

Frank Holiday vs Rick Mitchum

Darren "DQ" Quimbey: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring, from Concord, New Hampshire... "MR. EXCEL" RICK MITCHUM! [One of the new crop of developmental talents, Mitchum strides down the aisle with a no-nonsense expression, getting a respectful but tepid response from the crowd. He gets in the ring and stands in his corner, glancing around with mild distaste as if he can't understand why the fans aren't making a bigger deal about him.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California... FRANK HOLIDAY! [The announcement is met with enthusiastic cheers as The Heavy's "How You Like Me Now" blasts over the PA and Frank Holiday, flanked by his manager Billy Pepper, bursts through the curtain, devil's horns thrown high. He slaps hands with fans as he heads up the aisle, and then gets a little run going to hop onto the apron. Holiday ducks through the ropes and stands in the middle of the ring, pointing out to the crowd and nodding rhythmically along with his theme music.] **DDK:** Frank Holiday definitely getting a warm welcome! [This lasts all of about four seconds before Mitchum blindsides Holiday, clubbing him in the back of the neck with a forearm, and firmly putting "Mr. Excel" on the crowd's bad side. Outside the ring, Pepper is vocally protesting the cheap shot.] **Angus:** Loving these dirty tactics. **DDK:** I don't think anyone else can say the same. [Taking advantage of the moment, Mitchum hits Holiday with repeated forearms to the back, driving his larger opponent toward the turnbuckles. He follows up with a shoulder into the lower back, and then spins Holiday around to put his back against the corner. Mitchum stings him across the chest with a knife-edge chop, and hits a forearm to the face, and then grabs Holiday by the arm and whips him toward the opposite end of the ring. But Holiday plants his feet and reverses the whip, shooting Mitchum hard into the turnbuckles. Mitchum doesn't even have time to stumble out of the corner before Holiday charges in with a high impact knee to the chest, to the delight of the crowd.] [Holiday backs up a few steps and lets Mitchum stagger forward, then scoops him up over his shoulder in a high-angled bodyslam position, does a turn, and throws him to the canvas with force. Mitchum sits up with his back arched in pain. Holiday gets a running start, rebounds off the ropes, and flattens Mitchum again with a low lariat across the chest. He covers for a light 2 count.] **DDK:** A lot of explosive power on display by Frank Holiday! [Holiday brings Mitchum off the canvas and goes for a suplex, but Mitchum blocks it, and counters with a small package for a 1 count. Mitchum stays on him after the broken pin, hooking Holiday into a front facelock and transitioning into a rear waistlock, and rolls him backward in a reverse cradle. Holiday uses his power to bust out of it at 2. Both back to their feet, Mitchum nails Holiday with a swinging neckbreaker, then hits the ropes and drops an elbow across the chest. Mitchum stands up and jawjacks loudly, earning him a round of boos from the fans. He blows them off with a dismissive gesture, and bends down to drag Holiday up again.] [But whatever Mitchum's next move was going to be is neutralized as Holiday suddenly hops up, scoops Mitchum into his arms and brings him down across his knee in a nasty backbreaker. As Mitchum lies clutching his back, Holiday executes a vertical leap and drops a big leg down across the smaller grappler's head. He goes for the cover and gets a 2 count. Mitchum tries to crawl away and put some distance between them, but Holiday won't let him: he grabs Mitchum by the tights, pulls him to his feet, and then scoops him up again, before hurling his arrogant foe across the ring with a powerful fallaway slam!] **DDK:** Holiday is solidly in control here, Angus! [As Mitchum struggles to get up, Holiday looks out at the crowd with a confident smirk. With Pepper calling directions from ringside, Holiday backs up into the corner and goes into a crouch. Just as "Mr. Excel" wobbles to his feet and tries to get his bearings, Holiday launches himself like a missile -- and cuts Mitchum in half with a 250 pound spear. The fans are buzzing expectantly as Holiday stands and gives a signal: a fist pounding into the palm of his other hand. Then he hauls the beleaguered Mitchum to his feet, hoists him up into a fireman's carry, and executes a thunderous powerslam in the middle of the ring -- the Train Wreck!] **Angus:** I don't think that poor bastard is getting up after that! [Holiday drops and makes the cover, though it's mostly academic now: 1... 2... 3!] **DING DING DING Quimbey:** Your winner by pinfall... Frank Holiday! [The crowd is cheering as Holiday has his hand raised. Billy Pepper climbs into the ring to join him, and they celebrate the victory with high fives.] **DDK:** A strong Defiance debut for Frank Holiday, Angus! **Angus:** That it was, Darren, and not a bad way to kick off the show, either!

The Password

[Frank Holiday, perspiring lightly, shoulders through the curtains into the Gorilla position, Billy Pepper bringing up the rear, both happily chatty following Frank's first match -- and victory -- on the Defiance roster. They're burrowing their way through a crowd of wrestlers, agents, producers and arena staff to head backstage.] **Billy:** ...hit the spear, I swear I saw his lunch come out of him! **Frank:** It's what I aim for, man! **Billy:** Anyway, it can only get better from here-- [His sentence ends prematurely as he bumps into Frank's back. Frank has stopped abruptly in his tracks, looking at a wall of humanity that is turning to look back at him, arms folded.] **Frank:** 'Scuse us, dudes! [The human barricade is made up of three very large men and one smaller man: "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment and Aleczander, and their manager Junior Keeling -- otherwise known as Team HOSS.] **Keeling:** That's rather rude, friend. What's the secret word? **Billy:** Secret word? **Frank:** Hey, you're Team HOSS, right? Nice to meet you. I'm Frank Holiday, this is Billy Pepper. **Keeling:** I'm sure you are. **Frank:** Uh... yeah. Well, you guys are up next, so hey, break a leg out there! **Keeling:** Thanks, Frank. We plan to break a leg out there. Or more. [That sets off a round of snickering among the HOSSes. Frank and Billy stare, not privy to the inside joke.] **Frank:** Anyway, we're off to the showers. So if you don't mind... **Keeling:** Oh, we don't mind. [They remain motionless, blocking the way.] **Keeling:** But you didn't say the secret word. **Frank:** What are you talking about? **Billy:** I think he means a password. Like open sesame. **Frank:** Abracadabra? **Billy:** Hi-ho Silver? **Frank:** Knock knock? **Keeling:** Sorry, that's not going to cut it. [Angel, Cappy and Aleczander seem to be enjoying this. Frank is losing patience.] **Frank:** How about "I need to piss immediately and I need you to get out of my way"? **Keeling:** Close, but no cigar. **Billy:** Okay, seriously, do you guys have a problem? **Keeling:** Why no, do you? **Frank:** Yes, we do. We can't get backstage because some assholes won't move, and it's starting to piss me off. [Keeling and the others laugh uproariously.] **Keeling:** That sounds annoying. What are you going to do about it? [Frank and Billy frown at the not-so-subtle challenge. But just as Frank's hands start to form fists, a stagehand calls out through the din.] **Stagehand:** Team HOSS! You're up! **Keeling:** Sounds like the REAL show is about to begin. Guys, let's go. Enjoy your piss, Frank. [Team HOSS move past Frank and Billy, jostling them roughly, and head for the curtain. Frank Holiday twists and glares at them, eyes flashing hotly, but Billy Pepper gives his shoulder a shake to cut through the wrestler's anger.] **Billy:** Forget about it, Frank. Let's go. [Frank shakes his head, getting control of his temper with an effort.] **Frank:** Hrm. Fine.

Team HOSS vs Team KYOTO Pro

The crowd is packed in the famous Kawasaki Club Citta in the Kanegawa Prefecture of Japan. The next match features three locals from the area looking to impress DEFIANCE officials and try their hand at earning themselves contracts. The crowd responds well to Jinzo, Daisuke, and Kazushi – a trio of young lions competing out of the Kyoto PRO dojo. They have made the five and a half-hour trek from Kyoto to try for this big opportunity. A man greets the crowd by the name of Junior Keeling of the legendary Family Keeling Talent Agency. He tells the fans that DEFIANCE will bear witness to a trio of powerhouses including a multiple-time tag champion, a giant rookie with limitless potential and a Hall of Fame-caliber wrestler. He proclaims with their strength and his immense brain (and penis) he will rule DEFIANCE and have its gold in no time. He introduces the beasts as Aleczander The Great, “The Rookie Monster” Angel Trinidad, and Capital Punishment. They are The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers aka Team HOSS! The action gets started faster and fiercer than a franchise about illegal street racing. The hopes and dreams of the young lions get dashed in the opening bell when the big men quickly maul the much smaller junior heavyweights. Already Cappy kicks Jinzo square in the face with a Big Boot. Aleczander and Angel double-team Daisuke with a Double Shoulder Block. Kazushi is disposed of with a Gargoyle Suplex from Capital Punishment. Angel Trinidad uses a rudimentary series of Scoop Slams followed by a splash he calls the Super Megaton Angel Bomb! Team HOSS takes control once order is restored and Aleczander mows down Jinzo with a spinning no-hands airplane spin called The HOSS Toss! They work over Jinzo with a series of power moves including a vicious double-team Biel Throw from Trinidad and CP that sends the young lion across the ring with incredible velocity. The tag is made to Aleczander and he is caught with a pele kick out of nowhere from Jinzo allowing him to tag to Kazushi. The young junior heavyweight goes to town and lands a missile dropkick followed by a top rope leg drop on Aleczander that gets a one-count before Angel and Capital Punishment break it up. Daisuke tries to dive onto Cappy and Angel but the two giants catch him and unceremoniously THROW him over the top rope and out onto the floor! Jinzo tries to get back into action but a running shoulder tackle from Angel Trinidad called The HOSSplosion knocks him outside of the! Daisuke is left all alone with the giants who connect with a violent elevated triple-team powerbomb known as The Greatest Move In The HOSSStory of Our Sport! Junior Keeling jumps for joy when his monsters win the match in dominant fashion. Post-match, Junior Keeling delivers a warning to DEFIANCE. This is but the tip of the iceberg of what his monsters can do. They will seek out all gold in DEFIANCE starting with the Trios belts. A dominant debut and a message to the rest of the organization – a good night for Team HOSS.

Jupiter Jones vs Walter Levy

It's Dark Match Time! Both men are in-ring, but that's about where the similarities ended. The seven-foot Jupiter Jones towered over the much, much smaller "The Bird Man" Walter Levy. From the onset, Jupiter muscled around the journeyman. A steady diet of Headbutts and Open-handed Chops put Levy on his heels. Jones hit a ring-shaking Fallaway Slam that netted a long two, but Levy was far from done! He ducked underneath a Big Boot from the Harlem native and immediately began to pepper his legs with snapping kicks that wobbled Jones. The crowd perked up when Levy quickly ascended to the top turnbuckle and sprung into the air! The takeoff might have gone well, but the landing was rocky! Jones caught a short-jumping Levy by the face - talking about straight palmed that melon - and hoisted him sky high! **THROWDOWN! ONE! TWO! THREE!** That Iron Claw Chokeslam put Levy down for the EASY THREE. Needless to say, the Japanese crowd were impressed by the size and power on display from Jupiter Jones! Jones stepped over the top rope and headed toward the back as "Get Back" by Ludacris blared out.

The Champ is... in Japan!

[With the pre-show festivities over and done with, the screen is replaced with the black and red DEFIANCE logo.

Seconds later, it fades into Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland at ringside in Japan.]

DDK:

WELCOME WRESTLING FANS!

Angus:

And other douchers!

DDK:

Seriously? Who else do you think is watching?

Angus:

Well, since we got kicked off of TV and we're now what is known as a "niche product" I figure we'd pick up some weird cosplay people who are only watching because we're in Japan.

DDK:

You're an idiot.

[Cue "Holy Fool" by the Boondock Saints.]

♪ I know there's something happening here ♪
♪ I know there's something happening here ♪
♪ Do my eyes... deceive my ears? ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪
♪ I sure as hell can ♪

Angus:

I don't know this song, but it sounds arrogant and sleazy, and that's gotta mean that our new champeen, and I use the term more loosely than I ever have before, is going to come out to the ring and talk.

