

Do You Remember?

[DEFIANCE Wrestling on HULU Plus will continue in...] [Five...] [Four...] [Three...] [...] [...] [Open directly to the Commentation Station where Angus Skaaland and "Downtown" Darren Keebler sit ready and raring to call all of the DEFIANT action!] **Angus:** We were gonna get Morgan Freeman again, but at the last minute he held us up for a zillion dollars and a penguin. Apparently Ed White's reputation extends into Hollywood circles. **DDK:** So, without further adieu, allow us to introduce you to Generic Movie Announcer guy! **Angus:** Really? That's it? We should have just used Quimbey. [Drop those lights.] [The DEFIATron flickers to life.] [The DEFIANCE 1.0 logo pulsates.] "Do you remember the original DEFIANCE?" [Still videos flicker. Aaron Vasquez holds the DEF Heavyweight Crown over his head. Boston Bancroft wins Summer Games and the World Title as a surprise entrant for Team DEFIANCE. Jimmy Kort is relevant. Bronson Box shields the kidnapped son of Boston Bancroft from his father. Eric Dane wears a ridiculous giant dinosaur head in the ring, and Cobra worships him as Jorgamund. Eric Dane shakes hands with Elijah Goldman, signaling a signed deal with big time sports network ESEN TV. The Hydra, a doomed-to-fail mash-up of Team Danger and The Untouchables implode when Stephen Greer and Heidi can't get along. Elijah Goldman makes a power play for DEFIANCE. Bronson Box puts a production assistant in traction, getting DEFIANCE cancelled from television.] "Do you remember DEFIANCE 2.0 and the Master of Wrestling tournament?" [More stills. Angus Skaaland introduces the Draft. Cito Conarri leads Heritage League for DEFIANCE, against Elijah Goldman's Evolution League for ESEN TV. Bronson Box is signed as an unrestricted free agent and brought back to DEFIANCE to spite Eric Dane. Dan Ryan Humility Bomb's the original Yoshikazu YAZ through the entrance ramp. Alceo Dentari beats almost everyone at one point or another. Clair St. Sure does beat everybody, and she wins WarGames. Christian Light wins the whole thing for the Heritage League. Elijah Goldman pisses himself at the thought of facing the music, namely Eric Dane inside of a steel cage. Yoshikazu YAZ, Goldman's chosen one (much to the chagrin of Alceo Dentari), un.masks as Kai Scott. Jeff Andrews superkicks Eric Dane out of his shoes. The Untouchables reign supreme and Andrews names himself GodBoss of DEFIANCE.] "Do you remember the reign of The Untouchables?" [More stills, some of them rapid enough to look like flip-books. Jeff appoints himself World Champion, and the rest of his Untouchables as the Trios World Champions. Jeff brains Christian Light with the World Title. Heidi and Tom Sawyer fight...endlessly. Bronson Box tears up everything he lays his hands on. CVC shoves a pregnant woman down the stairs. Jeff brains a significantly heavier Eugene Dewey with the World Title. Lash Graham pets his armadillo backstage. Ben Halkum absolutely butchers a Cancer Jiles/Ronnie Long match by screwing up which one's face and which one's heel. Dragon Jones almost becomes relevant, but flakes instead. Kai Scott hits Stephen Greer in the head with the World Title, and Andrews senton splashes him through a table.] "Do you remember the chaos when Dane returned?" [Cancer Jiles pins Jeff Andrews to end his reign of terror as World Champion, and then Eric Dane says "Not. One. Fucking. Egg." and lays him out with the Stardriver. Christian Light kills Kai Scott, and keeps killing him until Dane reverses the match decision. Heidi destroys Tom Sawyer all over backstage and smashes the so-called Macho Coin. Dan Ryan wraps a chain around Virginia Quell's neck after beating Frank Dylan James bloody and unconscious. Dentari and his Gorillas expand into the Legitimate Businessman's Club. It turns out that Cancer Jiles sucks when he has to come up with his own lines.] "Do you remember when things really started to go wrong?" [Bronson Box and Edward White join forces and leave Cancer Jiles in a pool of his own blood. Stephen Greer blows a fireball into Ronnie Long's face. After a massive brawl, Tom Sawyer and Ed White are thrown off the stage through a pile of electrical equipment. Eric Dane ties Heidi Christenson to a chair and tortures her. Heidi steals Tom Sawyer's motorcycle and leads him to the Moral Majority, where he is beaten badly and hung up by chains from the ceiling. Heidi receives the "chair treatment" for a second time. Dan Ryan hits Virginia Quell with a burning hammer on the ramp, severely injuring her neck. Bronson Box and Dan Ryan brawl through the crowd, causing injuries to several fans who couldn't get out of their way. Tom Sawyer suffers a career-threatening neck injury at the hands of a Kai Scott piledriver. Dan Ryan and Bronson Box brawl in the crowd again, leading to Ryan having staples put in his head. Heidi Christenson starts a riot. Eric Dane restarts a riot.] "Do you remember Ascension?" [Eugene Dewey knocks Seth Stratton flat on his ass with a Shoryuken. Chance Von Crank is pinned by the otherwise remarkably forgettable Tucker G. Alston. Heidi beats the living hell out of Kai Scott backstage. Troy Matthews knocks Clair St. Sure out with an enzuigiri, and post-match she loses her shit. Eric Dane and Heidi Christenson spend 40 minutes torturing each other. Heidi is carried away in Jeff Andrews' arms while Dane stumbles around the ring with a microphone under the effects of a concussion and blood loss. Clair St. Sure rips the World Title down off of a ladder and hands it to Kai Scott.] "Do you remember why we left?" [A still of the website posting about DEFIANCE once again being kicked off of Television. Eric Dane sits behind his desk calling anyone who would listen. No one would. When things were about to be at their worst a deal was struck. Eric Dane shakes hands with Jason Ramsey and Kazuma Fujita upon arriving in Japan. Things might just be looking up for the DEFIANT boss and his band of psychopaths.] "Do you remember DEFIANCE's first ever World Tour?" [Cancer Jiles tries - and fails spectacularly - to regain the World Title from Scott.]

Dusty Griffith returns and makes waves with all of the Big Bads, namely Kai Scott and Edward White. Team HOSS begins their run of dominance in DEFIANCE, starting with TexMex Holiday. Dan Ryan and Bronson Box continue their bloody brawls throughout arenas across the globe. Edward White makes Dusty Griffith his personal mission after Dusty causes him to lose control of Frank Dylan James. Curtis Penn upends Alston and begins what would become a record-setting reign as Southern Heritage Champion. Chance Von Crank continues to confuse offensiveness with overness. And somehow, the remnants of Box's Moral Majority stable join forces with Edward White and Box's rival Dan Ryan to form The Blood Diamonds. The Blood Diamonds fight with the Truly Untouchables and bully Eugene Dewey. Dewey wins the FIST from Ryan and Box in an essential handicap match. Kai Scott hangs onto the World Title by the skin of his teeth.] "Do you remember when Edward White tried to take over DEFIANCE?" [DEFIANCE lands in 'MURICA. Bronson Box and his Conclave are kicked out of the Blood Diamonds and replaced with Team HOSS and Jonny Booya. White, in a ring swarming with roided up goons and sparkling eye candy, pronounces his sponsorship of DEFIANCE, and his intentions to exert creative control over the product with the New and Improved Blood Diamonds. Eric Dane nearly has an aneurysm at the mere thought of Ed White making public a very backroom deal that he made with DEFIANCE in the throes of death. Dusty Griffith saves Clair St. Sure from a beating at the hands of the Blood Diamonds. He does the same for Kai Scott. Ed White's Diamond Protective Services find out the hard way what the DEFsec Brute Squad is all about. Kai Scott goes from transitional champion to the definition of a DEFIANCE World Champion by holding the title for just shy of a year at the current date. Dusty Griffith makes it well known that he wants the belt for himself.] "If you didn't know, now you know. So I implore you, dear DEFIAfan, whether it be in your nature or not, whether your cookie-cutter lifestyle allows it or not..." [!FLASH!] "Stand up." [!FLASH!] **"Defy!"**

The Rundown

[Pyros blast off from the stage area as the 10,000 plus fans roar their approval and excitement as the cameras pan across the Lakefront Arena.]

DE-FI-ANCE!!! DE-FI-ANCE!!! DE-FI-ANCE!!! DE-FI-ANCE!!!

[The combined sounds are just as deafening as they are energizing. The voices of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland can be heard as the cameras switch back to the announce booth.]

DDK:

WELCOME DEFIANCE FANS! Welcome to the Lakefront Arena in New Orleans, Louisiana!

Angus:

Keebs, we've been all around the World the last several months, and IT FEELS SO GOOD to be back home in the BIG EASY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

Absolutely it is, Angus, absolutely, and tonight we have a stacked card for this HOMECOMING Event. Almost all the titles are up for grabs tonight and -

[Skaaland breaks in.]

Angus:

THAT'S because our HOSS OVERLORDS have some unfinished business with MUHBOITAI.

DDK:

You're going to waffle back and forth during that whole match, aren't you?

Angus:

Just let me have some time to come to terms with the fact that no matter who wins, I'll die just a bit inside.

DDK:

Angus is referring to the match between Angel Trinidad of Team HOSS and Ty Walker. No DQ, no countout. If Walker wins, he gets Junior Keeling in the ring! If Angel wins, Keeling gets Ty's DEFIANCE contract!

Angus:

I already feel my soul weeping.

DDK:

That's just one match on a stacked card of grudges to settle, especially the one surrounding the Southern Heritage title. Wade Elliott of the Big Damn Heroes will be out for revenge against Tony Di Luca of the Legitimate Businessman's Club after Di Luca, Alceo Dentari, and Vinny Rinaldi attacked him, Tyler Rayne, and Lindsay Troy at Grindhouse 16.

Angus:

I'm here for these fisticuffs, Keebs. Wade and the 'Heroes wanted a fight and the LBC were all too happy to give 'em one after the DISRESPECT shown to them by Troy.

DDK:

I'd argue that the LBC deserved what they had coming, but it'd be like talking to a brick wall so I'll just move on. Eugene Dewey is set to fend off the challenge of Heidi Christenson for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Man, I'm torn. I can't decide if I want Heidi to come out here and go crazyface all over that fat lump, or if I want Eugene to teach her a little humility. Heidi is a beast, but Eugene pinned Bronson Box twice and just recently pinned Dan Ryan clean.

DDK:

Heidi is a serious threat to the title though, and speaking of serious threats Angus, tonight Kai Scott defends his World Title against Dusty Griffith!

Angus:

I hope Mayberry gets his nose kicked off by our champion, maybe then he won't be so damn nosy. For the love of Christ, I can't think of anyone on the roster who sticks his nose into more people's business than Dusty BY GAWD Griffith.

DDK:

Dusty's running mate, Frank Dylan James, is set to take on Mushigihara in what'll be a -

Angus:

HOSS FIIIIIIIIIIITE! I got two cans of Skoal on the Mastodon punching Mushi until his mask disintegrates!

DDK:

Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze will be looking to do something similar when they take on Troy Matthews in a handicapped match.

Angus:

Troy is an idiot. Just because Nicky spends his time being dumb muscle and Jane spends hers playing secretary doesn't mean that either of them can't break a dude in half. Put 'em together and Matthews is in for a long night.

DDK:

Jonny Booya might be in for a long night as well as he takes on Clair St. Sure.

Angus:

Jonny Booya is the [Kevinest] [Kevin] that ever [Kevined] a [Kevin]. Plus he's JELLY. I hope CSS breaks his arm off and [kevins] him with it.

DDK:

That's not all in store for us tonight. Jake Donovan is taking on Curtis Penn, which I'm sure you have absolutely no comment on.

Angus:

Ahhh crap. You mean I get put into a spot where I might actually have to cheer for that painted up flake? You know I might just do that... **IF** ...if he can put Penn down for good tonight.

DDK:

Well at least I know where you stand on things. We also have Stockton Pyre versus Frank Holiday.

Angus:

Is this match seriously for Pyre's notebook? HIS ITTY BITTY BABY JOURNAL?! Give me a break.

DDK:

Actually, it's for the Number One Contendership for the Southern Heritage Title! And according to Frank Holiday, he doesn't have Pyre's notebook.

Angus:

The only thing good about all that was seeing **#STALKTONPYRE** stretched across a t-shirt on Lindsay Troy's chest

last show. Otherwise, these two need to figure out what a personality is and then go get one. Then maybe I'll care one way or the other.

DDK:

Speaking of Lindsay Troy: we also have the man who nearly had his arm broken by her at Grindhouse: Canada, Rich Mahogany, taking on Romero Antiguas, who only wants to break Rich's heart and the rest of his body.

Angus:

You know, I like this Antiguas guy. He's a little squirrely, but he's got spirit. What I don't like is how he's been treating my good bro Rich. I mean, the guy just wanted to make a friend and Romero spat all over it, ON TOP OF putting the "Suite Corporate Dolphin" Pete Whealdon on the shelf for God knows how long with a destroyed head and neckal region!

DDK:

Speaking of bad blood...

Angus:

STOP THAT!

DDK:

Stop what?

Angus:

Seguing off everything I say. Geeze...come up with your own stuff, Keeps!

DDK:

Sigh Anyways, last up is our first match of the night, as the Osaka Street Cutters take on Ryushin Zongetsu and mystery opponents.

Angus:

QUICK! Someone get those Mystery Machine kids and their dumb dog in here to solve this shit!

DDK:

Well, they're not real, but we won't have to wait long. Let's take it to the ring with Darren Quimbey to find out what all is gonna go down!

Angus:

I'm hoping it's a hooker after this show is over. Bourbon Street, here I come!

[Over to DQ!]

Osaka Street Cutters vs. Ryushin Zongetsu/???/???



[The cameras switch to the ringside area where Darren Quimbey stands with a microphone in his hands. He lifts the mic up and the lights fade down. The opening build-up of "Monolith" by Crossfaith reverberates throughout the arena while smoke begins to stream out of the entranceway, illuminated by multi-colored strobe lights. As the heavy guitars kick in, three figures appear silhouetted in the color-shifting mist.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen! This is your DEFIANCE Opening match. It is a Trios Match set for one fall. Introducing the first team. From Osaka, Japan, weighing in at a combined weight of 631 pounds...KAZ ARAKI...MACH HAWKE...DEMON AZUMA...They are the OSAKAAAAA STREEEEEEET CUTTEEEEEEEEEES!!!

[The three men walk down to the ring, Kaz Araki in the center with a cocky smile, flanked by Hawke and Azuma on either side, whose moods appear to be much more sullen. They are greeted with a loud resounding boo from the DEFfans,]

DDK:

Looks like the OSC are ready for whatever Ryushin has up his sleeve.

Angus:

Of course they are. If you think they failed when they did not put Ryushin out for good what that attack last week, you're dead wrong. They were just playing with him, like a cat with a mouse. But tonight they are going to chew him up and devour him.

[Quimby goes to announce the opponents for the OSC when Kaz takes his mic from him to an even louder boo from the fans.]

Kaz:

You know Ryushin, It makes no difference to us, who your partners are. So get out here so we can finally end what should of ended back in Japan!

[Mach Hawke walks up and Kaz Araki hands over the mic, and leans against the ropes with a smile on his face. Azuma stands behind Hawke arms folded with his usual frown.]

Hawke:

Ryushin! We have a special present just for you. And I guess these fans. You see we have obtained special footage. Sadley the real Japaneses announcers have been voiced over so all of these non educated Americans can understand what's going on.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Well this is not in the run-sheets at all.

Angus:

Well I am kinda interested to see what they brought.

[The screen switches out to footage from FRPW, the fans are going crazy as we see Mach Hawke slamming Ryushin into the ring post. IN the ring Azuma battles another man dressed similar to Ryushin but instead of a mask he has black and white facepaint, and long white hair..]

Announcer One:

Hawke taking it to Ryushin and sends him hard into the ringpost.

Announcer Two:

Meanwhile Demon Azuma and Jago battle it out in the ring.

Announcer One:

Keep an eye out for Kaz Araki.

[Kaz and Hawke beat down Ryushin and in the ring Azuma sends Jago flying with a release German Suplex. On the outside Kaz pulls out a pair of handcuffs and with Hawkes help he puts them on Ryushin cuffing him to the ring post. The two taunt Ryushin who tries to break free but to no avail.]

Announcer One:

Ohh no, this is not good. We need to get some help out here.

Announcer Two:

I don't know why the referee is doing nothing.

Announcer One:

Well it is probably because kaz is the son of the Owner. Giant Araki.

[Hawke rolls into the ring as Azuma pulls Jago up. On the outside Kaz pulls the ring steps away from the ring and places them in front of the rampway.]

Announcer One:

I can be sure that Kaz is up to something nasty right here.

Announcer Two:

I don't like the look in Azuma's eyes right now.

[Ryushin keeps trying to get loose and Kaz runs and kicks him in the back sending him crashing back into the ringpost. In the ring Azuma climbs out to the ring apron as Hawke nails Jago with a High knee to the side of the head. Jago staggers back into the ropes and Azuma hooks him and lifts him up onto his shoulders.

Announcer One:

OHH MY GOD NO!!!

Announcer Two:

Burning Hammer from the apron into the ring steps.

[The crowd goes silent in shock and Jago twitches on the ground. Ryushin screams in frustration and anger, as Kaz and Azuma pulls Jago up and rolls him into the ring where Hawke waits perched in the tip rope, He then leaps off and lands with a shooting star press on the unconscious Jago Zongetsu. The clip shows in slow motion the Burning Hammer from the apron into the ring steps a few more times and then cuts back to the Lakefront Arena.]

[Kaz laughs in the ring and even Azuma has a evil smile, Hawke pulls the mic back to his mask.]

Hawke:

So there we have it, Me and Azuma taking not only your tag titles, but your very own brother from you.

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Well that explains alot right there.

Angus:

I dont see what the big deal is. They had a plan and went with it. People get broken in this business all the time, Ryushin needs to stop crying and do something about it.

DDK:

I am sure he plans to. That clip could very well backfire on the OSC tonight.

[Hawke then hands the mic back to Kaz.]

Kaz:

So come on out here Ryushin, so the OSC can put you in a matching wheelchair next to that Haijin {cripple} Jago!

[Kaz then tosses the mic at DDK and walks back over to consult with Mach and Azuma. The lights fade down to a red hue, as a loud Gong sound rings out as e.o.n. by Shen begins to sound throughout the arena, the sounds of a storm begin as fog covers the stage.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents, Introducing first, Weighing in at 280 pounds, Hailing from Kawasaki, Japan, He is Ryushin Zoooooongetsu!

[Out from the back, staff in hand and his hat lowered, walks Ryushin Zongetsu, however he is not wearing his black and white gear, instead his gear is now black with red trimmings.. His long black hair is now gone and his head fully covered by his mask. As the music changes and picks up in tempo Ryushin makes his way down to the ring. He stops at the bottom of the ramp and takes his Hat off and hands it to a ring girl as well as his staff, Ryushin looks at the OSC and runs his thumb across his neck, and then turns and looks up the ramp.]

Quimbey:

And his partner....

[The crowd gives a big roar of approval as the acoustic guitar beginning of "La Balada Del Pistolero" begins to ring out through the arena as a slithering serpent crosses the screen of the Defiatron, after 29 seconds the acoustics stop as the Serpent twists is self to form a S, The song changes tempo into a metal version of "La Balada Del Pistolero" by Victor De Andres, which blasts out through the arena. The name El Serpenti forms on the Defiatron at the same time the El Serpenti himself emerges onto the stage, He too is now in black and red attire.]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at 210 pounds. Hailing from Miami, Florida by way of Heroica Veracruz. He is the Mexican Superstar known as El Serrrrrrrrpenti!

Angus:

OHH God no. Not this guy.

DDK:

Interesting choice from Ryushin, Guess he decided to take Serpenti up on his offer.

[Serpenti heads down and slaps a few fans hand and comes to stand next to Ryushin.]

Quimbey:

And their partner....

[The lights fade to black as the beginnings of Black Mask by Ninja Tracks begin to pump through the arena, Red lights pump with the beat giving off a strange pulsing strobe effect. The DEFtron as well pulses with Crimson Star's Logo]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at 225 pounds, Hailing from Tokyo, Japan. He is CRIMMMMSON STAR!!!

[Songomi Tsunami walks out first followed by Crimson Star. He points his Kendo Stick at the OSC as he walks down the ramp to join his partners.]

Angus:

Well there we have it. Who needs frikin Scooby Doo. But is this the real Crimson Star?

DDK:

I believe he is the real one. Songomi is with him this time. A interesting choice of partners and I have to wonder if this is the team that Crimson Star put together himself.

Angus:

One would think so. Ryushins not the only one thats been having issues with the OSC, Crimson Stars been having issues as well.

DDK:

Not to mention that El Serpenti has beaten Hawke before, back at Grindhouse Thirteen.

[Before Star, Serpenti, and Zongetsu can get into the ring, Hawke, Azuma and Kaz charge and leap over the ropes crashing into the newly formed trios team, Songomi barely dodges the incoming attack.]

Angus:

Total wipeout! Bodies everywhere!

DDK:

The OSC with the early attack and not giving this new team a chance.

Angus:

The OSC have the advantage here , they have been a team way longer than this new team. Hell I don't think they even have a name...

[Angus pauses as as Songomi takes a seat next to Keebler. She hands Keebler a paper.]

DDK:

Well, it seems they do have a team name Angus.

Angus:

Ohh yeah, what?

DDK:

The Crimson Dragon Clan

Angus:

Yawn. Osaka Street Cutters sounds way better. So now I hope they lose do to their bad team name.

[Azuma staggers to his feet and quickly pulls Ryushin up and whips him into the ring apron, Azuma charges in but is nailed with a jumping side kick from Crimson Star. Hawke staggers to his feet and pulls Serpenti up and Serpenti fires

off a kick to Hawkes stomach and then whips him into a clothesline from Ryushin.]

DDK:

Hector better get this one under control or this will end before it really begins.

Angus:

Yeah because right now it is total anarchy, and the bell has yet to sound to officially start this match.

[Ryushin rolls Hawke into the ring as Star and Azuma trade blows. Kaz gets to his feet and sends Star flying with a running dropkick to the back. Star collides with the guard rail and flips over crashing into the fans. Ryushin leaves from the ringside and charges and tackles Azuma taking him to the ground. Hector climbs out of the ring and motions for the DEFsec team for help.]

DDK:

And here comes Brian Slater and a fe members of DEFsec.

Angus:

Ohh boy the rent a cops are here.

[Slater and the DEFsec team get Ryushin and Star off of Kaz and Azuma and get them to their perspective corners. Hector rolls into the ring and singles for the match to begin.]

DDK:

Well now this one is officially underway, and Serpenti is climbing the turnbuckles.

Angus:

This is a complete unfair advantage that the CDC have.

DDK:

Already chopping their team name up Angus?

[Serpenti perches on the top turnbuckle as Hawke staggers to his feat. Serpenti flys off hooking Hawke's head with his legs and takes him to the mat with a flying headscissors takedown. Serpenti pulls Hawke into the middle of the ring for a pin.]

1..

2.. Kickout.

Angus:

Way too soon for a pin by Snakeboy. Hawke is not going to be beaten just yet.

DDK:

But you can not blame him for trying.

Angus:

Sure I can, damn flipping furry.

[Serpenti kicks Hawke a few times as he lays on the mat and then runs to the ropes and leaps to the second rope for a springboard moonsault... but Hawke gets his knees up at the last moment.]

DDK:

Hawke with a great counter there. Lets see if he can capitalise on that.

Angus:

He has a chance to make the tag right now.

[Hawke gets to his feet and pulls Serpenti up by the fins of his mask and drives knee after knee into the head of the Luchador. Serpenti staggers away and Hawke takes him down with a spin kick.]

DDK:

Hawke in full control here.

Angus:

See what did all that flippy shit get him, on the wrong end of a asskicking is where.

[Hawke begins working over Serpenti with a few stomps to the head and an then delivers a jumping elbow drop. Serpenti rolls away and staggers to his feet, Hawke stalks him, and waits until he's in the middle of the ring and then...]

Angus:

BOOM! headshot!

DDK:

Running leaping tornado DDT by Hawke. Hawkes going for the pin.

1...

2...

Kickout.

DDK:

Serpenti kicked out and Hawke can not believe it.

Angus:

Neither can I. That DDT was hit with perfection.

[Hawke pulls Serpenti back up and Serpenti gets shot off the ropes by Hawke and meets a close line on his way back. Hawke bounces off the reverse rope, charges back, and drops leaps in the air and nails Serpenti with a knee drop.]

DDK:

Hawke keeping the pressure on Serpenti.

Angus:

Thats how you stop that slimy snake bastard!

[Serpenti gets to his feet slowly as Hawke waits... Hawke then charges but Serpenti sweeps Hawks leg out from under him with a drop toe hold sending him face first into the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Serpenti with a desperation move there.

Angus:

Damn that slimy furry..

[Serpenti dropkicks Hawke in the back of the head and then rolls over to his corner and tags in Ryushin Zongetsu.]

DDK:

And here comes the big man of the group.

Angus:

Man if he was not on the team he is. I might just like this guy, but he is so I don't.

[Hawke staggers up and Ryushin hits Hawke with a Straight Leg Side Kick. Ryushin quickly pulls Hawke to his feet and whips him to the ropes. Ryushin sends Hawke down with a Spin Wheel Kick to the chest.]

DDK:

Ryushin In full control here.

Angus:

Hawke better do something or Ryushin's going to rip him apart..

[Hawke quickly rolls to the outside regain his thoughts.]

Angus:

That works.

DDK:

Yeah but Ryushins not having any of it.

[Ryushin decides not to wait on Hawke and rolls to the outside, as he does Hawke rolls back in.]

Angus:

HAHA! WOW! Thats like the oldest trick in the book and Ryushin fell for it.

DDK:

Hawke certainly playing Zongetsu's rage to his advantage.

[Ryushin slaps the ring apron with both hands in frustration, Hawke motions for Ryushin to get in the ring and when he does.. he tags in Azuma.]

Angus:

Now here we go.

DDK:

After what we saw earlier tonight this is not going to be pretty.

Angus:

I know, and we get to watch as they rip each other apart.

[Ryushin nods and motions for Azuma who smiles and closes in. Azuma and Ryushin lock up and Azuma gets thrown into the turnbuckle. Azuma hits chest first and staggers out and Ryushin comes over and smashes Azuma's head into the ring post . As he does the DEFfans cheer and count along with each smash.]

1..... 2..... 3..... 4..... 5..... 6..... 7..... 8..... 9..... 10!!!!

[Azuma staggers out of the corner and Ryushin delivers a Spin Wheel Kick to the head of Azuma, and Azuma goes down.]

DDK:

Ryushin with another Spin Wheel Kick.

Angus:

Man he nailed Azuma hard, and I think Azuma is out cold.

DDK:

Not a good thing for the OSC.

[Ryushin pulls Azuma up and points to the OSC, and then runs his thumb across his throat. Ryushin than hooks Azuma and Flips him up and delivers a stiff inverted powerbomb sending Azuma hard to the mat.]

DDK:

Well if he was not unconscious before, he is now Angus.

Angus:

Man I love the smell of a Powerbomb in the morning.

DDK:

Really Angus? Of all the lines to use you pick that?

Angus:

Well.. I

DDK:

Nevermind there is a cover from Ryushin..

1...

2...

3.. NO! Kickout!

Angus:

YES! Azuma kicked out! The OSC are still in this!

[Ryushin hits the ropes as Azuma staggers to his feet. Azuma ducks the clothesline, Ryushin hits the far ropes and charges back at Azuma who catches him and sends Ryushin flying with a Overhead release belly to belly suplex.]

Angus:

What a suplex from Azuma, I think that powerbomb woke The Demon up!

DDK:

Certainly looks like thats the case Angus. Now is Azuma going to make the tag or try and keep up the attack on Ryushin.

[Ryushin staggers up and Azuma bounces Ryushin off the ropes and hits him with a rolling elbow smash to the face. Azuma quickly hits the ropes and hits Ryushin with an elbowdrop.]

DDK:

And looks like he is opting to continue his attack.

Angus:

Of course. When you have the advantage you press it.

[Azuma pulls Ryushin up opting not o make a pin and nails Ryushin with a hard right hand. Ryushin however fires a right of his own. The two begin trading rights with each other.]

DDK:

The Deffans are eating this up right here.

Angus:

Both men just wailing away on each other.

[Ryushin blocks a few punches getting the upper hand, He quickly hooks Azuma and nails him with a belly-to-belly suplex.]

DDK:

Ryushin with a suplex of his own. and Azuma is down.

Angus:

Actually Keebs both are down and Hectors starting the count.

DDK:

And the fans counting with him.

1..... 2..... 3..... 4..... 5..... 6..... 7..

[Both men begin to stir and trying to get to their feet causing Hector to stop his count. Ryushin gets to his feet first and hooks Azuma from behind and takes him up and down with a German Suplex.]

DDK:

Another power suplex from Ryushin.

Angus:

Come on Azuma! STAND UP AND DEFY!

[Ryushin staggers back up and tags Crimson Star.]

DDK:

Tag in to Star and now we get to see the real Crimson Star first hand.

Angus:

Ohh great. First the flippy snake furry, and now a Dollar Store Power Ranger knockoff!

[Star motions for a move from Ryushin who nods. Star jumps the top rope and leaps onto Ryushin who catches him and Powerbombs him on top of Azuma.]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

Holy Shit is right!!!

DDK:

That could of done just as much damage to Star as it did to Azuma.

[Hector makes Ryushin step out as Star gets to his feet the best he can. He lifts Azuma up and goes to work with a few stiff kicks to the gut but on about the third kick Azuma grabs Star by the leg, yanks him forward, lifts him up, and nails a hard Exploder Suplex, driving Star into the mat.]

Angus:

Hot damn! Azuma just exploded on Star!

DDK:

A big move out of nowhere but Azuma still feeling the effects of the double team maneuver from Ryushin and Star. Azuma desperately needs to make the tag to Mach Hawke or Kaz Araki.

[Hawke stomps his foot on the mat wanting the tag as does El Serpenti trying to get the fans into it. Azuma crawls as Star starts to get to his feet. Star staggers to his feet just as Azuma tags Hawke.]

Angus:

AND HERE COMES Mach Hawke!

[Hawke explodes from the corner clotheslining Star down to the mat. Star tries to attack but only meets a flipping dropkick from the explosive Hawke. Hawke picks Star up and shoots him off the ropes, no, reversal, and Star sends hawks into the ropes, on the return Star tosses Hawke into the air and than on Hawke's way down Star jumps and hooks Hawke's head and nails him with the Star Cutter!]

DDK:

Crimson star nailing the Star Cutter on Hawke! This could be the end right here.

[Star makes the cover.]

1

2.. NO!

[Azuma charges in and kicks Star in the head breaking the count.]

Angus:

Azuma with the save.

DDK:

And here comes Ryushin!

[Ryushin charges Azuma and nails him with a clothesline and both the big men flip over the top rope and crash to the floor]

DDK:

Rough landing there by Ryushin and Azuma.

Angus: OHH NO!!!!

[Star points to the crowd and than to the turnbuckles causing the DEFfans to erupt in cheers.]

STAR! STAR!! STAR! STAR!!

[Star jumps up on the top turnbuckle looking to nail Hawke with a move, but Araki runs and kicks Star in the back of the leg making Star straddle the top turnbuckle.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Owww!!! I hope he was wearing a cup, because his little comets are hurting right now, if not.

DDK:

Sometimes I wonder about you Angus.

Angus:

I love you to Keeps.

[Hawke tags Kaz and Kaz leaps into the ring ready to attack the fallen Star, but Star staggers to his feet. Kaz looks to Azuma who's still on the floor of the Arena, then to Hawk who is laying on the ring Apron. Kaz shakes his head and then turns and charges at Star but Star ducks his oncoming close line and nails him with a spinning heel kick to the back of the head sending him crashing into the turnbuckles.]

Angus:

This is not good.

DDK:

Definitely not.

[Star pulls Kaz up and sets him on the top turnbuckles and tags in Serpenti. Star climbs up with Kaz and German Suplexes him off.]

DDK:

What a suplex from Star.

Angus:

Come on Hector! That damn Power Ranger Wannabe is not the legal man anymore!

[Kaz crashes into the mat but Star shows great legs strength by staying on the turnbuckles and pulling himself to the top. Serpenti jumps up onto the top turnbuckle as well and both leap off with dual moonsaults.]

DE-FI-ANCE! DE-FI-ANCE! DE-FI-ANCE!

Angus:

OHH GOD!!! They just flattened poor little Kaz! Like a little Japanese pancake!

DDK:

This could be it! Serpenti with the pin!

1.....

2.....

3.. NO!!!

[Azuma slides under the ropes and leg drops Serpenti across the back of the head, smashing him into the mat.]

Angus:

Again! Azuma with a save!!!

[Azuma gets up and Star charges Azuma but takes a huge Backdrop, sending him crashing into Ryushin on the outside]

Angus:

Wrong kind of Shooting Star, but I'll take it.

DDK:

Azuma keeping his team alive here.

[The ref makes Azuma leave the ring as Kaz and Serpenti stagger up. Kaz then quickly nails a Spin kick to abdomen, and then hooks Serpenti and DDT's him into the mat.]

DDK:

All of the Crimson Dragon Clan are down.

Angus:

Azuma and Hawke are both ready for the tag.

[Both Kaz and Serpenti stagger up. Kaz gets to his feet first and leaps and brings in Azuma for the Osaka Street Cutters...]

DDK:

Azuma gets the tag.

Angus:

And Serpenti is in a world of danger.

[Azuma charges in and Serpenti kicks up and dropkicks Azuma sending him the the mat...]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Star just suckered Azuma into that.

Angus:

Totally illegal. Disqualify him now Hector!

DDK:

For what?

Angus:

Being illegal himself not to mention being a flippy fuckin furry!

[Azuma gets back to his feet and Serpenti runs and jumps off the top rope and goes for a high cross body block.. NO! Azuma catches him and quickly put him onto his shoulders and Azuma lifts Serpenti and nails a huge gutbuster on Serpenti.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Snakeboy's ribs have to be broken!

DDK:

Azuma just out powering Serpenti there.

Angus

Azuma is one big dude and Serpenti is not going to be able to go toe to toe with Azuma.

[Azuma covers Serpenti hooking the leg. The ref starts the count.

1

2..... NO!

[Crimson Star rolls into the ring and dropkicks Azuma in the side of the head.]

DDK:

Crimson Star with the save this time.

Angus:

OHH COME ON!! This was over. Azuma had that in the bag!

[Hector makes Star get out of the ring where he rejoins Ryushin on the ring apron. Serpenti climbs to his feet, Azuma whips him to the ropes and tags in Hawke, Hawke hip tosses Serpenti. Serpenti flips up, and goes for a kick, NO! Blocked by Hawke and Serpenti gets hit with a dragon screw leg whip. Serpenti is driven further into the mat by Azuma with a elbow drop. Azuma climbs out of the ring and Hawke tags Azuma, Hawke then pulls Serpenti up Azuma grabs Serpenti's legs and the duo spike tigerdrives Serpenti into the mat.]

DDK:

And here is the double team from the OSC!

Angus:

It is called teamwork.

[Azuma Hits the ropes and drops a leg across Serpenti's neck, Azuma stands up and tags in Hawke.

DDK:

Back and forth tags from Azuma and Hawke.

Angus:

Now thats how a team works in the ring.

[Hawke grabs Serpenti and whips the dazed Serpenti to the turnbuckles. Serpenti leaps up and off with a moonsault crashing into Hawke.]

RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Serpenti with a desperation move there.

Angus:

He just won't die!

DDK:

It is called heart. which i am sure you do not have one Angus.

Angus:

Nope don't have one, cut that bitch out a long time ago.

[Serpenti staggers up and tags in Ryushin. Hawke rolls over to his corner and tags in Azuma. the two big men lock up in the middle of the ring and up and Ryushin bounces Azuma off the ropes and clotheslines him. NO! Azuma ducking and Azuma bounces off the far ropes takes Ryushin down with a flying shoulder block sending Ryushin to the mat!. Azuma pulls Ryushin up and tags in Hawke, and both men Suplex Ryushin into the mat. Hawke grabs Ryushins leg and falls back with a hamstring pull on Ryushin. Hawke tags Azuma back in and Azuma leaps up and drives a knee into Ryushin's head.]

DDK:

I think the OSC are now getting firm control of this match.

Angus:

I told you there was no way they could lose this Keebs: This ones in the bag man!

[Azuma climbs up and kicks Ryushin, NO Blocked and Ryushin takes Azuma down with a dragon leg whip of his own.

Azuma staggers up and Ryushin kicks him in the gut, takes a few steps back, and scissor kicks him to the mat.]

DDK:

And just like that Ryushin has turned the tide in this match.

Angus:

What the hell? Come on Azuma fight back.

[Azuma staggers up and Ryushin hits Azuma with a heart kick. Azuma drops to a knee and Ryushin locks Azuma up and drills him into the mat with a Japanese Ocean Bomb!!!!]

Angus:

GOOD GOD!

DDK:

Songomi tells me that is called the Roaring Dragon Bomb.

Angus:

What the hell ever it is called I think Azuma is dead.

[Ryushin pins Azuma as Star and Serpenti runs the apron and leap over the corner and taking Kaz and Hawke out.]

1...

2...

3!!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

This is over and the Crimson Dragon Clan pull out the win.

Angus:

WHAT!!! Totally unfair! the OSC were not prepared for the damn Power Rangers!

Quimby:

Ladies and Gentlemen!!! YOUR WINNERS....The Crimsoooooon Dragooon Claaaannn!

[Can't Kill Us by The Glitch Mob blast out through the arena as the three members of the Crimson Dragon Clan celebrate as Songomi climbs into the ring to join them. Hawke and Kaz climb to their feet as Azuma rolls out of the ring holding his head. The OSC grab some chairs to attack but DEFsec is already on the scene and the cameras switch to the backstage area.]

HYPE#1 - Champion and Challenger Arrive

Angus:

One match in and we're already going to crazy town, I like it.

DDK:

Certainly a good way to kick off the show, partner.

Angus:

Bad blood and ancient history always makes for some good fights.

DDK:

Speaking of history.

[Cut to a split screen shot of footage from earlier in the day.]

DDK: [voice over]

Tonight's main event has an awful lot of history packed into the space of the last year and we take a look at the champion and challenger arriving to the arena.

[On the left is Kai Scott, who is accompanied by Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker, as well as Jamie Stanley who runs point for a team of DEFsec that are escorting the champion to his locker room. The champion is dressed professionally in a sport coat, slacks and a tie, while carrying dragging a rolling suitcase behind him.]

DDK: [v/o]

Kai Scott in many ways has been running parallel to his opponent tonight, Dusty Griffith. Ever since their original meeting, they have seemingly been building to this rematch. Three weeks ago, we got a glimpse of what we might see tonight.

[On the right is Dusty Griffith, also being escorted by a crew of DEFsec lead by Samuel Grant. He's also joined by the FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey and fellow "White Knights" Frank Dylan James and Sam Turner Jr. In contrast to the "professional" look of Kai Scott, Dusty is dressed down in a grey work shirt, blue jeans, boots and has a duffle bag slung over his shoulder.]

DDK:

And due to the chaos that has ensued since Edward White's powerplay, DEFIANCE Head of Security, Wyatt Bronson has ordered both the champion and challenger be placed under constant protection by DEFsec's finest.

[The split screen fades after a few moments and we're back to a shot of Keebs and Angus.]

Angus:

Nice of Mayberry to get all gussied up in his gameday finest like a true professional. Has the guy ever heard of a tie?

DDK:

I thought you would appreciate someone who didn't do the suit and tie deal?

Angus:

I don't really care, just saying. It is kind of interesting seeing the glaring differences between those two guys. So who do you got tonight?

DDK:

Honestly, I don't know. What I do know is, we've got Lance Warner standing by with a very special interview.

[Cut to backstage.]

A Big Damn Response

[Cut away from Angus, Keebs, and the arrival footage of Dusty Griffith and Kai Scott to the interview area near the Gorilla position. Close up on Lance Warner, decked out in a sharp-lookin' suit and a red, white, and blue tie. He's got a microphone in hand.]

Lance Warner:

DEFIAfans! With me at this time, by request, the Big Damn Heroes!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The camera shot pulls back to reveal Rayne and Troy, minus Elliott, standing on either side of Warner. Neither looks pleased. The Queen stares just off camera, eyes narrowed in an unforgiving glare. The hard line of her jaw shifts just once, as if grinding teeth on whatever detail from Tuscaloosa she's dwelling on. Otherwise, she remains composed and resolute. Her husband, on the other hand... well, composed is not on his menu this evening. Rayne shifts back and forth on his feet, taking deep, calming breaths - though there isn't much calm to be had. His lips are pursed and a scowl blankets his face. He inhales and balls his right hand into a tight fist; on the exhale, his fingers spread wide. And again. Meanwhile, Warner is doing an admirable job of remaining professional.]

Lance Warner:

Lindsay, Tyler, thank you for joining me. I have to admit, it almost feels odd seeing the two of you without Wade.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't worry about Wade, Lance. He's around. You know interviews aren't really his thing.

[Lance nods, remembering when his colleague Christie Zane tried to interview the 'Heroes during the Canada tour and Wade was having none of it.]

Lance Warner:

Last show in Tuscaloosa--

Tyler Rayne:

Last show?

[His head snaps up and he impales Lance with a look that would bring the toughest men pause.]

Tyler Rayne:

Last... show...

[He turns his head with a hate-filled grimace across his face, his gaze falling upon Troy and the small reminders of the beating from last week still healing on her face. She gives him a knowing smirk in return. Rayne chuckles, just a little. He looks back to Lance with a smile, but there is no joy behind those eyes. The interviewer waits a few seconds to see if he's going to finish the thought, but he says nothing else. Lindsay gives Lance a small nod of permission to continue.]

Lance Warner

Last show in Tuscaloosa, the Legitimate Businessman's Club challenged you two and Wade Elliott to a trios match only to ambush you all on the way to the ring. Di Luca made tonight's Southern Heritage Title match with Wade during the aftermath. Is he ready for this title shot tonight?

Lindsay Troy:

Wade was born ready for a fight. It'll take more than a sneak attack to keep him down for the count. I'm sure Dentari, Di Luca, and Rinaldi were real pleased with themselves back in 'Bama, though, and I'm not saying we didn't walk out unscathed...

