

Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...]

[...a Hulu Plus original presentation!]

[The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live, from Athens, Greece, in...]

[3...]

[...2...]

[...1!]

[Go.]

♪ Be my one would you take my son ♪
♪ Would you tell someone whether we had fun ♪
♪ With your heroes double zeroes goin' in circles 'round your fear ♪
♪ Then I'm never ever falling again ♪
♪ Would you take my grace, look into my face ♪
♪ With your limp handshake and your smile that's fake ♪
♪ Would you back my fight, say you're down for right ♪
♪ See it's easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing ♪

[The Defiance theme song blasts over the PA system as the camera pans around the arena. Red and silver spotlights whirl around the Maroussi Hall as the fans around the ring bang on the apron in time with the beat of the song.]

♪ Maker makes me long for a better way ♪
♪ You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage ♪

[One end of the arena has been set up with a black stagewall, behind which is the backstage area. The black box ramp connects it to the ring, and in a box above the wall is the commentary station, with Keebs and Angus overlooking the action.]

♪ Because I ♪
♪ I defy ♪
♪ I defy ♪
♪ I defy ♪

[Zoom in.]

Angus Skaaland:

WEEELLLLLLLLLCOME, Defiafucks!

“Downtown” Darren Keebler:

We are coming at you live on Hulu Plus from Athens, Greece, birthplace of the Olympics, and we have one hell of a show lined up for you! But before we even get into that, because I don't know how long we have to bring this in - if you were watching us last week in Amsterdam, you probably heard Eric Dane on the phone in his office with Cito Conarri. Someone big is returning, he never said a name, but I think there's less than no mystery about who it is, and Dane offered up an open microphone to start the show.

Angus:

You know what they say Keebs, speak of the Devil and he appears. If this is who I think it's going to be, and I see no

reason to think anything else...

[The Defiance theme song fades.]

Angus:

See, it goes, like this.

[And then, Kyuss hits.]

♪ Everyone seems to be singing for Satan ♪

♪ Guess I will too ♪

♪ What a joke! You make me laugh ♪

♪ 'Til I turn blue ♪

Angus:

fux.

[The fans know who it is, too. A loud reaction, leaning heavily towards cheers, rings out along as a person steps out onto the stage and raises her right fist in the air.]

DDK:

Yep, it is indeed Heidi Christenson. And that sound you just heard was the entire DEFIAverse saying "oh shit." It's been a little over four months since we saw her, but you know, since the last thing we saw her do was literally try to eat the bosses face, I'm not sure that four months was long enough!

♪ Won't you writhe like snakes down on the floor? ♪

♪ Out you go, and he done one hundred and more ♪

[Heidi's dressed in street clothes. Since it's winter and all, that's a hooded sweatshirt and black snap-sided track pants. In the ring, she paces.]

Heidi Christenson:

...before I ever got back to Defiance, both Eric Dane and Cito Conarri told me that I could have up to fifteen minutes at the top of the show to say whatever I had to say, to whoever I wanted to say it to. I don't think I've got quite that much to say, but we'll see.

[She bites her lower lip as if thinking. The fans are respectfully quiet, there's background noise but no yelling or chanting.]

Heidi:

The first thing that I guess everyone wants to know is, what was I thinking during the I Quit match?

[She smiles and shakes her head.]

Heidi:

Here's the truth. I've seen the match. But the last thing I remember is running at Eric Dane while he was lying on the gurney. That suplex he hit me with, the one where he just rolled off the back of it and dropped me on my head... you know, I remember landing, and I got this weird warm numb feeling all through me. I don't know exactly how to describe it. It was like pain ceased to hurt, even though I could still feel it. And I just didn't care.

Like I said, I've seen the match, I've watched it often. While I was trying to rehabilitate my mind and learn to stop flipping out, that match was one of the things we used. I know what happened. But I don't really remember the end of it. I don't remember having Dane try to dig my knee tendons out with a fork, I don't remember him threatening to blind me, I don't remember trying to eat his hand.

I remember waking up, in the hospital, with my arms restrained, a patch over my eye, and my mouth full of a funny taste.

[The fans are quiet. Angus doesn't even make a flip remark, although it's a coin toss as to whether that was out of respect or fear.]

Heidi:

I asked the nurse for toothpaste and dental floss, and while I was cleaning my mouth up, I kept finding shreds of pink and red stuff. Then I started thinking... no matter how angry someone makes you, if you wake up in a hospital and don't know how you got there, and then you realize you're picking human flesh out of your teeth... maaaayyyybe you've actually got a problem.

I took a vacation. After all that, I probably would've even if my license to fight hadn't been revoked. Jeff Andrews and I drove around the United States, visited some of the places we'd wanted to see while we were on tour but didn't have time to stop for. For the record, I completely forgive him for dropping me on my head. And when I got back, I took the mental health examination they needed.

And here's the hilarious part.

[A smile almost appears on her face.]

Heidi:

According to a trained and licensed medical professional, Tom Sawyer really was that annoying.

And according to a psychotherapist, he was as much of a bully as I was. Only he used his popularity with the fans to get away with talking all sorts of shit, and I just kicked people and tied them into knots.

And, apparently, indulging in temper tantrums and attacking people for annoying you is a good way to legitimately lose the ability to control your temper. You'd think that as a wrestler I'd already know how to decide whether to lose my temper or not, but... yeah. So I worked on that. I watched the my match with Eric Dane, Tom Sawyer promos, Jimmy Kort attempting to talk, you know, the kind of stuff that made me angry. And we talked about the ethics of authority.

So let me make this really clear.

I haven't forgiven Eric Dane for a god damned thing.

[The boos rumble up as Heidi stares into the distance.]

Heidi:

BUT. I know how much work running a promotion takes, because I stood next to Jeff while he did it for eight years. And we went over how when I go after Defiance itself, I'm not just going after Eric Dane. I'm going after everyone who ever fought here. Anyone who ever bought a piece of Defiance merchandise that put money in my pocket.

I don't like him. But I'm done taking it out on Defiance... and I'm willing to play the game again.

[This time, it's a smattering of cheers, but Heidi's not done.]

Heidi:

So that brings me to what comes next. Dane still wanted to have those reverse bodyguards keep an eye on me. But I didn't, and Cito convinced him to give me a chance without reverse bodyguards or anything. So for now... here I am.

What's next, I don't know.

I don't know whether I'm going to end up righting great wrongs, or stacking the bodies again. I don't know what I want to do, I don't have anyone in particular in mind to go after. My options are wide open. But I'm ready to start. So let's

do this.

[She smiles.]

Heidi:

I'm going to turn around to face the ramp...

rrrrrrraaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!

[She does.]

Heidi:

And offer anyone who'd like to make a name for themselves by taking on a former four time World Champion the chance to do it, right here, right now!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Heidi watches the entrance ramp. No one comes out.]

boooooo....

Heidi:

No one? Huh. Well, let's just see if this gets anyone's attention.

[She grabs the hem of her hoodie, pulls it off over her head and drops it to the mat. Then she grabs the pants, whipping them off her legs and throwing them behind her.]

[She's wearing her black one piece with the kickguards.]

Heidi:

Come at me, bro!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

YUS!

[Heidi holds the pose as the fans roar and bang on the ring apron.]

[But nothing happens. No one comes out, no one's music hits, and after about 15 seconds of dead air the cheers and wolf whistles begin to fade into boos.]

Angus:

Y'know maybe if she pulled down the straps, everyone would know she meant business and something would happen.

DDK:

I... don't think that's going to happen, Angus.

Angus:

Well it should.

[Angus pouts.]

[So does Heidi, actually. She picks up her dropped hoodie and pants.]

Heidi:

I'm disappointed in you, Defiance.

[Tossing her overgarments over her shoulders, Heidi walks up the box ramp and disappears backstage.]

DDK:

Wow. Angus, I don't think I've ever seen someone throw down an open challenge like that and not have it accepted. If no one else there's usually some kid who just wants to get his face on TV who'll take it!

Angus:

Bitch be scary, Keebs! I mean, is five minutes of TV time worth what might happen if she decides to flip out? She seemed pretty balanced, but I'll never be convinced, man, that kind of crazy doesn't just go away because you take two months off!

DDK:

She's been a good person for the vast majority of her career, and I'm not convinced that can go away so easily either. However, since for once we aren't getting 'Philly' with our show, let's run down the card! Tonight, in our main event, the Blood Diamonds - that's Bronson Box and Edward White - take on the team of Sam Turner, Jr. and Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

See, FDJ used to be a Blood Diamond. Then Dusty Griffith comes back to DEF. FDJ likes Griffith, won't beat him up just because Ed White told him to, and so White sold his house or something like that. I don't know exactly, it's Edward fucking White, he's got more money than God, he can pay reality to warp to his will. But Dusty, in addition to nearly taking the World Title from our champ - who isn't booked, because fuck him - also brought the good guys together. Like a less gay version of DefRow. So STJ and the Euge are taking on Box and White.

DDK:

Speaking of Dusty Griffith, we've got him in action as well, against newcomer Stockton Pyre! Honestly the odds aren't good for Pyre in this one, but it's a great opportunity for him, and a good warmup for Griffith facing off against someone who's close to his own size and strength! We've also got a singles match between Clair St. Sure of the Truly Untouchables and Troy Matthews.

Angus:

Spoilers, Troy dies. We got the Angel City eXXXpress taking on Lisa Loeh's new tag team with Roger Stevens and Yoshikazu YAZ, they need a team name, SRS. We got the next edition of the ongoing battle between Team HOSS and TexMex Holiday, with Aleczander the Great taking on Jimmie Rix. We've got a singles match between the Airship Captain Henry Keyes and the sunglasses-stealing Jonny Booya.

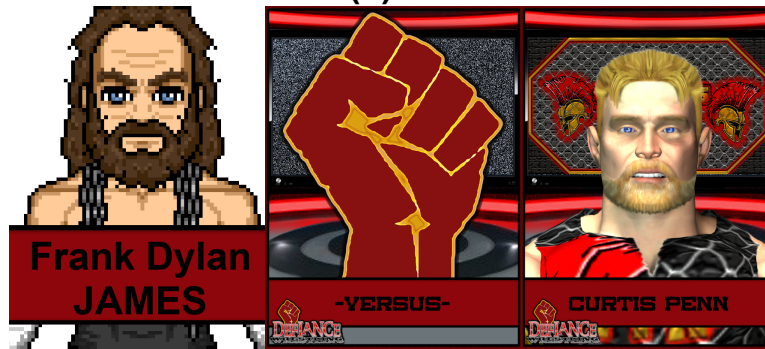
DDK:

And our opening bout, we're going to start the show off with a title defense! Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn, defends his title against Frank Dylan James.

[And as DDK speaks, the Nuge begins to shred.]

DDK:

Darren DQ Quimbey, take it away!

Frank Dylan James vs Curtis Penn (c)**DDK:**

Angus. Angus...

[Both of Angus' eyes are shut tight, DDK pokes his arm trying to wake him up. It takes "Stranglehold," by Ted Nugent to have him sit up right; he rubs the sleep out of his eyes.]

Angus:

It's just FDJ! You could have at least let me sleep through this first match! FDJ and Curtis Penn will only put me back to sleep.

DDK:

The baws wouldn't like that, it is our job to call the match and this one's for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

No, it's your job to call the match, it's my job to make fun of these shit burgers. And title match be damned it doesn't involve any of Team Danger or Lord Cancer of COOL so why can't I take a cat nap?

[FDJ steps onto the ramp, a stone cold look out over the crowd before making a move. They reach up to touch his battered boots, he instinctively kicks their hands away and grunts as he starts across the ramp.]

Angus:

Hope Dusty Griffith gave him directions towards the ring, Edward White made sure FDJ knew where he was supposed to be even if the oaf didn't.

DDK:

Dusty wants his friend to be his own man, not treated like a free t-shirt.

Angus:

Puffshaw. I treat all of my free t-shirts like gold. I make sure they get washed at least once a month.

DDK:

We're going to cut to the back for an interview with Curtis Penn while FDJ makes his way to the ring.

[Curtis Penn stands in the Gorilla Position, watching as the man he is about to beat down Frank Dylan James the mighty Mastodon himself walks awkwardly towards the ring. The champion smiles at his next victim.]

Penn:

Are you looking at this?

[The camera zooms in at FDJ making his way down the aisle.]

Penn:

Are you watching, he's lost! A complete buffoon! This is the man that Eric Dane has set as a contender for my title? Look at him, he can doesn't even know where the ring is!

[Curtis turns his head in disgust.]

Penn:

He finally has a pair of shoes, but ...

[Curtis squints.]

Penn:

Are they on the wrong foot? Argh.

[Curtis strokes his beard.]

Penn:

Alright... Alright... Here I go.

[The next thing we see is Curtis Penn sprinting towards FDJ and clipping his knees.]

DDK:

And Penn from out of nowhere starts in on the big man, taking out his legs before he could make it over the ropes.

Angus:

CHEEAATTTER!

[DDK looks at Angus in shock.]

Angus:

Well he is, he attacked the man before the bell has even sounded.

[Penn continues to stomp on FDJ's chest and shoulder area as he clutches his throat. With FDJ's free hand he tries to swipe at Penn's legs, but Penn just dodges and continues kicking him in the ribs.]

DDK:

Curtis, the Southern Heritage Champion, has decided that this might be the "best" way to take down this large man.

Angus:

Penn's all talk, he's a cheap shot artist at best. He knows The Mastodon could chew him up like a piece of gum so he decides to kick the shit out of him with his back turned. Puss bag.

[Finally, FDJ catches a foot of Penn and sends him stumbling over into the crowd. They part and allow Penn to land hard on the floor. With the breather FDJ rolls into the ring and takes a knee while grabbing his assaulted ribs.]

DDK:

That was a nasty fall by Penn...

Angus:

Did he break anything?

DDK:

I don't think so, he's already back to his feet.

Angus:

How about Frankie? How's he doin'? Yeah, wrestling... *yawn* lets go team.

[DDK looks over at Angus and notices that his eyes are starting to close again.]

DDK:

WAKE UP AND HELP ME CALL THIS MATCH!

[Angus jolts and almost sends his chair out from under him.]

Angus:

Alright, alright. FDJ is finally up on his feet.

DDK:

And look at the bruising and swelling already showing on his ribcage. That's going to hurt later.

[Penn mounts the ramp and FDJ notices him and rushes the ropes, Penn slides underneath the giant and goes for a quick roll up and Mark Shields slides into position.]

1....

2....

DDK:

And a massive kick out by Frank Dylan James, he launched Curtis in the air.

Angus:

Francis tossed him away like an empty PBR!

DDK:

Look at the quickness of the Champion, he's already on his feet and ...

CRACCKKK

[The crowd reacts to Penn connecting with a vicious punt kick to the skull of FDJ!]

Angus:

That no good, cheating, cheap shot artist!

DDK:

Penn with a kick has put Frank out on his knees!

Angus:

That sounded like Pinto backfiring! That would have made Heidi proud!

[Penn standing over FDJ smiling, he pushes him over with his boot and gives a lazy cover, Shields slides in for the count, but FDJ recover and is able to get a shoulder up before Shields slaps the canvas once.]

DDK:

Penn slaps the mat in frustration, he mounts FDJ and is throwing wild punches.

Penn:

JUST!

Penn:

STAY DOWN!

Penn:
FREAK!

[Penn wipes the spit from his mouth and his eyes widen. He stands up and takes a few steps towards the ramp.]

DDK:
FDJ is just smiling... smiling through the blood that is coming from the cut above his eye.

[Angus sits up in his chair.]

Angus:
Now it's about to get fun, Penn is going to DIE!

[FDJ rushes Penn, but Penn ducks out of the ring and heads up the ramp. He points towards his head telling Frank that he's smarter than he is.]

DDK:
Oh no, don't look now, but we have Henry Keyes and Stockton Pyre standing behind Penn as he backs up the aisle. Penn doesn't realize it, he's still taunting FDJ!

[Penn's backward momentum is stopped as he feels with his hands what object is stopping him from leaving the ring area. He turns around, his eyes widen, and he starts to retreat towards the ring.]

DDK:
Penn has just realized that he's running back towards an angry giant. He's starting to weigh his options, Keyes and Pyre or Frank Dylan James!

Angus:
Either one, don't care BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM!

[Penn rushes the two rookies and they start brawling. It doesn't take too long before they grab Penn by his ring shorts and toss him back into a waiting Frank Dylan James. They walk back to the top of the ramp and wait for FDJ to pick up the pieces.]

Angus:
It's payback time! Frank grabs Penn by the throat and throws him into the corner.

DDK:
That's a nasty headbutt by Frank Dylan James!

[Frank just doesn't stop with one!]

ENA!

DIO!

TRIA!

[Mark Shields warns FDJ, but backs away when he sees the eyes behind the crimson mask.]

DDK:
He's just holding Penn in the corner and delivering Headbutt after Headbutt!

TESSERA!

Penta!

EXI!

[FDJ stops to shake the cobwebs from his own brain.]

DDK:

Penn tries to escape, but is thrown back into the corner by FDJ's left hand! He is just stroooong.

Angus:

FDJ is just pissed! And when he's pissed he just gets stronger... FRANKIE IS THE STRONGEST THERE IS!

DDK:

Those clubbing forearm blows from Frank have Penn standing on noodles. Penn is standing only by FDJ's mercy!

[FDJ takes a step back and wipes his face off with his palm and shoves it in the air to a cheering crowd! Penn takes a step or three forward with his fists in a defensive stance before eating the mat.]

RAHHHHHHH

[Mark Shields looks at Frank and tell him to cover him.]

1....

2....

And...

2.5!

DDK:

Penn kicks out at 2 and a half!

[FDJ reaches down and lifts Curtis onto his shoulders like a sack of potatoes and dumps him on to his head, Penn lays crumpled on the mat. FDJ stands over the champion and begins to stomp a new mud hole into Curtis Penn... and and walks it dry, naturally.]

DDK:

The fans appreciate FDJ's violence, partner!

Angus:

KILL HIM! FRANKIE, KEEHHHHEEEELLLL HIMMM!

[DDK grabs Angus by the elbow and pulls him back into his chair.]

DDK:

Angus, composure.

Angus:

Kill him. Go Bronson Box all over that little prick.

[Frank goes for another cover. Shields slaps the mat twice before Penn manages a kick out.]

[FDJ drags Penn to his feet and Penn throws a few punches to the midsection of FDJ. This breaks the grip that FDJ had on Curtis and Penn is able to get some separation.]

DDK:

Penn is starting to show some life !

Angus:

FDJ just pie faced the chump all the way into the corner of the ring.

DDK:

Frank follows Penn, not wanting to give up the momentum.

[Penn reaches up and thumbs the eye of the big man deep and with a little twist, FDJ clutches his eye and screaming in pain. Penn ducks underneath the giant and scrambles out of the ring.]

Angus:

Look at the coward he's running away! He's tucking tail and running for the high ground.

DDK:

Not if the crowd can help it, they have the Southern Heritage Champion on their shoulders and crowd surfing him back into the ring!

