PRE-RETALIATION

It's Super Bowl Sunday, the largest day for NFL fans everywhere. Of course, football is for pussies. They wear pads and get in trouble for being rough.

Pansy ass fuckers.

But that's why you don't give two shits about the outcome of the 49ers and Ravens. No, you want to watch something better. Experience athletes who don't wear pads, and work year around. There isn't a flag thrown anytime these guys get too rough, no there is cheering and fan explosion.

Fuck football, long live ***DEFIANCE*@~!**

OK, lets be honest. The real reason you're home and here is because you have no friends and weren't invited to any Super Bowl parties. It's a fucking shame, I know. Hell, I'm just a narrator for this part and even I am sitting in the corner for a moment while a huge shin dig is going on around me.

Maybe you should try to get a life?

Either way, Retaliation hasn't began yet. yea, you're early. It's that whole not having a life thing. i get it, I promise I wont judge too harshly. To pass the time you plop down behind your Dell Pentium 4 machine. Turn on your 17 inch CRT monitor, and open up Internet Explorer 6.

You don't even have to type it in. DefianceWrestling.com is your home page. What a fan boy you are. Hey, it's cool. We fucking love fan boys. After the show tonight head to the shop and buy all the new Jeff Andrews merchandise. That shit is hot right now.

Find the latest show results from the Retaliation taping, go ahead. You there? Alright, until the show starts go ahead and read up on what else went down. Have a great night, and enjoy the show....

Welcome folks to the Retaliation taping dark match results. I'm the newest addition to the DEFIANCEwrestling.com website, your correspondent for all things DEFIANCE, David Smith. Retaliation was taped in Tampa, Florida at the Expo Hall in front of a crowd of 4,908. Not a bad turn out for the new web streaming show on DEFIANCEwrestling.com's second taping.

The show opened with Chance Von Crank coming out first. He told the fans that the Shock-n-Rolla has arrived in DEFIANCE. The Trailer Park Prodigy blew kisses at the ladies and told Williams to get out and get ready to be an after thought.

CHANCE VON CRANK vs CODY WILLIAMS

Cody Williams heads out from the back for his debut also. Once in the ring, the bell sounds and both men talk trash before locking up. Williams took control early as cVc showed signs of some ring rust. However, Von Crank was able to duck a perfectly executed front missile drop kick by Williams.

Without wasting anytime, Chance Von Crank moved in, grabbing William's legs and rolling him over into a Sharpshooter. As the fans began to get behind The Prince of the PullOut, Williams was able to grab the bottom rope to break the lock. The damage was already done, as it was shown with Chance Von Crank staying in control.

After a hard whip to the corner post, Crank followed up with ten heavy punches in the corner to Cody's head. As he moves, Williams stumbles forward. Crank takes the chance to kick him in the gut and lift him up. cVc hits the RazzleDazzler and gets the one... two... three to win his first ever DEFIANCE match.

MARTIN IRWIN TRAINOR vs JEREMY KNYTE

Still pumped up from the first match, the fans went berserk when Knyte and Trainor arrived next. Neither man showed any care to have a technical wrestling match as from the first bell, they begin to exchange hard closed fist.

Jeremy Knyte catches MIT with a sloppy arm drag after MIT comes off of the ropes, allowing Trainor stop the entire movement and fall down, locking in an arm bar. Using his legs, he locks in a head scissor arm lock. Just when we thought Knyte would tap, he was able to somehow get MIT's legs from around his neck. Both men continued to brawl, with Knyte being thrown over the top rope by Trainor.

Officials check on Jeremy as MIT exits the ring and heads to the apron. As Knyte begins to get up, Martin irwin Trainor leaps from the apron with an ax handle. However, Knyte moves and meets his stomach with a knee. Jeremy controls the brawling on the outside, successfully destroying the announcer's table before the actual show even begins. I bet he hears about that when he gets to the back.

Knyte rolls Trainor back into the ring, following after. A little more rough housing ensures before Knyte hits a DDT and gets the one.. two.. three over MIT. As he celebrates the ring crew takes this time to clean up the mess on the outside of the ring and set a normal wooden table up for the show commentators. Once again, I'd love to be a fly on the wall when he gets to the back.

GORILLAS vs DEVIL RIPPERS

The Gorillas make their second Retaliation appearance in this match as they face the Devil Rippers in tag team action. Coming off a loss on the last Retaliation card, the Gorillas start off heavy as Tony Two Hands and Jack Cassidy go at it when the bell sounds. Cassidy is able to get the offesne going early against Tony, but can't keep the momentum going for long. The two battle it out until an oppertunity is made and taken for both to hit a hot tag at once.

Big Vinny and Troy Matthews hit the ring running, but Vinny quickly is able to take full control hitting a fall away slam followed by the Bada Bing for the three. The Gorillas avenge their loss last week and get the crowd hot as we march on.

Between the matches Frank Stein and Morty Mayer make their way from the back and set up shop behind the wooden table.

