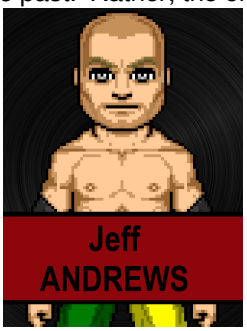
The State of Defiance

[DEFIANCE Wrestling on ESEN continues in...] [5] [4] [3] [2] [1] [...] [The DEFtv logo explodes on the screen, fading quickly into a live shot of the crowd.] [From there the shot quickly changes to ringside where at the Commentation Station Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler are ready to go live with the greatest show on Earth!] **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:** Fans, welcome to sunny Orlando, Florida! [I just said that.] **DDK:** I'm your host, Downtown Darren Keebler, alongside is Angus Skaaland on Color. And fans, I left off the "as usual" because right now, I honestly do not know what's going to be happening. If you didn't catch us on Pay Per View the other night, well - Christian Light is the Master of Wrestling, he won the Grand Champions League tournament for Heritage, and thus for Eric Dane, Dane owns Defiance and we still have our ESEN television deal. But in one of the most shocking and bizarre betrayals I've ever witnessed in wrestling, Jeff Andrews backstabbed Dane, and now Dane's missing yet again, which means Andrews is the highest ranking person in Defiance. **Angus:** Keebs, this is horrible! I mean, flat out horrible. OK, so yeah, Jeff Andrews backstabbed the baws. And he decided to go ahead with the match they're calling A Fistful of Defiance. But Andrews. The Untouchables. He's got Heidi with him, of course. He brought that damned Ronnie Long back to Defiance. But he's got Kai Scott out of retirement too! Kai. Scott! Even the baws didn't want to play the game with that guy! [Behind them, fans scream, wave signs, and mug for the camera.] **DDK:** This is also as good a time as any to mention that we're 'flying blind'. Dane's not here, Elijah Goldman's never going to be here again hopefully, Cito Conarri isn't here, Kevin Satan Alloy certainly isn't here, and Jeff Andrews did not provide us with any sort segment outline or run-sheet. We don't know who all's going to be in the Fistful of Defiance, we... [Soft, mellow guitar chords thrum over the PA system.] [It's "Sin's a Good Man's Brother". But not the Monster Magnet version that Andrews used in the past. Rather, the original Grand Funk Railroad version.] **DDK:** Aren't going to be left hanging much longer, I hope.



[That unmistakable guitar riff blares out, and Jeff Andrews appears at the top of the ramp. In jeans, an Untouchables T-shirt, and needless to say that green and yellow John Deere trucker's cap.] RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! BBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!

[Kai Scott and Ronnie Long step out to either side of him, and the trio walks - swaggers, rather - down to ringside, disdaining the hands of the fans reaching over the guardrail to them.] [Ronnie Long looks just like Ronnie Long always looks.] [Kai Scott is wearing his trench coat buttoned. Also black slacks. Keep the trench coat part in mind, because no one ever buttons a coat in pro wrestling unless they're hiding something under it.] **DDK:** Not just Jeff, but three of the four Untouchables, Heidi conspicuous by her absence. Let's hear what he's got to say, because he's taking a microphone. [In the ring, Jeff Andrews looks around the arena.] **Andrews:** I know what all y'all wanna hear. So I'monna do you up a favor and skip the part about me bein' awesome, cos there'll be plenty of time for that later, and I'm gonna tell all you good people here in Orlando, all you boys and girls in the back, an all you fans out there in TV-Land, what's goin' on and why. [As Andrews speaks, Scott leans back in one of the turnbuckles, watching the ramp, while Long stands next to Andrews on bodyguard duty, looking around at the crowd for any sign of over-excited fans jumping the guardrails or wrestlers launching sneak attacks.] **Andrews:** What I'm doin', is, since Eric Dane's not

here, I'm runnin this shit. ALL this shit. [The reaction goes a good bit more negative here.] **Andrews:** And as for why I decided to do it - it's 'cos I already was! It's 'cos I was already doing the easy part of running Defiance... and the hard part of running Defiance... and I thought a little credit might be nice, but more'n that if I was gonna do all that, I wanted to be able to do it without worrying about Eric Dane messing with me! BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **Andrews:** Boo? Yeah, go on and boo me - propagate the cult of Eric Dane. Believe the hype, dudes. Lemme ask you something. Who the hell creates a wrestling promotion, then pays, bribes, cajoles and threatens everyone who isn't him into doing all the work, and then goes to workin' a completely different promotion, neglecting his own show? Eric Dane! I work for **Defiance**! Eric Dane goes and screws around in NFW! I work for Defiance some more! Eric Dane orders me and a bunch others to go hang out in the Ultratitle with him! I gave it my best damn shot, and that shot was pretty good, just ask anyone! Meanwhile he loses interest and practically throws a match against Eli Flair! [Andrews stomps around the ring, letting the fans have a chance to make noises in his direction.] **Andrews:** Now keep in mind this is after he says if I make Defiance look bad by losing interest he's going to have Heidi humiliated in as misogynistic a way as he can manage. Fucking Cancer Jiles bailflakes on the tournament, he lets that slide. He goes and tells Pete Whealdon to work, tells him he's so much better than everyone else, next thing you know Pete believes it all and now he's too haughty to lace his own wrestling boots. [Andrews shakes his head violently.] **Andrews:** And who holds Eric Dane responsible for this? No one! Because Jeff Andrews and Cito Conarri have two options! They can take care of Defiance, and take care of all the work Eric Dane left them 'cos he can't set his ego aside long enough to work for the fed he owns, or they can go chase him down! And you know what? You just get sick of begging someone to do their job after thirteen or fourteen months! Well lemme tell you something. After War Games, Cito decided he'd had enough. He'd made Heritage League, he'd run it through to the playoffs, he'd donned the boots and wrestled, and he was fucking done doing Dane's bidding. He took an honorable discharge. Course, Dane couldn't be assed to come by Defiance and say 'thanks', you know, 'thanks for putting your interests and your life on hold to run my shit for me.' So if you were wondering where Cito is, which you probably weren't since no one even wanted to mention him once the playoffs started, yeah. He went home. [Kai nods approvingly, a look on his face indicating that he's truly appalled to be hearing a single boo. Let alone boos to a ratio of 5/1, maybe 4/1 - it's a little hard to tell.] **Andrews:** But Jeffman don't play that. Jeffman does not put as much work into ANYTHING as he's put into Defiance and then just leave. Eric Dane hired me because he knew, that I know, what Defiance needs, that I can take care of doing it without any damn instructions, and that I'm willing to do what needs to be done and solve the problems. Well guess what? Eric Dane himself was the problem! AND HE GOT **SOLVED**! THE **ONLY** REASON DEFIANCE SUCCEEDED WHEN WRESTLECOAST CASCADIA AND AWP FAILED IS BECAUSE **I** WAS HERE TO KEEP ERIC DANE FROM FUCKING UP AND RUNNING OFF HIS OWN TALENT OR THROWING A TANTRUM AND CLOSING THE PLACE OUT OF SPITE!
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BBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! (raaaaaaaahhhhh)
BBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! **Andrews:** And that's the truth. And I defy anyone to tell me I'm wrong. [Grinning, Kai Scott leads the audience in a round of applause.] [Most of the audience doesn't join in.] **Andrews:** Hate me all you want for telling you what you needed to hear... whatever, Eric didn't like it either. Love me? Awesome. I know we got some people in this very building who still remember when I was running IWA right out of this very arena. Old school. Represent! [He's referencing the Innovative Wrestling Alliance, a CAL fed that he ran from 2001-2004.] **Andrews:** You get on board? You know Jeff Andrews knows how to play the game and'll treat you right. But otherwise, I got no problems giving you the same treatment I gave Dane, Christian Light, who's a good dude but totally misinformed, and Tom Sawyer, who shoulda minded his own business. So speaking of business, enough about me and why I'm running the show now - I got some actual business to discuss with you all. So hit that music. ♫ Dead by what?! ♫ ♫ (Christmas!) ♫ ♫ Just lay down the track, just lay down the track! ♫ ["Dead by Christmas" by the Murder City Devils begins to play.] [And NOW Heidi Christenson makes her

appearance.] [And for reasons as of yet unclear, she's wearing a little Misses Claus dress.

White fur trimmed velvet with a poofy little skirt and white fishnet stockings.] [Female fans, having rolled their eyes, will notice that she's got a large red sack thrown over one shoulder. Male fans will probably not have looked up that high yet.] [The reaction, by the way, is mostly cheers. There's a reason for this.] [Heidi walks down to ringside, then up the stairs. She enters the ring slowly, extending one leg out in front of her, slipping it over the middle rope, and then bending forward. In the ring, she goes up on her tiptoes and plants a kiss on the side of Jeff's face.] **Andrews:** Love you too, sweetie. So, you wanna tell us what'chu got in that bag? [He holds the microphone out.] **Heidi:** Oh, a little of this and a little of that. Let's see... [From the bag, Heidi withdraws...] [The Defiance World Championship.] [The actual title belt, that is.] **Heidi:** My belt. **Andrews:** But Elijah Goldman stripped you of that belt when he fired you, didn't he? **Heidi:** Right, and Eric Dane let it happen. [Pause.] **Heidi:** Of course, when I didn't win in Preseason 3, Eric Dane decided to lose it at me. Apparently, one bad week makes me a useless worthless cunt who he could never stand and only tolerated because if he tried to not tolerate it, you wouldn't keep doing all his work for him. You know, on a personal level - I hold Eric as responsible for everything Elijah Goldman did as I hold Goldman himself. If not even more. [Pause while the fans react to this. Long continues to prowl around the ring, his shovel over his shoulder and discouraging interruption.] **Andrews:** So I take it you don't want the belt back? **Heidi:** Not even a little bit. **Andrews:** A perfect example of what's wrong with the Eric Dane method. Heidi Christenson is a legend in this sport. She won her first World Title in THIS VERY ARENA a decade ago! And she gets treated so badly in Defiance that now she doesn't even want the title! Eric Dane ought to be ashamed of himself, and everyone who keeps yay-ing for him should be too! BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **Andrews:** Anyway. It's a funny thing. The reason I end up doing all Dane's work for him is because he has to go feed his ego by running all over the place trying to win MOAR TITULZ for his precious bragging rights. Even though Ultratitle proved, if it proved nothing else, that I'm better than Eric Dane! If I weren't responsible - and concerned for the well-being of my fellow wrestlers and employees - those would be my World Titles! Cos Ultratitle taught me something about myself. There's something very, very wrong when someone as good as myself is ONLY a three-time World Champion. Sean Stevens had four of them and he's a joke! Dan Ryan had sixteen! WHAT ABOUT JEFF?! [Indeed.] **Andrews:** I'll tell you what about Jeff. I'm gonna run Defiance like a good boss should - but I'm done putting my own legacy on the back shelf time and again. Heidi Christenson doesn't want the Defiance World Title back, and if anyone says "tournament", I'm going to shoot them immediately. So I'm going to just assign the World Title to the person who can do the best job on the roster of embodying the Defiant Spirit. ME! [Heidi sets her Santa Sack down on the ring, takes the World Title, and belts it around Jeff's waist.] [This, by the way, is when Jeff Andrews used up the last remaining bits of his CAL/IWA nostalgia favor and "dude's got a decent point" heat.]
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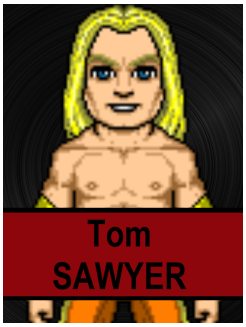
BBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! **Andrews:** Yeah, if you people had the slightest inkling of what I've actually done here in Defiance, you'd be nominating me for President of the World not complaining that I'm appointing myself champion. I'm making changes 'round here, and this belt is front and central to those changes. For starters! More defenses! You know something that still bothers me? My Old Line Wrestling was in the WfWA for a year and a half - 18 months - and it never ONCE got a singles shot at the World Title. Well, this World Title isn't going to be like that. It's getting defended. [Andrews puts the mic down and paces around the ring.] **Andrews:** You heard me. You want a shot at this belt? You come find me and tell me you want it. Cos I'm not doing that thing where two guys fight for number one contendership for six months while I wait around bored. That shit was... look, who cares about a title when it only sees the light of day twice a year? Think back to the early days of Defiance. How'd it even get a chance to happen that Aaron Vasquez never defended his belt even once? [Pause, for fistbump with Long. Long injured Vasquez, if you remember.] **Andrews:** That's some bullshit there. Me, I'm defending. If you've won a match or two that actually mattered, you come talk to me, we'll try to get something set up. I hear you fans sayin' you don't like me making myself champion, but d'you seriously think I'd do that and then never defend the belt? Fool, I want the bragging rights for myself AND the prestige for the title belt! I want to see a title history full of defenses, not footnotes! And, you know, working with Eric Dane for the last 2 years has made me realize something. You want it done right, you make Jeff Andrews do it. And holy shit, I'm Jeff Andrews! [The other Untouchables smile and nod. The fans say 'boo'.] **Andrews:** Exactly. So moving on. Heidi, what else you got in there? [Heidi picks up the sack and removes another belt. This one's the old Southern Heritage Title.] **Heidi:** Apparently, Trendkiller decided to leave the business after Defiance 1.0, and he left this with the office. **Andrews:** Ah. Jimmy Kort's belt. [He smiles. Kai in the corner of the ring laughs. Heidi grins like some kind of predator.] **Andrews:** THE FIST OF