[Penn is now on the apron and kicking at the fans that stand ringside, throwing a complete and utter tantrum. After one or two more attempts to flee he steps into the ring and Mark Shields confronts him about his tactics.]

DDK:

Mark Shields is dressing Penn up and down about the poke in the eye and it looks like he's telling him if he pulls something like that one more time he's done!

[Penn smiles at Shields.]

Penn:

Really...

Shields:

One more time and you're outta here!

Penn:

Okay, fine...

[Penn stalks back towards the still blinded Mastodon, taking a few seconds to square up...]

DDK:

What's he doing here?

Angus:

Probably doing something shitty to make sure he's precious title belt doesn't get pawned somewhere in the hills of West Virginia for a "big fancy night out" at IHOP with the missus.

[Penn drives his foot DEEP into the balls of Frank Dylan James. FDJ immediately slumps to the mat clutching his groin. Mark Shields calls for the bell with a grimace, kneeling down to check on Frank. Penn ducks underneath the ropes with a smile on his face.]

Angus:

Ugh... such bullshit. When will someone finally smack the lips off this mark?

Quimbey:

The winner of this match via Disqualification Frank Dylan James but, STILL YOUR SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION CURTIS PENN!

Troll Hard

Angus:

One of these days, Curtis Penn's mouth is going to write him a check his ass can't cash. But I'd honestly thought it might be today.

DDK:

It wasn't to be. But I'm getting word that something's going down in the Truly Untouchables' locker room, so let's go see!

[Backstage in the Truly Untouchables locker room. Just like Keebs said]

[Kai Scott is sitting in a steel folding chair, leaning back. It's not a pose of relaxation. Rather, it's one of shock and horror. Diane Parker stands behind him, both hands on his shoulders. David Race and Leon Maddox lean against a wall in the back of the room.]

[Since this locker room has a mirror, Jonny Booya is distracted by his own delts and is ignoring the proceedings.]

David Race:

So, sorry if I'm out of line boss, but what's so scary about Heidi?

Scott:

How much Defiance have you watched?

[Race frowns.]

Race:

Not too much before you hired me to be honest, but I know who she is. I just don't get why she's scarier than Dusty Griffith or Cancer Jiles or, I don't even know honestly. What we did to Ty Walker would work on her, wouldn't it?

Scott:

I tried what we did to Walker on her in 2005. It didn't work. At all.

Race:

Really?

Diane Parker:

Really. He made me watch it before he'd let me join the Truly Untouchables. He said he wasn't going to let me on board if I didn't know what things might look like if they get really bad.

[Kai Scott shakes his head.]

Scott:

I don't know what's going to happen, but all of you - stay the fuck away from Heidi Christenson if at all possible. She bumps into you in the hall, you apologize. I've spent too much time fucking around with karma to risk this shit now.

[Race's eyebrows go way up. He looks at Leon Maddox, who shrugs. Maddox hasn't the slightest idea what Kai's talking about, but he's at least known him long enough to be familiar with the occasional weirdness.]

[Then, there's a scratching noise outside the door.]

[Kai Scott actually jumps. When he does, so does everyone else. Well, except for Booya, who has progressed to being distracted by his pecs.]

Booya:

Dum... dum dum dum dum dum dum, dum dum, dum dum dum dum dum dum

[Yes, he's wiggling them in time to the Cancan. He has no sense of pitch, either.]

Scott:

SHUT THE FUCK UP, JONNY!

[Jonny looks hurt.]

Booya:

What'd I do?

Scott:

Just go find out what the hell's going on out there.

Booya:

Uh.....

Diane:

Jonny, just go.

[Jonny Booya sighs, plods to the door, opens it just enough to stick his head out, and peers down the hallway in either direction.]

Booya:

Nothing out there, boss.

Diane:

Figures... I'm going to go find Clairra, if that's alright Kai?

[Scott waves his hand. Diane opens the door wide and steps into the hallway.]

Tyrone Walker:

SURPRISE, NIGGA!

[A tsunami of purple liquid descends from the ceiling, directly on top of Diane's head.]

Diane:

AAAIGHK!

[Diane wipes her face, looks at her hands, sniffs, and grimaces.]

Diane:

WHAT THE FUCK, WALKER?!

[Ty slides up next to Parker, putting an arm around her shoulders.]

Walker:

Aye, I found yo bottom bitch, she's right here...

[He leans in and licks the side of her face.]

Walker:

Tasty... Anyway, just wanted to let you know, there's no hard feelings.

[Parker shrugs him off, thoroughly repulsed, which only gets a grin from Ty in response.]

Walker:

The forecast on Twitter said there might be a chance of wetness though... Hashtag Faygo, mothafucka!

Diane:

Will somebody kill this fucking guy?!

Walker:

But sweetums, I thought we was gettin' hitched?

[From inside the locker room.]

Scott:

Jonny, go kill Tyrone Walker.

Walker:

Guess that's what I get for messin' with the white folks again...

[And with that Ty is off down the hall with Jonny Booya, kinda, sorta hot on his trail, leaving Diane Parker dripping and sticky.]

[Hiyo!]

[Back to the action.]

Poor Francis

[At the announce station, Angus is chortling.] **DDK:**

There are probably safer things to do than laugh at the Truly Untouchables' problems, Angus. **Angus:**

I know, man, oh lord, I know, but... [He snorts, gets his laughter under control.] **Angus:**

Here's the thing, man. Ty's having fun with this. Diane wants to pull a Rhonda Rousey and be a bad girl because she thinks it's fun, she's gonna get a lot worse than grape soda to the head. See how much fun she thinks after wrestling with the Blackaconda for a month, knamean? **DDK:**

I do indeed, Angus. Let's go right backstage again, where I'm being told there's a confrontation involving FDJ!

[We're backstage just down from the hustle and bustle of the gorilla position. We spy "The Mastodon" Frank Dylan James fresh off his win-in-name-only to Curtis Penn leaning against a road crate still tending to his bruised scrotum... not to mention his bruised ego. A familiar voice snaps him back into his current cold complicated reality.] **V/O:** You dress in his locker room, you ride with them after the shows, you even eat your disgusting little lunches with them... your new friends. You realize you still work for me, don't you? I'm allowing you to get a taste of that life Francis.

[Edward White steps into view flanked by his muscle Nicky Corozzo and a couple private security goons. Ed's bearded face does nothing to hide the smug superiority beaming off his face.] **White:** Because at the end of the day you work for ME... not this company. I could transfer you halfway around the globe, WORLDS away from a wrestling ring... from your family. Somewhere in Alaska maybe, or Mongolia. You wouldn't like that, would you Frank? Your reputation has been ruined by years of drinking and reckless behavior Francis. The very idea of a man of your age, no actual training in this sport to speak of, body broken from years of deathmatches, liver surely pickled EVER making a "comeback" in this sport. It's laughable, my friend. Curtis Penn showed us what we all already know. What your "good" friend Dusty is about to figure out. You're useless, Frank. You're a big... [Ed grabs ahold of Frank's chin, the proud West Virginian tries to turn away but Edward insists.] **White:** You're a big stupid gorilla. Do you understand me? You're MY big stupid gorilla and you're going to do as I say. Because I'm your better, Francis. More than that I'm your employer, do you understand? I'm rich, you're poor, it's the way of the WORLD Francis! [Frank pushes back against the road crate with a deep animal like growl, Ed not flinching one bit. Nicky and his private security step in front of their money man protecting him from any outburst. Frank turns away in frustration, marching down the hallway away from his so called employer without a word.] **White:** Go to your friend! Go tell him how cruel I am, how life's not fair! Go on and confide in your GOOD friend Dusty! [His feux smile fading away, lowering his voice.] **White:** Because after tonight's main event? He's the last friend you're going to have left, ape. [Nicky smiles and nods along with his boss as we fade back to ringside.] **DDK:** Something tells me The Blood Diamonds have sinister plans for Eugene and Sam tonight. **Angus:** No shit Sherlock. Moreover how about Frankie? Dude is getting pushed to the EDGE tonight, man.

Chalk One Up For The Good Guys

[We are in the DEFIANCE interview booth with four very different, but all equally confident, fan favorites: Frank Holiday, Diego de Leon, Jimmie Rix, and their de facto manager, Billy Pepper -- the fantastic foursome known across the land as TexMex Holiday! With all the characters crowded here, there's no space for an interviewer, but no probs, dudes: Billy is happily filling that role at the moment, DEFIANCE-branded microphone in hand.] **Billy Pepper:** People of Athens, TexMex Holiday is here! The very best of the southwestern United States (and Frank) have come-- **Frank Holiday:** Har har, very funny, you ass. **Billy Pepper:** --Have come to this land, the ancient birthplace of the majestic Olympic games and the very sport of wrestling which we love and live every day of our lives, to do all of us proud. We have one mission tonight, one promise to fulfill. We are going to tear off our togas, we are going to break the olive branch -- ha, like this -- over our knees, and we are not leaving here until we have mashed the ouzo out of each and every member of the dastardly Team HOSS! OPA~! [Overwhelmed by his own impassioned speech, Billy throws his arms in the air, nearly whacking a boom mic. Frank pats his buddy on the shoulder and whispers at him to stop spazzing.] **Diego de Leon:** If I can be serious for a moment guys. [The proceedings quiet down. Diego, the shortest member of the alliance looks between his comrades.] **Diego de Leon:** I have something important to announce. **Billy Pepper:** Absolutely. Speak, mi amigo. [He makes room for Diego to step forward and holds the mic for him. Diego's absolutely deadpan.] **Diego de Leon:** In honor of our win last week, I got a haircut. [His mask looks -exactly- the same as it did last show, and the show before that going all the way back to first show in Japan. Frank, Jimmie, and Billy turn to inspect their partner.] **Frank Holiday:** I knew you were looking a little more aerodynamic today, dude. **Diego de Leon:** It's to cut down the wind resistance. **Frank Holiday:** I love this guy! How do you not love this guy? [He's enthusiastically elbowing Jimmie in the arm, more or less forcing "The Southern Sling" to nod his head in agreement.] **Jimmie Rix:** Was jes' about to compliment ya, there, Diego. **Billy Pepper:** Attaboy, Diego, you're a man among men. Which brings me to what I brought us all here to talk about. See, Junior Keeling felt like quite the big man around town a few weeks ago when Team HOSS, through what can only be described as shenanigans of the worst kind, managed to screw over my buddy Frank and maneuver Angel Trinidad toward the biggest win of his DEFIANCE career. **Frank Holiday:** SHENANIGANS, bro! **Billy Pepper:** But Mr. Superagent wasn't looking too goddamn pleased with himself last week, was he? We all know why! Because he sent his biggest, baddest weapon -- Capital Punishment -- into battle against the smallest guy on our side -- Diego de Leon -- in what he thought was going to be the mother of all squash matches, and what happened? Diego slayed the giant, right there, in the middle of that ring! [Even the typically low-key Diego can't help puffing up his chest a little bit, flexing lean, shining muscles, at the retelling of his triumphant performance. Frank and Jimmie give him comradely slaps on the back.] **Billy Pepper:** What this proves, ladies and gentlemen, is what we've been saying all along: Team HOSS are a hell of a team. A hell of a team. Possibly one of the very best. But once you split that nest of douches apart, what you've got left are three bad eggs who are vulnerable on their own. Junior Keeling knows this. Angel Trinidad knows it. Capital Punishment knows it. Even Aleczander the Great knows it. And tonight, the man who puts the Tex in TexMex Holiday -- our own Jimmie Rix -- is going to prove it once and for all, when he demolishes Manchester's Douchiest and wins this series for the good guys. [Behind Billy, "The Southern Sling" rubs his hands together in anticipation and shows a hungry grin.] **Billy Pepper:** And when that happens, Junior, we get to decide the stip for our upcoming rematch on PPV. We already know what we want. We're not content to let things end with one wonky pinfall and done. Oh, no. We're out to dismantle your unbeatable team, one asshole at a time. And we want you, and the rest of DEFIANCE, to watch us do it. [Billy Pepper flashes his whitest, brightest smile, almost giddy. The others -- Frank Holiday, Diego de Leon, and Jimmie Rix -- can't contain their overflowing confidence.] **Billy Pepper:** And that's why, after we win tonight -- and we will win, Keeling -- our trios showdown is going to be fought under Elimination Rules. We're going to beat you... ALL of you. We will take you down, one by one. You will see Team HOSS dwindle from three... to two... to one. To none. And at the end of that night, you will have no choice but to admit: You fucked with the wrong mofos, dickhead! [Pepper extends his arm, mic held sideways, and lets it drop with a crash of static. The quartet disperse and walk out of frame.] [A second later, Frank Holiday dives back in front of the camera and throws the devil's horns.] **Frank Holiday:** TEXMEX HOLIDAY, OUT!

Henry Keyes vs Jonny Booya

DDK:

It looks like TexMex Holiday is ready to settle for good against Team-

Angus:

The HOSStile Order of Strong Soldiers!

DDK:

I suppose. In our upcoming bout, we've got Henry Keyes with a big task ahead of him as he takes on veteran and all around thug for the Truly Untouchables, Jonny Booya.

Angus:

Henry wants to fight the good fight, good. He wants to hurt that big chinned no-neck fuck Booya, even better.



[“Airship Pirate” by Abney Park blasts out from the speakers as red lights flash through the arena. A red-goggled man with a leather brace and a wild grin marches down the ramp with something in between a haunch and a strut.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...HENRYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

I've been dying to get your opinion, Angus...we've seen Henry Keyes for a few weeks now. We've seen him topple a colossus of a man in Luke Windham. We've seen him confront our Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn, a handful of times - and in last week's match, Penn had to use every damn dirty trick in the BOOK to put him away. He's unorthodox, he's eccentric, he's got a unique style - the world wants to know, what is your opinion of the man they call The Airship Pirate?

Angus:

It's tricky. I don't WANT to like him. He's a goddamn hothead, first and foremost, and I STILL don't understand how shit like those Bell Claps are so damn effective...he's CERTAINLY not THE COOL, he's no Black Jesus, and I KNOW he's not the kind of guy who'd hit the damn down like a two dollar hooker with my boys in the ACX...but there's just something there, and I can't quite explain it. I'm conflicted. I don't like that.

DDK:

Conflicted? You?? Well regardless, there's no doubt he's making an impression here - he and Stockton Pyre made an appearance earlier tonight, and from the little we know of Keyes, you know he's not the kind of man to back down from the challenge Penn's thrown his way!

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

[“Funky Shit” by Era cuts in. Greek swears and boos echo throughout the arena, as an all-too- familiar face with another man's shades walks down the ramp.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent...from CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA...weighing in at TWO hundred SEVENTY-one pounds...JONNNYYYYY BOOOOOOOOYAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Ask me that question again.

DDK:

Your thoughts on Keyes?

Angus:

I want him to fuck up Jonny Booya SO BAD.

DDK:

Referee Carla Ferrari, no stranger to Henry Keyes over the last few weeks, signals for the bell and we're off! Booya with a chuckle and putting up those massive fists in a boxing stance, Keyes - look at him, the old-school bare-knuckle brawl pose! A staredown here!

[A few circles around and Booya throws the first right hook, ducked under by Keyes who follows up with two quick jabs. Booya quickly throws another powerful right hook, ducked by Keyes who follows with a left elbow smash and a right European Uppercut, staggering Booya.]

DDK:

It looks like Keyes knows a thing or two about countering the striking game!

Angus:

GOOD.

[Booya shakes the cobwebs and flashes a scowl, pump-faking another right cross, forcing Keyes to duck, and Booya follows it up with a powerful shot to the gut. He grabs Keyes and sends him backwards with a vicious headbutt, followed by a second. Keyes, now on the ropes, attempts to cover up from a barrage of strikes by Booya with only marginal success. Booya backs up after Ferrari admonishes him, and charges in with a big clothesline, sending Keyes over the top rope.]

DDK:

YIKES! Keyes spills out into the crowd - fortunately there's no repeat of Amsterdam, the crowd got out of the way this time!

Angus:

If we'd had more wrestlers crashing into more fans I don't know what I'd do. The crowd looks to be egging on Henry to get back in there, and you know, I'm with them right now - KEYES! HIT HIM!

DDK:

Keyes back into the ring now, sidesteps an uppercut from Booya! Running into the ropes - HUUUUUUUUGE spinning back elbow from Keyes, and I can't believe he didn't knock out a tooth there!

Angus:

HARDER!

DDK:

Try to contain yourself.

Angus:

No.

[Keyes grabs the stunned Booya and sends him into the ropes. On the bounceback, Keyes lets out a loud HRRRAHHHHHHH, spinning Booya in a Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! A cover leads to a two count from Ferrari. Keyes pulls up Booya and goes to work with an extended series of sharp European Uppercuts, which for the first time in Keyes' career, leads to the crowd clapping along with each uppercut.]

SMACK CLAP!**SMACK CLAP!****SMACK CLAP!****SMACKCLAPSMACKCLAPSMACKCLAPSMACKCLAPSMACKCLAPSMACKCLAP**

[An uppercut-weary Keyes steps back and raises a gear-market arm in the air, a slightly confused look on his face at the reaction to his strikes. Shrugging and smiling, he hooks Booya up and tosses him across the ring with an Exploder Suplex!]

1!

2!

3AWWWWWW

DDK:

What a flurry of offense there from Henry Keyes! And he's not stopping here - he's got Booya rolled onto his belly, and he's going for that Full Nelson submission hold he loves so much!

Angus:

I am becoming more and more a fan of this guy the more times he hits that sonofabitch in the mouth, but I'm getting antsy that Jonny's still in this. TAP HIM OUT!

[Booya struggles mightily to prevent himself from getting caught in the hold, and in the struggle he catches Keyes hard in the nose with an elbow. Keyes backs off and Booya starts to regain his composure. Keyes goes for a lockup, which is immediately countered into a snap powerslam! A swift cover leads to a count of one and a half. Booya stomps mudholes into Keyes' guts, leading to more boos from the Greeks in attendance. Booya stands Keyes up and locks in a Full Nelson of his own, laughing all the while and shouting something right in Keyes' ear!]

DDK:

Lest we forget, Keyes isn't the only one with a mean Full Nelson! He's got it cinched hard - wait a minute! Keyes backing up with all the momentum he can - RIGHT into the turnbuckles! But Booya isn't letting go! Keyes backs up again, a SECOND shot into the turnbuckles, and Booya relinquishes the hold! Keyes gets some space, then charges - BOOYA EXPLODES OUT WITH A JUMPING CALF KICK! Here's the cover! One TWOOOOOand oh man, Keyes almost got KO'd with that one! That was a HELL of a stiff shot! Keyes is getting up though, he's determined as ever!

Angus:

This is what I was talking about earlier. Keyes just doesn't ever ever ever quit, and that's just one of those "yay he's a face" things that usually makes me want to puke, but I don't know - he's doing it differently than most guys. He's not "feeding off the Defiance universe", he's not "digging down deep" - he's just a goddamn Roomba who just autopilots his way into these fucking guys across the ring. I don't know what to think about it. ESPECIALLY because the guy he's facing is just every ounce of prick.

