

An ungreased, backdoor, Hammertime lovemaking session

[Earlier in the day.]

[Way earlier.]

[Elijah Goldman is walking to his office. He appears pleased with himself and his Evolution, and he chortles to himself thinking about profits, or whatever the hell passes through his mind, when he arrives to find the door to his office ajar.]

Elijah Goldman:

What is this?

[He looks closer, it's been crow barred open.]

[...]

[He pushes the door open.]

Elijah Goldman:

Oh you have got to be kidding me.

[Pete Whealdon. "Suite" Pete Whealdon. The Corporatemedian Damien DeSett. Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!).]

Pete Whealdon:

Hi Boss! I'm Pete Whealdon, and we're the new fresh corporate face of Defiance. We're exactly the guys you hired. We're Fuckbolts Incorporated.

[...]

Elijah Goldman:

....

Pete Whealdon:

FANS!.. wait no. FANS!...

[Elijah Goldman's face is buried in his hands.]

Pete Whealdon:

Here's how it is Daddy:

[Inappropriate gyrations now. Damien DeSett is chugging down a protien drink. Kevin is smelling his finger.]

Pete Whealdon:

You're looking for the kind of sexy, age group spanning, super mega potato cannon stars.. ermm. Postartotato.. FANS!

[Elijah Goldman has moved over to his desk and is dialing.]

Elijah Goldman:

Absolutely not! You're fat. He's suddenly in shape. I'm thinking horse hormones. And You. YOU.

[Goldman points a charged finger in Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!)'s direction]

Elijah Goldman:

I have a restraining order against you!

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

mmmmmmmmhehehehehehehehehHAHAHAHAHAhehehehe SATAN DEMANDS CONTRACTS FOR YOUR NEW MINIONS!

Elijah Goldman:

Why the fuck isn't my phone working?

[Pete Whealdon is holding the cord connecting the phone to the wall outlet, as well as the wall outlet, and part of the wall.]

Pete Whealdon:

FANS! Wait. PRODUCT! DEFINE!

[Pete Whealdon strokes his mustache.]

[Satan adjusts the zipper on his red tracksuit, complete with Horns on the hood, which he has pulled the strings tight on.]

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

mmmmmmmmhehehehehe Satan remembers when you called...

[Elijah Goldman throws both hands up, immediately.]

Elijah Goldman:

I_NEVER__CALLED__YOU_!

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

Mmheh... Come on now Goldstein, I'd remember that heavy breathing anywhere.

Damien DeSett:

Yeah and speaking of heavy lifting, I've totally been hitting the weights. I'm ridiculously ripped, positively pumped!

[Goldman looks DeSett over again.]

Elijah Goldman:

You're on drugs.

Damien DeSett:

I'm actually off the meds. And this statuesque sinew is all natural! I'm a bona fide brototype!

Elijah Goldman:

What do I have to do to get the three of you out of my office?

Damien DeSett:

Do what?

[Inappropriate gyrations from Whealdon.]

Pete Whealdon:

An Ungreased, Backdoor; Hammertime Love making Session

[Blinking. Everyone staring at Pete Whealdon.]

[Pete Whealdon strokes his mustache thoughtfully.]

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

Mmmheheheheh... Well Your Suiteness, if that's the kind of work you're looking for we should probably try Southern California.

Elijah Goldman:

Or the burnt out dumpster behind the Motel 6 on the Southeast side of Kansas City. As a matter of fact, why don't you all head there right now?

Damien DeSett:

I'm pickin' up what you're puttin' down, Gold Man, and I'd love to be back in the Show Me State, but we depleted the corporate funds on the German mercenaries we hired to break in here. I know you're disappointed and you were probably hoping for some ribs, but how 'bout I call you up the next time my grandmama's havin a barbecue and in the meantime I'll just Show. You. THIS!

[FLEX~!]

Elijah Goldman:

I don't eat pork, idiots. And just out of curiosity, how much did three welfare kings such as yourselves manage to afford mercenaries?

Pete Whealdon:

We told them they could have the bearer bonds.

[Pete Whealdon strokes his mustache cunningly.]

Elijah Goldman:

The what?

Pete Whealdon:

The six-hundred-and-forty million dollars worth of bearer bonds in the vault.

[Hip thrust.]

Elijah Goldman:

Oh, yes. The McGuffin from Die Hard. Classic. Unfortunately fellas, there are no bearer bonds and I highly doubt it took you a team of mercenaries to break into this building considering that the security is so lax they allowed the three of you in to begin with, let alone with a crowbar. Now if you'll excuse me, I have an unfortunate amount of running very quickly down the hall while screaming for help to do. Ciao!

Pete Whealdon:

So uh, devildudedolphinguy... Do you think that means we're hired?

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

Mmmheheh... Mrrrhahah... MmmhehehehahahahahaHAHAHAHAHA!

[The scene ends with "Suite" Pete Whealdon and "The Corporatemedian" Damien DeSett striking a pose on either side of their demonic delegate, who had just lit the office ficus on fire. Damien shuffles through a series of flexes accompanied by rhythmic head bobbing; Pete Whealdon strokes his mustache rather seductively, his free hand grasping his belt while he juts his pelvis forward in an open proposition; Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!) chortles in amusement over his most recent victim of steadfast floracide.]

"Is this the new face of Defiance?"

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

Who's there!?

“Are the All New, All Different Fuckbolts Incorporated the perfect posterboys?”

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

...Mother?

“Definitely not. But fuck it, at least they’re worth a good laugh until they flake out again.”

Kevin/Satan (Now with more Evil!):

Why won’t you answer me!?

[Fade.]

Pete Whealdon:

So uh, Damien bro... Y’think Kevin’s mom sounds kinda sexy?

Damien DeSett:

I’m ridin’ high on those good vibes you’re puttin’ on the air, P. Daddy, but before I answer that million dollar question I gotta know: Is this about the man’s goat?

[Fade, merciful fade.]

[...]

AnguJeffy commentary 01

[An EVOLUTION LEAGUE graphic is accompanied by the Red Hot Chilli Peppers "Can't Stop," after a few seconds both fade seamlessly into Angus Skaaland and Jeff Andrews sitting at the Commentation Station, shock and awe written all over both of their faces.]

[Angus braces himself for a blow that never comes.]

Jeff:

Ah...

[After a long moment, Angus lets down his guard.]

Angus:

I thought you were gonna blame me for this.

[...]

Jeff:

THIS IS YOUR FAULT?

[He feints like he's going to take a shot at Angus, who jumps clean out of his chair.]

Jeff: [grinning]

You fuckin' mark.

[He stands and punches Angus in the shoulder, hard.]

[And again, harder.]

Jeff:

There's yer two few flinchin', now can we get back to the broadcast?

Angus:

The Fuckbolts come back, and all you can do is torture me? I can't even believe this, yo.

Jeff:

Yeah, well, whatever, let's take it ringside!

Alceo Dentari's duty as league leader

♪ When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie ♪
♪ That's amore ♪

[Cold open.]

[Alceo Dentari steps out from the back with a microphone in hand. He heads down the aisle and climbs the steel stairs to step into the ring, but not before he wipes his feet before entering.]

[He's polite like that.]

[He clears his throat.]

Alceo Dentari:

I figured that I had a duty to open this show, seein' as I'm the points leader an' all.

[Smug]

Alceo Dentari:

Although... my lead should be a hell of a lot wider than just one point, but we all know who to thank for that...

[The fans scream out a variety of names including Bronson Box, Heidi Christenson and Mike Sloan. One loud and clear cry of 'Dragon Jones' rings out around the arena, picking up a decent laugh from a large portion of the audience.]

Alceo Dentari:

As usual, all'a yous guys is wrong! Nah, the person to blame ain't Heidi, it ain't YAZ, it ain't even Mike Sloan... it's Denny Boyle!

[Cop out Boos.]

Alceo Dentari:

If you don't believe me, just look at this footage.

[Cut to the video.]

[Heidi Christenson wraps her legs around Alceo's neck and, with the assistance of the ring rope, proceeds to choke the life out of him. Benny Doyle meanwhile looks on like some kind of useless turd. After a few seconds, during which he finally started his count, he tries to pry Heidi's legs apart. Something many men in Defiance have tried to do before; but they were clamped shut.]

[Oh, I'm sorry, has that joke been done before? My apologies, my most sincere of all the sincere apologies in the universe of sincerity.]

[Boyle finally does his job and calls for the bell, disqualifying Heidi. Finally Heidi releases the hold and rolls to the outside.]

[Next, Mike Sloan shoves his own team mate to the outside of the ring and drags Alceo into the middle of the ring. Once he's there he scoops up the new league leader and drives him down to the mat with some shit REM song. One, Two, Three and Alceo's gone.]

[Back to the ring.]

[Cheers from the capacity crowd.]

[Who doesn't like seeing Alceo get his shoulders pinned to the canvas?]