DDK:

Kai Scott won the five way ladder match at Ascension, thanks to heavy interference from Clair St. Sure and the rest of Tres Brujas. And faking an injury so that he could spend most of the match lying on the ground not doing anything.

Angus:

Yeah. And he's proud of how little he did. It almost crosses back over the line and makes me respect him. Hell, if he hadn't robbed the COOL I'd probably be signing up for his fan club...

♪ Two thousand years I've reigned ♪
♪ As the King of Man ♪
♪ And every morning you felt my guiding hand ♪
♪ What'd you do to deserve me? ♪

[The first two figures through the curtains are Diane Parker and Clair St. Sure. Not Kai Scott. But Diane points to the back, and CSS stoically turns, and then he appears.]

[The Ace of Heels.]

[The Truthsplitter.]

[The Grand Vizier of the Bittermen.]

[The Man who Sold the World]

[Kai Scott.]

[He drops to one knee and spreads his arms wide, the Defiance World Title Belt displayed proudly around his waist. The crutch he usually carries is nowhere to be seen - rather, he's dressed in his wrestling trunks.]

♪ I spread my wings and my minions sing ♪

♪ I know you heard it, man ♪

♪ Yet my sun still shines on your backs ♪

♪ Your mountains, your sins ♪

[As the music fades, Scott steps into the ring with a microphone in hand.]

Kai Scott:

I'm the champion.

[The Japanese crowd doesn't boo, that's not the style here.]

Angus:

BOOOOOOO!!!

Scott:

I may have said previously that titles in professional wrestling were of limited use, that certain title-hoarders devalue the mere status of being a Champion, and that belts weren't generally useful for much aside from the champion's salary bonus.

But, working as one quarter of The Untouchables, I came to realize something.

A long list is just a list.

A title reign is a statement of competence.

[Scott looks out over the fans.]

Scott:

When the DefiaVerse cast aside the Untouchables, and I first heard the voices saying that it was only through the machinations of Jeff Andrews that I was in the ring, and the prowess of Heidi Christenson that I had won, and that I would be exposed and destroyed without them...

[A shake of his head.]

Scott:

Better men than the ones that made up The Good Fight and the Blood Diamonds have tried to destroy me. But I had to prove that at no point have I ever been harmless. Whatever went wrong with the Untouchables, I had to prove that the whole was less than the sum of the parts.

I then decided to win the Defiance World Title.

If we were in the United States, at this point, someone would start a chant of 'paper champion'. Paper Champion, you see, is synonymous with "champion I don't personally like" in the case of fans, and "I'm not the champion but I sure am feeling entitled" in the case of my fellow wrestlers.

It really ought to stop, although I'm afraid it's turned into the new 'What'.

[These in-ring thingies are kind of weird with a polite Japanese audience just listening and occasionally clapping a bit.]

Scott:

My credibility statement. I am not a walking cataclysm like Dan Ryan or a fireball like Python. I don't have the money of Edward White or the deep connections of Eric Dane. And yet...I have wrestled ONE singles match under my own identity since coming to Defiance, lost it, and yet here I am, Champion of the World.

Apparently people, Cancer Jiles among them, think I don't deserve this belt. In fact, Jiles has invoked his rematch clause. The venue promoter, who I'm sure is an exceptionally cool dude, didn't like the thought of Jiles coming out here and arguing with me, so I have to make the announcement to you all straight.

[Scott adjusts his shoulders and gestures to Clair St. Sure, looking surprisingly imposing in her hooded boxer's robe.]

Scott:

I know from prior experience that when a Champion loses a title belt, he generally expects a rematch for that championship. However, there is not, and never has been, a guaranteed rematch clause in a champion's contract. Jeff Andrews never got another shot at the World Title. Heidi Christenson never got another shot at the World Title, and she didn't even lose it - she was stripped.

I refuse to treat Cancer Jiles as superior to my friends and stablemates. If he wants another shot at the World Title, is going to have to earn it the hard way - by moving to the back of the line and proving he's more deserving than anyone else in the division.

[He smiles and looks out over the audience. Per the audience's Japanese-ness, they're politely listening.]

Scott:

Silence is golden, and peace and quiet whilst I deliver my benediction is priceless.

[Scott hands the microphone to a ringside attendant. Diane and CSS sit on the ropes and Scott steps between them to leave the ring.]

Angus:

That motherfucker. He can't deny the Cool, Keeps, he just can't!

DDK:

But with Eric Dane in the USA healing from the I Quit match and dealing with legal charges in Baltimore, who's going to make Kai Scott do anything he doesn't want to?

The Fridge: White Trash Edition

[We cut to Jeremiah Rainwood, sitting in a sketchy blue deck chair in the middle of the ring. The set up is much the same for the first show, except this time there are a few banners strung up on the ropes around the ring. On cue Rainwood rises, mike in hand and begins to speak.] **Rainwood:** Good evening y'all, I hope you are having a fine, fine evening, and are enjoying some good, old fashioned American wrestling. It may not be quite what you're used to, but I think we can all agree it's a good show. But before we kick off, this little shindig with one Mr. Crank, I'd just like to give you all a little apology. Now I'm going assume you watched a bit of PPV, but last week I kicked my own little ten minutes of chat with a man that would defeat me later that night, Curtis Penn. During that interview, I was downright rude, unprofessional, and in general one mighty fine idjet. I guess the occasion got to me... **"SHOCK N ROLLA! HERE 2 SHOW YA! COCKED BACK... AND FUCKING LOADED! CHANCE... VON... CRANK."** [The reception is mixed but deafening. cVc struts out on the stage to a wild reception. Rainwood sits in the ring stopped mid sentence by The Harlan County Devil. He walks down the ramp and notices a few women behind the barrier dressed like asian school girls, he sticks his hand down his shorts and then wipes his stank across one of their faces and continues walking on. His music dies down as he sits down in front of Rainwood and Crank continues to work the crowd as he grabs a mic.] cVc: I Own Japan. [Rainwood extends his hand to Chance for a shake. Crank spits in his own hand and grabs his hand shaking it violently. Rainwood is disgusted by this. He wipes the spit off his hand using the ropes.] **Rainwood:** Sorry Crankster, I'll skip the pouring my heart out and get on with the show, so Ladies and Gentlemen of Japan, I give you my guess for this evening, the Trailer Park Prodigy, the King of White Trash, the former SoHer champion, a man who is sending shockwaves through this company- CHANCE VON CRANK. [cVc jumps out his seat strutting around the ring spinning in his robe holding the mic.] **cVc:** I am the REASON YOU CAME, THE SHOCK N ROLLA, EVERYTHING YOUR NOT, CHANCE VON CRANK! I thought you slant eyed fuckers wanted a real star to Worship over here. Why does your flag look like a maxi pad with a single dot of bitch blood on it? [Crowd responds raining boo's down as cVc takes his seat.] **Rainwood:** We could sit here doing chatting all day Chancemeister, but I've got a new found professional streak that I gotta adhere to. And I know you're probably not going to like this question, and it pains me to ask you but this is an interview. Your thoughts on what happened at ascension? **cVc:** I tore the roof off that motherfucker is what happened. You should have seen it rookie, these nutsacks came from all over to see me, cVc. It took three men to take my belt from me. Look around, I am the biggest wrestler in the world right now. Everyone getting paid off The Trailer Park Prodigy's back. **Rainwood:** So, the mouthpiece, Mr. Curtis Penn. Obviously was a big part in that loss, now I have always felt talking out ones problems can help. So have you got anything to say to Penn? **cVc:** Penn... When I heard his skull smack that chair I knew who the bitch was then. Like I said I didn't get beaten just by Alston. I was beaten by Penn, That Queer with down syndrome and Alston. The best thing about that belt was just taken off it, "Chance Von Crank". They by no means threw that name plate away, it sells too many tickets. **Rainwood:** And anything to say to to the new SoHer Champion? **cVc:** You're Welcome. **Rainwood:** Where now for Chance Von Crank? You've had some huge wins in recent times, not to mention a hell of a long run as the Soher champion. I seen you walk round the locker room, sometimes I wish I hadn't caught you to be honest, but when your pants aren't around your ankles clearly providing the buzz of about 100,000 honey bees right now. Where does a man with clear wrestling skills and a truck load of momentum go from here? [Chance stands up and faces the stage and locker room area. He holds the mic up to his lips as Rainwood watches on.] **cVc:** Where to now? Where does the best usually go? Straight to the top. I know you so called wrestlers can hear me back there. We are in JAPAN and I want to leave this place a legend, and its time to get My show going. Look in my eyes... Focus camera man... [Chance takes off his shades and tosses them to the side.] **cVc:** It starts now... I am about to tear through this company until finally there is but one left. The one, cVc, Chance Von Crank... If any of you bitches back there want to see what it's like to have your name up in lights, the time is now to show your not a complete punk ass bitch! I'm waiting... The greatest thing going needs a faggot to beat on, and if one of you don't show your face I'm starting with that gay referee. [With that, the lights immediately drop and a familiar rhythmic piano intro hits.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [Chance Von Crank's reaction is difficult to read as the arena is suddenly filled with dizzying green strobes and the deafening combination of rock music and crowd pop pandemonium. Python bursts through the curtain and streaks down the entrance ramp like a lightning bolt, slapping every hand he can catch along the way. Chance braces for a fight as the young high flyer hits the ring and slides in under the bottom rope, but Python strides right past him and hops on onto one of the corner turnbuckles, pointing out into the crowd to the response of hundreds of camera flashes.] [Chance stays hesitantly on guard as Python once again walks past him and nods to a technician at ringside. The guy tosses him a mic and Python signals for his music to be cut.] PYTHON! PYTHON! PYTHON! PYTHON! [Python grins and crosses the ring to Jeremiah Rainwood, who welcomes him to The Fridge with a very