[Keyes catches Booya off-guard; Booya wasn't expecting Keyes to charge at him so soon after that calf kick leveled

him. Several straight elbow shots to the grill later, Keyes bends at the hips once again and lets out another guttural HRRRRRAHHHH!, tossing Booya into the air!]

DDK:

HOW DID HE - OHHHH MY!

Angus:

ATTA BOY HENRY!

DDK:

Keyes just HURLED Booya straight up in the air and caught him on the way down with a big-time European Uppercut! He drapes the arm over his chest!

1!

2!

3-KICKOUT! Booya gets the shoulder up! Keyes couldn't hook the leg there, it looks like throwing a man Booya's size took a lot of gas out of the tank!

[Both men lying on the ground, chests visibly expanding and contracting in rapid succession. The crowd is getting a bit raucous in their support of Keyes, especially after the elevated European Uppercut. Keyes stirs, then Booya. Booya gets into a groggy boxing pose, and Keyes charges forward, striking with a Bell Clap.]

DDK:

Your. Favorite. MOVE!

Angus:

It's...I have no words. IT'S SOME SHERLOCK HOLMES BULLSHIT.

DDK:

Keyes isn't letting up, he's got Booya locked up and it looks like he's going for another suplex here - Booya blocks it! Another attempt by Keyes - FALLAWAY SLAM BY BOOYA!! What a counter! Crawling over for the cover!

1!

2!

NO! Keyes with the shoulder up, and Booya just SLAMMED his hamhock mitt into the ground! Booya better be careful, he's getting in the grill of referee Carla Ferrari!

[Carla Ferrari has none of it and barks at Booya to back off, which is met with a sneer. Booya turns around, only to see Keyes in the oldschool bareknuckle brawler pose from the beginning of the match. Sweat visibly dripping down to the mat, his bizarre haircut a mess, he motions with his hands for Booya to bring it; Booya snarls and gets into a boxer pose, inching forward.]

DDK:

This match has turned on a dime a few times now, both men having the upper hand at various points but no one -

[Music.]

[All too familiar music.]

[Maybe the best music.]

Angus:

...OH MY GOD.

♪ I'm the one your momma warned you about ♪
♪ When you see me, I will leave you no doubt ♪
♪ I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth ♪
♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪
♪ I am the COOL. ♪

DDK:

Could this be??

Angus:

COOL. MOTHERFUCKING. CANCER. JILES. HE'S BACK! HE'S BACK!!!

DDK:

Booya's staring down the entrance ramp wide-eyed, jaw-dropped, and he looks like he just got caught with the neighbor's daughter! No one thought Jiles would be back by now!

Angus:

....

.....WHERE IS HE??

DDK:

The music's still going, still no sign of - WAIT A MINUTE! Keyes with a roll up here, he's going to steal one here!

1!

2!

3-

NO! Two and a half! WAIT! Jonny Booya! Jonny Booya! He's got his Trapped Under Ice submission locked in here! Keyes just went from a split second away from victory to an extremely precarious position here!

Angus:

Are you telling me he's not coming out?? WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S ME! YOUR BUDDY ANGUS! JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY! COME ON, MAN!

DDK:

Booya's got the submission hold locked in on Keyes here, and he's got his eyes LOCKED on the entrance ramp as the music still rolls throughout the arena!

[The mics pick up Booya's rabid screams: "COME GET IT, CANCER! COME GET IT! I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU!". Meanwhile, Booya breathes heavily, eyes darting to his left and right as he tries to gauge whether Jiles is sneaking up on him. With his attention not fully focused on the hold, Keyes eventually finds momentum and rolls his way to the edge of the ring, tangling both he and Booya in the ropes. Carla counts to 4 before Booya releases the hold, still darting his eyes all around the ring as the music finally fades.]

Angus:

Well I'm PISSED. You don't tug at a man's heartstrings like that!

DDK:

Think about it for a second, Ang.

Angus:
WHAT.

DDK:
Do you think this might just be a message to Jonny Booya from Cancer Jiles? A warning for the future?

Angus:
.....that would be the BEEEEEST!

[Keyes slowly gets up, unsteady from the rolling butterfly stretch he was just placed in. Booya, enraged, throws a series of hard right haymakers that connect with Keyes, one right after another. He reaches deep and throws a BIG shot that drops Keyes to one knee, before Booya charges towards a turnbuckle, adrenaline pumped, preparing for his patented top rope shoulder block.]

[He doesn't notice that Keyes is sprinting two steps behind him.]

DDK:
CLOCKWORK! CLOCKWORK! Henry Keyes with the Avalanche Belly-to-Belly, and Booya is seeing stars! Here's the cover!

1!

2!

3!

DINGDINGDING

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEAHHHHHHH!!!

Quimbey:
HERE is your winner, by pinfall - HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEYES!

[The crowd erupts in cheers as Keyes holds his right arm up in victory, clutching his left arm to his body.]

DDK:
What a victory for Henry Keyes! Just when things looked like they were about to come crashing and burning for Defiance's resident Airship Pirate, he just keeps charging forward and it pays off here!

Angus:
SUCK IT JONNY FUBAR! SUCK. IT.

DDK:
My broadcast partner may need a moment to collect himself. Let's go backstage.

Disrespectful Heathens

[There is a grin on Curtis Penn's face that stretches from ear to ear, never have we seen this man so jovial and around his waist rests the good ol' stars and bars Southern Heritage Championship.]

Penn:

Just moments ago every one of you witnessed me placing a whooping on Frank James, a beatin' that even his good ol' dad would have been proud of. And if I wanted to waste my time a little longer I could have beaten the stupid outta that oaf. But something happened during our match that left me a little pissed.

[His smile fades away.]

Penn:

Henry Keyes and Stockton Pyre took away my god given rite for a break during my match. They might not be used to wrestling at the caliber that I wrestle, they're still young in the game, but every once in a while you need to take a step back and use your time out. I backed out of the ring while FDJ was consulting with the ref about something being in his eye and all of a sudden they blindsided me and threw me back into the ring with FDJ while I was trying to take a breather. That could have cost me my title!

[He pauses.]

Penn:

Those two arrogant heathens decided to jump me and ever since they walked into Defiance they've acted like they are allowed to make their own matches. Have their way in the locker room ... stalking people, toeing up to the veterans, and interrupting people's matches. It's high time those two are taught a lesson.

[He strokes his beard with his left hand and grins.]

Penn:

So I voiced my opinion to Eric Dane. I told him that these two assholes need to be taught a lesson in respect and humility. And he agrees! Next week you two fuckers have a chance to see which one of you is the better man and to see who has the skills to step in between the ropes and stand toe to toe, man to man with Curtis Penn. No more creeping up behind me. No more bum rushing me in the locker room or during my matches. Now it's time to put up or shut up.

[He snorts.]

Penn:

And I'm going to get the chance to show one of you, the better one of you, that you have no fucking chance in the ring with me. That you have no fucking chance in beating me and ya'll aren't good enough to fuck with me.

[He pauses.]

Penn:

Ya'll wanna try and make your names off of me, um, fuck you.

[Fade.]

Angus:

God I can't stand that guy.

Under lock and key

[Walking through the halls, the crowd cheers at the sight of one of the three members of TexMex Holiday – “The Southern Sling” Jimmie Rix making his way through the halls. Tonight was crunch time between Team HOSS and TexMex Holiday in their best-of-three series. Frank Holiday lost to Angel Trinidad two shows ago, but Diego de Leon evened up the score with a come-from-behind victory over Capital Punishment. Now Jimmie Rix takes on The Mancunian Muscle Aleczander The Great.] **Voice:** Rix? Jimmie Rix, can I get a word? **Rix:** Sure, friend, what can I do for ya? [The voice belongs to Lance Warner and Jimmie stops in his tracks to give the interviewer a few impromptu words before his big match later tonight.] **Lance Warner:** Jimmie Rix, later tonight, you are going one-on-one with Aleczander The Great in the final leg of the three-match series between you and Team HOSS. And to make matters even more important, you and Aleczander have wrestled once before in Japan where he got the duke. So with that in mind, what do you have to say going into your match later today? **Jimmie Rix:** I’ll hand it ta them HOSS pricks... they know how ta exploit them numbers, don’t they? Yeah... old Alec got my number last time, but I’m not messin’ ‘round this time. Now, the chips are down, but for what they’ve done ta me, Frankie and Diego, they... OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH! [The sound is Junior Keeling laughing right behind him as Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment, and his opponent for later tonight, Aleczander The Great, jump on him all at one time! The three men lay a beatdown on Jimmie and barrages of fists and kicks find their way to various parts of Rix’s anatomy.] **Keeling:** FUCK HIM UP, YOU HEAR ME? FUCK HIM UP! WE’RE MAKING EXAMPLES TONIGHT! [When Cappy is the first to move, he buries a fist right into the Southern Sling’s gut! Rix continues to fight back and even lands a good kick to Angel’s face as he tries to pick him up off the ground only for Aleczander to fire back with a big right cross to his jaw. The three-on-one assault continues until Junior stands over Rix.] **Keeling:** Get this piece of shit up! Now! [Angel and Cappy each get Rix up by each arm while an arrogant Aleczander stood by to look his opponent dead in the eye. He grabs Rix by the face and starts to laugh at his predicament when Rix spits in his face!] **Aleczander:** You’re gonna do nothin’, mate! You’re gonna sit the fuck back here and do nothin’! **Angel:** Locker? **Aleczander:** Yeah, lock that wanker up! [Cappy nods and he and Angel throw Jimmie Rix’s body right into one of the empty locker rooms with a big thud! He hits the ground hard as the crowd watching in the arena continues booing at what’s transpiring. Angel takes the door and shuts it behind him while Cappy takes a chain and locks together the door handles. Aleczander and Junior share a laugh at their sneak attack.] **Keeling:** Good luck making it out there, asshole! This match was as good as ours anyway! **Aleczander:** Mate, I’d have crushed you in five minutes flat, you stupid tit! [The two men share an even bigger laugh and walk down the hallway just moments before their match is scheduled to begin. Capital Punishment takes one look at the door and shrugs to himself before he too starts to follow suit. The Rookie Monster is the last one behind and glances at the door before slamming a massive paw on the wall.] **Angel:** HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! [With one more hearty laugh, the giant man-child of Team HOSS walks away as Lance Warner starts to call down the hall for help to aid the fallen Southern Sling.]

Jimmie Rix vs Aleczander

DDK: I would say that I can't believe Team HOSS would stoop that low, but... well, we've come to know these them since our Japan tour and the fact that they jumped Jimmie Rix isn't shocking. Reprehensible, though, that's another story. **Angus:** You ever seen The HOSSfather? You mention their names and bodies disappear! Sucks to be Jimmie! **DDK:** Well, I guess we're gonna have a match, but what condition will Rix be in? And he got locked in one of the locker rooms back there? Is he even out of there? Well, Quimbey is about to get to our intros! **DQ:** The following is the third and final match in the series between Team HOSS and TexMex Holiday and it will be scheduled for one fall! The winning representative for his team will allow them to pick the stipulation for their trios rematch in two weeks! ["We Are Rockstars" by Does It Offend You, Yeah? Plays and IMMEDIATELY, the crowd starts to boo the appearance at the top of the ramp for Team HOSS's strongman... yes, there can be a strongman among three beastly men. Deal with it. The Big Brit makes his way down to the ring arrogantly, proud of throwing Jimmie Rix in a locker room backstage. Junior Keeling is at his side and looks smug as can be as his client starts to flex in tune with the music. He looks extra oiled up for the occasion tonight and treated himself to an extra coat to make his muscles really shine.] **Angus:** Shiny. **DDK:** By far, Aleczander is the most power-hungry of this trio as we've gotten to know them more individually. He and Junior could be separated at birth, were it not for Aleczander having muscles and Junior being a degenerate. [Aleczander stands on the second rope and flexes his muscles before he jumps off to flex his muscles in the ring. To make matters worse, he has beaten Jimmie before in Japan and looks confident as ever. In fact, confident is his default face. Junior grabs a microphone and has a shit-eating grin plastered on his face.] **Keeling:** And coming to the ring, hailing from right off the turnip truck in some Podunk hellhole, weighing in at one exact bag of horse shit... JIMMIE RIX! ["Ghost Rides in the Sky" by the Ghost Rider Orchestra plays and the fans turn their heads. They wait for the Southern Sling to come out... Nothing.] **Keeling:** Come on, pardner! Let's do this! You wanted to fight... y'all! [The music continues to play and Junior Keeling looks rather impatiently... and by impatiently, I mean that he's being a dick and patting Aleczander The Great on his shoulder. They look over to referee Hector Navarro who just shakes his head with a little bit of contempt.] **Keeling:** Oh, well, guess we win this by forfeit and we'll be choosing a street fight for this match so we can get rid of the other fucking weeds called... well, Mex Holiday, I guess. Do your job, asshole. [Hector nods and starts to count. There has been no update on the condition of Jimmie Rix or if anybody has come to his aid by now, which leaves this match in dire straits for the budding TexMex Holiday members.] **Navarro** ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FIVE... SIX... **Keeling:** SEVENEIGHTNINETEN, HURRY UP! **Navarro:** SEVEN... EIGHT... NINE... ["How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy. The music plays and the crowd starts to go nuts for the appearance of another TexMex Holiday member, Frank Holiday! Junior Keeling is about ready to explode and Aleczander looks pissed-off for this setback.] **DDK:** Wait! Here comes Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper! They've had enough of this farce! **Angus:** No! You had your chance and you lost, asshole! This series is over! [Sprinting the distance from the curtain to the ring in record time, Holiday shoots through the ropes and plants himself right in front of the disbelieving Aleczander. So fast was he that his manager, Billy Pepper, bringing up the rear, is only halfway down the ramp by the time Holiday and the Mancunian Muscle are staring each other down nose to nose. Holiday reaches a hand out to one side and wiggles his fingers -- a moment later, a microphone appears in his palm, deftly tossed by a stagehand.] **Frank Holiday:** Not so fast, Agents of DOUCHE! You think you're gonna do this the easy way, gang up on my bro Jimmie like a pack of hyenas, beat him down so he can't fight? I say NUH-UH, dudes! There is gonna be a match here tonight, whether you like it or not! And you're going to face... ME! [An approving roar from the crowd drowns out a stream of vulgarity from the mouth of Junior Keeling. Aleczander backtracks to his corner, fuming, head turned toward his manager and mouthing that this isn't right. Despite his undisguised anger, Junior is trying to reassure him.] **Keeling:** Don't worry about it, you can take him. This changes nothing. Do what you do best and fuck this asshole up. [Meanwhile, Holiday tosses the mic out of the ring and goes to



the opposite corner where he and Billy Pepper have a last-second strategy meeting.]



DDK: Here we go! Frank Holiday is going to stick up for his friend!

He's got Billy Pepper in his corner while Aleczander has Junior Keeling so this has to be a fair fight. **Angus:** Bullshit, they were prepared for Rix, not for this goofy-ass. **DDK:** If Team HOSS were half as good as they all think they are, that shouldn't matter. But that withstanding, Aleczander may be pound-for-pound the strongest member of the group! Frank will still have his hands full! [The match starts with the two powerhouses for each side coming face to face as the crowd in Athens starts to cheer on the side of Frank Holiday. The two men start coming face to face when Aleczander goes low and delivers a boot right to the gut of Holiday. Aleczander the Great blasts the Train Wreck with a volley of fists and backs him right up to the corner!] **DDK:** All-out assault to start here by Aleczander! There's gotta be some urgency on both sides tonight! This is gonna make or break either team getting the advantage for their trios rematch. [The Big Brit goes low and delivers a pair of swift knees to the chest of Frank Holiday as Billy Pepper looks on with a hint of worry. With Frank stunned in the middle of the ring, Aleczander runs off the ropes to deliver something big only to get NAILED with a big Back Elbow to the face by Holiday! Frank is on fire now and waits for the big muscleman to stand. When he does, he gets blasted with another elbow and whipped to the ropes where a stiff Running Lariat knocks him down! He follows that up with a Leg Drop!] [ONE... TWO... NO!] **Angus:** You cheater! This match should not happen! This result should not stand! **DDK:** Keeling and Aleczander accepted! It's too late! [Frank continues to take the fight to the Mancunian Muscle as he fires off a couple more right hands and even a headbutt of all things in order to disorient the HOSS member. Junior Keeling is close by on the outside, freaking out in a hysterical fashion as Holiday backs Aleczander towards the corner. He tries to whip Aleczander only for The Big Brit to turn the tables and launch him into the corner. He charges and when Frank gets both boots up... no! Aleczander catches him and throws him between the second rope before DRIVING Frank down hard over his knee with a modified Rope Hung Backbreaker!] **DDK:** Like him or hate him, that was a good move, but can Aleczander put him away? [ONE... TWO... NO!] [Aleczander the Great goes after the fallen Train Wreck and blasts him with a vicious volley of right hands. Aleczander is coming off more aggressive than he normally is tonight, partly knowing their plans were ruined and part that there's urgency in this match to get the win for their side. Navarro warns the Big Brit to back off and he does, not wanting to risk a disqualification.] [Team HOSS's strongman picks him up and connects with a rather stiff European Uppercut that sends Frank Holiday staggering backwards to the ropes. When he stumbles forwards again, Aleczander grabs him and drops him with a powerful Scoop Slam. The Big Brit starts to get a little arrogant and jumps to the second rope. He flexes his bicep and flies off, connecting with a hard Second Rope Elbow Drop!] **Angus:** That's it, make it 2-0 against Frank Holiday, HOSS! **DDK:** Are they still paying you to hock their wares? **Angus:** YestheyareGOHOSS! [ONE... TWO.... THR-NO!] [Billy Pepper is on the outside still slapping the ring apron while the close-quarters crowd is going nuts for the action. Aleczander The Great pulls him off the mat and another series of European Uppercuts under the chin send him faltering backwards into the corner. Aleczander then buries several Shoulder Thrusts into the chest of Frank Holiday, trying to wear out the unstable superstar. With a big grin on his face, Aleczander smiles as he takes a second to THROW Frank across the ring with another whip that has some STANK on it! Holiday gets driven HARD into the opposite corner and collapses to his knees.] **Keeling:** Finish that funny little fuck! **Pepper:** Kick his ass, Frank! Come on! [Aleczander picks Frank up off the mat and drops

him across the knee with a Rib Breaker! With incredible strength, he holds him again and repeats the Rib Breaker a second time, making Holiday howl in pain. Holiday is almost his equal in the ring in terms of size, but Aleczander amazingly ragdolls him to his feet only to slap on a tight Bearhug.] **Angus:** Ha! He's gonna do what Hollywood never could and break this stuntshow retard in half! **DDK:** Very sound strategy by Aleczander who has almost dominated this match from the outset. But Frank! Look, he's fighting back! [His back has been fucked up like Aleczander was doing a Rick Rude impression, but The Train Wreck hears the crowd and he fights back against the narcissistic Brit with a pair of Ear Boxes. He frees himself after a third one and goes back to a pair of nice Headbutts to his pretty face. Frank looks a little bit woozy, but he feeds off the cheering fans as he fires back. Aleczander comes back swinging when Frank catches him with a boot to the head followed by a nice-looking Belly to Back Suplex! Frank slapped a fist into the mat, still gritting his teeth in pain after the beating he's taken, but he crawls over...] [ONE... TWO... NO!]

