

Be Very Very Quiet, I'm hunting Mastodon - Pt. 1

[We're in the unmistakably posh office of building manager and talent representative Jane Katze. The beautiful brunette sits on the edge of her desk with her long flawless legs crossed in front of her. The flowy low cut white blouse and tight houndstooth mini-skirt to her several favors, looking per usual like a complete knockout. She pensively nibbles on the end of a pencil before tucking the writing implement into the loose bun of hair atop her head. She hops off the desk and walks right up to the seven feet of besuited muscle standing in front of her.]

Jane:

Nicky... do you have a plan for tonight?

[Il Giudice, The Judge. Nicky Corozzo towers over his long time associate as she reaches up and straightens his tie, smoothing down the labels on his plain black suit.]

Nicky:

You know I do. Boss.

[Nicky puts a little gravy on that last word. Enough to make Jane cock her eyebrow and lean back against her desk. Corozzo pulls a pair of buttery soft black leather gloves out of his pocket and tugs them on. As Katze eyes Corozzo up and down, he offers up the information he knows she's looking for.]

Nicky:

I got a couple ideas where he's holed up. I'll make it abundantly clear he should keep clear of what Bronson needs to sort out with his friend big Dust. I'm pretty good at gettin' points across to meatheads like him... I am a professional, after all.

[He finishes putting on his gloves on, giving the last one a tight tug before balling that fist. The leather groaning against his giant lunchbox sized hand. Jane smiles.]

Jane:

Just get it done.

[Wordlessly, Nicky turns on his heels and makes for the office door as we fade back to Angus and Darren at the commentary station.]

DDK:

I haven't seen Nicky Corozzo lookin' that sharp in a while, partner. I remember a time when he was counted amongst one of the most dangerous individuals on the roster.

Angus:

Yeah, before he became little Ms. Edwina White's favorite doorjam. Frank's going to eat that guinea for lunch.

DDK:

If he manages to find him, that is. Ol' Frank's been known to roost in some decidedly odd places since we moved into permanent residence here at the Wrestle-plex.

Angus:

They once found him in the pool buck naked, bunch of empties bobbing around his bare ass... ahhh, the good ol' days.

DDK:

Simpler days, Angus, simpler days.

Rundown / About that Clean and Fair Thing...

[There is black.]

[Then...]

[Machine Head's "I Defy" rips through the arena as the camera pans around another sold out crowd here at the Wrestle-Plex in beautiful New Orleans, Louisiana. Fans cheer, chant, bang guardrails and lift their homemade signs high as the crane camera passes overhead..]

I'D LIKE TO HARMONISE WITH HER!

FRANK (EITHER ONE WILL DO)

I CYBERED WITH EUGENE

OLD CANCER JILES

[The following is a presentation of DEFIAНCE Wrestling...and...we...are...live!]

JONNY BOO YOU!

CURTIS PENIS

CLEAN AND FAIR!

WE WANT BRAZEN!

DDK:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO DEFIAНCE!

Angus:

Are we doing a rundown?

DDK:

We are indeed partner!

Angus:

Feels like months since we did one of them.

DDK:

Probably because it has been.

Angus:

Oh good. Time moves at a different pace for me sometimes you see.

DDK:

Just like being sat here with you.

Angus:

What's that?

DDK:

Nothing! Boy howdy do we have a show for you guys tonight! Eric Dane's BRAZEN project is represented big time tonight as we'll see two matches involving competitors from BRAZEN who will all surely be looking to make an impact. And the first of those competitors will be Butcher Victorious as he squares off against the God Beast, Mushighara.

Angus:

Ahhh well, it's been nice knowing you, Butcher. I don't think he'll be too 'Victorious' tonight.

DDK:

I wouldn't be so sure, Angus. Mushi seemed to wobble against Levi Cole last week following his loss to Harmony two

weeks ago. That wobble might continue still.

Angus:

Or he's gonna come out here with something to prove and absolutely murder the face of the young BRAZEN upstart.

DDK:

That's a possibility, I'll grant you that. And that also sets me up for the next match!

Angus:

Convenient that.

DDK:

As Mascara De Muerte IV takes on The Wargod, The Original DEFIANT... Bronson Box.

Angus:

I mean, seriously, does BRAZEN not want any of their guys back?

DDK:

And who knows what else we have in stor--

♪ *Dark Lord Bowser* ♪

DDK:

Oh God, this guy?

Angus:

This is your champion coming down to the ring, Keebs! Show him some respect!

[The FIST of DEFIA, Eugene Dewey, stomps his way out from the back and down the ramp, not wasting any time on his way to the ring. With one hand he clings onto the FIST belt draped over his shoulder, and in the other he holds a microphone.]

Angus:

Looks like Eugene's got something to say.

DDK:

Great.

Angus:

It is, isn't it...

[Dewey climbs the stairs and pauses on the ring apron where he turns to survey the raucous crowd. He waves at his adoring public before stepping into the ring, where he promptly takes his place in the center of the ring and waits for his music to fade out.]

Eugene Dewey:

Last week I came out here and I proved to the world, and to all the naysayers out there, that I don't need any help to defeat the so-called 'best' DEFIA has to offer.

[The fans don't like that one bit, and they make sure to let Dewey know how they feel about his words with gusto.]

Eugene Dewey:

No games, no funny business, just a clean and fair fight between the very best in this company... and Tyrone Walker.

[Even more jeers from the DEFIAfans over that one.]

DDK:

I've seen cleaner fights between dogs over a hunk of meat than that display from Dewey last week.

Eugene Dewey:

So to those people that come out here or take to Twitter and claim that I can't win a match without outside influences or cheap, underhanded tricks, you all know where you can go! I am and have been the FIST of DEFIANCE for 582 days for a damn good reason, and that reason is I. am. 1337.

[The fans really don't like that, and they certainly don't care much for the nerd lingo from the mid 'aughts.]

Eugene Dewey:

Last week Tyrone Walker experienced something he'd never felt before when I came off that top rope...

[Dewey points to the corner of the ring, arcs his finger through the air and ends up pointing to the canvas.]

Eugene Dewey:

And came crashing down with the Senton to his chest. I drove the air out of his lungs, and I drove the fight out of his heart in one fell swoop, and I'd have driven him out of DEFIANCE not long after that if it hadn't been for Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan...

[The fans explode at the mere mention of the Queen and the Ego Buster, an action that clearly annoys the FIST.]

DDK:

And thank God for Lindsay and Dan.

Eugene Dewey:

They want to talk about fair fights? Last time I checked three on one wasn't a fair fight, guys. Maybe you should practice what you preach before running your mouths again, huh?

DDK:

There's a distinct difference between using outside interference to win a match and running down to help out a partner and friend that's about to be put out of action at the hands of a lunatic.

Angus:

I'm staying out of this. MAHBOITAI didn't deserve any of that last week, but I can see why Dewey would feel like he's being pushed to make the statement he made.

Eugene Dewey:

So, Lindsay, if you really are interested in a clean and fair fight... I'm right here.

[Massive pop from the fans there at that prospect.]

Eugene Dewey:

Why wait until Acts of DEFIANCE? If you really want a fight, one on one, just me and you, then you come down here on your own and face me in the middle of this ring! No Dan Ryan for back up, no Tyrone Walker to hold your hand, just us!

DDK:

What's his game, Angus?

Angus:

Uhhh, World of Warcraft I think...

DDK:

No, I mean why is he calling out Lindsay Troy. What's he got planned?

Angus:

You heard him. He wants a fair fight as well. Just him and LT. No Dan Ryan to unbalance things.

[Eugene starts to pace the ring and stops in his tracks when that funky clavinet intro to “Trampled Underfoot” by Led Zeppelin cues up.]

DDK:

Looks like the Queen is more than willing to accept his challenge!

[Lindsay Troy’s down to the ring swiftly and marches over to Darren Quimbey to grab a microphone. Then she’s up the steps and through the ropes and right in Eugene’s face as her music cuts.]

[The tension is palpable.]

Lindsay Troy:

Bet you banked on this happening.

[The crowd cheers. Dewey scowls and lifts his microphone to reply, but Troy smacks it out of his hand. It bounces off the canvas and is kicked away by the number one contender.]

Lindsay Troy:

‘Monologuing with Euge’ is over. No more whining about how [high-pitched, snively] *three on one’s not faaaaair* or getting that Michael Gordon Peterson lookin’ cosplayer, Bronson Box, to use a step-stool and hop the barricade to take a cheap shot. You got me out here all by my lonesome, now **do something or shut up.**

[Troy lowers the microphone and opens her arms up slightly, challenging Eugene again. Dewey squares up to the number one contender, extending his neck as far as he can so as to make up the few inches she has over him. The two exchange quiet but clearly heated words as they stand nose to nose, but it’s Eugene that backs down first as he takes a step backwards. The fans let Eugene hear it as he shrinks, and Lindsay scoffs, shaking her head.]

Lindsay Troy:

Just as I thought. The FIST of DEFIAFANS is nothing more than a keyboard warrior.

[The crowd breaks out in a chant of ‘KEYBOARD WARRIOR!’, which the Queen quite clearly enjoys as she surveys the DEFIAfans in the Wrestle-Plex. That might have been a mistake though, because as she turns to look at another section of the audience, Eugene blindsides her with a forearm strike to the side of the head! The DEFIAfans stop chanting immediately and boo the attack, but of course Eugene is just getting started as he hits Troy with another forearm.]

DDK:

Eugene with the cheap shot!

Angus:

You really think he’s a keyboard warrior now?

DDK:

I think he’s a coward, is what I think.

Angus:

He’s the FIST, Keebs. He’s a champion, and he’s a fighting one at that.

DDK:

As long as that fighting comes from anywhere but face to face.

[Eugene’s forearms knock Lindsay back into ropes where he grabs her arm and whips her towards the other side. Troy

puts on the brakes and reverses the whip, instead sending Dewey across the ring. Dewey rebounds off of the ropes and takes a picture perfect dropkick right on the butt of the chin that knocks him down to the canvas. He instantly rolls to the outside, but he doesn't have any time to clear his head as Troy launches herself over the top and down onto the champion with a corkscrew plancha!]

DDK:

Lindsay taking to the skies!

Angus:

Ugh.

[Troy whips the fans up around her before grabbing Eugene to throw him back into the ring. He doesn't stay in the ring for long though as he rolls clear across the mat and back out the other side. Eugene takes off in a sprint up the ramp and disappears through the curtain almost before Lindsay has enough time to register where he's gone. She's not about to let him get away, though, and gives chase.]

DDK:

Where's he going, Angus?

Angus:

From the looks of things anywhere that Lindsay Troy isn't.

DDK:

Looks like the Queen isn't quite done with the FIST though.

Angus:

I'm gonna make myself sound like Jennay right now.