Chance Von Crank vs Python

[Chance attacks Rainwood quickly as he thrashes around the ring. He grabs the ropes and Crank flips him over all the while looking at Python. Python bursts towards Chance with the crowd roaring. cVc ddt's Rainwood and kicks him out the ring as he turns Python hammers him with left after right.] **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** What a match! **Angus:** Chance asked for this! Dropkick by Python! [Chance hits the ropes after he is nailed by Python's dropkick. Python hits the ropes and clotheslines Chance on over and out of the ring to roaring cheers. The referee begins his count as cVc attempts to recover on the outside. Python hits the ropes as Chance gets to his feet. He dives over the ropes and nails cVc and they both crash to the outside floor.] **Angus:** Fuck yeah. **DDK:** Both men are down! [Both of men slowly get to their feet. Chance kicks Python in the gut and ddt's him on the floor and back to his feet quickly taunting the crowd. Chance grabs the back of Python's head and slams him onto the apron then rolls him back into the ring. He jumps on the apron and taunts the crowd. Python recovers and slams his shoulder into Chance's gut. He folds over and is hooked for a suplex. Python holds up one arm for the crowd before he suplexes Chance Von Crank over the ropes and into the ring. He goes for the pin!] **DDK:** Kickout! Python is rolling here tonight! **Angus:** Crank has bit off more than he can chew. There is a reason Python went straight to the top as soon as he arrived here. Crank is just bitter. [Python stomps on Crank as he grabs the ropes and the referee breaks them up. Python charges once more and is met by cVc. Crank picks him up high into the air then drives him to the mat with a violent spinebuster taking the air from both Python's lungs. cVc gets back to his feet quickly picking him up slowly from the mat. He sets Python up for a pump handle slam. He taunts the crowd and lifts him up but he counters it mid air with a wicked hurricanrana.] **Angus:** Holy shit! He rolls him up for a quick pin! **DDK:** Kickout at 2! [Crank kicks out quickly and scampers to the corner breathing heavy. Python turns slowly back to face cVc. SPEAR! Crank tries to cut him in two and then wrestles him around on the mat, a quick elbow from Python to the face hinders his attempts to grapple. Python gets back to his feet slowly and Crank catches him from behind with a sleeper hold. The referee gets in closer to watch both his hands as he swings them wildly reaching for ropes. Crank swings him from side to side and continues to tighten the hold. Python almost reaches the ropes but cVc pulls him back to the middle of the ring. Python gets some traction and wraps both his arms around Crank's neck then dropping flat on his ass. The vicious jawbreaker nearly bounces cVc out of the ring. He holds the bottom rope to keep himself on the apron as Python catches his breath.] **DDK:** Python has an answer for everything Crank throws at him. **Angus:** The best thing going looks more like Python's bitch here tonight. [Chance rolls out of the ring as Python charges him once more. He sweeps Python's feet from the outside bringing him to the mat. He begins hammering him from the outside using the ropes to get back in the ring. Crank picks him up and whips him into the corner following with a huge splash. Python falls flat on his bottom as cVc begins to stomp him he stops suddenly and spits directly in Python's face. The crowd boo's with the referee out of position.] **Angus:** Such lack of respect these two have for one another, Crank just spit in his fucking face. **DDK:** Such a vile, sickening animal is Chance Von Crank. [Chance backs up holding both hands up as the referee counts to four on his stomps. Python wipes his face and in a fury tackles Crank to the mat. He sits on his chest hammering him with left after right. The referee breaks them up warning both as cVc now has blood around his mouth from the sharp punches.] **Angus:** He asked for that. **DDK:** Crank finds himself yet again on his back in this match, Python has yet to allow him to build any kind of momentum in this match up. **Angus:** Both men are back up! [Crank catches a kick to the head from Python and falls forward on the mat. Python riles up the crowd after dropping him. He staggers back to his feet and Python hooks him for a ddt! He holds the ddt turning it into an arm triangle choke hold after the impact against the mat! Crank reaches for the ropes and grabs ahold. The referee breaks the hold as Python goes for a quick pin! Crank kicks out at one and a half. Python leaps to his feet and leaps onto the top turnbuckle in the corner. cVc turns into a missile dropkick from PYTHON!] "PYTHON!" "PYTHON!" **DDK:** This crowd is loving this match! [Charlene wonders down the ramp and Python notices her immediately. He points her out to the referee. Crank is laying flat on his back as Python watches the referee argue with Charlene. He begins to hammer cVc in the face. Crank is taking the punches on his knees while Python holds him by his mullet. Crank retaliates with a huge uppercut to the crotch of Python. He hits his knees as Crank headbutts him in the forehead busting both men's foreheads open. Charlene jumps off the apron as the referee turns around to see what has happened. Crank picks up Python and points out at the crowd who are all booing him now. Fans begin throwing trash into the ring and at Crank as he picks him up for a Razzle Dazzler!] **DDK:** NO WAY! **Angus:** THAT'S IT! CRANK FOR THE PIN! ONE..... TWO..... KICKOUT BY PYTHON! "?????????????" "?????????????" "This is Awesome!" "This is Awesome!" [Crank stands up and begins to argue with the referee. Python gets to one knee holding himself up. Crank turns and is caught with a falling armbreaker! Python slow at first but he works the crowd as he hits his feet. The crowd is wild as he hits the ropes and is Charlene jumps back up on the apron. They begin arguing with the referee warning Charlene that cVc will be disqualified if she doesn't get off the apron. She jumps down reluctantly as Crank at Python's feet now,

rolls him up in a pin. The referee is just out of position to see Crank's legs as he braces against the bottom ropes.]

DDK: ONE. TWO. THREE! HE LITERALLY STOLE IT! **Angus:** Crank has done it, he has beaten Python. Python is fucking pissed! [Crank spits one of his teeth out after rolling out of the ring. Charlene drapes a Japan cVc flag across him as the boos rain down. Crank backs up the ramp never taking his eyes off Python while smiling. Chance holds up four fingers then wraps his hands around his throat indicating to Python that number four has choked here tonight.]

Self Promotion

[Bruised ribs?] [Check.] [Stitched up skin?] [Check.] [The biggest black eye you ever did see?] [Oh you'd better believe that's a check.] [Ever so slightly damaged ego?] [Uhhh... better leave that one.] [Alceo Dentari, the littlest mobster, sits grimacing with one arm wrapped around his midsection, just as he had done since being thrown from Edward White's scissor lift platform and through an unfortunately placed table. The cut on his head has started to heal, but the bruise he's sporting following the belt shot by Clair St. Sure is still vivid on the side of his face. It's not just confined to his eye though, no, it's spreading like a plague down his cheek and up into his hairline.] **???:** Dentari? [The door of the locker room swings open with enough force to put a decent sized dent in the wall behind it. Alceo sits upright, drying his teeth as he does so, and looks around for another way out of the room, but there's only one way in and out of here and that's currently blocked by the two men stood in front of it.] [Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi.] **Tony Di Luca:** We been lookin' all over for you. You ain't answerin' the phone, you ain't makin' the flights, you ain't in your hotel room... Where you been? [Di Luca was right, ever since returning to Brooklyn after Ascension, Dentari had been avoiding Di Luca and Rinaldi like the plague. The Gorillas hadn't been allowed into the compound, Dentari's phone had been turned off, Dentari's seat on the plane out to Japan was vacant, **Alceo Dentari** It don't matter where I've been, I'm here, ain't I? **Tony Di Luca:** It matters, Alceo. It matters a whole lot. See, we ain't heard didly from you since Ascension. We wasn't even sure you was gonna be here tonight. Now, you been off radar long enough, it's time to get back on. [Dentari scoffs and turns from his associates, but Di Luca isn't going to stand around and take that attitude tonight.] **Tony Di Luca:** So you didn't win the World title, get over it! You ain't the only one had a rough night at the PPV. We ain't number one contenders for the titles that should still be ours to begin with, but you don't see us mopin' 'bout do you? No, we're here ready to do what we have to to make sure we get our trios titles back. An' you should be doin' the same. [Dentari looks up at Di Luca in disbelief.] **Alceo Dentari** Get over it? Just like that, Tony? You want me to just get over it? [Di Luca nods silently.] **Alceo Dentari** I told everyone I was gonna be world champion, an' now I'm sittin' here with nothin' wrapped around my waist but a plain ol' leather belt. How does that make me look, Tony? How does that make me look to every one a' them boys on the other side a' that door? How does that make me look to all them neckbeards back in the states? Or all them guys out there tonight? [Dentari gets to his feet and walks right up to Di Luca, standing on his tippy toes just so as he can get near to being in his face.] **Alceo Dentari** I'll tell you how that makes me look, Tony. That makes me look like a fool! That makes me look like the fuckin' laughin' stock. That makes me look dumber than Vinny over there. [No offence was taken on Vinny's part. Probably because he simply didn't understand the blatant insult. Tony Di Luca however wasn't going to allow his partner to be spoken to or about in that way, not even by their boss. He pursed his lips and inhaled deeply through his nostrils.] **Tony Di Luca:** Maybe you been made to look that way 'cause that's just what you are. [Dentari's eyes widened and he stared a hole through Tony 'Two Hands'.] **Tony Di Luca:** We were the DEFIANCE trios champions. We beat The Untouchables onetwothree in the middle a' the ring right when they was runnin' this fuckin' place. We was undisputedly the best team in this business. But then you had to go gettin' a bug up your ass about the World Title. You weren't happy with what you had, you weren't happy with what we had. You wanted that glory an' you wanted it all for yourself. [We all know the truth hurts, and Alceo looks like he's just taken a fist of it to the chest. Dentari goes to turn away from Di Luca, but Tony grabs his arm and spins him right back, fixing him with an intense stare.] **Tony Di Luca:** Your hunger for the world title cost us our Trios titles an' it cost us our spot as the number one team in this company. You shouldn't be worried 'bout the fact that Kai Scott's walkin' 'round with the world title. The more pressin' issue here is that The Philosopher Kings are walkin' round thinkin' they're cocks a' the walk after beatin' Tres Brujas at Ascension. Losin' to Kai Scott ain't nothin' to be ashamed a'. Losin' to the girls that lost to the Goddamned Philosopher Kings... that's why people out there are laughin' at you. [If he weren't such an old friend Dentari would probably have turned Di Luca's face into something resembling bolognese sauce a few minutes ago, but he simply couldn't bring himself to do that. Instead Dentari collapsed back into his chair and hung his head in shame.] **Tony Di Luca:** And that's all gonna continue if we keep pullin' in different directions. But I got an idea that's gonna put us right back on top. [That piques Dentari's interests.] **Tony Di Luca:** But it ain't gonna work if you're in business for yourself. We work together, you an' us, as a team. Partners, not employees. [Dentari's not too fond of that idea, but he's willing to hear Tony out.] **Tony Di Luca:** First off, we need to show everyone we're back an' we mean business. Now Vinny an' me, we've had an idea, the details ain't exactly important right now, but the main body is this: we get 'The Business' back up an' runnin'. Second, I think we need to reinforce the ranks. Another pair a' hands would come in handy as we expand. An' lastly, we're done with bein' known as Gorillas. We're former champions. We ain't faceless drones. [Alceo looks back at Di Luca and smiles ever so slightly.] **Alceo Dentari** So these 'ideas'... They just that? ...Or are they demands? [Di Luca simply looks back at Dentari, no smile, no nothing.]

Tony Di Luca: I think you know, Alceo. [Alceo nods.] **Alceo Dentari** An' if I say no? [This time Di Luca cracks a smile.] **Tony Di Luca:** We all know that ain't gonna happen.

Jeremiah Rainwood vs Lash Graham

[Lights begin to rise as a small plethora of fireworks launch the first leg of the Grindhouse tour Properly, around the ring there's a slight buzz of anticipation as one of Americas most controversial Wrestling promotions hits the Eastern shores. The Buzz is heightened slightly as Rainwood is already mugging for the fans by ringside and shaking pretty much every hand he can grasp. Swinging by the commentary booth he extends a fist to Angus, who swiftly declines and Keeps who awkwardly bumps knuckles.] **Angus:** Seriously, you're going to pay your respects to that loser by the time honoured symbol of coolness that is the brofist? **DDK:** He's a nice guy, so what if he's still yet to win? **Angus:** Seriously? Forget it; let's just get on with this shit so we can get to some real wrestling. [During yet another of our commentary duos infamous spats, Rainwood had made his way into the ring and was now casually laying back on the ropes for the Lash's entrance. As soon as the Muppets theme hits the music, Lash burst out the ring Armadillo clutched to his chest to a small roar of the Japanese fans. It seems somehow, Japan the pretty much the gaping birth canal of all things weird, has a place in its hearts for an addled armadillo-cuddling wrestler and Lash soaks up every single bit of it, running from fan to fan posing and signing autographs and scampering along behind him is Uncle Graham gathering money from pretty much every Japanese fan Graham meets. Finally happy with his bonus cash, Uncle Graham drags Graham junior away from the flashbulbs and sends him to the ring for the match to start a proper.] **DING DING** [The bell rings and Graham, pumped off the crowd charges straight out of the gates at Rainwood, catching the laid back wrestler with a serious of spinning knife chops right out of the gates and swiftly knocks Rainwood back onto the ropes with a few quick follow up kicks. Sprinting to the opposite side of the ring, Graham raise both hands to a small cheer and shoulder charges straight into the gut of Rainwood. Tucking his head under Rainwood's arm he sets up for the northern lights Suplex to show off to his new found friends, but is met with a swift knee to the gut for his troubles.] [Rainwood quickly capitalizes and takes the chance to bring Graham down to earth with a side headlock takedown before dragging his opponent up and into a three quarter facelock and holding him for a few seconds to catch his breath then quickly transitioning into a brutal snapmare.] **DDK:** Interesting to see the contrast in styles both providing results early on hey Angus? Angus? [The camera is now squarely on everyone's favourite colour commentator, Angus Skarland, who has a pile of small plastic bodies littered over his commentary desk.] **Angus:** I'm sorry, this snorefest was going on too long so I decided to create my own entertainment. **DDK:** With kids toys? **Angus:** Well they are so reasonably priced Darren, It's Cancer Jiles and Team Danger vs the Blood Diamonds and Heidi. Cancer has just Mongo chopped Whites skull in for the twelfth time, it's a beautiful site, actually someone needs to get Dane to book this shit right away, where's my celly? [The camera flicks back to the action (but not before catching DDK mutter "well I suppose we have to pay for the bills somehow"). In the ring Grahams back up and in control dragging Rainwood to the centre of the ring in a crucifix arm bar and then crashing to the mat with a quick sweep of the leg, however he again goes too showy too early with a follow up standing moonsault, that gives Jeremiah the time to roll to safety.] [Clambering to his feet Rainwood picks up Lash and whips him into the ropes catching him with a European upper cut on the return journey. Wasting no time for a change Rainwood immediately locks up Lash in an abdominal stretch for a good thirty seconds, but getting him nowhere momentarily drops the hold, before slamming Lash to the ground face first with a drop toe hold.] [Outside the ring, Uncles starting to get tetchy seeing his "boy" facing a pounding but his yelling does no good to help his protégé as Rainwood continues to capitalise with a nice slow elbow drop before bringing Lash to his feet. Looking to the crowd Rainwood takes a run up before catching with one, two, a pause and a salute, then three consecutive clotheslines. Sensing the momentum build and the crowds backing, Rainwood climbs to the second rope and waits for Lash to get up. As Lash slowly gets to his feet Rainwood launches himself at Graham only to have his foot caught by the man's uncle standing at ringside, planting Jeremiah face first on the mat.] [The ref immediately goes to have words, with Uncle but it's already too late as Lash is up and although clueless of how he got to his good fortune, takes one look at Rainwood and goes straight up top and pulls off a huge Senton before rolling him up in the pin.] 1 2 Kickout [Lash gets up in shock that he didn't put Jeremiah away and immediately goes to the crowd for support but finds his early fortune had begun to waver. Confused he looks around in a daze of unbelief, as some of the fans even start to boo a little due to the interference. Finally he looks to his uncle, who screams at him to turn around, which he does, but only to see Rainwoods flying boot connecting with his face.] 1 2 3 **DDK:** Well Rainwood ties up that match with a Chill Out Kick earning him a first victory here at Defiance, any post match analysis for us Angus? **Angus:** A great ending to a great match Keeps! **DDK:** Bit of a change of tune Angus? [Angus goes back to his toys.] **Angus:** Black Jesus pinning a piss soaked Bronson Box after a thirty second Mungo Chop to Whites skull, even though make believe doesn't stop it being beautiful. **DDK:** Let's just get on with the show.