DREW SILER vs BOOGIE SMALLZ

In our pre-show main event Boogie Smallz, with his massive size advantage, takes on Drew Siler. I wish I could be reporting on an amazing David vs Goliath type match, or one where Siler's technical expertise would overcome Smallz's brute strength, but then I would be lying.

Boogie was all over Drew from the bell singing. Large ham like fist to Siler's head, followed by a huge boot to the face takes Siler off of his feet. It actually looked sick, as Smallz put his foot almost through Siler. At this point I just wanted the match to be over, but it wasn't even close.

Boogie continued to dominate Drew Siler. It wasn't easy to watch. At one point I thought Siler was beheaded by one hell of a clothesline. I was relieved when a boot to the gut followed by 99 Problemz ended the match for Siler.

What happened next was insane. Drew Siler, somehow kicked out. Boogie Smallz couldn't believe it. As he stood in shock, Siler was able to roll him up for a win out of nowhere. Crazy i tell you.

We went to intermission while the Retaliation crew got ready for the taping to begin.

INTRODUCTION

[After reading the results from before the taping, you realize *"Oh Fuck! It begins to stream in about a minute!"* You quickly click the link that directly tells you to **STREAM RETALIATION**.

Buffering....

Buffering...

Even more buffering...]

[Seriously, it's 2013, it's time to get high speed internet you cheap fuck.]

[Buffering... 97%.... no movement... the hourglass appears and begins to spin...

Frustration....

You sigh, placing your forehead into your hand and wondering if this is really life before finally it moves to 99%....

Buffering....

100....]

[The screen is black, it is time for.... **RETALIATION@~!** A bad ass intro video plays with shiny sparkles and the Retaliation logo busting through. "Oh shit" you think to yourself, "DEFIANCE is moving up in the world!"]

^ I Promise, It Will Get Better. Just Pretend for Now. ^

[As the logo burst through the screen, we go to an energized crowd of Tampa's finest wresting fans screaming their heads off, ready for even more action packed, fucking awesome DEFIANCE action. We zoom in on the fans as the camera moves from the back of the Expo Hall toward the stage.

These DEFIANCE fans are one of a kind, which can be seen by the various signs in the crowd:

cVc is My Baby Daddy!

Jeff Andrews > All

I'm an Egg Bandit

Minaj - A - Trios Action!

As we finally find the stage, the camera rest upon it, showing off the new Retaliation set. Three screens and a ton of metal, yea, this is the big leagues baby.]

[Strobe lights begin to flash across the bottom of the entrance set as a set of smoke machines let out blast of fog. The fans get crazy as they know, **RETALIATION** is about to begin.]

[The camera fades from the stage to actually focus on the two men sitting behind the makeshift broadcast table.]

Morty Mayer:
Man it feels great to be back Frank! Two weeks ago Retaliation debuted here on DefianceWrestling.com and ever since the buzz has been huge.

Frank Stein:
Oh yea it has! it's almost like a second life has been breathed into these men and women backstage. It's the start of a new era in DEFIANCE and damn it I'm glad we are apart of it.

Morty Mayer:
For the next hour DEFIANCE brings to you the non stop action right here from Tampa, Florida.

Frank Stein:
The Expo Hall here at the fairgrounds is full of screaming DEFIANCE fans ready to see two top notch matches from some of their favorite stars.

Morty Mayer:
You can't find this action anywhere else but right here on DefianceWrestling.com. I'm Morty Mayer, this is Frank Stein, and why... why are we sitting behind a regular wooden table Frank?

Frank Stein:
Apparently the action started early an in a dark match prior to this show, the table was destroyed during a knock out drag down brawl. make sure you catch Dave Smith's pre-show report right here on this site for more details!

Morty Mayer:
I can't even wait! We're going to start out tonight with Trios action!

Frank Stein:
It gets no better as DEFIANCE tags tag team wrestling and one ups it giving us three on three!

Morty Mayer:
Enough talking, it's time. I know the fans out there are ready. Let's get it... RETALIATION IS HERE!

[We get a shot of the ring before fading into a segment.]

One Week Notice

[Backstage in some generic hallway.]

Alceo Dentari:
Yous positive yous saw him go into this room?

Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca:
Yeah, Boss. He went in there about ten minutes ago an' ain't left since. I even had Vinny watch the door while I came to get you.

Dentari:
Yous two had better not be wastin' my time.

[Dentari turns to look at Vinny who shakes his head right back.]

Dentari:
So he's in there.

[Big Vinny quickly and silently nods.]

Dentari:
Well then, what are we waitin' for?

[Dentari reaches out and grabs a hold of the handle, he gives it a twist but all it does is rattle back at him. The door meanwhile remains tightly closed.]

Dentari:
Vinny...

[Dentari tilts his head towards the door and Vinny does what he does best. One shoulder barge later the door is flung open with a loud bang. Stood on the other side is Martin Irwin Trainor, or MIT for short. He's pushing the big red button on the device in his hands frantically.]