DEFIANCE DOESN'T HAVE ANY RELATION TO THIS BELT, DUMBFUCKS! But this belt, eh - if some of the new guys work out, maybe one of them can trade it back and forth with Jimmy. Til then, you can consider it officially... Deactivated. [And he tosses it over his shoulder.] **Heidi:** And last but not least, we've got a shiny pair of Tag Team Titles! [The tag titles are withdrawn from the sack. Heidi hangs onto one of them and hands the other to Jeff.] **Andrews:** Funny. The Untouchables were the most successful Defiance Tag Champs ever. But... I'm gonna be kind of busy. Now, I'm assuming you don't particularly want to be a tag team champion either, Heidi? **Heidi:** No, I do. I mean, it's my title, right? [Andrews hands off the title, and Heidi deposits it over her shoulder.] **Andrews:** You look like artwork, sweetie. PUS-SY-WHIPPED!!! PUS-SY-WHIPPED!! PUS-SY-WHIPPED!!! [The boos go up again as Jeff and Heidi share a loving look. And then, Jeff looks around the ring.] **Andrews:** Haters gonna hate. Still need a second... I know! [Ronnie Long is handed the second of the two titles.] **Andrews:** Congratulations, Ronman. You wanna make a celebratory speech? **Ronnie Long:** Yeah. I think I've made my opinion on Eric Dane and 'Defiance' quite clear. But... if Jeff Andrews is finally setting this promotion to rights, then I'm happy to - and honored to - serve as a Defiance Champion. [Long shoulders his title.] **Andrews:** There we go. Thought, Kai? [He points at Kai Scott.] [Unlike the other 3 Untouchables, Kai doesn't have a title belt around his waist. The Ace of Heels is simply wearing his trenchcoat, looking sleek and badass. Kai grins sardonically.] [Rather than speak, he smiles and holds up his hand, then steps back.] **Andrews:** And this, I do believe, concludes the business. ["Sin's a Good Man's Brother" begins to play as the Untouchables start to leave the ring.] [Just as Andrews is stepping between the ropes, it cuts.] [And cue the air raid sirens.] Angus: YES! [Ronnie Long immediately goes on high alert, holding the shovel like he intends to use it.] [Jeff finishes stepping out onto the apron, while Kai and Heidi-claus stand in the ring, making sure they scan the crowd.] [None of them have to worry about a sneak attack, though. Because as the guitar riff of

Indestructible hits, out walks The Last Nighthawk, dressed for war.] RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [But holding the stick.] [He stops in the center of the stage and raises his open left hand to acknowledge the Orlando faithful. After a moment of this, the music dies down.] [But the cheering doesn't just yet.] RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! [Finally, the cheering dies down, and Light lifts the microphone to his mouth to speak.] **"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:** Let's forget, for one moment, this whole nonsense about taking over because Eric Dane didn't pat you on the head for your job as Vice President of Defiance, A position, might I add, that you tossed away at the earliest opportunity because Cancer Jiles basically goaded you into it over petty squabbles. Let's forget, just for a moment, that a company President hires a Vice President to do the day-to-day operations of his company so he can continue to pursue things like, I dunno, company expansion to a national model? Since, you know, this used to be a Southern territory that's now drawing national recognition, and the kind of marketing you need to do for that is its own full-time job. Let's forget, just for right now, that Dane's personal skills haven't changed since he's held the NWA World Title, much less started Defiance, and that you knew exactly what you were getting into when you signed on for the Grand Champions League, just like everybody else. I'm not here about any of that. Yet. [A pause as Christian points to Jeff Andrews.] **Light:** Right now, I'm here to talk to you about that shiny new belt on your waist, Jeffman. [Andrews steps back into the ring and behind Ronnie Long, putting both hands over the belt protectively. Long extends his arm, pointing at Light with the blade of his shovel.] **Light:** You say you want nothing to do with a tournament to decide the World Champion, and hey, I'm all for that. We just spent a year in the grips of a tournament that, while it was a lot of fun, probably caused us to put tournaments on the back burner for a long time to come. But what about the winner of that tournament? [Light takes a couple of paces to the right of the stage.] **Light:** We just had a year-long exercise to determine who the Master of Wresting is. And there's one person on this roster who's cut down everyone put in his path, from the patsys like Impala to the original Defiants like Bronson Box to the cream of the crop like Claira St. Sure...and yes, even former World Champions like Heidi Claus over there. [As Light paces back left to the center of

the stage, he points at Heidi as he says her name. She glowers at him, but says nothing] **Light:** Over and over again, I have proven myself to be the Master of Wrestling by cutting down opponents one after the other. And I've done it without bribery, without intimidation, and without any of the politics of the wrestling world. Yet, when it's time to name a new World Champion, my name's nowhere to be found. Why is that, Jeff? [Jeff Andrews stomps around in the ring, angrily refuting everything Light has to say, so confident in his correctness that he doesn't even need the microphone. Either that, or he's complaining to Kai Scott about Light's existence.] [Finally, he consents to speak.] **Andrews:** It's a funny thing about my resignation as Vice President, Christian. Turns out that when Eric Dane is too busy spit-shining his ego to run Defiance, I can say 'I quit' until I'm blue in the face, but I haven't quit shit until he signs off on it. What I guess I'm trying to say is - I never stopped being the boss. As far as Cancer Jiles goes, if he thinks he's going to collect any fees for me hitting him, he'll be fired on the spot. As for points, he can have all of them that he wants. Now that GCL's over, points are redeemable for absolutely nothing. IF he shows up ever again. They don't call Ronnie Long the Gravedigger for no reason. [The fans start booing, but Light shrugs it off.] **Light:** Well, I guess what's done is done, eh Jeffman? If there's anything I've learned about you from the past year, it's that you're as stubborn as anyone in the business, and when you set yourself to something, that's it. [You can hear the crowd start to mumble.] **Light:** BUT! Did I hear you say something about "more defenses?" [And the murmurs stop.] **Light:** You may have wanted to put the title around your waist out of spite. Good for you. That's fine if you want to bulk up your title count the backstage way. But has it been so long that you've held a World Title that it made your forget the single most important reason unworthy wrestlers burn out under its weight? It makes you a target, Jeff. Not that I needed another reason to aim at you. I'm still not happy about the way the last show ended. But for now, I think I can forget about Kai, Heidi, and Ronnie and his little spade long enough to focus my attention on **you**. [Hand of Light is moving and the finger points to Jeffman.] **Light:** This show, we're both part of that Fistful of Defiance match. But next week? How about you bring that shiny new belt to the ring and see if you can do what no one else in Defiance has yet to do. Beat me, one-on-one. Let's see how well this revolution goes when its head gets cut off two shows in. Oh, and if I happen to see you tonight? You'll get a small taste of what to expect next show.
RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! [In the ring, Jeff Andrews doesn't appreciate this.] **Andrews:** You think I'm afraid of you, Light?! If I learned one thing in the Ultratitle, it's that I'm BETTER! THAN! EVERYBODY! YOU GET YOUR SHOT NEXT SHOW BUT IF WE MEET IN THE RING TONIGHT I'M GONNA RIP YOUR HEAD OFF AND... **BWEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOWW** ♫ A



modern day warrior a mean mean stride ♫ ♫ Today's Tom Sawyer, mean, mean... pride ♫
RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [Andrews drops the mic with a thump, grabbing his head with both hands and pulling his hat down over his eyes. His face belies true exasperation.] [Heidi grabs the fallen mike. Not even bothering to stand, she snarls from one knee.] Heidi: Thomas, I will seriously kick your head off your shoulders if you come out h- **VRRRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMM!!!!** [The Rider rides again.] [Heidi is drowned out by an engine roar, and as Christian Light steps smoothly to the side, Tom Sawyer rolls out on the Honda Interceptor. No helmet, no motorcycle leathers. As the fans chant his name- TOM! TOM! TOM! TOM! -Tom just smiles vacantly out to them, revving the motor a few times. He glances on over to Christian, who gives a meaningful glance to Tom's motorcycle, and the cyclebags hanging across the hind end.] [Light flips the microphone into the air, catching it in a reverse grip. Handle aimed properly, Christian hands over the microphone.] **Tom Sawyer:** I beat Yoshikazu YAZ. RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **Sawyer:** Which means, that who I really beat was Kai Scott himself! Your leashed demon fell to the MADNESS, JEFFY!
RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [Christian Light grins and saunters on over, clapping Tom on the shoulder. A "Good job" is passed from the veteran to the kid.] **Sawyer:** And I know this is spitting into the ocean, but I'd say... Since I've beaten Heidi in the past. And Jeffy. And Kai Scott... If I beat Ronnie