[She points to her face for emphasis.]

Lindsay Troy:

...but I've seen my teammates damn near tear each others' limbs from their bodies, twice. Their battles made the LBC's attack look like a playground squabble. Children throwing sand around in a tantrum because they didn't like it when my foot upside Di Luca's head told 'em I don't run with...what was it Dentari said?

[She breaks off for a moment to think.]

Lindsay Troy:

My kind?

Lance Warner:

Something like that.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah. Props to Alceo for peeping Wikipedia and finding out where the blood in my veins comes from, though I guess it never occurred to him to figure out why my last name isn't very Italian-sounding. Or why I've never made it a habit to run with "my kind."

See, Lance, I've taken great pains to put as much distance between me and "my kind" as possible. Don't think Dentari and Co. are the first group of big bads I've said "no" to, or that I haven't caught this kind of mugging before as a result. Now, I'm not gonna stand around and give a history lesson because it doesn't really matter here.

[For the first time since she started talking, Troy looks right at the camera.]

Lindsay Troy:

But I do know what you're about, Alceo, and I know exactly the kind of people you run with. So let me tell you who's riding down this road with me.

I cast a real wide net when it comes to me and mine. It's not about blood, and it's not about lineage. I look out for who I look out for, I run with who I run with, and I keep an eye on them all. And those who wanna pull some fuck shit don't tend to make it far without something comin' back to 'em three-fold.

I don't expect you're thinking what happened in Alabama solves a damn thing. I figure you believe your group's got some kind of advantage now. But here's what I **know** for a **fact**. You three are on the fast track to becoming some very bad statistics, 'cause I don't play these playground, jungle gym games. Neither does Tyler. And neither does Wade.

[She impales the camera lens with a very serious look.]

Lindsay Troy:

You want to stand on my road and be a roadblock? Throw some tacks on the pavement? Grab your goons and put fists to flesh? Wish granted.

You, and everyone else, will learn the hard way that you don't come for me unless I **send for you**.

[A final, definitive word from the Lady of the Hour. Lance looks over to Rayne, who seems to have calmed a bit while his wife was talking. He runs a hand over his mouth, across the rough perma-growth of stubble on his chin.]

Tyler Rayne:

Now see, shit like that, is the kinda thing that makes ya love a woman. Point of fact, that's why I'm here. Before we came here, I was done, man. I accomplished all the things I ever wanted to in this business, and more. Figured I earned a break. But DEFIANCE came callin'. Uni asked me to come with her. Country, for his part, grunted some nonsense that's about as close as he gets to agreein' when she asked him. So I pulled the boots outta storage. For them.

[He looks down at his hands and turns the wedding ring on his finger a couple times before looking back up to the camera.]

Tyler Rayne:

Y'all seen me crack jokes and sing songs. Fuck around with the fans. Jovial type shit. Havin' fun. Did the "serious business" thing an eon ago and...eh. It's not for me. Country's good for that now. And Uni...

[He looks at Troy.]

Tyler Rayne:

Well, she makes sure we keep things in perspective. Keep us on track. I'm just here to lighten the mood. But... then ya'll had to go and do what you did. Make things serious. Take all the fun out of it. See, you come after me and mine like that and it gets me thinkin' back to that eon ago and... well, a beating like you gave us, all personal and shit, bleedin' my friends, my family... I gotta take that serious.

So now...

[Rayne shakes his head.]

Tyler Rayne:

No. Not now. Then. Country'll have some fun tonight. But after? [An icy glare settles on his face.] This don't end soon. This'll be long. And this'll hurt. Shit's gonna get serious. No more jokes. No more songs. Just violence. We're gonna bleed each one of ya. Slow 'n intimate like. You'll be in pain, lookin' up, too injured to move, or think. And we'll be there. Watchin'. Watchin' the blood trickle down your face. Watchin' you realize you picked the wrong fight. With the wrong peo... with the wrong **family**. And right after you realize that, when I see that lightbulb click on behind your eyes... when you think it's over... then I'm gonna beat you some more. And some more, until every gods damned man and woman in this company comes to pry me off your lifeless fucking carcass. Then, THEN, I'm going to laugh. And make jokes. And sing. And then... then you'll thank your worthless gods we let it be over.

[The Golden Boy crosses in front of the camera and exits the scene. Troy falls into step alongside him. Lance remains standing in place, stunned.]

[To ze ring we go!]

Jake Donovan vs. Curtis Penn



[At ringside.]

DDK:

Some strong words from Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne.

Angus:

About time they laid it all on the table. Not that it'll make much difference. Tony's gonna wipe the floor with Wade!

DDK:

I wouldn't be too sure of that. We've got a match to call so let's take it to Darren in the ring!

[Cut-to: "DQ" Darren Quimbey, microphone at the ready.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Coming to the ring right now, hailing from the Outer Limits of the Northern Lights, he stands 6'2 and weighs in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen...here is Jake Donovan!

["Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and there's Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in aqua and blue, his hair sporting streaks in various tones of blue. He's got on black cargo pants with aqua streaks running down the side, a dark blue mesh vest top and a sky blue mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo. He slaps hands with the people, hugs the little kids, fist bumps the guys and hugs the girls on his way to the ring. Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a summersault and landing in the ring.]

Angus:

Outer Limits of the Northern Lights?? Is this guy for real with that shit?!

DDK:

[snickers]

Angus:

There's nothing amusing about it!

DDK:

Pretty sure he's doing it just to piss you off.

Angus:

Yeah, well, it's working.

Quimbey:

Now, coming to the ring...

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

Quimbey:

The Former Southern Heritage Champion...

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

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

Quimbey:

Curtis Penn!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope. His, cold, blue eyes stare through his competition but Donovan just glares right back, all his amusing antics of playing to the fans having up and vanished the moment Penn stepped in the ring with him.]

DDK:

You can almost feel the hate radiating off both these guys. One quick note, this is about the most even matchup you will ever see here in DEFIANCE. Both men are 6'2... and 215 pounds, both are former Southern Heritage Champions...

Angus:

But unfortunately, only one of them has a mean streak which means Donovan is screwed unless he grows a pair and take's Penn's head off, which he won't, 'cause then some parent group might make him apologize to all the kids.

DING! DING! DING!

[Collar and Elbow tie up and a quick go behind by Donovan, but Penn with an elbow to the side of the head quickly turns and pulls Donovan into a guillotine, but Donovan blocking the choke by putting his elbow on Penn's shoulder, then taking him up and over with a snap suplex. Both men roll to their feet and an incensed Curtis Penn hauls off and punches Jake in the mouth.]

DDK:

And it did not take long for Penn to discard technique in order to show Jake Donovan exactly what he thinks of him and this match.

Angus:

I have nothing to say, I'm too busy counting all the bad shit I wish would happen to both these guys.

[A furious Jake punches Penn right back, the two exchanging rights and lefts despite the ref's instruction to both of them to open their hands. Penn with a boot to the midsection goes for a suplex only to have it blocked by Donovan who looks for one of his own. Penn with the block this time, breaks the hold and headbutts Donovan in the face, staggering him back and allowing Penn to fire off with a stiff kick to the shin, then the chest, followed by a roundkick to the head that sends Donovan to the mat and Jake quickly rolls from the ring.]

Angus:

Oh sure, run away, what good will that do!

[Penn takes a split second to flash a smirk at the booing fans before rolling out of the ring in pursuit, but Jake just rolls right back inside, pops up to his feet, grabs the top rope and launches himself at Penn who catches him and moves to

ram him into the ringpost, but Jake frantically wiggles free, landing behind Penn to dropkick him in the back and it's Penn who catches a face full of metal.]

DDK:

Jake might want to get his apologies handy if he's about to do what it looks like he's about to do.

[Jake spins Penn around, picks him up and sends him dropping chest first across the barricade right in front of a little kid with his face painted up in purple and green very similar to Donovan's. With Penn down, Jake takes a moment to grin at the kid, tell him he loves the paint and ruffle his hair, before turning his attention back to Penn. Just in time to catch a low blow and a jawbreaker. The refs count is already at seven so Penn yanks Donovan up and rolls him back into the ring before rolling in after him.]

Angus:

What an idiot! Why didn't he just roll in and let Jake get counted out?

DDK: Maybe he's not ready for the match to end yet. Think about it, we haven't seen the Curtis Clutch and that's how this whole mess started.

Angus:

No this whole mess started because Jake Donovan didn't know how to mind his own business and Curtis Penn is an asshole.

DDK:

Yeah well, I meant besides than all of that.

[Penn quick to put the boots to Donovan, kicking him in the back and stomping his left arm before yanking Jake to his feet and right into a hammerlock suplex and Jake is clutching his arm and rolling on the mat in obvious pain. While Penn mocks him, a sick smirk on his face before he rolls to his feet and kicks Jake's already injured arm.]

DDK:

And this is what Jake needs to look out for, Penn already softening him up for any number of armbars in his arsenal.

[Penn pulling Jake up and into a hammerlock, but Jake reverses it and rolls Penn up for good measure.]

1...

[Quick kickout from Penn]

Angus:

And that was an idiot move from Donovan, all that did was piss Penn off.

DDK:

Who knows Angus, maybe that was his plan all along.

[Both roll to their feet, Jake with a smirk of his own as he gestures something at Penn who just cocks his head to the side and flips off Donovan. Donovan rolling his shoulder a bit and rubbing lightly at his arm before locking up with Penn in a collar and elbow again, which Penn immediately modifies to a side headlock, but Donovan backing him them into the ropes before shoving Penn off and into the ropes. Penn rebounding, only to nearly be decapitated with a dropkick. Donovan into the ropes, springboard moonsault, Penn rolls, Donovan lands on his feet and is right there with a Superkick when Penn regains his footing. Donovan going to work stomping the shoulder and arm of Penn now, much to the delight of the fans.]

DDK:

Turnabout is fair play and both these guys have a variety of ways to screw up someone's arm.

Angus:

Yes, but again I ask you, which one is willing to break an arm if that's what it takes to win.

DDK:

I think we all know the answer to that, but I, for one believe that Jake Donovan is perfectly capable of beating Penn without having to resort to those kind of measures.

[Donovan setting up an armbar but Penn quick to stick a foot on the bottom rope and force the break. Donovan breaks clean, for about as long as it takes for him to roll to his feet and dropkick Penn right in the shoulder and Penn sent tumbling between the ropes. Donovan follows him outside with a summersault plancha, catching Penn just as he was trying to regain his footing and both men are down in a tangle of arms and legs as the ref begins his count.]

Angus:

And that is the problem right there with all that flippy do shit, Donovan could just as easily take himself out as he does Penn.

[Jake quick to untangle himself from Penn and pull Curtis up, but Penn surprises Donovan with a throat strike and a belly to belly suplex and Penn is pissed! Curtis Penn rolls to his feet and stomps on the arm and chest of Jake Donovan several times before spitting on him! Penn rolls into the ring quickly to break the count before rolling back outside again and the look in his eyes is positively evil. Penn uses the arm he's been working over to drag Donovan around to the steps and stretches his arm out on it before stomping Jake's arm. Jake clutching it in pain while Penn just laughs and pins Jake's arm to the steps again, this time so he can slam his knee down onto it before grabbing Jake by his multi-colored locks and ramming his face into the steps as well. Once, twice, three times, and Penn mocking Donovan now, taunting the dazed young man before dragging him back into the ring.]

DDK:

I think Donovan might be in trouble right here, Penn has dragged him to the center of the ring and he's got a firm grip on that arm...

Angus:

God damned Kimora...

[Donovan countering the Kimora attempt by grabbing the heavy fabric of his cargo pants, making it impossible for Penn to lock it in fully. Penn scowling as he ceases his efforts to lock in the Kimora and decided to unleash a barrage of punches on Donovan instead before making a cover.]

1...

2...

[Jake kicking out and Penn flips off the ref as he climbs to his feet, waits for Donovan to get up before looking to blast him with a roundhouse but Donovan catches the kick, steps through and sweeps Penn, turns him over and locks in a Scorpion deathlock.]

DDK:

Now that is one we haven't seen from Donovan since his rookie days with AOD.

Angus:

Hurmph! All that hair dye he uses, he's proolly colored his brain and forgotten half his moves.

[Penn forced to fight his way to the ropes for the break, and Donovan in a rare show of temper, holds on for the count of three even after ordered to break.]

DDK:

Is it just me or are we seeing a bit of a crack in Jake Donovan's otherwise good natured façade?

Angus:

I told you it was all an act!

DDK: That or Penn has just pushed him too far.

[Donovan staying on the attack, drops an Axe kick on Penn's shoulder as Curtis starts climbing to his feet, driving Penn back into the mat. Donovan follows it up by dropping several knees on the same shoulder before locking in a chicken wing. Penn flailing, desperate to reach the ropes and the ref is right down there in his face, asking if he wants to give it up. Penn with several expletives for the ref before finally brushing his fingers across the bottom rope. It seems to spur Penn on as he struggles enough to grasp it, forcing Donovan to break the hold.]

Angus:

See, now THAT'S where the painted up little freak should have continued to hang on to the hold!

[The referee backing Jake away from Penn, allowing Curtis to get back to his feet. As soon as he does, Jake goes right back on the attack, grabbing the arm of Penn and turning it into an arm wringer. Penn counters into one of his own, then follows it up with a hammerlock, bringing Jake up onto his toes to try and relive the pressure and Penn takes a page out of Jake's playbook from earlier in the match by quickly rolling Donovan up.]

1...

2...

[Kickout!]

[Both rolling to their feet, Penn a little faster grabs Jake's arm and shoots him into the ropes, looking for the back body drop as Jake comes off, but Jake flips over his back and lands on the other side of him, catching Penn with a boot to the midsection as he turns around. Jake quickly hooks him and executes the flipping piledriver and cover.]

1...

2...

Angus:

Holy...

DDK:

NO! Penn kicked out!

Angus:

That was a cunt hair away from a win for that little flippy do son of a bitch and damn it all to hell, I don't want either of these guys to win. Why doesn't someone just come from the back and take both these assholes out!

[Jake eyeing the ref with shock, holds up three fingers and the ref just holds up two in response. With a groan, Jake drags his hand down over his face, smearing sweat and paint everywhere before he turns his attention back to Penn who is slowly shaking the cobwebs out.]

DDK:

Jake better think of something here, he's wasting time, which is just helping Penn out more.

[Jake hauling Penn to his feet, whips him into the corner and follows him in with a high knee to the jaw, then monkey flips Penn out of the corner. Donovan into the ropes, comes off with a springboard moonsault and he hooks the leg.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!!

Angus:

All that and he still couldn't get the job done. He's useless I tell you. Useless!

[Jake just scrubs his hands over his face, flaking off more of the paint, frustration evident in his eyes, as he climbs to his feet, pulling Penn up with him, but Penn with a stiff forearm from out of nowhere, stuns Jake, then knocks him backwards with a push kick, staggering him, giving Penn the opportunity to nail him with a superman punch and the fans, who moments before had been on their feet cheering, begin to loudly boo. Penn twists his head, cracking his neck, that cold, sadistic look filling his eyes again as he grabs the arm he'd been working on earlier in the match and drapes it over the bottom rope before dropping all of his weight on to it.]

DDK:

You can see the pleasure Penn is getting from causing Donovan pain.

Angus:

And that's why Jake won't beat him. That's why he **CAN'T** beat him.

[Penn kneels on Jake's arm and pulls back on it, and Jake is screaming in pain, kicking his feet, but Penn just grabs the hair on the back of his head and slams his face into the mat several times, leaving a smear of paint behind. Penn laughing as he lets go and Jake is holding his shoulder, rolling on the mat now while the referee admonishes Penn for having grabbed the hair. Penn just waves him off however and stalks Jake, kicking and stomping the shoulder and neck of Donovan while waiting for him to try and stand.]

DDK:

He'd be better off staying down, rolling out of the ring, anything but...

[As soon as Jake climbed most of the way to his feet Penn was there with a modified Curtis Clutch, locking it on tight, then locking his legs around Jake's body, forcing him to carry all of Curtis' weight.]

Angus:

He's gonna tap, that useless little flippy do freak is gonna tap!

DDK:

This is incredible, Penn is showing tonight just how versatile that move truly is!

[Donovan staggered, stumbled, unable to see where he is going he struggles to stay on his feet and keep his feet moving until he crashes into the ropes, forcing the ref to order the break. Penn releases him for long enough to blast him with a forearm to the back of the head before throwing him face first to the mat. Penn with a stomp to the back of Donovan's head before looking to lock in the Clutch again]

DDK:

It's over here, it has to be, there is no way Donovan can keep fighting this without seriously risking his career.

Angus:

In that case tell him to crank harder damnit! Crank harder!

[Donovan straining for the ropes, brushing it with fingertips as Penn locks it in and begins to sit back on it, wiggling, lurching, able to get his fingers around the rope before Penn fully cinch it in fully and sits all the way back, forcing the ref to order Penn to break the hold once again.]

DDK:

Holy shit and Jake bailing out of the ring as soon as Penn lets go. That might be the safest place for him.

Angus:

As long as they stay the hell away from me!

[Penn follows Donovan out to the floor and grabs him by the head, ramming it into the railing, then snatches a drink from one of the fans and dumps it over Donovan's head.]

DDK:

There is no reason for that! Penn is just out to humiliate Jake now!

Angus

How is that different from what Donovan does to himself every time he comes out here looking like that?

[The ice in the drink must have woken Donovan up because he drives a shoulder into Penn's midsection, making enough room between them to allow him to turn. European uppercut rock's Penn's head back and Jake with a standing dropkick sends Penn back first into the barricade and Penn just slumps there as Jake rolls to his feet, breathing heavily and leaps up onto the ring apron. Penn staggers to his feet and Donovan leaps into the ropes, corkscrew summersault senton sends both men crashing to the floor and the people are on their feet.]

HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!

Angus

Someone tell those people to shut the hell up damnit, I can't hear myself think!

DDK:

I think Donovan did as much damage to himself as he did to Penn, look at the way he's holding the back of his neck. It looked like he landed across Penn's knee.

Angus

That's what he gets for jumping off the damn ropes like a tie dyed spot monkey!

[Both men are slow to get to their feet and stagger towards the ring, sliding in just under the ten count with the fans clearly cheering a staggering Jake on. Penn getting in Jake's face, shoving him, Jake retaliating with a wild haymaker, but Penn ducks and catches him in a rear waistlock before taking him up and over in a brutal release German suplex that leaves Jake face down on the mat.]

DDK:

Donovan might be out cold after that!

[Penn quickly straddles his back, hooks his arm and beneath his chin, locking in the Curtis Clutch for the third time and this time there are no ropes within reach as they are almost in the center of the ring when Penn sits back on it, wrenching Jake's head back until all he can see is the lights.]

DDK:

My god, Penn looks like he's trying t pull his head off.

Angus:

Toss it over here so I can kick the paint offa it!

ARGG!!!

[Donovan's free arm is waving frantically, searching for anything to grab on to but there is nothing around him but air and Penn just leans back more, yelling at Donovan to tap.]

DDK:

He's gotta give it up here, he has to! Curtis Penn just might end Jake Donovan's career if Jake doesn't tap!!

[Jake kicking, writhing, reaching with nowhere to go finally reaches up and taps frantically at the arm across his neck!]

Angus:

I knew it! I knew that little painted freak wasn't gonna survive it!

DDK:

Curtis Penn with a third Curtis Clutch on Jake Donovan and for all of Jake's effort, he was not able to survive it this time!

[To add insult to injury, Penn maintains the hold for several more seconds before releasing it and raising his arms high amongst the loud protesting boos of the fans. With sweat pouring down his face, Penn mocks Jake before spitting on his fallen foe and stalking out of the ring.]

Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by submission. Curtis PEEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

Pullin' For Ya

[Backstage.]

[Dusty Griffith is taping his wrists in his dressing room, focused on getting his mind right for the main event. There's a light knock on the door and the sound of someone testing if the door is locked. Dusty glances up, shouts "Yeah?" and goes back to taping up.]

[The door opens and Dan Ryan walks in, blocking the door.]

[Dusty looks up, his body tenses while trying to get a peek around Ryan to see if he came with friends.]

Dan Ryan:

No one else. Just me.

Dusty Griffith:

Can I help you with somethin'.... legend?

Dan Ryan: [Completely stoic.]

Nope. I just wanted to let you know.... [Ryan takes a few steps in, getting within about a foot of Dusty Griffith.] ...I'm pulling for you out there tonight.

Dusty Griffith:

That a fact?

Dan Ryan:

It is.

[Ryan stays in Griffith's face for a beat, then backs away.]

Dusty Griffith:

Is that all?

Dan Ryan:

It's enough.

[Ryan says nothing more, but keeps an intense glare on Dusty as he goes back through the door and out of sight around the corner.]

[Dusty keeps looking at the door as he goes, then sighs deeply, shaking his head.]

Dusty Griffith: [Muttering.]

Bastard.

Rich Mahogany vs. Romero Antiguas



DDK:

Well, folks, it's time for a grudge match in the purest of senses.

Angus:

THIS NEVER HAD TO HAPPEN, DAMMIT! I hate when two guys I like fight!

DDK:

Rich Mahogany, one-third of the Angel City eXXXpress, saw in newcomer to DEFIANCE Romero Antiguas a kindred spirit. Antiguas saw in Rich Mahogany a nuisance who would not leave him alone. Over the past few weeks, Antiguas has cost Mahogany DEFIANCE gold AND hospitalized his fellow ACX member, "Pretty" Pete Whealdon. Mahogany is a guy who likes to have a good time, but if he's ever been out for blood, TONIGHT has to be the night.

Angus:

I saw Rich backstage earlier tonight. He's gonna do what he's got to do. But I honestly don't know if Romero's here to win a wrestling match. He could have given a damn last week against Pete. I'd say even money that he's here to try and cripple Mahogany.

DDK:

Maybe, but this is PPV. Antiguas' W/L record isn't the best. He wants to be rid of the ACX, and I think to do that, he's got to win tonight. He needs to show DEFIANCE what he can do. This is the big stage, Angus. Let's see what the kid's got.

[Darren Quimbey is in the ring, ready to get this show on the road.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles contest, scheduled for one fall! Introducing...first.

[The disapproval of Darren Quimby is made apparent as "Tonight" by Enrique Iglesias hits the arena's speakers, the impossibly and irritatingly catchy pop hit heralding the arrival of Romero Antiguas. The man who emerges from the back wears traditional trunks in the Mexican tricolor. He sports abdominal muscles that make women the world over swoon. And, perhaps most forebodingly for the future, he comes bearing a microphone, and he's not afraid to use it. Seeing this, Darren knows to step back.]

Romero Antiguas:

Hombres y mujeres, tonight, I settle an important piece of business and MOVE ON WITH MY LIFE. And so, I have deemed you all worthy of the FULL Romero Antiguas Experience!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A smiling Antiguas saunters down the aisle way, winking at female fans here and there. Many shoot him back disgusted looks, but there are more than a few swoons and blushes. Hey, you can't teach six pack abs, right? Personality, maybe. Abs? No.]

Antiguas:

I come to you all from San Diego, California, by way of the greatest city on this planet, Monterrey, Mexico! I stand five feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh in at 225 lbs, but let's face it, ladies, the only measurement that really matters to you is what I've got in my trunks, now isn't it?

[A cascade of jeers follows, but sharp-eared listeners can pick out the approving shrieks amongst the boos. He mouths a number - what it is isn't picked up by cameras, but a few female fans in the front row gasp.]

Antiguas:

Soy misterioso, peligroso, y delicioso...hombres y mujeres, I AM ROMERO ANTIGUAS!

[With a smirk on his face, the Mexican DEFIANT rolls into the squared circle, and begins preparing himself for the battle ahead. The microphone is placed carefully on the ring apron as Antiguas stretches out.]

DDK:

Cocksure as always, but he looks ready for this thing tonight. Primed and good to go.

Angus:

He's got a lot of the tools. Just no experience. Or, rather, not much.

Quimbey:

And, HIS OPPONENT!

[Cue "Love Man" by Otis Redding. Rich Mahogany walks down the aisle, all business - well, MOSTLY business. He only flirts with ONE girl on his way to the ring, which for him might as well be a record.]

As he advances on the squared circle, Romero Antiguas is there to meet him.]

Quimbey:

FROM --

SMACK!

[That sound? Just the sound of Rich Mahogany throwing a RIGHT CROSS TO THE GODDAMNED JAW. Romero is back up almost immediately, anger written on his face, and it is decided that the bell should PROOOOBBBABLY be rung.]

DING DING DING!

[Romero Antiguas and Rich Mahogany both have the same idea. As it turns out, that idea is, well, an eye poke.]

Antiguas & Mahogany:

OWWWWWW!

DDK:

You know, in all my years in wrestling, I don't think I've ever seen that!

[Both men try to shake the pain out of their eyes, It is Antiguas, though, who manages to do so first, firing away with forearms to the face. Mahogany buckles under the onslaught, and Romero quickly shoots him into the ropes.]

Angus:

This isn't going to be pretty, folks.

[Romero rears back for a clothesline, but Rich ducks. Coming to the opposite side of the ropes, he leaps, twisting in mid air as he springs towards Romero for the, well...]

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD BITCHSLAP FROM RICH MAHOGANY!

[God help us, one and all, but it gets a pop, too. The man in the banana hammock gets back to his feet, pumping his fist, and even throws in a little Fargo strut. Old habits die hard.]

Angus:

Give him Hell, Rich! You can do it!

[Mahogany mounts the downed Antiguas, opening up with a series of left and right hands. Romero pushes Rich back, only for Mahogany to charge right back in for more. Antiguas, though, plants his boot in the charging Rich's solar plexus to buy more time.]

DDK:

He's not exactly the best technician in the world, though. Antiguas may be better trained, experience be damned.

[Romero surges to his feet, clapping both hands over the ears of the chest-hair laden Mahogany. Disoriented, Rich is easy prey as Antiguas leaps into the air and PEGS Rich in the face with a picture perfect standing dropkick. As one might imagine, posing ensues.]

Angus:

Everything he does, he does WELL. Dammit, why'd you have to be a dick to Rich? The ACX could have been UNSTOPPABLE as a four man team!

[Antiguas slaps his hands together, as if wiping his hands with the matter of Rich Mahogany entirely. Romero fires off pinpoint stomps to the chest and head of the downed Rich, before moving into position. With an arrogant kiss of his bicep, he drops an elbow, and then holds the position for a cover.]

ONE!

KICKOUT!

[Mahogany throws his shoulder up, to which Romero offers a shake of his head.]

DDK:

This kid really does have the tools to succeed - IF he gets out of his own way.

Angus:

Rich is fighting for Pete, though! Don't count him out!

[Antiguas picks Mahogany right back up, and lifts him up in a bear hug position. Marching backwards several steps, a cackling Antiguas falls back to stun-gun Rich, throat first across the top rope!]

DDK:

I'm not - but I'm getting tempted.

Angus:

I'm not saying it's EASY, but Rich is a vet! He just needs a chance!

[Romero, though, seems to think that this IS in fact over. With a grin, he signals for his Martinete, dragging the ACX member to the center of the ring, before picking him up.]

DDK:

This is the same move that Romero used - THREE TIMES - to hospitalize Pete Whealdon!

[Romero boots Rich in the gut, and quickly sets up for the Martinete. Mahogany, though, pulls back, and sweeps out both legs. Standing over Romero, holding both of his feet, Rich looks out to the crowd, which promptly goes nuts as Mahogany threatens to maul Romero's marbles.]

Angus:

Mahogany has him right where he wants him!

[Antiguas begs off frantically, waving his hands and screaming "NO!" This is considered by Rich for maybe a second, before dropping down to drive his head square into Romero's, well, no-no area.]

DDK:

HEADBUTT TO THE DICK!

Angus:

That's one of Mahogany's most effective offensive maneuvers!

[The crowd seems to know it, too, letting Rich hear their support.]

ONE MORE TIME!

ONE MORE TIME!

ONE MORE TIME!

[Romero Antiguas howls in pain, clutching at his groin even as Rich stands up, beaming out to the crowd, and spreading Antiguas' legs once more for another go round.]

DDK:

Mahogany's found a way to equalize this contest!

[Down goes Rich, and the resultant scream of pain from Romero Antiguas tells the entire story. Rich quickly moves to cover, cinching a leg.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

[Even though Antiguas kicks out, one hand is clutching at his ballsack in the process of the kickout. With Romero in agony, Rich Mahogany stands back up, and gestures down to his opponent.]

Angus:

He's gonna try and put this thing away!

DDK:

Can you IMAGINE how mad Romero Antiguas would be if he loses tonight?! To RICH MAHOGANY?!

[As Romero Antiguas rises, Rich meets him with a boot to the gut. For a moment, the SexPlex appears apparent, but Antiguas blocks the Fisherman's suplex attempt. A second try by Rich is thwarted, and Antiguas shifts his grip, elevating MAHOGANY instead, holding him in a vertical suplex, then dropping him down forward into a chestbreaker

across the knee!]

Angus:

OUCH!

DDK:

Romero calls that move the Heart Stopper! HUGE chestbreaker, out of the vertical suplex position! Mahogany did NOT expect that, and he paid for it!

[Romero, though, looks somewhat less nonplussed that he was earlier. Looking around, he finds the corner post...and to the surprise of almost everyone, begins to head over towards it.]

Angus:

Wait, what? Romero, what the Hell are you doing?

DDK:

Romero's not known as a high flyer! He looks pissed, though. He must want to lay some heavy duty hurt down on Rich Mahogany here, with whatever he's got in mind!

[Slowly, painstakingly so, Romero Antiguas climbs to the top rope. Once he reaches the top turnbuckle, he pauses for a moment, to ensure his balance. He poses majestically, looking out at the crowd, poised to fly off the top with what he plans to be a beautiful senton atomico.

There's just one problem, though: when he looks at the spot where he knows Rich Mahogany is supposed to be, the hairy bastard just isn't there.]

Angus:

Rich is up, folks!

[Indeed he is, and he is climbing the turnbuckle to give Romero Antiguas a piece of his mind. Romero fires off a right hand, but Rich blocks, and returns fire with one of his own. The two men slug it out on the top rope, neither seemingly getting the upper hand.]

DDK:

Precarious positioning on the top rope! One wrong fall from up here and the contest is over - and possibly worse...

[Mahogany stuns Romero with a headbutt, and then, to the surprise of the crowd, wraps his arms around the waist of Antiguas.]

Angus:

Wait, Rich, the Hell? Super belly to belly suplex?!

[Mahogany lifts Romero up, and leaps backwards, off the top rope. Just what the Hell is in mind is unknown until Rich suddenly adjusts, placing a knee between the legs of Romero Antiguas mid flight.]

DDK:

No. No way. No friggin way..

[Romero himself realizes it too, but too late, a horrified shriek emanating from the Mexican DEFIANT.]

Antiguas:

NO! NO!!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[As the two men hit the canvas, Romero lands crotch first across Mahogany's knee, even before anything else hits. It's a super inverted atomic drop, the first one in professional wrestling history. On impact, Antiguas lets out an ungodly,

unholy scream, and then slumps down and to the side, off of the knee, motionless, mouth frozen in shock.]

Angus:

Holy shit! R-Romero might be dead!

[Rich Mahogany is in a heap after delivering the move, but he sees the downed Romero, flat on his back. Rich crawls over for the cover, throwing an arm across the Mexican.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!!!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Rich Mahogany has done it! He's gained a measure of revenge for his fallen comrade!

Angus:

More than a measure, I'd say. I mean...look at Romero.

[As Mahogany celebrates his victory (by hitting on several women in the front row), Romero Antiguas is unconscious and stock-still. The official looks down at him for a moment, and then waves to the back.]

DDK:

Well, folks, for the second straight week, it looks like we're going to have to call a gurney in after a Romero Antiguas match, but this is NOT the way Romero probably expected it to happen.

Angus:

No shit! He just got inverted atomic dropped OFF THE TOP ROPE! He's got a giant cock and balls! Can you IMAGINE how much that has to hurt with how sensitive that region is?!

[The paramedics file out from behind the curtain, even as Rich Mahogany continues to flirt his way right back up the aisle. Even Darren Quimbey, who one might imagine to rub the salt in Romero's wound, is silent, being respectful.]

DDK:

I...don't like to say something like this, but might this be the last we see of Romero?

Angus:

The Hell makes you say that?

DDK:

Well....he's just been humiliated. In front of the world. He seems like a proud guy. Is he ever going to want to show his face again?

[It is a fair question, really. And as the paramedics begin to roll the motionless Antiguas onto a gurney, to make sure he makes it into an ambulance, and then the hospital, it is one that Romero Antiguas will have to ponder whenever he wakes up.]

After all, he DID just lose to RICH FRIGGIN' MAHOGANY.]

Double-stacking the Odds

[The locker room.]

[Troy Matthews is putting the finishing touches on his ring gear, preparing for tonight's handicap match, while Saori Kazama is brandishing her signature shinai and spouting advice.]

Saori Kazama:

...stick and move is what I'm trying to say. That's going to be the most important part of the match. Jane is quick on her feet, but she's not much for speed, and Corozzo is obviously going to be very slow. If they can't keep up, they can't beat you.

Troy Matthews:

Right.

Saori Kazama:

I'll keep watch on whoever's not directly fighting you, and if they're trying to double-team you, I'll look for a way for you to get some distance between you and them. You want to finish this as quickly as possible, but going headlong into this is just not good planning.

Troy Matthews:

Gotcha. So when Scissor Lock tries to get one of her little holds on me, what's the best plan, distracting Meathead or trying to break her foc...

[Out of the ether, the Bo\$\$ stands in front of the doorway, gazing in on the planning couple, shaking his head.]

Edward White:

How sweet. You two are planning strategies together for a two-on-one match.

[At this point, Saori looks visibly dumbfounded, and it shows as her voice quivers in her speech.]

Saori Kazama:

Well... yes, strategy is usually an important part of a match, right?

[White grins, then takes on a more sinister tone.]

Edward White:

I presume you don't quite understand the subtlety in this, seeing as Troy over here is assigned to a handicap match, it's only fair that that rule is enforced to the letter.

[He then points a finger at Saori.]

Edward White:

You're banned from ringside. If you're seen at all near the ring during that match, both you AND Troy here will be promptly fired.

Saori Kazama:

WHAT?! How DARE y..

Troy Matthews:

Sweets, sweets... it's OK. Let Baby Eddie over here have his bottle for one night. It'll end the same, anyway. I humiliate that oaf in the ring... and then I cut Nicky Corozzo down to size.

[Troy grins back at White, who is not amused at Troy's burst of confidence.]

Edward White:

We shall see. Though I'd make funeral arrangements after facing Nicky if I were you...

[Edward turns and leaves the locker room, leaving Troy and Saori alone to their devices.]

Troy Matthews vs. Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo



Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following TWO-on-ONE HANDICAP match is scheduled for one fall!

[“O Fortuna” by Therion hits, immediately getting a hostile reaction from the crowd just as the song begins. The fervor of the audience rises sharply once the Blood Diamonds' Chief of Security, Nicky Corozzo and Edward White's Personal Assistant, Jane Katze, step out on to the stage.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming to the ring... Representing the BLOOD DIAMONDS... Nicky Corozzo annnnnd Jaaaaane Kaaaatze!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Neither one of them pay any mind to the crowd's entirely negative reaction to their very existence. Making their way down the ramp, Corrozo arrives at the ring first and steps down on the bottom rope while pulling up on the middle rope, holding open the door as it were for Jane to make her way into the ring.]

Angus:

It does not look good for Troy Matthews, Keebs.

DDK:

Katze and Corozzo look ready for business here, but there's something about their faces that is very unsettling...

[As Keebs says, the two take to their corner where Nicky looks ready for business, all stoic and looking to do damage, whereas Jane Katze looks like a predator awaiting her prey... not quite ready for business, more like torture.]

[And then the lights cut. Cue the ominous droning...]

♪ “Look, I know the supernatural is something that isn’t supposed to happen, but it does happen.” ♪

[GUITAR: ENGAGED.]

[FLASHY RED STROBE LIGHTS: ENGAGED.]

[CROWD: ENGAGED.]

[The mist seeps out onto the arena entrance, bathed in red spotlights.]

♪ Yeeeah, Jesus lived his life in a cheap hotel ♪

♪ On the edge of Route 66 yeah ♪
♪ He lived a dark and twisted life ♪
♪ And he came right back just to do it again yeah ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And THEIR OPPONENT, he hails from JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, and weighs in at one-hundred eighty-eight pounds! He is "The Jersey Devil!" TROY! MmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!!!

♪ An eye for and and a tooth for the truth ♪
♪ I ain't never seen a demon warp dealin' ♪
♪ A ring-a-ding rhythm or a jukebox racket ♪

[Troy doesn't bother with the usual niceties. He dashes to the ring, hops onto the apron, and springboards off with a dropkick RIGHT to the mush of Nicky Corozzo.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Troy's starting this off with a bang, and he's going to have to keep quick on his feet if he's going to stand a chance with Saori Kazama banned from ringside!

[Too bad Jane's already gotten the drop on Troy, as she's holding him down by his arms and leaving the barely dazed Nicky Corozzo free to rush in and gets his big mitts on him, with a big old...]

THUD!

DDK:

CHOKESLAM!

Angus:

Nicky's an enforcer, Keebs, not a wrestler. But in this kind of match, that power could make this VERY short.

[Troy's recovered somewhat, but Jane's kicks don't do him any favors, nor does Nicky's muscle. They're on him like lions on a gazelle, and it does NOT look good.]

DDK:

First Troy's without his girlfriend and manager Saori Kazama, and now he's being outright ASSAULTED by Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo of the Blood Diamonds! This is hardly fair, and Troy... well...

STOMP!

Angus:

...is getting the shit crushed out of his body!

[Sure enough, Nicky Corozzo is taking his time, repeatedly stomping on the downed Jersey Devil's STERNUM, causing his chest to visibly cave in.]

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

DDK:

OK, this is enough, can we just stop this?

[And sure enough, Carla Ferrari looks like she's ready to end this, but Jane is snapping a sharp glare at her and screaming.]

Jane Katze:

DON'T YOU DARE! IF YOU CALL THIS MATCH, I WILL HAVE YOU FIRED! I WANT HIM TO *SUFFER*.

[Carla is struggling with what to do, and is only calmed down by the remains of Troy Matthews, looking up to her and waving his hands and shaking his head, as if to say "don't worry, Carla, it's alright." Carla nods to him, but is moved out of the way by Nicky Corozzo as he plants his boot onto Troy's chest.]

ONE

TWO

[And with a nudge, Nicky uses his leg to roll Troy over onto his stomach, breaking the pin and allowing Jane Katze to mount his back, an opportunity she relishes as she stands over Troy, and locks in the Golden Gate Guillotine!]

DDK:

Golden Gate Guillotine! She's got her patented submission hold locked in, and Troy has nowhere to go but to tap! But will he?!

[Carla Ferrari is close by, asking Troy if he submits, but he's waving it off, even though his waves become more and more labored with time.]

Angus:

Man, he's gonna pass out before he taps out.

[Carla signals for the bell, while Troy is absolutely motionless.]

DING! DING! DING!

[The bell sounds the end of this glorified mugging, but the Blood Diamonds continue to attack and destroy their enemy.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

MAIBOITAI!!

DDK:

And Jake Donovan is with him along with Saori Kazama!

Angus:

Ugh, I was trying to ignore his presence, Keebs, GAWD!

[That is, of course, until Saori Kazama brings in reinforcements, as Ty and Jake race down the ramp towards the ring ahead of her.]

DDK:

And Corozzo is ready and waiting for them!

Angus:

But Ty can haz plan?!

[Indeed he... or they as it were... do.]

[Corozzo stands his ground as Jane continues with her attempted murder of Troy Matthews. Walker and Donovan stop at the edge of the ring, share a brief look and a nod before springing up on to the top rope.]

DDK:

DOUBLE SPRINGBOARD MISSILE DROPKICKS!

CRRRRRAAAAASSSSSH!

[The impact of four feets, yes FEETS, hitting their mark on Corozzo's massive chest take one of the biggest men in all of DEFIANCE off his feet.]

Angus:

IN STERRRRREOOOOOH! DOWN GOES COROZZO! DOWN GOES COROZZO!

[Corozzo is up as quick as a man of his size can manage such a feat. It's all for naught as Ty and Jake are up and wailing away on him as they back him towards the ropes and then shoot themselves back to the far side of the ring. The two come screaming back at maximum speed with a double clothesline that topples the giant over the top rope to the floor.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And there's goes Corozzo and he is livid!

[Or as livid as an enormous, cold blooded destroyer can look. Ty and Jake hold him off as Kazama hits the ring with her kendo stick in hand.]

KEEERRRAACCCK!

[And she brings it crashing down on the fleshy part of Jane's arm, immediately earning a loud yelp from the "Sexretary" of Edward White. Jane immediately releases Troy and heads for the hills with Kazama chasing her off, right into the safety of Corozzo's protection.]

DDK:

And Jane is not at all happy by this turn of events.

Angus:

Gee, ya'think? She's ranting and raving at Ty like he done stuck it in her...

DDK:

Let's not go there. Wherever you may or may not have been going with that, let's not go there.

Angus:

Boooo, you're no fun!

[By this time, Corozzo and Jane have since made their way back to the ramp. As the two continue down the ramp towards the back, Jane continues to shoot the evil eyes at all four in the ring, all the way until they both disappear behind the curtain.]

[Meanwhile. Ty and Jake help get Troy up, who looks to be asking for the number of the bus that just ran him over.]

Angus:

So everything about this was awesome... Except Jake Donovan. He still sucks.

DDK:

Whatever you say, partner. If not for Walker and Donovan, who knows what might have happened, but thank god they came out. It looks like there might just be a new crew taking shape here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Yaaaay TY! Booooo Jake FlippyDoonovan!

[We cut backstage after a final shot of Ty, Jake, Troy and Saori standing tall in the ring before making their way to the back.]

That All Ya Got?

[Somewhere near the Gorilla position, the sneaky, greasy trio of the Legitimate Businessman's Club strolls along, Dentari in the front with Di Luca and Rinaldi flanking from behind. The boos from the audience are audible as the three talk amongst themselves.]

Dentari:

So I says to her, "what's does some broad like yous think shes' doin'...."