DDK:

You're... what?

Angus:

Run, Eugene! RUN!

DDK:

Don't worry folks, I'm being told we're trying to get a camera to catch up to these two, but you can see from the speed that Dewey shot out of here that's not going to be an easy feat.

Angus:

If I was Eugene I'd hide in the men's room. Lindsay wouldn't be able to follow him in there.

DDK:

I don't think she would think twice about pursuing Dewey into the bathroom given what just happened.

Angus:

She should. Have you seen that guy's diet? Mountain Dew and Cheetos are much nicer on the way in than on the way-

DDK:

OK! That's enough talking from you. And mercifully I'm hearing one of our camera guys has caught up with the FIST.

[The feed cuts away from the commentators to show Eugene Dewey in the driver's seat of a beige car, fumbling with a set of keys as he tries to get it to start. The ignition fires up just as Troy reaches the driver's door, but Dewey plants his foot to the floor and speeds away before she can grab the handle. The unmistakable squealing of tires can be heard getting ever distant as Lindsay watches the direction that the FIST escaped in and half smirks and half frowns while shaking her head.]

DDK:

Where on earth has Eugene gone? And where did he get those keys from?

Angus:

Never underestimate what can be kept in a pocket protector, Keebs.

DDK:

Is he coming back?

Angus:

What are you asking me for?

DDK: [taps the side of his head]

I'm asking the people in my ear.

Angus:

You need your head examined.

DDK: [ignoring Angus]

He's gone?

Angus:

Maybe I need my head examined. I seem to be talking to myself here.

DDK:

Well, it looks like the FIST has left the building and we've gotta move on with the evening. Let's take it backstage!

Watch Your Mouth... And Your Balls?

[The Pleasure Dome.]

[We jump to the bosses office to find Blackimus Prime his damn self, Tyrone Walker and the Boss Bitch of All Things DEFIANT, Kelly Evans sitting on the fancy leather couch. They're engaged in random small talk, while the large flat panel screen provides a live feed of the action going on in the Wrestle-plex. For the record, yes, they are fully clothed and all around "decent", because this may be DEFIANCE, but it's not an X-Rated production.]

Kelly Evans:

Everyone is speculating about who we just signed, but I'm going to make them wait just a little bit longer.

Tyrone Walker:

I'd say you're such a tease, but--

[She snickers at Ty, who stops mid-sentence when he and Evans turn their attention to the double doors of the office to find that ol' Ty-Walk is being cut off by the sudden arrival of Jonny Booya? This of course causes the crowd to boo DEFIANCE's biggest meathead since, well, ever. Of course, he's not alone as Booya steps aside for the Master of the Curtis Clutch, and your reigning, defending, All Time Greatest of All Time Southern Heritage Champion of All Time, no seriously just ask him.]

[Curtis Penn. The crowd boos quite vigorously, naturally.]

Curtis Penn:

Thank you, Jonny, for holding the door open for the Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of All-Time.

[Jonny looks towards Penn as he makes his way into the Pleasure Dome's door frame. Walker quite visibly rolls his eyes at Curtis Penn's very existence, while Evans appears to be a bit annoyed with this unannounced barging visit to her office.]

Jonny Booya:

Sure thing, Mr. Penn.

[Penn glances around at the office and notices the annoyance that plasters the faces of the Boss Bitch and her Baby's Daddy.]

Curtis Penn:

Ah, Jonny, I think we interrupted something of a PG 13 nature.

[Jonny, not sure what Penn is talking about just tilts his head back and gives a thick laugh. After a few seconds of grinning at the two love birds Penn enters into the Pleasure Dome. Jonny Booya slams the door hard enough to rattle the hinges of the twin oak doors. This does not amuse Evans, who glares at Booya with unveiled disgust.]

Curtis Penn:

Softer next time Jonny, softer. There is no need to rip the door off of the hinges, especially since I tear the roof off of this place every time I step into the ring.

[Penn reaches up for a fist bump, but Jonny is too busy inspecting the door for any damages that he might have done. In other words he's trying very hard to please Curtis Penn since he's the reason he is back in DEFIANCE. After a moment of being left hanging, Penn walks over to the couch that Walker and Evans presently occupy and notices the space between them.]

Curtis Penn:

Thanks for saving me some room, Ty... you're such a homeboy.

[Curtis deftly wedges himself between Kels and Ty, tossing his arm around Kel's shoulders, who is neither amused nor

impressed with this audacious gesture as she looks at him quite coolly. Ty on the other hand smirks, while simply arching brow with intrigue? Perhaps he is amused and impressed by the balls of this man, allowing him to have the sheer gall to put his proverbial hands on his Kool-Aid, so to speak.]

Curtis Penn:

Jonny, Ty both of you can head out. Kelly and I have some adult talking to do.

[Jonny, looks back at Curtis and gently opens the door, but Ty just stares at Curtis wondering where this is about to head.]

Jonny Booya:

Yew comin', boah?

[Ty doesn't even acknowledge Booya, as his smirk morphs into evil grin.]

Tyrone Walker:

Nah, I'm good, boah. I wanna see where this is headin'.

[Kelly smirks back at Ty, who snickers, apparently the two of them speaking some coded message.]

Kelly Evans:

Curtis, I'm going to give you precisely two seconds to save future generations of your species, by getting your arm off of me or...

[She's silenced by Penn, who turns his body a little so that he can put a finger to her lips. If Ty were drinking something, this is where he would spit take. Kels brushes Penn's hand away from her face, but she doesn't say anything, though the gears are turning as she narrows her eyes at Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

Awe Kelly, I love that you're playing hard to get. Go ahead and admit it, you've been fucking me for weeks.

[She nods and smiles deviously at Penn before taking her index finger and placing it at the top of his chest. Slowly, she drags it downwards towards his stomach and stops just inches above his waistband. Penn, cocky as ever, merely looks to Walker with a shit eating grin. Ty however simply looks on, a seemingly knowing smile crossing his lips as Penn turns his attention back to Evans.]

Curtis Penn:

Now I'm not saying that it's been particularly fun with lack of promotion that DEFIANCE has put into the Curtis Penn Invitational, the DVD Sales, or Curtis PEEE-- HRRGK!

[Penn's eyes go wide and jaw clenches tightly when Kelly's hand descends on to his crotch and, with all five of her finely manicured talons, grabs on to his balls and squeezes. Hard. Ty bursts with boisterous laughter, while Booya cringes as he looks on at his present employers situation.]

Kelly Evans:

Shut. Up. Or you're going to lose something a little more important to you than the Southern Heritage title. Understand me, sweetie?

[There is a moment of terror as Penn realizes his fatal mistaken, never ever get within the reach of Kelly Evans there are stories about the men and women who have crossed her. Penn gently removes his arm from around the Boss Bitch of DEFIANCE.]

Curtis Penn:

Kelly...Ms. Evans... could you please

[Kelly squeezes tighter causing the color to run from the face of the Southern Heritage Champion. She looks over to Ty and gestures with her other hand, pinching her fingers as if to say he's got tiny balls, Ty snickers. A moment later she releases Curtis Penn's jewels from the agony of her claw, causing him to quickly backpedal away a few steps. Dropping both hands to cover his junk, Penn takes in quick breaths of relief, while Ty looks to Booya.]

Tyrone Walker:

Dag Jonny, you must be really hard up for an opportunity if you're resortin' to usin' this no balls havin' muhfucka to getta spot on the show.

[Ty shakes his head with a mocking disappointment, Jonny however just looks like huh? Probably because Ty was using too many big words like opportunity. Having assessed the damage, and possibly praising the gods for the safety of future generations of Curtis Penn's to come, he explodes.]

Curtis Penn:

YOU CRAZY BITCH!

[Completely satisfied with her work, Kels merely smiles back at Penn's rage. Ty however turns back to Penn, now slightly less amused.]

Tyrone Walker:

Aye, she might be a crazy bitch, but she's my crazy bitch, bruh, watch yo' mouth.

Curtis Penn:

Yeah? What are you gonna do about it, boy!

[Penn nods towards his meathead back up and Jonny moves into position. Finally, something that the Best FLEX in Wrestling understands completely, Destruction and Violence. Clearly he doesn't know Walker that well, as the Black Jesus stands up from the couch, no longer amused and ready to do some damage.]

Tyrone Walker:

Mothafucka, I'mma carve me up a peice a' white boy if you ever call me BOY again, dig?!

[Penn scoffs, completely unmoved by Walker's threat display, probably because as Walker approaches, Booya suddenly appears by his side like some sort of meathead ninja.]

Curtis Penn:

Please, you've been nothing but an empty threat for years, and you're threatening me means absolutely less than nothing.

[Penn actually steps towards Walker, and mocks Ty's voice.]

Curtis Penn:

Trufax, bruh, you're a harmless shell've a man who's jus' tryna relive his glory years, while playin' this tramps lap dog.

[You know when Samuel L. Jackson gets all mad and his eyes go all wild and wide? That's Ty right now, who steps in severely close to Penn, which triggers Booya to put a hand in between he and his current benefactor, though neither Walker nor Penn even notice this. Meanwhile, Kelly sits back, rolling her eyes in response to this display of macho posturing, she even yawns.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh my god, this who's got the bigger dick competition is so boring.

[She says as she uncrosses her legs and pushes herself up on to her fancy heel wearing feet before making her way over to her desk and taking a seat.]

Kelly Evans:

How about this, if you boys want to fight, go do it somewhere that'll actually make everyone some money, mmmkay?

[The fans cheer for this, Walker and Penn also seem to be into it, both mean mugging and refusing to back down from the other.]

Kelly Evans:

And just for fun, we'll make it the main event and throw the SOHER on the line so Curtis' little Invitational gets some of that promotion he's so desperate for.

[Ty smirks and nods, while Penn sneers and shakes his head. A moment later they break, with Penn backing away towards the door, while Booya moves head to get the door. Walker stands there watching as they go, his arms crossed over his chest.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh and Curtis, honey, if you ever barge into my office unannounced again, I'll be taking your balls for real next time.

DDK:

Quite a huge match just made for tonight's main event, partner!

Angus:

You know, as much I can't stand her sometimes, she goes and makes matches like this that make me wanna like her just a little bit... I'm not sure how I feel about that, Keebs.

DDK:

An interesting problem to have, to say the least, Angus.

[Let's take it to the ring, finally!]

Mushigihara vs Butcher Victorious

The match started with the God-Beast getting the early drop on Butcher, clubbing the risk-taking Austinite with a series of blows to the back and neck and scooping him up and slamming him down, before savaging him with a barrage of stomps. As Victorious struggled to get up, Mushigihara seemed to toy with him, shouting into his ear and taunting him while belting him with more forearms. A whip into the ropes and subsequent powerslam would get a one-count, but Mushi would immediately get back on the offensive. However, a last-second dodge of Mushi's lariat into the corner would let Vic get the upper hand.