Hey, Wanker!

[Earlier in the evening, it was a very successful debut for the members of Team HOSS. Led by their manager, Junior Keeling, the powerhouse trio is chilling out backstage. Junior Keeling looks proud while an indifferent Capital Punishment leans against the wall of the backstage area. The massive Angel Trinidad is sitting around, reminiscing with his partner Aleczander about what happened... well, not long ago.]

Angel:

So then I just popped him, right? I SMACKED that tiny Asian guy out of the ring and he was all HOSSsploded! Then I...

[Aleczander cuts him off.]

Aleczander:

Mate, I was there... [he pauses.] ...and it was AWESOME!

Angel:

No, my friend. It was...

Cappy:

Oh, don't say it!

[Angel pauses for a few awkward moments.]

Angel:

...hossome...

[Junior finished up his phone call.]

Keeling:

Hey, let the boy celebrate, all right? You guys did great out there tonight!

Cappy:

We smacked a bunch of nobodies around.

Keeling:

Hey, you can't make an omelet without BREAKING a few nobodies, Cappy. Everybody knows that. Anyway, that was the front office. You're already booked for another trios match next week.

[Angel and Aleczander high-fived one another at the news. Capital Punishment continued to remain indifferent to the announcement.]

Cappy:

Well, it's work.

Aleczander:

Fuckin' 'A, mate! We go out there next week and toss some more fuckin' tossers around! We're gonna mow these ponces down one by one and then we're gonna take over this joint!

Angel:

I call dibs on Southern Heritage Title!

Aleczander:

FIST for me, mate. I'm all strong and shite.

Keeling:

Hey, I like your guys' gumption. But first, we're after the Trios Titles first. You're coming in here as a team, you're gonna fuck people up as a team, and you're gonna win those Trios Titles as a team. I want you go out there and hurt whoever tries to get in your way. Got it?

Angel:

Can do, bossman!

Aleczander:

Aye!

Cappy:

Sure.

Keeling:

Great. Now let's get some food in this shithole. I'm starving.

[Junior nods to his three charges and they prepare to head out for the evening. As they start to walk down the hall, they came across another young gun set to make his debut. The young masked wrestler called Diego De Leon is taping up his wrists when he doesn't see the foursome coming his way. He stops when he looks up to see the muscle-bound Brit Alecander looking at him.]

Alecander:

Hey, wanker! Get outta me way!

Keeling:

Yeah, you see greatness walking here, don't cha?

Diego:

Huh...?

[Diego looks at the trio while he continues to wrap his wrists.]

Diego:

Sorry...?

[Angel Trinidad looked down at the young luchador and smiled.]

Angel:

You'll probably want to move, masked friend. You don't want to get hurt, do you?

Cappy:

Let's just get outta here, can we? I'm starving.

[Aleczander is not so quick to forgive as his compatriots are.]

Aleczander:

Ye slow, mate? I said... GET FUCKIN' LOST!

[Diego tilts his head and narrows his eyes.]

Diego:

Match next.

[Diego heads down the hallway.]

Diego:

Talk, later.

[As quick as one Diego De Leon wants to get out of their vicinity to focus on his upcoming match, Aleczander bumps shoulders with the unassuming luchador again... almost like he's looking for a fight. A grin crosses the Brit's face.]

Aleczander:

Whoops, gave you a chance to ske-daddle, mate. Time's up.

[Diego stops and turns to look at his persistent antagonist. His eyes flick from Aleczander, to Cappy and Angel and Keeling clustered behind him, and back again, and he tenses up, sensing that flight is no longer an option and getting ready for a fight, lopsided as the odds might be. Then a voice rings out from the corridor behind Team HOSS.]

Voice:

You kidding me?

[All heads turn to look. It's Frank Holiday, with a slightly uneasy-looking Billy Pepper in tow. Frank is wearing an incredulous expression, and he's none too amused with what he sees. Keeling smirks at him.]

Keeling:

Really? You again?

Frank:

Apparently NOT "me again". Looks to me like you assholes found another dude to fuck around with. So is this gonna be your M.O. around here? Your "thing" that you "do"? 'Cause lemme tell you, this is like day one, and it's already getting old pretty damn fast.

[Team HOSS exchange glances. Aleczander turns halfway toward him, while still keeping a shoulder aimed at Diego.]

Aleczander:

Piss off, mate, and mind yer own business if ya know what's good for ya. Me an' me little friend here were just havin' a chat.

Billy: [Sarcastically]

Oh yeah, the other guy just doesn't stop talking, does he.

Aleczander:

Excuse me?

[Frank puts himself protectively between his manager and the four HOSSmen, and scratches his goatee, smirking.]

Frank:

You know, dudes, Billy keeps telling me I don't know what's good for me, and I think this is one of those times he's right. So if you guys are having a chat, let's ALL have a chat.

Keeling:

I don't know if you're brave or stupid, friend. But ask and you shall receive...

[He steps back to make room as Angel, Cappy and Aleczander obligingly converge, knuckles cracking, with Frank in their sights. But before this chat goes south, the corridor suddenly gets even more crowded by the presence of half a dozen or so security staff in uniforms. The one in charge isn't shy to shove his way directly into the middle of this "chat".]

Head of Security:

Break it up, guys. Mr. Dane doesn't want any altercations on this tour.

[The Team HOSS members turn to look at Keeling. Their manager sizes up the situation, and then gives a shrug and plays it off with a smile.]

Keeling:

Don't know what you're making such a big deal about, folks. We were just on our way to grab some food. C'mon, guys.

[As one unit, Team HOSS file off down the hall, muttering amongst themselves.]

Aleczander:

Wankers.

Angel:

Profiling, that's what that was.

Cappy:

Insulting.

[As the security team depart in the other direction, only Frank Holiday, Billy Pepper and Diego De Leon remain. Diego looks at Frank and Billy.]

Diego:

Owe you one.

[Diego heads down the hallway. Frank and Billy watch him a moment before they, too, exit stage left.]

Eugene Dewey vs Diego De Leon

[Cutting back to ringside, His Name Is King is playing over the PA as DEFIANCE newcomer Diego De Leon makes his way down to the ring.] **DDK:** Welp, this is going to be a trial by fire. **Angus:** Why? From what little I've heard about this kid he's supposed to be good, and real honorable to boot. **Quimbey:** Our next match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, making his way to the ring, he is from Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, weighing in at 230lbs. DIEEEGOOOOOOOOOOO DE LEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOON! [De Leon climbs into the ring as the music changes.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent... [The Halo 2 theme (That's the Mjolnir mix) sounds out around the arena as Eugene Dewey emerges onto the stage and makes his way down to the ring, slapping hands with a few fans as he comes.] **Quimbey:** From Buffalo, Wyoming, weighing in at 260lbs, EUUUGEEENEEEEEE DEEEEEEWEEEEEEY!
DDK: This is why. **Angus:** What? Fatso over there is considered a 'Trial By Fire' in DEFIANCE now? What happened, man? [Eugene climbs through the ropes and takes his position in his corner.] **Ding Ding Ding** [Diego and Eugene advance from their corner and meet in the middle of the ring, Del Leon extending a hand to Eugene which the Ginger Gamer promptly shakes to a cheer from the Japanese crowd. The two circle momentarily before engaging a collar and elbow tie up. Diego instantly pushes Eugene back into a corner, forcing the ref to step in a break the two up. Diego and Eugene both hold their hands up and separate cleanly, returning to the middle of the ring where they tie up again, this time Eugene pushes Diego back into the ropes. The two rotate along the ropes into the corner where they break cleanly once again.] **DDK:** These fans certainly appreciate the clean breaks. [Eugene offers up a hand for a test of strength. Diego tentatively accepts and the two lock knuckles in the middle of the ring. With his extra weight behind him Eugene folds Diego back into a bridge, but De Leon powers back up to a vertical base and plants a foot into Eugene's midsection. He rolls backwards and throws Eugene over onto his back, but Dewey doesn't release Diego's hands. The two roll over in opposite directions to their fronts, crossing their hands in the process. They get to their feet, Eugene pulls Diego into him, releases his hands, wraps his arms around De Leon's chest and lifts him, then slams him, with a belly to belly slam.] RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH [Eugene goes for the cover, but De Leon kicks out before a one count. Both men scramble to their feet and Eugene throws a clothesline that is ducked by Diego. De Leon kicks out at Eugene's thigh, then throws a back elbow that connects with the crook of Dewey's neck. De Leon wraps his arm around Eugene's neck and locks in a front facelock. Eugene doesn't stay in it long though as he twists out, goes behind De Leon and locks in a hammerlock. Diego drops to a knee, throwing Eugene over his shoulder as he does so and stays there as Eugene rolls up to his knees.] RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **DDK:** Good clean action from both men. And I bet this time last year if you told Eugene Dewey he'd be chain wrestling he's have laughed in your face. **Angus:** He's still a fatty fat fat fat. [Both men get to their feet and circle once again. They tie up and Eugene adjusts into a side headlock. Diego pushes him away into the ropes and drops to the mat. Eugene hops over and hits the ropes. Coming back Eugene ducks a leapfrog but puts on the breaks immediately. Both men turn and Eugene hits a clothesline with such force that both men fall to the mat. Dewey doesn't waste any time in grabbing at Diego to pull him up to his feet and whips him into the corner. Eugene follows him in closely and sandwiches him in the corner with a splash. Diego drops to his ass as Eugene sprints for the ropes and runs in with a butt bump, connecting with the side of Diego's head. Eugene grabs his ankle, pulls him from the corner and covers for a two!] **DDK:** Diego took all of Eugene's weight twice there. I'm surprised he had enough to kick out. **Angus:** I'm surprised he hasn't got a collapsed lung after that splash... [Eugene pulls Diego up again and body slams him in the middle of the ring. He quickly drops a hefty leg across the newcomer's chest and adjusts his position for another cover and another two count. Eugene sits Diego up and applies a rear chin lock, digging his knee into De Leon's spine as he does so. Diego refuses to give in and manages to work his way up to a knee. He throws an elbow into Eugene's midsection, then another, then a third that breaks the chin lock. Diego hits the ropes and comes back, but gets caught by Dewey, who looks like he's going for another belly to belly. Diego breaks Eugene's grip this time and grabs a hold of Dewey's head, pulling it down as he jumps and lifts a knee right into his mouth!] OOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH [The stiff knee causes Eugene's knees to buckle and he collapses to the floor. Diego pulls him up to all fours, rolls over with a La Magistral and gets a very long two count before Eugene can kick out! Diego doesn't waste any time in getting back onto the Eugene and pulls him up before pushing him back into the ropes. Diego whips Eugene across the ring and hits a picture perfect dropkick, once again connecting with Dewey's chin, which nets him another two count. Diego gets to his feet and pulls Eugene up with him. He hits a spinning back kick that doubles Eugene over. Diego steps to the side of Dewey and seems to be going for a russian leg sweep, but Eugene fights back, hits De Leon in the gut with an elbow and lifts him off of his feet, slamming him down with a side walk slam! Eugene can't capitalise on the downed De Leon though, and both men have time to get to their feet.] **Angus** Eugene and Dago are really taking it to one another. **DDK** Diego. **Angus** What did I say? **DDK** Something completely different. [De Leon looks groggily at Eugene Dewey, who is sucking air on the other side of the ring. De Leon runs in looking for a clothesline, but Eugene

