes perfect.

Angus:

Tony might want to get someone else to be his practice dummy, Turner's got the dummy part down, but nobody wants that big ginger redneck tossing them around.

[Tony takes a headlock and really sinks it in, wrenching down with it as Turner looks for an escape. Trying to shove him off, Di Luca breaks the hold and hammers the back of Turner's head with an elbow and then reapplies the headlock. Grinding on it again, Turner continues to search for a way to free himself, eventually settling on throwing a handful of elbows into Di Luca's side before he's able to shove him off, sending him towards the ropes. As Di Luca rebounds back towards Turner, the Redneck Rekker ducks a clothesline and then catches Di Luca on another rebound, this time hoisting him up with a military press.]

DDK:

Quite the show of strength there, Di Luca may not be as big as Big Vinny, but holding up 245 pounds is a chore in its own right.

Angus:

I'm telling ya, Keebs, retard country boy strength, it's a thing.

[Sam continues to hold Tony up, the crowd oohing aahing at the display and then cheering when he deposits Tony Two Hands on the mat with a big slam and then drops on top of him for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Turner gets up and looks to tag, but first he grabs Di Luca and pulls him closer to his corner before tagging in Dusty Griffith, which gets a strong cheer from the crowd.]

DDK:

Some dummy, huh? Pulling Di Luca to his own corner, seems pretty smart to me.

Angus:

Heh, yeah, alright. The guy shows some intelligence one time and suddenly he's a... uh... smart guy... thing... yeah.

DDK:

Wow, Angus. That was a nice point you almost made there.

[Pulling Tony up, Dusty immediately takes him over with a backdrop suplex and attempts a cover.]

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

[Dragging him up, Dusty grabs him and scores with another backdrop suplex, this time holding on to it for the pinfall attempt.]

ONE!

TWWWWO!

KICKOUT!

[Pulling him up again, Dusty grabs a headlock and pulls him over to the nearest corner where he proceeds to light him up with some seriously stiff chops.]

KEEERRRAAACK!

[The first one brings Tony to life with the sudden stinging sensation.]

DDK:

If he wasn't awake before, he is now.

Angus:

Better than coffee, them chops.

KEEERRRAAACK!

KEEERRRAAACK!

[After a few more stinging shots, Tony dons a warface and roars back at Dusty, hitting him with a wild flurry of punches that start backing Dusty up. Grabbing him by the wrist, Tony whips Dusty back into the corner and hits a charging knee to the gut and then lays in a few chops of his own.]

KEEERRRAAACK!

KEEERRRAAACK!

KEEERRRAAACK!

DDK:

And now Tony's got Dusty reeling here!

Angus:

Guys a psycho, but he's got guts, I like guts.

[Feeling the burn, Dusty comes too and lashes Tony with some more chops of his own, but Tony drives another knee into his midsection rather than try to stand toe to toe in a chopfest with Griffith. Trying to whip him across the ring, Di Luca gets reversed and thrown by a Griffith with an overhead belly to belly suplex that sends him crashing into the center of the ring.]

Angus:

He just tossed him like a sack of potatoes, jay-zuss. Is Mayberry on horse roids or something?

DDK:

Somehow, I highly doubt it.

[Opting not to go for another pin, Dusty pulls Tony up and takes a shot to the gut as Tony headbutts him right in the breadbasket, and then a punch another, and another, and another with each blow getting sharper until Griffith backs off. Now getting himself up, Di Luca shoves Griffith and points in the direction of his corner, specifically in the direction of "The Natural".]

Angus:

Is he calling out Mike Bell?

[Dusty looks back to his corner and nods his head back at Di Luca, Mike Bell smiles and nods as he reaches out for the tag.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

I would say so and it looks like the man himself would be honored to accept his challenge.

[Dusty backs away towards his corner and then tags in Bell, who gets another big pop from the crowd.]

Angus:

Time to see if the old man's still got it.

DDK:

Always the pessimist.

Angus:

It hasn't failed me so far, why stop now?

[Stepping through the ropes, Tony looks back at the legend, who stares back in the wild eyes of the man who "requested" him to make the tag. The two circled and met with a lockup where they pushed, pulled and shoved as they jockeyed for position and dominance. Bell took control and backed Tony into a nearby corner.]

DDK:

Carla Ferrari looking for a clean break here.

Angus:

Somehow she's holding it together.

DDK:

Well, this one is far from over.

Angus:

Oh yeah, still plenty of time to drive this one into a ditch.

[Bell oblige the referees command, slowly backing away, but Di Luca responds with a cheap shot, punching Bell in the face and then rushing at him. Wildly brawling, Tony backs Bell up against the ropes and continues swinging away with hockey punches. Grabbing the Natural by the wrist, he whips Bell only for him to get reversed and sent to the ropes. Bell ducks and sends Tony up and over with a back body drop, Tony bounces up from the impact and Bell helps him up before whipping him to the ropes again and delivers a clothesline that turns Di Luca inside out.]

DDK:

Bell with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO-KICKOUT!

[Bell drags Tony up and then snaps him back down with a textbook suplex, holds and brings him up and takes him over with a second snap suplex and then does it again once more, which he floats over with and goes for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO-KICKOUT!

[Feeling the rush of momentum and the energy of the crowd, Bell rises up and gives the fans a salute, earning him another big pop of cheers. Picking Di Luca up, Bell pushed him up against the ropes and then shot him across the ring.]

SLAP!

DDK:

Vinny made the tag there...

[Di Luca ducks a clothesline and goes to hit the ropes, Bell follows suit, but Dentari reaches out hits Bell with a slap upside the head. The momentary distraction was all he needed for Bell to turn around and rush at Dentari only to run right into Big Vinny.]

Angus:

FAT. HOLE. SLAM!!

[Tony rushed over and began stomping away, which causes Dusty and Sam to get involved, only for Carla Ferrari to block them, though Dusty and Sam protest. With the ref distracted, Vinny and Tony put Bell in their corner where Dentari took advantage, choking Bell while Vinny and Tony double teamed him with kicks and punches.]

DDK:

Come one, Bell is being assaulted three on one!

Angus:

Yeah, I think we're about to hit a ditch soon.

[Dusty and Sam return to the apron and before Ferrari can catch them in the act, Tony got out of the ring and Vinny and tagged out to Dentari. The pint sized mafioso turns to Griffith and taunts him before turning his attention to Bell, who is slumped against the corner. Taking aim, Dentari starts firing a series of right jabs to the chin and jaw until Ferrari gets between him and Bell, who slumps down further, dropping to the mat in a seated position. With the refs back turned again, Tony Two Hands drops down and awkwardly tries to choke Bell, breaking before Ferrari turns, in spite of the fact that Dusty and Sam both were hollering about what was going down.]

DDK:

The former World Trios Tag Champions showing their experience as a team here.

Angus:

Experience? They're pretty much cheating.

DDK:

Yeah, well, I may not condone it, but they know how to play the team game as well as anyone else in DEFIANCE.

[Dentari returns to the business at hand and begins stomping the proverbial mudhole into Mike Bell's chest and then jamming his foot against his throat. Ferrari warns him once, then begins a five count, to which Dentari just stares with a sadistic gleam in his eye as he continues to choke the life out of Bell.]

DDK:

Dentari starring Ferrari down.

Angus:

Actually, I think she's taller than him, so he's actually starring her up.

[Dentari breaks just before Ferrari finished her count, but then refused to be pulled away as he began boot scraping

Bell, until he tired of that, shot himself off the ropes and delivered a hellacious knee to the head. Tagging out, Tony Two Hands gets back into the ring and makes a beeline over to Dusty and Sam's corner and waylays both of them. Rushing back to his side of the ring, Ferrari jumps in the way of Dusty, who tried to get into the ring after being sucked punched by Di Luca. Once again, the LBC dove back into their bag of tricks as the three collectively choked, punched and kicked their victim.]

Angus:

Mayberry, you idiot, you're doing more harm than good.

DDK:

Not exactly how I would have put it.

Angus:

And that's why I'm here, Keebs, to tell the unsweetened truth.

[Ferrari turns around and yet again, not soon enough to catch the LBC in the act of their criminal mischief. Di Luca pulls Bell out of the corner and drops him on his head with a pulling piledriver, taunting Griffith and Turner before executing the move and going for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

DDK:

Dusty with the desperate save. Another second later and this match is over.

[Indeed, Dusty shot into the ring and hit Di Luca over the back with a diving double axe smash to break the count.]

Angus:

Yeah and he's getting Bell killed in there, because he keeps turning Ferrari's attention away from her job so she can babysit him and the redneck ginger.

[Di Luca laughs a sinister laugh at Dusty, who is being pushed back to his corner by referee Carla Ferrari. Di Luca pulls Bell back to the LBC's corner and tags out to the biggest man in the match, Vincent "Big Vinny" Rinaldi. Lifting Bell up, Rinaldi scoop slams him and then drops an elbow where he stays on top of Bell for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

DDK:

MIKE BELL KICKS OUT! He's still alive in this match!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Not if Big Vinny has anything to say about it.

[Getting up, Vinny lines up his shot and drops another elbow, but this time Bell rolls out of the way, getting a rush of cheers from the crowd. Somehow Bell has the presence of mind to try and crawl to his corner, but is halted by Rinaldi managed to lift his girth off of the canvas quick enough to stop him by reaching down and pulling him back with a firm grip around his ankle. Lifting him up, Bell suddenly comes to life and fires away with punches and ducks a wild swing from Vinny, but when he shoots himself off the ropes he gets caught again...]

Angus:

FAAAAAAAAAAT HOOOOOOOOOOOLE SLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAMMMMM!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NOOOOOOOOOO!

[This time Sam Turner jumps in to make the save, but Turner doesn't waste any time, simply breaks up the count with a big boot to the head and then quickly gets back out on the apron where he and Dusty start to get the crowd rallied behind their partner. Bell tries again to crawl towards his corner, but again, Rinaldi intervenes as he lumbers over, kicks Bell over on to his back and sets his enormous foot right down on Bell's chest, which causes Bell to gasp out howls of pain as the big man puts more and more of his weight down on him. All the while, Rinaldi looks back at Dusty and Sam, completely stone faced, but clearly enjoying the suffering of his victim.]

DDK:

I don't know how much longer Bell can withstand this sort of punishment.

Angus:

So much for the return of Mayberry's boyhood hero, heh.

[Ferrari began another count, which Vinny broke away at "3" and then bounced himself off of the ropes before leaving his feet as he looked to score with a big fat man splash.]

CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

BELL MOVED!

Angus:

Heeeey! You, you fat bastard, we still have like two matches to go, don't go breaking the ring with your belly flops!

[As Vinny rolls around on the mat, clutching... stuff in the general vicinity of where his midsection is, Mike Bell uses the opportunity to once again start crawling towards the safety of his corner where Dusty and Sam eagerly await receiving the tag. Sensing he was getting to close, Di Luca rushed into the ring, past his partner who was only just beginning to get back to his feet, but it was too late as just when he was about to reach him, Bell dug deep, rose up just enough to allow himself to make the diving tag...]

DDK:

DUSTY GRIFFITH GETS THE TAG!

[Dusty quickly meets Tony, hitting him with a clothesline, Tony popping back up after clothesline only to keep getting put back down with another and another, until Dusty clotheslined him over the top rope and out of the ring. Tony

attempted to dive back into the fight, but was met by Sam, who began brawling with him out on the floor. Griffith turned his attention to Vinny, knocking him over with a diving shoulder tackle. Getting up, Griffith gets blindsided by Dentari, who attacks with punches and kicks until Mike Bell intervened, tackling Dentari and causing both of them to tumble through the ropes and out on to the floor.]

Angus:

Clusterfuckaree going on now, Keebs, told you she'd drive this one into the ditch!

[Out on the floor, Sam and Tony continue to brawl, now through mobs of fans who have gathered around. Elsewhere, Bell chases Dentari around, looking to get a little payback for the number he and his crew were doing on him only a few minutes ago. Meanwhile, back in the ring, Dusty and Vinny stand toe to toe in the ring trading blows until Dusty ducks a particularly wild swing, muscles up and BODYSLAMS Big Vinny Rinaldi to a huge explosion of cheers.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Looking out at the crowd, Dusty raises his arms and clasps his hands together before making the motion that he's going for the powerbomb.]

Angus:

You have got to be kidding me, there's no way!

DDK:

A bodyslam is one thing, but... can he even gets his arms Vinny's body to do it?

Angus:

I'unno, Keebs, but we're about to find out.

[Pulling Rinaldi up, Griffith stuffs his head between his legs and sure enough, he can only just barely make his fingers touch, but he tries to lift anyway. Rinaldi answers back by lurching his upper half back to an upright position, tossing Dusty with a back body drop, but Dusty holds on and tries to rock the big man back into a sunset flip pin. Rinaldi looks down and then kicks his legs out, but that momentary look was all the signal Dusty needed to know to get out of the way and let Vinny compress his spine as he dropped his entire weight down on his ass as he hit the canvas.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Good grief, the damage he must have just done to his spine.

Angus:

His spine? Who cares about his spine! His big fat ass is about to murder our ring!

[On the outside of the ring Sam Turner Jr. battles Di Luca further and further out into the crowd. The two trade blows to a seesaw reaction from the fans around them. Dentari meanwhile ducks and dives in and out of tightly packed fans making sure to keep well out of Mike Bell's line of sight.]

DDK:

Dentari's so small he's pretty much disappeared amongst the fans. I can barely see him, and we're on this elevated platform!

Angus:

I heard he was pegged as a body double for the film Antman. They needed someone to run around those model sets and didn't want to CGI it...

[Back inside the ring Dusty gets to his feet and measure his shot while Vinny struggles to get to his. Dusty charges and nails Rinaldi with a Rushing Elbow smash to the side of his head. Big Vinny doesn't go down, but he sure is wobbly

after it, something that doesn't go unnoticed by Dentari, who forgets about Bell and hurries to the entrance ramp. Dentari hops up onto the walkway and looks eyes with Griffith, who challenges Dentari to comes to the ring.]

[illegible]

DDK:

These fans want to see Griffith and Dentari get it awn!

Angus:

Alceo looks a bit hesitant...