The Liberal City Landlord dazzled with a number of high-risk maneuvers, including a stunning Asai moonsault to the outside, but an attempt to repeat the move would result in him getting caught over the God-Beast's shoulder and driven head-first into the ringpost. Mushigihara would roll him back into the ring and continue his onslaught, but an attempt at the Beast Breaker would succumb to a crucifix roll-up that landed a two-count.

Visibly frustrated, Mushi would be the unfortunate victim of several counterholds, including his OSU press being interrupted by Victorious falling down behind his back and on his feet, and surprising him with a HUGE roundhouse kick that would knock the monster down. The end would come as Vic climbed the turnbuckles and dropped Mushi with his signature Violet Crown neckbreaker, and cover him for the win. Vic would roll out of the ring and celebrate his hard-earned victory as the God-Beast began to stir.

DDK:

Tough break for Mushigihara here, and his losing streak stretches on!

Angus:

I don't know what's gotten into him, whether it's a case of the yips or what, but he's losing his touch!

[Mushi groans lowly, but as his eyes dart towards referee Carla Ferrari, his groan becomes a loud roar, as he hops to his feet and beelines towards her.]

DDK:

MUSHI'S STALKING AFTER CARLA FERRARI, AND HE'S GOT HIS HANDS AROUND HER THROAT!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[He lifts her up to the air, an audible snarl coming from under his mask, while Carla, understandably, is scared for her life.]

DDK:

Carla Ferrari hasn't done anything to Mushigihara, she's a referee, and she has been fair in her matches, THERE IS NO REASON FOR THIS!

Mushigihara:

OSU...

Eddie Dante:

That's enough, Mushi, she's done no wrong, knock it OH---

THUD!

[That was the sound of the Curator himself getting into the ring and try to bring his monstrous client to his senses, but

Mushi simply chucks Ferrari into the nearby turnbuckles, before turning to his mentor...]

THUD!

[...and piefacing him directly into the mat.]

Angus:

Oh, shit, Keebs, even Dante can't get his man under control, this is gonna be ugly!

DDK:

PLEASE, SOMEONE PUT A STOP TO THIS NOW! SOMEONE! ANYONE!

[Mushi points to the staggering referee and signals that he's about to plow into her like a truck, when the crowd in the arena goes absolutely insane as Harmony flies down the ramp at the speed of light and leaps up onto the apron, waiting for Mushi to turn around before leaping onto the top rope and bouncing off, knocking Mushi back into the ropes with a huge missile dropkick that sends him into the ropes. Ferrari drops slumps down in the corner, watching on as Mushi rebounds off the ropes and Harmony drops him on his face with a drop toe hold!]

DDK:

Thank god for Harmony!

Angus:

My day has instantly gotten better, but I'm not sure if she's being real brave or real stupid right now.

[Mushi tries to push back up to his feet, but Harmony catches him as he bent over with bicycle kick to the back of the head that knocks him down to the mat again! Mushi looks absolutely dazed as he pushes back onto his knees but he doesn't stay there for very long as the leggy brunette hits him with a stiff enziguri that echoes around the arena.]

DDK:

Damn that kick!

Angus:

I'm fairly sure I just saw a tooth fly.

[Mushi faceplants the mat once more, leaving Harmony to help Ferrari out of the ring, draping the referee's arm around her shoulders as they make their way around the ring and up the ramp way, turning around as Mushi finds his bearings again, kneeling up in the ring. He spots the women making their escape and rushes to his feet, charging to the ropes in a rage as Harmony yells at him angrily "YOU WENT TOO FAR!!"]

Angus:

Better start arranging her funeral now. Mushi is going to crush her like a bug when he gets his hands on her. I'll miss those legs.

DDK:

She's right; Mushigihara went too far tonight and Harmony did the honorable thing in helping her out. Though the God-Beast will surely not forget this...

[Meanwhile, the monster stares dagger at the British Vixen, before slamming his fists down onto the mat in anger as the camera cuts away.]

A Different Sam

DDK:

Last week, former DEFIANCE Trios Champion and former Mixed Martial Arts Champion, Sam Horry made his return to DEFIANCE. In preparation for his in-ring return on our next show, Sam has agreed to let DEFIANCE in on his training session. This is intense, let me tell you.

Angus:

When Sam is pushing 18 Wheelers up a hill with one arm tied behind his back like I used to, then I'll be impressed.

DDK:

When did you ever do that? You're still sweating from trying to open that bag of chips before we went on the air.

Angus:

I retired from active competition, Keebs.

DDK:

Folks without further ado, we take you now to Sam Horry's training session. (*turns to Angus*) You retired....psh!

[An interior shot of the Training Grounds gym in Queensbridge is shown. Sam, decked in a red rashguard top that says "Red Dragon Sports" and red and white fight shorts is shown stretching in a full split on the mat.]

Sam (Voice Over):

This, is where it all started for me.

[Camera focuses on a picture of Sam, his cousin, Ty Walker, and his future agent, Jeanie from when they were kids.]

Sam (Voice Over):

The projects I grew up in are 3 blocks away from here. My mom was determined to not have the streets make me a statistic, so after school this is where I spent most of my time. I studied Muay Boran and Judo, and wrestled Freestyle and Greco-Roman in high school.

[Camera shifts back to Sam now jumping rope.]

Sam (Voice Over):

Training Grounds is a safe haven for me. I can come here, work the bag, work the pads, and get a sense of....release, nah'mean? If I'm real lucky, I may even get somebody to stretch out, and that's always fun.

[A quick shot is shown of Sam laughing as he's getting his hands taped. Once finished, Jeanie comes in and kisses his taped knuckles—a ritual they do for good luck.]

Sam (Voice Over):

My first run here in DEFIANCE was all about being light hearted and being able to wild out with my cousin Ty, and the man who trained me to be a pro-wrestler, Ryan Matthews.

[A picture of Hookers n' Blow: Sam, Ty, and a blurred out Ryan with the Trios Championships surrounded by a swarm of girls from inside a hotel lobby showed next.]

Sam (Voice Over):

Good Times.

[Sam is shown shadow-boxing, throwing punches, elbows, knees, and kicks in rapid fire succession, quickly building up a lather of sweat.]

Sam (Voice Over):

Comin' back to DEFIANCE, meant I had to rebuild from the ground up.

[Now with a pair of MMA style gloves on, Sam is hitting the pads with his training partner, lacing into the Muay Thai pads with hard punches, hard knees and elbows, and even harder kicks. He strings his strikes into fluid combos, maintaining his speed, but not sacrificing power.]

Sam (Voice Over):

See, the waters of DEFIAНCE are dangerous. You got your Eugene Dewey's, your Bronson Box's, your Lindsay Troy's. Got legends like Dusty Griffith prowlin' around and now you throw Cancer Jiles back in the mix...

[Sam is throwing multiple body-level roundhouse kicks into the Thai pads being held by his training partner.]

Sam (Voice Over):

...I ain't content to just—to just swim with these muh(beep!)kas ...

[A push kick sends the pad holder into the ropes, but when the pad holder springs back, Sam uncorks a jumping Thai knee to the pad held by the pad holder's head. The force of which sent the pad holder down to the canvas.]

Sam (Voice Over):

...I'm tryin' to drown these muh(beep!)kas, nah'mean?

[A ringside attendant is filling a military style duffel bag to capacity with sand. Sam has removed his rashguard top, looking at the nearly filled bag. Sam talks to Jeanie on the outside of the ring.]

Sam:

You went old school on me, huh? I haven't done these since the Greco-Roman days. Barefoot, no traction...I hate these. (*laughs*)

[With the duffel bag now full, Sam grunts and deadlifts the now 200-plus pound sand filled duffel bag into first a gutwrench suplex, and then a German Suplex, followed by an overhead Belly-to-Belly suplex, then a side Belly-to-Belly suplex.]

Sam (Voice Over):

In order to drown them, I have to be able to go where others won't go. I gotta push myself past limits that would break most athletes.

[Sam continued the suplex cycle of gutwrench, German, and belly to belly]

Sam (Voice Over):

A guy like Jake Donovan is in the same position I'm in. He's lookin' to crack into the upper echelon of DEFIAНCE too. Jake's hungry, and he's mad that I've stirred the waters up.

[With the ring now clear, Sam has put back on his MMA styled gloves, and has another ringside attendant, taping Sam's shinguards to the former champion's legs. After Jeanie puts in his mouthguard, the bell rings, and Sam takes center of the mat.]

Sam (Voice Over):

Jake looks at himself as a Great White Shark, and he wants to show he's higher than me on the food chain.

[Sam locked his sparring partner in a Thai clinch, and began assaulting him with knees, as the sparring partner tried desperately to pull himself away from Sam's grip. Sam then executed an amateur wrestling style double-leg takedown, and mounted the opponent dropping fists.]

Sam (Voice Over):

That's where Donovan's gonna fail.

[After connecting with a roundhouse kick to the liver of another sparring partner, Sam t-bone suplexed him down, and

locked in a juji-gatame.]

Sam (Voice Over):

That's where all of 'em are gonna fail.

[Standing toe-to-toe with another sparring partner, Sam blasts him with a right legged-roundhouse kick to the head, and the opponent crumbles to the mat.]

Sam (Voice Over):

The food chain ain't got no meanin' to me.

[Similar set-up with Sam and a sparring partner yielded the same results. This time with Sam knocking out his training partner with a left legged-roundhouse kick to the temple.]

Sam (Voice Over):

What good is a shark's speed and strength when a tsunami is present?

[The next images pass by in rapid succession: Sam locking someone in a rear naked choke, Sam delivering a German suplex, Sam springing off someone's leg to drill that same person with a knee, Sam trapping someone in a kimura...]

Sam (Voice Over):

It's time y'all got to know the real me. In DEFIANCE' shark infested waters, I'm unlike anything y'all have ever experienced...

[Replay of the clips of Sam knocking people out with roundhouse kicks to the head]

Sam (Voice Over):

...A living, breathing, raging, natural disaster.

[Cut to a shot of Sam in the mount position raining down unanswered fists, and elbows to the headgear of his training partner.]

Sam (Voice Over):

And like all natural disasters, my mark in DEFIANCE will be measured by the destruction I leave in my wake.

[Cue to Sam standing with his arms folded across his chest. Sweat flowed down his body as he scowled into the camera.]

[A graphic showing Sam with a towel over his head and taped fists shows on the screen]

DDK:

It has been confirmed, on our next television offering, Sam Horry will make his in-ring return in what his management team is calling a public workout. You will NOT want to miss this!

