

PRE-RETALIATION

Tonight is a very special Retaliation as it is the official Untouchable Pre-show. Have you purchased Untouchable yet on Pay-PerView? If not, you need to hurry because it begins in just one hour. Until then, you click

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 is in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania at the Mellon Area. The crowd is still packing in as they are getting ready for tonight's Pay-Per View Untouchable which is up right after this stream!

Tucker G. Alston vs Sam Turner, Jr.

Alston took control early on when he was able to place Sam Turn Jr. into a headlock from a lock up position, then sending him into the ropes and following up with a hip toss. However, Turner was able to gather some momentum by catching an unsuspecting Tucker Alston with a big boot.

Sam Turner Jr. made a critical mistake after whipping Tucker into the corner. he attempted to follow up with a splash, only for Alston to move. Tucker used the situation to list Turner to his feet and hit the Sanctuary for the three count in a good back and forward bout.

Dragon Jones vs Sam Johnson

Dragon Jones pumped the crowd up as he came to put on a fight worthy of the PPV itself. From the bell, Dragon Jones unleashed a fury upon Sam Johnson with vicious lefts and rights into uppercuts. However, it was when he began to hit a series of visually stunning suplexes that we knew this match was over. There was nothing from Sam Johnson expect the pain and agony of being on the receiving end of Seven Feet Under from Dragon Jones who picked up the win.

Jeremy Knyte vs Lash Graham

In the third and final dark match before Retaliation, Jeremy Knyte attempted to over power Lash Gram from the get go, and succeeded for a moment. However, after a dropkick from nowhere, Graham followed up with a series of quick and precise moves. This was thwarted when Jeremy Knyte caught Graham in the midsection with his knees after a standing moonsault attempt.

Knyte would go on to control the back, bringing it back to a slow and steady pace. He introduced Lash Graham's head to the top turnbuckle before realizing he would not be able to do any more damage to Lash's head than already done. Knyte would turn his back on Graham briefly in a move that would cost him the match as Lash pulled Knyte over into a schoolboy out of nowhere and secured the three count.

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 Pittsburgh's finest wrestling 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 arena toward the stage.

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

Untouchable!

I Want Cancer Jiles to Touch Me.

I Get to View this Because I Paid.

Where is Eric Dane?

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 broadcast table.]

Mayer:

Here we are! It's time for the special Untouchable pre-show!

Stein:

If you haven't ordered the pay-per-view yet, you need to as it is guaranteed to be better than your mother's home made meatloaf!

Mayer:

That's not hard to do at all Frank.

Stein:

Enough talking, it's time. I know the fans out there are ready. Let's get it... RETALIATION IS HERE! Following directly, live on pay-per-view... UNTOUCHABLE!

Mayer:

Lets move to the ring where The Blood Diamonds and Philospher Kings are ready to kick Retaliation off.

The Philosopher Kings vs Blood Diamonds

[As the camera moves to the ring, all six participant are already down. Troy Matthews and Frank Dylan James are in the ring, ready to start it off..] **Stein:** Retaliation is here and we are kicking it off with awesome Trios action! **Mayer:** I've been waiting for this match all week! [The bell sounds.] **Stein:** And we're off! **Mayer:** FDJ and Troy Matthews will be starting this off. [Matthews looks to his team mates, then to the crowd before pointing at Frank Dylan James. He runs toward the large man.] **THWAK!~** [FDJ doesn't fuck around and he just throws a fist out, catching the oncoming Troy Matthews right in the face. Matthews flies back, hitting the mat and instantly grabbing his face.] **Stein:** What a big fist by Frank Dylan James! **Mayer:** That had to hurt

[FDJ heads toward Troy Matthews who quickly rolls away and leaps up with a hot tag to Eddie Dante.]

Stein: Frank Dylan James is just a beast.

[Dante, after being tagged, grabs the top rope and uses it to pull himself up. He shoots over the top rope flipping, with his legs crashing into an oncoming FDJ.]

Stein:

Eddie Dante takes down the big Frank Dylan James. **Mayer:** His quick style can be a factor for his team here.

[Dante runs to the nearby corner turnbuckle, climbing. He leaps off, flipping backward in the air and landing across FDJ.]