Uncle Seth's Wild Ride!

[Eugene rolls off of Diego De Leon and raises one arm to the sky as the Halo 2 theme starts playing again. Eugene pats De Leon on the chest as he gets up to his feet and makes his way over the corner of the ring where he stands on the middle rope and celebrates with the crowd.] **DDK** Although he came up short tonight Diego De Leon sure gave Eugene a run for his money. **Angus:** Meh. **DDK** Come on, that was an impressive debut from De Leon, stepping in there with one of DEFIANCE's finest. **Angus:** He lost to a fat sack of fat. Any honor he had is out that window now. **DDK** I beg to differ. **Angus:** You would. [Eugene drops from the ropes and turns back into the ring to see Diego De Leon stood there, holding his chin. Eugene looks a little uneasy for a moment until De Leon extends his hand once more and waits for Eugene to shake it. Tentatively Dewey reaches out and grabs a hold of the hand and the two smiles at each other. De Leon congratulates Eugene once more and rolls out of the ring to leave the Ginger one to celebrate a bit more.] [That celebration however is cut way short as Dokken's Breaking The Chains bellows out around the arena.] **DDK:** Oh no. No. **Angus:** YES! [Seth Stratton bursts onto the stage, to robust indifference from the Japanese crowd. He has a mic in hand and makes his way down the ramp. Him and De Leon meet in the middle, causing De Leon to look at Seth, then back in the ring at Dewey in confusion. Seth mouths 'Get lost', and De Leon throws his hands in the air and exits. Once his back is turned, Seth points at him, rolls his eyes, and does a jack off motion with the mic. He then signals for the music to be cut.] **Seth:** That was touching, guys. Really. I had no idea Defiance was airing on the Hallmark channel these days, but I'm all for it. I'll probably have to cut back on the blasphemy a bit, but if there's a network mixer or something I might have a real shot at fucking Roma Downey, a lifelong dream of mine. **Angus:** Mine too! **DDK:** Disgusting. **Seth:** And speaking of getting fucked, how about our match at Ascension, Eugene? I'm surprised that Defiance hasn't mentioned that I wrestled with a pulled groin, severely limiting my athletic ability. **Angus:** Ha! That explains it. **DDK:** Ugh. [Eugene wipes sweat from his brow and puts his hands on his hips, staring at Seth incredulously.] **Seth:** That's right, the afternoon of Ascension I took part in an AIDS run and injured myself, but wrestled anyway because damnit, I care that much about the fans! **Angus:** Seth Stratton is a role model, and I'll be damned if anyone says otherwise. [Eugene's face reddens with anger and he begins violently shaking his head.] **Seth:** What, you don't believe me? It's true! I was in a gay bar a few hours before the match and innocuously pointed out that the Les Miserables movie sucked because Russell Crowe can't sing for dick. Then three of em' got up and chased me for a mile. I'm assuming at least one of them had AIDS because, you know, math. [At this point, the crowd begins to boo.] **Seth:** That's right, boo AIDS! It's a terrible disease and we need to find a cure! Anyway, after I'd safely cleared these twinks I realized that I had some tightness in the groin and that, as they say, is that. **Angus:** I believe you, Seth. **DDK:** No one else does. [Eugene seems to be in this line. He stares at Seth with a look of loathing.] **Seth:** Now that the truth is out there in the open, I think it should be pretty obvious why I'm here. I want a goddamn re-match! *BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!* **DDK:** He can't be serious, Eugene just wrestled! [Eugene grabs the top rope with both hands, clearly winded. He stares a hole through Seth.] **Seth:** What? If anything, you've got the advantage again. I'm coming out cold and you've had a chance to warm up. So how 'bout it, you baby gorilla? **DDK:** Don't do it, Eugene. **Angus:** He won't. [Eugene stands, unmoving.] **Seth:** Unless you're not man enough, which wouldn't surprise me. I'm pretty sure I can see a camel toe in those tights you're wearing. [Eugene turns his attention away from Seth to momentarily look at the fans, hands on hips, but he's not looking for any advice on what to do. He's already made up his mind. Eugene shouts at the top of his lungs.] **Eugene Dewey:** You wanna do this? Let's do this! [Eugene tells Seth to bring it with his hands and takes a step back from the ropes as Stratton smirks and drops the mic before sliding into the ring.]

on the apron. Seth throws a clothesline which Eugene ducks, both men turn around and Seth finally catches Eugene with another clothesline attempt, knocking him to the mat.] **DDK:** Seth was just a little quicker on that one. [Seth quickly grabs a hold of the top ropes and slingshots himself into the ring. He flips and comes down with a senton, but Eugene rolls out of the way leaving Seth nothing to connect with but the canvas. Dewey pulls himself up with the ropes as Seth gets back to his, but this time Eugene is the one that charges in, throwing all of his weight at Seth with a shoulder block. Seth rolls ass over tit away from Dewey into the corner of the ring where he comes to a rest on his ass. Dewey runs in with a butt bump that connects with the temple of Seth and grabs a leg to pull Stratton out of the corner. Eugene covers for a two before Seth gets a shoulder up. Eugene doesn't argue though and grabs Seth by the neck, pulling him up into position for a piledriver or a powerbomb or something, it's not clear as Seth drops to his knees and lifts a forearm into Dewey's nether regions!] **DDK:** Surely that's a disqualification! **Angus:** NO, I think he caught his inner thigh. **DDK:** Yeah, and then some! [Seth takes a moment to regain his breath before using Eugene's shirt to pull himself up. Seth scoops Eugene off of his feet and turns him over, but Eugene kicks his feet out and drops down behind Seth, grabbing his head as he falls. Eugene locks in a Dragon sleeper and pulls Seth down to the mat, grapevining the body as he does so!] **DDK:** Eugene's got the Dragon sleeper locked in! **Angus:** I don't think I've ever seen Dewey use a submission move. **DDK:** Me neither, Angus! But it looks like he's got it executed perfect- SETH STRATTON IS TAPPING! [He is indeed. As some may say, Seth Stratton is tapping like a drunk man, the only problem is the referee isn't there to call for the bell. He's too busy cutting off an overzealous fan from entering the ring!] **DDK:** Where the Hell are security? [Eugene releases the Dragon Sleeper and raises his hands to the sky in celebration before realising the ref's attention is elsewhere. Eugene looks around the referee at the fan on the apron and his mouth falls open in shock.] [The man on the apron isn't just a fan. He's Eugene's younger brother and former manager, Wayne Dewey!] **DDK:** What the Hell is Wayne Dewey doing here? We haven't seen him in over a year. We're in a different country! We're in a different continent! [Wayne shoots his brother a smile as Seth Stratton reaches up between Eugene's legs and pulls him down with a school boy. Wayne is quick to drop from the apron as the ref turns back to the action and leaps into position to count the fall. Seth even grabs a handful of tights for good measure!] **DDK:** ONE, TWO, THREE! Seth steals it! Seth Stratton has stolen this one! [Seth immediately rolls from the ring and back up the ramp as Breaking The Chains starts up once again. Eugene gets to his knees and looks in disbelief at his brother, who has joined Seth in his celebrations by bouncing around the victor. slapping him on the back, and cheering as loudly as possible.]

Them's Fight' Words

[HOOKERS AND BLOW!]

[Are WALKING!]

[Sam Horry is on the right, Ryan Matthews taking the center, and Tyrone Walker over to the left, the troublesome threesome of DEFIANCE's trios division strolls around the backstage of Kawasaki Club Citta. All the while, Sam, Ryan and Ty discuss the merits of their own personal strategies for playing Grand Theft Auto Five's stock market.]

[Meanwhile. From the opposite direction.]

[The Philosopher Kings.]

[Are also WALKING!]

[Making their way around the corner, the Reigning, Defending, Undisputed, Undeniable, Current, and Recently Crowned DEFIANCE Trios Champions of the World!.. Troy Matthews rolling on the left flank, with Saori "Scarlet Dragon" Kazama at his side, while Eddie Dante takes the right, leaving the massive former sumo, Mushigihara to take up the center with his considerable girth.]

[The two sides of the upcoming battle for trios glory converge on each other at the catering tables, Mushigihara already starting to peruse the goods available.]

Troy Matthews:

Well, if it ain't the first of many teams to step up to the champions... and get knocked down. How are ya?

Tyrone Walker: [looking to Ryan and Sam]

We a'ight?

[Ryan and Sam nod their approval.]

Tyrone Walker:

We a'ight, I don't 'bout all'a that gettin' knocked down stuff, but yeah, we're good.

Eddie Dante:

Not to worry, chaps, I'm confident that you'll prove yourselves worthy contenders once we put everything out there in the ring, right, Mushi?

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Tyrone Walker: [stares at the sumo, all bewildered and such]

Oh-what-sue? What in the... Do you have any idea?

[All three Kings turn to each other, looking in confusion (or at least Mushi would, if you could see his face), before turning towards HNB and shrugging in unison.]

Troy Matthews:

Nope.

Eddie Dante:

I'm afraid not.

Saori Kazama:

Beats me.

Mushigihara:

...osu.

Sam Horry:

Yo, is his name really 'Mushi'?

Eddie Dante:

'Mushigihara,' to you. Or the face of your nightmares for years to come, once you face him in the ring.

Sam Horry:

Come on Eddie, we're all professionals here. You don't really expect me to be afraid of a sumo named 'Mushi' right?

[Without warning, the Sumo Beast lunges towards Horry, stopping just short of headbutting him, and staring into his eyes the best his sheer mask will allow.]

Mushigihara:

...OSU!

Tyrone Walker:

The hell, mang? Is this fool a Buckeye fan or is he callin' for some bitch named Sue? Seriously, I know we in Japan an' shit, but how 'bout you try out some English?

Ryan Matthews:

I'm a Buckeye fan, fuck Michigan, and what the indirect fuck was "is this fool a Buckeye fan" supposed to mean Ty?

[Ty shrugs.]

Sam Horry

That, Ry would be my only problem with you. Now on to our large sumo friend here. See the problem with headbutting at me is...

[Calling on his training, Sam casually lifts his left leg straight into the air, towards Mushi's head, stopping just short of his temple. The big man doesn't flinch, budge, or even show any sign of backing off.]

Sam Horry

...you may run smack into my shin, my elbow or Lord knows what else. All that muscle mass don't cover your head, bruh.

