

The Gold Standard

[The lights dim in the arena, gold and green spot lights circle the audience, ring and entire arena: back and forth, side to side, up and down. "Chasing Sheep is Better Left to Shepherds" begins to pulsate through the state of the art sound system. The box ramp has been draped with a gold plush carpet. The crowd knows what time it is and they begin to jeer and hiss.]

[From the back comes the 24 karat limousine, diamonds encrusted in the headlights, platinum coated hub caps and the blood of cheap labor making the entire vehicle inch out onto the stage.]

[The driver doesn't exit. Instead Hector Perez exits from the passenger side of the limo and walks down the length of the vehicle, taking the boos in stride. He opens the door and "The Socialite" Edward White emerges. With his face bruised and his forehead bandaged, he grimaces as he walks towards the ring.]

DDK:

The Socialite isn't looking too hot to trot, eh Angus?

Angus:

Why the hell should he? Despite the gajillions upon gajillions of dollars he has, he flopped HARD in that main event.

DDK:

Good Double Entendre

Angus:

Shut the fuck up.

[Nicky Corrozo stands in the ring, opening the middle and top rope for his boss and his long time co-worker. Edward White looks over the set, two leather chairs and an antique lamp on a just as expensive table. The microphone is handed to him by Hector Perez.]

Edward White:

I blame each and every one of you miserable, worthless, free-loading moochers.

[The crowd replies in jeers and boos. Edward White doesn't bother cracking a smile, he just stares through the crowd, through the television audience, to some thing out in the ether.]

White:

I know exactly what you simpletons are thinking because I've already heard the praise, the celebration, the jubilee and the rejoice. I've been forced to listen to chanting, cheering and Singing all in the name destruction of tyranny. I tried my best to deafen the shouts and praise. With every single drop of Single Malt Scotch, I could hear the same words. I tried to get rid of them with sleep, but even in my dreams, I was still haunted.

I was reminded of the newly crowned World Champion.

Cool. Cancer. Jiles.

[The crowd pops.]

[That's an understatement.]

[They belt out in a roar of cheers, support and chants.]

[But Edward White and company do not share in the celebration. Hector Perez and Nicky Corrozo stand stoic, while

their boss grabs a bottle of water and takes a sip as the fans cheer and mock him.]

White:

THAT_NOISE

That's what I heard.

And it made me sick.

[White continues to grimace, scowling as he takes the microphone away from his mouth only to return it back.]

White:

But from stomach churning nonsense and fever like hypocrisy, comes the subsiding of symptoms. I have a clear head, I can breathe comfortably and I am without illness.

... but can your precious World Heavyweight champion breathe easy? Is he free from the pressure?

No. Cancer Jiles is on borrowed time. Time he STOLE from me. And my time, well, it's money.

Cold. Hard. Cash.

[He chuckles a little bit, the crowd clamoring.]

White:

Cancer... that World Heavyweight Champion is MINE.

You know it.

I know it.

All these slack jacked yokels know it too.

It's just a matter of time.

[The crowd begins to hiss and growl again. Edward White doesn't care. Fuck 'em.]

[Hector Perez steps forward and whispers into White's ear, who grins with a certain amount of pleasure.]

White:

And I suppose it's time for our special guest on The Gold Standard.

He is a man who does not need an introduction, a man that we all have learned to love through hatred and contempt, a man who will right the wrongs he has created and wrong them once more.

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome, "The Only Star"

Eric. Dane.

[Entrance Music.]

{{technical difficulties}}

[Edward White smirks as Eric Dane stands in front of him.]

White:

As that moronic monkey Angus over there would say, the BAWS is here.

[And the crowd cheers again.]

White:

But unlike that bottomfeeder, I have a proper interview to conduct with real questions. Questions of substance and of merit. I'm after the truth Mr. Dane, whether that truth is expressed in dollars, cents, yens or pounds... I'm after it.

[Edward White begins to pace in the ring as Eric Dane stands by, casually.]

White:

The biggest of all questions is where did you go Eric? What happened to "The Only Star" after he got rid of Elijah Goldman, after he was brutalized by "The Ace of Heels" Kai Scott, after he was decimated by vicious kicks and strikes from Heidi Christenson, after his head was caved in by Ronnie Long's shovel and of course after the betrayal of your former associate Jeff Andrews?

[...]

No, actually, I think a better question is what took you so long? Not even where you went. I can guess that you went to your private drive estate and rested your limbs, iced your abrasions, increased blood circulation and elevated anything that was bleeding. But, I'd give you... one, two weeks at the max. After all, I've been stabbed in the kidney and came back the next week with abysmal results.

[...]

So I got to thinking... Why didn't you just have Mr. Andrews put out of his misery? A little wall to wall counseling like you did with my current associate, Bronson Box. It could have been over before he knew it, before you knew it, before the world knew it.

[...]

All these questions, they're really just observations of events that lead to where we are today. I defeated Cancer Jiles one on one in a steel cage match and received an ungodly amount of stitches from my lacerations and some how... some way... that slimy, grimy, despicable waste of capital walked out with the Defiance World Heavyweight Championship.

So I ask you Eric Dane... when is my rematch?

[Eric Dane chuckles, unamused by the line of questions.]

Eric Dane:

Well, Eddy, let me start by saying --

[CHRISTIAN LIGHT POP]

[And you know it's a Christian Light pop because everyone in the arena leaps to their feet as the wailing siren of 'Indestructible' sounds out around the arena. There's hardly any time for the guitars to kick in though as Christian emerges from the back and stomps his way down to the ring, microphone in hand.]

Christian Light:

No, no, no, no, no!

[Light climbs the stairs and steps into the ring.]

Light:

I'm sorry, Eric, I know you've got things to say, and I know Edward White over here has a self serving chat show to host, but there's no way I'm gonna sit in the back and watch this guy worm his way into a championship match.

[Of course Christian is pointing right at Edward White's bearded face. A gesture not appreciated by Nicky Corozzo, but the much more composed White holds him back.]

[Figuratively that is, he's not literally restraining him.]

Light:

I've been in this business for a long, long time, and I've seen guy after guy after guy strut down that ramp and demand a title shot. And you know what? Nine times out of ten, they don't deserve them, and this... this is one of those times.

[Eric simply drops back and watches as Christian turns all of his attention to The Socialite.]

Light:

You had your chance, Eddy. You had your chance at Untouchable and you blew it. You had Jeff Andrews, bleeding like a stuck pig in the middle of this ring. You had Cancer Jiles right there next to him, and what did you do?

You crashed, and you burned.

[Someone fetch the fire extinguisher.]

White:

I had a shovel embedded where my diaphragm should have been and a deck stacked just as high against me as it was against the former World champion. You want to talk about crashing and burning, I seem to remember you getting your chance weeks, and we-

Light:

Oh I'm so glad you brought that up, Eddy, I really am. You want to talk about stacked decks so much, my 'shot' was just another ego stroking exercise for Jeff Andrews. I never stood a chance in that match and that was by design.

Kai Scott:

Yep. MY design.

[Someone fetch the marshmallows on sticks, 'cause there's ultra mega heat radiating from the fans as Kai Scott appears on the stage, microphone in one hand, crutch in the other. No point in any music, he couldn't have announced his arrival any better without utter those words. Standing at the top of the ramp, not heading towards the ring yet, he puts the crutch over his shoulder and looks around the arena, a half-smirk on his face, then raises the mic.]

Scott:

Now, before I get started, let's get something absolutely straight. Eric Dane did not beat Jeff Andrews. Jeff Andrews didn't leave Defiance with his tail between his legs, so much as he left in absolute disgust at this promotion. The tech boys should never have cued whatever godawful rap song it was that Dane entered to. The timekeeper should have never rung the bell, Benny Doyle should never have counted, and Jeff Andrews should have simply walked off.

[Edward White nods sagely as Dane and Light scowl.]

Scott:

HOWEVER. Jeff's a gambler. I suppose he thought he'd finish humiliating Eric by retaining his title in a bullshit impromptu match. Perhaps not coincidentally, I didn't have time to come up with a gameplan for that match, either. What's done is done, though, and Eric Dane made sure that the belt ended up around the waist of Cancer Jiles.

[Pause for cheers, which Scott patiently waits through.]

Scott:

Yep. Why not Christian Light?

[Eyebrows go up.]

Scott:

The deck may have been stacked against Light - I may have personally stacked the deck against Christian Light - but when Eric Dane threw the deck on the floor and made a bunch of "because I'm the boss" decrees, why did they benefit Cancer Jiles?

Christian Light was fighting for Eric Dane the entire time.

Cancer Jiles was fighting for nobody but himself.

[Scott slowly makes his way down the ramp, stopping about halfway to the ring.]

Scott:

And speaking of who gets the first shot at the title, I do believe the Champion is entitled to a rematch before any of you people start bidding for the next shot.

Light:

So where's El Jeffy? Did he sent you out here because he's afraid to come out himself?

Scott:

Jeff Andrews doesn't WANT a rematch, Christian. After everything he did for Defiance, the "Defiance Universe" just took a giant crap on all of it. You of all people should understand how he feels.

[Scott slowly continues down the ramp, finally stopping up against the ropes, but he doesn't step into the ring.]

Scott:

However, let me make another note about Dane's supposed victory over Jeff that was absolutely nothing of the sort. Dane didn't beat Jeff, and no member of Team Danger beat any member of The Untouchables. Dane makes his triumphant return, Team Danger reunited, and they GOT THEIR ASSES BEAT BY THE UNTOUCHABLES!

[Super-duper-mega-fucking]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Scott:

And I - personally - pinned that geriatric troll Stephen Greer. So, as the man who won the PPV main event, the stablemate of the former champion, and the acting leader of the Untouchables, the person who deserves the title shot is clearly ME.

Light:

The only thing you deserve is an unadulterated ass kicking, courtesy my two feet.

[Scott steps backwards, throwing his arms out to the sides as Light starts towards him.]

White:

As much as I'd LOVE to see you to rip each other limb from limb, this time slot is reserved for people who have or currently in control of a multi-million dollar corporation. Not only do I command respect, but I demand it!

Eric Dane, the floor is yours...

[Eric Dane takes one step forward and raises the microphone to his lips.]

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

[He can't get a word out before another interruption cuts him off.]

Alceo Dentari:

Now I know I ain't seein' what I think I'm seein'.

Angus:

Jesus Christ, who's next? Old Tom, the geriatric fuck that never even got a job here?

Dentari:

I know there ain't a ring full a' losers fussin' and fightin' over who gets to fight another loser for the World Title a' all things. I expect that a' the Southern Heritage title, but not the World Championship.

Scott:

If you're here to stake a claim, championship contenders must be in short supply.

[Dentari exhales loud enough for it to be picked up by his mic.]

Dentari:

Don't get me started, Scott. Whether you pinned Stephen Greer or not, as far as I'm concerned you're just 'Loser 1b'.

[Dentari patted the big, shiny Trios title belt wrapped around his waist and climbs the steps up to the apron.]

Dentari:

See, 'cause '1a' would be the girl that wore this exact belt before I tore it from her fingers.

[Before Dentari could step through the ropes to more familiar faces sprinted down the ramp. Ok, maybe they weren't sprinting, but Tony Di Luca was certainly moving faster than usual. Vincent Rinaldi on the other hand moves slower.]

[Probably because he's already out of breath.]

[Off mic Di Luca and Dentari exchange words. Words that end with Di Luca burying his face in his hands and shaking his head as Dentari steps through the ropes and into the ring.]

Dentari:

The same girl I beat while she wore that title yous all are arguin' over.

Where was my shot? Stacked or otherwise?

I had to settle.

[Those words in particular didn't sit well with Tony Two Hands at ringside.]

Dentari:

I'm through settlin'. I want my shot so as I can prove to the world, once an' for all, that whether it's trios or singles, Alceo Dentari is the greatest Defiance has ever seen.

See, one title... it's ok, but I'm havin' two... any a' yous got a problem with that?

[Ya know, with all this talk about World Champion this.]

[And World Champion that.]

[It was only a matter of time.]

[Before...]

♪ 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 this Earth ♪
 ♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

[The crowd erupts in an almost uncontrollable war cry. Angus is the first one to his feet and starts to sing along with Screamin Jay.]

♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

Angus:

[illegible]

[Calmly, out from the back steps the T-shaded, unbuttoned-silk-shirt-collar-popped donning, hair glued, brand spanking NEW DEFIANCE WORLD CHAMPION.]

[Lord COOL.]

[In case you're wondering. Yes. He does have the title to prove it. See: his waistline.]

[Stagnant atop the ramp, Cancer gazes out at the raucous crowd who cheer for him like he is their only child. After basking in their glorious admiration for ten or so seconds, he manifests his old bluetooth headset from the Money COOL days, clicks it on, and begins making his way to the ring.]

[Ed White is furious.]

[Christian Light is envious.]

[Kai Scott is dubious.]

[Ace Dentari is Italianious.]

[Eric Dane is about become infamous.]

Cancer Jiles:

Well.

Well.

Well.

Lookie here. One. Two. Three.

Four.

I declare a thumb war.

[Taking a moment, The Count playfully chuckles with a few of the ringside spectators who find his antics absolutely to

die for. Then, he refocuses his attention on the avalanche of trouble standing inside the ring. He cautiously floats his way up the steel-steps, watching ever so vigilantly the ones who seek to dethrone him. Instead of stepping through the ropes and throwing himself to the wolves though, he pauses for Edward White's assistance.]

Jiles:

Umm? Ed? Pretty sure this is your gig, how about showing your new Champion some respect and ya hold the ropes open for me? You know, be a gracious host and all that fun stuff.

[Edward White does not budge.]

Jiles:

Fine. What about you, Ace? Or can you not reach the second rope?

[Kai Scott laughs with the rest of the thousands in attendance, which causes Cancer to cut his own jesting short.]

Jiles:

I don't know what you're laughing at, Kai. Rumor has it you're just as short as he is... just in a different department.

[Dick joke.]

[More arena wide hilarity ensues.]

[Christian Light at this point is staring a hole through Jiles' sunglasses, patiently grinding his teeth for his turn.]

Jiles:

Yeah. I see you, Christian. Better back it up before I get frisky and decide to egg the entire ring.

[Eric Dane shakes his head a disappoint. However, Cancer's threat is successful and Light takes a step back. The COOL one enters by leaping over the top rope; sticking the landing just a few feet away from Edward White. There is no love loss between the two, as Jiles covers the mouthpiece on his bluetooth to exchange in a few pleasantries with his old chum.]

Angus:

Pretty sure that what's going on inside the ring right now is the exact definition of "ticking time bomb".

[Not one to single another out, Cancer begins weaving between the numerous gold hungry landmines scattered about the ring; giving them all a good look at the goods and acting in a way that would lead you to believe his legs have also been cast out of COOLtanium. After COOL dusting the pack cold, he takes respite in the form of sitting atop the top turnbuckle.]

Jiles:

Sooooooooo, where were we? I believe you were all saying that due to shit circumstances -- that because the deck was stacked against you when it was your chance to become Cancer Jiles -- that, this somehow entitles you to another shot?

[Kai Scott goes to correct the quisitive look across the Defiance World Champion's face, however T.H.C. COOL talks right over him.]

Jiles:

With your Jeff did this, and your Jeff did that. Did he bury any of you alive?

[No answers. Some agitation, but no answers.]

Jiles:

Did he fire you? Did he do everything in his power to keep you OUT of the wrestling ring?

[Still no peeps.]

Jiles:

No. He didn't. Truth is, no one has had it worse... no one has had to suffer and endure what it is that I have been through. Well, maybe you have Kai. Ya know, being in the Untouchables.

[Scott rolls his eyes at the remark.]

Jiles:

Point is.

After all of the shit I've had to trudge through...

Here. I. Am.

[A shit obvious shit grin balloons across Cancer's lips.]

Jiles:

Your. World. Champion.

[Jiles looks over at Dentari, quickly eyeing him up and down.]

Jiles: [aside but purposely loud enough for all to hear]

See, miracles do happen, Ace. Keep on hanging upside down, you'll grow there.

[Dentari goes to respond, however Jiles has had all the mics cut. Hence, the double edge usage of the bluetooth. The first cut being to piss Edward White off because it cost 70K and he obviously paid for it, with the second cut being no one able to interrupt his monologue.]

Jiles:

In other words -- **your excuses** -- have been voided gentlemen. That said, do US all a favor, Dentari. Do Defiance a solid, Christian. Scratch the Champion's back... again, Edward...

[Instead of addressing Kai, Cancer elects to just look at him as if he were a doorman.]

Jiles:

...AND SHUT THE FUCK UP about what it is you think you're entitled to. Because in my eyes... NAY! IN THE DEFIANCE WORLD CHAMPION'S EYES!! After witnessing this little circle jerk pity party... not one of you Mongoloids is worthy of this crown.

[The Count points to the Defiance World Title nestled around his waist.]

Jiles:

Not.

[Cancer scans the faces of his adversaries, ending with Edward White.]

Jiles:

ONE.

[Eric Dane goes to speak, being BAWWS his microphone is uncuttable. However, the crowd erupts in a massive chant, thwarting his verbal abuse yet again.]

YOU'RE NOT WORTHY, cha-cha-chachacha

YOU'RE NOT WORTHY, cha-cha-chachacha
YOU'RE NOT WORTHY, cha-cha-chachacha

[The BAWS taps his mic., silencing the crowd instantly.]

Dane:

I'm? Not? Worthy?

[The crowd answers with the quickness.]

WE MEANT THE OTHER GUYS, cha-cha-chachacha
WE MEANT THE OTHER GUYS, cha-cha-chachacha
WE MEANT THE OTHER GUYS, cha-cha-chachacha

Jiles:

But--

[Before Jiles can even sarcastically ask, the rabid crowd once again breaks out in uniform chant.]

Edward White, cha-cha-chachacha
Ace Dentari, cha-cha-chachacha
Kai Scott, cha-cha-chachacha

[The handful of Light haters aren't loud enough to add his name to the list.]

Dane:

Enough.

[Pin drop silence.]

Dane:

Cut all their mics. I'm sick of getting interrupted.

[You know this happened because both Scott and Dentari try to interrupt, and can't on account of the microphones not working.]

Dane:

Were any of you guys actually paying attention at Untouchable? Just in case, let me remind you the moral of the story that was Untouchable 2013.

Defiance is my promotion. Defiance is my property.

I am the boss.

[BIG crowd pop.]

Dane:

That means that I'm the person here who decides who wrestles who and on which shows. I don't care if you're the richest man in wrestling, or the smartest man in wrestling, or the coolest man in wrestling.

[His finger was pointed at Edward White, then Kai Scott, then Cancer Jiles.]

Dane:

I don't care if you've been working beside me for fifteen years. I don't even really care if you tried to help sell this promotion out to Elijah Goldman.

[Finger point at Christian Light, then at Alceo Dentari.]

Dane:

You all come out here, you talk over top of me, and you think that's going to get you a World Title shot? NO. Andrews is gone, and that means we're back to doing things the old fashioned way. You want a shot? You earn a shot.

Ed, you can go through Dan Ryan to get your shot.

And Dentari, you can go through Tom Sawyer.

And even though neither of them came out here, I think we'll have a match between Bronson Box and Python.

[Big crowd pop.]

[Edward White doesn't look happy. He's whispering into Nicky Corozzo's ear. Dentari shrugs, indicating he doesn't care.]

Dane:

As for you Christian, I'm already tired of hearing about how I don't do anything for you, so I'm giving you an early payday. You want your title shot? Go through Kai Scott to get it.

[EVERYbody likes this idea.]

[Well, except for Kai Scott, for obvious reasons.]

Dane:

And the reason we're doing a bunch of qualifier matches? You see, it's been entirely too long since we had a Ladder War.

[The reaction is such that the guys in the tech department get tired of waiting for it to fade, and just go straight to commercial break.]

Seth Stratton vs Buffalo Brian Slater



[The guitar intro to ZZ Top's "La Grange" begins to play as the crowd directs their attention to the stage. The drums hit and the song picks up tempo as Head of Defiance Security 'Buffalo' Brian Slater stomps out.]

DDK:

It would appear we're ready for our first match! Weeks ago, newcomer Seth Stratton disappeared only to return at Untouchable in a, let's say undesirable state. He ran afoul 'Buffalo' Brian Slater...

Angus:

He got feces on him.

