

Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu Plus original presentation!] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from Calgary 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 Tiroler Wasserkraft Arena 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 commentation station, with Keebs and Angus overlooking the action.] ♪ *Because I* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ [Zoom in.] **Angus:** WEEELLLLLLLLLCOME DEFIAFAGS!!! We are LIIIIIEV from the city of Calgary... ALBERTA, CANADA... **DDK:**

Fans, welcome to Guerrilla Grindhouse 10. We've got an action packed card headed your way tonight, and it's going to be topped off by a match featuring one third of our Trios Champions, and one third of the number one contenders - Capital Punishment of Team HOSS taking on Tyrone Walker of Hookers N' Blow! **Angus:**

TEEMDANJAR?! **DDK:**

No Angus, he's with HNB now. **Angus:**

Teemdanjar....

DDK:

We've also got a semi-main event pitting Stockton Pyre against Clair St. Sure, and we've got an anticipated debut of sorts in the works too - the Blood Diamonds have increased in number and fielded a trios team called The Conclave! Jacob Cassidy and Jane Katze have wrestled in Defiance before, but they're taking on the Walker Clan in their first match as a team. **Angus:**

And because this is Defiance, you just know something awesome is going to happen unexpectedly! Anyway, I see a fat dude in a tiger mask making his way to the ring, and I think that means we're about to start our first match!

Heidi Christenson vs Rod Fantastico

[Just like last week, there's a song playing as we fade up. It is "I'm Too Sexy" by Right Said Fred, and that means that Rod "The Bod" Fantastico, the World's Largest Luchador is in the ring.]

DDK:

For the second card in a row, we've got Heidi Christenson set to open the show against someone on our talent enhancement roster. Last week, it was against Typheni, and we got a decent if some what one-sided match out of it. This time, I'm not sure. Rod Fantastico isn't a great stylistic matchup against Heidi.

Angus:

I tell you what I think, Keeps.

[Right Said Fred fades out, and is replaced with the familiar sludgy guitars of "Writhe" by Kyuss.]

Angus:

Heidi comes up short in that World Title Match, right? And she had Kai Scott trapped in Beautiful Dreamer but the time limit expired before he tapped or passed out. But she demanded the match restart, so then Scott found his ballsack and dropped her on her head with a brand new move and won after all. She didn't flip out once, it was all smiles and sportsmanship and caring what the fans think.

[Heidi makes her way out to the ring with a look on her face that resembles boredom more than anything else.]

Angus:

I'm not saying she wasn't wanted, the fans always liked Heidi alright, but you know when it was that she became a bonafide Defiance superstar as opposed to a superstar from Somewhere Else who happened to be wrestling for Defiance? When she was loose cannoning all over the place. Dude - I can count on one hand the number of people who've made Eric Dane flinch over the years. She did more than that.

DDK:

But what does that have to do with Rod Fantastico?

Angus:

It's simple Darren, simple.

DING! DING! DING!

[Heidi and Fantastico tie up. Heidi tries to arm drag him. She falls down and he doesn't budge. He goes for a jumping splash and misses.]

Angus:

Why did Heidi flip out on Eric Dane and Tom Sawyer before him? Because they made her angry. For some reason, Kai Scott didn't make her angry. Match her up against a boyscout like Griffith, or a lean wrestler like Clair St. Sure she's not going to get angry. Make her waste her time fighting a tub of lard like Rod Fantastico in the opening bout? That's maybe gonna make her angry.

[Heidi tries to roll Fantastico over into a pin. Between his weight and his flab, she can't make it happen, and Rod pushes her away, but he's only just rolled over before she's back on him. Heidi sits down on his back and applies a sleeper hold. Fantastico slowly but easily stands up with her on his back, then tries to break her grip with some clumsy back elbows.]

Angus:

And this is just painful. It's like watching a deathmatch between a Japanese giant hornet and a tube of liverwurst.

[Heidi just drops the sleeper and roundhouse kicks Rod in the kidney area. He just kind of jiggles.]

Angus:

My god he's too fat to roundhouse kick.

[Rod just grabs Heidi by the head and backs her into the corner - and Heidi jumps as they're about to get there, lacing her legs around his neck and dangling backwards over the top rope!]

DDK:

Modified triangle choke!

Angus:

It seems to be working. Of course, I don't know whether it's because his neck's thin enough for her to hurt, or if he's just panicking because he's in between a chick's legs for the first time ever. Also, it's illegal.

[The ref does indeed call for the break. Rod hangs onto the top rope panting for breath. Heidi does a handstand off the apron and down to the floor, but jumps right back up and-

THWAAAAAACK!

DDK:

Rope assisted enzuigiri!

[Rod Fantastico stumbles away from the ropes and falls to his knees. Heidi's quickly into the ring and she kicks him hard under the jaw. The World's Largest Luchador seems to ignore it for a second or two even - then his arms collapse and he hits the mat with a wobbly thump. For good measure, Heidi drills a second kick into the side of his head.]

bbbboooooooooooo.....

Angus:

Yeah. Yeah, that's what I was afraid of...

[The 10 count for a knockout is going up on Fantastico as Heidi stands there looking downright disgusted with the entire world.]

Angus:

If she handles being put in a decent match in the opener with good sportsmanship? Put her in a bad match and see how she handles it. I kinda feel bad for Rod Fantastico though - he can actually go pretty good in tag team matches, but his first Defiance match gets him fed to a psycho chick. And it's not even like when we fed Roscoe Shame to Heidi, because he deserved that and it was funny as hell when she did this to him.

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, as a result of a knockout: HEIDI! CHRISTENSON!

[The fans can't work up much of a reaction for her win, but it's not like Heidi sticks around to mug for the fans. As soon as her hand is raised, she leaves the ring.]

Curtis visits The Blood Diamonds

[Walking in a slow stride is the Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn. Normally, Curtis walks with a purpose, but today he seems hesitant. Purposefully hesitant, not normal. He stops and starts over and over, playing the scenario in his head over and over.]

[How is this going to go down? Has Curtis thought it all the way through.]

[Curtis finally makes it down the long hallway to the only door, a door that has a large logo, specifically the logo for the Blood Diamonds.]

[Curtis, not forgetting his Southern roots or the knowledge that Edward White could have dozens of hired security standing behind this door, knocks on the door. Curtis places his ear to the door and listens to the strides as the door knob is ratcheted and door swings open.]

[Curtis leans in and bumps into something a tad worse than a couple of armed henchmen, Bronson Box.]

Curtis Penn:

Fuck.

[Bronson just looks the young champion up and down.]

Box:

Can I bloody help you, lad?

[Penn regains himself and takes a step back from the Wargod.]

Curtis Penn:

I need to talk to Ed, he in there?

[Penn stands on the tips of his toes to look over Box's shoulder. Penn notices Nicky Corozzo and a few other nameless henchmen, but no Ed White.]

Box:

If he were, you think that I'd let you in? You.

[Box eyeballs Penn and scoffs.]

Box:

Listen lad, turn your arse around and I'll forget that you ever made the foolish decision to knock on MY locker room door.

[Penn leans back, looks at the name plate on the door and grins at Box.]

Curtis Penn:

So you're the man in charge then? Sorry, I figured old money bags was the one barkin' the orders...

[Box takes a step into the door frame, blocking Penn from furthering entering the room.]

Box:

Nobody barks orders at anyone in this collective, boy. Ed does as he wants, I do as I want and if you keep on I'll squash you like a piece of rotten fruit and stuff that little belt down your bloody throat.

[Penn smirks.]

Curtis Penn:

Listen, Wargod...

[Curtis steps towards the door frame, towards Bronson.]

Angus:

He's out of his gourd.

DDK::

Would you hush?

Curtis Penn:

If you haven't noticed I am not only the Southern Heritage Champion, I am the LONGEST reigning Southern Heritage Champion there has ever been and I didn't do that by backing the fuck down. EVER!

[Box steps forward so both men are standing in the hallway, he slowly pulls the door shut giving Curtis two options stand and fight or use words and beg off this wholly unnecessary confrontation.]

Curtis Penn: (stepping back and smirking)

Aight, Box I get it you won't let me to talk to Edward. That's fine, eventually Ed's gunna' come looking for ME seeing as his bought and sold muscle lost his FIST title to Eugene fuckin' Dewey. I'm still a CHAMPION, Boxer.

Box:

Remember what I said to Kai Scott last week, boy'o? That bit about HOLDIN' titles? You're almost as big a coward as Scott, at least he doesn't whine like some sort of woman.

[The confident young Penn not phased by this at all just staring daggers back at the Wargod.]

Curtis Penn:

Just because I have better sense than to go running around like a jackass beating up secretaries and production assistants that doesn't make a me a coward. It makes me goddamn smart. I'm a tactician, Bronson. I figured a guy like you, a guy like Ed White would be able to see that.

[Box chuckles.]

Box:

So that's what this is about? You think we'd accept you into the Diamonds?

[Penn gets prickly at Bronson's dismissive tone.]

Curtis Penn:

AND WHY NOT? I'm the longest reigning Southern Heritage champion in company history, I'm a rising star! Any stable would be HONORED to have a talent the caliber of Curtis Penn join their ranks! You have that slug Corozzo, Jack Cass-i-whats his name, that big black guy, Jane Katze on her fourth shot in this company... AND YOU SCOFF AT ME?

[Box raises an eyebrow.]

Box:

Listen lad, ye' best watch yer' volume...

[Penn holds up a hand in Bronson's face.]

Angus:

Oh snap, Penn's gunna' fuckin' die, yo.

[The Wargod is so shocked he just stands there in almost dumbfounded disbelief.]

Curtis Penn:

Screw you, pal. Ed White can't write a big enough check for me to play second fiddle to some chump who can't even walk across Eugene Dewey's doughy backside.

[Curtis, turns on his heels and leaves the Wargod standing dumbstruck. And maybe even a little impressed.]

[Box walks back into the Blood Diamonds locker room to the sound of the toilet flushing. He slams the door shut, exasperated. Edward White steps out from behind the bathroom door hitching his expensive looking leather belt fanning the room with his folded Wall Street Journal.]

White:

What did that little troglodyte want, I heard his blasted voice clear as day from the damned hallway. Do Alceo and his boys need to pay Mr. Penn a little visit?

[Box walks away from the door and back towards the bench where his gear sits.]

Box:

No, nothing like that. The loudmouth little shit. Let him run around and make noise.

White:

Think he might prove worthy at some point?

[Ed grins at his tag team partner.]

Box:

Let's not go quite that far, lad.

Lance Warner:

Dan Ryan! Mr Ryan! If I could have a few words.

[The Blood Diamonds stop in their tracks and slowly turn back to Lance, who stops next to the former FIST of DEFIANCE... wait... they're all former FISTS... Ok for clarification he stops next to Dan Ryan.]

Lance Warner:

Dan, last week you interfered in the FIST of DEFIANCE title match between Clair St. Sure and the champion Eugene Dewey. What I, and the rest of the world want to know is, why did you do it?

[Dan exhales loudly through his nose and stares daggers at Lance. Warner waits for a moment, but after receiving no answer, he presses on.]

Lance Warner:

What made you attack Eugene Dewey in the way that you did, Dan?

[Ryan takes a step towards Lance, but Edward White reaches out and wraps a hand around the biceps of the Egobuster. Ryan looks back at White who gently shakes his head and motions to the arena door.]

Lance Warner:

Dan?

[Ryan turns from Lance and follows Edward into the building, leaving Bronson Box with the roaming reporter.]

Bronson Box:

Lance, you'll get your answers. Later.

[And with that Bronson also takes his leave. Leaving us to return to the present day... well.. present hour.]

Angus:

The Blood Diamonds rolls in style, Keeps.

DDK:

That's what you took from that?

Angus:

There was something else of relevance?

Jason Ortiz vs Etienne LaMort

DDK:

Fans, as we return to the ring, we're getting our first look at Jason Ortiz, the most recent signing to the Defiance roster!

[Jason Ortiz is a skinny white kid in hip hop clothing. He seems to be not-quite-steady on his feet as he rolls out to the ring.]

Angus:

So, Keebs, what d'you suppose this kid's on?

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 15 minute time limit! On his way to the ring, from Tacoma Washington and weighing in at 170 lbs! JASON! ORTIZ!

[Ortiz rolls into the ring and hits the top rope, raising his hands.]

Quimbey:

His opponent! From Port de Paix, Haiti, and weighing in at 234 lbs, Etienne LaMort!

[LaMort raises his arms.]

DING! DING! DING!

[The two lock up, and LaMort quickly overpowers Ortiz with a double knuckle lock. Ortiz does a cruiserweighty escape - he jumps so his knees are on Lamort's shoulders and then he backflips off and then dropkicks LaMort over backwards. Clapping his hands to get the fans going, Ortiz runs the ropes and hits a flying diving forearm! LaMort goes down, gets slowly back up and catches a flying dropkick that sends him falling out of the ring. Running the ropes again, Ortiz builds up speed - and catches his dive short as LaMort sidesteps.]

[LaMort stalls about getting back into the ring until Carla Ferrari backs Ortiz up, and then he uses the opportunity to sneak in an eye rake.]

Angus:

This shit is horrible.

DDK:

Ortiz is a risk taker who is known to not think his moves through very well, it's a good thing he didn't actually try that dive earlier. LaMort is a rookie, but he's a thinking man's wrestler who's controlling the momentum.

Angus:

Fuck you Keebs. This. Shit. Is. Horrible.

[LaMort clubs away and then hits the chinlock.]

Angus:

Horrible.

[Ortiz starts rallying. He gets his feet under him and elbows his way loose, but isn't quite quick enough and LaMort cuts the comeback off with a spinebuster for a long two count. LaMort pulls Ortiz up and Irish whips him, Ortiz backflips over the ropes, shoulderblocks LaMort through the ropes and then hits a springboard spinning heel kick! A DDT puts LaMort down and Ortiz heads to the top rope.]

DDK:

Ortiz likes to finish matches with a Swanton he calls "The Rehabilitation."

[Ortiz leaps - and LaMort moves! As Ortiz rolls over clutching his back, LaMort puts his knee behind Ortiz's neck and flings himself backwards with a modified neckbreaker. Ortiz flops and LaMort goes for the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Um...

Angus:

Yes Keebs, I'm being told over my headpiece that as a consequence for being the first guy to lose cleanly to a developmental wrestler, Ortiz is gone. Meh, maybe this'll learn certain parties the difference between 'enhancement' and 'jobber.'

[As for LaMort, there's a delay on the victory playing of the theme song front since no one knows his theme song. Finally someone thinks to cue up "Voodoo Child."]

Curtis and The Angel City eXXXpress

[Curtis Penn stops completely in his tracks, dumbfounded as to how his feet lead him to this locker room. Lead him to this door, the door that leads to the locker room of some of his most heated rivals. That door is the door that leads to The Angel City eXXXpress. And it is at that door that Curtis Penn stands outside right at this very moment, Curtis is trying very hard to retrace his steps from standing toe to toe with the Wargod and now standing outside the door of Don Hollywood, Pete Whealdon, and Rich Mahogany three of the four men that most disgust Curtis Penn.]

[He places his ear to the door and hears shit that you should only hear in the old pornos, the ones where the girls vag area has more carpet coverage than the hair above the lip of the co-star, meaning weird moans and groans and, yes, 70's porno music.]

[Curtis gears up to knock on the door, only to hear one of the three men behind give a deep guttural groan. Curtis looks at his balled up fist and then at the door and decides that he just doesn't want the diseases that are on that door or anywhere near that door.]

[Curtis sighs and leans his back against the wall and walks away. Curtis is fresh out of sight when the door jerks open and out leans a freshly oiled up Don Hollywood.]

Don Hollywood:

NAW, it ain't the strippers!

[You can hear Pete and Rich in the back in tandem exclaiming their dissatisfaction.]

Want match!

[Heidi Christenson is walking with purpose.]

[Still dressed in her wrestling gear, she stops outside the door marked 'OFFICE' and knocks.]

V.O. Kelly Evans:

I'm busy. Come back later.

[Heidi closes her eyes. If you can lip-read, you can see her count to ten.]

[After she reaches 'ten', she simply opens the door and walks in.]

[Kelly slams her laptop shut as soon as Heidi enters the room.]

Kelly:

What did I just say?

Heidi:

You said come back later. I waited until it was later, then came back.

[Kelly takes a deep breath.]

Kelly:

Well, let's get this over with. What do you want?

Heidi:

Real matches. Opponents worth lacing my boots up for.

Kelly:

You don't wear boots.

Heidi:

It's a figure of speech.

[Kelly spins her chair to face away from Heidi, and she looks out the window.]

Kelly:

Let's play a little game, Heidi. Let's play 'why does she hate me so?' The rules are, you have to guess why the other person hates you. You go first.

[Heidi doesn't actually have to guess.]

Heidi:

So this is about the arm.

[Back in November 2013, at the beginning of the Untouchable PPV, Heidi snapped Kelly's arm.]

Kelly:

That. And helping Jeff steal this promotion out from under us. And trying to destroy it when Eric put him back in his place. And then trying to kill him. I don't know why it took only six weeks for you to make it back, or why he decided to treat you like all was forgiven when you came back, but sweetie, let me tell you something.

[Kelly turns around and looks Heidi straight in the face.]

Kelly:

I fucking hate you. And I don't have to threaten you not to forget it, because I'm not going to let you forget it. I thought about just firing you, you know, Eric told me that Mike Bell was off the table, he didn't tell me dick about you. But that would be too easy. Also, Jeff would just rehire you as soon as I wasn't looking.

Heidi:

Your arm healed as fast as my eye did. And you didn't lose any money over it because you don't have to wrestle. I do, and I did.

Kelly:

This is a picture of me not giving a fuck.

Heidi:

I'm not asking for another World Title shot. I'm just asking for a decent match. Something the fans might actually want to see. Not me just beating up some kid who can't fight back.

Kelly:

Something that the fans want to... see... hmm.

[A smile crosses Kelly's face. It's not a nice one. She looks up at the ceiling.]

Kelly:

Alright, fine. Next card, I'll put you in a match that the fans want to see.

[Heidi's eyes are murderous. It couldn't be more obvious that Kelly does not have her best intentions in mind. But with a statement as vague as 'put you in a match the fans want to see', there's not much Heidi can say or do.]

[She stands there.]

Kelly:

You can leave now, princess.

[You can hear Heidi's teeth grind, but she manages to walk out of the office without doing anything violent.]

Let's Make A Deal

Angus:

Oh dear lordy. There is no way that bad blood between Kelly Evans and Heidi Christenson isn't going to end with shit gone to pieces.

DDK:

To be honest Angus, I was surprised that after everything that happened between them, that Eric Dane let Heidi return to Defiance. But then, I'm surprised Heidi came back.

Angus:

Straight talk Keebs, there's a lot more mutual respect between Dane and Heidi after that I Quit match than there was before it. But that's got nothing to do with Kelly holding a grudge... unless Heidi gets mad enough that she starts messing with Defiance itself again. There is NO WAY this is going to end well for anyone. Anyway, I think Curtis Penn's doing yet another something so we better go check that out.

[Now Curtis has tried the Brute and the Scum and neither have seemed very pleasing of an option to his current situation. As a reminder Curtis is in this search because he's an asshole, the kind of asshole who has zero friends, as evidence of this hunt, and plenty of guys who are not exactly happy that he's around, which is the reason for this hunt. Now, there are still a few other options... there is the Truly Untouchable option, which truly isn't an option because Curtis refuses to be a lackey. And then there is the other, more desirable option and just simply offering goods for services, money for security when it's needed.]