Long, I get to collect the whole set! **Angus:** Set of what? **Sawyer:** But more importantly, I'd say both Christian and myself have earned a shot at that pretty, sparkly thing around your waist, JEFFY. RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **Sawyer:** But I know what you're gonna say, Jeff. And that's fine, I'll just have to keep nipping at your heels until you man up and give me a shot at it. But there's something else. Something more important to me personally. SOMETHING NEAR... AND DEAR TO MY HEART. [Tom puts down the kickstand, and the idling motorcycle is leaned to the side as Tom climbs off. Tom goes rooting through the saddlebags, and soon comes out with a pretty sparkly of his own.] [Make that TWO pretty sparklies. One goes around the waist, one over the shoulder, free hand holdin' the mike. The original, still-bolted-with-SAWYER-and-HARPER-nameplate-DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championships.] **Sawyer:** I know you didn't just name a new DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champion when the reigning and willing-to-defend DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champion, the final team to hold those belts, AND THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE MOST DOMINANT TAG TEAM IN DEFIANCE IS STANDIN' RIGHT HERE! [Tom storms forward, jabbing a finger at the Untouchables in the ring.] **Sawyer:** IF YOU'RE GONNA TRY TO KICK ME OUTTA MY THRONE, THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIGHT ME FOR IT! SO LET'S DO THIS, FORESHADOWING-UNTOUCHABLES TWO! AND JUST LIKE LAST TIME, I'M GONNA COME DOWN WITH THE ODE TO MADNESS, AND I'M GONNA RETAIN MY WORLD TAG TEA- **Andrews:** Trios. **Sawyer:** -M CHAMPIO- ... What? [Kai Scott opens up his trench coat, revealing a third title belt already in place around his waist. Throwing his arms out to the side like he's the pope, he gives a slow spin in the ring, giving all the fans viewing the benefit of a good look at his belt.] **Andrews:** DEFIANCE now has a Trios division, I erred in speaking, you and your no-partner self is ineligible for these belts. Tough luck, kid. C U Next Tuesday. [Tom's eyebrows knit together, and he grits his teeth, shaking his head a bit.] **Sawyer:** I'll get partners. **Andrews:** You have about as much a claim to these belts as I can claim that I'm the President of the United States, despite sweeping the state of Maryland's write-in votes. Defiance never sanctioned trios titles before, Defiance is OLW's spiritual successor, The Untouchables were the FINAL OLW Trios Champions, and anyway I'M THE BOSS AND YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY GOD DAMMIT! BBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUULL-SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT! BUUUUUUUUUUUULL-SHIT! **Andrews:** I don't see Lucas Harper anywhere, and you sure as hell don't have a third member of the Foreshadowing. In fact, you never had a third member of the Foreshadowing. You not only don't get a shot at these, you're not in the running. BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUULL-SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT! BUUUUUUUUUUUULL-SHIT! BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUULL-SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT! BUUUUUUUUUUUULL-SHIT! [Tom just looks out into the crowd, the hand with the microphone gesturing for the crowd to continue. Andrews whirls out to face the crowd, eyes wide, spitting with anger. How... how DARE this irritating Canadian question him?!] **Andrews:** [to the fans] I WASN'T ASKING YOU! AND I DON'T CARE WHAT ANY OF YOU THINK! [Andrews spins back to face Tom and Christian, a finger jabbing at them.] **Andrews:** And that goes for the both of you dipshits. Now clear the entryway. We have a Fistful of DEFIANCE to get to. [Christian just claps Tom on the shoulder, and Tom looks to Christian, saying something. One hand is held over the mike, keeping it from picking it up. The two share a few quick words, before Tom turns back to Jeff.] **Sawyer:** Make no mistake, Jeff. This isn't the last page in the story. **Andrews:** Cut his god damned mic or he's never going to shut up. [There's a sort of electric popping sound, and then the mic is indeed shut off. At the same time, a pile of blackshirted DEFsec crew shows up to pressgang Sawyer and Light backstage.] [Light manages one last finger point before he disappears behind the curtain.] [Cut back to Angus and Keebler at ringside.] **Angus:** Well isn't this just typical. **DDK:** What, precisely, do you think was typical about this? **Angus:** Oh, I dunno. Why is it that whenever anyone gets any power they assign themselves a title? **DDK:** Jeff Andrews is, apparently, the new Defiance World Champion. I don't know that it's legitimate, but with Eric Dane missing I don't think there's anyone who can stop him from doing it. However, he's already agreed to a match against Christian Light. **Angus:** He's batshit crazy. Christian Light hasn't lost in over a year! **DDK:** Actually, Light got pinned during War Games. **Angus:** IRRELEVANT! **DDK:** Also, Andrews has deactivated the traditional tag titles, and activated a trios tag division here in Defiance. **Angus:** I like trios wrestling. In concept, I'm all for this. In execution, we never had a trios division before, and now the Untouchables get to hold the belts and gloat while everyone else tries to get started. **DDK:** Even by hostile takeover standards, Jeff Andrews did a very thorough job. Anyway, while the Defiance Staff get everything ready to start the FIST - a match that could run 90+ minutes requires a lot of staff support - we're going to head backstage where I understand we'll be looking into several wrestlers.

Kort's In Session

[The door to Jimmy's locker room opens. It's black. He flicks the light on and sets down his bags. Katie Lynn comes in right after him.]

"Hello, James."

[Both Jimmy and Katie Lynn are startled. In the room stands a man. He's dressed well in a fine three piece suit and polished shoes. A briefcase sits next on the floor next to him.]

Kort: Who in the hell are you?

[The man smirks.]

Man: Mr. Stevenson told me that you wanted to contact...him. I'm here to make that possibility a reality.

[Katie Lynn looks confused, obviously she hasn't been let in on whatever is going on here.]

Man: Ah it seems as though you haven't discussed things with Ms. Lynn. Allow me to offer a solution, James. Ms. Lynn...

[He approaches Katie Lynn.]

Man: Would you mind if James and I had a brief conversation? You could perhaps go down to catering and get James something to eat. Tonight, of all nights, he'll surely need his strength.

[The man gazes into Katie Lynn's eyes and Katie nods. She leaves.]

Kort: What in the hell was that all 'bout? Why in the hell are you here?

[The man takes a seat, placing the briefcase on his lap.]

Man: There are many questions you must have, James. Soon enough I hope to provide some answers, but first we have business to discuss.

[The ending.]

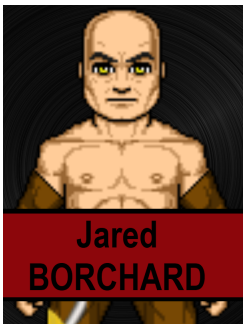
In the Interest of Fairness

[Backstage.]

[Tech headquarters.] [There's a lot of fancy looking machines with flashing lights on them. This is where the sound system is operated from.] [There's also a big lottery thing here. You know, one of those with a cylindrical case and a bunch of balls or letters or things inside and a hand crank you spin to turn it. It's set up here to facilitate communication between the guy making the draw, the people working the sound system, and the wrestlers.] [Also, Jeff Andrews is here.] **Andrews:** Because I'm very suddenly the boss of Defiance, there's been some talk and some concern that I'll be using this to give The Untouchables an unfair advantage in the Fistful of Defiance. But that's not so. [He holds up a piece of paper with his own name written on it.] **Andrews:** Into the lottery with everyone else's it goes. [He holds up one with Heidi's name on it, then Ronnie's, and finally Kai's, and throws them all in.] **Andrews:** Furthermore, to ensure neutrality, head road agent Wyatt Bronson will be doing the drawing. [Wyatt Bronson, the occasionally-seen head road agent (like Jeff just said) walks in and gives the lottery machine a couple spins.] **Andrews:** I'ma go check my boot laces now. Enjoy the show, Defia-fans!

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.1

DDK: Fans, finally, welcome back as we're about to get started with the match entitled A Fistful of Defiance! **Angus:** The rules are relatively simple. Four wrestlers in the ring at one time. Eliminations are through pinfall, submission, knockout, countout, ref stoppage, all the usual stuff. This isn't a battle royal, so no over the ropes eliminations. Every time a wrestler gets eliminated, another one enters. **DDK:** The drawing order is random, and as we saw just a bit ago, Jeff Andrews put the Untouchables names in the drawing bin along with everyone else's. The last person remaining in the match wins. *♫ What do you mean I don't believe in God? ♫ ♫ I talk to him every day ♫*



♫ What do you mean I don't support your system? ♫ ♫ I go to Court when I have to ♫ ["The Failsafe" Jared Borchard bigmans his way to the ring.] **DDK:** We haven't seen Jared Borchard in a Defiance ring before, although he's associated closely with former Defiance wrestler Terry Spruhen, they teamed as The Grady Bunch in DREAM before that place re-re-re-folded. **Angus:** Tough draw. With that size he's gonna have a target on him. Though he's lost some weight, I'll give him that. [To no music and indifference from fans and commentators

alike, Lash Graham walks to the ring.] **Angus:** Nope, got nothing. *♫ The preacher-man says it's the end of time ♫ ♫ And the Mississippi River she's a-goin' dry ♫ ♫ The interest is up and the stock market's*

down ♫ ♫ And you only get mugged if you go downtown ♫ **DDK:** Next on his way to the ring, Sam Turner, Jr. The big man from West Virginia did well for himself in the Grand Champion's League, but he's not only got a bad draw, he's for once not the biggest man in the match. [The incoherent screaming of Slipknot brings

Curtis Penn out fourth.] **Angus:** This is gonna be a tough run for a tag team specialist like Curtis Penn. And now that we've got four men in the ring, let's ring that bell! **DING! DING! DING!** [Before anyone can react, Penn lays a front kick into Borchard's jaw, sending the big man windmilling, almost down to one knee. Graham throws a dropkick that doesn't bother Borchard, but STJ is next in, throwing a clothesline that knocks him into the corner. All three men back Borchard in, pressing to get boots and fists in against him.] **Angus:** Predictable triple-team on the big man, and - **DDK:** Borchard fighting out! [Big boot for STJ! Kneelift for Graham!] [Military press on Curtis Penn, and he's over the ropes and out of the ring!] **DDK:** Borchard's cleaning house! Watch out, Lash! ***CLAP.*** [Two massive meathook hands wrap around the throat of young Lash Graham. He's lifted into the air, and then deposited face down on the mat hardstyle.] **DDK:** He calls that the 50/50, and we're seeing our first elimination as Borchard covers Graham! [One, Two, Three. That fall neither needs nor requires a dramatic count.] [STJ drops a driving elbow on Borchard's head as he rises to his feet.] **Angus:** One down, and who's next?

[Drew Siler makes his entrance to no theme music and general indifference.] **Angus:** Yeah. [STJ waistlocks Borchard and tries to take him up and over, but Borchard's got a pretty good stand-up and a power advantage. He breaks the hold, hooks Sam in a pumphandle, and tosses him - directly at the entering Siler! Siler goes down hard under the big hillbilly. Benny Doyle counts, one, two, but Siler's out.] [Not for long though, because Borchard clotheslines STJ out of the ring, wraps his hands around the neck of the still down Siler, heaves him up and right back down with the 50/50! The three count is elementary.] **DDK:** Two eliminations for Borchard, and who's next?

Family Meeting

[Backstage]

[Alceo Dentari is sat with his associates, they have their heads together, speaking in a hushed whisper. Dentari leans back out of the huddle and takes a deep breath.] **Alceo Dentari:** So yous guys all clear on the plan? [A silent nod from the smaller of the associates confirms his understanding. The second associate also nods after receiving a sharp elbow of encouragement.] **Alceo Dentari:** Good. [All three men stand up and turn to head for the door. The associates can barely move their chairs aside before Dentari pipes up again.] **Alceo Dentari:** Just remember... [The associates turn their attention back to Dentari.] **Alceo Dentari:** It ain't a question a' 'if'... when we're in there together, remember where your money comes from. [Another synchronised silent nod from the associates and together the three men make their way out of the locker room to make their final preparations for the Fist of Defiance match.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.2

♫ You you, you, you, you ♫
♫ You are witnessing elegance ♫
♫ In the form of a black elephant ♫

[Dragon Jones comes down to the usual “either turn face or quit bothering” reaction.]