DDK:

... Okay, so much for tact. Either way, Slater is none too happy with Stratton, and if he wants to be re-instated he has to defeat the big man here tonight!

[Slater slides into the ring and stares straight ahead with his arms folded. As he waits, his music cuts and is replaced by Dokken's "Breaking the Chains".]

DDK:

I see Seth's taste in music hasn't changed.

[The song plays, but Seth's nowhere to be found.]

Angus:

Ten bucks says he got drunk and wandered off again.

[But he's there. At the 2:15 mark of the song, as George Lynch is hitting his ear raping solo, Seth walks out with his arms raised.]

DDK:

That seemed like an eternity. I think he's adding fuel to the fire that is Brian Slater's rage.

Angus:

You're right, Brian doesn't look like a Dokken guy.

[Seth stops in the middle of the stage, lowers his arms, then raises them quickly again in synch with the pyro...

... but there is no pyro, so he just looks like a jackass. Annoyed, he walks down the ramp and climbs into the ring using the steps like a civilized gentlemen.]

DDK:

Well, that was awkward.

[It's on. Slater wastes no time rearing back and throwing a big right hand at Seth's head. Seth manages to dodge the punch and ducks underneath and behind Slater, delivering a quick kick to the back of his knee. Afterwards, Seth stands back with his hands raised, admiring his handy work.]

DDK:

Oh yeah, that's smart.

Angus:

He's been out of the game for a while, but those cat like reflexes remain.

[Angered, Slater turns to face Stratton and lunges forward with a clothesline. Seth ducks underneath this as well, but instead of launching a counter attack he strikes a bullfighter's pose.]

DDK:

Perhaps it's Brian Slater who needs to shake off the rust, though this seems like a questionable strategy.

Angus:

I don't think Seth will like Buffalo when he's angry.

[This time around, Slater simply grabs Stratton around the neck with both arms and lifts him into the air with ease. He smiles a 'Gotcha, Bitch' smile but it's only temporary as Seth lands a landing quick rake to the eyes. Slater drops Seth who lands in a heap and quickly scrambles to his feet. Slater grabs his eyes in pain and quickly notes his dissatisfaction with the ref, who apparently saw nothing.]

Angus:

Lightning quick work by Seth there. Textbook.

DDK:

Textbook cheating.

[Seth turns his back to Slater and begins working the crowd. He poses. He shows off a few dance moves. The crowd loves it, they're into it, their collective voices are rising. Mostly because Slater is standing right behind Seth, waiting to pounce. But Seth doesn't know that. He's entranced by his adoring public.]

Angus:

I wonder how Seth's gonna get out of this one?

DDK:

I don't think he is.

[Finally, Seth turns. He turns right into a full body press by Slater. The crowd lets out a loud pop as Seth struggles, but it's no use. Slater heaves him out of the ring and into the security partition. Seth struggles into a seated position, before a rubenesque woman in the front row helps him up. Or to be technical, he grabs her blouse and pulls himself up, ripping the garment off in the process.]

DDK:

Thank God she was wearing a bra. Barely avoided a lawsuit there.

Angus:

Thank God? Lawsuits be damned, I came to see some boobies!

[DEFSEC holds back the woman's angry male suitor, as Seth taunts him. Slater motions to the guard from the ring, and he relents, allowing the rather burly gentlemen to climb the security wall. Seth runs for his life as the man gives chase around the ring.]

DDK:

What a circus! What a display by Seth Stratton, who clearly owes this man and his wife an apology!

[As he nears the ring steps, Seth turns and executes a drop toe hold on the man. His skull bounces off the steel and he falls to the ground out cold.]

Angus:

And that folks, is why you don't breach the security wall. Even with permission.

DDK:

Annnnnnd the lawsuit is back in play.

[Slater climbs out of the ring to grab Stratton, but Stratton slides in at the same time. Slater takes this opportunity to check on the fan, before calling more security over to escort the fan backstage. Slater then climbs back onto the apron, but gets hit with a knee to the midsection by Seth, who grabs him in a front face lock.]

DDK:

Uhh, Is Seth Stratton going to suplex Brian Slater from the outside in?

Angus:

You're damn right he is!

[Seth rears back and lifts, but Slater's feet don't even leave the apron. Instead, Slater reverses and suplex's Stratton from the inside out, to a huge pop from the crowd. The two nearly hit the two security guards guiding the fan backstage. Slater sit ups and holds his back in pain, while Seth stirs in pain.]

Angus:

Uh, you're damn right he isn't!

DDK:

Nice cover up. Slater looks to have done some damage to his back.

[Regardless, Slater rises first and grabs Stratton, tossing him back into the ring. He follows and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Looks like he gave Stratton too much time to recover there.

Angus:

You've gotta strike while the iron is hot.

[Slater pulls Stratton up by the hair, gets him in double underhooks, lifts, and tosses him nearly across the ring. He walks over and goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-NO!]

DDK:

Another near fall for Slater after the inventive suplex!

Angus:

It's not looking good for Seth's future in Defiance.

[Slater lifts Seth again, looking to finish the job. He harshly whips him into the ropes. As Seth comes back, he ducks and baseball slides feet first between Slater's legs. He hits the opposite set of ropes and before Slater can turn, Seth knees him in the balls from behind and wrestles to the mat simultaneously.]

DDK:

The ref didn't see THAT either?

Angus:

Seth Stratton raises cheating to an art form.

[With Slater incapacitated on the mat, Seth moves up and applies a quick reverse armbar. Before he gets a real chance to sink it in though, Slater grabs the ropes. Seth keeps the hold on until the five count nears and finally releases it. He steps back and waits for Slater to slowly rise, doubled over.]

Angus:

I think it's Match Point!

DDK:

This escalated quickly.

[Seth hits the ropes and prepares himself to bring the elbow down on the back of Slater's head, but Slater stands straight up at the last second and Seth hits the mat with a thud to a pop from the crowd. Slater grabs Seth and lifts him into another full body press, but he can't fully extend. Something is holding him back. It's Seth, with two fistfuls of Slater's long hair. The two struggle before Seth finally pulls Slater down to the mat by the hair. No warning for Stratton, and Slater stands up, livid.]

DDK:

I think Mark Shields forgot his contacts.

Angus:

I didn't see anything.

[Slater gets in the ref's face and the two argue. Seth slides out of the ring to the front of the announce table, and plunges a hand into the front of his pants...]

DDK:

Dear God, he's going to pull out his penis.

[...And retrieves a bottle of light yellow liquid. The label features a squat Hispanic man riding a donkey, and the text is in Spanish.]

Angus:

No, it's Mescal! I've only heard about this, but never seen it in action!

[Seth takes a swig from the small bottle and returns it to his pants. He leaps up onto the apron and motions for the angry Slater, who turns and grabs him. Seth then spit's the mouthful of the low grade alcohol into Slater's face, temporarily blinding him. Slater stumbles back, and Seth pulls on the top rope, apparently testing it's strength.]

DDK:

This referee really should be working concessions.

Angus:

Oh man, here it comes! It's...

[Seth springboards into the ring and collides ass first with Slater's chest, knocking him to the mat. As they fall, he digs both elbows into the big man. In the aftermath, Seth is sitting on his chest with his shoulders pinned to the mat.]

Angus:

UNCLE SETH'S TIJUANA NIGHTMARE! IT DOES EXIST!

DDK:

There's no way that just happened.

[Seth reaches back and hooks one of Slater's legs. The referee begins the count, keeping an eye on Stratton this time.]

ONE!

TWO!

Satisfied with two clean counts, the official takes his eyes of Stratton to go for the third, and only then does Seth grab the bottom rope with his right hand and position his left leg over the top rope.

THREE!]

Angus:

That was inspiring.

DDK:

That was disgusting!

[Seth quickly slides out of the ring as Slater shoots up angrily and lets out a primal roar.]

DDK:

Brian Slater is none too happy with Seth OR the officiating tonight.

Angus:

But like it or not, Seth Stratton is back, baby!

WHY NOT MORE FEIT

[A yellow-and-orange-painted Honda VF1000 superbike's engine gives a low whine as it turns off the main road going by the Lakefront Arena. Bypassing the parking lot by zipping around a barrier, the Interceptor(And the yellow-and-black-clad-Rider atop it) zoom down the ramp of the parking area.]

Angus: Oh. Wonderful. It's Tom Sawyer, as his other other gimmick. **DDK:** I hope he's got his working boots on tonight! He faces Python in one of the most hotly divisive matches I can think of in a long while! **Angus:** Divisive? Tom makes me retch. Python... I'm guessing he's gonna soon be doing the same for me. [The supercycle comes rolling down the ramp, the leather-clad figure with the full-coverage Stig-style helmet covering his head. As he lets the bike coast to a stop, he reaches up, flipping the visor to the helmet up. Tom's blue eyes peer out, spying the cameraman. Letting go of the safer handle, Tom gives a jaunty wave...] **Angus:** ENTER HEIDI! [The cameraman just barely manages to catch Heidi entering the frame, leading with a flying snap-kick to Tom the Rider's back! Not done, Heidi grabs ahold of Sawyer's helmet, bodily dragging him off the bike! The still-running Interceptor falls over with a crash, but Heidi is too busy firing off rapid-fire Kawada kicks to Tom's chest!] **Angus:** Heidi's gone apeshit! She's gonna finally kill Sawyer! [But the Rider would not go down so easily! Shooting a quick elbow into Heidi's stomach, he spun, leaping as he did, and Tom caught Heidi in the jaw with a roundhouse knee!] **DDK:** Sawyer's still alive in this! [Tom landed, grabbing Heidi by the front of her shirt and rushing her backwards! He shoved Heidi bodily into the side of a car, the woman's body hitting with a loud THUMP. But Heidi was too incensed to let that be it, and EXPLODED away from the car with a rushing knee! Tom took it straight in the gut, and Heidi was quick to grab the Rider by his leather jacket, yanking him back to crash helmet-first into the side of the car!] **Angus:** Uh... Derp derp? [Tom spun around with a lashing-out spinning backfist, and Heidi... Deflected it easily! A stiffed stabbing chop smacked Tom right in the throat, just below the chin-part of his helmet! As Sawyer bent over, choking, Heidi grabbed ahold of his helmet and gave a vicious yank!] SCHLOOP [Sawyer's helmet came clean off, and Heidi could SHOVE Tom backwards into the car! His head cracked into the roof, and Tom went to slump down... But Heidi was too fast on Tom! She grabbed him by the leather jacket again, spun around...] **A Voice:** Heidi. Stop. [Heidi, holding the limp Sawyer by the front of his jacket, snaps her head to look at who the FUCK was interrupting her. And the answer was quite obvious, actually.] **Kai Scott:** Heidi, leave the kid alone. This is NOT our priority. **Ronnie Long:** Besides, don't you think the kid's had enough? [Heidi pauses for a moment to consider, hand coming up to squeeze around Tom's face, fingers squeezing his cheeks together.] **Heidi Christenson:** ...Nope. **KERRASH!** [And smashed Tom right through the glass of the driver's side window!] [Within a moment, Long and Scott grab Heidi by the arms, dragging her away from the ruined car! Whoever that car belonged to(Read: Chance Von Crank) was gonna have a bad night.] **Heidi Christenson:** Let go of me. RIGHT now. **Ronnie Long:** Not gonna happen. **Kai Scott:** We need to leave, befo- **A Voice:** Alright, that's about all'a this bullshit I'm gonna have. [All of a sudden, security guards flood the scene, making a wall of pure humanity between the Rider and the Untouchables! And right in the middle of the madness was... Teh Baws. He glares down Heidi, before glancing to the figure being pulled out of the car's shattered window.] **Eric Dane:** This? This is over. The next time I catch you two fighting on my TV show, Brian Slater shoves a stungun up both your asses and leaves it on until the battery dies. [Dane looks back to Heidi.] **Eric Dane:** Clair St. Sure is gonna kick your lily-white ass. Go get dressed. [Security guards hustle a snarling Heidi Christenson away.] [Dane turns to Scott, eyes narrowing as he stares into Scott's eyes.] **Eric Dane:** Keep her on a leash or you're all out of my company. I'm trying not to be vindictive and fire you all, but if you give me one more reason... **Kai Scott:** I know how to play the game, Eric, but she's listening to me about as well as she's listening to anyone else. The only guy who can ACTUALLY control her isn't here. **Ronnie Long:** Right. Jeff control Heidi. Ahahaha. **Kai Scott:** Never said it was Jeff, did I? [Scott jerks a hand, turns about, and walks away. Long, his expression blank, follows.] **Eric Dane:** And as for you... [As Dane turns to Tom, the security guard beside Tom is picking chunks of safety glass from the kid's hair.] **Eric Dane:** My office, now. [Everyone marches off-camera.]

What is your problem?

[Backstage. Loading dock two, to be exact.]

"Always the black, never the red, open your ears and hear what I said."

"Twenty right here."

"Ohhhhhh!"

[The commotion is coming from next to one of the production trucks where Tyrone Walker has set himself up with a nice little game of Three Card Monte with the DEF behind the scenes crew. His forever partner in crime, Stephen Greer, sits on a road case beside them, digging his way to the bottom of a bag of Cheetos.]

TY:

I told you, baby, you gotta watch where that lady walks. Always follow that black ass.

Roadie:

Whatever, man, I've got you, do it up again.

[Walker starts to quickly shuffle the cards, spitting the distraction game the whole time.]

TY:

Follow that lady, let her talk to you. Where's it, where's it, where's the lady at?

[The beer-bellied trucker throws a twenty on the center card.]

Roadie:

Twenty says the spade is right there.

Greer:

Fifty says *this* spade is gonna take all your loot.

Roadie:

My ass.

[Walker flips the card and sure enough, the elusive Queen is smiling up.]

Roadie:

Hot damn! I told you I had it!

[He high fives his bearded brethren.]

Walker:

Double or nothing, baby, see if you can ride that lucky streak.

Roadie:

You're on!

[Walker starts the sleight of hand once again, the words flowing faster than the cards. Greer perks up when he sees Christian Light, the "Last Nighthawk", walk through the service entrance. Clad in faded black jeans, his equally faded Nighthawks leather jacket and with his bag slung over his shoulder, Light stomps, focused, through the open door.]

Greer:

Chris! Hey Chris!

[Light doesn't respond in any way, except to continue stomping forward. Greer tosses his Cheetos aside and hops off the road case, picking up a step to catch up with his Team Danger cohort.]

Greer:

Wait up, man, Jesus!

[Greer reaches Light and grabs him by the shoulder. Before an eye can blink, Light spins and goes face to face with Greer, jamming a finger in his chest.]

Light:

What do you want?! Haven't you done enough?

[Greer slaps Light's hand away and steps forward.]

Greer:

What the fuck is your problem, man?

Light:

You cost me my World Title!

[Knowing his partner the way he does, Walker starts toward the confrontation, but not before snatching up the cash.]

Greer:

You've got to be fucking kidding me!

Light:

You let Kai Scott pin you. I had everything in place, I was finally going to wrest that belt from Andrews and you have to go and get involved.

[Greer is nearly apoplectic at this point, he can't believe what he's hearing.]

Greer:

I got you that World Title shot, you ingrate. If it weren't for me, you'd still be roaming around pretending to be a good guy and jerking off Dentari and his boys, just hoping and praying that if you did the boy scout routine long enough that somehow things would just fall into your lap.

Light:

You should have just stayed gone. You took my opportunity and you squandered it, like you've done everything in your life.

Greer:

Well, I guess we're even on Florida then, aren't we?

[The words leave Greer's mouth just as Ty Walker arrives to intervene. Florida, of course, referring to the incident where Ty Walker won the NWA World Heavyweight Championship from Widowmaker only to be stripped later that night due to the interference of Light in the match. Walker's shoulders sink.]

Light:

That was thirteen years ago!

Greer:

A lot of things were thirteen years ago, fucko.

Light:

What does that even mean?

[Walker's brow goes upward inquisitively, he's interested in this answer as well.]

Greer:

It means that without me, without Team Danger, you'd have stayed completely irrelevant. You'd already lost the spark and you always knew a good thing to latch onto. You wouldn't have had us to do your dirty work and keep your little image up. Without me and without my willingness to shove a fork in Heidi's cunt little eye, you wouldn't have even *had* an opportunity for me to, apparently, squander. Fuck you.

[Lights eyes widen and his bag starts to drop off his shoulder. Walker is quick into action, inserting himself forcibly between the two big, raging bulls.]

Walker:

Stevie, walk away. Chris, it's all good man, I don't know why everyone's so hot, but let's just let it all go, cool?

[Light stares straight through Walker, looking at the smirk on Greer's face. He snorts and pulls his bag back tight to his body.]

Light:

You're right, I don't have time for this. I have to go and fix what you've broken.

[With that, Light turns and stomps off. Walker turns back to Greer, his face painted with disbelief.]

Walker:

The fuck was that about?

Greer:

Eh, whatever. He shouldn't blame me for shit because he can't get the job done.

[Walker looks back to find that his rubes have dispersed.]

Walker:

Man, I was making some good money too. This is your fault.

Greer:

I'll get you back.

Walker:

Damn right.

[Cut back to ringside.]

Eugene Dewey vs Jeremy Knyte

**Angus:**

Next up we have the fat nerd versus the fat...

[Metallica's Hero of the Day begins rocking over the PA system, somewhat cutting Angus off.]

Angus:

--THE. FUCK.

[Jeremy Knyte emerges from the back, refillable WAWA coffee cup in tow. He saunters his merry way down the entrance ramp, goes up the steps, between the top and second rope and enters the ring. With his free hand, he removes his shirt. To much of the crowd's displeasure, a flap of girth pops loose which he hastily tucks back into the waistband of his trunks. Recovered, he hands off the coffee cup to the official and starts loosening up for the match.]

Angus:

I wonder why he drinks coffee.

DDK:

It's not coffee.

Angus:

I know.

DDK:

Oh. Then... why would you say?????

Angus:

.....GAWD DAMMET DARREN STOP BOTHERING ME FOR NO REASON.

[Dead air.]

[Until.]

[Eugene Dewey walks out from the back. He stops to wave uncomfortably towards the crowd, and then heads on down to the ring. Reluctantly, he slaps hands with a few fans before making his arrival. Once in the ring, he waves again and takes his place in the corner quietly.]

DDK:

So who do you got taking this one home?

Angus:

Not the ring. With these two fattys in there I'd be surprised if it makes it through the match.

DDK:

You're impossible.

Angus:

Thank you.

DING!

[The two men cautiously circle each other. Not before long, they engage in a tie up with Dewey quickly getting the best of it. He wrenches Knyte's head into a headlock, quickly knees him in the gut and then hoists the big fella up for a few seconds before sending him crashing to the mat with a vertical suplex.]

DDK:

Looks like all that work inside the Faces of Death Training Temple is starting to payoff for Eugene. He just lifted up Knyte with relative ease! It was like he were playing Tetris blindfolded!

Angus:

I'll tell ya what it looks like, Darren. If it weren't for the fact that Dewey is a straight up nerd and that Knyte has a beard with a humming bird nesting in it, I'd say these two guys could pass for twins.

DDK:

Well... if you mean that Knyte outweighs Dewey by two pounds and also holds an inch advantage in the height department-- you'd be right to say that.

Angus:

I mean if Knyte robbed a bank and Dewey took his place in the police lineup.... the nerd would be going to jail.

[After getting to his feet, Dewey starts layin' teh boots to his fallen opponent. Then, not wasting any time, he bounces off the ropes and drops one of his eighty pound legs across Knyte's throat.]

Angus:

Goodbye windpipe.

[Continuing with the fast pace, Dewey rolls to his feet and moves in on the former NeWA hardcore champion.]

CRuNcH~~!**DDK:**

Ew. Low blow, and I don't think the ref saw it.

[Dewey doubles over, falling hard to the canvas clutching at his groin.]

Angus:

That was hilarious. Can we rewind that?

[Knyte, in no shape to take advantage of the desperation cheap shot, lays on the canvas gasping for air. Eventually though, he slumbers to his feet, and moves in on Dewey. Standing by the ropes, he helps his opponent up and then sends him crashing back down to the mat with a short European uppercut that lands flush under Eugene's chin.]

DDK:

That will chip a tooth.

Angus:

You need to update your notes, Dummy. Dewey has dentures-- all of the sugar he eats on an hourly basis has rotted his teeth.