Martin Irwin Trainor:
OH COME ON!

Dentari:
Martin! Yous a hard man to find. If I didn't know any better I'd say yous was avoidin' us.

[Big Vinny moves out of the doorway, allowing Dentati to enter the room. He's followed by Di Luca, who takes up his position at Alceo's side and fixes him with a stare that forces MIT to stop pressing the button at once and hide the device behind his back.]

Dentari:
Yous ain't avoidin' us, is yous, Martin?

MIT:
Avoiding? No, not at all.

Dentari:
Then why, pray tell, ain't we seen yous in regards to the matter discussed on Defiance TV last week?

MIT:
The matter we...

[MIT shakes his head in confusion.]

MIT:
You said two weeks. I remember that clearly, you definitely said I had two weeks to pay you.

Dentari:
I know I did, but we ain't exactly gonna stop yous from payin' a little early, are we? We ain't a bank here!

[The three Brooklynites share a laugh, one that MIT attempts to join in with, albeit with the most awkward laugh possible. Dentari takes a step towards MIT, who ceases his laughing immediately and prepares himself for an incoming attack.]

Dentari:
Relax, Martin, I'm a man a' my words. Yous got another week, but remember this...

[Alceo leans in close to MIT and whispers.]

Dentari:
I ain't expectin' to come find yous next week. So if I hafta come lookin' for yous, I ain't gonna be in no good mood, capiche?

MIT:
I understand.

[Dentari slaps MIT softly on the cheek a couple of times and smiles at him.]

Dentari:
I knew you would.

[With that Alceo turns and heads for the door, exiting the room followed by Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands, who stays behind for a second or two longer just to maintain his menacing stare on MIT. As soon as the men are out of earshot MIT brings the device back out from behind his back and walks to the door.]

MIT:
Piece of shi-

[As he reaches the threshold MIT pushes the red button one more time, at that moment a stream of thick black goo falls from above him, covering him head to toe. MIT barely has time to sigh before a puff of feathers shoot their way out from sides. The feathers adhere themselves to the goo covering MIT as he removes his glasses and wipes his eyes clear.]

MIT:
NOW YOU WORK?!

[MIT throws the remote at the floor and slams the door shut leaving us with nothing better to do than to fade out.]

TRES BRUJAS vs CURTIS PENN/TYSON BURKE/LUKE WINDHAM

[As we come ringside, Curtis Penn, Tyson Burke, and Luke Windham are in the ring, their music still blaring as they await the arrival of the team they wil face.]

Frank Stein:
These three men are ready as they face the trios team of women, Tres Brujas.

[The arena lights go crimson red, with white strobes flickering at the top of the ramp.

"Tres Brujas" by The Sword begins to play.

Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh walk out first, then point behind them as each steps to the side.

Claira St. Sure walks out, in her robe, hood up. She lowers the hood, and raises both fists in the air. She walks to the ring, steps out of the robe and hands it to Diane. She jumps to the ring apron, then over the ropes, and throws a few warmup jabs and kicks, as the other two women slide into the ring after her.]

Frank Stein:
Trios action ready to go. We here at DEFIANCE believe in equal rights, and that is very apparent with the mixture of genders in this match.

Morty Mayer:
It's nothing to do with equality. These woman can hold their own. I'm more looking forward how anyone on Tres Brujas reacts when Luke Windham gets into the ring.

[Claira St. Sure and Curtis Penn stand in the ring as their teammates step out to the apron.

Frank Stein:
Looks like we are just about ready to go here.

Morty Mayer:
The fans are going crazy.

[The bell sounds]

DING DING DING

[Claira reaches her hand out and Curtis slaps it away. Both begin to circle and then finally lock up.]

Frank Stein:
Curtis easily larger then Claira here, but she has proven time and time again that size doesn't matter.

Morty Mayer:
Not in the ring anyway.

[Claira takes control, bringing Curtis in with a side headlock.]

Frank Stein:
Side headlock by Claira St. Sure.

[She applies pressure before tapping behind herself, then rolling around Curtis, twisting his arm behind him. He taps his shoulder, and rolls around countering into his own arm bar before Claira drops down with momentum, bringing Curtis Penn over with her into a fireman's carry slamming him to the mat.]

[The fans pop]

Frank Stein:
Claira St. Sure tags in Diane Parker

Morty Mayer:
Here she comes in like a firebug.

[Parker is able to meet Curtis Penn with a knee to the face as he is trying to get up.]

Frank Stein:
Penn back to the mat.

[Diane quickly maneuvers into a chin lock, straddling the back of Penn]

Frank Stein:
Parker keeping a tight lock on Curtis Penn's chin, continuing the assault of Tres Brujas.

Morty Mayer:
Tyson Burke and Luke Windham are itching to get into this mix.

Frank Stein:
If Windham can get the tag, this entire match could go a complete 180.

