

The Line in the Sand

[DEFIANCE Wrestling presents...] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour!] [The 4th stop on the tour will commence in t-minus...] [...5...] [...4...] [...3...] [...] [From black.] [The screen is filled by the DEFIANCE distressed logo.

Flashes of black and white action peek through the rugged logo, while the background is filled with some very invigorating Japanese produced music. It's like we're about to go on a quest or something, very upbeat.] [Flash-cut to the Commentation Station.] **DDK:** Welcome once again, wrestling fans! **Angus:** And, I'm telling you Hentai freaks once and for all: WE ARE NOT THAT KIND OF SHOW! **DDK:** We've had a fabulous few weeks here in Japan so far, and tonight we're looking to keep the momentum rolling into next week's newly christened Grindhouse: JAPAN supershow, to be taped live from the legendary Kuroken Hall and broadcast on iPPV through as many outlets as we could get our hands on! **Angus:** That's right, if you had a chance to check out Eric Dane's press conference from earlier this morning you already know that things are on the UP and UP here at DEFIANCE Wrestling, and there's nothing those scum-sucking douchebags at ESEN can do about it! **DDK:** Always with the piss and vinegar? **Angus:** Those guys shit on us for the very last time, Keebler. If they want ratings they can wait six years like the rest of us for the next CSWA show to come out! That or they can get hold to some of that weird shit that Castor Strife calls cinema and play that for all I care. **DDK:** What are you even talking about? **Angus:** I don't know. Too much sake at lunch. Deal with it. **DDK:** Moving right along, they're packed in to the rafters here tonight in Osaka, and they're all ready for some DEFIANCE action, so before anything crazy happens lets take it down to Darren Quimbey- [As if on cue...] [O Fortuna by Therion cracks the silence and the Bombastic Bronson Box and his business partner the Sophisticated Edward White confidently saunter out into the stage with microphones in hand. Both Blood Diamonds are dressed to the nines in three piece suits with smug holier than thou expressions plastered on their faces.] **Angus:** Jesus, what do these two want? **DDK:** Looks like we're going to be treated to a promo from the Diamonds, partner. **Angus:** Better than Kai Scott, I guess. That guy opened the last two shows in a row and I hear we're still trying to wake people up in those venues! [Boxer and Ed make their way down the ramp and into the ring, taking a few moments to gather themselves. Box slips off his suit jacket and lays it over the nearest turnbuckle and quickly rolls up his sleeves. Edward motions for Bronson to begin once he's situated and the interpreter clumsily climbs between the ropes.] **Box:** Fair is fair. Tit for tat. Give and take. An eye for an eye. On the last show, Danny, I tried to even our score you and I. Despite all your lies I tried to even our score so we could walk into the pay per view with a clean slate. Not you though, no not Dan Ryan. Ye' ran out there playing the hero, wearin' yer' mask and saved your meddling friend Python. Funny... you didn't give me that same luxury when you severed several of my dear Virginia's vertebrae. [Edward White chimes in.] **White:** Disgraceful display, that. [Bronson nods.] **Box:** Dan... [shakes his head] I'm gunna' lay waste to ye' lad. Not before I lay waste to yer' friend, of course. The only pathetic soul that seems to give a DAMN about you. I'm going to end his bloody career, Dan. I'm goin' to hurt that boy and it'll be on your head! When I wrest the FIST from your unworthy hands and my dance card is empty I swear to God above this promotion will FEAR ME again. Each and every unworthy soul infesting my locker room will... [A familiar voice pipes in over the PA system.] **V/O:** Unworthy soul? Surely you don't mean me? [Chance Von Crank struts out on the stage with a sly grin across his face. Chance's robe glimmers in the bright lights as he makes his way to the ring. He climbs in the ring as Box and White look on. Crank nods to both Bronson and White as he pulls a mic from inside his robe.] **cVc:** There are few gods among men in this business but here stands one. [Chance points directly at Box. Then paces back and forth along the ropes continuing on.] **cVc:** Moments like this are what a young Chance Von Crank living in a shanty town called Harlan in a single wide trailer with no back door could only dream of. When I was hustling trying to get a job with this place you're the guy I kept my eyes on. You made this company, I'm one of the few new guys in the back able to admit that. [Ed pipes up again.] **White:** Is there a reason you've decided to interrupt our time, son? Because we... [Boxer holds up a hand. White begrudgingly acquiesces.] **Box:** Go on, boy'o. **cVc:** See Box, I can see plain as day most of the second rate wannabes populating that locker room aren't worthy of sniffin' your jock. You aren't afraid of speaking your mind, pissin' people off and generally walking your own path even if that path is over the back of some goodie goodies head and you're wearin' golf cleats, you feel me? [The Wargod chuckles, The Socialite rolls his eyes.] **cVc:** I'm sorry if I stepped on your time, boss. I really am. [Chance steps through the ropes.] **cVc:** But I just wanted to finally shake your damn hand and let you know, your brand of mayhem is right up my alley. I know I'm not exactly a prim and proper and some of your friends but none the less... [Chance extends a hand to Bronson.] [Another voice chimes in from backstage.] **V/O:** Jesus Christ, are you three almost done hugging it out? [Python is out first with the microphone, followed by a somewhat stoic Dan Ryan. Both men are dressed down in street clothes. Jeans and their respective merch. Ryan sporting the FIST wrapped tightly around his waist. They position themselves at about midway down the ramp. Box is at the ropes glaring at Ryan like a caged animal salivating at a piece of meat.] **Python:** So you're going

to lay waste to us huh? End MY career? Try it laughing boy. Better men than you have tried and failed. Same goes for Dan. My boy here knows he has a long road to hoe here in DEFIANCE. Dan did something stupid. [Ryan's eyes narrow and he glances at Python, but quickly returns his gaze to Bronson Box in the ring.] **Python:** But if we're being honest here? He did something stupid to a woman who would have and probably HAS done worse and that includes climbing into the sack with you, big bad. [Once the interpreter relays the joke it actually garners a chuckle from the quiet Japanese crowd, still not quite sure what to make of these American style in ring promos. Box fumes, Chance places a hand on Boxers shoulder as Ed tries to calm the Wargod down.] **Box:** I SWEAR TO CHRIST I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR BACK YOU LITTLE WORM, I'M... *pfffft* [Box's microphone is mysteriously cut. He's beyond unhappy about this.] [Dan takes the mic from Python and starts addressing Box.] **Ryan:** Go on, yell and scream. Hop the guardrail and start tossing fans around. Go backstage and bust up another production assistant. But whatever you do, make sure you do it YELLING AND SCREAMING. BECAUSE WE CAN'T HEAR YOU. I've told you before Bronson I know the road you're walking, son. I know that festering boiling feeling down in my guts that just aches to erupt out and just wreck the whole world, wreck it all until EVERYONE takes notice. I let you have just a little tiny taste of it at Ascension and like Python said... I did something stupid. It's something I can't take back. I tried to make amends by helping with her hospital bills, apparently that was an affront to you. But Bronson? I'm not going to apologize. I know that's a waste on a man like you, and I'm more of a 'look to the future' kinda guy anyway.. So I'm going to just cut to the chase give you what you want. [Dan unstraps the FIST title belt from his waist and grips it tight in his free hand.] **Ryan:** You always talk about moments. Career defining moments. Moments that make titles, make men, make history. You challenged me for this at the pay per view? You're on. You want the best of Dan Ryan you moustachioed, circus strongman lookin' pile of crap? You got it! You want the man who was known the WORLD OVER as the most EVIL son of a bitch to ever lace up a pair of wrestling boots?! YOU GOT HIM, BOXER! RIGHT HERE! You think people know your name now Bronson? YOU WANNA' BE THE MAN? HUH? [Through gritted teeth, ten octaves quieter.] **Ryan:** I'm gunna' make you famous, boy. [Dan drops the mic and glares up at Bronson who's absolutely SALIVATING up in the ring.] **Angus:** Fuck yeah! **DDK:** Now this is the Dan Ryan we've been hoping for, partner! **Angus:** About time. [Ryan rips off his t-shirt and launches the title belt over the top rope right into Bronson's face. The momentary distraction allows for Ryan and Python both to slide under the bottom rope and immediately clash with the heel faction in the ring. Python taking out Edward White and an absolutely hulking out Dan Ryan starts throwing bones at both Bronson and Chance. The brawl continues for a few moments before the whole arena is silenced by a most familiar voice.] **V/O:** That's about all'a that I'm gonna put up with, fellas... [From backstage marches the man himself, the boss, the owner and CEO of DEFIANCE wrestling...] **Angus:** WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO BABY! The BAWLS is here, Keebs! Eric Dane is in the building! **DDK:** I'd heard rumors Eric was heading to Japan after finishing up some business stateside but I thought he'd just swoop in for the pay per view! He hasn't even been seen since this morning's press conference! [Dressed in his trademark black on black Dane stands at the top of the ramp glaring down at the five superstars in the ring.] **Dane:** You boys better break it right the fuck up, right now, or I'll send you back to the States minus a paycheck or any future endeavors, got it? [Everyone can tell Dane is DEADLY serious with that threat. It takes a moment but all five men eventually separate without incident. Box, Chance and Edward slide to ringside nearest the announcers as Ryan and Python stand tall in the ring.] **Dane:** I've had my feet on Japanese soil for less than 12 hours. I'm jetlagged as all hell, I've been flying all over the states for a solid month hustling for YOU sons of bitches, trying to keep the damn doors open, and what's the FIRST thing I have to deal with when I set foot in the arena? Bronson Box and Dan Ryan trying to rip each others heads off. AGAIN?! [Eric paces the stage, yanking at the collar of his pressed linen button-up in frustration. He finally just shakes his head and shrugs.] **Dane:** You know what? Fuck it. The blowoff match you two want so badly? Consider it booked. And you know what else? Because I'm such a nice guy, because we're in Japan, and because I don't want either of you two whining about it not being brutal enough and demanding a rematch, consider it a **TAI-PEI DEATHMATCH~!** [This gets a fair amount of applause.] **Dane:** So go ahead and baptise that belt in every drop of blood you two can squeeze from your bodies. Make that belt the attraction it should be. The future is BRIGHT for DEFIANCE Wrestling, folks, so tonight lets do it like only DEFIANCE can what do you say? Ryan, if you can find a third man why don't we treat these fine Japanese fans to a classic DEFIANCE six man tag team match? [Ryan glares at Bronson who just taps on then laughs into his microphone.] **Box:** Oh, how nice of you to give me the power of speech back ye' wee ponce. A third man? It'll be a bloody handicap match! Who in Gods name would throw his hat into the ring with this fraud, this liar, this hack, this... [Black by Sevendust erupts over the PA system, Eric Dane just smiles knowingly. Bronson fumes at the third, count them, third interruption of his promo time. From the back emerges The Black Jesus himself, Eric's Team Danger blood brother Ty Walker. The two men shake hands, Eric hands over the microphone and walks to the back without another word and with a big satisfied smile on his face.] **Walker:** I 'aint got no damn problem with either of you boys. Way I see it, we ALL done some fucked up shit we 'aint proud of and

every man deserves a chance to make shit right. Dan, Python... you boys got yourselves a third man. Besides, when the hell have I even turned down a chance to be in the main event? [Ty smiles a wide grin, thumps his chest and points down at Dan and Python still standing tall in the ring and gives a brutal throat cut motion towards Box and company. Box tries to respond but surprise surprise his microphone is dead again.] **DDK:** Something tells me Bronson's microphone trouble can be blamed on one Eric Dane. **Angus:** Heh, the BAWs done listenin'! [Box, still standing near enough to hear Angus, spares a glance in the little announcers direction. Feeling a bit ballsy tonight apparently Angus doesn't shirk away from Bronson's assumed threat like he usually might.] **Angus:** Yeah, what's up...? [quietly] I fuckin' hate that guy. [Ty steps back through the curtain. Box leads Edward and Chance around the ring and back up the ramp. Finally after slapping a few fans hands Ryan and Python exit the ringside area as well.] **DDK:** So ladies and gentlemen tonight in our main event we'll be seeing a massive six man tag team match! The Blood Diamonds will team with Chance von Crank to take on the team of Python, Dan Ryan and none other than Tyrone Walker! **Angus:** So brutal. I hope Ty murders fuckin' everybody. **DDK:** Even his own teammates? **Angus:** Especially his own teammates. Team Danger for fuckin' LIFE, son.

Sounding Board

[Diego De Leon walks around the DEFIANCE backstage area. His head down with his hands on his hips. The quiet luchador paces around backstage, throwing phantom punches and kicks in anticipation of his confrontation with two of Team HOSS. Eugene Dewey walks down a nearby hallway holding a 3DS, concentrating.]

Diego:

Ah, Eugene.

Eugene Dewey:

Diego...

[Having not spoken to one another since their encounter at Guerilla Grindhouse 1, Eugene continued walking, face buried deep in what was sure to be Pokemon X or Y.]

[Probably X. Everyone knows Charizardite X is way better than Charizardite Y.]

[Duhh.]

Diego:

Wait...

[Eugene turns, lifting his head momentarily from the handheld console to listen to Diego.]

Diego:

Anxious?

[Diego says, nodding towards the ring.]

Eugene:

Anxious? What do I have to be Anxious about? I've got the night off. I'm just here to observe, and that's all I'm going to do...

[Diego stares at Eugene, silence filling the space between them for moments.]

Eugene:

Seth's got a chance to walk out of here with the Southern Heritage title, you know? Has Wayne got him to that point? Probably. But he could have earned that all by himself if he'd tried. But then Wayne set up the match that got him the shot in the first place... So could Wayne do the same for me?

[Another silent pause.]

Eugene:

Maybe he could... I mean, he had me on the fast track to the top before... He lead me to two victories over Bronson Box... He got me high on the points table in the Masters of Wrestling league... Who's to say he couldn't lead me to the same places he's led Seth Stratton...?

[More silence.]

Eugene:

But then Wayne and I didn't really see eye to eye on a lot of things, and I'm sure there's plenty we'd disagree on if we did start working together again. I'm not sure I could justify going through all that again just for a chance at some gold...

[Yeah, you guessed it.]

Eugene:

But it's not just about gold... is it? I mean, I've not won a match since... well, since I wrestled you. And I know, Wayne and Seth haven't exactly helped with that, but this is DEFIANCE... If it's not them trying to screw me it'll only be someone else. I don't know... it's all so confusing.

[There isn't any silence this time, instead Eugene sighs and shakes his head.]

Eugene:

I'm sorry dude, I didn't mean to go off like that... Heh, I guess you could say I am a little anxious after all.

[Diego shrugs.]

Diego:

Then... Why continue?

Eugene:

Because there's a solution to every problem... It's just some are better than others.

Diego:

And this one?

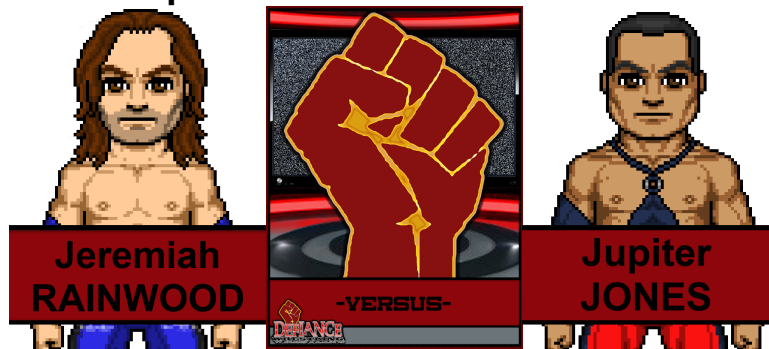
[Eugene shakes his head.]

Eugene:

I don't know yet.

[Diego only gives a nod and a grunt as Eugene turns and continues on down the hallway.]

Jeremiah Rainwood vs Jupiter Jones



[Cut back to center-ring.]

Quimbey: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first ... [As Seasick Steve's "Burnin' Up" eases into the airwaves, Jeremiah Rainwood slips through the curtains, saunters forward, and pauses for a beat at the top of the ramp. After tossing out a casual two-finger salute, Rainwood continues down the ramp, slapping hands and engaging in chit-chat along the way.] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** ... hailing from Memphis, Tennessee ... standing six feet-one inch tall and weighing in at two hundred-eight pounds ... he is the Laid-back Legend! JEREMIAH RAINWOOD! **Angus:** I'm thinkin' Rainwood just missed George Bush's No Child Left Behind crap. **DDK:** He's relaxed, Angus. **Angus:** His brain is overly relaxed. Heads Up! (Woop-Woop-Woop-Woop) Heads Up! (Woop-Woop-Woop-Woop) **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** And his opponent, coming out of Harlem, New York ... standing at a towering seven feet-one inch and tipping the scales at four hundred pounds! JUUUUUUPITTEERR JONES! [Ludacris reverberates throughout the Osaka Herbis Hall as the titantic Jupiter Jones tosses aside the curtain and strolls out in front of the nearly one thousand attendees! Jones, his brown skin glistening under the lights, holds his massive arms out to display that seven and a half foot wingspan!] **DDK:** What a sight to behold! Jupiter Jones is quite possibly the largest man to ever compete under the DEFIANCE banner! How deep of an impact will this Juggernaut have? **Angus:** He's a brother, Keebs. That coupled with his ginormity and I would have to guess pretty deep, but let's keep this more focused on wrestling and less on your Mandingo obsession. [Jones climbs the steel ring steps and then steps over the top cable. This prompts Rainwood, who had been leaning against the turnbuckles, to push off and meet the giant in the center of the ring. Rainwood extends a hand, which is left hanging until Jones finally ponies up a giant mitt and shakes hands with a scowl. The two break apart and head to their respective corner. Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell!] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** Here we go! [The two meet center-ring again, but this time there's no handshaking. Jupiter and Jeremiah lock up and Rainwood is promptly pushed clear across the ring! Rainwood, down on one knee, bobs his head up and down as if he's impressed. Rainwood gets back up slowly and is greeted by an advancing Jupiter Jones. Rainwood ducks underneath Jones' grasp and latches onto the big man's waist. Jones throws his weight side to side, which has Rainwood hanging on for dear life. With both their backs to the buckles, Jones pushes back and slams his much smaller opponent into the turnbuckles.] **DDK:** That's sheer power right there! Rainwood needs to figure out how he's going to work around this huge size disadvantage he's facing. **Angus:** Imagine how these Japanese broads have felt the past month! [With the waistlock broken, Jupiter turns ninety-degrees and drives his elbow into an already slouched Jeremiah Rainwood! Another! Jones faces up with Rainwood, puts a hand around his neck and pushes his head back before unleashing a flurry of open and overhand chest chops! Jones backs away and sticks his gigantic foot into Rainwood's neck. Referee Carla Ferrari is all over Jupiter about the choke; Jones finally relents. Rainwood immediately sucks air into his neglected lungs.] **DDK:** Rainwood's defensive style is ill-suited against an opponent like Jupiter Jones. You just don't weather an attack from a man that massive, with that much power. That's how you end up in the ICU! [Jones, with a fistful of Rainwood's flowing locks, pulls him away from the corner and clips him with a right to the jaw that drops Rainwood to a knee. Jones yanks him back up and puts him right back down with another big right. Jones brings him back up and hoists him overhead into a Military Press! Jupiter turns Rainwood, drops him on his shoulder, and buries Rainwood into the canvas!] **DDK:** Ferrari right there for the count! ONE! TWO! TH - No! Rainwood is a fighter and he's not about to give up here! **Angus:** At least it will be easy to roll his body into International waters and walk away! They'd probably chalk it up as another death by Godzilla and let the whole thing slide! **DDK:** You're unbelievable, Angus. **Angus:** That's never been in doubt! [With an assist from Jones, Rainwood is back on his feet and sent hurtling into the turnbuckles. Being that it was into the near buckles, Rainwood bounces out and takes a Big Boot to the grill. Rainwood flips ass over tea kettle and lands with a resounding **THUD**. Jones hits the closest rope and, on his return, goes BIG AIR with a Giant Splash! Jones passes up the pin opportunity and pulls a damaged Rainwood up by his hair. Jones throws Rainwood into the ropes and goes for another Big Boot. Jeremiah ducks underneath the Size 23