[And for option number 2 Penn knows just the half pint he needs to go and see. In fact Curtis stumbled upon the Legitimate Businessmen's Club as he was sanitizing his hands after leaving the door of the Angel City eXXXpress. He's all ready to set terms and make his first instalment, and so reaches out to knock on their locker room door..]

Knock Knock Knock!

[After a moment of wondering whether or not someone is on the other side of the door, the handle clicks and a gap appears between the door and the frame, just enough for an eye to peer italian for idiotfitalian for idiotfazoolout of. An eye that clearly belongs to the largest member of the LBC. From somewhere within the room the littlest mobster calls out.]

Alceo Dentari:

Hey, Vinny, who is it?

Vincent Rinaldi

...

Alceo Dentari:

Vinny?

[Still Rinaldi stares through the gap in the door at the Southern Heritage champion, looking him up and down without saying a word.]

Tony Di Luca:

Yo, Vinny ya coglione, who's at that there door over here?

[The door swings open fully, clearly opened by Tony Di Luca as he's stood the holding the other side of the handle. At the rear of the room, with his back to the door, Alceo Dentari shouts out.]

Alceo Dentari:

Who is it, Tony?

[With a broad smile Tony answers.]

Tony Di Luca:

It's Curtis Penn.

[Alceo turns from what he's focused on and looks to the door.]

Alceo Dentari:

Well don't keep 'im out there in the cold, invite 'im in.

[Please ignore the fact that the hallway and locker room are the same temperature.]

Tony Di Luca:

'Course.

[Di Luca steps aside and allows Penn access to the room. Having to walk through the Gorilla alleyway doesn't seem to be Curtis' favourite thing in the world, but he does so and makes his way to the middle of The LBC's locker room.]

Alceo Dentari:

So... What brings yous 'round our neck a' these woods, Mr. Penn?

[Curtis scopes the room, noticing there is only one way out of it and that's through the same door that he just walked through. He mentally starts dissecting the guys in the room incase these negotiations break down and he has to haul ass.]

Penn:

Isn't it obvious, I'm here to talk business with ya legitimate businessmen.

[Curtis doesn't budge from his centered position of the room]

Alceo Dentari:

Well then, yous better take a seat.

[A grin appears on the smallest mobster's face as Di Luca pulls a chair out from under the table.]

Tony Di Luca:

You heard the guy, take a load off. You want Vinny to get you anythin'?

[Curtis shakes his head, shrugs his title off of his shoulder and makes towards the chair. Di Luca's hand firmly claps Penn on the shoulder as he takes his seat. Curtis folds his title neatly and places it on the table between him and Dentari as Di Luca takes the seat next to Dentari.]

Alceo Dentari:

You know he may not look it, but Vinny over there makes a mean caffè macchiato.

[Again Penn shakes his head to decline the beverage offer.]

Alceo Dentari:

What? You think there's somethin' wrong with our coffee?

[Penn twitches nervously.]

Penn:

No, I-

[Together Tony and Alceo burst out laughing.]

Alceo Dentari:

AHAHA! This guy!

Tony Di Luca:

Easy Curtis, Alceo here, he's just kiddin' 'round, capiché?

[Curtis feigns a laugh and looks around the room, playing the scenario in his head. If he can get past Vinny by the door the other two really don't have a chance catching him in a sprint so he decides that the negotiations should probably start.]

Penn:

Ha, yeah, good one... Well I can say, in all honesty, that you three were not my first choice to come and talk with about my situation.

[Alceo shifts in his chair.]

Alceo Dentari:

Is that so? Tell me, who turned you down first? The Blood Diamonds or The Angel City Exxxpress?

[Curtis feels like he has been caught with his pants down.]

Alceo Dentari:

What? How did we know? I'm sure you're aware of the working partnership we have with Edward White. An' gossip, not unlike them venereal diseases the ACX is carryin', spreads fast round these parts.

[Di Luca clears his throat.]

Alceo Dentari:

We got people in places you don't even know exist, so believe me, if yous gonna go 'round on our turf tryna hire somebody to do our work, we're gonna know about it. Now, yous got thirty seconds to offer up whatever business proposal yous come in here with before Vinny over there puts you through this wall over here.

[Curtis looks into the cold eyes of Tony Di Luca and then shifts his gaze to Alceo Dentari.]

Penn:

I've pissed alooooooooooot of people off getting to where I'm at now.

[Alceo nods in agreement with Curtis Penn.]

Penn:

And you've probably already heard that Box and I exchanged some words.

[Di Luca grins and smirks.]

Tony Di Luca:

You could say we heard that through the grapevine. Bronson weren't too happy now, was he?

Penn:

Nah, he wasn't, so as you can tell I've got the good guys and the bad guys after me. So I can't go and ask for this favor from just anybody or any group. I need a group of people who aren't driven by their allegiances, but rather by cold hard cash. I need to purchase protection.

[Dentari breaks out in laughter, uncontrollable laughter. He manages to get a few words out between the chuckles though.]

Alceo Dentari:

Are yous... fuckin'... serious!?

Tony Di Luca:

It's a deal.

[Alceo's laughter stops on a dime, if not sooner, he shakes his head and then glares at Tony.]

Alceo Dentari:

Tony, this guy's been all over DEFIANCE lookin' for what's been in this room all night long. He comes in here, tells us we wasn't his first choice, then asks us to help him anyway, an' yous want to?

Tony Di Luca:

Yeah.

[Tony's simple answer clearly isn't enough of an argument to make Dentari change his mind.]

Alceo Dentari:

Care to elaborate on that?

[Curtis watches the back and forth between Tony and Alceo, he slowly slides his title into his lap and clutches it ready to fight his way out. Tony leans into Alceo and whispers into his ear. Alceo's neck vein returns to normal as Tony leans away from him. Alceo smooths out his shirt and stands.]

Alceo Dentari:

Curtis Penn, the Legitimate Businessman's Club have decided that yous need our help.

Penn:

I do? Yeah, okay.

[Curtis is slightly confused about the abrupt turnaround from Dentari, but he reaches into his pocket anyway for his wallet.]

Alceo Dentari:

Woah, hold your horses there, cowboy. We ain't takin' your money.

Penn:

What? I thought-

Alceo Dentari:

See, there's your first problem. No, Curtis, we're being paid handsomely by Edward White. Your money ain't no good here.

Penn:

Then how-

Alceo Dentari:

For you we'll be operatin' a... quid pro quo system. We do yous a favor, yous do us a favor.

Penn:

A favor? Ya'll need a favor from me? Sure...what is it?

[Alceo leans back in his chair and give a devilish grin.]

Alceo Dentari:

Oh no no no no no no no.. that's not how this works. When the time comes we'll let yous know. For now, all yous need

to know is that that title yous is wearing ain't goin' anywhere. Yous have the our word, the word of The Legitimate Businessman's Club.

Vinny, would you show Mr. Penn the door, he has a match to prepare for.

[Curtis stands up as Vincent opens the door.]

Alceo Dentari:

Mr. Penn, don't worry as long as you're under our protection no harm will come to yous.

[Curtis feels dirty, like he has just made a deal with the devil, as he steps out into the cold.]

[Cut.]

As Fresh As The Morning Dewey

Angus:

How entirely expected of Curtis Penn to buy help after alienating everyone in the Defiance locker room. I didn't know the Southern Heritage Title paid enough bonus for Penn to be able to buy the LBC.

DDK:

Earlier tonight we showed you what happened when Dan Ryan and the rest of the Blood Diamonds turned up at the arena.

Angus:

Yeah, and the wonderful Lance Warner failed to get any words out of The Egobuster.

DDK:

Well, Lance wasn't giving up in his hunt for a story regarding the FIST of DEFIANCE, and managed to get a few words out of the reigning FIST, Eugene Dewey, as he arrived just moments ago.

Angus:

Let's not watch, shall we?

[Moments ago.]

[In stark contrast to the limousine the Blood Diamonds arrived in earlier, Eugene Dewey steps out of a taxi all by himself. No need for the driver to open the door here... not that he would anyway.]

Lance Warner:

Eugene! Eugene! Hey, Eugene!

[Running up to the FIST of DEFIANCE is our roaming reporter Lance Warner. He barely allows the champ time to pull his suitcase from the back of the taxi before thrusting his microphone into his face.]

Lance Warner:

Eugene, back in St. Johns you were involved in one hell of a match for the FIST of DEFIANCE with Clair St. Sure when Dan Ryan attacked you and once again laid you out with a Humility bomb. My first question has to be, how are you doing?

[Eugene winces as he drops his case to the floor and extends the handle.]

Eugene Dewey:

How am I doing? I'm a month removed from a pulmonary contusion. I was lucky they even let me fly back to North America after what happened in Germany. Then, during a grueling match with one of the toughest fighters DEFIANCE has to offer, Dan Ryan attacks me, from behind I might add, and focuses solely on the areas affected by said contusion... So let me answer your question with one of my own. How do you think I'm doing?

[Tipping his case Eugene starts for the door to the arena, but Lance Warner is hot on his heels with more questions.]

Lance Warner:

I take it the contusion hasn't cleared up yet?

[Dewey shakes his head slightly.]

Eugene Dewey:

I don't know if you've ever had a bruised lung before, Lance, but it takes a while to heal when you're being dropped chest first onto a guardrail and driven spine first into a steel ring post. That and being powerbombed from almost seven feet in the air isn't exactly gonna speed up the recovery time, you know?

Lance Warner:

Eugene, I-

[It's about this point that Eugene catches himself and realises just how much of a sarcastic jerk he's being to someone asking him simply questions about his wellbeing. At least, that's what his facial expression conveys.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'm sorry, Lance. I don't mean to sound like such a sarcastic jerk.

[Told you.]

Eugene Dewey:

It's just this whole thing is so frustrating. I thought I was done with it, you know? I beat Dan Ryan and Bronson Box in what was essentially a handicap match, and still Dan thinks the FIST should be his. Still Dan thinks that he is the authority when it comes to who is and isn't the FIST.

[Dewey scoops up his title belt from the top of his suitcase and holds it up to Lance's face.]

Eugene Dewey:

This right here says that I am the FIST. Not Bronson Box, not Clair St. Sure, not Dan Ryan. **Me. Eugene Dewey!**

[Lance clears his throat.]

Lance Warner:

With all due respect, Eugene, some people have called your win... and please understand I'm quoting here... 'a fluke'. Do you have anything to say to those people?

[Eugene can't but laugh at that.]

Eugene Dewey:

Earning that match wasn't a fluke. Making it to that match wasn't a fluke. Winning that match wasn't a fluke. People can throw words around like 'fluke', or 'luck', but the only word I'm interested in is 'Champion'.

[With that Eugene drops the title back down onto his suitcase and wheels it through the door to the arena, leaving us to head back to ringside.]

DDK:

Strong words from the FIST there, Angus.

Angus:

That kid needs to take off those rose tinted glasses and recognise that Dan Ryan is a major fuckin' problem for him every day of the week.

DDK:

I can see where Eugene is coming from though. Dan had a chance to win the FIST in Germany and failed to do so. Maybe things aren't as The Egobuster claims. Maybe he doesn't deserve that belt.

Angus:

Aaaand now you're the one wearing the rose tinted glasses.

Curtis Penn vs Roger Stevens

Quimbey:

Now, coming to the ring...

Angus::

The douche bag.

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

Quimbey:

The Southern Heritage Champion...

DDK:

The longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion.

Angus::

The longest reigning douche bag.

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

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

Quimbey:

Curtis Penn!

Angus::

Super Douche BAG!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope and waits on his next victim.]

DDK:

Curtis looks ready for his next challenger in Roger Stevens. Stevens is no slouch inside of the ring, he's been doing this for over a decade now. He and Curtis Penn briefly passed each other in the hallways while both were in WC:C. Stevens is also a former Cascadia Independence Cup holder, which was WC:C's rough equivalent to the SoHer.

[The pounding guitars of "Pray For The Dead" by LOUDNESS blast out, and Roger Stevens comes storming out to the ring, both arms overhead and devil horns in the air.]

Angus::

PRAY FOR THE DEAD!

[Roger steps onto the ring apron and Penn charges. He throws a nasty forearm sending Stevens to the floor. Penn tosses his hands in the air and mocks Roger as he picks himself up off of the floor.]

Curtis Penn:

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WAS SENT TO CHALLENGE ME!

Angus::

Here we go, Penn is already shooting his mouth off! I don't know who I have to pay to give this man a dirt nap, but on my Facebook page I'm accepting donations.

DDK:

Angus, you can't say that stuff.

Angus::

Why not?

DDK:

What if he does end up dead?

Angus::

Then I get to keep the donations.

DDK:

No, you get to go to jail.

[Stevens' is a tempermental wrestler, and so he immediately dives into the ring under the bottom rope. Right underneath Curtis Penn's feet. Penn takes the opportunity that was handed to him and starts to stomp the living shit out of the neck and back area.]

DING DING DING**DDK:**

The bell finally sounds and the match is under way. Penn is relentless with this attack on Stevens; the ref backs Penn down and checks on Stevens.

Angus::

Look at Curtis grinning in the corner, he's having a grand ol time at Steven's expense.

DDK:

You know I don't like to form an opinion of wrestlers actions and such inside of the ring, but Curtis has become a real penis over the last few months.

Angus::

That's what I've been trying to tell you!

[Steven gets to one knee and blasts Penn in the gut. Penn stumbles back, Stevens takes another swing, only for Penn to duck and hand him a rake to the face and a right hook for his troubles.]

DDK:

Penn follows the hook with a Thai Clench and a boat load of knees to the ribs and face. He breaks the clinch forces Stevens to the corner with a stiff front kick that leaves Roger sitting on his ass. Roger wasn't expecting this from Curtis Penn.

Angus::

This shit sucks. I wanted to see Stevens cave Penn's ribcage in with Dem Chops. Or do like he did to Rich Mahogany that one time and chop his mouth open. But right now Curtis is beating the breaks off of him. And I do not like that at all. Just look at Curtis right now, he's sitting on the mat mocking Stevens .

DDK:

Stevens pulls himself vertical and Penn just kipp up. Penn tells Rogers to bring it with the wave of his hand. Steven's charges and shoots at Penn's leg, Penn pushes down on the back of Roger's head and spins out of it.

[Curtis waves his finger at Stevens as he looks back towards Penn after the missed shoot. He rushes Penn again and again Penn just side steps and finds himself on the top turn buckle staring down at Stevens.]

DDK:

Stevens is showing signs of agitation as he slaps the ropes. Look at Penn just smiling.

[Penn hops down from the top rope and taunts Stevens by covering his eyes and waving him forward.]

Angus::

What a penis head, he's peeking through his fingers Roger don't fall for it.

DDK:

I don't think he is Angus, he just standing there looking at Penn making a spectacle of this match.

[Penn drops his hand from his face only to turn his back on Stevens.]

Curtis Penn:

IS THIS BETTER? HUH?

[Grinning all over his face, Penn turns around - only to see his opponent on his feet and seeing red.]

Roger Stevens:

Chop.

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

OH GOD YES THIS THIS THIS!

[Stevens throws his weight against Penn, forcing the Southern Heritage champion back into the corner, and blasts him on the chest with one of those ridiculously brutal knife edge chops. And another one. And another!]

DDK:

That's what Stevens' wanted, Penn was being a jackass and now he's getting the knife edge chops!

[Stevens just goes completely nuts, not even waiting for the fans to woo along with the chops as he just blasts Penn over and over again. He only stops when Penn's knees buckle. Penn falls to the mat, clutching his chest and groaning in pain.]

DDK:

And Benny Doyle is being uncharacteristically lenient as Stevens tests the rules.

[Roger stops for a moment and looks back to Doyle and Doyle just waves him on. Roger stands up and drives a knee into the lower back of Penn. Penn reacts and rolls around on the mat like he was being stung by a hive of bees.]

DDK:

I don't think he's done yet boys and girls, he jumps over Penn and uses the middle rope to nail a moonsault plancha on Penn!

[Stevens walks up and pulls Penn up by the head, he drapes Penn's arm around his neck and hooks the leg and lifts him up and nails a tear drop suplex.]

DDK:

The first PIN of the match.

ONE....

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

Penn kicks out, Stevens on his feet, Penn is trying to gain his bearings...

OHHHH

DDK:

He's going to need a few more minutes to clear the cobwebs out after Steven's laid him back out with that stiff kick to the jaw.

BOOO BOOO BOOO

[On the ramp appears THE Legitimate Businessman's Club, they walk down slowly and flank the ring.]

DDK:

Earlier we saw Penn and these three come to some sort of agreement and it looks they're fulfilling their part of the agreement.

[Stevens steps up to the plate and starts calling out to the LBC to come and get them sum. Penn might have been down, but not out, he notices the opening and slides under Stevens and roll him up into a small package.]

DDK:

Doyle is in position and begins his count.

ONE...!

...TWO...!

[Doyle looks around and realizes that the LBC has not left the ring yet.]

.....THREE!!!

Ding Ding Ding

Angus:

God motherfucking dammit.

DDK:

The title wasn't on the line, but Penn manages to get the win anyway.

[Alceo Dentari, Vincent Rinaldi, and Tony Di Luca all climb into the ring and join Curtis Penn as he is handed his Southern Heritage Championship. The LBC walk over to Curtis, the four men are all smiling at one another as they all shake hands.]

[Curtis asks for a microphone, which is tossed into the ring and bounces once before Curtis picks it up. He scowls at the time keeper and his poor throwing skills. Curtis turns around and notices that the LBC are already exiting the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

Aw come on guys you can stay and celebrate!

[Tony Di Luca just waves Penn off.]

Tony Di Luca:

It's jus' business, Curtis. Jus' business.

[Curtis shrugs it off and turns back to the crowd.]

Curtis Penn:

Well...well...well, another defense and another victory. I'm still your Southern Heritage Champion with an absolute perfect record!

[Curtis grins as a small STJ chant starts up.]

STJ...STJ...STJ

Curtis Penn:

Yeah, yeah I gave Sammy boy a gift during last week, but if it weren't for that **BITCH** Carla Ferrari changing her mind, like every woman in the world, he wouldn't have gotten the sympathy victory.

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Curtis walks over to the ropes and leans onto them.]

Curtis Penn:

That's right he received a pity victory, because I didn't like that **SLUT** touching me during my match. I swear to all that is holy I've seen her walking out of the ACX's locker room on more than one occasion and I don't want anything that those guys could be carrying. So, the record books can show Sam won via DQ, but there will be that asteriks that says I beat him first and we all know from the Steroid Era any victory with an asterisk besides it doesn't count.

[In one hand his lifts the Southern Heritage Championship in the air and gives the crowd a scowl.]

Curtis Penn:

So, I'm still your **UNDEFEATED, LONGEST REIGNING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION EVAR!**

[He drops the microphone and rolls out of the ring.]

Challenged Offered

DDK:

I'm being told... oh man, Edward White is backstage with our good friend and colleague Lance Warner. Lance?

Angus:

He 'aint my friend, dudes a nosey little nerd.

Lance:

Thanks for that Skaaland. Ladies and gentlemen I'm here with...

[A shadow falls over the interviewer and a big meaty paw reaches out and snatches the microphone from his hand. As we pan back we see the massive seven footer Nicky Corozzo handing the mic back to his employer Edward White who for some reason is dressed out in his ring gear.]

Edward:

You can go Lance, this won't be a question and answer session.

[Warner turns on his heels with a grumble about "why I'm even here" as Nicky folks his tree trunk sized arms across his broad chest. The Sophisticate looks right into the camera. His eyes hard as steel and as cold as dry ice.]