[Mike Bell hops up onto the walkway as well, but Dusty yells at him to leave Dentari alone. Bell looks disappointed, but he obliges and leaves a path to the ring wide open... but Alceo starts backing up to the curtain.]

[illegible]

DDK:

A bit hesitant? He's walking away.

[Dusty leans on the ropes and yells at Dentari to come back, but he doesn't. He just keeps on backing away until-]

Angus:

Watch out for Rinaldi!

[Big Vinny regains enough of his faculties to charge at Dusty, but a warning from Mike Bell gives Dusty enough of a heads up to turn and duck a clothesline attempt. Dusty slips behind Rinaldi and grabs as much of a waist as he can...]

Angus:

No way...

DDK:

But how, he can't even lock his hands!

[Dusty digs down deep, crouching down to lower his base so as to put as much lift as he possibly can and then pops his hips...]

[Flash bulbs popping all over the place.]

[At the top of the ramp Dentari's jaw drops in disbelief. On the apron Mike Bell lets out a huge cheer. And within the crowd Sam and Tony look on, absolutely stunned by what they see.]

Angus:

WHOOAAH FAT MAN GERRRRRRMMMMMAN

SUUUUUUPPPPLLLLLLEEEEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Exactly what my partner just said!

[Dusty tries for a bridge, an ugly one, but somehow manages to hold it up.]

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[Tony tries to make his way back to the ring, but Sam grabs hold of him and holds him back.]

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!

[Mike Bell prepares to stop Dentari, but he doesn't need to. Alceo's almost through the curtain already.]

THHHHRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DING! DING! DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Quimbey:

And here are your winners... DUSTY GRRRRIFFITH... SAM TURNER JUUUNIOOR... annnnnnd... MIIIIKE
BEELLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Griffith watches as Dentari disappears behind the curtain, a look of disappointment on his face as he exits the ring and power walks back up the ramp with Mike Bell and Sam Turner following.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, mister grumpy pants isn't happy, who knew that was coming?

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, you would think Dusty was looking forward to fighting Dentari, but due to circumstances beyond his control, he barely got his hands on the man.

Angus:

Call the fuckin' Waaahmbulance then, Mayberry got the win, he should be happy with that.

This... Is FAR From Over.

[Backstage]

[Sam Turner Jr.]

[illegible]

[Mike Bell.]

[illegible]

[Dusty Griffith.]

[illegible]

[Sam and Mike are smiling, joking and laughing over something, but that happiness doesn't extend to Dusty Griffith. He's just sat there untying the tape from his wrists with a scowl on his face.]

Mike Bell:

Or how about when you gave... what's his name? Di Luca? When you gave him that military press!?

Sam Turner Jr.:

I can't b'lieve you kicked outta that elbow. Vinny must'a put all his weight behind it.

Mike Bell:

Please, that doesn't compare to the German Suplex heard around the world.

[Bell claps (No, Henry Keyes isn't involved in this.) Dusty on the shoulders.]

Mike Bell:

That was some feat of strength.

[Still Dusty doesn't respond. He just rips the tape from his forearms and discards it to the locker room floor.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Dusty, you OK?

Dusty Griffith:

It should have been him.

[Sam and Mike share a look of confusion before Sam simply has to ask.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Shoulda been who?

[Dusty rises from his chair and heads for the door of the locker room, only uttering one word as he goes through and into the hall.]

Dusty Griffith:

Dentari.

[Outside of the locker room Dusty heads down the hallway, ignoring congratulatory fist bumps and high fives all the way until he reaches a door marked 'LBC'.]

Angus:

What, Mayberry's and The LBC's locker rooms were that close together all night? Who the shit plans these things?

DDK:

Shhhhhh.

[Without knocking... unless you count almost putting one's foot through the door as knocking... Dusty enters the locker room of The LBC.]

Dusty Griffith:

Dentari! Where are you!?

[Dusty crosses the locker room, flipping chairs and kicking bags out of his way until he reaches the door to the bathroom. Again he kicks the door in and yells out.]

Dusty Griffith:

Come out a finish this you damn coward!

[Turning back around Dusty stops still, shocked by the sudden appearance of a man other than the one he's hunting for.]

Edward White:

Hello Dusty.

Dusty Griffith:

I'm not in the mood for any of your crap, White. Now unless you can tell me where Dentari is right now, I suggest you get out of my way.

[Dusty pushes past White and heads for the door.]

Edward White:

I believe we have something very important to discuss.

[After heaving a heavy sigh Dusty turns back to White and gets right up in his face.]

Dusty Griffith:

We have nothing to talk about.

[White takes a step away from the confrontation and smiles what can only be described as an incredibly toothy grin. Kind of like Ellis in Die Hard. Beard and all.]

Edward White:

On the contrary, Dusty...

[That's when the attack comes.]

[Dentari lands the first strike, a slapjack to the back of the head that knocks Dusty down to the floor. Then the other members of The LBC pile in, all three of them landing stomps to any part of Griffith's body that they can reach. Dentari drops to his knees and lands a few right hands, before handing the proceedings over to Di Luca, who starts choking Dusty with both hands wrapped tightly around his throat.]

DDK:

Woah woah woah woah woah! What's going on!?

Angus:

I think we're getting a peek behind the curtain!

[After a good few seconds of choking Dusty starts to turn purple. White claps his hands together and Di Luca releases Griffith's throat, allowing him to gasp for air. Edward crouches down next to Dusty and gets right in his face.]

Edward White:

We have a lot to talk about.

Dusty Griffith:

You son of a-

[Dusty can't finish his sentence though as Dentari, Di Luca and Rinaldi all start laying boots into him again. White backs up again until he's sure Griffith has had enough.]

Edward White:

Enough.

[But the LBC don't listen. They just continue to treat Dusty's body like a prop in an audition for 'Stomp'.]

Edward White:

Enough!

[White's raised voice does the trick and The LBC finally relent in their assault.]

Edward White:

Do I have your attention now?

[Griffith grunts reluctantly.]

Edward White:

Good.

I want you to know off the bat, I didn't want it to come to this. I was hoping a warning would suffice... but a warning turned into a display, which turned into an example... and things just kind of escalated until we reached the here and now.

No matter what happened you just couldn't leave well enough alone, could you, Dusty? And now look at you.

[With a push of his foot White rolls Dusty onto his back and places a foot on his chest. He leans down to get closer to Dusty, but doesn't get so close as to put himself in any real danger.]

Edward White:

Laid out, gasping for air at my mercy.

And this could have all been avoided... had you just been a good boy and left us to carry on as we were.

Everything was going according to the plan, Dusty. Bronson, Nicky, Frank and I were all where we needed to be. We were happy, we were content... but then you just had to get yourself involved... for you friend.

Well, you got your wish... your friend is free, and he's your problem now, more than that, the Blood Diamonds are your problem now. Do you really think winning a few matches is all it will take? That won't stop us! Dusty, we are going to destroy you, your friends, and everybody you hold dear.

[White drops to the floor and pushes his face up against Griffith's. The wide eyed maniacal look wasn't one he wore frequently, but it seemed perfectly apt for this moment.]

Edward White:

Do you hear me!? Through your actions you have opened the door to a whole other plane of suffering. Everywhere you go, everything you do, we'll be there. Watching. Waiting. For that moment where you-

[The door to the locker almost breaks away from its hinges as a mass of muscle and hair shoulder barges his way through it. Dentari, Di Luca, and Rinaldi all turn to see Frank Dylan James, Sam Turner Jr. and Mike Bell swarm through it. White barely has enough time to get to his feet before Frank lunges for him, breaking through the LBC's line of defence. Dentari and Di Luca try to stop him, but Mike Bell pulls Dentari away and levels him with a right hand that knocks him back into a row of lockers.]

DDK:

Here's the cavalry!

[Di Luca throws a punch at Bell, but it's blocked, and Bell responds with a shot that rocks Tony. Sam and Big Vinny get into it for the hundredth time of the night, grappling messily, tripping over bags and chairs as they try to get the other man to the floor.]

Angus:

The White Knights are taking it to The Socialite and The LBC!

[The seven men scuffle some more until even more big, heavy men wearing DEFSEC emblazoned shirts flood the room. Everyone does their best to ignore the calls to cease the fighting, but this ain't DEFSEC's first rodeo. They manage to pry apart and separate them, pushing White and the LBC back to the door as Bell, Turner and James all gather around Dusty to check on him.]

HE LIVES!

Quimbey: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIST OF

DEFIIIIIIIIAAAAANCE! Coming to the ring first... Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in tonight at at 307

pounds!! He is... DAAAAANNNN RYYYYYAAAAANNNNN!!! [The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an

encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch,

Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The

video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's

head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam,

smirking as he pins Heidi Christensen] ♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪ ♪ There's no connection to myself ♪ ♪ I'm your

lover, I'm your zero ♪ ♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪ ♪ So save your prayers ♪ ♪ For when you're really

gonna need 'em ♪ ♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪ **DDK:** Here he comes ladies and gentlemen, currently the most controversial man in DEFIANCE wrestling. **Angus:** And considering some of the sociopaths we've got around here that's a goddamn mouthful. [Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.] **DDK:** Just to catch everyone up here, we saw earlier in the night Dan Ryan emerge from the office of Kelly Evans. For the briefest of moments the camera caught a glimpse of a briefcase full of money and what LOOKED to be a signed contract of some kind.

Angus: Yeah, and earlier in the hour we got confirmation of what we already figured when Kelly dropped the bomb on

Bronson... Dan Ryan's reinstated and he's got his rematch for the FIST! [Dan drops down and leans against the

ropes with a smirk.] [No music, the reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE Bronson Box saunters out on stage

with the gold on red leather FIST title belt strapped tightly around his waist. A microphone in hand.] **Box:** Danny-boy!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Box:** You're lookin' right pleased with yourself, lad! It seems due to a

generous bribe... I mean, donation you and I get one more go around for MY championship. [Ryan is handed a

microphone.] **Ryan:** Like I said earlier in the week, I know which language speaks loudest around here. I also said no

one else touches... [Ryan points to the FIST] ...that... unless it's me. I mean what I say when I say it. Tonight, I'm

making good on my promises. [Ryan drops the microphone and gets into a fighting stance.] **Box:** I've gotta' say lad,

I like this you better than the wet blanket that sauntered in here smilin' and shakin' hands not all that long ago. Seems I

did enough of a number on ye' to bring out the REAL you. I... [Angus Skaaland stands up behind the announce desk

and clears his throat on a house mic drawing the gaze of both Dan Ryan and Bronson Box.] **Angus:** I honest to God

hate to interrupt you two squawkin' at each other but we just got word from backstage there's somethin' goin' down

you two might be DAMN interested in layin' eyes on before you go off beatin' the crud out of each other... [The DEFI-a-

tron flickers to life, a camera is hustling to the back parking area where we arrive just in time to see a black sedan

screech into multiple parking spots. The drivers door opens before the car even comes to a complete stop and...]

DDK: IS THAT... IT IS! IT'S EUGENE DEWEY! [We cut back to the arena for a moment to pick up the reactions

from the two men concerned. Box just shakes his head and cracks his knuckles, making his way down the ramp

towards the ring. Ryan looks INTENSELY PISSSED, but just grinds his teeth and sneers at the screen before we cut

back to the parking area.] **Angus:** [taking his seat again at commentary] Let me just say on record, that felt

awesome. I 'aint a fan of that little jew fro ginger goodie goodie but seein' those two sociopathic apes go slack jawed

just made my night. [Dewey is has thick bandages wrapped around his head and can't take a step without wincing

and clutching at his ribs, obviously his injuries are far from healed. Walking with a bit of a limp Eugene takes a second

to look towards the camera before powerwalking as best he can towards the gorilla position.] [A few tense seconds

pass.] **Angus:** Did he get lost? [Dat.] [Heavenly.] [Choir.] [...] [JPG]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [From backstage emerges the man himself, looking like

he's seen healthier days. Gauze wrapped tightly around his head. Eugene Dewey steps onto the stage gripping a

microphone in one hand and his chest in the other. He stops at the top of the ramp to soak up the deafening reaction

from the fans. Down at ringside Bronson shakes his head in disbelief... a small grin at the corner of his mouth. Almost

in... impressed disbelief.] Eugene: I can tell by the looks on your faces that neither of you were expecting to see me

tonight... And I bet you're wondering how I got here, right? Well, let me fill you in. This morning, against my doctors

advice, I discharged myself from hospital, I'm not allowed to fly yet, so I rented a car, and I drove all the way here. I'll

tell you, it took longer than Euro Truck Simulator 2 suggested it would, but there was no way I was going to miss

tonight. [Eugene stands a little straighter, puffing out his chest and making direct eye contact with Bronson Box down

at the foot of the ramp.] Eugene: By all logic I should still be in a hospital bed watching this show on my laptop

thinking "aww shucks, you win some you lose some"... But that's what the OLD Eugene Dewey would have done. The Eugene Dewey that walked into DEFIANCE wrestling for the very first time was nothing more than an overgrown child. Nobody expected me to make it here. Especially you Box. You reminded me every single day just how fat and useless I was. I... THOUGHT I was. But I beat you Bronson Box. I beat you... TWICE. Something tells me Eugene Dewey just might have Bronson Box's number. [Bronson's lips curl in anger. The fans pop hard as Dewey finally gets The Wargod's goat.] [He turns to Dan Ryan... whose eyes haven't left the young grappler since he hobbled out.] Eugene: And then there's you. The Ego Buster. I watched you on television. You were, next to Eric Dane, the biggest superstar I've ever met working here, Dan Ryan. But... [Dan pipes up.] **Ryan:** Yeah yeah.... I'm a bad guy. I hurt poor Virginia Quell, I probably locked Python up in a dungeon somewhere.... I was nice, now I'm mean, blah blah blah blah.... I get it. [Eugene interrupts Ryan by clearing his throat and starting down the ramp at a healthy pace.] [Up in the ring Dan Ryan is glowering pure hate over the top rope at Eugene as he begins his trek down the ramp.] Eugene: Actually Dan... I didn't like you the moment I met you. You're a pompous ass whether you're smiling and shaking hands or frowning and yanking arms off. You're a manipulator who won't stop until he's got what he wants. And I know first hand the lengths you've gone to to get what you want tonight. [Slowly Eugene massages his injured ribs with his hand.] Eugene: But I refuse to let you get away with it, Dan, I'm going to prove to the world that beneath your big, tough guy coating, is nothing more than a soft, cowardly center. [Ryan backs up a few paces, smiling, as Dewey steps through the ropes and into the ring.] Eugene: So allow me to assume the position you're most comfortable with... [Eugene turns around with his back to Ryan and stretches his arms out wide, only bringing one in momentarily to speak into the mic.] Eugene: Superstar. [That last line delivered with enough contempt to elicit a reaction from the thus far placid mug of The Ego Buster. The German speaking fans muster up a chant, in English no less.] LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* [Dewey turns back around walks right up to Dan Ryan, getting all up in his business.] Eugene: What's wrong, Dan!? Jumping a guy when his back's turned isn't your THING anymore!? **Angus:** OHHHHHHHH SHIT! [Both Dan Ryan and Eugene Dewey are bowled over by an incoming Bronson Box. The three men start rolling all around the ring, the brawl slowly but surely getting out of hand.] [The escalating situation is stopped cold by a shrill cry from backstage...] **Kelly:** ENOUGH! [Kelly Evans steps out onto the stage looking a tad frustrated.] **Kelly:** Stop or all three of you creeps can fly back to the states without a JOB... [glaring down at Dan Ryan specifically] and no amount of money would change that decision. [The three men, because they all realize Kelly Evans isn't one to bluff, separate and each take a corner.] **Kelly:** And don't go screaming about contracts either, this is DEFIANCE. Our lawyers are WAY better than yours. But don't let it be said Kelly Evans isn't a fair woman and a pragmatist at heart. Some might look at the absolute cluster fuck you three have caused this company the last few weeks and throw their hands up in frustration whereas I see nothing but potential. You three boys all want that belt so damn bad? Two in one night, why the hell not... THREE WAY DANCE! [Evans turns on her heels and stops short of the entrance curtain.] **Kelly:** Ring the damn bell.