Be Very Very Quiet, I'm hunting Mastodon - Pt. 2

[We recognize the long row of stools, we're in the buildings restaurant and club. It's showtime so the room is sparsely populated. A few bored patrons and off the clock staff sip drinks and listen to the well stocked jukebox. Nicky Corozzo scans the huge room. The bartender, an older local gentleman, spies the huge man immediately.]

Bartender:

Can uhhh... can I help you fiiiiind somethin, son? Mr. Corozzo, 'aint it?

[Nicky doesn't stop scanning the room as he asks his question.]

Nicky:

You seen Frank Dylan James?

Bartender:

James?! Heeeeeell no, sir. Not in here. He was banned by the general manager goin' ooooon... two maybe three years ago, now? You know how her gets when he been drinkin'. Too much is a whoooooole lot for that one, but he got there one night and... well, Ms. Katze and Ms. Evans was brought in. Thangs had to be settled. That boy out of his mind... why you lookin' for him?

Nicky:

Just want to talk to him, is all. You see him, don't tell him you saw me, capische? You call Ms. Katze's extension, let her know.

[On his way past the bar Nicky slaps a couple twenties into the bartender's hand. He starts off down the hall out of the bar. The bartender looks at the money in his hand, hesitates for a moment but calls back to Corozzo over his shoulder.]

Bartender:

You know, come think of it sir... I mighta seen where ol' Frank been lurkin'...

A Look at a New All Star / 'Bout to Be a Dead One

[And it is back to the desk with DDK and Angus. DDK looking like he means business... Angus, ready to dog on him for meaning business.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're here to bring to you some big news! Last week, DEFIACTION inked a deal with who we can now confirm is a former star from the defunct All-Star Championship Wrestling promotion out of Montreal, Quebec, Canada. We've seen some other stars that had dalliances in ACW end up here such as former Trios Champions, Team HOSS, but now... we have the former three-time ACW World Champion... we are proud to announce that making his wrestling return to the United States for the first time in two years... we have... "THE LORD OF THE SKIES" ANDY SHARP!

Angus:

Lord of the Flippy-doos? Hot Christ, no.

DDK:

Ignore my broadcast colleague... as I usually try to do. Andy Sharp was a homegrown talent of ACW and rose to become one of its youngest and most decorated champions. After some time away from the wrestling world, he now looks to make his mark right here in DEFIACTION. We're going to take a look at part one of a glimpse with Andy Sharp and next week, we'll bring to you a brief sit-down interview with Andy meeting our very own Lance Warner! But for now, let's take a look at the fans have nicknamed The Lord of the Skies...

Angus:

Cool, I'm gonna catch some z's...

[Cue up the DEFIAtron and the fans are glued. Cue up glimpses of white and gold flashes of light in between brief flashes incredible aerial artistry. And of course, we need music to really capture the mood. That would be courtesy of Thousand Foot Krutch and that would be "Light Up The Sky" you are hearing now.]

♪ Excuse me while I... ♪
♪ Light up the skyyyyyyyyyyyyyy ♪
♪ Light up the skyyyyyyyyyyyyyy ♪

[Clips from his ACW days now display brightly on the DEFIAtron in his battles with a who's who in wrestling history.]

[Front flip onto old rival, Max Danger, in the middle of a ROWDY Montreal crowd in the old All-Star Arena!]

[Springboard suicide dive onto an unsuspecting group of victims!]

[An AMAZING somersault tope through the ropes onto a nameless opponent - made more impressive by his tall frame!]

Andy Sharp: [voice over]

I spent years away from this business because I thought I'd lost my love for it...

[A barrage of rapid-fire shots - his finishing maneuver, an homage named after his former stomping ground - the All-Star Frog Splash! Incredible height, incredible precision, onto various opponents, including several off ladders, topped off by an INCREDIBLE frog splash from the top of a steel cage - all with a big grin on his face right before landing!]

Andy Sharp: [v/o]

But like any addiction... the bite became an itch...

[Shots of the various titles held in other organizations...]

Andy Sharp: [v/o]

The itch didn't go away, no matter how hard I tried not to scratch...

[Clips of a brief time in Japanese wrestling organization, Kyoto PRO... more All-Star Frog Splashes. More completely and unnecessary shooting star dives off the ring apron! More crazy shit than you can shake a stick at!]

Andy Sharp: [v/o]

There came a time that I didn't think I wanted this... but you people showed me that I was still wanted in this world. You showed me that I needed to feel my blood pumping again. I needed to feel ALIVE again!

[And one final shot. Andy Sharp, back turned to the camera, but glancing over his shoulder with one final shot to the viewing audience.]

Andy Sharp:

DEFIANCE... if you want to know where I'll be... just look up.

[Andy points upwards and the scene fades...]

[...to two bloodshot eyes and a scowl so deep it's a wonder if his face is even able to make any other expression. As the camera pulls back we get a better view of just who this sour mug belongs to. We're backstage in the group dressing area, midcard on down all get to dress out together in the same long hallway filled with lockers. Felton Bigsby hates this, in fact... "Houston Strong" hates a lot of things about his current place of employment.]

Felton Bigsby:

An' what was that shit supposed to be?! Another GOTdamn cracka' steppin' in line an'...

[The lean grappler from Austin, Texas known by the nom de plume Butcher Victorious gets to his feet. Half dressed in his ring gear, his boots already pulled off and tossed in his bag. All the same, bare feet and all, the "Keep It Weird" Austinite dares to interrupt his temperamental fellow Texan.]

Butcher Victorious:

Listen brother, are we doin' this every week? Can't you go ten minutes without flippin' yer' lid? I mean, come on man, we're all in the same boat.

[The irritable Bigsby is bumping chests with the normally deeply laid back Victorious before the words can even leave Butcher's mouth. Beyond the two men and their butting heads we see the Gentleman German sitting quietly flipping through his phone, beside him a much smaller man in a black and white luchador's mask emblazoned with the image of a skull. We know instantly this is the final of the "BRAZEN Five," lucha superstar Mascara De Muerte IV.]

Felton Bigsby:

Say it again, white BOY, say it again!

[Muerte looks up, his expressionless full-face mask hiding his eyes from view but it's still evident he's none too pleased with the near brawl happening a mere foot and a half from where he's sitting. Felton notices the masked man eyeballing the situation. Hoffman scoots down the bench a few inches, trying his best to stay out of things this week.]

Felton Bigsby:

You got somethin' to say little man? Can you even speak English? Huh?!

[Before Muerte can even utter a word, a *VERY* familiar voice cuts into the room.]

Lindsay Troy:

Retract that tongue before I do it myself.

[All eyes to the doorway as the Queen marches across the carpet and places one hand on Bigsby's chest and the

other on Butcher's, physically interjecting herself into the argument by forcing some separation between the two. It's clear she's still irritated by Eugene Dewey's Great Escape and this isn't going to do anything to better her mood.]

Lindsay Troy:

Butch Vic's got a point. Are you really going to do this every week, Felton? I thought I scrubbed all this angry, chair-throwing, Bronson Box-influenced hot garbage from your system when you came to Tampa. Did that jackhole have his hooks in you *THAT* deep?

Butcher Victorious: [to himself]

Hoooo'shit, exit stage left man, damn...

[With Houston Strong's attention now on one-third of the current reigning World Trios champions, Butcher takes the opportunity to make his exit. The victorious... well, *Victorious* makes his way to the far end of the room to continue gathering his things whilst Bigsby takes a few calming breaths before addressing his trainer.]

Felton Bigsby:

Just makin' noise, boss lady. I'm tired of standin' around not gettin' noticed.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, you're getting noticed, Felton, but it's for all the wrong reasons and none of the right ones. Half the battle in this business is putting in the work and picking up the wins. The other half is how you conduct yourself and move on from the losses. You've done one part poorly and the other part not at all. Need a lifeline to help you figure out which is which?

[The comment from anyone else would have rankled the huge man, but the level of respect he has for Ms. Troy is evident.]

Lindsay Troy:

Your potential is *limitless*, Felton. You didn't flame out of my program like I can't tell you how many others before you did, and you picked up a new move or five along the way, right?

[Felton nods.]

Lindsay Troy: [nods back]

You've got passion and drive and instinct and those things can't be taught. You've been in DEFIAНCE before; you have the experience none of these other kids have. Start acting like it.

[We hear the soft *click* of his phone, then a polite clearing of his throat. Lindsay Troy and Felton Bigsby's eyes both shoot over to the blond-haired, blue-eyed German rising up from his place on the nearby bench. He's in a black and red "Original DEFIANTS" t-shirt, showing to all interested where his allegiances truly lie.]

Reinhardt Hoffman:

None of us? Really, Ms. Troy? And a *kid*, no less?

[The Queen doesn't miss a beat. She gives Hoffman's t-shirt a dismissive once-over before firing back.]

Lindsay Troy:

So the crash test dummy found his voice. Are you about to tell me that your years spent as Boyo Box's hanging meat carcass counts as *ring time* in the *big leagues*?

[Hoffman smiles that creepy, overly polite smile as he approaches the two.]

Reinhardt Hoffman:

More than you could possibly imagine, *mein liebchen*. You'll get to see just how effective a training partner I can be when my good friend Bronson ties this one into a knot in... my goodness, just a few minutes, is it not my little friend?

[He looks over at the lithe luchador, just finishing lacing up his boots.]

Lindsay Troy:

Four's got a few tricks from what I've seen.

Felton Bigsby:

Where's th-

Lindsay Troy:

Never you mind.

[Muerte gets to his feet, taking a second to silently size up all three superstars. He nods to Troy, cracks his knuckles, and heads towards the door. Hoffman raises an eyebrow and Bigsby watches the luchador leave. The Queen's eyes, however, haven't yet left the man nicknamed "Panzer."]

Lindsay Troy:

See, Four's got the right idea, rookie. Caught your and Felton's attention without even a word. All business.

[Hoffman's face twists up into a scowl.]

Lindsay Troy:

Did I say something offensive, *ROOKIE*?

[She grins, but there's no mirth there. Only malice.]

Lindsay Troy:

Tell you what. I'm going to watch Flip-enstein spin Box's head around his shoulders a few times, and then later I'll knock that blond dome clean off yours. Sounds fun, right?

[In three steps, she's in front of Hoffman. To his credit, he doesn't move an inch. Troy runs her finger along the wording of Hoffman's "DEFIANTS" shirt but doesn't break her gaze.]

Lindsay Troy:

This curries no favor with me, in case you couldn't tell. Might as well say "sheep to slaughter."

[Hoffman's scowl vanishes like steam, replaced with that hollow smile we've seen from him before. Troy raises an eyebrow and a flash of confusion crosses her face when the man she just attempted to verbally eviscerate offers her a friendly clap on the shoulder.]

Reinhardt Hoffman:

A match? Absolutely my dear. Thank you kindly for the opportunity. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to change. Give myself time to prepare.