Ryan Matthews:

Alright guys, the testosterone fest aside here, we really don't wanna make you guys have to exert yourselves too hardcore at our expense, considering you're gonna have to expend a lot of energy loosening the nameplates on them belts here soon...and yes, even AFTER we relieve you of them, you'll be the ones taking your names off them for us.

Troy Matthews:

Big talk for a pack of guys who are over-the-hill as far as this business goes.

[Sam and Ty roll their eyes as if to say "oh shit, he went there". Ryan, on the other hand, tenses a bit.]

Ryan Matthews:

At least I've been to the top of the hill, junior. The fuck have you four guys, and yeah, that thing with you looks like a man by the by, done that's worth two squirts of piss aside from ride each other's coattails to a title?

[Saori looks like she's about to blow a gasket, and needs Troy to put an arm in front of her so she doesn't go straight-up feral, while Eddie chimes in.]

Eddie Dante:

The better question would be, what have you three done that, if we were back home in America, doing shows there, and you asked anyone in the arena who wasn't already a devout follower of yours, they would remember? The WWA, the NWA... none of them exist. Your collective lists of accomplishments look more like a bowl of expired alphabet soup than a professional wrestler's resume.

Sam Horry:

Well just because y'all hold on to the belts for now, don't make y'all great, just the same as y'all being able to escape Mushi's gravitational pull doesn't make y'all astronauts. The fact remains is that until you've beaten us, those belts carry no weight.

Ryan Matthews:

And by the way, new jack, at least we HAVE or HAVE HAD devout followers and fans. Outside of the backstage fuck-o's and the groupies who think they'll get famous getting knocked up by one of you, who the fuck knows you?

[Sam then turns to the camera for a little fourth wall ownage.]

Sam Horry

We here at HNB would like to state for the record we love and respect our groupies.

Tyrone Walker: [ahem]

Geezus fuckin' kry-est on a mothafuckin' pogostick, take a goddamn breath, holy fuck!

Eddie Dante:

I wouldn't speak either, Tyrone. Where were you before you set foot in DEFIANCE? A little place called DREAM? A place where you and Stephen Greer won their tag team championship in your first match?

[Eddie tries to stifle his laughter, but can't.]

Eddie Dante:

You could take any two of us standing here, whether it's Troy, Mushigihara, Saori, OR myself... and EXHUME OUR DEAD GRANDMOTHERS, and *THEY* could win the tag team titles in their first match, too.

Tyrone Walker: [A brow, it has arched.]

Wait, wait, hold up... You want to call me out, Ed? Where was I before DEFIANCE? Like you said, me and Stevie were tearin' shit up Team Danger style, doin' like we do everywhere we went. Which, if I'm not mistaken, is more than the four of you and all'a yo dead family combined have done. And you wanna bring up DREAM? I barely even remember it, hell, until you just brought it up, I forgot all about that shit.

Sam Horry

Tell 'em, cuz. And if y'all really tryin' to do the math here, if we took one of you four and exhumed your dead grandmas--God Bless their souls--y'all would out number any tag team y'all faced. So....it would take roughly four of y'all to do what only two people managed to do in their first night. Not exactly intimidating.

Troy Matthews:

You wanna put those words to the test? Let's go at it; each of us, against each of you. One. On. One. Dibs on this name-stealing limpdick over here.

Ryan Matthews: [cracks his knuckles and smiles ear to ear]

Fine by me. You just signed your death warrant kid. You name the time. I'm gonna enjoy ripping you to shreds. And if that shemale you got behind you there wants to get involved, I don't distinguish who does and doesn't get an ass

whippin in my ring if they're not wearing zebra stripes or if they're not Sam or Ty, and even then it's debatable.

[Meanwhile, Saori's got a claw grip on Troy's arm, while growling something about "flossing my teeth with your guts you Lake Erie sack of..."]

Sam Horry

Fine, I call dibs on the girl.

Tyrone Walker: [feigning disappointment]

Aww man, I wanted to fight Dante! Why ya gotta hog all'a the bitches, cuz?

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[The Sumo Beast pops a thick, sausage finger into Horry's chest, and once he notices it, Mushi snaps his thumb up to himself.]

Sam Horry

A'ight, looks like I get to deal with the elephant in the room.. So I'm gonna say this so that you understand me Mushi...."doku o motte doku o sei suru" Holla.

Eddie Dante:

Well, then, Tyrone, I suppose this leaves you and me. [grins] To prove to you and to the world that the Black Jesus... just might be out of miracles.

[Ty's mouth curls with a grin to match Dante's while nodding his agreement. The two sides backpedal away from each other, all the while keeping a hard glare trained on the opposition that stands before them.]

[To the booth, Batman!]

In which we Escalate Dramatically

Tony Di Luca: I'm tellin' you. They was down here earlier! [Around the corner comes Alceo Dentari, closely followed by Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, who tries to dart his way in front of Dentari as they reach a flight case that drastically narrows the hallway. Trotting along behind is 'Big' Vincent Rinaldi, who looks simply clueless as to where the three are going and what they're going to do when they get there.] **Tony Di Luca:** Aha! See, I told you! [Di Luca stops as he comes to a door and hammers on the wall next to it. Adorning the door is a big gold star with two words printed on it.] **Alceo Dentari:** Tres Brujas? **Tony Di Luca:** Tres Brujas. **Alceo Dentari:** You care to tell me what exactly we're doin' outside a' Tres Brujas' locker room? **Diane Parker:** Yeah... what are you doing outside of Tres Brujas' locker room? [Di Luca, Rinaldi and Dentari almost jump out of their skin as Diane Parker, Clairra St. Sure and Lisa Loeh seem to apparate from nowhere behind them.] **Diane Parker:** Please, Mr. Di Luca, we're all ears. [Alceo opens his mouth to speak but he's immediately cut off by Di Luca.] **Tony Di Luca:** We're here with a message, girls. A nice, simple message. [Diane folds her arms and raises her eyebrows, almost as though she's asking what the message is exactly.] **Tony Di Luca:** You've had your fun, now stop fuckin' with us. 'Cause if you don't, we're gonna fuck with you. [Diane looks around Tony to Alceo and smiles.] **Diane Parker:** How's the eye, Dentari? Looks mighty sore from where I'm standing. [Dentari manages to say one 'f' before being cut off by Di Luca once again.] **Tony Di Luca:** No, I'm the one talkin' right now. You're the one listnin, yeah? [With a mix of a laugh and a sigh of decision Diane looks back to Tony.] **Tony Di Luca:** You'd do well to listen, 'cause I ain't gonna repeat myself. You girls took something from us unjustly, an' we want 'em back. [Diane goes to speak but Di Luca cuts her off.] **Tony Di Luca:** I know, I know, you ain't got 'em no more, that ain't exactly a secret. It's an embarrassment is what it is. 'Cause a' you The Philosopher Kings are walkin' 'round with the Trios titles. But they ain't gonna be for long. We're here to tell you we're gettin' them belts back, an' if any a' yous feel like gettin' in our way... well... We gonna come back with more than just words. [Diane simply rolls her eyes.] **Diane Parker:** Are you done? Yeah, you're done. [Alceo tries to take a step forwards, but Tony puts his arm out to hold him in place. Alceo pushes the arm away and shares a rather unpleasant look with Di Luca.] **Alceo Dentari:** Tony, I swear- **Lisa Loeh:** Oh my god! You can speak! I thought your lap dog was doing all the talking because your jaw was wired shut or something. [Standing behind Diane and Clairra, Lisa went up on tiptoes and spoke over Diane's shoulder. Smirking, Diane cranes her neck to get a better look at Alceo's face.] **Diane Parker:** You've got a shine to you, you know? Your face, it's glowing. [Dentari simply purses his lips and glares at Diane, who returns a smile in his direction.] **Diane Parker:** Now, you three have come around here to warn us off of what exactly? Your quest to win your titles back? No, that can't be right... Because I recall them becoming our titles. So if there's anyone that needs to stay out of anyones way, it's not us. **Tony Di Luca:** Them titles was ill gotten an' you know it. **Lisa Loeh:** OhmiGOD, sore-Losers! **Diane Parker:** That, pretty much. They were gotten, and they're ours to take back whenever we want. [Dentari finally pushes his way to the front and injects himself between the bickering Di Luca and Parker. He makes sure to get as close to Diane as he dare before going off on his.] **Alceo Dentari:** So what, every title 'round here belongs to yous lot? Huh? Trios titles, world title... I'm surprised yous ain't gone gunnin' for that FIST again, Clairra. You wanna claim them Trios titles is yous when we all know you wouldn't a got a sniff at them belts had there been a real referee in that match. [Dentari looks around Diane to Clairra.] **Alceo Dentari:** An' if it weren't for you doin' Kai Scott's leg work, I'd be World Champion right now. [Clairra smirks ever so slightly.] **Alceo Dentari:** That's funny? You know what I think is fuckin' funny? I may've lost the Trios belts but I'm goin' right back after 'em. You lost the FIST and you got your ass demoted! [The smirk turns into an icy cold stare.] **Alceo Dentari:** And now you're back workin' for Scott after he turned yous out to go run the Untouchables name through the mud. So I tell you what. [Dentari steps half around half under Di Luca to get right up in Clairra's face.] **Alceo Dentari:** Get to the back of the line and stay there, cos I ain't talkin' to no flash in the pan has-been. [Almost as soon as the words are out of his mouth, CSS spins and drives the back of her fist right into the side of Dentari's head - the side that's sporting the black eye.] [Dentari hits the floor.] [Di Luca and Rinaldi spring into action, and physics ensues. Rinaldi's sheer size overwhelms Clairra and drops her to the floor as Di Luca tackles Diane to the floor, Diane pulling the best guard she can. Lisa, after having stumbled back from the initial assault, turns tail and runs.] [And then, just as quickly as it started it ends as DEFsec swarms the scene to pull the four brawlers apart, completely ignoring the still downed Alceo Dentari. Two guards prise Big Vinny off of Clairra while it takes three to separate Di Luca and Parker. There's far too much shouting for anything to make clear sense.] **DDK:** Looks like Tres Brujas and Dentari's boys are all still in the hunt for the Trios titles. **Angus:** As if the PKs didn't have enough to worry about with Hookers and Blow!

Curtis Penn vs Tucker G. Alston (c)

[“It’s My Life” by Bon Jovi blasts through the speakers. From the back Tucker G. Alston, the Southern Heritage Champion emerges, dressed in his wrestling attire with a blue Yale athletics t-shirt on. The Southern Heritage Championship belt is secured neatly around his waist on top of his shirt.]

[The champion makes his way to ringside while slapping the hands of the fans in the aisle, taking his time and soaking in the love he’s receiving from the Japanese crowd. He get to the ring, grabs the mic that’s waiting for him on the ring steps and makes his way through the ropes. He spins around in the ring with the hand holding the mic out to the crowd, acknowledging their admiration. He then stops and prepares to speak.]

Tucker G. Alston:

It’s great to be in front of a DEFIANCE crowd again! After Ascension, I wasn’t really sure if I’d be able to address you again, but here we are. It’s because of people like you, that we’ve found a new home and for that I am thankful. So thank you.

[Tucker applauds along with the crowd.]

Tucker G. Alston:

I have to say. It feels amazing that I have this championship around my waist. Not because I’ve accomplished something that I never dreamed possible when I started in this business just months ago. No. It feels amazing because I worked extremely hard to make this day a reality. It feels amazing because I fought through the adversity, the hardship, the pain, and the defeats. I overcame everything that held me back. I worked to get better. I worked to get stronger. I worked on my weaknesses, and in the end, I prevailed.

But the single most thing that makes this moment amazing for me, that makes everything worth it, is that I can stand before you, and everyone watching this through cell phone videos, or reading about this night online, that I stand here as a true champion, in every sense of the word.

No longer is Chance Von Crank anywhere near this championship. His vile hands no longer have a grasp on it. For the first time since this championship returned to DEFIANCE that we can be proud of the champion, that we can look at it and know that it will be represented with the utmost respect and honor. That you have a champion that will make you proud, that will make this championship proud. I promise you that.