Edward:

Dusty Griffith. On the last stop on this insufferable world tour you dared attempt to kick my door in. Tell me... what was the plan, Dusty? Burst into my locker room and scream in my face, belittle me, maybe assault me? Son I am not a man to be trifled with in such a way, believe me. Just ask Cancer Jiles, I'm sure he's "around" here somewhere...

[Nicky chuckles and rolls his eyes at that last comment.]

Edward:

You have the sheer gall to challenge ME? Boy, I'm not Bronson Box. I won't just beat you physically. I won't even crawl between your ears and beat you mentally. No. Dusty, if you draw the ire of The Socialite only ruin and decay can befall your damned LIFE. You talk about my wealth as a crutch... it's a weapon, Dusty. A weapon I won't hesitate to use if you take liberties with my good nature. We have a match at the end of this tour live on pay per view, but what of tonight? Your little challenge is weeks away...

[Ed looks up at his bodyguard.]

Edward:

And Nicky here has been dying to climb in the ring with Mr. Bell...

[Ed hands the microphone to Corozzo.]

Corozzo:

I remember the first time I saw Mike Bell on the TV when I was a kid. I thought he was a CHUMP. A fuckin' finocchio. The kinda' guys I looked up to weren't goodie two shoes superhero types like him, nah. The guys I looked up to were **real** tough guys. It'd be my fuckin' PLEASURE to show the whole world Mike Bell 'aint nuttin' but an old washed up piece of babyface TRASH, stickin' his nose where it don't belong. Mr. White's business 'aint none of yours. And it definitely 'aint none of Dusty fuckin' Griffiths neither.

Edward:

So how about it boys? The four of us? Tonight? I've already contacted the front office and I was told we'd fit nicely into tonight's main event. Dusty Griffith and the legend Mike Bell against Nicky and myself. What say Dusty, how about we give the "faithful" a little taste of whats to come?

[We fade back to Angus and Darren at ringside as Ed and Nicky mug for the camera.]

Angus:

I smell trouble. Ed White doesn't throw out challenges without some sort of shitty plan in place.

DDK:

It'll take more than The Socialite's cruel machinations to best superstars the caliber of Dusty and Bell, Angus.

Angus:

Still, if they accept... which they will, lets face it they aren't that bright... they better keep their head on a swivel is all I'm saying.

A Word Of Warning

[Some non descript hallway backstage.]

Buffalo Brian Slater:

How's it looking out there?

Wyatt Bronson:

Looks like it could be a quiet night. You know these Canadians.

BBS:

Ha. Yeah, they're hardly renowned for their riotous ways.

[Pan right to reveal Stockton Pyre.]

MIXED REACTIONS RAHHHHHHHHBOOOOOOOOOOO

Or BOOOOOORAHHHHHHHHH

[...Bra?]

[As one would expect, the masked man is scribbling away in his notebook, just far enough from the conversation to not quite seem like he's eavesdropping, but close enough to hear every muted whisper.]

???: But with an obvious Scottish accent.

Didn't your mother ever tell you it was rude to listen to other people conversations?

[Stepping into view behind the Gonzo Goliath comes the owner of the not so mystery voice.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Former World Champion and FIST of DEFIANCE...]

Bronson Box:

And to go making notes on them ask well? Tsk tsk tsk. Have you ever heard of the term 'privacy'?

[Pyre looks up from his notebook and turns to Box.]

Stockton Pyre:

Bronson Box... I must say I've been anticipating our first conversation for some ti-

[Bronson holds a hand up, quickly cutting Stockton off.]

Bronson Box:

Save the flattery, Pyre, it won't get you nowhere.

[Pyre sets his notebook down and rises to his feet. He towers over the Scottish Strongman, however Bronson Box responds by puffing out his chest and sticking his chin out as he looks up at the masked man.]

Bronson Box:

And neither will bloody posturing. You need to learn your place, boy'o, because you're a long way from home right now.

Stockton Pyre:

Is this all you came by for? To tell me I'm not on your level? To talk down to me?

[Pyre smiles.]

Stockton Pyre:

Metaphorically, of course.

[Those words might not have been the wisest. Bronson's moustache twitches as he rolls his shoulders up as far as he possibly can.]

Bronson Box:

That's a smart mouth you got on you, lad. In fact, I heard you flappin' your gums last week, whitterin' on about how you were going to hold that big mouthed feller' Curtis Penn to account for his sins against this company.

[Stockton nods as Box continues.]

Bronson Box:

So no, I didn't come by to berate or demean you. I came by to offer up a warning.

Stockton Pyre:

A warning?

Bronson Box:

DEFIANCE is full of white knights, each and every one of them intent on riddin' these halls of the 'evil doers'. Whether they're concernin' themselves with Untouchables, Truly or otherwise, Blood Diamonds, or rogue outfits like your friend Curtis Penn, each and every one of them has one thing in common.

[Stockton lifts his head, wordless asking 'what's that?']

Bronson Box:

They know not what they've let themselves in for.

[An uncomfortable moment passes as the two simply stare at each other. Finally the silence is broken by the Gonzo Goliath.]

Stockton Pyre:

That's it? That's the warning? I don't know what I've let myself in for? I think I know exactly what Curti-

Bronson Box:

Curtis Penn is none of my bloody concern. You and he can compare the size of your bollocks until the cows come home for all I care. But if you succeed, I implore you to leave your crusade there. For if you were to take it further... Well... I'm sure you've got more than a few notes on what might happen to you if'n you step a little higher up the ladder here in DEFIANCE.

[He could leave it there, but after Stockton's words earlier, he's not quite prepared to do that.]

Bronson Box:

Of course taking Germany into consideration that is a bloody big 'if'.

??? #2:

Woah woah woah woah woah!

[Rushing in from behind Stockton Pyre come a blur of cheap grey suit and ginger hair. He immediately slots himself in the minute gap between Pyre and Box and, unsuccessfully, tries to push the two apart.]

Wayne Dewey:

Ngh! Stockton, could you...

[Not wanting to place a hand on Bronson's exquisite suit, Wayne pushes Stockton with both hands. The masked man doesn't move for a moment, before finally taking one step back completely of his own accord. Wayne turns back to Bronson and points a finger at the mustachioed one.]

Wayne:

Look, Bronson...

[A snarl from Box causes Wayne to almost jump out of his skin. Something that Bronson finds highly amusing... well, highly amusing by his standards anyway.]

Wayney:

Uhhh...

[Wayne tries to continue, though with none of the confidence that he entered the scene with.]

Wayne:

Look... We were all a victim of pure, dumb luck in Germany.

[Flop sweat drips from Wayne's forehead as Box's eyes shoot daggers into his.]

Wayne:

I mean, Clairra St. Sure, Curtis Penn...

[Wayne takes a deep gulp before uttering the next name.]

Wayne:

Eugene... They all got lucky in Dusseldorf. So if you want to use what happened in Germany as a means of putting my boy Stockton down, then you're putting yourself down as well.

[Again Bronson's moustache twitches, if looks could kill Wayne would be six feet under right now.]

Bronson Box:

There was a time when I wouldn't have hesitated in flaying the skin from your forehead with my bloody teeth, Mr. Dewey.

[Gulp.]

Bronson Box:

But today I'm reminded of that proverb that goes 'The enemy of my enemy is... blah blah', you know the rest and for that reason alone I will allow you to leave here with your soul intact.

[Wayne heaves a sigh... but not for long.]

Bronson Box:

Just. This. Once.

[After a few seconds of staring Bronson Box backs away slowly, leaving Wayne to furtively turn to Stockton Pyre.]

Wayne:

Close one, eh?

[Stockton shakes his head.]

Stockton Pyre:

You didn't have to do that. I had everyth-

Wayne:

Nonsense! Look, I know how to handle Bronson Box, OK?

Stockton Pyre:

I'm sure you do, but yo-

Wayne:

I know what you're going to say.

Stockton Pyre:

I don't think you do.

Wayne:

Trust me! But I've been in far more dangerous positions than that.

[The corner of Pyre's mouth twitches slightly. A sign that Wayne clearly misinterprets.]

Wayne:

I appreciate the concern, Stockton, I really do. But I don't want you to feel like you need to look out for me. I'm the one that should be looking out for you.

[Pyre shakes his head.]

Stockton Pyre:

I'm sorry, I don't follow.

[With a big, broad smile Wayne wraps his arm around Pyre's back as high as he can.]

Wayne:

I've got a little proposition I'd like to discuss with you Stockton...

[Before Wayne can drag Pyre from the scene he reaches back and scoops up his pen and notebook. Chances are he's going to need them.]

The Conclave vs The Walker Clan

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is a trios tag team match, set for one fall and with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first! Representing the Blood Diamonds! They are "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby! Jane Lora Katze! And Jacob Cassidy! THE! CONCLAVE!

[Engage "Brutal Planet" by Alice Cooper.]

[Also booing.]

DDK:

We're about to get our first live look at the trios team that Bronson Box and Edward White put together to represent the Blood Diamonds.

[Jane's out first. She's got long legs and that special kind of walk that miniskirt ladies have. You know the one I mean. Also one of those business suit kind of things. Business on the top, lots of skin on the bottom. You know. Her hair's all done up.]

DDK:

Edward White insisted that Jane be on the team instead of a second member of his training school, which is also called the Conclave.

[Felton Bigsby is out next. Fans who caught the promotional footage of the team forming know him, otherwise they don't. He's a young black man built like a single story brick house with a knee brace on one knee. Football player gets injured and turns wrestler, you've heard it before.]

DDK:

I don't know exactly why our trios division is getting so full of huge guys, but Felton Bigsby could give any of the guys in Team HOSS a run for their money in the size department.

[And last but not least, Jacob Cassidy. The former Jack has shaved his head into a monk's crown - bald on top ring of hair around the sides - and sports a shaggy unkempt beard. Other than that, black briefs and black boots. He's barely recognizable as the guy who used to wrestle in skate shorts.]

Angus:

BA HAHHAHAHA HE LOOKS LIKE A FAGGOT

DDK:

Bronson Box explained that he forced Jack to take a bland look and a humiliating haircut as a method of breaking him down so that he can be rebuilt from the ground up.

[The music fades.]

Quimbey:

Already in the ring, hailing from Perth, Australia - THE WALKER CLAN!

["Big Bruvva" Rory, "Nipper" Joel and Brendon aka Bren all raise their hands.]

[Hector Navarro directs everyone else out of the ring, leaving Jacob and Bren.]

[Bren offers up a handshake. Jack smacks the hand out of the way, boots him.]

Angus:

Box's influence, right there.

[But that boot wasn't much compared to the roundhouse kick to the chest Jacob laid in, and nothing compared to the enzuigiri he followed up with to drop Bren flat to the mat.]

DDK:

Did you see the way he just floated up for that enzuigiri, Angus? Jack I mean Jacob Cassidy has always had the talent, but I've never seen him, well, aim a kick like that.

[Jacob just goes nuts, punching away at the back of Bren's head. Bren tries to roll over and Jacob quickly shifts to a cross armbar.]

DDK:

And that's new too, it was very rare in the past to see Jacob take mat grappling seriously.

[Bren gets up to his knees and pulls his arm free. He boots Cassidy before he can rise and wrenches the arm - Cassidy grabs the top rope, does a back flip to escape, and viciously arm-whips Bren to the mat. He dives for a cover, but Bren gets both feet under him, kicks Cassidy back, Cassidy maintains the knuckle lock and takes Bren over with a huracarrana! But it's in the ropes and so Navarro calls for the clean break.]

[Jane shouts from the apron. Jacob, who was about to follow up, reluctantly walks over and tags out. This also gives Bren a chance to tag out to Joel.]

DDK:

The runt of the Walker Clan going up against Jane.

["Nipper" rushes in, but Jane's too quick for him and delivers a roundhouse kick to the ribs. Joel is doubled over, Jane hooks the front chancery and rolls both of them over, then sinks in a double leg grapevine.]

DDK:

That's a new move she's started using since gaining additional training at the Conclave. She calls it the Gilded Cage - and Joel Walker's out in 2.9!

[Joel just barely escapes, but Jane doesn't let go. They end up with Jane on her back applying a straight bodyscissor, and Joel on his knees.]

Angus:

Alright, here we go with the creepy scissor shit, AGAIN.

[Jane leans back and jolts the hold. Joel howls. Some shouted advice from Bren on the apron, and Joel drives his elbows into the top of Jane's thighs. After a few of these she drops the hold. Joel slides out of the ring (because of the Lucha rules this is a tag) and in comes Big Bruvva Rory.]

[Needless to say, Felton Bigsby takes his turn in the ring. He's the bigger of the two, by far.]

[Tie-up, and Bigsby hurls Rory back into the corner so hard he bounces out and faceplants, then grabs his back!]

DDK:

I think the ring shook!

[Rory slowly pulls himself up in the corner and Felton rumbles in like a locomotive - and hits turnbuckle!]

Angus:

He done goofed!

DDK:

Miscue by the big rookie, and now the Walkers have a chance to get something going!

[Rory just stomps the living hell out of Bigsby until he's sitting, leaning back against the turnbuckle. Quick tag to Bren, Bren jumps the top rope but hangs onto it and twists, and dropkicks Bigsby on the jaw as he enters! A quick tag to Joel, and Rory and Bren lift Bigsby up for the double vertical suplex, and Joel comes off the top with a cross body on the upside down Bigsby!]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE-JOEL GOES AIRBORN!

DDK:

A very near upset, but Bigsby kicked out.

[Rory with the Irish whip sends Bigsby into one of the neutral corners. Rory and Bren then send Joel in after him - Bigsby sidesteps Joel, clotheslines Bren down, takes Rory over with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker and then takes Joel up and over with a powerslam!]

[Bigsby slaps Cassidy's hand. Cassidy jumps to the top rope, waits on the rising Joel, and wipes him out with a flying heel kick.]

DDK:

Cassidy comes off the top rope! Now he's got Joel hooked, vertical suplex style, brings him up, AND BACK DOWN WITH THE FACEWASTER!

[Jacob now has a slightly different technique for executing the move - he drops Joel to one side instead of straight down in front, and then rolls over into a necklock pin - but it's still essentially the same move.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...!

DING! DING! DING!

[Jacob Cassidy stands and allows Hector Navarro to raise his arm. Jane walks over too, but she yanks her arm away from Hector and points her finger in Jacob's face! The former Ripperman frowns, then drags Joel perpendicular to the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Oh come on!

[And Jacob comes off with the high jump frogsplash formerly called the Vertical Bird and now called the Plague of Toads.]

[Meanwhile, as Bren attempts to run to his brother's aid, Bigsby intercepts him and clamps on a full nelson. He lifts the kid and slams him down, falling sideways as he does so that he lands right across Bren's chest.]

DDK:

He calls that the Fourth Ward Emergency!

[Jane's still directing traffic as Bigsby climbs back to his feet and Cassidy feeds Rory towards him. Rory is lifted off his feet and then high overhead and right back down, HARD, with an elevated spinebuster! This time Bigsby moves him into position and Cassidy comes off the top with another Plague of Toads!]

[Bren has barely recovered. He fights to his knees and takes swings at the bodies moving in front of him, but his swings have nothing behind them. Jane doesn't even have to dodge. She stomps on the back of his head, chickenwings his arms, and then knots her legs around his neck.]

DDK:

Golden Gate Guillotine!

Angus:

I swear that's the fourth different move she's given that name.

DDK:

We need some help out here! I don't think the Conclave has any intentions of stopping this assault!

[A sudden cheer explodes from the front row of the crowd. A single man steps over the barricade, an imposing figure equal in size and stature to Felton Bigsby. The big man takes two steps toward the ring, though no one in there notices. He pulls his shirt off to reveal a muscular frame of rugged ass redneck, or so it is surmised from the Confederate flag tattooed on his chest. The man raises his large left arm and points a single finger toward the ring. Chatter rushes through the arena as fans nudge their neighbors to ask about the big Rebel. His other arm raises to flex a bicep, just as Bigsby is lifting Joel to his feet and happens to look through the ropes down at the stranger.]

Angus:

Who the he--?

[The crowd behind the big Rebel splits like that bicep was Charlton Heston in an Old Testament movie. Look at them guns. Through the parted sea of fans sprints a dark-haired man. He leaps up onto the barricade with an almost ballerina like grace and ease, pushing off with a single foot into a trajectory that places him right into the Rebel's conveniently placed arms. Putting those hardened muscles to use, the big man launches his presumed friend through the air. Bigsby drops his Walker and points to the outside. Jacob turns just in time to catch two knees straight to the chest.]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

What the hell?! Keeps, do you know who the crap these guys are?

DDK:

I'd heard - Angus, I recognize the big guy, but I can't place him right now. Whoever these guys are, they've just saved the Walker brothers from a world of hurt!

[Bigsby rushes forward and tries to take this flying stranger down, but the smaller man ducks under. Bigsby, thrown off balance by the force of his own missed clothesline, staggers toward the ropes and takes an unexpected fist straight to the jaw. The first stranger on the scene steps through the ropes from the apron and unleashes a series of wild punches on The Conclave's bruiser.]

DDK:

And whoever that guy is is just lighting up Felton Bigsby! It's not as much fun when you're picking on someone your own size, is it?

[With their attackers now distracted, Joel and Rory take the opportunity to roll out of the ring, to some modicum of

safety, though neither is in a condition to stand and walk out. The Rebel and Bigsby are now trading punches, one big ham fist after another. Jacob's still catching his breath, just up to a knee. The dark-haired man sits down cross-legged on the mat and bends to the side so he can wave at Jane from around Bren's body. Her eyes widen in shock and she releases the hold, pushing Bren away from her with both feet. The last of the Walker brothers drops out of the ring to freedom. Jane whirls around and steps toward the seated man. He shrugs and points over Jane's shoulder.]

DDK:

Angus, if I'm not mistaken, that man is -- ooh-woah!

[A sneaker-clad foot slams down between them, followed by another. Both commentators look up to see long legs drifting from the table toward the ring. A tall woman lands on the apron, her feet touching the canvas for just a moment before she hops to the top rope and springboards into the ring toward Jane. Jane feels the shadow creeping across her and turns just in time to marvel at the end rotation of a quite beautiful Shooting Star flip before an arm wraps around her neck and drives her face first to the canvas.]

DDK:

That's Lindsay Troy! I can't believe it, Lindsay Troy is here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Well, she and her friends sure do know how to make an entrance.

DDK:

More than friends! That man sitting in the ring is her husband, Tyler Rayne! And that big fella going toe-to-toe with Bigsby is Wade Elliott! These three have had quite a history!

Angus:

Looks like they're having a hell of a present, too.

[Jinxed. The big Rebel Mr. Keebler just identified as Wade Elliott throws a hell of a hook that Bigsby blocks, retaliating with a punch of his own. Wade reels and Bigsby tosses him around to the corner, then turns and rushes toward Lindsay Troy. She ducks the clothesline but is blindsided by a dropkick from Jacob. The dark-haired man, Tyler Rayne, an evil glare contorting his face, launches himself at Cassidy, but crosses the path of Bigsby's boot as it slams into the side of his head. Wade comes out of the corner and tackles Bigsby, the two brutes going blow-for-blow as they roll outside the ring. Jacob bends to lift Lindsay from the ground, but Tyler grabs his ankle to stop him. Jacob turns to unleash a few kicks to Rayne. Jane and Lindsay stumble to their feet at the same time, their eyes meet. The two come into range at center ring, Jane with the first strike, but Troy quick to follow with one of her own. Rayne, still on the canvas, sweeps out a leg to trip up Jacob. Jacob sees it coming and avoids the attack, but the few seconds are what his victim need to get back up to his feet. Rayne locks on a front chancery. Jacob fires punches into the ribs while Rayne lifts his knees up into Cassidy's midsection.]