Angus:
You know there’s some sort of problem when Dragon Jones coming to the ring is an improvement over what you previously had.

[As Dragon Jones approaches the ring, STJ and Penn have opted to team up to get Borchard off his feet. Missile dropkick from Penn, running forearm by STJ, enzuigiri by Penn, and a running clothesline from STJ does the trick, toppling Borchard over.]

[Dragon isn’t in any hurry to make it into the ring. Based on what we know he’s waiting for the others to do as much damage as they can to each other. His gamble pays off, as, as soon as Borchard hits the canvas, Penn turns on STJ with a high roundhouse kick to the back of the head.]

Angus:
Little early for him to do that, I’m thinking. These alliances wrestlers make, the longer they stick to them the better off both will be.

[Penn drills STJ in the chest with a roundhouse. He hits the rising Borchard with a back kick, putting him back on the canvas. He hits STJ with another roundhouse, a third one... intercepted!]

[STJ lifts Penn, cannonball style, hiiiiiigh over head.]

[And DOWN with a modified powerbomb!]

[He doesn’t land neatly enough to go straight into a cover, but he does cradle a leg and crawl on top of Penn. One, two, three, and that’s the end of the trail for the former WfWA Tag Champ.]

DDK:
They’re dropping fast.

[Soft melodic guitars into 80s hair metal brings out Seth Stratton, tennis prodigy turned wrestler].

[Approaching the ring with reluctance, Seth decides on an easier target than the two behemoths in the ring - Dragon Jones.]

[Coming up behind Jones, who - being Dragon Jones - didn't think to look at the ramp even though someone's theme music started playing, Stratton clubs Jones from behind, then throws him into the ring!]

[Dragon isn't immediately noticed. Borchard and STJ are throwing bombs at each other. Feeling himself losing the exchange, STJ ducks a swing, tries to run the ropes but Dragon dropkicks his knee! STJ falls on the middle rope and from the outside Stratton nails him with an uppercut!]

[This gives Borchard time to get his hooks into Dragon, and just as has happened twice before, he wraps both hands around Dragon's neck!]

[Dragon, less hapless than those before, and I can't believe I'm saying that without sarcasm, stomps on Borchard's foot.]

Angus:
Dragon Jones fighting with the desire to win... man I still can't get used to that.

[Dragon starts wailing on Borchard with euro uppercuts. To his credit, they sting, and Borchard is reeling. But STJ's up, and he spins Deej around and waffles him with a headbutt!]

[Deej goes flailing, STJ stalks after him, Borchard also turns, and Stratton slides into the ring behind Borchard. Still on his knees, he brings his forearm up between Borchard's legs!]

DDK:
Oh come on, cheap shot! Benny Doyle didn't even see it!

[Stratton yells 'hey ref!' and rolls Borchard over in a schoolboy pin for the three!]

Angus:
And down goes a big'un! Not bad, new kid.

DDK:
But he was blatantly cheating! In a less chaotic match he wouldn't have gotten away with that!

[The Nuge begins to play. Stranglehold.]

[And that means FDJ.]

[The Mastodon of the Mountains roars and beats his chest as he storms to the ring.]

DDK:
Out goes one behemoth, in comes another!

[FDJ doesn't block punches with his arms, he blocks them with bellows. He roars as STJ hits him with a haymaker, then responds with a headbutt.]

[STJ reels back, gathers himself, and meets FDJ with a forearm check that knocks the big man back into the ropes!]

[Dragon Jones tries to Irish whip Seth Stratton in between them. Stratton baseball slides to avoid getting in the way of all that. It also means that the big boot FDJ throws goes well over his head and hits STJ as intended.]

Angus:
So we've got two heavy hitters just smashing each other, and two wusses trying to get each other in trouble with them. Awesome.

[Stratton hits Deej with a double leg takedown and tries to set up a catapault. But instead of going over, Deej clings frantically to Dragon's head. Stratton stumbles around, and Dragon manages to turn it into a DDT.]

[Meanwhile as the fans cheer, STJ, by virtue of actually ducking shots instead of trying to absorb everything, is slowly taking over on FDJ, knocking him back towards the ropes. A discus forearm drops FDJ to a seated position in the turnbuckle, and STJ starts in with the bootscrapes.]

Angus:
I just realized something. We got two big brawlers from West Virginia, and they both like doing the three initial thing instead of having a regular name. What a coinkydink.

[Stratton uses a half nelson to turn Dragon over for a pin, but Dragon kicks out of it in one and a half.]

[FDJ grabs STJ's boot, stands up holding it, and just about kills him with a sloppy but very stiff clothesline. He steps backwards up the turnbuckle, and jumps off, landing knee first acros STJ's chest.]

[Mountain Top Knee Drop!]

[One, two, and THREE!]

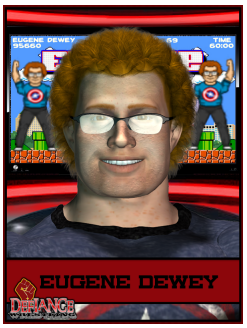
Come on bro, SRSLY!

[Crash open on a random staircase landing in the arena. Nowhere else was safe to conspire. Due to sheer isolatedness, the Good Fighters could convene. They really needed to work on a name, if nothing else.]

Eugene Dewey: -is NO WAY that I am having anything to do with Adam Waterman. He's a bully, an asshole and he sucks. [Tom nods in agreement.] **Tom Sawyer:** But it's not really him we're going to work with. Adam's a personal trainer, and his time's booked by half the NFL's offensive junior-class. We're going to get trained by Sergei Bogorovich and Kengoro Sugamoto. If nothing else, they're in fantastic shape and were monsters of fighting, you gotta give 'em that. [Eugene purses his lips in disapproval, narrowing his eyes.] **Dewey:** Sugamoto? He's no better! [Tom does nothing but raise his eyebrows and give Eugene an extra moment to really think about the proposal.] **Dewey:** Although... Being taught how to fight better by actual martial artists... It holds a certain appeal. [He jabs a finger at Tom.] **Dewey:** But I don't want anything to do with Adam Waterman. [Tom holds up a hand, holding it to God. Or Gotch. Whatever.] **Sawyer:** By the time we're done... Adam Waterman won't want anything to do with you. Now, you're up. [Tom lifts that hand up higher, signalling for a five.] [Eugene will take that, and pounds one into Tom's palm. They head up the stairway to the steel fire doors. Eugene cracks the knuckles on one hand, then the other. He knew this feeling... It only came with the most successful raids...] [Big match jitters. Eugene was gonna rock this place like Saturday Night Slam Masters.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.3

[As STJ rolls out of the ring, 8 bit bleeps and bloops begin playing and out comes Eugene Dewey.]



Angus:
Is it just me, or does Eugene look a bit less... er, globular?

[Eugene power walks to the ring. Yeah, really.]

[Deej and Stratton are still fighting. It's um... well, it's a little more hard hitting and intense than a slapfight, that's about all that it has going for it. Dragon hits a couple Euro uppercuts, Stratton smacks him on the chest and then backhands him across the face.]

[They've forgotten about FDJ. And remember him when he grabs them from behind and conks their heads together! Stratton sprawls in one direction, Dragon wobbles off in the other before face planting, and FDJ turns around just as Dewey finally makes it to the ring.]

[FDJ plants a fist into the flabby chest of Dewey.]

[And Dewey returns the favor with a fist right to the side of the jaw!]

DDK:
Look at the fight in Eugene Dewey!

[FDJ stumbles, grabs his jaw. He felt that punch. With a howl of rage, he kicks Eugene in the side of the head with his bare foot. Eugene bounces back to the ropes, rebounds at FDJ, lowers his head and rams into him with something that looks not entirely unlike a spear! Both men fall to the mat.]

[Stratton, opportunistic, rolls Dewey up from the side in an Oklahoma cradle! But it only gets two. Dewey lumbers to his feet, whips Stratton off the ropes, Stratton rebounds with a shoulder tackle - but runs into Dewey and gets knocked clear off his feet!]

[FDJ ends up mauling Dragon Jones, throwing him into the corner and laying in the fists. Laying off Deej he turns back on Dewey, axehandling him on the back. Dewey stumbles. FDJ Irish whips him at the turnbuckle. Dewey puts the breaks on and reverses! FDJ hits and Dewey actually gets up to jogging speed, squashing FDJ in the corner with a back splash!]

[Flailingly, FDJ moves out of the corner, and Eugene hits a running rear waistlock takedown - anyone who's played the game Bully would recognize it. From there he sits on FDJ's back, puts FDJ's arms over his thighs, and then leans forward, rolling FDJ over in an outlaw pin!]

[One! Two! THREE!]

DDK:
My god, Dewey got him!

Angus:
More importantly, did Dewey just use an actual wrestling move?

[Eugene gets up with his arms raised in triumph, and Dragon's immediately behind him with a chop block! Meanwhile, Dio hits.]

♫ When there's lightning ♫
♫ You know it always brings me down ♫
♫ Cos it's free and I see that it's me ♫
♫ Whose lost and never found ♫

DDK:
According to my notes that's Diane Parker on her way to the ring. And although she's been managing Claira St. Sure, who isn't here tonight, this is the first time we've seen Diane in the ring.

Angus:
I'm interested to see what she can do. No sarcasm.

[Deej rains every chop, stomp and Euro uppercut down on Dewey. Meanwhile Stratton, seeing his female opponent heading into the ring, breaks into a huge grin and spreads his arms wide, then offers a lock-up.]

[Diane accepts the lock-up, quickly ducks behind Stratton's grasp and takes him to the mat with a waistlock. Stratton pushes himself up with his arms. Diane chickenwings one arm, spins around his body to flip him over onto his back, and quickly wraps her legs under his neck and other arm.]

[One! Two! Here Stratton realizes he's in a pinning combination and kicks his legs - it's nothing doing, his shoulders don't even rock. And THREE!]

Angus:
Damn. Slick. Hot AND practical.

[As Stratton tries vainly to argue his case with Benny Doyle (he tries both claiming it wasn't 3, and that the move was illegal), Tyson Burke's theme song hits and the young thug makes his way to the ring.]

[Burke runs to the ring, springboards in with a lariat attempt that Diane ducks, Burke rolls through, hits the far ropes, and the female wrestler and the cruiserweight go into a series of fast paced armdrag exchanges.]

[Eugene pushes Dragon back to the ropes violently, lines him up in the corner and blasts him with a knife edge chop, another one, and a third one! Dragon sags down on the ropes, and Dewey whips him across the ring. He follows it up with a running splash attempt - Deej sidesteps! Dewey hits the buckles! Dragon schoolboys him - and puts his feet on the ropes! One, two, and THREE!]

Angus:
WUZZUH?! Did - did Dragon Jones just pin Eugene Dewey?!

DDK:
He did, and I think that's the biggest win of his career to date!

Number 12?

[Number 12... Number 12...]