While Chance held this championship for the summer, he was no champion. He was everything that is wrong in the world, that is wrong for this championship and that is wrong for being a role model for everyone that follows DEFIANCE. We have rid the vileness from this championship and now is the time that we can start to build its image correctly for generations to come.

And we got to this moment the right way. We got here through the hard work and determination that is needed of a champion. We fought through the defeats and setbacks. We became stronger and worked harder to overcome. We

earned this championship. We earned it together, and now I honor you and your help by being the champion that you deserved from the start.

We are in together and we will become the greatest champion this title will ever see. I will continue to work harder, and harder to become that person for you. I will continue to fight for what is right and just. I will be a true champion, just like I was before I finally overcame the vile scum that was Chance Von Crank.

[Curtis Penn emerges from the back holding a mic in his hand, slowly clapping, as he approaches the ring.]

CLAP...CLAP... CLAP

[Tucker drops his mic to his waist/side and give a sigh while rolling his eyes at the sight of Curtis Penn.]

Curtis Penn:
Bullshit.

[Both syllables fall flat.]

Curtis Penn:

It's all bullshit. You didn't win that match for the Southern Heritage Championship. You didn't earn that championship...I gave it to you.

[The crowd gives Curtis a round of boos as he climbs the steps of the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

You were in the right place at the right time. You benefitted from what I did to Chance, you know, ripping his ear off with a single chair shot. And there you stand... a hard working champion...That took a hand out. I am the reason, the only reason that you have that championship and not CvC. You did nothing but luck out by being in the ring to catch the aftermath.

[Curtis grabs the ring post and climbs to the top rope before jumping down to the mat.]

Tucker G. Alston:

I worked very hard to be where I am. I needed no help to get here.

Curtis Penn:

Well you certainly took it from me...and by what I was witnessing from the backstage area, you really needed an extra hand.

Tucker G. Alston:

I...

Curtis Penn:

You needed Curtis Penn to help you win. I do not need any help making you tap and putting the Southern Heritage Championship around my waist.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Penn presses his nose to Tucker's nose.]

Curtis Penn:

Get a ref out here. Now!

[Curtis Penn shoves the champion back unexpectedly, sending Tucker to the ground. A ref quickly rushes from the back and dives into the ring. Tucker takes off his shirt and the title belt after he get back to his feet. The referee walks over and takes the championship belt from Tucker and neatly folds it up as he walks back to the middle of the ring. He then raises it up in the air with a brisk forcefulness. The crowd cheers as he disposes the belt and calls for the bell.]

DING!

DING!

DING!

[The two men circle each other three quarters of the way around the ring and finally approach for a tie up. The two men

struggle to gain an advantage for a moment before Penn forces the tie up into the corner which causes the ref to break it up.]

[They start another circle around the ring and this time, Penn charges for an MMA style take down. Tucker defends nicely staying on his feet but is pushed back into another corner. After a bit of a struggle for position by Penn, the ref steps in again to break it up.]

[A third circle is started by the two men. Once again Penn is the aggressor and charges again with a takedown attempt. This time Tucker drops to the mat before Penn arrives, hooking Penn's head under his arm and uses the momentum to flip Penn onto his back, locking his legs up with his own.]

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!!!!

[The small package works and just as quickly as the match started, it is over.]

[The two men are back up on their feet as the referee has the Southern Heritage Championship in his hand and presents it to Tucker G. Alston, and then raises his arm in the air.]

[On the other side of the ring, Curtis Penn is visibly pissed off as he kicks the bottom rope with his hands on his waist.]

[Alston walks across the ring and extends his arm out to Penn for handshake. Penn stares at Alston incredulously. After a moment, and a quick look towards the crowd, Penn reaches out and grabs Alston's hand in a handshake. The crowd applauds the sportsmanship.]

[The second Alston smiles, Penn jumps up while pulling on Alston's arm, and locks him into an armbar. The Southern Heritage championship flies off of Alston's shoulder and before it hits the mat, Alston is screaming in pain and tapping Penn's leg.]

[The referee jumps into the pile to try and break up the submission hold to no avail as Penn continues to wrench the arm for several moments, all the while causing the champion to scream.]

[Finally, Penn releases the hold and gets up as Alston rolls around the ring holding his elbow and kicking the mat. Penn walks over to the champion with a huge smile on his face. He looks down at Alston in severe pain and starts to laugh. He ends with spitting a big loogie onto Alston's chest before exiting the ring to the boos of the crowd.]

It's a Helicopter!

DDK: We're gonna go backstage to Christie Zane who I believe has Chance Von Crank with her. **Angus:** Christie made it to Japan? I Approve. [Christie Zane, as buxom as ever, stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner with a tired, sweaty, yet victorious Chance Von Crank.] **Christie Zane:** Thanks guys, I am indeed here with The Trailer Park Prodigy himself, Chance Von Crank. Thank you for joining me, Chance. [Chance flashes one of those pornstache amplified creepy leers in Christie's direction. Christie however, being the consummate professional that she is, ignores the former Southern Heritage champion and continues with her planned line of questioning.] **Christie Zane:** Many people thought it would be difficult for you to bounce back after losing the Southern Heritage title to Tucker G. Alston at Ascension, were those thoughts running through your mind while you were out there against Python earlier tonight?

Chance Von Crank: Christie, Christie, Christie... First off... Upper management is dropping the fucking ball. I should be solidified at the top of every fucking card, ERIC! Look what I just did to one of your golden boys. I am not fucking around here anymore. This march is a constant steady climb straight to the top. I will tear through this roster, Motherfucker. I pinned your #4 like he wasn't shit... Fuck him and Fuck you too. Any list around this motherfucker with my name missing loses any ability to be legit with that fact alone. By The Way.... Drop the act, Sugartits. Neither of us care about what's running through my mind, do we? All that matters is what's running through yours. [Chance slides his way up to Christie and brushes her hair back from over her eyes. Christie pulls back slightly and slaps Chance's hand away.] **Chance Von Crank:** Oooh, A feisty Whooo-ORE!. I like... Look, Cunt, I see you lookin' at me with them great big... eyes... what say we forget the questions and get out of here? I've got a bed at the Marriot, Room 21! We will play hide the creampie. [Chance rubs his chin as he looks Christie up and down. He bites his bottom lips and nodding his head he continues.] **Chance Von Crank:** It'll be a nice... tight... fit... [Of course Christie doesn't appreciate any of Chance's thinly veiled innuendos.] **Christie Zane:** Ugh! **Chance Von Crank:** Come on, bitch! I know it's sticky mess in those panties, look its a helicopter... [Chance opens up his robe to reveal his ripped torso and runs a hand across his abdomen, slowly sliding it downwards and swinging his exposed penis in a circular motion. He turns away from the camera, and his next action is unseen, but whatever it is it makes Christie recoil in disgust.]

Christie Zane: I think I'm gonna be sick... [Christie turns to run, almost losing her lunch as she does so, leaving Chance all on his own.] **Chance Von Crank:** Fuck you then, Bitch! That mustache ride was gonna be free, but now you gonna have to pay to play, Slut. [Chance turns back and looks past the camera.] **Chance Von Crank:** And what the fuck are you looking at? [Chance stomps his way past the camera, which swings around on the spot to see The ShocknRolla squaring up to a mass of orange hair.] **Chance Von Crank:** You wanna be a hero or something? I been wiping my ass with heroes all day... **Eugene Dewey:** No, I don't want to be a hero... I'm just a normal guy standing here looking at a loud mouthed piece of trailer park trash.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH [Chance certainly wasn't expecting such a bold response from the nerd stood before him, but even that wasn't enough to render the Razzledazzler speechless.] **Chance Von Crank:** In case you missed it, chubs, this 'loud mouthed piece of trailer park trash' just beat Python in the middle of the ring; One, Two, Three. You know what that makes me? That makes me a winner. Meanwhile how did you fare against Seth Stratton earlier? [Eugene doesn't reply.] **Chance Von Crank:** Ohhhhh Yeah... You fucking lost. You red headed, no soul havin', motherfuckers give me the creeps anyways. Some assholes just don't have it. **Eugene Dewey:** You keep telling yourself that, Chance, one day maybe it'll come true... Looks like you just struck out with Christie. Good going, winner. What were you doing? Looking to fill that void around your waist with a pair of legs? [Chance throws his head back and laughs very loudly and very fakely.] **Chance Von Crank:** You're so funny, Eugene. So, so funny! You know what else is funny? Me beating you down until your dick leaks blood. You look at me and see the future and the motherfucker that makes you more money by being on the same card as him. You should already be down on both knees with that cock eater gaped open just waiting to take in all that is me, Faggot. I am the reason some no talented shit eater like you can sell a t-shirt and this is the thanks I get? [Eugene sighs and shakes his head.] **Eugene Dewey:** I don't think I want anything you might already be carrying, Chance... [Chance steps up and goes nose to nose with Eugene. Neither man backs down... neither man blinks... neither man moves a muscle.] **Chance Von Crank:** That is your knees becoming weak... Your nerves wanting to break... That's your spirit in wane... I am The Man... [After a few intense seconds of dagger starring Eugene finally takes a deep breath and steps back.] **Chance Von Crank:** That's what I thought. [Eugene's face said it all, he didn't want to back down. He wanted to crack all the VD jokes he could think of. He wanted to lay into Chance Von Crank like he was on the other end of an Xbox Live connection.] **Eugene Dewey:** If I hadn't already fought two matches... **Chance Von Crank:** There Ya Go... Bitch Down... Because we all know who the alpha male is between the two of us. BBBbbbbBBBBbbb-itch. [Eugene bites his tongue. And I mean really bites his tongue. He's damn well biting that thing off.] **Chance Von Crank:** One match, two matches, it doesn't matter. You ain't shit and I will prove it. Just another so called "hero". [Eugene almost takes a step towards CVC, but he shows great restraint in placing that foot in the opposite direction.

That restraint is on loan from that being used to keep his mouth shut, however.] **Eugene Dewey:** I wish I could live in a dream world like yours, Chance. Unfortunately I live in a world filled with assholes like you, Seth Stratton, and my brother... and to be honest I've had enough of dealing with it for one night. If you want to remember where we were and pick this up at a later date then be my guest, because I'd willingly beat your ass across this fine country at any given opportunity... but for now... [Eugene wipes his hands as though he's washing them of the situation and turns to walk away. Chance isn't going to let him go in silence though.] **Chance Von Crank:** Why wait, bitch? You and me, next show... I want to show everyone you ain't shit now that you don't have Tom Sawyer's dick hanging out your mouth. [Eugene doesn't break his gate or turn back to look, but he does call back to CVC nice and clearly.] **Eugene Dewey:** If you're sure that's what you want, Chance. **Chance Von Crank:** Sure that's what I want? I'M BEGGING FOR IT MRS. SAWYER! [cVc grabs the camera to focus in on him as he retrieves the mic he had before.] **Chance Von Crank::** Shock N Rolla.... HERE 2 SHOW YA!!!! COCKED BACK AND FUCKING LOADED! [Chance holds the mic up in the air for the crowd...] "?????????????????" "Chance Von Crank!"

Dan Ryan vs Bronson Box (c)

[CUTTO: Arena shot. A mix of Dan Ryan's music hits the speakers. The following sentence plays over and over "EMPTINESS is LONELINESS and LONELINESS is CLEANLINESS and CLEANLINESS is GODLINESS." The small but loud hometown pro-Dan Ryan crowd starts chanting "RYYYYYYYYYYAN! RYYYYYYYYYAN!" Pyro pops quickly and suddenly from each side of the entrance, then all lights immediately shut off as we're PITCH BLACK! The crowd's stomping and clapping, while shouting "RYYYYYYYYYAN! RYYYYYYYYAN!" **V/O:** [over fireworks explosion!] "AND GOD IS EMPTY." [All lights hit level MACH NINE-NINE-NINE as a full brigade of sparklers and fireworks shoot over the club, and are replaced by strobe lights.] **V/O:** "JUST LIKE ME." [MUSICUP: "ZERO" - SMASHING PUMPKINS - FULL RIFF AND SONG.] [CLOSEUP: RYAN walking through the curtains under the screen as a small shower of pyrotechnics sparks glitter down over him. RYAN looks around with a smirk, then starts walking down the ramp, looking out at the fans through his black-tinted sunglasses. RYAN's got a dark blue Yokohama Bay Stars muscle shirt and matching blue trunks with black/white trim. Same styled knee pads and boots. Ryan climbs into the ring and dashes into a corner and up to the turnbuckle, raising his arms to a loud roar from the crowd.] [Tap tap tap.]