....and I'm the one who is impossible?

[Angus rolls his eyes.]

[Once again Knyte pulls Dewey to his feet. This time, he sets him up for a DDT, but before he can go through with the move Dewey is able to counter, and back body drop Knyte over the top rope.]

THUNK~!

DDK:

WOW! Knyte must have dropped at least twenty feet to the floor! This match could be over!

Angus:

He has a lot of padding, so I doubt it.

[Dewey slides out of the ring and, collects Knyte and sends him crashing into the guardrail via a hard Irish whip. Then, he charges in after him and connects with a massive body splash that buckles the guardrail.]

[The crowd erupts.]

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Angus:

I said the ring, but I guess what I really meant to say was the barricade. That thing is rhew_end.

[Dewey slowly takes a step back from the pancake position, allowing the severely dazed Knyte to wobble out a step or two before leveling him with a short clothesline.]

Angus:

Damn! Dewey sure is bringing the pain tonight. And here I was thinking I was going to fall asleep during this eating contest.

[Grabbing Knyte by the arm, Dewey lifts him up and walks him back towards the apron. He slams Knyte's head against the mat, and then rolls him back into the ring before the ref can count to nine.]

[Once in the ring, Eugene hoists Knyte up to his feet, situates him so he's standing groggily unaware, drops down and thrusts upward with the velocity of Sonic the Hedgehog.]

SHOR~~~~~YUKEN~~~~~!!!!!!

[The impact from the jumping twisting uppercut from the crouched position sends Knyte vertical, and then horizontal, and then to lifeless in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

Now he might be missing a tooth. That was vicious!

DDK:

Indeed it was!

1.

2.

3.

[Dewey rolls off of Knyte, and the ref holds his hand high in decisive victory.]

Office Time

[The Eric Dane Master Control Chamber of DEFIANCE. His office. Cleansed of the purple of the Ravens, the yellow and green of the John Deere logo, and returned to... businesslike white, simple gray carpeting, a finely crafted, but simple wooden desk. The Only Star's jacket hung from a coat rack behind him, and he sat at his desk, hands clasped before him.]

[The door opens abruptly, Brian Slater walking in first.] **"Buffalo" Brian Slater:** The med gives him a clean bill of health. No concussion, his ribs are fine. Medically cleared. He can face Python. **Eric Dane:** Good. Bring him in. [Slater whistles, and the group of four overly burly men (Two of whom wearin' either really tough or really bear-ish moustaches. Individual interpretation shall have to remain up to the reader.) walked into the room, flanking Tom Sawyer. With a hangdog, already-tired look on his face, the kid looks around at the five DEFSec men, all of whom could have been against him in the bad old days of the Untouchareign.] **Tom Sawyer:** Listen, I- **Eric Dane:** Sit. Everyone else out. [Tom immediately plops into the uncomfortable steel folding chair on the subservient side of the desk. Slater and the DEFsec crew all leave, closing the door behind. Tom and Dane share a moment of quiet awkwardness. Well, to one. To the other, it was dramatic, meaningful silence.] **Eric Dane:** You called it, before all of that happened. You wanted to tell me that something was about to happen, and I didn't listen. And I paid the price. And you remained as much on my side as anybody possibly could have during all that. **Tom Sawyer:** Yes. [Eric nodded, finally finishing the last piece of writing on the piece of paper. He slid it across the desk to Tom, along with the pen.] **Eric Dane:** This is your new contract, and will take effect the moment you sign it. [Tom's eyes quickly scan over the document, and his eyes bulge a bit.] **Tom Sawyer:** That's... Awfully generous. **Eric Dane:** Not in comparison to the amount of money you have made this company with Foreshadowing, DEF Row, and The Good Fight merchandise, not to mention your solo self. You might be... annoying, to some. And you might need a constant drip of Ritalin. But you've done me a great service. [Dane took a moment to think exactly how to say this next part.] **Eric Dane:** The Untouchables were something I should have seen coming. But you shouldn't have to, and aren't able to fight whole stables by yourself. I'd rather have you enjoy wrestling and being healthy than killing yourself. [Dane gives a double-knock on his desk. Slater's security, just outside, opens the door for Tom. Standing, Eric look to the door, then to Tom. He even goes so far as to extend his hand for a businesslike shake. Tom hops to his feet and takes Dane's hand in a warm double clasping.] **Eric Dane:** You did good, kid. Relax for a little while. Just wrestle good matches. Keep your eyes open, of course, but I've got this. I want you to go out there and have this match with Python. Have a good old time. And I'll take it from here. [Dane sits back down as Tom gives Eric a big nod.] **Tom Sawyer:** I'll keep my eyes open, boss. Thank you. [With that, the hyperactive kid bounces out of Teh Baws' office. As the door slowly clicks shut again, Eric lets out a sigh.] **Eric Dane:** Like running a nuthouse. At least SOME of the inmates want to help...

Face Value

[The locker room is booming backstage. Wrestlers preparing for matches while Chance Von Crank stands in his locker room alone. Looking in the mirror wearing all his gear and his title draped across his shoulder. He is staring into the mirror at his own reflection in deep thought. Chance's eyes wander ever so often to his Southern Heritage Championship. A reminder of just what's at stake this night. He briefly looks around his locker room making sure he is alone.]

cVc:

This is your time Pussy. Nearly wasted away wrestling at fairs and in random backyards but now look at you. You gonna be a pussy out there tonight or be the Champion? Are you a pussy?

Charlene:

You are a pussy.

[Chance whips around from the mirror to confront Charlene. She is standing in front of him with two different colored high heels on, an old t-shirt, panties, and one angry looking face.]

cVc:

So you just wore panties all the way to this locker room?

Charlene:

Yes, motherfucker I sure did.

[Chance walks around her checking every curve of her body as he does so.]

cVc:

That's Hot. You have the finest ass that my penis has ever cum across, girl.

[Charlene briefly smiles at the crude compliment. She begins to smile but attempting to hide it from Chance.]

Charlene:

You're too sweet, Chance. It's not going to work this time, I just spent way too many hours on the road with a truck driver who is well on his way to becoming a successful serial killer. I survived. Just like I always have with all the shit you have gotten me caught up in. I lost my shorts you like and my purse.

[Chance walks up behind Charlene as she watches him in the mirror. Chance licks her neck all the way to her ear. Then he begins to whisper in her ear.]

cVc:

See I do things like that because you're my dirty whore. It has always been that way since we first met. I know you think you have a vote here and maybe that you are important. I just wanted to stop that shit real quick before it gets out of hand. See you're here to keep my dick wet, cook, and most important of all... Keep your fucking mouth shut when my dicks not in it. If you start back talking me and being the bitch we both know you are... I'll simply leave you on the side of the road and find another whore to do your job. You are less than nothing, you have so much in common with those three assholes I'm about to make matter later tonight it's not even funny. That guy you use to know that wasn't successful at his craft and failed as you have said, that guy is dead. When you become more trouble than you are worth, that's a wrap for you bitch. Remember where I picked you up at. Do you understand your place a little better now? Nod if you understand.

[Charlene nods in agreement and continues looking at the floor as Chance begins staring into the mirror again.]

cVc:

Good.

[Chance picks up the small charm he got in the 9th ward from Queen Mercedes. He smiles almost as if he had nearly forgotten his edge. He slips the charm and gold chain over his head and continues to look in the mirror.]

cVc:

I almost forgot about the curse I had this crazy cunt put on my opponents. When I walk out to that ring tonight I will know they are cursed and The Shock-N-Rolla is just better curse or no curse. I hear everyone talk about my brand, or this and that. This is not a brand to me, this is what I do. I sell mean to earn green like no one else can. These three men ramble on and on about the same shit and wouldn't be noticed what so ever if I hadn't mentioned them on twitter. I'm glad you made it back before the show though.

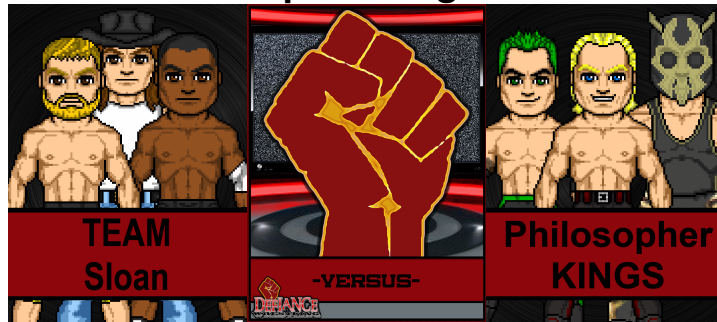
Charlene:

Really?

cVc:

Yeah before I go out there to add more to the bottom of my Wikipedia page I need some ass. See already time for you to put in some "work". So drop down and get your eagle on and make that shit bounce for daddy.

Mike Sloan Xperience vs Philosopher Kings

**Angus:**

Welcome back to DEFTV! The Philosopher Kings are in the ring.

DDK:

The Kings look like they are poised for a fight tonight.

Angus:

EXTRAVAGANZA!

[Cue the music.]

[A dark figure is produced on the DEF-A-TRON. Bright white lights flash from behind and all around him is cast into a shadow.]

♪ You take a mortal man ♪

[The spot light hits Mike Sloan standing front and center of his team.]

♪ And put him in control ♪

[The rookie, Luke Windham.]

♪ Watch him become a god ♪

[The Mouthpiece, Curtis Penn.]

♪ Watch people's heads a'roll ♪

[The Heatseeker, Tyson Burke.]

[They make their way down to the ring all following their manager.]

[They enter one at a time: Curt by sliding under the ropes baseball style, Tyson launches himself over the ropes tucking and rolling once his body hits the mat, while Luke steps over the top rope and joins his teammates in the center of the ring.]

[Sloan on the outside of the ring points up towards the DEF-a-Tron with his cane.]

MIKE SLOAN'S EXTRAVAGANZA!

DDK:

Sloan's team had a shot at the titles at Untouchable.

Angus:

No Shit I was there, they blew it.

Quimbey:

And their opponents, Hailing from Pensacola, Florida... The Mouth Piece, Curtis Penn! Hailing from Silverhill, Alabama... Luke Windham! And Hailing from Atlanta, Georgia... The Heat Seeker... TYSON BURKE! Weighing in at approximately 833 Pounds, The Mike Sloan Extravaganza!

DDK:

Sloan's team needs a win here.

Angus:

Here? They needed a win at Untouchable.

DDK:

Indeed they did, I look for them to bounce back here.

[Benny Doyle briefly explains the rules and calls for the match to begin.]

DDK:

I believe ole Benny has lost a little weight.

Angus:

Queer.

****DING DING****

DDK:

The Count and The Mouthpiece will get this one underway.

[As the bell rings to start the match Dante charges after Penn. The Count attempts a dropkick but Penn uses the ropes to pull himself out of dodge. As Dante gets back to his feet, Penn kicks him in the shin, then the chest, followed by a roundhouse kick unblocked to the head.]

Angus:

He knocked him out of the ring with that!

DDK:

Both feet hit the floor, here comes Mushigihara!

[Mushigihara charges the Mouthpiece for a snap scoop power slam! He picks Curtis back up and begins pressing him over his head. He keeps lifting Penn up and down over his head.]

Angus:

OSU! OSU! OSU!

DDK:

That is what real strength looks like.

[Mushigihara sees Windham enter the ring and walks to the ropes tossing Penn to the outside. As he turns to catch Windham coming at him he gets a running lariat instead!]

DDK:

Cattle Prod! Cattle Prod!

Angus:

Windham for the pin!

DDK:

Two and a half! Matthews saved this match for the Kings breaking up that pin.

[Matthews begins stomping Windham after breaking up the pin. Out of nowhere Tyson Burke hits a bulldog on Matthews as the referee regains order sending all but the two legal men to the respective apron. Mushigihara reaches up and tags The Count back in. Windham attempts to make his way to his corner slowly by crawling on the mat. Penn is reaching for the tag but is avoided by Windham who attempts to tag in Burke instead. Right when he can reach Burke and attempts the tag, The Count takes hold of his foot and drags him back toward his corner.]

DDK:

He was so close!

Angus:

Not anymore.

[Dante picks Windham up hammering him with blows to the kidneys as he does so. He whips him into the ropes and Windham goes for a clothesline on the return. The Count avoids this by ducking and Windham dives out of the ring and over the ropes taking Mushigihara and Matthews to the outside with a huge double clothesline. All three men crash to the outside of the ring.]

Angus:

Holy Shit! Windham's got hops! Lookout Count!

DDK:

Here comes Tyson Burke!

[Eddie turns around from watching Windham's aerial display to a huge knee smash from Burke. He goes for a quick pin and The Count kicks out almost immediately. He wraps his arm around Burke for a quick roll up pin]

Angus:

Kick Out at Two!

DDK:

The Count nearly stole this one right there!

[Eddie gets to his feet quickly and reaches for a tag. Both members of his team are on the outside double teaming Windham. Windham is catching curb stomp after curb stomp from the two Philosopher Kings. Soon as Penn comes to help, Troy jumps up on the apron quickly and takes the tag. Tyson rolls out of the ring to catch his breath before Matthews can reach him. Penn is walking back around the ring with Windham as he see's this. He slides in the ring out of Matthew's line of sight. Troy turns to look for who tagged and gets a Busaiku Knee Kick!]

Angus:

Your Face is Fucked! Your Face is Fucked!

DDK:

Penn hooks the leg for the pin!

[The referee hits the mat and begins to count. A split second before his hand touches the mat a third time, Mushigihara breaks up the pin with a bionic elbow.]

DDK:

Nice save by Mushigihara!

Angus:

Not a moment too soon either. This match was in the books if he was a split second later with that elbow.

[Matthews is out cold. Penn and Mushigihara begin trading blows as the referee attempts to get Mushi back to the apron. The Count yells at the referee pointing at Matthews outside the ring indicating Mushigihara is the legal man. Penn gets whipped into the corner. He catches a sumo palm thrust to the chest, then another and then another. Mushigihara whips him into the opposite corner but Penn counters. The counter whip sends him right at a now recovering Troy Matthews hanging on the apron. Troy falls almost flat pulling the ropes down attempting to keep his balance. Mushigihara completely misses the ropes due to Matthews mistake and goes on over and out of the ring. Windham calls for a tag from Penn and is completely ignored. Burke is off the apron after The Count got too close to Sloan on the outside of the ring. Windham reaches for the tag again as the two men begin to argue. Matthews jumps uses what he has left to climb the top rope. He dives off the top rope nailing Burke on the outside with a huge cross body splash. Windham and Penn are still arguing in the corner as The Count slides in the ring. Hitting the ropes he slings himself toward Penn. Windham can see Eddie coming over Penn's shoulder but it's too late by then. Penn is pushed into him knocking Windham off the apron and onto the security barrier outside the ring. Penn reaches to grab hold of the ropes but misses and is rolled up in a pin by Eddie!]

DDK:

One...

Angus:

Two!

DDK:

Three!!

[The referee holds the Philosopher Kings hands high in victory. Penn rolls out of the ring and walks right past Sloan not even acknowledging his hurt comrades. Burke and Windham are both on the outside of the ring down.]

Angus:

Wrong again, Downtown... Always wrong.

DDK:

What a great match though.

Angus:

Penn and Windham have got to get on the same page if they ever hope to have any real success here in Defiance.

DDK:

That's two straight losses for Mike Sloan's team but how about The Philosopher Kings? Impressive victory here on DEFTV!

Angus:

We got to take a commercial break.

DDK:

I didn't hear that in my headset?

Angus:

Well keep talking, I have to shit.

Meeting or Pleading?

[Eric Dane's defacto office for the night.]

[There is no courtesy knock, the door just flies right open and Stephen Greer, the "King of Pain" himself, enters.]

Greer:

Eric, we need to talk.

[Dane gazes upward from his laptop, shrugs, and motions to one of the chairs on the opposite side of the desk.

Closing the lid of the computer, Dane leans back in his high backed leather chair and folds his hands across his chest.]

Dane:

What's up?

[Greer sits down and leans forward in the chair.]

Greer:

Two years ago you told me to leave and not to come back until I had my shit together.

Dane:

Yep.

Greer:

Well you saw me out there, baby, I'm back. I'm in great shape, I'm clean and I took it to the Untouchables like this was OH-TWO.

Dane:

Did you do any press for the pay-per-view?

[Greer sinks back into his chair like a child caught not doing his homework.]

Greer:

Well, see, the thing of it is... that was the old regime?

Dane:

That's the same old Greer and that's the problem. You get paid and you don't fulfill your obligations. You flake.

Greer:

Okay, well...

Dane:

Look, I appreciate what you did out there, cutting Andrews up, but I don't need the headache. You got your big pay-per-view payout, I think we're square.

[Dane extends his hand across the desk. Greer hesitates and then perks up like the idea lightning bolt just shot straight through his ass. A big smile across his face.]

Greer:

What if I waive my appearance fee?

[The boss reels his hand in, intrigued by the offer.]

Greer:

I'm not here for the cash, I'm here to throw down.

Dane:

You cover your own travel too.

Greer:

Done!

[Greer shoots up out of his chair and throws his open hand across the desk.]

Dane:

No more catering.

[Greer's hand retracts twice as fast as it was extended.]

Greer:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, let's not get crazy, a man's gotta eat!

Dane:

Your excursions to catering are my single biggest expense!

[Greer ponders and finally relents, reluctantly extending his hand.]

Greer:

Fine, done.

[The boss accepts the handshake and then squeezes down to assert his dominance. Greer pulls away and shakes the bones back into place. Dane settles back into his chair and opens his laptop as Greer turns to leave.]

Dane:

Hey, where's Ty?

Greer:

Last I saw him, he was hustling your ring crew in some three card.

Dane:

Send him my way when you see him.

Greer:

You got it, boss man.

[Eric Dane returns to his work as we cut back to Angus and Keebs at ringside.]

Tucker G. Alston vs Lash Graham vs Sam Turner, Jr. vs Chance Von Crank (c)



DING DING DING!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

LIIIIII LADIES and gentlemen, the following contest is a FOUR-WAY DANCE, for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... SOUTHERRRRRN HERITAAAAAAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, scheduled for ONE FALL!

[Tucker G. Alston makes his way to the ring, no music or fanfare.]

Quimbey:

Introducing the FIRST challenger, from Summit, New Jersey, he weighs in at 233 pounds... TUCKER! GEE! ALLLLLLLLLLLSTON!

[Ok Go and the Muppets hits and Lash sprints from the back like a bat out of hell, slapping hands with the fans on his way to the ring.]

Quimbey:

And introducing the SECOND challenger, from New Bedford, MA, weighing in at 230 pounds... LIIIIII LASH! GRAHAAAAAAAAMMMMM!!!

[He leaps up on the ring apron and does a forward summersault over the top rope and into the ring. Running to the far corner he leaps onto the top rope and moonsaults off, landing on his feet in the center of the ring and playing to the crowd.]

DDK:

Lash Graham off an impressive streak of performances, first against Clairra St. Sure on DEFtv35 for the FIST of Defiance, and again at Untouchable, finishing second in the battle royal that crowned our first SoHer champion of the new era.

Angus:

Yeah, too bad he can't seem to pull any idea on how to get the actual job DONE out of his head... or anything else, for that matter.

DDK:

Oh, would you stop, you know Graham's not all there.

Quimbey:

And now, the THIRD contender! Hailing from Bloody Harlan, KY, and weighing in at 255lbs.! He... is... SAM...
TUUUUUURRRRNEEEEERRR JUUUUNNNNNIIIOOOOORRRR!!!

[A video of Sam Turner Jr.'s highlights grace the screen. Just as he hits a huge powerbomb on Dragon Jones, the words 'Tha Rednek Reker' flashes on the screen.]

♪ 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 Markets down ♪
♪ And you only get mugged ♪
♪ If you go down town ♪

Angus:

Here comes that big son of a gun, I hope he's ready for this.

DDK:

He sure does have a load to learn.

Angus:

I agree!

[Sam steps out and flexes his farmer tanned arm making the crowd pop. As they cheer louder he begins to blush and smile widely.]

[He starts waving to the fans as he walks to the ring.]

[Once at ringside he goes around slapping hands with the fans.]

[When he's done he jogs up the ring steps and continues to wave to all the fans.]