Alceo Dentari:

First Mark Shields ruins what should have been the greatest moment of my life and cuts my match with Heidi Christenson short, then Benny Doyle fails to do his job properly and allows Mike Sloan to sneak in and blindside me after I'd just been illegally choked!

[Cheers for Heidi's actions.]

Alceo Dentari:

The officiating here in Defiance is more crooked than the NYPD. Something's going on, and I want to get to the bottom of it. So, please, Benny Doyle, Mark Shields, I don't care, somebody get down here and explain to me why I have been the victim of nothing but biased and downright shameful officiating since the first time I stepped foot inside a Defiance ring!

[Wait.]

['You're wasting our show time' boos]

Alceo Dentari:

Come on, somebody's gotta be back there! Elijah Goldman, Eric Dane, Cito Conarri, I don't give a crap, somebody that can give me answers should be out here settin' all this right...

[Wait more.]

[He'd go and grab a chair, but that's far too cliched. That and those steel folding chairs really do a number on the spine. No lumbar support in them whatsoever.]

Alceo Dentari:

So nobody's gonna come out? Nobody's gonna address this issue? Fine. Then I guess I'm on strike. Effective immediately. Sorry guys, but Alceo Dentari ain't gonna be competin' tonight.

[Alceo smiles, almost like he knew this was how everything was going to play out.]

Alceo Dentari:

I refuse to compete here in Defiance unless I get answers to my questions and an apology from Mark Shields and Benny Doyle.

[He shrugs at the fans around ringside as though to say 'hey, not my choice', but they know the real reason behind his refusal to compete, and so did the man who was standing behind the curtains at the top of the ramp, waiting for the sound guys to hit his music.]

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

[Alceo clenches his hands around the top rope and lets loose with an off-mic blast of profanities as Prodigy's "Funky Shit" blasts around the arena and Jonny Booya comes flying through the curtains, dropping to one knee and sliding across the stage. Still on one knee Jonny hits the double bicep, then jumps up to his feet, salutes the fans, and produces a microphone.]

Jonny Booya:

OH YEAH!!!!

[Alceo continues to look irate in the ring as Jonny juggles the microphone from one hand to the other.]

Jonny Booya:

So uh, hey, ah, Alseeoh Dentary. I dunno if you're tryin' to fool yourself, or E-Gold's stupid ass, or what, but you ain't

foolin' any of these fans and you damn sure ain't foolin' me! We ALL know why you don't wanna wrestle tonight.

[Alceo attempts indignation.]

Jonny Booya:

It ain't cos of Mark Shields and Benny Doyle either one. It's cos you don't want anyone comin' after you lookin' for a headhunter bonus!

[Alceo shook his head in protest, of course he was going to dispute those [S]correct[/S] absurd accusations.]

Jonny Booya:

Well lemme explain it to you this way, son, so as you understand, and I think I speak for Troy Matthews an' Chris Cannon as well when I say this. If you're gonna play the "I won't risk my points and my ass" game, we're all willin' to play the "drag your ass to the ring and kick it anyway" game. You could lock yourself in a closet or somethin', but since that'd be a, what d'ya call it, unexcused no-show, you wouldn't be the league leader anymore anyway.

[Dentari seethes.]

Alceo Dentari:

Now Jonny, I don't exactly see what business you got comin' out here... Is you seriously that desperate to stake a claim to my number one spot? This spot I had since week one! Or wait... did Heidi put you up to this in exchange for a few minutes between her legs?

[The fans boo, not appreciating the humor. Jonny smirks, but not at the joke.]

Jonny Booya:

Lissen, Alseeoh, Heidi Christenson is another man's woman. And I do believe she did a fine job of provin' to you that she can take care of herself. You wanna roll that footage again, tech dudes?

[The clip of Heidi and her mansqueezers strangling Alceo Dentari on the ropes plays again, and as the fans laugh and cheer, Real!Alceo's face is approaching the same crimson color as Video!Alceo's.]

Jonny Booya:

Nah. This ain't got nothin' to do with Heidi Christenson anymore.

[Breathing heavily, Alceo storms around the ring as Jonny stands up on stage, grinning a huge toothy grin.]

Jonny Booya:

This is about a man, bodacious beyond compare, standin' up to cowardice, intolerance, an' a man who's too much of a pigeonshit to see the big picture!

[Dentari stops. He raises an eyebrow.]

Alceo Dentari:

Pigeonshit?

Jonny Booya:

...

[Wait for it.]

Jonny Booya:

...COS YOU AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO BE CHICKENSHIT!

[Alceo Dentari's eyes flat out dilate with fury, and a split second later he's screaming into the microphone, spittle flying

everywhere.]

Alceo Dentari:

TELL ME I AIN'T HEARD THAT RIGHT! DO I LOOK LIKE SOMEONE YOU WANNA BE MAKIN' JOKES ABOUT?!

[Jonny lifts his microphone to his lips but doesn't say a word. The grin and the shrug already spoke volumes.]

Alceo Dentari:

FINE! YOU KNOW WHAT, BOOYA, YOU WANT ME TONIGHT? YOU GOT ME. BUT BELIEVE ME, YOUS GONNA WISH YOUS NEVER CRACKED WISE ON ALCEO DENTARI. CAPICHE?

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

[Jonny tosses his microphone down, drops to one knee and rips off another double bicep pose as Prodigy plays.]

[Fade out on a close up of Alceo Dentari's absolute rage.]

AnguJeffy commentary 02

Angus:

Really? Johnny Bravo is really his gimmick?

Jeff:

It works for him.

Angus:

No, Dentari's being short works, because it's an endearing quality that makes him identifiable to the fans! Ripping off the Cartoon Network is just lazy!

Jeff:

Hater.

Inside THE Cannon ft. Cancer Jiles

[The scene was set. Two director chairs, spray painted gold and a small little coffee table sat out in the middle of the ring, a nice rug tied the entire set together.]

[Already in the ring, mumbling the words to "TNT" by AC/DC was "High Flyin" Chris "THE" Cannon, dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a sky blue shirt. He sat in a chair, slightly hunched over with the microphone pressed against his lips.]

Chris Cannon: (apathetic)

Welcome to another edition of Inside the Cannon with "High Flyin" Chris "THE" Cannon....

[THE FANS~! replied with a groan and jeer. Normally, Chris would be ecstatic but he kept his hunched over demeanor.]

Chris Cannon:

I'll be honest, I'm not feeling the love right now.

Last week, I was on top of the world. I defeated Dan "Ego Buster" Ryan. Sure, my methods were a bit unconventional, but I did what I said I'd do.

But I got to thinking, after I called Dan Ryan a feeble, weak old man... I felt bad.

[He looked up from his hunched over position and frowned.]

Chris Cannon:

I realized that I was being a bully. I was being discriminative against Dan Ryan being he was old, because of a generation gap that made me not understand his motives. I was a judgmental, cocky, young prick.

So, like any good Canadian citizen, I volunteered to community service. I went to the hospital and worked with Alzheimer patients.

And I've got to tell you. It was a sobering experience.

[Chris nods to himself in approval, correcting his posture, sitting up fully.]

Chris Cannon:

I didn't realize that so many people suffered from this crippling disease. It was truly heart breaking to see family members enter the clinic and their parents not remember who they were.

[He sheds a fake tear.]

Chris Cannon:

I'm sorry. It's just when you see that happen... it puts things in perspective.

It makes you realize that men like Dan Ryan have serious problems. The neural pathways in their brains just deteriorate, the pons and synapses just don't work right.

They forget.

They forget how useless and incompetent they are.

They forget how frail and weak they are.

They forget that the youthful are the champions and that the old are just relics meant to collect dust on the shelves of forgotten years.

They forget that they belong in nursing homes to die alone and forgotten.

Just like your parents.

[With a smile on his face, the crowd began to roar with boos. Cannon soaks it up, now standing in the middle of the ring. But he doesn't get overzealous with it, instead he chooses to yell over the crowd.]

Chris Cannon:

My guest tonight is an authority on dispatching and manipulating the elderly. Please welcome, Doctor --

[Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I am the COOL" abruptly cuts the always seductive Chris "The" Cannon off in mid sentence. As the song blares over the PA, strutting out from the back, making his inter promotional debut one week ahead of schedule, is the Crown Prince of COOL itself.]

[Cancer's walk down to the ring is full of shit grins and immature quips directed towards the younger fans sitting in the audience. That and a lot booing.]

CCJ: [standing on the edge of the apron]

Hey. Cannon. How abouts you show your honored guest some respect, and open these blasted ring ropes for The COOL? I got hair to protect you know.

[Cannon stares blankly at the do'er of COOL.]

CCJ: [tapping at an imaginary watch]

Any day now.

[The staring persists.]

Chris Cannon:

Seriously?

CCJ: [fed up]

Fine. I don't want your nose to knock me off the ring anyway.

[Entering the ring, amongst a roar of boo's... Cancer takes his assigned seat.]