Morty Mayer:
He and Burke are reaching.

[Curtis begins to push up with Diane Parker on his back, still locked in. He is somehow able to get to his feet.]

Frank Stein:
Curtin Penn to his feet.

[Penn grabs Diane's legs that are wrapped around his waist, takes a couple steps and leaps falling back slamming her to the mat, obviously caushing her to let go.]

Frank Stein:
Maybe the break that Curtis Penn needs to get a tag.

Morty Mayer:
He needs to do something.

[Diane rolls on the mat holding her back as Curtis Penn tries to shake off the last few moments.]

Frank Stein:
Both competitors getting to their feet.

Morty Mayer:
It's any person's match still.

[As they both are up, Curtis turns and rushes toward his corner but is caught by a drop kick from Diane Parker. The crowd pops again.]

Frank Stein:
Diane Parker making sure Curtis Penn is unable to make the tag.

Morty Mayer:
You've got to wonder what this is doing to his manhood every moment these women are keeping him down.

Frank Stein:
The sex of trained professional has noting to do with their skill.

Morty Mayer:
Yea, but it has to be somewhat embarrassing.

Frank Stein:
Nothing embarrassing about facing someone with skill.

[Parker drags Penn by the leg away from his corner, reaching out and tagging Lisa's hand.]

Frank Stein:
Parker bringing the third member of Tres Brujas in while Curtis Penn continues to not be able to get the relief he needs.

[Diane lifts Curtis to his knees as Lisa enters in, and meets his face with a high rising knee. The referee warns Diane who lets fully go and heads to the apron.]

Frank Stein:
Lisa yanks Curtis up. Hard Irish whip into the ropes.

[Penn on the return, Lisa runs toward him and leaps, catching his head and falling back while slapping Curtis on the back.]

Frank Stein:
Flying DDT!

Morty Mayer:
She planted Curtis Penn's head through the mat it looked like!

[The crowd pops and Curtis' team are yelling for him to tag someone in.]

Frank Stein:
Lisa Loeh not slowing down as she gets back to her feet quickly.

Morty Mayer:
This match has been all Tres Brujas. I'm starting to think Tyson Burke and Luke Windham wont even get a chance in this match.

[Loeh leaps up, bringing a big knee crashing down and catching Penn. He flips around selling the pain.]

Frank Stein:
It's just about time for, yes.. Lisa Loeh going for a pin.

Morty Mayer:
Curtis Penn might have not had any offense, but I think he is far from ready to be pinned Frank.

[The referee gets to two before Penn kicks out. Disgruntled, Lisa Loeh gets to her feet, lifting Penn with her.]

Frank Stein:
Both back to their feet as Lisa is discouraged after the kick out by Penn.

[Lisa grabs the left arm of Curtis Penn and whips him into the ropes.]

Frank Stein:
Lisa whips Penn, but Penn isn't in the center of the ring. As he hits the ropes, slapped on the back by the big Luke Windham!

Morty Mayer:
Shit's about to get real!

[As Curtis is slapped on the back he falls forward and Luke Windham enters into the ring with haste. Lisa's eyes almost bug out of her head as she doesn't know what to do.]

Frank Stein:
It's on! Luke Windham rushes Lisa Loeh.

Morty Mayer:
She looks terriefied!

[Lisa drops down to the mat and quickly avoids the big man by rolling out of the ring. He has to stop the momentum before hitting the Tres Brujas corner. Luke gives Claira a shit eating grin as she stares at him from the ring apron.]

Frank Stein:
I think Claira St. Sure wants a piece of Luke Windham.

Morty Mayer:
Lisa Loeh needs to get back in the ring if she ever wants a chance to give Claira that opportunity.

[Luke Windham heads over and exits to the apron leaping down to the floor outside of the ring. He sees Lisa and points toward her, before charging. lisa quickly slides back into the ring with Luke right behind her.]

Frank Stein:
Amazing speed by Luke Windham.

[Lisa pops up and leaps forward, hand extended slapping Claira St. Sure's. The crowd goes nuts.]

Frank Stein:
Loeh quickly escapes the ring as St. Sure enters in with a burst of power.

Morty Mayer:
Luke Windham is ready! here we go!

[St. Sure shows no fear as she rushes toward Luke.]

Frank Stein:
She leaps! SPEAR!

Morty Mayer:
DENIED!

[The much larger Luke Windham catches her in mid spear, bringing a huge forearm across the back of Claira St. Sure. The fans boo.]

Frank Stein:
This may very well have been the game changer for Tres Brujas.

Morty Mayer:
I'm not sure Claira St. Sure is ready for this challenge.

[Luke pulls Claira up by the hair, more booing. With his huge hands, grabbing her neck he lifts Claira high in the air.]

Frank Stein:
Claira is trying to get free but Luke Windham has a tight grasp on her neck.

Morty Mayer:
His brute strength is scary!

[Claira begins to kick, trying to pull free but can't. She then puts her feet on Luke's chest. The fans get noisy, intrigued with this.]