boot, hits the opposite rope, and comes back with a Lariat!] **DDK:** Jeremiah Rainwood bounced right off of Jones there! Rainwood can't believe it! **Angus:** He'll get it tomorrow after his brain finally processes all the information. [A smirking Jones motions back at the ropes and an obliging Rainwood hits the ropes again. This time he comes back with a Leaping Lariat! Bounces off, again! With about as much conviction as we've ever seen from him, Jeremiah heads back to the cables for a third time, comes roaring back, and slides between Jupiter's legs. A turning Jupiter is met by a dropkick to the side of the knee from the Laid-back Legend! Rainwood pops up and directs another dropkick into the same knee! Jupiter drops down to the aforementioned knee! European Uppercut from Rainwood! Another! Another! Rainwood lines up the wavering Jupiter Jones, backs away, and launches himself at Jones with a Crossbody Block.] **DDK:** Rainwood trying to hook a leg, but it's like a freaking Redwood. ONE! TW - Jupiter sends Rainwood into orbit! [Jupiter quickly climbs back to his feet and is yet again met by a charging Rainwood, who is knocked into a spin by a vengeful clothesline from Jupiter. Rainwood is clearly hurting, but pushes himself back to his feet - Flying Shoulder Tackle knocks him several feet backward and into a tangled mess in the ropes. Jones stalks forward and stomps on Rainwood like he's trying to put out a fire.] **DDK:** What are they doing out here!? **Angus:** You've got to be shittin' me. [The shot cuts away from the ring action to Lash Graham, clinging to the armadillo, and Uncle walking down the ramp. Then back to Jones and Rainwood. Jones has Rainwood up off the canvas and is holding him horizontally above the mat. Sidewalk Slam!] **DDK:** Jupiter covers! ONE! TWO! No! Rainwood with another kickout! He's showing tremendous heart here, Angus. Jupiter has Ferrari backed into the corner and he's giving her the business about the count - wait, what are Lash and Uncle up to!? [The camera cuts to Lash and Uncle.] **Uncle:** Get in there, Lash! **Lash:** [hanging his head] Allright ... [Graham climbs onto the apron, slingshots over the top rope, and lands a Flying Leg Drop on Rainwood! Rapid-fire Punches to the downed Rainwood. Uncle shouts encouragement from the outside as Carla Ferrari signals for the bell. Jupiter, his back to the action, is absolutely oblivious until he turns around.] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** This is completely uncalled for! Somebody stop this! **Uncle:** [shouting] Get 'em, Lash! Get 'em! [Lash leaps up, jumps onto the top cable, and lands a picture perfect moonsault on Rainwood. Meanwhile, Jones, a scowl spreading across his face, is in observation mode.] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** The winner by disqualification ... JEREMIAAH RAINWOODOOD! **Angus:** Ahh ... too bad he's not in any condition to celebrate. [However, Lash Graham is in full celebration mode - jumping up and down as if he just won a trip to - I dunno - Disneyland? That is until a massive hand is wrapped around his face courtesy of the planet-sized Jones! TOMAHAWK! **DDK:** I don't think Jupiter Jones appreciated Lash Graham and Uncle costing him that match, Angus! Lash is motionless after that ten foot ride! Jones is just standing over him, scowling and directing words at Uncle, who is pulling an unconscious Lash from the ring! Jupiter watching Uncle pull Lash to safety - he's done with him, evidently! **Angus:** I love this! Throw that damn armadillo in there! [Rainwood, hunched over in pain, slowly and painfully stands up - clearly favoring his ribs. He falls into the ropes, grimacing in pain, and watches Uncle basically carrying the dead weight of Lash Graham away from the ring. He takes an arm away from his banged up ribs and offers it to the steaming Jones.] **DDK:** Rainwood is clearly not happy with Lash and Uncle's involvement, but at least Jupiter Jones kept him from suffering further damage. It looks like Rainwood may have made a new frie - GOOD GOD! Rainwood went for the handshake and Jupiter wrapped that Iron Claw around his dome! TOMAHAWK! TOMAHAWK! Rainwood is a puddle on the mat! **Angus:** Now his body and his brain are a match! He shouldn't have brought his troubles into Jupiter's business - he ain't got time for that!

The Bigger We Are, The Harder You Fall

[Cue to the backstage area. Standing by is none other than interviewer Lance Werner getting ready to bring some hard-hitting journalism up in this bitch...] [...Okay, so he was just waiting for the red light calmly.] **Werner:** Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Lance Werner and standing by are my guests at this time. Please welcome Junior Keeling and Team HOSS. [The camera pans back and on either side of Mr. Werner are the three big men that compose the powerhouse unit known as The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers. Angel Trinidad and Capital Punishment are in their respective ring gear prepared for their tag match shortly. Aleczander is checking his hair in a mirror to make sure nary a hair on his perfectly-kept fauxhawk is out of place. Center stage is the Voice of Team HOSS, Junior Keeling, Superagent.] **Keeling:** Mr. Werner, it's a pleasure to finally bring some life to an otherwise dull interview. You can proceed with your questions. **Werner:** Well, I was just about to ask... [When he starts to ask his question, Angel taps him on the shoulder.] **Angel:** Hey, buddy... we know how this is gonna go, so Mr. Keeling's going to take the questions from here. We cool? [Before Lance can ask his question, Junior Keeling takes the microphone.] **Keeling:** I've been managing wrestlers long enough to know how this goes, so I know what you're going to ask... you will ask something to the effect of "you guys are going into battle against Diego de Leon and Frank Holiday. What's your strategy going into this match." That right? [Lance says nothing, clearly a little bit uncomfortable with the situation. Aleczander pats him on the shoulder and gestures towards Junior.] **Aleczander:** Answer the man's question, ye gormless tit! Don't be fuckin' rude, mate! **Werner:** [Apprehensively] I do believe I was going to ask that, yes. **Keeling:** Super! Well, I will respond by saying this... Diego and Frank have been trying to get famous off our name for weeks now, following us around in the hallways to the point where I was considering filing a restraining order. But I'm not that kind of a person. Business involving the ring gets settled in the ring. I'm not worried anymore about them running into us... I'm more worried about what's running down their legs. **Angel:** THAT MEANS THEY'RE SCARED, LANCE! THEY'RE PEEING THEIR PANTS! THEY'RE FRIGHTENED! TERRIFIED! YELLOW! Ooh, ooh, or as Jimmie Rix would say... [clearing his throat and with a horrible John Wayne impression] ...Yella. [Aleczander laughs in the background like an idiot while Capital Punishment cracks the bones in his neck.] **Keeling:** Then you would probably ask "Well, Frank Holiday scored an impressive upset win over Chance Von Crank last week. Are you worried at all that he'll carry that momentum on to tonight?" And me being the super-intelligent brain that I am, I would tell you this... [He gestures to a tireless Capital Punishment who then clears his throat.] **Capital Punishment:** ...Fuck no. **Keeling:** Thanks, Cap. I won't knock it. That was marginally impressive and nobody pegged that goof to win, but somehow he did. However, what happened last week is not applicable to what's in store for him tonight. Tonight, Holiday has a whole different monster ahead of him... no, TWO monsters ahead of him. He has to team up with somebody that he JUST met in DEFIANCE a few weeks ago against a TEAM that has won GOLD in the past in tag team wrestling. You think they have any synergy like us? You would be wrong. [Like an anxious kid, Angel tugs on the shirt of Capital Punishment with a question in mind.] **Angel:** Cappy... can I break the little guy? His mask is cool and I want one like that so I'm gonna take his! You can take the weirdo. **Cappy:** Fine, I'll deal with Holiday myself. They're not winning tonight or any other night. **Keeling:** THAT... is why we're going to win, Lance. These guys are ready to hurt somebody and make examples out of this roster. Frankie's too busy with his head in the clouds and Diego's creating the world's most uninteresting Twitter feed. Frankie, Diego, I warned you both that a storm is coming and you've chosen not to leave town... tonight, you're gonna leave town, but you'll both be doing it in an ambulance. [Lance is about to speak again when Junior Keeling taps him on the shoulder.] **Keeling:** Good job, Lance. You have a real knack for this interview schtick and don't let anybody tell you different. [Junior and Capital Punishment leave while Aleczander pats him on the back and Angel Trinidad looks ready for a fight.] **Aleczander:** Couldn't have done it better meself! **Angel:** HOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEE! [The foursome leaves the scene while Lance Werner looks at the camera a bit perturbed from The Rookie Monster screaming in his ear. After taking a moment to regain his composure, he brings the microphone back to his lips.] **Werner:** Back to... [When he's about to get in a sign-off line, Junior Keeling comes back and grabs the microphone.] **Keeling:** Guys, back to you at ringside!

HNB 101 with Professor Sam Horry

[Nevermind ringside.]

[HOOKERS AND BLOOOOOWWWWW!!!!]

[A door leading from the garage to the arena opens and Tyrone Walker, Sam Horry, and Ryan Matthews, also known as Charlie Sheen and Lindsay Lohan's favorite Trios team, Hookers and Blow, arrive on the scene.]

[Sam and Ty are both dressed in simple attire, Ty in a pair of jeans and a Green Bay Packers Jersey and Sam in track pants with his signature Nike Uptowns on while Ryan Matthews is dressed in a hoodie, hood up and pulled low to hide his face, and a pair of jeans as well. He seems to lag behind them a bit as the triumvirate are ambushed by DEFIANCE's resident mic stand Christie Zane.]

Zane:

Gentlemen, tonight Sam Horry takes on Mushigihara in what will be the final match in a hard fought trilogy before your upcoming opportunity at the Trios titles. Tyrone, you defeated Eddie Dante in a close contest and Ryan, you were the victim of an unfortunate circumstance as...

[Without waiting to hear more, Matthews pushes his way past Sam, Ty, and Zane, giving her the evil eye as he passes the camera and disappears out of frame.]

Zane:

O...kay. At any rate, the series is tied 1-1. Sam, the fans want your thoughts on the match tonight....

[All eyes are suddenly on Sam as he looks dead into the camera.]

Sam:

Tonight folks, on behalf of the good people at HNB, Professor Horry is gonna give a lesson free of charge in the squared circle. If you're takin' notes--and you should be--tonight's lesson plan: The Absurdity of Placing All of One's Eggs Inside of One Basket. But you can shorten it to, Mushi's gonna get his head kicked in.

Let's begin, shall we?

[Sam drapes a brawny arm around Zane's shoulders.]

Sam:

It's no secret that Ty Walker, Ryan Matthews, and myself are the best team that Defiance has to offer. We work together like a well-oiled machine, we're established veterans of the mat wars, and we've probably won more titles than Saori's seen ceilings from her back.

'Kay maybe not that many titles.

[Hiyo!]

Sam:

But if you've seen the program lately, and no doubt you have because we're on it, this...beef between ourselves and the Philosopher...haha...'Kings' has gotten more and more intense. Like you said Zane the series is tied at 1 a piece. The Philosophers believe that Big Mush is gonna put them up 2 to 1 on us. He's a sumo wrestler, he's over 300 pounds, he's their enforcer.

[A smirk forms on Sam's lips as he shakes his head.]

Sam:

Unfortunately for Mush, he's too stupid to know the danger that's talking to him right now. Mush is exactly what he has between his ears. I could go on and on about my history in this country, that those in the know piss themselves when

they see me walk the streets in Tokyo. I could wax poetic about the trail of bodies I've left in my wake in this industry, but the truth is none of that matters because we're in the here and now. Here and Now Mush you have to face easily the most dangerous athlete in this business. Here and Now, I'm gonna cook that fat off your body like I'm grillin' you on a Foreman, then I'm gonna stretch you like you're just wakin up in the mornin'.

All of this Mush, just cause I can.

[Sam nods, and winks at Zane smiling the most devilish of smiles..]

Sam:

Just 'cause I'm a sucker for a good preview, and I wanna show you and these fans just what you have to expect when the titles are on the line.

'Cause when those titles are on the line, it's exam time. After we've so violently removed those championships from your grasp--or from **your** gravitational pull as it were, Mush, the only question left to ask, is what did you learn from that painful experience with HNB?

I'll answer it for you.

In this business there are two types of people. And it holds true in DEFIANCE too... there's HNB and then there's everybody else.

[Arrogantly, the youngest of the HNB trio waves his hand, shooin' the camera men away.]

Sam:

Class Dismissed.

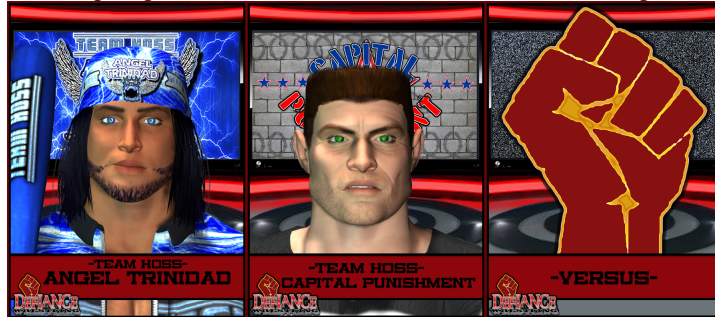
[As Sam walks off to join his buddies, it's now Zane's turn to look directly into the camera]

Zane:

More DEFIANCE after this!

Team HOSS vs Holiday/Diego

[Back to ringside.] **DDK:** Our next match started out from a series of run-ins that have now escalated into this full-blown rivalry. Team HOSS and Junior Keeling have been running roughshod for weeks, but they've made enemies of Jimmie Rix, Diego de Leon, and Frank Holiday. **Angus:** A has-been hick, a never-was luchador, and an also-ran stuntman. They've hit the trifecta of crap, all right. **DDK:** Cute. Some would argue Rix was cheated out of a victory last week, but after a week's worth of back and forth youtube promos and some heated words on our DEFIANCE Twitter feed, Holiday and de Leon will have a go against Team HOSS's "Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad and Capital



Punishment. Let's take it to the ring.



Quimbey: The following match is a two-on-two tag team match scheduled for one fall! [The opening riffs to "Hail To The King" by Avenged Sevenfold hit and the crowd starts showing their undying support and adulation... wait, Japan, not Canada. They watch with interest as the smarmy Superagent Junior Keeling and his triad of trouble called Team HOSS emerge from the curtain. Angel Trinidad and Capital Punishment shake hands while Junior and Aleczander bring up the rear on their way to the ring.] **Quimbey:** First, making their way to the ring at a combined weight of 589 pounds, they are the team of Capital Punishment and "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad... **TEAM HOSS!** **Angus:** That's a whole lotta HOSS. I'm digging these HOSS guys and I don't mind saying that even though Junior was a little short with my brib... uh... money he owes me from a friendly bet we had last week that has nothing to do with peddling their wares. [The music fades out and is quickly replaced by the opening beats to "How Do You Like Me Now" by The Heavy! The questionably mental, but fun-loving Frank Holiday comes out and throws the devil's horns in the air, grinning at the crowd. Behind him is his friend and confidant, Billy Pepper looking just as fired up. They get halfway down the ramp before the music segues right into "His Name Is King" by Luis Bacalov!] [With a stoic attitude and a determined aura about him, Diego de Leon barely acknowledges the fans as he marches his way out. He, Holiday and Pepper are also not the end of this parade because shortly behind them is none other than the final piece of the puzzle... "Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix! Junior and Team HOSS do not look pleased with him, but the foursome comes out to even the odds.] **Quimbey:** And their opponents... at a combined weight of 455 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by "Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix and Billy Pepper... they are the team of FRANK HOLIDAY AND DIEGO DE LEON! **DDK:** Evening the odds like they did last week! This appears to be the best way to handle Team HOSS! Keeling's group are powerhouses, but more than anything else, they've exploited their numbers to full effect since they've been here. **Angus:** This patchwork team of Rix, De Leon and Holiday tried that shit last week and it's old hat! They came out here and their flagrant abuse led to them getting the boot from ringside by Benny Doyle! Hector Navarro's gonna keep an eye on that cheating Rix. **DDK:** What team are YOU watching? [Jimmie Rix taps Billy on the shoulder, handing him a permanent marker. Billy takes the marker and reaches inside his coat jacket.] **Billy:** Diego! [The luchador walks over to Billy, who has a large grin on his face. Diego extends a hand and takes a very similar lion's mask to the one he's wearing. Diego signs it and heads over to Hector, saying something. Hector looks confused by the request, but takes the mask and heads over to the Team HOSS corner, handing the mask directly to Angel.] **DDK:** Now there's a class act, Angus. Diego promised to give Angel his mask, and he even autographed it! **Angus:** Are you kidding me? This is nothing but mind games, which is just what you'd expect from this ragtag bunch of misfits to throw off their

opponents before the match! **DDK:** What misfits are you watching? [Angel stares daggers at Diego, throws the mask down and kicks it out of the ring. He points to Diego and mimics pulling his mask off. Diego bounces in his corner with a small smile.] **DDK:** For weeks now Team HOSS has been bullying members of DEFIANCE. Always outnumbering and trying to intimidate, that's not what DEFIANCE is all about. And as we've seen, guys like De Leon, Holiday and Rix were not about to back down and be victimized. [Hector Navarro calls for the bell as all parties take their respective corners. Junior points an accusatory finger across the ring at Billy Pepper and Jimmie Rix's presence at the other side, but the two cornermen just smirk at his distress. Meanwhile, Diego de Leon is about to start the match off with Capital Punishment. The elder HOSSman of the group comes to the ring with Diego who immediately goes on the attack with a tight Headlock. He gets pushed off him with a big shove by Cappy and sent to the ropes.] **DDK:** Show of strength by HOSS there. Diego and Frank are very capable singles competitors. We've seen Diego taken to the limit by Eugene Dewey while Frank DEFEATED Chance Von Crank in a big upset last week! **Angus:** Keeling put it best earlier... Team HOSS have far more experience as a unit. Diego and Holiday have known each other like, what, two weeks? Do the math! [An attempt at a single-leg from Diego fails when Cappy drops an elbow into the top of his mask. He goes for a swing when Diego ducks and fires back with a pair of Shoot Kicks to the thigh of the big man. De Leon fires three more Forearm Smashes and even another kick for good measure. When he has the big man reeling, he heads to the ropes when Cappy comes back with Back Elbow Smash that puts Diego down! When Diego is staggered, Cappy goes for the cover...] ONE... TWO... NO! [Cappy comes back again when Diego rolls over to his corner to tag in Frank Holiday. Jimmie and Billy cheer on the former stuntman when he comes into the ring for the first time. Cappy sees him coming and tags in Angel Trinidad allowing the Rookie Monster to come into the ring. Frank and Angel meet for the first time and come to blows right away!] **DDK:** Look at Frank go! He's a strong guy in his own right, but he gives up half a foot and fifty pounds to Angel! **Angus:** Crush him! [Frank has the bigger man reeling against the ropes with a flurry of rights. Angel fights back with two of his own followed by a headbutt that sends Holiday into the corner. The Rookie Monster whips Holiday into the opposite corner of the ring and tries to come at him with a Body Splash only to eat a pair of feet from Holiday. With Angel stunned, Frank grabs him by the arm and twists him to the corner. Holiday trips him up and locks him in a Camel Clutch before Diego runs the ropes and comes back with a Seated Dropkick to the exposed face of Trinidad! Holiday quickly tags off and De Leon goes for the cover.] ONE... TWO... NO! **DDK:** What was that you were saying about Holiday and Diego? They're working well so far. **Angus:** Bah. [Diego gets pushed off by Trinidad, but he's not done. De Leon kicks him in the face several more times as he tries to stand before he tags in Holiday. Diego and Frank work together to fire an exchange of kicks and punches to Angel against the ropes before they double Clothesline the big man over the top rope and out to the floor! Rix and Pepper on the outside start cheering the two friends along. Keeling and AlecZander look uneasy as Frank whispers something into Diego's ear. At first, Diego shakes his head frantically, refusing whatever he'd been proposed. But Holiday grins, refusing to take no for an answer.] **Holiday:** Too bad, dude, we're -so- doing this... [He lifts up Diego and starts to press him over his head while the crowd looks impressed with his strength. Frank then runs and LAUNCHES Diego out of the ring with a cross body right at Angel Trinidad! The big man goes down!] **DDK:** A fastball special from Holiday and Diego! I can't believe they're doing this! **Angus:** Cheating! Blatant cheating! Team HOSS don't deserve this! [After Diego has recovered from his landing, both he and Holiday work to get Angel's big frame back into the ring and Frank goes for another cover on Angel.] ONE... TWO... NO! [Frank reaches over and tags into Diego de Leon as the two men work together. Frank drops a leg on Angel's throat while Diego de Leon follows with a Double Stomp to the chest! Frank leaves the ring while Diego tees off on the big man with a flurry of Forearm Smashes to the jaw as he tries to rise.] [Diego continues the flurry on the big man with a clinch and lands a couple good kicks to the chest for good measure and they seem to be rocking the Rookie Monster. Keeling yells at Navarro for illegal activity, but he ain't having it. Jimmie Rix looks pleased at ringside while Frank and Billy each watch on. With Angel sufficiently stunned on his feet, Diego gets some momentum from the ropes. Trinidad still manages to swing and miss. When de Leon comes back...] **Angus:** HOSSPLOSION! Good God, did you see that little Tex-Mex midget fly?! **DDK:** Downright scary strength on display from Trinidad and he got ALL of that impressive Shoulder Block! Just one big move from any of these beasts can turn the tide in their favor! [Angel looks proud and shouts "BOOM!" after the impact, holding out his arms to simulate a big explosion. Diego does indeed look like an explosion threw him several feet across the ring as he slumped near the ropes. Angel still looks a little bit ragged after the offense that he'd been hit with in the last several moments, so he takes a respite against the ropes.] [After taking his rest to make sure his brain was in place, Angel walks over and scoops Diego up in his arms with little effort. He walks the masked wrestler to the corner and lays him across the top rope, unleashing a barrage of right hands before ending the combo with an ugly but effective kick to the ribs that rocks him!] **DDK:** Here's where Team HOSS are at their most dangerous! They can double-team like nobody's business! [Angel grabs Cappy and whips his own partner into a NASTY Corner Clothesline that makes Diego convulse from the impact. Trinidad then grabs Diego de Leon by