Chris Cannon:

Welcome to the show, Doctor Jiles. I'd like to congratulate you personally on your conquest over Jeff Andrews in a hard fought match.

CCJ:

Thank you, Chris. I won't come out here and lie like everyone else does. No, I'll even show you the proper respect you failed to show me.

[Cannon rolls his eyes.]

CCJ:

That match with Jeff was absolutely brutal.

Chris Cannon: [Inside the Actors Guild'ing]

Tell us!

CCJ:

Okay. For instance, I had to wash my hair, OVER, and OVER, and OVER again just to get it back to dirty blond-- let alone golden surfer. Shit took like five plus hours to rinse all the blood out.

[Cancer bleeds like a stuck pig. You could flick his forehead in the right way, and blood would go spouting out from his ears.]

Chris Cannon: [somewhat confused]

Suppose, that's what you get when you mix COOL and Surly together?

CCJ:

Suppose it is, Chris.

[The two sit there and nod their heads in unison.]

Chris Cannon: [breaking the nodfest]

Yeah, but you never once lost your COOL. Not once. That's commendable right there. Other wrestlers could take a lesson from you. Both of our respected leagues are in dire need of some retraining. They could learn something from a learned doctor such as yourself.

CCJ:

The technical term is Mongos. And yes. They could learn a lot from me. Hell, you could learn a lot from me.

Chris Cannon:

Let's not get carried way Cancer, while I might not be cool, I get as much tang as an astronaut in space. No one else on the roster can make that claim.

CCJ:

Especially Adam Waterman.

[ZING]

CCJ:

But on the real, if I sat down with EVERY wrestler on this roster, and gave them a COOL makeover... no DOUBT they would be better off.

That is the truth.

Even for you.

[The crowd stirs as an intense stare down is shared between the two.]

[Chris having a match later on in the night, decides its not worth it.]

[Not yet...]

Chris Cannon:

Anyway. You said this roster? did you mean Evolution League? Or Defiance in general?

CCJ:

Yes, I meant the Evolution League, Chris. Ya see, everyone in Heritage not named Cancer Jiles is too far beyond the gate-- if ya catch my drift. Like, they wouldn't benefit from a COOL makeover, simply because not even I can resurrect dead sacks of rotting shit.

[The crowd popped for the first time. Must have been due to the Heritage bashing. Jiles notices this.]

CCJ: [smirking]
Gays like Laberty,

[BOOOOOOO.]

CCJ:
...and Weatherman,

[BOOOOOOO.]

CCJ:
and that Mongoloid Kevin Cage.

[BOOOOOOO.]

Chris Cannon: [jumping in]
You said, gays?

CCJ:
Oh, silly me. I meant guys. Boy was that fun though.

Chris Cannon:
You know, I think you might be wrong.

CCJ:
Ohh?

Chris Cannon:
Evolution has its fair share of mongos too. Hell, my match is Mongo Central. Aleco Dente, that guy, he got beat with a stupid stick or something. Jonny Booya, that guy, that guy is about as smart as a pile of bricks. Mongo to the nth degree if ya feel me. And Dragon Jones is King Mongo himself. I swear if another Mongo --

CCJ:
Hey... I know I gave you a cool buzz word to use but... that's my cool buzz word.

Chris Cannon:
What? Do I have to wear some cheap sunglasses in order to get away with that?

[Cancer shakes his head and points to his frames.]

CCJ:
Cheap sunglasses? CHEAP SUNGLASSES?! I STOLE THESE FROM EDWARD WHITE'S SUMMER HOUSE!

Chris Cannon:
I'm pretty sure I saw those at TJ Max and Walmart.

[Cancer jumps out of his chair toppling over his chair in the process.]

[Cannon reacts similarly, putting up his fists, ready for a fight.]

[The two stare off at each other.]

[Slowly Cancer calms down.]

CCJ:

... You don't even have sun glasses.

[Cannon grins and pulls out an identical pair of glasses. As he raises the glasses to his face, Cancer snaps yelling "YOU SON OF A BITCH" before tackling Chris into the ropes.]

[The crowd cheers as the two wrestle for the glasses, Chris desperately trying to put them on his face and Cancer Jiles attempting to break them to establish his dominance.]

[Quickly, Adrien Cochrane and Vincent Chell run down to the ring and attempt to separate the two. Cannon manages to flee from the ring with his sunglasses, though cracked and bent, sitting on his face.]

[Cancer Jiles hops onto the ropes and points down the ramp way at Cannon and yells without a microphone: "THIS ISN'T OVER MONGO".]

AnguJeffy commentary 03

Angus:

Could you imagine having both of those guys in one league?

[...]

Jeff:

I think my heart just skipped a beat.

Angus:

And now we'll cut to Mike Sloan, who's got some things to say about stuff.

I can use Google too

[Fade up.]

“Ecce Homo, sum pertinacious.”

[Mike Sloan smiles.]

Sloan:

I can use Google too.

[His smile stretches and shows the very tips of his teeth.]

Sloan:

I said it on the first day I walked into Defiance, but I guess you’ve all forgotten by now... I am Defiance. Yet not one of you have even asked yourself what I am here to defy. I know ... I know it’s Defiance Wrestling’s theme, but to me the phrase is so much more.

[He pauses just long enough for the people to catch up to him.]

Sloan:

It is who I am. It’s my entire existence. I’ve be “it” since my very first day inside of a wrestling ring. It’s been said that I refuse to quite, to give in, but defiance defines my core characteristic.

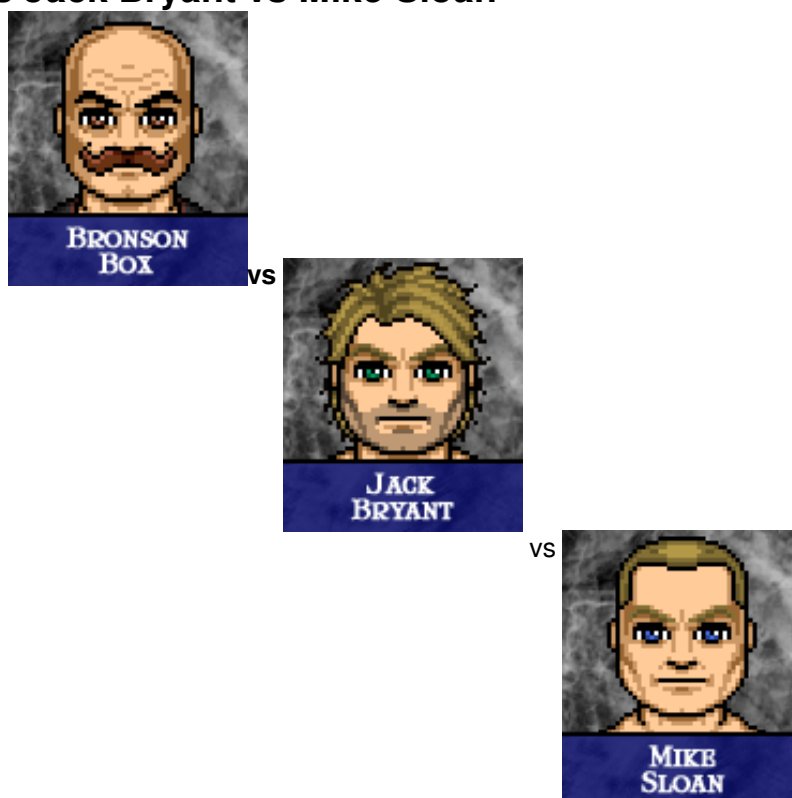
[He shrugs his shoulders.]

Sloan:

Box... Bryant... let’s see what ya’ll have at your core. I’m pretty sure it’s a coward.

[Fade out.]

Bronson Box vs Jack Bryant vs Mike Sloan



With a spot in the TLC match on the line, it was looking like this was time for someone to shine. And while it had already been announced that Jack Cassidy had missed his flight, that wasn't going to stop this now triple-threat match from happening. And so, cue "Symphony of Destruction" by Megadeth, to the cheers of the crowd. Mike Sloan came out, and he's not unarmed...he brought a baseball bat to the ring with him. Sloan rolled into the ring, wielding the bat in his right hand, as the music faded.

Sloan's had to wait for his intended target, however, as "I Got Mine" by the Black Keys hit next, and out came the proud, tough-as-shoe-leather Jack Bryant. The crowd had trouble figuring out how they'd receive this man...some cheers, some boos. Jack didn't seem to be acknowledging them, instead focused on Mike Sloan in the ring.

Sloan noticed him, and tapped the bat in his left palm while smiling. Bryant, smartly, decided to stay away from the situation, and Carla Ferrari didn't seem all that interested in trying to get the bat out of Sloan's hands.