Dan Ryan vs Eugene Dewey vs Bronson Box ©



DING DING DING! **DDK:** Referee Mark Shields calls for the bell and we're underway! OH MY! [Ryan targets Eugene immediately smashing Euge with a couple knees to the solar plexus doubling the nerd king over. He immediately adds insult to injury with an elbow across the back of Dewey's head. As soon as Ryan's elbow makes contact Eugene goes slack.] **DDK:** Eugene's bandaged head is like a target for these two wolves. **Angus:** Hey, the kid could have stayed in his sick bed, nobody DRAGGED him out here. If he's too injured to wrestle and he should have avoided the brainless heroics and stayed home. [Bronson has yet to move, sitting back and watching Ryan annihilate Eugene.] **Angus:** [yelling] Any time now Bronson! [Boxer looks down at the announce table with a sideways glance.] **Angus:** But you know... take your time. [Ryan catches Bronson's attention before pushing Dewey into a corner and irish whipping him towards The Wargod. Bronson grins, rears back catches Eugene with a massive follow through lariat that ends with Eugene's head bouncing off the mat. Bronson rolls under the bottom rope and walks directly towards the announce table.] **Angus:** Dude! I'm sorry for opening my mouth, okay! I'm a commentator, I commentate! [Bronson picks up the ever present third headset and pops them on his head.] **DDK:** Ummm, we're joined by the current reigning... and CURRENTLY defending FIST of DEFIANCE Bronson Box. **Box:** Bloody good match so far, eh lads? What a roller coaster we've been on tonight with these two. Dan Ryan with his briefcase full of money, Eugene with his pathetic will he or won't he show up shenanigans, Jeff Andrews deciding to pop his head out of whatever hole he crawled into to start suspendin' people... makes for bloody brilliant television I suppose. **Angus:** Shouldn't you be... wrestling? **Box:** I do what I please, lad. Mr. Ryan seems to have things under control... [We cut back to the ring just in time to see Dan hoist Eugene up and over with a textbook belly to back suplex. Ryan drops down in a mount position and just rains elbows and fists down on Eugene's poor dome.] **DDK:** God, I can barely watch this. You're really going to just stand here and let Ryan do all the heavy lifting? **Box:** I do exactly what I WANT to do, Darren Keebler. And don't you forget that. Bronson Box ALWAYS has a plan. [Eugene tries desperately to mount some sort of offence, but Ryan brushes off the blows like a man possessed. The two drop down to the mat a sprawl for a bit before Ryan locks in Dewey's head in a tight front facelock, popping to his feet and dropping Eugene with a lightning quick jumping DDT that levels the number one contender.] **Angus:** He's going for the pinfall! **Box:** Bloody hell... [The sounds of a headset falling atop the announce table is heard.] [The Wargod scrambles back into the ring and kicks Ryan off from atop Eugene. Ryan pops up gets forehead to forehead with Bronson, the two jawing back and forth butting heads like two bulls. Ryan gives Box a hard shove, before Bronson even has a chance to retaliate Eugene Dewey manages to get to his feet.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH! [With blood starting to show through his bandages Dewey rears back and clotheslines both me back first over the top rope dumping his opponents down to ringside!] **DDK:** Ata' boy Eugene! **Angus:** Look at this kid Darren, I've NEVER seen him so fired up! [Eugene climbs the nearest turnbuckle and pumps his fist letting out a guttural warcry.] [The fans respond in kind.] LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* LET'S GO EUGENE! *clap clap clapclapclap* [On the outside, what we'd come to expect would be a prime opportunity for Bronson Box and Dan Ryan to obliterate each other with chairs or tables or... fucking explosives, something turns out to be a quiet exchange of sideways glances. Each man silently agreeing to each take a side of the ring. The two men taking their time stalking Eugene, slowly but surely making their way up onto the ring apron flanking Eugene.] **DDK:** Are these two... working together? **Angus:** No chance, Ryan raked half of Boxer's fuckin' FACE off in Japan. **DDK:** The proof is in the pudding Angus. [The two villains lick their lips in anticipation, Eugene however doesn't give them a chance to spring their trap choosing to simply barrel into Bronson sending The Wargod off the apron directly into throng of ringside fans.] **Angus:** But here comes Ryan! [Dewey is just a second quicker and manages to duck a lariat attempt by Ryan, rebounds off the ropes and BLASTS him with a Biotic Charge that levels The Ego Buster. The fans pop hard as Eugene struggles to his feet, falling back against the ropes for support as Ryan clutches his midsection down on the mat.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH... BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Bronson is up on the apron before anyone even notices he's moves from his place at ringside, grabbing Eugene's hair and dropping back down to ringside snapping Dewey throat first across the top rope. Bronson takes a moment to gloat, tapping his temple and jawing with a couple rowdy fans in the front row before rolling under the bottom rope.] [Ryan is back to his feet, Eugene has managed to drag himself into a sitting position in the corner. Both Boxer and Ryan make a beeline towards Eugene and each seems to take offence to the other doing so. Ryan gives Boxer a little shove and starts laying boots to Eugene.] **Angus:** Told you, these guys can't stand one another. **DDK:** Yet they haven't exactly laid a finger on one another... [Box grabs Ryan by the shoulders and pulls him back giving HIM a shove and going in for some mudhole stomping of his own. Ryan grabs Box by the waist and attempts a German suplex but gets it reversed, Box rolling through maneuvering directly into...] **DDK:** BOSTON MASSACRE! BOSTON MASSACRE ON RYAN! [Ryan screams out in pain and Box cranks back on the clutch hold.] [As Box tries to pull dan Ryan's head off Eugene manages to get to his feet in the corner. Bronson and Ryan are facing the other way so neither man notices. Like a shot Eugene hits the ropes and lands a massive dropkick RIGHT to the face of Dan Ryan still locked in the painful submission hold. Box relinquishes the hold just in time to accept a few lefts and rights from the number one contender Eugene.] **Angus:** EUGENE BE CLUBBERIN' DARREN! **DDK:** This kid must have one hell of a reserve tank because just when you think he's down he's right back in these two monsters faces, partner! WAIT! RYAN IS UP! [Dan rebounds off the ropes and attempts to spear Bronson right in the small of the back, The Wargod telegraphing the maneuver and moving out of the way just in time. Ryan makes devastating contact with Eugene's midsection, both men tumbling down to the mat.] **DDK:** It's been well documented on DEFIANCewrestling.com this last week that Eugene suffered a pulmonary contusion at the hands of Ryan, and that spear isn't going to help anything. [Mark Shields checks on Eugene as he howls in pain and asks him if he needs the medics, but Dewey manages to whimper a 'no'. Dan Ryan meanwhile gets to his feet and shares another look with Bronson Box. Slowly both men turn back to Eugene, who's trying to pull himself up using the ropes, but is failing miserably.] **DDK:** What the hell is going on between these two? For months they've been at each others throats like rabid dogs, and now... They're both just sizing up Dewey. **Angus:** If I had to guess I'd say both men know beating Dewey is going to be the easiest way to leave Germany as the FIST of DEFIANCE. I imagine they're not wasting time and energy fighting each other where they could be doing the same to Eugene. [Ryan and Box again close in on Eugene, tussling over who gets to grab which part of him. Ryan grabs two handfuls of hair and pulls him away from Box's grasp where he scoops Dewey up and slams him to the mat!] **DDK:** Eugene howling in pain again! Every time he hits the mat it's just going to do more and more damage to those ribs! [Ryan goes to pick Eugene up again, but Box asks him to stop and back up. Ryan tosses Eugene down at Box's feet and backs up, just as Box requested.] **DDK:** Now Ryan is just handing Eugene over to Box? **Angus:** It looks to me like Box is trying to tell Ryan he can slam Eugene as well... [That's exactly what he's saying. Box pulls Eugene up and scoops him off of his feet. Box's height doesn't make it easy for him to slam Eugene as beautifully as Ryan did, but he still manages it with seeming ease.] [Ryan doesn't waste any time in grabbing Dewey and pulling him up into a sidewalk slam.] [And neither does Bronson, who also sidewalk slams the ginger Guru of Gaming.] [Dan pulls Eugene up again and steadies him on his feet in the middle of the ring. Ryan hits the ropes and comes back with a lariat that almost takes Eugene's head off. He turns to Box and tells him to 'beat that'.] **DDK:** Did you hear that? This is a game to these two. That's a human being in there, and they're treating him like... like... **Angus:** It's like they're fighting over the highscore. **DDK:** Exactly! **Angus:** Kind of ironic if you think about it. [Box pulls Eugene up and pushes him back against the ropes. He whips Dewey across the ring and hits the opposite side himself. The two meet in the middle of the ring and Box lashes out with a lariat of his own that flips Eugene over almost 360 degrees! Dewey lands on his face on the mat and doesn't move a muscle.] **DDK:** One of you, please. Pin him and end this! **Angus:** These two looks intent on proving which one of them is the better man, but neither want to do it against the other. This won't end until one undeniably tops the other, and then... then it's going to get messy. [Mark Shields checks on Dewey again but doesn't call the medics as Eugene starts to stir on his own. Eugene shakes his head violently when Shields asks him if he wants to quit, which only seems to infuriate Dan Ryan. Bonson Box on the other hand smiles sadistically. He doesn't give Dewey any time to do anything else as he pulls Eugene up and drops him with a Package piledriver!] **DDK:** I don't think I can watch anymore of this... **Angus:** Hold on... **DDK:** What? Is Eugene moving? **Angus:** No, it's Ryan's turn to hit a Piledriver... you don't want to miss that. [Dan grabs onto Eugene and pulls his almost lifeless body up. Dewey slumps against The Ego Buster, and looks up at his face. Dan looks back down at Eugene with nothing but hatred in his eyes before lifting him and dropping him with a belly to belly sit out piledriver!] **Angus:** Told you you didn't want to miss it! That was cray-cray! **DDK:** ... **Angus:** Ok, I'm sorry... I promise never to say cray-cray again. [Ryan rises to his feet and lets out a primal scream.] BOOO [Dan heads to the corner of the ring and grabs a hold of the turnbuckle. With one yank he pulls the padding away to expose the steel beneath it. Ryan gets in