Angus: Just go away already! Get this bum out of here! **DDK:** What do you hate about Frank Holiday so much anyway? **Angus:** Other than him thinking that he's some derelict who can just come here and wrestle against stars the caliber of Team HOSSwhoareinnowaypayingmestill.... Nothing! [Holiday throws up the devil horns for the crowd and starts trying to power up Aleczander in the Fireman's Carry for the Train Wreck only for the Big Brit to elbow him in the face until he lets go. Aleczander does his turn and lifts him up in the Backbreaker Rack position before spinning around...] [Five seconds...] [Ten seconds...] [TWENTY SECONDS!] **Angus:** HOSS TOSS! This mofo is done! **DDK:** That is incredible strength! Downright scary right there! Aleczander has this! [ONE... TWO... THRE- NO!]

Aleczander: YOU FUCKING WANKER! THREE! THREE! THREE! [Keeling is ready to explode while Billy Pepper bites his lip. He cheers on his friend and charge while The Superagent Junior Keeling is having a near meltdown at what's happening. With a bit of labored breathing, Aleczander picks up Holiday off the mat and whips him off to the corner... only for Holiday to change direction and shoot to the ropes instead, rebounding at speed to surprise Aleczander -- who gets nearly broken in half with a SPEAR! The crowd explodes as Frank falls over while Aleczander is on the canvas, holding his ribs in pain from the impactful power move.] **DDK:** Holiday has an opening now! Can he capitalize on it? **Angus:** Nope, Aleczander's gonna snuff him out! Just you wait! [Frank Holiday is the first man up and Aleczander uses the ropes to get back to his feet. Once he has recovered, he tries to come right at Frank Holiday only to have his punch blocked and get blasted with one from Holiday. He rinses and repeats again, nailing Aleczander right in the temple. Not one, not two, but three more finally back Aleczander into the ropes. He sends the Big Brit across the ring and when he fights back, he gets nailed with a nice Russian Legsweep! When he's taken down, Frank gets some momentum off the ropes and heads to the top... FLYING BODY PRESS! HE STAYS ON FOR THE COVER...] [ONE... TWO... THR... NO!]

DDK: These fans are really into this match and such a close one only for Aleczander to kick out! He has a whole lot of fight in him! **Angus:** This imbecile is just throwing shit against a wall to see what sticks! That's all he does in the ring! **DDK:** He's a very capable powerbrawler in that ring and he has Aleczander on the ropes. [Frank Holiday sends him out to the corner and slaps his hands rhythmically to get the crowd into a clapping frenzy. He charges into the corner and pancakes Aleczander with a nice Corner Splash. When he's sure he can do so, Holiday gets a head of steam, runs off the ropes and charges back for another attack--]

Angus: SHOT AT LOVE! HAHAAHAHAHAHA SUCK IT TEXMEXCHEXMIX! **DDK:** Out of NOWHERE! Aleczander lands the Running Shoulder Tackle of his own! Holiday is out! [The Big Brit crawls over and wastes no time in trying to finish things up. There's no way that Frank Holiday is going to kick out of this... ONE... TWO.... THREE- NO! The crowd goes nuts and it's so close that the referee was close to calling for the bell before he waves off the decision. Frank kicks out and he's down, but he's still alive. Pepper has a big smile on his face that his friend is still cheering, but Junior Keeling is about ready to blow a gasket.] **DDK:** Fantastic knockout by Frank Holiday! He's been taking whatever Aleczander is throwing at him and surviving. **Angus:** He's a retard and takes a while to feel pain! The cumulative effect will kill him dead any minute now! [An irate Aleczander barks and screams at the referee with many of his cultural slurs including calling the referee a ponce, a wanker, and something called a wizzle-wuzzle... he might have called him a pussy, too. Aleczander stands over Frank Holiday from behind and waits for him to turn around. Frank is standing on spaghetti legs when Aleczander rears back...] **Angus:** Time for Aleczander Wins The Match! [He tries for the big Whipping Spinebuster, but Holiday elbows his way out of his grip and then grabs him with the Fireman's Carry...] **DDK:** TRAIN WRECK! HOLIDAY STOPS ALEczander AND LANDS THE TRAIN WRECK! HE GOES RIGHT INTO THE PIN! [ONE! TWO! THREE!] [Keeling's jaw nearly sinks to the floor when he sees the result! There's no way, no how that this just happened, but Frank Holiday landed his Fireman's Carry right into the Front Powerslam and just won TexMex Holiday the right to pick the stipulation for their Trios Rematch!]

DQ: HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... FRRRRRAAAAAANKKKKKK
HOLLLLLIIIIIIIDDDDDDDAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY! [Billy Pepper runs into the ring and starts to celebrate with his friend. This match was more of a sprint than a marathon, but the two men threw everything at one another only for Frank Holiday to survive and land the finishing blow that secures the big win that TexMex Holiday have been looking for in

for their war against Team HOSS.] **Angus:** This isn't fair! They were prepared for Jimmie Rix, not this moron! This is an injustice! **DDK:** They accepted the match! Aleczander lost and Team HOSS are at a disadvantage in their rematch. Face it, the better team won! [The crowd continues to celebrate with Holiday and Pepper as they start to play for the fans. Junior Keeling is now beside himself and is blowing a fucking gasket now that this best of three series has been lost to his group... however...] **Crowd:**
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [...and suddenly, things are looking up for Junior Keeling after all. It could be because Holiday didn't see Capital Punishment or the violent Big Boot coming his way. Cappy jumps right on Frank Holiday and before Billy Pepper can intervene, Junior Keeling rushes the ring and knocks him aside. Despite the big monster jumping him from behind, Frank is trying his best to block each oncoming punch all the while, Aleczander is still laid out in the corner.] **DDK:** This is how these monsters operate. Especially when things don't go their way, they just jump all over anything that moves. **Angus:** Survival of the HOSSEst, Keebler! They're separating the beasts from the bitches! [The crowd continues to cheer as Diego de Leon and a limping Jimmie Rix rush from the back, with both men looking like they're ready to dance. Diego slides into the ring to the aid of Frank Holiday and picks up where he left off against Capital Punishment! Aleczander tries to intervene only for Jimmie Rix to get him some. He jumps on the groggy Aleczander in the corner and takes the fight right to him. It's bedlam and all that good stuff going on in the ring now.] **DDK:** They're all over the place now! Cappy has Diego in the corner and starts wailing on him. He hasn't forgotten about last week... wait, misses a punch! [Diego continues to stand against Capital Punishment and fights back, delivering sharp kicks to the leg as the crowd continues to cheer on the hard-hitting luchador.] **Crowd:** OLE! OLE! OLE! OLE! OLE!
O---OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH! **Angus:** HOSSPLOSION! [Before Diego can land his last kick, the biggest member of Team HOSS -- one Angel Trinidad -- came barreling down the aisle and mowed Diego down with a hell of an Exploding Shoulder Block! Angel and Cappy stand over Diego and the two men start to slam fists to get themselves revved up to deliver another beatdown. Frank tries to come to the aid of Diego and jumps on Angel, but Cappy sees him coming and SLAMS him nearly all the way through the mat, courtesy of the Death Penalty! And in the other side of the ring, Jimmie Rix is too busy raining down fists on Aleczander that he doesn't see Angel Trinidad sneak up behind him to deliver a vicious clubbing forearm to his back.] **Keeling:** WIPE THEM ALL OUT! FUCK HIM UP, COME ON! [The barking voice of Junior Keeling almost gives Aleczander a second wind and the Big Brit yanks Jimmie Rix off the canvas before drilling him with the move that he meant to hit on Frank Holiday during their match, the Aleczander Wins The Match!] **DDK:** Somebody needs to stop this now! **Angus:** You couldn't be more wrong. This is justice! TexMex Holiday made up their own rules and screwed Team HOSS out of a rightful win here, and Team HOSS is gettin' them some payback, bitch! **DDK:** Speaking of getting paid, I hope you can live with yourself being Junior Keeling's personal cheerleader... Wait a minute, what is this? [With the Superagent directing traffic, the three monstrous members of Team HOSS have dragged the unconscious Jimmie Rix and Frank Holiday to the edges of the ring. Now they are assembling in the middle of the ring, holding a groggy Diego de Leon on limp legs between them. Keeling goes to the ropes and demands a mic; once he has it, he stands up and addresses the booing crowd.] **Keeling:** Ladies and gentlemen, you have witnessed a travesty tonight. We had the match won, and then we saw it taken away from us, stolen by these unruly punks you see here. It's fuckin' Shakespearean. But we are, above all, men of honor, and we will honor the agreement we made with ExLax Hullabaloo. Billy Pepper, you want an Elimination Match? You've got it, my friend. And here's your first elimination. [He turns to his men and shouts, "Do it!"] [Immediately, Cappy and Aleczander hoist Diego high into the air, each under one arm, and lift him way, way up into Angel's arms. The Rookie Monster boosts the luchador even higher into an elevated powerbomb position!] **DDK:** No! Not this! **Angus:** OH YES! HERE IT COMES! [Diego tries to punch his way out of the powerbomb, laying closed fists into Angel's face. Cappy and Aleczander have other ideas as they return fire, clubbing the luchador in the back until he's too dazed and defenseless to put up a struggle. And then--] **WHAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMM!!!! Angus:** THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSSTORY OF OUR SPORT! Diego de Leon has been CRUSHED by that INCREDIBLE TRIPLE POWERBOMB! **DDK:** He fought his hardest but he was going nowhere but down! I don't know if he's alive or dead, but Diego's body BOUNCED on impact with the ring! He is lying there like a ragdoll, folks, and he is not moving! This is a heinous assault! [The members of Team HOSS celebrate with hands raised, smiling as Frank and Jimmy are out cold ringside and Diego lay motionless in the middle of the ring.] **DDK:** TexMex Holiday won a battle tonight, Angus, but Team HOSS may well have won the war just now. [Junior Keeling motions to the others and leads the way as they file out of the ring, as "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold play over a howl of boos and jeers. The HOSSome foursome turn on the ramp and survey the damage done, all looking satisfied with themselves. Meanwhile, the fallen Frank Holiday and Jimmie Rix are finally showing signs of life again, crawling toward their partner Diego.] **DDK:** The damage has been done! Diego looks to be out cold with that move. That assault! How can you condone this Angus? **Angus:** They had it coming, all of them! I've said that from the start!

[Frank is gently shaking Diego's shoulder, looking for a response from his unconscious friend.] **Frank Holiday:** Diego? Diego!? Say something, buddy! [Frank exchanges a look with Jimmie, who just shakes his head. Holiday gives a heavy sigh, sweeps his hand through his hair with a helpless expression. Then he sits up and looks toward the curtain, and crosses his forearms over his head in an ominous 'X' sign.] **DDK:** Holiday now calling for paramedics. Diego's hurt badly here. **Angus:** Look, I'm the most sympathetic person I know, but even I have to take an objective view of this and tell you honestly, Diego de Leon was bound to die in this ring sooner or later. I guess the wait is over! **DDK:** You sicken me, Angus. Seriously. **Angus:** Am I right or am I right? [A pair of uniformed paramedics are now wheeling a stretcher down the ramp toward the ring as Frank Holiday, Billy Pepper and Jimmie Rix watch on in concern.] **DDK:** Anyhow, folks, medical help has arrived, and we will keep you posted on the condition of Diego de Leon as we hear more. The question now is, what does this mean for the upcoming trios rematch between TexMex Holiday and Team HOSS in two weeks? Only time will tell. Not one more word from you, Angus. **Angus:** Dead.

ACX HQ

[DEFIANCE promo central.] [Garbed in emerald green sequins and a pair of dark sunglasses Don Hollywood stands front and center, microphone in hand. Baby oil and a banana hammock Rich Mahogany stands confidently to Dapper Donny's left. Pete Whealdon's wearing a pink headband low over his eyes, his thumbs hooked in the purple and blue mesh top he's barely wearing. The Angel City Express has the floor.] **Don:** *fart noises* Suck it jerks, we're still here. **Pete:** Like crabs. Or bed bugs. **Rich:** Sexy kick ass bed bugs. [Rich squirts a little baby oil on his chest hair, so much inappropriate... hairy rubbing.] **Don:** And it's eXXXpress, not Express... get it right or pay the price. So tonight we're up against Lisa what's her face and her two has beens? Funny how in a few short months we go from no worth hiring, so meaningless we were LEFT IN GODDAMN JAPAN! ... to being this company's favorite welcome waggon. No goddamn respect around here for the workin' man, that's what. Regular Joe's like us just trying to make a damn living in this business! [Hard cut to Mahogany picking chest hair off his oil soaked fingers then to Whealdon with his phone out watching what SOUNDS like a particularly raunchy porno.] **Don:** But you know what? No matter. It's all good. We'll take on the "friend's of Kai Scott / Old Line / Wrestle Coast Cascadia" super fun team amature hour. **Rich:** The Nepotism Express over here. **Pete:** You face a lot of upjumped "old buddies" when you choose to exist within the Dane-verse fella's, just a way of life. [Rich narrows his eyes at his tag team partner.] **Rich:** 'Aint that exactly what YOU are? **Pete:** Well... you too, jerk. **Rich:** Eric barely knows who I am! You've actually been employed here before... what? Three times? **Don:** ENOUGH. Shush. Silencio. It doesn't make any matter. Because we're gunna' go out there and do what we do better than ANYBODY on this roster. [All three ACX members smile and mug for the camera for a moment.] **Rich:** Fella's? Lets go make everyone really goddamn uncomfortable. What do ya' say? [Don runs his fingers through his bleach blond hair as Rich tosses a Hawaiian print shirt over his greasy body.] **Don:** Let's make it happen captain. [We start to fade out.] **Pete:** Good promo guys. **Rich:** Right? Totally nailed it. **Don:** KISS OUR BALL BAGS, AMERICA! [Cut back to ringside.]

Everyone Wants the Man No One Wants

[Locker room.]

[Henry Keyes, still in his wrestling gear. He has a towel over his shoulder and a few red marks of his battle with Jonny Booya on his ribs. He slowly stands, and then perks his ear.

He hears the faint tk-tk-tk-tk of keys on a keyboard.

Turning around, he spots Stockton Pyre, working on his latest behind-the-scenes journal.]

Keyes:

Stockton Pyre.

[Pyre looks up, slightly surprised to see Henry staring hard at him without blinking. He rises and approaches.]

Pyre:

Henry. Great job out there tonight - I've heard several people around here saying how that caught their eye.

Keyes:

I appreciate the sentiment, but listen - that's not why I want to talk to you. You and I need to sort some things out.

Pyre:

We do?

Keyes:

Amsterdam. Where where you?

Pyre:

Yes...about that. I was conflicted. I wrote all about it - I sympathized with your side of things, but I thought it was more important to be dispassionate. What I'm working on...it's important.

Keyes:

Oh, it's important? But taking down Curtis Penn, a self-righteous mound of garbage who ground your face into metal like it was a slab of meat, that's not important?

Pyre:

...I didn't mean it THAT way, I just -

Keyes:

Look. We're different. I get it. You've got your own way of handling business - I have mine. And I appreciate the fact that you went out there with me earlier tonight to keep that coward from fleeing his battles - but I need to know if I can really trust you.

Pyre:

That's a difficult thing to ask...what I'm learning so far about this industry is that rule number one is not to trust people. Which is hard, for me at least - I WANT to trust people, I WANT to help guys like you out who have heart and conviction, it's just - it's tricky.

Keyes:

Nothing tricky about it, friend. I'm as open and blatant about my intentions as you'll find on this earth, wrestling or no. So let me be direct with you here: Penn laid out the challenge. We're getting in his head, you and I - and he only wants one of us, because it's clear he can't handle the both of us at once. I'm going to be honest with you, Stockton - it can be me, it can be you, it can be the Queen of England for all I care...all I care about is for Curtis Penn to go down.

Pyre:

Well, I agree with the general principle...so what are you saying?

Keyes:

Let's you and I square off next show in that ring. Winner gets to destroy Curtis Penn.

Pyre:

...alright.

[Pyre extends his hand, and Keyes grasps his forearm in a Roman-style handshake, which temporarily confuses Pyre.]

Keyes:

Bring your best. Let the better man win. And by the way, I'll be rooting for you to take care of business tonight.

Pyre:

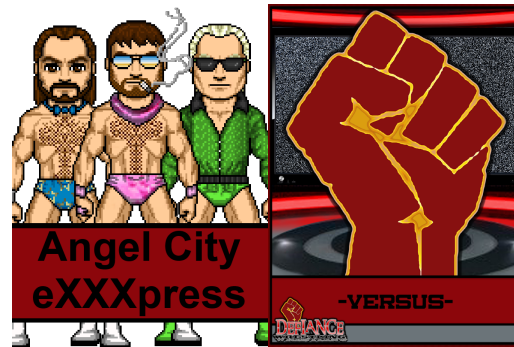
Thanks. Dusty Griffith is a steep mountain to climb, but I'm going to do my best.

Keyes:

Good man.

[Keyes slaps Pyre in the chest heartily before walking off. Pyre stares at Keyes for a moment before going to take down a few more notes.]

Angel City eXpress vs Lisa/YAZ/Stevens



[No idea why Darren Quimbey isn't doing ring introductions for this match, he just isn't, handle it. Rich Mahogany, Don Hollywood and Pete Whealdon all gyrate their way out in time to the Bloodhound Gang and "Bad Touch." As usual for the ACX, they're all freshly baby-oiled and their tights are too small. Mahogany and Whealdon stop to dance on the ramp.]

Angus:

Pretty sure the fans don't want to see that shit. Especially not from underneath.

[Hollywood had almost made it to the ring. Instead, he stops and heads back up the ramp to retrieve his tag team partners.]

DDK:

We don't have a clear idea of what the ACX are actually capable of, because they seem to love nothing better than taking nothing seriously and shooting themselves in the foot. Back in Amsterdam Hollywood lost to the Truly Untouchables in about 40 seconds because he thought Diane Parker was going to put out, while Whealdon and Mahogany ran around trying to find a distraction.

[With ACX finally in the ring, their music fades, and is replaced by the pounding guitars of "Pray For The Dead." Roger Stevens already looks infuriated as he storms to the ring. Lisa Loeh is next. Yoshikazu YAZ is last, and he spits a cloud of green mist into the air.]

[Lisa steps into the ring to start the match. Immediately, Rich and Pete start having the same stupid fight they did last week over who gets to wrestle her. This time Hollywood ignores them, steps around them and...points Lisa back to her corner?]