And then there's Johnny Cash. "God's Gonna Cut You Down" pumped out over the loudspeakers, and out came the Scottish Strongman to a large negative reaction from the crowd. Box appeared at the top, dressed in his usual wrestling attire, but he seemed out of focus, an unusual shift in his behavior. But it didn't take long for him to snap back into reality, as Sloan had slid out of the ring and charged up the ramp, baseball bat in hand. The homerun shot to the head was ducked, and Box laid a solid right to the ribcage of Sloan, which caused the bat to drop and roll harmlessly down the ramp to the Ringside area. The brawl that started then caused the Los Angeles fans to come to their feet, cheering.

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

With the ring vacant, Jack Bryant slid into the ring, and Ferrari called for the bell. Bryant rolled back out of the ring, intending to join the fight, but as he started to walk up the rampway, he heard the sound of Carla's voice counting. Turning back to the referee, he held up his arms, asking what was going on. He rolled into the ring to ask about the count, and while he ' , Box and Sloan continued to brawl their way down the rampway, exchanging heavy haymakers. Bryant gave them another second to brawl their way closer to the ring before he climbed his way out of the ring and ran

at the fighting pair. He smacked into the pair of men, attacking Mike Sloan with some of his own heavy hand bombs, and he turned the fairly even brawl into a two on one assault on Sloan.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

No sooner was Sloan down on his hands and knees than Box turned his attention to Bryant, planting a left hand into the jaw of Bryant, followed by a right to the ribcage. Box, clearly the one with the better boxing technique, was backing Bryant to the ring apron, but Bryant suckered him into throwing an unusually wild hammer fist, which Bryant blocked and, in one fluid motion, slammed Boxer into the apron face-first. Rolling Boxer into the ring caused Carla to break the count, but before Bryant could follow him in, Sloan grabbed him by the back of his tights and tossed him into the nearby barricade, putting him down.

Sloan then climbed into the ring and came to his feet at about the same time as Box did to his, and immediately the two titans of violence engaged in more all-out brawling.

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Bryant crawled his way back into the ring, an angry scowl on his face just as Box raked Sloan in the eyes. Box took down Sloan with the double-leg takedown and started to roll punches into Sloan's guard, but his aggression was short-lived as Bryant clobbered Box in the back of the head with a running forearm, taking the Scottish Strongman down. Sloan kicked at Bryant while on his back, backing him up long enough to get to his feet, and he shot the 'kid' from Alabama a dirty look before he turned his back on Bryant to go back to attacking Box. Bryant, now completely incensed, charged at Sloan...

...but Sloan was playing possum and caught him coming in with a T-Bone Suplex that kept Bryant rolling under the bottom rope and onto the apron.

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Sloan, satisfied that Bryant was out of his hair, met Bronson coming up with a running knee lift, rolling the Scottish boxer to his back. And, once again, the ground and pound resumed, with Sloan delivering the beatings. Bryant, still smarting from the suplex, took his time to calm his temper down, as it's gotten him absolutely nowhere as yet. It was time to formulate a plan, but in the meantime, let Bronson and Sloan brawl themselves half to death.

And that might be what the two of them were trying to do, as Sloan pulled Box up, looking for a big move. Sloan attempted to go for his sit-out powerbomb short-arm style, but Bronson underhooked the arms to block it, and then rapid fired crazed headbutts into the chest and face of The Dark Horse. One of the headbutts got Sloan in the nose, and it's a gusher! Box eventually just let go of Sloan, letting him slump to the ground. But instead of following up, Box charged at Bryant, who was long waiting for his moment. One quick shift of his weight and one grab of the neck and shoulder, and it was the Birmingham Breaker! Bryant goes for a cover, but Box gets his shoulder up just after the two count hits.

Bryant pulled Box back to his feet and laid him into the corner, then smacked him over and over with the machine gun chopping, which has Box reeling. As Sloan recovered in a different corner, Bryant whipped Box across the ring into the opposite corner. Bryant charged his way back in, but Box was ready for him and caught him with a one-armed side slam that shook the ring. Box set himself for the follow up, crouching down and brandishing his right hand back. But at the last second, Box caught Sloan coming out of the corner of his eye and instead turned to face him. But he wasn't ready for the red-hot ANGRY Mike Sloan that leapt through the air with a Thesz press and followed it with a barrage of Mike Sloan's famous Ground and Pound, taking some of the wind out of Box's sails.

Sloan's face-clubberin' was interrupted by Bryant throwing a rock solid punch to Sloan's mush, which caused him to rock himself back in pain and half-surprise.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Bryant was quick to capitalize, locking Sloan into a standing headscissors and hitting a Wild Bomb. He held for the cover; however, Sloan kicked out at two.

Bryant, undeterred, hit an overhead belly to belly suplex, on Sloan then crawled over for the cover again. But he only got two.

Bryant stood up, setting himself for the next move, but he wouldn't get a hold of Sloan, as a kidney punch from Bronson Box found its mark, Bryant tried to throw a back elbow, but Box ducks, and when Bryant spins around to face Box, Box locked on...

GOD'S!

FIERY!

RIGHT!

HAND!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Bryant was flailing around in pain, trying to pry the hand of Box off of his head. Near the spots where Box was holding onto him, blood was slowly trickling down Bryant's face as Box joyfully locked his gaze on the suffering Bryant. He didn't even notice Mike Sloan roll out of the ring and head back up to the ramp. As Box enjoyed the locked-in claw hold, Sloan slid into the ring behind Bryant. Somehow, Box seemed to be off in outer space, locked into dishing out the pain of God. So much so that he didn't see Sloan crouching behind Bryant, bat in hand.

So when Bryant fell down to one knee, Sloan picked that time to strike.

With the head of the bat to the butt of the jaw of Bronson Box.

This being no DQ and all, all Carla Ferrari could do is ask Box if he submits, to which he responds with a hacking cough and the dripping of blood coming out of his mouth and running down his chin. Sloan moved relatively quickly for someone who's taken a heinous beating, and went to lift Box for the Burning Hammer. But somehow, Box summoned all his might and agility remaining to slip behind Sloan. Hastily raising his arm in the air, Box struck quickly and with some precision, hitting Sloan with all his might with the Sacred Heart.

As Sloan collapsed to the canvas, Box fell to one knee, taking the moment to spit blood from his mouth and wipe some of the moisture in his eyes away. He turned around...

...and he ate it.

MASON!

DIXON!

LINE!

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Falling on the prone Box, Bryant hooked the leg and got the 3 count before Sloan knew what was going on.

Jack Bryant (+5) def. Bronson Box via Mason Dixon Line

AnguJeffy commentary 04

Angus:

Is it just me, or did Jack Bryant just pull a fast one on two former World Champions?

Jeff:

Bryant comes to play week in and week out, the guy's been successful elsewhere and he's starting to show it here in DEFIANCE, this guy is nothing but upside!

Angus:

Think about it, Jeff, Jay-Bee just out-fought Mike Sloan and Bronson Box.

[...]

Angus:

Let the gravity of that set in.

[...]

Jeff:

Hrm. Somebody's gonna die.

Angus:

Pretty much.

Defiance market research: 01

[Defiance Market Research and Behavioral Observation Room]

[Session 2 - February 1st, 2012 (12am-1pm)]

[In the same stark white room sat six men and two females; four of the males were Caucasian, one was Hispanic of sorts, the other was African American, the two women were both white. Age was the key factor in describing this group, all were 18 to 25, a rather hard to reach demographic in terms of viewing time.]

[From left to right at the round table sat a typical looking male college student wearing a UCLA sweater, the hispanic aged 20 years old, the tomboyish female with a foo fighters shirt, the straight out of high school kid, the Affliction T-Shirt wearing bro, the black 21 year old, the hipster pseudo-intellectual who's here for irony sake and the girl next door.]

[And of course, Mrs. Veronica Slade at the head of the table.]

Mrs. Slade:

Hello, Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is Veronica Slade, I am here today to conduct a focus group with you and your level of involvement in Defiance. Particularly the Evolution League.

[A couple of the guys give a loud hoot, especially the bro and younger applicants.]

Mrs. Slade:

I'm glad that you're so excited. Could you all please give me your thoughts on the product?

The Bro:

Fuckin' Awesome.

The Hipster:

Hah, seriously? That's it?

The Bro:

Yeah man, when UFC's not on and when I'm not working out -- this is streaming on my ipad. Hell, sometimes I just watch this on youtube while I'm at the gym.

College Guy:

Overall, I'm pretty content with the shows. At time, there's some dull moments, but you know, it happens.

Tomboy:

I think it's cool.

Mrs. Slade:

As a female do you see it at all being overly sexist?

Tomboy:

It's not too bad. I mean, sometimes they push the boundaries but it's to be expected.

Mrs. Slade:

And you ma'am?

Girl Next Door:

I honestly don't know what any of this is.

[The group sort of chuckles, including the girl.]

Girl Next Door:

I just applied online for some paid for focus group, primarily entertainment and television.

Mrs. Slade:

Completely understood.

Hispanic Man:

Personally, I think there's a lack of lucha-libre on the programming. So, AAA is going to be my preference.