Stein: Pin attempt by Eddie Dante. **Mayer:** Kick out at one.

[FDJ pushes himself up. Eddie Dante runs at him and leaps. FDJ catches him, slamming Dante to the mat. James walks over and tags in Nicky Corozzo.]

Stein: Corozzo now in the ring with Eddie Dante.

[Nicky Corozzo heads toward Eddie Dante who slides out of the ring quickly.]

Stein: Eddie Dante escaping. **Mayer:** Mushigihara is rushing the ring now though! **Stein:** There was no tag. **Mayer:** The referee has lost control of this match.

[Corozzo and Mushigihara exchange rights and lefts as the referee tries to break them up.]

Stein: Nicky Corozzo whips Mushigihara into the ropes. **Mayer:** He follows up with a clothesline, sending Mushigihara crashing to the floor!

[Eddie Dante slides into the ring behind Nicky Corozzo. he runs and drop kicks Nicky in the back, who stumbles forward. As he does, Virginia Quell tags him.]

Stein: Virginia Quell in the ring now. **Mayer:** Here she goes!

[Quell hits the ring and catches Dante in the gut with a kick. She grabs him and turns.]

Stein: THE QUEEN'S ROYAL SEAL!!! **Mayer:** From nowhere!

[Quell hits her finisher and covers Eddie Dante. As the referee hits the three the bell sounds.]

Stein: BLOOD DIAMONDS WIN!

The CVCHTNK Challenge

[Suddenly, an excited commotion breaks out in some ringside audience seats. The action appears onscreen as the camera pans over to catch it and we see a figure make his way through the fans in that section, all of whom have jumped to their feet to try to score a high five or lay a hand on him. There is no security personnel to hold them back. Grinning, he jumps up to stand on a now empty seat, microphone in hand.]

Python:

What's up, Pittsburgh?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

I said WHAT THE FUCK IS UP, PITTSBURGH?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Python:

You lucky sons a' bitches are in for a long night full of awesome.

[The capacity crowd voices their approval. The young highflyer pauses with a smile as he spots a nearby young fan holding a homemade paper sign with his face on it.]

Python:

Ya know, this city holds a lot of special memories for me. When I was a kid, the first wrestling show I ever went to with my dad was right over at the Civic. Remember it like it was yesterday. We drove in from Jersey and I had on my favorite t-shirt for my favorite tag team at the time, Weppon X. They had the main event slot defending the tag titles against these asshole brothers Cliff and Scott, who had been trying for weeks to win acceptance into an equally asshole clique who was hellbent on taking down my boys in Weppon X. So there I am, wide eyed and star struck in the front row as the match unfolded. Standing on the chair, screaming at the guys in the ring, the whole nine yards. I was like... I dunno, maybe seven or eight years old. And then, to my horror... one of the guys from the clique rolled out from under the ring with a chair, ref had his back turned, yada yada yada, my night ended with Cliff and Scott taking home the gold and the whole clique pummeling an unconscious Weppon X in the ring until security had to come break it up. As I stood completely heartbroken and lost in my disbelief, my dad put his hand on my shoulder and told me

something that I'll live by until the day I die. He said "Matt, there are a lot of shitty people in this world and you can't take them all on yourself. But if you step up to deal with yours, there will be others who step up to deal with the rest."

[A heavy pause.]

Python:

Later tonight, I'm going up against Chance von Crank.

BOOO!!!

Python:

Yeah, "boooooooo!" They don't come any shittier than that guy. Now, I'm not in this business to hurt people. I don't do what I do for the end result, I do it because I love it and I love giving to people what my favorite wrestlers have given to me over the years. Hope, memories, something to cheer for. Because at the end of the day... life is fucking hard, man. For you, for me, for everyone. And all most people want are moments to grab onto and live in, to get away from the stress of work and shitty people and politics and depressing stories on the news and the economy and really just to feel great. Even if it's only for an hour or two, or a couple of minutes. So yeah, I love having the opportunity to do what I do. And like I said, I don't do it to hurt people. But every once in a while, someone comes along who makes me cherish every second of kicking their ass.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Python:

You can call me names, you can have your fun, you can try to cut me down. That's fair play in this game. But Cranky, you've crossed a very difficult line between what's fair play and what's disrespectful to your profession. When you're playing a part in giving professional wrestling a shitty reputation, that's where it gets personal for me. I know I can speak for a lot of guys in that locker room when I say that we work hard to make this company and this profession as a whole entertaining. Exciting. Relevant and interesting. And above all... respectable. I may not see eye to eye with some of those guys, but we have that common goal. We demand respect for this business that we love. And I'll be **damned** if I'm going to let a second-rate...