DDK:

Don Hollywood has just, for the first time in ACX history, opted to wrestle rather than engage in shenanigans, but is it a good idea?

[Yoshikazu YAZ jumps over the top rope and into the ring. Hollywood looks like he's thinking of backing off for a minute, then shakes his head.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Hollywood goes straight for the eyes at the bell! Ignoring referee Hector Navarro he drives YAZ back into the corner with everything he's got - hand in the eyeholes of the mask, hand under the throat, and once he's got YAZ here he kicks for all he's worth, stomping the masked wrestler in the stomach until he slumps down. Grabbing the top rope, Hollywood starts delivering the best bootscrapes he can come up with.]

DDK:

And look at Don Hollywood go! We've just seen more aggression from the ACX in the last 15 seconds than we've

seen in the entire rest of their run here in Defiance!

[Hector starts the count on Don, telling him to take it out of the corner. Don struts away, pushes Hector to the side, and adjusts his hair and laughs in the opposing team's corner, not noticing as YAZ pulls himself to his feet.]

[Hollywood turns around into an open hand slap that echoes around the arena and sends him stumbling. YAZ follows up with a jump spinning back kick that knocks him to the mat! Hollywood's up, right into some sort of ducking spinning back elbow into his ribcage, and he drops flat to the mat to avoid the shotei!]

[And single legs YAZ down to the mat from there!]

[YAZ brings his legs in to his chest and pushes back. Hollywood goes flying back into his own corner, and Pete Whealdon tags himself in.]

[Whealdon immediately GRABS THE HEADLOCK.]

DDK:

Whealdon slowing this one down, just as expected.

[The fans don't even wait to start chanting 'boring.' Which is actually exactly what Pete wants, though no one's really clear on why.]

[YAZ backs to the ropes and tries to use the momentum to push Whealdon loose. Whealdon grabs the hair and pulls himself to a stop, dragging YAZ to his knees. He rehooks the headlock, and YAZ immediately back suplexes him!]

[YAZ tags out to Lisa, who climbs to the top rope. He lifts Whealdon for a side slam, and Lisa comes off the top with a double knee drop to the chest right into a pin!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

[Lisa pulls Whealdon to his feet and hits a series of solid forearms to the face, but when she sets up a T-bone suplex, Whealdon knees her in the gut and... applies the headlock.]

BBBBBOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

These fans want action and Whealdon's stalling and dragging things out, and I think even his own corner's unhappy with him!

[Don at least is yelling for a tag, but Whealdon has that headlock sunk in. Then Lisa steps on the back of his knee, steps over his back to gain the leverage to break it, and hits a rolling fujiwara armbar!]

Angus:

Hey, I'm kinda impressed.

DDK:

We always knew Lisa could wrestle, she's a Wrestling Inferno graduate, but she's always been willing to do anything and everything to avoid having to. Hopefully her experience getting kicked out of the Truly Untouchables will inspire her, just like it seems to be doing. On the other hand - rope break by Whealdon!

[Whealdon gets the ropes. He shakes out his arm and tags out to Rich Mahogany.]

Angus:

Well, this'll be good, and by good I mean ridiculous. Anyway, you were saying Keebs?

DDK:

Lisa isn't known for being a 'good guy.' Neither is Roger Stevens, he slapped the taste out of Eric Dane's mouth on the final Cascadia show! And Yoshikazu YAZ worked for Elijah Goldman and ESEN. Is this niceness going to last past their business with the Truly Untouchables?

[Rich Mahogany has gotten down in a grappling crouch. Lisa looks suspicious and doesn't acknowledge the offering of the knuckle lock.]

Angus:

Who the hell knows? I mean, even I've got to admit I'd have been a little resentful of the guy who valued me under Easton fucking Hall. If Roger's going to - what the hell?!

[I have to explain this carefully.]

[Rich hit a single leg takedown on Lisa and shifted into a grounded headlock.]

[Not only that, but he didn't do it pervily (pervily is now a word), he did it right. He even remembered to use his chin to trap the forearm in the headlock.]

DDK:

That's a pinning combination!

ONE...!

[And Lisa's shoulder is already up. But if you weren't clear on the fact that something's up with Rich Mahogany, note this. Lisa brings her legs up to try and counter with a headscissor.]

[Rich ducks his head to avoid it.]

[This is Rich Mahogany we're talking about.]

DDK:

It feels like the twilight zone just saying it, but we're just seeing a competent grappling clinic. From Lisa Loeh and Rich Mahogany.

Angus:

What is this i don't even.

[Shit gets even crazier as Lisa knows the counter to a well-applied headlock, bridges up, gets leverage, and rolls Rich over her body almost into a pin - but Rich escapes, rolls through, gets side control and hooks the crossface headlock. Only now that he's actually wrestled right does he bother to cheat, and yanks her hair for... pretty much no reason.]

Navarro:

Watch the hair, Rich!

Mahogany:

She asked me to!

[Navarro is confused. Lisa stands up, elbows Rich hard, can't break the grip, holds onto his neck, swings her feet up in the air and then tosses him over her shoulder. And again Rich wrestles, hanging onto her arm and transitioning into a half nelson, a three quarter nelson, and then turns her! Lisa starts to counter, but again Rich goes for the hair.]

Navarro:

Break it Rich, you know better!

Mahogany:

But girls like it like this!

[And then, five people in the entire world fail to facepalm.]

[Three are the Angel City eXXXpress, one is Lisa.]

[The other is Roger Stevens, who immediately jumps the ropes, grabs Rich by his hair, throws him into his own corner and starts laying in the chops.]

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Angus:

I think Roger Stevens may just kill him!

[Hollywood tries to come to Mahogany's aid, but Lisa dropkicks his knee and then his ribs, sending Hollywood out under the bottom rope. YAZ runs down the apron, leaps to the top rope and dives down on Hollywood with a cross body!]

[Rich tries to slide out of the ring, but Stevens grabs him by the ankle, drags him back, chops him on the back of the head, throws him into the corner, and chops him right across the MOUTH. With the closeup you can even see Rich's pupils dilate as his gums are shredded from the chop and his own teeth.]

[And then Pete Whealdon jumps into the ring.]

[Whealdon ignores Lisa and drills Stevens with a savage thrust kick to the back of the head!]

Angus:

And now Pete's remembering he can actually do things?!

[Stevens falls flat on his face.]

[Whealdon immediately turns around on Lisa. Another old school Whealdon kick, this one a roundhouse, doubles her over and knocks her to her knees. Whealdon scoops her up in powerbomb position, backs to the ropes, he likes to use feet on the ropes leverage.]

[He stalls just long enough to shake his head, pantomiming cunnilingus.]

[Lisa reaches over his head and grabs the top rope, and the powerbomb doesn't work when Whealdon can't throw her forward.]

[Roger Stevens suddenly jumps up. Apparently he was actually knocked out by the kick, but having taken no other punishment, is already back up.]

[Stevens kicks Whealdon in the stomach. Lisa jumps over Whealdon's head instead of trying a frankensteiner, and Stevens is too pissed even to chop. He just grabs WHealdon's head and punches, punches, and Whealdon grabs Stevens under the neck and one arm and punches, and it looks like Stevens is getting the better of it until suddenly Pete does one of those MMA flips and both wrestlers spin through the air and land with Stevens on his back and

Whealdon in side control but Stevens still has a hand full of hair and is still punching!]

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

[Navarro tries to break them up. Both men ignore him. In fact, Whealdon pushes him to the side.]

[Then Lisa kicks Whealdon in the back of the head, Stevens flips him over and again starts with the punches, and Navarro throws his hands up and calls for the bell!]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

The former Fishman Deluxe has seen enough and he's calling security down to ringside!

[Big Wyatt Bronson is the first security guy to get there, and he gets personally in between Stevens and Whealdon. More DEFsec brutes flood the ring, dragging the two furious wrestlers apart.]

LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!

Angus:

YEAH! LET THEM FIGHT! I haven't seen Pete like this since he was kicking Curtis Penn in the face and backstabbing the Wifwah for Cascadia! I haven't seen Roger Stevens this mad since... well ok Stevens is usually this mad, but it's STILL AWESOME WHEN HE IS!

[There's even a medic out now, attending to Rich Mahogany's busted mouth. More security are breaking up the fight between YAZ and Hollywood that wasn't even caught by the cameras what with all the other stuff happening.]

DDK:

A match that we assumed was just going to be a credibility statement for Lisa's Team turned into a real wrestling match turned into a pull-apart brawl! We'll be right back while security gets this under control. Angus I know you want a fight, but with the Truly Untouchables and the Blood Diamonds and HNB all rampaging, I'm guessing Dane wanted this stopped before it gets started...

[Fade as Roger Stevens continues to scream invective at everything in a 50 foot radius.]

Troll Hard With A Vengeance

[The Halls of the Backstage.]

[Diane Parker is walking with her trios teammates, David Race and Leon Maddox, a towel in her hand as she's still a bit damp and sticky from Walker's soda attack earlier in the night. The trio arrive at their locker room and find the door slightly ajar. Race and Maddox head in first, and seeing what appears to be an arena repair crew, they turn back to Parker.]

Race:

It's just some guys doing maintainance.

[The three shrug indifferently, Race and Maddox decide to bail, saying something about gyro meat at the catering tables, because Greece. Parker opts to stay behind, wanting to wash away the annoying stickiness, which cues Race and Maddox to take off down the hall while she heads into the locker room, closing the door behind her.]

[It's then that we hear a somewhat familiar voice coming from behind her...that of "The HNIC" Sam Horry, who is putting on a little bit of gravel in his voice.]

Sam:

You know Diane, I heard you had a problem, so I had to take this uh...opportunity to stop by and lend a hand...

[Parker looks at him with a look of intent to kill, then horror as she sees most of the front of Sam's outfit is open...]

Sam:

In short, I'm here to fix your pipes...

[As if on cue, the smallest of the three, now seen as Pinis 2000 hits a button on the box next to him and it opens to reveal his magic boombox, which begins playing some [cheesy 70's era porn music](#). The third of the people in view, now seen to be Ryan Matthews, jumps up on one of the benches and holds up a disco ball and shines a flashlight on it.]

Ryan:

Annnnnnd now, coming to the stage... BOOZAKA the HAWT CHAWCAHLET SAWSE!!

Diane:

.....

[Before she can interject, Parker is pushed down on to a chair that was ever so conveniently set behind her. Sam immediately begins dancing very provocatively in front of her, getting up close and personal as she raises her hands up and leans back to move away from him as best she can into the chair.]

Ryan:

YEAH! WHOO! SHAKE IT, SHAKE IT!

[With Ryan holding the disco ball and playing the role of the drunken onlookers, Pinis steps away from his boombox as he approaches with a huge stack of dolla dolla bills y'all, all told, about \$2,598,613,047 in Monopoly and Game of Life currency. What can we say, Pinis has got it like that when he rolls into the club... or this random locker room.]

Ryan:

Yeah, yeah, lets make it rain, make it rain on these hoes...

[Parker looks to the diminutive member of this trio, a mixture of scorn and embarrassment in her eyes, which forces Pinis to hesistate for a moment. Overcoming his brief fear as he raises up the stack of cash in his hands he begins

making it rain with his board game fortune. This is the final insult that causes Parker to struggle with greater fury, pushing Sam off as she curses all three of her tormentors, but before she can get up.]

[Unbeknownst to her however, Tyrone Walker emerges from the bathroom door at the back of the locker room. In his right hand is a two liter bottle of the same foul grape soda that drenched her earlier in the evening. Twisting the cap off as he approaches, he takes a giant chug of the soda. Getting up behind Parker, who tries to raise herself off of the chair, is stopped by Walker's left hand pushing down on her shoulder.]

[Diane looks up over her shoulder at Walker in an odd mix of contempt and horror. Perfect for Walker to upend the bottle of grape soda and dump it all over her face. A split second later the door to the locker room swings open, revealing the return of David Race and Leon Maddox.]

Maddox:

What the hell?

[Just then, Ty dumps his load.]

[HIYO!]

Ty:

Uh, whoops?

[Once again, drenched in sticky, purple liquid that makes her smell like cheap grape popsicles, Diane's face turns red in fury. Her attempt at a screech turns into a cough and grape soda flies. It's kind of gross, actually.]

Sam:

ABORTION! ABORTION!

[Dropping the disco ball, Ryan joins Sam as the two of them rush into Race and Maddox before either of them begin to grasp what in the world has been going on, blowing past them as they shove them out of the way and creating a space for the rest of the crew to make their escape.]

Pinis 2000: [screeching]

HEIDI!!

[Ty drops the now empty bottle before he takes off behind his partners, cackling the whole time like an evil mastermind, but not before grabbing Pinis, who manages to snag his boombox on the way out.]

Diane:

GET THEM!!

[Parker, Race and Maddox rush out into the hall after the masters of Hizzle Nizzle Bizzle.]

[Back to the desk.]

Eugene Gets FISTED

DDK: Mundane chit chat. **Angus:** Generic smarky comment. **DDK:** Well, with that segue sorted it's time to head backstage to... am I reading this right? Lance Warner? Lance made it to Greece? **Angus:** Out from behind his computer and on the road! [Cut backstage to Lance Warner.] **Lance Warner:** Lance Warner here with all of the latest DEFIANCE news. Usually I'd be beaming it straight into your faces via the official DEFIANCE website, www.defiancewrestling.com, but today I'm here penetrating your ear holes with the latest news as it pertains to the situation surrounding the FIST of DEFIANCE! [Who knew Lance was that charismatic?] **Lance:** Last time out we saw an absolute barn burner between Eugene Dewey and Chance Von Crank as they vied for the chance to face reigning FIST champion, Bronson Box. Now, Eugene looked set to knock Chance out with the Shoryuken when the former champion, Dan Ryan, made sure that wasn't going to happen. [Roll the VT from last show.] [Eugene waits for Chance to get to his feet and crouches down. Chance stumbles around for a moment before finally getting into position...] **DDK:** SHORY- **Angus:** RYAN! DAN RYAN! [Dan Ryan, coming from seemingly nowhere, charges along the walkway and almost simultaneously wipes the crouching Dewey out with a boot to the side of the head and the dazed Crank with a lariat to end all lariats!] **DDK:** Goddammit! [Ryan peels cVc off of the rampway, then lifts Chance Von Crank into a press slam and just tosses him out into a sea of fans, sending them scattering for cover. Ryan turns his attention back to Eugene, obviously dazed but trying his best to get his wits about him. Ryan poises in a crouch, waiting for Eugene to get to his feet. As Dewey stumbled around to face his attacker, Ryan scoops him up onto his shoulders, then with a primal scream drives him to the rampway with a Headliner.] HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! [End the VT. Fade back to Lance Warner in the DEFIANCE promo center.] **Lance:** After Chance Von Crank's departure from DEFIANCE, many people believe that Eugene Dewey should be the number one contender for the the FIST of DEFIANCE. RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **Lance:** And it sounds like our fans here in Athens, Greece agree! RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **Lance:** However I've learned today that that isn't the case. The result of the number one contenders match remain a no contest, and at this time we do not have a number one contender for the FIST of DE- **???:** You don't wanna be talking about the number one contender, Boy-o. [From the side enters Bronson Box, FIST draped over his should, moustache curled up like nobodies business, muscles bulging like fucking Apollo or some shit.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Bronson Box:** You wanna be talking about the champion. [Lance Warner takes a step back and holds the microphone out for Bronson to take, but Box doesn't want it. No, he wants Lance to listen to everything he has to say.] **Box:** For you see, the original defiant, the wargod, Bronson Box, is far, far more newsworthy than a waste of oxygen like Chance Von Crank, or a mere child like Eugene Dewey. [Swallowing hard Lance brings the microphone back to himself to ask a question. Looks like we're going to get an unscheduled interview.] **Lance:** Bronson it's... very nice of you to join me. [Box nods and adjusts the strap over his shoulder.] **Lance:** You defeated Dan Ryan for the title on Grindhouse: Japan, and ever since Ryan has been on a mission to make sure nobody else gets a chance at take the FIST from you before he does. **Box:** Is there a question in there, laddie? **Lance:** Well... do you believe that Dan Ryan's interference in Birmingham enabled you to retain your title when you faced one of your opponents tonight, Sam Turner Jr.? [The fire in Box's eyes blazes as Lance finishes his question. Warner swallows hard and prepares for the onslaught, but then that's why this guy's on the payroll. To ask the questions that need answers.] **Box:** Dan Ryan played no part in me retaining the FIST against Sam Turner Jr. Understand? **No. Part.** **Lance:** Well, do you think we'd have a definitive number one contender were it not for Dan Ryan? **Box:** It doesn't matter who it could have been. **Lance:** There are some who would beg to differ. Eugene Dewey for instance holds two pinfall victories over you. OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH [Now that... **that** was the wrong thing to say.] [Box inhales deeply and stands eye to eye with Lance. He lets his breath out slowly, shaking with every fibre of his being.] **???** (But different from the first ???... obviously: HEY! [From the outside of the screen enters Eugene Dewey.] RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **Eugene Dewey:** Don't get mad at Lance, he's stating a fact. [Box's attention is immediately removed from Lance and moves straight to the ginger gaming guru before him.] **Box:** This has nothing to do with you, lad. **Eugene:** I heard my name mentioned, so it sounds like it has a lot to do with me. **Box:** I'm warning you, get outta here while you still can. **Eugene:** No, I'm warning you, Box. Head on back to whatever decade you came from or I swear I'll have Lance here follow you around all week continuously asking "How does it feel to be pinned by Eugene for a third time?" [Bronson looks Eugene up and down, but the Ginger one doesn't move a muscle.] **Box:** You're dealing with forces beyond your ken, Eugene. [Slowly Box starts to back away.] **Box:** Everyone you hold dear will suffer at God's fiery right hand... and I'll make sure they know they'll have you to thank!

Claira St. Sure vs Troy Matthews



Quimbey: The following contest is set for one

fall, with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 142 lbs!

Representing the Truly Untouchables! She is CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUUUUUURREE!!!

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **DDK:** A negative reaction for CSS as we move into our next bout. St. Sure, who I imagine is currently the number two of the Truly Untouchables by default with CVC's departure, makes her return to the ring after suffering a mild neck injury off a powerbomb from Dusty Griffith back in Japan. ["What'chu Got" by Reveille hits, and without any delay CSS walks out. Alone. Ring robe, hood up. She lowers the hood and looks coldly around the arena at the fans, then stalks to the ring.]

DDK: Our international fans may not be aware, but for some time CSS was actually a top tier competitor in Defiance. War Games winner, Masters of Wrestling runner-up, former FIST of Defiance, singles victories over almost everyone who's anyone in Defiance. [As CSS steps into the ring, her music is abruptly replaced by the horns and drums of "Tank!"]

DDK: And her opponent is Troy Matthews. Matthews, I suppose, could be characterized as 'moments of brilliance followed by spells of mediocrity, and his former tag team partners in the Philosopher Kings kicked him to the curb over that. **Angus:** Which is funny, because Troy Matthews has been a fount of productivity over the last five years as compared to Eddie Dante.