[The LBC's leader stops mid-sentence, focusing on something that has come across his path. As the camera turns, the arena's boos turn to cheers, and that something is revealed to be one surly son of a bitch.]

Dentari:

Ya know, yous oughta be careful hangin' around our turf all by ya lonesome.

Elliott:

An' you oughta put a lot more horsepower behind that leg if yer tryin' t'put me down.

[The Bad Dog, Wade Elliott, stands up right from the wall he was leaning against, gray t-shirt on his rugged frame. He takes a couple lazy steps forward to meet the LBC, looking Dentari up and down.]

Elliott:

But by the looks've ya I'm guessin' that's all ya got.

Dentari:

I'll be sure ta keep that in mind.

Di Luca:

I could put ya face into the floor again if ya...

[Di Luca is interrupted by the 'Bama Bruiser's upright index finger. Wade keeps his eyes on Dentari as he addressed "Two Hands."]

Elliott:

Keep yer teeth together, boy. I'll git to you inna minute.

[Di Luca's fists visibly squeeze together, though Dentari puts a hand up to keep the psychopath at bay. The LBC's leader looks amused, not like "I amuse you?" amused. Genuinely amused.]

Dentari:

I gotta say, it's strange to see yous wander away from Mother Hen there, Wade. Not feelin' like much of a hero or what?

Elliott:

Nothin' strange about it if ya knew the first thing 'bout me, and since you fuckin' don't, you'd be smart t'know I don't exactly fit the gimmick. But 'nuff 'bout that...

[The Son of a Bitch steps close, looking right to Rinaldi, left to Di Luca, then down to Dentari.]

Dentari:

What? Yous stupid enough to try an' take on all three've us backstage? Not real smart, Bad D...

Elliott:

Shut yer god-damn mouth. Ol' Wade's talkin' now, yer done fer a minute.

[Dentari folds his arms, cocking his head a touch, smug grin on his face.]

Elliott:

You boys ain't smart. In fact y'all've gone and got real god-damn stupid.. I ain't no poster boy fer playin' by the rules, and I sure as hell ain't got a problem fightin' dirty, but nobody, and trust me when I say no. fuckin'. body, puts a foot to Lindsay's head an' grinds her face into the steps an' gits away with it.

Di Luca:

Funny, I sure remember us gettin' away with it.

Dentari:

Me too, an' whassa matta? That tug atcha heartstrings a li'l? How's her hubby feel 'bout that?

Elliott: [Deflecting]

Sooner rather'n later you chicken-shits'll run outta places t'run. Yer gonna have t'pull up yer panties an' face some real rugged music, an' you can bet the god-damn bank that it'll be MY boots on the back've each've yer greasy fuckin' heads.

[Wade leans down a touch, seething fire in the face of the LBC's diminutive leader.]

Elliott:

An' they hit a LOT fuckin' harder'n yours.

[Elliott stands back to full height, turning toward Two Hands, who looks ready to grab a bat.]

Elliott:

See ya in a little bit, son. Bring a couple friends if ya plan on keepin' that belt.

[The Southern Sparkplug turns to Rinaldi, who looks stares at him with a goofy curled lip.]

Elliott: [Growling.]

Th'hell're YOU lookin' at?

[Having said his piece, Wade gives one last glare to Dentari and turns away, taking big slow steps through the doorway and down the hall. Dentari turns to Tony, who gives him a menacing, knowing nod. He then turns to Rinaldi, who does the same.]

[Elsewhere.]

Stockton Pyre vs. Frank Holiday



DDK: Angus, we're about to see a showdown between two DEFIANTS who have become extremely bitter rivals in the last several weeks. Of course I'm talking about Frank Holiday and Stockton Pyre-- **Angus:** Ahem. Train Wreck and Creep Show, if you please. **DDK:** --Indeed. This will be their first meeting in the ring as opponents, although if you recall back to that disastrous tag team match they had with two members of the LBC a few weeks ago, you could make a pretty good argument that they acted a lot more like opponents than partners! **Angus:** Yeah, trying to make Holiday and Pyre get along was kind of like putting nitro and glycerine in the same tube. Obviously Kelly Evans learned her lesson from that failed experiment, and this time she got it right. Make these bastards fight! Fight like dogs! **DDK:** ... **Angus:** What? **DDK:** Let's just throw it to Quimbey! [Do what the man says, production team! Ring announcer extraordinaire Darren Quimbey is in the ring, mic firmly in hand.] **Darren Quimbey:** The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first... [A blast of funky horns and jangly guitar riffs brings the crowd to attention as "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hits the airwaves. All eyes turn to the entranceway and a cheer is already rising as the curtain whips apart, and "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.] [Ring attire for tonight: black trunks with HOLIDAY printed in white across the rear in a style reminiscent of the iconic Hollywood sign, the design seemingly engulfed in blue flames that curl around both hips. He sports white elbow- and knee-pads, turquoise wrist tape trimmed in black, and black boots with turquoise kickpads. He's also wearing a black TRAIN WRECK T-shirt, but he quickly strips this off, revealing his impressively cut physique (this move earns him some bonus squeals from the ladies), whips it over his head like a helicopter blade, and tosses it into the crowd where reaching hands eagerly gobble it up.] [His best friend and manager, Billy Pepper, walks up beside him: hair stylishly coiffed, nattily dressed in a shiny grey suit and polished leather shoes that say he's here for business and an open-collared salmon dress shirt that says he's also here to have some fun. He gives his buddy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.] **Darren Quimbey:** Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper... FRANK HOLIDAY! [As Holiday approaches the ring, he goes into a sprint, hops onto the apron and ducks through the ropes. Billy Pepper remains on the floor and hovers around the corner. Holiday goes to the middle of the ring, looks out approvingly at the fans, and...] **m/** [--throws the horns again to another ovation!] **RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!** **DDK:** The crowd is loving Frank Holiday right now, Angus! **Angus:** I don't understand it. **DDK:** What, that the fans have gotten behind this talented young man? It's no surprise really: he's got charisma to spare. **Angus:** Let's just be honest for a minute here, okay? It was Holiday who picked a fight with Pyre. It was Holiday who rocked the boat. It was Holiday who went through Pyre's bag and stole his notebook-- **DDK:** That accusation has been fiercely denied by the Holiday camp, I should point out. **Angus:** Whatever. If you believe that, you're as crazy as Frank is. My point is, Holiday is the one who's been kind of a prick lately, and Pyre didn't do anything! So why is everybody cheering for this guy? **Darren Quimbey:** And HIS OPPONENT! [Cue the lights and the soft melodic music of Savatage's "Morphine Child."] **Darren Quimbey:** About to enter the arena, from PARTS UNKNOWN, weighing in at two hundred sixty-six pounds, he is "The Gonzo Goliath"...STOOOOOOCKTON! PYRE! [The spotlight continues to focus on the entranceway as nothing of note happens for the first few sections of music. And then, when the music climbs to the crescendo, out from the back explodes Stockton Pyre, arriving to the top of the ramp and producing a double fist pump.] **BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!** **Angus:** See? I just don't get it. **DDK:** Stockton Pyre making his way out of the back and to the ring, and the booing of the fans seems to be getting to the Gonzo Goliath. [Indeed it is, as the masked monstrous man is looking around with a mix of confusion and annoyance at the negative reaction he's

getting.] **Angus:** That's just not fair. That Train Wreck turned everybody against Stockton Pyre! **DDK:** The way I see it, Holiday just tapped into a feeling that was already building among the fans. What's more off-putting than a man who spies on other people and takes up an alliance of convenience with a despicable manager? Believe me, Angus, DEFIAfans don't need anyone to tell them how to react -- they speak their minds, and they're with Frank! [Pyre climbs into the ring, and immediately the two are nose-to-nose with each other. The bell hasn't rung, but Mark Shields doesn't seem all that interested in separating the two men in order to ring the bell.] **DDK:** A lot of hot-boiling emotions ready to explode like they've been sitting too long in a pressure cooker. Frank doesn't like Pyre, he's made that quite clear, and while I'm not sure Pyre was too hot for Frank at the start of all this, he's definitely not happy with the former stuntman now. [Pyre two-handed shoves Frank, who backs up a couple of steps in response. Pyre points at Holiday.] **Stockton Pyre:** Give me back what is rightfully mine! **Angus:** Yeah, I'm sure that'll work, he'll give it back and it'll all be Jesus around here. [Not surprisingly, Frank Holiday steps back up to Stockton Pyre and shoves back, backing the Gonzo Goliath up a step or two.] **Frank Holiday:** You got Lego for brains too? I told you I don't have it! [With a couple of steps of separation between the two competitors, Mark Shields feels like this is as close as he's gonna get to a break to neutral corners, and he signals for the bell.] **DING DING DING!** [Stockton's response is both swift and sudden. He goes from standing to a face-smashing palm strike faster than Frank Holiday can throw up a block, and the force of the palm strike stuns Holiday and spins him around. Looking to take advantage, Stockton locks the hands around Frank's waist, but Frank is quick to throw his arm into Pyre's hands, causing Stockton to drop his grip. An elbow to the side of the head by Frank adds emphasis to the counter and stumbles Pyre. Frank, instead of following up on the advantage, points right at his adversary as Stockton recovers from the elbow.] **DDK:** Frank with some good scouting work, knowing Stockton's trademark offense well enough to counter the Opening Statement-- **Frank Holiday:** You know how I scouted that one? I watched a fuckin' videotape! [Frank follows that up by turning back to the fans behind him and...] **m/** [--throws the horns again to another ovation!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH! **Angus:** Paying for that in 5...4...3... **Billy Pepper:** Frank! Pay attention! [Frank Holiday turns back around...to get clubbed with a lariat, sending him down to the mat.] **Angus:** Did his videotape see that one coming? **DDK:** Clearly not, as Stockton catches Frank with a nasty-looking lariat when he was done taunting. The Gonzo Goliath is all business tonight, and Frank better focus a lot better than he has if he's going to stay in this one. **Angus:** Seriously. All the scouting in the world won't help you if you're an idiot. [For a normal man, a lariat to the face would be a painful order to stay down. For Frank, it was more of a wake up call. Holiday gets back to his feet, and starts swinging wildly as Stockton Pyre approaches, catching him with a right hand and stumbling him. Pyre is only deterred for a few seconds before he comes back and throws a stinging right of his own to Frank's jaw. Frank's head rocks back, but he's not so easily deterred, and he leads the next charge with his fist.] **DDK:** And now we're going to get into the match. Both men brawling in the middle of the ring, and Angus, how do you think this one is going to play out? **Angus:** Both of these guys are brawlers at heart. Pyre's got the size and reach on Holiday, but Holiday's got retard strength and is batshit crazy to boot. If Holiday can neutralize the reach advantage of Pyre, like he's doing now, he can lay a beating on Stockton but good. [Indeed, as Angus speaks, Stockton Pyre is being backed into a corner by Frank Holiday, who's swinging wildly and keeping the fight close to Pyre.] **DDK:** What does Pyre have to do to win this match, then? **Angus:** He has to dictate the pace of this match. We don't know shit about Stockton other than a few months in the ring, but we know he's got some ring smarts and he's probably the better athlete of the two. He's got to feel out Holiday and adjust the pace opposite to what Frank wants. [With Stockton Pyre backed into the corner, Frank Holiday starts to fire off punches into Stockton's midsection, causing Pyre to slump into the corner.] **Angus:** If the Train Wreck wants to go all-out, Stalkton needs to take a powder and slow it down. When Frank wants to slow the tempo, Stockton should push the pace hard. If he can dictate the match to Frank Holiday, then he'll have a shot at putting Frank down. [Frank pushes both of his palms under the chin of Stockton, forcing Pyre's face upward. Pyre, looking for some kind of out, reaches and grabs a handful of Frank's brown hair, yanking his head away from both of them.] **Frank Holiday:** I'm gonna break you open like a pinata, dude! **Stockton Pyre:** You-- urk --couldn't break a twenty! [After a few seconds of this jawjacking, Mark Shields decides to come over and break up the stalemate.] **DDK:** Mark Shields finally deciding to do something about this mess in the corner. **Angus:** Let's be honest, if ol' Mark wasn't bored of them fighting like petulant children, he's let them go. [Shields slips between both men, trying to separate them. He manages to get Frank to stop pushing Stockton's chin, but when he turns to Stockton's right hand to get him to let go of Frank's hair, Stockton reaches behind the ref with his left hand and sucker-punches Frank right in the face.] **BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!** **DDK:** Well then. **Angus:** I know exactly what you're going to say, and don't even start. Frank deserved that shot. [Holiday stumbles away from the corner, shaking his head a little to try and clear his mind after that undefended shot.] **DDK:** If you're assuming I was going to say that was a dirty move by Pyre, then you're 100% right, Angus. How can you call it anything else? **Angus:** He had it coming. Period. And these

biased fans can go to hell too! [Seeing his opening, Pyre shoulders past Shields and lays a double-axhandle smash to the back of Holiday's neck, staggering his opponent even further. Pyre whips him around and throws a right hand to the face, following up with a nasty combination of lefts and rights, each strike targeted with laser focus to batter Frank's face in.] **DDK:** Stockton Pyre is fully in control now, taking advantage of the situation to keep Holiday reeling with those vicious shots! Holiday is trying to cover up, but he's certainly not able to counterattack here. [Pyre keeps up the barrage, backing Holiday into the ropes as Billy Pepper shouts from ringside, trying to get Frank's head back in the game. The Gonzo Goliath pauses only to take a step back... and then he hurls himself forward and lands a thunderous lariat across Holiday's chest, knocking him clear over the top rope to the floor!] **Angus:** YERRR OUTTA HERE! **DDK:** That looked like no fun at all for Frank! But it's looking good for Stockton's chances to grab the dubya here! [After suffering a pretty traumatic bump on the floor, Frank Holiday is none too quick to get back to his feet. Stockton Pyre slips between the ropes and hops down from the apron, stalking his opponent like prey. He grabs hold of Holiday's arm as the Train Wreck is halfway up, and immediately puts a stop to that with an elbow to the neck. Pyre digs in his feet, twists his powerful bulk, and SMASHES Holiday into the guardrail!] **Angus:** Jeebus! The front row just got moved to the third row! **DDK:** Absolutely no remorse from Pyre after that! He wants Holiday beaten, battered and broken! [Holiday is leaned painfully with one arm draped over the guardrail, legs akimbo, sucking breath with an effort. Pyre takes a moment to look around at his surroundings, then shows a small, malicious grin as he gets an idea. Once again grabbing Holiday by the wrist, he plants his feet and starts to hurl Frank toward the ringpost -- but Frank doesn't go far, blocking the whip by clinging to the railing.] **DDK:** Still some fight in Frank Holiday! **Angus:** We've talked about this before: he just isn't smart enough to stay down, Darren. [Showing some frustration, Pyre gives Holiday's arm another yank, but this time Holiday does move -- throwing a lariat of his own that cuts Pyre down to the floor!] **DDK:** What a counter! Using the momentum Pyre was giving him to knock Pyre down! [With both men having hit the floor after the lariat, Frank and Stockton are scrambling to rise at the same time. Holiday reaches for the colorful masked head of Pyre and uses his weight to throw Pyre backward, clanging skull against ringpost.] **BONNNNNK!** **Angus:** Goddamn that looked ugly! **DDK:** I bet you Stockton Pyre is seeing stars right now, and I don't mean the Hollywood kind! **Angus:** Was that a paparazzi joke? Because Pyre likes to watch people? **DDK:** Not bad, right? **Angus:** Leave the horrible jokes to me, okay *partner*? [Whatever Stockton Pyre is seeing, what he feels is some kind of hellish pain in his head, which mercifully was shielded from the impact with a solid steel column by a layer of leather. Holiday grabs the slumped Pyre by his singlet with two hands, drags him off the floor, and effortfully pushes him onto the the apron and back into the ring. Mark Shields backs off from the ropes as Holiday climbs in once again.] **DDK:** Frank Holiday now has the advantage, and for his sake he'd better do something with it. **Angus:** Unlike before. [The Train Wreck has apparently learned his lesson, because there's no showboating on the agenda for now. He pulls the ailing Pyre to his feet and hooks him up for a suplex... but the bigger man rams a knee into Holiday's stomach to stop it going any further, and shoves his way free. Holiday isn't so quick to give it up, though: he comes back with a stiff forearm to the face, again putting Pyre on the defensive. Frank throws a right, a left, another forearm, all finding their mark on Stockton's face, and Pyre finds himself backed up against the ropes, using them to prop himself upright while his head spins.] **DDK:** Frank has him right where he wants him! **Angus:** Do something, Stockton! **DDK:** Holiday backs off a few steps... comes running in with a big knee! NO! Pyre rolled just out of the way and Holiday got nothing but ropes. **Angus:** See? Pyre's still got his wits about him, as always. [Bouncing off the ropes leaves Holiday momentarily off-balance, and it's a moment Pyre immediately seizes on. He grabs one of Frank's flailing arms and hooks it crossing over his neck. Spinning him around, Pyre readies his Enlightenment elbow, and pulls Holiday in -- but Holiday ducks under the bullhammer, and retaliates with a clubbing blow to the back of the neck!] **DDK:** He dodged it! **Angus:** I hate myself for saying this, but... should I be giving Holiday more credit? **DDK:** He must've had that move scouted too, because he had an answer for it, Angus. [Before Pyre can recover, Holiday grabs him by the mask and the tights, and runs him to the side of the ring, launching the big man over the top rope to the floor!] **DDK:** The tables have really turned around here, with Holiday pretty much in control of things. Pyre can plan for a long, long list of scenarios, but one thing Frank is not is predictable. **Angus:** That's just a more diplomatic way of saying Frank is making shit up as he goes along. **DDK:** Regardless, it's Stockton Pyre on the floor now, and Holiday looks like a man with a light bulb over his head. [Frank hesitates, looks down to ringside where Pyre is trying to pick himself up, then cracks a big, toothy grin and gives a battle cry!] **Frank Holiday:** YOLO, bitch! [He charges into the far ropes, rebounds at double speed, and dives head-first through the near ropes--] **THWUMMMMP OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!** **DDK:** NO! **Angus:** Crash and burn, baby! Ahahahaha! Pyre got the hell out of dodge and Holiday just ATE FLOOR like it was a FLOOR EATING CONTEST! **DDK:** We've been talking about how well Holiday prepared for Pyre, but give credit where it's due: Pyre was very well prepared for Holiday too, and you can bet he's been waiting for Frank to pull a move exactly like this. In one fell swoop, Pyre can take this whole thing back again! [Billy Pepper, hanging back some

distance, is going ballistic at the sight of his friend flattened on the ground like a car crash victim. After taking a moment to catch his breath, Pyre picks up Holiday by his hair and rams him head-first into the post. Holiday recoils, and it's at that moment that Pyre shoves his head back down, into the apron.] **Angus:** Like you said, Darren, Pyre's taking the advantage to Frank, viciously and violently. [Holiday recoils again, and then flops face-first on the apron. Pyre wastes no time in spinning Holiday around so that his back is facing the apron, and then he starts to push on his upper body, bending it like a bow over the apron.] **DDK:** Pyre just leaning into the body of Frank Holiday, using his considerable power to inflict pain on the former stuntman. [And Holiday is indeed in pain, growling at the pain in his back. After a few seconds, Frank slips a knee in to the side of Stockton Pyre, releasing some of the pressure. Pulling his legs up, Frank uses both legs to shove Pyre backwards, and he lands back-first against the barricade. Both men slump against their respective hard surfaces, recoiling from the impact on their bodies. Mark Shields doesn't seem interested in counting either man out, but he's mentioning to both that they should get back in the ring.] **Angus:** And it seems that turnabout is fair play again, as Holiday used some more of that retard strength to free himself and hurt Stockton Pyre at the same time. [Frank is the first to recover from his back soreness, and he walks over and grabs Stockton in a front facelock.] **DDK:** Frank could be looking for a big move here. [Throwing Stockton's arm over his own head, Frank takes a deep breath, grabs the multi-colored tights of Stockton Pyre, and with a mighty heave, takes him over with a vertical suplex on the floor mats.] **DDK:** ...and he hits it on the floor! **Angus:** But who got the worse of that? **DDK:** It's hard to tell, both of them appear to be in pain. [Both men writhe on the floor in pain, and for the time being seem less intent on hurting each other and more keen on crawling their own way toward the ring.] **DDK:** Referee Mark Shields has been pretty lax about the ring-out counts so far, which is just as well, since it's pretty obvious that Stockton Pyre and Frank Holiday came into this event with one solitary goal: to beat seven shades of crap out of each other. **Angus:** You've got to respect that. You don't have to respect them. But you have to respect that. [Both Pyre and Holiday, using the ring apron for support, manage to drag their hurting bodies off the floor and under the bottom rope at about the same time. Holiday is just a shade quicker to pick himself up, though. On hands and knees, he grabs for Stockton's head and fights to an upright position. Pyre tries to engage in some kind of lockup, but Holiday's having none of it: he bats Pyre's hands away, scoops him up, and drops him HARD across the knee with a backbreaker, adding to the damage already inflicted to Pyre's back. As Pyre lay on the canvas, Holiday grimaces as he gets up again, his own battered muscles giving him grief. But it only delays him a second before he leaps in the air -- and comes down with a legdrop across the blue and red mask of Stockton Pyre.] **DDK:** Holiday lands a good one on Pyre... and there's the cover! **ONE.... TW- KICKOUT Angus:** Barely a two on that one before instinct, or reflexes, or some kind of Lego mechanism caused Pyre to get the shoulder up. **DDK:** In spite of the punishment they've both inflicted on each other so far, neither one of them wants to stop yet. [Undeterred by the short count, Frank picks up Stockton Pyre and grabs his arm. Planting his feet, Frank whips Stockton Pyre to the corner. Setting his feet again, Frank charges hard with a jumping splash, but Pyre's out of the way just in the nick of time, and Frank eats a face full of turnbuckle for his efforts.] **Angus:** Another one! Man, Frank is an expert at the ugly crash n' burn style of pro wrestling! [With Frank leaning chest-first on the buckle, Pyre stalks Frank in the corner. Reaching for the middle rope with both hands, he drives his shoulder into the small of Frank's back in an inverted shoulder thrust. He does this several times, each time eliciting an audible gasp of pain from Frank Holiday. After several of the shoulder blocks, Pyre relents on his grip on the middle rope, allowing Frank to stumble backwards reaching for his back. This leaves him wide open for a waist lock, and then a BIG release German Suplex, dropping Frank on his neck and shoulders.] **Angus:** I guess you could say that was a Delayed Statement, huh Darren? **DDK:** Took Stockton a while, but he did finish his combo! [Pyre stands up and, instead of going for the cover, grabs Frank by his hair and pulls him to a vertical base. Stockton reaches down for the scoop, but Frank counters and rolls Stockton up into a small package!] **DDK:** Small package! **ONE.... TWO- KICKOUT DDK:** That came out of the blue, but Frank came close to having him there. **Angus:** Must be Holiday's reptilian brain taking over, because that was all survival instinct there. [Both men scramble to their feet, but Pyre is up slightly quicker, and he's the first to act, driving a knee into the guts of Frank so hard that it takes him off his feet and back down to his knees. Reaching down and grabbing Frank again, he pulls him up to a standing position, gets a firm grip on Frank's hair (to moderate protestation from Mark Shields) and hits Frank with a headbutt that stumbles the former stuntman. With Frank stunned, Stockton is now able to successfully scoop Frank up and pick him up into an over-the-shoulder position.] **DDK:** Pyre showing very good power and stamina at this point in the match, being able to lift Frank up over his shoulder. [Pyre walks over to a corner, then turns, runs into the center of the ring, and PLANTS Holiday with a running powerslam.] **Angus:** He shook the ring with that one, thunderous powerslam! **DDK:** Pyre with the cover! **ONE.... TWO..- KICKOUT DDK:** Holiday out the back door. Still alive and kicking, at least for now! **Angus:** I'm sure Stockton is hurting, but he's got to remember to hook the leg there. He's got Frank in a compromising position, and he needs to do all he can to finish him now before he retards-up. [Pyre stands over Frank Holiday, who is crawling to his feet. Pyre makes the "finished" motion with

both arms. Picking up Holiday once again, Pyre scoops him up again, but this time he turns Holiday upside down and DROPS him with the Paradise Lost!] **DDK:** Paradise Lost! Frank is in big time trouble here! [At ringside, Billy Pepper is frantically slapping the apron and shouting encouragement.] **Billy Pepper:** Frank! You can beat this! [Pyre crawls over for the cover.] **ONE.... TWO..- KICKOUT** [Pyre wastes no time, pulling Frank Holiday to a seated position and locking in a chin lock, using all 270 lbs of his weight to lean on the neck of Frank Holiday.] **Angus:** Pyre needs to be on the attack here, not locking in this wear-down hold. He's got Frank on the ropes, he should be going for the throat. That Inferno, that Enlightenment elbow, something vicious and finishing. **DDK:** We don't know a ton about Pyre's previous experience before DEFIANCE, but with a move like this, it stands to reason that he seems a bit lost on how to finish Frank off. Maybe he's trying to regain his bearings as well? **Angus:** You may have a point. Pyre does things methodically. Once he figures this guy out, he's going to finish him off for good. **DDK:** In the meantime, that massive weight of Pyre resting on Holiday's back can't be doing any favors to the Train Wreck. [Holiday doesn't remain idle in the chinlock for long before he starts squirming around, testing Pyre's grip. He manages to twist enough to get a knee under him, and then gets a foot planted on the canvas. Pyre, sensing he's losing control of the hold, starts to crank on the neck, and this forces Holiday down, but only for a few seconds. With Billy Pepper's shouted moral support at ringside, Holiday digs deep, fights against Pyre's weight and brute strength with some brute strength of his own, and he forces them both to a standing position, Pyre's arm still wrapped around the neck. Then, reaching back for Pyre's head, Holiday drops down on his ass -- breaking the hold with a jawbreaker.] **DDK:** Frank Holiday managed to get free of that hold, but how much did it take out of him? **Angus:** You can't just bounce back from the kind of impact Pyre's been putting on Holiday in the last few minutes. But Pyre looks a little thrown for a loop himself after that counter! [Holiday indeed looks the worse for wear, nursing his back and his neck, but he manages to get to his feet. Pyre is shaking the cobwebs and picking himself up as well. Pyre seems to recover first, throwing a wild right hand at Frank -- but Frank ducks it, lets Pyre spin himself around, then hooks his own arm around Pyre's shoulders and delivers a Russian legsweep to put him on his back again.] **DDK:** What a back and forth battle we have going on here. **Angus:** And ol' the Train Wreck is starting to feel the surge, Keebs! [Holiday, however, isn't done. He rolls to his hands and knees, hauls Pyre off the canvas before the Gonzo Goliath can mount a defense, and hooks him up for another suplex. Straining battered and sore back muscles, Frank heaves Pyre to a vertical position... but instead of dropping him backward, he drops him forward instead, into a sitout front suplex, driving Stockton face-first to the mat!] **DDK:** Holiday is gaining momentum here! **Angus:** Oh great: the strength of Samson and the brain of a cat. **DDK:** He rolls Pyre over and covers! **ONE.... TWO..- KICKOUT** **Angus:** Not quite! [Not wasting time at this juncture, Holiday picks Pyre up, scoops him up -- way up -- into the air before thrusting the big man to the mat with a high-angle bodyslam that shakes the ropes. Then, with a wild-eyed expression, he heads to the corner and starts to scale the turnbuckles.] **Angus:** What is this lunatic thinking? **DDK:** He's hoping to try something that's going to pay off in a big way! [As the crowd buzzes in anticipation, Holiday gets to the top turnbuckle in a crouch, steadies himself carefully, then stands upright, gazing down at the horizontal form of Stockton Pyre... And he leaps!] **WHAAAMMMMM!** **DDK:** He LANDS the flying elbowdrop square across the chest of the Gonzo Goliath! Frank Holiday goes for the cover! **ONE.... TWO.... KICKOUT** [There's an audible groan from the crowd.] **DDK:** Not quite enough to put Stockton Pyre away, Angus! **Angus:** You think Pyre is going to give Frank Holiday the satisfaction? I say never! [As Pyre tries to get his hands and knees under him, Holiday moves off a few steps, shaking his head and muttering to himself, as if trying to work out this problem out loud. Billy, down at ringside, waves his arms to try and get Frank's attention.] **Billy Pepper:** Don't let up on him, Frank! You've got him now! [The message seems to get through to the Train Wreck. Holiday turns, sees Pyre struggling to his feet, and goes into a three-point stance. He kicks off at a dead run and goes for the spear-- but Pyre spins around and catches Holiday full in the face with a knee! Holiday flops to the canvas, holding his head.] **DDK:** That momentary lapse in focus cost Frank just now! Pyre had the chance to recover and he more or less coldcocked Holiday in motion with that NASTY knee strike. **Angus:** Finish him off, Stockton! [Pyre sees his chance and takes it. He heaves Frank off the canvas, grabs him by the arm and sets him up one more time for the Enlightenment!] **DDK:** Goes for it a second time-- **WHAAACCKKK!** **DDK:** And gets all of the bullhammer elbow this time! **Angus:** I don't know if even that can "enlighten" a warped mind like Holiday's, but it can surely put his ass down for the count! [Stockton Pyre drops to make the cover...] **ONE.... TWO.... TH- KICKOUT** **DDK:** Frank with the shoulder up! **Angus:** Are you kidding me?! **DDK:** Billy Pepper looks like he's about to have a heart attack over there, and even Pyre seems to be on pause for the moment, wondering what else he has to do. [Holiday rolls away from the scene of the near-fall and finds himself under the bottom rope, his head and arms draped over the edge of the apron. He appears to be clawing at the apron fabric like an animal.] **Angus:** It's official, he's lost his marbles. He's trying to climb the drapes, downward. Or something. **DDK:** Not sure what this is exactly we're-- hold on a second, Angus, he's reaching for something under the ring. What could... [A ringside camera zooms in on his hand as it

emerges from the apron fabric.] [A notebook.] **Angus:** I FUCKING TOLD YOU! **DDK:** Is that Pyre's-- **Angus:** Of course it is! Frank fucking LIED to Stockton Pyre's FACE! [Now in possession of the infamous notebook, Frank Holiday scrambles to his knees, turns around, and holds it up in front of him for Stockton Pyre to get a nice eyeful. Billy's jaw drops. Pyre's jaw drops too, but after a second his mouth turns into a scowl of anger. But before he can charge at Frank Holiday, Frank tosses the notebook into the far corner. Stockton, like a puppy, ignores Holiday completely and whirls on his heel to keep the notebook in his sight. He dives for it and snatches it up like a piece of treasure.] **DDK:** Pyre got his book back, but Frank is sizing him up! **Angus:** Look out! **WHAAAAMMMMM!!** **DDK:** Pyre turned around just in time to get SPEARED out of his boots! **Angus:** Don't you see? Holiday was keeping that diary of Stockton's as his ace in the hole! The ultimate distraction so he could get the upper hand! **DDK:** Frank Holiday proving to be a lot craftier than Pyre -- or anyone for that matter -- expected him to be... It looked to me like even Billy was surprised when Frank pulled that book out! [With Pyre flattened by the spear, the notebook sits on the canvas where it had flown out of Stockton's hands. Frank Holiday stands over Pyre, wearing a self-satisfied grin, then looks out at the roaring crowd and contemplates their raucous cheering for a moment. Then he holds up one palm vertically, and slams his fist sideways into it.] **DDK:** He's giving the signal! **Angus:** Oh Jesus Christ no! [Holiday stoops down, heaves Pyre off the mat, then boosts the big man up across Holiday's shoulders. With a strenuous groan, Frank rocks back before thrusting Pyre forward and down with the bone shattering TRAIN WRECK!] **DDK:** There it is! Holiday drops down and hooks the leg! **ONE.... TWO.... THREE! DING DING DING Darren Quimbey:** Your winner... FRANK! HOLIDAY! [The crowd goes bonkers as referee Mark Shields raises Frank Holiday's hand. Billy Pepper slides into the ring to join him, but he's wearing a baffled expression as he points down at the notebook on the canvas.] **DDK:** The notebook was a deciding factor tonight as Frank Holiday gets the fall on Stockton Pyre. **Angus:** Yeah, because Frank was being a sneaky little fibber when he claimed he didn't know anything about the notebook going missing in the first place. That thing is Pyre's kryptonite, man! [Holiday scoops up the notebook and wags it over the fallen Pyre's face. Then he ducks through the ropes and heads up the aisle, with Billy Pepper following after him. Pyre starts to get up, and very quickly sees red as Holiday holds his precious book aloft, taunting him.] **Frank Holiday:** Look what I found, Lego Head! What a coincidence it was under there, right dude? **Stockton Pyre:** Get back here! That belongs to me! [Pyre is gripping the top rope, gnashing his teeth, as Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper disappear through the curtains.] **DDK:** One thing's for sure, Angus: in spite of the outcome of this match, you can bet this score is far from settled.

HYPE#2 - Preparing for Battle

DDK:

Quite the turn of events.

Angus:

Holiday had that stupid diary gimmick the whole time, who knew? Aside from me, of course.

DDK:

Of course. I shouldn't be surprised, this is DEFIANCE, where this sort of thing happens nightly. Still, I'm kind of surprised that Frank Holiday had possession of Stockton Pyre's journal the whole time.

Angus:

So what's next, the So-Hurr?

DDK:

Sure is, but first, we take another peak backstage.

[Cut to another splitscreen shot of Kai Scott on the left and Dusty Griffith on the right.]

DDK: [v/o]

Where the participants of tonight's main event are beginning to get themselves ready for the biggest match of their lives.

[Kai Scott is seen wrapping his knees and ankles wrapped with the help of a DEFIANCE staffer, who he appears to be sharing a few words with the randomly nameless employee. Meanwhile Dusty is set by himself on the floor, with his head down and back against the corner of the locker room, he is mostly naked except for a pair of long shorts and athletic tape wrapped on his hands and wrists.]

DDK: [v/o]

Some say Dusty Griffith should and would be the champion today, if not for interference on behalf of Kai Scott when they fought in Japan. However, there are many people who question if Griffith can handle a completely focused and ready to fight, Kai Scott.

[The shot cuts back to Angus and Keebs.]

Angus:

Yeah, and I'm one of them. Mayberry was a fool to save him from Dan Ryan last week, yeah sure, it was a nice story of a challenger making the save like that, but what does it really get him?

DDK:

Honor, respect, the satisfaction of knowing that if he beats Kai Scott tonight, he did it while the man was at his best.

Angus:

What a big bowl of **meh**! Take the advantages when and wherever they come.

DDK:

Speaking of taking advantage. The LBC sure took advantage of an opportunity to strike when the Big Damn Heroes least expected it.

Angus:

Aye Kay Aye, they handled business and now Tony Di Luca defends the Southern Heritage Title against a beat up Wade Elliott.

DDK:

And it's coming up... next!

Wade Elliott vs. Tony Di Luca



[Back to ringside where Darren Quimbey is standing in the middle of the ring.]

Quimbey:

Our next contest, scheduled for one fall, is for the Southern Heritage championship!

TITLEMATCHPOPRAA

Angus:

This. This right here is gonna be a barn burner, Keebs. Where's that popcorn guy? I gotta stock up before this gets under way.

DDK:

One has to question whether or not Wade Elliott really is 100% after the attack by the Legitimate Businessman's Club last time out. I know he says he's never felt better, but it's not like 'The Bad Dog' to show any sign of weakness.

Angus:

'The Bad Dog' was left licking his wounds after the number Tony, Vinny and Dentari did on him and the rest of the Big Damn Heroes. He can't be 100%, and neither can Troy or Rayne.

DDK:

Whatever their conditions I'm sure it won't be long until we find out for definite...

Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger...

RAAA

Lynyrd Skynyrd.

"Still Unbroken."

[The loud, countrified licks of Lynyrd Skynyrd hit the speakers hard, and the arena is soaked in a bath of red, white and blue flash bulbs, pulsing with the music. Out strolls 'The Bad Dog,' receiving another pop from the crowd. Elliott is completely business, shirtless with steel-toed boots and jeans, the stars and bars bright on his left pec. He starts down the ramp, Troy and Rayne flanking him from behind, thunder in the eyes of the 'Bama Bruiser.]

♪ Broken Bones, broken hearts, stripped down and torn apart, ♫

♪ a li'l bit of rust, I'm still runnin'... ♪

Quimbey:

Standing Six feet, four inches tall and weighing in at 257 pounds...

[A proud confederate flag waves on the big screen as the music slows, light show dimming a touch.]

DDK:

And out comes The Southern Sparkplug! The DEFIAfans have warmed up to this trio in quick fashion.

Angus:

He fits the bill. And 100% or not, Wade is definitely one bad mamma jamma.

♪ BUT I'M NOT HOME, I'M NOT LOST! ♪

♪ STILL HOLDIN' ON TO WHAT I GOT! ♪

[The 'Heroes reach the ring, all three climbing to the apron. Wade alone steps through the ropes as the music lifts.]

Quimbey:

THE BAD DOG...**WAAAAAAAAADDEEEE EEEEEELLLLLLLIIOOOOOTTTTTT!!!!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

♪ STILL ALONE! STILL ALIVE! ♪

♪ STILL UNBROKEN!!! ♪

[Skynyrd continues to hammer the crowd, light show pulsing wildly over the crowd while Wade climbs a ring post and throws a heavy fist in the air. Eventually the music begins to dim, and the Blue Collar Brawler takes his place in his corner. Troy and Rayne stand behind him outside the ropes, not offering words or advice. All three just stare up at the entrance ramp.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent...

BOOO

[Preemptive boos fill the arena as the familiar big band kicks in.]

♪ How lucky can one guy be? ♪

♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪

♪ Like a fella once said ♪

♪ Ain't that a kick in the head ♪

[And out onto the stage saunters Tony Di Luca, closely followed by 'Big' Vincent Rinaldi and everyone's favorite Italian-American Stereotype Alceo Dentari. It's immediately clear they're not coming down to the ring simply for moral support either, as Vinny discards his navy blue monogrammed track jacket at the top of the ramp and Dentari already has the

sleeves of his shirt rolled up to his elbows.]

DDK:

Would you look at the smile on the face of Di Luca?

Angus:

That's the smile of a man with a plan, Keebs!

DDK:

I'd hate to think what's going through his, or the other members of the LBC's head right now.

Angus:

Are you including Rinaldi in there? Because I'd wager the only thing going through his head right now is the theme tune to 'The Magic School Bus,' and he's probably getting the lyrics wrong.

Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Alceo Dentari and Vincent Rinaldi, from Brooklyn, New York, he weighs in at 245 pounds...

[Looking like he doesn't have a care in the world Tony struts his way down the aisle towards the ring containing his challenger. Wade squeezes his fists at his sides. He was ready for this hours ago.]

Quimbey:

He is the Southern Heritage Champion... TONY 'TWO HAANDS' DIIII LUUUUUUUUUUCAAAAAAAAAA!

[Still with that smile on his face, Tony grabs a hold of the stars and bars faceplate and shakes it a little as though to say 'look what I got.' Elliott curls his lips and nods as he watches Di Luca head to the steps and climb up to the apron. He even backs off a little to allow Tony to enter the ring, but 'Two Hands' seems a little reluctant to do so when Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne both vault over the top rope take a step forward upon landing in the ring.]

Angus:

Woah woah woah, they're not involved in this thing! Hey, Doyle, get them the hell back out of there!

DDK:

How can you say they're not a part of this? They became very much a part of it when the LBC targeted all three Big Damn Heroes in Tuscaloosa.

Angus:

'Targeted' is such an ugly word... can't you say something more like...

DDK:

Assaulted?

Angus:

No, 'repaid'... because that's what they did. They repaid the insult suffered at the hands of Lindsay Troy and the rest of the Big Damn Heroes.

DDK:

A slight understatement, but we'll just skip past that, shall we?

[Benny Doyle puts himself in between the Big Damn Heroes and the Legitimate Businessman's Club and even manages to convince Lindsay and Tyler to back down slightly and give Tony enough room to enter the ring. The Southern Heritage champion does so and is closely followed by Alceo and Vinny, who stand shoulder to shoulder (Or shoulder to elbow in Alceo's case) with their associate.]

DDK:

That's a brave man putting himself in the middle of these two warring teams... especially with Dentari and Rinaldi clearly ready for a fight themselves.

Angus:

Nah, they're just hot, Keebs. I heard the A/C was broken in their dressing room. Probably sabotaged by one of those Big Damn Hoodlums.

[After Tony unclips the Southern Heritage title from his waist he hands it over to Benny Doyle, who holds the belt up for all to see. Doyle hands it off to the time keeper at ringside while Elliott and Di Luca exchange words in the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

Come on, Doyle, you can't turn your back on this for a second.

[The words soon evolve to something more physical as Di Luca pie faces Elliott, drawing a reaction from both Rayne and Troy. Rinaldi and Dentari are right there though to get involved, and soon all six wrestlers are pushing and shoving in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

I'd say something about being unable to have nice things, but I don't think I really need to...

[After practically throwing the belt into the hands of the timekeeper Doyle hurries back and inserts himself into the shoving match in the middle of the ring. Fortunately The Big Damn Heroes take notice of him and back away from the fracas, but that just leaves them open to verbal taunts from the Legitimate Businessmen who still want to fight.]

DDK:

Just a reminder folks, this match is a one on one contest between Wade Elliott and Tony Di Luca, because you wouldn't know it by looking.

[Finally Doyle manages to calm the situation down enough that his voice can be heard over those of the wrestlers in the ring. Doyle points to the outside and orders everyone but the champion and the challenger to leave the ring. Troy and Rayne seems to oblige the order, but they don't exit until Rinaldi and Dentari start to do the same.]

DDK:

Troy's not taken her eyes off of Dentari since he came out here...

Angus:

And Rayne hasn't stopped baring his teeth at anyone with slicked-back black hair...

DDK:

Doyle's gonna have his work cut out for him in this one.

Angus:

You can say that again.

DDK:

Doyle's gonna have hi-

Angus:

-Don't say it again.

Ding Ding Ding!

[illegible]

DDK:

And here we go! Southern Heritage title on the line!

[With everyone out of the ring Doyle calls for the bell as soon as he possibly can, and it's a good job too as Wade Elliott charges at Di Luca and takes him down with a spear. Elliott adjusts quickly into the mount and brings down a series of right hands to the side of Di Luca's temple.]