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

No-talent...

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

Shit-brained...

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

Waste of roster space motherfucker like you come in here and ruin that!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

And furthermore, good people of Pittsburgh... Chance von Crank has disrespected you. The fans. And that is the last straw for me. So I'm going to give you all a very, very special gift. Chance von Crank has taken to flashing us his nads for the past week, yeah? Well, now that I know where to find them, I'm going to kick them very squarely tonight. Three times. Just for you guys.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Python:

As of this moment, the Chance von Crank Hat Trick Nut Kick Challenge is officially underway! You're very welcome. I'd better hear you guys keeping score.

[With that, Python tosses the mic to a crew member at ringside, slaps a few hands, and makes his way through the mob of fans crowding the aisle around him. He eventually reaches a backstage entrance, gives a final salute to the cheering fans, and disappears.]

Jane Katze vs Lisa Loeh

Meyer:

I've got to say, I've been looking forward to this one all night!

Stein:

Why am I not surprised? Fans, up next we've got the singles match between Jane Katze of the Blood Diamonds, and Lisa Loeh of Tres Brujas.

Meyer:

I know Jane's actually a good wrestler with plenty of ways to hurt you, and I know that Lisa's got the wrestling pedigree, but she's a funny one – she's hot, but I can't really get a feel for what she's all about.

Stein:

I'm sure she'd never let you get away with it.

Meyer:

Can't blame me for hoping, though!

[Jane Katze has just finished her ring entrance.]

[The arena lights dim and a glowing blue and pink backdrop appears behind the stage entrance. A black silhouette of a girl struts out in front of it. That girl dances, her hips swinging, her back arching, as the music increases in volume.]

♪ Hey little cookie take a walk my way ♪
♪ I like to hear what you have to say ♪
♪ You know the truth and you're so put together ♪
♪ Baby I could stick you on the lip of forever ♪
♪ Even a volcano has a price to pay ♪

Stein:

Lisa, not accompanied by the other members of Tres Brujas to this match. Nor is Jane accompanied by any of the Blood Diamonds.

[As the lights come on, Lisa flings her head and hair back, then walks, almost skips, to the ring. Up the stairs, over the middle rope in a most lascivious fashion, and into the ring.]

♪ You ♪
♪ Stand ♪
♪ On the edge ♪
♪ Of a silver future ♪

Meyer:

How I envy the middle rope when she does that.

[As Lisa raises an index finger to her mouth and looks Jane up and down, her music fades.]

[Tie-up.]

[Jane sprawls, drags Lisa down with her, chickenwings one arm, then the second arm, then knots her legs around Lisa's throat in a crook scissor and rolls to the side. Lisa laboriously kicks her way to the ropes.]

[Jane lets go slowly. Lisa stands up, Jane's right on her, jumping to apply a bodyscissor – and Lisa slams her into the mat, steps over her legs, applies a half crab, switches to an STF, hammerlocks one arm, and ties up the other one, then kneels up, torquing Jane's back.]

Stein:

Impressive, I wasn't aware that Lisa could... well, wrestle.

Meyer:

My understanding is that she can wrestle a lot better than she lets on, she just doesn't like to.

[Jane gets her free leg inside the hold to break loose, upends Lisa onto her shoulders, sits down on the backs of her knees for a pin. One... two... and Lisa manages to kick her off. Jane's right back on it, hooking a waistlock – Lisa does a quick sit-out to reverse, takes Jane down to the mat, and then applies an amateur wrestling style full body press. And hooks Jane's legs up in a grapevine hold for good measure.]