♪ And a country boy can survive ♪
♪ Country folks can survive ♪

[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"

Quimbey:

And their opponent, from Harlan, KY... weighing in at 261 pounds... THE Southern HERitage champioooooonnnnnn...

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.]

Angus:

And here's a guy who don't care one bit about these fans or these three losers who think they can handle the Trailer Park Prodigy, much less get the SoHer belt off him!

DDK:

Indeed, Chance von Crank is certainly one of the most controversial competitors in DEFIANCE history, but now he's got a big fat target on his back, and these men would LOVE to do whatever they can to get that belt.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And with the bell, all four competitors are lunging into each other, looking for the upper hand in this four-way dance for the Southern Heritage Title! Eric Dane declared after Untouchable that the title would be defended on every DEFIANCE program, and now Chance Van Crank has not one, not two, but THREE challengers on his tail!

Angus:

snort Like the armadillo-loving dipshit, the dumb redneck, and the rookie have any chance against the Trailer Park Prodigy, Keebs!

DDK:

Well, CVC has the pound-for-pound advantage on everyone except Sam Turner, Jr., but remember, they ALL want a piece of that title. Looks like CVC is getting the upper hand on Tucker G. Alston, while Sam Turner's got Lash Graham on the ropes...

[STJ and CVC, probably out of some kind of Harlan, KY kinship, whip their respective prey into the ropes, and Alston and Graham rush towards each other in the center of the ring...]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

BUT LASH GRAHAM LEAPFROGS OVER ALSTON AND CLOTHESLINES VON CRANK OVER THE TOP ROPE!

[And meanwhile, Alston runs towards Turner... who hoists him up and drops him throat-first onto the top rope.]

DDK:

And Tucker G. Alston gets a throat full of rope courtesy of the Redneck Reker! This match is already off to an explosive start, Angus!

[Outside the ring, Lash Graham is already getting his licks in on the defending SoHer Champion, stomping him a few times and pulling him up to his feet. He grabs the dazed RazzleDazzler and tries to do something out of an armwringer, but then...]

Angus:

But it's gonna take more than an explosion to take that belt off Von Crank!

[As Angus said that, the Prodigy landed a knee into Graham's ribs...]

CLANNNNNK!!!!

[...and whipped him into the nearby guardrail...]

SMMMMMACK!!!!

[...and introduced Graham's face to his elbow. Rim-rocked, Graham stumbled out from the rail, plopping face-first to the mat, while Von Crank soldiered on back to the ring, where STJ was working over Tucker G. Alston.]

Angus:

And da champ doesn't like what he sees!

DDK:

Sam Turner, Jr. dismantling the newcomer with a series of stomps, pells him from the mat, and...

THUD!!!

DDK:

CHUCKS HIM ACROSS THE RING like a sack of flour! cVc sees an opportunity...

[...and cVc goes right into roughing up the Redneck Reker, alternating between knees, fists, and headbutts, before whipping the big man into the ropes and taking him down with a clothesline.]

DDK:

...and takes it!

[cVc reaches down to pick up STJ, and greets him with a nice, solid headbutt, followed by...]

DDK:

BIG suplex!

Angus:

Hell, yes, the Prince of the Pull-Out is dominating this match from the get go, and he's not gonna let the big oaf, the retard, or the rookie have his way with him!

[...or is he?]

[Reeling from that toss, Tucker Alston took the time to recover, and managed to run over to cVc, undetected.]

DDK:

ALSTON WITH THE ROLL-UP!

ONE!

[And Von Crank easily kicks out, but if nothing else, Alston can get to work wearing him down.]

DDK:

Alston following up with a series of forearms to the back and neck of the Southern Heritage champion, followed by...

THUD!

DDK:

Hiptoss!

Angus:

Yeah, like he's getting you or anyone pumped up in this arena with that boring-ass moveset.

[Lash Graham has made it back onto the ring apron, now, and he's eyeing the tangled opposition.]

DDK:

Lash Graham's back in this, and...

[...with a mighty springboard off the top rope...]

DDK:

HE DROPKICKS ALSTON AND VON CRANK, and gets to work on Sam Turner, Jr.! DDT, and a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Nuh-uh, Turner's still in this! Now, remember, fans, the match and the SoHer title will go to the first man to score a pinfall or submission, so Von Crank's at a distinct disadvantage if Lash Graham can get the drop on anyone here...

[Meanwhile, Tucker G. Alston has rolled under the bottom ropes, out of the ring.]

DDK:

Now Graham's going after cVc!

Angus:

Like a tomato being thrown at a brick wall, Keebs.

[Graham sweeps cVc's feet out, then lands a standing moonsault, but in his muddled-up brain, he sees Tucker Alston coming to on the outside.]

DDK:

Graham's getting up... HE BOUNCES OFF THE ROPES...

[And leaps, no-hands, over the top rope and onto Alston, as the crowd goes wild!]

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE! THAT'S GOT TO TAKE THOSE TWO OUT OF THIS ONE FOR THE TIME BEING... now it's down to Turner and Von Crank, as they stagger to their feet!

[cVc's the first to get in a position to strike, and he rushes at Turner with a lariat.]

DDK:

Lariat misses! Turner with the kick, and he has him doubled over, COULD WE be seeing his patented powerbomb?! He could be Souther Heritage Champion in a few se... ON THE APRON!

Angus:

Is that Charlene?!

[Indeed, the estranged wife of Chance von Crank is standing on the apron, staring at Turner, who stops in the midst of lifting the champion... and she whips 'em out.]

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[wolf-whistles]

Angus:

Awwwww, man, it's titty time tonight!

[And Turner, predictably, is dumbstruck, while Chance starts to stir at STJ's feet... and takes him down and rolls over with a bridging pin.]

One, two, three.

[And without warning, Chance von Crank has just defended the gold, albeit with trickery, and he knows it, as he rolls right out of the ring, and runs like hell.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner, and STILL! Southern Heritage Champion... CHANCE!

VOOOOOONNNNNN

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!

[STJ is now left to his own devices, trying to come to grips with his defeat.]

Psyching up

[After all of the happenings so far tonight, Tom Sawyer has a lot on his plate. He is set for his match, already dressed up in the red-and-orange leather-and-spandex of the Macho Ranger outfit. The hat was sitting on the seat of the VF1000 Honda Interceptor beside him. Sure, it was a vehicle inside the building. But Tom was in an empty hallway, somewheres deep in the arena. Out of the way. Perfect for semi-privacy, just before his big match with Python.]

Tom Sawyer:

It's just a former World Heavyweight Champion... Nothing you can't handle.

[Tom has both hands clenched, and is bouncing on the balls of his feet. His wrists furiously work, ensuring full range-of-motion. He had to be loose, limber, and ready. Especially against a man like Python.]

A Voice:

Nigga you trippin' so hard you're gonna give yourself a panic attack before you even get to your match.

[Blackimus Prime steps out from around the corner, one arm resting on the gray-painted cinderblock of the arena's interior wall. His black Juggalo baseball jersey hangs loose and half open showing a hint of the trademark road map of scars on his chest.]

[Tom stops in place, landing flat on his feet. Wow... Ty Walker. Even with how Untouchable ended with a wet fizzle, as far as Tom was concerned, the Black Jesus was still someone Tom had watched for years.]

Tom Sawyer:

Would I be out of line to ask for an autograph?

Ty Walker:

Seriously? Nah man, I mean maybe for ten bucks or something. Anyways I came to tell you 'bout your most recent activities since I came back around to DEFIANCE.

[Tom fervently nods his head, hands digging into the saddlebag of the VF-1000. A bill is drawn out, and Tom offers it, and a little leather book over. As for Tom's displays... He did hope he wasn't about to get Blackaconda'd. Figuratively. Literally would probably be reserved for someone more like Kelly Evans.]

Tom Sawyer:

Well, you know, wrestling's a crazy busi-

Ty Walker:

You got some balls on ya, kid. Maybe not so much in the brains department, but in that balls department, you got 'em in spades. The problem is you're too young to know any better and too dumb to have the goddamn sense to back down when you're not playin' with a winnin' hand. So like I said, you got balls, and at least that's somethin'.

[Tom is blown away by Walker's words, and just kinda stares at Ty, disbelieving. The Black Jesus chuckles a bit, patting Tom on the shoulder.]

Ty Walker:

Listen, you had Eric's back when nobody else did. That means something to me. And you may be a little... overzealous. But you've got a fire in your chest that a lot of people don't have.

[Tom nods, a brilliant grin blossoming on his lips, as Ty steps around to the side. Pointing down the hallway, Walker gestures beyond the far wall and to the ring somewhere beyond.]

Ty Walker:

Now, this could be a big night for you. Especially now that you're done with the Untouchables for a bit and you've got

an open dance card. Start with this former world champ, they're always a good way to get on a roll. If you can handle Python, well... I'd bet Eric's got plans for you beyond that.

[Tom nods, turning and grabbing his cowboy hat off the seat of his motorcycle. Plunking it firmly on his head, Tom throws a leg over the saddle of the VF-1000. Shooting a glance up to Walker, Tom gives Ty a firm nod.]

Tom Sawyer:

Python's gonna get the very best Tom Sawyer there is.

[He starts the engine and throttles it up, getting the motor up to a good speed. Walker steps back, nodding with approval.]

Ty Walker:

Right on, kid.

[Tom nods again, revving the engine and letting go of the brake, sending the motorcycle shooting down the hallway. The Rider rides again, and as Tom zips out of frame, Ty just shakes his head and grins, watching the kid go.]

Pre-match seg

[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 duller 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.]

[Python hops down from the final turnbuckle and leans against the ropes, gesturing to a nearby stage hand for a mic. He gets one and gestures for the music to be cut. He takes a moment to look out into frenzied Lakefront Arena crowd, which is still showing its love for the young high-flyer.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!



[Python laughs and holds up a hand.]

Python:

What the FUCK is UP, New Orleans!?

[illegible]

Python:

You guys ready to light this place up?

[illegible]

Python:

Hell yeah.

[He turns toward the entrance ramp, gesturing grandly out at the jam-packed arena audience.]

Python:

You hear that, Tom? That's what's waiting for ya out here. In fact, they're fucking stoked to see you, man. Right?

RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Python:

Before you come out here though, I need to say a couple of things.

[He jumps up and perches himself comfortably on the top rope, both feet dangling carelessly in front of him]

Python:

I'll be the first to admit, I'm totally one of those people who believes in the existence of luck when things are going shitty and doesn't believe in it when they're not. If I fail, it's bad luck. If I succeed, it's because I earned it. Is this a slightly skewered line of thinking? Yeah. Absolutely. But you know what? It fucking keeps me in check, man. Because it puts the ball in my court.

I know you're ready to turn things around. I know you're fired up and ready to make things happen, and after studying your tapes all week, there's no one in the world more convinced than me that you have what it takes to get to the top. And I don't mean the top like "I'm winning mid card matches for five years and my friends and family are so proud, look how far I've come" I mean the fucking **top**. Because you've got the talent, and because you respond to defeat just like I do. Guys like you and I, if we want to get out of a hole, we don't wait for a big lucky spoon to reach in and scoop us out. We climb. Some holes take more climbing than others, but no hole is inescapable. And it's not always our fault when we fall into one, you know? Sometimes we just don't see it. Sometimes someone else put it there. But it's always up to us to climb out.

[The crowd voices its support. Python nods to them.]

Python:

I appreciate that you respect me, Tom. It's been some time since I've been in the ring with someone who does. I appreciate that you think I paved the way for guys like you and me. That I changed the way people think, opened their eyes. Made a difference for folks other than myself. Maybe some of that is true, maybe it isn't. But whatever success I've achieved in professional wrestling is the product of many, many nights spent defeated, beaten beyond medical clearance, and frustrated beyond belief. You don't get to be the kind of person you've painted me as by winning matches. It isn't hard to win matches, man. It's everything else. It's getting back up from the ones you don't win, especially if they're the ones that count. It's turning the matches into more than just numbers on a stat sheet. It's connecting with the fans and getting what they're about. Why they're here every night, why they love us and why they hate us. And there's no one that does that better than you.

[He shrugs and hops back down to stand in the ring]

Python:

So you've been having some bad luck. Taking some beatings, suffering some rejections. Tonight, none of that matters, Tom. None of it. You've got 18,000 people here to watch you, thousands more at home.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Python:

You've got a prime time match slot. You've got a ring with an ex-world champion standing in it, ready to give you everything he's got. No tricks, no games. That's it. You can't set the stage much better than this, man. Win or lose, you've got one match tonight to wake everyone the fuck up and show them what you're made of. Whatever it is that you want to accomplish, it's yours tonight if you reach out and take it. So shake off the bumps and the bruises, leave all the pressure and the doubt backstage, step through that curtain, and give me the god damn fight of my life.

Tom Sawyer vs Python

[Even as Python leans out of the ring to hand the mike over, the house lights cut out, go pitch black. All is calm for a moment... And, regretfully sans the opening horns...]

BEEEEEYOOO OOOOOOOWWWWWW

[Blue spotlights hit the entryway, and the headlight breaks through the curtains even before the motorcycle bursts through the Gorilla position! The VF-1000 Interceptor flies out of the backstage, the tassels on the yellow-and-orange leather jacket flapping madly as the Rider takes to the air!]

Angus:

Do you think he gets off on himself?

DDK:

I think he's doing what he loves!

[The motorcycle's wheels don't even touch the ground until halfway down the ramp, brakes already locking the wheels. Tom turns the thing into a controlled skid, coming to a full stop at the bottom of the ramp, just before the ring!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!



[The Rider threw one hand up, the other twisting that throttle another few times to send the motor to revving loudly! The fans behind him scream, reaching out for the helmeted Rider. Tom pumps his fist a few times, before throwing down the kickstand, shutting off the motorcycle with a quick jerk of his wrist! He was here FOR SERIOUS BUSINESS!]

Angus:

Seriously, whatever happened to the good old days where fans would throw cups of piss at people?

DDK:

Whoa! A little extreme there!

Angus:

I could go with piss-soaked knife, if you'd like.

DDK:

What is it with you and urine?

[The Rider hops off of his 'cycle, tossing the helmet to the ground as he did so. His jacket soon follows, and as he takes off the Rider regalia, Tom throws both arms into the air, pumping his fists, before going on a lap around the ring! There are a lot of fans who came to see Tom Sawyer, and he begins to high-five all those within reach!]

[In the ring, Python just continues to stretch and watch Tom's orbit of the ring. The Rider Ranger Whatever makes a full circle around the ring before diving into the ring, right under the bottom rope. Applauding Tom's time spent fivin']

fans, Python stays respectfully back, letting Tom continue to bask in the cheers of the crowd...]

Angus:

Seriously, I've been pregaming this match.

DDK:

Drinking?

Angus:

Chugging Pepto. I'm gonna hurl.

[Tom springs to the second rope in one of the ringcorners, throwing both hands into the air as Rush begins to fade out, camera flashes firing off from all sides.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Python suddenly turns, and spring to the second rope himself, throwing both arms out himself]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Oh, we're seeing a little one-upsmanship from Python here! It's hard for anyone to get a louder cheer than a former World Champion like Python!

Angus:

As much as I fucking hate him, these people love that irritating Sawyer fuck, though.

[Tom hops down, turning in midair. He heads on over to Python's turnbuckle, and is met in the ring-center by Mister Pithen, who is quick to offer a handshake. Tom takes it, the two sharing a personable handshake and a few quiet, personal words. The ref is quick to step in, taking Tom aside for the foreign objects pat-down.]

Angus:

I'd die laughing if Sawyer had a pair of brass knuckles on him.

DDK:

I cannot think of anything less characteristic.

[Python gets his pat-down, and then the ref signals for the bell. And it was on.]

DDK:

Sawyer and Python, quick to begin circling!

[Indeed, the two men begin circling as soon as the bell rang, before Python made a move to the center of the ring. Tom comes in, and the two are quick to lock up!]

DDK:

To his credit, the stronger guy in this situation... Seems to be Tom Sawyer!

[Indeed, Tom is quick to push Python back to the ring corner, the referee quick to try and get between the men, cut off any illicit violence...]

[Tom simply steps back, holding his hands up... And rushes in, leaping onto the middle rope! Tom cuts a picture-perfect backflip, landing on his feet a few paces back! Python smirks, and applauds Tom politely!]

Angus:

Great, and now they're showing off.

[Python slaps his chest a few times before stepping forward, going for another collar-and-elbow tieup with Tom. But this time, the former World Champ's sheer determination and tenacity forces Tom backwards!]

[Tom is shoved back into the ring corner, and Python's got his shoulder set firmly against Tom's stomach... Rather than go for any corner shouldertackles, Python straightens, and slaps Tom playfully on the chest. Tom smirks... And Python goes leaping onto the middle rope, then to the top rope! Python backflips off, and lands in a crouch!]

[b]Angus:[/b]

Yes, you're both flippy. Good job, fellows.

[Tom rushes in, arm slipping gracefully around Python's neck for a side headlock! Python doubles over as Tom pulls the headlock tight, but Tom's got that hold cinched in nice and tight! Sawyer's hold is not likely to have any give, but Python manages to plant both feet, plant both hands...]

[b]DDK:[/b]

And this match is finally turning into the running battle we expected it to be!

[Sawyer is shot off to the ropes, and Python manages to straighten just in time to catch the flying fury of a Tom Sawyer flying forearm! Python goes crashing down, and Tom quickly pops back to his feet!]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Python already is coming back up when Tom grabs his head, tucks it, grabs Python by the waistband of his shorts, and lifts him into the air! A big lift, and Tom just kinda lets Python come crashing back down to the mat, chestfirst!]

DDK:

Sawyer with a release front suplex! This is turning from a fun little show into a real match, ladies and gentlemen!

[Tom heads straight to the ring ropes, hopping out and onto the apron. As Python sucks some wind, Tom takes ahold of the top rope, ready to use it... Python comes up! Tom leaps off! Python catches the headscissors, and Tom flips!]

DDK:

A BEAUTIFUL 'RANA! Sawyer's got the leg hooked!

[It was an admittedly sloppy cover, only getting one leg, but it was a cover nonetheless! The ref slides in for the count!]

ONE!

TW-

DDK:

Not gonna get a former World Champ like that!

Angus:

Hey, even a suck like Python might have an off-night.

[As Python kicks out, he even rolls over, onto his stomach. Tom is quick to hop off of Python, fists clenching, shaking those arms up and down...]

Angus:

Oh, no, don't make that ref-

[Tom even stomps over to the ring ropes, grabbing onto the top rope and wildly shaking it up and down, throwing his

head back and shaking that wildly, sending his thick blonde hair dancing every which way! The crowd erupts, and Tom spins on his heel, looking to the now-crouching Python.]

Angus:

I hate my life. I hate Tom Sawyer. I hate 80s wrestling without the cocaine to go with it. I hate you, Keebs.

DDK:

Me? Why me?

Angus:

I just HATE!

[Tom begins to circle the ring, bringing his arms up and over his head to clap, clap, clap. The audience is instantly in on it, going clap, clap, clap in time with Tom. As the audience cheers 'em on, Python hops back to his feet, and he begins to circle as well, fists clenched, a big ol' grin on his lips.]

[Tom and Python circle a bit, before both coming in... But this time, Python ducks the lock-up, grabs Tom's arm and twists! Tom only gets a moment to figure out what the hell is going on, before his arm is cinched up behind him in a tight hammerlock!]

Angus:

Yeah! Snap it off!

[Instead, Python spins around Tom, letting go of the wristlock-hammerlock, and gets Tom into a side headlock! Then, he spins BACK behind Tom, confusing matters even further! Tom doesn't know which way is up when he gets spun around, and Python grabs ahold of Tom's head, dropping to both knees for a vicious jawbreaker!]

CLICK

DDK:

Did you HEAR the impact from that jawbreaker?!

[Python wasn't done, though! With Tom's jaw jacked, the kid's hands both clapped to his mouth, Python spins around, leaping up and grabbing the head once more fo-]

Angus:

STUNNER STUNNER BAH GAWD IN HEAVEN STUNNER

[Indeed, the sitout jawbreaker sent Tom bouncing backwards, tumbling head over heels from the hellacious impact! The backwards spiral-tumble sent Tom crashing into the ringropes before crumpling in a heap!]

DDK:

If Python covers Tom right now, it might be all over!