the arm and whips him into the NASTY Big Boot of Capital Punishment making the young lion [see what I did there?] hit the mat! Even Pepper and Rix wince in sympathy from the impact as Cappy goes low and looks to end the match.] ONE... TWO... NO! **DDK:** Junior Keeling has recruited this whole stable of monsters. They may be different individually but as a collective they're bad dudes. **Angus:** First lesson in DEFIANCE... getting involved in somebody's shit means you're gonna get beat. It's right next to "ALL HAIL CANCER JILES." [De Leon gets the shoulder up but Cappy continues to deliver the beatdown. He fires a series of Clubbing Forearms to the small of his back before tossing him into the corner and burying a knee deep into his abdomen. Diego falls to his knees as Cappy makes another tag to Angel. The eager Rookie Monster and his mentor each whip Diego to the ropes and when he comes back they lift him up and DRIVE him down hard with a Double Spinebuster-like move!] **DDK:** More double-team offense. At the end of the day, Team HOSS may seem rudimentary but when you're that big you don't need fancy moves. [The Rookie Monster drives an elbow into the back of Diego to wear him down... and then another... and then another. And to prove how scientific he is, he scoops the young New Mexico native up and drops him with a Scoop Slam! After making sure Diego isn't about to pop back up, The Rookie Monster walks over to the ropes, reaches down, and delivers a high-five to Keeling and Aleczander on the outside. Cappy is slightly less pleased.] **Cappy:** Finish him already. [Angel nods and picks up Diego. Despite his pain, Diego comes back with a quick flurry of elbows to the face of Angel, but he blocks one and stops Diego cold with a headbutt. After Diego is stunned, Angel leads him back to the corner and tags into Capital Punishment. The two men each take an arm of Diego and twist them around before they fire quick punches to the gut followed by a pair of NASTY Double Axe Handles!] **Angus:** Come on, guys! I like these guys, but throw a piledriver in there! Time to take this shit home! [Almost like he hears Angus Skaaland at ringside, Capital Punishment grabs hold of Diego and THROWS him across the ring with a hard Gargoyle Suplex! Frank Holiday growls under his breath and knows he needs to make the tag right quick, but Team HOSS haven't left any openings for them. Cappy goes to the cover again on Diego.] ONE... TWO... AND A SAVE BY HOLIDAY! **DDK:** These two are working together better than most people thought and Holiday makes the save. [Keeling screams at the referee to get him the hell out of the ring when Hector forces Frank back. While this goes on, Cappy stomps him for good measure before he tries to pick him up and take this match home. He looks to go for a Bearhug when Diego wakes up and frantically elbows his way free. He falls to the mat while Cappy tries to shake out the cobwebs... that's when Diego de Leon suddenly kips to his feet, earning an appreciative "ooh" from the crowd! Cappy sees him coming and tries to run, but isn't fast enough, as Diego goes low and Dropkicks his knee out from under him. Cappy is down now when he springs off the ropes and delivers a painful flying knee to the face! He's down!] **DDK:** Great move by Diego de Leon! There was a second wind in the kid, but he needs to make a tag now! [Cappy goes down and holds his left knee in pain while Diego starts the long road to getting over to his corner where Frank Holiday is itching to get into the fight. At ringside, Billy Pepper and Jimmie Rix each slap the apron in support of their friend as he gets towards the ropes...] **Angus:** Snuff him out! **DDK:** Capital Punishment is limping to his feet now... and Frank Holiday gets the tag! [The Los Angelino gets into the ring and comes right at Cappy with a running elbow to the face that knocks him a few steps backwards. Frank runs to the corner next and BLASTS Angel with a running knee that knocks the big man off the apron! The crowd loves Frank Holiday as he continues to go back to the attack. Capital Punishment tries to stop him with a right hand, but Frank blocks and fires two more to keep the big man off-kilter.] **DDK:** Look at Frank Holiday go! He, Diego, and Jimmie Rix have been turning heads lately and they can do it with a victory here! [When Holiday grabs Capital Punishment he whips him into the corner and comes colliding in the corner with a big running shoulder tackle. Cappy stumbles out of the corner, struggling to get his bearings, when Frank runs off the opposite side and delivers a vicious Spear! The big man goes down like he's been hit by a car and Holiday goes for the cover!] ONE... TWO... NO! **DDK:** Close... wait, what the hell is Junior Keeling doing? **Angus:** Trying to restore order! It's crazy shit in that ring! [Junior stands on the ring apron and tries to distract the referee. He ducks a swing from Frank Holiday and jumps back down off the ring apron when out of nowhere, Billy Pepper turns Junior around and shoves him roughly against the apron, grabbing a handful of shirt and cocking his fist! Junior looks astonished at this show of aggression, and Billy hesitates wide-eyed as if shocked by his own actions as well. This standoff doesn't last long as Aleczander muscles his way between his agent and Holiday's friend. He goes to shove Billy, but Jimmie Rix has stood by long enough and suddenly shoves Aleczander right into the ringpost!] **Angus:** What was THAT? See? Unsportsmanlike conduct! **DDK:** Rix getting himself some payback for what happened last week! But look in the ring! [Distracted up to now, and not a little amused by his manager's call to action, Holiday finally turns around -- only to get nailed with a sharp Running Lariat from Punishment! The Hall of Famer goes for the cover and tries to steal one!] ONE... TWO... NO! [Capital Punishment is surprised by the knockout! He glares daggers at Hector Navarro before picking up Frank again. He grabs him by the side when Angel Trinidad comes in and the two try for some sort of double-team bomb only for Diego to come out of nowhere with a tackle to the back of Angel's knee! Frank fights feverishly against Cappy and brings him to a knee with a good solid kick. Diego

has disposed of Trinidad for the moment and comes running at Capital Punishment...] **DDK:** ROARING ELBOW! [The shot was quick and came out of nowhere like a bullet! Before Cappy can even fall, Frank shows incredible strength by lifting up the 280-pounder and holds him up in the fireman's carry... TRAIN WRECK!] **DDK:** Roaring Elbow followed by the Train Wreck! Could this do it? **Angus:** No, it couldn't! [ONE... Angel tries to break the cover again...] [TWO... Diego cuts off the big man by holding onto his leg...] [THREE!] **DDK:** They did it! These two did the unthinkable and after weeks of Team HOSS exploiting their numbers and bullying these guys, they fight back and they get the win! **Angus:** Fuck this shit! These idiots should've been disqualified! Billy Pepper manhandled Junior Keeling on the outside like a brute! **Quimbey:** Here are your winners of the match... FRANK HOLIDAY AND DIEGO DE LEON! [Frank Holiday, a limping Diego de Leon and Jimmie Rix all join in the ring and raise one another's arms. On the outside, Angel and Alecander each take an arm of Capital Punishment and help their friend while Junior Keeling tries to straighten out his shirt and soothe his bruised ego. After a match they controlled most of, this was a big setback for his group, suffering their first defeat in DEFIANCE. Billy enters the ring with a microphone in hand and turns his gaze on the members of Team HOSS assembled in the aisle.] **Billy Pepper:** I've got something to say to you people. For weeks you've been throwing your weight around here like a herd of belligerent rhinos. You've tried to intimidate us, bully us, and beat us. And when you weren't satisfied with that, you moved on to outright jumping us and humiliating us! Well, we're here to tell you now that we've had enough! [Jimmie, Diego and Frank shout their agreement. Billy nods, cracking a smirk.] **Billy Pepper:** So that leaves us with a problem. On the one hand, we're not stupid. We *KNOW* you're not going to stop messing with us. And hell, let's be real: the smallest member of your team is bigger than the largest member of our group. On the other hand, we're a stubborn bunch of guys and we *WILL* not back down. Plus, there's one more thing... [He flashes his pearly whites and shrugs.] **Billy Pepper:** Tonight we proved that you CAN be beaten. [From the aisle, Junior Keeling is throwing a major tantrum, and were it not for the heavy hands of Angel and Cappy holding him back, looks like he's this close to rushing the ring. Billy points at him pistol-style.] **Billy Pepper:** I see ya down there, Junior -- loving the fire in your eyes, my friend! That's exactly what we want to see: motivation. Because at the next event, we want to put an end to this. You take your whole team of HOSSes, you put 'em in the weight room, work 'em to the bone, get 'em good and ready, and you bring them to this ring. Because you're not going to be facing a random handful of jabronis this time, oh no. You're going up against the... uh... [Billy hesitates while he thinks, scratching his head. He turns and looks at his trio of allies, and grins as inspiration strikes.] **Billy Pepper:** Aha! You will face the-- [Points at Jimmie Rix.] **Billy Pepper:** TEX-- [Now to Diego.] **Billy Pepper:** MEX-- [And to Frank.] **Billy Pepper:** HOLIDAY! [Billy Pepper smiles proudly and spreads his arms. He glances back at the others and says "Huh? Good stuff, right?" Jimmie visibly winces at the name; Diego looks unimpressed; Frank grins and offers an enthusiastic thumbs-up. Billy turns to face Team HOSS and Keeling once again.] **Billy Pepper:** So -- you game, Junior? [Someone has by now fetched a microphone and handed it to Team HOSS's infuriated manager. Keeling glares up at the newly minted trio and their manager.] **Junior Keeling:** You'd better believe we're game, Pepper! We're going to take your stupid name, cram it down your stupid throats, and beat the ever-loving hell out of your stupid asses! And when we do it, just remember this: you *ASKED* for it, assholes! [He throws the mic at an official and, fuming, signals Angel, Cappy and Alecander to leave. In the ring, Billy slaps high fives with Frank, Diego and Rix, with Jimmie audibly asking if he can veto the team's name.] **DDK:** There we have it, **Angus:** the gauntlet has been thrown by Billy Pepper and TexMex Holiday for a trios showdown with Team HOSS on the final show of our Japan tour! That has the potential to be explosive! **Angus:** No, Darren, it has the potential to be a humiliating disaster for this band of idiots because there's no way they can beat Team HOSS in a fair fight! **DDK:** I'd argue that Team HOSS hasn't yet had a "fair fight" since they've been in DEFIANCE... But you have a point: Jimmie Rix, Diego de Leon and Frank Holiday are giving up a lot of size compared to Keeling's Soldiers, and it'll be hard not to see them as underdogs in that fight. Still, it's a showdown that's been brewing for weeks, and it will be one to watch!

Strengthening The Ranks

[Cut to backstage.]

[Or cut to Jupiter Jones, rather. He's sliding his elbow pads off after the impressive showing he put in against Jeremiah Rainwood earlier in the evening. Just as he stuffs the pads into his bag there's a knock at the door.]

[Rather than waiting for a response the knocker opens the door and enters... Ok, maybe that should be knockers, because Tony Di Luca, Vincent Rinaldi and Alceo Dentari enter the room.]

Tony Di Luca:

Jupiter Jones! How's it goin'?

[Looking up from his bag Jones starts to stand, but Di Luca puts his hands up and smiles.]

Tony Di Luca:

No, Jupiter, please, sit.

[He's unsure as to what exactly is happening, but Jones sits back down in his steel folding chair.]

Tony Di Luca:

I'm sorry for bargain' in here like this, an' I know we ain't been formally introduced as of yet.

[Tony places a hand on his own chest.]

Tony Di Luca:

My name is Antonio Di Luca, an' these are my business partners, Alceo Dentari an' Vincent Rinaldi.

[Jones nods.]

Jupiter Jones:

Yeah, well listen Antonio-

[Jupiter again starts to stand, but Di Luca places a hand on his shoulder and beams at him.]

Tony Di Luca:

Please, call me Tony.

[The hand on his shoulder doesn't stop him from straightening up though. Jupiter Jones towers over Di Luca, he absolutely eclipses Dentari... hell, even Rinaldi has to look up at him.]

Jupiter Jones:

Tony... It's great to meet you and your boys and all...

[Alceo Dentari shifts awkwardly on the spot. He's not be refered to as one of 'Tony's boys' before, and he doesn't much appreciate it.]

Jupiter Jones:

But I've had people comin' to me every single day since I inked my contract just to say 'what's up', or just to get a look at the seven foot one guy. So if that's all you're here for-

[But Jones can't finish his sentence over the laughter from Tony Di Luca.]

Tony Di Luca:

Oh no Jupiter, we ain't just here to say no hellos, an' we ain't here to get a gander at the newest 'Defiant Giant'...

[Remember that one... it's pretty good.]

Tony Di Luca:

No, we're here with a uhh... a business proposal.

[That raises an eyebrow.]

Jupiter Jones:

What kinda business proposal?

[Wrapping his arm around Jupiter's broad shoulders... well, about as close to the shoulders as he can get, Tony Di Luca paints a picture with his free hand.]

Tony Di Luca:

Jupiter Jones: Assistant Head of Security for The El Bee Cee.

[This is where Jones, brow furrowed, gives Tony Di Luca the ... the fuck? look.]

Tony Di Luca:

See, Jupiter, we got an openin', an' it's a damn big one. But you'd fill it nicely.

Jupiter Jones:

Would I now?

Tony Di Luca:

Oh yeah. A big, strong guy like you would be perfect for security. Plus you're from NYC... right in our backyard, an' we gotta look after our own around here, capiché?

Jupiter Jones:

Ahh .. yeah, I hear you. Ya'all gonna have to let me get back to you on this.

Tony Di Luca:

What? You don't wanna hear no specifics or nothin'?

Jupiter Jones:

Nah, you're good. I'll think about it.

Tony Di Luca:

I don't think you understand just what kinda opportunity we're affordin' you here. There's guys around these parts that'll pretend to be helpin' you, but the first chance they get they'll sell you down the river to further their own careers... We're offerin' you your own career right off the bat, an' it ain't just that, we're offerin' you a place in a family.

Jupiter Jones:

I got you, bro ... but there's a lot on my plate right now.

[Tony shrugs his shoulders and nods towards the door. Alceo and Vinny both head towards it, Dentari uses the opportunity to smirk while Di Luca can't see him.]

Tony Di Luca:

This offer ain't gonna be open forever, Jupiter...

[With that Tony makes his way for the door as well, shutting it behind him, cutting off a comment from Dentari as he did so.]

Alceo Dentari:

'The Dealsealer' Tony Di L-

[...]

[Awkward pause.]

Angus:

Wow.

DDK:

That's not gonna end well.

Angus:

Not even kind of...

[Cut.]

Tony Di Luca vs Diane Parker



Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from Brooklyn, New York City, and weighing in at 245 lbs! He is Tony! Two-Hands! Di Luca!

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

[Tony doesn't have his own theme music, it's the same one that Dentari and the trios team use. His leather jacket is in his hand by the time he's halfway down the ramp and dropped on the ringside mats as he reaches the ring.]

DDK:

Tony Di Luca has been trying to expand the Legitimate Businessmen's Club, without much success, and on our last show Diane Parker challenged him to this singles match. Tony's actually making his singles debut in this match.

Angus:

Yeah as far as I can remember, aside from participating in the FIST battle royale, Tony hasn't wrestled in anything that wasn't a trios match before.

[Dean Martin fades out, and the gravelly guitars of Mastodon kick in.]

Angus:

WHAT THE GOD DAMN MOTHERFUCK WHERE IS RAINBOW IN THE DARK?!

♪ I killed a man cos he killed my goat ♪
 ♪ I put my hands around his throat ♪
 ♪ He tried to reason with the sky and the clouds ♪
 ♪ But it didn't matter, cos they can't hear a sound ♪
 ♪ Oh, oh-ohh ♪
 ♪ Oh, oh-oh-ohh ♪

[Diane Parker walks out. Instead of the black vinyl she's wearing a rather basic amateur wrestling style singlet, forest green with bright yellow trim (Vermont State Sports colors) and white wrestling shoes.]

DDK:

Diane Parker appears to be playing up her amateur credentials for the Japanese fans. It's also worth noting that both Tony AND Diane came out without their tag partners and stablemates. Both of them have something to prove - Di Luca wants to be an equal partner in the Legitimate Businessmen's Club, and Diane wants to prove she can wrestle against a legitimate opponent.

Angus:

As opposed to one of those fucktards polluting the FWC affiliated feds who get butthurt at the mere thought of a woman beating them?

♪ *It's just the curl of the burl* ♪
♪ *It's just the curl of the burl* ♪
♪ *That's just the way of the world* ♪
♪ *It's just the curl of the burl* ♪

[Diane steps into the ring.]

[Di Luca doesn't wait for the bell.]

[Diane quickly drops and rolls and Di Luca hits his throat on the middle rope.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go! Di Luca tried for the early shot but Diane was completely ready for it!

[An elbow to Tony's nose sends him stumbling back into the ring, his eyes tearing involuntarily.]

[Diane is quickly into the ring, hooking a rear waistlock. Di Luca grabs her wrists and begins pulling them apart. Diane ducks her head and picks one of his legs. Di Luca flails for balance, Diane grabs his leg with both hands, and they both crash to the mat, Diane with a scissor hold around one of his legs and the other one braced behind her neck.]

Angus:

Banana split! I haven't seen that shit since high school! This could have been a pin but Diane did the move upside down.