Angus:

This has turned into an all out brawl!

DDK:

And here comes security to break it up!

[Indeed, the ramp is now flooded with DEFSec, a stream of bodies that flow along ringside to stop the carnage. Bigsby and Elliott are separated. The four in the ring are now duking it out side-by-side. One big knee pushes Jacob back. A similarly vicious elbow knocks Jane toward the rope beside him. Troy and Rayne look to each other and smile, taking a half step back in unison and then moving forward for a tandem superkick. Jacob and Jane slide out of the ring before either kick can connect, into the waiting arms of the sea of security outside. DEFSec push Jacob and Jane to the back of the mob with Bigsby, an entire swarm of guards now standing between The Conclave on the ramp and these new faces in the ring. Elliott retrieves his discarded shirt and rolls under the bottom rope to stand on the other side of Troy. She lifts her arms into the air and Rayne and Wade respond with a no-look high-five.]

Champion's prerogative

[The gravelly guitars of "Curl of the Burl" by Mastodon are playing as we fade up.]

DDK:

Fans I'm being told that Diane Parker is on her way out to the ring. After the Truly Untouchables trios team she lead failed to wrest the Trios Titles from Hookers N' Blow, Diane was given Grindhouse 9 off by Kai Scott, but we were told she was going to be on hand to discuss that loss today, and here we are, so...

[Diane Parker is standing in the ring, one hand on her hip and a microphone in the other. As Curl of the Burl fades out, she raises that mic...]

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Diane Parker:

Through no fault of our own, the Truly Untouchables were robbed..

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Diane stops talking abruptly, moves the other hand to her hips, and looks around the arena in seeming exasperation.]

Diane:

You know, just because you don't like us doesn't change the facts! Regardless of your approval! We were robbed! We had that match well in hand and then we were robbed!

BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

It does have to be said that Diane appears to remember the match between the Truly Untouchables and Hookers N' Blow in a slightly different fashion than the fans do.

Angus:

Just say it like it is, Keebs! HnB were whoopin. Dat. Ass. Then she's the one who started the bullshit!

Diane:

Yeah, robbed! Robbed by the piece of blonde fluff disguised as a wrestler who has plagued me since developmental! Defiance's own answer to daddy's little princess on spring break, who'll dance for free drinks but run for the hills whenever things get serious! Just like she did when she ran away from every fight Tres Brujas got in!

[This bit is actually true, but you know how this sort of thing goes - whether or not this one point is valid, the fans aren't going to give her any credit.]

Diane:

Well, how about this. I tolerated Lisa. I thought that she would be as completely ineffective as a rival as she was as a tag team partner. But if getting kicked out of the Truly Untouchables is what it took for her to find what was left of her backbone and fight, well, fine. The reason Lisa spent all these years finding other people to do her work for her is because, and she knows this as well as I do - she's a coward. And more than that, she's nothing but a spoiled little Diva.

DDK:

Now that's not even remotely true! Lisa Loeh's got one of the better pedigrees anyone in this business can have, and she's been putting in a lot of work lately.

Diane:

So, you know what? Forget the trios titles and Hookers N' Blow - Team HOSS is just going to stomp them flat anyway! Lisa and her little team, what're they calling it, 'White Hot Anger' - they're the priority. And with the help of Leon Maddox and David Race, I'm going to send an example to anyone who might think of working for Lisa exactly what's going to happen to anyone who gets in between her and me! Roger, I used to know you, YAZ I'm not scared of you anymore but I still hate you, and Lisa-

[Piano notes, followed shortly by searing guitars, interrupts Diane Parker.]

Angus:

Oh thank God.

♪ Got a complaint in the system ♪

♪ Got a complaint in the system ♪

[Lisa Loeh walks out first. Two words. Leather. Hotpants. The cheers are mixed with tasteless catcalls.]

♪ Welcome to the system, here's the situation ♪

♪ It's a bit confusing, welcome to the maze ♪

♪ Everybody sees what everybody wants to ♪

♪ Everyone avoids every other gaze ♪

[Roger Stevens walks out. He's trying to not look like he's distracted by the leather hotpants, and completely, utterly failing.]

[Yoshikazu YAZ follows him. However, he turns around, facing away from the ring, towards the curtains.]

[The music cuts.]

Lisa:

...Really, Diane?

Diane:

Really what? Really am I going to tear you apart in the ring? Am I going to make sure that nobody ever works for you again because they'll look at the mess my boys make of Roger and YAZ and know that it will never, ever be worth the risk no matter how much you put out?! Yes, REALLY!

Lisa:

And you didn't think to ask Leon and David how they felt about giving up on the trios titles just to chase after little old me?

[Diane is seething now.]

Diane:

They work for Kai Scott, and Kai Scott said that I'm in charge of the Truly Untouchables trios tag unit!

Lisa:

Well now there's a great way to keep a team motivated! You're in charge, and they didn't even bother to come out here with you? And then you give up on the trios titles for them?

Diane:

I know about PRIORITIES!

[And now with the shrieking.]

Diane:

And if you're so concerned about giving up on people's title shots, why haven't you demanded a World Title shot for YAZ for the time he knocked out Dan Ryan?

[YAZ turns around. His expression is unreadable. Diane's snarl straightens out when he looks at her - he's a scary looking guy. But he turns back around.]

Diane:

I will get David and Leon back to the tag titles, but before that, we have to remove you-

V.O. Kai Scott:

Slow down there just a second, Diane.

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[Kai Scott walks out of the back. Lisa is quick to put a restraining hand on Roger's arm. YAZ takes a step forward, and Scott raises his crutch.]

Scott:

Stand down, Yoshikazu.

[YAZ folds his arms and continue to glare.]

Scott:

Now, Diane, I do listen to what the critics say. I take it all with many grains of salt, because the bleating masses are the proverbial blind pigs, but blind pigs may find acorns. And I think these three may have found one.

Diane:

Well, but we have to earn our way back to contendership anyway, why not do it over top of them?

Scott:

You're absolutely correct - and that wasn't the 'acorn' I was referring to.

[Scott turns from Diane to Yoshikazu YAZ.]

Scott:

Still as good as making yourself useful as you always were, Illika.

[The mention of his 'other' name causes YAZ's eyes to glint and he takes a half step forward - only to find Scott's crutch underneath his chin.]

Scott:

I suppose I should thank you for loaning me your identity, however inadvertent it may have been. Regardless of how the Untouchables takeover of Defiance would have gone down, your aid would have been what kept Elijah Goldman and ESEN from interfering. And, as Diane pointed out, you DID knock out Dan Ryan...

[Scott grins.]

Scott:

And here you are, with that big win sitting under your belt, a favor given and unpaid and a grudge held, and Kelly Evans with orders to make sure that the World Title gets defended by me before I leave Canada... and with certain other elements more interested in slapfights over the FIST and accomplishing nothing, I don't have much on the number one contender front... how would you like a World Title shot?

rrrrraaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!!!!

[That reaction, if you aren't clear, was the 'normal' fans wondering if this is a joke and a bunch of smarks going ballistic at the thought of a journeyman with some 20 Cruiserweight title equivalents in half a dozen countries but not a single World Title equivalent to his name collecting a shot.]

Scott:

Well?

[The microphone is proffered to YAZ.]

YAZ:

...If you're offering me a contendership opportunity.

Scott:

No. No contendership opportunity for you. Title shot. No strings attached title shot.

YAZ:

Why?

Scott:

Because right now, statistically speaking, you have more claim to the next shot than anyone else in Defiance. Because while there are a few reasons a wrestler might decline a World Title shot, none of them apply to you right now.

YAZ:

...Of course I'll take a World Title shot if it's offered, and furthermore, I'll take your unspoken assumption that I can't beat you as yet another insult.

Scott:

Hey - that's offensive! I don't assume things.

[Walking backwards, still using that crutch as a deterrent, Scott disappears backstage.]

[Right now, Diane is standing in the ring essentially forgotten about, Lisa and Roger Stevens are talking on the ramp, and YAZ is staring after where Scott left.]

Angus:

Is - is this a thing that's actually happening?

DDK:

It would appear that it is, Angus.

Angus:

You know what? I don't have anything much against YAZ, he's alright, but - seriously - instead of Scott Box, Scott Dewey, Scott Ryan, hell, Scott St. Sure, we're getting Kai Scott Yoshikazu YAZ? Dude, no...

Ain't Quite Rocket Science

Tap tap tap tap tap

[That sound you hear is the rapping of a pen against the top of a wooden desk. Kelly Evans' wooden desk, to be precise. Eric Dane's Ride or Die Chick, and current Head Bitch in Charge, is in her office and silently glaring in the direction of three individuals who, minutes before, had appeared out of nowhere to lay all manner of beating upon Bronson Box's Conclave students.]

[Now, under normal circumstances (as "normal" as things can be in DEFIANCE, mind you), Kelly wouldn't care if some dumb n00bs of the Wargod's got their asses handed to them. Box is, shall we say, a douchecanoe, so anyone able to put him or his associates in their respective places probably isn't half-bad. Might actually serve a decent purpose, one would think. But this is a surprise. And Kelly Evans isn't much a fan of surprises, especially surprises in the form of people she doesn't know dropping in out of nowhere with no business being on her show. Surprises which need DEFSec running out from the back to get a handle on things. Surprises which now stand in front of her looking mighty pleased with themselves.]

[Let's take a sec to get formally acquainted with these newcomers. The burly gentleman to Kelly's left, the one with the bushy brown goatee and close-cropped brown hair, is one "Bad Dog" Wade Elliott. The man next to Wade, sporting an ever-present five o'clock shadow and grin a mile wide, is the "Underground Pimp" Tyler Rayne, and if the ladies in attendance didn't lose their shit before, consider it lost now (along with their undergarments. Yes, he has that effect). And the very tall lady standing next to Tyler is one "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy. She's got her eyes locked on Kelly, looking INTRIGUE~!-d.]

[Kelly gives Rayne, Elliott, and Troy another once over, then tosses her pen onto the desk.]

Kelly Evans:

Someone mind telling me what in the actual fuck that was out there?

[Wade crosses his arms, furling his brow in confusion, as if the answer to her question were obvious.]

Wade Elliott: [Grumbling]

Fairly certain that was a pretty damn good ass-kickin', an' a downright courageous an' well-timed rescue.

Tyler Rayne:

Feel like that sorta makes us...

Lindsay Troy:

Big Damn Heroes, Ty.

[Tyler smiles.]

Tyler Rayne:

Ain't we just.

[Kelly snaps her attention to Rayne and scowls.]

Kelly Evans:

I'm not of the mindset that a run-in from the crowd by a bunch of nobodies is the way to solve a problem. Nor am I a fan of making our security force detain and drag trespassers backstage to be dealt with. I should just throw you all outta here...

Wade Elliott:

Save us the dog an' pony show. Go on an' do it if yer gonna.

Kelly Evans: [glares at him]

...I'm not finished. As I was saying, I should just throw you all outta here but it appears like you knew what you were doing, which means you weren't just some drunks looking to get on camera.

Tyler Rayne:

Oh, don't you worry, the drinking'll come later.

Wade Elliott:

Don't lie to th'lady, Rayne. It already started.

Kelly Evans:

Great. Whatever. Right now, mind telling me who the fuck you are?

[Elliot, Troy, and Rayne give each other a quick look. Troy shrugs her shoulders. It's clear nobody gave Kelly the memo on them.]

Lindsay Troy:

Fine. [She lifts her hand to ear level]. Lindsay Troy. Over there [points to Wade] is Wade Elliott. And this [motions to Tyler with her thumb] is -

Tyler Rayne:

Tyler Rayne. The Underground Pimp.

Kelly Evans: [baffled]

Who?!

Tyler Rayne: [waits a beat]

The Underground Pimp. Tyler Rayne? Come on! You know, the legendary badass ...

[Kelly looks over at a DEFSec member, who shakes his head. He doesn't know either.]

Tyler Rayne:

.... forget it.

Kelly Evans:

Seriously, who calls you that?

Lindsay Troy:

Himself, mostly. [Looks at Tyler] Told you you're the only one.

Wade Elliott:

That's a hundred bucks toward th'after-show bar tab, Rayne.

Tyler Rayne:

Gods damn it.

Kelly Evans:

Now that we've got the who's out of the way, let's get to the why's. Why are you here?

Wade Elliott: [Starting to get frustrated]

'Cause we were fuckin' TOLD t'be here!

Kelly Evans:

Beg pardon?

Wade Elliott: [Sighing heavily]

We signed the damn contract, they told us t'show up t'night. We show up, big god-damn surprise. Got the itch t'whip some ass, then found a few jackasses t'do just that. Ain't quite rocket science, darlin'.

Tyler Rayne:

What exactly you know about rocket science there, Country?

Wade Elliott:

Started takin' some night classes.

Tyler Rayne:

...really?

Wade Elliott:

Nope.

[If steam coming out of ears could actually be depicted in the real world, that's what you'd see coming from Kelly Evans' general direction.]

Kelly Evans:

Who the fuck would tell you to show up here? I'm running the show. I make these kinds of calls.

[Troy notices Kelly's near to the point of blowing a gasket, but now's not really the time to reveal the circumstances and the reasons for their appearance. Patience, grasshoppers.]

Lindsay Troy:

Look, if the heads-up didn't find its way over to you, that's not exactly my, Ty's, or Wade's problem. Get your assistant, or staff, or whoever on the same page going forward. We'll send an Edible Arrangement as a mea culpa for the whole "Beat up Friar Tuck and his merry band of fuckwits" thing. Good?

Kelly Evans:

You most certainly are not go-

Lindsay Troy:

'Kay, well, that's the best you're gonna get. You two good?

Tyler Rayne:

Seems shiny to me.

Lindsay Troy:

Wade?

Wade Elliott:

Fresh outta natural charisma an' god-given wit.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah. Think we'll just be on our merry, then.

Tyler Rayne:

Be seein' ya.

Kelly Evans:

We're not done here!

[Tyler, Lindsay, and Wade turn their backs on Kelly as she continues her protests. Troy motions for DEFSec to make way for them and out the door they go. Kelly glares at the security detail.]

Kelly Evans:

Get out. All of you.

[They take their leave as well, closing the door behind them.]

Kelly Evans: [seething]

What a bunch of a-holes.

Diego de Leon vs Suicidal Youth

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Standing in the ring from Pine Street, US of A.... SUIICIDAAALL YOUTH! And his opponent...

["His name is King" plays, Diego stops at the ramp, soaking in the cheers for a moment. He looks at the ring and nods making his way down to the ring slapping hands with anyone possible.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And coming to the ring from Truth or Consequences, New Mexico... Standing at Six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred five pounds...DIEEEEGO DE ~ LEEOOOOOONNN.

[Diego stands on the ring apron.]

DDK:

Diego's got a match next week against Curtis Penn. The Quiet Lion out of New Mexico has got to be feeling great this week. He's been featured in a recent magazine interview for In-Ring, he's got a shot at the Southern Heritage title next week. He's going to be looking to make a statement to Curtis Penn tonight!

Angus:

I hope Diego kills Penn.

DDK:

...What? Did you just root for someone fair and honorable? Mark this day on your calender folks!

Angus:

No, I hate Diego. I hate his fair play bullshit. But I *hate* Curtis Penn even more. I hope Diego kicks his head in!

[Diego hops over the top rope and runs to a turnbuckle, arm raised high into the air soaking in a wave of cheers. He looks over at Suicidal Youth, hops down and extends a hand over to him.]

Angus:

Just kill him already! His name's Suicidal Youth and Rod Fantastico got killed by Heidi earlier! GIVE IN TO YOUR DARK SIDE DIEGO!

DDK:

It's about honor and respect with Diego. That's something we've been seeing a growing trend of lately in DEFIANCE.

[They shake hands, then give each other space. Here Diego removes his poncho and does a few stretches while Suicidal Youth paces around in the ring trying to gauge the best way to take down the lion.]

DING DING DING!

[Suicidal and Diego circle around in the ring. The two lock up with Diego taking advantage with an early headlock. Suicidal Youth backs up against the ropes and Diego rolls forward, turning around and throwing his fists up into a fighting stance.]

DDK:

Diego taking an early advantage.

[Suicidal Youth charges and Diego takes him down with armdrag takedowns and hip tosses to the cheers of the crowd.]

Angus:

Channel your hatred! If you strike him down in hate you become more powerful!

DDK:

Where's Eugene when you need him?

[Diego lets Suicidal stand up to applause, he nods appreciately. The two lock up Diego falls and takes Suicidal Youth down with a Drop Toe Hold. Suicidal Youth is on his knees and Diego as standing, looking poised.]

DDK:

I think we we know what's about to happen here!

[Kick to the chest.]

OLE~!

[Back]

OLE~!

[Chest]

OLE~!

[Back]

OLE~!

[Chest]

OLE~!

[HEAD]

OOLLLEE~!

[The crowd goes wild. Diego pulls Suicidal up and throws him into turnbuckle. Diego follows up with a knee to the face, then he monkeyflips Suicidal Youth across the ring]

DDK:

Diego's got to be sending a message to Curtis Penn.

Angus:

Let's hope it translates to: I'm going to fuck you up!

[Diego kips up. Suicidal stands up. Diego sizes him up, then hits him with a right, left, high kick to the head and spins back and hits the~]

[Roaring ELBOW!]

[1]

[2]

[3]

Take what's yours...

DDK:

I'm being told we're going backstage to Lance Warner right outside the locker room of... oh no, The Blood Diamonds? I can't imagine the mood of Bronson Box after hearing the news YAZ getting a shot at Kai Scott's World title.

Angus:

Ten bucks the bald looney is throwing a tantrum like a giant mustachioed baby.

DDK:

Lance, you there my friend?

[We cut backstage where we see intrepid interviewer Lance Warner in the middle of a conversation with his camera man. Unprepared, only half of Lance's face is visible. His microphone points downward in his crossed arms but they're still audible.]

Lance:

No, this is bullshit. He lost it earlier when he heard, how can...

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM

[The familiar metal crack of folding chair on locker door is heard several times.]

Lance:

I am NOT going in there. No, no way.

[Behind Lance a locker room door opens and we see none other than Edward White with his hands in front of him trying as calmly as possible to calm someone off camera.]

White:

Bronson you have to calm down, son.

[We catch a glimpse of a suitcase flying across the room crunching into a wall not far from Edward White's head.]

White:

BRONSON!

Box:

NO, NO BLOODY NO! THAT THIRD STRINGER NINJA PRAT CAN'T SPITSHINE MY BLOODY BOOTS MUCH LESS wresa... *mumble mumble*

[Bronson's screaming voice can be heard clear as day as the door swings open, it fades away as the door thunks shut. From inside the locker room steps the simply massive seven foot tall former mob enforcer "Il Guidice" Nicky Corozzo simply towering over Lance Warner.]

Corozzo:

The hell do you two want? Huh?

[Lance breaths a sigh of relief having not been forced to step into the lions den just yet.]

Lance:

Trouble on the home front Nicky?

Corozzo:

Little strategy session in progress. That's all. And that's Mr. Corozzo, stronzo.

[Look it up.]

Lance:

Can we assume Bronson Box heard the news that Yoshikazu YAZ was awarded...

SLAM

[The locker room door knob crunches against the hard cinderblock wall. In the door frame stands the one and only Original DEFIANT Bronson Box.]

Box:

HANDED. Go on Warner, continue. Tell these good people how Yoshikazu YAZ was HANDED a World title match on the next stop on the Groundhouse tour. As usual, if you weren't "something" in the WfWA or have the words "Old Line" somewhere in your bio you just don't seem to rate with the people who run this bloody promotion.