Quimbey: And her opponent! Hailing from Newark, New Jersey, and weighing in at 189 lbs! He is the Jersey Devil! TROY! MAAAAATHEWS! [Matthews makes his entrance practically looking over his shoulder. CSS stands at the far corner of the ring and disrobes as Matthews steps into the ring.]

DING! DING! DING! DDK: Matthews and St. Sure circling. Both are trained kickers, Matthews has a reach advantage, St. Sure has a speed advantage on her feet and a big advantage on the mat, and here we go! **SWAAAACK SWWWAAAAACK!!** [CSS lashes out with a leg kick. Matthews fires back with his own that lands on the back of her thigh and knocks her legs right out from under her!]

Angus: First blood to Matthews. [Matthews tries following up. CSS drops to her back and kicks Matthews in the knee from there. Matthews backs off.] **DDK:** Matthews isn't really a grappler, he's not going to risk trying to go on the mat, and Carla Ferrari is making CSS stand up. [CSS gets to one knee and stops there. She argues with Carla. Matthews looks around the arena, and then rushes - CSS quickly shifts and dropkicks the knee as he comes in!]

Angus: See, I used to like her. And I don't even usually like the 'good guys,' but she was alright when she just walked out and fought with people. Now she uses that Truly Untouchable style chickenshit bullshit, and she's going after the arm and shit too. [CSS hooks Matthews in a 3 quarter nelson, spinning her bodyweight with him to try and direct him away from the ropes. She can't manage to hook anything more punishing, and Matthews manages to drape his ankle over the ropes. Carla orders the break.] [CSS ignores the order, grabbing Matthews' arm, wrapping it around her knee and then dropping the knee.]

Angus: See Keeps? That bullshit right there. **DDK:** I don't imagine you'd have objected to that if it had been someone on Team Danger executing it. **Angus:** Yeah well Claira St. Sure isn't on Team Danger! Jesus Christ you're bad at this Keeps. [St. Sure wrenches the arm, but Matthews rolls through! A couple of fancy looking arm switches and he arm drags her over his back, follows up with a textbook hiptoss, buries a spinning back kick in her ribcage, and knocks her to the mat with a thrust kick! He immediately pulls her back up and sends her for the Irish whip. CSS rebounds, and grabs the ropes with her hands arms. Matthews looks over his shoulder, then rushes in.] [Still holding the top rope CSS jumps, catches Matthews around the neck with her legs, switches her grip to his arm, and pulls him in to a rope hanging armbar! Carla angrily starts the count, and CSS drops it at four. Matthews rolls away from the ropes clutching his arm.]

Angus: Ten to one Diane Parker taught her to do that. [CSS vaults the ropes and lands with a stomp. She grabs the arm and flips her own body to the mat, twisting the arm and slamming the elbow. From there it's straight into a square armbar. Matthews kicks and pushes her back with his free arm as best he can. Claira's canny and moves with Matthews as he struggles, but she's just too light to pin him down and he gets the ropes. This time when Carla calls for the break, Matthews is more careful to protect his arms.]

DDK: St. Sure in the driver's seat now. Matthews isn't getting up very fast, and OH what a kick to the back! [St. Sure smacks Matthews right below the shoulderblades with her instep. Pulling the now numb Matthews to his feet, she

hooks her arm around his neck, takes him up off the mat with the uranage and chains it into an arm triangle choke!]

Angus: Not sure why she decided to randomly target the neck after working the elbow. [This time it's a long crawl. Matthews has to drag himself along the mat and keep at least one shoulder up while CSS bends his elbow joint backwards. With a last gasp he lurches and gets his foot on the bottom rope. When she releases the hold, he gasps for breath. CSS is relentless and grabs him by his spiky green hair to pull him to his feet. She wrenches the arm she's been working, and kicks him on the chest. Three times in rapid succession.] **SWACK! SWACK! SWAAACK!** [Matthews grabs the rope, keeping himself from falling to the mat. CSS pulls him back to his feet, twists the arm, tries to step over it.] [Grabbing the top rope with his free (and good) arm, Matthews does an assisted backflip! Landing on his feet with Clair's arm twisted, he takes her down to the mat with a step over heel kick!] [The ringside fans bang on the apron as Matthews, still holding his bad arm in close to his body, gets up. A series of quick, stinging, alternating left and right shin kicks connect with Clair's ribs and back, Matthews hits the ropes for speed and front dropkicks her halfway across the ring! **DDK:** He's still in this one! **Angus:** That's the thing. You never know when you're going to get the Troy Matthews that knocked out Trendkiller. [Clair clutches her head and gets up to one knee. Troy poses, and runs at her.] [Suddenly coming to, Clair steps in towards Troy. The step-up is in way too close, and Clair catches the step-up leg for a single leg takedown. Rather than brain her in the back of the head with his foot, Matthews hits her head with a glancing blow from his thigh. It's not very effective.] **DDK:** St. Sure anticipated the Trendkiller, played possum even, and she's turning Matthews over and she's got a calf slicer applied! **Angus:** It's a good counter, but I don't see why she went for it, she's been working the arm, not the- [Clair traps Matthews' other leg, then switches so she's gripping his ankles with her hands and rolls over his back, trapping his arms with her legs.] **Angus:** -Oh. **DDK:** Clair just chained from a calf lock to a deathlock to a modified lotus lock, and she's working her way towards the Truly Untouchabreaker! [There's not really shit Matthews can do about it anyway at this point. He doesn't give up, he fights, hoping maybe she'll lose her grip or something. She doesn't. She briefly lets go of his legs to bend his arm backwards, then re-hooks.] [Matthews can't tap with both his arms all tied up, he has to yell 'submit.'] **DING! DING! DING!** [Clair flexes the hold for a couple seconds, then releases it. Matthews rolls to safety's way.] **Quimbey:** Here is your winner via submission - CLAIRA! ST.- [CSS takes the microphone from Quimbey. Neither gently nor unnecessarily roughly, but Quimbey decides to let her have it and make no issue either.] **St. Sure:** I tell you all what I was going to do, no? [Boos. Not the pram-shaking boos that Kai Scott and Diane Parker have been getting, but definitely not a positive reaction.] **St. Sure:** I been a good sport about the trios division. Tres Brujas even won de titles, so there's that. But after I lose to Dan Ryan you know, I get no rematch, I get no more big matches for myself, an' I say 'no more.' But Chance Von Crank ain't here na'more, an' everything he aspire to. [St. Sure paces around the ring.] **St. Sure:** Bronson Box and Dan Ryan, they go back an' forth over that belt, an that be real, real convenient' for keepin the belt from anybody who isn't Bronson Box or Dan Ryan. I know people gone to play the games, talk about the contendership matches, and I don't give a damn about any of that. I lost to three people since coming here a year an a half ago! Christian Light don' work here no more, Troy Matthews I just prove that a fluke, an Dan Ryan may have beat me once but I not be caring 'bout that when he an Box do nothing but fight each other na'more! [The fans yell. There are even a few - ok, just a few, but still - cheers mixed in.] **St. Sure:** I wanting the FIST of Defiance back, and... [... And she is interrupted by 80's hair metal. But not just any 80's hair metal. Dokken's 1983 ode to anguish "Breaking the Chains".] **DDK:** Oh brother. [Seth Stratton bursts onto the stage, running a hand through his perfectly feathered blonde hair. He wears dress pants, a vest with no shirt, and a pair of Wayfarers. A mic in one hand, he uses the other to throw a phony wave at the crowd like a sleazy politician.] Seth Stratton: Hello, Greece! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Seth:** ... I guess that answers my "Can they even afford televisions here?" question. [Seth shares a phony laugh to go along with the wave.] **Seth:** But seriously, enough about my international notoriety. Despite that rude welcoming, I happen to know for a fact that, much like a real uncle, if Uncle Seth didn't know up to grace you all with his graciousness on a regular basis that you would be sad. So I'm sure there were a few undry eyes last week in Amsterdam where I was conspicuously absent, and I wanted to explain myself. **Angus:** What a guy. **DDK:** What a load. **Seth:** You see, it was Amsterdam. A city of beauty and culture. A city of fantastic cuisine and museums... ... and in case you aren't keeping up, beauty, culture, cuisine and museums were code words in my travel itinerary for drugs, drugs, drugs and whores. You know, just in case the authorities got their hands on it. So yeah, I woke up a few days late for the show. Shit happens. BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Seth:** What's with all the hostility? This is Greece! A country full of broke, drunk people who love buttfucking! I should be a God to you people, you've got enough of them! [Clair stands in the ring aghast, seemingly angrier than the Greek crowd. Seth pretends to notice her for the first time.] **Seth:** Oh right! I didn't come out here to address the greasy, olive skinned people in the crowd. I came out to address the greasy, olive skinned person in the ring. I'm walking backstage just now, minding my own business, when I hear what appears to be Sebastian from The Little Mermaid demanding a shot at the FIST of Defiance championship. I'll be damned, I thought, if some fucking cartoon crab is going to get a title shot

before me. So I came out here and to my surprise it wasn't a fictional character at all, but a woman! Which is so much worse. BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Seth:** Did you see what me and Eugene Dewey did to each other at Grindhouse: JAPAN, girlfriend? How about what I did to Diego de Leon? I agree with what you said about Bradford Box and Dan Ryerson, who the fuck are they to hog the belt, but at the same time, who the fuck are you to do the same? You've been around forever, and I haven't even gone for a drunken boob grab yet. [Seth points down the aisle, accusingly.] **Seth:** I'll tell you what, you leave this title shot to me, someone who actually has a shot at winning it, and I'll throw you a pity bang. Instead of training for a match you can sit back and do a bunch of crunches, which I'm assuming is your favorite hobby going by your abs. Which are, not coincidentally, the reason it'd be a pity bang. What do you say? [A seething Clairra brings the mic to her lips.] **St. Sure:** Instead a'goin over that rant point by point an' increasing my blood pressure, how 'bout you just come to de ring and we settle it here an' now? [The crowd comes alive a bit, but instead of trudging down the aisle, Seth simply shoots her a strange look.] **Seth:** Wait, me? You want to wrestle me? Right now? Right after a match? [Now he's offended.] **Seth:** You want me to be your sloppy seconds? You think it'll be that easy, you gutter trash reggae strumpet? [Seth pauses for a moment, deep in contemplation.] **Seth:** You'll pay for that, young lady. [He drops his mic, turns on his heel and exits.] [Clairra St. Sure stares at his back, lost for words.] **Angus:** So wait... Keebs, I'm almost lost for words. He gets a chance to wrestle an opponent who's already been through one match, and gets offended by it? How does... oh wait. Seth Stratton. Nevermind. **DDK:** I wonder what he means by she'll pay for this, though. **Angus:** Probably the same shit he put Stratton through. Lucky for St. Sure she's got Kai Scott on her side...

Dan Ryan, Philanthropist

DDK: While we've heard a fair bit from Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey, I'd like to point out that Dan Ryan is not here tonight. He's made some very cryptic comments about visiting an 'old friend' and as it turns out, the old friend whom he's be referring to is none other than Virginia Quell, former companion of Bronson Box who Dan Ryan put out of commission a short time ago. **Angus:** I'm not sure what he's up to right now. He's gotten a bit of a devious edge to him lately, and it's been enough to get even Bronson Box to take pause... **DDK:** Well, like I said, he's not here, but the thing is... he sent in some tape. **Angus:** Did he now? **DDK:** We've got some footage which Dan Ryan's team of 'staff' have insisted be played right here tonight. Let's go to that now... [Static fills the screen, then gives way to Dan Ryan standing just outside the entry to the 5th floor inpatient unit at Ochsner Health Center in New Orleans. Ryan goes through the double doors and it becomes immediately clear that this is more of a private floor within the larger facility. There's a nurse's station directly ahead, which Ryan approaches. Ryan waves down the charge nurse.]

Ryan: I'm here for Virginia Quell. I think you'll find everything is in order with regards to the paperwork. [The nurse, clearly prepared for this, nods somberly and looks generally down the hall. Ryan shows no expression as he turns and walks in that direction, and the nurse's gaze follows him.] **Nurse:** She hasn't been speaking, you know. [Ryan doesn't turn his head -- just keeps going.] **Ryan:** She doesn't have to speak. [The camera follows him down the hall where he pauses outside a huge wooden door with "V. Quell" on the nameplate to the side. Ryan walks in. Virginia Quell is alone in her bed staring through a ceiling-to-floor window out over the city. She struggles to turn toward the sound of the door, and by time she makes sufficient progress, Dan Ryan is standing at the foot of her bed, staring at her with a stoic expression. Her eyes widen, but she says nothing. Dan Ryan grabs a nearby chair, turns it around and straddles it backwards, resting his arms over the top of the chair back. He leans forward slightly and cocks his head a bit to the left and back.] **Ryan:** How are you, Virginia dear? [She still says nothing.] **Ryan:** You know.... I never really got a chance to talk to you after you were injured. They just... shuttled you away to the hospital. I made sure it was all taken care of, of course. I was, after all, responsible. [Ryan absent-mindedly picks at one of his teeth with the nail of his left thumb, his eyes darting from Quell to the various furnishings in the room, ending with a small shrug.] **Ryan:** It's a nice room. I think you've probably been treated very well since being moved here, yes? [Still nothing. Quell has an expression parts angry and terrified.] **Ryan:** Let's cut to the chase, shall we? The thing is... [Ryan stands up and moves the chair around to the side of Quell's bed, getting much closer.] **Ryan:** ...I have some things I need to say, and I wanted to make sure I got to say them in person. You see, I need you to understand something about when I spiked you onto your neck here in New Orleans at Ascension. I know that it was a very scary time for you. I know that there was a lot of talk about why I did it. I know Python said it was a moment of weakness. So.... [Ryan leans in, puts a hand on Quell's arm, which she has little feeling in, and in an intense whisper....] **Ryan:** I want you to understand that I did exactly what I meant to do -- You're in the hospital.... because I WANTED you here. [Ryan smiles a rather unsettling smile as Quell's eyes go even wider. Ryan leans back a bit on the chair and cocks his head up, literally looking down on Virginia Quell. His voice goes back to a normal lilt, a little too normal, as if having a conversation over a nice brunch.] **Ryan:** Now, in the time since Ascension, much was made about the fact that I insisted on paying for your care. After all, I take responsibility for my actions. Then Hollis... yes... Hollis... went on television and made a spectacle out of calling me out for it, saying Ed would have you moved back here so he could take care of you. Funny thing.... [Ryan furrows his brow a bit, rubbing his neck with his right hand.] **Ryan:** I was going over some things with my people and I noticed something interesting. It seems that your ex-boyfriend and Edward White never actually completed the paperwork to transfer financial responsibility over to them for your care. Don't you find that... odd? [Quell's eyes register a mixture of shock and growing fear of what's coming.] **Ryan:** I got to thinking about my interactions with Mr. Bronson Box and Mr. Edward White. Of course, you know them even better. The question that kept coming to mind was.... since they are typically such cunning, intelligent, precise men, what are the chances that the task of completing this paperwork simply... slipped their minds? What do you suppose the odds are that this is an honest mistake and Edward White hasn't noticed this hospital hasn't been taking his money for your care? I've come to the inevitable conclusion that it's very.... very unlikely. I've come to the conclusion, as no doubt you are beginning to.... that Bronson Box never really cared for you at all.... [Quell's face reddens, her bottom lip starting to tremble.] **Ryan:** It seems, sadly, that he's moved on, dear. Worse yet, there may have never been anything for him to move on **FROM**. I'm so sorry. The saddest part of all of this is, I put you here to get under his skin, and if he never really cared about you, then it seems I may have permanently injured you for absolutely no reason whatsoever. [Tears are now clearly welling up in Quell's eyes.] **Ryan:** Since you're not really of any use to me anymore, I'm gonna have to cut you off, honey. When I'm done talking to you, I'll be visiting the business center downstairs and withdrawing my financial support for your stay here. I understand there's a wonderful charity hospital here in town, so I'll do my best to recommend your transfer there... although, I doubt your lodgings will be quite as nice as this. [Ryan places a hand on her shoulder and gives a clear patronizing sympathetic smile. Quell, meanwhile has tears steaming

down her face. Ryan stands up and claps his hands together.] **Ryan:** Well then -- I want to make sure I have a momento of all of this, so if you don't mind... [Ryan walks toward the camera and gestures, bringing someone into view with a camera.] **Ryan:**I'd like to take a little picture of the two of us. [Ryan turns and leans in toward Quell. He notices her lack of movement, and so reaches and takes her lifeless hands and forms her fingers into a "thumbs-up." He then turns his gaze to the camera and flashes a ridiculous shit-eating grin. ****FLASH****] **Ryan:** Very good. [Ryan stands and starts for the door.] **Ryan:** Have a good life, my dear Virginia. I do not think we'll be seeing each other again. [Ryan pauses by a food tray near the door where he picks up a small bowl of green jello.] **Ryan:** You're not gonna finish this, are you? [Quell, of course, does not respond. Ryan winks, then digs in as he leaves.]

Dusty Griffith vs Stockton Pyre

Angus:

Wow.

[Dead air.]

Angus:

Um, Keebs? We're live.

DDK:

Angus, Dan Ryan just made me physically sick. I.... I really don't think I can add anything to that.

[Keebs takes an audible breath.]

DDK:

Right now folks, we have Stockton Pyre getting thrown into the deep end as he's set to go against Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, I just want to see a couple of big dudes smashing each other.

DDK:

Well, something tells me you're going to be in luck with this one, partner.

Angus:

Right, take it away DQ!



[Darren Quimbey takes the center of the ring as the lights fade and begin to pulse to the familiar drum beat of KISS' "I Love It Loud".]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, he hails from Boise, Idaho... Standing at Six Feet Three Inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred and Ninety Pounds... This is the WILD BRONCO... DUSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRIFFFFFITH!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

[Bursting forth from the curtain at a jog, Griffith makes his way down the ramp with noticeably different attire consisting of black training pants that have twin stripes running from the waist to the ankle in white. He also sports a simple, white towel draped across the back of his neck.]

♪ 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 ♪

[Slowing his pace as he nears the ropes of the ring at the end of the rampway, Dusty pauses a moment as his hands grip the top rope while he scans the sold out arena that surrounds the ring. Before long, Dusty enters the ring, grabbing the towel from around his neck as he takes a few customary laps back and forth on the ropes.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪

♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪

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

[Coming to a bouncing stop in the center of the ring, Griffith makes for the nearest corner and climbs the turnbuckles where he thrusts his arms up and out with clenched fists. Climbing down, he turns his back to the corner, leaning against it as he awaits his opponent.]

♪ 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 ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now making his way to the ring he comes from Parts Unknown... Standing at Six Feet Six Inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred and Sixty Six Pounds... This is... STTTTTOOOOCCCKKKKTOOOONNNN
PPYYYYYYYRRRRRRRRRRRE!

[Dean Martin.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Angus:

Hey!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

My pizza's here!

DDK:

No, not that, them, what are they doing out here?

Angus:

I'unno, where's my pizza?