Black Male:

Yeah, I could see that, but over all, it's got a pretty good diverse background of wrestlers. Evolution doesn't have Justin Brooks, so I'm more inclined to watch Heritage.

Mrs. Slade:

How do we feel about the exact physicality of the entertainment?

High School Kid:

Psh, who cares, wrestling is fake.

The Bro:

Dude, you're retarded.

College Guy:

Sure, the outcomes are fixed, but there's no way you can fake those falls.

Mrs. Slade:

Lets try to keep this more constructive and focused please.

Black Male:

I think it's good, but as the guy with the UCLA sweatshirt said, it gets kind of dull at times. It'd help if there were more things on the line.

Tomboy:

I agree with that. Maybe if there were more matches with ladders or something. A couple years ago my step-dad ordered a pay-per-view. Violent Suicide Tournament or something and well, the name kind of gives it away.

The Hipster:

Did it involve violent suicide?

Tomboy:

Shut up.

College Guy:

I'll echo what she said. Not to the same degree of violence, but the brand needs some separation. Something that sets it a part from the rest.

The Bro:

C'mon, just say it dude, we want blood. I fuckin' want blood, I want to see some bare knuckle brawls, I want to hear Five Finger Death Punch pumping out of sub-woofers, I want that brutalist of brutal you got.

Mrs. Slade:

I suppose this would be a good time to segue right into our video portion of the study.

[The lights dim in the room as a projector screen emerges from the ceiling.]

[Behind the glass, Elijah Goldman sits with Edward White. Elijah sits on the edge of his seat, inching closer and closer to the two way mirror. Edward's eyes dart around the room, as if panicking for a moment, looking for an easy way out.]

[He coughs slightly, getting Goldman's attention.]

Edward White:

I hope you understand, for this to be relatively non-bias our focus groups will be conducted in a variety of demographics. This one obviously will yield something more in favor of the current product, given that they're predominately males under the age of --

Elijah Goldman:

Shhhhhhhhh. They'll hear you.

Edward White: (Almost Whispering)

Yes, but this group is --

Elijah Goldman: (Cutting him off again)

This group is just fine.

AnguJeffy commentary 05

Jeff:

Any idea where this is going?

Angus:

None.

Jeff:

And what's with Ed White? That guy's a smug bastard who needs to stay away from Defiance.

Angus:

You only say that because he's friends with Cancer!

Jeff:

No, I say it doubly because he's friends with Jiles.

An offer E-Gold can refuse

[Elijah Goldman's office.]

[Back in real time.]

[It's noice.]

[Knock knock knock]

Elijah Goldman:

Come in!

[The door opened slowly to reveal... not a lot.]

[Point the camera down a little, would ya?]

[Ahh, there he is, Alceo Dentari]

Alceo Dentari:

Elijah...

[Glare.]

[Alceo steps further into the office and closes the door behind him. He takes a seat without even asking, which suffice to say, causes Elijah to raise an eyebrow.]

Alceo Dentari:

This is a pretty nice office yous got here.

[Elijah doesn't say a word. He simply looks at Alceo as though he's screaming in his head "Get the hell out of my office."]

Alceo Dentari:

I got somethin' a bit like this back in Brooklyn, you know?

[Goldman sighs.]

Elijah Goldman:

What do you want, Dentari?

Alceo Dentari:

I got an offer for you that you ain't gonna be refusin' any time soon.

[Goldman rolled his eyes.]

Alceo Dentari:

I'd like to proffer my services to yous. An' in return, I'll forget about the whole poor officiatin' thing that's been goin' on these last few weeks.

[Goldman raises an eyebrow.]

Elijah Goldman:

Not interested.

Alceo Dentari:

Come on, Elijah, think about it. You could have a Dentari workin' with ya! You'd not have nothin' to worry about.

Elijah Goldman:

I said, not interested. I've already got a guy working alongside me. Maybe you know him, Bronson Box? Now if you wouldn't mind I'm really busy.

[Goldman stands up and points Alceo towards the door.]

Alceo Dentari:

Oh, OK, I get it. No need to tell me twice. But if you ever find yourself in need of a pair of hands, you call me.

[Alceo hands over his 'Dentari's Legitimate Laundry Services' business card.]

[Goldman doesn't say a word, but takes the card anyway. Alceo turns and heads out the door.]

[Seconds later and the business card is tossed aside into the trash.]

Elijah Goldman:

Fuckin' little meatball fuck...

In which Jonny Booya meets a hot chick

[Jonny Booya is backstage, preparing for his match.]

[Jonny Booya's definition of preparing for a match includes making sure his flattop is perfectly flat, and flexing in every reflective surface he can find.]

[He removes his shades, grins toothily, and does this lopsided grin/wink/Pixar face looking thing.]

Jonny Booya:

MAN I'M PRETTY.

[Then he puts the shades back on.]

Jonny Booya:

TOOOOOOOOOO SWEET!

[Then he notices the camera.]

Jonny Booya:

What're YOU lookin' at?

[The camera bobbles as the man behind it shrugs.]

[By the way, did we mention that the reflective surface that Jonny is admiring himself in, is the glass shield in front of a fire extinguisher?]

[Yeah.]

"You're Jonny Booya."

[That... was a girls voice.]

[Jonny whirls around, leans up against the wall all cool like, and lowers his shades with one finger.]

Jonny Booya:

Hey there, mama.

[Lisa Loeh slinks on scene. Somewhere in the distance, a saxophone wails out a few lonely notes.]

Lisa Loeh:

I'm sorry, Jonny. This isn't a pleasure call.

Jonny Booya:

Damn.

Lisa Loeh:

It's... business. Professional business.

Jonny Booya:

Double damn!

Lisa Loeh:

Be serious for a minute, would you? I was hoping I could maybe ask a big favor of you...

[That sounds... promising. Jonny crosses his arms and flexes his shoulders.]

Jonny Booya:

Alrighty then. What can I do ya for, mama?

Lisa Loeh:

Well... maybe you'd consider getting off Alceo Dentari's case?

[Record scratch.]

[Y'know, it should probably be mentioned here that Jonny Booya's not stupid. His personal policy on women may be something like 'swing for the fences every time one talks to you', but he knows who Lisa Loeh is, knows at least some of what she's done, and he quickly switches over into serious mode.]

Jonny Booya:

And why would I do that? He's a sore loser, he starts with me, he throws a tantrum every time someone reminds him how short he is, and he can't take a joke. As the Jeffer would say, 'fuck that dude'.

[And for just a second, the mask falls away. Even though Lisa doesn't move, somehow, the 'flirt' falls out of her posture, and her eyes get mean.]

[A second later it's back under control, but Jonny Booya is not too self absorbed to notice something like this.]

Lisa Loeh:

Jon, Elijah Goldman wants to work with you. Bronson Box is neither as easily manipulated or as effective in the ring as he planned, and Evolution League is rebuilding itself from the ground up. Remember that Mr. Goldman took you as his second choice in the draft because he believed in you. He - and I - just want to get you stopped listening to the wrong people and make it to the top.

[Jonny pushes his shades back up onto his face.]

Jonny Booya:

Yeah. So. I work for Kai Scott, not Elijah Goldman. And what does this have to do with me leaving Alceo Dentari alone, anyway?

[Lisa puts her hands on her hips and glares up at Jonny. The irritation in her eyes slides from "I'm hot why aren't you agreeing with me" straight down to "I want to drop you on your head".]

Lisa Loeh:

You can't read between the lines, can you? You stupid ass.

Jonny Booya:

I may not be able to read between the lines, but I can make an educated guess that you had YAZ waiting in the fire staircase to attack me when I refused. Which is why I blocked it off.

[Pause.]

Jonny Booya:

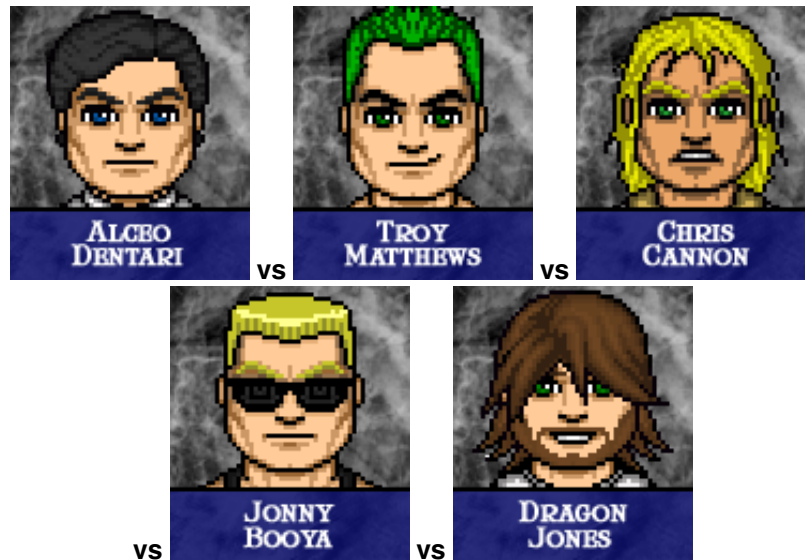
Which is why he isn't here right now, isn't it?