[Now as your humble narrator, I'm trying to keep this professional and not go into details about moaning and writhing and whether the ring is cold or something else is going on here, so we'll just be talking about the moves – aside from this bit. Right.]

[Jane manages to flip Lisa over her shoulders. And frustrated, instead of trying a scissorhold, she shuffle kicks Lisa in the jaw, knocking her to the mat. One, TWO... Kickout!]

Stein:

Narrow escape by Lisa Loeh there, who I don't think was expecting this to turn into a real wrestling match kind of match.

[Jane picks her back up, hooks the guillotine headlock, and Lisa takes her over in a Northern Lights suplex! One, two, kickout.]

[Lisa aims a Kenka kick at Jane's head. Jane, who's a trained martial artist, ducks the hard but clumsy kick easily. Chickenwinging both of Lisa's arms, she hooks her up in the Champagne Dreams (stunt rider stretch). Moving inch by inch, Lisa manages to get to the ropes.]

Meyer:

It takes a lot of lower body strength to fight the leverage of the stunt rider stretch. I can't help but wonder how Lisa would fare if she adopted some of Jane's moves.

Stein:

You would wonder that.

[Jane kicks Lisa in the head and throws her into the corner. She then stands on the middle rope.]

Stein:

I've seen this, it's a modified dropkick she calls the Caviar Dreams.

Meyer:

Odd name. Maybe her feet taste like caviar.

[Jane does the banzai bounce and swings her feet down.]

[Lisa has rolled out of the way at the last second.]

[Jane hits the turnbuckle, lands on her back, Lisa grabs her ankles, rolls over her into a tight schoolboy (schoolgirl?) press, and plants her ankles back behind her own head! One, two, and THREE!]

Meyer:

Replay!

[Lisa doesn't bother hanging around in the ring to gloat about her win, she's out of the ring as soon as Jane rolls to her

feet and she struts up the ramp like she's on a catwalk.]

Stein:

Well fans, do not let it be said that Defiance doesn't deliver what it promises. We promised fanservice, you got it.

White Trash Beautiful

[Christie Zane flashes across the big screen as the camera's cut back stage.]

Christie Zane:

I'm here with The Trailer Park Prodigy, Chance Von Crank.

[cVc comes into focus as the camera pans out. The crowd fills the arena with boos. He struts right up to Christie Zane. He has something over his left shoulder that looks like a t-shirt gun.]

cVc:

Oh yeah? Your Quarterback's a rapist.

[Boo's rain down in the arena as he steps back with a huge grin across his face.]

cVc:

Looking at some of these faces around this arena I can see where rape would be okay because how else you ugly son of a bitch gonna get pussy any other way? I'm not here to talk about why Pittsburgh is full of shitheads. I will say this, Look at Christie's rack. GOTTT-DAMN! What a week this has been for the Shock-N-Rolla...

[The crowd inside the arena still booing as Chance can't even speak over them. He takes the t-shirt gun off his back and heads for. Chance heads for the steps.]

Pump Shotgun Cocks

Shotgun Blast

"SHOCK N ROLLA..."

"HERE TO SHOW YA..."

"Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded!"

"Chance! Von! Crank!"

[Chance walks out onto the stage. His new theme music blasts over the arena. The crowd showers boo's on him as he begins shooting the t-shirt gun wildly into the crowd. One of the fans who catches a shirt holds it up and a camera locates them. "#RandomNutSack" is written across it. Chance fires the gun over and over as he walks toward the ring. He throws the gun down as he approaches the announcers table. He grabs the headset off Mayer's here as he jumps up on the announce table.]

cVc:

Now Now... No sense in hating The Reason You Came. I came here for one reason tonight and came even knowing you towel swinging bitches all would be here. Chant stupid shit all you like Pittsburgh! You're just like the rest of this goddamned country. Look at yourselves to find that horror you call a reflection. You worship pictures in People magazine in hope of inspiration on individualism? You find Comfort and Solace in your own fake Delusion Of Grandeur.

[The crowd begins to chant, "Yussss".]

cVc:

Tonight is my night... Everyone knows what a worthy opponent I have coming to the ring, he use to be this and that or something another important... Blah, Blah no one wants to hear that shit you call good. I just shot t-shirts all over this arena making fun of showing you my nut sack and you want to think you can talk shit? This ole boy does it for a living. Like this crowd I can tell you all to eat shit and die then laugh my ass off about it later.