[As the big band music picks up it calls forth the introduction of Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca and Vinny Renaldi, collectively known as the Legitimate Businessmen's Club. Standing in the ring, Dusty Griffith turns his head towards the curtains, he's not amused when he sees the three Italians step into the arena.]

♪ How lucky can one guy be? ♪

♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪

♪ Like a fella once said ♪

♪ "Ain't that a kick in the head?" ♪

Angus:

Nevermind, Vinny must've eaten it... That fat...

DDK:

You know they're coming down here, right?

Angus:

Slim. Guy. Yeah.

[With a mic in hand, Dentari takes point, leading the LBC down the ramp with Tony Two Hands flanking him just off to his right, while the enormous Big Vinny trails behind both by a step or two. In the ring Dusty has taken up it's center as Quimbey makes a break for it to the safety of the floor.]

Angus:

What a puss.

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

Quimbey, I think he pissed himself during his getaway there.

DDK:

He's a ring announcer, Angus.

Angus:

So? I'm a color commentator and I jumped in there and kicked ass.

DDK:

That's one side of the story, that's for sure. Besides, where is Stockton Pyre? He's Griffith's scheduled opponent.

Angus:

Maybe he swiped my pizza, that shady bastard!

[The LBC take a few more paces down the ramp before Alceo signals for their music to be cut as he brings up the microphone that he was carrying in his right hand.]

Alceo:

Dusty, Dusty Dusty... We warned yous... We warned you not to go rockin' boats. We warned yous things was gonna get burned, but did yous listen?

[Tony Di Luca leans in and pulls the microphone away from Dentari's mouth.]

Tony:

Did he fuck?

Alceo:

Seems yous ain't too hot on how things are run 'round these parts, and despite several warnings, yous still don't seem to be learnin'... Me an' my boys, we tried to help, we really did, we wanted you to learn everythin' by yourself... but now...We're gonna have to teach in a slightly more... direct way.

[Griffith tosses his towel aside and challenges them all to come at him as he stands his ground in the center of the ring. Tony looks to Alceo, a grin crosses Tony's face when Alceo nods over to the ring. Di Luca rushes the ring and goes right after Griffith, who meets him head on in a fury of swinging fists coming from both sides.]

DDK:

After the despicable act of vandalism these three...

Angus:

Allegedly.

DDK:

I think it's fairly certain who burned all of Griffith's belongings.

Angus:

Yeah, probably... But. Do we have any of that on tape?

DDK:

No.

Angus:

Like I said, Allegedly.

[Back in the ring, Dusty and Tony continue to slug it out until Di Luca gets him backed into a corner and then whips Griffith across the ring. When Di Luca charged in, he was met by Griffith who exploded out of the corner and took Di Luca out with a clothesline. Tony popped up immediately and got hit with a second clothesline. On the outside Alceo motions for Big Vinny to get involved.]

Angus:

Ooooh boy, here comes the heavy lumber.

[Tony bails to the outside with Dusty giving chase, but he gets cut off by the mammoth Italian, Rinaldi, who grabs him by the shoulder, spins him around and clobbers him with a clothesline of his own.]

DDK:

Even I felt that one!

[Vinny grabs Dusty and pulls him up. The big man presses Griffith over his head and drops him chest first over the steps.]

Angus:

That's gotta hurt.

[Without letting him slump to the floor Vinny grabs a hold of Dusty again and rolls him into the ring. Vinny checks on Di Luca before both men follow Dusty in and pull him to his feet again.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Dusty starts to fight back again, landing a right hand to Rinaldi and a left to Di Luca, but he's cut off as Tony lifts a knee into his midsection. Together the two men whip Dusty across the ring, which Rinaldi follows up with a running splash!]

DDK:

I'd be surprised if Dusty's lungs were still inflated.

[Rinaldi pushes Dusty out of the corner into a boot to the chest from Di Luca which knocks him to the floor. Dentari meanwhile starts to climb the steps and waits on the apron.]

DDK:

The numbers game is proving too much for Dusty.

[Di Luca pulls Dusty up again and pushes him into Rinaldi, who takes him off of his feet and SLAMS him down with the...]

[Deep inhale.]

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

[Alceo steps through the ropes and orders Rinaldi to hold Dusty up, which he does with a full nelson.]

Alceo:

We got one last lesson for yous, Dusty. Maybe this one yous won't forget!

[Dentari drops the microphone to the outside and tells Di luca to hold Dusty up higher. Tony does so and Dentari hits the ropes and comes charging back, crashing into Griffith's midsection and ribcage with a vicious knee strike. Dentari grabs hold of Dusty's head and snaps him over before Tony and Vinny clear out of the way where Dentari hits the ropes behind Dusty...]

[When suddenly.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!!!!!

DDK:

Stockton Pyre!

[The enigmatic, masked newcomer rushes down the ramp.]

Angus:

And he's got a chair!

[As he approaches the ropes, Pyre chucks the chair into the ring where Dentari and Di Luca dodge out of the objects path causing it to hit Big Vinny square in the chest, sending him tumbling back towards the ropes.]

DDK:

He just threw that chair, is he insane?

Angus:

I don't have my magic 8 ball with me, but I'm guessing... maybe?

[Climbing in, Pyre wastes little time, charging directly at Vinny and clotheslining him over the top rope. However, Di Luca and Dentari rush him with his back turned and pummel away on him, though Pyre attempts to fight both of them off at the same time.]

DDK:

These guys are animals.

Angus:

DEFIANCE is the biggest, baddest jungle around.

DDK:

And these guys are the hyenas.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

[With their attention focused on Stockton Pyre, Dentari and Di Luca forgot all about Dusty Griffith, who managed to get himself back into the fight.]

DDK:

Griffith back in the fight and he's squared off with Dentari, leaving Tony Two Hands to contend with Pyre!

[The comeback is short lived however, with Dusty chasing Dentari who makes a hasty retreat to the rampway where Big Vinny waits, while Di Luca bails to the floor and makes his way over to his associates. The three back away with satisfied with their work, as Dusty leans against the ropes, one arm clutched against his midsection with the other pointing directly at Dentari with an outstretched index finger as he mouths the word "YOU!".]

DDK:

This is certainly far from over.

Angus:

Not if Mayberry has anything to say about it, that's for sure.

[Dusty is joined by Pyre at the ropes, Dusty turns to Pyre offering him his free hand and saying "raincheck?" Pyre nods and shakes his hand.]

DDK:

A nice show of sportsmanship between Griffith and Pyre, all things considered. And now let's take it backstage, where there's something going down in the bosses office!

The Principal's Office

[Backstage.] [Boss's office.] [You know the score.] **Dane:** Kels, did you send for him yet? [The Baws is sitting at his desk in that familiar 'oncoming headache' position. Kelly Evans is across the desk from him, eyes rolling at being asked such a question.] **Scott:** Um, yeah, like ten minutes ago. [Dane takes a deep breath.] **Dane:** Then call him again, and tell him if he doesn't get in here within the next minute and a half, I'm trading him to Lee Best for Prof. Keller. [A door slams. And then another door slams, and in walks Kai Scott.] **Scott:** That won't be necessary, boss. I just had to come the long way to get here, and this arena's pretty big. [Dane glares, decides that particular point isn't worth fighting about.] **Dane:** I'm impressed, actually, at the relative lack of property damage you and Ty caused back in Holland. Congratulations on your win, and all that stuff. Who's your next opponent? [Scott rubs his forehead.] **Scott:** Haven't really been thinking about that, boss, but if no one's feeling froggy enough to jump for it, I don't mind taking it easy. **Dane:** Right. Look at me. [Scott slowly looks Dane in the eyes.] **Dane:** This is Defiance. This is not the Wifwah, the CAL, or even Old Line or Cascadia. This is Defiance. And my World Champion does NOT 'take it easy,' are we clear? **Scott:** This is the part where I point out that all the top guys in the company have either already lost to me, or are busy slapping at each other over the FIST. [The Boss considers this.] **Dane:** You know what, you're right. [...] **Dane:** All of the top guys are either contesting the FIST, or have already been put down by yourself and your friends. [Kai doesn't catch it, but The Only Star allows himself a micro-millisecond to smile to himself, having caught the Champion with his pants down.] **Dane:** You can have Heidi. Somebody owes her a rematch, might as well be you. [Kai Scott's lower jaw slowly slides open. He shuts it with a snap and shakes his head.] **Scott:** No. **Dane:** Yes. **Scott:** Don't fucking do this to me, Eric. **Dane:** Don't sit on your ass like you're too important to wipe it yourself and then tell me what I can and can't do. I told you the minute you won that belt, you play the game and there's no problems. You sit on your ass, we have a problem. And right now, your problem is the woman who kicked you in the head and fucked what was left of your stable into oblivion. [He leans forward.] **Dane:** I suggest you call Gemma Lockhart and ask her to teach you the counter to Beautiful Dreamer. Although frankly I don't care whether you do or not. [Scott stands.] [He starts to say something, and then doesn't. Twice.] [The third time, he manages something.] **Scott:** You think I'm lazy - and so you want me to defend against the woman who tried to sabotage your entire promotion from the inside, tried to break both your legs and ate your finger? **Dane:** Dunno what to tell you, the kid's got moxie. I like moxie. If you can't handle the heat, get out of the kitchen. Champ. **Scott:** Fuck. [If the champ had a tail, it would be between his legs.] **Dane:** Oh, one more thing. I'm booking you to wrestle next card. I haven't decided who against, but don't forget your boots and shit. [Scott leaves Dane's office without another word.] **Kelly Evans:** Why's he so scared of her? Bitch broke my arm and I'd love the chance to cut her tits off for it. Naw'mean? **Dane:** Iunno, Kels. Magnets. [Cut.]

Troll Free or Troll Hard

DDK:

Apparently, our World Champion doesn't want to wrestle Heidi.

[The halls.]

“Heidi... Heidi!... HEIDI!!”

[Pinis 2000 rushes past.]

“Get over here you little creep!”

[Diane Parker, all stickified from multiple dousings of grape soda chases after the diminutive strange fellow who travels with your DEFIANCE Trios Tag Team Champions of the World.]

[As she nearly catches him while rounding a corner into the backstage proper, she's stopped by a most odd sight...Ryan Matthews hanging from the ceiling via a leg snare. She scowls at him, but then the idea forms in her head that he's defenseless. She cocks back a fist to hit Matthews but he raises both hands.]

Matthews:

Ah ah ah! You didn't say the magic word.

Parker:

What the hell are you talking about?

Matthews:

The magic word. You didn't say it.

Parker:

The only magic I see, is that I'm standing here, and you're hanging there from a leg snare...

Matthews:

Ah, the magic word!

[Almost immediately we see that there's another leg snare right where Parker's right foot rests on the floor. The snare immediately tightens and jerks (hiyo!) her off her feet and up into the air much in the same way that Matthews is hanging from the ceiling.]

Parker:

I swear to God, when I get myself loose I'm gonna...

Matthews:

You mean you're not loose already? That's not what I heard...HIYO!

Parker:

If I get a chance to swing over there I'm going to scratch your damn eyes out, pull your balls off and replace your eyes with them.

Matthews:

Can't we all just get along? I mean it's not really my fault that you're a grape soda guzzling...

[Just then, we hear a very familiar voice singing a tune from offscreen...]

“Makin' my way downtown... with my bitch, she's gonna make me a sammich...”

[Enter the Black Jesus.]

“Na-na-na-na-na, NAH!”

[And his cousin, the Head Negro In Charge.]

[Ty Walker and Sam Horry arrive at the scene, ‘oblivious’ to the situation before them. Upon seeing token white guy hanging upside down they spring into action.]

Walker:

Elaborate Destiny!

Horry:

Eliminate Dysfunction!

Walker:

Estimate Damage!

Horry:

Exterminate Dystopia!

Walker:

Experimental Dinobots!

Horry:

Esteban Dominguez!

[Parker and Matthews look to each other, each rolling their eyes.]

Walker:

Who in the HALE is Esteban Dominguez?

Horry:

Beats me, it’s two words that start with E and D and I’m having just as much trouble as you are remembering the line from that one movie with that one guy and some other dude from those white kids coming of age movies.

Matthews & Parker:

ESTABLISH DOMINANCE!

Walker:

Yeah, that bitch.

Horry:

Hey, Ry, what up homie?

Matthews:

Right, funny, real funny, can we get me down from here already? Or are the two of you gonna continue to be assholes?

Walker:

Right.

[Motioning off screen, Matthews suddenly lowers from the ceiling, making a small thud on the concrete below with his head and shoulders.]

Matthews: [rubbing his head as he gets up]

Thanks.

Horry:

No problem, bruh.

Walker:

So who wants gyros?

[Hookers and Blow, now rejoined by Pinis 2000 all nod in agreement and walk away.]

Horry:

Pinis, our music?

[Mickey Avalon's version of Stroke Me plays and now they head off in search of Greek cuisine right from the source of it's invention.]

Parker:

Hey! What about me?!

[Record scratch.]

[The crew pause and look back, then to each other, then back to Parker.]

Walker:

What about you, exactly?

[Matthews pulls out his phone that somehow didn't fall out of his pocket when he was hanging upside down.]

Matthews:

Yo Ty, Sam, get over there by her.

[Ty and Sam rush over, each taking opposing sides next to Parker who clamps her eyes shut awaiting the worst.]

Matthews:

It's time to make this a moment that will forever live on the internet.

Walker & Horry:

WORLDSTAR!

[Just then Pinis slides into picture from the right and right under Diane Parker, his head up toward her and his tongue out as Matthews snaps the picture...and he nearly pisses himself laughing directly after.]

Matthews:

Piney, greatest.photobomb.ever.

Pinis:

Dusty Griffith!

[From off screen voices that perk Parker's interest are heard calling out for her.]

Matthews:

We better beat feet, motherfuckers.

Walker:

Yeah, but wait...

Horry:

Dude, we gotta go...

Walker:

I know, but wait... Pinis, you got that marker?

[Pinis nods and reaches in his pocket, pulling out a purple sharpie and then tossing it over to Ty as Sam and Ryan begin to make their getaway with Pinis in tow. They hold up, keeping watch while also looking back at Ty who now crouches down in front of Parker, holding her still by the back of her head as he begins to write something.]

Parker:

What are you doing?!

Walker:

Just a little note for your boys.

[Finishing up, he caps the sharpie and pulls out his phone, snapping a pic.]

Walker:

There, immortalized on the intartubulars.

[He shows her the picture on his phone. "HNB WAS HERE!" in big letters right across her forehead. He laughs as she shrieks and tries to claw at him and then gives her a shove so that she begins to swing too and fro. Taking off, he reunites with his compadres and they disappear through one set of doors as David Race and Leon Maddox burst through another only to find Parker and no Hizzle to the Nizzle to the Bizzle.]

Parker:

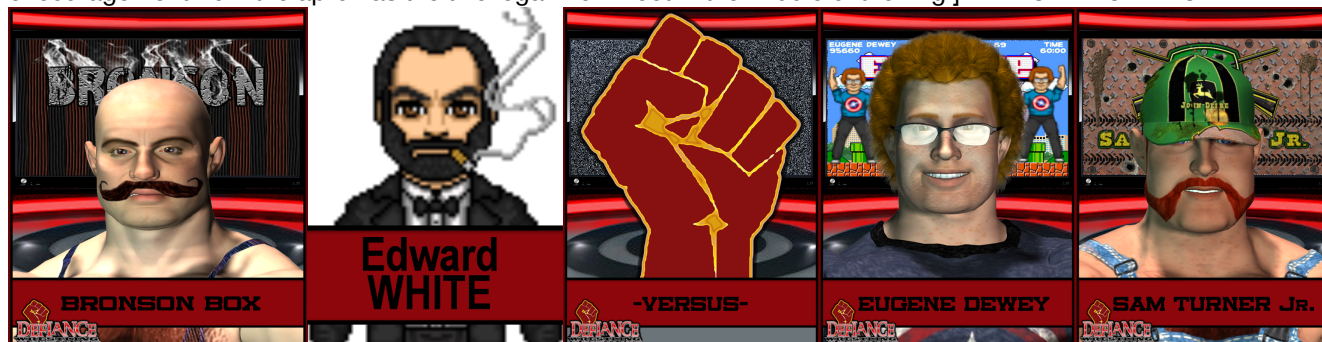
GET ME DOWN FROM HERE!

[With a sigh, Race goes hunting for the other end of the snare while Maddox prepares to make sure Diane doesn't land on her face when he finds it.]

Blood Diamonds vs Eugene Dewey/Sam Turner, Jr.