[Di Luca snarls, realizing that she's out of reach and he has no leverage to break the hold. He grabs the ropes. Diane hangs onto her hold until the count of four, then lets go. A smile spreads across her face as Tony scrambles to his knees, his face contorted with fury.]

DDK:

Heidi has a version of that hold where she twists your knee all out of joint, I don't think Diane did that much damage, but Tony didn't like being taken down.

Angus:

Can Tony even wrestle? I mean, all I've ever seen him do is brawl, cheat, and a couple power moves.

[Tony stalks towards Diane with his intent clear - good ol' fashioned Brooklyn fisticuffs. Carla Ferrari stays out of it as Di Luca throws one that Diane ducks. She dives on the leg, Tony tries to fight it, but over-balances and topples to his back! Again, Diane tries for the banana split. Tony, trying to keep her from hooking it, has no choice but to flail for the ropes.]

DDK:

It's a real contrast of styles. On one hand, Diane aside from her amateur wrestling came up through the Wrestling Inferno, so she's been exposed to a wide range of styles. On the other, Di Luca's essentially a New York streetfighter who's adopted a few relatively simple power moves into his repertoire. Diane's had a very distinct advantage in the early goings, but someone who's never watched a fight in his life knows that she's at a huge disadvantage if punches start flying.

[Tony gets the ropes. Diane is slow to let go, and he strikes. Grabbing two hands full of hair and causing Diane to shriek in a mix of pain and anger, he presses her neck down across the bottom rope. Then he rolls out of the ring to

get better leverage for the choke.]

DDK:

As I said, pure brawler, plus he's a strong guy and can move her around the ring easily.

[Carla starts a five count, and Di Luca releases the choke. Diane splutters and crawls away from the ropes. Trying to catch her breath she doesn't notice Di Luca come flying back into the ring. Until he clubs her in the back of the head with some sort of clothesline forearm smash thing.... let's just say he hit her in the head with his arm.]

[Tony blasts her in the back of the head with a punch. And a second one. Yelling, spitting all over the place, he tries to pulverize the back of Diane's skull.]

[He doesn't bother to make sure he has her secured, and when her self preservation instinct kicks in, she shrimps out of the predicament and goes back to the legs.]

[This time, she gets him rolled all the way over, leaving Di Luca braced desperately on his elbow trying to keep one shoulder off the mat.]

Angus:

Going solo isn't as easy as you thought it was, is it Tony?

[Di Luca manages to work his way to the ropes. This time he bicycles his legs once Diane is forced to break the hold, and manages to kick her back. Diane takes a spill, and Di Luca goes on the offensive.]

WHAAAAM!

[Diane is whipped into the buckle with such force that she bounces straight back out and faceplants.]

Angus:

That's going to make up for a lot of lost time.

[Walking with a faint limp, Di Luca grabs Diane by the neck, backs her straight into a corner, and holds the choke. She kicks, Carla angrily starts a five count and pushes Tony back at 4. He moves straight back in, pressing her head back with one arm and laying some forearms into the top of her chest, just below the neck, with the other. By the time he's done, Diane's slumped half over, held up by her elbows over the top rope. Di Luca yells at Carla, and she yells back at him, telling him to respect the rules.]

[Di Luca turns back to Diane.]

[And she jumps! Using the top rope for leverage she snares his neck with her legs, then quickly flips backwards and frankensteins him face first into the top turnbuckle!]

DDK:

Quick counter by Diane, and she's going up top, I think I know what's coming!

[Diane flips off the top rope, somersaults over Di Luca's head, catching it on the way down and driving his face into the mat with a cutter.]

DDK:

Miranette! I don't know why she calls it that, but that's one of her finishers, and she's going back to the legs - rolls Di Luca over! Leg split pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner: Diane Parker!

[Diane jumps to her feet, raises her arms above her head, then quickly brings them down and clutches her collarbone.]

DDK:

Diane played that match perfectly, she got under Tony Di Luca's skin with the takedowns and he eventually walked straight into the Miranette, but those punches and forearms of his hit HARD.

Angus:

Hard hitting or not, he just got pinned by a girl!

DDK:

That he did. And I'm getting word that we've got something going backstage!

[Cut.]

Family Entertainment

“Filming?” [As if it was on cue the camera catches Curtis Penn asking the question to his Defiance sponsored translator, a well-dressed Japanese gentleman to the left and behind Curtis Penn, he gives Curtis the short phrase “soudesune” along with a long nod.] **Penn:** The nod would’ve sufficed. [Penn does not speak Japanese. His eyes cut from the translator to the camera.] **Penn:** First of all, I would like to give a huge thank you to websites like YouTube, Tumblr, and Daily Motion and to the social media universe such as Twitter, Facebook, and Instagram, because a week ago people the world over witnessed two monumental events that surrounded the Southern Heritage Championship. And because of everyone who follows me on twitter and my one million friends, and counting, on Facebook ESEN can suck a dick because Defiance doesn’t need them when they have Curtis Penn! [Bowing low the translator produces the Southern Heritage Championship with the Stars and Bars plate face-up. Curtis holds the belt at his waist as the finely dressed gentleman secures it around the waist of the Southern Heritage Champion.] **Penn:** Last week I put anyone that had delusions of a run at the Southern Heritage Championship on notice. I took poor ol’ Tucker Alston to wrestling school inside and outside of the ring, physically and mentally. That kid’ll never show his face in this company again! Guaranteed. [His face stretches and underneath all of that growth you could almost imagine a smile.] **Penn:** And because of Vine he can relive his embarrassment nine seconds at a time over and over and over again. Last week ya’ll all witnessed the unleashing of the most devastating, destructive, and dastardly submission hold in the known universe, the Curtis Clutch. You can watch along as his strength, heart, and hope drained from his eyes, left his body and the little twerp tapped! Ya’ll can witness the ruthlessness of the Curtis Clutch as I cranked back on his neck and with the greatest of ease put that mook on the shelf where he belongs. I know because I’ve watched it about a millions times myself. It’s good, wholesome, family entertainment... Of the DEFIANCE sort. [His facial hair no longer has an upward arch, instead it relaxes.] **Penn:** Playtime’s over, Seth. Tonight I’m going to show you and Wayne and everybody else that you’re just not ready for the Big Time and Curtis Penn. In all honesty you just haven’t made a passing grade yet. You haven’t even stepped into my classroom and you think that you can take my title off of me. Are you serious? Did you think that just because Tucker Alston held this title you could as well? Do you think that your lil’ handicapped match made you look like a legitimate contender to my title? I’m the God damned SoHer Champion and I’m gonna break the bad news to you that there is only one real threat in that locker room and his name is Curtis Penn! [His eyes set on the camera.] **Penn:** [coldly] Seth, I’m going to break you. Simple as that. [Pause. He pats the belt as he lets that soak in.] **Penn:** This title isn’t going anywhere any time soon. Ask Chance Von Crank or my lil’ pawn Tucker Alston, I put the title back on the map just by paying attention to it, and now that it’s so clearly mine, it’ll stay that way until I either get bored with it or Eric Dane retires it because nobody can take it from me! [He sneers.] **Penn:** Wayne Dewey, when you signed up Seth for this match you signed his career and life away to me. Pray to God that I’m merciful and I allow him to walk away from the ring with his head still connected to his shoulders and facing the right direction. [He pauses.] **Penn:** Then again maybe you’ll do better with your next client, because I’m anything but merciful. [The champ walks off screen as his Japanese assistant turns the camera off.]

The Matthews Escalation

[Backstage.]

[We peek into the locker room of the infamous trio known as Hookers N Blow...Tyrone Walker is sitting on a chair in the corner watching something on his Galaxy S4, Sam Horry is center room running through some calisthenics and stretching exercises and Ryan Matthews is sitting in a dark corner, a hoodie on with the hood obscuring his features as he has a pair of headphones in his ears.]

Sam:

You know mang, tonight we show our dominance, and by we I mean when I beat that big tub o' guts into the ground... and my dudes will be watching from back here and...

[A low growl comes from the form in the corner, and Sam immediately stops what he's doing and turns to Matthews.]

Sam:

Aw c'mon Ry, you can't still be salty about last show. You need to learn to let go, brah. Don't get so...

[Sam is stopped mid-sentence by the death stare coming from the now upraised eyes of the face inside the hood.]

Sam: [raises his hands]

A'ight a'ight I'll shut up shuttin up.

[Without so much as a word, Matthews gets up from the corner and walks to the door, flinging it open and letting it slam shut. Behind him in the room, Tyrone Walker takes his headphones out of his ears and looks at Sam with a worried look, or as worried as Blackimus Prime can get...]

Ty:

Yo, where the hell is he goin?

Sam:

Probably goin for a walk to cool down, or to go start some shit, I better go keep an eye on him...

[With that, Sam gets up to walk to the door and is stopped by Ty]

Ty:

You a'ight mang? You seem nervous.

Sam:

Ry's always been unhinged Ty, just seems lately might be moreso than usual.

Ty:

This ain't gon' be a problem is it?

Sam:

If I know Ryan, maybe.

[With that, Sam opens the door and steps through. A split second later the door flies open and Sam yells at Ty]

Sam:

Yo Ty, remember how I said I thought Ryan was about to start some shit?

Ty: [eyes go wide, realizing what Sam was getting at]

Aw, fuck...

[Ty jumps to his feet and the cameras follow he and Sam as they race to the craft services area where Ryan and Troy

Matthews are brawling again, destroying everything in sight as they scrap around the area. Eddie Dante and Mushigihara are already on the scene as well and Ty and Sam, sensing the threat to their trios partner, immediately jump into the fray. After several seconds of all six brawling, DEFIANCE security separates them and drags all associated parties back toward their respective locker rooms.]

DDK:

Talk about escalation, eh partner?

Angus:

Escalation? They went from zero to fuck you in less time than it takes for cVc to abort babies in a stairwell.

DDK:

.....

Angus:

Too soon?

DDK: [moving right along]

And Sam Horry and Mushigihara are up next!

Sam Horry vs Mushigihra

DDK:

Before we get underway, I've just been given word that the other two thirds of the Philosopher Kings and Hookers And Blow are barred from ringside following the scuffle between Troy and Ryan Matthews.

Angus:

So in other words, expect this to become a level 5 clusterfuck tornado on the Fujita Scale. Because the boys always listen to these decrees, which always works exactly as intended.

DDK:

Yeah, probably.



[The smooove beat of "What We Do" by Freeway bumps along the airwaves, calling out to the All World Fight Extraordinaire and junior member of Hookers and Blow.]

♪ Man if I get rocked ♪
 ♪ This shit for my kids nigga ♪
 ♪ It's that real shit ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Coming to the ring... Hailing from QUEENS, NEW YORK... Standing at 6 feet 1 inches tall and weighing in at 234 pounds... He is the AYCH. EN. EYE. SEE... SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMM
 HOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRY!

♪ We still hustle 'til the sun come up ♪
 ♪ Crack a 40 when the sun go down ♪
 ♪ It's a cold winter ♪
 ♪ Y'all niggaz better bundle up ♪

[Rolling out from behind the curtain, Sam Horry steps into the Osaka Herbis Hall, only briefly stopping at the mouth of the aisle to take in the view of the arena and the crowd through the sleeveless, black, hooded towel that shrouds his head and face.]

♪ And I bet it be a hotter summer, grab a onion ♪
 ♪ Yes the ROC gets down, you hot now, listen up ♪
 ♪ Don't you know cops' whole purpose is to lock us down? ♪
 ♪ And throw away the key ♪

[Wearing red Muay Thai shorts that read "Vitamins e Minerals" in red and black, black kneepads, along with red, black and white kickpads; his knuckles were heavily taped. Sam continued towards the ring, completely focused on the battle that lies ahead.]

♪ *But without this drug shit your kids ain't got no way to eat, huh?* ♪
♪ *We still try to keep Mom...smilin'...* ♪
♪ *Cuz when the teeth stop showin' and the stomach start growlin'* ♪
♪ *Then the heat start flowin'* ♪
♪ *If you from the hood I know you feel me* ♪

[Entering the ring, he removes his entrance garb, and tosses the towel to the ring attendant as he moves to his corner and awaits the arrival of his massive opponent. A few more bars of Horry's music plays before giving way to "End of the World" by the Yoshida Brothers.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now... coming to the ring from PARTS UNKNOWN... standing at 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighing in at 317 pounds... this is MUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSHHHHHHHHIGIHAAAAARRRRRRRAAAAA!!

[The enormous masked man of the Philosopher Kings emerges from behind the curtain and stops after a few steps when he shoots both of his arms up.]

"OOOH-ESSS-YOOU!!

[Being Japanese and a former sumo, even if only allegedly, the Japanese audience greets the monstrous third of DEFIANCE's Trios Champions with a strong welcome for who may be one of their very own countrymen.]

DDK:

Quite the response for the big man.

Angus:

How do they even know if he's Japanese? Do we even know? DOES ANYONE?!

DDK:

Until proven otherwise, that's about all we have to go on.

[Mushigihara makes his way down the aisle, though we can't see his eyes, his attention is centered squarely on Sam Horry in the ring, who remains in his corner doing some stretches. As Mushigihara arrives at ringside he climbs up on to the apron and then steps in through the ropes where he immediately stomps to the center of the ring and bellows his trademark "OSU!!" at Horry, who is nonplussed.]

Angus:

Horry a graduate of No Fucks Given University.

DDK:

That he is, partner.

[Before the bell rang, Mushigihara and Horry circled around each other, and prepared for a tie up when, Horry did something out of the ordinary. He ran and drilled referee Hector Navarro with a running Yakuza kick, which earns Horry a gasp and round of boos from some of the audience for such tactics.]

Angus:

What in the blue hell? Is he trying to cause another referee strike or something?

DDK:

Mushigihara is dumbfounded by what just happened.

Angus:

How can you tell with the mask on? He could think that was the greatest thing ever.

[With his opponent dumbfounded, Sam went on the offense with a blitzkrieg of strikes that backed the former Sumo wrestler into a corner. Sam, let off a series of Thai knees to Mushi's midsection.]

DDK:

See?

Angus:

Yeah, yeah.

DDK:

Has this match even started?

Angus:

Shoot, if there wasn't any bell, does that mean Horry isn't disqualified?

[Seeing him prone and still reeling, Sam got a head of steam and charged, but Mushi had recovered way quicker than expected. He stopped Sam in his tracks with a powerful open palm strike, and a loud "OSU!"]

Angus:

DAYUMN!

DDK:

Mushigihara just flattened Horry with a single shot.

Angus:

That had to have been like getting smashed in the face with a frying pan.

DDK:

But it wasn't enough to keep Horry down, he's back up...

[Sam shook the cobwebs and charged again, but ran into an STO by Mushigihara that leveled Sam. Groggily standing to his feet, Mushi, keeping with his Sumo roots, delivered another powerful palm strike to Sam that sent him through the ropes and onto the apron. Mushi dropped a leg drop across Sam's throat which got a rise out of the crowd.]

Angus:

BLACK MAN DOWN!

DDK:

The big man has turned this thing around in a hurry.

[Floored, and dazed Sam tried to roll to his stomach, falling out of the ring. Mushi followed to the floor and stood over him menacingly and placed his thick hands around Sam's throat, picking him up.]

DDK:

Mushi not letting Horry get away that easily.

Angus:

Jay-zuss, he just yoked him up like he weighed nothing.

[Mushi then performed a hip throw which slammed Sam's back against the ring apron. With Sam on the ground, Mushi went back into the ring, and tried to revive the official. When he didn't move he signaled for another ref to make his way to the ring.]

DDK:

Horry getting manhandled now.

Angus:

Guess you don't piss off a big man in his own backyard, even if it's only allegedly.

DDK:

And we have another referee...

[Another referee, some unknown Japanese male in a zebra shirt made his way down the aisle as Mushi requested. Sam after taking the earlier hip throw, now had a nasty bruise on the right side of his lower back. The referee went to check on Sam as Mushi reached outside the ropes to grab at him. Sam grabbed a hold of Mushi's arm pulling him and his head through the middle rope just enough that his head was exposed. Sam hit Mushi with a jumping roundhouse kick to his head, dazing the Sumotori and dropping him to one knee. When the referee saw Sam slide in the ring, he motioned to the time keeper...]

DING DING DING!!!!

DDK:

There's the bell.

Angus:

And now this runaway train is all legal.

DDK:

With Sam Horry back in control, going to work with those vicious kicks of his.

Angus:

Looks like he's trying to chop the monster down like a tree.

[Sam began whipping hard low roundhouse kicks into Mushigihara's back, ribs and kidneys. He delivered a Thai style elbow to his jaw. As the referee came over to move Sam away, he struck with another a knee to his ribs as an exclamation point.]

Angus:

Seriously, is he trying to get DQ'd?

DDK:

He's certainly making a good effort to so.

[Mushi made it back to his feet. Sam connected with another heavy roundhouse kick to Mushi's midsection which doubled him over, and then a heavy hook kick which landed against his shoulder blade and clavicle dropping him back to the mat.]

DDK:

Horry absolutely picking Mushigihara apart with these kicks.

Angus:

I guess that chop fu sucky sucky stuff works after all, huh?

[The H.N.I.C. stood over Mushi looking to continue his advantage, but Mushi's durability and stamina surprised him as he fought back with an open palm thrust, and quickly scored with another open palm thrust to stagger Sam back.]

DDK:

Horry took a little too long admiring his work there.

Angus:

Something tells me Horry's going for a ride here...

[Mushi made it back to his feet and walked towards Sam, looming over him like a bad cloud. He body-locked Sam--bearhug style--and swept Sam's legs out from under him, and throwing from the corner to the middle of the ring. Sam landed on the bruise that he incurred outside the ring.]

DDK:

What a throw, Mushi tossed Horry right down on to his injured back.

Angus:

And he's not nearly done with him yet, Keeps.

[The power member of Trios Champions walked back to Sam, placing a thick hand on his throat, picking him back up. Mushi prepared Sam for another patented STO maneuver, but before his leg could sweep Sam's back leg, Sam a 1st Dan in Judo, himself took advantage of the leverage to give Mushi a deep hip throw of his own. A look of shock registered on Mushi's face briefly as he did not expect to be thrown.]

Angus:

Alright, that was impressive.

DDK:

Mushigihara is beside himself.

Angus:

Not everyday the Pee Kays big man gets tossed like that.

[Quickly Mushi made it back to his feet, shaking the cobwebs loose. Sam exploded with a jumping Thai Knee to Mushi's head. With Mushi staggering, Sam shot in and around Mushi, taking him down with a T-bone Suplex and immediately went for the cover.]

1..... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not nearly enough to put Mushi away.

Angus:

That is on benefit to being a big bastard, you can take a hell of a beating.

[Sam was in the referee's face about the count, as Mushi pulled himself up alongside the ring ropes. Sam continued his argument against the referee, but the referee stood his ground. It was now Mushi's time to explode as he charged towards Sam, but Sam quickly positioned the referee between himself and the charging Sumo Wrestler. Mushi couldn't check his momentum fast enough as he squashed the referee.]

Angus:

MEDIC! We need another referee!

DDK:

What is Horry's game here? That's twice now that he's been the cause of one of our officials getting hurt.

Angus:

Actually I think that one was just a freelancer... So not that big a deal.

[Mushi's temper was boiling, as he exploded towards Sam again, catching him and slamming him into the opposite side turnbuckles. It was time for target practice as Mushi opened up with a vicious flurry of open palm strikes and

thrusts, the majority of which landed unanswered on Sam.]

Angus:

MONSTER RAMPAGE!

DDK:

That's one way to put it, Mushigihara unloading with all of his fury.

[Honor bound, Mushi went to check on the referee, while Sam slowly crumpled to the mat.]

Angus:

I think he just killed him.

DDK:

After all of that, Horry may certainly be wishing that he was.

[From the corner of his eye, Mushi saw Sam attempting to stand up. He walked back towards the corner, and hooked Sam, taking him down with a thunderous Uranage suplex.]