[He turns on his heels, pulling his bag from underneath the bench he was sitting on just a minute ago. Not used to this sort of response, Troy stands there for a second and sizes up the decidedly odd European grappler. The Trios champ eventually leads her charge towards the doorway.]

Felton Bigsby:

Weird ass mothafucka', 'aint he?

[Troy scowls and pops her neck.]

Lindsay Troy: [mutter]

'Bout to be a *DEAD* one.

[Cut to the ring.]

Bronson Box vs Mascara De Muerte IV

Mascara De Muerte IV was the first out. The high flying luchador exploding from a stage full of mist to the thumping beats of Ronnie James Dio's classic Holy Diver, music chosen in tribute to the last man to wear the death's head mask. Once in the ring, it's not long before the lights go out, harkening the arrival of a man who apparently is getting some sort of sick thrill "testing" the new arrivals from BRAZEN... the standard bearer, the Original DEFIANT. Bronson Box. He's in the ring staring daggers into Muerte to a chorus of boos and derision as Mark Shields tries to go about his pre-match schpiel.

When the bell rings Muerte wastes NO time, popping off an impressive standing dropkick that manages to stagger the beefier superstar. He manages to follow the move up with a crisp, beautiful hurricanrana that sends Bronson off his feet. The sight of this newcomer taking Boxer off his feet whips the crowd into a frenzy. Much to the luchador's dismay however, it whipped Bronson into a frenzy as well. Box finally lays hands on his opponent, launching him into the turnbuckle so hard it looks as though the poor young man might crack in half from the sheer impact.

The concussive beatdown was halted once or twice with valiant attempts at a high flying comeback. The closest Muerte coming, a moment when Bronson found himself out on the floor, MDM4 picking him off with a quick baseball slide dropkick followed up by a wild plancha that sent both men tumbling to the floor. Once things were back in the ring, it was textbook Bronson. The conclusion coming when Muerte tried for his finishing maneuver, La Muerte, which begins with a spinning headscissors... a spinning headscissors Box halted in mid air and turned into a devastating BOMBASTO Bomb into the corner for the pinfall victory.

DDK:

A good effort there by MDM4, but Bronson Box, once again showing why he's the Wargod of DEFIANCE here.

Angus:

In other words, he smashed a flippydoo like a boss.

[Back in the ring Boxer tracks down the location of one of the cameramen. He makes eyes with him, silently telling him to stay put as he grabs MDM4 by the back of his head and drags him over.]

DDK:

What is this psychopath going to do now?

Angus:

I unno, Keebs, but something tells me that Dead Head Mask better just go with it if he knows what's good for him.

Bronson Box:

Oy, Superstar, this [he yanks at MDM4's head, bringing him closer to the shot] is gonna be you, when I'm done with yeh at Acts of DEFIANCE, boyo!...

OOF!**Angus:**

What the...

[Boxer hunches over a bit, one of his meaty arms covering his midsection after taking a shot to the gut from MDM4. The young luchador tries to break free, but Boxer quickly grabs his mask and yanks him down. Angered, Boxer spits at the ground before grabbing MDM4, who explodes up and catches him with a dropkick to the chest, that staggers Box to the ropes.]

Angus:

Is this guy insane?

DDK:

No idea, but this might be a good time for him to get out there.

[Before MDM4 can even consider doing such a thing, Boxer rebounds off the middle rope and right as MDM4 got back to his feet off the dropkick, eats a full force Lariat that turns him inside out. Boxer stands over MDM4, looking down upon him with such disdain before turning him over and begins to stomp away at his back.]

DDK:

Oh come on, the guy is clearly done now.

Angus:

Maybe he should have thought of that before...

[The crowd erupts when Dusty Griffith comes charging out from the back. Boxer looks out to see his long awaited opponent racing towards the ring, and in that instant, did what Bronson Box would do...]

DDK:

Here we go, partner, Box isn't going to wait for Griffith to come to him.

[Indeed he doesn't, Boxer rushed outside and charged right at Griffith, causing the two of them to collide on the floor, instantly becoming a wild hail of fists. As this is going on, the curtains to the Pleasure Dome can be seen to be open and two figures looking on at the scene unfolding.]

Angus:

Oh man, look up, Keebs. Kels ain't happy one bit.

[Indeed, Kelly Evans is not amused as she looks on from the Skybox window along with Chief of DEFsec, Wyatt Bronson. Down on the floor, Boxer and Dusty continue to brawl, having moved closer to the fans of the front row. Back upstairs, Kelly is seen saying something and a second later, Wyatt Bronson raises a communicator.]

DDK:

And she's clearly not interested in seeing anyone get hurt by accidentally getting swept up by these two lunatics.

[A squad of DEFsec's finest storms down to ringside, half splitting off to peel Dusty away, while the other half is quick to swarm Boxer. As DEFsec struggles to gain control of them, one of the guards holds out a communicator and appears to be asking for instructions. He looks up to the Skybox after getting the information and issues the commands from on high.]

DEFsec:

Boss says to take 'em up stairs.

Angus:

Looks like Mayberry and Boxer are gonna get a talkin' to, Keebs.

[The first group drags Boxer away, who bellows obscenities as they take him up the ramp. A moment later, the other group does the same with Griffith, who struggles, but does so more or less quietly as they physically escort him away.]

DDK:

The destruction these two are going to create...

Angus:

Is gonna be awesome, why can't we just skip to the pay per view?

DDK:

Reasons... We'll be back, folks...

[Cut to a Hulu commercial, then elsewhere in the arena.]

It's Official

[In the pleasure dome, where Kelly Evans is sitting and contemplating her coming visitor. Just then, a knock on the door.]

Kelly Evans: [under her breath]

Right on time.

[Dan Ryan opens the door and steps in. Kelly gestures to the chair across from her.]

Dan Ryan: [sitting down]

Been an eventful night.

Kelly Evans: [leaning back with a sigh]

You wanted to have a conversation. I'm giving you time during a very busy evening to say what you need to say. The clock is ticking, Mr. Ryan.

Dan Ryan: [smiling]

So it is. I'd like to discuss my request to referee the main event at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Kelly Evans:

I had a feeling. I've seen the tweets. I've heard the fans clamoring and I saw you last week. The truth is, I remember a time when people were required to speak to the person in charge when they wanted something. Do you remember that? I'm honestly getting really tired of people not taking my authority seriously. This isn't the wild west.

Dan Ryan: [nodding]

Fair enough. You should know that I'm here speaking to you face to face for that very reason. I've sat in that chair before. I know what it means to hold the fate of an entire company and all who work for it in your hands.

Kelly Evans:

And so the new, respectful, above board Dan Ryan is here to plead his case.

Dan Ryan:

Maybe. Or, maybe I decided to be honest about my intentions. Only two things matter to me in life, Kelly. Being the best wrestler in the world and taking care of my family. I spent a huge chunk of my career being selfish. It brought me a lot of fame and a lot of money. But now, it's balance I want. I want to be the champion, but I've had no less than three shots at the World Championship or the FIST ruined by outside interference, and I don't want to see the same thing happen to Lindsay. And I don't want Eugene running away either. You saw him earlier tonight. I just want her to have the fair opportunity I didn't get.

Kelly Evans:

I believe you have a match with Frank Holiday at the same show. Am I mistaken?

Dan Ryan:

You're not.

Kelly Evans:

Maybe that's what you should be focusing on, then.

Dan Ryan:

I can handle both. Believe me, I fully intend to teach Frank Holiday a lesson. He is by no means off the hook.

Kelly Evans:

You could be spreading yourself a little thin, Mr. Ryan.

Dan Ryan: [leaning in, serious]
It's important.

[Kelly Evans sits back in the chair, staring at The Ego Buster, then sighs.]

Kelly Evans:
Alright.

[Ryan sits up straight, his head tilted back a bit.]

Kelly Evans:
On one condition.

Dan Ryan:
Name it.

Kelly Evans:
Like I said, I'm tired of people not taking my authority seriously. I'm not stupid. I realize there's a chance you could simply be telling me what you think I want to hear so that you can tilt the scales in Lindsay Troy's favor at Acts of Defiance.

Dan Ryan:
I assure you that's not the case.

Kelly Evans:
Just as well, I think I'll put a little safeguard in place.

Dan Ryan:
That being?

Kelly Evans:
If you don't call that match right down the middle, if for one second I feel you've used your position as referee to do anything but ensure fairness, I'll fire you.

Dan Ryan: [mildly surprised]
Fire me?

Kelly Evans:
On the spot.

[The two sit in silence as Kelly Evans stares Dan Ryan down and Ryan returns the stare. After a few moments, Ryan smirks and holds out his hand for a handshake.]

Dan Ryan:
You drive a hard bargain, but I accept your terms.

Kelly Evans: [standing up and taking Ryan's hand]
Good.

[A light knock on the door is heard. It opens just a bit as a member of DEFsec sticks his head in.]

DEFsec:
Sorry to interrupt, but...

[He pauses when he sees Dan Ryan, then glances back at Kelly Evans. She catches his look and gestures.]

Kelly Evans:
It's okay. Go ahead.

DEFsec:
Ok well, some of our guys have Bronson Box and Dusty Griffith heading this way.

Kelly Evans:
Thanks.

[He nods, then shuts the door as he goes back out. Ryan smiles and turns to walk to the door. Kelly holds up a hand.]

Kelly Evans:
Oh, one more thing.

[Ryan stops and looks back over his shoulder.]

Kelly Evans:
Frank Holiday has the night off. I suggest you forget about him for now and make sure you're clear about your motivations for your new referee job. I'd hate for you to no longer be able to take care of your family.

Dan Ryan: [turning fully around and giving a knowing smile.]
Very good.

[Kelly nods and Ryan turns back to the door and opens it. He starts through, then turns his head back to Kelly Evans one last time.]

Dan Ryan:
People underestimate you, I think. [Ryan smiles.] Enjoy the rest of your evening, Ms. Evans.

[Ryan exits and pulls the door shut.]

You Boys Are Working On My Last Nerve

[Before Evans can even take her seat, the angry, bellowing voices of her next two contestants are heard from beyond the door and coming down the hallway. Seconds later, the double doors to the Pleasure Dome burst open as two of DEFsec's finest clear the way for a large squad of the security force. That crew is literally dragging both Dusty Griffith and Bronson Box into the office. Dusty is all grunts and growls as he twists and squirms against the restraints of his guards. Boxer on the other hand, isn't so quiet, or civil.]

Bronson Box:

Unhand me you FOOKIN apes!

[Evans watches on, eventually giving a silent command for DEFsec to direct Griffith and Box to their respective seats in front of her desk.]

Kelly Evans:

Gentlemen, sit.

Bronson Box:

Who in the blue hell do you think you are, apprehending me like this! I should twist these blasted bastards heads clean...