[Lisa turns on her heel and stomps off down the hall Jonny watches her go.]

Jonny Booya:

She wants me.

Alceo Dentari vs Troy Matthews vs Chris Cannon vs Jonny Booya vs Dragon Jones



OH MY GOD! THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!#

Jonny Booya entered the arena first accompanied by Kai Scott of cause, and made his way down to the ring, slapping hands with a few fans on his way down. He was soon followed out by Dragon Jones, who was accompanied by Splenda.

Chris Cannon made his way down, flanked by his cronies, Chell and Cochrane, and then Troy Matthews with nobody in his corner, sprinted down to the ring.

Finally Alceo Dentari made his way out to the ring full of waiting competitors. He climbed up onto the apron and Jonny Booya made a mad dash for him, but Dentari dropped back to the floor. Booya reached through the ropes to try and get to the boy from Brooklyn, but Dentari stepped back just out of reach. Chell and Cochrane headed around the corner of the ring towards Dentari, but Alceo backed off from them as well.

Alceo backed around the next ring corner right into reach of Splenda's pimp stick, which he used to tap Dentari on the shoulder. Alceo spun quickly, startled by the stick and threatened Splenda to back off.

Meanwhile in the ring, Chris Cannon charged at Booya while he was still through the ropes and lifted a knee into his ribs. Cannon then proceeded to choke Booya on the middle rope, drawing the attention, and encouragement, of his associates. And while that was going on, Dragon Jones and Troy Matthews hooked up in the middle of the ring. (Collar and Elbow, not making out.)

Troy went behind on Dragon, (into a waistlock, not sodomy.), Dragon though pushed Troy's hands down and broke their grip, freeing himself. He spun around to face Matthews but ate a roundhouse kick to the cheek. Joens stumbled back into the corner, Matthews charged in, jumped and flipped him over with a monkey flip.

Dagron did indeed flip, but he wasn't landing on his back, Ojens carried on the rotation to his feet. But he didn't land on them, instead, he over shot and landed face first on the canvas. Dragon pushed his way back to all fours, but got taken back down by Matthews who came charging in with an elbow drop to the back of the head.

At the edge of the ring Chris Cannon had moved from a front face lock with the rope assist to standing on Booya's back, still with his throat draped over the middle rope. Cannon gripped onto the top rope and pulled on it, pushing more weight down onto the shoulders of Jonny Booya.

Finally, and mercifully, Cannon released the choke and dropped down to stand beside Booya. He grabbed the middle rope alongside Duke Bravo and pulled back on it, slingshotting Booya back into the ring. Jonny landed on his back almost to the side of Jones and Matthews, where Matthews had applied an armbar of sorts on DeeJ, but hadn't managed to get it locked in completely.

Cannon, realising DeeJ was in very little danger of tapping right that second, turned around and locked onto Alceo Dentari, who was still on the outside of the ring. Cannon walked over to the side of the ring that Dentari was stood at and sat on the middle rope, he invited Alceo to join them in the ring, but Alceo didn't take up the offer, instead he waved Cannon off and walked away to another side of the ring. Cannon shrugged his shoulders and went back towards Booya.

Chris bent down to pick Jonny up off the mat but Jonny magicked himself to life and pulled Cannon down into a small package!

ONE!

Matthews abandoned the armbar attempt.

TWO!

Matthews kicked out at the small package, breaking the pin.

Booya released Cannon, but couldn't beat him back to his feet. Cannon hit a step up enziguri on Booya as he got to one knee, knocking him back down to his side. Cannon then got taken down to the mat himself as Matthews came in with a bulldog, smooshing Cannon's face into the canvas.

Matthews got back to his feet and turned into a running shoulderblock from DeeJ, who had just used Cannon's torso as a stepping stone to launch himself from. Matthews was knocked back into the corner, but on his ass. Lord Dargno got to his feet and scraped his boot across Matthews face a couple of times before turning to charge at the ropes.

DeeJ being DeeJ though, forgot about Booya lying right behind him, and tripped over the musclebound monolith.

Come on, the guy needs a nickname.

The small nudge to the back seemed to be all Booya needed to rouse him from the daze he'd been put in from Cannon's kick. Jonny stood up as Dragon recovered from his accident, gabbled DeeJ by the dead and delivered a headbutt right to the back of Lord Negrod's neck. DeeJ hit the mat as Chris Cannon jumped up behind Booya and locked in a sleeper hold!

Cannon wrapped his legs around Booya's waist and clinched the hold in tighter. Jonny fought back though and charged into the corner of the ring. Cannon's face collided with the top turnbuckle and he was forced to break the hold.

As Booya recovered in the corner Alceo Dentari slid into the ring and covered Cannon!

ONE!

TWO!

Matthews threw himself into the pin, but Alceo broke the cover and Troy crashed down onto Cannon and Cannon alone.

Alceo slipped out of the ring again and, while facing the crowd, tapped on his temple. Clearly this was his new plan.

Now was Matthews' turn to try and get Dentari to join the fight, but he took a slightly different approach than Chris Cannon. Matthews gripped onto the top rope and waited for Alceo to turn back to face the ring, as soon as he ',

Matthews launched himself over the top and down onto Dentari with a crossbody!

Matthews sprang back to his feet to a roar from the crowd. He grabbed Alceo by the shirt, pulled him up and threw him into the ring.

Alceo rolled across the ring and made a break for the other side, crawling as fast as he could, but he was cut off by Jonny Booya who grabbed him by the pants and pulled him up to his feet. Alceo looked panicked, but threw a wild elbow backwards that connected with Booya's jaw. Jonny released his grip on Alceo's pants and Dentari ran for the border, so to speak, and dove to the outside of the ring again.

Troy Matthews slid back into the ring and ran for the other side, he gripped onto the top rope again and launched himself over, but Alceo ran out of the way. Matthews was able to adjust himself in mid air though and landed on the apron, albeit a little sloppily with one foot missing. Troy got back to a vertical base and ran along the apron, jumping down onto Alceo and taking him over with a hurricanrana!

In the ring Chris Cannon and Dargon Nejos were both back to their feet and slugging it out in the center of the squared circle. Dragon Jones landed a couple of right hands on Cannon in succession, stunning the wannabe ladies man. He wound up for what would have been a knockout blow, but Jonny Booya came from behind and locked Sonej in a fullnelson. Dragon wriggled for a couple of seconds before jumping and kicking out. His feet connected with Cannon's face, but also allowed him to push Booya backwards enough so that Jonny lost his balance and fell backwards.

Dragon landed on top of Booya and rolled through. Although he was still in a Full Nelson, he was pinning Booya's shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

Jonny released the full nelson and got his shoulder up to break the pin.

Dragon gripped at his shoulder as he got back to his feet and was met with a right hand from Booya. Jonny scooped Dragon up off of his feet and got him in position for a fallaway slam. One throw later and Dragon was crashing down onto his back near the ropes.

Booya got back up and clocked Cannon's latest charge. Chris jumped, looking like he was going for a DDT on Booya, but Jonny stood strong and reversed the attempt into a spine tingling spine buster!

Before Jonny could attempt a cover, Troy Matthews was sliding back into the ring. He jumped at the second rope, stepping on it and springboarding back, he twisted in mid air and looked to kick Booya square in the jaw. Jonny saw it coming though and ducked the kick. Matthews landed on his feet behind Booya, who had spun around and lifted Matthews into a side suplex.

Before Booya could fall back though, Dentari jumped into the ring and took Booya's leg out with a chop block. Booya fell to the mat, dropping Matthews, who twisted in mid air and landed down across Booya in an pinning combination!

ONE!

TWO!

Dentari was right there to break the pin with a stomp to the back of Matthews' head.

Alceo grabbed Matthews by the hair and pulled him up. He drove a fist deep into Troy's kidney and followed it up with another one. Dentari took Matthews over and down with a snapmare and hit the ropes. He came back with fire in his eyes, but it was snuffed out by DeeJ who threw himself in the way and hit Alceo with a clothesline.

Deej recovered quickly and jumped on Alceo, who had started getting to his feet. Jones smothered Alceo with rights and lefts, landing them wherever he could. Dentari tried to cover up, but Jones was relentless with his onslaught. Soon Dragon was raining down forearms and elbows to Alceo's shoulders all while Splenda shouted on from the outside.

Speaking of the outside, Chell and Cochrane were tending, and giving advice to Chris Cannon. Cochrane massaged Cannon's shoulders until Kai Scott headed around to their corner and gave them a piece of his mind. Chell and Cochrane backed off, leaving Cannon devoid of any man love.

Cannon got back up and headed over to Deej, who was now trying to mash Alceo's face through the canvas. He grabbed Joens by the hair and pulled him off of the league leader. Cannon hooked Deej up and dropped him back with a russian leg sweep. Dragon's head bounced off of the canvas and Cannon headed for the corner of the ring.