[But Python doesn't cover Tom right now. Instead, he grabs ahold of Tom's right wrist, right ankle, and drags the kid to the center of the ring! Shooting a quick fingerpoint skyward, Python crouches juuust enough...]

DDK:

STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

WHOOMPF

[Python quickly hooks a leg!]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

[But Tom kicks out! The dream is still alive! With Python still mostly kneeling on him, Tom manages to throw himself onto his side, keeping himself from being easily pinned a second time. Python was too canny for that, though. He knew what he was gonna do.]

[As Tom forces himself to sit up, Python turns with a hop, dashing across the ring to hit the ropes! Tom forward-rolls as Python comes flying back, ducking the leaping kick Python went for... And Python keeps running! Tom rolls to his feet, hitting the ropes to begin building up some momentum.]

[Python and Tom come flying at one another! Tom leaps, boots clicking together for a dropkick, but Python drops to a knee, coolly sliding underneath the kick, and keeps going! Sawyer awkwardly lands on his feet by the ring ropes, a-]

Angus:

I resent the implication of that last narrative box! Cancer Jiles is NOT involved in this!

DDK:

Forget that, Python with an extra burst of speed!

[As Sawyer turns, Python leaps... Wheelkick to the face! Sawyer tumbles over the top rope and goes crashing to the floor, Python landing on all fours!]

Angus:

YEAH KILL 'IM!

[Python turns, as the crowd leaps to their feet, cheering! Running across the ring, Python points out to the crowd before hitting the ropes! People scream, people cheer, and as Python rebounds, he waits until he's in center-ring to handspring forward. His handspring twists, and the rush turns into a backflip, so Python can go for a no-look, no-hands leap RIGHT over the top rope! Sawyer takes the flying Python straight to the face, and the two go crashing down in a heap!]

THAT WAS AWE-SOME

THAT WAS AWE-SOME

THAT WAS AWE-SOME

[Python leaps back to his feet, clenching both fists and letting a raucous
"YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"]

DDK:

You can't win a match on the floor, Python!

[Python gracefully hops onto the ring apron, arm hooking over the middle rope, and looks out into the crowd, shading his eyes with one hand. As the crowd begins to chant his name, he breaks into a grin.]

[He brings one hand up before him, as if praying, and gets set facing away from Tom.]

DDK:

I'm gonna be honest, I love a good Asai moonsault.

[And now, it's DDK's turn to hate Tom Sawyer, as the kid leaps to his feet, and punches Python right in the ass!]

Angus:

HAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Are you laughing at the Ass Punch, me not getting an Asai moonsault, or something else?

Angus:

FUCK YOU I'M LAUGHING BECAUSE I'M LAUGHING

[Sawyer leaps onto the apron, grabbing onto the top rope! Python turns to face Tom, one arm hooked over the top rope! Tom hauls back and-]

CHOP!**WHOO!**

[Python is caught with the flying headscissors, Tom rana'ing the former Double Crown'r back into the ring! Python drops, and Tom rolls through, landing on his feet... Python comes up! Tom sends him right back down with a deep-hook armdrag! Python tumbles and comes back to his feet, only for Tom to catch him with another deep-hook armdrag!]

DDK:

Python taking a knee in the ringcorner...

[And Tom comes rushing across the ring! A high leap, and Tom blows right through, diving through the ringropes with an excellent missile dropkick that just happened to damn near take Python's face off! Python slumps in the ringcorner, but Tom turns, grabs the middle and bottom ropes, and EXPLODES back into the ring with a gorgeous tiger feint that comes CRASHING across Python's face!]

Angus:

Listen to these yokels, cheering at Sawyer's overcomplicated little ballet!

DDK:

It was exciting! Sawyer is exciting! Listen to the people!

[Sawyer's certainly feeling it, and as the fans chant his name, he clenches a fist, heading out to the ring apron. He grabs ahold of that top rope, pointing square at the dazed Python, crawling up and out of the ringcorner using the ropes...]

Angus:

This much stalling, Python's gonna reverse it. And oh, how I will crow.

DDK:

I dunno, that was a heck of a kick that Sawyer got in!

[As Python comes up, Sawyer leans back and SPRINGS to the top rope, leaping off with amazing athleticism! The roof doesn't seem high enough, as Tom goes flying across the ring for the highest of high angle cross body blocks!]

DDK:

PYTHON! DROPKICK!

[As Sawyer flew, Python managed to leap, planting a vicious dropkick right into the fleshy part of Tom's tummy! Sawyer lands in a heap, and Python lands on one knee, throwing both arms out wide!]

DDK:

We're gonna use up our allotment of exclamation points here, folks! What a dropkick by Python!

Angus:

Real tide-turner, that one. Now if only he can follow it up with... Hey, what's this kid's finish? Frog splash?

DDK:

A top rope corkscrew tornado double-knee jawbreaker named the Snake Bite.

Angus:

So... What's this kid's finish? Frog splash?

[Python grabs ahold of Tom's arm, and hauls the beaten-up Sawyer back to his feet... But Tom is visibly favoring those ribs!]

DDK:

Remember, Tom took some hellacious damage to his ribs not too long ago at the hands of Heidi Christenson! That dropkick couldn't have done him any good.

Angus:

I was never so conflicted about my hateboner for Tom as that night.

[Showing a bit of unwrestler-like concern, Python takes a step back, bending down to even look at Tom's face, obviously saying "You okay, man?"]

Angus:

...I'm just gonna staple my balls. It would be preferable to seeing TWO MEN IN A FIGHT STOP TO ASK IF ONE ANOTHER ARE OKAY!

[Tom took a moment, holding up a finger, arm across his midsection...]

[And then stoops further, slamming both fists into the mat! He straightens, letting out a RRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR of burning spirit! Python grins, grabs ahold of Tom's arm, and sends the kid off with an Irish whip!]

DDK:

Python might be a good sport, but he's gonna keep this thing rollin'!

[As Sawyer goes one way, Python rushes the other way, hitting the ropes! Tom comes running across, and Python goes low, goin' for a Spear!]

DDK:

Sawyer sails clear over Python's spear!

[He even goes so far as to use Python's back as the pommel horse for his springboard! Landing on his feet after a BEAUTIFUL front handspring, Tom keeps going, hitting the ropes behind Python! Python stumbles, staggers, half-turns...]

[Sawyer steps off of Python's bent knee, and leaps straight upward! Camera flashes go crazy as Tom gets some RIDONK height...]

[AND COMES CRASHING DOWN WITH A FLYIN' BIONIC ELBOW TO THE FACE!!]

DDK:

EVERYBODY'S ON THEIR FEET! IT'S SMELLIN' LIKE IT'S TIME FOR AN ODE!

Angus:

I could seriously puke both lungs' worth of a lifetime of smoking all over this commentary booth right now.

[Sawyer points to the top rope, and the fans erupt!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

[Sawyer rushes over to the ringcorner, deftly leaping to the top rope. Crouching, he spins around, looking out to the crowd... Arms go out to his sides as he slowly came to his feet, hands beckoning for that sound, that wave of screams and cheers...]

DDK:

Ode to Madness!

[Sawyer leaps, arm coming out, flashes firing off like crazy! He comes down with aaaaaaaaaaaa...]

Angus:

TOM MISSED!

[Python rolled!]

DDK:

A DEVASTATING MISS FOR SAWYER!

[Python is quick to capitalize, rushing to the very same turnbuckle that Sawyer just departed from! As Tom rolls slowly to his side, Python leaps to the top rope, beckoning Tom up!]

DDK:

Python wants the Snake Bite!

[Tom slowly began to come up from his hands and knees, Python crouched, just waiting for the opportune moment... Waiting...]

[Tom comes up! Python leaps, corkscrewing through the air! Hands goin' for Tom's head, aaaaaaaaand...-]

DDK:

SAWYER WITH A DROPKICK!

Angus:

Wow, the little spaz got a turnabout!

[Python takes the dropkick square to the face, and both men go down! Sawyer and Python end up on the mat, and the ref doesn't know what to do!]

[And unfortunately, the timekeeper has gotten out of his chair, to say something to the announcer!]

Announcer: THERE IS ONE MINUTE REMAINING IN THIS MATCH'S ALLOTTED TIME LIMIT!

[That brought both Tom and Python to their feet. Sawyer was quick to grab at Python's wrist, a boot kickin' at Python's stomach, but Python caught Tom's leg with his free wrist! The two jockeyed for position for a few moments, before Python managed to fall away, twisting!]

DDK:

Dragonscrew legwhip, and the heat is on! Can one of these men get a pin before time runs out?

Angus:

Come now. Boys, not men.

[Sawyer crashes down in a heap, and Python goes running to the ringropes, leaping to the second rope and springboarding off for a moonsault! Sawyer rolls out of the way, Python catches nothing but mat!]

[Bouncing up to his knees, Python clutches his beaten face, and Sawyer manages to somersault forward, both feet clapping together to kick Python right in the mouth! Python falls back, and Tom comes to his feet, favoring that Dragonscrew'd leg!]

DDK:

It's now or never, Tom!

[Tom grabs both of Python's wrists, yanking him in for the straightjacket front facelock... But as Tom sets for the Permanent Wave, Python crouches, pushing up and back! Sawyer comes crashing down with Python's Northern Lights Suplex, and Python bridges!]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...

[NO!]

DDK:

SAWYER KICKED OUT!

Announcer:

THE TIME LIMIT HAS EXPIRED! THIS MATCH IS A DRAW!

[An audible **AWW!** comes from the audience, and as Tom and Python lay on the mat, panting, the crowd does what any crowd in this situation would do.]

FIVE MORE MINUTES!

FIVE MORE MINUTES!

FIVE MORE MINUTES!

DDK:

Well, with this match not being a FIST Title match OR for a Number One Contendership, that 15 minute time limit hurt, this time around!

Angus:

Please let it be over. I can't take much more.

[Tom and Python have both sat up, panting for breath. The flurry left them both winded, but they look to one another...]

Angus:

...Are you seriously.

[And shrug. Why not?]

Angus:

I hate god damned EVERYTHING!

[Tom and Python go to the ref, talking with him. The "FIVE MORE MINUTES!" chant has picked up, becoming damn

near deafening.]

[The referee goes over to the ring apron, speaking with the timekeeper and the ringside manager, who has been on the horn to Teh Baws.]

[The timekeeper gives the thumbs up, the referee gives the thumbs up.]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Announcer:

THIS MATCH WILL CONTINUE INTO OVERTIME AS A SUDDEN DEATH!

DDK:

This is MOST unorthodox, fans!

Angus:

I can't believe that this shit is continuing.

[Tom and Python were quick to slam back into one another for another lockup, Sawyer firing off a BIIIIIG kneelift! Python is all doubled up, and Tom grabs the arms, yanking Python in for the Permanent Wave... Python sets his heels and bulls forward, rushing Tom into the ring corner!]

DDK:

Sawyer trying for his finisher once more, but Python's got it well scouted!

[Sawyer grabs ahold of Python's shoulders, forcing a spin, and sends Python backfirst into the 'buckles! Tom winds up...]

CHOP!

WHOO!

CHOP!

WHOO!

[With red breaking out on Python's chest, he grabs ahold of Tom's shoulders, spinning him around, and Python sends Tom backfirst into the 'buckles!]

[Rather than go for chops, Python had something better in mind! European Uppercuts! WHAMMO! WHAMMO! WHAMMO!]

[Then, Python steps off the middle rope, and rather than just backflip, Python snaps a beautiful enzuigiri into the side of Sawyer's head! Tom's eyes roll up into his head, and he moves to fall forward...]

DDK:

Python catches Tom into a small package!

[Python rolls Tom up tight with the package, and holds him down...]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

[Sawyer forces his bodymass to move, and the small package rolls over! Python's shoulders are down!]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

[Python turns, rolling again! Tom's shoulders end up down! Tom rolls! Python is down! The ref can't figure out where to count, and Tom and Python split apart!]

Angus:

ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGH! WHAT IS THIS FAMILY FRIENDLY FUCKSHIT?!

[With Tom and Python facing one another, they don't have much surprise on either person's side. So, they both come to their feet, keenly aware of that ticking time limit.]

[Tom sets up... And as Python comes up, Sawyer throws a kick! A ROUNDHOUSE KICK! Python's dome is rocked by that roundhouse, and Python weebles... Python wobbles...]

DDK:

Sawyer showing what he's learned from Serbo during his Faces of Death training... Or maybe from his fights with Heidi!

[Python rushes in, throwing a somewhat loopy forearm, and Tom takes it right on the chin! Tom takes a backstep, and Python presses his advantage, throwing another forearm! Another forearm! And even a straight-up punch!]

DDK:

Python's feelin' it! He's got something in mind!

[And as Angus dry-heaves, Python takes a few steps back... Then rushes forward, leaping into the air to seat himself on Tom's shoulders! A flurry of rights and lefts, Python trying to overbalance Tom and send him backwards!]

Angus:

What overcomplicated move is he trying for?

DDK:

The Constrictor! A 'rana into a surfboard!

[But unfortunately for Python, falling backwards was not as appealing to young Tom Sawyer... as falling straight downwards was.]

[With a sit-out powerbomb.]

WHAMMO!

00000000HHH!

[Sawyer holds on, hooking his feet over Python's shoulders, trying for the pin...]

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEE~

[No! Python manages to get a shoulder up at the last moment! Tom, visibly flustered, smacks his own head a few times.]

Angus:

Is he trying to give himself FURTHER damage?

DDK:

At this point, how can you not be wracking your brain, trying to think of some way to put Python away?

[Tom crawls free, and sticks one finger up into the air... Before giving it a quick lasso-like rotation! The signal for the Billy Dee Williams!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Tom comes to his feet, taking a deep breath, before walking over, grabbing ahold of Python. He drags the weary Python upwards, stuffing the head before he was too terribly far back up to his feet. Grabbing ahold of Python's waistband, Tom grits his teeth and LIFTS...]

DDK:

Python breaks free, landing on his feet!

[Python rushes forward, throwing a lariat!]

Angus:

THIS ISN'T 2002, TOM!

[But Tom does indeed Matrix backwards to get out of the way of the Lariat! Coming back up, Tom goes for Python with a thrown back heel kick, goin' straight at the head! Python, turning, barely sees it coming, and drops to his knees!]

DDK:

PYTHON WITH A SWEEP!

[But Tom leaps over it, and hits the ropes! Python comes back to his feet, turning just in time to go facefirst into Tom's Yakuza Kick!]

DDK:

PYTHON, WIPED OUT BY A BANCROFT STYLE YAKUZA! YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME, TOM!

[Sawyer turns, rushing quickly to the corner turnbuckle! With Python down, Tom HAS to go for a finisher, right here and now to put Python away! Tom leaps to the top rope, and doesn't waste any time posing...]

DDK:

CATCH THE MIST! 450 SPLASH ONTO PYTHON!

[But Tom took a hard landing on that one, and his ribs were already banged up! It takes Tom a good few moments to make the cover...]

ONE!

TWO!

...

THRNOPE!

Announcer:

THE EXTRA FIVE MINUTES HAVE NOW EXPIRED! THIS MATCH IS STILL A DRAAAAAAAW!

[Sawyer rolls off of Python, arms wrapped around his midsection. Python just stays down, eyes clenched shut, chest heaving. That kickout had taken a lot.]

THANK YOU BOTH

THANK YOU BOTH

THANK YOU BOTH

[Tom Sawyer and Python slowly both get to their feet, looking one another dead in the face... And Python is the first to offer a handshake. And Tom ignores it.]

[Instead opting for a hug.]

Angus:

FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK

[As the crowd cheers for the boys, Tom steps to the side, taking Python's hand in his and lifting it into the air. Tom points to Python, mouthing that he was the real deal or some shit. At the same time, Python is shaking his head, jabbing a finger at Sawyer.]

[And the two continue their lovefest for a few moments longer, before both dudes climb out of the ring, heading for the back as comrades, not enemies. It's a strange feeling for Tom, but not an entirely unwelcome one.]

Backstage interview

[We're backstage with Christie Zane. Dressed in a pair of tasteful grey slacks and a tasteful white blouse, opened several buttons down to show a not entirely tasteful amount of cleavage, she holds a microphone and turns a sparkling smile on the camera.]

Christie Zane:

Hi DefiaFans! We're minutes away from the match between Tres Brujas and the former Defiance Trios Tag Champions, The Untouchables. We heard from Kai Scott earlier tonight, and so I've gone to speak to the rest of the Untouchables!

[Fade back.]

[Kai Scott stands next to Christie, his half-smirk stamped on his face. Ronnie Long stands a few steps back, and Heidi's off to the side not paying attention.]

Christie:

First of all, Kai, you said earlier that Jeff Andrews wasn't here tonight?

Kai Scott:

Wasn't here and isn't going to be here any time soon, Christie. I didn't tell a single lie the entire time I was out there. Jeff Andrews is disgusted with Defiance, disgusted with the fanbase that shat on everything he built, and more than that, disgusted with every single wrestler on the Defiance roster, since they all insist on giving Dane credit for what Jeff built. But, honestly, enough about the Jeffer, let's talk about this match.

[Christie tries to get a word in edgewise, can't.]

Scott:

It's a shame, a damn shame, that Heidi and Mr. Dude didn't think that Clair St. Sure was Untouchables worthy, because with just ONE Untouchable actually thinking about the wellbeing of the Untouchables rather than about a belt, or how much he or she hates one guy, we still dominated Defiance for months. If Clair had been one of us, this entire promotion would be cowering.

[Ronnie Long doesn't do the whole 'having emotions' thing very well, plus he's wearing shades. If Heidi's angry, she was already angry.]

Scott:

Instead I've gotta go up against two of my disciples. Clair St. Sure, the next big thing in wrestling, the thing that should've already been bigger except for bullshit promoter after bullshit promoter looking upon her with disfavor even when she beats all their golden boys and chosen ones. Diane Parker, second smartest wrestler in the game, future manager of champions. Margaret Thatcher of Professional Wrestling if she wants to be.

I don't want this match.

I don't want to fight my girls. And I'm sure that's why Eric Dane booked this match.

But it's gotta be done. Not because Dane said so, but because The Untouchables are the epitome of professional wrestling. *Anyone* that I train is going to be really damn good. A clash between the UTs and TBs is inevitable.

Heidi Christenson:

As long as you both carry your ends, this isn't going to be a problem.

[About half the bluster disappears from Scott. He sighs.]

Scott:

Heidi, we're trying to win wrestling matches, not injure everyone. We're clear on that, right?

Heidi:

We're clear on the fact that the Ace of Heels has turned into some sort of pantywaste afraidycat. I don't care if they used to work for you. I'm gonna beat them all because I can, and hurt them if I get a chance.

Scott:

Villains need heroes, Heidi, you can't just...

Heidi:

And who the fuck said I was trying to be a villain? I don't give a damn about sides. I care about everyone fearing me. I care about laying waste to Defiance. Everything else can fuck straight off.

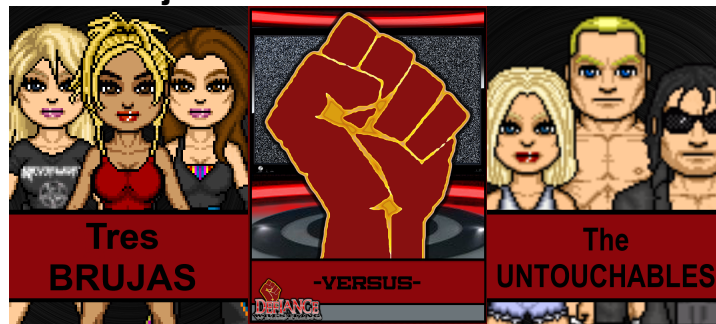
[Ronnie Long finally moves. He steps around, and then deliberately in front of, Kai and Heidi, looming over the camera and filling up most of the screen.]

Ronnie Long:

What we have here is your classic differing of motivations - megalomania versus omnicide. While they figure it out, how about getting the fucking camera out of here?

[Very abrupt end.]