Frank Stein:
What is she doing?

Morty Mayer:
Maybe she's going to walk over Luke Windham?

[Claira struggles, but is still unable tog et free. She then moves her feet up a little higher, somehow wrapping them around Luke Windham's neck while he continues to hold onto hers with both hands. The fans begin to go crazy again.]

Frank Stein:
I have never seen anything like this!

Morty Mayer:

Both choking each other, who will give first?!

[Claira begins to jerk her body, still holding onto Luke Windham around his neck with her legs. She applies pressure, jerking harder. Finally she burst out of his grasp]

CROOOOWWDDD POOOPPPPPPPPP@@@~~~!!!

Frank Stein:
She's free!

Morty Mayer:
How?!

[Using her legs to tighten around Luke's neck, Claira pulls her upper body up, hits him one in the side of the head then flings her body back with such force that Luke Windham, is thrown over. The entire Expo Hall explodes]

Frank Stein:
HURRICARANNA!!! HURRICARANNA!!!

Morty Mayer:
WOW!

Frank Stein:
I don't think anyone saw that coming! Much less Luke Windham.

Morty Mayer:
That was intense!

Frank Stein:
The crowd is on their feet here in Tampa!

Morty Mayer:
I still can't believe it.

[Luke Windham sits up and just stares in amazement as he holds his neck. He is sent for a shock as Claira St. Sure meets his back with a swift kick. Luke throws his arms out in pain.]

Frank Stein:
Another swift kick to the back of Luke Windham by Claira St. Sure!

Morty Mayer:
Sure sure is awesome tonight!

Frank Stein:
I see what you did there!

[Windham grabs his back and crawls forward reaching up trying to tag Tyson Burke in.]

Frank Stein:
Claira St. Sure grabs the foot of Luke Windham, trying to stop him from making the tag.

[Luke looks back and uses his free foot to kick Claira in the face to break her away and giving him the momentum he needs to come forward and slap Tyson Burke's hand.]

Frank Stein:
Tyson Burke is now in this match!

Morty Mayer:
A lot of action and we are still going!

[Burke enters the ring as Claira St. Sure gets up. The fans are chanting for Claira. Both competitors look around then back at each other.]

Frank Stein:
And they're off!

[Tyson Burke runs at St. Sure, who brings him over with a hip toss.]

Frank Stein:
Burke right back to his feet!

[Burke runs again, another hip toss. The crowd continues to go nuts.]

Frank Stein:
Both of these wrestlers are pure speed and agility!

[Burke up and rushes one more time. This time he blocks the toss, spins aroundand tosses Claira over.]

Frank Stein:
St. Sure quickly to her feet.

[Claira kicks Tyson in the legs twice. As he winces in pain she comes forward with a clothesline, but Burke ducks.]

Frank Stein:
Tyson Burke almost on the receiving end of a clothesline.

[Burke come sunder St. Sure and grabs her in a schoolboy, rolling her into a pin.]

Frank Stein:
It could be over!

Morty Mayer:
Tyson Burke is saving this for his team!

[Lisa Loeh begins to rush the ring but the referee runs over and stops her. She begins yelling at him keeping his attention as Burke holds Claira St. Sure down for what is at least four.]

Frank Stein:
Great team work here by Tres Brujas!

[Claira is able to counter the roll up into a Jujigatame arm bar. As soon as she does, Lisa throws her hand sup and heads back to the corner as the referee turns his attention back.]

Frank Stein:
Here comes Luke Windham and Curtis Penn!

Morty Mayer:
Lisa Loeh and Diane Parker in too!

Frank Stein:
Double dropkick to the knees of Luke Windham!

Morty Mayer:
Penn rushes to try and make the save. Will he get there on time Frank?!

Frank Stein:
NO! Parker and Loeh catch Curtis. Double kick to the gut... They lift.. DOUBLE SUPLEX!

[Tyson Burke begins to tap and the referee jumps up calling for the bell.]

Frank Stein:
This one is over!

Morty Mayer:
What a match!

[Claira St. Sure releases the hold and gets to her feet. Tres Brujas begin to celebrate in the ring.]

Frank Stein:
This trios team just showed what can happen when you work together. Amazing match and hard won victory by Tres Brujas!

Morty Mayer:
I love it!

[We fade to the back.]

Ahem.

[Cocking Noise of a shotgun followed by the shot blast thumps throughout the arena.]

Shock-N-Rolla….

“Here to Show Ya….”

“Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded…”

“Chance Von Crank!”

[The Metal Version of the Mortal Kombat theme song blasts as Chance is shown on the big screen to the crowd mixed feelings about this debut. He wears a rhinestone robe.ophone. Looking into the camera Chance Von Crank talks]

cVc:
Tampa, The Trailer Park Prodigy is here to save this show. I know what your thinking I bought tickets wouldn’t believe your eyes when you cast them upon me.

That’s what this show was fucking missed was real star power.