Cannon climbed the ropes and perched himself on top. He didn't have time to launch himself off though and Troy Matthews came in and nailed one of those handstand/kicks to the head that seem to be all over the place these days. Cannon crotched himself on the turnbuckle as Matthews climbed up to meet him in no mans land.

Normally Troy wouldn't even attempt a superplex, but with Cannon he could probably just about manage it. He hooked up Cannon and tried to take him over, but Cannon fought back. Troy hammed a few right hands into Cannon's breadbasket and tried again.

Deej, on the floor saw what was coming and rolled out of the way. Not even lord Dargno was stupid enough to be underneath a wrestler being superplexed.

Matthews tried again but still couldn't get Cannon over. He broke the suplex lock and hammered Cannon's head down into the top turnbuckle. Good thing Cannon had been practicing bending that way recently. Matthews hooked him up again and tried to lift him.

He got Cannon up, but had a little assistance coming down and Jonny Booya joined the party at the last second and powerbombed Matthews at the same time as he was superplexing Cannon!

Needless to say Cannon hit the mat harder than he ever had in his life before and all the air shot out of his lungs.

Cannon was covered by Alceo Dentari!

ONE!

No kickout, but Jonny Booya pulled Alceo off of Cannon by one leg. Alceo rolled onto his back, looked up and scrambled away from Johnny Nukem. Booya stalked Alceo into the corner where Alceo threw up a kick into Jonny's knee, taking him down to one leg. Alceo pulled himself up with the second rope and dropped Booya with a DDT.

Alceo didn't have time to cover Booya, or even roll him over, as Dragon Jones prevented anything of the sort from happening. Jones rushed in with a double axehandle to Alceo's shoulders and knocked him down to the mat.

Rather than go for anyone else Dragon continued to focus on Alceo by grabbing him by the leg and pulling him back into the ring. Dragon wrapped Alceo's legs up and pulled him back into the 'Tap Please!'.

Alceo screamed in pain as the referee checked on him, although he made sure to shout out 'NO!' as loudly as he could muster. Dragon Jones pulled back on the hold and Alceo's hand raised into the air. He looked moments away from tapping when Troy Matthews dove in with an axehandle into Jone's ribs.

Dragon dropped Alceo to the mat where he tried his best to claw his way to the ropes again, but Matthews cut him off with a stomp to the lower back. Dragon got back to his feet and grabbed Matthews by the arm. He spun him around, but only received a hard kick to the thigh for his trouble. Matthews proceeded to land hard kick after hard kick into Dragon's legs and ribs, finally working the Deejiester down to his knees. Matthews then started to kick jones over and over in the chest, driving all the air out of Lord Dargno.

Jonny Booya was the next to make his presence felt as he came in with a knee lift to Matthews' ribs. Troy doubled over and got lifted up for a canadian backbreaker, but Jonny switched it up and drove Troy down into the mat with a Fire in the hole!

Chris Cannon came from behind on Booya and locked him in a three quarter face lock. Cannon signalled for the end but couldn't connect with 'The Bombshell' as Booya reversed it into a release German suplex!

Booya stuck the landing and kept hold for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Alceo Dentari dove in with a right hand into Booya's kidney, breaking the pin.

Booya was up to his feet quicker than anyone else and grabbed Alceo by the shirt. He placed one hand under each of Alceo's armpits and threw him into the corner of the ring. Jonny laid boots into Alceo's midsection, knocking him down to the ground where he proceeded to wash Alceo's face with the sole of his boot.

Meanwhile Chris Cannon used the ropes to pull himself up and turned around, only to be clotheslined over the top to the outside by Lord Dargon! Both men tumbled to the outside.

Booya turned around to see Matthews coming at him. He lifted a boot in an attempt to drive his foot into Matthews' face, but Matthews slid underneath it. Troy lifted his foot up and connected with a devil bullet right into Alceo's jaw. Alceo slumped across the bottom rope as Matthews flipped over onto his front and charged at the back of Jonny Booya.

Matthews dropkicked Booya in the back, knocking him forwards towards the ropes. Matthews hit the ropes and came back at Booya, hitting him with a running forearm which sent him through the ropes to the outside besides Chris Cannon and Dragon Jones.

Slowly the three competitors got to their feet, as they all straightened up Matthews launched himself over the top rope with the Trojan Fall!

Cannon, who was in the middle of the three ducked and dove out of the way, almost hiding under the apron.

Matthews connected with Booya and Jones, but still crashed through the centre of the two of them and hit the floor.

Hard.

The referee dove to the outside to check on Matthews immediately. Booya and Dragon Jones also tried to do what they could for Troy, but the ref was forced to throw up the 'X' and call the EMTs down.

Jonny Booya and Dragon Jones both climbed back in the ring, still visibly concerned for their fallen opponent. They didn't have long to mourn though as Cannon attacked from behind and laid out Jonny Booya. Darogn grabbed Cannon and whipped him into the ropes. Cannon bounced back and jumped over Dragon as he dropped to the floor. Back again and Dragon leap frogged over Cannon.

Chris put on the brakes and turned quickly. Dragon turned as well and took a European uppercut to the chin. Jeons stumbled backwards but Cannon couldn't capitalise as Booya ran in and wiped him out with an axehandle.

Dragon came back at at Jonny and kicked him in the gut. He hooked the arms and drove him down with a double underhook evenflow DDT!

Dragon got to his feet and turned into a three quarter face lock. Cannon dropped Jones with 'The Bombshell'!

Cannon stood back up and took a huge right hand to the kidneys from Alceo Dentari. Dentari took Cannon over with a snapmare and hit the ropes, delivering a running kick to the back of Cannon's head!

WHACKED!

Alceo covered Cannon!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Alceo Dentari (+5) def. Chris Cannon via Whacked

AnguJeffy commentary 06

Angus:

DENTARI WITH THE UPSET!

Jeff:

He might not like you calling it an upset.

Angus:

Why? It's not like I said he had to have a step-ladder for a lateral press!

Jeff:

You have now.

Angus:

GORRAMMIT!

Interview w/Johnny Hotrod

[Lance Warner stands, microphone in hand, next to Johnny Hotrod wearing his trademark baseball cap.]

Lance Warner:

I'm here with Johnny Hotrod who is getting prepared for his upcoming match in tonight's Main Event. Johnny Hotrod, this will be, officially, your third match since your comeback and you've come up empty and your previous two chances. What do you have to do differently tonight to finally get a victory?

Johnny Hotrod:

There's nothing to do differently, unfortunately, Lance. I work as hard as I can all week to prepare, I go out there and scratch, claw, and fight for as long as I can, and hope to be there at the end. So far, it hasn't worked out for me, but like I keep saying to all the fans out there, this is what believing in yourself is all about. Just keep working towards what you want.

Lance Warner:

I have to say, Johnny, those of us familiar with your career are a little taken aback by your current approach. You are after all the man that put "horsepower into hardcore" and, now, you're just "work towards what you want?"

Johnny Hotrod:

I guess to the outside observer it does seem like a radical change in personality, but it's not really. I've always been the man that worked harder than everyone else and did the things everyone else was afraid to do and push the limits further than anyone else was willing to push them. Nowadays, though, that manifests itself a little differently. This isn't about "Johnny Hotrod;" this about a group of people that struggle in their everyday lives and I'm a part of that group, and I'm inspired by that group and I want to inspire them.

Lance Warner:

Well, what if you can't win? Isn't winning a pretty important ingredient in inspiring people?

Johnny Hotrod:

Of course it is, and that's what I plan on doing tonight...for me and all the day-to-day warriors out there who have been working towards conquering "can't."

[Hotrod nods to Warner and walks away.]

Defiance market research: 02

[The lights come back on to full capacity as the screen goes back into hiding in the ceiling.]

[Mrs. Slade allows for her subjects' eyes to readjust to the light before speaking.]

Mrs. Slade:

Opposed to a Quantitative analysis in form of survey, I would like you to describe your thoughts of the presentation with one word. Let's go from left to right around the table.

[Entertaining. Alright. Mixed-Feelings. Awesome. Radical. Pretty Good. I could watch this with my friends with drinking PBR. Wild.]

[The scene was taken from Evolution episode 2. The match between Bronson Box and Mike Sloan, starting from when Box attacked Heidi to the finish of the match with choking Sloan out with the garrote.]

Mrs. Slade:

With those of you who answered neutrally or negatively, what would you change?

Hispanic Man:

I dunno, it seemed to focused on brawling than actual wrestling.

The Bro:

Holy shit dude. We get it, there's no spicks on the TV.

Mrs. Slade:

... Please, let's keep this non-confrontational.

The Bro:

I'm sorry ma'am. I usually don't swear in front of ladies, but c'mon, this isn't the United Nations. Hell, that one guy who came out there with the nun-chucks wasn't white.