[The Matriarch of DEFIANCE is not amused.]

Kelly Evans:

EEEEEEENOUGH!

[The Queen Bee of the DEF-hive takes it to eleven right out of the gate, silencing the mouthy Scotsman long enough for him to get a bead on just how stone cold, dead eyed serious she is this evening. She lets the tension hang in the air a moment, her eyes trained on the two marquee attractions sitting in front of her.]

Kelly Evans:

I... don't want this to be that sort of meeting, okay?

[We can tell Kelly is trying... desperately... to stay as calm as possible.]

Dusty Griffith:

So what kind of meeting IS IT then?

[Kelly pinches the bridge of her nose with a sigh.]

Kelly Evans:

The kind where you two sit and listen for TWO goddamn minutes without trying to rip each other apart. Where you listen like gentlemen to the person who signs your goddamn checks, how does that sound, boys?

[Bronson and Dusty each look at the crowded office full of DEFsec, then at one another. After a short silent conversation Dusty slumps down in his chair and crosses his arms whilst Boxer crosses his legs and steeplest his fingers. Satisfied that they've calmed down, Evans sits and leans back in her fancy custom office chair.]

Bronson Box:

The floor is yours, lass.

Dusty Griffith:

Say your piece.

Kelly Evans:

I have one question for you gentlemen. What am I supposed to do with you two? I can not, and I don't think I can stress this enough, CAN NOT have you two tearing this place apart every time the two of you are within spitting distance of one another.

Dusty Griffith:

I don't know, boss, what are you going to do? Because the way I--

[Evans' eyes shift to Dusty, glaring a hole into him.]

Kelly Evans:

Did I give you the floor, Dusty? No, I sure didn't.

Bronson Box:

Seems the lass is learnin' te' crack the whip, lad. Better watch yer' tongue, or she might rip it from yer'...

[Evans head whips around to face Bronson, cutting him off before he can finish his quip.]

Kelly Evans:

I am NOT fucking around, gentlemen. One more word? One more disruption? One more disrespectful outburst? I swear to Christ I'll fire you both, bankrupt the company, I don't goddamn care. You two...

[Kelly gets up, plants her well manicured hands down atop her desk, knuckles down, and leeeeeans towards the two men now watching her with rapt attention.]

Kelly Evans:

Are going to respect my authority, even if only for the next few goddamn minutes... do you. Understand me.

[Something about the way she looked at them both. She was on top of her game tonight. She looked good, she's kept her cool and because of that she currently has the two baddest men on the planet sitting quietly listening to each and every word that comes out of her mouth.]

Kelly Evans:

Now that that's clear, this leaves the next show and I'm awfully tired of having to send our Boys In Black after you two monkeys, just to keep you from destroying my show. So, rather than waste my breath telling you to keep your distance until the pay per view, I'm just going to go ahead and save us all a lot of time.

[Boxer and Dusty listen intently.]

Kelly Evans:

Next week, you two are going to team up with your lunkhead buddies Frank and Nicky, who also can't seem to avoid crawling up my ass and making it itch, in a tag team match. Dusty Griffith and "The Mastodon" Frank Dylan James versus Bronson Box and "Il Giudice" Nicky Corozzo... how's that sound to you two sociopaths, hummm?

[Dusty shrugs.]

Dusty Griffith:

Fair enough, boss. Can I get outta here or...

Kelly Evans:

Fine. We're done, get gone.

[Dusty is quick to his feet, making a beeline for the door. Bronson takes his time getting to his feet. He lingers a moment in front of Kelly's desk. You can feel the tension level rise as the DEFsec goons all seem to move forward, ready for The Wargod to pull something. Boxer just raps on Kelly's desk with his knuckles, a strange little smile

spreading across his face.]

Bronson Box:

Fantastic meeting, lass.

[Bronson chuckles under his breath as he slowly makes his way towards the door, heavily shouldering past one of the security meatheads nearly knocking the young man on his ass. Kelly takes her seat, leaning back as her eyes close she exhales, but doesn't go full Danny Glover.]

[Back to the ring.]

Pick On Someone Your Own Size

[We find ourselves backstage in Iris Davine's office, which is a hive of activity thanks to Mushigihara manhandling Carla Ferrari after his match with Butcher Victorious. As the DEFIANCE medic checks over Carla, a clearly agitated Harmony paces the floor. The DEFIAfans cheer at the sight of the British Vixen. Iris pauses for a second and looks over at her.]

Iris Davine:

Harmony, would you please stop pacing?

Harmony:

Sorry, but I'm so god damn angry right now.

Iris Davine:

I appreciate that, but it's distracting.

[Harmony does as she's asked and stands in place. Lance Warner, who had been waiting for the right moment to get her attention, sees an opportunity here.]

Lance Warner:

Harmony, I-

Harmony:

Not now, Lance.

Lance Warner:

But -

Harmony:

I said -

Carla Ferrari:

You about done Iris?

[The referee starts moving toward the edge of the table but Iris places a hand on her shoulder.]

Iris Davine:

Just give me another minute, alright?

Carla Ferrari:

I'm penciled in for another match. I told everyone I was fine; I'm only giving you the courtesy of a check because you're you and you won't leave me alone otherwise.

Iris Davine: [smiles, proudly]

Damn right, lady. So you'll give me that minute and keep the lip tucked in.

[Carla huffs, then thinks better of any further protest and lets Iris continue what she was doing.]

Lance Warner:

Harmony?

[The brunette sighs, clearly annoyed with Warner's presence.]

Harmony:

Lance, if I answer your questions, will you leave me alone?

Lance Warner:

Of course.

Harmony:

You've got two, then. Make them count.

[Warner suddenly perks up, quickly adjusting his tie before turning to camera with his microphone in hand.]

Lance Warner:

Harmony, I'm sure that the DEFIANCE fans are curious to know your thoughts on what happened out in the ring with Mushigihara and DEFIANCE official Carla Ferrari.

[Harmony's expression makes it clear she's trying very hard not to lose her cool.]

Harmony:

I would have thought my thoughts would have been fairly bloody obvious, Lance. Mushigihara seriously needs to get over himself because here's a newsflash: wrestlers lose matches. It's no excuse at all to attack an official that was doing their job, especially one who is half your size.

Lance Warner:

It has been noted that Mushigihara's bad mood seems to stem from your match a couple of weeks ago when you defeated him, which has sent him on a downward spiral.

Harmony:

Wow, seriously? Would baby like me to get him a tissue for his issues? Guess what? This is 2015, not 1951. Women wrestle and a lot of the time, we're better than our male counterparts. He lost, boo hoo. Accept you were the lesser competitor that time, dust yourself and get on with it. Don't throw a god damn temper tantrum like a toddler who wanted its blankey and mummy said no. He lost to Lindsay Troy in the DEF*MAX Tournament and didn't throw his teddy out of the cot for Christ's sakes.

Voice: [off-camera]

Probably couldn't find it after I served up a Shining Wizard straight to his face.

[Harmony and Lance cast their gazes over to the door to find Lindsay Troy standing there, wrapping tape around her forearm. The DEFIANCE Faithful in the arena launch into another round of cheers at the appearance of the #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE.]

Lindsay Troy:

Everybody alright in here?

Harmony:

That's what we're waiting to find out, if Carla will let Iris do her job.

Carla Ferrari:

Troy knows Iris is relentless. And a hoverer.

Iris Davine: [scowling]

I don't need you hooligans claiming I wasn't thorough and missed something. Bad enough you all insist on wailing away on each other...

Lindsay Troy:

Don't you ever change, Iris, even if we get a little mouthy with you. [to Carla] You gonna make it, kid? I need someone reliable to watch me use Hoffman's vocal cords as dental floss.

Iris Davine:

Don't see anything that'll hinder her from reffing your match except that hard head of hers.

Carla Ferrari:

Goody.

[She finally hops off the table and makes her way to the door.]

Carla Ferrari:

Thanks Harmony.

Harmony:

No worries. I'm just glad you're okay and I'm sorry you got dragged into his little temper tantrum.

[Carla walks out of the office and heads for the ring.]

Lindsay Troy:

Way to make with the quickness out there, kid. Could've been a lot worse than what it was.

Harmony:

Thanks. Coming from the reigning Queen, that's high praise.

Lindsay Troy: [chuckles softly]

Reigning and **defending**.

[Harmony begins to smirk, and tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.]

Harmony:

Don't you sit back on those laurels because I'm coming for that crown. I've been nicknamed the princess in the past and it's about time I took the throne.

Lindsay Troy:

That adrenaline's got you staying hyped...I can dig it.

[A smirk to match Harmony's.]

Lindsay Troy:

Almost hate to bury you with it.

Harmony: [grinning]

Sounds like a challenge.

Lindsay Troy:

If you're up for it. [She nods.] Good to see another lady 'round this way, regardless. Be seeing you.

Harmony:

Good luck out there tonight.

[Troy smiles and takes her leave.]

Lance Warner:

Harmony?

Harmony:

I told you two questions, Lance.

Lance Warner:

Umm, I only asked one.

[Harmony exhales an irritated sigh.]

Harmony:

Make it quick.

Lance Warner:

Anything you want to say to Mushigihara?

Harmony:

Actually, there is.

[She picks the microphone out of Lance's hand then pulls the camera round so it's focused on her.]

Harmony:

Hopefully the ringing in your ears from that enziguri has stopped by now so you can hear me. Attacking people who can't fight back for doing their job is shady as hell, so why don't you come and pick on someone who can fight back? Acts of DEFIA NCE, Mushigihara vs. Harmony. I'll be there in the ring and if you've done throwing your temper tantrum by then, I'll happily kick your arse again.

[The brunette thrusts the microphone back at Lance Warner.]

Harmony:

Now, we're done.

[She walks away and the camera cuts over to Keebs and Angus at ringside.]

DDK:

Strong words from Harmony, partner. Gotta wonder if we'll hear from Mushigihara and Eddie Dante tonight.

Angus:

Can Eddie even control Fat Boy long enough to get a reply out? You saw what happened out here earlier...Dante took a big bear claw right to his forked tongue when he tried to stop Mushi from going after Carla. If I were Lance and Christie, I'd stay far away from them the rest of the night.

DDK:

Speaking of what happened earlier, Eugene Dewey and Lindsay Troy had themselves a bit of a brawl which led into a chase through the DEFplex and Dewey escaping in a car.

Angus:

Survival of the fittest, Keebs. I, for one, applaud our FIST's sense of self-preservation.