[His mustache twitches with furious intensity, veins throb in his neck and forehead.]

[Nicky smiles and crosses his giant arms across his chest, Box stepping slowly towards the terrified interviewer. The Wargod doesn't say a word. All he does is look over Warner's shoulder for a moment, down the hallway. Lance gets the message and makes a hasty exit.]

Box:

Run along little man. Run along and leave the single greatest attraction in ALL of sports alone to address the sweaty stinkin' masses.

[Bronson turns to the camera with his lip curled in utter disgust.]

Box:

You see ladies and gents. Kai Scott think's he's bein' cute... he thinks... he... thinks.

[It takes just a second. Zero to sixty in the blink of an eye. Like a tea kettle going from whistling to screaming. When the Wargod blows his top he lunges towards the camera like some sort of scowling red faced nightmare.]

[He reaches past the view of the lens drawing the camera in close.]

Box:

THIS BLOODY PROMOTION CAN'T SHUT ME OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME?! IT CAN'T...

[A hand drops down on Bronson's shoulder. Bronson's wild eyes immediately shoot behind him. Instantly he calms himself... well, a little. Enough that he releases his hold on the camera allowing us to get a look at just who interrupted The Scottish Strongman.]

[Bronson breathes a heavy sigh, popping his neck stepping aside making room for his stablemate "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan.]

Ryan:

Tell me somethin, Bronson. What exactly does all this pissing and moaning about politics and the office really get you? To hell with Dane, to hell with Andrews and to hell with the little world THEY WANT. They'd be content to leave that belt rotting around the waist of Kai Scott, and there's nothing new about that, so why are you so surprised? We have to be **smarter** than this.

[Ryan takes a few steps towards Boxer, the two are now in whispering distance. The tension is finally broken by a certain smiling billionaire Socialite as he makes a little room between the two.]

White:

Boys, boys we're a team now remember? Blood Diamonds united. Most dominant stable in the history of this company. Eyes on the prize, gentlemen. Eyes on the prize.

[Ed White is dressed in his ring gear, ready for his tag team main event match later tonight. He leans in and whispers something to Bronson. Now willing to reluctantly acquiesce to his new stablemate Bronson allows Dan to continue.]

Ryan:

Like I was saying, this "office" you're so damned obsessed with? Nothings going to change their minds on what second rate paper champions they choose to back. So you have one of two choices. You keep yelling and screaming and dropping Eric's name until you're blue in the face or you realize that anything other than **action** is **BENEATH US** --- go out there and **take what's yours**.

[Ryan puts the hard emphasis on those last three words.]

[Those veins in Bronson's neck and forehead start to throb again. He breaths in and out like some sort of restrained beast as he steps forward... and extends a hand to the man.]

[Like a switch was flipped on the back of his bald head Boxer immediately calms down and a little grin cracks in the corners of his mouth.]

Box:

I knew there was something I liked about you, lad. Once I had you all straightened out that is.

[Ryan lets a little pause happen, then smiles and nods. The two men shake hands. Box turns his head briefly to look toward Ed White and Ryan's smile drops immediately. Neither White nor Box notice.]

Angus:

This is still totes bizarre to see considering I still have very vivid memories of these two trying to rip each others faces off with fists full of glass...

DDK:

It's called mutual respect, Angus. Now hush.

Box:

All ye' needed was a few rounds with The Wargod to get yer' head straight, 'eh boy'o? And you know what? I think I just might take your advice and just up and **take** what's mine.

[Ed claps both men on the back with a big bearded smile as the whole group starts back towards their locker room.]

Angus:

He's screaming, he's smiling, he wants to rip Ryan's face off, he and Danny-boy are best buds. Bronson Box is a goddamn schizophrenic roller coaster ride, man.

DDK:

What could those two maniacs possibly mean by Bronson taking whats his? Bone chilling.

Angus:

Whatever it means, I know this. Kai Scott just took a swat at the hornets nest handing a shot to YAZ. He's about to feel the sting in the form of those two monsters, Keebs.

Challenged Accepted

DDK:

I'm being told we have a response to Edward White's challenge from earlier tonight and that Lance Warner is waiting outside Kelly Evans' office.

Angus:

TO THE HOE CAVE, LANCE!

DDK:

Really? I know you two don't get along, but she is the boss now.

Angus:

And your point would be...

DDK:

Nevermind. What do you have, Lance?

[The Office of the Queen Bitch of DEFIANCE.]

[A gruff voice can be heard hollering from behind the door. Standing to the side of that same door is Lance Warner, obviously waiting to find out what's transpiring or about to transpire in the land of DEFIANCE.]

[Straightening himself up a bit, Lance prepares as he hears the conversation behind the door winding down.]

Lance:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm told that...

[The door swings open.]

RAAH!

[Mike Bell and Dusty Griffith exit the office.]

Lance:

Dusty... Mike... Gentlemen... Can I get a word?

[Dusty stops in a huff, an inferno raging behind those eyes. He pauses momentarily, looking at Lance as if he were trying to decide to blow him off or punch him out. Warner actually takes a step back, unsure himself if now was the best time to try and get the scoop as it were.]

[Bell steps in, proving to be the much calmer of the two.]

Bell:

You've got better battles ahead of you, Dusty.

[Dusty looks to Bell, grunts out a cough and nods as he approaches Warner.]

Dusty:

Like the Natural just said, we've got a match to get ready for, so lets make it quick.

Lance:

Well, I guess that answers my question...

Dusty:

Good. Edward White can talk about his wealth until we're all blue in the face, he can use it to threaten me all he wants,

but the size of his bank account isn't going to save him tonight. He's got nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide, nowhere that I won't find him and lay a beating on him that he can't buy his way out of.

[Snorts and then thumbs his nose.]

Dusty:

Tonights just a preview, Lance, a preview of what sort of trouble he's bought for himself.

[Lance nods and then turns to the Natural.]

Lance:

And before you go, Mike Bell, one of your opponents tonight called you out specifically.

[Bell smiles and nods as he strokes his chin with his index finger and thumb]

Lance:

Care to respond to Nicky Corozzo's comments?

Bell:

I sure will Lance. You see Nicky, you want to make the old jokes. You want to talk about me like I'm some nobody that Dusty will have to carry tonight. But the fact of the matter is this. Tonight this old washed up nobody, that was a chump when you were a punk nosed kid is going to teach you a little something called respect.

[As Bell is talking, you can see the smile getting wider, as if he has no worries, which he knows will bleed over to his tag partner Dusty Griffith. A veteran move that Nicky Corozzo would know nothing about.]

Bell:

For you see Corozzo, you've now placed all of the pressure on yourself. Tonight, you've got to step into the ring and be practically flawless against a Dusty Griffith who is focused and against a multi time world champion who simply hasn't anything more to prove. In other words Nicky, all I have to do is just step into that ring, make sure that I do my job and if the situation presents itself....

[Mike raises two fingers into the air.]

Bell:

Hook you into the move that has won me a bunch of matches over the years. And that is called the Natural Lock.

[Mike looks over at Lance Warner]

Bell:

Do me a favor and tell Nicky to make sure his insurance is current. Because I think he's going to need it.

[Dusty claps Bell on the shoulder as he nods back at Lance before the two of them disappear down the hall.]

Lance:

Well, there you have it folks!

[Back to the desk.]

Dan Ryan Explains It All

["Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins hits the speakers and almost immediately, a cascade of boos fills the arena, everyone standing to their feet.]

DDK:

So much going on here tonight, but ever since The Blood Diamonds arrived at the arena earlier, this is something I've been waiting for.

Angus:

Should be interesting.

[Dan Ryan steps out and stands staring into the crowd as the strobe lights reflect off of his sunglasses. He smirks, then starts his march to the ring, solo.]

DDK:

His crusade against Eugene Dewey has been bordering on obsessive, and his attack last week was particularly brutal.

[Ryan climbs in, climbs a turnbuckle and looks into the crowd as the music plays, then reaches out his hand to take a microphone provided by ring crew.]

Angus:

Do you think Dan's heard Eugene's comments from earlier tonight?

DDK:

For Eugene's sake I hope not.

[The music stops and Ryan hops down to the mat, criss crossing slowly as he speaks.]

Ryan:

What I want everyone to understand right now -- what I want Eugene Dewey to understand right now -- is that when I say something.... I mean what I'm saying. There should be no assumption that I'm just another blowhard who makes claims and promises that are never kept. No. There should be no doubt, no doubt EVER.... that my words are to be taken lightly.

I'm not interested in finding out if Clair St. Sure has what it takes to become the FIST. I'm not interested in seeing Eugene Dewey go on to fame and glory as he takes a brave new step up into relevance. Not now. Not with the FIST. Not while I'm still breathing.

[The crowd boos again.]

Ryan:

I said no one gets to keep the FIST but me. I said that anyone who stood in the way of that would pay the price. I said, and I kept my word. Everyone wants to know why I'm being so hard on Eugene Dewey. Everyone keeps asking me why I did what I did last week. Do you people.... EVER.... listen?? Do you people.... do any of you..... ever pay attention? Who do I have to cripple to make you understand. I tore the flesh from Bronson Box's face to make him understand. I made him bleed buckets, put Virginia Quell permanently into a physical rehabilitation facility to make him understand but Eugene Dewey.....

Eugene Dewey thinks he's better than that? Eugene Dewey thinks he can roll someone up in the surprise fluke win of his life and then walk away, forward and onward, leaving the true FIST in his rearview mirror like the world we live in linear and without consequence.

Tell me, Eugene, are you ready for the war you're engaged in? Are you sure you want to persist in this.... fruitless effort? Did someone tell you I wouldn't be allowed to enact my retribution on you, Eugene? Who told you I couldn't do

whatever I want? Jeff Andrews? He suspended me for what..... five minutes? Who will stop me from.....

[The Halo 2 theme hits and the crowd goes apeshit as Eugene Dewey comes out, briskly walking to the ring with a determined look on his face and the FIST of DEFIANCE strapped tightly around his waist.]

Angus:

Oh no, Eugene...turn around... turn around and go back right now!

DDK:

After what Eugene had to say earlier I really don't see that happening!

Angus:

Does he want to DIE? Because that's what's gonna happen. He's going..... to die.

[Eugene climbs in, walks straight to Dan Ryan and snatches the microphone out of his hand. Ryan is surprised, but his only reaction is raised eyebrows. He cocks his head slightly to the side as Eugene Dewey speaks.]

Dewey

Stop you from what, Dan? Jumping people from behind? Being the biggest jackass on a planet that also contains Vladimir Putin? Or simply from claiming to be the true holder of a title that you never even successfully defended?

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:

Oh God, please stop. Eugene! Hurry, you can still get away. There's no shame in running!!

DDK:

For you maybe! For crying out loud, Angus.

[Ryan seems to start a bit of a smile, but it disappears quickly. He turns and looks to the outside to procure another microphone, which he does in short order.]

Dewey:

I think we've all heard just about enough of you threatening everyone who dares to try and win the FIST. I've tried to move on. I've tried to let this go, but you won't. You just can't accept that you aren't the holder of the FIST anymore, can you? You can't stand to see someone holding something that you used to, can you?

Angus:

Dewey's playing with fire right now...

Dewey:

You know what, Dan? I'd say the only person around here who needs their ego busting is you.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Dan Ryan smiles begrudgingly as Eugene lowers his mic and stares at the former FIST. Dan brings his mic up to his mouth and licks his lips.]

Dan Ryan:

...

THUMPKZZZZTTTT

[Before lunging at Eugene, nailing him in the forehead with the microphone. Eugene drops to the mat and Dan kneels beside him, continuing the assault with the mic.]

THUMP
THUMP
THUMPTHUMPTHUMP

[Dan grabs two handfuls of Eugene's shirt and pulls him up, tearing the garment in the process, before using it to throw him into the corner of the ring. Dewey's title belt falls off in the process, which is just as well because Dan lifts knee after knee into Eugene's midsection, each one causing the ginger one to howl in pain.]

DDK:
Brutal knees to the injured body of Eugene!

Angus:
I said run, but he didn't listen!

[Ryan takes a step out of the corner and launches Eugene high into the air and half way across the ring with a hip toss. Eugene rolls even further away, leaving Dan with the FIST belt at his feet.]

DDK:
Dan's eyeing up that belt...

Angus:
Of course he is, it's what he covets most in this world.

[Dan bends down and picks up the title belt, gently folding it up before gazing into it's face plate.]

DDK:
Ryan looks to be transfixed on that belt.

[Eugene starts to stir and gets up to his knees when he sees Ryan holding his title belt. Dan's attention turns from the belt to Dewey just as he's getting to his feet.]

DDK:
Ok, now I think I agree. Eugene needs to run.

[But he doesn't. He stands up straight as Dan Ryan charges in and lays the FIST faceplate into Eugene's ribs.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Dewey doubles over and falls to the mat before Dan Ryan brings the title belt down across his back time after time after time.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Dan Ryan brings one more strike down across Eugene's back before grabbing him by the hair and stuffing his head between his legs. Eugene slumps to one knee, but Dan pulls him back up before delivering a ring shaking Humility Bomb!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[With an almost orgasmic look on his face Dan Ryan reaches down and scoops up the microphone he used moments earlier to attack Eugene with. He steps over Dewey's prone body and rests a foot on Eugene's chest, bending over to get closer to the Gamer.]

Dan Ryan:
Not so confident now, are you?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Dan Ryan:

This is what I'm talking about, Eugene. You're no champion. You're a pretender, a false prophet.

You're nothing.

If you want to know what a true champion looks like, just open your eyes, because there's one standing on you right now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Dan waits for a moment, fully aware that Eugene's eyes won't be opening for some time soon.]

Dan Ryan:

No? Never mind. Another time maybe.

[Dan steps over Eugene as he makes his way to exit the ring, but he stops by the FIST belt again.]

Dan Ryan:

I caught what you said earlier, by the way. About this making you the champion.

[Ryan bends down and picks up the title. He admires it for a second before draping it over his own shoulder.]

Dan Ryan:

What's it saying now?

THUMPKZZZZT

[With that Dan drops the microphone and exits the ring as DEFSec finally hurry down the ramp and user him away.]

DDK:

Wait... Where's Dan Ryan going with the FIST?

Angus:

Seriously, you didn't get that part?

DDK:

Get what? That Dan Ryan is literally stealing the title belt?

Angus:

If you don't get the symbolism then I'm sure as shit not explaining it to you.

Stockton Pyre vs Clair St. Sure

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a time limit of 20 minutes! Introducing first! Hailing from Parts Unknown, and weighing in at 266 lbs! He is the Gonzo Goliath! STOCKTON! PYYYYYYYRRREEE!!!!

[The semi-symphonic "Morphine Child" by Savatage brings Pyre out to muted cheers.]

DDK:

Recently, Pyre's been interacting with Wayne Dewey, and honestly Angus, Wayne's such a little sleazebag that I think the fans may be losing appreciation for Pyre.

Angus:

C'mon man, it was bound to happen. Pyre may say he's with the good guys, but when other people are out there taking their lumps, Pyre's hanging back taking notes!

[Pyre enters the ring and tests the ropes.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica and weighing in at 142 lbs! Representing the Truly Untouchables, she is a former Defiance Trios Champion, former FIST of Defiance, and War Games winner! CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUUURRREEE!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!

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

[St. Sure appears in her robe, hood up.]

DDK:

And St. Sure getting the opposite reaction that Pyre did! She may be affiliated with the Truly Untouchables, but she hasn't been involving herself in their dirty work, she hasn't been relying on their help to wrestle, and she's just generally being cool and earning her contendership the old fashioned way.

Angus:

Novel concept, that. Never appealed to me, but the fans seem to like that she's doing it.

[St. Sure doffs her robe and steps into the ring.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Claira St. Sure has struggled with larger wrestlers in the past, but I'm not sure whether we should consider her to be at a disadvantage here or not.

Angus:

She's outweighed by 120 pounds dude, she's totally at a disadvantage. She's also kind of a badass, so the question is, is it enough of a disadvantage for Pyre to win or is she going to fuck his arm in half or something?

[Pyre lunges in, but St. Sure ducks, sidesteps, and lashes out with a sole butt that connects with his ribcage.]

DDK:

St. Sure lands a solid kick there, but Pyre pretty much shrugs it off. St. Sure's a nasty striker, but Pyre's just so

densely built it's tough for her to do damage with body shots.

[Pyre takes another running start and tries a double axehandle. St. Sure has to jump back to avoid it, she lashes out with a roundhouse kick to the top of Pyre's thigh. Pyre spins, throws an overhead elbow that St. Sure dodges, St. Sure lands a kick to the kidney. This one does slow Pyre down for a second and St. Sure throws a spinning backfist - that Pyre deflects with an axehandle block. The block knocks St. Sure off balance and Pyre picks her hiiiiigh up and drops her with a backdrop!]

Angus:

Brutal impact!

DDK:

It appears that the strategy Pyre's going to use against St. Sure is hit hard, early and often. She can't absorb too many slams like that one, and each one he lands is going to make it easier for each subsequent attempt at one to work.

[Pyre quickly pulls St. Sure to her feet and hooks her for the STO, but when he sweeps the legs, St. Sure jumps up, over the arm, and is immediately on him trying to leverage him to the mat with the armbar - and as he slowly sinks to the mat she spins and works the omo-plata on! Pyre, keeping his far arm in close to his chest, has to spin his body and get his leg on the ropes.]

DDK:

Very quick counter by St. Sure. Pyre actually had the Truly Untouchabreaker scouted, but that's how quickly you can lose a match against Clair St. Sure.

[St. Sure obeys the rope break but stomps away at the arm she was just focusing on as Pyre gets back to his feet. Pyre grabs the top rope to pull himself up, and St. Sure comes down with an axe kick across the elbow joint. Pyre howls and grabs his arm.]

Angus:

And Pyre balances out having her move scouted by making a rookie mistake. Y'know, if Wayne Dewey were out here, well, he might've yelled at Pyre not to do that.

[St. Sure wrenches the arm and tries for the omo-plata again, but Pyre just plants his feet and hurls her chest first into the turnbuckle. He rushes in after her with a clubbing axehandle to the back of the head, then wrings his arm out.]

DDK:

Pyre did some damage there, but his arm's hurting him.

Angus:

Yep. Also, don't think he's had anyone go after a limb like this before, so we don't know if he's going to protect it or try to fight through it and risk hurting himself or something.

[Pyre drags St. Sure up off the mat by her dreadlocks. A few boos trickle down and this seems to distract him for a few seconds. But he sets his feet, brings his left arm back, and swings - and connects with an elbow!]

DDK:

Enlightenment elbow smash from Pyre, and a cover attempt!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

DDK:

Pyre he didn't get anywhere near as much mustard on it as he usually does! Pyre threw the elbow with his left arm, and he just didn't get the range of motion really needed to knock someone out with it. None the less, he's got the momentum, bringing her up -

[Pyre uses his bad arm to yank St. Sure towards him, throwing the vicious lariat he simply calls Inferno with his good arm.]

[St. Sure ducks, goes into a handstand, bounces her ankles off the top rope and rebounds right back into Pyre back first. Pyre tries to counter with the backdrop, but his bad arm isn't up to the task of grabbing his moving opponent - St. Sure counters with a wakigatame armbar takedown!]

Angus:

Face first into the mat!

DDK:

Pyre up to one knee - backfist!

[St. Sure spins in the opposite direction and smashes the other side of Pyre's head with her other fist. An enzui roundhouse, a thrust kick under the jaw, and-]

SWAAACK!**DDK:**

Axe kick! Axe kick to the crown of the head, Pyre slumps over backwards and we've got a cover!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!**DDK:**

And she gets it! St. Sure may not have been able to put Eugene Dewey away in the FIST match last week, but she just demonstrated she's not going to go gentle away into the night after coming up short. And that wasn't a half-bad showing against a top tier wrestler like St. Sure for Pyre either.