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BOOO! [The fans in attendance absolutely ERUPT with anger, showering the ring with trash as Dan Ryan extends a hand to The Wargod and helps him to his feet the two pausing for a moment before **shaking hands**... both men slowly turning their attention to Eugene struggling to prop himself up in the corner.] **Angus:** WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?! [Box and Ryan slowly stalk towards Eugene, the new FIST desperately swinging his own in vain towards the two monsters towering over him. Ryan once again grabs a handful of red afro and yanks the new champion to his feet.] **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen, I... I can't believe what I'm seeing here! **Angus:** I THINK we're seeing Dan Ryan JOIN The Blood Diamonds. [Up on the ramp Angus' suspicion is all but confirmed as we see a grinning "Socialite" Edward White standing shoulder to shoulder with his new hired muscle Alceo Dentari and his Legitimate Businessman's Club.] [All four men start off down the ramp receiving the same garbage shower their friends in the ring have been receiving for the last couple minutes.] BOO! **DDK:** This... I... I'm speechless here Angus. **Angus:** This must be what it was like seeing the Third Reich come together back in the 40's... [Vinny and Tony sit on the ropes ushering Dentari and White into the ring to join Ryan and Box. No handshakes, no back slapping, straight to business. Boxer, Ed, Alceo and The Gorillas all stand back and allow Ryan time with the new champion.] **DDK:** No, no not this! **Angus:** We might have a VACANT title after this, Darren! [Ryan grits his teeth and points directly at the still exposed turnbuckle pad as he shoves Eugene's head between his legs...] **DDK:** BOMBASTO BOMB FROM RYAN ON EUGENE DEWEY! [As soon as Eugene's back hits the exposed nut and he slumps to the canvas Dentari, Rinaldi and Di Luca all swarm Eugene laying boots to the new FIST of DEFIANCE gangland style. Edward White claps Dan Ryan on the back and the two shake hands.] BOO! **Angus:** Well now we know where that briefcase full of CASH came from... I KNEW I smelled a goddamn RAT! **DDK:** DAMN Bronson Box! DAMN Edward White! AND DAMN DAN RYAN! Can we please get some help out here for Eugene?! I'm... what's that? Lance Warner is in my ear, and... oh come on, really?! **Angus:** Dude, Ed White thinks of everything... [We cut backstage to an absolute SWARM of private Ed White security battling it out with none other than Dusty Griffith, Sam Turner Jr. and the recently free BIG FRANK DYLAN JAMES! The trio tossing black polo shirted nobodies left and right fighting desperately to get to the ring to save their friend.] [Back in the ring.] *tap tap tap* **Box:** Like I bloody said earlier... DOOMSDAY. BOO! [Dan Ryan and Edward White step up and take their places beside The Original DEFIANT. Box hobbles over to where Eugene is still getting stomped into the mat by The Legitimate Businessman's Club, Dentari and his boys pulling back on their assault and giving Bronson room to kneel down beside Eugene.] [Breathlessly with blood flowing down into his mouth and flicking off the wild frayed tips of his mustache, Bronson continues.] **Box:** I told you, boy. I told you over... and over... and over. Every single win you stole from me was like hot needles in my guts. And I've said over... and over... and over to ALL OF YOU PEOPLE THAT WINS AND LOSSES AND TITLES IN THE END ARE BLOODY MEANINGLESS TO ME! [The Wargod is seething so close to Dewey blood and spittle are seen flecking onto his face.] **Box:** [clenched teeth] What do you think these sheeple will remember about this show... me losing that bloody title or me and my friends here shocking the ENTIRE WRESTLING WORLD... banding together under one glorious banner and ENDING your pathetic career? You think about that when you wake up a broken husk of a man with nothing but cold leather and gold to keep you company. [Box gets up and turns to Dan Ryan. The two men nod as Bronson flips the microphone stem first and hands it over to his new ally. The volume of the German faithful growing exponentially louder and Ryan steps up, towering over the completely unconscious champion.] **Ryan:** You think you've accomplished something here tonight? You think this MATTERS?? [Ryan pauses and takes a second to look out over the livid crowd before kneeling down, AGAIN grabbing his hair, jerking Eugene's face towards his.] **Ryan:** I told you before, all that matters is what you say you're gonna do... and whether you can do it or not. And right now....you know.... I think I'm gonna enjoy this... [It looks like Eugene is about to absorb even more punishment as Ryan rises up to his feet and cocks back his knee...] **DDK:** WAIT! LOOK! HERE COMES THE CALVARY, PARTNER! [From backstage barrels Frank Dylan James, Sam Turner Jr. both followed closely by The Wild Bronco himself Dusty Griffith and the legend of wrestling, the "Natural" Mike Bell.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! [The fans explode as both men waste little time charging across the elevated ramp. Big Vinny and Two Hand Tony get caught stepping through the ropes by Sam Turner Jr., all three men tumbling down into the crowd starting a wild fan sprawling brawl.] **DDK:** Sam Turner Jr. is taking BOTH Vinny Rinaldi and Tony Di Luca on single handedly! But we're losing them in the crowd! **Angus:** Screw that, LOOK IN THE RING! [The Natural collides with The Ego Buster as the crowd quite literally turns it up past eleven.] **Angus:** Am I on drugs or am I seeing Dan Ryan square off with Mike Bell right now? **DDK:** I'm guessing both. [The two men trading blows as the fans chant along.] **Angus:** Ryan with a big right hand! BOOO! **DDK:** Bell replies in kind! YAY! **Angus:** Ryan! BOOO! **DDK:** Bell! YAY! [Ryan] BOOO! [Bell] YAY! [Ryan] BOOO! [Bell] YAY! **DDK:** IT'S PANDEMONIUM HER IN GERMANY!

[Bell backs Ryan into a corner and starts laying in stiff boots to Dan's midsection.] **Angus:** Look at big Frankie go! [Frank Dylan James zeroes in on one of his former "masters" in the Bombastic Bronson Box looking decidedly un-Bombastic at the moment backing away from The Mastadon. It looks like Frank will finally get his huge meaty mitts on the man who started his recently freed from nightmare when...] **DDK:** Dentari! Damnit! Dentari with a dropkick to The Mastodon! **Angus:** Alceo Dentari just saved Bronson Box from a beatdown... WHAT DIMENSION ARE WE IN?! [Dusty Griffith's first priority is checking on Eugene, making sure the EMT's that followed closely behind him and his partners get the new FIST champ strapped down onto a backboard and on his way to the hospital.] [Once that's done Dusty Griffith slowly climbs back into the ring surrounded by brawling friends and enemies and focuses in on the last unspokenfor villain in attendance. Currently backed into one of the only free corners quaking in his billion dollar booties.] **Angus:** Oh hell yes... **DDK:** Did you just mark out for Dusty Griffith? I know you hate The Socialite... **Angus:** Fuck you Darren. [Griffith takes off like a shot and barrels towards White...] BOOO! [Dusty collides with nothing but turnbuckle.] [Edward White drops down and out of the ring thanks to an assist from Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands.] **Angus:** Oh man, fuck those guys... [As Ed and 2/3's of The Legitimate Businessman's club back away from the ring, the big Italian gorillas shoving fans as they go. They all three stop in their tracks however as they witness Frank Dylan James emerge behind Dusty Griffith with Alceo Dentari hoisted UP OVER HIS GIANT HEAD! Frankie wastes little time hucking the tiny Italian mob boss over the top rope.] **DDK:** SWEET LORD! **Angus:** IT'S RAININ' DAGOS! [Vinny and Tony deftly CATCH their boss much to the dismay of Frank Dylan James and Dusty Griffith back in the ring. Frank gives Dusty a playful shove and shakes his head "NO!" quickly hoisting himself up to the top rope hiiiiiiigh above The LBC and Ed White down below.] [Before the foursome can piece together what's about to happen...] **FDJ:** HOO! HOO! HOO! HOO-AH! **DDK:** SUICIDE DIVE FROM FRANK DYLAN JAMES! **Angus:** NOW ITS RAINING REDNECKS! THIS POLAR VORTEX SHIT IS FUCKIN' CRAZY, YO! [Big Frank bowls over all four men, the first few rows of chairs and countless fans as the five wrestlers go sprawling back into the sea of humanity. Amazingly Frank is on his feet in a flash joined out of NOWHERE by Sam Turner, Jr. the two big southern boys laying boots to The LBC and The Socialite.] RAAHHH! **Angus:** Darren... dude, look. [Back in the ring there's a faceoff of EPIC proportions starting...] [Dan Ryan and Bronson Box face to face, forehead to forehead, nostril to nostril with Dusty Griffith and "The Natural" Mike Bell. Black hats versus white hats, heroes versus villains.] [The crowd can barely be contained, the wild brawl on the outside between Frank, Sam, Ed and The LBC are simply swallowed up by the teeming masses all cheering, booing, screaming in excitement.] RAAHHH! **DDK:** JUST LISTEN TO THESE FANS! That right there is four GIANTS of this sport, Angus. **Angus:** Well... three giants and Bronson, but I guess he's like our own little home grown giant isn't he? **DDK:** Tell that to Bronson's face, partner. **Angus:** Yeah, no fuckin' thank you. [The Natural and The Ego Buster jaw back and forth as Bronson and Dusty get into a little shoving contest. It looks like the brawl is going to start all over again when all of a sudden through the crowd and across the ramp comes Wyatt Bronson, referee Buffalo Brian Slater and a literal ARMY of DEFsec drones.] **Angus:** IT'S A MADHOUSE! A MAAAAAAAAAAAAADHOUSE! [The four men get in a few scant blows before being dragged apart by a phalanx of arms. Dusty landing a hard shot right across the bridge of Bronson's injured nose. The Wargod falls back against the red polo shirted security team, clutching his face with a loud howl.] [The ring physically rocks and gives left to right with all the humanity inside struggling against the four titans and all the SEA of humanity OUTSIDE pushing and shoving to get close enough to pound on the mat and see the madness upclose.] **DDK:** I... Jesus Christ, this is madness. Can we cut to something please? DEF Shop commercial? Somethin... *pffft pffft pffftffffft* [We cut to a prerecorded video of several DEF superstars hawking the latest merch from DEFshop.com]

Truly Untouchables vs Hookers 'n Blow (ccc)

**DDK:**

Alright folks, the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles are on the line. Hookers and Blow will defend their titles against the Truly Untouchable team of Diane Parker, Leon Maddox and David Race and partner, the champs are coming in at half strength at best.

Angus:

Just 'cause bitches can't take a joke, I mean, Ty forecasted that it would get wet in Greece, it's not a brothas fault if bitches can't accessorize properly for the weather.

DDK:

Shhhhhure. In any case, HNB had their fun at Diane Parker's expense after she...

Angus:

Robbed... SHE ROBBED Ty of the World Title!

DDK:

Yes, I was getting to that, Angus. Ty, Ryan and Sam humiliated her, but as it would turn out, at a pretty big cost when Parker finally snapped and along with her teammates, brutally assaulted Sam Horry.

Angus:

And now those Total Douchebags are going to pay the ultimate price when Ty and the boys whoop, dat ass and walk back out of here with the Trios straps still in their possession.

DDK:

Well, we know where Angus stands, lets take it to the ring.

[We focus in on Darren "DQ" Quimbey standing center ring. He raises his microphone...]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen the following contest, scheduled for one fall, is for the DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The opening strains of "Curl of the Burl" by Mastodon blast through the speakers in the arena and Diane Parker, flanked by David Race and Leon Maddox, comes through the curtain into the arena to a chorus of boos. The three of them play to the crowd, and then Race and Maddox start to head to the ring, however, Parker stops both by grabbing each arm closest to her, then pulls both of them to her and the three seem to huddle up for a moment, then Parker points to the sides of the entranceway as if directing traffic.]

Angus:

Now what the hell are they up to?

[The three members of the Truly Untouchables spread out and flank the entranceway, Parker and Race on one side,

and Maddox on the other.]

DDK:

Looks like they're setting a little ambush for the champions...

Angus:

NOOOO! Ty, if you can hear me on a monitor in the back, that tricky bitch and her two man-slaves are waiting for you!

DDK:

You know, every match Hookers and Blow have, it amazes me that you are concerned for Ty's well being but not his two tag team partners...why is that?

Angus:

Because Keebs, despite the fact that they bought me beer, Matthews and Horry can be replaced, you do NOT replace The Black Jesus!

[Indeed the music fades away and is replaced by the opening drum beat of "Stroke Me" by Mickey Avalon. The crowd half-pops and half tries to warn the DEFIANCE Trios Champions to the ambush awaiting them...]

[Just then we hear a bit of commotion coming from Keebler and Skaaland's location.]

DDK:

Wait a minute! What the...?

Angus:

AH HA! I knew Ty and Company were too smart to fall for some shit like that more than once.

[The DEFIANCE Trios champions have come through the crowd on the far side of the ring and while Sam and Ryan slide into the ring under the bottom rope, Ty heads over to Angus and Keebs position, hollering over the crowd noise loud enough for their headsets to pick up what he's saying.]

Walker:

Can you believe these fuckers, Angus? Try'na pull an ol' fast one on us, good lookin' out, bruh.

Angus:

Always!

[Ty bumps a fist with Angus, who eagerly does so like an overly excited toddler on Christmas morning. Heading to the ring, Ty grabs a mic along the way before ascending the stairs where he makes the motion for the music to be cut to the camera.]

Walker:

Now I dunno how stupid y'all bitches think we are, but ya gotta admit, you done fucked with the wrong people if you think some shit like that is gonna work on us.

[Parker, Race and Maddox look down to the ring and see Hookers and Blow standing in the ring almost mockingly waving at the three of them. This only serves to make Parker more angry than she was previously, and she turns first to Race, then to Maddox and screams some instructions, the three of them then head down the rampway and quickly pick up steam, eventually sprinting down the ramp.]

Angus:

It's about to be on Keebs and....OH MY GOD!

[A step ahead, Ty rebounds off the far ropes, then leaps to the top rope facing out towards the ramp, then off the top rope to wipe out all three of the Truly Untouchables as they charge towards the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And in instant Tyrone Walker has crashed into and sent the challengers scattered all over the entrance way...

Angus:

And it looks like Matthews and Horry aren't about to be left out of the fun here, Keebs!

[While Maddox was falling off of the ramp on the left side and Race going to the right, Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews both perched themselves up top on opposite sides of the ring. When Maddox got to his feet, Horry dove from the top rope Superfly style as he flew into Maddox and anyone in the crowd who were too close. Meanwhile, Matthews lined up his shot and took flight from the top, hitting Race with a missile dropkick.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

We thought this might not be a pretty match, and now we know...

Angus:

And knowing is half the battle...

Several Guys behind Angus: [In the tune of the old GI Joe PSA's]

Hookers and Bloooooooooowwwwwww!

DDK: [Pauses as if looking back at the guys behind him]

Seriously? Are they paying people to be plants in the crowd now?

Angus:

Whatever works I guess...

[Horry hammers away on Maddox, rabbit punching him in the head Nolan Ryan style. Matthews brawls with Race on the other side of the ramp on the floor, the two throwing hockey punches. Meanwhile, Walker has taken up chasing after Parker, who madly dashes away from the angry negro that is hot on her tail.]

Angus:

Run, Bitch... RUUUUNNNN! Like your life depended on it! Like an angry black man is chasing you, which he is!

DDK:

Angus Skaaland, ladies and gentlemen, he's been here all night... Unfortunately.

[The chaos ensues while referee Hector Navarro stands watch, occasionally barking at either of the three pairs to bring the action into the ring. Matthews and Race have made their way back on to the ramp where the two of them continuing their hockey-style brawl with Matthews' back against the ropes. Still out on the floor, Maddox has assumed control in his fight with Horry, having taken a few shots at Horry's injured arm as they fight against the side of the ring.]

DDK:

Parker finding her way to the relative safety of the ring.

Angus:

That might make sense if she didn't have Black Jesus on her ass.

DDK:

I did say, relative.

[Indeed.]

[Following Parker into the ring, where she finds one side blocked by Matthews and Race, another side hosting Maddox and Horry. Panicked, she turns right into the waiting Tyrone Walker, who looks ready to pounce, but then a thought crossed her mind.]

DDK:

What in the world is she up to?

Angus:

Ty, be strong, don't fall for this crazy wenches schemes!