DDK: [rolling his eyes]

Of course you do. Despite all that, Troy also got into it with Bronson Box's protege, Reinhardt Hoffman, and threw down a challenge to BRAZEN's German Tank. Hoffman accepted and here we are, semi-main event time! Let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

Lindsay Troy vs Reinhardt Hoffman

The intros were made and the DEFIANTS were heralded to the ring by their respective entrance themes - Reinhardt Hoffman first followed by Lindsay Troy. This was a hotly contested match right from the bell with Troy taking the early advantage with hard knee strikes to Hoffman's midsection that pushed him back into a corner. She tried for an elbow shot to the temple Reinhardt was able to evade and Troy missed wildly. He darted behind her and left his feet with a dropkick, which pushed her chest-first into the corner post. He followed that up with a neckbreaker into a pin for a two count.

Reinhardt stomped away at Troy which earned him admonishment from Carla Ferrari. He took a moment to sneer at her and that gave the Queen a moment to get her bearings. Hoffman started to pull Troy up to the mat by her hair but she was quick to bring him to the mat and roll him up with an inside cradle for two. Both got to their feet at about the same time and Reinhardt threw a clothesline that Troy was able to duck under. She spun on a dime and caught the big German with a cobra clutch legsweep and followed that up with a standing 450. Hoffman powered out of the pin attempt at two and a half. Troy moved back in but he caught her with a quick uppercut that staggered her back and away from him. As she shook the shot off, Hoffman got to his feet, wrapped his arms around her waist, and brought her up and over with a bridging German suplex for a very near fall.

The two would battle back and forth. Hoffman showed his off the power in his arsenal with various suplexes and a cringe-worthy tilt-a-whirl backbreaker at one point while Troy countered with precision strikes and some nasty DDTs. At the eight minute mark, after planting Reinhardt face-first to the canvas with an around-the-back flying headscissors takedown, the Queen locked in the not-yet-seen-in-DEFIANCE chickenwing Muta lock. Hoffman was trapped with nowhere to go and not close enough to the ropes to swing a leg over to force the move's release. As Carla asked him if he was ready to submit, the DEFIAНCE Faithful booed loud and strong for reasons none of the people in the ring could see...until it was too late.

CLANG!

Angus:

Oh, there he is!

DDK:

Son of a -- Eugene Dewey just came out of nowhere and blasted Lindsay Troy across the midsection with that steel chair! She falls to the side and Carla Ferrari is calling for the bell!

[Eugene lifts the chair high over his head and brings it down across Troy's left arm and shoulder. She yells and throws a leg out, hoping to sweep Eugene off his feet, but the FIST of DEFIAНCE hops over the attempt with ease.]

Angus:

Hey, I think I saw a 1UP mushroom appear just then.

DDK:

Give me a break!

[Hoffman's trying to pull himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes. Carla, stubborn Italian woman that she is, throws caution to the wind yet again tonight and tries to grab the chair out of Dewey's hands, but once he threatens her with it she wisely darts out of the way. Eugene hits Troy again, slams the chair down across her chest, and stomps over to the corner.]

DDK:

Oh dear Lord he's not going to try this again!

Angus:

The FIST of DEFIAНCE is gonna throw that Bob-omb right onto Her Royal Highness!

[Dewey is to the outside now and up on the second turnbuckle when the crowd's roar gives him pause. Rushing down the ramp is Dan Ryan, Tyrone Walker and, yup, even Felton Bigsby to the rescue. Eugene scrambles down the post, hops off the apron, and flees into the crowd from whence he came. Reinhardt Hoffman wisely bails from the ring too as Walker and Bigsby slide under the bottom rope and Ryan runs to the barricade that Dewey hopped over.]

DDK:

For the second show in a row, Eugene Dewey had bad intentions on his mind by trying for that chair-assisted Senton - first with Tyrone Walker and now with Lindsay Troy. They've narrowly avoided catastrophe and Dan Ryan is pissed to high heaven about it.

Angus:

Well, you know he signed that deal with Kels. He'll referee that encounter between his sister-in-law and the FIST of DEFIANCE but he can't do anything but call it down the middle. Otherwise, he's outta here!

[Ryan seethes by the barricade before climbing into the ring to check on Troy, who looks just as angry as he does. The camera catches that icy, hateful glare of hers before cutting away to the back.]

Be Very Very Quiet, I'm hunting Mastodon - Pt. 3

[We're out in the parking area. The Judge, Nicky Corozzo walks slowly down the rows of cars. We spy the glint of a set of brass knuckles on his huge right hand. He slips off his suit jacket and tie and lay both across the hood of a clean red sports car near the doors.]

Nicky:

I know you're in here, Frankie. Your little bartender friend gave ya' up for the change in my fuckin' pocket you big dumb ape. You 'aint got no real friends, Frankie.

[Corozzo cracks his knuckles as he starts down the first row of cars.]

Nicky:

You think mister buckin' bronco superstar give two shits about you? You more trouble than you're worth moth'a' fucka'... huh?! Why come back? You go through hell, fuckin' SLAVERY workin' for Mr. White all for your gross little family only to drag your booze soaked ass back here leavin' them all alone? You drunk prick...

[A voice from ahead of Corozzo makes him stop in his tracks.]

Voice:

Damn do you ever love the sound of your own voice, you ever shut up?

[A shaggy haired young man in faded jeans and ratty old flannel shirt with the sleeves torn off flicks a spent cigarette down at the big enforcers feet. Followers of DEFIAНCE's developmental project BRAZEN will recognize this young man as one fourth of Frank's Southern Bastards, J.J. Dixon.]

[Nicky however doesn't follow BRAZEN...]

Nicky:

And who the hell are you supposed to be? Staff mechanic?

[Another deeper southern drawn from behind The Judge startles him. A squat bald and bearded man, jeans and an old faded Guns and Roses t-shirt approaches holding a long lead pipe. Another of Frank's Southern Bastards, Earl Lee Roberts.]

Earl Lee:

We're two feller's that 'aint gunna' let you whoop up on our friend Frank no more, big boy.

[Corozzo chuckles to himself, getting a clearer picture of what's going on.]

Nicky:

So Frank's gone and got himself his own damn henchman... gap toothed freak's movin' up in the world.

Dixon:

Man, you have noooooo idea...

[Nicky barely has enough time to get his thumbs inside the rope as it draws in tight around his neck. A huge hand grips his shoulder and forces him to his knees, he gets a look at his attacker in the chrome bumper of a nearby luxury sedan. A huge Japanese man in a... cowboy hat? The final Southern Bastard. From the Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, MASSIVE Cowboy.]

Cowboy:

You in a really really big heap of trouble, greasy giant. We 'aint Frank's friends. We Frank's *family*.

[Young J.J. Dixon squats down to Nicky, still gasping for air and struggling against MASSIVE Cowboy's rope.]

Dixon:

You really think we'd let Frank wander this viper's nest alone, man?

[The rope cuts enough into his windpipe that talking is a near impossibility, that however doesn't stop seven angry feet of Italian from doing his best to curse and spit at his attackers. He struggles less when he hears yet another set of feet approaching.]

[Bare... feet.]

[The chains drop at Nicky Corozzo's knees as the barefoot man pads up to the kneeling former hitman. Frank Dylan James, clad in his classic ratty overalls glares down at the man who put him out of action weeks and weeks ago.]

FDJ:

Lis'n here, boy, ya done stepped off inta a pile'a sheeyit like you ain't never dreamed of...

[Frank smiles through broken teeth.]

FDJ:

We gon' learn ya though... we gon' learn ya real good! AH HOPE YOU LIKE TA BLEED BOY!

[Leaning in close, spittle flies from Frank's lips into Nicky's beet red face. Just as Frank grabs a fistfull of Nicky's greasy black hair.]

FDJ:

J.J., fetch us another lenght uh'rope... we're gunna hog tie this feller' first...

[Earl Lee brings his lead pipe down on the asphalt right in front of Nicky.]

Earl Lee:

SQUEAL BOY! SQUEEEEEEEAL!

[The four men explode into wild raucous laughter as Nicky's eyes go wide. We cut back to the commentary station to a similarly wide eyed Darren Keebler and grinning ear to ear Angus Skaaland.]

Angus:

WHAT'D I SAY, DARREN!

DDK:

When you're right you're right, things are looking dire for one Nicky Corozzo.

Angus:

I bet Earl Lee sticks that pipe up his...

DDK:

Hey, come on...

Angus:

What? What'd I say?

Curtis Penn (c) vs Tyrone Walker

[The lights drop.]

♪ “Black” by Sevendust ♪

[They begin to flash rapidly with the synthesized opening of the song as the Faithful rise to their feet. A few seconds later Tyrone Walker rushes out on to the stage when the song kicks into gear.]

Angus:

WHOOOO! MUHBOAHTAH! This is now the greatest show ever!

DDK:

Hy-per-bo-lee much?

Angus:

Nonsense. Everything is better with even a little Black Jesus'y'ness.

DDK:

Well it would appear that the Faithful agree with you, because they're on thei--

[As Ty makes his way down the ramp, he is blindsided from behind by...]

Angus:

THAT SONUVABITCH CURTIS PENN... BLLLAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Curtis Penn ambushes Walker from behind and sends him skidding to a stop halfway down the ramp!

[Curtis Penn stalks Walker as he pushes himself up on to all fours.]

DDK:

The fans are telling Curtis how they feel as Penn kicks Tyrone Walker from behind making him eat the steel of the ramp!

Curtis Penn:

GET UP YOU SONNAVABITCH! SHOW ME WHY TEAM DANGER WAS SO BIG AND BAD!

[Penn grabs Ty by the back of his tights and slams him into the barricade.]

Curtis Penn:

DID YOU LEAVE ALL OF YOUR BAD ASSERY IN KELLY'S PURSE!?

DDK:

Curtis plants a kick in Ty's ribs!

Angus:

Have faith in DEFIAENCE's Black Jesus! Curtis Penn will be laying in a pool of his own urine by the end of it all.

Curtis Penn:

GET UP YOU SORRY SACK OF...

[Penn plants a boot in the side of Walker's face and pushes it into the bars of the barricade.]

Curtis Penn:

SHIT!

[Penn pulls his foot off of Walker's face and steps away from Walker.]

Curtis Penn:

THIS IS YOUR CULT HERO! THIS IS WHO YOU ALL CHEER FOR! A RELIC....A DEAD BEAT! SOMEONE WHO'S BETTER DAYS WERE TEN YEARS AGO!

[Curtis reaches down for the back of Walker's head to pull up the fallen hero.]

DDK:

Curtis pulls Walker up to his knee.

[Walker swings and lands a punch in the gut, Penn drops and elbow on the top of Walker's cranium, Walker swings again, this time catching Penn in the sternum driving the wind out of Penn's sails.]

DDK:

Walker has found a bit of space with that last shot as Penn stumbles across the ramp.

Angus:

And now the beat down begins!

[Walker throws a left, a left, does a small shuck n jive and pokes Penn in the eye and laughs.]