DDK:

Elliott explodes into this thing taking Di Luca off of his feet and down to the mat! That's pure frustration driving him right now!

[Elliott's mount doesn't last too long as he climbs off of the champion and pulls him up to his feet. Di Luca pushes Wade away, but that only gives him a second or two of breathing space before Elliott comes right back with a knee to the midsection. With Di Luca doubled over, Elliott controls him with the head and pulls himself in close to lift a series of uppercuts to the chin of the champ.]

DDK:

Elliott puts so much power into those uppercuts, especially when you consider just how little room he's giving himself to work with.

Angus:

That's what happens when you have a lifetime of beating the snot out of other guys to fall back on, but then that's the problem. Elliott's been on this earth more than a decade longer than Di Luca. Age and treachery get you places, but there comes a time when that age starts catching up to you.

[But that time certainly doesn't seem to be now as Elliott forces Di Luca back into the corner with a couple more uppercuts. Elliott leans Tony back over the turnbuckle and drives a back elbow into his jaw. Tony tries to shake off the shot, but he takes a haymaker just as he opens his eyes. Wade follows up with another elbow, then another haymaker before whipping Di Luca out of the corner and across the ring. Di Luca collides with the turnbuckles before getting sandwiched against them by Wade Elliott who follows in with a clothesline.]

[illegible]

[Maybe another DEFIANT would play to the crowd at this point, but not Wade Elliott. No, he prevents Di Luca from slumping to the mat and pulls him from the corner before hooking him up for a suplex. Elliott lifts Di Luca up and holds him...]

[Holds him...]

[...]

DDK:

That's 245 lbs of Italian humanity Elliott's got suspended in mid air!

Crash!

[And that's 245lbs of Italian humanity Wade Elliott brings down to the mat, and hard. Wade rolls over straight into the cover!]

[ONE!]

[T-Before Benny Doyle can reach a two count Alceo Dentari hops up onto the apron and begins yelling in the referee's direction. It's nothing intelligible, mainly 'ay, yo, ay', but it's enough to draw the attention of both Doyle and Wade Elliott. Wade exits the cover and heads over to Dentari, but Alceo slips down off of the apron and takes shelter behind

Vincent Rinaldi. While that was going on Tyler Rayne and Lindsay Troy had also started to make their way around the ring to confront Dentari, and with Dentari back off of the apron they're now being told by Benny Doyle to return to Wade's corner.]

Angus:

Come on, Doyle, get those Hoodlums back where they should be.

DDK:

Where they...? What about Dentari?

Angus:

What about him? He's still where he should be, right there in Di Luca's corner. Not three quarters of the way around the other side of the ring.

DDK:

And what about when he was on the apron?

Angus:

I'm not sure I follow...

DDK:

Of course you don't.

[With a modicum of order restored at ringside Elliott turns his attention back to Di Luca, who has started to get to his feet. Wade grabs the Southern Heritage champion by the ears and drives his forehead into Di Luca's. The force of the headbutt knocks Di Luca back down to one knee, which leaves him open to a knife-edge chop that should ring out around the arena, however its sounds it somewhat dampened by the t-shirt that Tony is wearing.]

Angus:

I've heard sharper chops than that one, but I guarantee that still hurts worse than getting your old John Thomas caught in your zip.

[Another hard chop lifts Tony off of his knee and up to his feet. It's also powerful enough to force him back against the ropes. Wade wraps Tony's arms over the top rope and lifts his T-shirt, baring his chest to the world, and also to the part of his hand that he uses to chop a bitch. Tony howls out in pain as Wade's chops start getting faster and faster.]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOURFIVESIXSEVENEIGHTNINETEN!
RAHH

[Not wanting to take another chop Tony falls between the ropes to the outside, only he's in the wrong part of town as he turns to come face to face with a grinning Lindsay Troy. Tony backs up, but only as far as the also smiling Tyler Rayne.]

DDK:

And here come the rest of the LBC!

[Dentari and Rinaldi hot foot it around the ring to make sure there's no funny business with the Big Damn Heroes, but Di Luca opts to roll back into the ring rather than take his chances on the outside. Doyle orders Dentari and Rinaldi back to their corner as Wade Elliott grabs Tony again, this time with a front facelock. Tony reacts quickly and lifts Wade off of his feet, but Elliott shakes his legs until Di Luca is forced to set him back down again. Elliott hooks Di Luca up for a suplex again and lifts him, only this time Tony reverses it and slips down behind the challenger. He lands on his feet and pushes Elliott towards the ropes. Di Luca pulls Wade back looking for the roll up, but Elliott hangs onto the ropes and thrusts Tony back on his own. 'Two Hands' rolls back into the middle of the ring but gets back to his feet quickly as Elliott turns around. Tony charges in looking for a clothesline, but Elliott ducks and elevates Tony up over the top rope!]

DDK:

Di Luca somehow manages to land on the apron and Elliott hits the ropes! He comes back- HEY!

[With Benny Doyle's attention still being drawn by Vincent Rinaldi, who is still slowly making his way back to his side of the ring, Alceo Dentari takes the opportunity to grab Elliott's ankle as he hits the rope, tripping the challenger up. Elliott turns and slides to the outside where he gives chase to Dentari, who legs it around the ring to the safety of Vincent Rinaldi. While Elliott approaches from the front, Troy and Rayne, who saw the trip as clear as day, approach from behind. Dentari taps on Rinaldi's shoulder and brings his limited attention to the Big Damn Heroes as they get ever closer.]

DDK:

Let's see how the LBC like it when the numbers game goes against them!

[Before Wade can take a swing at either Rinaldi or Dentari, Tony Di Luca baseball slides underneath the bottom rope and connects with the challenger's shoulderblades, sending Wade into the barricade. Troy and Rayne however do get their hands on the Italian-Americans, and it's far from pretty. Rayne and Rinaldi pair off as Troy handily gains the advantage over Dentari. While Lindsay uses her long legs to her advantage and nearly kicks Denari's head off, Rinaldi catches Rayne as he jumps at him and runs him into the ring post spine first. Di Luca pushes Elliott's face against the barricade and grinds it against the steel. Troy stomps away at the downed Dentari, and Rinaldi takes a couple of steps back before trying to squash Rayne against the ring post.]

[illegible]

DDK:

Rayne moved! Rayne moved out of the way!

Angus:

TIMBEEEEEEER!

[Rinaldi connects with nothing but steel, stunning himself long enough to give Rayne a chance to put some distance between them. Lindsay Troy, having heard the thunderous cheers, and probably the clash with the still-reverberating ring post, turns her attention to Big Vinny. Troy nails Vinny with an enzuigiri that sends him stumbling even further back, and right into position for Rayne to hop up onto the barricade and sprint around it. He leaps off and connects with the chest of Rinaldi!]

DDK:

The Last Lament!

Angus:

DEFINITE TIMBEEEEEEEEER!

[Still with Tyler Rayne's knees stuck in his chest Rinaldi falls to the floor, right towards where Dentari lays. The diminutive Italian manages to roll out of the way just in the nick of time to avoid being crushed half to death, but that only means he's now face to face with Lindsay Troy again, and this time she's got Tyler Rayne to back her up.]

DDK:

Dentari better start running.

Angus:

Dentari run? Never.

DDK:

He just ran and hid behind Rinaldi not two minutes ago...

Angus:

No he didn't...

[Before either can get their hands on Dentari, or in Troy's case, before she can get her hands on him again, Di Luca ceases pushing his foot into Wade Elliott's throat and puts himself between Dentari and his would-be attackers.]

Angus:

How courageous of our Southern Heritage champion! He throws himself in harms way to protect his friend!

DDK:

Courageous? He knows full well Rayne and Troy can't touch him or Wade Elliott will be disqualified!

[There is one person however that can put their hands on Di Luca though, and that man is Wade Elliott. He appears from behind and shoves Dentari aside like he's nothing before clubbing Di Luca over the back of the head with a forearm.]

Angus:

Where the Hell did he come from?

DDK:

It's gonna take more than a couple of minutes of oxygen deprivation to keep Wade Elliott down.

[Elliott shoves Di Luca into the ring apron chest first before rolling him to the inside, but Elliott doesn't follow. Instead he turns around to stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow Big Damn Heroes and stare down Alceo Dentari as he gets back to his feet.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Dentari.

[But Dentari doesn't take any shots from anyone as Benny Doyle slides to the outside and puts himself between the Big Damn Heroes and their target.]

Wade Elliott:

Move.

Benny Doyle:

No. This ain't happening on my watch. You [He points to Lindsay Troy.] and you [Tyler Rayne] YER OUTTA HERE!

B000

DDK:

What!? You've gotta be kidding me!

[A cheshire cat grin spreads across Dentari's face as all three Heroes protest Benny Doyle's decision, but it's no good, the official has made up his mind and points to the back.]

Benny Doyle:

I'm not having you out here making trouble. Go. NOW!

Angus:

Good riddance to bad news.

DDK:

How can you say that, Angus?

Angus:

Easy, you just smack your lips together and make noises with your mouth until an agreed upon series of sounds comes out.

DDK:

I mean how can you say 'good riddance' to the Big Damn Heroes? The Legitimate Businessman's Club were the instigators in all this!

Angus:

True or not, they're not the ones starting fights while there's a match going on, and they're not the ones threatening somebody not in the match with a three on one assault.

[Reluctantly, and with a lot of back-talk, Lindsay and Tyler start to make their way up the ramp while Dentari checks on Rinaldi. Elliott shakes his head and continues to protest to Benny Doyle, but Doyle ignores every word as he watches the Heroes make their exit. Elliott finally decides not to complain any more and turns his attention to Di Luca in the ring, who is still clutching at his chest after being driven into the ring apron.]

DDK:

Di Luca's been down for some time now. He could be really hurt.

Angus:

He probably is, and it's disgusting that the match is still going on! He was attacked, from behind, while trying to defend his partner!

DDK:

You must have loved the late 50s, what with all the twisting you do...

Angus:

I'm 38, you dick.

[Elliott slides back into the ring and grabs Di Luca by the head, but Tony springs to life and rolls Elliott up with a small package! Doyle slides into the ring and starts to count!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

DDK:

NO!

[THREEEEEE!]

DDK:

ELLIOTT KICKS OUT! Sweet baby Jesus that couldn't have been any closer!

Angus:

Di Luca was playing possum, Keebs! And Elliott fell for it!

[Both men get to their feet, Di Luca slightly the quicker of the two. He swings at Elliott but the shot's ducked, and Wade retaliates with an uppercut that stuns the champion. Elliott hits the ropes and comes back with one hell of a clothesline that almost knocks Di Luca into another time zone!]

DDK:

Southern Hospitality!

[Elliott rolls Di Luca onto his back and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Dentari reaches into the ring, grabs Di Luca's foot and puts it on the bottom rope...]

Benny Doyle:

Hey!

RAHHH!

DDK:

Please tell me he saw that!

Benny Doyle:

You [this time pointing at Dentari.] and you [and the still recovering Rinaldi.], YEEEEEEER OUTTA HEEEEEEEEEE!

RAHHH!

DDK:

He did! Doyle saw Dentari put Di Luca's foot on the ropes and now he's ejecting the Legitimate Businessman's Club!

Angus:

That racist! Just because they're Italian!

DDK:

No, it's because they're cheating!

Angus:

Now you're the racist! Just because they're Italian doesn't make them cheats!

DDK:

No, the fact that they're cheating makes them cheats, and they're being removed because of it.

[Seeing as they took their time in leaving the ringside area Tyler Rayne and Lindsay Troy still stand at the top of the ramp. Their frowns turn to smiles as Dentari and Rinaldi are ordered to the back, and their malicious laughter must carry down to ringside, because the LBC's attention is drawn from the ring to where the Big Damn Heroes are standing. And as the eyes of the ejected meet it's pretty clear that it's all going to kick off again.]

DDK:

Uhhh, I think we need someone out here.

Angus:

Can we get the Guardians of the Galaxy on staff? Is that possible?

[All action in the ring stops as Benny Doyle and Wade Elliott watch Dentari and Rinaldi sprint up the ramp towards the no longer laughing Troy and Rayne. They clash at the top and start exchanging rights, lefts, elbows, knees, kicks, headbutts and anything else they can throw. After a few seconds the stage is swamped by DEFsec members who separate the brawling foursome and drag them one by one backstage, all while they're still reaching and clawing to get their hands on each other.]

DDK:

This thing has just devolved into... I don't even know how to describe it... hopefully now though we can get a fair

contest between these two.

[A hand reaches out from behind the curtain and grabs a hold of the frame holding it up. Benny Doyle obviously keeps his eyes on it just in case that hands turns into an entire person, but Wade Elliott turns his attention back to Tony Di Luca. Wade closes in on the champion and grabs him by the head.]

DDK:

Watch out Wade, he was playing possum last time!

DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Angus:

OOOOH! Right in the hush puppies!

[Tony Di Luca removes his forearm from between Wade Elliott's thighs, lest Benny Doyle turn around and catch him red handed, and the low blow goes completely unnoticed by the official. Wade doesn't move as he doubles over and grits his teeth in pain... Ok, so he does move, but only after Tony pushes him to the ground and covers him, making sure to hook the leg for good measure.]

Angus:

Someone tell that D-bag to pay attention!

DDK:

I know, right? Di Luca should be disqualified for that blatant low blow!

Angus:

What? No, Doyle should be counting right now, not watching the curtain.

[Tony has to shout at Doyle to turn around, but once he does he starts to count!]

[ONE!]

DDK:

Come on Wade, kick out!

[TWO!!]

DDK:

COME ON!

[THREEEEEEEEE-]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:

YES! Wade kicks out just before the three again!

Angus:

Di Luca should have had him. Why wasn't Doyle in position?

DDK:

Di Luca could have been disqualified several times over already, and Wade Elliott should have the title around his waist after that Southern Hospitality clothesline.

Angus:

Change the track, Keebs.

DDK:

Only if you do too, Angus.

Angus:

Well we both know that's never gonna happen.

[Having decided the time spent in the pin was far too much recovery time, Di Luca grabs a hold of what he can of Wade Elliott's hair and pull his head up to lands a few closed fist strikes to the forehead. Benny Doyle of course warns Tony about them, but the Southern Heritage champion pays little to no attention and continues to measure Elliott with the shots. Doyle reaches a 4 count before Di Luca listens to him and ceases the punching, but only moves on to Wade's hand, where he starts twisting his fingers in all manners of unnatural ways.]

DDK:

Di Luca's just trying to hurt Elliott right now.

Angus:

He's got to. This is the first time Di Luca's really been in control of this one, and Wade Elliott's as tough as they come. It's gonna take some real disregard for his body to hurt him.

DDK:

'His' being...?

Angus:

Elliott's obviously. Di Luca needs to not care what he does to Wade until that bell rings.

DDK:

And the low blow, and the small joint manipulation... that's just...

Angus:

A start.

[Again Benny Doyle reaches a 4 count and again Di Luca stop doing the thing that's making the referee count. Tony rolls Wade over onto his front and digs a knee into his spine before applying a rear chin lock. He pulls Wade's head back causing the challenger to grimace in pain, but clearly that's not doing enough damage, so Di Luca grabs a hold of Wade's nose and uses that to pull Wade's head back further.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Tony returns to the rear chin lock at Doyle's count of three, but then just as quickly adjusts to a fish hook and pulls Wade's head in another direction. This time Doyle forgoes the count and actually grabs a hold of Tony and pulls him off of Wade. Di Luca obliges, but not before putting his foot on the back of Elliott's head and stomping it back into the mat.]

Angus:

Gawd-dayum, was that a curb stomp?

DDK:

Pretty much.

Angus:

That was awesome.

DDK:

That was brutal.

[Benny sends Di Luca towards his corner and orders him to stay there while he checks on Wade, but before he can turn back to the challenger, Elliott has already started getting back to his feet. Tony doesn't let him get any further and rushes in with an axe handle to the shoulder blades, but Wade carries on standing up. Di Luca hits another axe handle, but again Wade shrugs it off. Elliott turns around to face Di Luca and snarls, but Di Luca finally finds something that puts a stop to Elliott's recovery in the form of a thumb to the eye.]

Angus:

You can be as big, and as tough, and as snarly as you want, but if someone goes for your eyes you're gonna feel it.

[Wade turns away and feels blindly for the ropes, which might not be such a good idea as Di Luca follows him and pushes his face against the top rope. He scrapes Elliott's face along the rope towards the corner before turning him and pushing him against the turnbuckles. Now it's Di Luca's turn to hit some shots to the chest, but these aren't knife edge chops, these are just a series of heart punches.]

DDK:

He's gonna cave in his breast bone!

Angus:

Haha! Breast.

[With his hand trembling from the power being forced into it Di Luca measures Wade up for one more punch, but Elliott comes to life and spins Di Luca into the corner. He unleashes with a hard knife edge chop that echoes around the arena.]

WOoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Angus:

Some things are so ingrained in these fans minds that they forget what universe they're in.

[Wade pulls back for another chop but Di Luca, probably sensing the urgency, rakes the eyes of the challenger. With Elliott stunned momentarily Di Luca grabs a hold of him, spins him 'round and drives him shoulder first through the ropes and into the ring post.]

BOoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

DDK:

We should call this guy Tony 'Two Shortcuts' Di Luca.

Angus:

That was terrible...

DDK:

I thought-

Angus:

No. You've lost all talking rights after that horrendous attempt at a joke.

[Tony grabs a hold of Elliott's waistband and pulls him back into the ring, spinning him as he does so, so that Wade slumps against the bottom turnbuckle. Di Luca reaches down and grabs hold of Wade's legs, pulling him into position for a slingshot, but rather than catapult the challenger into the ring, he adjusts his position slightly so that Wade's head is underneath the bottom rope.]

Angus:

Get your camera out, Keebs, dis gon' be gud.

[Tony leans back and snaps Wade upwards, forcing his throat to collide with the bottom rope!]

B000000000000000000000000000000000000!

Angus:

There's no give in the rope that close to the turnbuckle. Wade Elliott just took the full force of that right to the esophagus.

[As Wade Elliott rolls around the canvas clutching at his throat Tony gets admonished by Benny Doyle. Clearly Tony wants to continue with the attack, but Doyle orders him to another corner and tells him to wait there. Di Luca backs off while Doyle checks on Wade Elliott, who pushes him aside as he powers up to his feet. Tony rolls his eyes and charges in, nailing The Bad Dog with a knee trembler to the side of the head before he can stand all the way up!]

[illegible]

Angus:

Get back on 'im, Tony! Don't waste any time!

DDK:

Wh-

Angus:

Ahhh, no, still no talky.

[Tony grabs a hold of Wade's head and pulls him up, jamming his head between his thighs as he does so.]

Angus:

Ohhh, matron.

[Tony grabs a hold of Elliott's waistband again and pulls him up, driving him down into the mat with a pulling piledriver!]

Angus:

That's it! Pin him!

[Tony gets back to his feet and cuts the air with both hands before shouting at the crowd.]

Tony Di Luca:

Imma put this backwards redneck in the fuckin' ground!

B000

Tony Di Luca:

Oh what, you don't like that? Tough fuckin' shit!

[illegible]

[While Di Luca argues with the people in the front row, Wade Elliott sits up in the middle of the ring. He rubs the top of his head and shakes off the cobwebs before getting right back to his feet where he stands behind Di Luca and waits patiently.]

DDK:

Hey, Tony! The South Shall Rise Again!

Angus:

What did I tell you about not talking?

DDK:

I don't care, Angus, Wade Elliott is one tough son of a bitch, these fans are going crazy, and Tony Di Luca looks like he's about to get his!

[Tony realizes something is amiss as the fans laugh, cheer and high five in front of him. He turns around and takes a wild haymaker from The Bad Dog!]

[illegible]

[Tony responds with a right hand of his own!]

BOOO

[Wade throws another punch!]

[illegible]

[Soon the two are trading ham hocks in the middle of the ring.]

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

B00

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

[Wade Elliott hits a series of hard shots that forces Di Luca back into the corner, the plants a boot into his midsection. Wade stomps Tony down to the mat, then proceeds to trample a dirt pit in him and traverse it until it solidifies...]

[If you know what I mean.]

Angus:

BAHGAWD!

[With the fans going batshit all over the arena Wade Elliott backtracks across the ring and waits for a disorientated Tony Di Luca to make it to his feet. He lines him up and charges across the ring, driving his foot into Tony's chest as he does so!]

DDK:

GOODNIGHT IRENE!

Angus:

How isn't Tony coughing his lungs out of his mouth right now?

[Elliott doesn't waste any time in going for any unnecessary covers. No, he pulls Tony up, lifts him onto his shoulder and carries him into the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

Tony might have escaped this a few weeks ago, but he's not going to tonight!

[REBEL YELL!]

[illegible]

[Wade Elliott drives Tony Di Luca into the mat with the spinebuster! He gets the cover and Benny Doyle is right there to count it!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE-NO!]

Ding Ding Ding!

DDK:

Are you kidding me!?

BOOO

[Alceo Dentari rolls off of the pinfall, having just thrown himself onto it and stomps away at Wade Elliott. Vincent Rinaldi meanwhile comes jogging down the ramp like the caboose of a particularly long train and slides into the ring to join his boss in putting the boots to The Bad Dog.]

DDK:

Wade Elliott had this match won, but Alceo Dentari just broke up the pin, and now the LBC are assaulting the man that should be the new Southern Heritage Champion!

[illegible]

[It wasn't ever going to take them long, but still sooner than anyone could have expected Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne sprint down to the ring and slide in under the bottom rope. Vincent Rinaldi turns around and charges at them both, looking for a double clothesline, but both 'Heroes duck the attempt, turn around and nail him with a double dropkick. Rinaldi stumbles back and trips, catching his arms in the ropes as he falls. With Big Vinny tied up Troy and Rayne turn their attention to Dentari.]

DDK:

Look at Lindsay's eyes. She wants Dentari all to herself.

Angus:

I'm sure the feeling's mutual.

[Troy motions to Rayne to let her handle it. He steps aside as Dentari charges in.]

[illegible]

[Lindsay also side steps and lifts a kick into Dentari's midsection, doubling him over. She grabs him with a pumphandle and easily lifts the littlest mobster off his feet, twisting him in mid air so she can drop him down HARD with a neckbreaker! While Dentari rolls to the outside and clutches his neck, Rayne checks on Elliott, who assures him he's fine and gets back to his feet. Meanwhile Rinaldi gets himself untied from the ropes, only to take a clothesline from The Bad Dog which sends him over the top and to the outside!]

DDK:

And then there was one!

[illegible]

[With Tony Di Luca the only LBC member left in the ring, and the Big Damn Heroes surrounding him on all fronts there's only one thing that could possibly happen...]

DDK:

Wade's got him up again!

[Tony tries to fight it, but it's no good.]

DDK:

REBEL YELL!

[Benny Doyle stands helpless in the corner of the ring with the Southern Heritage title in hand, ready to hand it to the champion. Wade Elliott, however, is the one to take it out of his hands and hold it aloft.]

[illegible]

Quimbey:

Your winner, as a result of a disqualification, 'The Bad Dog' WAAAAAADE ELLIOOOOOOOOOOOOOTT!!!!

[illegible]

Angus:

But he doesn't win the title! Tell him, Darren, he doesn't win the title!

Quimbey:

However, STILL DEFIANCE Southern Heritage champion, Tony Di Luca!

B000

[Wade steps over to the downed Di Luca and holds the belt out over his body like some sort of severed head. With furled brow he points to the confederate flag tattoo on his left pec with his right hand before dropping the championship metal and leather onto Tony's chest.]

DDK:

He sure don't look like much of a champion.

Angus:

He is though, Keebs, and don't you forget it.

[Lindsay and Tyler obviously notice the snarl on Elliott's face and step up alongside him.]

Tyler Rayne:

Y'know this is far from over.

Lindsay Troy: [nods in agreement]

Just one more bump in the long road, Drifter.

[Elliott nods as well. "Born To Rise" picks up before we fade to black.]

Speaking More Truth

[Cut to the backstage area.] [It happens to be poor Christy Zane, dressed to the nines complete with her usual revealing top, who draws the assignment of following-up with one of the unfortunate losers of his match tonight. Still in his red and blue wrestling gear, Stockton Pyre is breathing heavy with his head facing downward, and he is literally shaking with anger.] **Christy Zane:** Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest...Stockton Pyre. BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Christy Zane:** Stockton, can we get your thoughts after that tough loss tonight? [Stockton Pyre, who seems unfazed by the revealing outfit of his backstage interviewer, looks up at Christy for a slightly uncomfortable amount of silent time. While no one can see the eyes of the Burning Truth, even viewers at home get a sense of discomfort at this moment of silence.] **Stockton Pyre:** My thoughts, Christy? My thoughts??? What you saw out there was a travesty of justice to the highest order! [Here Stockton half-turns and looks at the camera. Christy continues to hold the microphone, but she is visibly relieved that the attention of the masked man is no longer directly solely on her.] **Stockton Pyre:** [seething, near-yelling] The fact of the matter is I said last show that Frank Holiday had taken my notebook. I knew he had it on him then, but no one believed me, choosing to take his side because he hangs out with the cool fake-Hero kids and wears not-so-funny T-shirts. I speak truth after truth, and I am ignored in favor of the lamebrain who probably needs professional help putting on his own wrestling gear. And lo and behold, when the match was escaping his control and he was inches away from burning in The Inferno, guess what happens? That sticky-fingered hooligan has the gall to pull the notebook...**my** notebook...out from under the ring where he hid it like a stash of drugs right before a street deal. [Stockton Pyre now points his left hand at the camera.] **Stockton Pyre:** That now makes two things you stole from me, Frank. [Here, Stockton points his own thumb at himself, retracting the pointing hand.] **Stockton Pyre:** That Southern Heritage Title shot should have been mine, but you managed to weasel your way into it with deceit and dishonor. That is, unfortunately, a truth I must accept. But let's speak some more truth, Frank...the next time I see you I will settle this matter of the notebook with you, by whatever means are necessary. If you wish to make it to your Southern Heritage Title shot...if you want to be more than just a footnote in the title reign of Tony Di Luca...then I suggest you come to the next show prepared to give the notebook back. Choose wisely, Frank. Your actions will have lasting consequences. [With that, Stockton shoots one more slightly-long look at Christy, causing her to take a step back and withdraw the microphone to her chest. When she has taken her full step back, Stockton turns and walks out the other way. A second after he walks out, we hear the sound of a door slamming, which causes Christy to wince.] **Christy Zane:** [regaining composure in her voice] Back to ringside. [And so to ringside we shall go.]

Mushigihara vs. Frank Dylan James



[The Lakefront Arena is plunged into darkness, save for a few scant golden lights as the Terminator-esque cadence of industrial drums and shattering glass of “Mach 13 Elephant Explosion”, which astute gamers may recognize from the Wii game No More Heroes, blasts through the speakers.]

Angus:

ENTER THE GOD-BEAST!

DDK:

I never knew you liked Mushigihara, Angus. Especially after all the times you called him “fatboy.”

Angus:

Well, Keebs, the truth is... I just think “God-Beast” is one of the fucking coolest things a guy can call himself in this business. Now he’s just gotta prove he’s worth of the name.

DDK:

Well, he’s raised the ire of Frank Dylan James, so if he wanted a test, he’ll get it.

[Amidst the golden smog and lights, the dapper, debonaire, and dashing Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare, Eddie Dante, materializes, surveying the scenery and absorbing the jeers of the New Orleans faithful.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The guitars have crunched their way in, and Eddie jaws off to the crowd, while swinging his cane about, and pointing with his free hand towards the entrance, where a certain monster begins to materialize from the aether. Darren Quimbey is on the scene.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, the following contest is a NO disqualification, FALLS! COUNT! ANYWHERE match, scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring, accompanied by Eddie Dante, he weighs in at THREE-HUNDRED, SEVENTEEN pounds, he is “THE GOD-BEAST...” MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[As the crowd rains their hatred down on the arena, the God-Beast fully emerges, slowly stalking his way to the ring, lead on by his manager. Dante is grinning like a shark seeing blood, while Mushi’s expressionless face quivers in hate.]

DDK:

Mushigihara no stranger to hellacious brawls, having fought that classic Last Man Standing match with Troy Matthews in Toronto, and just BARELY losing, but Troy is a resourceful, cunning thinker that makes up for his small size with

that; Mushi's going into this match with a belligerent mastodon with a mean streak a mile long!

Angus:

I know, isn't it great?

[Mushi makes it to the ring, bouncing off the ropes on either side and having a staring contest with all of New Orleans as the video game music gives way to Terrible Ted.]

DDK:

How do you figure?

Angus:

Well, either FDJ wins tonight, or we get to see Fatboy over here prove that he's as dangerous as Lord Cedardick over there says he is.

[Stranglehold by Ted Nugent.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren "DQ" 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... FRRRRRAAAANNNNNNNNK DYYYYLLLLLLAAAAANNNNNN
JAAAAAMMMMMMMEEEESSSSSS!

[Big Frank comes tear assing out from behind the curtains and power stomping, not walking, POWER. STOMPING. his way down the ramp hootin' and a hollerin' the whole way.]

DDK:

Frank Dylan James isn't even bothering with fanfare, he's dashing to the ring and trying to get this sta... MUSHI'S COMIN' IN!

CRACK

[And by "comin' in," Keebs means "rushing in and lariating the bejeezus out of Hillbilly Jesus.]

DING

DING

DING

DDK:

And referee Brian Slater has started this falls-count-anywhere match, which promises to be an absolute WAR.

Angus:

And when you want someone to officiate said war, Brian Slater is your guy.

[Mushigihara reaches down to James and lifts him to his feet by the hair, before tossing him RIGHT into the nearby guardrail.]

CRASH!!

[Not satisfied with the carnage he's begun to cause, Mushi grabs FDJ again and drags him towards the ringside area, and slams his head firmly onto the ring apron.]

THUD!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

OSU!

[The crowd mostly reacts negatively, but a few scattered fans react with their own shouts similar to Mushi's. Meanwhile, the God-Beast picks FDJ up again by the scruff and points to the closest ringpost, signalling that he's about to send Frank's coconut soaring right into steel.]

Angus:

Man, Fatboy's started this thing up on a tear.

[And with a mighty whip...]

DDK:

Spoke to soon?

CLANG!

[Frank is practically sent FLOATING into the steel, flooring him and leading Eddie Dante to hover a reasonably safe distance from him and gloat, while Mushi panders to the crowd.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Frank Dylan James in a bad way from the get-go, it looks like he's already busted open!

[Indeed, the camera looks in on FDJ's face and we can clearly see that he's bleeding; the Mastodon doesn't quite seem to notice this as he's still reeling from that face-first introduction to the post, but Mushi doesn't seem to care as he stomps on his midsection, adding insult (and more injury) to injury.]

Angus:

Just give it a few minutes until Frank sees he's gushin', then he'll just get MAD.

DDK:

And I'm sure that's your dream scenario, huh?

Angus:

Hey, these guys have a lot of heat between each other and I'll be damned if they settle it with a game of checkers! I want a BRAWL!

[As Mushi picks Frank up and hauls him under the ropes and into the ring, he nods towards Dante and accepts his cane before lumbering into the ring himself.]

DDK:

Be careful what you wish for...

[Mushi stalks FDJ like a lion stalking a wounded gazelle, priming that cane like a sword destined for killing a dragon. As FDJ starts to come to, using the ropes for support, he's met with shot after shot of that wooden cane.]

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

Angus:

I just might get it! WHOO!

[James is now reeling, back to the ropes, but as he sees the blood dropping from Dante's cane, he grins before Mushi can swing again...]

DDK:

DODGES THE CANE!

CRACK!

[...and Mushi hits the ropes and bounces the cane into his own face! Meanwhile, Frank lunges in and starts hammering the God-Beast's skull with lefts and rights of his own!]

Angus:

IT'S A FIGHT, NOW!

[Indeed, FDJ and Mushigihara are now in a full-on scrap, trading lefts and rights, and getting into tie-ups all the while.]

DDK:

They're going at it, and it looks like FDJ is getting the advantage, hammering a HEADBUTT onto Mushi... and ANOTHER headbutt... AND ANOTHER! Mushi on the ropes, Frank with the whip... CLOTHESLINE ON THE REBOUND, but Mushi doesn't move, he just shakes his head and poses intimidatingly at Frank!

Angus:

Frank? Intimidated? Bitch please.

[Mushi slaps his chest and poses again, as if he were daring Frank to try and floor him again. Frank just grins a bloody grin and bounces off the ropes with another clothesline, but no go.]

Angus:

Though fatboy's proving very hard to move right now...

[Mushi flexes one more time, waving his hand in the air, almost as if he were mocking the crowd for cheering FDJ on.]

RAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

[Frank stomps around, asking the crowd if he should try again, only to get even more cheers.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

[And with a grin, he bounces off the ropes again...]

OHHHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[...and gets chunked between the ropes by Mushigihara, who just shrugs his shoulders and points to his own noggin, the classic "I'm smarter than you" taunt.]

DDK:

Dirty pool by the Golden Goliath here!

Angus:

Dirty pool? This match was specifically made with no rulebook so these two big bastards can beat the hell out of each other with no repercussions! That's just smart play by the big guy!

[Mushi has already taken himself out of the ring, following FDJ, who is using the guardrail to pick himself up, seemingly unaware of his adversary's progress. Mushi sees James, and RUSHES IN...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

CA-CRACK!**DDK:**

INTO THE CROWD AGAIN! MUSHI JUST CAME AT FRANK DYLAN JAMES WITH A RUNNING BIG BOOT AND KNOCKED HIM OVER THE GUARD RAIL AND INTO THE CROWD! DEFsec IS ON THE MOVE, TRYING TO KEEP THE FANS SAFE!

[As DEFsec motions for the crowd to move away from FDJ, Mushi follows suit, gesturing for the Hillbilly Jesus to fight him. While making dickish little tap kicks as James struggles to get up.]

Mushigihara:

Osu. [kick] Osu? [kick] [shrug] Hmm, osu.

DDK:

Mushi and Frank are surrounded by the crowd, and DEFsec, and chairs as far as the eye can see! Frank seems to be coming to, holding himself up by Mushi's legs... LOW BLOW!

Angus:

Big mistake by fatboy, giving HILL-BILL-EE-JAY-ZUS a SECOND to get to his feet! FDJ's an animal and fights like one!

[As Mushi doubles over, Frank looks to one of the chairs... picks it up...]

WHAM!

[...and slams it right onto Mushi's back.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

WHAM!**WHAM!**

[James just grins and looks to the crowd surrounding him, as if to ask if they want more...]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

This ain't gonna be good for Mushi...

WHAM!

[He's right, you know.]

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

[At this point, Mushi is favoring his back, and crumpled up on the ground like a sack of meat, which James sees as an opportunity to make a pin.]

DDK:

First cover of the night!

ONE!

TWO!

[Mushi's arm shoots up just in time, and Brian Slater indicates as such to FDJ, who shrugs it off and simply reaches down and grabs Mushigihara by his mask, leading him to his feet.]

Angus:

Couldn't Mushi get unmasked like that? I mean, I doubt it's that big a deal, he's lost his mask before, but...

DDK:

Maybe, but I don't think FDJ would stoop **THAT** low if it were a possibility.

[James waves to DEFsec and the fans to clear a way up the seats, and once he gets that, he leads the God-Beast along, as the cameras and Brian Slater follow.]

Angus:

Where could they be heading now?!

DDK:

Anyone's guess at this point, I think...

[A punch here, a headbutt there, FDJ leads Mushi up the stairs and to the vomitorium of the arena, where he pins Mushi to the wall with a forearm choke.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good for the God-Beast!

Frank Dylan James:

Heheheh...

CRACK!

[WALL HEADBUTTS.]

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

[At this point, the black in Mushi's mask is beginning to stain red, a fact that FDJ sees as motivation to try and unmask the God-Beast.]

Frank Dylan James:

Les'see how bloody ah made you, Fatboy...

[As he tries to grab the laces on back of his mask, Mushi emits a loud grunt, and shoves Frank out of his face, and lunges back into HIS, before whipping him INTO THE WALL.]

SMACK!

[Not missing a beat, Mushi grabs Frank by the hair and DRAGS HIS FACE ALONG THAT WALL, leaving a noticeable streak of crimson to stain it.]

Angus:

Oh, man, that's gruesome.

DDK:

Mushigihara seemingly leading Frank to... a concession stand?

Angus:

Pffft, like that's a surprise coming from Fatboy, right, Keebs?

[Somewhere in the background, Eddie can be seen among the crowd of fans that have gathered in the halls to see this brawl unfold, but as Frank and Mushi make their way to the concession stand, he can be seen making a notable "NOPE" face and walking away.]

DDK:

Eddie Dante's got a history with concession stands in DEFIANCE, his choice to stay out of the way probably proving to be one of his smarter ones.

Angus:

Can't blame him, last time he got in a fight in a concession stand, he need to walk with a cane!

[Meanwhile, Mushi has grabbed a bottle of mustard with his free hand and squirts some of it on the counter, and nods...]

Frank Dylan James:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH DANGIT!!!

[...before squirting the stuff onto Frank's face and rubbing it into his open wounds.]

Angus:

Ohhhhh, THAT'S GOTTA STING.

Mushigihara:

Hmm-hmm-hmm-hmmmm...

[Mushi's got the salt-shaker now, as FDJ is reeling from the burning mustard in his face. Mushigihara spills all of the salt into the palm of his hand, and puts his other to his chin, in a contemplative stance. But FDJ's coming to, and rushes into the big man...]

Frank Dylan James:

FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKK!

[...only to get the salt RIGHT in his eyes.]

Frank Dylan James:

AH CAN'T SEE! WHAT TH' FUCK, YOU FAT SHIT, I'LL KILL YOU!

Angus:

Hey, isn't that some old Japanese wrestling trick, throwing salt?

DDK: [sarcastically]

Yes, just like spitting mist and how that comes from a gland that only Asian people have.

Angus:

I KNEW IT!

[Meanwhile, Mushigihara looks down on the writhing hillbilly, and makes a cover of his own.]

ONE

TWO

Frank Dylan James:

NUH-UH, DAG NABBIT!

[And sure enough, Frank kicks out. Mushi responds to his by popping up to his feet and driving a hard boot RIGHT into Frank's chest and holding it there for a pin attempt.]

ONE!

TWO!

[And yet another kickout. Mushi just shakes his head and reaches down for FDJ's head, only to be wrapped up in the sloppiest small package known to man.]

ONE!

TW--- *nuh-uh.*

[But in the surprise of it all, FDJ seems to have gotten his second wind, wiping all the mustard and salt from his eyes, and kicking Mushi in the back as he rolls to his feet, but the two are back on an even level now, and FDJ is willing the God-Beast on, and once he reaches his feet, he meets FDJ's gaze with a hearty...]

Mushiqihara:

OSU!

Frank Dylan James:

That's th' spirit, boy!

[And cue the punches and travelling back to ringside.]

DDK:

This has been a hell of a ride, Angus, and I'm sure you're enjoying this!

Angus:

Oh, Keebs, I don't want this to end! Mushi's proving himself, and Frank's a monster as always!

DDK:

Well, it looks like we're heading back to ringside!

[Indeed, Frank and Mushi are slugging it out in ringside seating, and eventually spill over the rail and onto the ringside mats... but with Frank on top, and raining blows upon Mushi's head.]

[Frank stops his assault and gets up, and signals to the ring before rolling Mushi in and... climbing the ropes?]

DDK:

Could this be the Mountain Top Knee Drop?! FDJ could end it right here! He jumps...

THUD!

DDK:

HE MISSES! Mushiqihara has rolled out of James' way, and is slowly coming to!

[Meanwhile, Frank is now nursing that knee, which is a bad spot to be in when Mushi manages to come to, and lift the big man up...]

Angus:

Torture rack? That's a new one from Mushi...

[And with a mighty spin...]

THUD!

[Mushi just planted Frank Dylan James with a NASTY neckbreaker.]

DDK:

Mushigihara lifted FDJ into a torture rack, and spun it out into a neckbreaker! Apparently, Mushigihara calls that move the God-Beast Triumphant, or G-B-T! Could that name hold true tonight! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING

DING

DING!

B00000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!!!!!

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner, MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

B00000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!!!!!

[The crushing chords of “Mach 13 Elephant Explosion” kick in yet again as Eddie Dante rolls into the ring and celebrates with his man, holding his arm up high in jubilation when he notices a group filing out from the curtains and down the ramp towards the ring.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

The hell are they doing here?!

DDK:

Good grief, here comes Edward White's DPS agents.

[Eddie Dante scouts the squad of agents, seeing nothing but black suits, mirrored shades, and ear pieces, all of whom appear to be entirely focused on the staggering Mastodon. It takes him less than a second to decide he and his man should make a hasty retreat, before grabbing Mushigihara by the arm and pull him towards the ramp.]

Angus:

Clearly not here for Ed and Mush.

DDK:

And they're beating feet like rats from a sinking ship.

[The DPS agents, a total of eight of them, surround the ring and climb up on to the apron. The two who remained on the ramp, allow Dante and Mushigihara to pass and then enter the ring, where they approach the wounded animal that is Frank Dylan James, who is up and plodding around while holding the back of his neck. When Big Frank shakes some of the fogginess and realizes who is in the ring with him, the outcome is predictable.]

PUNCH SMASH POW!

PUNCH CRUSH BAM!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And he just cracked both of them in their doucheshades!

DDK:

Ol' Frank's still got plenty of fight in him!

[This of course triggers the remaining six DPS agents to flood the ring and rush Eff Dee Jay, who gets them all with a shot coming in, knocking them back. They keep getting up and Frank keeps swinging, but eventually one of them gets him when he isn't looking, then another gets on him, and another and another until all eight of them pile on Hillbilly Jesus.]

DDK:

Keep fighting, Frank!

Angus:

Wait a minute does that guy.....

TZZZZT!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[One of the DPS agents makes with the tazer and drills Eff Dee Jay in the back with it, though the first shot isn't enough to stop the Mountain Man from the Hills of West Virginia.]

TZZZZZT!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Once more in the side.]

TZZZZZT!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And finally, a last shot of the juice in the gut, saps all the fight out of Frank. Four of the DPS agents each take a limb and haul him out of the ring and down the ramp, meanwhile the other four lead the way as they all disappear behind the curtains.]

DDK:

What are they doing?! Where are they taking him?!