BBBBOOOOOOOOOO!!!

cVc:

You all know why I am here and just what it is I came to do. I didn't come here to put in a good effort and then ride off into the sunset just happy for the shot. Oh No... You could further from the truth, Pittsburgh... I came here to win a fucking strap, my first real one infact. People outside screaming for my head and you inside lucky enough to have a yellow towel to wipe up your own piss after you see what I'm about to do here tonight. Make history and finally and let you all here and everyone watching on Defiancewrestling.com just exactly what the Trailer Park Prodigy is doing here on this night.

["Cancer's Better" chant breakouts throughout the arena. Chance bites his lower lip and takes off his rhinestone robe and drops it on Stein's head. Chance has his in ring gear on plus his officially licensed "Don't Be Such A Cock+Sucker" t-shirt.

cVc:

Haha, how I do hate this shithole. You should all rememeber one thing because I know you have watched all my matches... One thing that hasn't happened yet is someone pinning my shoulders against the mat for a one... two... three... That's What. Tonight much like Jeff Andrews is, i'm Untouchable. Be Defiant.

[Chance closes his eyes as he takes the headset off his head and holds the mic to his mouth and the rest of the headset crunched in his closed fist.]

cVc:

"Shock N Rolla.... Here to Show Ya... Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded..."

[Chance then holds the *headset toward the crowd.*]

Crowd:

"Chance Von CRANK!"

Python vs Chance von Crank

Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena.... "Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Fucking Loaded!"

"Chance Von Crank" His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy emerges from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a "CVC Fucking Sucks!" chant breaks out throughout the crowd. Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous "Aw Ski Ski" after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished. He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle. Crank jumps on the turnbuckle holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and "Fuck You CVC!" chants. [The entire arena jolts to life as the vigorous piano intro to "Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens blasts through the speakers and a dizzying array of strobe lights dance through the ring and out into the crowd.] ♪ *How'd you know to find me here?* ♪

♪ *Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires* ♪

♪ *And insider information* ♪ [The arena rocks with music and crowd pop pandemonium as Python bursts through the curtain. He bounds out onto the entrance ramp, slamming his chest with both hands and pointing out to the fans, completely electrified.] ♪ *This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me* ♪

♪ *An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the dullest minds* ♪ [The wicked green and black snake tattooed around Python's entire right arm glows bright under the lights as he takes off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach. In seconds flat, he's inside and across the ring, taking a turn on each turnbuckle with an arm raised to the response of hundreds of camera flashes.] **Stein:** What a Retaliation main event this will be.

Mayer: Remember fans, when this match ends you have just a few minutes until Untouchable begins. Make sure to order it on pay-per-view if you haven't already. **Stein:** I'll tell you what, if the pay-per-view is anything like we've seen already here on Retaliation, then you're missing out by not getting it. **Mayer:** Definitely! [The bell sounds.] **Stein:**

And we're off! [Without wasting anytime, the two men lock up] **Stein:** Python sent into the ropes. [As he throws Python toward the ropes, Chance Von Crank runs behind him. Python is able to leap up the second rope and come back, smashing his elbow into the face of Crank.] **Stein:** What a counter! [Chance stumbles back holding his face as Python quickly gets to his feet. He runs forward and jumps with a dropkick to Crank's legs, causing them both to hit the mat.] **Mayer:** Python is on a roll. [Chance Von Crank holds his knee in pain and once again, Python gets to his feet. He heads over and grabs Chance's head to pull him to his feet. As Crank stands, obviously showing pain in his left knee, he shoots his hand forward catching python in the throat. The referee warns Crank who puts his hands up innocently as Python gasp for breath.] **Stein:** A move of desperation by Chance Von Crank. But it could be the factor that turns this around. [cVc pushes past the referee and grabs Python by the shoulders, holding him long enough to use his leg to sweep python to the mat. Chance stumbles a little bit, still showing his knee in pain before reaching down and grabbing the foot of Python and lifting it. He turns Python over and begins to twist his ankle.] **Mayer:**