[Edward White stood still in the doorway of his lush locker room. With a snarl on his face, wrestling gear on and wrists taped up he stood between the entrance and the exit. He breathed in and out, in and out, aside from that his face did not move to speak, it did not move to cackle or yell or do anything. But stay there.] [Number 12... Number 12...] [Behind him in the locker room sat his staff. They sat waiting as well. Thomas Hunter kept his eyes glued upon the monitor, watching the chaos unfold in the ring. Jane Katze sat in a folding chair, tapping away at an ipad. And the largest of them all, the Sicilian Giant Nicky Corozzo sat at the end of a couch, staring at a veggie tray. He had eaten all the cucumber slices.] "Mr. White, you're next." [Edward looks back to his staff, then to the stage hand. He scowls and squints his eyes, looking down at the backstage help.] **Edward White:** I don't like your tone. **Stage Hand:** Excuse me? I didn't... **Edward White:** Save it. I bet you think this is really funny? A man of my stature going in number 12 out of 30 some odd participants. I don't know who's next. I don't know how's last. But I will not stand for this. I will not be a victim of an administration that doesn't know it's ass from a hole in the ground. Do you understand me? Edward White will not be exploited. I do the exploiting, I'm the one who call the shots. Not you, not Eric Dane, not Jeff Andrews, not Barack Obama. The only one who tells me what to do is me. [He folds his arms against his chest. The stage hand looks bewildered, even more so with someone yelling into his monitor.] [The stage hand goes to speak but Edward White begins to smile.] **White:** Actually. You know what... I've got just the man for the job... NICKY. [The giant that is Nicky Corozzo stands up and walks to the door, unbuttoning his shirt as he makes his way to the door.] **White:** Nicky, as my foreign stock advisor, I need you to take care of some business. You see, out in the squared circle, I've been given word that there's some inside trading going on. Alceo Dentari is in cahoots with Bronson Box over Apple Stocks and Christian Light himself is head of the cartel. Any and all parties that ally themselves with either of those three men are your enemies. They're after my kingdom, my portfolio, my retirement and our mutually shared wealth. And that... that just isn't good for business. I need it stopped. Immediately. [Nicky cracks his neck and nods, a big, broad grin growing across his olive-skinned, very Sicilian complexion. he begins to walk down the hallway but Edward White stops him.] **White:** Oh, and Nicky.... "Choose Death." [Corozzo laughs deeply as he walks down the hall while Edward White cackles.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.4

[The wrestlers look apprehensive as Nicky Corozzo walks out. Corozzo is a very, very big man. Nicky removes his suit jacket, steps up onto the apron, and flexes, shredding his shirt, then steps over the ropes into the ring.]

DDK:
Edward White, who didn't like his early draw, sent out Corozzo early. I begin to think people just let White get away with such things even though they're completely unjustifiable because they don't have it in them to argue with him and his megabucks later.

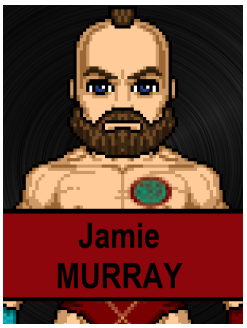
[Dragon Jones, full of hubris after pinning Dewey, runs right at Corozzo and tries to scoop slam him.]

[Corozzo looks down at him with the faintest shred of amusement on his face. Deej struggles to lift him, gets nowhere, and eventually faceplants on the mat.]

[Corozzo grabs him by both wrists, pulls him in with a straightjacket, turns him upside down and drops him on his head with a cross-arm tombstone piledriver!]

[Burke and Diane stop arm dragging each other to watch this apprehensively. Corozzo's more or less exactly twice Diane's size, and he outweighs Burke by 100 pounds or so.]

Angus:
Corozzo lays waste to Dragon Jones, who had a really good run, for serious, and...



[Because Jamie Murray didn't have any entrance music, no one noticed as he ran into the ring full speed. He aims a running clothesline at Diane, who ducks. Murray runs into Burke, and Burke quickly small packages the off balance youngster. One, two, THREE, and Murray's wondering what the hell just happened.]

[Diane and Burke each dropkick Corozzo in a knee, and the big man face plants, shaking the ring, as...]

♫ Everyone seems to be singing for Satan ♫
♫ Guess I will too ♫
♫ What a joke! You make me laugh ♫

♫ Til' I turn blue ♫

[The boos go up as Heidi Christenson starts to the ring. Initially at a slow walk, the second Corozzo drops to the mat, she breaks into a run.]

[Burke and Diane both turn to face her, but Heidi isn't worried about them.]

SWAAAACK!

Angus:
PUNT!

[Heidi blasts the fallen Corozzo in the jaw with a kick. Her kicking leg goes high up in the air like an NFL kicker's, and Corozzo jerks, then slumps to the mat unconscious.]

DDK:
I seriously doubt Corozzo's going to beat a 10 count, and Heidi's throwing kicks at both Burke and Diane now.]

[Diane takes a kick across the back of the thigh. Burke takes one in the ribcage. Diane takes a thrust kick under the jaw and goes down hard.]

♫ Woke up this morning, got myself a gun ♫
♫ Mama always said I'd be the chosen one ♫
♫ One in a million, I believe you're gonna burn to shine ♫
♫ I was born under a bad sign, with a blue moon in my eye ♫

[The man heading to the ring is one of Alceo Dentari's gorillas. The smaller one, although that's relatively speaking - dude's ludicrously jacked.]

DDK:
We still don't have a name on this guy.

Angus:
He's not the one who uses the Fat Hole Slam, ergo, I don't care.

DDK:
Stop saying that!

[Heidi hasn't got any more respect for the gorilla than she did for Diane and Burke. As soon as he's in the ring, she's laying in kicks to his leg, working on his vertical base, keeping out of his reach.]

[The thing about these matches, though, is the more badass you are, the more of a target you make yourself. Rather than go back after Diane, Burke dropkicks Heidi from behind, sending her into G#1's clutches. G#1 shakes her around in a bearhug then turns it into a sit-down spinebuster. He makes a cover, Burke and Diane pile on, but Heidi rather than try to kick out, bridges out from underneath the stack - and leaves the ring.]

Angus:
Hate to admit it, but that's a smart strategy on Heidi's part.

[G#1, as though he blames Burke for the lack of pinning Heidi (which would've put him in extraordinary favor with Alceo Dentari), turns on the man, sending him off the ropes and powerslamming him. He catches Diane in a press slam and lofts her overhead. Another press slam attempt, this one on Burke, backfires as he slips away in mid air and dropkicks the Gorilla on the chest!]

DDK:
Great escape by Burke.

[Burke pulls Diane to her feet. Instead of attacking her, they share a quick fist bump, and then take the Gorilla over with a double team suplex. Burke heads to the turnbuckle and comes off with a moonsault. Diane heads for the buckle as well, but Heidi picks her spot to get re-involved and shoves Diane off so she lands on the ropes!]

[Meanwhile, the Gorilla kicks out of Burke's moonsault in 2.]

[Heidi picks Diane up off the ropes and starts setting up the Schwein, but Diane slips loose. A series of counters ends with Heidi applying a full nelson and attempting the dragon suplex, but Diane breaks it, both wrestlers exchange armlocks too fast to call, and in the end Diane gets Heidi's back and drops her on the back of her neck with a half nelson suplex!]

[Heidi kicks out in about 2.99.]

Angus:
Good Lord Almighty! If Diane had gotten that pinfall, it'd have made Dragon's upset over Dewey look like nothing!

[Meanwhile, Burke attempts an enzuigiri, but the Gorilla ducks and pushes Burke into the corner. Burke staggers out, the Gorilla grabs him by the waist and dreadlocks and slings him into the metal ringpost.]

[Diane picks Heidi up and sets up another half nelson suplex, but Heidi blocks, gets the go behind, and locks in a dragon sleeper, then drops to the mat with a beast choker!]

DDK:
Heidi's making Diane pay for that near upset, just about trying to rip her head off her neck with that lock!

[Burke might've broken it up, but he has his hands full with the Gorilla right now.]

[Diane taps.]

Angus:
Down goes another one!

[Heidi, however, has no intentions of letting go. She stands up without releasing the dragon sleeper, and then shakes Diane like a dog shaking a rat.]

DDK:
Somebody stop that! She's trying to injure her!

[Burke isn't doing anything because the Gorilla is choking him. Benny Doyle is trying to pry Heidi off Diane with no success.]

[Without waiting for his music to hit properly, Mike Sloan is tearing down the ramp. He comes into the ring behind Heidi and forearms her in the back of the head. Heidi finally drops Diane, who rolls out of the ring to safety, and Sloan picks Heidi up and hits her with a stalling back drop.]

Angus:
Sloan with the save. You know, a lot of our wrestlers don't seem any more concerned with Jeff Andrews' takeover than they were about the whole leagues thing, but Sloan's loyal to Eric Dane, I think he's got a real problem with the Untouchables.

[Sloan leaves Heidi down long enough to throw the Gorilla out of the ring between the ropes, and he helps Burke to his feet before clotheslining Heidi down again. Sloan lifts Heidi up in a fireman's carry, releases her overhead and down across Burke's outstretched knee. Sloan orders Burke up the turnbuckle, lifts Heidi up for a powerbomb - and Burke comes off the top with a flying inside leg lariat, adding his leg's weight across her neck to the powerbomb, then reaching for a leg to make the cover.]

[One! Two! THREE!!!]

Angus:
WOOO! THEY GOT 'ER! And it wasn't exactly single handed, but Burke grabs a nice bragging right too!

[Sloan and Burke slap fives - only to be both knocked flat by a massive double clothesline from the Gorilla!]

DDK:
What a shot! Mike Sloan's no small man and that Gorilla just knocked him head over heels!

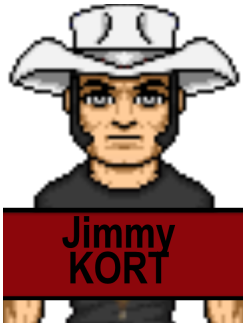
[The Gorilla focuses his attention on Burke.]