Angus:

Something tells me it's nothing and nowhere Ol' Frank's gonna like ending up.

Hedging Bets

[Five minutes have passed.] [There was a commercial, or your stream froze, pretend we have a Diva division and a piss-break match came on; whatever, just, give me five minutes okay? Everybody crapped on the idea of commercials and I need for five minutes to have passed, dig it?] “Hello again, dear Francis.” [That voice belongs to none other than Quadrillionaire Ed.] **Ed White:** How is it that we keep meeting under these circumstances? **riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiip** [That was the sound of duct tape.] **Frank Dylan James:** -aaaAAARRRRRRRGH'M A'GON KEEL YEW YA SUM-BITCH! [Frank strains but is restrained. Electricity flickers at the edge of the screen. The lot of them are clustered somewhere in a dark hallway, far away from the lights and the ring and the crowd. There is an exit sign glowing on the wall with an arrow pointing off-screen.] **White:** Come now, Francis, you know how this goes. Don't fight it. [Frank spits a brown and red gob of muck at The Socialite's feet. It gets on Ed's shoes. He can't be bothered, though, as Hector Perez is on spit-shine duty in no time flat. White continues.] **White:** Now. Seeing as how you and I have something of a history, and your BFF is going to be the target of another of my Financial Power Plays before the night is over, I figure it's best for everyone involved if I just have you removed from the board like the pawn that you are. **FDJ:** Better ya put me in a pine-box, boy, ought-wise this's gon' end bad fer ya. [Frank Dylan James seething, speaking through gritted, broken teeth with spittle flying through his matted beard is an unnaturally eerie sight to behold.] **White:** Who do you think I am, Francis, Eric Dane? [Nicky Corozzo materialises by White's side. White addresses him.] **White:** Nicholas, please, make sure Mr. James is seen out of my building, would you please? [Nicky nods as he leads the DPS crew away from The New Bo\$\$\$. His shoes freshly shined and another piece of business attended to, he makes his way back into the inner-cloister of the building where he can continue the business of the evening.]

Tyrone Walker vs. Angel Trinidad



DDK: Here we are with the next match. And I hate to say this, but things are looking very grim for... **Angus:** MUH BOY TAI?? **DDK:** Yeah, him. This next match has been months in the making. Ever since Team HOSS set their sights on the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles, they made life a living hell for Hookers 'N' Blow. Now, two thirds of that team are no longer with the company due to severe injuries and since then Ty has made it a MISSION to get back at the manager of Team HOSS, Junior Keeling, by getting his hands on him. Keeling agreed to a set of stipulations tonight where Walker will take on "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad in a no disqualification match. If he gets past Angel, he gets five minutes alone with Keeling. **Angus:** OOOOOH! TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENS IF MUH BOY TAI LOSES! **DDK:** It's not as good as you think, Angus. If Angel beats Ty Walker... his contract becomes the property of Junior Keeling as he sees fit. **Angus:** TEAM HOSS AND TY WALKER TOGETHER AT LAST! **DDK:** It's not going to be like that at all, Angus. Junior Keeling has made it his mission to make life a living hell for Ty Walker for months now. He's bragged about wanting to own his contract just to make him do his bidding. He'll probably be forced to be Team HOSS's water boy. Anyhow, we're going to ringside for a match that's not going to be pretty. [And the crowd goes wild for Darren Quimbey in the ring to bring the noise!] **Darren Quimbey:** The following contest is a No Disqualification match and is set for one fall! The stipulations for this match are as follows - If Ty Walker wins, he will get five minutes alone with Junior Keeling! If Angel Trinidad wins, Ty Walker's DEFIANCE contract will belong to Junior Keeling. [The crowd lets loose a loud reaction for the surely physical contest that is to come. And out first...] ["Monster" by Skillet. The crowd booed and hollered as the tallest and youngest member of Team HOSS as he steps out from the back with his third of the Trios Tag Titles in his possession. Nor far behind him is Junior Keeling was at his side, patting the big man on the back as The Rookie Monster raised his title at the top of the stage.] **Darren Quimbey:** First, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling... **Junior Keeling:** STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP! [Darren "DQ" Quimbey did indeed stop when Junior Keeling pulled out a microphone on the top of the stage. He watched as Angel Trinidad continued to raise his title belt and patted his youngest charge on the shoulder.] **Junior Keeling:** Allow MYSELF to introduce MY CHARGE... He stands at close to SEVEN FEET TALL and weighs in at WELL OVER THREE HUNDRED POUNDS... he is one of YOUR THREE DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... [AGAIN, Angel shows off his prized possession.] **Junior Keeling:** He is one third of the reason there is no longer a TexMex Holiday... no longer a Hookers 'N' Blow...and coming soon he will be the reason Ty Walker's contract will belong to ME... please welcome THE ROOKIE MONSTER... ANGEL TRINIDAD! [The crowd booed for Trinidad as he raised his title again for all to see. While this wasn't on the line tonight for obvious reasons, it meant a lot to The Rookie Monster as he paraded around the ring, Junior Keeling took his spot at ringside for the match to come as the music changed over...] ["Black" by Sevendust played next and out came the man... the myth... the Pinball Wizard... Blackimus Prime... The Extreme Franchise... I could fucking go on all night long. But we've got a PPV to keep going and thusly, the crowd loses their shit for the former DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champion at the top of the stage! And along with it, he gestures to his boots. His particular boots...] **DDK:** Those are new boots he has on! He promised that if he could get past Angel Trinidad tonight then he would be putting his boots to work! But to catch a phrase, there's a tall order ahead of him! **Angus:** I've known Ty for a long time and as much as I like Team HOSS, they'll have to do a FUCK of lot to keep him down! TRUFAX! [The crowd is loud and proud for the efforts of The Extreme Franchise as he runs to the ring... DQ doesn't even get to do his in-ring introductions as Angel Trinidad climbs over the ropes and heads to the floor to meet up with Walker! The brawl begins between the two men in the aisleway! Angel grabs Walker by the hair, but some quick thinking allows him to turn the tides quickly...] **DDK:** AN EQUALIZER BY WALKER! HE JUST TOSSED THAT

POWDER IN HIS EYES! [Sure enough, a handful of EVIL POWDER makes its way into the eyes of Angel Trinidad! The Rookie Monster goes stumbling around as Walker starts to get some action going quickly. He blasts Angel upside the head with a series of right hands to stun the monster. He continues to clip the legs of the monster and runs past him in order to go right after Junior Keeling! Keeling tries to run away and the crowd is roaring, hoping that Ty will finally get his hands on the little bastard behind all the attacks and beatdowns of his family and friends over the last few months.] **Angus:** MUH BOI TAI! HE CAME WITH A PLAN TO HANDLE HIS BIDNESS, SON! **DDK:** Junior is running now! No! Ty has him by his tie! [Sure enough as Junior tries to jump over the barricade and head for higher ground, Junior Keeling is stopped when Blackimus Prime has him by the tie and pulls him back over the ropes. On the other side of the ring, Angel is still partially blinded by the powder that was lobbed at him and is reaching out, stealing a bottle of water from a fan. Angel starts to pour the water into his eye to get some of the shit out and wipes himself down with his own shirt.] [Back on the other side of the ring, Keeling gets tossed into the barricade by Walker and now Ty is having a field day with him! He's not going to wait until he deals with Angel – he wants Keeling NOW. He throws a few stomps into his chest and the crowd is loving every bit of it! The beatdown doesn't last long, though. Walker has to stop when he sees Angel coming back at him again after he's properly soaked his eyes. Ty Walker slides away from him as The Rookie Monster goes to check on him.] **Angel Trinidad:** You okay, Mister Keeling? **Junior Keeling:** GO! HURT HIM! NOW! [The Rookie Monster nods and the action finally goes into the ring, but just as Trinidad tries to step inside, Walker is already on him like white on rice – pardon the awful comparison – with a Baseball Slide Dropkick that knocks him upside the head! Walker is already taking in the ovation from the crowd and watches as Angel tries to step inside again. He goes for another one, but this time, Angel sidesteps it. When Walker stands up, he gets caught HARD with a Back Elbow to the face!] **DDK:** Walker had a great game plan at the start, but this obsession that he's had with Junior Keeling has sen him on the wrong end of beatings by HOSS the last few weeks. Case in point now with Angel lobbing him back into the ring where he can control him. **Angus:** And now, HOSS SMASH! [Angus could not be any more right. Angel grabs him with both hands and THROWS him across the ring, sending him flying hard into the corner. Walker is a little shaken from the impact as Trinidad charges with a swing only for Walker to roll out of harm's way! Angel turns around and Ty mounts another offensive with a drilling series of right hands and kicks to the big man as he continues his beatdown. Walker runs off to the opposite corner for more momentum, but whatever he's thinking gets stopped by a BIG Boot to the face from the Bronx native! Ty goes crashing to the ground and Trinidad immediately follows up with a nothing-fancy Elbow Drop to the heart!] [ONE! TWO... NO!] **Angus:** Ty's gonna need to stick and move. Luckily, he's good at that sort of thing. Hitting and quitting. **DDK:** ...Sometimes I don't even know if you're talking about the match or not. [The Rookie Monster is listening to Junior Keeling barking orders about putting a hurt on Ty Walker, so he does just that. Angel Trinidad grabs him by the head and leads him cross-corner to the other side of the ring. The three-hundred pounder comes running at him only for Ty to get both feet up, catching him in the face. Angel goes staggering back a couple of feet and that allows for Ty to climb to the top rope. He hams it up a little for the crowd with a double point to the heavens before JUMPING right off onto a Somersault Senton right on top of Angel Trinidad! He stays on the big man going for the cover quickly!] [ONE! TWO! THR... NO!] **DDK:** He almost caught Angel sleeping there! Angel has a lot of power behind him, so Ty will have to use his experience and speed to counteract the big man. **Angus:** Hit and run, son! [Tyrone does just that as Angel tries to stand. Blackimus Prime goes to work with a flurry of kicks to the chest of the big man shortly before running to the ropes to come back with a Leaping Leg Lariat to the face! He kicks Angel off his knees and goes for another cover.] [ONE! TWO! NO!] **DDK:** There's the power I was talking about! Every member of Team HOSS, but Angel especially have such raw power it's been a wonder that anybody can stand toe to toe with them for too long. **Angus:** Uh-oh, shit's gonna get heavy now! [Ty Walker rolls out of the ring and now it's about time for the Extreme Franchise to live up to his name. He rolls out of the ring and goes for several different weapons ranging from a pair of chairs, a kendo stick, a fire extinguisher, a tool box and various other hardcore sundries perfect for the environment. He focuses on the kendo stick which would be perfect for whipping this big guy's ass. He has the cane and starts to get back to his feet with it as he climbs on the apron...] **Angus:** OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH! MAN DOWN, MAN DOWN! [What he's referring to is Angel getting back up and CHARGING right at Walker with a vicious Shoulder Tackle that sends him flying off the ring apron! Walker hits the floor hard and lands at the feet of Junior Keeling who stands over him looking happy with The Rookie Monster. And just to be a dick, he throws in a slap to the face of Walker as he gets hurt. The crowd boos him, but Junior Keeling walks off and laughs. It's no disqualification, he can do whatever the hell he pleases.] [Angel rolls out of the ring and grabs onto Walker before straight-up lobbing him into the barricade! The Human Pinball Wizard falls to his knees in pain as Angel makes his way over and shakes the hand of Junior Keeling for a job well done. The crowd is all over Angel now as he grabs onto the back of Ty's head and rolls him back inside the ring.] **DDK:** It was only going to be a matter of time, but now Angel has Ty Walker at his mercy. AND from the looks of things, Junior Keeling isn't a very

merciful man. **Angus:** Oh, boy, this can't be good. [Angel gets Walker up into a seated position in the center of the ring and runs off the ropes before coming back with a Diving Forearm right to the back of Walker! He flinches in pain as Angel stands up now, putting a boot down on his chest...] [ONE... NO!] **Angus:** I like Team HOSS, but MAN, you gonna need more than that to keep Ty down! **ANGEL SUCKS! ANGEL SUCKS! ANGEL SUCKS! ANGEL SUCKS! ANGEL SUCKS!** [Angel laughs at the crowd and his give-a-fuck-meter for what they think is at less than zero right now. He rolls over to pick Walker up again only to paintbrush the back of his head just to lay on the humiliation. The Rookie Monster tries to stand him up, but Walker snaps to life and stuns the big man with a big Jawbreaker! Angel is on his feet teetering as he runs to the ropes looking for something bigot turn the tide only to eat a HARD Clothesline! Angel takes things a little more seriously now and goes for the pinfall.] [ONE... TWO... NO! **DDK:** Walker with the shoulder up! Angel isn't going to win any style points, but perhaps Junior picked his best overall weapon in the Team HOSS arsenal. **Angus:** He's just gonna truck right over Ty if he doesn't get his shit together! [Junior Keeling is clutching the ring apron, really enjoying the hurt being placed on Blackimus Prime. He yells for the Trios champion to keep the punishment and he nods before pressing his large knee into his throat. He keeps on doing it and starts choking the life out of Walker as he kicks frantically for air. The referee is powerless to stop anything because of the rules and watches helplessly as Angle adds a few clubbing shots. Once he's finished with that, another cover.] [ONE... TWO... TH- NO!] [The crowd cheers for Walker as he kicks the shoulder up again! Blackimus Prime is dragged back to his feet by The Rookie Monster and he holds him up over the shoulder. He parades around the ring with the weary Walker before dropping him down with a THUNDEROUS Delayed Scoop Slam! Even the most simple of moves hurt a lot and now Walker is arching his back in pain.] **Angus:** I know he's the Rookie Monster and he's taking his time with him, but dude, throw in a Powerbomb or something! **DDK:** So you're WANTING him to hurt Ty Walker now? **Angus:** GOTAIGO! GOTAIGO! [While Darren Keebler secretly fantasizes about a change in jobs, Angel picks him up and goes for a second one, but a sudden energy burst allows Walker to bash the big man upside his head with several big rights until he lets go! He goes behind the big man and takes the leg out from under him with a Chop Block! Angel goes down to one knee so Ty finally cocks a knee back and runs at him!] **DDK:** LIGHTS OUT! The Running Flying Knee to the back of the head! Angel is down now! **Angus:** Cover him, Ty! [He probably should have, but while Angel is down, The Extreme Franchise heads to the outside of the ring and the crowd cheers as he once again grabs the Kendo Stick to use as a weapon. He pats it against the ground to demonstrate how loud it can actually be, but much to his shock, Angel Trinidad is already starting to get up after his recent brain rattling. Angel groggily turns around and reaches for two handfuls of Ty Walker's precious afro...] **THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!** [Three hard shots to the FACE of Angel Trinidad! The face of Angel is looking beat up after the shots as he stumbles around the ring after the stinging strikes to the face. Walker tossed the stick aside and grabs a trash can now as he waits for the big man to turn around. When he does, he THROWS it right at him, smacking the giant upside the head! Angel once again tumbles down to a knee and sends him scrambling to the floor! Walker is still hurt, but he has more than enough in him to continue dishing out the punishment.] [Junior Keeling tries to warn Angel Trinidad about what's coming, but before the big man can even realize what's going down, a jumping black blur comes his way...] **Angus:** TOPE CON NEGRO! **DDK:** I DOUBT HE REALLY CALLS IT THAT, BUT WHAT A MOVE! WALKER AND ANGEL ARE BOTH DOWN ON THE FLOOR NOW! **LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap** [But even though the match is no disqualification, this is NOT Falls Count Anywhere which meant the pinfall still had to happen in the ring. Walker slowly starts to try and muscle the big man back inside the ring when Junior Keeling rushes at Ty and jabs one of the chairs he brought out earlier into his rib cage!] **DDK:** Come on, Keeling! **Angus:** I don't know what to say right now! Walker as a HOSS member or Walker whipping his ass! Keebs, say things for me. I'm going on sabbatical. **DDK:** *sigh* Trinidad is NOT looking happy now. He's getting back up and he's got bad intent on his mind! [Walker is stunned just enough from the shot as Junior Keeling quickly runs away with the chair in hand. Blackimus Prime is hurt now as Angel finally starts to limp back to his feet again. Walker still turns and tries with the right hands again, but Angel shakes them off just long enough to chuck him HARD into the steel ring steps! The steps actually come off from the impact and Walker is now hurt in a bad way.] [Angel's head his throbbing pretty bad after getting hurt with all the recent plunder, but now the giant looks a lot more pissed off than he did previously. The Rookie Monster grabs Walker by the neck and throws him in front of the announce table. Walker rolls around the floor in pain as Angel takes one of the cables from ringside and binds it up before he starts to strike him across his chest and sides with the bundled up cord right now!] **Angus:** I better watch what I say right now, huh? **DDK:** I would. I didn't honestly know that Angel Trinidad was capable of such physicality, but he's been really taking the fight to Walker tonight! [After tossing the cord aside, he picks up Blackimus Prime and starts to set him up before he THROWS him hard into the announce table with a Snake Eyes-like slam! Angel is looking pretty proud of himself and he even walks over to Junior

Keeling to fist bump with his leader. Walker is laid out on the ground as the crowd boos Keeling and Trinidad. Junior walks over to Keebler and Skaalund and pats Angus on the back.] **Junior Keeling:** It's okay, Angus. When he's ours, I'm gonna take good care of him. REAL good care of him. [Angus gets a little bit uncomfortable now as Keeling gestures to his large associate to finish the job that he started on Blackimus Prime. Angel nods and picks him up by his neck.] **DDK:** And Angel throws him back in the ring... NO! [Angel partially rolled him into the ring and places Walker back first against the ring post before grabbing an arm and a leg, pulling him back HARD against the turnbuckles like he's trying to break him in half! HOSSZilla continues to try and break down the former member of Hookers 'N' Blow with the torturous move and listens to the howls of pain from his opponent.] **Angus:** MUHBOITAI! Come on, man, you can do this! Get out! **DDK:** You've picked your side, huh? **Angus:** Just for today. My head hurts and I still need enough Tylenol to sit through any more Blood Diamond shenanigans for the rest of tonight. [Angel lets go and watches as Walker writhes around in pain as Angel Trinidad starts to walk back into the ring, but not before picking up both of the chairs and tosses them into the ring with intent to hurt him for something bigger down the line. Angel stepped over the ropes and watched as Walker tried to limp back to his feet. When he tried... **Angel Trinidad:** BA-BOOM! [He CRUSHED him with a Corner Clothesline! Ty Walker convulsed after the hard shot but Angel most certainly wasn't done.] **Angel Trinidad:** BA-BOOM! [A second, even harder shot caught Walker and knocked the wind out of him! The former champion turned around and charged again...] **Angel Trinidad!** BA-BOOM! **DDK:** And The Holy Trinidad combination connects! You can pick apart the name all you want, but Angel is getting really good at using the physical gifts he has. **Angus:** And this big lug is pretty dangerous. Edward White picked well for his Blood Diamonds, I'll give him that. [Angel palms the back of his head and just tosses him out of the corner until he goes skittering halfway across the ring. Angel Trinidad laughs before he climbs over to the fallen Walker and goes for the cover a third time.] [ONE! TWO! THR... NO!] **DDK:** Walker's still alive! He's been taking a beating from Trinidad in the last few minutes! He's gonna need to come up with something if he wants to get out of this one! **Angus:** Ty's got this shit! Where's there's MUHBOITAI, there's a way! **DDK:** Can you honestly say that, though, knowing what lengths Junior Keeling and Team HOSS have all done to get their way? [Angus now gets uncharacteristically silent as the beatdown continues inside of the ring. Angel Trinidad kicks him in the spine and sets him up for a hard Camel Clutch-like submission. Keeling barks more instructions to his charge and orders him to finish the job he started so Angel obliges and cranks back on the hold even harder. The Rookie Monster planted a firm knee into his back and cranks back on the neck with a modified Camel Clutch! The pressure is on and Ty tries to pry his hands apart, but no avail. He continue his mission to hurt the ex-Trios Champion.] **DDK:** I don't believe we're seeing this! Walker's been on the ropes almost the whole time! He's crafty as all hell and I'm even shocked the other Team HOSS members aren't out here, but Angel has been taking the fight to the veteran. **Angus:** Yeah, he's big and strong and... well, putting a shellacking on Walker... FIGHT BACK... no, wait... FIGHT BLACK! COME ON, TY! LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap LET'S GO, WALKER! clap-clap-clapclapclap [Walker starts to try and get back up to his feet, but when he tries, The Rookie Monster jumps and drops all his weight onto his back! The Extreme Franchise is in pain now as Junior continues to slap his tries to jump again.... No! He gets both knees up and catches him right where the sun don't shine!] **DDK:** Walker with a rather unique counter, but now he has a chance to get back into the game! **Angus:** That's probably the smartest thing he's ever done. [Angel doubles over in pain now and hunches over against the ropes while Walker starts to slap the ring apron trying to get the crowd behind him. Blackimus Prime continues to gain the support from the fans as they clap along with him. He stands up and charges over with a few kick to the leg of the monster and runs off the ropes...] **Angus:** HOSSPLOSION! I may have picked Walker tonight, but that move is pretty fucking cool! [Ty Walker goes FLYING across the ring again after the gruesome and explosive Shoulder Tackle! He flops over onto his back from the impact and Angel takes a second to recover from the indirect ballshot he took from just moments ago. Angel limps over and crawls towards Ty Walker before going for a cover on Blackimus Prime.] [ONE! TWO! THREE... NO!] **DDK:** He was one microsecond away from his contract belonging to Junior Keeling! Ty Walker has a lot of fight in him, but he can't keep on taking shots like that! **Angus:** We've both seen Ty Walker over the years just take incredible abuse and keep on going. Just do it one more time! [Angel Trinidad continues to beat on Walker with another series of elbows to the gut. He's very pissed off and he wants a chance to finish things off for good. He reaches over and grabs onto the two chairs he brought in before setting them up one at a time in the seated position in the center of the ring. Now that the chairs are in place, Angel scoops up Ty Walker and kicks him in the stomach. He has him reday to try and drive him through both chairs, but Walker is still in the game! He unloads with a series of right hands and eventually frees himself. He stumbles back when Angel comes at him...] **DDK:** OUCH! DROP TOE HOLD INTO THE CHAIRS! **Angus:** See? I told you! I done told you! Walker's crafty! Like Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Crafty ...ouch that was bad. Like, "Keeps in his box of reused metaphors" bad. [The jibe goes ignored by

Darren Keebler! Ty just executed a great counter move and now Junior Keeling is all sorts of freaked out. Ty Walker heads to the ropes as Keeling frantically runs around the ringside area. He tries to jump on the ring apron but Walker swats him away. Junior just avoids getting swiped at, but Angel is less fortunate...] **Angus:** BOOM, HEADSHOT! **DDK:** Top Rope Missile Dropkick! Can Ty finally get his hands on Junior Keeling? [ONE! TWO! THREE-NO!] [Angel shoves Walker off of him, but he's still hurt. The Black Jesus starts to scramble to his feet now while one-third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions continues to stir. Angel holds the side of his head in pain while Walker comes back and throws a few more good elbow and kicks to Trinidad as he tries to stand. He takes one of the two chairs and WALLOPS him upside the head, sending Angel back to the mat.] **Junior Keeling:** No, goddamn it! No! No! No! **DDK:** Angel's gonna get beat here! I don't know what's coming next, but Ty Walker's heading up top with that chair... [Walker carefully goes to the top rope once more. He's sore as hell and he's been put through the wringer by the monster, but he keeps on keeping on much to the delight of the crowd. The Black Jesus takes the chair...] **Angus:** CHAIR ASSISTED ELBOW! OUCHIES! [It was probably a stupid move on the part of Walker and his left elbow was fucking throbbing right now, but Angel took the brunt of the damage! He tossed the chair aside and hooked the long leg of Trinidad as he shot Keeling a hyena-like grin...] [ONE! TWO! THREE...NO!] **DDK:** GOOD GOD, HOW DID ANGEL KICK OUT OF THAT?! **Angus:** These HOSSes aren't human, Keebs! [The crowd is in complete disbelief that Angel Trinidad had kicked out of the combination of chair-related moves from The Extreme Franchise, but The Rookie Monster was definitely showing something tonight with his own dominating performance. Ty Walker keeps the chair in hand and waits as the monster tries to stand again only to jab him in the chest with a hard strike. He fires back a second time and this time, lands a hard shot across the back! The Rookie Monster flinches and continues to stumble around as Ty lands another shot, this time to the knee!] **Angus:** He's gonna light him up with those chairshots! **DDK:** He's swinging for the fences again... OH LORD, NO! [The cries come from Aleczander The Great coming down to ringside! The crowd booed, knowing it was only going to be a matter of time before the other Trios Champions started to interfere. He came right at Walker only for The Extreme Franchise to swing at him with a chair to the head! Aleczander was hurt now and stumbled off the ring apron, but left himself wide open... **Angus:** Big Boot! And Cappy makes three! [Now all three men were in the ring! Angel started to limp over as Cappy stood over Walker and the two HOSSes started putting the boots to Ty Walker! Aleczander was starting to come around on the outside and looked to finish things off with Ty Walker once and for all.] **DDK:** To hell with all of them! Junior thought Angel had this match in hand by himself, but when things started to get dicey, he had the other champions come out here and run interference. That's why he wanted that No Disqualification stipulation here, I bet. **Angus:** FLIPPY-DOO ALERT! **DDK:** Look! [The crowd starts coming to life again! Two new friends that Ty Walker had made on the last edition of Guerilla Grindhouse - "The Giant Killer" Troy Matthews and "Phoenix" Jake Donovan! The two men rushed to the ring with chairs of their own and start to swing at anything that moves! A chair shot brings Aleczander down just as Cappy tries to deflect a chairshot from Donovan. He doesn't pay attention to Troy Matthews...] **DDK:** BAM! He just kicked that chair into the face of Capital Punishment! [Angel is busy dealing with Walker and swats at both of Walker's new friends, but they hightail it out of the ring! Matthews and Aleczander are now fighting back up the ramp while in the crowd, Donovan and Capital Punishment are going at it with one side of the arena! This now leaves the match originally as things started with Angel Trinidad still standing over a groggy Walker, ready to strike.] **DDK:** Donovan and Matthews came out here to do the right thing for Ty Walker, but Angel still has him here. Where is Trinidad going with him now? [The answer to that question is up to the top rope where Angel Trinidad has him dead to rights, setting him up for some sort of Powerbomb from off the top rope. If he could hit this, this would certainly all be over and Walker's freedom would be gone as well.] **Angus:** Shit, if he hits this there won't be enough of Walker for Junior Keeling to own! [Angel set him up, but once again Walker elbowed him in the head to try and free himself! However he was in a very precarious position and didn't have somewhere to land so he carefully set him up...] **Angus:** What's he doing.... I mean, Ty, I like you, but you are out of your fucking mind! **DDK:** He's just barely got Angel hooked... Wait a minute... he's not doing what I think he's doing.... **Angus:** Nooo, no-no-no... **DDK:** This is how Ty damn near ended his career in EPW!

[SPANISH FLY OFF THE TOP ROPE!!!!!!] [TY WALKERS LANDS ON TOP OF ANGEL!!!!] [ONE!] [TWO!] [THREE!!!!] **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** WALKER DID IT! HE JUST SNATCHED DEFEAT FROM VICTORY AND NOW, HE'S GOT FIVE MINUTES ALONE IN THE RING WITH JUNIOR KEELING! [Junior can't fucking believe it and now his face has gone sheet-white. Ty Walker is still visibly shaken from the move and even he can't believe he managed to do that move, but he did it! When Hector Navarro raises his hands he laughs and turns over to Junior Keeling. Angel Trinidad is still down from the powerful top rope move and rolls out to the floor. Now Ty locks eyes with Junior Keeling and smiles.] **DDK:** I STILL don't know how Walker just did all that! There's no way! No way! **Angus:** YOU SHUSH YOUR MOUTH AND NEVER DOUBT THE BLACK JESUS, THAT'S HOW HE DID IT! [A frantic Junior Keeling watches as Walker limps back up to his feet and pats down the

very new boots that he got just for this occasion. He grins and watches as Junior cautiously starts to get back inside the ring. He protest to all hell with Hector Navarro, but this is what he agreed to. He orders him to get into the ring and as Walker starts to laugh for this five-minute exhibition ass-whooping to come. There wasn't going to be any pinfalls or submissions. There was Junior Keeling, Ty Walker, and five minutes to kick the living fuck out of him for everything he did.] **DING DING DING! Angus:** Five minutes on the clock now! **DDK:** ...and Junior is trying to leave! [The second the five minutes starts, Junior turns tail and starts to run, but even after everything that Walker has just bene through in the last fifteen minutes, he still manages to barely catch him before he kicks him in the face with his new shoes, sending him out to the floor!] **DDK:** Junior just went out to the floor! [He did, but not by his own accord. It was only about thirty seconds or so, but to Junior Keeling it seemed like an eternity as he tried to crawl away. He charges away from the ring and Walker grabs him by the leg! Junior protests before he drags him back across the ringside floor and forces him back up. He literally backhands Keeling and slaps the shit out of him before tossing him back inside.] **DDK:** Nowhere to run, Junior! [Keeling manages to get back up to his feet and crawls over to Hector Navarro, begging and pleading with him to make this stop. Navarro is only here at this point to call the time and shakes his head. Walker starts to climb back into the ring...] **Angus:** HOSS OF FIYAH! **DDK:** DAMN IT! In the midst of all this, Angel caught Walker with that VICIOUS Pump Kick to the face! NOW HE'S ROLLING HIM INTO THE RING! [Angel picked up Walker and The Rookie Monster tossed him back inside the ring right at the knees of Junior. When he puts two and two together, he realizes what he did and looks like a kid in a candy store! The crowd boos the SHIT out of Angel and Junior Keeling and now cries in excitement like he just scored the winning touchdown at the Super Bowl!] **DDK:** He should be thrown out of here for that! Come on! **Angus:** I would agree, especially because you know... Ty and all... but this isn't an actual match! He gets five minutes alone and that's that! [As much as he hates this, he's very much right. Walker was laid out now and at the feet of Junior Keeling who starts to finally undo his sportscoat and his dress shirt, revealing a wifebeater showing his rather pasty arms. Junior Keeling starts to go right after the laid out Walker with a kick to the ribs that sends him skipping onto his back. When Angel tries to intervene some more, Junior holds a hand out.] **Keeling:** No. He's mine. **DDK:** I can't believe this. Walker fought to earn this time alone with him and Junior Keeling's probably going to run out the clock! A minute is down in this match now and we've got about four left. [Junior Keeling goes right for the boots of Ty Walker and stars to untie his left boot before snatching it off him and throwing it out of the ring. And now, Junior Keeling goes after the right boot and starts to untie that one as well before tossing it out of the ring as well! Angel picked up both shoes and limped up himself, holding the brand new boots that he wanted to stomp him with.] **Angus:** HEY! He paid good money for those...probably... [Junior Keeling starts to stomp Walker now in the corner and continues to drill kicks into his chest that don't look like they're doing too much damage until he actually puts a foot down on his throat and starts to choke the life out of the halfway unconscious Walker! The Black Jesus tries to get back up but it's all for naught as Junior jumps off of him and laughs.] **Junior Keeling:** I... AM... KEELINGUS PRIME! BOW BEFORE ME MORTALS! [The crowd responds with thunderous booing while Angel Trinidad is yelling into the crowd for them to start respecting Mister Keeling. Inside the ring, Junior picks up the kendo stick used in the earlier skirmish and also presses than down into Tyrone's throat in the corner trying to choke the little life left in him!] [Keeling holds the stick some more and continues to throw a couple of jabs into his throat and continues to deliver a beatdown to him until he tosses the cane aside and starts to juke and jive around the ring like the little asshole that he is... even though he is 6'1". The Superagent starts to undo his belt and now wraps it up around his hand, just enough to make sure that the buckle portion is on his knuckles.] **DDK:** This is a joke. It's an absolute joke. **Angus:** Nah, the time is almost up. Then hopefully these guys will go their separate ways. MUHBOITAI can find a shiny new trios team to play with and Team HOSS can continue SMASHING THINGS UP! [Junior Keeling starts to paintbrush Walker some more and rubs his free hand across his face just to antagonize him. When he continues to do so he goes for a punch with the belt-covered hand... WALKER BLOCKS! Blackimus Prime has found a THIRD wind and socks Junior Keeling with a right hand that sends him staggering across the ring!] **Angus:** THERE'S LIFE IN BLACKIMUS PRIME YET! I DONE TOLD YOU! **DDK:** AND NOW HE'S BACK! WALKER IS SOMEHOW ALIVE AGAIN! [Walker blocks another shot and starts to throw more blows to Keeling as he continues his beatdown! He kicks him with his exposed feet and then an uppercut brings Junior down as three minutes have lapsed! Walker picks up the kendo stick again and starts to swing when Angel Trinidad has seen enough and tries to come to the aid of his mentor again. The Rookie Monster tries for another kick but Walker ducks that. He turns around only to get PUNTED right between the legs not once, but twice! Finally, Ty Walker SLAMS Trinidad upside his head and PLANTS him with a DDT!] **DDK:** It took a lot to get it down, but now Angel is down again! Cappy and Donovan are still fighting along with Matthews and Aleczander in the arena so now it's just Junior and Ty Walker at last! **Angus:** LOOK! [There's still life left in Junior Keeling who jumps onto Walker's back and tries for a pretty effective Sleeper Hold. For those that remembered Junior's match with Billy Pepper some time ago, he actually was a trained wrestler once upon a time...] **THWACK! THWACK!** [Of course, none of that shit

actually matters, when Walker has a cane in hand and unleashes two nasty shots upside his head! Ty Walker tosses the cane down at last and leaves Junior down on the ground before reaching to the outside again... the crowd gives a HUGE ovation for the man getting his shoes back! He quickly puts them on and looks at the clock seeing that he has a little over a minute left!] **DDK:** He better make this beatdown count! [Indeedy he does! Walker takes the belt from Junior and rips off his wifebeater, kicking it out of the ring and leaving Junior Keeling's exposed pasty back for the whole world to see. He then plants him down with a boot to the lower back and Keeling protests before...] **WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! DDK:** He's being whipped! Junior's paying for all that he's put Ty Walker through for the last several months! They took his titles and they injured his tag team partners, but now Keeling is getting exactly what he deserves! **Angus:** I never doubted him for a second! Except for all those times I kinda did! [Junior is hurt now, but the worst is yet to come with just thirty seconds left. He wipes his boots on the ground before running across the ring. And when he comes back, he punctuates a VICIOUS Double Foot Stomp to the chest! Walker is getting an ovation by this point as Junior rolls around the ring in severe pain! Walker now picks him up and starts to savor the final seconds he has. He double underhooks the arms of Junior...] **DDK:** Five seconds left! **Angus:** He's going for it! [HE'S GOT HIM SET UP!] [THE OLD...] [DIRTY...] [BUSTER!] [His take on the Emerald Flowsion nearly DRIVES Junior Keeling through the canvas just as the time expires! Angel Trinidad is just moments too late as he drags the unconscious body of Junior out of the ring, takes his Trios Title and goes!] **DDK:** The time is up and for the first time since they've set foot in DEFIANCE Wrestling, a Team HOSS member has been beaten on a Pay Per View! Not to mention that Ty Walker has finally gotten his revenge on Junior Keeling! **Angus:** And Tyrone Walker continues to strut through life like a badass! Because he is one! [Angel Trinidad has the unconscious Keeling over his shoulder and his Trios Title in his hands. He limps towards the back, yelling that he still has a championship and that Team HOSS are still the rule while the crowd is the suck, but they aren't hearing any of it. At least for tonight, the night belonged to Tyrone Walker as The Black Jesus limps out of the ring himself, celebrating with the crowd.]

Overdue

[Catering.]

[The show is well into the night's lineup and very little is left on the table, just some packaged items like granola bars, chips, and the like. Dan Ryan, having had his fill of watching Jonny Booya try to balance bottles of Ozarka on his biceps (and doing his very best not to stuff Jon's head into a locker at the same time), has retreated to the mostly quiet catering area. He looks around for a moment when...]

Voice: [o/s]

I see we've added referee assaults back to the move set.

[...the silence is broken. Ryan looks over his shoulder and finds Lindsay Troy posted up against the wall just inside the doorway. He nods a bit, then turns back to the table, sighing at how sparse the offerings are.]

Ryan:

You never know when I might pull out a "special." You gotta keep 'em guessin'... [Ryan glances at Troy] ...ya know?

Troy: [shrugging]

Not the approach I tend to take but you don't need me to tell you how to handle the refs.

Ryan:

I gave him more of a chance than I usually do. He's a big boy. He'll bounce back. I'm sure the cash I'm being docked for my in-ring suspension tonight will help ease his pain. It's a minor matter, of course -- a service fee I'm only happy to contribute to make sure a lesson is learned.

[The Queen stares at the Ego Buster, lips pursed together. Not in thought, but in an attempt to stifle laughter.]

Troy:

Yeah, okay. [Smirk.] Sell the "I'm serving my punishment" line to someone who'll buy it.

Ryan: [small corner-of-the-mouth grin.]

Well -- maybe it's more of a.... "pay to play" arrangement. Going by the book and paying a fine has never been a hinderance. Ed can't be seen playing too loose with the rules or else wrestling society as we know it erupts into chaos, doesn't it? [Another smirk.] Besides, we both know you've never been one who fails to do what needs to be done when the situation calls for it. Anyway...

[Ryan pauses.]

Ryan:

When the minor issue of a fan calling out that we are somewhat related blew up on Twitter, I had a feeling I might receive a courtesy visit. So, I assume you have something on your mind that doesn't involve a family picnic, your sister, or my kids?

Troy:

I like to consider all the angles first instead of charging like a battering ram into brick walls. But I appreciate the claws coming out. That's how we know it's real... and that we caaaaare.

[She walks further into the room and stops in front of a portable drink cooler. Her hand slices through the icy water and pulls out a bottle of Ozarka for herself.]

Troy:

Twitter's a lark, isn't it? God knows the **#STALKTONPYRE** hashtag is taking off like gangbusters, and you being an Internet A-Hole did remind me that maybe I was overdue for a reunion with my faaaaaaavorite brother-in-law. This is

where we hug, right?

[She holds out her arms. Dan just stares at her.]

Troy: [smiling]

No? Boooo...

Ryan: [mock cringing]

You know I'm not really the touchy-feely type.

Troy:

Good thing your offspring don't take after you in that department, then.

[Ryan bristles a bit.]

Ryan:

Kids don't always end up exactly like their parents, you know. [Ryan pauses.] They also don't watch television, if your subtle remark is hinting at something other than my unwillingness to hand out hugs.

Troy:

Oh no. Just that Alaina has the "emotional output" base covered. I protect. She consoles. That's the way it's always been. Besides, someone has to keep an eye on things, and on you, you know. I said as much to our resident Joe Pesci cosplayer earlier, in case you didn't catch it.

[She takes a swig of water.]

Troy:

Speaking of, once this business with the Businessmen is done, I've got a feeling we'll be standing squarely on opposite sides of a common issue as far as your Team HOSS associates are concerned.

Ryan:

Oh? Are you planning on standing opposite me on the issue of me becoming the DEFIANCE World Champion?

[Troy lifts an eyebrow.]

Ryan:

That's the only issue I care about. All the rest of this... squabbling for power... it's all just window dressing. Sometimes people get caught up in my business, for better or worse. But, the truth is, I'm a professional wrestler at my core, and in the end all I care about is standing on top of the mountain. I don't really care who has to be used to achieve that goal, and I don't really care who gets run over in the process. Somehow I can't see you consciously putting yourself between me and that goal. Am I mistaken in that assumption?

Troy:

Right now, the way things are headed? [Shrug.] No. You chasing the Big Gold Belt's not a concern. You walking down that Quellian road again, though...

[She tilts her head to the side.]

Troy:

You get back to that brink, like you did late last year and all those years ago, and you'll be getting much more face time with me. I stayed out of the St. Sure deal because all that - you, Scott, whatever... - isn't my problem, nor was it my place to be the savior.

Ryan: [rolling his eyes.]

Cry me a river about Virginia Quell, honestly. There was nothing special about her, but she made it her mission in life

to put me in positions where I could be permanently injured by Bronson Box or whoever he decided to pull out of his ass that week. The only thing she represents is my decision to stop acting like some "responsible reformed villain" and start being myself. I don't escalate situations so they can come back and bite me in the ass later. I take action to end threats permanently. I don't take it easy on anyone, so Virginia Quell gets no extra consideration from me. Besides, what makes being goody-goody and respectful of everyone's feelings such a great fuckin' thing anyway? It's a waste of time.

Troy:

You know Virginia Quell isn't really the point here.

Ryan:

I know what your point is, Lindsay. You're concerned. You're family. I get it. I've caught the looks from Tyler in the hallways backstage, too -- trying to keep his distance without trying to look like he's keeping his distance. I knew what you were up to the moment I saw the three of you walk through the door. I know you very well. But, here's the thing. You know me, too. I'm a violent man. You've always known that. I wasn't a nice guy when we first met and I'm not really a nice guy now -- not to people whose purpose it is to keep me from my goals and not to anyone else who can be used to reach those goals.

[Ryan is sincere, but lets some mild mocking enter his voice.]

Ryan:

I find your concern touching, truly. But, let me be clear. If I need to hurt someone to advance my plans for becoming the World Champion, I'll do it. That isn't changing anytime soon.

Troy:

I'm not gonna tell you not to be an asshole, or that you shouldn't go chasing the top of the mountain. I'm not standing in your way. But as much as you've talked about control, I know it only takes one little thing to get the dominos falling. Then everyone here'll start gunning for your head more than they are now. You need to keep your head, Dan.

Ryan:

You wanna make sure I don't go on a killing spree and end up in a padded room? Fine. I understand the consequences. Now, what ***I*** need ***you*** to understand is that this isn't about something personal. This isn't a vendetta. It isn't Marcus Westcott trying to shut me down and me going after him to personally end him. If there's one thing I learned from that situation, it was to never let these matters become personal. Where I made my mistake in coming back from it was believing that lesson involved softening myself into some kind of fan hero fighting for honor and glory. I don't know if you'll consider my methods your definition of control, but I promise you, this isn't anything like what happened before. These are business decisions. You won't have to get involved. This is just who I am. It's me at my best, and people will very likely get hurt along the way. What I wanna know...

[Ryan relaxes a bit for the first time since the beginning of the conversation.]