Untouchables vs Tres Brujas



DDK: It's time for our semi-main event of the evening, and Angus, I don't know how this one's going to play out. Clair St. Sure's frustrated because Dane won't give her a rematch for the FIST, and the Untouchables are, quite frankly, in a complete mess. ["Tres Brujas" by The Sword hits. Devil Horns appear all around the arena.] **Angus:** I'm not overly sold on the all girls trio, but I do love the theme song! **Quimbey:** The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit, and it is a trios tag team match! Introducing first! Weighing in at a combined weight of 446 lbs! LISA LOEH! DIANE PARKER! And CLAIRA! ST! SUUUURE! ♪ *A strange voice within his mind* ♪ ♪ *From the burning orb in his hand* ♪ ♪ *Spoke of the properties of certain herbs* ♪ ♪ *Growing wild all across the land* ♪ [Claira St. Sure looks like a very serious big deal fighter in her red hooded robe with her fists all wrapped with tape. Diane Parker looks like a female wrestler who considers herself a wrestler, all in her black vinyl and rainbow trim attire. Lisa Loeh looks like some metal groupie who got lost on her way to fetch the boys more "candy".] **DDK:** We saw the Brujas in action as a team once before, where they were successful against the Mike Sloan eXtravaganza. I don't know why Eric Dane relegated Claira into the trios division, but there's no denying she's one of the best in the entire fed, her only losses coming to multi-time World Champions who outweighed her by over 100 lbs. Diane has shown to be a very smart and savvy ring technician, and Lisa... well. um. **Angus:** She's hot as fuck and she doesn't botch, I don't really care about anything else. ♪ *Three witches you shall meet* ♪ ♪ *Along the path to your fate* ♪ ♪ *The first will love you, the second will deceive you* ♪ ♪ *And the third will show you the way* ♪ [In the ring, the Brujas wait.] **Quimbey:** And their opponents! Weighing in at a combined weight of 642 lbs! RONNIE LONG! KAI SCOTT! AND HEIDI CHRISTENSON! They are! THE! UNNNNTOUCHABLES! [The Grand Funk Railroad is running right on time.] BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! ♪ *Ain't seen a night* ♪ ♪ *Things work out right, go bye* ♪ ♪ *Things on my mind* ♪ ♪ *And I just don't have the time and it* ♪ ♪ *It don't seem right* ♪ [Out comes Kai Scott first, throwing his arms open like he's the Pope and spinning on the ramp.] [When Heidi comes out, she literally pushes him out of the way with her shoulder, and he almost falls off the ramp. If you care, which you probably do, she's wearing that outfit with the slit-cut MMA shorts.] **Angus:** AHAHAHAHAHAH FAGGOTS! [Ronnie Long comes out last, shovel over his shoulder.] **DDK:** As you see, the Untouchables are having some communication issues. And before Angus gets busy gloating about Eric Dane cleaning them out in one night, I'd like to note that their problems started much earlier. **Angus:** Well, whatever. Heidi going mad has been entertaining, it cost the Untouchables a few matches, and that's what daddy likes. Kai Scott can fuck off, I don't care what he has to say about following up where Mongo McDaniels left off, and Ronnie Long can go shit himself to death. **DING! DING! DING!** **Angus:** Looks like Tres Brujas are sending Diane into the ring first, and the Untouchables can't decide who wants to start. **DDK:** Right. Scott, as he told us, tried to get Claira into the Untouchables. **Angus:** Thank God that didn't happen. **DDK:** And he went out of his way to try and keep the Untouchables away from Claira and Diane when she didn't. So I don't know what kind of match he's going to try and wrestle here, but it looks like he wants a tie-up. [He does, indeed.] [Diane accepts the fingerlock with one hand, quickly spins behind, picks a leg and works for the single leg takedown. Scott topples to the mat, Diane moves up into a ride, but can't figure out where to go from there and Scott easily breaks her grip.] **DDK:** As far as Diane goes, we know from what Kai's told us that she's as good as Claira and Heidi, within her weight class, but that she struggles a lot against larger wrestlers. Scott's a light heavyweight, but that's still a 70 pound advantage against Diane. [Scott drags Diane in for an Irish whip, Diane ducks the clothesline, hits the ropes, rebounds with a textbook dropkick to the chest! Scott doesn't quite go down, but Diane single legs him to the mat, sinks a half nelson and tries for a quick pin! ONE... and Scott's out just as the TWO comes down. Diane keeps a half step ahead of him, getting a rear waistlock. Scott grabs the wrists, powers loose, and flips Diane over his shoulders and down in front of him. He hangs on and gets a knee-to-the-back surfboard applied.] **DDK:** One thing Scott's done a great job of this whole run is keeping exactly what he's capable of doing in the ring unclear. Like it or not, he won the

main event of Untouchable for the Untouchables and barely broke a sweat doing it. **Angus:** DON'T like it. [Diane tries to wiggle loose. She can't, the strength and weight differential is too great.] [Lisa enters the ring and kicks Scott in the side of the head. He ignores it.] [So Clairra enters the ring.] [Scott drops the hold in a hurry and backs into his own corner where, maybe anticipating a mad rampage from Heidi, Long slaps his back as soon as he gets within reach.] **Angus:** Alright, so, I may have been routing for Dan Ryan, and I'm sure that the boss has a good reason for demoting Clairra to trios. That being said, KILL THAT LUMP OF FUCK CLAIRRA! KILL HIM FOR LITTLE JIMMY! [Clairra runs at him and dropkicks the knee. She's quickly up to her feet, ducks a wild swing, kick to the thigh, head, spinning backfist, jumping enzuigiri! Long wobbles, Clairra runs to the corner, jumps to the middle rope and comes off with a spinning roundhouse to the head that takes the big man down to the mat! She grabs a handful of hair and starts laying in the Kawada kicks.] **Angus:** Oh God yes. [Clairra pushes Long down so he's lying in a neutral corner with his head on the bottom buckle. She slaps hands with Diane, then runs in with a seated dropkick to the jaw! She rolls over on her back, catches Diane coming in on her legs and flips her up on the air and down on Long with an assisted cannonball splash! Tag exchange to Lisa.] **DDK:** Diane and Clairra setting up a double team side slam as Lisa heads to the top rope, and spikes it with a flying double knee! [Lisa reaches back and hooks a leg as Diane and Clairra leave the ring.] ONE! TWO! THREKICKOUT! [Lisa is ready as Long starts getting up. She grabs a waistlock, Long throws an elbow, and Lisa-] **DDK:** German suplex! **Angus:** Damn. Long's a big guy, I'm surprised she got him up. [Lisa pulls Long to a seated position, spinal taps him once, then applies a stepover figure 4 and shoulderlock.] **Angus:** That's theoretically smart, trying to weaken the lariat arm, but I dunno, much as I can't stand Ronnie Long there's no denying he can hit people with his arm really hard. [That's when Heidi snaps. She steps into the ring and before either of the Brujas or the ref can do anything, she's hit Lisa with a running front kick.] **DDK:** And Heidi turns her inside out with that kick! [Heidi grabs Lisa by the ankle.] **Angus:** Heidi going to the submission game, oh, lemme see if I can call this one! **DDK:** Knock yourself out. **Angus:** It's a leg bar with a... crossed leg and a...something. [Lisa screams. Heidi looks like she's enjoying herself. Lisa army crawls towards the ropes and gets her hand on them. Rope escapes don't bother Heidi. She drops the hold, stands up, yanks Lisa back down, sits on her back and bends an arm around her leg, trapping it in place with her toe. Clairra puts her foot up on the ropes, but Scott and Long in the Untouchables corner are both watching, and she doesn't enter the ring.] [Heidi grabs Lisa's legs and bends them into a deathlock, then pulls back on the ankle.] **DDK:** That's got to be painful, but I think there's an intimidation aspect behind Heidi's work in the ring there. She knows that Lisa isn't a match for her on the mat and so she's taking her time with whatever she's putting together, making Lisa worry about what she's going to do next. **Angus:** It's actually kinda hot. Actually. [Heidi works her other leg behind Lisa's free arm and applies something not entirely unlike a half-nelson with it. This leaves Heidi with her opponent essentially immobilized, and one hand free. So clearly, the best thing to do with the free hand is to flip off Clairra St. Sure on the ring apron.] [Clairra's into the ring immediately, kicking Heidi in the head, knocking her down and off, but the ref blocks her from continuing to attack. Lisa quickly rolls out of the ring. And now that Clairra's legal, Heidi pushes the ref to the side and paintbrushes her across the face.] OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!! [Clairra grabs her cheek.] [Her eyes narrow.] **SWAAAAAACK!** [Heidi almost stumbles, but she comes back with her own.] [Clairra lays another in.] [Heidi, who isn't an upper body striker, changes gears and kicks Clairra on the side of the thigh. This time Clairra stumbles from the unexpected attack, but she recovers, and blasts Heidi with a leg kick of her own!] **DDK:** Heidi's trying to intimidate Clairra, but Clairra is absolutely NOT intimidated! **Angus:** Why should she be? [Thigh kicks are exchanged between Clairra and Heidi, the anger building and keeping them both on their feet. You can actually see the ref wincing.] **Angus:** I mean yeah, Heidi's a legend, but Clairra did a WAY better job with the FIST than Heidi did with the World Title! Clairra won War Games, Clairra nearly won the GCL, and Heidi's injured a couple midcarders and can't even beat that goddamn Tom Sawyer in those brawls she keeps starting with him! [And then Heidi suddenly gets tired of the strike exchange and kicks Clairra in the head instead, knocking her face first to the mat.] **DDK:** Oh come on! [Heidi gestures angrily at the fans, bolts to the ropes - and Clairra rolls forward, catches Heidi like she's going for a monkey flip, but instead of tossing her over, drops her down into a bodyscissor! She grabs her head and lays in some forearm, Heidi reaches up to block, and Clairra shoots in on the arm and twists it up behind her!] **DDK:** Kimura! Kimura on Heidi! [Heidi screams in sudden, unexpected, acute pain. She manages to lean back hard enough to get Clairra right off the mat, then lurches to the ropes, grabbing them with her free arm.] **Angus:** Out of nowhere! [Scott says something. And as the ref tries to back Clairra off from Heidi, Long runs along the apron, reaches into the ring, grabs Clairra by her head and hurls her over the top rope and down to ringside!] [Diane enters the ring, runs the ropes for momentum, and front dropkicks Long before he gets turned around. Long flies off the apron and smashes into the guardrail.] [Heidi turns on Diane and throws a kick.] [Not hard enough - Diane catches it, trips her to the mat with a single leg, then turns her with a leg lace and arm triangle!] **DDK:** Pinning combination but the ref isn't looking! One, two, THREE that would've been it! [Scott steps into the ring and kicks Diane. Lisa doesn't do anything to help.] **Angus:** I've got this feeling like I'm gonna end up

hating Kai Scott more than Ronnie Long by the time everything's over, but he's been trying to stay out of this, and he's been wrestling as clean as possible so far. **DDK:** He's said over and over again that he has no ill will towards the Brujas. [Heidi's up and she - pushes Scott out of the way, then throws Diane out of the ring!] **Angus:** Aw man, here we go again. **DDK:** Heidi didn't like being shown up by a new girl, even though Diane Parker's a six-year veteran, even though Kai specifically warned her not to underestimate her, and now Heidi's... [Grabbing Diane by the ankle, and wedging her foot into the guardrail.] **Angus:** You know what? No. Fuck this. [Diane's in a panic, trying to get her leg free. Heidi has maybe the creepiest goddamn expression ever on her face as she backs off, takes a running start and...] **THWAAAAACK!!! RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!** [The fans aren't cheering because Heidi snapped Diane's knee, because she didn't.] **DDK:** Clairra St. Sure with a busaiku knee kick off the apron cut Heidi off right at the pass! [Claira untwists Diane's leg. Heidi hasn't moved.] **Angus:** I think Heidi's out cold! And OH SHIT! [With nothing else to be done, Long entered the ring and dived headfirst over the top rope, obliterating Clairra and Diane, and nearly smashing his own head into the guardrail.] **DDK:** We've got a pile of bodies out here, and in the ring it's down to Lisa Loeh and Kai Scott. **Angus:** Hey, she came to Defiance for Kai Scott, she's about to get what she wanted. I mean, I'd love to see her drop him on his neck a few times and win, but I don't see that happening. [Lisa doesn't want to get into the ring, but the difference between her and the other two girls is that she's not a former Truly Untouchable, and not one of Scott's associates, and that means he's going to try and do as much damage to her as possible. In fact, he charges her on the ring apron.] **DDK:** Shoulderblock through the ropes, rope assisted jumping enzuigiri, she's going to defend herself rather than run away! Springboard front dropkick and down goes the Ace of Heels! [This unexpected offense has the fans on their feet.] **DDK:** Lisa, following up, BIG Kenka kick and down goes Scott again! Lisa hooks the arm, leg, she's trying to get him up for a fisherman's suplex - and does! [Lisa uses the kind of fisherman's suplex where you just put your opponent on your shoulders and fall back, not the pinning kind.] **DDK:** I understand Lisa's got two finishers. She's got a modified lightning spiral she calls the Sex Pistol. **Angus:** Rofl. **DDK:** And a bridging tiger suplex. **Angus:** Omfux, she doesn't have a submission finisher? [Lisa does appear to try and get Scott up on her shoulders for the Sex Pistol. But he blocks with an elbow to her head, quickly hits a spinning sole butt. Instead of going for the followup enzuigiri, he scoops Lisa up and drives her to the mat!] **DDK:** Kneeling powerbomb! ONE! TWWWWWOOO! THREEEEEEEKICKOUT! **DDK:** Not quite enough. Scott pulls her up, another sole butt, he's going for the powerbomb again and Lisa counters with a huracarrana! [Not content with just hooking the legs, Lisa - and as your narrator I'm embarrassed to describe this - scoots up until she's sitting directly on Scott's face rather than his chest. Perhaps she hoped it would distract him and he'd forget to kick out.] [It didn't work, anyway. Scott's a seasoned professional.] **Angus:** And with that, I think the credibility of women in the ring just got set back five years. Also, Kai Scott is clearly gayer than a short stack of strawberry pancakes. [Lisa ducks a clothesline attempt, then hits a jumping neckbreaker, taking Scott back to the mat. She scrambles across the ring and slaps the hand of Clairra.] **RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!! DDK:** Scott picking himself up and it's about to be teacher versus student! [Scott looks around. Heidi's still lying on the ringside mats. Long's not reaching for a tag or anything. Clairra hesitates.] **DDK:** Clairra's asking herself, does she really want to cross the line and lay her fists and feet against her mentor? **Angus:** How many of her moves does he already know the counter to, is another question. [Claira takes a few rapid breaths.] [And then she explodes out of her corner.] [Scott sidesteps the dropkick. Clairra positioned her legs perfectly so that she hit the top rope with the back of her thighs, rolled to her feet and hit Scott with a corkscrew enzuigiri!] **RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!! Angus:** YES! [Scott's up. Clairra overhooks one arm. High roundhouse, low roundhouse, high roundhouse, low roundhouse, jump spinning back kick and down goes the Ace of Heels! Clairra assists him to his feet - northern light suplex rolled through into an armbar!] **Angus:** Textbook! [Scott gets the ropes.] [Claira gets a standing armbar, and tries to lever him to the mat for the Truly Untouchabreaker - but like Angus was saying earlier, Scott saw it coming instantly. **DDK:** Scott rolls through the armlock and just cleans Clairra's clock with a crescent kick! [Claira knows enough about trios wrestling to roll out of the ring since she's right by the ropes. Scott steps out as well, and Diane decides to try and get the drop on Long with speed.] **WHAAAAAAMMM!!! DDK:** Elevated standing... chokeslam into a spinebuster, or I'm not precisely sure, Long just lifted Diane into the air and spiked her to the mat like a football! Long's an amazingly underrated power wrestler... **Angus:** HE FUCKING SUCKS HE SUCKING FUCKS AND I DON'T LIKE HIM! [Long extends that arm for the Western Lariat.] **Angus:** NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO [He swings.] [Diane ducks, catches his head, swoops up and around and aims for the Christo!] **Angus:** NO NO NO WAIT YES! [She can't quite hook it. Long tries to shake her loose, and in doing so, swings her feet into the ref!] **Angus:** NOOOOOOOO! [Long manages to bring it all the way back around and drop Diane with the Blue Thunder. No ref though, so he drops the pin. Heidi has just pulled herself up after being down for quite some time from the busaiku knee, and she's...] [...got the shovel.] **BBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!** [The shovel is put into the ring and Long picks it up. He looks down at Diane, who's just climbing to her knees.] [Claira, who had also fallen out of the ring, tries to get

back in. Scott drops to his knees and locks her in a front chancery. She struggles as best she can, but she's not strong enough to push a man who outweighs her by 90 pounds backwards.] [Lisa's screaming, but she's not about to get near the shovel.] [Long brings it back for a swing and then.. doesn't.] **DDK:** Long, hesitating... [Heidi yells, and Long comes to a decision.] [The shovel goes flying through the air.] [Not towards Diane's head, but towards the other side of the ring, where it hits the ropes and lands pointlessly on the mat.] [Ronnie Long turns his back on Heidi and Kai Scott, steps over the ropes and walks up the ramp without looking back. **Angus:** He left? **DDK:** Angus, I know you despise Ronnie Long, but he's always been a good guy. He's gone through the actions the rest of the Untouchables have pushed him through with obvious reluctance, but clearly he has decided that enough was enough. **Angus:** Yeah, well... I still hate him. [Heidi starts to follow him. Scott steps after her. Heidi stops. Right now Kai's just inside the ring and Heidi's on the box ramp where it meets the apron. Diane starts to get up, then decides lying down is a fine place to be while the Untouchables fight amongst themselves.] **DDK:** I can't hear what they're saying. Can we get a camera in there? [No, we can't.] [Heidi takes another step up the ramp.] [Scott reaches out and grabs her by the wrist.] [And maybe, in the context of what's been happening over the last few months, what happens next isn't surprising.] **KA-THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!** **DDK:** LETHAL ROUNDHOUSE ON KAI SCOTT! HEIDI CHRISTENSON JUST KICKED KAI SCOTT IN THE HEAD! SHE KICKED HER OWN TEAMMATE! SCOTT'S DOWN! **Angus:** And Heidi's outta here! [Raising both fists over her head, middle digits extended, Heidi walks up the ramp.] **DDK:** Tres Brujas are suddenly on the good end of a 3 on 1 handicap match, but it's against their mentor! Diane Parker's the legal m...participant. [Diane pulls Scott to the middle of the ring, face down.] **DDK:** Looks like she's setting up a Truly Untouchabreaker. **Angus:** NOPE! Remember when Diane taught Clair that pin to use against Christian Light that didn't work because she was too close to the ropes? This time it's gonna work, I think. [With both of his arms tied up, Diane rolls Scott over onto his shoulders. Truth be told, he doesn't even try to kick out.] ONE! TWO! THREE!!! [Diane lets go of the pin immediately.] **DING! DING! DING!** **Quimbey:** Here are your winners: The team of TRES! BRUJAS! [Lisa jumps around in celebration. Clair and Diane are more somber.] **DDK:** We've got some sort of stareoff between the former Truly Untouchables and Kai Scott as he gets up. [Scott looks at Clair and Diane. It almost looks like he sighs, then he pulls himself up with the ropes and heads up the ramp.] **DDK:** The Untouchables have just exploded! Ronnie Long walked out, and then Heidi attacked Kai Scott and walked out as well! Tres Brujas pick up their second tag team victory, and that's got to put them in line for a title shot in the future. **Angus:** Wow. No more Untouchables. Really? [The Brujas hit the turnbuckles for the fans as we fade away from ringside.]

Promo

[Backstage, just outside the entrance to the hallway that leads to the ramp, the current DEFIANCE FIST, Dan Ryan is standing fist clenched in front of his as he squeezes his wrist with the other hand, a motion he alternates from left to right as he speaks. His expression is dead serious, no smirk, no hint of anything but focus.]

Dan Ryan:

I guess it's about that time, right Bronson? It's been a few days. I decided to let those words you spoke hang in the air rather than respond to them by the way -- and as the hours went by, I started to realize something significant. You aren't used to someone like me. You're used to the simple-minded. You're not used to someone as intelligent as I am, as well-read, as capable of cutting through the bullshit.

You keep asking me if I think anyone here is impressed by me.

The past is simply what it is, Bronson. It is a set of facts about my life which makes people stand up and take notice, that require neither your worship nor your acknowledgement. They simply exist. They are what they are, to borrow a phrase, and you don't have to be concerned with them. In fact, please continue to not care about who I am and what I can do. I will happily believe it too, despite the repetitive rehashing of the question indicating its constant presence on your mind.