[Possibly figuring the same tricks she pulled on them ACX boys might could work on Walker, she goes for broke. Ty stares, amused at the display and even backs off a step as he folds his arms across his chest, watching Parker using the ropes for balance as she arches her back and in general going against everything she stands for.]

DDK:

I don't think he's strong enough, Angus...

Angus:

Hush, YOU! There will be no... Aww jeez...

[Ty steps closer his focus clearly diverted, Diane bats her eyes for the Black Jesus and steps closer as well, a devious look in her eye. Pulling her close, Ty takes her by the hand and twirls her around, getting a good look before gripping her wrist tightly and pulling her back to him.]

Walker:

Remember when I said there'd be no comin' back from this?

[That devious look? Yeah, it's gone.]

DDK:

Of course he was playing possum.

Angus:

Hah, told you!

[Knowing the jig is up, Parker tries to break away, but gets sent to the ropes before Walker hits the ropes on the other side and comes flying back with a huge...]

Angus:

HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLFFFFFYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH LLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTOOOOOOOO
 OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Okay, not nearly as effective as the King of Pain's Hellfire Lariat, but it turns Parker inside out all the same. Ty rushes over to the nearest camera and screams "I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT!" with a big, toothy grin carved into his face and double thumbs up.]

Angus:

Dude! Ty! Go for the cover, man!

DDK:

Angus Skaaland, the voice of reason in a storm of insanity, who'da'thunk it?

[Deciding that since two of them are in the ring, Navarro signals to Quimbey to start the match.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Ty ignores Angus and continues mugging it up for the crowd as Parker tries to figure out the license plate of the truck that just ran her over. Meanwhile, on the outside, the remaining four sixths of the match continue to fight, but their battles begin spilling into the ring.]

DDK:

That might have been a big missed opportunity there, Angus.

Angus:

Ugh... You don't have rub my nose in it, Keebs, dayumn.

[Seeing the chaos all around him, Ty finally attempts to rejoin the fight, but referee Hector Navarro, who by this point has had more than enough of the clusterfuck that this thing had become, is way ahead of Walker and was already separating the two brawling pairs and ordering them to their corners.]

DDK:

Finally, some law and order, maybe now we can have a proper title match!

Angus:

You do understand who's involved in this thing, right?

DDK: [sighs]

A man can dream, can't he?

Angus:

You've got some real boring dreams, Keebs.

[Lost in the shuffle however was Diane Parker who snuck up behind Walker amidst the confusion and gave him the ol' crotch buster when she swung her arm up hard and fast between his legs. This instantly buckles the Black Jesus and brings Matthews and Horry into the ring, which of course gets Navarro's attention and allows Race and Maddox the opportunity to jump into the ring and drag Walker back to their corner where Parker waits to go to work on him.]

DDK:

Oh boy, Walker's stuck in no man's land and he has a highly motivated Diane Parker looking to get some payback for the shenanigans that Hookers and Blow has put her through over the last several weeks.

[Slumped against the corner in a seated position, Parker puts a boot against Walker's chest, staring down at him with a highly vindictive look upon her face that grows more severe as she starts kick-stomping him in the chest. After several repeated blows, Parker drops down and starts blasting him in the face with punches and then elbows, all of which land solidly with Ty's head until Hector Navarro has no choice but to grab a waist lock and physically remove her, literally kicking and screaming as she's being pulled away.]

Angus:

Bitches, man, they can't ever seem to take a joke.

[Oblivious to where he is, Ty shakes his head, clearly groggy after getting his chest and head smashed, he pulls himself up with the help of Maddox and Race. With Navarro's back turned the two take the opportunity to get some cheap shots in, which gets Matthews and Horry to holler at Navarro about it before he releases Parker, who gets around the referee and makes a beeline back to Ty. As she approaches the corner, Ty, having come to enough to know where he's at after getting a few wake up calls from Maddox and Race starts swinging at everything.]

DDK:

Walker coming to and swinging at everybody around him!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

YEAH!! GO, TY, GOOO!!

[Parker rushes in and scores with a shotgun dropkick to the gut and then snapmares him over.]

Angus:

Ahh... damnit!

THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!

WHOOOOOAAAAHHHHH!

[Walker's whole body reacts to the sharp soccer kick to the spine, his arms flailing outwards and back arching in response as the fans react verbally to the blow from Parker, the sound of it reverberating from her shin, through his spine and out into the airwaves.]

THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!**THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****Walker:**

AHHH! Gaw-damn-it-son-uva-bitch!

[Not nearly finished, Parker stepped back, took aim and...]

THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!

[Yet again, but this time...]

THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!**THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!****THHHHHWWWWAAAAAPPPPP!**

[Followed it up with several more in rapid fire succession. When she was done, Walker fell back and rolled around in agony. Parker took the opportunity to do a little mugging at Walker's expense, getting herself a storm of jeers.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Jay-zuss fucking kee-ryste on a pogo stick, she's nuts, Keeps... and it's kinda hot.

DDK:

Only you, Angus...

[Turning her attention back to Walker, Parker sits him back up, hits the ropes and then scores with a rolling neck snap, the impact bounced Ty back up to a seated position allowing Parker to score with another shotgun dropkick to the face. Arrogantly, she sauntered over and placed a single boot down on his chest for the cover.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Parker certainly trying to get her monies worth out of Walker's hide.

Angus:

Bitches, man, I'm tellin' ya... Bitches.

[Dropping down, she tries for a proper cover.]

ONE!

TWWW-KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Kicking out with enough force, Walker literally threw Parker off of him and she landed on all fours. Getting up, she looks with annoyance as he starts to crawl in the general direction of his corner where Horry and Matthews eagerly await a tag. Stepping close, Parker playfully kicks at Walker when he gets to the center of the ring, mocking him with every half-hearted kick to the shoulders and head. With every inch that he moves closer, the fans cheer louder as Matthews and Horry try to rally them further behind him.]

Angus:

Is she really screwing around now, now? Seriously?

DDK:

She was a mad-woman possessed... oh come on...

[Straddling Walker's back, she tries to ride him as he crawls, her weight slowing him down and eventually causing him to collapse to the mat when she put her full weight down on him. Rearing up on to her knees, she starts slapping the back of his head, the whole time taunting and mocking him.]

"LETS GO, WALKER!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

[Leaning down, Parker buries a forearm against the back of his neck and grinds it hard as she continues talk trash.]

"LETS GO, WALKER!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

[After a little bit more, Walker seemingly starts to feel the energy all around him and begins feeding off of it as he gets

himself up to his hands and knees.]

"LETS GO, WALKER!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

[Latching on to him, Parker tries to stop Walker from getting up, holding on with a bodylock using her legs, she hits him with crossface blows using her forearms.]

"LETS GO, WALKER!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!**

[Ignoring those brain scrambling shots, he gets to his knees, then to one knee as he tries to will himself back to his feet.]

DDK:

Nobodies ever been able to claim that Tyrone Walker isn't one tough Ess Ooh Bee.

Angus:

And don't you forget it, Keebs! GO TY, GOOO!

[Somehow, someway, in spite having 161 pounds strapped to his back, Walker does make it to his feet.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Realizing the situation she's in, Parker switches gears and grabs a sleeper hold. Walker takes a step forward as he tries to pull Parker's grip apart, but stumbles after a couple half-steps and ends up on one knee again. Releasing the bodylock, Parker drops to her feet and tries to sink the sleeper hold in as tight as she can make it.]

DDK:

Hector Navarro getting in close to check on Walker.

[As Ty starts to fade he slumps a bit, still on one knee, but clearly being held up by Parker who has a tight hold around his head and neck. Navarro asks Walker if he's okay, but gets only mumbles as his arms drop to his sides.]

[Navarro lifts Walker's arm by the wrist and holds it up. It drops.]

"ONE!"

[Navarro lifts Walker's arm for a second time and it drops.]

"TWO!"

Angus:

C'mon Ty, FIGHT! Goonies Never Say Die!

[Navarro lifts his arm once more and lets it go...]

"THREEEEEE?"

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Walker's still in this thing!

Angus:

YES! YES!! YES!!!

[At the last possible instant, Walker comes to life as his arm stops it's fall and he begins to fight again. First getting to his feet, second reaching back and grabbing two fistfuls of Parker's hair and ripping her off of his back and dumping her unceremoniously to the mat, and third he takes a step towards his corner and falls back to his hands knees, clearly still weary for the sleeper hold. Regardless, Walker starts to crawl as Parker scrambles up and grabs for his ankles. Walker turns over, pulling his legs in and with one mighty heave, sends Parker flying back near her own corner where she tags in Leon Maddox. Rushing in, Maddox is unable to stop Walker from tagging out in time as Walker caught just enough of his cousins hand to make the tag.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Here we go, Horry is in and...

[Vaulting over the ropes, Sam meets Leon in the center of the ring and drops him with a right, when he pops back up, he takes a left that drops him as well. Feeling the surge of adrenaline, Horry rushes into the TUT's corner where he clobbers Race with a running front kick to the chest and then grabs Parker and tosses her out of the ring. Turning back towards Maddox, Horry dodges a dropkick and catches Maddox with a belly to belly suplex as he pops up off the mat.]

Angus:

HE'S ON FYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAHHHHHH!

[Maddox pops up again and Horry grabs in a Thai Plumb and starts blasting away with knees to the body and chest until David Race, having picked himself up off floor dove back in and clobbered Horry with a double axe to the back.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Matthews:

C'MON REF!!

[Seizing the opportunity, Maddox turns and drops Horry with a single-arm DDT, which instantly makes Horry recoil in pain that radiates from his already injured arm. Getting up, Maddox and Race start putting the boots to him until Ryan Matthews jumps in, he manages to toss Race out, but is quickly pulled back by Hector Navarro.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With Navarro dealing with Matthews, who points and yells as he sees Parker, Race and Maddox have free reign to kick-stomp Horry. When Navarro does turn around, he immediately breaks it up, leaving Maddox with a freshly beaten Horry to go to work on.]

DDK:

Hate to say it, partner, but this might not go the champs way. Two of them came into this banged up and Horry is basically fighting with one arm.

Angus:

Nah, Horry's got 'em right where he wants 'em, Keebs.

DDK:

If you say so... Your faith hasn't gone unrewarded very often.

Angus:

That's why I pray to the Black Jesus and not that hippy in all those paintings, Ty actually gets things done!

DDK:

R.....ight.

[Back to the action.]

[Maddox has since gone to work, focusing his entire attack on Horry's busted shoulder. At the moment, Maddox wrenches on the arm using a hammerlock and occasionally pulls up on it when Horry tries anything to find a way out of the hold. Eventually Horry does work his way up to a standing position and fires some back elbows at Maddox, but gets his arm yanked on in response which causes Horry to jerk in pain.]

DDK:

Horry looking for an exit, but Maddox can put a stop to it just by jerking on that arm.

Angus:

Yeah, smart strategy... jerks!

[Horry fires another reverse elbow and manages to spin himself around and fire a straight elbow that connects solidly with the side of Maddox's head. Leon in turn fires back with an elbow of his own, then Sam fires one, then Lennox, then Horry again, and again, and before he can get too many more shots in Maddox jerks the arm hard and then wrings it before pulling his arm up over his shoulder and dropping with all of his weight to pull down on the arm.]

[The sound is Horry howling in pain.]

DDK:

Good lord, the pain that man must be in.

Angus:

Nah, he's just giving him false hope!

[Maddox held on to the arm and pulled Horry up off his knees, twisting the arm Maddox positions Horry's arm over his shoulder and then lifts and yanks it down across his shoulder once, then twice, the thrice, and then switched positions and scored with a dragon screw to the arm, which drops Sam to the mat in agonizing pain. Maddox gets up, still clutching Horry's arm as he pulls him up. Maddox looks over to Matthews and the recently, somewhat recovered Walker, taunts them before hitting another dragon screw on the arm. Getting up, Maddox puts a boot down on Horry's shoulder as he continues to taunt Matthews and Walker, while Horry howls from the pain.]

Angus:

Anytime now, I'm telling you, Keebs.

DDK:

I don't know, partner, it's awfully difficult to get anything going when your opponent can immediately put a stop to anything by just yanking your arm.

[Maddox turns his attention back to Horry, leaning down to pull him up, Horry switches gears when he puts a boot into Maddox's gut and flips him up and over. Maddox is up quickly and when he tries to pull Horry up, he gets thrown again when Sam puts a foot into his midsection and rolls back with the throw. Rolling back, Horry gets to his feet and makes for his corner, but Maddox is up quickly, but when he spins Horry around, he receives a palm blow right to the face, instantly bringing Maddox's hands up to his face, opening him up to a spinning back kick to the gut and then a knee lift to the head that drops him.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Get to the corner, dude!

DDK:

Wait-a-minute... David Race is in the ring!

[Navarro notices this and immediately cuts him off, however while he's preoccupied he doesn't see that Sam has made the tag, bringing in his refreshed cousin, Tyrone Walker.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Ty jumps into the ring, clobbering Maddox with a clothesline and then flies over to the TUT's corner and blasts Race with an elbow shot and then turns to way-lay Parker, but before he can do that, Navarro blocks him and begins pushing him back.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Hector Navarro didn't see the tag...

Angus:

Son of a bitch! Now the Toots are ganging up on Horry again!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Parker and Race sneak up behind Navarro and each grab hold of one of Horry's ankles, as he had collapsed in pain after finally making the tag. They drag him back towards their side of the ring and trap him in the corner where they do the proverbial number on him, which resumes with both Matthews and Walker protesting.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Damnit, eyes on the ball, Navarro!

[This continues until Navarro finally turns around, which is when Maddox tags out to Race, who opens up with some knife edge chops before pulling him out of the corner, setting himself on the top turnbuckle where he digs his knee into the back of Horry's busted shoulder and then drives him to the mat with all of his weight coming down on Horry's shoulder. Pulling him away from the ropes, Race turns him over and locks in a hammerlock.]

DDK:

His shoulder has to be absolutely shredded at this point, there's no way he can live through much more of the pain that has to be screaming throughout his arm.

Angus:

No pain, Sam, there is no pain, just like that chick from Best of the Best said!

DDK:

Easy for you to say, you're not the one whose arm has been systematically mangled.