Angus:

Rookie mistakes brah. Well, that and good kicks. That axe kick she likes is really starting to grow on me.

Penn-head

[Backstage Lance Warner searches for someone to interview.]

[Out walks Sam Turner Jr. gently humming the tune from "A Country Boy Can Survive".]

Lance Warner:

Sam...Sam...hey Sam wait up.

[Lance jogs over to the outside door where Sam was about to exit.]

Lance Warner:

Sam, let me talk to you for a minute. I want to know how your doing after the other night.

[Sam still tries to exit the door. Lance grabs his arm and gets a hard shove out of way and into the wall. Sam exits the door.]

Lance Warner:

What the heck just happened there? Why did he...

[Sam walks back in the door and looks at Lance with wide eyes.]

Lance Warner:

Sam I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to grab you. I don't know what came over me.

[Sam walks over and right beside Lance and keeps staring a hole through him.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Lance, tha next time I gots ta spit out sum baccer an ya stop me from doin 'at ag'in, I'mma really hurt'cha. If'n I'd swaller'd 'at I'da had a farr in ma belly.

[Lance's scared face turns stunned.]

Lance Warner:

I do apologize for that Sam, I had no idea you were going to spit.

Sam Turner Jr.:

I rekon its ok Lay'nce, no harm na foul, but'cha bess watch'it next time.

[Lance clears his throat.]

Lance Warner:

Ok, so Sam how are you? On the last show we saw you beat Curtis Penn, the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION, by disqualification. We also saw you have a fire extinguisher shot in your face, chloroform wrapped around your nose, and if the first two weren't bad enough he proceeded to duct tape you by your arms to the ring. How are able to survive that torture?

Sam Turner Jr.:

'At durdy dog gum sum gun. He shot 'at thang in ma eyes, can ya blee'v 'at?

Lance Warner:

Sam what I really want to know is what happened when he put the chloroform rag over your face?

Sam Turner Jr.:

'Ats sum rank stuff 'ere. When I wok'd up I had sucha he'dake. I ain't ev'n know I's in tha rasslin ring Lay'nce.

[Sam pulled a bandana out of his belt loop and wipes his nose with it.]

Sorry Lay'nce, I had a lil boogy.

[He puts it back in his belt loop.]

I's in such bad shape 'at 'ey took me ta tha hospit'l an kept me fer two days.

Lance Warner:

I did hear that but I wasn't 100% on what happened afterwards. However that wasn't all that happened to you in the hands of Curtis Penn, he actually taped you to the ring ropes.

Sam Turner Jr.:

Huh? He did?

Lance Warner:

Yeah, Stockton Pyre and Diego del Leon came out and made the save to keep you from being beaten anymore.

[Sam nods his head and a smile crosses his face.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

I's jus funnin wiff ya Lay'nce. I members it all. I member 'at puke kickin me in tha ribs an 'en hit me in ma face.

Lance Warner:

What are you going to do about Curtis Penn?

[Sam takes out his bandana and wipes his nose with it again and puts it back.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

What 'at fella dun dun ta me is un'xcus'ble. He dun dis'er'spected me. Ma own pa dun told me ta get 'at cow pie an ring his neck lik'a chick'n. Ma maw look'd at me like i's tha bla'k sheep in tha fam'ly, like ma cousin 'at mar'ied 'at he-she woman.

[Lance and the cameraman look at each other oddly for a split second.]

Tha next time I sees ya Curt, I's gunna hurt'cha bad. 'Ats alls I's sayin odder 'an 'at title ain't tha only thang ya's gunna lose. I's tha Redne'k Re'ker an I's gunna re'k ya life.

[Sam turns away from Lance.]

Lance Warner:

Thanks Sam.

[Sam quickly turns back around and grabs the mic from Lance and gets his face close up to the camera. His face red. His left eye lazy. His teeth gritted.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

I'S GUNNA MAKE YA SQUIL LIKE'A PIG, BOY!

[Sam hand the mic back to Lance and walks away.]

The Makings of a Death Wish

[Hallway. Backstage. Your newest trios team of Two Dudes and a Lady Not Named 'White Hot Anger' or 'The Conclave' or 'The Truly Untouchables' strolls along, looking for more trouble. Or the exit to the parking lot. Whichever happens to tickle your fancy.]

Lindsay Troy:

That 'Meet the Boss' bit probably could have gone a little better.

Tyler Rayne:

On the contrary, I think that went about as well as we could've hoped. Considering we're not all known for our stalwart respect of authority.

Wade Elliott:

[shakes his head] Same shit, diff'rent signature on th'paycheck. Was hopin' the days've uppity-broads-in-charge were in the rear-view.

[For those not in the know, Wade's referring to the one-time HBIC in charge of PRIME, Lisa Tyler. For a handful of years, long before the company closed its doors, 'BLT' ('Boss' Lisa Tyler or 'Bitch' Lisa Tyler, depending on who you asked) made life quite unpleasant for these three. Nevermind they brought a lot of it on themselves. One could draw many comparisons between Lisa Tyler and Kelly Evans. None of them are good.]

Lindsay Troy:

Well lucky for you, I'm filling the 'uppity broad' quota as far as this group's concerned. Everyone's got a role to play.

Tyler Rayne:

A few are coming to mind for much later in the evening.

[Troy smirks and rolls her eyes. Some things will never change.]

Wade Elliott:

What, 'xactly, the hell're we doin' here?

Tyler Rayne:

Besides the Fastball Special? Because that was fuckin' sweet.

Wade Elliott:

I ain't bull-shittin'. Been a year an' more since we split off our diff'rent ways an' finally said 'so long' to the ring.

Lindsay Troy:

Drifting off, in your case.

Wade Elliott:

Ol' habits die hard. Still, we said 'goodbye' an' 'keep in touch,' but here we are. Back at it. Fer some goddamn reason or another. Y'all called, an' I came 'round, but do any've us know really what the fuck we're doin' here?

[Someone clears their throat off camera, cut to...]

Voice:

That's a DAMN good question there fella'.

[The three Heroes turn in unison to end up face to face with none other than 'Dapper' Don Hollywood, Rich Mahogany and 'Pretty' Pete Whealdon. Those Angel City boys. ACX.]

"Dapper" Don:

What are you three doing here cluttering up our hallway? This shark tank is only so big, Jack. Why don't you three commence to vacating our general area before the fellas and I get your newbie stink all over our ring gear...

[Rich Mahogany mouths 'oh yeah' as he high fives Whealdon behind Hollywood's back with one hand and squeezes a big wad of baby oil onto his chest with the other. Whealdon, for reasons all his own, just keeps pointing down at his crotch, making inappropriate amounts of creepy eye contact with Lindsay Troy.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm sorry, I couldn't quite hear you or your life-sized Lisa Frank-design rejects over the apparent goddamn nonsense of that disco ball you call a jacket. The stupidity of it all is damn-near blinding.

[Don gives a condescending chuckle before taking a few staggering steps towards Lindsay. The captain of Team Sleaze leans in real close putting Wade on edge and Tyler on alert. Meanwhile, Whealdon and Mahogany have actually managed to nut up and quit dicking around for ten seconds to bow up to the three veteran wrestlers.]

[I mean, as much as these three idiots can manage.]

"Dapper" Don:

My goal as of right now, little miss? The new mission statement of the three sick party animals standing in front of you right now? Is to make your short, sad existence here in DEFIANCE as uncomfortable as goddamn possible. That clear as crystal, honey? Do I need to let Petey boy over there spell it out to you in piss, is there a snowdrift outside in this stupid freezer box country he can use?

Tyler Rayne:

If Jubilee is a fan of keeping his dick, he'll think twice about taking it out anywhere except where the three of you can see it.

Wade Elliott:

[growling] An' he's puttin' that real lightly.

[Don ignores Tyler and Wade and reaches out to tap Lindsay on the cheek. Rayne and Troy both move to swat his hand away and the two teams immediately start in with the pushing and the shoving. Before anyone really comes to blows, Hollywood places a hand on his teammates' chests and takes a few steps back.]

"Dapper" Don:

I'll tell you why you're here, kids. You wanna know? You **really** wanna know? Take a look in the mirror at DEF's new resident JOB SQUAD! You three losers aren't going to last a hot minute in this company! We've been through HELL for DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Whealdon:

Yeah! They forgot we existed and left us in Japan!

Mahogany:

Shut the fuck up, dick. Don's talkin' us up like a motherfucker right now!

[Rich and Pete jab each other in the shoulder for a bit before settling back into 'backup' positions.]

Tyler Rayne:

Worse places to be stuck in than Japan.

Wade Elliott:

Th'wrong side've my boot comes t'mind, but hell, ain't like there's a RIGHT side....

Tyler Rayne:

Listen, kids, Hoyt knows this whole thing has been a gorram blast and a half so far, what with us already fucking up one team and giving Boss Lady a migraine.

Lindsay Troy:

Considering we've been here a grand total of maybe 30 minutes and have done more in that time than anything the three of you have done in probably, like, **ever**, it's a pretty safe bet that the only chumps around here are you pissants.

[Rich Mahogany, finally deciding it's time to man up, shoulders past Dapper Don and directly into the face of Lindsay Troy.]

Mahogany:

Listen here, hot-tits, maybe you didn't hear my friend. We've been through seven shades of hell for this place, and we'll be damned if the likes of you...

[He pokes her in the chest.]

Mahogany:

Or these two mongoloids...

[Rich, for his part, has gone and distracted himself, not allowing his 'poke' to remain a 'poke' or on the 'chest.' Troy, very slowly, glances down at Rich's hand and then lifts her eyes back up to his. There's nothing cocky about the look she's giving him. It's a total, 100%, Medusa-glare.]

[Things are about to go bad for Rich Mahogany and he's too stupid to know it. Don Hollywood and Pete Whealdon have it figured out, however, as the two of them have actively began slinking backward at a noticeable gait.]

Mahogany:

...are gonna... be able... uh... heh *drool*

Troy:

You've just gone and done the dumbest thing in your whole life.

Whealdon:

RICH-MAN! CODE RED! DEFCOM1! ABORT! ABORT! GET OUT OF THERE MAAAAAAAAN!!!

[Whealdon thinks about sticking around, but then, bro-code and all, don't grab somebody's tits and get your friends into a fight. Sweet Pete's better judgement gets the best of him and he turns and bolts in the other direction. Hollywood does the same. What this leaves is Rich Mahogany's hand still squarely in enemy territory, and the Big Damn Heroes about to break him in half, break the halves in half, and sell pieces of The Love Machine on eBay.]

Mahogany:

Mulligan? *gulp*

Wade Elliott & Tyler Rayne:

[in unison] Nope.

[It's effortless the way Wade's big ol' paw grabs hold of Rich's neck and drives his head back against the concrete wall. Rayne's military-issue boot is finding a home nestled in-between various ribs. As Tyler's kicking, Wade's punching, and Troy's trying to wipe the grime off her shirt. Rich is making a valiant attempt to wriggle away, and the addition of that baby oil from earlier is helping his cause. The blows from Wade's fist aren't making much of a solid connection with Mahogany's sternum as he'd like, and Rich manages, by the grace of whatever higher being he believes in, to break free, elude Tyler and Lindsay, and book it down the hall, clutching his ribs as he goes.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm going to kill him. Them. All three of them. In the face. So many times.

Wade Elliott:

Good lord, what th'hell IS this shit?

[Wade looks visibly disgusted as he flicks his hand downward, sending strands of baby oil flying to the floor.]

Tyler Rayne:

The makings of a death wish, Country.

[He glares down the hall where the ACX have run off to. Troy shoots a glance toward Wade, who's looking just as murderous as Tyler is, and she claps a hand on both their shoulders.]

Lindsay Troy:

Let's go. Bar. Now. Before Evans gets both security AND the Mounties on our case.

[Close-up on their faces. Cut elsewhere.]

Tyrone Walker vs Capital Punishment

DDK::

No doubt in anybody's mind that tonight has been one hell of an evening, but we're about to cap things off with what's becoming a personal rivalry over the World Trios Tag Team Titles! I can't imagine what YOU'RE going through, Angus!

Angus:

I wholly support our Team HOSS overlords, but man... it's TY! TY, KEEBLER, TY!

DDK::

I'm fully aware, Angus! After some big wins in the Trios division recently, Junior Keeling came out last week and talked a whole lot of noise about how Team HOSS should be named the #1 Contenders for the Trios Titles! He wasted no time coming out here talking trash about Hookers N Blow... the end result was Keeling more or less... well, voiding his bowel all over the place in fear of what HNB were going to do!

Angus:

Last week, Keeling was pissed on, but after that failed blunder of a sneak attack backstage earlier, Team HOSS are now pissed OFF! Capital Punishment is going to take up the mantle and as much as I like TY... TEAM DANGER FOR LIFE... I don't like his chances.

DDK::

He'll have to find a way to get over the power advantage of Team HOSS's eldest member – certainly no easy feat. Cappy downright DOMINATED in Germany over the remnants of TexMex Holiday and looked great last week. Ty Walker will have his work cut out for him.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

THE FOLLOWING CONTEST IS YOUR MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING AND THIS IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FALL!

[The synthesized opening to "Black" by Sevendust cuts into the air as the curtains part, beckoning the arrival of Tyrone Walker, who bursts into the arena upon the sound of the soulful voice of Sevendust's frontman, Lajon Witherspoon.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Jacksonville, Florida by way of Queens, New York, standing 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighing in at 205 pounds, he is one third of HOOKERS AND BLOW and one third of the DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... and is the BLACK JESUS... TYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYRRRRRRROOOOONNNNNNNE WAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLKKKKKEEERRRR!!

[Walker strides towards the ring, slapping fives with fans before taking a few quick steps and leaping from the floor to the ring apron. Vaulting over the top rope, Walker runs the ropes a few times, bouncing to a stop in the center of the ring where he awaits his opponent. He still has a big smile on his face, laughing at what they pulled off over Team HOSS backstage earlier. That smile goes away quickly when he hears the music of his opponent...]

["And Justice for all" by Metallica cuts in and the crowd starts to BOOOOOOO for the former American prison guard. Per what's become the norm around here, Junior Keeling remains at the side of his charge and talks instructions with Cappy, pointing at the direction of Ty Walker and making "breaking in half" motions.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Washington DC...Standing at six foot seven and weighing two hundred eighty eight pounds.... He is one third of The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers aka Team HOSS... CAAAAAAAAAAPITAAAAALLL PUNISHMEEEEENT!

Angus:

C'mon Cappy! Show him who's the king of this jungle! ... No, wait! You got this one, TY!

[Keebler offers up a disgruntled sigh as his contribution to Angus' wishy-washiness as Capital Punishment walks out with a small smirk, Keeling at his side. The big man stares daggers at Walker as he stands in the middle of the ring. Capital Punishment and Keeling ignore outstretched hands, when one fan almost gets too close Cappy turns to him immediately and winds up intimidating the fan. Undaunted he continues his slow walk and climbs into the ring, ignoring everything else and focusing intently on the savvy veteran in-ring. Keeling ducks out of the ring.]

DDK::

Quite simply, HNB have the belts that Team HOSS wants here tonight. Not that Team HOSS don't already have a case as they've been arguably the most dominant force in the trios division, but a win here would mean big things for Team HOSS's case.

Angus:

Team HOSS will TAKE what belongs to them and they have no qualms about smashing and messing shit up. It's my kind of team under any other circumstances!

[Walker gives up about half a foot and at least seventy-five pounds to the much bigger Capital Punishment, but he doesn't look the least bit intimidated. The Elder HOSS member approaches him as Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell...]

[DING DING DING!]

DDK::

This goes without saying, but Ty Walker will have to hit and run against the big man. Ty's the very definition of a savvy veteran, but he's in there with a guy who has size AND more experience than him!

Angus:

STICK AND MOVE, BLACKIMUS, STICK AND MOVE!

[Cappy goes in and lunges right at him, but Walker does exactly what Angus pleads for him to do and bobs and weaves against the much bigger man. When he tries a second time, The Extreme Franchise moves out of the way and fights back with a series of hard kicks to the knees of the big man. The IWO Legend fights back and swings, just narrowly missing Ty as he ducks and comes back with a couple of Elbows to the face!]

DDK::

Here he goes! Cappy's trying, but Ty's just too fast for him!

[When he tries for a couple more shots to the head of the big man, the IWO Legend grabs him by the throat! Walker struggles before Cappy throws him backwards into the ropes. He prepares for a wild swing in the form of a Clothesline only for Ty Walker to duck underneath and come back off the ropes. Cappy swings again with a Back Elbow but the blow misses as Walker ducks once more and keeps going off the ropes. He jumps onto the second rope and flies backwards, trying to take down Capital Punishment with a Springboard Crossbody...]

Angus:

...Eeep.

DDK::

He got caught! Cappy's got him and taking him over head!

DDK: may have spoken too soon because Walker slips out behind him and tries to catch him, but shockingly Capital Punishment is a little quicker and finally lands a HARD elbow to the face! Walker doesn't know where he is when Cappy reels back a fist and lands a STIFF right hand that sends the World Trios Tag Team Champion stumbling back to the ropes!]

Angus:

Well, this ain't good... GO, BLACKIMUS PRIME! TRANSFORM INTO A MIGHTY SHITKICKER!

[Capital Punishment stands mightily over one third of the Trios Champions as he gears back up. He reels back another fist and lands a few more hard Clubbing Forearms right to the small of Walker's back. Cappy backs The Human Pinball Wizard and opens up with a series of hard back elbows to the face.]

DDK::

Nothing too pretty about the offense of Capital Punishment, a throwback to some older fighters in the ring. He's up there in years, but he's probably one of the stiffest brawlers on this roster we have.

[Capital Punishment has Ty literally on the ropes as Junior Keeling is practically frothing at the mouth for revenge, remembering the failed attempt from earlier to set up HNB for a backstage assault as they did to TexMex Holiday for weeks on end. Walker is pushed into the ropes and Capital Punishment sends him flying across the ring. Cappy waits off the rebound and tries for a Big Boot in order to take the Trios Champion down, but the leader of the HNB slides underneath!]

[The Blackaconda quickly leaps to his feet and catches Capital Punishment underneath the chin with a hard Dropkick that knocks the big man backwards into the corner. Walker sees an opening and runs full speed ahead, hitting a Springboard Back Elbow off the ropes and landing a good shot to Cappy's chin while he's prone in the corner!]

DDK::

There we go! He's finally got Cappy on the ropes!

[The crowd is firmly behind Walker as he charges off the ropes to try for something big and he manages to catch him hard... INAZUMA LEG LARIAT! He lands the move right underneath the chin of Capital Punishment and knocks over the big man! Walker goes right for the cover on Cappy...]

[ONE!]

[TWO... NO!]

Angus:

Wow! That was a sweet sequence of moves... and he barely got two!

DDK::

Cappy is a monster in that ring, no doubt about it! Junior Keeling may have the most destructive Trios team in DEFIANCE today!

[Walker charges off the ropes again and tries to go for another aerial assault, but Cappy is not only already up, but he BLASTS Walker upside the head with a stiff Running Right-armed Lariat that spins around the Human Pinball Wizard before he hits the mat! The crowd winces and then the sympathy groans turn to boos as Junior Keeling stands proudly on the outside.]

Keeling:

I TOLD YOU ALL HE'S NOTHING MORE THAN A FILTHY DEGENERATE! HE AND ALL HIS FRIENDS!