Just a few Friendly Questions

[Backstage.] [Quite often, we're shown pictures of wrestlers who are either yet to begin their day or triumphant at the end of their day.] [Today we're seeing a completely different picture.] [Wrestlers who were unsuccessful with their day.] [Most of the medical attention in this triage room is centered around Nicky Corozzo, who is getting treatment for the gigantic kick to the head he's taken. Off to the side is a much smaller, much more female individual.] [Holding an ice pack to the back of her neck, Diane Parker sighs. Even with the training she did with Claira St. Sure, she hadn't been in a wrestling ring since . And there's no substitute for the pain of getting hit, full-force, with a roundhouse kick to the face.] [Her head and her guard down, she doesn't notice someone else walk into the picture until he sits down on the gurney next to her.] **"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:** Rough night, huh? [Diane looks up and sees Christian Light, and she does her best to put up her guard.] **Diane Parker:** No kidding. **Light:** Been a rough couple of shows it seems, what with the whole Untouchables reforming and all. [Diane's in no mood to mess around with roundabout politeness.] **Diane:** Just ask your question, Chris. [Light is taken aback by the forwardness of Diane.] **Light:** OK then. How much of this did you know? **Diane:** Nothing. **Light:** [somewhat shocked] Nothing? **Diane:** [slight raise of voice] Yeah, Chris, nothing, I knew nothing. Were you watching out there? Did you see Heidi try to break my neck? If this is how she's treating her allies, I'd hate to be you right now, because she might just kill you. [Light takes in her words with a straight face.] **Light:** Where's Claira? **Diane:** [still annoyed] Not here. And no, she didn't know either. We were both in the dark, okay? Can you just, I dunno, go do something else that's not here? [Light nods, but doesn't get up.] **Light:** I'm sorry if I hit a nerve, Diane. But just when we think we're out of the woods with this takeover business, we're back at war again. And I need to know who's got my back, and who's primed to stab me in it. I hope you and Claira are on our side on this, so when you two decide where you stand, just do me one courtesy. [And that's when Christian stands up.] **Light:** Be a better person than Kai, and be straight with me about where you stand. [And Light walks off. Diane doesn't even have time for a comeback, she just sinks back into her chair, letting the ice on her neck numb the pain.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.5

♫ Yeah been in the backwoods down in the holler ♫
♫ Old boy's speedin like a dog on a collar ♫
♫ Keepin' that chain pulled tight ♫
♫ Waitin' on Saturday night ♫

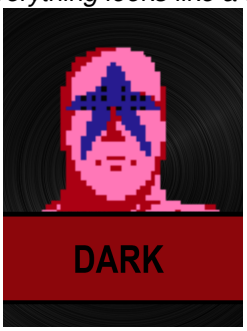


[Jimmy Kort comes racing out of the back. He targets the Gorilla, spinning him around and blasting him with haymakers. The Gorilla takes a wild swing, Kort ducks and drops him with a DDT! A quick cover gets only two. Kort turns on Burke, trying for a quick Hillbilly Deluxe, but Burke pushes him to the ropes. Kort grabs them, Burke charges him, tries for a monkey flip - Kort keeps hold of one leg and turns it into a half crab.]

[Meanwhile, as Sloan gets to his feet and advances on the gorilla, Heidi slides back into the ring.] **Angus:** What the fuck, Heidi?! You're eliminated! You can't be here! [Heidi doesn't give a shit. She kicks the unsuspecting Sloan in the back of the head, then rolls him to the mat with a kneebar! Sloan howls in pain as Heidi yanks on his leg as hard as she can, bending his knee joint backwards.] [Burke sees this too, and he screams in fury, tries to get to Sloan's aid.] [Kort, facing away from all this, doesn't see, doesn't have any idea.] **DDK:** Kort's got Burke in a half crab and Burke can't come to the aid of his tag partner! The Gorilla's still down off that DDT. [Sloan grabs his head and screams as Heidi continues to rip at the hold. He tries to turn around, but he can't get his hands on any part of her.] **Angus:** Somebody get her off of him! [Benny Doyle tries to pry Heidi loose. He can't. So he screams for security.] [Heidi continues to wrench the hold. Sloan screams.] [Kort finally notices. He doesn't help Sloan, he backs off. He's had his issues with Heidi, she recently slammed a door on his knee, and between the resurgence of the Untouchables and the fact that she already hates him, he's staying away.] [DEFsec goons flood the ring. Heidi is dragged off of the hold.] [But the damage is done. Sloan, who's no stranger to pain and one of the toughest men in Defiance, is face down on the mat and screaming in agony.] **Angus:** We need medical attention for Sloan, and those cops who arrested Heidi at War Games need to show up and do it again! **DDK:** Sloan was never officially eliminated from the match, but it's obvious he's not going to be able to compete, so we're bringing another person out... [Burke, having forgotten the match, kneels next to Sloan as the medics and DefSEC help him roll out of the ring. With an arm over the shoulder of "Buffalo" Brian Slater and an appropriately tall random security guy, Sloan is helped backstage. Heidi has been ziptied and dragged off somewhere.] *♫ Holy water cannot help you now ♫ ♫ A thousand armies couldn't keep me out ♫ ♫ I don't want your money, I don't want your crown ♫ ♫ See I've got to burn your kingdom down ♫*

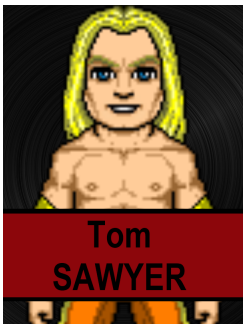
[Virginia Quell makes her entrance.] **DDK:** Bronson Box's consort making her way out. We saw she has at least a few good moves at the season finale, but this is the first time we've seen her where she can't tag out. [Gorilla #1, having shaken off Kort's DDT, sneaks up behind the unsuspecting Burke.] **Angus:** Cheap shot from the Gorilla, he's got Burke up for a backdrop... and down with a chokeslam driver! [One, two, THREE, and Burke has nothing to do but follow his mentor backstage.] **Angus:** Fuck yeah Murdoc! [Gorilla #1, having scored himself an

elimination, turns and beckons Virginia into the ring. She does not enter, choosing to circle around behind the ring. Kort schoolboys the Gorilla, but he's out in about 1 and a half.] *♫ Perhaps it's just the way the light falls ♫ ♫ But everything looks like a target to me ♫ ♫ And I don't know where the gun is ♫ ♫ But I'm certain that it's pointed at me*



♫ [The next entrant is a man named Dark. He hasn't been seen in Defiance before, but he was a pretty big deal over in Death Row, and so he got...] [Clotheslined down from behind by Dan Ryan!]

Angus: GWAAAAAAAHHH!!! **DDK:** Dan Ryan's back?! DAN RYAN'S BACK! [The Egobreaker flings Dark off the side of the stage, then walks his way to the ring. Virginia, who's already got the entire ring between them, decides to keep it that way. Ryan, reaching the ring, grabs Kort by the ankle and yanks him out underneath the ropes. Placing one hand under Kort's neck, Ryan locks eyes with him.] **Dan Ryan:** You ain't the sheriff of shit, boy. [Kort is deposited with a rotating chokeslam at the foot of the ramp. Although he doesn't go straight through it a la the real/original Yoshikazu YAZ, he does land with a heavy CLANK and doesn't get back up.] [Climbing to the apron, Ryan blocks a punch from the Gorilla, and drops him with a hammerfist. Stepping over the ropes, Ryan applies the standing headscissor...] [Humility Bomb on Gorilla #1!] [Ryan squares his shoulders, adjusts his shirt, smiles and nods in Virginia's direction, then turns and leaves the ring, walking up the ramp.] **DDK:** An atomic bomb named Dan Ryan just went off in the ring, Jimmy Kort's down and out, the Gorilla's down, and Virginia's cautiously getting back in the ring. [Gorilla #1 has had one hell of a run, but after eating a Humility Bomb he can't do a thing about it when Virginia follows that up with The Queens Royal Seal (her take on the Unprettier/Killswitch), and rolls him over for a cover. One, two, THREE, and Virginia's alone in the ring.] ***BWWEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOO*** *♫ A modern day warrior, a mean mean pride ♫ ♫ Today's Tom Sawyer, mean,*



mean... stride ♫ **Angus:** God Dammit. **DDK:** Angus' favorite wrestler in the entire world besides Cancer Jiles is out, and he's charging the ring! [Virginia quickly sidesteps Sawyer, but he's so fast he's already rebounded off the ropes and back to her before she's ready. Up her back, around her shoulders, and he flips her over with some sort of ludicrously elaborate spinny flippy thing. Dropkick sends her down! A second dropkick - and Virginia decides not to step to a revved up Tom Sawyer and abandons the ring.] *♫ Woke up this morning, got myself a gun ♫ ♫ Mama always said I'd be the chosen one ♫ ♫ One in a million, I believe you're gonna burn to shine ♫ ♫ I*

was born under a bad sign, with a blue moon in my eye ♫

[For the second time, the Sopranos theme hits, and this time it's Gorilla #2, the taller and fatter of the gorillas.] **Angus:** So conflicted. On one hand, Tom Sawyer's fighting on my side. On the other, I want to see him eat a Fat Hole Slam. **DDK:** STOP! SAYING! THAT!

Ego? Busted.

[CUT BACKSTAGE: Right past the “gorilla position”, Lance Warner is with Dan Ryan, who has just finished jawjacking a few people. Ryan, having already put his sunglasses back on, smirks.]

Lance Warner: As the match rages on, I’m back here right now with a man who is no stranger to events like these, a man apparently making his return to DEFIANCE here tonight, Dan Ryan. Mr. Ryan, what was the purpose of these attacks? **Dan Ryan:** [shrugging] It’s what I do, Lance. If you know anything about me at all, you know that sometimes, I just feel like beating people up. **Warner:** Can we assume then that you’ve officially re-signed with DEFIANCE? **Ryan:** You don’t have to assume. I made the deal. I’m here. We didn’t get the details completed in time for me to get involved in this match officially, so I decided to get involved UN-officially. It’s nothing against Dark --- nothing against Jimmy Kort, but Alpha Centauri? Alpo Atari? What’s the guy’s name? **Warner:** Alceo Dentari. **Ryan:** Right. Mr. Al Dente has a target square on his back, and I’m the one holding the gun. Tonight, I did nothing more than send a very subtle message by way of his little henchman losing some teeth. I don’t even need a reason to pound on someone’s face, but he gave me one anyway. **Warner:** What reason is that? **Ryan:** Never you mind what reason is that, Lance Warner. When I want you to know the reason, you’ll know the reason. All you need to know is I’m back. Tell Heidi Christencunt I said hello. [Cut.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.6

[Tom dropkicks Gorilla #2 to no effect. So he dropkicks a knee. The Gorilla goes down to one and Tom tries a 'rana, but the Gorilla pushes him off. Tom flies through the air but lands on his feet like a cat, he charges right back in and tries for another corbata, but the Gorilla plants his feet and whips Tom at the buckle so hard that he flips up over it and crashlands on the apron!]

[Gorilla #2 grabs Tom by the neck with both hands and lifts him up onto his shoulders, but Tom starts punching! Gorilla #2 starts stumbling backwards - and Virginia slips in to chop block his right knee out! The Gorilla lands hard.]

[Then "The Diary of Jane" by Breaking Benjamin plays, and Jane Katze makes her way out.]

DDK:
Jane Katze on her way out, I don't know if this is actually her draw or another draw that White didn't like. She did a number on Kort on the tournament finals, so let's see what she's got here.

[Jane looks up and down her two possible opponents, Tom and Virginia.]

[Unclear whether it's a GRRL POWAR thing or a Heel thing, but Virginia immediately thrust kicks Tom in the ribs. The girls send him off the ropes, catch him on the rebound in a flapjack, and both spike him into the mat! Clutching his ribs, Tom slowly gets up, Virginia drops him across her knee with a gutbuster and Jane drops a knee on the back of his head.]

[Abruptly, Virginia grabs Jane by the arm and yanks her in for a short arm clothesline.]

Angus:
That didn't last long, at least they beat up Tom Sawyer a little though.

[Gorilla #2 decides to let the girls alone, preferring to follow up on Tom. He throws him into the corner and instead of charging and giving him a chance to escape, grabs the ropes and hip smashes him.]

[Meanwhile, Virginia tries to set up for the Queen's Royal Seal, but Jane avoids having her second arm hooked, spins Virginia around into a front face lock and transitions into a guillotine choke!]

DDK:
Unexpected reversal, Jane's got that choke locked in deep and I don't think Virginia's escaping it!

[And, indeed, Virginia taps.]

Angus:
Match is past the halfway point, and let's see who we get...