[Changing positions, Race lifts Horry up, taking a front facelock and locking in another hammerlock, but Horry counters with a sudden burst as he grabs around Race's body with his free arm and takes him over with a Northern Lights Suplex. Race however, had the presence of mind to hold the hammerlock the whole way through the impact caused a sudden and violent jerk on Horry's arm. Rolling Horry over, Race pulls him up while still holding the hammerlock and then transitions so that he stands face to face with Horry, wrings his arm and then ducks in before taking him up and over with a hammerlocking Northern Lights Suplex.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-NO!-KICKOUT!

DDK:

An impressive bit of chain wrestling there, David Race never letting up on the arm through any of it.

Angus:

Pssh, yeah... whatever. If you like that sort of thing, heh.

[Race lifts Horry up and throws him with a T-Bone Suplex. Race opts to not go for the cover, pulling Horry up by his head, who reaches up and tries to grab the Thai Plumb again, but Race counters into the Fujiwara Armbar!]

DDK:

He's got him in the center of the ring and armbar is sunk in deep!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Sam hollers in pain and Race digs down deep on the armbar, pulling it back as hard as he can, bending the shoulder joint at a sick and unnatural angle.]

Angus:

Holy sweet baby Jesus, how is his arm not breaking off?!

DDK:

Race is certainly trying his best to make that happen!

[Navarro drops to a knee and asks Sam if he wants to give it up, getting a definitive "NO!" in response.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Having seen enough, Matthews jumps into the ring to save his best friend and kick-stomps Race on the chest, but the young gun "Arm Collector" doesn't even flinch, just pulls on Horry's arm harder. Matthews kick-stomps again and again until Navarro pulls him away, which gave Walker and opening to come flying off of the ropes.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

BOOOOOOOM, HEEEEAAAADSHHHHOT!

[Walker scoring with his diving missile dropkick from the top rope does the trick, breaking Race's hold on the armbar. Walker scrambles to the outside and back to HNB's corner, the whole time, the Truly Untouchables screaming and pointing at referee Hector Navarro about the interference.]

Angus:

HAH! Bitches be complainin' when the tables get turned!

DDK:

Turnabout is, indeed, fair play.

[Down on the mat, Horry clutches his arm and Race rolls around holding his head after getting absolutely blasted by Walker's dropkick from out of nowhere. Eventually the two begin getting up, with Race being the first to his feet, shaking his head as he reaches down to pull Horry up the rest of the way and goes for a sitout spinebuster...]

Angus:

AYE!! HE'S STEALING TY'S MOVE!! THAT BASTARD!!

[Horry floats over at the high point, landing himself behind Race and when he turns, Horry scores with a high roundhouse and then flows right into a lightning fast legsweep.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

STREET SWEEPER!! Horry scores with his roundhouse, legsweep combo!

Angus:

Aww man, Sam's too messed up to even think about going for the pin, this could be over right now!

[The legsweep dumps Race right on to the back of his head, Horry merely slumps over as he clutches his arm again. Before long, both of them begin to stir and turn towards their corners with both sides rallying for their respective teammates to make it.]

DDK:

Both men digging, clawing, pulling themselves to their corners, this thing is about to explode, Angus!

Angus:

I'M SO EXCITED! I THINK MY HEAD IS GONNA 'SPLode!

[Race gets closer. Horry gets closer. Parker and Maddox lean as far as they can to reach for the incoming tag. Walker and Matthews are practically teetering on the top rope as they reach for the tag.]

TAG!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Race gets the tag to Maddox!

TAG!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Matthews gets the tag!

[Matthews storms into the ring and levels Maddox with a clothesline, Diane Parker rushes in and gets scooped and slammed, Race is up and he gets a boot and swinging neckbreaker for his trouble before he rolls to the outside. Parker is back up and tries to rush Matthews, but gets back body dropped and she rolls out to the floor. Maddox is back up and takes another clothesline, then a second, Maddox pops up again and swings wildly only for Matthews to catch his arm, gives it a twist and then pulls him in for a short-arm clothesline.]

Angus:

AND HE'S ON FYYYYYYAH TOO!

DDK:

He sure is, partner, Ryan Matthews is clobbering and tossing everything that moves.

Angus:

INCOMING!

[On the outside Race tries to get back into the ring, but gets taken out when Walker comes flying from out of nowhere again with a diving senton, crashing on top of him as they hit the floor. On the outside, Parker slides a chair on to the

ramp and then climbs up herself, always keeping a keen eye on what's going on with Matthews and Maddox in the ring.]

Angus:

Oh great, what's she up to?

DDK:

If one thing has been clear since the rise of the Truly Untouchables, you must always be aware of where Diane Parker is.

[Meanwhile, back in the ring, Ryan continues to pour on the pressure as he peels Maddox off of the mat after the short-arm clothesline, scoops him up and drops down with a powerslam near the turnbuckles. Unbeknownst to Matthews, whose focus is on Maddox, Parker has picked up the chair as he mounts the ropes, standing on the second ropes.]

Angus:

LOOK OUT DUDE, SHE'S GOTTA...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Here comes Lisa Loeh along with Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ!

[On the floor near the ramp, David Race has since lost Tyrone Walker in the crowd after being bowled over by the diving senton. Race watches as Loeh comes racing down the ramp and Parker lifts the chair and cocks it back to hit Matthews, but Loeh catches the chair behind Parker's head. In the ring, Ryan looks over to see the commotion, makes a motion to Roger Stevens as if to say "good looking out" to which Stevens nods as Matthews jumps from the ropes and drops the leg across Maddox's face.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

She just saved Matthews and now they're struggling for the chair!

Angus:

She just allowed him to drop the big leg, know-uhm-sayin?

DDK:

Yes, unfortunately.

[Matthews makes the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-NO!-KICKOUT!

[Out on the ramp. Parker and Loeh continue tugging the chair back and forth, but when Race pulls himself up on to the ramp to help Parker, Lisa ever so conveniently "loses" the tug-o-war when Stevens yells to her over the crowd noise "we can't get those guys DQ'd!", which causes Lisa to let Parker pull the chair away with all of her might, swinging around and absolutely CRUSHING David Race right in the face with the chair, causing him to fall off the ramp right into the waiting crowd.]

Angus: [laughing uncontrollably]

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

[Back in the ring. Ryan has been joined by Ty and Sam, all of whom stand near referee Hector Navarro as they all watch what has just happened right before them. Navarro is speechless, possibly unsure if any ruling could be made, since Lisa Loeh technically had “nothing” to do with Race getting cracked in the face with that chair, Navarro shrugs and says “game on”. Meanwhile, Hookers and Blow have joined Angus in bouts of hysterical laughter.]

DDK:

Look at Parker, she’s beside herself!

[Indeed she is, her jaw dropped as she watched Race collapse, then her face turned red and she turned around and charged at Lisa Loeh!]

[Lisa ducks behind Stevens, who is enough of a deterrent to keep Parker at bay. Diane stands there yelling at Lisa. Meanwhile, Ryan, Sam and Ty have gotten over their fits of laughter and come to the realization this has turned into a three on one fight, with Leon Maddox all by himself. HNB huddle and then “break” with a clap of their hands, where Ryan is the first to grab Maddox hitting him with the Codebreaker to the front, the impact bouncing Maddox up into Sam, who hits him with a second codebreaker to the back, which bounces him into the waiting Ty Walker who scoops him up on to his shoulders, spins him off and drops him...]

DDK:

OLD SCHOOL SPECIAL, the TKO Driver!

Angus:

And HNB just created their second RUBE GOLDBERG MACHINE!

[Matthews dives on for the cover, because he’s still the legal man, Navarro dives in for the count.]

ONE!

[Meanwhile. On the ramp, Lisa laughs and points to the ring.]

TWO!

[Diane turns around to see that it was all over.]

THREE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Quimbey:

Here are your WINNERS... and... STILL... DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... of the
WOOORRRLLLD... HOOOOOOKKKKKKEEERRRRRRRS ANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNND
BLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW!!

[Parker screams, furious as she stomps around, completely beside herself while Lisa, Stevens, and YAZ back away, satisfied with a job well done.]

Angus:

YUSS!! I TOLD YA, KEEBS!! KEEP THE FAITH WHEN THE BLACK JESUS IS INVOLVED!

♪ STROKE ME, STROKE ME ♪

[Mickey Avalon’s version of Billy Squier’s “Stroke Me” hits the eardrums as the reigning and still defending trios champs dive out of the ring and begin celebrating with the fans in the crowd.]

Passing of the Torch, so to speak...

[Backstage.]

[Specifically, the office of Kelly Evans.]

[You know, DEFIANCE's new Head Bitch in Charge.]

"I see you've jumped right in head first, no time-wasting, eh?"

[That voice belonged to The Only Star, and the real End Boss of DEFIANCE, one Eric Dane. He stood across from Kelly's desk. To her credit she spoke to him not as an equal, not as a friend, former lover, or running buddy, but as a business associate.]

Kelly:

I figure there's no time like the present.

Dane:

And that mess with the Blood Diamonds and Griffith and his crew?

[Evans sits back in her chair pensively.]

Kelly:

Don't even start with me about that, I saw how you put Griffith and Bell together, you probably set that whole thing up while everybody else was on a piss-break.

[The Baws cracks a smile.]

Dane:

Did I, now?

[She shrugs.]

Dane:

Look, I'm not complaining, I'm just making sure you're ready to deal with these assholes. They're already gonna be second-guessing you because of A) Who you are, B) Your entire career up until today, C) Your obvious ability to be bought off-

[She interrupts.]

Kelly:

Hey! You set up tha-

[Eric raises a warning finger.]

Dane:

Tut-tut, no spoilers.

[Kelly huffs, ever so pouty.]

Kelly:

Look. Go home. All the way home. Take a day off. You got us through Box trying to kill someone. You got us through Goldman. You got us through getting kicked off of TV. You got us to Japan, and you've gotten us two-thirds of the way through a World Tour. Take two days off. Let me handle DEFIANCE and you go get us a new house, okay?

[Dane speculates.]

Kelly:

Take your own advice for once and ACCEPT HELP.

[More speculation.]

Dane:

Alright, Kels. It's on you then. Bring us through Canada and home. Once you get home, we'll have this talk again and see about a full-time position in the office. One last thing though, and I'm serious about this.

[She cocks her pretty little head.]

Dane:

This thing with Bell. Don't fuck it up. He remembers Florida. He's not like us, he doesn't let things go for the good of the whole, not when it was his wife. Stay out of his way, and don't antagonize him.

Kelly:

Aw, fuck him! If I'm gonna be the Boss here then-

[He cuts her off sharply.]

Dane:

This is a deal-breaker, Kels. Bell is off limits.

[More huffing. More puffing. Somewhere a straw house is blown in.]

Kelly:

Fine. What about Ty?

Dane:

What about him? If he could let that Christian Light shit go, he damn well better be able to make it work with Mike Bell around.

Kelly:

If you say so.

Dane:

Yes, exactly, because I do say so. Either way, he's your problem, so if he can't make it work, it's up to you make it work for him. Now then, you wanted the job, so do your job.

[Dane adjusts the jacket of his suit and then leaves.]

[Good lord, help us. Kelly Evans is behind the wheel now, for real this time.]

[Back to the desk.]

Angus:

Big Daddy puttin' it down like DA BAWS!

DDK:

Did you just call Eric Dane, "Big Daddy"?

Angus:

You know that I did! Now let that sink in while we watch Heidi kick Kai Scott's teeth down his throat and get her World

Title back!

DDK:

You a big Heidi fan now?

Angus:

Only when she's rockin' the yoga-pants.

Heidi Christenson vs Kai Scott ©

Angus:

It's WURLD TITAL time, partner, and let me start off by saying, if we learned nothing else from this match, it's that it's a bad, bad idea to give Eric Dane a chance to put you on the spot. Kai Scott was lazy, Kai didn't go issuing challenges or dares, he was fine just sitting on his World Title, and the BAWs said "no, not even a little bit."

DDK:

I don't know how this match is going to go down, Angus, because it could go a lot of ways. Kai Scott is brilliant, he always has at least five backup plans going on, but Heidi put him in a very unusual position just a couple hours ago earlier on the show. She said, roughly, play fair and I'll let you live, anything else and I'll kill you.

Angus:

Keebs, I have a healthy and respectful fear of Heidi Christenson. She's a former World Champion in Defiance, and at least a two-time World Champ outside. Plus, I don't see how it possibly matters but it's worth mentioning all the same, she's got an un-cashed shot at the CAL World Title. But she's going up against Kai Scott, and if there's a weak spot in her game, and there's actually several, he's going to know what to do with them.

DDK:

On the other hand, has Scott yet faced a wrestler more familiar with himself than Heidi is? They're both former Untouchables, their careers have been intertwined for literally over a decade. Scott may have weaknesses that neither of us have ever picked up on, that Heidi's familiar with.



Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen. The following contest is your MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING! It is set for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit, and it is for the DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Dim the lights, and cue the psychedelic electric organ notes of Heidi's theme - her old school, classic theme. "Shine" - Orange Goblin.]

♪ Dream on... ♪
 ♪ Dream on baby, let it go ♪
 ♪ Dream on baby, let it go... ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! She is a former two time Defiance Tag Champion, and a former Defiance World Champion! Known as the Sexy Submission Siren, and the Psycho-Goddess of the Defiant Universe! She is HEIDI... CHRRIIIISSSTEENNNSSSOON!

[Even though it's not a world famous song, the galloping beat is easy to follow, and the fans against the ramp and at ringside bang their fists along with the beat.]

♪ You wanna ride with me now you wanna fly so high ♪
 ♪ With eyes like holes in the sun you're gonna touch the sky ♪

♪ You wanna walk in the stars and tie yourself to the moon ♪
 ♪ You know your future is comin' and it's comin' soon ♪

[Heidi walks out onto the ramp. She's dressed in her big match gear - white one-piece, white kickguards. She even leans down to slap a few fans' hands as she walks to the ring.]

DDK:

Heidi Christenson coming out here like her old, old self Angus - we haven't seen her play straight good guy since, well, really since the closure of Old Line Wrestling. You have to wonder, though, if this is genuine or if it's some sort of mindgame she's playing with Kai Scott.