But no.... We don't get air time. For all you who aren't here live.. I won. I beat that no named fool I faced just like I will do each and every time I get into the ring.

[Chance steps forward]

cVc:
I'm Chance Von Crank. I'm the Shock-n-Rolla. The Prince of the PullOut. I'm the Trailer Park Prodigy and I'm here DEFIANCE.

[He looks into the camera]

cVc:
Deal with it.

HEDI CHRISTENSON vs TOM SAWYER

♫ Everyone seems to be singing for Satan ♫
♫ Guess I will to ♫
♫ What a joke! You make me laugh ♫
♫ 'Til I turn blue ♫

["Writhe" by Kyuss. The graveyard-heavy sounds of the song seems a fitting herald for the woman this evening. She had mayhem on her mind, and as the houselights stayed a dull, dim orange, Heidi Christenson storms out from the back.]

[She's wearing her girl-counterpart-to-Jeff outfit, the jeanshorts and ripped white T-shirt. A pink and yellow Lady's John Deere hat is pulled low over her face, her hair pulled into a ponytail and out the back of the hat.]

Frank Stein:
I can honestly say, Morty, that I'm very alarmed by the change that's gone through Heidi lately.

[Heidi rolls into the ring, pulling a slim, unlabelled microphone from the waistband of her shorts, then spins and stabs a finger up the ring ramp as the house lights go up. As the camera looks up at her from ringside, her eyes, previously hidden behind the hat's brim, are open way too wide.]

"Tom, I'm not playing any games with you. I swear, if you try and mess with me tonight, I will end you. Get out here and get what you've had coming to you."

BEEEEEYOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW

♫ A modern-day warrior a mean mean stride ♫
♫ Today's Tom Sawyer, mean, mean... pride ♫

[As Rush's "Tom Sawyer" blares, the spotlights searching the arena in a brilliant blue swirl about the house, looking for where Tom was comin' from.]

[Heidi stands in the ring, impatiently tapping her foot. With her arms crossed and an irritated look on her face, Heidi doesn't look like she wants to have fun. She glances right, glances left, even goes so far as to look behind.]

[No Tom coming for a sneak attack, which would be smart.]

[After a short while...]

Heidi Christenson:
Tom, be a man. For once in your life, stop being a little boy, and be a-

[Somewhere deep in the backstage area, far away from the stage, someone was doing a complicated, much-rehearsed dance. Er. Piece of choreography. He held out the plastic-and-metal contraption, and thumbed the button, saying the words. He let the very heavens know just who he was. He let them roar.]

"It's Morphin' time!"

BWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBWAHBW
AHBWAHBWAH**BWAHBWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH**

[Those horns. Famous for shaking arenas throughout the 1980s.]

BEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWW W

[Swinging smoothly into "Tom Sawyer" by Rush. The house lights came up orange and yellow, spiralling madly around the house as the song overloaded the speakers. The volume was UNBEARABLE! The audio waves pulsing through the air almost makes the very oxygen hazy and ripply, like in a fire! The speakers crackle, and from all over the lighting rig over the ring, lightbulbs burst with showers of sparks!]

POW BAM BOOM CRASH! Lights explode, overload, and otherwise fail dramatically! THE RINGPOSTS THEMSELVES ERUPT WITH LIGHT AND FIRE! FWOOM!

[Unimpressed, Heidi Christenson waits... And out through the curtains runs a figure in yellow and orange spandex, pleather and vinyl. With a cowboy hat airbrushed with brilliant orange and yellow lightning plunked firmly on his head, sunglasses painted to read MADNESS, a leather jacket of that same color motif with streamers and tassels hanging from his wingspan, streaky yellow-and-red pants and boots, and a thick blonde beard...]

The Macho Ranger was reborn.

[And he was running towards the ring, fists shaking, arms pumping and thrashing as he went!]

RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Morty Mayer:
Oh my fucking god, I think I died and went back to grade school. Really? We're doing this?

Frank Stein:
I think Tom Sawyer finally found a difference maker for his personal fights! He at least LOOKS more confident!

[Into the ring Tom dives, exploding to his feet immediately! Heidi goes to move in for stomps, but Sawyer's on her in the blink of an eye, leaping into the air and TACKLING Heidi Lou Thesz-style! The two go down, and Sawyer handsprings off of Heidi, narrowly escaping a slash of Heidi's elbow! The Untouchable came up right after the kid, hands clawed, face a red mask of fury!

Heidi charges for Tom, but Tom ducks under a Christenson grab, going for the ringropes! With Heidi unbalanced, Tom flies across the ring, coming back in the blink of an eye! The Macho Ranger leaps, coming crashing down on Heidi with a flying double axehandle smash! Heidi goes down!]

Morty Mayer:
...Holy shit, I think the little spaz might actually be on to something here!