Ryan:

...is how you came to be such a hero all of a sudden. I know why you're here. But, now you're a --- Big Damn Hero? That's not the Lindsay Troy I remember.

Troy:

Well, I wanted to call us the Inner Circle but I seem to remember using that once before...

Ryan: [unamused]

Funny.

Troy: [smirks]

Maybe you should catch up on your Netflix sometime, though. Ty's gonna be real sad when I tell him the blatant Firefly correlation went sailing over your head.

Ryan:

Yeah, well, I live wrestling. I don't go home and watch wrestling that doesn't involve my interests. You can tell your husband that I **still** don't watch his nerd fiction shows either.

Troy:

Aren't you pretty much the biggest Game of Thrones fan ever?

Ryan:

Game of Thrones isn't nerd fiction. Game of Thrones is real.

Troy:

Awww...look at us, bonding over geekery. I think this deserves a hug.

[She holds out her arms again. Dan walks away.]

Troy: [calling after him.]

You still need to RSVP for my big Labor Day Birthday BBQ Blowout EXTRAVAGANZA~!

[He's by the door now.]

Troy:

Your new friends aren't invited!

[Dan stops, turns, and tosses her a look.]

Ryan:

They aren't my friends.

[She smiles. He leaves.]

[INTRIIIIIGUE~!]

[Over to Angus and Keebs...]

Claira St. Sure vs. Jonny Booya

**Angus:**

She sure told him, huh? Please come to mah barbehcoo, but without yer new frenz, hahalulz0rz.

DDK:

Well, it certainly is an interesting turn of events.

Angus:

What, because Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy are in-laws? I'm pretty sure that means they should hate each other, right? Also, isn't it common knowledge in the biz at this point?

DDK:

I suppose so, but still, you have to wonder what this could mean in the future and if it's something that could be exploited. Plus, just how many of the boys in the back knew about this? And what sort of impact is this going to have on Troy's standing in the locker room, because you know damn well this situation with the Blood Diamonds isn't going to be quickly swept away overnight.

Angus:

Dude, spoilers much? Gee wiz, don't give away the plot before we even get to that page of book, like, GAWD!

DDK:

Anyway, speaking of hating each other...up next, we have Claira St. Sure taking on Jonny Booya in a grudge match.

Angus:

Dude is so **jelly** and hopefully dead after Claira gets done kick-stomping his face in.

DDK:

Well, she certainly will try to do just that after Booya turned on the Truly Untouchables only a few weeks ago, jumping ship to Edward White's camp.

Angus:

Lets shoot it on down to the ring and get this pre-meditated murder underway, it's going to be so awesome seeing Booya get his blockhead dented in... Awesome, I say, AWESOME.

[The lights dim and the shot cuts to the entrance way as the music begins to blare.]

♪ What'chu got? What'chu got? What'chu got? What'chu got? ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, and it is a grudge match with no time limit! Introducing first! Accompanied to the ring by Diane Parker! She is a former Defiance Trios Champion, and a former FIST of Defiance! Hailing from

Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 142 lbs! CLLLLLAAIRA! SAINT! SUUUUUUUUUUURRRREEEEE!!!!

[As Reveille fires up, Clair St. Sure appears. Clad in a boxing style robe, hood up, she takes a look around the arena and then heads straight for the ring. Diane Parker, in a pair of jogging shorts and a belly-cropped Truly Untouchables T, follows her relatively inconspicuously.]

Angus:

And now gentlemen, we answer the eternal question of what, exactly, is Jonny Booya so JELLY about?

[CSS walks straight to the ring and doffs her robe, though Diane tags a few hands.]

♪ You better buck-buck-buckle up prepare for this impact ♪

♪ Car crash whiplash, BAM, snap your neck back ♪

♪ In half! Why can't I be realistic? ♪

♪ Give 'em what they want and let the biddies go ballistic ♪

DDK:

It was Jonny Booya's knife in the back that brought the Truly Untouchables to an end, and since that happened, he has verbally assaulted Clair St. Sure and participated in Dan Ryan's attempt to break her back across an unfolded steel chair. Clair has called him out, and-

Angus:

And he wasn't gonna step because Jonny Booya's a hyooj wusspussy, but then Clair said he was jelly.

DDK:

That's internet slang for 'jealous,' just as an aside to our fans who don't read 4chan. Anyway, Booya has often ascribed problems other people have had with him to their being 'jelly' and he took extreme offense to Clair's suggestion.

Angus:

YOU CAN'T LIKE DEFIANCE AND NOT LIKE THE INTERNETS

[Clair throws a series of warm-up jabs, a pair of shadow-dodges and then a knee.]

Angus:

Goddamn she's in shape.

DDK:

I thought you didn't like the abs, Angus?

Angus:

ehhhh maybe this one particular chick can pull it off and still look good. I dunno, maybe it's the abs and maybe it's the thought of her breaking all of Booya's arm joints.

♪ That's the penalty! That's the penalty! ♪

♪ Payback's a bitch and you best keep runnin! ♪

♪ That's the penalty! That's the penalty! ♪

♪ It's what you got, what you got ♪

♪ What you got comin'! ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent!

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

[It is, in fact, the funky shit. "Funky Shit" by Prodigy.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina, and weighing in at 284 lbs! Representing the Blood Diamonds! He is JONNY...
BOOOOOOOOOYAAAAA!!!!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

More like Jonny "boo" Ya, amirite?

DDK:

He's less than popular, I'll say that.

Angus:

People respect Edward White because he gets things done, they respect Dan Ryan because he's a beast, they respected Kai Scott because he'd fight if he had to, but nobody, and I mean NOBODY, likes "Jelly" Jonny Booya. Also, note the lack of Booya having ever won anything ever.

[Jonny Booya comes sliding out of the back on one knee, and he flexes his biceps. He smiles with approximately 4,387 teeth, then jumps to his feet. Then doesn't make any motions to walk to the ring.]

DDK:

And Booya doesn't seem interested in heading to the ring.

[The Prodigy awkwardly fades as Booya makes no moves towards the ring.]

[CSS beckons him. Booya smiles even wider, folds his arms and flexes his shoulders.]

[CSS gets up on the middle rope and shouts, but Booya just drops to one knee and slowly cranks his right arm up into a flex, then admires his right bicep.]

Angus:

Oh for the love of fuck.

[Diane rolls into the ring with Clair. She's got a microphone.]

Diane Parker:

I think he's scared, C.

[Booya spreads his arms and lats and grins. His eyes are hidden.]

Clair St. Sure:

Oh Diane, he not scared...

[The fans cheer, like they know what's coming. Which they do.]

Clair St. Sure:

He just JELLY.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Jonny's smile vanishes like it was torched.]

Diane Parker:

Yeah, I think you're right. Jonny Booya? More like Jelly Booya.

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

[Diane uses her hand to cue the fans.]

JEL-LY BOO-YA! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

JEL-LY BOO-YA! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

[With a redneckian howl of fury, Jonny Booya bolts to ringside at full speed, slides under the ropes and RIGHT into Clair's roundhouse kicking him in the ribs!]

[And a Kai Scott Crescent Kick spins his head around and sends the COOL shades flying!]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

[And an enzuigiri and Booya goes stumbling and flailing across the ring!]

DING! DING! DING!

[Carla gets out of the way and calls for the bell.]

Angus:

How sweet the sound of Clair's foot bouncing off Jonny Booya's tardo sounds.

DDK:

...tard-dome?

[Booya tries to hang onto the ropes for his equilibrium, but CSS steps up to the middle rope and hits another enzuigiri! This one sends Booya stumbling to the middle of the ring, where he collapses to one knee. St. Sure hits the ropes for speed, then blasts him in the back of the head with a running knee.]

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

Angus:

Well if it wasn't, it is now. Did you hear that?

[Booya faceplants.]

[Clair's soccer kicks him in the ribs.]

KWTHUMP!!

[Booya gets up on his hands and knees. Clair grabs his head, raises his oversized chin so he's looking at her, and then kicks it. Booya's jaw slams shut so hard he'll be lucky if he didn't crack a tooth, and he keels over and lands face down on the mat, his arms at his sides, looking like he botched a belly flop.]

[Tiring of face kicks, Clair grabs that arm. She twists his hand in a wristlock, then carefully places it so the wrist is bent backwards against the mat, the elbow vertical, and then she stomps the shit out of his elbow, jamming the weight into his bent wrist.]

[THIS wakes Booya up. With a bellow of pain, he rolls over onto his back nursing his arm. And doing a very poor job of protecting it, because Clair kicks him just below the shoulder. Booya turns to roll away, but Clair's RIGHT THERE still on top of the arm, stretching it out and dropping a knee on the elbow.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya has a couple of submission holds in his repertoire, but he's no submissionist and Clairra is. He doesn't know very well how to defend himself.

[CSS wrenches the arm, but Booya does have one thing she doesn't - a fuckton of steroids in his system. Even on the ground on one knee, he can flex that battered arm hard enough to send her across the ring and into the turnbuckle, and then roll out of the ring to collect himself.]

DDK:

Of course, power does count for something, he's a good power wrestler when he pays attention.

Angus:

NUH UH.

[One Irish whip isn't going to do much damage. Clairra looks at Booya, who's checking to make sure he can still flex his arm and find his bicep, and ascends the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

LIONSAULT! Clairra from the top down on top of Jonny Booya right outside the ring!

[Clairra lands on Booya's shoulders and Booya falls to the ground with Clairra landing gracefully on her feet.]

DDK:

The two high points of Jonny Booya's career were the two times Kai Scott was specifically managing him. Those would have been in the WfWA territory International Influence, and during the early shows of the Masters of Wrestling tournament.

Angus:

As I've said, those 5 seconds that he was over.

DDK:

But Booya feels that the reason he has no respect is because Kai Scott neglected him for Clairra St. Sure. That grudge was what motivated him to backstab the Truly Untouchables.

Angus:

And the fact that Clairra's better than Jonny Booya in every single way was what motivated Kai to pay attention to her, so fuck that dude. Booya, I mean. Scott's actually alright.

[Booya's too big for Clairra to throw back into the ring, but she can get his head and shoulders on the ring apron and kick him in the legs and butt until he rolls in.]

DDK:

Booya back in the ring, and CSS with a springboard double stomp to the right shoulder!

[Booya howls as CSS laces his arm around her leg, then spins so she can get his other arm between her ankles. Booya kicks his feet to try and get away, but that really just makes it easier for CSS to grab them.]

DDK:

Truly Untouchabreaker! Early in the match and she's already got it on!

Angus:

In the ropes. I mean, I approve in general of not caring about anything other than hurting Booya, but that's not smart wrasslin.

[Carla makes Clairra break, but Clairra is ruthless. She goes along with the break, wrenches the arm, drags Booya further away from the ropes, and then sets it up again.]

[Only, Booya rolls through the Omo-Plata attempt.]

[With Clairra still holding onto his arm, he plants his feet and flings.]

[Clairra flies across the ring, between the ropes in the corner and collides with the ringpost.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya is surprisingly good at countering various things with Irish whips into the turnbuckle. He's strong enough that he really only needs to plant his feet and he can get enough speed behind a throw to hurt.

[Booya pulls Clairra out of the turnbuckle and lifts her up on his shoulders and DOWN with an atomic drop. Clairra shivers in pain but doesn't fall, but Booya was counting on that, he runs the ropes and hits her with a high-power shoulder tackle that knocks her for a loop.]

[Then he flexes like a dipshit.]

Jonny Booya:

OH YEAH!

Angus:

SHUT THE FUCK UP! GAWD!

[Forgetting Clairra, Booya runs to the ropes to scream at a commentator.]

Jonny Booya:

I KICKED YOUR ASS ONCE BOAI YOU SHUTTHFUKUP!

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, because of Cancer Jiles... I can't believe I took a powerbomb for that useless bag of ass and fail.

[As if reminded of the former owner of his shades, Booya turns on Clairra and brings his hand over his head, signalling for the Booya Chop.]

[He swings.]

[Clairra stops it with an X-block!]

[Trapping his arm under hers, she spins around behind him and Booya pokes her in the eyes]

Angus:

For the love of all that's not gay, she's half his size and he's got to do that?

[Booya brings Clairra up on his shoulders in a Canadian backbreaker, then flips her over and drops with a cutter!]

DDK:

Fire in the Hole!

Angus:

He really calls it that?

[Booya rolls Clairra over and goes for the pin.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

[With a shrug, Booya hooks a leg and tries again. As Carla leans in for the cover, he puts his feet on the bottom rope.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...!

.....KICKOUT!

[Booya lands on his face after the kickout. He immediately complains to Carla about this, but Carla is unsympathetic, more concerned with the fact that he tried to cheat. With a growl, Booya pushes her back, then grabs Clairra by her dreadlocks and pulls her up.]

Jonny Booya:

BOOYA!

[He boots her in the midsection and grabs both arms, but Clairra recognizes the Booya Bomb's setup. She steps over one arm to break his grip, then steps to the middle rope and knees him right in the face! Booya stumbles, and Clairra, with his arm already over her neck, decides to attempt a northern lights suplex.]

[Only problem is she can't get him up.]

DDK:

Clairra unable to lift Jonny Booya and now he's got her up, and a running dominator into the corner!

[Clairra is hanging from the Tree of Woe, belly against the turnbuckle.]

[Booya puts up his fists, then punches her on the small of the back.]

[Right jab. Left underhand shot. Then a kick to the back of her head sends her into the ring.]

DDK:

Booya working over St. Sure's back now, it's a good set-up for the Booya Bomb and the Thunder Down Below.

Angus:

His moves' names are stupid and he's stupid and I don't like him.

[Booya drags CSS to the middle of the ring by one arm. Then, and I'm going to try to describe this as awkwardly as Booya does it.]

[First he sits down with her arm across his lap. Then he puts his leg over her arm by hanging onto it and kind of wrestling his foot around and out from under it. Then he bends the elbow.

Angus:

He's trying to put her in her own submission finisher! Only, because he's Jonny Booya, he doesn't fucking know how.

[There's a way that Clairra gets the far arm in between her ankles at this angle where it twists the elbow joint. Booya can't figure this out. He finally kind of gets his ankles around her far arm, but when he leans to grab at her legs it pops free.]

[Clairra spins her body to the side, keeping her legs out of Booya's reach. A half-decent mat grappler would know to turn to keep her from breaking the hold, but Booya is not a half decent mat grappler. She stands, pulls her arm free, and kicks him in the face!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

Clairra's getting control of this match back, and Jonny Booya's bailing!

[Holding his face, Booya rolls under the ropes. Clairra drops to her knees to catch a breather, and Booya, looking pissed, storms over to the timekeeper's area and grabs a chair.]

[As Booya slides into the ring with his chair, Diane slides in at a right angle, and she double-stomps the chair! With a howl, Booya curls up around his hands, his fingers having been bashed into the ring, and Diane kicks the chair away, then leaves the ring.]

Angus:

Clairra's smart enough to defeat Jelly Booya on her own, but that - damn that was smart by Diane. She hurt the fucker which is always good, plus she got away with it, plus she tipped the ref off to his attempt to cheat!

[With Booya on his knees, Clairra spins and back kicks him in the face, then axe kicks him across the top of the head!]

Angus:

Crown axe kick! That's gonna be it wait...

[Agent Smith and all his clones suddenly come flooding out of the back.]

DDK:

Diamond Protective Services! What do they want?

[Ignoring the match, the suited men storm straight towards Diane Parker. Two of them grab her by the arms before she even sees it coming, but she screeches. And judo flips one of them over her back, but he's replaced by two others.]

[Clairra looks at her unconscious opponent, and then at her friend being harassed by six men intent on dragging her to who the hell knows where, and makes a decision. She's not too, too well known as a high flyer, but when the time comes... she runs the far ropes to gather speed, handsprings over Jonny Booya, and lands on the DPS with a space flying tiger drop!]

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! That was - pretty sweet actually.

DDK:

You hate dives.

Angus:

I don't hate dives, I hate flippydoos who dive for no reason. Clairra is not a flippydoo and that dive was for an AWESOME reason.

DDK:

Anyway, do you think maybe DPS' appearance out here after that close call has anything to do with Edward White?

Angus:

I thought it was so fucking obvious I didn't bother calling it, honestly. Diane messed up Booya's cheating, so White sent his guys after her. Then Clair a tiger flopped them or whatever that's called.

[It's a pile of bodies at ringside, but Jonny Booya pulls himself together. He runs the far ropes like he's going to suicide dive, then at the last second steps between the ropes and leaps with a stupid looking kinda-flying double axehandle.]

[Claira and Diane each step to one side and Booya hits the guardrail, flips over it, and lands on a couple fans.]

[But with the first batch of DPS guys down, another 6 are on their way out. The girls are dogpiled. And these ones know what they're doing better. Diane is pulled away by one who gets her in a police style sleeper, and two others help. Meanwhile two grab each of Clair a's arms, and they know enough to do the twist and pressure on the elbow thing.]

DDK:

This is repulsive! Clair a St. Sure had this match won twice over, and now Diamond Protective Services are just blatantly handing the match to Jonny Booya!

[Booya collects himself and climbs out of the stands. With the DPS guys holding CSS in place by the arms and Carla Ferrari at a complete loss as to what to do, Booya adjusts his arm and then runs forward. One of the DPS guys sidesteps at the last minute, and Booya takes CSS out with the Axe Bomber!

DDK:

This is sickening! We need - I don't know, what the hell can you play against a rogue security force tampering with a match?

[Diane's captors have got her up near the ramp, when something answers that question. Or rather, someones. Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley. The two bears of the DEFsec force scatter the DPS goons, and are soon backed up by another squad of red T-shirted DEFsec brutes.]

[But all that's too late for Clair a. Pulling her up from the Axe Bomber, Booya quickly sets up, AND HITS, the Booya Bomb. Not even in the ring, but on the outside.]

THUMP!**DDK:**

Oh god..

Angus:

There's like those are one inch thick gym mats and there's nothing but tile and concrete under there!

[Booya throws CSS into the ring. She rolls over once and then doesn't move.]

[Booya climbs back onto the ring apron, and, you know that strut thing Jeff Jarrett does? Imagine someone exchanging his hand swings for side bicep flexes.]

[Jonny strut-flexes all the way down the ring apron.]

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

I HATE THAT FUCKING [KEVIN] KEEBS DAMMIT HAET!

[Booya finally enters the ring and drops into an incredibly lackadaisical pin.]

ONE...!**...TWO...!****.....PULLS HER UP!****DDK:**

This man is repulsive. Behold the Next Big Thing as chosen by Edward White, ladies and gentlemen.

Angus:

Jonny Booya sucks so bad that Kee Blor took sides. Write it down Defiafans.

[A regular pinfall isn't going to be awesome enough for Booya, you see.]

[He puts one hand palm down on her abs, and if you know anything about Booya, this is the equivalent of copping a feel to him. Hell, it kind of is. But it's also a pinfall.]

ONE...!

[Booya flexes his arm at his side.]

...TWO...!

[Booya cranks the flex up higher.]

.....THRE...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

Triangle choke! St. Sure's got a triangle choke on Booya!

Angus:

He fucktarded for too long and he's gonna-

[No, he's not. As stupid as he is, as badly as he's fucked up during this match, the powerbomb outside the ring was too much, and Clair's got no strength in the triangle choke.]

[Booya leans back, brings her up overhead, and plants her with another powerbomb.]

[This time, he just hangs on for a pin like he dropped her.]

ONE...!**...TWO...!**

.....THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

SONOFA#(\$(\$@&@!!!

DDK:

That was reminiscent of Clair's match with Dusty in Japan, she got the triangle and Booya was close to going out, but he still had just enough to muscle up and score the Powerbomb for the win.

Angus:

Roids man, he's got more juice shot up his ass than Barry Bonds on opening day.

DDK:

Whether or not that is the case, tonight has been a mostly successful evening for the Diamonds, the only blemish being Ty getting the win over Angel, but even then, Team HOSS made every effort to put a beating on him.

Angus:

And they would have gotten away with it too if weren't for those pesky FLIPPYDOOS! Seriously though, why can't that blockheaded moron just die already, you know, so I don't have to deal with his aggravating existence any longer?

DDK:

He certainly seems to be your cross to bare, Angus, sorry.

HYPE#3 - One Last Look Before Battle

Angus:

Meh, anyway, we're in the homestretch, right?

DDK:

We sure are partner, but first, lets take one last look backstage.

[Once more with the splitscreen shot with Kai Scott in the left frame and Dusty Griffith in the right frame.]

DDK: [v/o]

Where the Champion and Challenger are going through these last moments of preparation.

[We find Dusty Griffith, with a towel draped over his head as he sits hunched over on a bench, his arms rest over top of his knees and we see his fingers twitching and his body heaving with slow breaths. We also see that he has returned to his old school wrestler look, black trunks, black knee high boots with silver laces, and black knee pads. Nearby is a crew of DEFsec lead by Samuel Grant, who mans the door to the locker room.]

DDK: [v/o]

The question is... Who is going to win? Who will make the most of their opportunity here tonight?

[On the left, Kai Scott is up and moving around, getting loose with last minute warmup exercises. The champion looks to be calm and focused, ready and able, now just waiting for that moment when it's time to make his way to the ring that he has ruled over for nearly an entire year. Also with him in the room are a handful of DEFsec, lead by Jamie Stanley, who has his back against a wall so that he has a full view of the space.]

DDK: [v/o]

Some say that Kai Scott is too much of a thinking man's wrestler for Dusty Griffith to figure out, while others say that Griffith is just too strong willed to be denied any longer.

[Cut back to Angus and Keebs.]

Angus:

Yeah, all of that, but before we get there, we got one more to go.

DDK:

We sure do, partner! Up next, Eugene Dewey, is set to defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against the most dangerous woman in all the world, Heidi Christenson.

Angus:

That fat nerd is gonna get his face kicked off, and it's going to be great!

DDK:

That is certainly one man's opinion, so let's send it over to the ring for tonight's semi-main event!

Heidi Christenson vs. Eugene Dewey



Quimbey: Our next match, scheduled for one fall... is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Quimbey: Introducing first,
the challenger! BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ♪ Draw me a bloodbath o' sweet rapist eyes ♪ ♪ As all the bruised babies hum lullabies ♪ ♪ Burnt at the stake, old souls fill the skies ♪ ♪ Sacrificed for all humanity's lies ♪ **Quimbey:** 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...She... is... HEIDI...

CHRRRIIISSTEENNNNISONNNN!!! ["Rapist Eyes" by Dog Fashion Disco. Heidi Christenson walks out of the back. She didn't even bother getting dressed for the match, instead opting for a plain black sports bra and a pair of jeans.]

DDK: Heidi has made it abundantly clear all through this arc that she doesn't respect Eugene Dewey or the FIST either one, and coming out in essentially streetclothes is just another representation of her contempt. **Angus:** Euge is gonna learn her. Unless he doesn't. I mean, hell, pound for pound she's probably the best in Defiance and he's a fat nerd. ♪ *You've got the look that makes detectives itch* ♪ ♪ *A mouth full of thunder and feverish pitch* ♪ ♪ *A cross between Satan and a Gucci witch* ♪ ♪ *Your disposition would make Hitler flinch* ♪ **Angus:** Song's got that right.

[Glowing at the fans as she walks to the ring, Heidi steps up onto the apron.] ♪ Oh sweet rapist eyes ♪ ♪ Look what you've done to me ♪ ♪ You've burned down the temples ♪ ♪ Where the children were sleeping ♪ ♪ Ashes and smoke ♪ ♪ Rose up through the skies ♪ ♪ The memories bloom ♪ ♪ As the future dies ♪ [Heidi ignores Quimbey.

Benny Doyle quickly pats her legs down for foreign objects, ready to run for his life if need be. She doesn't even look at him.] **Quimbey:** And her opponent... [DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg] [The lights in the arena drop, save for a single spotlight at the top of the ramp, which illuminates nothing but the steel. Rather than the usual fade in of guitars though plays an oh so [familiar tune](#). His face is obscured by a cowl complete with pointy ears, and down his back runs a black

cape.] **Angus:** What the fuck is that clown wearing? **DDK:** Didn't you hear the rumors? **Angus:** What? The ones that said our FIST, the guy that is supposed to embody everything DEFIANT about DEFIANCE, would come down to the ring dressed like he just fell out the back of the shortbus? **DDK:** I wouldn't use those words exactly... [The

spotlight dies and plunges the arena into darkness, save for the flashes of cameras and phones from all over. After a few seconds of black a spotlight shines on one corner of the ring, where the same figure now hangs upside down, almost like he's put himself in the tree of woe.] RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH DDK:

Come on, you've got to admit that's entertaining. **Angus:** I don't have to admit shit. [The light dies again, returning the arena into the dark. After another few second the house lights come back up to reveal the caped crusader, complete with a faded grey Batman T-Shirt in the middle of the ring. He doesn't wear a utility belt though, but he does have a pretty good alternative wrapped around his waist.]

[illegible]

Quimbey: Weighing in at 260lbs, The Caped Crusader, and current FIST of DEFIANCE... [Unsure of what to call the Champion, Quimbey looks for direction.

'Batman' looks at him for a second before removing his cowl and revealing a mass of ginger hair.] **Quimbey:**
EEEEEEUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE DEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

DDK: OH MY GOD BATMAN IS EUGENE DEWEY! **Angus:** You have got to be kidding me. **DDK:** No, see, that's Eugene! He's Batman. **Angus:** He's not Batman, he's a moron. He wants people to take him seriously, Hell, he wants Heidi to take him seriously, and he comes down to a match against her dressed like a fucking superhero! **DDK:** Ever

think that maybe that's what he's going for? Maybe Eugene wants to prove he can have fun AND compete against one of the best in the business at the same time? [Eugene removes his belt and hands it off to Benny Doyle, who shows it to Heidi and then holds it up to the crowd. Doyle passes the belt to the outside and calls for the bell as Eugene unclips the cape from around his neck and hangs it over the middle rope.] **Ding Ding Ding** [Before he can turn around Heidi charges into the corner and lifts a knee into his back, only she doesn't connect with it as Dewey dodges to the side and avoids the contact. Heidi connects with nothing but turnbuckle, then turns around to take a right hand to the jaw from Eugene. Dewey follows the right hand with a back elbow, and then whips Heidi across the ring. She collides with the turnbuckles in the opposite corner before getting squashed by the incoming FIST as he nails her with a clothesline. Heidi drops to the mat and then rolls quickly to the outside.]

[illegible]

Angus: Why? Don wanted to fuck around in the ring, he gets his shoulder broke. Eugene wants to fuck around? Exactly the same thing happens. See the pattern? [Benny Doyle immediately slides out of the ring and checks on Eugene, who is now howling in pain on the arena floor. For a moment it looks like he's going to call a halt to the match, but Dewey grabs him by the shirt and shouts 'No!' at him. While all this is going on Heidi has re-entered the ring and gone to sit on the top turnbuckle in one of the corners. She doesn't pay any attention to the jeers and the taunts from the fans at ringside, and seems completely disinterested and unsympathetic to what's happening with the FIST.]

Angus: Dewey shouldn't have called her out after what happened to Don. Maybe then Heidi would have just walked out with the FIST, rather than leaving his arm shattered into a million pieces. **DDK:** Benny's trying to get Eugene some help, but the FIST is refusing it and trying to get back in the ring. **Angus:** Dumb move, Dewey. **DDK:** He knows if he leaves this match then he loses it by forfeit, and if he forfeits, he loses the FIST. **Angus:** So he's gonna try and fly with one wing? [That's exactly what Eugene's going to do. He pulls himself up with his good arm and heaves himself into the ring. Heidi wears a half smile as he rolls up to his knees, but that could be because Eugene holds his injured arm tightly by his side and grips at his shoulder as he stands up.]

RAHH **DDK:** Looks like Benny's letting this go. **Angus:** He's got a duty of care in that ring though. If he thinks Eugene can't continue then he's got every right to stop the match and award the FIST to Heidi. **DDK:** The real question will be whether she deserves it or not though. I mean, purposefully injuring Eugene to win the title? Is that how you'd really want to start a title reign? **Angus:** She told him straight up, to his face, that she could take the title like **that**. And look at what's happened. Not five minutes into the match and Benny Doyle's considered stopping it. [Heidi hops down from her perch and walks casually around the ring. Eugene meanwhile straightens up in the middle and winces in pain, still clutching at his arm.] **DDK:** Hold on, when Heidi injured Don on the last show that match was declared a no contest. Why wouldn't this go the same way? **Angus:** Are you kidding me? You think a title match on a pay-per-view would be declared a no contest? The neckbeards and the keyboard warriors would have a field day tearing DEFIANCE apart if we pulled that shit. No, this'll have a winner announced one way or another, and I'm now taking further bets on that winner being Heidi. **DDK:** What odds can I get on Eugene? **Angus:** I'd say, but I don't want Mrs. Dewey to have a panic attack. [Like a lioness stalking her prey, Heidi circles Eugene, who tries his best to keep his injured arm facing away from the challenger. He

brings his good arm up to form some kind of defence and kicks out in an attempt to keep Heidi at a distance.] **Angus:** I think, and correct me if I'm wrong here, Keebs, I think Heidi might have the advantage in a kicking game. **DDK:** I don't think you are wrong, Angus. **Angus:** I'm so glad I'm DVRing this show. I'm gonna take that soundbite and make that my message alert tone when I get home. [Heidi closes the distance between herself and the champion and catches his foot as he kicks out with it. Eugene hops on one leg a couple of times before swinging with a right hand that Heidi avoids. Heidi leans back to avoid another couple of swings before stepping in and tripping Eugene up. Dewey crumbles to the mat and lands with all of his weight on his bad arm.] **DDK:** That's a lot of weight coming down on one arm! **Angus:** The kid hasn't got a chance in this one. His best tactic is to tap out now and head back to 'Gotham' with his tail between his legs. [Thanks to several training partners, Eugene instinctively rolls onto his front to avoid the cover, however that leaves his arm open to being grabbed by Heidi. Heidi plants a knee into the outside of Eugene's elbow and pulls back on his forearm.] **DDK:** She's trying to break his elbow! [The pain shooting through Dewey's arm is so incredible he can barely make a sound, but he doesn't need to seeing as the look on his face says everything the fans need to know. Heidi releases the hold and puts Dewey's arm back on the canvas, making sure to keep a foot planted on the elbow as she stands up. Heidi jumps and stomps down on Dewey's arm not once, but twice, before wrapping his arm behind him in a hammerlock. Heidi doesn't focus on the hammerlock exclusively though as she holds the arm in place with one hand and drives a knee into Dewey's upper arm.] **Angus:** Now he's hollerin' like a stuck pig! Squeal piggy, squeal! **DDK:** Dammit, you've been watching Deliverance again, haven't you? **Angus:** ...no? [She follows up with another knee to the upper arm and then wrenches on the hammerlock some more. She uses one hand to push Dewey's hand up his back so that it's nearly touching the back of his head while using the other to slowly pull his elbow away from his back.] **Angus:** That's a proper hammerlock. She's doing all kinds of damage with such a basic yet effective hold. **DDK:** We knew Eugene needed to avoid Heidi's mat game, but I didn't expect him to have trouble escaping from a hammerlock. Maybe that arm is really damaged... **Angus:** Or maybe Dewey just doesn't know how to handle submissions. [Eugene has to do something to escape the hold. He tries to roll around on the mat until he finally finds a direction that relieves some of the pressure. He's able to use his free hand to reach behind his head and grab a handful of Heidi's long blonde hair, but he releases that quickly and tries to grab onto another part of her that both wouldn't get him disqualified and wouldn't cause Heidi to enter hypermegabitch mode.] **Angus:** If I'm locked in a submission hold I'm grabbing anything I can. Heck, I'd risk squeezing her tush if there was a chance it could break the hold. **DDK:** You'd risk that after what she did to Don Hollywood? **Angus:** Meh, either way you get your shoulder borked. Might as well take the route where you get to cop a feel. [Finally Eugene manages to get his hand around Heidi's head and manages to snapmare her over his shoulder. Fortunately she loses her grip on his arm as she comes around and Eugene gets to keep possession of it for a few minutes more. Heidi scrambles to her feet quickly and throws a kick at Dewey, who has gotten to his knees, which connects with his shoulder, stopping any momentum he might have. Heidi measures a second kick into his upper arm and then throws a third, which Eugene tries to catch, but with his already weakened arm he can't capitalize. What he can do, though, is duck, and when Heidi's follow-up enzuigiri comes flying at his head, he ducks under it. Heidi catches herself, but Dewey is able to grab her around the waist. At a shade under 160 lbs, Dewey has little trouble lifting her even with a bad arm, and so she's brought down into the middle of the ring HARD with an atomic drop.] [As Heidi stands there stunned, Dewey runs the ropes, and comes flying back at her with a huge shoulder tackle. The challenger is lifted clean off her feet and sent flying across the ring, where she falls in between the middle and bottom ropes and lands in a dazed heap at ringside.] **Angus:** PWARGLEFARGLE! **DDK:** What? **Angus:** Dammit I was drinking! That POUNCEEEEE came out of absolutely nowhere! **DDK:** And it was almost too effective, as Heidi isn't anywhere where she can be pinned. However, this goes to show that even with only one arm, Dewey's twice her size and has physics to his advantage. [Outside the ring, Heidi seems to figure out what just happened. And then her mind breaks.] [You can see it in her eyes and the way she bares her teeth.] [She crawls out of sight under the ring apron.] **Angus:** And this is where Eugene Dewey realizes that his shit is fucked. [A count is started, but Heidi reappears at about 5. She's found some sort of metal pole, a little taller than she is, and she starts to slide it into the ring. Benny Doyle has dealt with Heidi before, hell she tried to claw his eyes out once, but he knows his job, he grabs the pole and hangs on for dear life.] [Eugene reaches over the ring ropes with his good arm to grab Heidi by the head. He runs her down the ring apron and knocks her into the ringpost! Heidi hangs onto the top rope and doesn't fall, but Dewey, again with his good arm, hip tosses her over the ropes and down into the ring! Heidi practically bounces back up to her feet, but Eugene launches into a flurry of strikes, still with his good arm. He connects with jab after jab, then follows up with a discus punch that knocks Heidi down to the mat. Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with a leg drop that he brings down across Heidi's upper chest. He quickly adjusts and goes for the cover, but can't hook the leg due to the bad arm.] [ONE!] [T-Heidi kicks out with ease.] **DDK:** Far too early for Eugene to hope to get a pinfall. [Eugene sits Heidi up and applies a rear chinlock with his good arm. Obviously he's not certain what he's doing as Heidi's able

[illegible]

legs around the upper arm and wrist.] **DDK:** And now she's going old school with a short arm scissor. Or- [Dewey rolls to his knees, and Heidi quickly moves her leg so she's now got Dewey's neck in addition to his arm.] **DDK:** Short arm scissor combined with a triangle choke. [But she drops it.] [Circling Dewey like a cat circling an injured rabbit, Heidi lashes out short, contemptuous, half-hearted but still painful kicks to whatever part of him might be near. Finally, she puts one foot on his chest.] [ONE...!] [KICKOUT!!] [Dewey slapped the arrogant pin attempt away with his good arm. As Heidi tries to kick again, he twists and gets his good arm wrapped around one of her ankles. Heidi tries to kick, but unable to get good balance, she doesn't have the leverage to get any good shots in. Dewey rises, bringing Heidi up with him so she's hanging over his shoulder, and then SMASHES her into the mat with an Alabama Slam!] **DDK:** I'm beginning to think that nothing, but NOTHING, can keep Eugene Dewey from getting back up! [Dewey collapses on top of her with a cover.] [ONE...!] [TWO...!] [THREE-NO!] [Heidi back-bridges out from under Dewey and spins around, mashing her instep into his face.] **DDK:** Lethal Roundhouse! [Dewey's eyes go in opposite directions and he slumps. Heidi, still feeling the effects of the slam, trips backwards and sits down, nursing her back with one hand.] **DDK:** She's got a light flexible frame, and she absorbs some moves well, but slams that distribute the impact across the entire body are a weak point of hers. [But when Heidi gets up, she doesn't even go for the pin. She just kicks Dewey as hard as she can in the side. Then she yanks one arm under his jaw in a cutthroat and pulls backwards, almost like a cobra clutch, and kind of deadlifts Dewey to his feet. With his arms tied up, she drives a knee into his unprotected kidney.] **DDK:** And now she's trying to take him out with body shots. **Angus:** Surely his lard will protect him. [Dewey leans forward, bringing Heidi's feet up off the mat, and then he runs backwards, squashing Heidi in the turnbuckle! Heidi hangs limply from the rope, Dewey also hangs onto the rope to collect himself. Then once he's got himself together, he uses the ropes to slam his body weight back against her!] **DDK:** And the Ginger Gamer's now using his size to his advantage! [Two slams, a third one connect, and Heidi drops to the mat. Dewey fails to notice her leave, and his fourth slam hits the turnbuckle and knocks his wind out. Heidi seizes the opportunity to yank his legs out from under him and pull him back, crotching him on the ringpost!] **Angus:** I don't know what makes me wince harder, the thought of that metal being driven into my guy parts, or what Heidi's going to do with his legs and that ringpost. [Benny Doyle has the same thought and he quickly leaves the ring just as Heidi pulls Dewey's leg out straight. She jumps, wraps her arms and legs around it, attempting a knee-cross with the ring apron providing extra leverage, but Doyle gets his body weight under her and begins prying her loose. Having not gotten her grip properly anchored, Heidi finally falls off Dewey's leg and lands on top of Doyle. And, not unexpectedly, she wheels around on him. A knee to the face, and a dragon suplex put him down in a pile before he can even call for a disqualification!] [Eugene, however, has rolled away from the danger zone and to the middle of the ring.] **Angus:** And here we go. [Heidi rolls back into the ring and kicks Dewey. Remember back to the "I Quit" match, when Eric Dane was ziptied and Heidi just kicked his unconscious body until the ref had to tackle her? That's more or less what's going on here, except Dewey isn't quite unconscious (just unable to defend himself) and the ref is also down on the floor. Each kick causes his body to jiggle gruesomely, and they don't even have that nice crisp 'THWACK' sound when they land. It sounds like someone bludgeoning a bag of meat with a baseball bat.] **KTHUWMP! KTHUWMP!** [The fans cheer as "Buffalo" Brian Slater comes running down to the ring.] **DDK:** And somebody in the back made a very good call by sending out a ref too big for Heidi to push around! [Slater grabs Heidi by the waist and just flings her across the ring, then kneels down next to Dewey, being careful to keep an eye on her. Heidi gets up slowly. Slater follows her with his eyes.] **"Buffalo" Brian Slater:** You alright, Dewey? **Dewey:** ...yes. **BBS:** You want to keep going? I can stop the match. **Dewey:** I'm not quitting. Not now... I can take whatever she's handing out. **Heidi:** You've got no idea what I can do if I want to, boy. [And with that, Heidi runs in with a front kick to Dewey's face. BBS backs up, still looking dubious about all this, but as Heidi continues to kick at Dewey, Dewey begins rising. He rolls over onto his belly and gets one knee under him. Heidi punts him right in the belly, but somehow, Dewey just uses the force of the kick to get up onto his feet.] LET'S GO EUGENE, LET'S GO! *CLAP CLAP* LET'S GO EUGENE, LET'S GO! *CLAP CLAP* [Dewey lashes out with a swinging arm. The technique-less blow is still heavy enough that it sends Heidi stumbling, and then the other arm coming from the other side knocks her completely off balance. Dewey sends her stumbling into the corner. He backs up, builds a head of steam - and Heidi slips away by rolling under the bottom rope.] [And Dewey catches himself.] [Heidi, assuming he wiped himself out, has turned to argue with a fan, and Dewey steps out onto the apron.] **Angus:** Turn around, Heidi! [Dewey takes a running start and launches himself, ass over teakettle, sending Heidi almost literally flying to the side. He lands with a thud at ringside, but he's still in better shape than she is.] **Angus:** Fatter than a speeding bullet! [BBS starts a count.] [ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!] [Dewey pulls Heidi up by her hair and throws her into the ring. He rolls in after her, and drops an elbow with his good arm.] **DDK:** Dewey regains the offensive, but he's got to figure out a way to put Heidi away. She's small and fast and it's going to be tough connecting with the Shoruyken, and as we saw earlier the Biotic Charge actually knocked her clear of the ring. [Dewey throws Heidi into the corner, and then climbs up onto the middle rope. He raises his fist overhead

to the fans.] RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!! [Heidi just threw a blatant forearm low blow.]

DDK: Oh come on... **BBS:** What the hell d'you think you're doing, Heidi? **Heidi:** A. FAVOR. [Heidi grabs two hands full of ginger gamer-fro and brings Dewey up to his knees.] **Heidi:** Now. What do you say to the nice lady who just gave you the closest you'll ever get to second base? **Dewey:** *mumble* **Heidi:** What? **Dewey:** **SHORRRYUKEN~!** RRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! [With everything he's got left, Dewey launches himself off the mat. His fist connects with Heidi's jaw and then as he spins, his backside knocks her sideways. Dewey crawls, drops his arm across her.] [ONE...!] [TWO...!] [THREE-FOOTONTHEROPES!] [BBS holds up two fingers as Dewey stares at the leg.] [Dewey starts to pull her back up, but with his bad arm - he lets go with a yelp. Heidi, though, is still somewhere in between Dream Street and reality, and so he's able to easily pull her up with the other arm and send her into the corner. Alternating forearm smashes and backhand chops land, and Dewey finishes the combination with a stalling vertical suplex! And then a bodyslam. And then a second bodyslam, and he backs off.] **DDK:** Dewey back in control for now, although Heidi's done a favor to him by apparently forgetting all about the arm she was working on earlier. Still, his options for finishing her off are somewhat limited. **Angus:** Just powerbomb her. If he doesn't know how to do a powerbomb yet, he deserves to lose. It's not hard GAWD I've powerbombed people! [As Heidi starts to rise, Dewey runs the ropes for speed and then catches her right under the chin with a picture perfect clothesline. Heidi spins in the air and lands hard. Dewey lets out some sort of squeaky yell that was probably supposed to be a primal roar. He goes into a half squat, clenching his fists down at his side, and this time when she's up, he barrels towards her and turns her back, leveling her with a reverse cross body!] [Slamming his good arm into the mat, Dewey scoops Heidi up into an over the shoulder carry, and points at the turnbuckle.] **DDK:** Dewey's got a move he's been practicing called the Wyoming Stampede, and if it's anything like the Oklahoma Stampede it's going to start with a run at the turnbuckle. [Dewey does run.] [Heidi senses the danger and somehow wriggles out of his grasp. Dewey hits the top turnbuckle with his chest, and clutching it, he stumbles, and Heidi ducks her head under his arm. Gritting her teeth, she strains to lift him. And Dewey's feet slowly leave the canvas.] **DDK:** SCHWEIN! [Once Dewey is over her shoulder, Heidi simply sits out, dropping him back-of-the-head first on the canvas.] **Angus:** God DAMN she's got some quads on her. Kind of want but not sure. [Heidi wearily rolls over on top of Dewey, even grabbing at a leg - she can't simply lift it from this angle and gives up.] [ONE...!] [TWO...!] [THREE.....KICKOUT!!!!]