Angus:

That's not true! Sure, they may have an immature sense of humor and participate in a lot of backstage fuckery and... oh...

DDK::

Regardless of all of that, HNB are respected veterans in this business and the things Junior Keeling has been saying about them are so far off-base, he can't even see the field.

[Capital Punishment picks The Trios Champion off the mat and lifts him up but not before he delivers a few good right

hands to the stomach. He turns him around and powers him HARD into a big Pendulum Backbreaker! Walker is nearly broken in half from the impact when Cappy wastes no time segueing right into a lateral press.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... NO!]

Angus:

YEAH! YOU GO, TY! CAPPY, BREAK HIM... oh, my head hurts, all of a sudden. You say things now, Keeps.

DDK::

...Okay, then. Walker kicked out, but Capital Punishment is just getting started here. That Lariat and that Pendulum Backbreaker nearly did Walker in, but he's got a bigger bag of tricks than that!

[Junior Keeling barks some more orders and tells Capital Punishment to keep bringing the pain to the leader of Hookers N Blow. When he stands up, he charges at Walker and knocks him right back down to the mat with an unpolished and brutal Running Back Elbow to the face. Ty crashes to the ground in a hard way while The IWO Legend stands over him with a half smirk across his face.]

Angus:

And he's down! Walker, come on, man, get up! No... Cappy, put a whooping...

DDK::

While my broadcast colleague tries to put himself together mentally, Cappy's still continuing to hurt the Trios Champion.

[The Extreme Franchise tries to stand to his feet only for Cappy to land a pair of hard jabs followed by a bigger, harder right hand that rocks him and sends Walker back to the ground! The Human Pinball Wizard is in danger of the loss as he runs down and hooked to the leg.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... KICK OUT!]

DDK::

Walker's eating a whole lot of punishment right now and Cappy's working him over with some more shots to the stomach! He's literally trying to dismantle him one big move at a time here.

[Capital Punishment picked him up by the body and rocked Ty with a few more shots to the chest to stun him, but Walker fought back and kicked him in the leg! Cappy swung again, but he missed when The Trios Champion landed some more kicks to the leg followed by a short Dropkick that brought Cappy down to a knee! When he tries to get back to the ropes again, he once again gets caught by Capital Punishment...]

Angus:

FRONT POWERSLAM! OUCH, I COULD FEEL IT FROM HERE!

DDK::

That makes two of us! Walker's still down and out!

[Again, this makes another attempt on the part of The Elder HOSS member to go for the win on the Trios Champion!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... SHOULDER UP!]

DDK::

Walker kicks out again! He's been known his whole career for being able to absorb gruesome punishment like this, but if he doesn't find a way out of this and soon, Cappy's walking away with a victory.

Angus:

DON'T YOU DARE DOUBT BLACKIMUS PRIME... though Capital Punishment is shitkicking him something fierce right now...

[Keeling barks more instructions to his charge and orders him to finish the job he started so Cappy obliges and rolls him over onto his stomach. Capital Punishment planted a firm knee into his back and cranked back on the neck with a modified Camel Clutch! He cranks back on the neck of Walker and keeps his intent to hurt the Trios Champion.]

DDK::

I don't believe we're seeing this! Walker's been on the ropes almost the whole time! This man took Kai Scott to the limit, but Capital Punishment definitely lives up to his name. He's straight-ahead power.

Angus:

Yeah, he's big and strong and... well, putting a shellacking on Walker... FIGHT BACK... no, wait... FIGHT BLACK!
YEAH, THAT WORKS!

Crowd:

LET'S GO, WALKER! Clap-clap-clapclapclap

LET'S GO, WALKER! Clap-clap-clapclapclap

LET'S GO, WALKER! Clap-clap-clapclapclap

LET'S GO, WALKER! Clap-clap-clapclapclap

LET'S GO, WALKER! Clap-clap-clapclapclap

[Walker starts to try and get back up to his feet, but when he tries, he jumps and drops all his weight onto his back! The Extreme Franchise is in pain and when Capital Punishment tries to jump again.... No! He gets both knees up and catches him right where the sun don't shine!]

DDK::

Walker with a rather unique counter, but now he has a chance to get back into the game!

[The leader of the HNB starts to slide towards the ropes in order to get back to his feet using the ropes. Keeling is practically frothing at the mouth watching Cappy slowly stumbling back to his feet. The big man doesn't stay down for too long and even starts charging at Ty only for The Trios Champion to pull the ropes down, sending him spilling all the way out to the floor!]

[Keeling is practically red in the face as Ty Walker slowly starts to head to the top rope as the crowd is buzzing to life again. Benny Doyle is starting to count out Capital Punishment as Ty Walker is measuring the distance over to the Elder HOSS. He's on the top rope now and waits...]

DDK::

TOPE CON GIRO ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE FLOOR ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! LOOKS LIKE WALKER IS BACK IN THE GAME!

Angus:

TOLD YOU NEVER TO DOUBT HIM, MAN!

DDK::

But YOU'VE been doubting him this whole time!

Angus:

LIES!

[The crowd is losing their shit after the amazing dive all the way out to the floor on Capital Punishment! The two men look like they've been shot right from a car accident but it's actually Ty that starts to get back to his feet first. He slowly limps upwards and holds his ribs, but not before high-fiving a few of the fans in the front row for a job well done.]

[Benny Doyle continues his count on the outside just as it looks like The IWO Legend is about to stir. Cappy limps to his feet and starts heading to the ring when Walker grabs him by the head and pushes him hard into the ring post! A big smack echoes in the area and the crowd cheers as Walker uses a big burst of energy to get Cappy back underneath the ropes. When he's sure that Cappy is in a prime spot for him to do some damage, Ty Walker jumps onto the apron and resumes one of his favorite positions in the ring... the top rope...]

Angus:

BOOM, HEADSHOT!

DDK::

Indeed! That Front Missile Dropkick caught Capital Punishment right between the eyes! And now Walker going in for the win now!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... NO!]

Angus:

Stay on him, Ty! Kick out, Cappy!

DDK::

Ugh. Well, Walker almost got the win there, but he has to stay on him if he has any chance of walking out of this match with the victory!

[Walker holds up three fingers to Benny Doyle, but the Irish referee only holds up two in return, telling him this ain't over yet. Ty glares over to the fallen body of Capital Punishment and looks a little bit surprised that the big man is still starting to get back up so he heads off to the corner and waits for the big man to rise again. The crowd continues to firmly support Walker as Cappy starts to stand back up. When he does, he unleashes a flurry of hard kicks and elbows to the face of the IWO Legend while he's still on his knees.]

[Cappy continues to get up and shoves him off the ropes but when he comes back, he goes looking right for the LIGHTS OUT Busaiku Knee Strike, but he sees it coming and catches him...]

Angus:

Uh-oh! He caught him in mid-air and it looks like he's thinking Powerbomb! Flip him over, Ty!

DDK::

Easier said than done... NO, TY OUT THE BACK!

[The folks in Canada pop loud for Walker when Capital Punishment lifts him up for the Powerbomb only for Ty to jump out the back and land on his feet near the corner. Cappy turns around and charges at him in the corner only to eat a pair of feet right to the mush. The blow stuns Elder HOSS member long enough for him to head to the second rope,

but Cappy recovers and catches him by the throat! He's clearly thinking Chokeslam off the ropes...]

DDK::

NO! TY WALKER WITH THE INSIDE CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

Angus:

NO, CAPPY KICKED OUT!

DDK::

NO, NO, HE DIDN'T! NOT IN THE NICK OF TIME, ANYWAY!

[Walker rolls out of the ring and indeed, Benny Doyle calls for the bell! The DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champion has a big grin on his face for what he was able to pull off as Junior Keeling is freaking out, beside himself over what just happened! Cappy glares at the referee and stares bullets right through him, but the damage has absolutely been done.]

DQ:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... ONE THIRD OF THE DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... **TYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY WAAAAAALLLLLLLKKKKKKKKEEEEERRRRRRRRR!!**

Angus:

And Blackimus Prime pulls it out in the clutch!

DDK::

He sure did! Capital Punishment outright dominated the majority of this match and countered just about anything that Ty Walker could throw at him, but one very sleek counter pulled off by the Black Jesus was enough to get him the duke!

[Ty Walker taps his head next him, proud of being able to catch the big man off guard and pull out the victory over the very dangerous member of Team HOSS... **ATTACKED FROM BEHIND BY ALEZANDER!**]

DDK::

DAMN IT! WHERE ONE HOSS GOES, THE OTHER TWO AREN'T TOO FAR BEHIND!

[Walker is caught from behind by a big blow from Aleczander The Great while Angel Trinidad trails right behind him! The two men pick up the Trios Tag Team Champion and rolled him inside the ring into the grip of an angry Capital Punishment now as all three of the giants prepared for something big on Walker as he started to rise...]

Angus:

...Shit...

DDK::

They're going for that Triple Powerbomb! The same one that put out Diego for a couple weeks and the one that put out Jimmie Rix indefinitely! This isn't good!

[Trinidad licks his lips at the opportunity to put a hurt on somebody else as Junior Keeling barks some more orders about finishing off Walker once and for all...]

Angus:

NO, HERE COMES THE CAVALRY! SOME SHIT'S GONNA GO DOWN!

[Keeling and the other Team HOSS members see Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews charging down to the ring with chairs in hand! They're about ready to unleash some hell when Keeling nods to them.]

Keeling:

DROP HIM, LET'S GO, LET'S GO! CHEESE IT!

[The Team HOSS members clear the ring quickly for a group full of big men while Horry and Matthews swoop in and stand over the shaken, but mostly fine Ty Walker. Walker holds the back of his head in pain as the three men watch Team HOSS retreat back up the ramp. Junior Keeling holds up two fingers just an inch apart!]

Keeling:

THIS CLOSE, WALKER! THIS FUCKING CLOSE AND WE WOULD'VE SNUFFED YOU OUT! WE AREN'T FUCKING DONE!

["Stroke Me" by Mickey Avalon plays as the members of Hookers N Blow celebrate in the ring! Ty Walker got the big victory tonight and all three men had stuck it to the members of Team HOSS for the second week in a row! Matthews and Horry raised their respective Trios belts in the air while Walker held his up, waving for Team HOSS to come back and fight. Cappy was about to take them up on the offer but Angel and Junior Keeling pulled the Elder HOSS away from ringside. This feud was far from over, but the night belonged to the members of HNB!]

The OTHER Main Event

Angus:

It's about to be on like Cheech and Chong, folks.

DDK:

Ed White and his bodyguard the massive Nicky Corozzo

[Edward White and Nicky Corozzo's arrival is heralded by the horns of "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman. The rabid Canadian fans immediately start to rain down boos and jeers before the bearded billionaire and his cohort even show their faces.]

Quimbey:

Entering first representing The BLOOOOOOOD DIAMONDS at a combined weight of FIIIIIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS... "Il Guidice" NICKY COROZZOOOOO and "The Sophisticate" EDWAAAAAAAAAARD WHIIIIITE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Edward steps through the curtain first, the crowd only gets louder when they lay eyes on the Socialite in his black and gold trimmed ring gear. It's not long before the big seven foot tall former mob enforcer Corozzo strides out from the back clad in his usual black leather pants and coal black turtleneck.]

DDK:

Corozzo usually keeps to the background, stepping in when his employers need him to. But ladies and gentlemen, it can't be stressed enough how dangerous Nicky Corozzo really is.

Angus:

The guy WAS an enforcer for the mob... say, you don't think he's killed anyone do you?

DDK:

Well, if he has do you really want him to hear us musing about that fact on camera?

Angus:

What a match! What a night! Where's Dusty and Bell, lets get this main event started what say?!

[Ed and Nicky make their way down the ramp. Ed sneers at the "common folk" the entire way down to the ring. Anyone who dared getting to close to The Socialite, Corozzo steps in and "handles" the situation with a glare or a little shove from his massive mits. Once in the ring Ed preens and goads on the wild Canucks as Corozzo locks eyes with the entrance curtain.]

Angus:

Corozzo looks amped tonight, Darren.

DDK:

Indeed, he and Ed seem...

[The lights dim and the drum beat intro of KISS' "I Love It Loud" pounds the ears as the lights pulse and fans stomp their feet along with the beat.]

DDK:

Oh wow, HERE WE GO FOLKS!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

Is White actually calling out Mayberry?

DDK:

Well, this is surprising.

Angus:

Iunno, Keebs, Ed got pretty hot over Mayberry questioning him like he did last week.

[Bell pauses for a moment and White points again. Bell turns his head back towards his corner and Griffith nods with an eager grin on his face as he stretches out his arm for the tag. Backing away, Bell reaches back and tags out to Griffith.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The Socialite and the Wild Bronco.

Angus:

Sounds like some internet porn title you'd find on Kazaa back in the day.

DDK:

That says a lot more about you than I ever wanted to know, partner.

[Getting into the ring, Dusty stares at White for a moment before approaching him. The two circle around, looking for an opening, but when they go to engage, White bypasses Dusty on the lockup and heads straight for his corner where he tags out to Corozzo.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

White certainly not ingratiating himself to the fans.

Angus:

Would you want to tangle with Mayberry if he was pissed at you?

DDK:

Fair enough.

[Getting into the ring, Corozzo steps between his employer and the man who wishes to do him harm. Pulling up, Dusty growls with annoyance as White taunts him with a smug grin. Corozzo and Griffith circle around the ring and when Dusty's back is turned, White jumps in and blindsides him with a forearm blast to the back of Griffith's head and neck.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Come on!

[Bell protests as the referee admonishes White, who only laughs in his face as he exits to the apron. Griffith shaking his head, his jaw clenches with anger before he turns and charges into the corner where White stands on the apron. White however dropped to the floor before Griffith could even hope to get his hands on him and continues to taunt him. With Griffith distracted, Corozzo doesn't bother to wait for the referee to get out of the way as he charges in and crushes Griffith inside the corner.]

DDK:

Corozzo just smashed Griffith against the turnbuckles!

Angus:

You know... Maybe Mayberry should go back to caring about his ambitions again, because this fights the good fight Mayberry is a gorrām idiot.

DDK:

He has morals!

Angus:

And look where it's getting him, his ass about to be handed to him by Nicky Corozzo.

[Indeed.]

[Edward White having since returned to the apron, cackles with delight as the largest man in the match begins to dismantle Griffith. Trapping him in the corner, Corozzo pummels Griffith with thundering blows across his chest, each one coming down with an audible thud.]

THHUUD!

THHUUD!

THHUUD!

THHUUD!

THHUUD!

[This continues until the referee gets between Corozzo and Griffith, visibly struggling to back the giant of the Blood Diamonds off. Corozzo however is having none of this, turning his attention momentarily as he grabs the ref and sets him aside. Turning back to Griffith, Corozzo grabs him, turns and with a mighty heave, tosses Griffith across the ring.]

WHHHOOOAAA!

Angus:

Isn't that Mayberry's gimmick?

DDK:

What is?

Angus:

Tossing dudes around like playground balls.

DDK:

Well, when you're an enormous, angry, Italian brute like Nicky Corozzo, you can infringe upon whatever gimmicks you choose to infringe upon whenever you choose to infringe upon them.

[Dusty lands in a heap in the center of the ring, but that isn't the end of his suffering as the gigantic Corozzo stalks over to him. Nudging him over on to his back with a boot, he puts that same boot down on Griffith's chest and puts his weight on it, instantly causing Griffith to grab at his ankle as his legs flailed.]

DDK:

He's crushing him!

Angus:

I think he's just checking the shine, make sure it's all nice and polished.

[Corozzo looks smugly at the referee, who orders him to release the "hold" so to speak. Corozzo counters, demanding the ref "ask him" and does so with a look that seemed to shake the referees confidence in his authority in the match. Griffith is 'asked' if he wants to give up, which of course Dusty is barely able to respond to, having his sternum

crushed as he gasps out a negative response.]

DDK:

I know the referee is supposed to be the authority figure in the match, but can't say that I blame him for acquiescing to Corozzo's request.

Angus:

He got an offer he couldn't refuse. Ask him or replace him.

DDK:

Exactly.

[Finally relenting, Corozzo lifts his big ass boot from Dusty's chest, instantly allowing him to suck in a deep breath. The respite was short lived as Corozzo backed off a step and then dropped a huge elbow, including a sizeable amount of his mass across Griffith's body, immediately blowing out the oxygen he had just took in.]

Angus:

Mayberry's gonna have trouble breathing for a while after that.

DDK:

And he might be down for the count here...

[The referee drops to the mat as Corozzo simply lays his weight across Griffith's torso.]

[One!]

[Two!]

[Kickout!]

RAAH!

[Corozzo grunts his displeasure while pulling himself and Griffith off of the mat before scooping him up and slamming him back down with a thunderous slam and then dropping another big elbow. Corozzo doesn't go for the cover this time, shifting his considerable mass and grabbing Griffith by the throat before rising up as he peels Dusty off of the mat. Holding tight with one of his large hands around Griffith's throat, Corozzo looks over to Bell and smiles a sinister grin before yoking Dusty up and driving him down with a chokeslam.]

DDK:

Where have the Diamonds been keeping this monster all of this time?

Angus:

Heh, better question, why haven't they used this man to destroy their enemies until now?

DDK:

He is a former multi-time tag team champion in his own right.

Angus:

And he's mauling Mayberry like he's some flippydo loserweight.

DDK:

Thanks to the chicanery of Edward White, yes.

Angus:

And Mayberry's damn fool temper, yes.

[Corozzo tries for another cover.]

[One!]

[Two!]

[Thr-NO!]

[KICKOUT!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

How many would have just laid down and died there, Keeps?

DDK:

Plenty, but many of them don't have the heart that Griffith has either.

[Corozzo is not amused, in fact he stares at the referee with cold, furious eyes that cause the referee to put his hands up and gesturing that Griffith kicked out at two, even if just barely.]

DDK:

Something that Nicky Corozzo is learning right now.

Angus:

Heh, something Mayberry is gonna regret when he's counting the tiles at the hospital if Corozzo keeps this up.

[Corozzo puts his hand around Griffith's throat again, but this time doesn't bother with lifting him up, instead squeezing as tightly as he can while leaning his weight down on the arm. Before long, Griffith is kicking his legs as he desperately clutches Corozzo's wrist.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The Natural has seen enough of this!

[Storming into the ring, Bell marches over and plants one of his big, Texan boots upside Corozzo's head. It does nothing, Bell does it again, nothing. A third, fourth, and fifth time finally force him to break his hold. This only angers the enormous Italian, who raises himself to his feet and stalks towards Bell, who has been pushed back towards his corner by the referee. With the ref distracted, Edward White sneaks back into the ring, grabbing Griffith by his ankles and dragging him closer to his corner.]

Angus:

Sneaky tactics there by White.

DDK:

You would be impressed.

Angus:

Aww... Keeps' favorites aren't winning... Boo hoo...

[Returning to the action, Corozzo gives up his pursuit of Bell, for now. Heading back to his corner, he tags in White, finally pitting the two future PPV opponents against each other.]

DDK:

Sure, now he wants a piece of Griffith, when he's been pulverized.

Angus:

Strategy. The Diamonds can haz it, the Diamonds can haz use it.

[White enters the ring, completely full of himself as he toys with Griffith who struggles to even breath due to the damage sustained at the hands of Nicky Corozzo.]

DDK:

Look at him, it's as if he were the one who administered the punishment.

Angus:

Well, he kinda did, Keebs. He's the boss, Corozzo is his weapon of mass destruction, he set the big man off in Mayberry's face.

DDK:

Yeah well, he had better have something more in mind than just toying with the guy.

Angus:

I refer you to the strategy comment from thirty seconds ago.