Do I think anyone here is impressed by me?

The thin veil that you pull over your eyes is practiced, yet just as stretched. Keep asking me why my past keeps coming up. Keep talking about yours. Why not get the name "Boston Bancroft" stitched on a nice country pillow and set it on your living room couch? You know, just to save us all a little time?

My past makes me who I am, Bronson, but it's a past that has taken place over the expanse of almost twenty years. I'm not sitting here a quivering mass of emotional pudding quaking over how to handle the emotions beset upon me by the decisions I've made in life. I'm quite comfortable with the decisions I've made -- and I'm quite capable of functioning without the use of pharmaceuticals to calm my nerves. Sometimes, people just like to know that the people they pay good money to see on television are real people and not just a bald head, a handlebar moustache and a silly accent.

I'm a fully realized human being, my friend, and it just so happens that I'm also fully realized as one of the best professional wrestlers in the entire world.

You asked me once what the only thing YOU EVER have on your mind was.

Right now, I'd say it's figuring out how to hang on to your mystique without the perception of you forever being changed by me in that ring tonight. You think you know what you want, but your fatal flaw will always be underestimating what I want and what I'll do to get it.

Tonight we'll BOTH find out how far the other is willing to go. But for you? This is the last time you'll EVER think of me.... and smile.

Bronson Box vs Dan Ryan (c)

Quimbey:

LAAAAAADIEEEEEEEEEEEEEES AND GEEEEEEENTALMEEEEEEEEN THIS... IS YOUR MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING AND IT IS FOR FIST OF DEFIANCE! This contest will be held under NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO DISQUALIFICATION RUUUUUUUULES! Once the competitors are both in the ring, the referee will call for the bell from that point on... ANYTHIIIIIIIIIIIIING GOOOOOOOES!

[The crowd pops hard for that. Whether they're pro Ryan or pro Box this crowd is dead sure they're about to see brutality on another scale. As the camera pans around the decidedly pro Ryan arena we see numerous Dan Ryan signs with pockets of pro Box resistance. One huge section in the upper deck has draped a huge "IF RYAN WINS WE RIOT" banner scrawled like a bunch of psychopaths on an old bed sheet.]

Angus:

Holy fuckin' shit this is gunna' be brutal!

DDK:

Hope your ticker can take it there, grandpa.

Angus:

I told you to shut your goddamn mouth Keebler! I was just overcome with joy seeing The Count of COOLsvania rise to his rightful throne! ... peasant.

[The arena is bathed in a flickering brown sepia brown as the Defiance big screen flickers to life.]

Quimbey:

Now making his way to the ring! Hailing from the Highlands of Scotland...

[Cut in on a sepia-toned film reel of two men in black trunks, jerkily throwing one another around in the ring. The moves weren't flashy, they were just effective. A music box began to tinkle, slowly playing the familiar tune to "The Entertainer" by turn of the century musician Scott Joplin.]

Quimbey:

Weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty four pounds! He is a former Defiance World Heavyweight champion and number one contender to the FIIIIIIIIIST of DEFIANCE...

[The ragtime piano stops cold.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of professional wrestling"... this is, THE BOMBASTIC... BRONSOOOOOON... BOOOOOOOOOX!

[The live camera cuts to the stage where Bronson stands ready for war.]

♪ You can run on... for a long time ♪

[Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Bombastic One, as we quick cut to a few short clips of Bronson performing some of his brutal signature maneuvers on various opponents. Most notably Stephen Greer, Boston Bancroft, Jimmy Kort and Eugene Dewey. We catch a quick glance of Box nose to nose with Eric Dane as well.]

♪ Run on... for a long time ♪

[The next series of clips is of the tragic night that Bronson turned on his tag team partner Evan Hurley, sending his former friend back first into the exposed turnbuckle with a viscous Bombasto Bomb. A metal on metal CLANG added for extra effect. The camera cuts to Bronson making his way down the ramp, jawing with fans along the way.]

♪ Run on... for a long time ♪

[Next we're witness to a series of Box applying The Boston Massacre on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. We catch glimpses of Heidi Christenson, Edward White, Christian Light, Tom Sawyer and several other current DEFIANCE superstars all screaming in pain at The Wargod's hands. On his way up the ringsteps Bronson sheds his robe and tosses it to a ring attendant.]

♪ Sooner or later, God'll cut you down ♪

[Finally a grainy sepia clip from the ladder war where Bronson unified the vacant Defiance Crown with the WfWA World title to become the first official DEFIANCE World Heavyweight champion. A bloody battered Boxer reaching down and snatching one belt from Boston Bancroft and adding it to his own... lifting both championships over his head in triumph. His greatest opponent a bloody heap at his feet. Back live, Box is crouched in the corner primed and ready for the upcoming contest.]

♪ Sooner or later, God'll cut you down ♪

DDK:

The Original Defiant, ready for action Angus.

Angus:

He may be a cruel, unpredictable, pious sociopath.

DDK:

And?

Angus:

Nothing, that's it.

[Bronson violently pops his neck and goes about pacing around the ring like a madman.]

Quimbey:

And hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds! He is the current reigning and defending no holds barred FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIST OF DEFIANCE! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.]

♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪

♪ There's no connection to myself ♪

♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪

♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪

♪ So save your prayers ♪

♪ For when you're really gonna need 'em ♪

♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪

DDK:

And here comes the FIST of DEFIANCE, Angus!

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays. Dan pays not one glance towards Bronson, this fact not going unnoticed by the now fuming mad Wargod.]

Angus:

Burn.

[Ryan hops off the turnbuckle, Bronson steps up to meet him. Boxer glares directly into the eyes of the champion, nose to nose. We can see Bronson jawing with Ryan before the two are pried apart by referee Benny Doyle.]

Angus:

This is going to be fuckin' brutal, Dan's lookin' beast.

DDK:

Two former World champions, Angus! Dan in numerous promotions from coast to coast and Bronson right here in DEFIANCE. Main events don't get much bigger than this. It's also the first time the FIST will be defended under the new anything goes FIST Title rulebook... which is more like a pamphlet, really.

Angus:

Bell rings to start the match, complete and total fucking mayhem ensues, bell rings again to end the match. This strap is gunna' be the HEART of this company, Keebs. No politics, no bullshit, just two mother fuckers beatin' the shit out of the other 'til one can't get up off his ass.

[With the competitors backed into their corners Doyle calls for exactly that and the match is on.]

DING DING DING!

[Bronson lunges forward like a madman going for a running lariat.]

DDK:

Ryan ducks that clothesline like the keen eyed veteran he is.

[Box bounces off the ropes and comes steaming back towards the native Houstonian. Ryan sees Box coming a mile away and goes for his own stiff armed lariat. Boxer's head hits the canvas with an eye crossing pop.]

Angus:

BAM! Ryan's a fuckin' HOSS. Goddamn dude looks like a character from the old He-Man cartoon, I mean come on.

DDK:

This is going to be an interesting battle, Angus. Dan Ryan holds his cards pretty close to his chest. This is his first time in the ring with Bronson, he won't be throwing everything in his toolbox at the Scotsman. Bronson on the other hand?

Angus:

Will do everything short of... well, I was going to say short of STAB the motherfucker, but he does actually fucking do that, so...

[Even with his bell rung Bronson is pretty quick to his feet. A few smacks to the side of his head and Bronson's vision clears. He looks across the ring at a smiling Dan Ryan. The Ego Buster gives a little mock boxing pose, egging on the Box.]

DDK:

Ryan showing Box he can brawl with the best of 'em, Angus.

Angus:

KNOCK HIS FUCKIN' BLOCK OFF, DAN!

[The two men start circling each other. A foul look on Bronson's mustachioed face.]

[Dan and Boxer finally lockup, each man struggling for the upper hand. Ryan's size advantage becomes immediately evident as he muscles the wild Scotsman back into the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

NASTY knife edge chops from Ryan!

[Ryan lights up Bronson, just laying into him with a long series of chops.]

[Box stumbles out of the corner clutching his now bright red chest. Ryan goes for Boxer's head but the Bombastic brawler kneels and slips behind Dan and locks in a tight hammerlock. The moment of victory lasts about a second as Ryan reaches back and wrenches forward on Bronson's head whipping the brawler forward. With Box now in a sitting position Ryan kneels down, cranks Box's head sideways and digs a knee into the Wargod's back.]

Angus:

THEY BE GRAPPLIN', KEEBS!

DDK:

Some decidedly subdued brawling and grappling from these two men. We're witnessing a definite feeling out period between these two big bulls, Angus.

Angus:

Oh, you gotta' be kiddin' me...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[We switch to a shot of the stage where the massive Frank Dylan James is already standing with his arms crossed over his chest and chains. From behind him bounds Bronson's Red Queen, Virginia Quell. The mere sight of The Moral Majority and we sense a palpable wave of hate from the Defiance faithful.]

Angus:

Already? Really?

[The commotion on the stage draws Ryan's attention for just a half second, allowing for Bronson to reach back and rake Dan's left eye and escape the hold. Bronson runs and pops off the ropes like a freight train burying a boot right into the seated Ryan's face.]

Angus:

FUCK.

DDK:

And I do believe they're coming over here, partner.

Angus:

FUUUUUUUU...

[Bronson's red haired woman leads The Mastodon down the ramp, around the ring and over to the commentary booth. Frank plants it near the guardrail, Virginia takes up the third headset right between Angus and Darren.]

Angus:

... UUUUUUUU hey Frank, sup man. Lookin' swoll bro. Love the new gear man, really fresh.

Virginia:

Angus dear, Darren my love how are my boys this evening?

DDK:

Miss Quell, always a pleasure.

Angus:

Is it?

[With Ryan trying to shake a few circuits back into place, Bronson goes about stomping The Ego Busters limbs one at a time. Each time Ryan plants a hand Box goes for the fingers with the edge of his boot until Ryan rolls down on his back in agony, clutching his hands. Bronson drops a few quick leg drops across Ryan's neck before locking in a headlock down on the canvas.]

Virginia:

Correct me if I'm wrong Darren, I can be a big of a bubble head now and again you know, but didn't Mr. Quimbey say this match was being conducted under anything goes rules?

DDK:

Indeed he did.

[A motion from Quell and Frank yanks a short length of chain from around his neck, tossing it under the bottom rope to Bronson. In one swift movement Box wraps the chain around his hand and slams it sharply into Ryan's forehead. And again, and again until we see some crimson starting to flow. Bronson scrambles to his feet and up the nearest turnbuckle, taunting the crowd, swinging the chain over his head like a madman.]

Angus:

THIS is your boyfriend?

Virginia:

We've never said that, dear. I'm his companion.

Angus:

What's the fuckin' difference?

Virginia:

A boyfriend connotes LOVE. What we do is mostly fight and screw, dear.

DDK:

And back to the ring we go!

[Off the turnbuckle Bronson is met with a clubbing blow to the chest. Bronson stumbles back into the corner, Ryan backs up and charges the Wargod.]

DDK:

BOX WITH THE ONE ARMED SIDE SLAM!

[Box screams down at Frank Dylan James to start breaking out the hardware. The Mastodon goes about pulling folding chair after folding chair out from under the ring and chucking them over the top rope like a madman. Chairs raining down from the heavens on the two men in the ring.]

Angus:

Thank God this shit's finally getting brutal. I was about to fall asleep.

[Box marches around jawing with the fans and no less than eight or nine chairs clatter down onto the canvas. Laughing, Bronson turns around to face his fallen opponent.]

Angus:

TO THE FUCKIN' FAAAAACE!

[Whist Bronson was taking his lap Mr. Ryan had groggily found himself on spaghetti legs with one of Frank's chairs grasped in his now bloody hands and absolutely blasts Box across the face. Frank scrambles to the apron and is met with a similar fate, falling down onto the ring apron. Frank rolls under the bottom rope and sits back in the nearest corner]

DDK:

A bloody Dan Ryan swinging for the fences, Angus! Taking our Box AND The Mastadon!

Angus:

How ya' like THAT sweet cheeks?!

Virginia:

Dear boy, do you really think that's the very bottom of our bag of tricks?

[Dan Ryan smiles through his crimson mask, lifts his chair... but stops, eyes darting back and forth between both Frank and Bronson. His eyes eventually come to rest on Frank's length of steel chain still laying on the canvas right by The Ego Buster's left foot. Before you can say early onset alzheimer's Ryan launches the chair at The Mastodon's face and has the chain wrapped around his fist just absolutely crushing Bronson's forehead.]

Angus:

Start diggin' in that bag, dollface. Your boys aren't lookin' so hot.

DDK:

Dan Ryan absolutely waylaying his SIZABLE opposition from The Moral Majority!

[Ryan stands up and lets loose a roar raising the bloodied chain high above his head. The fans pop hard for the pure intensity of the reigning FIST champion, living up to the belts new no holds barred ruleset. Dan tosses the chain aside and turns around.]

DDK:

CLUBBING CHOP FROM FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

[Ryan, absolutely unphased, hulks out right in Frank's face and goes about lighting the big Virginian's chest up with a series of skin peeling knife edge chops.]

Angus:

HE'S CLUBBERIN', KEEBS!

DDK:

Frank Dylan James isn't even in this MATCH!

Virginia:

Anything goes, dear. Remember?

[A quick irish whip and a quick snap belly to belly and Frank is a mess, tangled up through the ropes on the apron reeling from the assault from Ryan. Before Dan has even a moment to breath Bronson is back up on his feet, face covered in blood now, absolutely seething. He barrels towards Ryan, Dan pulling a low bridge.]

DDK:

Box launches himself RIGHT into Frank Dylan James!

[Frank had JUST gotten to his feet out on the apron when he was met with a flying Scotsman right in the mush. The Moral Majority duo tumbling to ringside.]

Angus:

This is fucking awesome.

DDK:

Even with the numbers against him Dan Ryan is dominating here, Angus!

EGO BUSTER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

EGO BUSTER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

Virginia:

This just won't do.

[We hear Virginia Quell's headphones clatter onto the desk.]

Angus:

Where's that crazy bitch goin' now?

[Ryan barks obscenities down at Boxer and Frank just getting to their feet down at ringside, leaning way over the top rope. Unbeknownst to Ryan though The Red Queen slipped in under the ropes behind him.]

DDK:

BRASS KNUCKS TO THE BACK OF THE EGO BUSTER'S HEAD!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Before Ryan can hit the canvas Box is behind him like lighting, slapping on a Cobra Clutch. Box heaves the huge grappler up, crushing Ryan's spine with a Cobra Clutch Backbreaker. Over and over and over Bronson takes Ryan up and down across his knee before releasing the hold. Frank steps up next, in his hand the same chair Dan tossed in his face earlier. Frank reaches down and drags Ryan to his feet by the head.]

DDK:

BODYSLAM WITH THE CHAIR!

Angus:

This three on one bullshit is FUCKED UP. I thought this was supposed to be two men enter one man leaves sort of shit, not some Manson family gangbang.

[Ryan is a mess, absorbing boots from all three members of The Moral Majority. Boxer barks at his minions to back up as he starts circling his wounded opponent. Ryan stumbles slowly to his knees, hands up in a defensive posture. Box steps up, reaches down and grabs the dazed Ryan around the waist.]

DDK:

DEADLIFT SUPLEX, RYAN IS DOWN... wait, what's that now?!

Angus:

The goddamn calvary's here, Keebs!

["Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens starts to play as Python explodes through the curtain and comes sprinting down the ramp. Before The Moral Majority can react Python is on the apron.]

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY ON QUELL AND JAMES OF THE MORAL MAJORITY! Python is right back on his feet, kicking Quell under the bottom rope then laying some serious boots to The Mastodon Frank Dylan James!

[Before Darren Keebler can even finish his thought or Bronson Box can even address the presence of Python in the

ring kicking the living shit out of his girlfriend the familiar opening drum beats of Rush's seminal classic Tom Sawyer. All we see is a streak of yellow and the man himself is in the ring like a flash nose to nose, forehead to forehead with Bronson Box.]

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!

DDK:

This FIST title match's anything goes rulebook is being stretched to the absolute limits here! First The Moral Majority help Bronson Box overwhelm Dan Ryan, now Python and Tom Sayer have joined the fray to even the odds! It is absolute pandemonium here in the big easy tonight, partner!

Angus:

Holy fuck look at Sawyer buttin' heads with Bronson! This shit is bananas!

[Bananas is right, the sight of the plucky young upstart standing nose to nose with the personification of Defiance is almost too much for the Defiance faithful to take.]

LETS GO SAWYER!

LETS GO SAWYER!

KILL BOX KILL!

KILL BOX KILL!

DDK:

DAN RYAN WITH THE BRAINBUSTER OUT OF NOWHERE! OH MY GOD!

[Box was so focused on the new threat of Tom Sawyer he didn't notice the giant blood covered wrestler coming back to ripped beast-like life behind him. After aiding his savior Python with a few boots to FDJ Dan goes for the flash Brainbuster leaving Bronson Box convulsing on the canvas.]

[On the other side of the ring Python has Virginia Quell crawling around on the outside of the ring holding her back thanks to the stiff baseball style kick that sent her to ringside. Currently Python is hurricanrana-ing the massive Frank Dylan James out of his boots and across the ring. With the Majority dealt with he rushes over to Tom Sawyer, the two quickly assessing Bronson's predicament... both men eyeballing the top turnbuckle.]

DDK:

SAWYER SCALES WITH TURNBUCKLE, SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

Angus:

He just fucking RAN up the goddamn turnbuckle!

[Sawyer crushes The Wargod's ribcage with that move, he's quick to roll out of the way since...]

DDK:

PYTHON WITH ANOTHER SHOOTING STAR PRESS, OH MY GOD!

[Python performs the same feat at Sawyer, scaling the turnbuckle and delivering another textbook Shooting Star. The pain is etched on Bronson's face. It's not over though. Dan Ryan rushes over and pulls the dazed Scotsman to his feet and sets him up.]

Angus:

HUMILITY BOMB FROM RYAN ON BRONSON BOX!

[Dan Ryan drops down for the pin. Benny Doyle slides into position.]

1...

2...

[Darkness envelopes the arena. Every light from the overhead lights to the announcers desk lamps go completely black. The fans are going ape shit at this point. When the lights flicker back to life Dan Ryan is stumbling around the ring with a face full of platinum dust.]

DDK:

EDWARD WHITE?! Where the hell did he COME from, Angus?

Angus:

Son of a BITCH! With that GODDAMN platinum dust again! FUCK!

[It's about this point Virginia Quell's presence is felt again with a chop block on the blinded Dan Ryan, The Ego Buster dropping down and rolling to the outside. Virginia joins Edward White in squaring off with Tom Sawyer and Python.]

DDK:

So to recap here, folks. Bronson Box has been cut in half by a pair of Shooting Star Press' from Sawyer and Python who are currently squaring off against Edward White and Virginia Quell. And Frank Dylan James is on the floor with a blinded Dan Ryan...

[Frank is indeed down on the floor, Dan Ryan's head trapped in his vice like grip. He drags Dan Ryan's bleeding platinum dust covered carcass over towards the metal guard rail.]

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST!

DDK:

Frank Dylan James with a bodyslam ACROSS the guardrail on poor Darn Ryan, Jesus Christ is right! Dan Ryan has absorbed an unthinkable amount of punishment thus far in this... match? Is this even a match at this point?

Angus:

Ryan WAS about to pin Box until moneybags obviously paid the crew guys to kill the lights...

[Back in the ring The Red Queen has a piggy back sleeper synched tight on Tom Sawyer and he's fading fast. Python and Ed White's slug-fest was turning in Python's favor until he tried to quickly kick Quell off Sawyer's back giving White opportunity to plant Python with a beautiful Side Russian Leg Sweep.]

DDK:

Python planted with that maneuver!

[Bronson Box finally gets to his feet aided by his companion Virginia Quell. Frank Dylan James rolls the broken battered body of Dan Ryan into the ring before rolling in himself, joining his three allies in the ring.]

Angus:

The newfound team unity between The Moral Majority and The Blood Diamonds is super unsettling. Quell still hates Jane Katze, right?

DDK:

I do believe so, yes.

Angus:

At least we have that...

[Box regains his composure a little bit and steps up to Ryan's prone body. He holds out his hand, Ed pulls a microphone from his back pocket and hands it to his Blood Diamonds tag team partner.]