[Darren Quimbey doesn't even get a chance to bring the microphone to his lips before someone with an absolutely unmistakable accent steals his thunder.] **V/O:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [The Wargod is the first to emerge from behind the curtain dressed for battle with his red and black DEFIANCE logo satin ring robe and his classic brown and grey striped singlet. Edward White saunters out behind him in his black and gold ring gear, a big smile from behind his well groomed beard. Nicky Corozzo quietly slips from behind the curtain and stands a few paces back from Boxer and Ed.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Box:** Ladies and... [The fans react even louder than before. Bronson just smiles, enjoying every second.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** So Western Europe, he's cheered like a hero... Mediterranean? Boomed like Hitler. Got it. [Ed walks up to Bronson perched at the edge of the ramp and claps him on the back, the duo soaking up the epic reaction from the fans. Ed pulls his own microphone from the waistband of his tights.] **White:** I gathering that this wretched bunch of proles don't quite like us very much Bronson my friend, now what do you make of that? **Box:** Wonderful, wondrous. Warms my blood heart, it does. Who knew in this financially ruined cesspool of a country there would be people with eyes open so wide! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN YOUR VILLAINS HAVE ARRIVED! And we are villains, to our bloody core. Bank on that, friends. **White:** You see, we believe in the food chain. The order of things. No matter how hard you lot try to make everything "fair and even" for everyone that's just not how the game is played. Bronson and myself are friends because we both want to leave a lasting impression on our chosen profession. We're not afraid to hurt, maim, crush, buy or steal our way to that end. Buy being the operative word here my friends. Months ago when Bronson and myself decided to thow our lots in together I took at a long hard look at what I was purchasing... namely the rogue element that is Frank Dylan James. [A few cheers rise up through the arena at the mention of The Mastodon.] **White:** Yes, hooray Frank! Hooray for the loser, hooray for the drunkard, hooray for the man who can barely keep a roof over his wife and daughters heads. Frank has a history in this business and out of it I was well aware of. Pointed in the right direction and with the right... motivation... there isn't a man or woman alive who can stand toe to toe with that beast. So I went to Eric Dane and purchased his contract from DEFIANCE wrestling before we ever debuted The Blood Diamonds. He's OURS... [All three Diamonds start their way down the ramp towards the ring.] **Box:** To do with as we see fit. Bodyguard, bag boy or bloody janitor, makes no difference to us. The choice lies with you, Frank. You can step back in line or you can become an inconsequential nobody. Relegated to tearing apart the ring and cleaning our locker room filth after shows. To me personally? That seems fitting, but Ed here isn't one to bail on an investment. [Box rolls under the bottom rope and immediately shucks his robe.] [Ed makes his way up the ringsteps. Deadly serious from The Socialite.] **White:** Indeed. You see Francis. Like I said on the DEFIANCE website several days ago. In life there are consequences. Especially for those of you lower of the aforementioned food chain. You stepped out of line now you suffer the consequences. You're not fired, not completely. [Ed takes his place, center ring.] **White:** We're going to break you down, Francis. We're going to break you down and build you back up like a business that's losing money. I'm going to take you apart and find what the malfunction is you big ape, do you hear me? Mind, body and soul I'll put you back together and The Blood Diamonds WILL have its monster... by any funds necessary. [Edward drops the microphone. Bronson smiles and laughs.] **Box:** Amen. BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Quimbey:** Ladies and Gentlemen, this is our main event of the evening! RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **Quimbey:** Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 465 lbs..."The Socialite" Edward White, the FIST of DEFIANCE, Bronson Box... THE BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOD DIAAAAAAAAAAMOOOOOOOOOOOONDS! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Quimbey:** And their opponents... [A Country Boy Can Survive plays out through the arena as Harlan's surviving defiant makes his way out onto the stage.] **Quimbey:** First, from Bloody Harlan, Kentucky, weighing in at 255lbs, The Redneck Reker, He... is... SAM... TUUUUUURRRRNEEEERRR JUUUUNNNNNIIIIIOOOOORRRR!!! ♪ The preacher man says it's the end of time ♪ ♪ And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry ♪ ♪ The interest is up and the Stock Markets down ♪ ♪ And you only get mugged if you go down town ♪ [Sam flexes on the stage, but he doesn't start making his way down to the ring like usual, instead he turns and stares back at the curtain.] **Angus:** Stay over there, Redneck Reeker! **DDK:** Seriously? **Angus:** Deadly. Are you telling me you've never had your nostrils raped by the Reeker's stench? **DDK:** I'm not even going to dignify that with an answer. **Angus:** It's painful. **DDK:** Would you shut up? [Dat_heavenly_choir.jpg] **Quimbey:** And his partner, from Buffalo, Wyoming, weighing in at 260lbs, EUGEEEEEEEEENE DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEY! [Eugene busts through the curtain just as his music starts to get heavy and slaps hands with Sam Turner Jr. The two look down the walkway at the Blood Diamonds in the ring before turning back to the curtain again.] **Angus:** I knew it! They're scared! Look at them, they're gonna run away! **DDK:** Don't be so sure... [Both Sam and Eugene point to the curtain as it's brushed aside by another, bigger, beardier man.] **DDK:** It's FRANK! Was he not listening to what White and Box had to say just now? **Angus:** Maybe he was, and maybe that's why he's out here. Or maybe he's just in full

on 'Don't Give A Fuck' mode. [Together the three make their way along the walkway to the ring, none of them taking their eyes off of the Blood Diamonds in the ring, the Blood Diamonds arguing amongst themselves over the arrival of Frank.] **DDK:** Do you think Frank's presence could affect the Blood Diamonds in this match? **Angus:** It looks like it already has. [After sharing a nod with each Sam and Eugene, Frank drops to the arena floor where he's immediately surrounded by fans, all wanting to pat the shoulders of the mountain man. Eugene and Sam meanwhile step into the ring and wait for Nicky Corozzo to leave.] **DDK:** Boy, you ain't gonna lose Corozzo amongst the crowd, eh? He's head and shoulders above everyone else. **Angus:** And understandably the fans are giving him plenty of room. **DDK:** You don't want someone the size and weight of Corozzo coming down on you, no way. [After losing a game of rock, paper, scissors, Eugene takes his place on the apron. Meanwhile on the other side of the ring Bronson Box steps forwards for the Blood Diamonds, reassuring Edward White that he's 'got this.'] **DDK:** And there's the bell! It looks like we'll be starting off our main event with Bronson Box for the Blood Diamonds and Sam Turner Jr for... **Angus:** 'The most ginger team in the world'? **DDK:** I was going to say Sam and Eugene. **Angus:** Yeah, but that team name sucks. [Box smiles across the ring at Sam Turner Jr., who simply looks back at the FIST. Eugene shouts words of encouragement from the apron as the two legal men meet in the middle of the ring.] **DING DING DING!**



DDK: These two met in the ring back in Birmingham where Sam was an ant's asshole away from winning the FIST. **Angus:** And we'll never know if he would have walked away champion thanks to Dan Ryan and his super serious mental health problems. **DDK:** But you've got to believe Sam has been looking forward to getting another chance to prove himself against Box. [The two tie up in the middle of the ring, but not for long as Sam pushes Box away, sending him rolling into his corner. Edward White pats Box on the shoulder and whispers in his ear before Bronson returns to the middle of the ring and ties up with STJ once again. This time Sam forces Box back into a neutral corner, breaking the collar and elbow tie up at a count of 2. Sam backs off slowly until Bronson lifts a boot into his midsection.] **DDK:** So much for a clean break. [Spinning STJ around in the corner Box lands a few rights and lefts to the ribs of Sam Turner Jr. before lifting a few european uppercuts into his chin. Box whips Sam out of the corner, but Sam reverses the throw and sends Box careening into the turnbuckles. Turner follows the Scottish Strongman in and crushes him with a splash. Bronson stumbles out of the corner into a scoop slam! Sam drops into a cover!] **DDK:** STJ looking for a quick win! [ONE!] [Bronson Box kicks out just after one.] **Angus:** You're not gonna catch the FIST of DEFIANCE out after nothing more than a body slam. [Sam grabs Box by the head and pulls him to his feet. Box throws a right hand into Sam's midsection, but it's shrugged off by the farmhand who lifts Box into a standing fireman's carry. Box wriggles free however and slips down behind Sam, before hitting him with a headbutt to the top of Sam's neck.] **Angus:** Right in that soft bit at the base of the skull! That hurts no matter how big you are. **DDK:** Box likes to think he's tall enough to kick anyone's ass, but he had to jump to reach Sam's neck there. **Angus:** You might want to keep your voice down, Corozzo's looking right at you. [Using two handfuls of hair Bronson drags Sam down to the mat and mounts him, raining down rights and lefts and rights and lefts. Sam does his best to cover up, but a few punches find their mark. Finally Box dismounts and places a foot on Sam's face, dragging it off and down to the mat.] **DDK:** That sadistic... **Angus:** Sam asked for this. He knew what Bronson and Edward White were capable of before signing on to this 'Super Funtime Happy Smiley Squad' or whatever the fuck they're calling themselves. [Box steps on Sam's hair and reaches over to make the tag to Edward White, he even refuses to remove his foot before White has hit the ropes and come back with a leg drop. White goes for the quick cover!] [ONE!] [T-Sam Turner Jr. powers out from beneath Edward White!] **DDK:** There's still a lot of fight left in the country boy! **Angus:** I'm not surprised, we're only like a page and a half into the match. [Both men get to their feet quickly, Edward White slightly quicker though as he's able to throw the first punch that connects with Sam's chin and rocks the big man. White locks in a neckwreck and controls STJ into the corner with it where Bronson Box sticks his big bald head over the top rope. White uses Bronson's noggin to bounce Sam Turner Jr.'s face off of before tagging out to his partner.] **Angus:** Haha, big bald head. I like that. **DDK:** You really are breaking the fourth wall today, aren't you? [White spins Sam into the corner as Box steps in through the ropes and the two take Turner over with a double hip toss. Box soaks in the jeers from the

fans for a second before dropping into the cover.] [ONE!] [TW-Sam gets a shoulder up!] [Clearly knowing he wasn't going to get the fall there Bronson sits Sam up and applies a chinlock, driving his knee into Sam's back as he does so. Sam manages to work his way up though and forces Box to adjust to a side headlock. Sam pushes Box against the ropes and sends him across the ring. He drops to the mat and Box hops over him. Box comes back again and ducks a clothesline attempt. He goes behind Sam, pushes him forwards into the ropes and rolls him up for a pin!] [ONE!] [T-Sam powers out, sending Bronson stumbling forwards.] **DDK:** Sam's got so much power in those legs he almost pushed Bronson clear out of the ring! **Angus:** The guy's built like his own outhouse, but he's lacking one thing The Blood Diamonds are overflowing with. **DDK:** What's that? Cash? **Angus:** No, experience. **DDK:** ...Wait... was that something insightful... from you? **Angus:** Enjoy it, Keebs, those moments don't happen too frequently. [Getting back to his feet Sam ducks an attempted clothesline from Bronson and turns on the spot. He lands a right hand, then a left, then a right, then a left, finally he winds up a haymaker and drops Box to the mat to a roar from the fans!] RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH [Sam hits the ropes and catches Box with a clothesline as he bounces back up to his feet and roars out to the fans. Eugene Dewey meanwhile in his corner holds his hand out for a tag.] **DDK:** Dewey wants in. **Angus:** Thanks, Captain. [After checking whether or not the fans want to see him in action, which they clearly do, Sam slaps Eugene's hand.] RAHH [But...] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [Those cheers turn to jeers as Bronson Box slides his way to his corner and reaches up for a tag to Edward White.] **DDK:** Did Bronson Box just run from Eugene? **Angus:** That's certainly what it looked like. **DDK:** I must say I'm shocked... **Angus:** I'm not. We all know this pious prick is as chicken shit as they come, and of everyone in DEFIANCE nobody has his number as much as Eugene. [Edward White doesn't look too happy about having to enter the ring either, but he's left with little choice as Bronson Box steps out to the apron. Eugene points to Bronson and demands he come back into the ring, but Bronson waves him off and tells Edward to 'go get him'.] **DDK:** Eugene is still asking for Box. **Angus:** He'll be lucky, Box ain't getting back in there, not by a long shot. **DDK:** Nice Gears Of War reference there. **Angus:** Gears of what? [Edward White circles Eugene in the middle of the ring and hesitates to lock up. Eugene advances and White scampers back into the safety of the corner of the ring where he leans through the ropes and demands Benny Doyle keep Dewey away from him. Eugene does indeed back up and allow White to regain his composure, much to the disdain of the fans at ringside.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [Again Eugene and White circle and finally they tie up. Eugene immediately powers White back against the ropes before taking him over with a circle throw.] **DDK:** Holy crap, Eugene knows Judo? **Angus:** Chances are he learned that from Ryu or Ken. [Eugene rolls through into a mount on White and stares down at him, unsure of what exactly to do. That moment delay allows White to throw a right hand up and connect with Eugene's chin, knocking him off. Dewey shakes the cobwebs out as White pounces on his with an axehandle and brings forearm after forearm down across Dewey's back and shoulders.] **DDK:** Edward White looks like a windmill with those forearm strikes. **Angus:** They may well be landing, but I don't think they're doing much damage. [Despite the forearms Eugene manages to get to his feet and push White away, putting some distance between the two. White closes that gap almost immediately, but Eugene takes him off of his feet with a shoulder tackle. Dewey quickly drops an elbow down across the chest of White and goes for the cover!] [ONE!] [White kicks out at one!] [Eugene pulls White to his feet and pushes him back against the ropes where he unleashes a few knife edge chops to White's chest. Eugene whips Edward across the ring and lifts him as he comes back, dropping him stomach first across the top rope. Dewey reaches over and tags in Sam Turner Jr., who nails White with a running knee to the head, which sends him back into the ring into clothesline to the back of the head from the waiting Eugene!] **DDK:** Great teamwork from Eugene and Sam there. [Sam enters the ring just as Eugene is leaving it and pulls White to his feet. He lifts White into a fireman's carry and starts spinning!] ONETWOTHREEFOURFIVESIX SEVENEIGHTNINETENELEVENTWELVE THIRTEENFOURTEENFIFTEENSIXTEENSEVENTEENEIGHTEEN NINETEENTWENTY...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH [Sam sets White down on his feet and he stumbles into the wrong part of town!] OOOOO-WAYYYYYYYYYYYY! [Eugene levels the dizzied White with a right hand that knocks him down to the canvas!] **Angus:** What a cheap shot! **DDK:** Are you suddenly on the side of The Blood Diamonds? **Angus:** No, but still, Dewey has no right to cheap shot anyone like that. [Sam steps on the chest of White and over him as he goes to tag Dewey back into the match. Eugene enters the ring and together he and Sam pulls White to his feet and whip him across the ring. He comes back into a flapjack from both men!] **DDK:** I hope White got clearance from the necessary authorities before flying that high. **Angus:** Please, I don't think Greece has authorities. It's like a free-for-all out there. [As Sam exits the ring Eugene covers White!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [TH-White gets a shoulder up!] [Eugene transitions into a side headlock and uses that to get White back to his feet. He pulls Edward into the corner of the ring and spins him before thrusting a shoulder deep into his midsection. Another shoulder, then another, then another before hitting the ropes on the other side of the ring and coming back with an avalanche splash in the corner. White collapses to his ass as Eugene hits the ropes again and, with a full head of

steam, hits a butt bump in the corner, almost crushing Edward's head between the turnbuckle and his ass!] **DDK:** God damn! Dewey can move these days, and he's still got more than enough weight behind him to throw around.

Angus: That ass has always been a lethal weapon, just now it's for a different reason... [Eugene tags in Sam who waits on the apron as Eugene grabs White's legs and pulls him from the corner. Edward tries to hold onto the ropes, but that only causes Eugene's pull to force him up into the air, where the only way to go is down. He slams into the mat as Sam Turner Jr. steps into the ring and climbs up to the middle rope where he drops a fist down into the forehead of Edward White! Sam goes for the cover!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [THR-Edward White gets a shoulder up again!] **DDK:** And notice how Box hasn't moved from his corner. **Angus:** He'll tell you he knew White was going to kick out, but deep down he's just... HEY! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [After getting to his feet Sam Turner Jr. hit the ropes... the very same ropes that Bronson Box just low bridged!] **DDK:** Sam just took a nasty spill to the outside! **Angus:** And he's right at the feet of Nicky Corozzo! [As Corozzo looms over Sam the fans part like the red sea for Frank Dylan James as he rushes around the ring to his new friend's aid.] **DDK:** Corozzo and James are staring each other down as Sam Turner Jr. struggles to get to his feet. **Angus:** And these fans are going wild. RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **Angus:** See? [Without taking his eyes off of James Corozzo backs away from Sam Turner Jr. and is engulfed by the crowd, all of them taunting him for backing off from the Mastadon. Meanwhile Frank Dylan James helps Sam up to his feet and makes sure that he's ok. Eugene even makes his way around to the side of the ring that Sam fell to check on his partner. Inside the ring Edward White has managed to crawl his way to Bronson Box and make the tag.] **DDK:** That distraction was exactly what White needed. [Bronson Box leaps from the apron and brings an axe handle down across the shoulders of Sam Turner Jr. that knocks him into FDJ and Dewey. He grabs Sam by his overalls and heaves him back into the ring. Dewey charges at Box but narrowly misses grabbing his leg as he slides into the relative safety of the ring. Box leans over the ropes to laugh at Dewey, enraging Eugene to the point where he hops up on the apron and tries to grab at Bronson, but Benny Doyle is right there to stop him.] **Angus:** And now the vultures feast. [Bronson turns quickly and grabs Sam roughly by the neck to pull him to his feet. While Doyle is still busy trying to get Eugene back to his corner Bronson rakes the eyes of STJ and lifts a European Uppercut into his chin. Bronson wraps both hands around Sam's throat and pushes him down to the ground where he chokes the absolute shit out of him.] **DDK:** Dewey's doing his partner no favors up there on the apron. [Finally Eugene gets down off of the apron and heads back for his corner, but the damage has already been done. Box releases the choke just before Doyle turns back around and covers the almost purple faced Sam!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [T-Sam kicks out!] [Not wasting any time Bronson grabs a handful of Sam's hair and brings a stiff right hand down into the farmhand's forehead. Box measures shot after shot before unleashing a flurry of right hands to the head and face of Sam Turner Jr.] **Angus:** Box has just resorted to beating the crap out of Sam now. **DDK:** Thing is it's working. [Box covers Sam again!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [TH-Again Sam kicks out!] **DDK:** There's no quit in Sam Turner Jr. [Showing signs of frustration Box drags Sam to the ropes and draps his throat across the middle one. Box digs a knee into Sam's spine until Doyle's count of 4 and releases the choke again. As Doyle follows Box away, admonishing his actions further, White slides along the apron and places a knee on the back of Sam's head, further choking the Redneck Reker. Eugene, irate over the underhanded tactics, tries again to get in the ring, but his path is blocked by Benny Doyle again.] **DDK:** Dewey really isn't used to tag team wrestling, is he? **Angus:** He's playing right into The Blood Diamonds hand. [Eugene realises the futility of his attempts to save Sam and exits the ring as Bronson tags White back into the match. Together The Blood Diamonds pull Sam off of the ropes and lift him for a double side suplex. As Box leaves the ring, White scrambles over and covers Sam!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [THRE-Eugene comes in with the save!] **DDK:** Dewey just in time with that boot to the back of White's head to break up the fall! **Angus:** But that's all he can do as Doyle orders him back out of the ring. [White controls Sam back to his feet and throws him into the Blood Diamond's corner. He plants a few boots into Sam's midsection to drive him down and follows up with a couple of vicious headbutts that knock Sam down to his butt. White rakes his boot across Sam's face a couple of times before hitting the ropes and comes back with a running boot to Sam's face. White drags Sam from the corner and goes for another cover!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [TH-Eugene breaks the pin with an axehandle!] **DDK:** Again Eugene saves the match for his team! **Angus:** He's getting frustrated on the outside, and Edward can tell. [White taunts Eugene as he heads back to his corner in order to lure Dewey into lunging back at the socialite. Benny Doyle steps in to prevent the attack, but that only serves to distract him to allow Box to enter the ring and help White to pull Sam up to his feet. Once he's up Box lifts Sam into a bearhug as White climbs the ropes and dives off with a clothesline to Sam. White raises his hands above his head, slaps them together and exits the ring, leaving Box to cover Sam.] **DDK:** Wait! There was no tag there! **Angus:** He was close enough to make it. If you're close enough you don't need to make it. **DDK:** What are you, some kind of weasle? [Benny Doyle turns around after Box yells at him and counts the fall!] [ONE!] [TWO!!] [THR-Sam kicks out!] [Shocked at Sam's ability to kick out following the double team, Box argues with Benny about the count before recovering Sam and hooking both legs!] [ONE!]

[illegible]

BLOODY on, boy. [Box drops the microphone with a thud and without incident rolls out of the ring leaving a bumfuzzled Edward White and Eugene Dewey grinning from ear to ear. Ed promptly rolls out after Bronson disappearing into the throngs of people at ringside.] **DDK:** A little miscommunication between The Diamonds there. **Angus:** Sucks to be you Ed, it's what you get for associating with fuckin' CRAZY PEOPLE. **DDK:** But what a match! Eugene Dewey challenging Bronson Box for the FIST of DEFIANCE! **Angus:** Fatty's got The Wargod's NUMBER son.