DDK:

What a suplex, he just drilled Horry with a Sambo Suplex!

Angus:

Yeah? Well here comes the cavalry...

[Horry's teammates, Ty Walker and Ryan Matthews soon came sprinting down the aisle, while Mushi stood over Sam and had his huge hand around Horry's throat. They hopped on the apron but Mushi's dominant position kept them at bay.]

DDK:

And neither one of them want anything to do with an enraged Mushigihara.

Angus:

They may be crazy, but not stupid.

[However the momentary distraction was all Sam needed, he inhaled and spewed the red mist into Mushi's eyes. While his mask caught most of it, enough of it got through to blind and irritate his eyes.]

DDK:

What the... What...

Angus:

The Red Mist of Death! That's some ninja shit right there!

[Sam unlocked Mushi's death grip around his throat, by transitioning to a standard juji gatame style armbar. With both men sweating profusely, Sam could not hold on to the arm, but Sam was out of Mushi's vice like grip.]

DDK:

I have absolutely no idea... This is one of the strangest matches I have covered in a long time.

Angus:

Yeah, well don't say I didn't tell you so.

[As Matthews and Walker looked on, a third referee ran past them and slid in the ring. Looking at both Mushi and Sam, the referee gave the call for the bell.]

DING DING DING!!!!

[The referee confers with Quimbey for a moment and then "DQ" makes the announcement.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... I have just been informed that this match has been ruled a NO CONTEST!

Angus:

A no contest? Lets make these guys fight!

DDK:

What a mess this thing has turned into.

[Ryan and Ty get up on the apron, but before they could even think about getting into the ring Mushigihara charged and knocked them back to the floor. Turning back towards Horry, Mushigihara caught him as he came flying at him. Hoisting him up high with a press slam, Mushi turns back to where he left Ryan and Ty and then PITCHES Sam over the top rope to the floor at his partners in crime.]

DDK:

Mushigihara just cleared the ring of Hookers and Blow!

Angus:

Yeah, but they're not done...

[As Mushi takes the center of the ring, the big man mugs it up for the crowd who cheer enthusiastically for his fire. Meanwhile, out on the floor, the entirety of Hookers and Blow have risen up and watch the PK's sumo monster hamming it up. Looking to each other, the three nod and then charge the ring.]

DDK:

Come on, the match is over!

Angus:

It's not over until they say it's over, Keebs.

[Sam, Ry and Ty are on the monster, swarming Mushigihara with Ty taking him from the left, Ry from the right and Sam standing face to face as HNB land clubberin' blows.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

DDK:

HERE COME THE PHILOSOPHER KINGS!

Angus:

Finally, enough of this skirmish nonsense, lets see who's really the top team around here!

[Troy Matthews and Eddie Dante, along with Saori Kazama race to the ring. Back inside, Mushigihara has had enough of being attacked 3 on 1 and exploded up, causing all three HNB members to bounce off of him just as Troy and Dante dove into the ring.]

Angus:

FYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYT!!

DDK:

Here you go, partner, the Pea Kays and Aych En Bee are slugging it out in a good ol' fashioned pier sixer!

[Both sides brawl for several moments, until the reigning DEFIANCE Trios Champions turn the tide in their favor. First Dante dumps Walker over the top with a back body drop, then Troy does the same with Ryan when he hits a superkick that sends the elder Matthews stumbling to the floor, finally Mushigihara ejects Sam with a clothesline that upends him over the top rope and crashing to the floor.]

DDK:

And it's the champions who are standing tall as they head into their defense of the trios title against the men they have just cleaned house on!

Angus:

This gon' be good, Keebs... This. Gon. Be. Good!

Frustrated Ain't The Word For It

[Somewhere backstage.]

Alceo Dentari:

So, all in all a successful night, huh?

[The smug little grin that Alceo Dentari sports is all that's needed to tell the world how sarcastic he's being. Tony Di Luca ignores the littlest mobster though and continues walking down the corridor.]

Alceo Dentari:

That's a firm answer from Jupiter Jones an' a win over Diane Parker, right?

[Di Luca has to clench his teeth so tightly they audibly grind together to stop himself from biting the head off of his partner while Vincent Rinaldi almost goes cross eyed as he tries to work out whether or not Di Luca's earlier loss was all part of a dream. Dentari however is enjoying himself way too much to stop.]

Alceo Dentari:

Wait, no... No, Jones didn't give no answer, did he? No, he just walked off. But at least you still got that win over... Hold on, you didn't beat Diane Parker, did you?

[Tony's nostrils flare as he inhales deeply in an attempt to calm himself.]

[Just FYI... It's not working.]

Alceo Dentari:

Oh dear... I was under the impression you had all the answers, Tony. Here I was thinkin' your ledger an' your pen was gonna solve all our problems, that CVC was gonna be quakin' in his boots... that Jones weren't gonna refuse no offers put in front a' him... that you could run this shit better than me. Looks like yo-

[Aaaaaaaaand that's about all Di Luca could listen to.]

Tony Di Luca:

Looks like I can't, huh? Is that what you're gonna say?

[All Dentari needs to do is shrug to answer that one, a response that isn't appreciated by Tony Di Luca. Rather than start any kind of slanging match in the middle of the hall though, Tony simply snarls at his partners before stomping off down the hall, grumbling to himself as he goes.]

Tony Di Luca:

Incoherent, yet obviously angry, mumbling

[Having left his partners behind Di Luca rounds a couple of corners]

Lash Graham:

Hahaha!

[Di Luca stops in his tracks and shoots a sideways glance to where Lash Graham stands with his Uncle. Lash is laughing his simple little head off at something, probably what he's just been told by his armadillo, but Tony Di Luca doesn't see it like that...]

Tony Di Luca:

Somethin' funny?

[Lash and his Uncle continue their conversation, ignoring Di Luca until he speaks again, this time much louder.]

Tony Di Luca:

Somethin' funny!?

[Lash turns around, grinning from ear to ear.]

Tony Di Luca:

You wanna share the joke or you gonna wipe that stupid grin offa your face?

[Lash can't do anything but chuckle though. Whatever the armadillo told his must have been hella funny.]

[Do people still say 'Hella'?]

Tony Di Luca:

Or do you want me-

[Tony's arm shoots out and he wraps his hand around the throat of Lash Graham.]

Tony Di Luca:

To do it for you?

[In all fairness to Tony Di Luca the smile does indeed vanish from Lash's face to be replaced by one of wide eyes terror. Tony grips onto Graham's throat tightly and pushes him back into a flight case, bending him backwards until he's almost at a right angle.]

Lash's Uncle:

Hey, let go of him!

[Lash's Uncle grabs a hold of Tony's hand and tries to pry it away from the neck of his nephew. Di Luca uses his free arm to shove The Uncle to one side, sending him sprawling to the floor. Di Luca then wraps both hands around the neck of Lash and throws him across the corridor into the wall. Lash hits hand and crumples into a heap as Di Luca stalks his way over..]

Tony Di Luca:

Ain't laughin' now, is you?

[Di Luca pulls his foot back and looks set to bring it down into the side of Lash's head, but Alceo Dentari and Vincent Rinaldi storm the scene and grab him each by one arm.]

Alceo Dentari:

Jesus Christ, Tony, what the fuck yous doin'?

[Unable to hold Di Luca's arm as he fights to get away from his restrainers Dentari motions to Big Vinny to take over. With his size and weight advantage Rinaldi has no trouble holding Di Luca by himself as Dentari heads around to talk to Tony face to face.]

Alceo Dentari:

We was just bustin' your balls, Tony... Jesus...

[After a few seconds Tony's struggling ceases and he tries to compose himself.]

Alceo Dentari:

Yous cool, man? Yous ain't gonna jump the retard as soon as we let yous go?

[Yeah, we, as though Alceo were doing any of the restraining.]

Alceo Dentari:

I said you's cool?

[Di Luca exhales loudly and nods, and despite the look of what can only be described as 'pure murder' in Di Luca's eyes, Dentari orders Rinaldi to let him go. Rinaldi takes a step away from his partners and straightens up his leather jacket before turning on his heels and heading further on down the hallway.]

[Alceo leans into Vinny and whispers into his ear.]

Alceo Dentari:

Couldn't a' shown that earlier, huh?

[Back to ringside.]

Angus:

Man, this just keeps getting better with these guys!

DDK:

Whatever do you mean?

Angus:

I mean Dentari, his guys, this whole schtick. It's right out of an episode of the Sopranos, and let me tell you, I loved that shit! Well, except for the gay ending.

DDK:

You really are an idiot...

Angus:

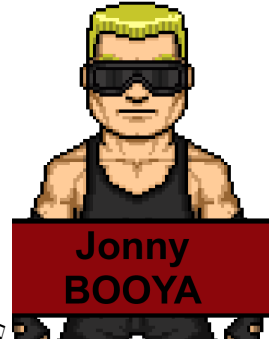
Whatever. What's next on your magical runsheet?

DDK:

You're not gonna like it...

Jonny Booya is too COOL for School

♪ Oh my god that's the funky shit! ♪ [The usual opening of the Prodigy's "Funky Shit" fades right into...] ♪ I'm the one your mamma warned you about ♪ ♪ When you see me, I will leave you no doubt ♪ **Angus:** Jonny Booya, you _motherfucker_ ♪ I'm the coolest man on the face of the earth ♪ ♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪ [Jonny Booya slides on his knees from back behind the entrance and flexes.] [Then removes the COOL shades from



where they were hooked over his tank top, and places them on his face.] ♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

[EnCOOLed in the stolen shades, Jonny saunters his way down to the ring with his swag at critical mass. If Vince McMahon liked good wrestling, he might watch Jonny swagger and say "goddamn, dude."] **DDK:** Jonny stole those shades he's wearing from Cancer Jiles at the end of last week's show, and he's... **Angus:** He's a thief, Darren, he's a fucking ass-sucking shit-eating boot-licking bitchcunt assmaggot dickheadfuckfuckFUCK I HATE YOU JONNY BOOYA! **DDK:** Why don't you tell us how you really feel, Angus? [Jonny Booya steps into the wrestling ring.] **Jonny Booya:** What RELIGION... do you people practice? Nonononowait, I don't really care, I'm just tryin'a work into a POINT I'ma make right now. You know the story of Samson? Badass dude til his hair got cut off? [Jonny struts around near the ropes.] **Jonny Booya:** No hair, no badass! An it got me to THINKIN', y'know, bout how Cancer Jiles, he got hisself a metal hand that shouldn't be LEGAL! He still can't fight, he can't fly, he can't grapple, he ain't got NOTHING! I can't even DREAM, HOW, this guy ever became a champion in the first place! WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT? [Suddenly, Booya smiles.] **Jonny Booya:** Then I figured it out. He cain't wrestle, but he got th' COOL. An as errybody from Brawnson Box to Bawston Baincroft to my dear cousin Jeffy has demonstrated, AT various times in th' past... you jus cain't kill Cool Cancer Jiles. So Ah decided that n'stead of tryin' ta kill Cool Cancer Jiles... Ah'd take th' COOL for mahself. [I don't know who remembers from all the way back at the beginning of Defiance 2.0, but Jonny usually talks normal. When he gets all worked up, his North Carolina brogue starts coming through more and more, and by the time he's yelling you can't hardly understand him. I mean, can barely understand him. Shit, he's got me doing it too.] **Jonny Booya:** And THEN, once Ah had became COOL, Ah could kill Cancer Jiles. [Jonny adjusts the COOL shades.] [Then suddenly explodes.] **Jonny Booya:** CANCER JILES WEREN'T NEVER A GAWDDAMNED THANG IN THIS GAWDDAMED BUSINESS! HE FUCKIN... HE FUCKIN SCREW ME OVER IN TH' PRESEASON! HE FUCKIN... HE... HE FUCKIN GOT BLOWJOBS TA COME TA DEFIANCE AN I GOT EMBAREASSED TO JIMMY KORT! FUCKIN BOSSES BITCH BOY, DOPE SMOKIN DUMB FUCKIN WURTHLESS USELESS SON OF A GAWD DAMN CAIN'T WRASSLE MOTHERFUCKING PUNKASS MARKASS... [For all the shades, Booya doesn't look cool right now. The shades don't hide the fact that he's screamed himself red in the face. He pants for a minute, and then continues, his accent so thick he's barely coherent.] **Jonny Booya:** Cayncur Jaals s'jest a fraud. He'sa fuckin fayker an'ees a THEEF. Wall FUCK YOU Cayncer, Ah'm th'cool now. Yo ain' got no belt boai, yo ain' got no shades, ain' got no mo cool, yo ain' even got no more gawddamn friends. [Jonny grins to himself, apparently quite pleased. There is a rustling noise.] **Angus:** Fuck this. [More rustling.] **DDK:** What are you doing? SIT DOWN! [The headphones have come off, and a spare ring-mic has been produced from out of nowhere. For the first time since fuck knows when, Angus Skaaland is standing ringside with microphone in hand, looking up into the ring with, you guessed it, malcontent.] **Angus:** Are you half fuckin' finished you overgrown mongoloid Johnny Bravo wannabe fuck? [Somewhere a record scratches as the needle flies errant. Jonny Booya turns his attention ringside to the Dark Knight of No-Selling.] **Angus:** Yeah, down here, you brick-headed big-chinned no-neck fuck. **Jonny Booya:** Ya got somethin' on yer mind, small fry? **Angus:** Yeah, how about you do me, everybody here in Osaka, the entirety of Japan and the whole goddamned wrestling universe at large a favor and GO BACK TO NOT TALKING you boring, blustering, bumble-fucking fuck! Your claim to fame is that Kai Scott has a soft spot for Jeff's retarded cousin or whatever you are, and you stole a guy's shades after you put him through a table. OH FUCKIN' SHIT~! BIG RASSLER MAN! **Jonny Booya:** Git to th' point, boah. [Angus starts walking up the ringsteps. Somewhere deep in the back of his consciousness, his coward's soul is screeching for a

repeal of what his body and his mouth is trying to get him into.] **Angus:** Point is, you've spent your last several years being in the shadow of whoever else Kai Scott decided was better than you, and I'll be FUCKED if I'm gonna let you come out here, put hands on me, put MY FRIEND CANCER through a fuckdamned table, STEAL HIS MOXY, and try and turn that into some kind of career upswing! [He steps through the ropes. Jonny's grin widens. He says nothing, allowing this to play out before making a move.] **Angus:** Now why don't you take your gimmick stealing, long-division misunderstanding, can't count to four, looks like a cartoon character, no charisma ASS out of this ring so that the SHOW can GO ON! [Polite applause is what happens first.] [Jonny looks utterly shocked. He points at Angus, and then brings the microphone up to his mouth, and attempts to say something, but no noise comes out of his mouth.] [Laughing, he turns away, shakes his head as if to clear it, then takes the shades off and hooks them on the neck of his tank top.] **Jonny Booya:** Boah, Ah know I shouldn't be mad cos of anything you said, seein as thats all you ever been able to do, but somehow, Ah am anyway. You go rat ahead an' talk all th' shit you want about me an' how my cousins an my kid brother are all former World Champs and I ain't. Thas yer JERB. Make yer gawddamn Johnny Bravo jokes. But'chu bes do it from BAHIND the commentaytion-staytion. [Booya marches up, looming over the Motormouth of Malcontent.] **Jonny Booya:** You stay in my face jes one second longer, and Ah'm gonna powerbomb you straight through the fourth fuckin' wall. [Angus takes a universe-defying step forward.] **Angus:** Think what you wanna think, short-dick, but just because I found my calling behind the desk over there with Keebler, makin' more money flappin' my yap for two hours at a stretch than you do polishin' Kai Scott's "doorknob," for forty-hours a week doesn't take away from the fact that while you were slummin' in the IW-whatever in some third rate Truly Really Seriously Untouchables stable, I was trained by Eric fuckin' Dane himself, an' you couldn't whip my ass in this ring if I was takin' a nap when the fuckin' bell rang. [Angus tosses the mic, splays his arms out wide, and very clearly calls Jonny a bitch.] **DDK:** Well, it's been nice knowing the guy... Wait a second... no it hasn't. But still, he doesn't deserve this! Well, maybe just a little... [Booya's grin hardens, serious business time.] **Jonny Booya:** That what'chu think boah? Somebody find us a referee an' git his ass out here! [More polite applause.] **DDK:** Oh my God, this is a thing that's going to happen... [Mark Shields tear-asses out of the entrance and dives into the ring. He looks at Angus questioningly, looks to Booya who nods, shrugs, and throws the signal.] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** AND HERE WE GO! It's the enforcer of the Truly Untouchables against a commentator whose last match was well over half a decade ago! You almost have to wonder what the plan is, here. Maybe with Eric Dane's being in Japan and Cancer Jiles being... wherever Cancer Jiles gets off to... I dunno... I just don't get it- WHOA! Watch out! [Booya roars in looking for an Axe-Bomber, Mark Shields jumps out of his shoes to get out of the way, and Angus? Like a boss he sidesteps the big man and sends him flailing into the turnbuckles.] **DDK:** HE DIDN'T DIE! [Skaaland follows Booya in with a rising knee to the gut before throwing the much larger man's much larger arm over the top rope.] **Angus:** SHH!!! [He lifts Booya's ample chin out of the way, lines up, and fires.] ***KRAKKAOW! DDK:** Skaaland with a pec-blistering knife-edged chop in the corner! [Do Japanese fans say "Woo?" It doesn't matter. Back in the real world Jonny Booya raises an eyebrow, nods his head, and smirks.] **DDK:** This doesn't look good. ***KERSMAKKATHOOM!*** [Angus unleashes another. It's right about now that his brain reconnects with himself and he realizes, one quarter of one second late, just exactly what he's in for.] **Angus:** fuckmylife [Booya quickly and easily switches, dropping Angus into the corner where he had only just been himself. He winds up...] ***KERAKKKAKAKAKOW!!!!*** [Booya lays an overhand chop into Angus' chest that caves in his ribcage, deflates both lungs, and ends up sending the Motormouth of Malcontent flailing halfway across the ring ass over proverbial teakettle.] **DDK:** Well that didn't last very long. [Keebler snickers to himself.] **DDK:** That's what she said. Is that really all he adds? Can't be... [Grabbing one hand full of hair, Booya lifts Angus back to his feet.] [Snap jab!] [Gut slug!] [Underhand uppercut!] [Jumping enzui calf kick!] **DDK:** Well, it was a good run... I guess. [Jonny stops and places the shades upon his face. He then pulls Angus up one more time.] **MON! GO! CHAWPPAH!!!!** [Angus hits the canvas flat on his back. Jonny takes one knee and places his hand on Angus' motionless chest.] **DDK:** I'll tell you what, I don't know what's gotten into Jonny Booya lately, but I don't think I like it one iota! Shields drops in for the count which is all but academic at this point... **ONE! TWO!! THREE!!! DDK:** And Jonny Booya puts Angus away with, of all things, Cancer Jiles' Mongo Chop. I suppose it's the power of the shades- wait a minute now... [Jonny pulls the almost-unconscious Angus up by the hair again. Mark Shields tries to prevent this. Roughness against Referees now strictly punished, Booya only pushes him across the ring. He straightjackets Angus' arms, and drives him into the mat with a Booya Bomb!] **DDK:** Booya seems to intend to just keep punishing Angus! Angus can be a pain in the ass, but this is going too far! [Angus is pulled up one more time. This time Booya underhooks the arms.] **DDK:** Double underhook lift into a brainbuster - and rolled through into the Trapped Under Ice! Come on now, get somebody out here! [Angus howls. Mark Shields pries at Booya's arms.] [And someone slides into the ring wielding a chair.] **KA-BOOOOOOOOONG! DDK:** CANCER JILES! JILES IS HERE! JILES JUST SAVED ANGUS! [The shades go flying off Booya's face as he falls forward. With the shades safely off his face, Jiles winds up with the chair...] **KLAAAAAANNKKK!!!!** [The chair folds in

half right over Booya's head!] [The Enforcer of the Truly Untouchables is knocked flat, his forehead opened up. Jiles turns to Angus, trying to help his fallen friend up. Jonny Booya may be mostly unconscious right now, but... he's got an entire stable watching his back.] **DDK:** Diane Parker's just come out to the ring! [Jiles is still trying to help Angus to his feet, he doesn't see it coming. Diane rolls into the ring behind him, drops to her knees and brings her forearm up between Jiles' legs. The shades are retrieved, and Diane places them on Booya's face.] **DDK:** This is just a sickening display by the Truly Untouchables! [Booya sits up.] [Still nursing his head, he kicks the fallen Jiles a few times, then steps out of the ring to join Diane on the ramp.] [A microphone is called for.] **Jonny Booya:** YOU WANT THEM SHADES BACK, BOAH?! I tell you what we gonna do about that! [Jiles, his jewels pained, is using the ropes to get to his feet.] **Jonny Booya:** We're gonna have ourselves a match on the big show in Tokyo! An in that match, we're gonna take these here shades, and we're gonna put 'em on top of a pole! Cool shades on the line! Shades on a Pole match! [Booya cackles his way back up the aisle with Diane Parker and Jiles' T-shades in tow, but before he can get good and out of the way a flood of paramedics are on the scene. As it turns up Angus hasn't gotten up yet, even with Jiles help. The X was thrown, and here we are.] **DDK:** You know, we joke, but Angus is a colleague, and braggadocio aside, the man is obviously **not** a wrestler. Booya didn't accomplish anything with all of this, he just stamped himself as a bully, and if I know Cancer Jiles, or Tyrone Walker and Team Danger for that matter, he's just painted a bullseye on himself. [Skaaland has begun to move a bit, but one quick glance at his eyes tells the story: the lights are on but nobody's at home. For safety's sake he is loaded onto a gurney and stretchered out of the ringside area. Keebler, for his part, is keeping it together the best he can.] **DDK:** I really don't know how to proceed here, folks, I don't have anything on any of my runsheets about my broadcast partner getting beaten up and sent to the hospital...