[Continuing to goof around, White half heartedly kicks at Griffith while he taunts him with a variety of verbal barbs. Griffith manages to get himself on to his hands and knees as he crawls further into enemy territory and uses the ropes to pull himself up.]

KERSLLLAAP!

[The sound of White's hand impacting Griffith's upper back echoes throughout the arena and jerks him out of the fog that his brain is swimming in. Turning him around, White continues to taunt verbally as he slaps Dusty about the face and head, getting increasingly agitated as he does so.]

Angus:

Lot of pent up rage starting to pour out of Moneybags.

DDK:

Must be tough to have someone like Griffith refuse to play along when you're used to getting your way all of the time.

Angus:

Maybe Ed's just trying to teach him some manners?

DDK:

.....?

Angus:

No? Okay, probably not.

[White evolves from taunting and slapping to straight up brutalizing, stomping a mudhole in Griffith's midsection. Griffith drops to the mat, his back against the corner where he continues to get stomped by White until the referee finally intervenes. White pays the referee and his reprimand no mind and returns to his assault as Griffith once again pulls himself up. Grabbing a fistful of Dusty's mane, White assists him back to his feet and presses him into the corner before opening up with a barrage of punches and then headbutts.]

DDK:

Edward White is out of his mind here.

Angus:

And we thought he was angry with Frank defying him.

[Once again the referee intervenes, pulling White away. Dusty slumps against the corner, but manages to stay on his feet. Back in his corner, Mike Bell begins trying to get the crowd to rally but halts as he starts hollering at the referee to look back, where Corozzo has taken the opportunity to start choking Griffith again. The referee catches the massive Italian in the act and threatens to disqualify him, Corozzo grins smugly as he lets go of Griffith.]

"LETS GO, DUSTY!!" **clap, clap, clap clap clap**

"LETS GO, DUSTY!!" **clap, clap, clap clap clap**

"LETS GO, DUSTY!!" **clap, clap, clap clap clap**

[White returns to the corner as Mike Bell resumes his efforts to rally the crowd. White approaches, once again slapping a slumped over Griffith who suddenly rears up and clobbers White an elbow to the head that rocks the Socialite back.]

RAAH!

DDK:

Griffith starting to get willed back into this fight by the crowd.

Angus:

Mount Mayberry... About to explode.

[White hammers back with a headbutt and then a second and a third, Dusty pushes him back, spins and clobbers Corozzo with an elbow, then catches White coming back with a second, then nails Corozzo with another. Going on total instinct and guts, Griffith opens up with a volley of elbows to White's face that gets him reeling. Pushing him back to the ropes on the other side of the ring, Griffith whips White towards the ropes and in the process of this happening, Corozzo smartly reaches out and tags White on the back.]

DDK:

Corozzo makes the blind tag.

Angus:

Iunno if Mayberry knows that though.

[Griffith charges at White with a clothesline, which gets ducked by the Socialite and Griffith's forward momentum lead him directly into the waiting arms of Nicky Corozzo who grabs him with a bearhug. Griffith flails in pain as he gasps for air.]

DDK:

Corozzo is squeezing with everything he's got!

Angus:

If his ribs weren't wrecked before, they're about to be now.

[Back in their corner, Mike Bell stomps his feet and slaps the turnbuckle, desperately rallying the crowd as they all witness Griffith being constricted in Corozzo's bearhug.]

"LETS GO, DUSTY!!" **clap, clap, clap clap clap**

"LETS GO, DUSTY!!" **clap, clap, clap clap clap**

"LETS GO, DUSTY!!" **clap, clap, clap clap clap**

[Fighting on pure desperation, Griffith pushes back Corozzo's head and nails him with an elbow that impacts his mouth, a second lands flush on his nose. Turning his arm, Griffith brings his arm up and then drops it like a hammer,

smashing it against Corozzo's eye socket. A second and third land on Corozzo's eyebrow.]

DDK:

Corozzo's grip is starting to break!

Angus:

I can't believe how he's able to just eat those elbows.

[Feeling the tension in Corozzo's arms beginning to weaken, Griffith goes from broke and starts hammering away with reckless abandon. One downward elbow after another, crashing randomly on Corozzo's face until one particularly sharp elbow smashes down on the bridge of his nose.]

DDK:

He did it!

Angus:

He's such a tough bastard of a nut to crack.

[Dropping to his feet, Griffith is hit with an overwhelming urge to take deep, heaving breaths as he hunches over and wraps his arms around his midsection. This gives Corozzo an opportunity to attack, bouncing himself off the ropes, he comes charging back at Griffith who apparently sensed what was happening and lifts Corozzo straight up and slams him back down with a thunderous standing spinebuster.]

RAAH!

Angus:

Son... of a... bitch... Man, how in the **HALE** does he even have the strength to do that?

DDK:

An impressive display of his sheer power of will, Angus... But, I think that might have been all he had left.

[Griffith collapses to his knees as Corozzo finally shows some sign of being human, as he favors his back and also tries to suck in the oxygen he suddenly lost. In their corner, Mike Bell hollers for Dusty to make the tag. White on the other hand is speechless, but when he sees Griffith starting to crawl towards his corner, he calls out to his bodyguard to hurry to make the tag.]

DDK:

Who's going to get there first?

Angus:

Mayberry's got a headstart, but Corozzo's got a lot less ground to cover.

[With only a bit to go, Dusty looks back to see Corozzo reaching out to make the tag as he pushes his girth closer to his corner. Willing himself up, Griffith gets to his feet long enough to dive forward.]

TAG!

RAAH!

DDK:

Here comes the Natural!

Angus:

And here comes the Socialite!

TAG!

RAAH!

[Bell charges across and levels White with a clothesline, then a second and a third before turning to Corozzo who tries to get involved, but Bell is a house of fire and levels him with a clothesline that sends him tumbling back against the ropes. Bell doesn't miss a beat, clobbering Corozzo with another clothesline against the ropes that somehow topples the big man over the top and sends him to the floor.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That dastardly...

[Seeing an opportunity while Bell was toppling the giant, White laid in wait for Bell to come back around to him. Lunging forward suddenly, White caught the Natural low with a headbutt.]

Angus:

The Natch won't be having more kids anytime soon.

[Bell doubles over, giving white the opening to grab him by the head as he stood up and then dropped back down with a jawbreaker. Bell reels back from the impact, White stays on the attack, lifting and dropping Bell with an inverted atomic drop before scoring with a hip toss. White bounces himself off of the ropes and lands a leg drop across Bell's chest before sliding into position for a cover.]

[One!]

[Tw-NO!]

[Kickout!]

DDK:

The Socialite showing off his wrestling skills here.

Angus:

Praising the bad guys now, are we?

DDK:

I might not agree with the dubious ways White goes about his business in DEFIANCE, but the man is quite capable in the ring.

[White doesn't waste time arguing with the referee, sitting Bell up and taking a headlock as he grins sarcastically at random fans who hurl taunts at him. White doesn't keep the hold long, opting to get to his feet while holding Bell's head and then firing away with a barrage of punches to the side of the Natural's skull.]

Angus:

I'm not sure, but is punching a dude in the temple a bunch, dubious?

DDK:

Is it illegal?

Angus:

The referee seems to think so.

DDK:

Then yes.

[The Natural is also not a fan of this and fights his way to his feet, causing White to take the headlock again in an attempt to keep control of Bell. White continually fights off Bell's attempts to shove him off until the Natural starts throwing forearms into his back, finally getting him to loosen his hold and then shoving him off towards the ropes. On the rebound, White ducks a clothesline and on the next return trip gets hoisted up into a fireman's carry, but squirms his way free and takes Bell's back. Blocking a suplex attempt, Bell breaks White's grip and reverses on him, grabbing a waistlock and taking White up and over with a bridging German suplex.]

DDK:

Cover!

[One!]

[Two!]

[TH-NO!]

[KICKOUT!]

Angus:

Pretty spry, for an old guy, Keebs.

[In spite of White's escape from a three count, Bell maintains the waistlock and rolls with it, bringing himself and White to their feet. Releasing his grip, Bell backs off a step and then chop blocks him to the back of the knee.]

DDK:

Bell looking to wear down White's knee.

Angus:

Hey! SPOILERS, man!

DDK:

Uh... really?

Angus:

Nah, just seemed like the appropriate thing to say at the time.

[Back on his feet, Bell reaches down and grabs the foot of the leg he has targeted. Putting his outside foot inside the bend of White's knee, he stomps down after releasing the foot. Bell does this a couple more times and then grabs a single leg Boston crab. Sitting down deep as he pulls back on White's leg, the Socialite hollers in pain as he flails about, seemingly helpless as Bell uses his 30 plus pound advantage to good use.]

Angus:

Gawd, he's trying to tear Ed's leg off and take it home for a souvenir.

DDK:

And if White...

[Remember Nicky Corozzo?]

[Having just recovered from the crater he must have left in the arena floor, the big boss of the Blood Diamond's security looks into the ring. Reaching up, Corozzo pulls himself off the floor and up on to the apron and into the ring where he charges Bell from behind and lays waste to him with a running big boot to the back of his head.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Corozzo just...

Angus:

He just knocked the HALE outta him!

RAAH!

[Having had a chance to recover as well, Griffith darts into the ring and charges at Corozzo who stands over Bell menacingly. Leaping out of his charge, Griffith waylays Corozzo with a huge elbow to the side of the head that stumbles the giant. However, before Griffith could unleash his fury, the referee jumped in between he and Corozzo and forced him back. With the ref distracted with Griffith, White calls to Corozzo who pulls Bell up and holds him up for White.]

Angus:

COCK PUNCH!

DDK:

Come on, ref!

[Satisfied that his boss is back in control, Corozzo backs away and exits to the apron. White sweeps behind Bell and rolls him up with a big handful of trunks as the ref dives in immediately after getting Dusty out of the ring.]

[One!]

[Two!]

[Three?]

[NO?]

[KICKOUT!]

RAAH!

[White looks to ref for a split second before positioning himself over Bell and raining down with right hands to the forehead. The referee gives White a count, threatening to disqualify him, which White acknowledges at the count of four and tries for another pin.]

[One!]

[Two!]

[KICKOUT!]

[Edward White is not amused by Mike Bell's resilience.]

Angus:

Think ol' Moneybags is unhappy?

DDK:

Absolutely no clue, partner, what would make you think that?

Angus:

Ooh, nothing, nothing at all. That or the fact that he's stomping the hell outta the Natch.

[Unleashing his frustrated fury, White stomps Bell over and over until pulling him up and taking him back down with a Russian legsweep. Getting up, White bounces himself off of the ropes looking for a knee drop, which Bell rolls out of the way of when White took to the air and causes him to miss as he lands on the leg Bell had been attacking earlier.]

Angus:

That's gotta hurt.

DDK:

You're unmatched in the depth of your commentary, partner.

Angus:

Thanks, Keeps.

[White rolls around on the mat, favoring his knee after dropping down on it. Meanwhile, Bell starts to slowly crawl towards his corner where Dusty Griffith, who eagerly awaits an opportunity to get back into the ring. Noticing this, White finds the ability to push past the pain in his leg as he scrambles to stop Bell, stomping him some more. In their corner, Dusty gets the crowd going, trying to rally them behind his partner.]

DDK:

White stomping away, but this crowd is doing their best to will the Natural back into the fight.

Angus:

Considering he's been socked in the balls a couple of times in the last few minutes, he's going to need it.

[Feeling the energy of the crowd surge all around him, Bell begins to fight through the barrage of White's attack. As Bell gets to a knee, White switches up to punching Bell's head, but the Natural continues to feed off the crowd. Getting to his feet, Bell blocks a haymaker and responds with one of his own.]

RAAH!

[White responds with one of his own.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Then Bell.]

RAAH!

[The White.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Before Bell can respond again, White gets him with a thumb to the eye.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[White scores with a knee lift to the gut and then sets Bell's head between his legs.]

DDK:

White looking for Market Failure!

[Going for the piledriver, Bell seems to sense the trouble and fights against it as he kicks his legs in the air when White

tries to lift him up for it. Getting his feet back on the mat, Bell rears up and tosses White up and over with a back body drop.]

RAAH!

[Bells drops to his knees from exhaustion as White hits the mat with a resounding thud behind him, instantly writhing as his body contorts from the blunt impact on his spine. It takes but a moment for the Natural to look up towards his corner, seeing Griffith desperately urging him to make the tag and all around him, the fans drowning everything else out with a deafening roar.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs!

DDK:

Bell inching his way to his corner, but so is White!

[Halfway to his corner, Bell suddenly musters up whatever he has left to get to his feet. Seeing this, Corozzo enters the ring knowing White won't make it and charges at Bell. With his last step, Bell falls forward with his arm outstretched and just barely makes the tag.]

TAG!

RAAH!

DDK:

Here comes, Griffith!

Angus:

MONSTAR BRAWWWL IN 5... 4... 3...

[Charging to the center of the ring, Griffith meets Corozzo head on and the two break out in an epic slugfest of lefts and rights from both.]

Angus:

How is Mayberry able to stand toe to toe with Corozzo?!

DDK:

I'm guessing it's all adrenaline and guts at this point, partner!

[That adrenaline however can only do so much against a man the size of Nicky Corozzo. Fortunately for Griffith, when Corozzo seems to be winning the slugfest he misses with a wild, looping punch that Dusty ducks under. Running towards the ropes as Corozzo spins himself around, Griffith comes rebounding off of the ropes and absolutely decks him.]

DDK:

RUSHIN' ELBOW!

Angus:

Holy gawd! He just blasted him so hard, that he's got him staggered!

[Grabbing an arm, Griffith turns Corozzo around so that he can grab a rear waistlock.]

Angus:

No way!

DDK:

We saw Dusty do this to Big Vinny in Germany, could Mr. Corozzo also be going for a ride?

BOOO!

[Just as Dusty was about try and throw Corozzo with a German suplex, the other legal man in the match found an easy opportunity as he runs up and blasts Griffith with a running knee to the back and then takes him down German suplex of his own.]

Angus:

Whoah, almost forgot about Ed in all the excitement of Mayberry hulk plexing another giant.

DDK:

And for once his interference is legal.

[Corozzo stumbles forward, still shaking his head that must be ringing from the force of the elbow to the side of his skull. He gets taken out of the ring as Mike Bell returns to the action, grabbing him and dumping him over the top rope. Before Bell could even think about helping Griffith, White charged up from behind and unceremoniously dumped him over the top as well.]

DDK:

And now, finally, we get Dusty versus White!

Angus:

And the Socialite has the advantage over Mayberry!

[Turning his attention back to Griffith, he runs up and kicks him in the head before he could get to his feet. Taking a moment to stand over his downed opponent, White mugs it up for a bit over the face down Griffith, much to the displeasure of the audience. Laughing off their dismay, White reaches down and pulls Griffith up and then hoists him up on to his shoulders.]

Angus

I'm forecasting a Drop in the Stock Market, Keeps, better sell your shares in Mayberry NOW!

DDK:

Funny.

[Griffith however has other plans as he brings his elbow crashing against the jaw and ear of White's head.]

Angus:

Or not.

[White tries to ignore it, but eventually lets Griffith slip from his shoulders who spins him around and clobbers him with another straight elbow to the face. Grabbing a wrist, Griffith whips White into the corner and follows in with an Avalanche Splash.]

DDK:

Stampede!

[Pulling White from the corner, Griffith whips him across the ring and follows up with a second Avalanche Splash in the corner, completing his Stampede! combination.]

BOOO!

Angus:

Here come reinforcements!

[Rushing down the ramp is Alceo Dentari and Tony Di Luca.]

DDK:

Of course, it wouldn't be right if the Diamonds could actually finish a match without all of them getting involved!

[In the ring, Dusty pulls White from the corner as he calls for the Atomic Powerbomb. On the ramp, Di Luca slides to one of the opposing sides of the ring as he makes like he's about to get into the ring which gets the ref to rush over and keep him from doing so. Coming down towards the ring, Dentari calls out and Dusty looks up, seeing Dentari, his eyes go wide and lets go of White as he charges the ropes only to get clobbered as he came in.]

DDK:

There's no way Dentari has that much power in his hand!

Angus:

Look again, Keeps, he's got something in his hand, BRILLIANT!

[Indeed he does, Dentari backs off with a satisfied smile plastered across his face, he reveals a roll of quarters in his fist as he calls out to his partner Di Luca. Acting like he has no idea what he was doing, Di Luca feigns surprise as he points the ref to the inside of the ring where White had snuck up behind Griffith and rolled him up.]

DDK:

NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[The ref dives into position.]

[ONE!]

[Just as Griffith suddenly comes to, White hooks his feet on the top rope.]

[TWO!]

[On the outside, Bell is being held at bay by Corozzo.]

[THREE!]

DING! DING! DING!

BOOO!

DDK:
Damn it!

Angus:
And you say I play favorites.

DDK:
This is not right!

Angus:
It ain't about what's right, Keebs, it's about what you can get done and tonight, Edward White just pinned Mayberry to the mat, one, two, three!

[Bell quickly slides into the ring as White bails, joining Dentari and Di Luca on the ramp and shortly after joined by Nicky Corozzo. While the Diamonds and associates gather around White, who's set down on the ramp with a shit eating grin slapped across his mug, Mike Bell and the referee check on Dusty who's holding his head and asking what happened.]

DDK:
Heh, with the aid of a loaded fist from Alceo Dentari anyway.

Angus:
Hey it's Mayberry's own damned fault, if that fool wouldn't have ditched Edward and got the job done, we'd be telling a different story.

[Being helped to his feet, Edward White begins to laugh when Dentari shows him the roll of quarters in his hand. The laugh starts as more of a chuckle until becoming a loud, obnoxious belly laugh. Back in the ring, Dusty watches as this all transpires before his eyes, which widen with anger as it all starts to make sense to him.]

Angus:
Bell had better calm him down or this could get bloody for both of them.

DDK:
I'm surprised White hasn't already set his people on Dusty and Bell.

[White laughs some more as he stands near the ropes and continues to antagonize Griffith, who has gotten to his feet, his hands on his hips and his head down. Suddenly, Griffith's hands drop and he rushes at an unsuspecting White, grabbing him by the ears and hurling him over the top rope and slamming him to the mat where he drops down over him and begins swinging fists wildly.]

RAAH!

Angus:
This hot head is gonna get himself killed, Keebs!

[Stunned at first by Griffith's outburst, White begins to fight back and the two roll all over the mat as Dentari and Di Luca rush into the ring where they join Bell in trying to pull the two apart. That is until the wild eyed loose cannon of the group pushes Bell away, who responds in kind and the two start shoving and hollering at each other.]

DDK:
Surprisingly both sides are trying to break these two apart...

Angus:

It's not over yet, Keeps, there's plenty of time for one of these apes to do something stupid... Speaking of which, here comes the Retard Strong boys now.

[Corozzo remains out on the ramp, barking orders, while Frank Dylan James and Sam Turner Jr. rush down and help break things up. The assembled mass manages to pull the two apart, both hollering and flailing against the restraint of their associates holding them back. However, as could be expected, Di Luca took a cheap shot at big Ol' Frank when he got a little close.]

Angus:

Clusterfuck to commence in 5... 4... 3...

[The big West Virginian turned and swatted at him, which sent Dentari and White into a rage as charged and crashed against Dusty, Bell and Sam. The situation became even more chaotic when Corozzo climbed into the ring.]

Angus:

ITS PAN-DE-LIRIOUS IN THERE!

DDK:

Goodness gracious... Here we go again!

[The credits appear on screen and eventually the it goes black with the ring engulfed in another massive brawl between Dusty and friends and the Blood Diamonds and Associates.]

[See you next week!]