Angus:

Keebs, mind games have points. I absolutely agree with Eric Dane when he says that nothing Heidi does makes any sense. I mean, you remember what she told Scott earlier, right? If he can beat her fair and square, he lives. If he cheats, she'll hunt him down. And that part I'm clear on, but she also threatened to kill him if she beats him!

♪ I am the sun that will shine forever in your heart ♪
 ♪ I am the stars that will shine for you when we're apart ♪
 ♪ And when we wake on the shores that bring the dawn of time ♪
 ♪ You know the light in your eyes it will forever shine ♪

[Heidi steps into the ring, tests the ropes, and then stretches her leg on the top rope. The ringside fans, all of whom are male, are very happy with this turn of events.]

Angus:

Over here! Heidi, OVER HERE!

♪ Oh yeah! ♪

♪ Alright! ♪

♪ Shine on! ♪

["Shine" fades.]

[And is replaced by Ozzy.]

♪ I am the world that hides the universal secrets of all time ♪
 ♪ Destruction of the empty spaces is my one and only crime ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And her opponent! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! He is a former Defiance Trios Tag Champion, and he is the reigning Defiance World Champion! He is the leader of the Truly Untouchables, the man they call the Ace of Heels! He is KAAAAIIII... SSSSSCCCCCOOOOOOTTTTTT!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

And a most negative reaction for the reigning champion!

♪ I lived a thousand times ♪
 ♪ I found out what it means to be believed ♪
 ♪ The thoughts and images ♪
 ♪ The unborn child that never was conceived ♪

[The Ace of Heels walks out. If he's rattled, he's not showing it. Clad in black wrestling trunks with yellow and red trim as opposed to his usual white, he throws his arms out to the sides, showing off the belt around his waist, and spins as though he were the pope.]

Angus:

Heidi's been doing everything she can to get inside his head, and I don't know exactly what he's going to do about it, but let me make something clear Darren. I don't like Kai Scott, not at all, but I respect him. I respect the way he can grab victory from the jaws of defeat and slip his tail out of a trap when nobody's watching.

DDK:

The question is, Angus, how is he going to go about wrestling someone as unpredictable and unstable as Heidi? She told him that the only way she isn't going to try to hunt him down after the match is if he beats her fair and square. Not tries - succeeds.

Angus:

Yeah, he's a top tier guy, I'm not sure that was a good idea on her part, but hey...

♪ Well I know it's hard for you to know the reasons why ♪
♪ And I know you'll understand a-when it's time to die ♪
♪ Don't believe the life you had will be the only one ♪
♪ You have to let your body sleep to let your soul live on ♪

[Scott steps into the ring and, as usual, doesn't want to let go of the belt. Benny Doyle has to yank it from his hands.]

DING! DING! DING!

THWAAACK!

[The second the bell was rung, Heidi blasted Scott in the ribs with a roundhouse kick.]

DDK:

Heidi already going to work!

[Heidi lights the champ up with some of the nastiest kicks she's ever thrown. One to the ribs, one across the chest, one to the back of the thigh, another to the chest, one to the small of the back, and one just below the chin and the champ is knocked flat to the mat!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

[Heidi waves her arms, getting the fans into it, as Scott lies on the mat clutching his chest. He tries to get to his feet, but the second he moves Heidi's already on him, kicking him in the ribs. Scott goes rolling across the ring, Heidi missing with several stomps, and slides out of the ring.]

[Scott grabs Heidi's feet.]

[Heidi doesn't defend the usual way, she just grabs the bottom rope, so when Scott tries to pull her out of the ring, she doesn't spill all the way to the floor. Hanging onto the bottom rope, she snares his neck with her legs.]

Angus:

Squeeze him til his eyes explode!

[Heidi flips backwards and frankensteiners Scott. Only, instead of tossing him to the ground, she smashes his head directly into the ring apron!]

DDK:

I have never seen anyone do that! And the champ is at a huge disadvantage already!

[Heidi tells the fans to clear back. They do. She scoop slams Scott on the concrete floor. It's kind of a lopsided scoop slam, but he outweighs her by 80 lbs, so be nice. Scott is immediately fed back into the ring. Heidi waits on him to stand, springboards in, and wipes him out with a spinning heel kick!]

DDK:

Down goes the champion again!

[Heidi quickly moves behind Scott, pulls him to a seated position and spinal taps him. Hard.]

SWAAAAACK!!!

OHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Scott involuntarily raises his arms as Heidi bolts off the ropes and, instead of kicking him, jumps and hits a flipping neckbreaker. She doesn't let go of his neck. Instead, she flips back over his body, steps around his leg, and twists him down into a seated leg trap guillotine choke! Scott makes some sort of a pained noise that sounds more like a gargle than anything else, but he has the strength to push her back and break the hold. Heidi immediately shoots on on the leg she's already wrapped up, but Scott steps over her and sheds her grip. He falls back into the ropes, hanging onto the top.]

DDK:

It's been one hundred percent Heidi so far. Benny Doyle's trying to force her back - Scott with a cheapshot that Heidi ducked!

[Heidi even thinks to pull Benny Doyle down with her so that Scott's jumping crescent kick misses. She counters with a high roundhouse kick to the head.]

KER-THWAAAAACK!!!

[Scott stumbles and then faceplants. Heidi sits down on his back.]

DDK:

Heidi looking to apply a camel clutch? No, she's rolling it over, it's a lotus lock! One of her favorite wear down holds and a setup for both her Twisted Triangle and Beautiful Dreamer. A lot of pressure on Scott's neck there.

[Scott tries dragging himself to the ropes, but the leverage is all wrong - he can't get enough traction to drag even someone as light as Heidi. He tries the other counter of back-bridging and trying to force her shoulders to the mat. Only problem is that when he does, Heidi quickly shifts her grip to the side, applying a neck crank with the legs.]

Angus:

There are like... maybe ten wrestlers out there who can really go hold for hold with Heidi. We wondered if Scott was one of them, and clearly, he's not.

[Scott scrabbles his way to the ropes. Heidi holds on until the count of four. When she finally lets go, she hangs onto Scott's arm, not letting him roll out of the ring, and starts dragging him back in. Kawada kicks to the face stun the champion, then Heidi stands over his shoulder, applies a standing headscissors and just kneels out, smashing his face into the mat. Rather than go back to the mat, she pulls Scott back up to his knees and kicks him in the chest, sending him reeling backwards.]

[Heidi pulls Scott up to his feet one more time, and applies the full nelson.]

DDK:

Dragon suplex coming up, but Scott counters!

[Scott, recognizing the danger, slips away from the full nelson and pulls Heidi in for a short arm clothesline. Heidi ducks, but Scott ducks the retaliatory roundhouse. In one fluid motion, as he ducks he also spins, hits a sole butt to the ribs, grabs Heidi while she's doubled over, lifts her overhead and drives her down with a kneeling powerbomb!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

Angus:

Goddamn that was close.

DDK:

Scott with the counter out of nowhere, and we do know that Heidi with her light frame is vulnerable to powerbombs, but is Scott going to be able to capitalize on that?

[Heidi nurses the back of her head. Scott is up slowly. It didn't show until now, but he's already got a small trickle of blood on his forehead, probably from when Heidi bashed it into the ring apron.]

[Scott's up to his feet first, and he attacks Heidi with clubbing forearm smashes to the small of the back, He pulls her up, doubles her over with another sole butt, then sends her into the turnbuckle with a thrust kick. He follows up with a running knee, then pushes her back into the buckle and delivers a series of knife edge chops. Methodically, using his weight, he hoists her up into a fireman's carry, tosses her to the mat, and hits a jumping leg drop to the throat.]

DDK:

Scott's always been a striker but this isn't his usual wrestling style.

Angus:

It's called playing it conservative, Keebs. He's got all match to break out the big guns, he keeps the belt if it goes to time limit, or she gets disqualified, or anything, and it's a low risk style cos she needs distance for those real killer kicks like she started off with. She'll worm and squirm out of suplexes and turn fucking everything into submission holds that AREN'T GODDAMN POSSIBLE, but she can't counter knife edge chops so well.

[Scott sends Heidi towards the ropes again, but having got some space to move, Heidi hangs onto the ropes. The champ leaps towards her, attempting a splash in the ropes-]

[-and Heidi slips between the middle ropes, leaning back and swinging her foot up to crack the champion in the back of his head!]

[Lights bursting behind his eyes the champ goes stumbling, and Heidi leaps, catches him with the flying bodyscissors, Scott brings her up, and Heidi bulldogs him to the mat! Heidi's on the move instantly, grabbing the arm, lacing it around her leg and applying the omo-plata!]

DDK:

Now there's a move that Scott knows pretty well, it's a staple of his disciple Clair St. Sure's gameplan.

[Scott tries to roll out of the hold, but Heidi rolls with him and they end up in the middle of the ring. Heidi begins twisting her body around, snaking her legs across Scott's back...]

DDK:

She's trying to put him in Clair's Truly Untouchabreaker!

[Apparently DDK and Scott realized it at the exact same time. Or maybe Scott heard. He pulls his arm in to his chest

and gets his knees under his body. With a desperate twist, he gets his legs on the ropes.]

DDK:

Heidi's reluctant to let go of that hold, and if you'll notice she's still nursing her back a bit from that powerbomb. Benny Doyle starting the count on her, and Heidi releases the hold at four.

[Heidi stomps Scott a few times on the injured shoulder, then jumps high - she's got a really impressive vertical leap for a girl, must be dem thighs - and lands on the small of Scott's back with a double knee drop. She pulls the Ace of Heels to his feet and sends him chest first into the nearby turnbuckle.]

[Holding a finger up, Heidi then brings it to her lips, shushing the crowd.]

Angus:

I can't watch... oh wait, yes I can.

KA-THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

[The buzzsaw roundhouse kick connects with the small of Scott's back. The champ howls in agony as his arms raise involuntarily.]

KA-THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

[And a second one with the back of his head!]

[Heidi pushes Scott's upper body under the top rope, then pulls it back. She jumps to his shoulders, laces dem thighs under his neck, leans back and grabs his legs.]

DDK:

Modified tarantula hold from Heidi, and that's absolutely an illegal maneuver, and Doyle is starting the count!

[Again, Heidi lets go at four.]

Angus:

If nothing else, she's learned to listen to the refs.

[As if she wasn't done doing stuff she shouldn't be able to do, Heidi actually picks Scott up in a side carry and delivers a pendulum backbreaker. The champ tries to roll to safety, but Heidi dives on his back. She clubs him on the side of the head with her elbow, trying to work for some other hold or other, but Scott grits his teeth, takes the shots, and gets the ropes.]

[Heidi's all aggressive. When Doyle tries to make her clear back, she refuses, even as Scott gets his feet under him. Heidi grabs his head, Doyle tries to push her back - and Scott drops to the mat, pulling her neck down across the ring apron.]

[This time Heidi reels away towards the center of the mat, and she turns around right into-]

DDK:

Crescent kick! Crescent kick from Scott, incredible extension on the leg!

[Scott goes all the way down to the canvas himself, but Heidi is turned inside out by the kick.]

Angus:

Even knowing the crescent kick's coming isn't always enough to keep Scott from clocking your shit with it. Keebs, like I keep saying, there are too many things I hate about the guy for me to like him, but he's not my least favorite either and I do respect him.

[Scott grabs Heidi by the waist, deadlifts her off the mat, bridges back and executes a textbook German suplex pin.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Very close!

[Scott rests on his knees, looking at Heidi.]

DDK:

There are so few safe ways to approach that woman. With her flexibility and Mixed Martial Lucha as people have been calling it lately, she can shift from defense to offense and get herself a rest out of nowhere. Scott's trying to work up a gameplan.

[Scott pulls Heidi to a seated position.]

THWAAAACK!

THWAAAAACK!

THWWAAAAAACKK!!

Angus:

Wow.

DDK:

Scott's no minor-league striker himself, those were some vicious spinal taps, and corkscrew enzuigiri to finish it all off!

Angus:

Why do you suppose Heidi's working his back? It might stop him from suplexing the crap out of her if she were a hundred pounds heavier.

DDK:

I really can't say.

[Scott picks Heidi up. Another sole butt. This time he sends her off the ropes with an Irish whip.]

[Heidi rebounds, ducks the crescent kick!]

[But Scott catches her on the next rebound with a roundhouse dropkick. Again Heidi is knocked for a loop. Scott scrambles into the cover, cradling both legs.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

[Scott pulls Heidi back up, twists her arm across her own neck, and DRIVES her into the mat with a cutthroat backdrop driver!]

Angus:

Scott with the fancy stuff now.

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREKICKOUT!

DDK:

Not exactly Angus, he's not doing any of those super-elaborate show-offish moves he used in the tag matches with the Untouchables. That cutthroat was more to prevent Heidi from countering than to do extra damage.

[Scott grabs Heidi's arm and this time applies the cobra clutch with Heidi face down on the mat. From there, like he did earlier, he simply deadlifts her right off the mat.]

Angus:

OH MY GOD NECKS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO **DO** THAT!!

[The swing from the deadlift caused Heidi's body to rotate further than usual, and she took the suplex right on the back of her neck.]

[Scott goes for the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

.....EEEKICKOUT!

DDK:

I - I was legitimately worried that Heidi might have broken her neck on that one, but she just kicked out! Scott can't believe it!

[Scott really can't. On his knees, he rolls Heidi over and shakes his head.]

[But when all else fails, it's time to start bringing out the big guns.]

DDK:

Scott's calling for Kryptonite!

[Heidi's almost unresisting as Scott butterflies her arms, but when he tries to lift, she deadweights. Scott tries again, but Heidi's got her leg behind one of his. But, since it worked all those other times, Scott tries simple brute force, heaving her into the air - high enough that she flips through the lift and takes him down to the mat with a hurricanrana!]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

The challenger's fighting back! She's not dead!.

[The 'rana dumped Scott on his back, and although he took it rolling, he's up slowly enough that Heidi also has time to recover. The Ace of Heels lashes out with a crescent kick, but this time Heidi's easily prepared to duck it. She runs under his leg, hops to the middle rope, and off with a flying arm drag! The arm drag doesn't hurt too much, but that wasn't the point.]

[The point was that when he stood up from the arm drag, he was positioned perfectly for a jump spinning roundhouse kick.]