♫ You better back up off this sucker punch ♫
♫ Consequence, consequence, FUCK IT ♫

♫ No more waiting for the world to turn ♫
♫ Bloody as my smile dripping ear to ear ♫
♫ I haven't lived for a minute and think ♫
♫ IT'S TOO DAMN LATE TO LEARN! ♫

BBBOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:
It's the Jeffer!

DDK:
He really did throw his name in with the rest of the names, I was sure we wouldn't be seeing him until the end of the match!

[Jeff Andrews charges the ring, discarding his leather jacket.]

Angus:
Keebs, this isn't cos he's got any interest in fair play! This is because Jeff Andrews wants to look like a total badass at all times, he doesn't care about the Fist because he's got the World Title, and this is just some random bullshit he's staging so he has a bragging right!

[Andrews' first target is Jane. You may have heard about the incident in 2008 when he was drunk and she made him tap to a bodyscissor. He laughs about it, but now that he's actually got a chance to kick her ass for it... yeah.]

[Give Jane credit, she ducks the superkick. In fact, she immediately counters with a bodyscissor - which probably was the exact wrong thing to do.]

[Because, being that he's fresh and not drunk, Andrews slams her to the mat with a modified spinebuster and then just goes batshit, mounting up and driving both fists into her head. Jane tries to slip away from it, can't, and finally bangs the mat with her hand.]

Angus:
Andrews eliminates a girl with the old ground n' pound!

DDK:
How contemptable..

Angus:
Keebs, I don't have a problem with it cos she's a girl, Jane's tough and knew what she was getting into. I have a problem with it because Andrews is just butthurt.

[Andrews dumps Gorilla #2 out of the ring and turns on Sawyer, whipping him across the ring - but Sawyer lightly jumps to the middle rope, then the top rope and comes off with a triangle missile dropkick to Andrews, shutting him down! Still moving fast, Tom runs the ropes, as Andrews stands Tom leaps to his shoulders then takes him over in a victory roll as the next theme song begins to play.]

♫ We put this festival on for all you bastards ♫
♫ With a lotta love ♫
♫ We worked one year for you pigs ♫
♫ And you wanna break our walls down ♫
♫ You wanna fucking destroy it? ♫
♫ Well you go to HELL! ♫

Angus:
Oh. Fuck.

[Kai Scott walks out onto the stage and throws his arms to the side, then swaggers in the direction of the ring.]

DDK:
We haven't seen Kai Scott as himself in the ring for years, although presumably after Yoshikazu YAZ's moveset went all weird, that's because it was actually Kai under the outfit.

Angus:
I think they're gonna kill Tom Sawyer is what I think.

[Jeff kicks out of the victory roll. Tom's quick to follow up with a La Magistral - he wants to try and get Andrews eliminated before Scott gets there.]

[And he picks up one small victory - Kai stops swaggering and arguing with the fans and jogs to the ring and breaks up Tom's pinfall attempt with a stomp.]

[Tom Sawyer is launched over the top rope.]

[Andrews hits big Gorilla #2 with a sidekick.]

[Kai hits him with a high roundhouse.]

[Andrews hits him with an enzuigiri.]

[And Kai hits a jumping crescent kick, and down goes the big guy!]

[Andrews and Scott pull Gorilla #2 up to his feet, Andrews sets up the vertical suplex... LIFTS HIM...]

Angus:
How in the fuck?!

[And drops him with a LegacyPlex!]

[The LegacyPlex isn't usually a finishing move, but it's not usually done on people the size of Gorilla #2 either. Andrews rolls over for the cover, and it's one, two, three!]

A ride in the back of an amublance

[Paramedics surround the limp body of Mike Sloan. A team of two applies a brace onto the wrestler's twisted leg, while another set or paramedics apply a neck brace.]

[Sufficed to say, Mike Sloan was just fucked up.]

[In unison the four work to roll his body onto the backboard.]

[They prepare to lift, each taking a handle once the stretcher, oxygen tank, and mask arrive.]

[One member begins to count.]

One…

[They squat preparing for the dead weight.]

Two…

[Their faces begin to pinch as they brace for the weight.]

Three…

[Everything comes together as the team lifts and the stretcher rolls underneath the wrestler.]

[Behind the commotion of Mike Sloan being loaded onto the stretcher Curtis Penn is being restrained by Tyson Burke.]

Burke:
It'll be ok.

Penn:
Yeah… after I break that bitches face.

[They wheel Sloan towards the back of the ambulance. They tuck the mask over his face and shove him into the back.
]

[The door shuts and after a tap on the rear of the ambulance it drives off.]

[The camera spins back around and catches Curtis throwing Tyson's hand off of him.]

[Curtis walks away from the scene as Tyson watches the ambulance leave the arena.]

Burke:
Damn.

[Cut scene.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.7

DDK:
You know Angus, I can see the Untouchables running through a lot of people. Jeff Andrews and Kai Scott work as well together as any two people in wrestling.

[Oh, and the next new guy is Stan Keller.]

[Keller gets in the ring and is immediately picked up in a fireman's carry by Andrews, then dropped over a punt kick by Scott. Scott immediately puts one arm in a wrist clutch, the other in a cutthroat, and takes Keller up and over with an incredibly sick looking modified back drop. Andrews pulls the helpless Keller up, gets him in a reverse headlock, spins, and sits down at the same time, hitting a modified stunner! Keller flops to the side, Scott catches him before he falls, hooks the reverse grip pumphandle, lifts him up, and drops him, knee striking the face as he falls! Andrews grabs Keller by the legs, lifts him up in wheelbarrow position, Kai heads out of the ring, then springboards in with a leg drop across the back of the head!]

[Andrews kicks Keller over on his back and Kai puts one index finger on Keller's chest.]

DDK:
What excessive brutality shown to a newcomer.

Angus:
Stan Keller's a faggot who fucked off to High Octane.

DDK:
Oh. Well then I temporarily endorse the actions of the Untouchables.

[Keller's upper body is draped over the middle rope, and then he is removed from the ring by a kick to the ass.]

[Then, Andrews and Scott turn back on Sawyer.]

[Gathering his willpower and fighting spirit, Sawyer sprints towards them, 619'ing around Andrews' body to kick Scott in the head, then spinning back to take down Andrews with a single arm DDT! Tom takes Scott over with a 'rana, but before he gets more than a one count off it, Andrews clotheslines him loose.]

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

Angus:
YEEESSSSSSS CANCERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

[But no Cancer Jiles appears.]

DDK:
Angus, hate to say it but as far as I know Jiles hasn't been seen since Ronnie Long threw him in the trunk of that car.

Angus:
You mean he's not coming out?

[Jiles' music fades.]

DDK:
Nope.

[Andrews and Scott double-whip Tom at the ropes, but Tom flips his feet off the top, lands behind them, hits a snap enzuigiri on Scott, and a repeatedly switching armlocks into backslide thing on Andrews! One! TWO! ...and Scott breaks it up.]

DDK:
Tom Sawyer has absolutely no quit in him, nothing besides full speed ahead, and he's keeping his head above water with two Untouchables...

♫ A corpse is a corpse of course it is ♫
♫ Predetermined destiny, uncommon bond ♫
♫ Don't be afraid to take my hand ♫
♫ Walk with the dead beaten broken man ♫

Angus:
Fuck.

DDK:
But I guess we're about to see how he handles 3.

[Ronnie Long, shovel in hand, walks to the ring. He deposits the shovel on the floor outside the ring, rolls in, and meets Tom Sawyer with a brutal knife edge chop that knocks him flat to the mat.]

DDK:
Long is the heavy hitter and the power man of the Untouchables.

Angus:
He's also my single least favorite wrestler in the entire world!

[Long gets Tom around the throat with both hands, tosses him hard into the turnbuckle and as he staggers out waffles him with another chop. Andrews is up, Scott is up, and it's a three on one stomp-in. By the time they're finished, Tom Sawyer is a smudge on the mat.]

[Well, not literally, but he can't do a thing about it as Long sets him in a piledriver and Scott climbs the ropes to add the

spike.]

[Untouchadriver to Sawyer!]

[Scott puts one foot on Tom's chest as the Untouchables raise their hands in the air. One, two, and THREE.]

DDK:
Now that it's three Untouchables in the ring, do you think they can just triple team everyone one by one until they're the only 3 left?

[Then, machine gun fire blares over the speakers and the fans rise to their feet.]

♫ Another mission the powers have called me away ♫
♫ Another time to carry the colors again ♫
♫ I'm on a mission, an oath I've sworn to defend ♫
♫ To win the honor of coming back home again ♫

Angus:
Horrible draw for Christian Light, but if there's ANYONE in Defiance who's capable of taking on The Untouchables 3 on 1 and drawing blood, it's Light! The Master of Wrestling himself, Keebs!

[Wrath and vengeance on his face, Light storms down the ramp, pointing his finger at the ring. Long steps front and center, Andrews steps a pace and a half back, Scott moves to the side to flank Light as he comes in the ring.]

DDK:
At least Light doesn't have to worry about Heidi, she's in custody after that heinous attack on Sloan earlier.

[Light jumps into the ring.]

[He jumps back quickly to dodge Andrews' attempted superkick intercept, grabs Long by the hair and throws him directly at Scott, turns on Andrews and lofts him with a belly to belly suplex!]

Angus:
He's fighting them all!

[Light can't get turned around in time to defend against Long clubbing him from behind. Long drives Light down to his knees with clubbing forearms, but Light grasps him around both legs, stands up and takes him over with a mountain bomb! He's up, catching Kai's incoming crescent kick! The Ace of Heels hops on one foot trying to beg off, Light throws his leg aside hard enough to spin Scott around, then takes him up and over with a head and arm suplex!]

[But the numbers catches up to him, and Andrews, relatively fresh, shakes off the belly to belly suplex and knocks Light off his pins with a spinning heel kick.]

DDK:
Jeff Andrews is so dangerous in the ring when he's motivated, a lot of people, including Eric Dane himself, have said

that the only thing that ever holds him back is his horrible attitude.

[Andrews punches Light's face repeatedly. Long pulls himself up and joins in with some stomps. Scott is the last of the three to get up. Andrews climbs to the top rope as Scott and Long set up a double vertical suplex, and as they drop Light, Andrews comes off the top with a cross body!]

[All three men pile on Light.]

[But he's out in two!]

[More stomps ensue, and then Andrews and Scott whip Light into one of the buckles. Then they whip Long in after him, Long delivers a corner clothesline, drops to his hands and knees, Andrews leaps off his back and hits a side leg lariat, and then they both throw him out, towards Scott and into a crescent kick!]

[Another pile-on, and another kickout - but this one in 2.9 and without much authority behind it.]

DDK:
How much triple teaming can Christian Light withstand?

[Long applies a standing headscissor as Andrews ascends the ropes.]

Angus:
Man, I don't know if even Light can kick out of an Untouchadriver.

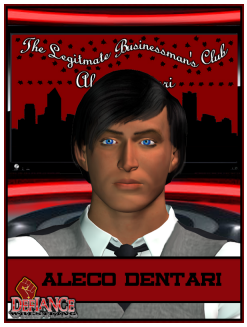
[And digging deep, Light back drops Long and slams into the ropes, knocking Andrews off the top rope. Turning and catching the oncoming Kai, Light scoops him up and drops him with a northern lights bomb!]

DDK:
New and improve Joey Buster! One, two, THREE LIGHT GOT HIM!

[Andrews and Long both land on Light a split second too late. Kai groggily clutches his head and yells at Benny Doyle, but the ref holds three fingers in the air.]