Its Been Brung

[We cut straight to a dimly light locker room where Sam Turner Jr. stands alone.]

STJ:

W'ere does I begin? I made two new friends an 'ey turned out ta be sneaky snakes in tha grass. Ole Don an Rich dun messed up.

[He paces back and forth with his teeth clinched. He breathes heavy and begins to growl as he works the niceness out of his system.]

STJ:

Ya two don messed wiff tha wrong redne'k. Ya two used me an woulda prolly abus'd me to if'n ya had tha chaine.

[He rubs his hands through his shortly cut hair.]

STJ:

I dun laid down wiff dogs befer an got fleas, so I dunno why I thought 'is woulda been any dif'rent. I got'chall plane ti'kets fer Jaypan an 'is is how ya repays me. Y'all gutt'd me like a hog. How dares y'all do 'at.

[He brings his hands down and scratches them through his pork chop sideburns.]

STJ:

It real'y is funny how trustworthy I is. I rekon I trust er'one, but now...now I knows two filthy aministrals 'ats not gunna get tha best of ole Sam. 'Eys jus gunna get tha worst of me. 'Eys gunna get tha real Redne'k Rek'r from tha Harlan Co. Line.

[A grin comes across his face.]

STJ:

An if 'at ain't enuff, ladies don't b'leave er thang ya hear bout ole Don an Rich. 'Ey talks a big game but 'ey ain't packin nuttin but sum tany wangers in 'em britches, trust me I was in tha locker room wiff 'em.

[His grin becomes a full blown loud laugh as he exits the locker room.]

Seth Stratton vs Curtis Penn (c)

[Cut back to ringside]

DDK:

Well, as you can see, my broadcast partner Angus Skaaland is still vacant from his post following the brutal beatdown handed to him moments ago by Jonny Booya. Believe me, as soon as I get any information on Angus' condition I'll be sure to pass it along to you.



[The somber mood in the arena is broken as the main theme from Pokemon Red and Blue sounds out. You know the one, it's all like...]

*Du-du-duu Du-du-duu
Du-du-duu Du-du-duu
Du-du-duu Du-du-duu
DUUUUUUUduuuuu DUUUUUUUduuuuuu*

DDK:

I guess we're moving right along then...

[Eugene Dewey emerges from the back and makes his way down the aisle. Eugene forgoes any of his usual awkward waving, rounds the ring and heads straight for the announce table.]

DDK:

Eugene, to what do I owe this pleasure?

[Making sure to grab the spare headset, not Angus' unusually quiet one, Eugene sits himself down in a chair next to Keeps and places it over his ears.]

Eugene Dewey:

Sorry, Darren, what was that?

DDK:

I said 'to what do I owe this pleasure?'

Eugene:

Oh, well, I figured I'd come down and get myself a decent seat for the Southern Heritage title match.

DDK:

Well, you're more than welcome. I was getting a little lonely out here.

Eugene:

Yeah, what happened to Angus, man. That sucks.

DDK:

Was there any news backstage?

Eugene:

None, sorry.

DDK:

I'm sure he'll be fine. He's hardheaded that way.

[The Pokemon Red/Blue Theme fades out to be replaced by Dokken's 'Breaking The Chains']

DDK:

Well, here comes the challenger. Seth Stratton earned a shot at the Southern Heritage title last time out after defeating KOBE BEEF, one of Japan's premier tag teams.

Eugene:

According to Wayne.

DDK:

But still, there were two of them. That's impressive in anyone's book.

[Seth Stratton bursts out onto the stage closely followed by 'Agent To The Star(s)' and younger brother of our guest commentator, Wayne Dewey.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, The challenger. From Atherton, California and weighing in at 250lbs...

Eugene:

Pfft, yeah right.

[Together Seth and Wayne head down to ringside, climb the stairs and step into the ring.]

DDK:

I know you've had your problems with Seth and Wayne recently, but with your unbiased hat on, do you think Seth Stratton can win the Southern Heritage title here tonight?

Eugene:

Even with my biased hat on I'd say he can. Seth's a dangerous opponent. He'll take all the shortcuts he can against Penn tonight, and with Wayne at his side... well, he's got a great opportunity to hold some gold tonight.

DDK:

I don't think it's any secret that Seth has been on a roll since Wayne started representing him, and forgive me for saying, but you seem to be experiencing quite the opposite run of luck. Seeing as Wayne has been attempting to recruit you for weeks now, and you've made it quite clear that you don't want anything to do with him again...

Eugene:

Mmmhmmm...

DDK:

Well, do you think a win for Stratton tonight could influence you to change your mind at all?

Eugene:

...No comment, Darren.

['Breaking The Chains' fades...]

Quimbey:

Now, coming to the ring...

[Darren Quimbey's voice echo across the arena as "Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era is set to begin. Curtis steps onto the ramp, he is proudly wearing his black and green "I Fight Every Day" t-shirt from TapouT and trunks to match, flanked by security the arena darkens and the Gregorian chanting begins. He stares at the ring, with a cold blank look.]

Quimbey:

3rd Kandidat Master ranking in SAMBO... a student of Renner Gracie and holder of the Purple Belt in Brazilian jiu-jitsu.

[After a few moments Curtis and his team take their first steps towards the ring.]

Quimbey:

He is also a former WfWA World Tag Team Champion with the CHIMERA Fight TEAM and a fighter known the world over...

[Penn makes his way to the steps of the ring and removes his shirt, he hands it off to one of his security team before making his way up the steps. They check and make sure his mouth guard is in place before he stomps up the steps.]

Quimbey:

Hailing from Pensacola, Florida; weighing in at 215lbs and standing 6 feet 2 inches... He is the NEEEEEEEW
DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! "The MOUTHPEICE" CURTIS PEEEEENNN!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope. His, cold, blue eyes stare through his competition.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn defeated Tucker G. Alston on our last show to win the Southern Heritage title. You can be sure he's not going to give it up lightly.

[As Curtis Penn's eyes flit from Seth to Wayne, The Agent To The Star(s) swallows the lump in his throat, slaps his client on the back and tells him to 'go get him' before bailing from the ring. Seth turns as though to ask Wayne where he's going, but Dewey simply points over to the announce table and takes off running.]

Eugene:

Oh god...

DDK:

It looks like... Yes, we're being joined by Wayne Dewey now as well.

[Rustling.]

Wayne Dewey: (Slightly out of breath)

Keebs, Euge...

Eugene:

Shouldn't you be over there with Seth?

Wayne:

What, oh... no... he's got this...

DDK:

You don't sound so sure about that.

Wayne:

No... I am. He's got this...

DINGDINGDING

[The opening bell rings and the two combatants circle each other. Penn strikes first with a loud chop to Seth's chest. Seth no sells the chop to mild applause from the Japanese fans, then takes Penn to the mat with an arm drag.]

Wayne:

See!

[With Penn sitting on the mat, Seth lands a standing dropkick to his spine. Penn topples over holding his back, but quickly springs to his feet again. The two lock up and Penn whips Seth into the ropes hard, taking him down as he returns with a back elbow. Seth falls to the mat holding his face.]

DDK:

That'll loosen some teeth.

Wayne:

Impossible, Seth drinks three gallons of milk a day. Those chompers are like iron. Ivory iron.

Eugene:

Irony?

DDK:

I thought Seth was lactose intolerant?

Eugene:

... That explains the noises coming from the men's room earlier.

Wayne:

Like some small human frailty can keep Seth Stratton from his daily supply of calcium?

[Penn drops to one knee and takes advantage of a downed Seth by applying an armbar. He wrenches it in tight and Seth lets out a manly roar.]

Eugene:

I think a woman in the audience is in trouble!

DDK:

Seth Stratton with a, uh... high pitched wail.

Wayne:

A cathartic wail! Falsetto screams are just weakness leaving the body!

[Seth tries to drag himself to the bottom rope, but the move is locked in tight. He summons all the energy he can and flips over on top of Penn. He begins striking Penn in the face with his free elbow until Penn lets go of the hold and rolls to safety.]

DDK:

Quite a display of athleticism by Seth Stratton to get out of that armbar.

Wayne:

They don't call LeBron James the 'Seth Stratton of the NBA' for nothing.

[Both men up, Seth hits the ropes and takes Penn down with a shoulder block. Penn springs up quickly and Seth hits another. This time Penn stays down, and Seth leaps into the air dropping both knees into Penn's ribcage. He goes for a pin...

ONE! TWO! THR-NO.]

DDK:

Shoulder up by Penn.

[An angry Seth slams a fist down on the mat and glares at Benny Doyle. Penn favors his ribs, and Seth lifts him to his feet. He buries a knee in Penn's tender midsection then hits a quick snap suplex.]

DDK:

Seth with the upperhand in the early goings of this match.

Wayne:

Superior energy. Superior conditioning. The man prepares himself for epic showdowns like he's Joe Montana.

Eugene:

More like Tony Montana.

[Seth bounces up and lifts Penn from the rear, getting him in a waistlock and hitting a german suplex. Seth holds on and arches his back for the pin...

ONE! TWO! THREEENO!]

Wayne:

Slow count!

DDK:

Penn with yet another kickout.

Eugene:

He's gotta weaken Penn a bit more first, unless he has a masterball.

DDK:

...

Eugene:

Sorry, my mind was elsewhere.

[Seth leaps up and gets in Benny Doyle's face, quickly slapping the back of his hand against his palm to illustrate how a proper count should go. Unbeknownst to him, Penn has struggled up. He sneaks behind Seth with a quick schoolboy pin...

ONETWOTH-NO!]

Wayne:

Oh, so HE gets a proper count!

DDK:

Benny Doyle a little quick on the count there, possibly annoyed by Seth's criticism.

[An angry Seth springs up, and we're at square one again. The two men begin trading vicious blows. Seth gains a quick upperhand, backing Penn towards the ropes. Penn responds by ramping up his own swings, turning the tide and backing Seth up against the opposite ropes. With Seth dazed, he whips him into the ropes. As Seth comes back, Penn hits a him with a knee to the face, followed by a quick belly to belly suplex.]

DDK:

What a sequence by Curtis Penn! He hooks the leg!

[ONE! TWO THREEE-

-NO!]

DDK:

Shoulder up! Neither of these guys are backing down!

[Both men scramble up, and now instead of trading punches they begin trading audible chops.]

THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP

[Penn gains an advantage in the chop battle, backing Seth into a corner. He then drives his shoulder into Seth's midsection, doubling him over. He hooks him for some kind of suplex.]

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Seth!

Eugene:

Looks pretty good to me.

[He lifts, but Seth reverses the momentum. He lands back on his feet, drops to one knee, brings his right forearm up and hits...]

Wayne:

THE HAMSTRING HAMMER!

Eugene:

Oh c'mon, just 'cause you call it that-

Wayne:

THE HAMSTRING IS A PERFECTLY LEGAL TARGET FOR STRIKES.

[Penn is doubled over, but to his credit doesn't fall. Seth and Benny Doyle have a quick argument.]

DDK:

It seems our official disagrees with that assertion, Wayne.

[Doyle gives Seth a warning, but Seth dismisses him with one hand. He then returns his attention to Penn, still doubled over near the corner. He double hooks Penn's arms, then steps back, placing each of his feet on the bottom rope.]

Eugene:

What's this?

[Seth lifts Penn until he's vertical, then jumps off the bottom rope and plants him on the crown of his head. The Japanese crowd comes to life.]

Eugene:

WHOA! HOLY MOLY!

DDK:

GASPS OF AWE FROM THIS NORMALLY RESERVED JAPANESE CROWD! AND WHO COULD BLAME THEM! SETH STRATTON JUST PLANTED CURTIS PENN WITH... WITH...

Wayne:

THE MIND ERASER! Proof that if you lock Seth Stratton in a broom closet with an ounce of cocai.. uh, a case of Red Bull, he'll come out with wrestling genius!

[With that, Wayne drops his headset and scampers over to ringside. Seth is in the ring, admiring his handiwork. Penn lays flat out his back, motionless.]

DDK:

Wayne Dewey has left the announce table! Curtis Penn is out!

Wayne:

That was the coolest thing I've ever seen!

DDK:

And now Eugene Dewey has left the announce table. And I'm alone. Great.

[Eugene joins Wayne at ringside. The two brothers lock into a manly embrace.]

DDK:

Wait, what does this mean? Have the Dewey Brothers joined forces?

[And while that's going on outside the ring, inside Seth gingerly places one boot on Penn's chest...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

..

..

..]

DDK:

What is Eugene doing? An overzealous Eugene Dewey has just leapt onto the apron and interrupted the count!

[Sure enough, Eugene is on the apron clapping and signaling for Seth to come over. Seth looks mildly annoyed, but when Eugene excitedly pats him on the back he's all smiles.]

DDK:

I can't believe it! Eugene Dewey has joined Seth Stratton and Wayne Dewey! Say it ain't so! He's gone to the dark side! Curtis Penn is still out, this match isn't even over yet! This is all very shocking, and I have no one to bounce things off of!

[Eugene motions for Seth to go finish off Penn, then he leaps off the apron. He grabs a ring towel and slings it over his shoulder, then snatches the Southern Heritage Title from the time keeper and raises it over his head. Seth throws him a Patrick Bateman-esque wink and mouths something...]

"Watch this."

DDK:

What's Seth doing now? Just pin him already, he's out! Wait, no. No!

[Instead of going for the pin, Seth lifts Penn's prone body off the mat. He double hooks his arms, and places his feet on the bottom rope again. He raises one thumb into the air, then quickly down again, Gladiator style.]

DDK:

He can't hit that Mind Eraser again, he might seriously injure Penn! Get the EMTs!

[Seth lifts Penn vertically...]

DDK:

Ring the damn bell, Doyle! C'mon!

[... But this time, Penn reverses the momentum, lands on his feet and flips Seth over his back, launching him to the middle of the ring with a thud. The Japanese fans robustly applaud.]

DDK:

PENN WITH THE REVERSAL! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S EVEN ALIVE! SETH HIS DOWN, AND PENN IS STAGGERING OVER!

[Penn gets to Seth, lifts him, tucks his left arm and wraps his own around Seth's throat, pulling his head back harshly.]

DDK:

CURTIS CLUTCH! PENN HAS SUNKEN IN THE CURTIS CLUTCH, THEY'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[Wayne and Eugene slap the apron, trying to encourage Seth to make it to the ropes. Seth struggles mightily, using his free hand to slowly inch himself closer. Eugene holds the Southern Heritage title up as motivation, and Seth inches closer still.]

DDK:

I can't believe Seth Stratton hasn't tapped yet! I can't believe Curtis Penn is standing! And if my partner Angus Skaaland were here he'd say something trite and useless like 'I can't believe it's not butter!'

[Seth continues to drag him and a weakened Penn towards the ropes, a little at a time, while his head is cranked back viciously in the Curtis Clutch.]

DDK:

What heart by these two men! I never thought I'd say this during a Seth Stratton match, but this is what Defiance is all about!

[Seth stops and reaches out towards the ropes with his free hand, also symbolically reaching out towards the Southern Heritage title, which Eugene Dewey holds just in the distance. His hand is close, his fingers brushing the middle rope, when...]

DDK:

WHAAAAAT?!

[... Eugene Dewey levels Wayne Dewey with the Southern Heritage title...]

DDK:

What just happened? Why did Eug-

DINGDINGDING

[... And then throws the white towel into the ring.]

QUIMBEY:

THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH... AND STIIIIILLLLL SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION, CURTIS PENN!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey has thrown the towel in on Seth Stratton's behalf!

[Eugene slides the title to Penn, whose fallen to his knees in exhaustion. Seth climbs to his feet, completely oblivious to Penn. He locks eyes with Eugene, throwing him an intense, rage filled stare...

... Which Eugene returns with a raspberry, before scurrying up the ramp.]

DDK:

It was all a ruse, folks! Eugene Dewey has cost Seth Stratton the Southern Heritage title, and Seth is none too pleased!

[Seth takes off after Eugene, leaving an unconscious Wayne at ringside.]

A little competition, please?