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

[Somehow, Scott doesn't lose his vertical base, but he weebles and wobbles, and Heidi pulls herself together, grabs the full nelson-]

DDK:

Dragon suplex!

[Heidi's dragon suplex isn't a bridge, it's just a nasty whip directly onto the back of the neck. Scott's body crumples, and he ends up face down on the mat. Heidi has to roll him over before making the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

Angus:

See, if she'd learn to bridge for her dragon suplex she might've had it there.

[But Heidi, like she's listening or something, gets another full nelson applied. The rubber-legged champ is brought to his feet, and taken up and over with another Dragon suplex, this one with the bridging pinfall!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

.....EEKICKOUT!

Angus:

Never mind.

[The fans yell and scream and the ones at ringside hammer their fists on the apron as Heidi sits up. Tired, hurting, she looks at the champion clutch his neck and tries to catch her breath.]

DDK:

Where does Heidi go from here, Angus? It's not every day that the dragon suplex isn't enough.

Angus:

I don't know why you're asking me Keebs, I'm color commentary not technical, but I do know this. She'd better follow her shit up and keep on him!

[Heidi starts pulling Scott to his feet. She sticks her head under his arm and slowly lifts him up.]

DDK:

Looking for the Schwein, and-

[Scott sees it coming and fights. Heidi isn't strong enough to lift a resisting opponent for this one, and he slips out, lands on his feet. With Heidi already half set up, he lifts her up into the vertical suplex. Heidi sees Zer Soze coming, kicks, slips out the back, applies another full nelson, Scott breaks it, pulls her into a short arm kitchen sink, powerbomb lift, Heidi shows a flash of her bad self and immediately rips him across the face. And Scott responds by falling backwards, guillotining Heidi's neck across the top rope! Heidi stumbles back and Scott schoolboys her.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE-COUNTERED!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT TWISTED TRIANGLE!

[The schoolboy got Scott too close to the danger zone, and Heidi almost instinctively applied one of the most dangerous holds in her arsenal. Since this is Heidi we're talking about, that's saying something.]

Angus:

It looks like a headscissor at a weird angle, but it'll knock you out in seconds. Hurts your neck, too, especially after taking two dragon suplexes.]

[Scott scrabbles to the ropes in a near panic and drapes his right ankle over them. Heidi lets go immediately, but she's right on his back pulling his arm into a cutthroat.]

DDK:

Beautiful Dreamer attempt!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[The fans go nuts as Scott scrabbles for the ropes, but Heidi positions herself between Scott and the nearest set.]

DDK:

She's blocking off his retreat to the ropes, Scott's protecting his other arm like his life depends on it.

Angus:

Didn't you hear her earlier Keebs? It totally does! If she gets him in Beautiful Dreamer, after he taps, what else does she have to do to hurt him besides crank the hold and rip his rotator cuffs apart?

[Scott gets to his feet with Heidi still trying to get the hold applied. But with a twist, he manages to shake her grasp and set up a T-Bone suplex - that Heidi escapes from, slips down behind his back, and again starts working for

Beautiful Dreamer! Scott back elbows her before she can sink it, throws a crescent kick that Heidi ducks, Heidi throws a roundhouse at Scott's head that he ducks, Scott attempts a back drop, Heidi flips out, front dropkick! Scott hits the ropes with his chest, bounces back, and Heidi - catches him in a kneebar!]

Angus:

What the - What the fuck?! She actually got a leglock on him!

[Scott freezes, like he's almost so shocked that she got him that he doesn't know what to do.]

[Then she cranks the hold.]

[Scott screams in pain.]

DDK:

Heidi's got a straight kneebar applied on the champion!

[Scott screams again, and grabs his head. Benny Doyle, keeping a close eye on things, drops to the mat as Scott's shoulders touch - but seeing the ref move, he levers himself back up. Heidi throws herself back, trying to increase the pressure of the hold.]

Angus:

We could be seeing a new champion Keebs!

[Scott rolls to the side. The ropes are only inches out of reach. With a dive, he manages to get them.]

DDK:

Saved by the ropes! We're over 20 minutes into this contest, but now Heidi Christenson is in the driver's seat! She pulls Scott to his feet, dragonscrew - no!

[Scott hopped in place, and when Heidi tried to execute the dragonscrew, he jumped with the twist and kangaroo kicked Heidi as he went over. Scott lands rolling and Heidi goes over backwards.]

KA-THWAAAAACK!!

DDK:

Superkick! Kai Scott with the superkick!

[Heidi hits the mat hard. Scott stumbles, limping.]

Angus:

Keebs, you think he's faking that limp or it's genuine? I know he played injured when he wasn't really for months, but we know he's got trouble with that right knee.

DDK:

You really can't say with the champion, but he's got Heidi in a bad place right now. If he'd gone for a cover when he landed that superkick, that might have been it, but he's pulling her up.

Angus:

Kryptonite coming up!

[Scott butterflys Heidi's arms and this time, she doesn't escape. Scott lifts, spins, and drops her on her face with the Kryptonite.]

ONE..!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

.....EEEEEE...

.....KICKOUT!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

SHE KICKED OUT! Heidi just kicked out of the Kryptonite!

Angus:

He better hope the Zer Soze or the Mad Splash works, then.

DDK:

After seeing the damage that leglock did, I wouldn't expect to see him try for the Mad Splash.

[Indeed, Scott doesn't bother looking at the turnbuckle. He picks Heidi up - and gets small packaged!

ONE...!

...KICKOUT!

[Scott kicks out in one. As soon as he kicks out he's just clubbing Heidi on the back and the neck with every forearm he can come up with. His eyes are wide and glassy. The champ's about to lose it. As soon as Heidi's not fighting back anymore, Scott lifts her up, sets up the vertical suplex and Heidi knees him in the gut! Scott's stunned, Heidi slips free, twists the arm, brings her leg up almost over her own head, then around his neck, and then she snaps them both to the ground with a modified neckbreaker.]

DDK:

XTC! Heidi hasn't used that move in years! And she's going for the cover!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...

.....EEEEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Not quite enough, but Heidi's calling for the end now! Beautiful Dreamer coming up, does Scott have enough left to fight out of it?!

[Heidi slashes both her thumbs across her throat in opposite directions, then twists Scott's arms around his own neck. She drags him backwards to the middle of the ring, snaps on the bodyscissors - and she's got it.]

Angus:

NEW CHAMP! NEW CHAMP! SHE'S GOT HIM!!! I'm not sure if that's actually a good thing cos she's batshit but NEW CHAMP!

[Kai Scott screams. Or tries to. It's more of a choking sound.]

DDK:

Beautiful Dreamer has been broken precisely once, by Heidi's arch-rival Gemma Lockhart on Old Line Wrestling's "Farewell Fix" card! Scott's in the middle of the ring, Heidi's got the hold completely locked in!

[Scott kicks his legs. It doesn't help. The only part of either arm he can move is his left wrist.]

Angus:

Watch for that tap, Darren, watch for that tap!

[No tap, but his hand is moving slower. Heidi leans back, stretching his body, applying more pressure to the neck and shoulders and arms and Beautiful Dreamer pretty much hurts every part of the body above the chest.]

Angus:

HE'S!

[The hand goes limp. Benny raises it, and it flops back down.]

Angus:

GOING!

[Doyle waves his hand in front of Scott's face.]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

OUT! NEW CHAMP! NEW CHAMP! NEEWWWW CHAAAAAAMMMPPPP!!!

[Benny Doyle begins pulling on Heidi's arms, trying to get the hold broken. Heidi, of course, refuses.]

DDK:

Heidi better watch out, she'll get the decision reversed if she's not careful! Here's Darren Quimbey, with the decision!

Quimbey:

AS A RESULT OF A TIME LIMIT DRAW...

BBBBBB00000000000000000000!!!!

Quimbey:

STILL your Defiance World Champion...

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOO!

Quimbey:

KAI! SCOTT!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Angus, I have to admit I agree with these fans! Heidi Christenson just had that match won, but the time limit expired just in time to save Kai Scott and turn the match into a draw! Heidi's demanding more time from Benny Doyle, but I don't think the champ's capable of accepting!

[Scott is lying on the mat, face contorted in agony. Benny Doyle kneels down next to him.]

[More importantly, Heidi stands over him. No, scratch that. She sits down right on his chest.]

Angus:

What's she saying Keebs?! I can't hear!

[Benny pulls Heidi up and pushes her to the side. Heidi cooperates. Doyle walks to the ropes, and has a quick conversation with Darren Quimbey.]

Quimbey:

Due to agreement from both challenger and champion, the time limit for this title defense has been EXTENDED by TEN MINUTES!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
 RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
 RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

...Scott agreed to let the match restart?

Angus:

Keebs, I don't know what Heidi said to him when she was fucking sitting on him, but I bet she scared him into it! And I don't give a damn!

[Scott gets to his feet.]

[As soon as he does, Heidi bolts at him.]

[Earlier in the match this would've been stupid, but Scott's tired, hurting, and his reflexes are shot.]

[Heidi grabs the flying bodyscissor, floats up into the air, and takes him to the mat with a wakigatame armbar! Twisting herself almost double, she gets a leg behind Scott's head, then a leg under it. The Twisted Triangle is applied - but before she can get it stabilized, Scott rolls through and gets his legs on the ropes.]

[Heidi's got her second wind, or an adrenaline rush, or both. She pulls him up all the way to his feet.]

THWAAAAACK!

[Roundhouse kick to the chest!]

THWAAAAACK!

[Roundhouse to the back of the leg!]

THWAAAAACK!

[Roundhouse to the ribs!]

KA-THWAAAAACK!!

[Roundhouse to the head!]

[Scott falls to one knee.]

DDK:

Lethal roundhouse coming up - NO! He ducked it!

[When all else fails, use fire]

[No wait, wrong genre. When all else fails, try a spear.]

Angus:

NOOooo!

DDK:

Scott just came up off his knees to spear Heidi! She took it right on the ribs, doubled over! Scott setting up the vertical suplex, but Heidi's trying to fight out of it!]

[Just like last time, Heidi tries to get Scott's grip loose enough to drop behind him. Scott can't get her positioned straight up and down, can't hit the Zer Soze if he can't do that, but he can - front suplex her ribs first across the ropes.]

DDK:

Scott using the ring to his advantage! After that spear, he just draped Heidi over the top rope. That's a padded metal cable, landing on it like that hurts - and Scott hasn't let go of the vertical!

[One, two, THREE front suplexes drop Heidi's ribs across the top rope. Scott leaves her folded in half across the top rope, exits the ring.]

Angus:

Not sure what the champ's setting up here.

[Scott tests the top rope, and then - springboard dropkick! It connects with the back of Heidi's head and she falls back into the ring!]

[Possibly more importantly though, Scott clutches his right knee.]

DDK:

I think - Angus, I think maybe between exhaustion and emotional stress, Scott's beginning to lose the ability to apply his intelligence. I've almost never seen him miscue like trying a springboard move thirty-two minutes into a match on a sore knee.

[Scott drags Heidi towards the turnbuckle, then ascends. Slowly.]

DDK:

As I said before, I don't think trying the Mad Splash is a good idea.

[Scott jumps. Not for the Mad Splash though.]

DDK:

SCOTT MISSES WITH THE ULTRAGLIDE! Kai Scott just attempted Jeff Andrews' Ultraglide, but Heidi rolled out of the way!

Angus:

Well, at least he didn't land on his knee.

[Heidi, having been brought back down by those suplexes across the rope, slowly gets behind Scott.]

DDK:

Another Beautiful Dreamer attempt, and there's no way Scott can survive another one of those!

[Scott is on his feet. Heidi gets his arms crossed across his throat, but Scott manages to scissor one of Heidi's legs with his own.]

DDK:

That'll buy him a few seconds, Heidi can't get quite as much pressure on Beautiful Dreamer when she's only using her arms.

[And here's where you have to pay attention.]

[Gemma Lockhart broke Beautiful Dreamer by spinning in the direction of the first cutthroat. Having had Beautiful Dreamer countered that way, Heidi knows not to let it happen.]

[But while spinning, Scott gets his legs up on the bottom and then middle rope. The extra weight means Heidi can't spin with him, and he slips out.]

DDK:

The champ escapes! I'm not calling that a full escape of Beautiful Dreamer, but...

[Scott, with Heidi in a sort of sloppy reverse headlock, stands up, and brings her with him as if going for an inverted suplex. But he freezes as he gets her vertical.]

Angus:

Wait, no. NO!

WHAAAAAAAAAAM!

[Scott spins Heidi 180 degrees while she's vertical and drops to his knees in a tombstone.]

DDK:

INVERTED ZER SOZE!

[Scott keels over - on top of the challenger.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE...!

.....EEEE...!

.....EEEE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, at a time of 37 minutes and 14 seconds, and STILL Defiance World Heavyweight Champion! The Ace of Heels! KAI! SCOTT!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!
 RRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
 BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

He - he beat her.

[Scott pulls himself off of Heidi and sits. He ignores Doyle raising his hand.]

DDK:

We have a lot of disappointed fans here, but they did get a tremendous match. And I don't think anyone's more surprised at the outcome of this match than Kai Scott himself!

[Scott looks shell shocked.]

[Heidi, who may have been knocked unconscious from the Reverse Zer Soze, which is going to need a better name now that it exists, rolls over and grabs her head.]

DDK:

She threatened to kill him if he cheated, if he ran away, or if she beat him. She said the only way Scott was going to live through this match was if he could beat her fair and square. And somehow, somehow... that's what he did.

[Out come Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker. Diane takes the World Title from Benny Doyle as Clair kneels down next to Scott. Meanwhile, Heidi climbs to her knees, and then, very shakily, stands up. She turns to look at Scott, who's still sitting.]

Angus:

Moment of truth, Keebs. Does he live?

[Clair gets in Heidi's way in case it's 'kill' - but it isn't. Heidi smiles a little smile, then nods, then turns and starts to walk away. She almost stumbles, has to hold herself up with the ropes until she's steady.]

DDK:

Kai Scott escapes with his belt still around his waist by the skin of his teeth! There's nothing else left to say here! Thanks for watching, Defia-fans, I'm Darren Keebler alongside Angus Skaaland, and we'll see you in Canada!

[Scott is helped to his feet by the two girls, who then sit on the ropes, holding them apart for him.]

[End.]