[Irately, Long grabs Light by the neck and throws him into the turnbuckle. Light's too big for Long to throw him hard enough to bounce back out, but Andrews and Scott double clothesline Light out of the ring anyway, Andrews following him out over the ropes.]

♫ How lucky can one guy be? ♫
♫ I kissed her and she kissed me ♫
♫ Like a fellow once said ♫
♫ 'Ain't that a kick in the head' ♫



Angus:
Alceo Dentari dodged a bullet there, and as number 28 of 33, that's a pretty good draw!

A Random Slice of Crazy

[We cut backstage to a lonely hallway just a few long strides from the gorilla position.]

[We happen upon a familiar figure shadow boxing in front of some road crates.] [The brown satin ring robe is a dead give away. Stenciled in white across the back... WARGOD.] **Bronson Box:** So they want words, do they? They want words from Bronson Box before he steps through that bloody curtain and does what it is he does better than any of the unseemly lot back here in this locker room? I'll do all you unfortunate bastards one better ... [Popping his head back, the hood of his robe falling back off his head.] **Bronson Box:** I'll give ye' a bloody promise. See lads I've allowed a series of unfortunate events and [small smile] political inexperience to steer my ship off course a bit. Because you see my goal has never changed. From the first day I shouldered my way into Eric Dane's office and demanded a spot on the first show to the day I united belts and became the Defiance World Champion I had the SAME. GOAL... to be the best bloody fighter walkin' the EARTH. [Bronson glares into the camera. Two hundred and thirty five pounds of incited human flesh takes two steps forward... the camera crew takes two more.] **Bronson Box:** All these bloody changes, all these new faces, tournaments, authority figures... bollocks. [Box quickly spits down towards the camera crews feet.] **Bronson Box:** You know what I bloody see? I see a bunch of deviants, liars, boys, wee' girls and bloody SINNERS just aching for The Wargod to step back into the picture and make this place GREAT again! [A thumb to the nose. Shaking his finger at the camera.] **Bronson Box:** You lot. You've forgotten just who Bronson Box is. [Shaking his head in agreement.] **Bronson Box:** You've all just plain forgotten who I bloody am. [Bronson pie faces the camera man lens first onto his ass and steps like a giant over the man and off towards the gorilla position. We can still hear him as he strides towards the action still going on in the ring.] **Bronson Box:** Time to learn a harsh lesson lads. Season three belongs to ME. [Back to ringside.]

A Fist Full of DEFIANCE pt.8

[Andrews and Scott are stomping at Light on the outside. Light's trying to pull himself up using Andrews' trunks, but he can't make it.]

[Dentari, seeing a chance for a one on one and to hit someone who's a friend of someone he doesn't like, punches Long square in the face.]

[It doesn't seem to hurt him, but it does cause him to turn his attention from the ruction outside the ring with his teammates and Light to Dentari. Dentari manages to get behind Long and start driving punches into the kidney. Perhaps surprisingly, these seem to be effective - then again, it's specifically shots to the head that Long has a ludicrous ability to absorb.]

[And all the while, Benny Doyle's been counting Andrews and Light out!]

[EIGHT!]

[Andrews and Light realize what's happening at the same time. And Light's just a little quicker to act. He bearhugs Andrews around both legs and hangs on for dear life!]

[Andrews tries to kick loose, and Scott stomps, but Light grits his teeth and bears it, and Long, swinging wildly at Dentari, doesn't notice.]

[NINE!]

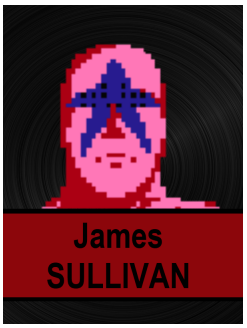
[TEN!]

Angus:
Light! He... he took one for the team! He let himself get counted out to keep Andrews out of the match!

[A little too late, Scott gives up on the stomps and starts ripping at Light's face, causing him to let go of Andrews. The Untouchables drag Light over to the stairs - but before they can get anything set up, security, on high alert after what Heidi did earlier, are there breaking it up, separating Andrews and Light and sending The Untouchables backstage while making Light remain at ringside.]

DDK:
With both Light and Andrews gone, that means we've got two spots open in the match!

[James Sullivan is called next. He has to thread his way through security and stay out of Andrews' reach getting to the ring.]



[He steps through the ropes - and the second he's through Long leaves off on Dentari, charges across the ring, and

hits Sullivan with a Western Lariat that echoes through the arena!]

Angus:
Well, James Sullivan is dead.

[In fact, Benny Doyle doesn't even bother counting - he just declares Sullivan done and waves the next person down. This is because Sullivan's eyes are rolled up in his head and he's foaming at the mouth. Long's lariat is sick.]

DDK:
Normally I'd be calling for medics to come save Sullivan, but he got what he asked for, so now we've got...

♫ You can run on... for a long time ♫
♫ Run on... for a long time ♫
♫ Run on... for a long time ♫
♫ Sooner or later, God'll cut you down ♫
♫ Sooner or later, God'll cut you down ♫

Angus:
BOXER!

[Bronson Box makes his way out to the ring. Ronnie Long. Ally of many people whom he hates and worth a good fight. Alceo Dentari. They've got unfinished business.]

DDK:
Do I hear cheers for Bronson Box?

Angus:
Keebs, he's a Defiance original, and look who he's in the ring with!

[Box takes Dentari down with a shoulder tackle. He turns to Long, blocks a haymaker and counters with two jabs, a hook, and a single underhook suplex into a keylock!]

DDK:
Long may be a heavy hitter, but you can't slug it out with a trained boxer like Box.

[Long powers his way up to his feet, Box trips him to the mat again, Long scrabbles and gets his arm on the ropes. Benny Doyle starts a count. Dentari chop blocks Box from behind! And "Chasing Shepherds is Best Left to Sheep" starts playing!]

DDK:
So Edward White finds a draw that is acceptable to him, and he's on his way out.

[Dentari drops knees on Box's head. Long looks at White, decides that he'd rather beat up on Box than wait on White, and pulls Box up to his feet, holding his arms behind him so that Dentari can take shots to the breadbasket. Long sends Box off the ropes, catches him on the rebound with a manhattan drop, and then decks him with a spinning forearm!]

[Dentari, on the other hand, moves in on White, catching him coming in with a dropkick to the head. Leaving White hanging on the apron, he stands up on the back of White's neck, pushing it down over the ring ropes! White, accustomed to delivering this sort of punishment rather than receiving it, reacts with the horrified indignation that only a rich heel can muster.]

[Long pulls Box up off the mat and sets up the blue thunder - but showing heretofore unseen agility, Box slips off the back and lands on his feet! A waistlock takedown puts Long on the canvas, Box spins around to front position.]

[Then, planting his feet, he somehow levers all of Long's 250+ lbs up into the air, takes a wobbling, unsteady run forward and smashes Long into the turnbuckle with a Bombasto Bomb!]

[Box collapses, but manages to cradle one of Long's legs and roll him away from the ropes for a pinfall! One! Two, THREE!!]

Angus:
He done it! Boxer done it! Untouchables aren't winning this one!

[Long rolls from the ring as Box tries to collect himself. "Barton Hollow" by the Civil Wars, which has lyrics but they start like 2 minutes into the song or something, hits, bringing out Christopher Barton.]

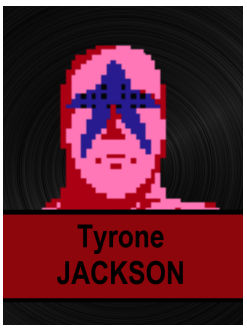
[Barton forearms Dentari in the face, knocking him off White and back into the ring. Stepping over White he follows up on Dentari, taking aim for a knife edge chop - that Dentari ducks, counters with a snapmare! Dentari hits one big stomp to the back of Barton's head, runs the ropes, and comes back with a much nastier running stomp!]

Angus:
Whacked!

[Dentari easily makes the cover as Box brings White into the ring. He applies God's Fiery Right Hand!]

[White counters with the Platinum Dust! Coughing and spluttering, Box stumbles away, trying to get the stuff out of his eyes.]

[The last person out is Tyrone Jackson.]



[Dentari meets him coming in, hip tosses him to the mat, and comboes it straight into his bridging double chickenwing hold, An Offer you Can't Refuse! Jackson taps out straightaway!]

DDK:
Tyrone Jackson was the last person to enter, and now we're down to three men! Alceo Dentari, Edward White, and Bronson Box! None of them are fan favorites by a long shot, but the fans have picked sides, and I do believe they're backing Box!

Angus:
It makes sense to me. I mean, they're all scum, right? Proud of it, too. But Box is a Defiance original, Alceo Dentari's the runt of the litter and Edward White is every douchebag who's richer than you who you hate.

[But right now Box is Platinum Dusted, and Dentari tries to schoolboy him! One! Two! Kickout!]

[White takes offense at this, shoves Dentari out of the ring, and small packages Box! One! TWO! KICKOUT!]

[White picks Box up on his shoulder for the Stock Market Drop, but Box won't go up for it! He pulls White in for a side belly to belly suplex! One! Two! And Dentari stomps Box hard on the back of the head!]

DDK:
It appears that White and Dentari would rather finish the match against each other than against Box, although they're not going so far as to start double teaming him. Still.

[Dentari snapmares Box, hits the far ropes, and flies back at him - only for Box to intercept the stomp! From his knees, he drives a peculiar looking punch into Dentari's chest! Dentari's eyes bug out, then he twists to the side and falls forward!]

Angus:
Sacred Heart! Lucky Dentari's so short that Box could heart punch him from the ground!

[Box makes the cover. One, two THREE!]

Angus:
Down to 2!

[White lunges, clubbing Box with every shot he can manage. Box fights back with those boxing style punches and he soon has White reeling to the ropes! White fishes into his pocket for a handful of platinum dust and raises his hand,

aiming - but Benny Doyle's there trying to prevent him from throwing it!]

[Box, too, goes for the hand full of platinum dust. He grabs White by the wrist and White... drops to his knees and punches Box right between the legs!]

[And a small package!]

[Benny Doyle didn't see the low blow!]

[ONE! TWO! THREE!!!!!]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:
Here is your winner, and the INAUGURAL FIST OF DEFIANCE! EDWARD! THE SOCIALITE... WHIIIIIIIIIIITE!

[Nicky Corozzo and Jane both run down to the ring to celebrate with White. Acting as though he'd accomplished something amazing rather than buying a late entry, letting his opponents beat each other up and winning off a low blow, White drops to his knees and shakes his fists in the air - and then dusts himself off and stands normally, smirking.]

DDK:
White said he wanted to win the Fist of Defiance just to deny it to everyone else! I - I'd rather one of the Untouchables had won it! Or Box!

[With pomp and ceremony, Jane buckles the belt around White's waist. Corozzo holds his hand up. None of them notice the malignant bald headed figure rising to his feet - until some unknown urge prompts White to turn around.]

DDK:
SPEAR! Box spears White down! Running clothesline to Corozzo! Box is back on his feet and clearing house!

[But Jane rolls out of the ring and pulls White out with her. Corozzo joins them, and Box isn't about to go three on one. He does, however, point menacingly at White as he backs up the ramp.]

DDK:
This is all we have time for, DefiaFans!

Angus:
See you in two weeks, bitches!

[End.]