FUCK YOU BRONSON! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**
FUCK YOU BRONSON! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**
FUCK THE DIAMONDS! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**
FUCK THE DIAMONDS! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

DDK:

Don't know if I've ever heard dueling chants both condemning the same person before. Only in Defiance.

Angus:

I'd be going for a pinfall right about now.

DDK:

I think Bronson has something to say first.

Angus:

HUGE surprise. Fuckin' loud mouth. I liked him better when he was all religious.

[Bronson slowly lifts to microphone up to his crimson face. To his left his Queen and his monster, to his right his business and tag team partner. At their collective feet? The collective might of Tom Sawyer, Python and Dan Ryan.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The fans unload a tidal wave of heat on Bronson and company.]

Bronson Box:

What's wrong?!

[Breathless.]

Box:

YOU ALL GUNNA' JUDGE ME, YOU LOT?! EH?! WHO'S LEFT STANDING?! BRONSON BLOODY BOX!
EDWARD WHITE! HUH?! WHO DO YOU GOT DEFIANCE! I swear to Christ, I swear on all I hold sacred, this is OUR bloody promotion. And when the dust settles on this war of attrition, when Defiance is cleansed of the TRASH and the...

[The lights go out again.]

Angus:

Oh for fucks sake...

DDK:

What could possibly...

Bronson Box:

WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL IS TH...

[The microphone drops to the canvas with a loud thud, a struggle is heard.]

[The lights stay off a lot longer this time.]

DDK:

Someone just jumped the guardrail behind us, Angus!

Angus:

I know that scent... oh my dear God, yes!

DDK:

There's a commotion in the ring! Something is happening in the ring, Angus!

[When the lights finally come back on Python, Tom Sawyer and Dan Ryan are back on their feet laying boots to Bronson, Quell and James. And center ring trading hammering overhand blows with Edward White...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

IT'S THE CHAAAMP!

DDK:

IT'S CANCER JILES! He's who jumped the guardrail, Angus! He's in there in street clothes! After his appearance earlier word was he'd left the building but here he is!

Angus:

PUNCHED IN THE FUCKIN' FACE AND THE SHADES ARE STILL ON, KEEBS!

[Dan Ryan and Python are double teaming Bronson Box keeping The Scottish Strongman on the ropes. Quell rolls to the outside to hide whist Frank Dylan James tries unsuccessfully to swat Tom Sawyer like a fly. Back center ring the momentum of The Chieftain of Chawp is too much for Edward White, Cancer backing his former tag team partner into the corner.]

Angus:

OH SHIT HE RIPPED ED'S SHIRT OPEN! [mumbling] I bet those buttons are made of something expensive... HEY RING CREW DUDE! Grab them buttons bro, they're probably ivory!

DDK:

Cancer exposing the chest just LIGHTING UP Edward White!

FUCK YEAH CANCER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

FUCK YEAH CANCER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

[The whole scene comes to a screeching halt when "The One You Love to Hate" by Rob Halford erupts over the sound system harkening the arrival of the owner, creator and Lord and Fucking Master of DEFIANCE Wrestling.]

Eric Dane:

ENOUGH OF THIS HORSESHIT!

Angus:

DA' BAW'S IS HERE, KEEBS!

[Eric Dane dressed in his most badass all black business casual lookin' like a jacked platinum blond Steve Jobs walks out onto the ramp microphone in hand.]

Dane:

You mother fuckers don't appreciate any goddamn thing, do you? I try throw you psychopaths a bone and add the anything goes stip to this FIST thing Andrews came up with and you fucks can't even get that shit right.

[The Moral Majority / Blood Diamonds combo have all rolled to the safety of ringside near the announce booth. In ring Python and Dan Ryan lean over the ropes to jaw with Edward, Bronson and their compatriots. Tom and Cancer have their attention locked on the man in charge, they know better.]

Dane:

RYAN, PYTHON, EYES UP HERE! That goes for you too Box. Ya' see Boxer you just lost your shot at the FIST tonight, the fuckin' concept needs more tweaking I guess. Maybe a cage or barbed wire. Or both. Either or, I'm in charge again and I'm gunna' REPAIR this main event.

[Dane lets the tension build. Before he can speak again however Edward White has found a microphone and decides interrupting The Only Star is the absolute best course of action.]

Edward White:

PARDON ME. But just who do you think you are, sir? Since you've been away on your little vacation, Bronson and myself have been keeping the living beating heart of this company ALIVE! You're mad we mucked up your little FIST experiment, well boohoo. I have a mind to...

Dane:

SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH, ED! You did screw up this match, that's why it's over. EIGHT MAN TAG! RIGHT HERE! BRONSON AND HIS CREW VERSUS RYAN, PYTHON, SAWYER AND THE DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP CANCER JILES!

[Bronson loses his shit at ringside.]

Dane:

Get to it boys. Ring the fuckin' bell.

SPECIAL MAIN EVENT**DING DING DING!****DDK:**

These impromptu second main events are becoming quite the tradition here in Defiance!

Angus:

It either makes us look gritty and unpredictable or perchance like we can't get our shit together. Could go either way. BUT LOOK AT OUR CHAMPION, KEEBER! Is Eric seriously making him wrestle in his street clothes? The man is wearing loafers for Christ sake! CANCER BE CAREFUL, DON'T YOU DARE ROLL AN ANKLE IN THIS SHOES DAMNIT!

DDK:

Now Angus, we... HOLY YELLOW JET FUELED CHRIST!

[Before the bell even stops ringing Tom Sawyer launches himself over the top rope and obliterates the entire Blood Diamonds faction with a wild suicide dive.]

Angus:

Goddamn kid is a moron but Jesus Christ can he fly!

[As all five persons start getting to their feet Python cracks a little grin.]

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE FROM PYTHON ON THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM, DEAR GOD!

[Five bodies are scattered at ringside now, all slowly getting to their feet. Virginia Quell deftly avoids the second assault and slinks around to the other side of the ring.]

THIS IS AWESOME! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**
THIS IS AWESOME! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

[Cancer and the absolute bloody mess that is Dan Ryan exchange looks. The Lord Paramount of COOLsterly Rock breathes a deep sigh, takes off his expensive looking shoes and his t-shades and hands them to Dan with a smile and a nod.]

Angus:

THE CHAMP BE FLYIN', KEEBS!

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE SECOND ROPES TAKING OUT EVERYBODY AT RINGSIDE!

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

[Dan Ryan hands off Cancer's belongings to a ring attendant, before he can turn around though The Red Queen makes her presence felt again.]

DDK:

Piggyback sleeper from Virginia Quell!

Angus:

This isn't gunna' end well for chicky-poo...

[An incensed Dan Ryan reaches back and grabs two big handfuls of silky red hair and yanks forward with all his

considerable might. Quell's sleeper falls away as she finds herself propelled forward by The Ego Buster. With Gin now in a sitting position Ryan takes a step back and...]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

[A tangible cringe is felt throughout the audience as Dan Ryan launches forward boot first towards the back of Gin's head]

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH GOD SHE'S FLEXIBLE!

DDK:

DAN RYAN WITH A BICYCLE KICK TO THE BACK OF VIRGINIA QUELL'S BEAUTIFUL SKULL!

[The Red Queen crumples under the bottom rope and back out to ringside, with the pile of Suicide Dived manhood completely untangled and everyone having stumbled back or near their teams corners, Bronson Box muscles his way in ring to face Ryan.]

Angus:

Hey look, we're back where we fuckin' started!

DDK:

Not so fast, Angus.

[Ryan looks about to lock up with Box when The Ego Buster holds up a 'one sec' finger... then points to Tom Sawyer.]

TAG IN SAWYER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

TAG IN SAWYER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

[Bronson roars towards his opponents to 'bloody bring it', Ryan without hesitation backing up and tagging in the man himself.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

Oh my, Angus! Business is about to pick up here! The disdain Bronson Box harbors for Tom Sawyer is a thing of Defiance legend, fans! Since the day these two first occupied the same locker room Tom Sawyer has rubbed The Wargod the absolute wrong way. Backstage brawls, shoving matches, cruel pranks, they've even taken it to Twitter! All of this off camera mind you. This isn't a feud, it's just pure hatred between these two.

Angus:

WE'RE GETTIN' A TASTE, PARTNER!

[Bronson and Tom circle one another whilst their respective comrades in arms cheer along with the Defiance faithful for the opportunity to see these two Defiance mainstays finally lock horns. It takes only a moment for the two men to start exchanging blows. Bronson gets the better of it and quickly launches Sawyer back first into the nearest turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Box roaring towards Sawyer like a old steam locomotive!

[Before Bronson can crush Tom's delicate rib cage with his giant truck sized chest the agile grappler worms through the ropes and lands a stiff elbow shot to the bridge of The Wargod's nose. One single leap and he's on the top turnbuckle, we hear him scream 'oooh yeah baby' before launching himself off the rope in a wild flailing blond experience to behold.]

THIS IS AWESOME! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**
THIS IS AWESOME! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

Angus:

This kid's all over the goddamn place, Keeps!

DDK:

A gorgeous Hurricanrana from Sawyer launches Boxer across the ring, back into his teams corner.

[Bronson reaches up and tags in his Blood Diamonds compatriot Edward White.]

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Awww is the big bad sociopath Wargod scared of lil' ol' Tom Sawyer?

[Sawyer points at Bronson and exuberantly mouths the word 'YOU' before tagging in the current reigning Defiance World Heavyweight champion, the also currently very barefoot 'COOL' Cancer Jiles. The Captain of The Good Ship S.S. COOLsberg whips off his very expensive looking shirt and tosses it into the crowd before looking across the ring at his greatest rival.]

Angus:

I'm having some serious flashbacks to that BRUTAL cage match between these two, Keebler.

DDK:

You could write a book on the history of Edward White and Cancer Jiles.

[One second before Ed and Jiles lock horns The Socialite stomps down as hard as he can on the exposed digits of The Champ. Referee Benny Doyle fruitlessly reprimands Ed White right to his grinning face. Ed then goes about drilling Cancer with an Atomic Drop from the pits of hell.]

Angus:

BAD FUCKIN' FORM! The toes and balls ARE Cancer's two most sensitive erogenous zones!

DDK:

I'm going to avoid asking how you know that and just say BACK TO THE RING!

[Ed White goes about his usual routine with Cancer, cheap shots and using his considerable bulk to muscle the blond bombshell around the ring from pillar to post. After some wild brawling Cancer finds an opening, backs up a few paces and...]

DDK:

THE COOL DOWN ON WHITE FROM THE CHAMP!

Angus:

I.E. A DROPKICK STRAIGHT TO THE FUCKIN' BAAAAAALLS, SON!

[The Socialite drops to his knees, his hands grasping his gold and diamond studded Mercedes endorsed ensured by Lloyd's of London testicles. Cancer takes the moment to scamper up the nearest uninhabited corner and plays to the rabid Defiance fans. Cancer's urging of 'HOW 'BOUT THAT' sends the crowd into an uproar.]

FUCK YOUR BALLS! FUCK YOUR BALLS! FUCK YOUR BALLS!

FUCK YOUR BALLS! FUCK YOUR BALLS! FUCK YOUR BALLS!

Angus:

That's a new one.

DDK:

They're nothing if not creative.

[Without warning Cancer springboards off the second rope launching himself back towards Ed elbow first. The move connects right under The Socialite's bearded jaw. Ed stumbles back and tags Bronson back into the match. The Scotsman makes the belt motion around his waist, Cancer mouths 'fat chance' and tags in Python. The world traveled former world champion leaps over the top rope and just smiles across the ring at The Wargod.]

Angus:

This should be sick.

DDK:

Indeed, partner. Talk about two vastly different styles.

[Python takes full advantage of the exhausted former Defiance champion peppering him with lightning quick shots to the head. He sends the Scottish Strongman to his knees with a nasty leaping enzugiri to the back of Boxer's head then goes about lighting his chest up with some vicious kicks to the chest.]

Angus:

That's just going to piss Bronson off, man.

[Python slowly pulls Box to his feet, we only get a hint of what he's going for before Bronson lets out a paint peeling primal scream and uses his right hand to clamp down on Python's skull.]

DDK:

GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND! We haven't seen Bronson pull this maneuver out in a while. If you look closely you can see the nails on his right hand are always kept a little long to make this hold that much more excruciating for the recipient.

[Bronson finds some well of enthusiasm deep down in his guts and crawls to his feet, Python flailing wildly trying to escape the hold. We see a few trickles of blood emerge from his hairline as he drops down to one knee. Boxer looks down at his victim with wide wild white eyes, his left hand clamped around his right wrist pushing down with all his body weight.]

Angus:

Box is really close to the wrong corner, Keebs! Python is within a finger length of his partners!

DDK:

We've seen it before with Bronson. He loses his temper and he starts making mistakes, and a world traveled veteran of the ring like Python can take advantage of each and every one.

[As if on cue Python slithers under Bronson's arm and reverses the Fiery Right Hand into a hammerlock. Python sandwiches Box chest first into the corner, Tom Sawyer making the blind tag. Python rolls back, pulling Box along. Python rolls through to his feet, Box remaining in a dazed sitting position.]

SMACK!

DDK:

DOUBLE DROPKICKS TO THE SKULL OF BRONSON BOX!

[Python and the new legal man absolutely obliterate the front and back of The Wargod's head, Boxer slumping to the mat like a sack of oranges. Python high fives Sawyer before rejoining Cancer and Ryan on the ring apron. Tom wastes

zero time finally laying boots to Bronson Box. The crowd is in a divided frenzy as they witness the plucky underdog kicking the shit out of Defiance's home grown monster.]

Angus:

SAWYER'S FUCKIN' SHIT UP, KEEBS!

[For all of Sawyer's efforts Bronson slowly and methodically gets to his feet, absorbing Tom's chops and kicks like a heavy bag at the gym. Breathing heavily like some sort of beast Box roars at the high flyer. Frustrated Sawyer takes a big step back 'NOT TODAY'...]

POP!

DDK:

SUPERKICK FROM SAWYER!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[The fans go apeshit as Sawyer twirls his finger around in the air... eventually pointing towards the turnbuckle.]

Angus:

He's goin' up, Keebler! He's goin' up!

DDK:

Ode To Madness Elbow Drop!

[Just as Sawyer is primed to fly Bronson erupts out of pure instinct, lunging towards his corner and rolling limply into a tag with the big man Frank Dylan James. The Mastodon steps into the ring as Sawyer drops down onto the mat and scampers into his corner to convene with his partners.]

Angus:

Goddamn is Frank lookin' beast. Jesus Christ.

DDK:

Bronson's training regimen has worked wonders for The Mastodon, Angus.

[Frank is no adonis, but gone is his saggy beer gut. This a focused Frank Dylan James. It's not just new tights and chains, there's something new in Frank's eyes. Something scary, something dark, something desperate. Supported by the ropes we see Bronson leaning in drilling orders into the side of The Mastodon's head.]

DDK:

Who's going to go toe to toe with this wall of kicking and clubbing humanity?

[Cancer is about to offer his services but a bloody platinum dust covered hand tags Tom first. Dan Ryan steps between the ropes like he's John fucking McClain covered tits to toes in blood, The Socialite's platinum dust still clinging to his face and chest.]

LETS GO RYAN! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

LETS GO RYAN! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

DDK:

Just listen to these fans, Angus!

[This wasn't the casual wrestling fan, we recognize this guy cheers Ryan's gotten in Defiance... this is the guttural Defiance faithful cheers. This was pounding on the guardrail, stomping chairs, shake the rafters black t-shirt squad that's the lifeblood of Defiance cheering their guts out for this outsider, as Bronson Box put it.]

[Welcome to Defiance, Dan Ryan.]

[Frank rushes first. Ryan screams like some sort of warchief as he meets The Mastodon in the center of the ring, the two huge men raining clubbing blows. At the same time, Ed White and his lackys Nicky and Jane appear at ringside below Cancer Jiles and yank him feet first off the apron, boots then laid to the current reigning Defiance World champion.]

Angus:

Can we have one main event without shit like this happening?!

[Virginia Quell has joined her Blood Diamond compatriots in a four on one beatdown of the World Champion. It was at about that point...]

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT FROM SAWYER ONTO WHITE AND COMPANY!

[Sawyer is quick to his feet, helping Cancer up to his. The dogpile consisting of Ed White, Virginia, Nick and Jane aren't as quick to their feet, The World Champ and his new little buddy Tom Sawyer take immediate advantage and start laying boots to The Blood Diamonds camp. The whole troop fighting their way up the ramp and onto the stage.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen we might have ourselves a regular tag team match on our hands now!

[Ryan has Frank Dylan James backed into a corner, lighting up the big man's chest with some nasty knife edge chops. Frank grabs Ryan around the neck like a fucking serial killer and flips the situation, backing up and laying into Ryan with a serie of vicious back elbows.]

DDK:

REDNECK WELCOME FROM THE MASTODON!

[Bronson screams from the corner to finish him off. Frank makes quick aggravated eye contact with Box, backs up and...]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

DDK:

Running boot from James RIGHT to the face of Dan Ryan!

[Frank points upward and heads for the nearest turnbuckle. The big man slowly but surely scales to the top turnbuckle. Big enough to blot out the fucking sun The Mastodon looms over his dazed opponent.]

DDK:

MOUNTAIN TOP KNEE DROP FROM FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

[Dan Ryan rolls out from under Frank's knee at the VERY last second!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[Frank stumbles around clutching his knee, Dan pops up behind him with wide bloodshot eyes. Ryan muscles the massive Mastodon up on his shoulders like he was nothing. The Ego Buster matches around the ring screaming like a madman before...]

DDK:

HARDLINER! BURNING HAMMER ON FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

[We hear Bronson screaming from his corner and Python cheering from his.]

[Ryan rolls through on the big West Virginian.]

1...!

[Bronson staggers through the ropes to break up the count.]

2..!

[Like lightning Python tackles The Wargod back through the ropes, the two men crashing into the guardrail with a loud thwack.]

3...!

DDK:

DAN RYAN DID IT. ANGUS!

Quimbev:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Your winners... Tom Sawyer, Python, the DEFIANCE WOOOOOORLD Champion
COOOOOOL Cancer Jiles and The Ego Buster DAN...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!

[Dan wastes no time rolling to the outside joining Python in laying boots to Bronson Box.]

[The camera cuts to the stage where we find Cancer Jiles and Tom Sawyer having superkicked Virginia, Jane and Nicky's heads off their collective shoulders. Finding himself cornered by the World champ and Sawyer, Ed drops to his knees and begs for his well being.]

KA-THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

DDK:

HEIDI CHRISTENSON! HEIDI JUST TAKES TOM SAWYER'S HEAD OFF WITH THE LETHAL ROUNDHOUSE!

[Cancer Jiles' focus is broken just long enough for Edward White to bring his fist up directly between Jiles' legs.]

Angus:

CAWKPUNCH!

[Jiles' eyes go crossways. He slumps to his knees as Heidi grabs Sawyer by the neck and hair, spins and slings him off the side of the stage!]

DDK:

HEIDI CHUCKS SAWYER OFF THE STAGE!

PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!

PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!

[Sawyer goes back first through a table and some sound equipment, landing in a pile of cables and broken table. Heidi looks down at him, then turns around...]

DDK:

Ed White with a handful of gold dust!

[Out of platinum dust, White downgraded to gold, choosing not to risk giving someone as unpredictable as Heidi a chance to act. Admiring his handiwork, he turns around just in time for...]

DDK:

SUPERKICK FROM JILES RIGHT UNDER EDWARD WHITE'S BEARDED CHIN!

[The Socialite wobbles on the edge of the stage, looking for a second like he might not fall.]

[Cancer has other ideas.]

DDK:

A SECOND SUPERKICK FROM THE CHAMP!

POP!

[The second kick launches White off the edge of the stage like he was shot out of a gun. The Socialite crashes down through the wreckage left behind after Sawyer's trip.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Angus:

24 KARAT CANCER, BABY!

[Back at ringside Frank has come around, rolled to the floor and begun swinging one of his chains above his head like a madman to chase away Ryan and Python. FDJ gathers up the broken batter body of The Wargod and leaps the guardrail with him to avoid further confrontation.]

DDK:

We're completely out of time, folks! See you at 37!

[We end with a wide shot of Dan Ryan and Python in ring, both looking up at Bronson and Frank escaping through the crowd.]