[Curtis walks to the edge of the ring.] **DDK:** And now it looks like the Champ's calling for a microphone. [DDK observes as the microphone is passed on to Curtis Penn.] [The Southern Heritage Title is handed over by the referee and Penn takes a second to strap it around his waist.] **Penn:** [grinning] Ya'll see this don't ya? [He pats the title belt.] **Penn:** What ya'll are witnessing is Curtis Penn becoming the most ruthless, brutal, callous, and blood-thirsty guy in the Defiance locker room, because this is what was needed from me. The locker room has gone from guys full of piss and vinegar to guys who like wearing shades and saying COOL a thousand times in a night. [He paces across the ring.] **Penn:** I'm not the smiling, happy-go-lucky prick that will have his face plastered on some cereal box. I'm the motherfucker that will step on your throat when you're down instead of helping you back up. I'm the man who's going to crank on your neck after you tap just to hear you whimper while Benny Doyle tries to talk some sense into me. I'm going to leave any wrestler that wants to come after me in the center of the ring a broken, beaten, embarrassed man! [He looks towards the locker room and grins as he grabs the top rope with his free hand and leans over it, peering up the ramp.] **Penn:** I am the greatest wrestler to ever strap the Southern Heritage title belt around my waist; not White, Andrews, or Greer; and ol' cVc doesn't even come close to being in the conversation. [Click. Click. BLAAAOW!] SHOCK N ROLLA. **HERE 2 SHOW YA! Cocked Back and FUCKING LOADED!!!!!! Chance... Von... CRANK!** [Crank walks out on the stage smiling ear to ear right at Penn standing in the ring. He has a microphone tucked in his robe that he retrieves. He paces back and forth on the stage shaking his head. Then he swings around simulating masturbation and slinging the excess imaginary semen in Penn's direction.] **cVc:** Shit Just Got Real Here in ChinkLand. The Reason They Came is here to take that! [Crank points at Penn's SoHer's Championship belt. Penn clutches it tighter as he points.] **cVc:** That's exactly right. Curtis needs to Clutch that belt because I'm here to take it back. The only reason you can hold that strap and keep your spine that straight is because all the weight was in cVc's name plate. It took three of you faggots to take it from me. Did you think Penn I just forgot about all that shit you did? You are only standing here right now because someone pulled you out of the way before I killed you with a fuckin' ATV side by side. The whole wrestling world hangs on my every word and now you are apart of that. These lights get brightest when you lace them up with the Trailer Park Prodigy. Magazines call knowing your name then and wrestling news outlets all over the world want to be your friend. I make you relevant just by standing here now and you stand there with that shit eating grin not realizing the best alive is here to take whats his. Get Excited Motherfucker, people are hashtagging the fuck out of some Curtis Penn because of the Trailer Park Prodigy's close proximity to The Dental Dam. [Crank drops the mic on the stage like its on fire its so hott. He picks it up carefully still acting as if it were on fire.] **Penn:** Are you done, you walking run-on sentence? Can't you see that somebody **important** is in the ring talking to the adults? **cVc:** Important...? Lemme tell ya what you got there, Curtis Penn. You got a belt I made exist again and you're holding it awful close at the very fucking sight of me. This is a dream come true for the new asshole just fresh dropped Sloan's dick out of his mouth. Oh how I would love to beat on that melon you call a head till greasy shit comes out of your ears.... But... [Penn drops the belt and walks to the ropes, sitting on the middle one and holding the top up, obviously offering the Shock 'n Rolla the opportunity to join him.] **Penn:** That's big talk from forty feet away you mullet-headed moron! Why don't you come on down here and let twist that giant head off'a that stack'a dimes you call a neck, boy! **cVc:** The only thing keepin' me from comin' down there an' punchin' you in the Pensacola pussy is the fact that I'm booked later, in the **MAIN EVENT**, an' I wanna keep my FISTing arm clean for Dan Ryan and whoever those other two guys are! BUT BUT BUT BUT how about this, big boy, how's about next week, live on eyePPV, whatever the shit that is, you "defend" that belt against me, one on one, and we can show the whole fuckin' world just who's got the big dick swingin' here in DEFIANCE? [Penn rolls his eyes, steps back into the ring, and retrieves his belt.] **Penn:** Pfft. You think you can come out here during my time, interrupt me, and get something for nothing? You ain't earned a shot, and you sure as shit ain't gonna get one on your terms! You wanna try and take this belt from me, it's gonna be on **my** terms because it's **my** belt, you understand me? **cVc:** I understand you're a big ugly pussy with a bowl cut! You got terms? There ain't a match on this planet that I can't school you in with my eyes closed and two bitches hangin' off each'a my nuts! **Penn:** It's your funeral, Chance, but the only way yer gonna take this belt away from me is if you can make me tap out in a Submissions Match! [Polite clapping meets "oohs" and "ahhs" across Osaka.] **cVc:** No Disqualification too if you got a sack in them drawers? [Penn briefly hesitates, then charges the ropes with his mic.] **Penn:** Book It! [Chance grins approving this answer.] **cVc:** You will hit that mat three times like a bitch letting the whole world know who the greatest and I DO MEAN GREATEST SOHER CHAMPION THERE HAS EVER BEEN, PENN! THE SHOCK 'N ROLLA! HERE TO SHOW YA! **COCKED BACK AND FUCKING LOADED** Chance... Von... **CRANK!** [Chance drops the mic and grabs his genitals thrusting out at Penn before he turns making his way backstage.] **DDK:** Wow! Just, wow! Well we're gonna find out which one of them wants it the most next week at Grindhouse: JAPAN in a No Disqualification Submission Match! [Cut elsewhere.]

Claire St. Sure vs Dusty Griffith

[At ringside, Angus Skaaland stumbles back to the Commentation Station. He is clearly not alright.]

DDK:

Well, well, well, look who went out there and made something of himself tonight! Welcome back, Angus! How are you?

Angus:

Youshaddap... Head... kindastillhurts...

DDK:

Are you sure you should be back out here?

Angus:

FUGGINKILLLUKEEBS!

DDK:

Anyway, what went down out there was a damned shame, it was wrong, and we were all (mostly) behind you!

Angus:

fugginliar...

[...]

DDK:

Well folks, three weeks ago Dusty Griffith returned to DEFIANCE in a big way...

Angus:

For howl on, who knows, he could quit tomorrow!

DDK:

...Coming in to save Cancer Jiles from a beating at the hand of Kai Scott and his army.

Angus:

WHOOO CAN-SAH!!

DDK:

Since that time, Griffith has put away two of the World Champion's soldiers and now, he aims to seal his long awaited shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

Angus:

An' alls he has to do is Ike Turner his way through some failed Jamaican sprinter or whatever she did...

DDK: [ahem]

That 'Jamaican sprinter' went twenty minutes with Christian Light and won War Games! And I'm pretty sure you used to like her. Are you alright?

Angus:

What? Yeah... YEAH!... Eh... I might think so...

DDK:

Maybe you should leave the talking to me on this one, partner.

Angus:

What, why? Wait, what? What's next? I think I'm still all concussion-y.

DDK:

Yeah, a little bit...

Angus:

I'm fine, let's roll.



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

♪ What you got? ♪
♪ What you got? ♪
♪ What you got? ♪

[Lisa Loeh walks out first, then points behind her and steps to the side. Claira walks out, in her robe, hood up.]

♪ You better buck- buck- buckle up, prepare for this impact ♪
♪ Car crash whiplash, 'bam', snap your neck back in half ♪
♪ Why can't I just be realistic? ♪
♪ Give 'em what they want and make the biddies go ballistic ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now... coming to the ring from KINGSTON, JAMAICA... Standing at 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighing in at 141 pounds... She is the SUBMISSION SIREN!! CLAAAAIRRRRRRA SAAAAAAINT SURRRRRRRRRRRRE!!

♪ Sadistic motherfuckers playing complicated ♪
♪ Well never underestimate the underestimated ♪
♪ Opinionated, elevated, sticking to my guns ♪
♪ And I think you're gonna get just what you got coming ♪

[She lowers the hood, and raises both fists in the air making the long walk towards the ring.]

♪ You're gonna get just what you got coming ♪

[Arriving at ringside, Claira steps out of the robe and hands it to Lisa before leaping from the floor to the ring apron, then over the ropes.]

♪ That's the penalty! That's the penalty! ♪
♪ Payback's a bitch so you best keep running ♪
♪ That's the penalty! That's the penalty! ♪
♪ It's what you got, what you got, what you got coming ♪

[Claira throws a few warmup jabs and kicks, then leans back in her corner with her arms over the ropes as she awaits her opponent.]

DDK:

Claira looking unfazed here tonight, perhaps a little surprising.

Angus:

It's not like she hasn't been in there with bigger dudes than Mayberry.

DDK:

True enough, partner, but she's the last obstacle between Dusty Griffith and a shot at her mentor, and DEFIANCE World Champion, Kai Scott. Even if it's not showing, it has to be weighing on her.

[Kill the lights.]

[Cue the drum beat.]

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now... coming to the ring from BOISE, IDAHO... Standing at 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighing in at 290 pounds... He is the WILD BRONCO... DUSSSSSSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFFFFFITH!!

[Stomping along with beat, the crowd cheers as Dusty Griffith comes rushing out to the ring clad in his trademark black and silver "Wild Bronco" windbreaker, black trunks, knee pads, and boots.]

♪ Stand up, you don't have to be afraid ♪

♪ Get down, love is like a hurricane ♪

♪ Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it ♪

[Dusty dives into the ring under the ropes, sliding in a couple feet before popping to his feet and hurls himself against the ropes.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪

♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪

♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president, 'cos ♪

[After a few laps, Dusty bounces to a stop in the center of the ring, then takes to the nearest corner. Climbing up, he thrusts his arms out toward the audience, his hands clenched into fists.]

♪ I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes ♪

♪ LOUD! I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise ♪

[Dropping down from the turnbuckles, he walks around the ring before taking to his corner as the music fades out. Meanwhile, Claira St. Sure returns to the confines of the squared circle, standing in her corner as she prepares for the bell to be sounded.]

DING!! DING!! DING!!

DDK:

And there's the bell.

Angus:

That Benny Doyle...

DDK:

Yeah? What about Benny Doyle?

Angus:

Calling for the bell, he does it well.

DDK:

Okay then.

[Dusty and Clairra stare back at each other from their corners, the size difference becoming more and more apparent as they move closer while circling around the ring. Suddenly Griffith shoots in on CSS, even surprising her with his quickness. Taking her down, Dusty uses basic mat wrestling to control and attempts to go for a headlock of some kind, but with Clairra being much smaller, isn't able to keep her from squirming around and escaping. Backing away, Clairra looks back at Griffith, who stares back as he pops up to his feet.]

Angus:

You see the look on her face, Keebs?

DDK:

I do and I think Clairra may be cursing Kai Scott for signing her up for this.

[Dusty closes in as Clairra circles away, but finds herself getting cornered against the ropes. Dusty shoots in, but Clairra dodges quick enough, but not so quick to as avoid Griffith who continues moving with the "shoot" and catches her with another takedown. Going for the arm, Dusty tries to latch on, but again she manages twist and squirm her way free. This time Griffith's face shows a bit of annoyance as Clairra backs away again, a slight bit of confidence building as a bit of smirk curls at the corners of her mouth.]

Angus:

She keeps grinnin' like an idiot and Mayberry might actually give up that honor nonsense and just go ahead and smack a bitch.

DDK:

That is if he could catch her.

[Griffith pops up and approaches, Clairra continues to circle away. Griffith charges and Clairra dodges away, but this time Clairra lashes out with a hard shin kick to Dusty's thigh. Turning around, Griffith moves in and Clairra continues to fire with those kicks to the legs. Griffith fakes another shoot, causing Clairra to dodge right into another takedown. Clairra immediately starts to twist, turn and squirm, but Griffith displays his grappling skill as he rolls with her movements instead of trying to grab a hold, keeping her from escaping so quickly.]

DDK:

Griffith riding this one out...

Angus: [snickers]

You said...

DDK: [sighs]

I know what I said...

[After a few moments, Clairra finally finds an opening and manages to free herself, but doesn't back away. Coiling back, Clairra fires a roundhouse right at Dusty's head, but he manages to block and then grab hold of her leg. Bouncing on one foot, Clairra tries to catch him with an enzuigiri but he ducks and lets her fall to the mat face first. Not wasting time, Griffith grabs waistlock while Clairra is still face down and deadlifts her off of the mat.]

DDK:

Claira going for a ride here...

Angus: [more snickering]

There's a lot of riding going on in this match.

[Pulling her the rest of the way up, Dusty attempts to throw her with a German Suplex, but as he releases the waistlock it allows Claira to flip back and land on her feet. As Dusty attempts to get back up he eats a shotgun dropkick right to the chest that sends him tumbling back and sucking for air. Instinctively Dusty scrambles, but is rushed by Claira who blitzes him with everything that she can throw at him, punches, elbows, kicks, knees.]

DDK:

Claira with a relentless storm of strikes.

Angus:

Mayberry ate quite a few those, but he's starting to ride out the storm now...

DDK:

Yes, I see what you did there, and yes, Dusty's managing to block some of these shots.

[Constant in her attack, Claira keeps up the pressure going high and low with her multi-faceted striking, although Dusty is working his way back to his feet. Just as Dusty starts to rise from one knee, Claira opens up her attack and clobbers him with a spinning back fist that hit him more in the neck and shoulder. Stumbling back into the corner, Dusty looks up with a glimmer of frustration in his eyes, but as he does Claira comes flying in with a step-up knee that rocks his head back.]

Angus:

You know... she just might have a chance...

DDK:

She might, but she better not let him wake up.

[Claira tries to whip Dusty across the ring, but he doesn't cooperate, refusing the move while he winces and holds his head. Giving up, Claira goes back to her assault, this time hitting a beautiful combo of leg and body shots that opened Griffith up to a high roundhouse kick that actually buckled him, causing him to drop to one knee. The sight of Griffith dropping causes the audience to react loudly in surprise and then applause. With the mix of Dusty buckling and the crowds reaction towards her, overcome with emotion, Claira turns and bursts with excitement as she soaks in the crowds acknowledgement.]

Angus:

She dropped him... Am I imagining this because of the concussion...

DDK:

But she's not following up...

[Meanwhile, down on one knee, Dusty wincing and holding the side of his head, he looks up to see Claira celebrating. Pushing himself back up, he shakes the cobwebs as he rubs the side of his head. Noticing this, Claira goes to attack, trying for another knee, but this time Dusty is ready and catches Claira on the way up and in one single heave, tosses her clear across the ring.]

Angus: [sobering up]

And she just blew it...

DDK:

I understand the emotions at play, but this might end up being a very costly mistake on her part...

[Still leaning back in the corner, the fogginess in his eyes burns away with a simmering fury as his jaw clenches tightly into a growl. Clairra charged in again but this time, with a sudden rush, Dusty roars before EXPLODING from the corner and absolutely demolishing her with an elbow smash directly to her skull. The blow leaving her in a quivering heap on the mat.]

DDK:

I don't even know what to say...

Angus:

I do. He just smacked a bitch with a RUSHIN' ELBOW!

[Amped up, Dusty stomps around, mugging for the crowd as he's overcome with own furious emotion. Clairra however remained on the mat, but surprisingly moving around as she holds her head. Finally his temper subsiding, Dusty signals that it's time to end this.]

DDK:

He should just pin her, there's no need for anymore.

Angus:

This is DEFIANCE, Keebs, there's no mercy rule around here.

[Dusty goes over to grab Clairra, ripping her off her back with a fist full of her blonde dreads and sets her up for the Powerbomb. Whipping her up, Clairra reaches the apex of the ascent and somehow has the presence of mind to grab the back of Dusty's head with one hand and start punching him with the other.]

Angus:

How in the hell does she even have the fight left in her to do that?

DDK:

Purely instinct at this point, I'm sure.

[Letting go of his head, Clairra throws herself back and takes Griffith over with a hurricanrana. However, Dusty rolls with it and ends up on his feet, still holding on to her at the waist. Clairra resumes throwing fists at Dusty's skull and going full deadweight, trying to keep him from lifting her back.]

DDK:

Clairra St. Sure desperately trying to survive now.

Angus:

The idea of a painful death has a habit of making people do that.

[Trying to switch gears, Clairra tries to trap Dusty, going for a triangle choke as Dusty reached up to block his face from her punches. Synching in the hold, Clairra squeezes as hard as she can, but the effort it took locking up the hold created a lull in her defenses. Crouching down, both to relieve some of the pressure from the triangle choke and also to grab fistfuls of her trunks at the waist...]

DDK:

Oh no... this is not... good...

Angus:

ATOMIC...

[...in one blindingly fast and devastating moment, Clairra was whipped up from the mat and then hurled with such brutal force on to the back of her head and neck that if not for being attached to her body, her arms and legs would have flown off with the way they were thrown.]

Angus:

POWERBOMB!

DDK:

My god, that was a sickening impact.

[Dusty Griffith didn't go for the pin, backing away for a moment to recover as he fell back against the ropes, looking a bit light headed from the combination of head shots and the triangle choke. Benny Doyle dove in to check on Clairia and after a moment called for the bell. Griffith looked on curiously as Doyle rushed over to him to explain the situation.]

Angus:

Wait... what?

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... Your winner of the match... BY KNOCKOUT!! DUSSSSSSSTY
GRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFFFFFFH!!

DDK:

What was it that you said last week, Angus? So vicious it's disgusting?

Angus:

Something like that, yeah.

DDK:

Yeah well, if Kai Scott is unfortunate enough to go for that ride, we just may have a new world champion.

[Having had a chance to calm down from what can only be called "rage mode", Dusty Griffith, showing his sportsmanship as he went over to check on his opponent, Clairia St. Sure who was now seated up against the nearest turnbuckles. However, Lisa Loeh gets between him and Clairia, yelling at him, Dusty stares at Lisa and then shrugs before bailing from the ring.]

Angus:

You know what, Keebs? Say what you will about his honor and respect for the sport and his opponents and all that crap... But that dude, clearly has the capacity for being a cold blooded killer when he needs to be. Even if it did take getting his brains scrambled to bring it out.

DDK:

Well, Angus... He just might need to be when he'll likely have to fight Kai Scott and all of his Totally Untouchables by himself.

It's On Like Donkey Kong

[The shot fades backstage, where we see Seth Stratton on a mini-rampage. He's still wearing his wrestling gear, and he holds something in his hand. It's a signed, framed picture of Don Johnson. He holds the picture horizontally, as to not spill whatever narcotic it is he has lined up on it's surface.]

Seth Stratton:

EUGENE!

[He screams out, but aside from the camera man he appears to be alone. He lifts up a straw.]

Seth Stratton:

YOU FAT...

SNORT

Seth Stratton:

...PIECE...

SNORT

Seth Stratton:

...OF...

SNORT

Seth Stratton:

...SHIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTT!

SNOOOOOOOOOOOOORT

Seth Stratton:

You ruined everything you vindictive little pecker! I'm going to eat your face for Thanksgiving dinner and shit it out at a rest stop in Dubuque, Iowa while two homeless dudes eat each other's wrinkly assholes out in the corner! I'm going to ride a dragon to your mother's residence and force her to watch Tyler Perry movies until she strings herself up in the coat closet! I'M GOING TO DRAG YOU INTO THE SEWER AND LET MUTANT RATS RUN TRAIN ON THAT CELLULITE COVERED PLANET YOU CALL AN ASS WHILE I CACKLE IN THE DISTANCE!

[He drops the Miami Vice memorabilia and slides to the ground with his back against the wall, his mood going from manic to depressive. He stares at the camera and laments.]

Seth Stratton:

I was going to fill a hot tub full of Goldschlager! Now I have nothing, nothing but three cases of Goldschlager and no fucking receipt! YOU OWE ME THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY TWO SEVENTY EIGHT YOU PUDGY LITTLE JIZZ STAIN! I DEMAND SATISFACTION!

[With the anger back, he jumps to his feet and stares into the camera lens, with crazy eyes.]

Seth Stratton:

I'm calling you out, Eugene! Me and you at Grindhouse: Japan! Deathmatch! No rules! Just me, Seth Stratton, kicking you in the stomach until Mountain Dew and Cool Ranch Doritos come shooting out of your asshole! YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU DID THIS TO ME, EUGENE! WATCH OUT JAPAN! AT GRINDHOUSE, THE CLOSEST THING TO GODZILLA THIS COUNTRY HAS SEEN WILL BE UNLEASHED, AND THAT THING IS SETH FUCKING STRATTON! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Seth lets out a mighty roar before falling to the ground and feverishly trying to snort the rest of whatever he dropped as the feed cuts.]

Angus:

Is my head still wobbly or is Seth Stratton drooling and screaming like a madman?

DDK:

Nope. That's what's happening.

Angus:

Good. My weed must be kicking in then.

DDK:

rolls eyes

Angus:

What?

Last Words for the Champion

[Cut Backstage.]

[With a towel draped around his neck, Dusty Griffith stalks the halls, unwinding and ripping the tape from his wrists and hands as he heads towards the locker room after his match with Clair St. Sure.]

"Dusty Griffith!"

[The voice of Christie Zane calls out, Dusty looks up, noticing the form of DEFIANCE's Mic Stand Extraordinaire waiting at the door to the locker room that Dusty resides in this evening.]

Zane:

Dusty, Mr. Griffith, can I get a word?

[Dusty approaches, his mind still a little foggy from the cranial impact he absorbed from Clair St. Sure's knee and high kick. Stopping just short of where Zane stands, he continues pulling and tearing at the tape on his hands.]