Chance Von Crank trying to end it early, applying an ankle lock to Python! Can Python break free or will he give up? [Crank twist the ankle more as Python tries to reach for the bottom rope to break the hold. As he almost grabs it, Chance pulls him back and away. However, his own knee gives away causing him to release the lock and fall back. Chance Von Crank holds his knee as Python sits up and grabs his ankle in pain.] **Stein:** These guys are going to go into Untouchable hurt! It doesn't help that they will be in the opening Battle Royal either! **Mayer:** It's all apart of the job description. [Crank rolls over and uses the ropes to begin pulling himself up as Python gets to his feet as well. As Crank gets to his feet, Python somehow is able to run at him. Crank sees Python in time to bend down and lift him up and over the top rope. However, Python is able to grab the rope and land on the apron.] **Stein:** Python stopped himself from flying to the floor. Chance Von Crank has no idea. [cVc points at his head, taunting the crowd of how smart he is. From behind, Python holds tight onto the top rope, bends down and leaps up, flipping over the rope and coming down with his feet catching Chance Von Crank in the back. Both men crash to the mat.] **Stein:** What a move!

[Python slowly gets to his feet. He looks down at Chance Von Crank and how he is laying, then looks to the fans.] **Mayer:** What is he going to do? [Python runs and drops into a baseball slide, catching Crank squarely in his

manhood. The crowd erupts] **Stein:** Well, Python has promised the fans that he'd land three kicks to Chance von Crank's nuts before the end of the night, calling it the Chance von Crank Hat Trick Nut Kick Challenge. Now we've just received word that Bazzini Nuts has pledged to donate \$25,000 to Python's new favorite charity, the British Columbia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for each one of those kicks he manages to land tonight! There is number one! [Chance Von Crank holds "himself" as Python gets to his feet and immediately is reprimanded by the referee.] **Stein:** Python telling the referee it was an accident. Sure Python, sure. [Python sidesteps the referee, walking over and picking Chance Von Crank up to his feet. Once he has him up, he gives Crank a knee to the midsection. He goes for what looks to be another side knee to the midsection, but turns his leg slightly and catches Chance Von Crank for a second time in the Trailer Park Jewels. Crank falls to the mat, seemingly with a tear in his eyes. The referee is all over Python again who continues to yell that it was an accident.] **Stein:** That's two of three promised tonight, and yet another \$25,000 donated! [Python once again side steps the referee and grabs Chance Von Crank, but this time when he begins to pull him up, Crank brings his arm up between Python's legs and delivers his own low blow.] **Stein:** This match has turned into who can sustain the most shots to the groin it appears. **Mayer:** I can't keep watching this! [Both guys start to get up, even slower than before. Chance shows his knee is as weak as his junk as he stumbles over to the ropes and grabs them, just using them to hold himself up.] [On the other side, Python is able to get up a bit faster, but still in visual pain.] **Stein:** As we are drawing close to time for Untouchable, either of these men can take home a win going into the show. [Python begins to limp forward as does Chance Von Crank. They meet in the middle of the ring and instantly begin throwing punches.] [For every right that Chance Von Crank hits, Python delivers his own. The crowd is going nuts.] [Python blocks one of Chance's fist and comes back with his own, Followed by another and another. Chance Von Crank is caught by surprise. Python takes some steps back and rushes forward, using his athletic ability to leap up, wrapping his legs around the neck of Chance Von Crank and coming down.] **Stein:** HURRICARRANNA! [The fans explode.] [Python quickly covers cVc, hooking the leg as the referee counts..] **Stein:** That's it! That's it! Python has defeated Chance Von Crank!. [The bell sounds as Python is declared the winner of the match.] **Stein:** "What a match that was and what a Retaliation this has been!" **Mayer:** Now is the time, if you haven't already, you need to purchase Untouchable as it goes live in just a few minutes!. [Python celebrates in the ring as Chance Von Crank rolls to the outside.] **Stein:** It has been a pleasure tonight. Thank you, for tuning in right here on DEFIANCEwrestling.com for Retaliation! [The copyright logo appears as the stream fades to black.]