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! **DDK:** HOW ON EARTH DID EUGENE DEWEY KICK OUT OF THAT ONE?! **Angus:** I presume he planted his feet and twisted to the side and... ok I don't really know. [Heidi crabwalks a few 'steps' back, gasping for breath and staring at Dewey in a mix of rage and horror. Then she reverses, crawling on her arms back towards Dewey until her hands are on his chest, then slowly stands. She steps across his body, and then bends forward to slap him on the face.] [With Dewey now looking up at her, Heidi does the last thing anyone ever expected her to do.] [An exotic dance.] [She snaps her hips from one side to the other, raises her arms above her head and swivels.] [The really crazy part is that it's more "oh my god she's completely lost it" than "dayumn."] [Heidi drops down so she's kneeling right across Dewey's chest. She pulls one arm across his neck in a cutthroat, reaches around behind his neck to grab it with the other arm, and then threads her free arm through the hold, pushing on Dewey's head and twisting his neck to the side.] **Angus:** This isn't the slightest bit uncomfortable. I didn't just get fucking chills. [Still practically lying on top of Eugene Dewey, Heidi snarls and shakes his head like a dog trying to break a rabbit's neck.] [BBS takes a knee next to them. But Eugene Dewey doesn't tap out, and when BBS waves his hand, Eugene follows it with his eyes. Even though he can't even say 'nooo', only gurgle a little bit.] [Heidi leans back, pulls him to a seated position - and sinks her teeth right into his forehead, just above the right eyebrow.] **Angus:** OH GOD AGAIN WITH THE FACE EATING! [BBS starts the five count quickly, not even trying to reason with her. And maybe for this reason, Heidi lets go of both the bite and the hold. Dewey falls backwards and clutches the bloody wound.] **DDK:** She's a rabid monster in there. [Heidi kicks Dewey over onto his back and pulls one of his arms around his own neck.]

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!! **DDK:** That's the setup for Beautiful Dreamer, and the fans are not thrilled with the possibility of seeing that hold applied! [Heidi manages to pull Dewey's slippery flesh into position for the hold. But when she goes to synch it in...] **Angus:** He's too fat for her to get the bodyscissor! [It's true. Dewey's arms are both tied up in the hold, but Heidi can't get her legs around Dewey and can't anchor her own body in place. The bite wound is flowing faster now - at least it probably isn't getting infected - and Dewey rocks back and forth.]

DDK: Even with his arms twisted into knots and in excruciating pain, Eugene Dewey just Will! Not! Quit! LET'S GO EUGENE, LET'S GO! *CLAP CLAP* LET'S GO EUGENE, LET'S GO! *CLAP CLAP* [Dewey rolls far enough that he gets his knees under him. He leans back, snaps his body forward - and Heidi is thrown over his shoulders and

hard onto the mat! Dewey actually screams as the pressure leaves his arms causing the pain to briefly increase - but he's still able to walk forward on his knees, grab Heidi in a front facelock and fall back in a DDT.] **DDK:** Heidi just took that DDT right on top of her head, and Dewey's pulling her so she's perpendicular to the turnbuckle. He's going to the middle rope - we haven't seen this in a long time! So long I don't even remember what he used to call it! [Dewey bounces, going for the banzai splash that was his original Defiance finisher, before the shoryuken and the biotic charge. It's not a bad idea, Heidi's defense against moves where he uses his weight is her weak spot, but a short range DDT like that...] [Heidi, from the mat, kicks Dewey in the back of the knee. Dewey slips, his feet going over the ropes, and he lands in what you might call the Shrub of Woe - he's tree'd, but on the middle rope, not the top! With a smile threatening to split her face in two, Heidi pulls Dewey's head up enough to slide underneath him. And like before, she pulls his arm across his neck.] **Angus:** Are we about to see the fabled Tree of Woe Beautiful Dreamer? **DDK:** Dewey's only on the middle rope, I don't think she can apply it, but she's looking to try anyway! [Dewey grabs the ropes with his good arm with all his strength. Heidi pulls and strains, trying to break his grip, but Dewey shakes his head, and with a roar, pulls himself up, Heidi hanging onto his back. His arm comes loose and he elbows her in the side of the head. Once... twice... and with the third one Heidi falls!] [She's quickly up to her knees. And Dewey, having had trouble with all his standard moves, decides it's time to swing for the fences.] [Instead of getting down to face her, he climbs to the top rope.] [Heidi steps towards him, and Dewey jumps. His head goes down, his feet go up, and Heidi freezes.] **DDK:** MOONSAULT! [Dewey connects with Heidi. The Queen of All Wrestling falls backwards to the mat, her head is crushed under Dewey's belly, and with his bad arm still clenched at his side, he reaches out and pulls back on her leg.] [ONE...!] [TWO...!] [THREE!!!!] **Angus:** HE GOT 'ER! **DING! DING! DING!** RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! YOU-GENE!!! *CLAP! CLAP!* YOU-GENE!!! *CLAP! CLAP!* **DDK:** In my twenty years in this business, Angus, I have NEVER seen someone with the heart that Eugene Dewey has! He's not the strongest man in the business, or the most agile, but he came through a handicap match to win the FIST, and he survived a cage match against a fourteen time World Champion. Heidi went straight after his spirit, she did everything she could to torment him and break both his mind and his bones. **Quimbey:** Your winner, as a result of a pinfall, and STILLLLL the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE... EEUUUUUGGEEENNNE... DEEEWWWWWWWWWEY! [Dewey drops Heidi's leg and rolls off of her. Heidi doesn't move, aside from her leg falling to the mat limply. Clutching the FIST in his good arm, Dewey gets to one knee. He falls back down again, this time rolls over and awkwardly sits up. Adjusting the FIST over his shoulder, he grabs the top rope and pulls himself to his feet.] RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! [With the help of BBS, Dewey rolls out of the ring. He slowly walks up the ramp towards backstage.] [In the ring, Heidi reaches up to grab her head.] **Angus:** Keeps I think maybe we got a problem here.

The Long Walk

[Heidi sits up slowly, and looks at Eugene's back as he retreats up the ramp. And whether it's too far to run, or just not what she wants, or maybe even she's had enough of Eugene Dewey for one night, she doesn't go flying up the ramp after him. She rolls out of the ring, seeming to ignore the catcalling fans.] [Then before either the fan or security can react, she whirls, grabs a random fan and pulls him over the barricade!] **DDK: SECURITY! GET OUT HERE BEFORE SHE-** [Heidi has ripped the T-shirt off the fan's body and instead of attacking him further, just puts the T-shirt on. She looks around again. The fans are screaming, the opponent's gone, the referee's gone, and she looks at the commentary table.] **DDK:** Oh crap. [Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland are both on their feet as Heidi walks towards the announce table, her face absolutely blank, when...] *♪ Them other girl's you done been with ♪ ♪ None of them got nothing on me ♪ ♪ Hating on my style they ain't got nothing on me, nothing on me ♪ ♪ Way I walk, the way I talk, my swagga ♪ ♪ Look around; every dude wanna have her ♪ ♪ I ain't saying that I'm the best, but I'm the best, hey baby you need that ♪* [Kelly Evans' appearance at the top of the ramp distracts Heidi just long enough for Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley to appear, and they've got getting Heidi into a pair of zipcuffs down to a science.] **Kelly Evans:** Heidi, take a walk with me. We've got to have ourselves a conversation that's long overdue. [Kelly, for the record, stands at the top of the stage with a microphone in hand. Heidi is interested in neither conversation nor walking, but being dragged along by two bears like Grant and Stanley, she doesn't really have a choice about the walking. They all stop just in front of Kelly.] **Kelly:** You know something Heidi? This is the exact same thing that had Eric doing the whole black room and taser treatment on you every show. He wanted you to be a monster - but our monster. Do you understand the difference? Follow me. [Kelly turns and disappears backstage. Grant and Stanley drag Heidi after her. Through the miracles of technology, the DEFIAtron comes on, and it follows Kelly, Heidi and the guards into the backstage hallways.] **Kelly:** Despite what Boston Bancroft and others might have told you, he didn't want Dan Ryan to make you look bad. He thought that was going to fire you up. That someone of that caliber would bring out the best in you. Instead you took your ball and went home, and didn't come back until Jeff let you in on his plans for the Untouchables. Yeah, I know about all that now. [The trio winds their way past a cross hallway. Here, Heidi manages to get her foot braced against something.] **Kelly:** And as it turned out, you didn't really help the Untouchables at all, did you? No. You spent all your energy getting into fights with Tom Sawyer. Then when you couldn't put him away, attacked me for no real reason just because you thought it'd be fun, but you ran right into Team Danger's hands like an idiot and got Jeff blackmailed into putting up the World Title. What d'you think would have happened if he and the others had just walked away and let Greer take your eye, huh? You think Jeff, Kai, and Ronnie could have run the Untouchables without you? [In the other hallway, a door opens. "Buffalo" Brian Slater walks through, holds it, and is shortly thereafter followed by Frank Dylan James. The Mastadon is back in the building, unbeknownst to but a few quick-eyed fans. Kelly doesn't notice this. She's only paying attention to Heidi, and isn't really interested in answers, if you haven't noticed. The guards finally spin Heidi around and pull her through the crossway backwards.] **Kelly:** I think maybe you did. Might explain why you rageflew the whole stable and kicked Kai in the head and started trying to kill Sawyer again. And you know what's sad? All that nonsense about Kai putting Sawyer out of the game and saying it was so you wouldn't have had to bear that sin? Fucking wasted. Look what you did to Don Hollywood. And then you tried to do it to Eugene too. [They turn a corner. Now they're back in the loading docks. It's all dark and grey and the floors are made of concrete and you can tell they're greasy by the way Grant and Stanley have a little less trouble keeping Heidi moving. It also says something about Kelly that she's not having any trouble navigating it while wearing 4 inch heels.] **Kelly:** And I'll admit something. I just plain wanted you to quit. I don't care how well your I Quit match drew, in the long run you're not any more worth it than Bronson Box was. That stuff with you wrestling Rich Mahogany in a bikini and a pit of oil? I just wanted you to walk out and never come back. And I only did that because I couldn't just fire you. Jeff would overrule me if I tried, and Eric wouldn't overrule him. But something changed. And I know you know what, but I bet you didn't know that I know. [Heidi stops fighting and stares at Kelly.] **Kelly:** Surprised? Hi. I'm Eric Dane's personal assistant. I hear his end of just about every call he makes. He was the first to know. I was the second. **Heidi:** ...yeah. [Kelly takes out that shiv she held to the neck of Agent Bryce on the leadup show.] **Kelly:** Now, you've done a lot of damage to DEFIANCE, and I could start holding you responsible right here and now... [Heidi's eyes follow the shiv as Kelly waves it around.] **Kelly:** But you know something? I care about DEFIANCE. And trying to threaten you into obedience, or humiliate you into submission, didn't work. Did more harm than good in the long run. I still hate the fuck out of you. But after all this time, Eric decided to trust me with a real hand in running this place, and I'm... [Kelly swings the shiv through Heidi's zipties.] **Kelly:** ...not going to let him down. Not now. [Heidi rubs her numbed hands and says nothing.] **Kelly:** Ball's in your court, princess. What happens now? [Samuel Grant, his hand still near the taser just in case, pushes open one of the

rolling doors. Heidi looks at it, then locks eyes with Kelly.] **Heidi:** Do it right. [Kelly smiles. It's a really weird smile. Let's go with 48% evil, 48% orgasmic, 2% apologetic.] **Kelly:** YouuuUUUOOOAAAARRR... [And grabbing Heidi by the hair in one hand and a hammerlock in the other - Heidi doesn't try to fight back - Kelly swings her around in a circle and throws her out the door.] **Kelly:** FFFFFFFIIIIIIIIIIIRRRREEEDDDDD!!! [Heidi lands rolling. She gets up very slowly, dusts herself off, and checks a scrape on her elbow.] [Jamie Stanley produces a gym bag from somewhere and tosses it out the door.] [Cut back to Angus and DDK.] **Angus:** Damn. **DDK:** Did she - does that? **Angus:** Legit? Yeah. She's done. It's a shame, she was one of the all time greats and could've been even better than she was, but could it really have ended any other way? [Fade to somewhere a little less depressing.]

Dusty Griffith vs. Kai Scott



DDK:

Well Angus, it's about that time.

Angus:

It certainly is, Keebs.

DDK:

Everyone by now knows the story. Dusty Griffith arrived almost exactly one year ago, making his return to DEFIANCE and immediately made it know, he wants what Kai Scott has. The DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship. Kai Scott survived their first battle and their long awaited rematch was unfortunately wrecked by the Blood Diamonds. And here we are tonight, with the whole world watching, Kai Scott looks to survive Dusty Griffith once again, the question is, can he do it?

Angus:

I ain't gotta clue, Keebs, but here's what I know... In the words of Herm Edwards, "that's why they play the game", so lets stop wasting time with the recent history lesson... TAKE IT AWAY, DEE QUE!

[Transition to the Voice of DEFIANCE, who stands tall in the center of the ring with mic in hand.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is for the **DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP** and will be fought under **DEFIANCE RULES!**

RRRAAAAAHHH!

["The One You Love to Hate" by Rob Halford. It shreds the airwaves, instantly bringing the audience to a roar.]

RRRAAAAAAAHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

And now... Coming to the ring... The **SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE** for this contest... THE ONE... THE ONLY... THE LEGEND... THE BAW... THE ONLY STAR... **ERRRRRIC DAAAAAAAAAANE!**

[Dane saunters out from behind the curtains and briefly pauses his stride to scan the crowd, while dropping his leather jacket and revealing the official DEFIANCE referee shirt underneath.]

Angus:

The Baws isn't messing around tonight, Keebs.

DDK:

He certainly isn't, partner. He might have made himself the referee of this match out of necessity, as he sees it, but he's not here to make himself part of the spectacle. Eric is here to make sure the spectacle inside of his ring actually goes off without a hitch.

Angus:

And if any of those asshole sellouts that are taking White's money get involved, he'll kick their faces off! WHOOOOO! This is why we love him, Keeps!

[The Baws doesn't waste much time on the stage before he power walks his way down the ramp with a purpose, his sights locked on the ring and nothing else. Climbing into the ring, Dane walks over to Darren Quimbey before taking his place in one of the neutral corners.]

DDK:

And here we go, Angus.

Angus:

Lets do it!

[The lights fall and that familiar booming drum beat begins to pound the airwaves.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now, coming to the ring... **THE CHALLENGER!**... Hailing from BOISE, IDAHO... He stands at SIX feet, THREE inches tall and weighs in at TWO HUNDRED and NINETY pounds... This is... THE WILD BRONCO... DUSSSSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHITH!

[The audience begins to stomp their feet in rhythm with the drum beat and chanting along with the opening chorus of "I Love It Loud" by KISS.]

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[As the droning guitar riffs begin, Dusty Griffith walks out clad in a new, black training jacket with a thick silver stripe that crosses over his chest and around his body, as well double stripes in silver that go from the neckline down the side of the arms to the cuffs. It's very reminiscent of the Tenchu-Do jacket that he had before it was destroyed by the LBC in Europe.]

♪ 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. ♪

[Standing at the foot of the ramp, he pauses there for a moment as he scans the crowd and begins bouncing right to left on the balls of his feet before taking the long march down to the ring.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪

♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪

♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president ♪

[Heading down the ramp, he stops at the ring and looks down to the right and points before hopping down to the floor. Slapping hands with the fans along the way, he stops at about the center of first row on the right side of the ring where his mentor and second father, Jason Ramsey, the man who trained him and broke him into the business sits.]

♪ Cause 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 ♪

[Sharing a few words with Ramsey, Dusty shakes his hand and then embraces him before finishing his lap around the ring. Dusty takes a few quick steps and slides in under the bottom rope.]

♪ 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 ♪

[Rolling to his feet, he rushes towards the ropes and begins rebounding back and forth off of them several times until coming to a stop in the center of 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 ♪

[Throwing his arms up into the air, he bounces up and down as he points to the north, then the south, then the west and finally the east, each time getting a roar from the section of the audience.]

♪ Headlines jungle is the only rule ♪
♪ Front page roar of the nation cool ♪
♪ Turn it up, this is my attitude, take it or leave it yeah ♪

[Finally. He looks to one of the corners that faces the entry way and makes a beeline for it. Climbing up the ropes, he stands tall and mugs it up as the song begins to slowly fade.]

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

[KISS fades.]

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

[Ozzy. "A National Acrobat."]

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnnnnnnnnnd NOW, coming to the ring... **THE CHAMPION!**... Hailing from ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND... He stands at SIX feet, THREE inches tall and weighs in at TWO HUNDRED and THIRTY TWO pounds... This is... the REIGNING... and DEFENDING... DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... THE ACE OF HEELS...

KAAAAAAAI SSSCCCOOOOOOOTTTTTTT!

RRRAAAHHH-BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

A mixed reaction for the World Champion, but that's many times better than he's gotten in any of his previous World Title Defenses!

[The entry way is filled with steam, and through the steam comes the World Champion.]

[Kai Scott did not bring out any big match attire. It's just his usual black shorts with white trim, his black longcoat, and the World Title belted around his waist.]

DDK:

And we see the Champ in his usual attire. A lot of the time wrestlers like to fancy things up for the big matches, and Scott himself has engaged in that, but my guess is, from what he's said regarding the collapse of the Truly Untouchables, he's going to do exactly what he's always done, and be Kai Scott.

♪ When little worlds collide I crept inside my embryonic cell ♪
 ♪ And blackened memories are sent into the never-ending well ♪
 ♪ The name that scorns the face ♪
 ♪ The child that never sees the form of Man ♪
 ♪ The deathly darkness that ♪
 ♪ Belies the fate of those who never ran ♪

[Scott throws his arms out to the sides and spins like the Pope. A wall of sparkling gold pyros rise behind him.]

DDK:

The champ's out here by himself tonight. No Truly Untouchables, no Regular Untouchables, no Clair, but like he said, Angus - despite everything, he's still the champion.

[Scott steps onto the ring apron and then into the ring. Griffith remains respectfully in his corner as Scott walks to the center of the ring, drops to one knee, and spreads his arms again.]

♪ HEY! ♪
 ♪ You gotta believe me ♪
 ♪ HEY! ♪
 ♪ I'm talkin' to you! ♪

[Once that last pose is taken care of, he doffs his robe and drops it over the ropes into the hands of a ringside attendant. He takes the World Title off his waist and hands it out to Eric Dane, though Dane has to give the title a bit of a yank before Scott lets go of it. Old habits die hard, maybe.]

♪ 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 ♪

[Ozzy fades as Scott consents to allow Dane to check his boots for foreign objects. They're clean.]

[With the pomp and circumstance coming to an end, Eric Dane steps to the center of the ring before looking out to the floor and gives the signal with a nod.]

DING! DING! DING!
DDK:

There's the bell and here we go, Angus, the boss said this was going to be the match of the decade, what say you?

Angus:

Assuming Moneybags and his Douchebag Professional Servants don't get involved, probably.

[The crowd falls to a hush at the sound of the bell as Kai Scott and Dusty Griffith stand motionless in their respective corners. Dane looks to the left and then the right, giving both Scott and Dusty a look and then backs off a step from the center of the ring. Neither of them even acknowledge Dane, their sights deadlocked on to the man standing across the ring.]

DDK:

The BAWs giving the champion and challenger space to work.

Angus:

Alright, alright, lets RASSLEFIGHT!

[The tension in the building begins to rise once Scott and Dusty approach the center of the ring. A heartbeat later the champion and challenger are face to face, another heartbeat and they're jawing, it's a lot of bravado filled muttering.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The crowd pops when Scott shoves Dusty out of his face, causing Dusty to shove him back in response. They shove back and forth a couple of times until smashing into each other with stereo elbows to each others heads.]

DDK:

These two aren't bothering with slowly getting it and are just sprinting right out of the gate.

Angus:

Yes, yes, moar, MOAR smashing faces!

[They fire away briefly with the elbows until Dusty initiates the collar and elbow and the two begin pushing and pulling against each other in a super snug lockup. Scott tries to hold his own, but Griffith being the bigger and stronger man is working against him as Dusty is able to push and pull the champion around at will.]

DDK:

Dusty trying to maul Scott here, but the champion isn't allowing himself to be completely overrun.

Angus:

And you know this has to suck for Scott after how his back got cracked by Dan Ryan last week.

DDK:

You were actually paying enough attention to make an astute observation tonight, I'm impressed.

Angus:

You don't have to be all surprised and shit, I'm as assflute as anyone around here!

[Scott manages to catch a break when he spins on a heel, turning both of them around and putting Dusty off balance long enough to shove back, but it proved fruitless as Griffith is quickly able to establish control, pulls Scott in and then tosses him away like yesterdays garbage.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Threw him on the GRROOWWNNND!

DDK:

And the champion is shown to his seat by his challenger.

[Dusty stands at the ready as he slaps his hands against his shoulders, while Scott looks back at up him and gets a bit red in the face. Scott scrambles up and jumps right into another lockup, but after a little bit more ineffective pushing and shoving, Dusty rears back and chucks him with another mighty heave that plants him on his ass again.]

Angus:

You know how someone who isn't stupid can be stupid at times?

DDK:

Sure.

[Dusty snorts and turns his neck before giving Scott a bit of a sly look as a grin curls up at the side of his mouth. Scott growls with frustration and gets up, jumping into another lockup and tries to push and pull on Dusty, but it goes nowhere.]

Angus:

This is one of those times. Seriously, how about you try to not fight in Mayberry's wheelhouse?

DDK:

As much sense as that makes, Kai Scott is possibly looking for an opening to exploit.

[Dusty once again tries to load up, but when he tries to hurl Scott again, the champion gets a foot up before rolling back and taking his challenger over with a monkey flip.]

Angus:

Hey! No spoilers, jerkbag, I haven't seen this match yet!

DDK:

Lucky guess? In any case, now it's Scott on his feet and Dusty on his back having to look up at his opponent.

[Dusty spun over to his knees quickly after the initial impact on his spine, getting to a defensive position. Dusty gets a look at Scott standing tall and mocking him by slapping his arms much in the same way that Dusty did only a moment ago.]

Angus:

Even when he's getting bullied, Kai Scott can turn those tables and show you just how much of a smug bastard that he can be.

DDK:

Normally, and I think you would agree partner, trying to get Big Dust riled isn't a good idea, but in this match? It might be the thing that keeps the title firmly under Scott's control.

[Dusty sneers, his face twitches around his left nostril and eye as he gets up and lunges at Scott with a sudden explosion that catches him off guard. Grabbing a lockup again and this time Dusty bulls Scott back up against the ropes.]

Angus:

Good idea, you said.

DDK:

Looking for opportunities to exploit, I also said.

[There's not much exploitation going on at the moment however as Dusty leans hard against Scott, seemingly trying to been him back over the top rope. Dane approaches, though there's not much that he can do with there being no official rules in the match. After a bit, Dusty voluntarily gives up the position and Scott takes advantage, swiping at Dusty with a hand to the face.]

DDK:

Scott taking a cheap shot there.

Angus:

Well, he better hope it works, because now the big bastard is mad now.

[Indeed. Dusty reaches for his face instinctively, but the lapse in concentration lasts barely a millisecond as Dusty swings with a mighty club that catches nothing but turnbuckle. Dusty spins around to locate Scott and gets tagged again, this time with an open hand across the face. Dusty.]

DDK:

Another cheap shot and...

Angus:

Ooooh dayumn...

[Dusty once again closed in fast, grabbing Scott and bulldozing him across the ring and into the corner with an audible impact against the turnbuckles. Scott covers up as Dusty unloads with a flurry of wild, swinging blows that mostly crash against Scott's arms and shoulders.]

DDK:

Griffith blasting away with those big clubs he calls forearms.

Angus:

And unleashing hell like a boss, Keebs.

DDK:

But here comes the champion!

[Suddenly Scott comes to life, weathering Dusty's storm of clubbing shots and firing back with a straight knee to the gut that catches the challenger off guard and a second gets him to back off a step. Scott closes the gap and drives a knee lift into Dusty's midsection and then opens up with a flurry of strikes of his own that drives his challenger back across the ring into the opposite corner.]

Angus:

You think he's pissed?

DDK:

I don't know about that, but Scott is certainly not going to be bullied around by anybody, least of all the man who has been chasing him and his title since returning a year ago.

[In the corner, Scott grabs the Thai Clinch and opens up with a barrage of knees that Dusty manages to get his hands up to block most of the damage being dealt. Dusty drops his hands, eating a shot or two in order to catch one of Scott's knees, lift and toss him back. Scott lands on his feet a couple of feet away and rushes in.]

DDK:

Dusty scores an elbow!

Angus:

Scott just got some dental work done.

[Scott staggers back, but when Dusty charges him, the champion scores with a spinning back kick to the gut and then latches on with a headlock. Scott positions himself in just such a way that as he grinds down on the headlock, he can fire knees at Dusty's face.]

Angus:

And now he's giving Dusty some free dental work to his busted grill.

DDK:

Busted grill? Is someone barbecuing?

Angus:

What... Holy shit, just how much of a square can you possibly be, Keebs?

[Dusty grunts as he tries to block the knees with one hand the best that he can. When Scott lets up on the knees to grind down on the headlock again, Dusty cinches up a waistlock and tries for a back suplex, but Scott deadweights as he kicks his legs to block the attempt.]

DDK:

Dusty tries for a suplex, but manages to shove Scott off.

Angus:

And then eats another kick to his gut. Hope he didn't eat before the match, I really don't want to see that big bastard upchuck all over the ring!

DDK:

That's disgusting, Angus!

Angus:

That's why I don't want it to happen!

[After Scott scored the quick side kick to Dusty's midsection, he set Dusty for a powerbomb, but Griffith wasn't having any of that and back dropped out of it.]

DDK:

Scott counters the counter, landing on his feet and regains the headlock.

Angus:

And he's blasting away with those face smashing knees again!

[Dusty quickly looks for an out, but Scott isn't wasting time and tries to take him over with a headlock takedown, but Griffith fights it and tries to throw him again with a suplex.]

DDK:

Scott again, quick on the draw, back flips out of the suplex and gets the headlock and takes the challenger down to the mat.

Angus:

And he's going Nolan Ryan on Mayberry's dome like he's Robin Ventura!

[Getting wailed on, Dusty again tries to cover up with one hand, but to no avail as Scott continued peppering his forehead and brow with rabbit punches. Needing an escape, Dusty shifts and rolls Scott over on to his shoulders for a pin.]

ONE!... NO!...

DDK:

Scott escapes the pin...

Angus:

And he didn't even stop punching him in the face, that's talent right there.

[Dusty again struggles to find a way out of his predicament and once again tries for rolling Scott up with a pin.]

ONE!... T... NO!

DDK:

Scott certainly seems to have an affinity for busting his knuckles on Big Dust's face.

Angus:

Is that like Destiny? I'm fiending like a crackhead for that to drop in September.

DDK:

What is like what... Affinity? What are you talking about?

Angus:

Only the number one reason why I probably won't be here to carry you through these broadcasts until next year!

DDK:

You not being here sounds like Heaven on Earth to my ears.

Angus:

Yeah and... hey!

[Scott rolls back after the pinning attempt, but it doesn't stop Dusty from looking for a way out as he begins to fight to his knees and then his feet. All the while Scott continues to hold on to the headlock, but after a few more blows, Dusty cinches him up and takes him over with a bridging backdrop suplex.]

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAH-BOOOO!

DDK:

And the champion knows just how close that was.

[Scott escapes the pin and in the space of a heartbeat his eyes shoot over to Dane for confirmation on the call, who shows him two fingers on the hand he counted with and then one on the other as he tells him to get back to work.]

Angus:

Who knew Mayberry could bridge on a suplex like that? I always thought he wanted to spike fools on top of their heads which, as you know, is completely awesome! MOAR HEAD SPIKE LIKE A BAWWS, LESS BRIDGE LIKE A KEVIN!

DDK:

I'm sure he'll be taking that under advisement.

[That heartbeat passes and both scramble, Scott is on his feet first and rushes at Dusty looking for a Shining Wizard as Dusty gets to a knee, but the Wild Bronco is able to bail out of the way before contact.]

DDK:

And the challenger showing he's got quick reflexes to match the faster, more agile champion.

Angus:

He's also not stupid, you know, see a knee flying at your face, you get the HALE outta Dodge, son!

[Having rolled out of the way, Dusty rolls to his feet and rushes to swarm Scott, who flew by him on the missed knee strike. Hitting Scott with forearms, Dusty backs the champion against the ropes.]

DDK:

Dusty looking for the Irish Whip...Reversed by Scott... Wait no... Double reverse!

Angus:

Jay-zuss these guys are moving so fast!

[Scott gets shot towards the ropes as Dusty steps in to pick up the rebound and whips him over with a lightning fast, 360 powerslam and a pin.]

ONE!... TWO!... T?... NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

The fans not even booing the kickout this time.

DDK:

I think they're starting to see this might become one of those "I was there" moments.

Angus:

Okay, hyperbowl much?

DDK:

It's hy-per-bo-lee and yes, this is certainly looking to be one of those matches.

[Dusty is up and bursting with a brief release of emotion as the fans erupt with matching excitement. Meanwhile Scott writes from the sudden impact on his already softened up back.]

DDK:

And the champion feeling that familiar pain radiating throughout his entire back.

Angus:

You know, just for old times sake of a few months ago, I'm almost surprised Scott didn't try to find some kind of loophole to get out of this match because of what Dan Ryan did last week.

DDK:

He's seemingly become a new man, partner, and I think you would agree, a better champion because of it.

Angus:

Man, why you gotta do that? Why do you have to poke holes into my thoughts, I mean, you're right, but damn, just, damn.

[Dusty doesn't waste too much time and is on Scott as he gets to his hands and knees. Lifting the champion up, he clobbers him a few times across his back and shoulders with them meaty clubs he has for forearms. Looking to shoot him to the ropes, Dusty switches gears mid-thought and hoists him up.]

DDK:

Samoan Drop and Dusty drills Scott right on to his back again!

Angus:

I knew he could be an opportunistic bastard. I'm almost proud of him for that.

[Dusty rolls over quickly for the cover.]

ONE!... T?... NO! KICKOUT!

[Dane's hand doesn't even get close to making the two count before Scott kicks out. Dusty wastes no time getting back to it as he drags Scott up with him to their feet and begins hammering away at his back the clubs. Dusty continues to fire away until Scott suddenly comes to life with a super quick flurry of punches and kicks, alternating high

and low.]

DDK:

The champion exploding with a frenzy here.

[Scott backs off a step, looking for the Crescent Kick, but Dusty catches the leg in mid-flight as he ducks slightly and steps in to trap Scott's knee against his neck and shoulder. Scott thinks quickly as he rolls over as he brings his other foot on the opposite side of Dusty's head and takes him down with a headscissor.]

DDK:

Beautiful counter and escape by the champion.

Angus:

Somebody gain control of this, I'm getting motion sickness from all of the change of directions!

[They scramble, Scott hits the ropes and then ducks a clothesline from Griffith and hits the ropes again before smashing into Dusty on the rebound. And the champion obliges, bouncing himself off of the ropes and smashing himself into Griffith with a second flying knee attack that hits him right on the shoulder.]

Angus:

Again! He gets nothing outta that big dumb wall of rassleman.

DDK:

Scott opens up with another flurry of strikes and he's got the challenge covering up!

[Dusty surges back with a shove and roars defiantly in Scott's face. The champion pops him a good one in the mush before hitting the ropes and crashing again into Griffith with another flying knee to the chest and shoulder. Griffith appears to stagger back, but then bounces back off of the ropes. Dusty stops in his tracks as see's Scott leave his feet and catches him, stumbles back a step before setting his feet and then launching him with a Fall Away Slam.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Mayberry just tossing the dude like a bad habit!

DDK:

And with enough umph to send him tumbling out of the ring!

[Both men instinctively scramble to their feet. Dusty finding himself alone in the ring and sees Scott getting up as he favors his lower back after getting dumped on it again. Dusty backs off towards the other side of the ring, allowing Scott to enter "safely".]

DDK:

Nice show of sportsmanship by the challenger.

Angus:

Maybe he should worry less about that and more about kicking ass and getting the job done.

[Scott returns to the ring and the two approach, Dusty takes control quickly with a knee lift to the midsection and resumes the clubbing with a few forearms to the back and shoulders before whipping Scott into the corner. Dusty looks to charge in, but Scott comes flying back out of the corner and dings Griffith right in the face with a running, jumping front kick that levels him.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Scott with his first cover of the match...

ONE!... TWO!... NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Scott drags Dusty up and begins peppering him with a lighting quick combo of chops to the chest and neck, kicks to the legs and body, and finished it off with a flair as he belts him with a Crescent Kick and then a Superkick that knocks him back to the mat.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And just like the champion has taken control of this match.

Angus:

Taken control? Scott hit him with like a 86 hit combo! What is this, Street Fighter 2 Alpha Omega Deluxe World Warriors 37th Arcade Edition?!

[Getting Dusty up, Scott sets him for a suplex and then snaps him over with lighting speed, holds on to it as he rolls with it, drags both of them up and then hits a second and a third and final Snap Suplex that he floats over with to make the cover.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO! KICKOUT!

[Scott keeps up the pressure, picking Dusty up and snapping him over with a mare.]

Angus:

Here it comes...

KEERRAACCK! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!**DDK:**

Griffith recoils from the sudden pain as Scott lays into him with one of those infamous Spinal Taps.

[Dusty doesn't have much time to react to it as he gets cracked with another and another and another. Each one causing the audience to react as Dusty's whole upper body recoils and seizes from the jarring pain as Scott lays one soccer kick after another into his back.]

KEERRAACCK! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!**KEERRAACCK! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!****KEERRAACCK! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!****KEERRAACCK! OOOOOAAAAHHHHH!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Scott turns and shoots himself off the ropes and comes back with a Rolling Neck Snap on the rebound. The champion is up quickly and hits the ropes again just as Griffith bounces back off the mat to a seated position. Scott comes back off the rebound and blasts him with both barrels of a Shotgun Dropkick.]

Angus:

Mayberry's face is just getting obliterated tonight.

DDK:

And the champs not done, he's going up top!

[Scott scrambled up after the dropkick and practically leaped to the top rope.]

DDK:

Looking for the MAD SPLASH and...

Angus:

Nuh uh, Mayberry getting the hell outta Dodge on this one.

[Scott hops down from the turnbuckles, shooting a glancing sneer at Dusty before he hits the ropes. Dusty turns to see Scott charging across the ring at him, but Scott thinks twice as he drops and connects with a baseball slide kick.]

DDK:

Scott with a nice fake out there.

Angus:

He must really hate Mayberry's ugly mug, he keeps trying to rearrange it.

[Scott climbs out on to the apron and Dusty tries to reach in and grab him, but the champion serves him up another boot to the face that staggers him back and off to the side. Lining up his shot, Scott takes a couple of quick steps and then dives off of the apron with a somersault dive.]

DDK:

Griffith caught him and...

Angus:

GAWD THATS GOTTA SUCK!

[Catching Scott coming in, it didn't take much ingenuity to simply slam Scott against the edge of the ring, cracking his back with a sloppy looking powerbomb counter to the dive. The impact instantly making Scott writhe in pain as he rolls around on the floor while the fans react with a loud "WHOA!" like sound.]

DDK:

That could be it, partner, Scott's back was wrecked against Dan Ryan last week and that right there might have just set the champion back to zero on his recovery from that assault.

Angus:

Christ, he drilled his spine against the ring apron, that was sick... and goddamn was that great!

DDK:

You're a sick, sick man, Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

Thank you!

[Dusty picks Scott up and rolls him back into the ring where he attempts a cover.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty looks at Dane with a "really?" kind of look after the kickout. Dane responds with a shrug and a "two count" sign

as he tells him to stop “looking at me and get to work”, which Dusty does. Dragging Scott over to the nearest corner and traps him against the turnbuckles before proceeding to drive his shoulder into Scott’s body over and over.]

DDK:

Griffith going to work here.

Angus:

This is like Karate Kid 3 right now. If a man can’t breathe, he can’t fight, and Mayberry’s trying to break every rib in Scott’s body with them big ass shoulders of his.

[Dusty pulls back as he grabs one of Scott’s wrists and then whips the champion across the ring. Backing into the corner, Dusty charges across the ring and ducks low as he looks to spear himself into and through a seemingly lifeless Kai Scott’s body.]

CLLUUNNK!

Angus:

Hooooo shizzle!

DDK:

Scott moved! Popping himself up at the last possible moment and let Griffith dive right under him, smashing his shoulder into the corner post!

[Griffith staggers out of the corner, the hand of his other arm clutching the chronically bad shoulder that he just blasted against the steel post of the ring. Aching with pain of his own, Scott takes a brief moment to suck in some wind after having it driven from his body. Seeing Dusty hurt finally, Scott sucks it up and takes advantage.]

DDK:

Flying Knee to the back of Griffith’s shoulder.

Angus:

Isn’t that same one he busted in college and at the end of Summer Games in 2008?

DDK:

The very same, partner.

Angus:

And the plot has thickened.

[Dusty staggers forward into the nearby corner, Scott grabs Dusty by his hair and pulls him out of the corner before hooking him for a Reverse DDT. Dropping to a knee, Scott drops the back of Dusty’s arm and shoulder across his exposed knee.]

DDK:

And the champion can taste the blood in water.

Angus:

And he’s chewing on Mayberry’s arm with a standing armbar.

[Scott wrenches and twists on the arm, which torques the shoulder and causes Griffith to grunt and grimace in pain as Dane gets into position. Dane asks Dusty if he’s had enough and gets a grunt in response as Griffith begins to work his way back to his feet, all the while, Scott continues to hold and grind on the arm.]

Angus:

Just can’t keep a big bastard down.

DDK:

He's certainly showing his toughness here tonight.

[Dusty turns to face Scott, who wrenches on the arm and Dusty fires back with an elbow. Scott twists the arm with an arm wringer and gets another elbow to the mush in response. Scott wrings the arm again and then brings it up and over and then down across his shoulder with a Pump Handle Armbreaker.]

Angus:

It's gotta suck when you blast a guy and all he has to do is yank your arm to get your to quit doing that shit.

DDK:

Dusty trying to be tough here, but Scott has really focused on his shoulder.

[Scott holds the arm in place and hits the Pumphandle a couple more times before Dusty finally breaks free, though he's not nearly free of the champions attention. Scott turns and stalks after Griffith, kicking at the arm and shoulder as he gets into lock step with his target. Reaching a corner, Dusty turns and fires back with another elbow.]

DDK:

Dusty scores another elbow and another and... Scott with just one kick to that arm neutralizes the surge.

Angus:

Neutralizes the surge? Is Kai Scott fighting insurgents in AfghanIraqistan?

[Seeing an opening, Scott goes high for a head kick, but Dusty ducks it and snaps him up into a bearhug and squeezes as tightly as he can.]

DDK:

Scott gets his chance and every time, Dusty just finds a way to slow him down.

Angus:

Yeah, but for how long, Keebs? Just look, you can see Mayberry's struggling to even keep his grip.

[Dusty switches grips a couple times, but the strain keeps pulling on his bad shoulder. Before Dane can even ask Scott if he's had enough, Scott begins to pounding away at Dusty's brow and forehead, but it does nothing but make Dusty squeeze just a little harder on the bearhug. The momentary added pressure forces Scott to give, but beforelong Dusty's grip gives again.]

DDK:

Scott switching up here and now he's drilling his elbow into the top of Dusty's shoulder.

Angus:

And there goes what's left of Mayberry's grip.

[Dropping Scott, Dusty's free hand comes up to cover his shoulder, which gives Scott the opening to blast him with a Crescent Kick before he backs off to catch his breath as Dusty drops to a knee. Hunched over, Scott sucks wind long enough so he can move again and then resumes taking aim at Griffith with more kicks that target the shoulder.]

DDK:

Scott surgically targeting the shoulder with those kicks, each one chipping away more and more of Griffith's resistance.

Angus:

And I bet because it hurts a lot too.

[Scott scores a few more shots and then backs up a couple of steps. Aiming his next shot, Scott rushes back at Griffith, but out of nowhere Dusty rises up and catches Scott coming in, popping him up and then drilling him to the mat.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a thunderous SPINEBUSTER!

Angus:

And all of the impact was on Scott's back too!

[Scott writhes on the ground again allows Dusty, who is still holding Scott's feet, to cinch up his legs and turn him over into a high angle Boston Crab that he calls the Dungeon Crab. Scott instantly goes into a screaming panic as Dusty twists and turns his hips to add extra pressure to Scott's spine.]

Angus:

These guys aren't screwing around, hell, I think this might be first submission hold that Mayberry has even used in a DEFIANCE ring... ever.

DDK:

Desperation certainly makes a person break out all of the stops to get the job done. That and it keeps Scott from being able to continue damaging Dusty's arm more than it already is.

[Dane is down on the mat and asking Scott, but the champion screams his answer in the negative while also trying to find a way to wiggle free of the hold. At first he tries to pull at Dusty's foot, which gets nothing but Dusty to respond by cranking back on the hold.]

DDK:

Scott looking for anything that can get him out of this.

Angus:

Gawd, this is like torture porn or those apartment wrestling freaks or both.

DDK:

An extensive knowledge of which, I'm sure you possess.

Angus:

No! I do not... I mean, I might have seen some that one time long ago, but I totally didn't dig it.