Dusty: [snorts, thumbs his nose]

A word?

[She nods.]

Dusty:

Sure.

[Ignoring her completely, he turns to the camera as tosses the last bit of tape to the floor and begins.]

Dusty:

Kai Scott... I've passed your tests with flying colors. Hell, since coming back to DEFIANCE, I've done nothing except single-handedly dismantle your army of Totally Untouchables, starting with that Duke Nukem look-a-like, Jonny Booya...

[Raising his right hand, he extends his index finger.]

"Then, Leon Booth, who's now out of play..."

[Now the middle finger.]

"And your very own protege, Clair St. Sure."

[His ring finger extends, counting the three TUT soldiers he has pinned or knocked out in the last three weeks. His hand drops away as he continues.]

Dusty:

One by one, each of them have learned the same painful lesson that you're about to learn as well.

[Snorting in a sharp breath.]

Dusty:

That the man that stands before you is not just back again, this is not the man who returned years ago without the same fire and passion for the game.

[He shakes his head.]

Dusty:

Nuh uh, after years of being away and remembering why this sport has become my calling in life. I am here to tell the world, that I am back, better than ever and ready to lay claim to the last brass ring that matters in this sport.

The World Heavyweight Championship.

Which leads me to you.

[Another breath.]

Dusty:

In a weeks time, we will descend upon one of pro wrestling's holiest of battlegrounds, the Tokyo Korakuen Hall. There I will do more than put your reign as the champion to the test, I'll do for you what you haven't done for yourself, I will make you earn the right to call yourself the champion.

[Inhale, exhale, the stern look upon his face hardens further.]

Dusty:

Because now that your army of human shields have been dismantled, your time hiding behind them has run out. I know the last thing you want is a real fight. But it's not your choice anymore. Whether you like it or not, when you and I face across the ring at Korakuen Hall, I am going to drag a real fight out of you. And you'd better indulge me, Kai, if you have any hope in the world of holding onto that World Heavyweight Title. Because if you don't... there's going to be a new champion, and a former champion left wondering where it all went wrong.

[Without another word, he moves past Christie Zane, disappearing into the locker room.]

[Cut back to Angus and Keebs.]

Angus:

He can say whatever he wants, I still don't trust him.

DDK:

Come on, partner, the man has clearly come back rejuvenated and determined.

Angus:

Determined? The guys a psycho, Keebs, you saw what he did to Clairra when properly provoked. The only guy around here that's a bigger nutjob is Box.

DDK:

I would hardly call that a fair comparison.

Angus:

Really? Box is driven to be the most feared man in DEFIANCE, by any means necessary. Dusty's the same exact guy, except you replace Boxer's malice and cruelty with an insane obsession with being the greatest wrestler ever, and you have two sides of the same coin. The only real difference is that Box lives and dies for DEFIANCE, who the hell knows with Dusty if he loses to Kai Scott, I wouldn't be surprised if we never hear from him again.

DDK:

Well, we'll find out soon enough... But for now, we have the main event coming up!

Everybody Hates Bronson Box



[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out from backstage followed closely by Python, both men play to the crowd for a moment, shake hands then head down the aisle as pyro blasts behind them. The video shows clips from Ryan's career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christensen] ♪ *My reflection, dirty mirror* ♪ ♪ *There's no connection to myself* ♪ ♪ *I'm your lover, I'm your zero* ♪ ♪ *I'm the face in your dreams of glass* ♪ ♪ *So save your prayers* ♪ ♪ *For when you're really gonna need 'em* ♪ ♪ *Wanna go for a ride?* ♪ **Angus:** Heh... Python's entrance got cut. **DDK:** It's called team unity, Angus. **Angus:** Sure, whatever you say. [Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays. Python leaps up onto the apron and flips over the top rope in one swift movement.] [As "Ryhton" start prepping for the match "Black" by Sevendust strikes up over the PA.] **Angus:** FUCK YEAH! [Black Jesus steps out from backstage and plays to the crowd for a moment before marching down the ramp and scaling the ringsteps. Once all three men are in the ring they scale separate turnbuckles and play to the crowd before convening center ring to wait for their opponents.] [The arenas lights dim slightly as "O Fortuna" by Therion pumps through the PA system. From backstage the Wargod Bronson Box, the Sophisticate Edward White and the Trailer Park Prodigy Chance Von Crank emerge together.] **Angus:** All this "team unity" is giving me a headache. That, or my concussion is kicking in again. I'm not supposed to go to sleep, Keebs, are these goddamn entrances over yet? **DDK:** Almost partner, almost. [The Blood Diamonds and their partner for the night march down towards the ring stopping just short of ringside. Ryan leans over the top rope and screams obscenities down at the trio of heels standing at the foot of the ramp going over their gameplan. Python tries to calm his tag team partner down... Ty just laughs and joins in the fun. Referee Brian Slater barks orders at both teams, urging Ryan and his cohorts back into their corner so Bronson and his crew can take their place in theirs.] [Miraculously that actually

happens and we get the bell with all six competitors where they're supposed to be.] **Angus:** Wow, ata' boy Brian Slater. When was the last time a main event six man started like this and not with someone trying to murder someone in the crowd somewhere? **DDK:** A rare day indeed, partner. This one looks to start off with a BANG with former FIST of DEFIANCE Bronson Box squaring off against HNB head honcho Tyrone Walker! No love lost between these two superstars. [Boxer and Ty forgo any pretense and simply slam into each other with fists flying. Neither give the other an inch.] **DDK:** These two match up so well, Walker might have several inches and a longer reach but the shorter Box has at least thirty pounds on the founding member of Team Danger. [Out of nowhere Bronson wraps Ty up and plants him with with ease with a massive belly to belly suplex, mounting the Team Danger superstar and laying some heavy forearms down across his face.] **Angus:** ... yeah, he's also stupid strong. [Before Bronson can start in on his mounted headbutts the lithe veteran Walker worms his arm free and locks in Bronson's head. Ty wraps his legs around Bronson's waist really cranking back on the Wargod's head.] **DDK:** Bronson is in trouble early here! **Angus:** Pop his stupid turn of the century steampunk lookin' head clean off, Ty! **DDK:** Wait, look! [Bronson gets his feet planted flat on the mat and slowly but surely LIFTS Ty off the mat with the submission still locked in. The incredible feat of strength garners a murmur and a light round of applause from the subdued Japanese fans. Standing completely upright Bronson runs full speed towards the nearest corner sandwiching Walker between his meaty chest and the turnbuckle.] **Angus:** Stupid, stupid strong. **DDK:** Amazing feat of strength from the Wargod! [Ty stumbles out of the corner as Bronson backs up, licking his lips.] **DDK:** Lariat from Boxer... NO! [Ty ducks the lariat attempt, rebounds off the ropes and levels the Scottish Strongman with a flying leg lariat that leaves Boxer dazed and scurrying over to his corner. Box makes the tag to former SoHer champion Chance Von Crank. The Trailer Park Prodigy eases into the ring, his eyes never leaving Black Jesus.] **DDK:** These two actually match up pretty well, both Ty and Chance are very versatile competitors with a wide range of offence. **Angus:** Yeah, accept Ty is a nubian God and Chance is a skeezy dirtbag. [Chance and Ty lock up center ring, the much larger CVC forcing Ty back into a neutral corner and laying in some hard elbows into the side of Black Jesus' skull. Walker is resilient though popping Chance right between the eyes with a last ditch headbutt staggering the White Trash Casanova and diving towards his teams corner tagging in the current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE.] **DDK:** Here comes The Ego Buster! [Before Chance can even blink Ryan slips behind him and executes a textbook bridging Dragon suplex for a quick nearfall. Brian Slater counts to two before Chance powers out and clamors over to home base and makes the tag.] [To Bronson Box.] **Angus:** Oh shit, y'all. [Bronson climbs through the ropes with a hop and starts circling Ryan. The Ego Buster does the same. They eventually clash, Ryan powering Boxer up in a tight bearhug right into a devastating spinebuster. Ryan wastes no time though quickly digging in a bone snapping armbar.] **DDK:** Box is in a bad spot here, if anyone has comparable upper body strength to Bronson it's Dan Ryan! **Angus:** Break his friggin' arm! **DDK:** God you're in a mood tonight... **Angus:** Everything I've been through tonight, and you're calling it a mood? [Bronson tries several times for a repeat performance from earlier, attempting to hoist Ryan off the mat while still locked in the submission hold but to no avail.] **DDK:** Box can't seem to find the leverage to hoist Ryan off the mat! **Angus:** I've always said Ryan's a little dense. [Edward White takes action, stepping through the ropes to draw referee Buffalo Brian Slater's attention. With no official Box heaves himself over towards Ryan, rolling through far enough to sink his fingernails into Ryan's face. Dan loosens the hold allowing Bronson a window to slip free and nurse his shoulder for a moment before taking the fight back to his opponent.] **DDK:** Got to hand it to Ed and Bronson, they've started to gel into quite the tag team. **Angus:** I 'aint gotta' do shit, Jack. [Once Ryan is to his feet, still rubbing his eyes trying to regain full vision, Bronson is on him with a seemingly endless barrage of European uppercuts that drive The Ego Buster back into the ropes. Box sends Ryan off the ropes and across the ring with a crist Irish whip, on the way back Ryan is met with a sick one arm side slam from the Wargod.] **DDK:** What's Bronson doing here? [Boxer kneels down and starts tearing at the stitches on the back of Ryan's head. The giant wound is reopened in an instant and blood immediately starts to flow down Ryan's back and onto the crisp white canvas.] **Angus:** Ugh... fuckin' eww. **DDK:** That gash was created, if you recall, when Frank Dylan James waffled Ryan with a chair last week. **Angus:** Dude did say he was going to baptise the FIST in blood, Box just failed to mention it was going to be mostly Dan's blood. [Bronson rips and tears at the wound for a moment before being leveled by a flying dropkick from Python out of absolutely nowhere. Python is quick to roll back under the bottom rope into his teams corner and BEG for a tag from his friend Ryan.] [Ryan pushes off and leaps towards his corner tagging in Python. The snake man springboards off the top rope and attempts something...] **Angus:** Box caught him! **DDK:** This does not bode well for Python here folks. [Box locks in a tight cobra clutch and heaves the lithe grappler up into the air.] **DDK:** Cobra Clutch Backbreaker from the Wargod! **Angus:** He's so not done... [Boxer doesn't relinquish the cobra clutch, opting to repeat the maneuver... over and over. After six trips back first across Bronson's knee Python falls limp. Bronson transitions into standard suplex position, taking a moment to play to the crowd a bit and cast a cold glance Ryan's way before hoisting Python up for a massive delayed vertical.]

DDK: He's not letting him drop! [Box holds the suplex for what seems like an eternity before dropping Python right on his head. Box pops up and plays to the crowd as the snake man clutches the back of his head and neck in agony. A few kicks to the head and a few shouts to Ryan and the fans at ringside Boxer finally tags out to Edward White.]

Angus:

Do you think that was some sort of message to Eric Dane? **DDK:**

That Stardriver? I don't know, maybe. Probably... **Angus:** They're settin' something up here... [Box and Ed each take a side, Python groggily gets to his feet on spaghetti legs. The Diamonds each barrel towards the snake man like two speeding semi trucks. Ed goes low and takes out Python's legs at the knees, Boxer takes Python's head off with a stiff armed lariat. Box steps through the ropes long enough to tag back into the match.] **DDK:** Devastating double team maneuver from The Diamonds! [Box pops his left arm into the crook of his right and extends his index and middle fingers in Ryan's general direction before dropping down for the cover. Before Slater can even count one Ty Walker is in the ring laying a boot across the right side of the Wargod's face, breaking up the count.] **DDK:** Ty Walker saving the match for his team there. **Angus:** Black Jesus don't give a FUCK. [Ty grabs Python by the back of his tights and literally tosses him towards Ryan who makes the tag and is in the ring in a flash. He and Boxer clash center ring with Ryan definitely getting the better of the exchange laying some bone shattering forearm shots to Bronson's skull. Box wobbles from the shots but doesn't drop. Dan takes two big steps back, turns and...] **DDK:** SUPERKICK! [Box stands there swaying in the breeze for a few moments before eating canvas. Ryan takes a lap around the ring clapping and pumping his fist getting the Japanese fans involved and clapping along with him.] **Angus:** No pin attempt after that move? What a dope. **DDK:** Something tells me Dan wants to make more of an impact of Bronson than that, partner. [Dan makes a quick tag to Ty Walker and barks a few quick orders to The Extreme Franchise. Ty smiles and crouches down in a neutral corner as Ryan picks up a dazed Bronson Box. Dan absolutely LAUNCHES Bronson across the ring towards Ty. Blackimus Prime catches Boxer, takes him up and...] **DDK:** BLACKOUT BOMB WITH THE ASSIST FROM RYAN! Boxer is OUT! [Ryan steps through the ropes as Ty drops down for the cover.] 1... 2... 3... NO! [Chance Von Crank dives into the ring for the last minute save, Buffalo Brian Slater is johnny on the spot backing Chance back out onto the apron. Ty smacks the mat in frustration, dragging Box up by the ears and tagging back out to Dan Ryan.] **DDK:** Impressive teamwork here from Ryan and Walker. **Angus:** The Human Pinball Wizard can forge a successful tag team in his sleep, Darren. **DDK:** Well, Dan has a... **Angus:** TEAM DANGER. **DDK:** **sigh** right. [Ryan tries for a side headlock but Box wraps his arms around The Ego Buster's waist and pushes him through the ropes, the two tumbling hard to ringside. With Boxer and Ryan on the outside Python leaps into the ring to meet Chance Von Crank who steps in for his team. Chance comes close to taking Python's head off with a running clothesline but the snake ducks and starts laying quick kicks to Chance's guts.] **DDK:** Nasty strikes from Python! [At ringside Box has maneuvered Ryan over near the announce table. The blood loss from the back of his head is looking like it's taking a bit of a toll on Ryan. Leaning back against the announce table for just a moment to gather himself Ryan's eyes all of a sudden go wide as dinner plates and rolls out of the way at the last possible second as the RING STEPS come flying into frame crushing the announce table.] **Angus:** WHAT THE FUCK! **pfffft** **DDK:** JESUS CHRIST! **pfffft** [Darren and Angus go silent as their desk, notes and equipment are all crushed under the weight of the stairs. The camera turns to Box, his eyes wide and wild breathing heavily as he again stalks after Dan Ryan. Ryan backs up to the guardrail, putting up his fists ready for Bronson's onslaught but gets cut off by a thick metal chain wrapping tightly around his neck from behind him in the first row.] **DDK:** **pfffft** eck one two, check, hello? Okay, I think we're back. **Angus:** Yeah, hooray for us. Meanwhile Frank Dylan James is trying to sever Ryan's windpipe! [The Mastodon holds Ryan in place kicking and clawing desperately behind him as Box toys with The Ego Buster, slapping him around and screaming in his face. Brian Slater sees this and immediately bails to ringside to deal with the situation leaving CVC and Python completely unsupervised. Chance is in control of the situation, but with no referee The Socialite Ed White hops into the ring and joins Trailer Park Prodigy in laying boots to Python.] **Angus:** Well, it took them longer than usual for this shit to descend into complete madness. **DDK:** Wait, where's Walker? **Angus:** OH GOD DAMNIT! [Across ringside, near the ramp area we notice Tyrone Walker embroiled in a brawl with Ed White's muscle Nicky Corozzo! Armed with a chair Corozzo is doing his best to ground the former world champion. It looks as though the Ty's unusually high pain tolerance was going to help him weather the chair assault, but one particularly nasty shot right to the top of his head leveled Walker.] **Angus:** You can pop Ryan's head off, you can murder stomp Python... BUT YOU LEAVE TEAM DANGER ALONE YOU GODDAMN MONSTERS! **DDK:** Walker is DOWN! Python is getting kicked into the mat by Chance Von Crank and Edward White and... **Angus:** And Dan Ryan is starting to turn blue! **DDK:** A little payback from Bronson for Ryan nearly choking the life out of HIM not all that long ago, partner! [Slater and several of the arena security guards finally pull Frank Dylan James off Ryan and haul the big West Virginian away through the crowd. Boxer then in one quick motion jerks Ryan over towards where the ring steps now sit near the wreckage of what was the DEFIANCE announce table. Box takes a second to jaw with Darren and

Angus before scooping Dan up and planting Ryan back first across the top of the steel steps with a nasty looking spinebuster.] [The open gash on the back of his head popping off the top step with a sick wet thud, blood spattering across the chrome.] **Angus:** Fuckin' ewww. **DDK:** Bronson Box is a man possessed! We'll probably need some help out here, Dan Ryan is in bad shape here folks. [Boxer wastes no time as he grabs a chair from ringside then slides under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Brian Slater is trying desperately to regain order making the poor decision to get right in Bronson's face. Bronson clubs the stout referee with the top of his folding chair and boots him, doubled over, through the second and bottom rope.] **Angus:** Eric isn't going to like that one goddamn bit. **DDK:** Angus, look... Ryan is down, Ty is on the stage battling Nicky Corozzo. Python is all alone in the ring with Bronson Box and company. **Angus:** Like I said last week Darren. Dead man walkin'. [Python, having been stomped into the mat for the last few minutes by White and CVC stumbles up to his feet... noticing quickly the situation he finds himself in. Surrounded on all sides by Chance Von Crank and The Blood Diamonds. He tries to run but is caught quickly by Ed and Chance, arms pinned behind him as Box clubs HIM in the guts with the chair.] **DDK:** This is a damn assault! [Box barks orders in Chance's direction. CVC quickly unfastening the top turnbuckle pad from the nearest corner exposing the unforgiving steel lug. Bronson already has Python in position before Chance even moves out of the way.] **DDK:** NOT THIS! COME ON! [Up on the stage Ty is making short work of Nicky Corozzo and finally takes notice of what's going down in the ring. The little distraction is all Nicky needs to pull a leather blackjack from his pants pocket and waffle Walker across the back of the head sending the hall of famer to his hands and knees.] **Angus:** There goes the calvary. [Back in the ring Box jerks Python up into position and...] **Angus:** KILL SPOT! **DDK:** BOMBASTO BOMB! [Python slumps to the mat in a heap as DEFsec and paramedics flood the ring.] **Angus:** Wow, good timing fella's. [Bronson and his cohorts goes quietly with several of the bigger DEFsec agents taking the Wargod by the arms and shoulders. Once he reaches the top of the ramp he notices Ryan is up and on his feet in the ring, paramedics following behind him desperately trying to quell the flow of blood from the back of his head.] [After checking on Python Ryan stands quivering with anger dead center ring, covered in his own blood... his eyes locked on Bronson Box up on the stage.] [Bronson just smiles back with a sickening grin as he's lead backstage... laughing.] **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen, what a main event. It feels like we just experiences hurricane Bronson out here. **Angus:** That guy is a goddamn hazard. **DDK:** Ain't that the truth! **Angus:** Well folks, as usual everything in DEFIANCE is completely out of control and insane, only right now we're in Japan and it works, scares these little fuckers... **DDK:** Well we're only here for another week, Angus, it's Grindhouse: JAPAN Live on iPPV, and then we're on our way to Europe! **Angus:** Yeah, well, let's not get ahead of ourselves now! We've got Box and Ryan for the FIST in a Tai-Pei Deathmatch, we've got CVC and Penn for the Southern Heritage title in a No DQ Submission Match, we've got the Philosopher Kings defending the Trios Titles against the HNB, Stratton and Dewey in a Deathmatch, and ON TOP OF IT ALL Kai Scott is gonna finally defend his World Title against Dusty Griffith! We're gonna blow the sides out of Tokyo Korakuen! **DDK:** Join us next week for that folks! We're out of time tonight! For my broadcast partner Angus Skaaland, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, GOODNIGHT~! [Credits.]