[Sawyer beckons Heidi up with both hands, his hat-n-shades still firmly stuck on his head, and as the queen of the Untouchables came, Tom leapt, both feet coming together to crack Heidi right in the jaw! Just as soon as she was up,

Heidi was right back down! Tom's hands went in, grabbin' at Heidi's head...

Heidi was up! She grabbed ahold of Tom's hair, and yanked the kid's head down! KAWADA KICKS! WHACKWHACKWHACKWHACKWHACK! And Heidi throws Tom's head upward, shuffle-stepping before bringing a slashing sidekick up to hammer into Tom's chest! Still even wearing his leather jacket, Tom takes the kick straight to the chest!]

Frank Stein:
RIGHT TO THOSE DAMAGED RIBS! New costume or no, Sawyer has to have felt that one!

[Tom steps back in pain, arms clapped across his chest... And the kid grabs both sides of his jacket, yanking it open and throwing the jacket off! MACHO RANGER was written across the chest of the orange shirt, with a black silhouette of hat-n-shades above it! Tom bellows out a ROOOOOOAAAAAAAAAARRRRRR of defiance!]

Frank Stein:
SAWYER'S NOT GOIN' DOWN!

Morty Mayer:
ANOTHER night of this, Tom?!

[Heidi snarls, and rushes in for another kick to the chest! The leg shoots in!]

Frank Stein:
TOM-... THE MACHO RANGER CATCHES THE KICK!

[Sawyer slaps both hands onto Heidi's shin, sending her spinning around! Ducking, Tom grabs a waisthold onto Heidi, and lifts her uuuuuup into the air! Her feet kick as she is lifted uuuuuup into the air... And Tom brings Heidi back down, tailbone-first across Tom's knee!]

Frank Stein:
ATOMIC DROP!

Morty Mayer:
Haven't called one of those in years!

[The impact, indignity, and frustration from the move sends Heidi rolling out to the floor. But the Macho Ranger points up to the turnbuckle, and before Heidi realizes, Tom has dashed up the turnbuckle, to perch on the top rope!

Heidi turns... TOM LEAPS OFF THE TOP! DOUBLE AXEHANDLE SMASH! Heidi goes crashing down, and the Macho Ranger lands on his feet, springing forward to high-five a fan at ringside!]

Morty Mayer:
STAY ON HER!

[The Ranger spins on his heel, rushing back to kick at Heidi, but the Untouchable sees it coming, picks the ankle, and twists as she rolls, sending the Macho Ranger tumbling... RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLE POST!]

Frank Stein:
SAWYER DOWN!

[Tom is grabbed by the brim of the hat... And somehow dragged to his feet by the hat!]

Morty Mayer:
What, is the thing superglued to him?!

[Sawyer is dragged on over to the ring apron, and Heidi goes to toss Tom under the botto-Oop, Tom tripped! And somehow, Heidi smashes Tom's face into the edge of the ring! That was obviously an accident, of course. Sawyer was just a klutz!]

Frank Stein:
TWICE IS NO ACCIDENT!

[And the third time is Heidi's obvious intention! After the flurry of impacts, Tom is rolled under the ringropes, up onto the canvas once more! Tom rolls onto his knees and hands as Heidi slithers in behind. The ref moves to be in good position...

Heidi hooks Tom's arms, yanking the kid up and to his feet... But before Tom can battle free, Heidi pops the hips, shooting Tom up and over for the full nelson German!]

Frank Stein:
DRAGON SUPLEX!

WHAM!

[Heidi just holds on in her precarious position!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Tom manages to roll free at the last moment! Heidi rolls through to her knees, a whole mess o' the hair in her braid having pulled free. The strands fuzzed away from her face in all directions, jagged tendrils of hair haloing her pissed-off look. Heidi rushes to her feet, and as Tom crouches on his hands n' knees...

Heidi rushes in and just starts kicking away at Tom's stomach! WHAP WHAP WHAP! Tom grabs onto Heidi's ankle and rolls through, ending up behind Heidi! Heidi was overbalanced, arms flailing as Tom held her foot back behind her! The kid looked around to the crowd, one hand coming up to cup to an ear! The crowd begins to roar, as Tom grins brightly.

The Macho Ranger gives a thumbs-up, then leaps into the air, feet clamping together to kick Heidi between the shoulderblades! Heidi goes down, and Tom pops back up, hand pointing up to the sky! He cried out to the crowd, and they screamed back!]

LET'S GO TOM! LET'S GO TOM!

[Heidi charges back to her feet, planting one foot and shooting the other through to crack Tom in the ribs! She'd rebreak those things if she had to! The foot shot in, and WHAM, Heidi hammers Tom right in the chest! KERWHACK!

Tom stomps a few steps backwards, clenching both fists! Through the thick beard, Tom cries out in battle-lust, beckoning Heidi on! DIG IT!]

Frank Stein:
How is Tom able to just withstand punishment of this caliber! Ribs don't heal this fast!

Morty Mayer:
Meth.

Frank Stein:

He's getting HAMMERED here, and he's in it to win it!