[Squirming more and pushing down with his legs, Scott manages to get Dusty's bad arm to loosen. Dusty tries to regain his grip, but Scott gets his leg free, which allows him to turn over on to his back. Dusty again tries to regain the hold, but Scott pulls him in and then pushes off with both feet, sending Dusty tumbling back against the ropes behind him.]

DDK:

There we go, Scott showing he has plenty of fight left in him here.

Angus:

And Mayberry's already stalking after him.

[Dusty watches as Scott crawls towards the ropes while he attempts to shake his arm to avoid it tightening up on him. Stalking toward him, Dusty's arm hangs at his side, when he gets to Scott while climbing up the ropes he grabs on to him and clobbers him a couple of times. Turning the champion around, Dusty presses into him and then Irish Whips him across the ring.]

DDK:

Tilt-A-Whirl...

Angus:

Holy-wow...

DDK:

SCOTT COUNTERS INTO AN ARMBAR!

[Dusty caught Scott coming in off the rebound with a Tilt-A-Whirl, but the champion did some flippydoo gymnastic magic that he must have picked up from Clair St. Sure. Countering the Tilt-A-Whirl, Scott drives Dusty's shoulder into the mat as they both go down with Scott landing on top with a Fujiwara Armbar, instantly causing Dusty to bellow in pain as he squirms.]

WHOOOAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

I've been around a long time, fans, and I'm not sure I've ever seen a counter like that.

Angus:

DEFIANCE Wrestling, we're the cutting edge.

[Dusty desperately searches for an escape route as he twists, turns and squirms around until getting his free under his body, which allows him to roll over and alleviate the pressure on his damaged arm.]

DDK:

It's a special kind of tough to still be able to use critical thinking when you're in that sort of trouble.

Angus:

I think most people would say it's a special kind of idiot to get in the ring to begin with.

DDK:

And you would certainly know all about that.

[Scott is up quickly and rolls Dusty over and then begins driving knees down on to his challenger's shoulder. Two, three, four, five, six knee drives in quick succession and then Scott grabs the arm and applies the Step Over Armbar, but before he could really sit down with it, Dusty turned back over and pushed Scott's leg out from underneath him before rolling out to the floor.]

Angus:

Well, I tell you what, Keeps... Mayberry wanted this Kai Scott, and now I wonder if he's thinking he might be getting more than he bargained for?

DDK:

Possibly, but if we know anything about Dusty Griffith, this is the sort of challenge that he lives for.

[Scott gets up and smirks as he looks out towards Dusty, who is clutching his shoulder. Scott gives Dane a look, who looks back at him and tilts his head towards the floor as if to say "go get him yourself."]

Angus:

So basically, in spite of the pain, he's having a great time?

DDK:

I didn't say it made any sense to me, but yeah, that's probably close to the mark.

[Scott slides out to the floor and attacks Griffith from behind with an axe handle attack to the back of the shoulder, getting himself some boos from the crowd. Scott ignores them and rolls Dusty back into the ring. Dusty tries to get back to his feet as quick as he can, but Scott is back in quickly and peppering him with more kicks.]

DDK:

Scott is unrelenting with those kicks, each one hitting with pinpoint accuracy on Dusty's shoulder.

Angus:

Yeah, but they aren't exactly stopping Mayberry from getting off the mat.

[Scott continues to hammer away as Dusty finally gets to his feet. Turning around, Dusty eyes Scott and returns fire with a quick right left elbow combo, but the left elbow jars his shoulder and he recoils from the pain. Scott shakes the two piece combo to the dome and follows up with another spinning back kick that doubles Dusty over.]

DDK:

Scott hits the Solebutt and a knee lift to Dusty's face.

Angus:

Whoah, Northern Lights Suplex, didn't think he'd have the strength in his back to do that!

DDK:

And he transitions it right into a Jujigatame Armbar, taking another page from Clair St. Sure. This is also the same hold Heidi used to break Don Hollywood's arm.

[Dusty instantly reaches to lock his hands together, keeping Scott from being able to completely hyperextend his arm. Scott places his other foot inside Griffith's locked arms, trying to break them apart. With his hands still locked together, Dusty rolls to his feet and tries to break free, but Scott's pushing finally breaks his grip and he extends the arm, causing Dusty to howl in pain.]

DDK:

Dane is right there, he's asking, but...

Angus:

Oh gawd, Scott's bending that arm, how's it not breaking?!

[Dusty refuses to give, while also trying to stomp Scott's face, who responds in kind by shooting upkicks at Dusty. Dodging some of the shots, Dusty gets an idea as he repositions himself and tries to roll Scott up on to his shoulders for a pinning attempt.]

ONE!... TWO!... THR?... NO!

DDK:

Scott was forced to break the hold or lose the championship!

Angus:

Yeah, but he didn't completely give it up, Keebs...

[Before Dusty could pull his arm away, Scott quickly regripped and tried to stretch his body upwards to regain the armbar fully, but the momentary break allowed Dusty to turn himself just enough so that he could get in close and start dropping bomb like fists on Scott's face. The champion tries to ignore the shots, but the punches give Dusty the opening he needs.]

Angus:

What is he... Is he going to try and muscle Scott up from that position?!

[Locking his hands as he puts a shoulder behind the bend of one of Scott's knees, Dusty pulls back with a sudden jerk, raising the champion off of the mat. Dusty only manages to get Scott up about halfway before dropping to his knees and slamming Scott to the canvas with all of his weight on top of him.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dusty with the gutsiest powerbomb that I have ever seen!

Angus:

And it got the job done, Keebs, Scott is out of it after having the big sumbitch squash the hell out of him like that.

[Dusty takes a good bit of time, sucking wind and trying to push back the pain that has his whole left arm feeling like it's on fire, but eventually scoots over to make the cover.]

ONE!... TW?... NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty sighs, still taking in deep breaths as he pulls Scott up with him. Grabbing one of Scott's arms with his left hand, he clubs him across the back with his right forearm, once, then twice, a third time seems to wake Scott up from his stupor as he grips Dusty's arm and blasts him in the ribs with a kick. Dusty responds with another club, Scott returns with another kick.]

DDK:

Dusty with clubs to the back, Scott with the body kicks.

THUMP!... THWACK!... THUMP!... THWACK!... THUMP!... THWACK!...

[Scott switches gears and grips Dusty's arm with his other hand and gets an arm wringer. Dusty wants nothing to do with this and smashes him with a right elbow to the head and then whips him to the ropes. Scott comes flying back at Dusty with another high knee, but Dusty dodges it and Scott rebounds off the ropes again.]

DDK:

POWERSLAM!

ONE!... TW?... NO! KICKOUT!

[Dusty doesn't let go of Scott, positioning himself so that he can pick Scott up off the mat. Holding Scott up horizontally with both arms, he raises Scott up higher and then slams him down across his knee with a backbreaker.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, even with a busted arm, this dude is so damn strong.

DDK:

And Griffith does it again, a second backbreaker and now he's holding Scott there, arcing the champion's back over his knee.

[Scott struggles mightily, but Dusty has one hand pushing down on his chin and the other pushes down on his hip, bending Scott's spine as much as he possibly can. Dane is in position, but Scott is screaming "NO!" emphatically before the BAWS can even ask the obligatory question.]

Angus:

How is he not giving it up, I mean really, Mayberry is trying to snap him like a SlimJim!

DDK:

Say what you will about Scott when he first became the champion, but nobody can question his heart now.

Angus:

What good is heart going to doing ya when you're in a wheelchair with a broken back? Not a goddamn thing is what it's going to do for ya.

[Dusty mercifully switches gears, pushing Scott off of his knee and goes for a cover.]

ONE!... TW?... NO!... KICKOUT!

[Dusty doesn't accept the kickout and tries again, this time hooking the leg.]

ONE!... TWO!... TH?... NO!... KICKOUT!

[Dusty roars with fury and hooks the leg again as he rolls Scott up again for a cover.]

ONE!... TWO!... THRE?... NO!... KICKOUT!

[Dusty gets up and is in Dane's face, slapping his hands together three times as his frustration pours out. Dane responds in kind, sloooooow clapping his hands three times in a very mocking manner and then gives Dusty the "one count" and tells him to fuck off out of his face.]

Angus:

He better watch his ass, Keebs, because the last thing he wants is for Eric to decide he should call an audible and take the World Title for himself.

DDK:

Crazier things have definitely happened, but I think Dane sees the situation for what it is. Dusty has always been the type to run hotter than most, he's bound to lose his cool now and then.

[Dusty growls and turns back to Scott, who is on his hands on knees with one of his arms crossing over his midsection as sucks in air. Grabbing him by the head, Griffith pulls Scott up, but suddenly Scott grabs Dusty's arm as he shoots up. That sound you hear is Griffith bellowing in extreme pain after Scott drops down on the mat while holding Dusty's wrist, yanking his whole arm with a tremendous amount of force.]

Angus:

That's what you get, you **god-damn-idiot!**

DDK:

Dusty certainly made a critical error there, wasting time with Eric Dane, all it accomplished was give Scott a chance to recover.

[Dusty is down on his side, clutching his shoulder. Scott has since taken a seated position, wincing in pain and heaving breaths. Getting up, Scott stalks over to Griffith and lays into him with a kick, his shin impacting against his shoulder and back, and then drags him to his feet. Twisting the arm, he raises it up over his shoulder again.]

DDK:

Scott looking for another of those Pumphandle Armbreakers...

[In spite of drowning in a sea of pain, Dusty has the available cognition to understand what's happening and yanks his arm away and then blasts Scott with a right elbow to the back of the head before grabbing a waistlock from behind.]

Angus:

JAAAHMAAANSOOOPLEXAAAH!

DDK:

No bridge, all impact!

[Scott gets thrown halfway across the ring, landing on the back of his shoulders in such a way that he involuntarily rolls back with the impact and stumbles back into the nearby corner. Dusty gets up and charges in, but just as he gets a few steps away, Scott stuns him with a Savate Kick that staggers Dusty back. Scott charges at him and gets a boot to the gut for his trouble, grabbing him while doubled over, Dusty stuffs Scott's head between his legs.]

Angus:

HES GOING FOR IT KEEBS!

DDK:

IF SCOTT TAKES THE POWERBOMB, THERES NO WAY HE SURVIVES IT?!

[Feeling a sudden surge of adrenaline, Dusty whips Scott up, but just as the champion rises to the apex of the move he smartly does the one surefire thing that can save him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Scott goes to the eyes!

[Dropping from Dusty's shoulders as he brings both hands up to his face, Scott lands on his feet and uncorks an absolute storm of strikes. Scott hits Dusty with everything imaginable, punches, kicks, knees and elbows, each successive blow driving his challenger back towards the ropes near the entrance ramp that leads right into the ring.]

Angus:

Scott's going batshit, he's throwing everything he has at Mayberry while he's trapped against the ropes!

DDK:

SUPERKICK! Scott him with enough force to lift him off his feet and send him tumbling over the top rope and on to the ramp!

[With Dusty effectively on Dream Street, Scott waits in the ring for him to get up. As Dusty finally begins to stir and then rise to his feet, Scott rebounds off the far side ropes and then comes sprinting back across the ring.]

Angus:

INCOMING!

DDK:

Scott vaults to the rope and crashes into Griffith with a PLANCHA!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The crowd roars again in reaction to the plancha and Kai Scott's sudden burst of emotion as he roars with a whole body flex overcoming him. Once it subsides, Scott picks Dusty up, who is still kind of dazed, but comes to life when Scott slams a forearm into the side of his head. Dusty fires back a forearm of his own that staggers Scott back to his side of the ramp. Scott returns fire with a shot that nearly tips Dusty over the edge of the ramp.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

KUNG FU FIGHTING!

[Back and forth the champion and challenger throw forearms and elbows, seemingly with the winner being the one to knock his opponent off of the ramp and into the audience below. After a few rounds, Scott gets hit with a particularly hard shot and then blocks a second and gets Dusty with a left hook to the gut and then a right kick to the side of Dusty's knee before clobbering him with a Crescent Kick to the side of his head.]

DDK:

SUPERKICK, AGAIN!

Angus:

LOOK OUT BELOW!

[The shot rocks Dusty and he teeters off the ramp, crashing on top of a group of fans on the floor below him. Meanwhile Scott heads back into the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Waitamminute... Where's Scott going?!

[Scott rushes up the turnbuckles that face towards where Dusty is laid out on the floor. Crouching on the top rope, he waits for Dusty to come to. Meanwhile, Dane stands out on the ramp and barks words of warning at Scott to not kill any of the fans below him while killing himself. Scott doesn't even hear the words, he only sees Griffith starting to get back to his feet.]

FLASH BULBS POPPING ALL OVER THE ARENA

Angus:

ZZZOOOOO MMMYYYYYYGAAWWWD~111!!!!oneoneEXLAMATIONPOINT!!!1!

DDK:

KAI SCOTT SUICIDE DIVE OFF THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

HOLYSHIT! HOLYSHIT! HOLYSHIT! HOLYSHIT! HOLYSHIT!

DDK:

The carnage... MY GOD, the CARNAGE! Kai Scott is OUT, Dusty Griffith is OUT, and that whole section of fans has been wiped out!

Angus:

And look at Eric, he can't believe what he just saw either!

[For real. Eric Dane, the BAWS, is gobsmacked like a motherfucker right now. He's either stunned, impressed, or horrified at the potential for lawsuits. The fans however, even the ones who were caught in the damage path, are all marking out like they just won the goddamn lottery.]

D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F! D-E-F!

[After both have had some time to recover, Scott is eventually the first to get up and he goes over to Dusty, who is only just starting to crawl around. Reaching Dusty, Scott puts a few hateful kick-stomps into his side, back and shoulder. Lifting Griffith up, Scott blasts him with a few chops and then whips him in the direction of the guardrails.]

DDK:

Scott telling the fans to get out of the way.

Angus:

After what's already happened, who knows what he's up to.

[Watching Griffith crash against the railing, he takes several steps back as the fans part like a great sea of humanity. Slapping himself a few times, he takes a quick hop forward and then sprints back towards Dusty.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Griffith catches the champ and tosses him over the guardrails with an overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

Angus:

And did you see Mayberry smack the back of his head on the rail?...

[With the fans crowding around him, cheering him on, Dusty slowly gets to his feet as he puts a hand at the back of his head. Bringing it back he sees the crimson on his fingertips as his body begins to shake while his eyes go wide with fury.]

Angus:

Ooooh shit, he is PISSED OFF NOW, KEEBS!

[Dusty turns and sees Scott using the rails he was just tossed over to help himself to his feet. A few quick steps and Dusty leaps at Scott, taking flight over the guardrail and colliding into Scott with a flying shoulder tackle. Getting up, he throws his arms out and roars to the crowd, who roar back at him with cheers.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Griffith yanks Scott off the floor and then hurls him at the guardrails, grabs him again and then whips him at the ramp with such force that Scott crashes front first into it. Dusty charges the short distance and crushes Scott's midsection between the ramp and himself with a running body splash. Dusty turns him around and then sends him back into the guardrails before rushing back himself and smashing a knee into the champions stomach.]

DDK:

We have seen Dusty Griffith when this trigger flips a number of times, but this time, he might just honestly be out of control now.

Angus:

YUSS! AND IT'S FAAANNN-TASTIC!

[Griffith pulls Scott away from the rail and drags him over to the ring where he begins to slam his face into the mat. After the first few, the crowd begins to count along.]

...FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIG...

DDK:

SCOTT GETS HIS HANDS UP TO BLOCK!

[On the eighth, Scott blocks it. Dusty he raises an arm up to slam it down across Scott's back, but takes an elbow to the gut, then a second and a third. Scott turns and grabs Dusty by the back of the head and slams his face into the apron to finish the ten count.]

...EIGHT! NINE!... TEN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Scott attempts to whip Dusty down towards the other end of the ring, but Dusty reverses and sends Scott hurtling into the guardrails again. Scott however isn't giving a damn about reversals and basically bounces right back off the rails and runs back at a charging Dusty, smashing him in the mush with a running front kick. Scott grabs Dusty by the back of the head and then runs him face first into the corner post.]

CLLLUUUNNNK!

Angus:

DOWN GOES MAYBERRY!

DDK:

And now Scott is just laying into him with more stomps and kicks.

[After what seems like dozens of stomps, Scott picks Dusty up and upon seeing his face, we find that he's been busted open just over his left eyebrow.]

Angus:

Hey I know what Mayberry will be wearing for Halloween... THE CRIMSON MASK!

DDK:

Veeerrry funny.

[Scott drags Dusty around the corner of the ring and smashes his face into the ring, leaving a bloody imprint on the canvas. The blow exasperates the cut above Dusty's brow and Scott drags him over to the rails where begins to choke him over the top of the guardrail.]

RAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOO!

[Some of the fans cheer the savagery, some boo the heel tactics, some boo and cheer because their brains have quit being able to interpret the spectacle that is happening before their very eyes. Scott switches gears, positioning Dusty's face in such a way that he can drag it across the top of the guardrail.]

DDK:

This is absolutely sick!

Angus:

FUCK THAT! THIS IS AWESOME!

[Dusty panics as he feels the flesh of his face being dragged across the steel. Back in the ring, Dane looks on and seems to be enjoying the show that is being put on display. Back to the action, Scott whips Dusty at the guardrails towards the next corner of the ring, but gets caught as he charges in and gets his midsection dropped over the guardrail.]

DDK:

If Kai Scott doesn't have broken ribs when this is all said and done, I am going to be absolutely amazed.

Angus:

Same goes for Mayberry's shoulder, Scott's been a bastard and a half to it all night long.

[Speaking of Scott, Dusty pulls him up into a rear waistlock, but before he can throw him with any sort of suplex, Scott blocks by hooking a foot around back of Dusty's ankle and heel. Dusty tries again, but eats an elbow to the face and then another and another until Scott reaches up and Snap Mares him over.]

THWACK!

[Spinal Tap.]

THWACK!
THWACK!

[Each one slamming with high velocity.]

THWACK!
THWACK!

[Scott hops from behind Dusty, spins looks for the Buzzsaw to the dome, but Dusty catches the foot. Getting up, Dusty holds Scott's foot as he hops up and down on his other foot while raining down hammerfists. Dusty ignores these and gets to his feet, Scott tries to swipe at him with some open hands, but they proved to be a feint as he jumped up and clipped Dusty behind the ear.]

Angus:
GIN-ZOO-GEARY!

[Scott is up quick and grabs Dusty as he stumbles about from the blow to the head. Getting a fistful of his hair and the back of his trunks with his other hand, Scott runs Dusty head first into the guardrailing near the entrance ramp. Picking him up, Scott pushes Dusty against the side of the entrance ramp and opens up with another quick flurry of strikes before rolling him on to the entrance ramp.]

DDK:
The champion follows his prey up on to the ramp, what could he possibly be thinking?

Angus:
I'unno... How do I finally kill this Half-Bastard, Half-Tank sumbitch once and for all, so I can take my ass back home and get my spine realigned by a chiropractor?

[Dusty gets to his feet as Scott pops himself up on to the ramp. Pulling Dusty's head up, Scott slams a forearm into the side of it and then a second and a third. Dusty yanks his head back, leaving Scott's fist with a few strands of his dark mane, and then clobbers him with an elbow. Scott snaps off a quick leg kick to the knee and then another forearm to the jaw, which Dusty responds by smashing another right elbow upside the champion's skull.]

DDK:
And we're back where we started, with these two trying to blast away as many of their combined brain cells as quickly and brutally as possible.

Angus:
Yes and I want more, more I say, MOAR!

[Scott again lands another combination with a forearm to the face, right kick to the knee, left kick to the body. Dusty again responds with one single, powerful elbow to the head that rattles Scott upon contact. Seeing his chance, Dusty kicks Scott in the gut and gets him in position.]

DDK:
No... no... NO-NO-NO!

Angus:
Hell yeah! DO IT!... POWERBOMB HIM THROUGH THE RAMP!

[Dusty whips Scott up, and Scott seems to "go with it" and as he reaches the apex of the move, he puts his hands down on top of Dusty's head and pops himself up and over Griffith, landing behind him.]

DDK:

Again! Scott somehow finds a way to escape Dusty's Atomic Powerbomb!

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Scott spins Dusty around, CRESCENT KICK!

[Dusty's head snaps to the side from the blow to the side of his head. Scott unleashes another furious combination of strikes that has Dusty teetering. Scott steps back and tries to score with the Lethal Roundhouse Kick, but Dusty has the presence of mind to duck it, and when Scott spins around from the moment, Dusty working on sheer instinct hooks him for a suplex.]

MORE FLASHBULBS POPPING ALL OVER THE ARENA

WHOOOOOOAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

ZZZOOOMMMYYYGGGAAWWDDDEHSEQUEL!!!oneEXCLAMATION POINT!1

[That sound you hear? It's the sound of two human bodies crashing on to the floor with a sickening thud as flesh meets the concrete below.]

DDK:

SOMEONE CHECK ON THEM FOR GODS SAKE! DUSTY GRIFFITH JUST BACKDROPPED KAI SCOTT FROM THE ENTRANCE RAMP TO THE FLOOR!

[Both of them are out, their eyes are open, but nobody is in there.]

[Scott lays face down on the floor after crashing with such impact that his own knee smashed into his face upon the initial impact, causing blood to pour from his nose and mouth. Although Dusty took far less of the impact, he did smash down on to his shoulders and upper back by way of delivering the suplex.]

DDK:

My god, folks, I know the championship is everything to these guys, but when is enough enough? What good is it to be the champion if you end up not being able to get up from a match like this?

[Angus always has those moments of pure clarity and thought.]

Angus:

It's questions like that, Keebs, that explain why those two are out there fighting for the gold and why we're over here... talking about those guys out there fight for the gold. It'll never be enough, there's no limit, no goddamn lick of sense that will ever stop two guys like Scott and Mayberry from giving every last bit of what they got to be... the man.

[And this has been one of them.]

[A hush falls over the crowd as DEFIANCE's medical staff, lead by Iris Davine, rush to ringside. Inside the ring, Eric Dane watches on as Davine and her staff go to work. After a few moments, Iris heads over to Darren Quimbey with Dane following her from inside the ring. Listening in on what she's saying, Dane is not amused.]

DDK:

I think... I'm not sure, but I think Iris Davine, DEFIANCE's Chief of Medical is calling off the match!

Angus:

WHAT?!

[Quimbey nods at Davine and she goes back to her staff, who are now in the process of trying to get both Scott and Griffith on backboards, though it's difficult as both seem to be instinctively fighting against it. Meanwhile, Darren Quimbey has picked up his mic.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... Under the authority of DEFIANCE's Chief of Medical, Iris Davine, this match is being declared a...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Quimbey can't even get the last words out as a massive wave of boos pour in from every last member of the audience. This also happens to be where Quimbey is cut off by Eric Dane, who upon realizing what was about to happen, dropped out of the ring, grabbed the mic from Quimbey and started power walking over to the crash site.]

Eric Dane:

Stop!

[He orders the DEFIANCE Medical Team. They don't listen.]

Eric Dane:

Goddamnit! I said stop!

[They all pause and looks towards the BAWS as he makes his way to their position.]

Eric Dane:

I promised these people that a winner would be declared, AND BAH GAWD, that's what they're going to get!

[He approaches Iris Davine, who protests vehemently on behalf of Kai Scott and Dusty's Griffith's welfare. Dane is giving no fucks about protests and tells her to take her team and leave before addressing **his** champion and **his** challenger.]

Eric Dane:

Even if I have to kick both of your sorry carcasses back in the ring, flip a coin to decide who should win, throw that guys body on top of the other guy and count the goddamn three...

THERE. MUST. BE. A. WINNER!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dane stuffs the mic in his pocket and then reaches down and grabs Griffith by his long mane of dark hair, pulls him up and then leads him back into the ring and then rolls him in. Turning back, he heads over to retrieve Scott and pulls him up by his ears, and then does the same, leads him to the ring and rolls him back in. Rolling back into the ring, Dane takes the floor as he pulls the mic from his pocket.]

Eric Dane:

Now then... It's getting late and these people want a winner... So one of you sonsabitches get the hell on with it, take it home, and we can all get the hell outta here!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Flipping the mic over his shoulder, it bounces off the ring and out to the floor. Dane's tirade seems to have an almost instantaneous effect, as both Scott and Dusty start to move, though slowly at first. Then they crawl around the ring, each trying to gather their wits about them and make sense of what they are, who they are, where they are, why they

are, and just how in the hell are they still even able to move, much less be able to actually start to get to their feet.]

DDK:

I'll say this for the boss, he can give one hell of a pep talk!

Angus:

Who needs Anthony Robbins when we have ERIC MOTHERFUCKING DANE?!

[On one side of the ring, Dusty uses the ropes to pull his resurrected body up. On the other side of the ring, Scott is using the corner he's in to drag his reanimated corpse up. Getting to their feet, they both look like death warmed over, left overnight to get cold and then reheated again. Both are bloody, battle weary and heaving slow, ragged breaths.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

They haven't done anything yet...

DDK:

What... Oh no, LOOK!

[They would be the Blood Diamonds. All of them. In their entirety. Edward White takes point with Dan Ryan and Jonny Booya to his right, Team HOSS with Junior Keeling to his left, Nicky Corozzo, Jane Katze and his entire Diamond Protective Service standing at his back. Dane looks out with a fury in his eyes as he locks his sights on White, who with a nod, sends his entire force down towards the ring. The only exceptions being Keeling and Katze who stay with White and handful of the DPS agents who stay behind to guard his back and to prevent anyone from coming to the ring.]

DDK:

We should have known, it was only a matter of time before these people got involved.

Angus:

Maybe they're just here to get a closer look?

[Back in the ring, Scott and Dusty watch as Dan Ryan stands at the edge of the ramp that feeds into the ring, while Jonny Booya heads over to the left side of the ring. Team HOSS split up, as Capital Punishment goes to the right, while Aleczander and Angel Trinidad go to the backside of the ring, both climbing up on to the apron. Meanwhile, the bulk of the DPS agents surround the ring, sealing it off so as to block off the available escape routes.]

DDK:

Oh come on, Angus, really?

Angus:

I'unno, wishful thinking?

[Scott and Griffith look on at all collection of menacing faces and bad intentions as they both back away towards the center of the ring, where they collide into each other. Turning around, with fists cocked, the two seem to stop time for this ever so brief moment where they look each other in the eye. Wordlessly, they nod their apparent agreement as they spin back around and rush at the first target that they each set their sights on.]

RAAH!

[Scott beelines it right for Jonny Booya, because of course he does, tackles him from the ring to the floor. Dusty goes right for the big game in this hunt, charging at Dan Ryan and clobbering him as he tried to enter the ring and continues to wail on the legend as they spill out on to the ramp. Meanwhile, Dane not being one to be left out of the fun, rushes over and catches Cap with a clothesline that knocks him off the ring apron.]

DDK:

IT'S PANDA...

Angus:

BEAR...

Angus & Keebs:

LINOLEUM!

Angus:

THAT'S MY LINE!

DDK:

IT JUST CAME OUT!

Angus:

HEEEYOOO!

DDK:

OOOH SHUT UP!

[Dane turns and finds himself two on one against the rest of Team HOSS, as the Mancunian Muscle and the Rookie Monster enter the ring and staredown with the BAWS. Dane snarls back at them, throws up the double bird and challenges both to come and get it.]

Angus:

Eric's gonna fight Team HOSS?! I'UNNO IF MAH HEART CAN TAKE IT!

[Alec and Angel close in on the Only Star, who throws caution to the wind and rushes both of them. His audacity catches them off guard for a moment, but they quickly recover and start pounding on him with clubbing blows.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Elsewhere, Dusty ducks a looping punch from Ryan and knocked him off the ramp with a shove that sends him flying into a mass of DPS agents. Down on the floor, Scott is wildly putting the boots to Booya after having tackled him from the ring to the floor. Meanwhile, Capital Punishment has returned to the ring and made it a three on one against Eric Dane, which garnered the rush of boos from the audience.]

DDK:

Team HOSS is ganging up on Eric Dane!

Angus:

NOOOOOO! ERIC! SOMEONE SAVE THE BAAAWWS!

[They don't get much time to do so, as Scott and Dusty both turn their sights on the ring and see Team HOSS triple teaming Dane. Rushing in for the save, Scott rushes up to the top rope and comes crashing down on Alec and Angel with a double axe to the back of the shoulders and neck. Dusty shoulder blocks Capital Punishment with such force that it sends him tumbling back out of the ring. Turning his attention, Angel looks at Dusty, which means he doesn't see Dane who splits the uprights on the Rookie Monster with a good ol' fashion kick to the dick from his back.]

DDK:

Kai Scott and Dusty Griffith to the rescue!

[Dane gets up and backs towards the ropes near the ramp as Scott and Dusty watch as the Blood Diamonds troops

gather together on the outside. Then suddenly, Jane comes flying up behind Dane, jumping on his back and digging her claws into his face.]

Angus:

Somebody get this fuckin' WHOOOER offa the BAWS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[As if Angus' call was like a Bat Symbol for crazy bitches, the crowd erupts when Kelly Evans comes blazing down the ramp, her sights locked on Edward White's Personal Assistant, Jane Katze. Getting within range, Kelly jumps up and gets two claws worth of Jane's hair and yanks her off Eric's back, who turns to see Kelly. Jane gets up off her back and stares off with Kelly as they begin ranting at each other before rushing into and tackling each other to ramp.]

Angus:

CAAAAAAAAAATFYYYYYYYYYYT!!!11!

[With their attention turned to Evans and Katze rolling around on the ramp, Dane, Dusty and Scott don't see the returns of Ryan, Booya and Cap, who with Angel and Alecz bum rush the three of them together.]

DDK:

Damnit it all to hell, these bastards are just determined to ruin everything!

[That's when something awesome happens.]

[From the left side of the arena, Jamie Stanley leads a crew of DEFsec down through the crowd. From the right side of the arena, Samuel Grant leads another group of DEFsec down to the ring. And right down the center, opposite the entrance way, Brian Slater and the rest of the DEFsec Brute Squad come charging down towards the ring.]

Angus:

THE BRUTE SQUAD, YUUUSSSSSS!

[When the entirety of the Brute Squad hit the ringside area, they jump the rails and immediately go to war with every last DPS agent on the floor. It seriously looks like the opening battle scene from Gladiator, with the fighting spilling out all over the place as the ringside couldn't possibly hope to contain the huge brawl.]

!SUPER HUGE MEGA POP-SPLOSION EXTREME!

DDK:

THE WHITE KNIGHTS ARE HERE!

[That's right, Eugene Dewey, Frank Dylan James and Sam Turner Jr. all exploded from behind the curtains and quickly wreck the few DPS agents that attempted to stand guard. Euge and Sam both rush to the ring, but Ol' FDJ turns his sights on Edward White and blasts him with a big boot to the mush. Junior Keeling doesn't even pretend to be tough, he beats feet as hard and fast as he possibly can. Seeing their employer get blasted, most of the DPS agents that haven't brawled their way out of sight, rush to White's aid, with DEFsec hot on their asses.]

Angus:

And now the GOOD GUYS have the numbers advantage! WHOOOO!

[With Frank joining them, he, Euge and Sam all hit the Diamonds hard. Euge goes right for his old nemesis Dan Ryan, and those two end up fighting out to and then back up the ramp. Frank and Sam clear Team HOSS out of the way, brawling with all three of them out to the floor and into a few stragglers from the DPS/DEFsec war. Dane, Scott and Dusty then find themselves three on one with Jonny Booya.]

Angus:

Oooooooooooh hell yeah! Time to die you, roided up, flattopped, Duke Nukem looking, turncoat **sonofaBITCH!**

[It doesn't take long for Booya to calculate the odds are not in his favor as he sees all of his allies being driven away from the ring, as well as Dane, Scott and Dusty all turning their renewed and enraged attention on the Best Flex if Wrestling.]

DDK:

AND NOW THEY'RE ATTACKING BOOYA, THREE ON ONE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Not getting much of a chance to mount an offense, the three rush him and proceed to kickpunch the holy fuck out of him. After thoroughly pounding the resistance out of him, Dane and Scott throw him to Dusty, who POWERBOMBS him right in the center of the ring before rolling him up to his feet and into Eric Dane, who lifts him and then drills him with the STARDRIVER! While that was going on, Scott scrambled up to the top rope, set his target right as Dane hit the Brainbuster and then came crashing down with a MAD SPLASH!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Scott gets to his feet, although gingerly as the splash sent a jolt of pain through his whole body, and then puts a few more boots into Booya's body for good measure before backing off. Dane and Dusty lift Booya's beaten corpse and then toss him out over the top rope, meanwhile, Scott just stands back and watches and waits for when Dusty turns back around.]

DDK:

KRYPTONITE!

Angus:

So much for being friends anymore!

[At first, Dane is stunned, but then drops down for the cover as a knowing grin curls his lips, because this is exactly something he would do if he were in Scott's position.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE?...

NOOOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

What in the HALE?!

DDK:

Dusty just kicked out of what can only be the nearest fall that I have seen.

[Scott doesn't waste time on the drama that has Angus and Keebler enthralled. Scrambling up to the top, he sets himself and then dives off.]

DDK:

MAD SPLASH!

[Upon impact, Scott's whole body instantly recoiled from the pain of connecting with the splash.]

Angus:

Oh man, but look, Keebs... He can't make the cover.

[Rolling around on the ground for a moment as he favors his midsection, Scott sucks it up and quickly crawls over to make the cover.]

ONE!...**TWO!...****NO!****KICKOUT!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Scott is up, pain etched on his face as a composite sketch of all the pain radiating throughout his body. Looking down at Griffith, Scott contemplates his next move and then pulls his challenger up into a text book suplex position.]

DDK:

Scott looking to hit the ZER SOZE! If he hits this...

Angus:

Can he even lift Mayberry's dead ass up to hit it?

[Sure enough, Scott struggles to even get Dusty's feet off the mat, much less raise him up high enough in order to execute his modified Tombstone.]

DDK:

You're right, partner, I don't think he can. Not with how badly his core must be damaged, he doesn't look to have the strength.

[Scott tries once more and fails, then thinking fast he drives a shoulder into Dusty's body and pushes him back into a corner. Standing upright again, Scott blasts him with a few blows before driving his shoulder into his body again and then using every last bit that he has to hoist Dusty up on to the top turnbuckle.]

Angus:

What's he doing?

DDK:

He's using his brain, Angus, if he can't lift Dusty up normally, he can certainly make it easier...

[Indeed. Still standing on the mat, Scott pulls Dusty down and hooks him for the suplex and then lifts him just enough and pulls him off the turnbuckles. Turning around, Scott groans in pain as holding up Dusty's weight is causing his whole body to shake in response to the pain. Taking a couple steps towards the center of the ring before his body gives out on him and falls forward, slamming Dusty down more than driving him as he collapses on top of him for the cover.]

DDK:

ZER SOZE!

Angus:

It was sloppy, but he hit it!

ONE!...

TWO!...

THR...?...

NOOOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

DUSTY GRIFFITH LIVES!

Angus:

HOW DO YOU KILL THIS GUY?!

[The fans erupt in a mix of shock and cheers. Scott is up and is absolutely beside himself, Dane is completely dumbfounded. Dusty's eyes are open, they're glassy, his arms are up and flailing, as he tries to move, but he lacks the motor function to move much more than squirm around.]

DDK:

Scott is incensed, I don't think he knows what to do, but he's going to try something, anything in hopes of keeping Dusty down for the count.

[Scott shuffles his beaten body over to the ropes, climbing out, he slowly ascends to the top rope. Crouching on the top rope, he appears to steady himself and then POPS up into his leap, getting himself some extra hang time as he dives out for the Mad Splash once again.]

FLASHBULBS POPPING ALL OVER THE ARENA

[Just as Scott is about to land, Dusty rolls out of the way at the last possible millisecond.]

CRRRRRAAAAASSSSSH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

KAI SCOTT HITS NOTHING BUT CANVAS!

[The impact bounced Scott back to his feet and he staggers around, doubled over and clutching his body with both arms wrapped around his midsection. To make matters worse, Dusty suddenly comes to life, scrambling to his feet as he rushes up and sets Scott for the Powerbomb. Whipping the champion up, he throws him with as much force as he can, slamming him back first against the mat.]

Angus:

AAATTTOOOMMMIC POOOWWWAAARRR-BAAHB-BOMB!

[Dusty leans over, rolling Scott up for the cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THRRRRRRREEEE...

!BIG BANG LEVEL POP-SPLOSION!

DDK:

HOLY CHRIST! DUSTY GRIFFITH FINALLY HITS THE ATOMIC POWERBOMB AND KAI SCOTT KICKS OUT!

[Dusty is paralyzed with shock as his mouth gapes open, his eyes goes wide and his hands come up in utter disbelief. Eric Dane is so stunned that he can't even get off the mat or even acknowledge or confirm that it was indeed, only a two count.]

Angus:

You know what... I give up. Mayberry kicks out of the Zer Soze **AND** Scott kicks out of the Atomic Powerbomb... I'm... I'm done, Keebs... I'm just done!

[Soon, Dusty's shock wears off as he stares at his hands. The stunned expression being ripped away by one of sheer rage as his hands clench into fists. Reaching down, he savagely pulls Scott up from the mat and hooks him for the Sambo Suplex, but Scott immediately starts bringing elbows down across Dusty's neck and shoulder. Giving it up, Scott swings at Griffith, who ducks and grabs him for a Backdrop Suplex, but Scott back rolls out of the move and lands behind Dusty.]

DDK:

CRESCENT KICK... NO! DUSTY CAUGHT IT!

[Stepping into it, Dusty traps Scott's leg at the knee with his neck and shoulder, then pops him up and slams him back down with the same move that Scott countered out of earlier in the match with a head scissor takedown.]

Angus:

TORNADO BOMB!

[Dusty doesn't bother with a pin, scrambling as he pulls Scott up and then positions once more for the Atomic Powerbomb... Whipping him up as fast as he can, he whiplashes him back to the mat with every fiber of his body, slamming Scott down before leaning and sliding all of his weight over top of Scott's legs, pinning him down.]

ONE!.....

TWO!.....

THREE!?.....

YEESSSSSS!!!

RAAH!

[The crowd erupts with an unending and deafening roar of cheers, feet stomping, hands clapping and various screams and unintelligible chants. Dusty sets his feet on the mat and pushes himself to an upright position as the Darren Quimbey makes the official call.]

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... YOUR WINNER... ANNNNNNNNNNNNNND... NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW...

DEFIANCE WRESTLING... WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... **DUUUUUSSSSSTTTTTY...
GRRRRRIFFFFFITTTTTTHHHH!**

[Dusty's arms shoot into the air before simply falling over from sheer exhaustion, the rage and determination in his face fades away as nothing but sheer relief washes over his entire being.]

DDK:

Years of waiting, climbing and fighting to get to this very moment... The wait is over, Dusty Griffith is finally the Heavyweight Champion of the World!

Angus:

And I tell you what, Keebs, the man has earned it. No bullshit, no gripes from me, Mayberry is the man, and he deserves to be the man after tonight.

[Moments later, Eugene, Frank and Sam all rush into the ring with DEFIANCE's medical team not far behind them. The group of medics try to check on Dusty as he sits himself up, he's still loopy from exhaustion, but he looks up to see his friends and smiles as he holds his hands out, which Frank and Sam reach out for and yank him up off the mat.]

[Down on the mat while the celebration kicks off with Dusty being hoisted on to Frank's and Sam's shoulders, Kai Scott is being checked on by the medics as well as his friend and confidant, Diane Parker. Sitting him up against the corner, the medics look him over, but he waves them off as he stubbornly struggles to his feet.]

[Meanwhile, looking on almost like a proud father, Eric Dane watched as the scene unfolded before him, with nothing more than a content look upon his face at the show his champion and now former champion just finished putting on. After watching Scott struggle to his feet, Dane bailed from the ring and went over to Quimbey, who had the DEFIANCE World Championship already in hand for the baws to collect.]

[Walking up the steps, Dane climbed back into the ring with the belt in hand. As he approached Griffith, still resting on the shoulders of Frank and Sam like the king of the world, Kai Scott burst from the corner and snatched the belt away, causing the whole arena to fall silent. Dusty calls for Frank and Sam to let him down and he slides down to the mat.]

[Scott holds the belt in his hands, just staring at what has been his property for almost an entire year. He looks at Dane and then at Dusty and back at the belt, a brief look of sorrow gives way to one of relief as he releases a huge sigh. Approaching Dusty, he hands him the belt and then offers him his hand in respect, both of which, Dusty accepts as the two share a few words before Scott peacefully leaves the ring.]

DDK:

Say what you will about the man and how he conducted himself at times, even how he became the champion, Kai Scott was a damn good champion.....

[Keebler is cut off as a swell develops in the audience as Scott hobbles his way back up the ramp. The swell grows and grows as Dusty stands at the edge of the ring and begins clapping for Kai Scott, causing the audience to burst with a well deserved chant.]

"THANK YOU, KAI! THANK YOU, KAI! THANK YOU, KAI!"

DDK:

A well deserved curtain call for the man who helped carry DEFIANCE through some of its darkest days.

[Scott stops in his tracks as the words begin to register in his head. He nods and takes a few bows, accepting the fans heartfelt appreciation. Standing back up, he raises his hands and points back towards the ring before clapping them together as he backs his way behind the curtain.]

[Back in the ring, Dusty suddenly finally looks at the belt in his hands and then out at the entire audience, all of whom are still cheering and chanting and screaming. Throwing his arms up in the air, he roars with excitement and rushes

over and climbs up the nearest corner, where he clutches the belt with both hands and throws it up in the air for all to see as his music begins to play once again to close out the show.]

[Eric Dane, who had bailed from the ring while everyone was looking at Scott, is seen escaping through the crowd with Kelly Evans, who must have eventually separated herself from Jane Katze, who has since fucked off to god knows where. Eugene, Sam and Frank all give Dusty final pats on the back and then they to exit the ring, leading the crowd in cheering for the new champion as the credits begin to roll.]

Angus:

Well goddamn, Keebs, I dunno about you, but I'm ready to call this thing good and done.

DDK:

Absolutely partner, for everyone who works for DEFIANCE Wrestling... Thanks for tuning in and until next time, I am Darren Keebler and as always, my partner in broadcasting crime, is Angus Skaaland... Say hello to the Era of Dusty Griffith!

Angus:

GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOD NIGHT NAAAAAAOOOOOW!!

[BOOM!]

[MOAR CREDITS!]

[MOAR CELEBRATION!]

[FADE.]

[BLACK.]