Bronson Box: V/O So... you get to CRIPPLE a defenseless woman and receive this sort of reaction from these people? Bloody savage country. Cheer him! Cheer the monster! Cheer the BEAST! [A slight delay in the reaction as Bronson's diatribe is translated to the crowd.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [After a moment the man himself emerges. No ring robe, just his classic brown and black singlet, heavy heavy tape on his hands and wrists. Bronson scowls down the ramp at the former multi time world champion waiting patiently in the ring. Ryan leans on the ropes, his eyes darting nervously to the crowd now and again.] **Bronson Box:** Don't you worry, lad. Francis, Edward and the boys aren't goin' to leap from the crowd. I want this one to just be you and I, ye' see. My dear Edward protests, says I shouldn't go in without a plan. Normally I agree, normally I'd have The Blood Diamonds in the wings just waiting to strike. Tonight however here in the land of the rising sun, the land of the samurai I decided to choose the path I've chosen before. The path that entails stepping onto that sacred canvas, MY BLOODY CANVAS and doin' what I do so well. Not play the villain, not scheme and plot, not paintin' with precision but with BUCKETS OF BLOOD, BOY'O! [The translation takes place, the reaction ends up being slightly mixed.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Raaaaa... **Angus:** There's neckbeards in every culture I guess. **DDK:** The DEFIANCE faithful are everywhere and we all know how much they tend to love this man... for some reason. [Box has made his way down the ramp and stands at ringside looking up at Ryan with cold unfeeling eyes. There's no sadness here, only fuel for the hate engine buried deep within in Boxer's chest.] **Bronson Box:** I'm going to make you ache, Danny boy. I'm going to leave you in the same state you left poor Virginia at Ascension, I'm... [Dan tries to say something off mic but Boxer aggressively cuts him off.] **Bronson Box:** NO! NO TALK! NO EXCUSES! NO MORE FROM YOU! HOW DARE YOU, HOW DARE YOU PAY FOR HER HOSPITAL BILLS! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?! WHO MY FRIENDS ARE YOU PRESUMPTUOUS PRAT?! I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DIG YER' CURSED HEART FROM YER' CHEST AND... *pffft*

[The translations stop and Bronson's microphone is promptly cut off. Boxer violently spikes the mic on the cement and then pops his forearm into the crook of his other arm in the direction of the backstage area. As bothered as he can possibly be a fuming Wargod slowly turns back towards the ring where Dan Ryan has backed up a bit giving Bronson the space he needs to enter the ring.] **Quimey:** (w/ translator) Ladies and gentlemen! The following NOOOOO DISQUALIFICATION contest is for the FIIIIIIIST OF DEFIAAAAAANCE! Standing in the corner to my left, the challenger from Houston, Texas... THE EGOOOOOOOO BUSTER DAAAAAAN RYYYYYYYAAAAAAN! And to my immediate right, the current reigning and defending FIST OF DEFIANCE... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOON... *hoof* [That was the sound of ring announcer Darren Quimbey being shoved back into his tiny little Japanese translator, both men hitting the canvas with a thud thanks to The Wargod.] **Angus:** NOT cool. Nobody fucks with poor Quimbey. Heartless prick, he's just a little guy. [Bronson could give a damn, he's ready to fight. Ryan meets him center ring, like two big rams they slam head first into one another. Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell, knowing full and well this is as good a time as any seeing as this contest will be about as graceful as a car crash and twice as bloody. Boxers first order of business is a deep rake across the eyes of Ryan sending the big blond grappler back couple steps.] **Angus:** Dirty. **DDK:** But effective, Bronson controlling the pace right out of the proverbial box here. **Angus:** Aww how adorable, Darren made a funny folks. [Bronson charges and lands a knee in Dan's unprotected gut before raining down forearms across the former champions neck and upper back. Bronson looks to be in total control for a moment but Dan cuts Boxers momentum short with a quick reverse STO sending Bronson face first into the second turnbuckle. Bronson staggers back a few paces, Ryan wasting no time spinning around quickly and turning The Wargod inside out with a stiff running lariat. Ryan pops Box in the back of the head with the heel of his boot, screaming obscenities down at his opponent.] **DDK:** Ryan showing some intensity here. **Angus:** Big surprise the

guy who gets so mad he cripples ladies is "showing some intensity" good call Darren, expert analysis. [Dan drops down with some sick forearms across the back of Bronson's skull. Before Ryan can pull off anything substantial however Bronson reaches over and pulls Ryan's legs out from under him with a textbook double leg takedown. Boxer mounts Ryan instantly showering the former FIST with a seemingly endless series of brutal grounded headbutts.]

Angus: Jesus Christ, I'm getting a headache just watching this shit... **DDK:** Bronson's forehead is seemingly immune to pain, folks! [When Boxer finally relents both he and Ryan are both busted open, Ryan obviously getting the worse end of the exchange with a bloody nose and a swollen eye socket. In one swift motion Bronson gets up, dragging Ryan up with him. Boxer takes the time to wipe his hand across Ryan's already crimson face, smearing the blood across his chest before latching in a tight bear hug.] **Angus:** Bronson with the old school submission! **DDK:** Remember folks, Bronson's upper body strength is a thing of near legend in the DEFIANCE locker room. His strength training regimen is down right scary so this hold is being used to its peak effectiveness. [Ryan writhes around in pain, eventually gaining some semblance of composure and sandwiching Bronson's head between his own meaty arms staggering the Scottish strongman just long enough so Ryan can slip free and...] **DDK:** BEAUTIFUL overhead belly to belly duplex from Ryan! [Boxer crumbles to the mat, Ryan slides in and claps in a tight side headlock. Box reverses the hold, wriggling around to apply a headlock of his own. The two men trade simple holds back and forth, testing each other's mettle for a bit, Ryan seemingly getting the better of Bronson in the exchange. Bronson obviously isn't having that, opting for a hold with a little more... bite.] **DDK:** God's Firey Right Hand! **Angus:** As if Ryan wasn't bloody enough. [Bronson digs his fingernails deep into Ryan's soft skull tissue and drags the former world champion back to his feet. Ryan struggles against Boxer's iron claw to no avail. After a few agonizing moments Ryan sends the crowd into an uproar, latching on an iron claw of his own!] **Angus:** Bear hugs? Iron claws? Pure grappling? What the fuck is this? 1970? MORE BLOOD! **DDK:** Ryan isn't giving Bronson an INCH, partner! [Bronson only clamps down harder, the two men locked in a head splitting DOUBLE iron claw! In yet another mind bending feat of strength Boxer grabs hold of Dan's arm and hoists him upward, holding the massive Ego Buster aloft, all his weight pushing down on his shoulder.] **Angus:** Honestly now, has anyone tested this creep for roids? This sort of shit is ri-goddamn-diculous. [Dan struggles and escapes, drops down onto Boxer's head and pops off a beautiful DDT like lightning that sends Bronson sprawling and the crowd into a round of uproarious applause. Dan takes a moment to acknowledge his fans...] **Angus:** Big mistake. [Bronson slinks to his feet holding his head with his right hand, and with his left? He reaches down into his boot...] **DDK:** IT'S THE SPIKE! [Ryan spins around just in time to see the business end of Bronson's favorite tool meet his forehead. Blood literally squirts from Ryan's already damaged skull, his once blond hair completely crimson. Bronson rears back for another go but gets the meaty paw of Buffalo Brian Slater wrapped around his wrist wrenching the weapon away much to Bronson's schagrin.] **Angus:** Well what did he expect? No DQ doesn't mean you can just up and MURDER a motherfucker. [Slater tosses the spike to ringside.] [Bronson gets nose to nose with Slater, screaming directly into the giant former DEFsec head honchos face. Slater doesn't move an inch, half because he's a big mean mother that doesn't back down from any fight half because the blood soaked visage of The Ego Buster has risen directly behind Bronson like some sort of extra from The Walking Dead.] **DDK:** RELEASE GERMAN FROM DAN RYAN! **Angus:** Right on Bronson's neck, nice. [Bronson rolls under the bottom rope and drops down to ringside. Ryan slowly makes his way through the ropes following Bronson down to the floor but unbeknownst to The Ego Buster Boxer has reached under the ring apron for...] **Angus:** WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?! **DDK:** Edward White's platinum dust, partner! Bronson pulled a bag of The Sophisticate's signature gimmick from under the ring! Ryan's blinded! **Angus:** I remember seeing them digging that shit from his open wounds the LAST time he was a bloody mess and got a face full of that stuff, woof... nasty. [Bronson smiles as he saunters over to the ringside barrier and wrenches a folding chair from a first row fan. He was in a black t-shirt and looked around three hundred pounds so he handed the seat over willingly with pure joy emanating from his face... Bronson pie faces the exuberant overweight fan just for good measure. Laughing as the fat smark hits the cement Boxer slowly turns around, ready to do some damage.] **Angus:** JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST! [Dan Ryan, with Bronson's spike in hand, plants the implement right between Boxer's eyes. Bronson drops down to the floor clutching his face now literally pouring blood down into his mustache. Ryan drops the spike and dumps The Wargod under the bottom rope.] **Angus:** I've never seen so much goddamn blood... **DDK:** These fans are loving it, Angus! This is what the FIST is all about! Total mayhem! [Ryan looks out over the teeming masses getting an unrivaled reaction from HIS fans, HIS faithful. Finally bringing Boxer up and heaving him up back first onto his shoulders...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **DDK:** HEADLINER! HEADLINER HEADLINER! [The Ego Buster tilts sideways and viciously drives Boxer's head into the canvas with a brutal Burning Hammer that leaves the champion a twitching bloody heap in the middle of the ring. Ryan, having lost a significant amount of blood and this point crawls with his very last wind atop Bronson Box.] 1... 2... 3... **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** HE DID IT! NEW CHAMPION! NEW CHAMPION! **Angus:** Yeah, and he only had to stab a motherfucker to do it. Total redemption

from that whole lady crippling thing from the pay per view. **Quimbey:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN YOUR...
NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW FIST OF DEFIANCE! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **Quimbey:**
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN! [Ryan takes his
prize, gets his hand raised by Buffalo Brian Slater then rolls to ringside and hops over the guardrail. The Ego Buster
makes his way out into the crowd to celebrate his hard fought win. Once he's at a good vantage point he looks back
into the ring where Bronson is just now coming around and realizing what happened.] **Angus:** Oh he's not going to be
happy, is he... should we split? **DDK:** Well... actually, yeah we should probably. **Bronson Box:**
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! NO NO NO NO NO! HE CRIPPLES A DEFENSELESS... **Angus:** Debatable. **Bronson**
Box: ... WOMAN AND HE GETS REWARDED?! HE GETS MY TITLE?! HE... *pffft* [Bronson's mic is cut yet again.
He literally snaps the microphone in half and turns to the only warm body near enough to suffer a beating... Brian
Slater. Bronson blasts Slater with a series of blows to the face and chest, taking the beefy referee up and planting him
with a devastating Bombasto Bomb right into the corner.] **Angus:** He's freakin' out, Darren! He's losin' it again!
[DEFsec swarm the ring and do their best to pull The Wargod off their former boss. Slater comes around enough to try
and charge Bronson. It takes nearly twenty men to pull the two men apart. Once at ringside Bronson's eyes lock onto
Dan Ryan still perched up in the stands. The two share a long cold glare as we fade to the DEF logo.]