[Heidi steps in, but Sawyer wiiiiiiiinds up, bringing that big gloved fist back! KERWHACKO! TOM DECKS HEIDI RIGHT IN THE EYE!]

Morty Mayer:
WHOA!

[Heidi snaps her head back, visibly rocked by the punch. But just as fast as she was turned around by the blow, Heidi was back on Tom, leaping in with a slashing blow from her leg! Tom manages to get his arms up, but the instantaneous reversal of direction from Heidi catches him offguard!]

Frank Stein:
MULE STOMP!

[Sawyer staggers backwards, arms clamped across his midsection! HEidi ducks as she lunges in, hooking the waistlock on and hoisting Tommy up on her shoulder!]

Morty Mayer:
BEARHUG!

[More like not. Heidi let Tom's airless body fall down her back, and she reaches back, grabbing at the Macho Ranger's head! Her fingers claw at his hair... But the Ranger thrashes his feet! Throws the hips! And rolls down her back, landing on his feet!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Sawyer runs to the ropes! Leaps! Springs onto the middle rope, rebounds clean off!]

Frank Stein:
'RANA! HURRICANRANA ON HEIDI!

[Rather than take a possible pin attempt from Tom, Heidi just goes with the 'rana and keeps sliding, heading for the outside for a moment to think. She lands and drops into a crouch, catching her breath behind the apron.]

None of this made sense.

Morty Mayer:
TOM SAWYER WAS A BROKEN CHILD A WEEK AGO! WHAT HAPPENED?!

Frank Stein:
Whatever it is, he's certainly full of energy now!

[Indeed, Sawyer was bouncing in the middle of the ring, staring right at where Heidi was crouched. The crowd was solidly behind 'im, chanting-

SAW-YER!
SAW-YER!
SAW-YER!

at the top of their lungs, at the edge of their seats. Fists shaking, Tom waits... And waits... Heidi hesitantly comes up, trying to make sense of how the Untouchables' rundown on Tom has become so totally and completely wrong. So, as Heidi came up, she was having to completely come up with the new plan on the fly.

And so Tom's suicide dive comes out of nowhere! SAWYER EXPRESS! They both go down, crashing into the

security guardrail!

The Macho Ranger springs back up, fists shaking above his head as he throws himself up against the first row of desperately grasping fans, high-fiving and pressing himself into their grasp! Heidi, pulling herself up by the apron, glares over at Tom...

Sawyer turns, and Heidi charges him, flying in for a knee to the chest! Tom takes it, and falls back into the fans. They hold the Macho Ranger up, and Tom shoves his chest out, sucking in a huge breath of mighty powar!

The Ranger snaps out a jab, rocking Heidi's jaw! Then another sends her a step back, and Tom charges! Ducking Heidi's flailing elbow-shot, Tom comes up behind Heidi, grabbing her wrist and spinning her around, whipping her off int-

CRACK!

-o the steel ringpost! Heidi slumps, and Tom beckons to the people, who totally want to see it! They want to see Tom with the Ode to Madness! Pointing to the top rope, Tom goes on over to the Untouchable. Grabbng a handful of her hair, Tom goes to toss Heidi under the bottom ro-STAMP TO TOM'S TOES! KNEE TO HIS GROIN, THROW OF HIS HEAD INTO THE RINGPOST!

Heidi Christenson is already on her way to the ring ramp, slashing a hand through the air. As she storms by the camera, Heidi goes to glance back up at the ring. And of course, Sawyer was rolling back into the ring! He pops up, grabbing the top rope and shaking it up and down furiously!]

OPEN THE COCKPIT DOOR, HEIDI CHRISTENSON!

Heidi Christenson:
-don't know what kind of crack this kid is on, but I'm not fighting a drug abuser.

[Heidi blows up the ramp, the audience already figuring out what was going on. Members of the DEFIANCE Security Force move to block the entryway ramp even as Tom heads for the ringropes.]

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!, the crowd howls!

BULL-SHIT! BULL-SHIT! they cry!

But the referee gets to a ten-count without hesitation.

DING DING DING

"YOUR WINNER BY COUNTOUT... TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM SAAAAAAAAAAWYER!"

Frank Stein:
Tom Sawyer wins by count out!

Morty Mayer:
What a match! Heidi can't believe it!

Frank Stein:
Hell I can't believe it! What a way to close out the second edition of Retaliation!

Morty Mayer:
You're damn right what a Retaliation! But you have to wonder, what happens next? Heidi Christenson is not going to let this go!

Frank Stein:
No she isn't, all I can say is make sure you tune into DEFIANCE on TV next Sunday. But for now, I'm Frank Stein...

Morty Mayer:
And I am Morty Mayer.

Frank Stein:
Thank you for tuning into Retaliation and we will see you in two weeks!

[Tom Sawer stands on the top turnbuckle and points out at a pissed off Heidi Christenson as the copyright logo comes up and the stream goes to black.]