DDK:

These two need to get into the ring so that this match can start.

Angus:

Why, this is much better than a standard match. I get to see someone beat Penn senseless, turn him into a joke, and then at the very last moment take everything away from him!

DDK:

Uh.. .Yeah... but unless they get into the ring it's just two guys fighting for nothing or until security decides to get involved.

Angus:

Security, nah...Kel's wants Ty to get his rocks off and go back upstairs hyped and rock the casbah!

DDK:

Huh?

Angus:

Or just to show the roster that Blackimus Prime is still the Head Negrobot in Charge!

[Penn rubs his eyes, regaining his sight just in time to walk into another right from Walker.]

DDK:

Walker presses his advantage as he sends Penn across the aisle and into the steel guard rail.

[Walker runs in place for a moment.]

DDK:

Walker is building up steam, runs towards Penn, and delivers a clothesline that sends Penn over the top of the railing.

[The crowd steps back as Penn begins to stir. One fan dumps a bottle of water on Penn, Penn knocks it away from the fan and turns around and is greeted by an open palm strike to the face. Walker hooks the waistband and suplexes Penn onto the steel ramp.]

DDK:

Walker felt that one just as much as Penn, both men are clutching their backs as they roll around on the ramp. The fans are rallying around Walker, wanting him to put an end to Penn.

[Walker is the first up and stomps Penn in the gut to put a halt to his progress.]

DDK:

Walker points at the ring. I think he's ready to pin Penn!

Angus:

Me too... Me too!

[Walker brings Penn up by the back on the neck and walks him towards the ring. He sends Penn into the ring post only for it to be reversed and send flying face first into the post.]

DDK:

Penn reversed Walker's attack and Walker ate the steel pole instead. Penn grabs the rubber legged Walker and drives him head first into the ring steps.

[Penn pulls up Walker, runs him into the ring apron, and drives his shoulder into Walker's stomach twice before sending him in under the bottom ropes.]

DDK:

That's one of them, let's see if Penn follows him in the ring.

Angus:

Nope, he's digging for something under the ring!

[Penn pulls out a aluminum garbage can and lid.]

Angus:

Well there have been far worse things left underneath the ring in the past.

[Penn tosses the lid over first and it just misses Walker's back.]

Angus:

It was the wind. I swear Penn couldn't air ball that hard.

[Penn tosses in the garbage can and this time it connects with Walker's back.]

DDK:

Now that the weaponry is in the ring it looks like Penn is about to make his grand entrance!

[Penn steps into the ring.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

NOW THE MATCH IS OFFICIALLY ON THE WAY... WHADDYA IT TAKE FIVE MINUTES!

[Walker hops to life, grabs the garbage can and tosses it at Penn.]

DDK:

Penn catches the garbage can!

Angus:

That was the plan the entire TIME!

[Walker bounces off the far rope and catches Penn's face and the garbage can with a flying knee.]

Angus:

WALKER JUST HIT HIS LIGHTS OUT SPECIAL MOVE WITH A SUPER COMBO POINT MODIFIER GARBAGE CAN ATTACK!

DDK:

The only way Penn didn't end up on his back after that was because the ropes are holding him upright.

[Walker hooks Penn's head.]

Angus:

This is it... IT'S OVVVVAAARR!

[Walker lifts Penn up and drives him down into the mat head first.]

Angus:

HE JUST USED THE OL' DIRTY BUSTER on an OL' DIRTY BASTARD!

DDK:

And Walker hooks the legs and it's all academic from here on out!

[And like the NINJA that he is, Jonny Booya hurdles the barricades and rips the victory from Blackamus Primes hands as he pulls him outside of the ring breaking the count, causing an eruption of boos from the Faithful seated all over the Wrestle-plex tonight.]

DDK:

The crowd is letting Jonny Booya feel their appreciation with all of the jeers! Ty Walker had this match won and we were about to have a NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

Curtis Penn is not only the slimiest of the slimiest and is able to chicken shit himself into keeping the Southern Heritage Championship, but now he has Jonny Booya in cahoots with him!

[Jonny Booya and Walker are on the outside exchanging lefts and rights, until Penn dives from the ring apron and onto Walker. Booya helps Penn to his feet and they both begin stomping on Walker.]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner by DISQUALIFICATION: TY WALKER!

[Penn and Booya drop Ty's throat across the ring apron and then tosses Walker back into the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

STILL YOUR SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION: CURTIS PENN!

[Penn grabs Ty's dead weight and suplexes him head over heels into the corner turnbuckle. Penn pulls Ty up by the 'fro and whips him into the waiting arms of Joony Booya, he tosses him into the air for a BOOYA BOMB!]

Curtis Penn:

LIFT HIM UP!

DDK:

Penn is calling the shots!

[Curtis spins him around and sets his hooks in for the CURTIS PLEX.]

DDK:

Release Curtis Plex into sends Ty's body rolling towards the near side ropes.

Angus:

KELLY WILL BRING DOWN THE WRATH OF THE QUEEN ON CURTIS PENN IF HE DOESN'T STOP!

[Curtis rolls outside and snatches his title from the time keeper and drapes it over the bottom rope.]

Curtis Penn:

JONNY, PLACE HIS FACE ON MY SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Ty's face is placed on the title, leaving his neck at an awkward angle. Curtis straddles Ty and pulls his arms up and places his foot on the back of Ty's head.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn was told never to use the Curb Stomp again by JEFF ANDREWS all the way back after the Masters of Wrestling due to the injuries that Penn was causing with the move. But without Jeff Andrews here to stop him it looks like he's breaking it back out and trying to end Ty Walker's career!

Angus:

Please, GAWD, someone save MAIBOITAI!

♪ "I Am the Cool" by Screamin' Jay Hawkins ♪

Angus:

THANK YOU KING COOL FOR HEARING MY PRAYERS!

[Penn points Jonny towards the ramp to stop Cancer from thwarting his plans. Coolius Maximus, with something very different on his mind, and with chair in hand, doesn't break his stride and he slides under the bottom rope, between Jonny's legs, and right in front of a quite shocked Curtis Penn.]

Thud.

Whack.

[The force of the chairshot sends Penn crashing through the ropes. Quickly, Jonny turns on an abrupt heel and is greeted with a chairshot of his own.]

[You know, for his troubles.]

Angus:

RETRIBUTION! SWEET RETRIBUTION! THOU SHALL NOT HARM MYBOITIA!

[With his COOL in question, Cancer lets off some steam in the form of repeated chair shots to everywhere on Jonny Booya's person.]

DDK:

He's, violent mad.

Angus:

Yeah, it looks like how he used to get when that Country Bumpkin was around.

[After the chair has had its fill, a hulking Jiles violently throws it to the side-- a grin ten thousands teeth wide plastered across his face.]

DDK:

Tell ya what, he does have some sparkling white teeth. Amazing, with the amount of... smoking he does.

Angus:

Please. Shut up. Now.

[After taking a quick breather, The Slayer of Mongoloids checks in on Ty Walker. Spotting an opening, Penn tries to pull the larger meathead out onto the floor before anymore damage can be done to him.]

Angus:

Look! Walker is pointing!

[Taking the tip in stride, Cancer bounces off the opposing ropes, leapfrogs Ty, and then baseball slides into Booya. The resulting collision sends Jonny careening onto Penn. The two now lay in a spell of agony outside the ring.]

Angus:

Isn't he just the COOLEST~!?!?

[Penn and Booya pack their bags and slowly begin to backstep up the ramp and towards the locker room. Jiles once again checks in on Ty, this time helping him collect his bearings and get back on his feet.]

[Then, Lord COOL calls for and receives a microphone.]

[That toothy smile he once had is now gone.]

[Yes, that is to say he does not appear to be happy.]

CCJ:

Penn! Booya! You two Mongos... you make me sick!

[A charcoal colored loogie goes distastefully adrift.]

[Look out front row. Cancer is back,]

CCJ:

So sick in fact, my hair... my preciously golden locks of COOL... have turned gray!

[Booing ensues because you know, that's totally not COOL.]

CCJ:

And if that's not bad enough, and trust me when I say that it is bad enough... you two Mega Mongos got the nerve to swindle MAI BOY, Tyrannosaurus Walker!

[Ty's got swag. This makes him and Count COOL penpals.]

CCJ:

Well, this transgression.... THESE transgressions... simply will not stand.

[Dude.]

CCJ:

I didn't come back to DEFIAНCE to see Curtis Penn trotting around and spouting off gibberish from the hip. To see him make a mockery of the place I helped establish and continuously shit on the meaning of what it means to be DEFIANT.

No.

I came back because home is where the heart is.

[Loud, uproarious cheering echoes throughout the DEFPLEX, shaking its very foundation and traveling down to the Earth's core.]

CCJ:

However, instead of Mongo Chawping Bronson Box until he's Polish; I'm here, once again walking the lackluster road that leads to Jonny Booya... and another undeserving snake of a Champion.

[You know who you are.]

CCJ:

And not to mention MY FUCKING HAIR IS GRAY!

[On the verge of a tantrum, Jiles the COOL is calmed down by a solo hand placed atop his shoulder. Said hand belongs to Tyrone Walker. The two exchange some words off mic, and the end result is a fist pound and smile.]

[Crisis, averted.]

CCJ:

My friend here, Mr. T-Wizzle, just gave me a grand idea. One, that is sure to ruffle the feathers of Mongo lovers the world over. Being he has an "in" when it comes to front office dealings, he's going to whisper something to a certain someone, and hopefully, that certain someone is going to say yes.

[Anticipation...]

[...builds.]

CCJ:

And what that certain someone is going to say yes to...

[Still building.]

[Lord COOL laughs to himself. His confidence.... rising. His morale, boosting.]

CCJ:

....is an ass kicking, of Mongoloidian proportion. Curtis Pencildick. Jonny Boobstrap. WE, challenge you.

[POPPITY POP!]

[Mic drop.]

Angus:

ZOH-MAI-GAW-YAAASSS! TEH MAGGLE-POWARS HAVE MERGED TO DESTROY CURTIS PENN AND JONNY BOOYA! IS THIS MY BIRTHDAY?! BECAUSE IT FEELS LIKE ALL OF MY BIRTHDAYS ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

DDK:

Breathe Angus, breathe! What a turn of events here tonight folks, could we be seeing Jiles and Walker taking on Penn

and Booya at Acts of DEFIAНCE? I don't know, but there's only one way to find out, tune in next week. I'm Downtown Darren Keebler and, as always, my hyperventilating partner, Angus Skaaland. Thanks for tuning in...

Angus:

GOOOOOOD NIGHT NAAAAOOOOOW!

[The final shot as the credits begin to roll shows Penn and Booya on the ramp, jawing back at the new united front of Jiles and Walker, who mug it up for the crowd.]

[End.]