Hispanic Man:

I know that. I'm not fucking blind. I'd like some more wrestling, something more diverse. Maybe, you get off on all this macho UFC bullshit, but I could care less.

Tomboy:

Let me break up this lovers quarrel. You're both wrong. I wanted to see Heidi get revenge on that dick. That's why I have mixed-feelings. I'm not the biggest fan of wrestling, but Heidi Christenson is tough as nails. I know this as a casual fan, she could take Box.

The Bro:

Pshhhhhh, you're crazy.

Tomboy:

You're a douche bag.

[Veronica's had enough and she scoots up to the table.]

Mrs. Slade:

Excuse me, but the next time there is an exchange of insults, we will not pay that participant for their time.

[This changes the focus groups tone.]

Mrs. Slade:

Thank you. From what I gather, the negative connotations are purely with diversity in both wrestlers nationalities,

genders and styles, correct?

Tomboy:

That's my problem.

Black Male:

Yeah. I agree with that.

The Hipster:

I tend to agree. At one point during this reviewing, I thought it would be really cool if Vampire Weekend could have been plugged or Stella Beer.

Mrs. Slade:

You would like to see more endorsements integrated with the programming?

The Hipster:

Sure, I don't care.

College Guy:

I actually think it would be nice to have a sponsor, nothing too excessive. It seems as if they're lacking a large budget. Things could be brighter, more defined. Just a better packaging really.

Mrs. Slade:

Thank you for the feedback. I would like to show another small video presentation. If you don't mind.

[The lights dim on the focus group again.]

AnguJeffy commentary 07

Jeff:

Seriously, I don't get it.

Angus:

It's market research. What's not to get?

Jeff:

This is wrestling, it's not hard.

[Both men look directly at the camera, eyebrows raised as if to say "Seriously."]

Angus:

Whatever. I'm sure we'll never hear about it again and it'll be forgotten in just under three weeks.

Interview w/Dan Ryan

[Christie Zane is standing outside a dressing room. Before we have time to read the nameplate, it opens and Dan Ryan steps out. He stops for Zane and looks down at her as she shoves a microphone in his face.]

Christie:

Dan Ryan, backstage is buzzing about what you had to say this week to our World Champion Heidi Christenson. She's also quite conspicuous based on her decision to not respond. What do you think of her silence?

Dan Ryan:

I think she's probably too bored to comment. She seems to have lost the will the live, and between me calling her on her bullshit, and Nakita Dubov threatening to ass-rape her in the middle of the ring, she's probably just erring on the side of caution.

Christie:

I don't recall Nakita DuBov threatening....

Ryan:

You have to read between the lines.

Christie:

I see. I must have missed that implication.

Ryan:

I think that it's for the best that I expose Heidi for what she really is before she does anymore damage to the integrity of the belt she's carrying. If she really gives a damn about DEFIANCE, she'll just step aside and to open some art exhibit somewhere where she can investigate her inner child in peace. I'm more than happy to fill the void, and I can assure you, I don't care if people are nice to me or not.

Christie:

And what of the others in the match tonight?

Ryan:

Did they show up?

Christie:

Well, I'm not sure. I suppose I could check with....

Ryan:

Rhetorical, hun.

Christie:

Oh.

Ryan:

Nakita DuBov is more likely cause the shares for a pharmaceutical company to skyrocket than she is to win this match. And, I'd dare say the rest of the field is more likely to stay home, watch it on TV and just enjoy my dismantling of the future FORMER World Champion.

Christie:

You're awfully confident for someone in the middle of the pack.

Ryan:

I am, aren't I? I just realized I never caught your name...

Christie:

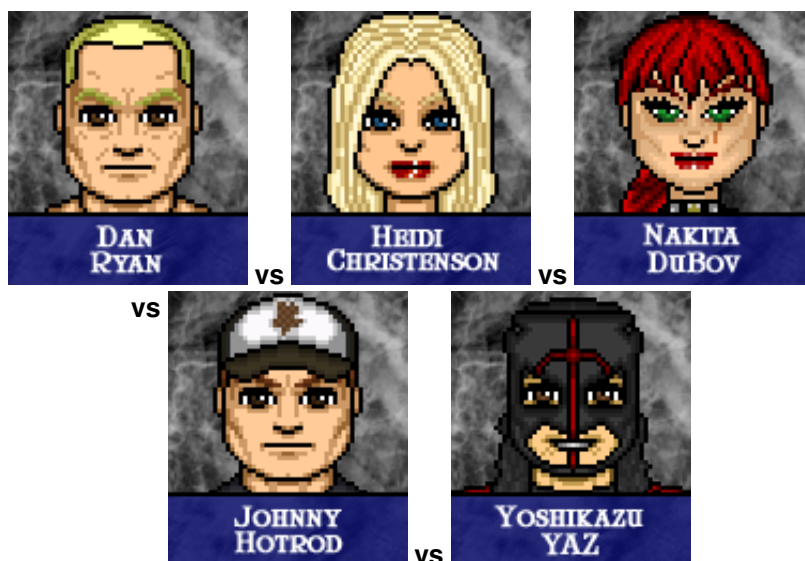
My name is Chri----

[Dan Ryan walks away, not waiting for an answer as Zane looks on after him.]

Christie:

Asshole.

Dan Ryan vs Heidi Christenson vs Nakita DuBov vs Johnny Hotrod vs Chris Cannon



Dim the lights. Cue the sitar. Yoshikazu YAZ, accompanied by Lisa Loeh, made his entrance first. He dropped to one knee in the ring, spat a cloud of green mist up into the air...

Up came the rapid industrial beats of "Jesus Built My Hotrod". The lights flashed red once, twice, and then flared green as Johnny Hotrod walked out of the back and down the ramp.

The sounds of rap-metal group Bionic Jive replaced Ministry. Nakita DuBov made her ring entrance.

Then, the sludgy riffs of Kyuss rolled out over the sound system. Heidi Christenson walked straight to the ring and rolled in, ignoring fans and wrestlers alike.

And "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins, and two big blasts of pyro brought Dan Ryan out to the ring.

Ryan stopped at ringside, seeing Heidi standing by the ropes and staring down at him. He motioned for her to get out of his way, to which she didn't respond. YAZ, however, was tired of watching people who weren't him do things, and tired of not hurting others. Seeing Hotrod's back turned (Hotrod was watching the Heidi/Ryan interaction), YAZ leapt forward with a bicycle kick to the back of Hotrod's head!

Shit went to shit.

DuBov caught YAZ with a dropkick before he turned around. YAZ went chest first into the turnbuckle, stumbled back and into a sleeper slam. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan settled the issue of getting into the ring by throwing a clothesline under the bottom rope and knocking Heidi's ankles out from under her. He stalked up into the ring, broke up the DuBov on YAZ pinfall before referee Benny Doyle even got down to count and belly to back suplexed DuBov halfway across the ring. For good measure, he belly to belly suplexed YAZ right over with her. He turned on Hotrod, grabbed him by the arm, but Hotrod ducked and caught him under the jaw with a clothesline!

One clothesline isn't enough to down Ryan. He looked at Hotrod as if to say "are you crazy?", then brought him in for a belly to belly. But as he clamped the hold, Heidi drove a roundhouse kick into his kidney. He spun on her, and when he did DuBov yakuza kicked him in the back of the head. Ryan went down to one knee, Hotrod and DuBov each hooked an arm and double suplexed him!

Yoshikazu YAZ had no intention of teaming up with the good guys even if it might have been in his best interest. Besides, he's knocked out men Ryan's size with the shotei before anyway. He turned on Heidi, set up the high angle

uranage, only for Heidi to whip him to the mat before he threw her. Knowing her ability to gain submissions quickly, DuBov and Hotrod both broke it up. Hotrod whipped Heidi across the ring and clotheslined her in the corner. DuBov opted to scoop slam YAZ right onto Ryan. Hotrod grabbed the ropes to shoulder barge Heidi but she flipped over him and rolled him up with a sunset flip! And DuBov left off on YAZ and Ryan to break that up, kicking Heidi in the face.

Hotrod had the presence of mind to apply a standing ankle hold, but Heidi quickly pulled herself up, jumped in the hold, tried to counter with an enzuigiri but Hotrod ducked and slipped her into a standing full nelson. DuBov promptly jumped on Hotrod's back with a choke sleeper. And Dan Ryan, removing YAZ from his path by simply throwing him over the ropes, grabbed DuBov and german suplexed all three of them at once!

Able to take his leisure, Dan Ryan decided to seek out the opponent he cared most about hurting. This would be Heidi. He sent her across the ring into the turnbuckle, followed in with a clothesline. Hit the ropes as Heidi staggered out, and dropped her with a jumping running DDT. Cover. One... Two... YAZ springboarded in with a double stomp across the back of Ryan's head. Kicking Ryan to the side, YAZ hauled Heidi up and connected with the uranage he was looking for earlier.

Johnny Hotrod and Nakita DuBov were both shaking off the effects of the triple german and saw Ryan down and YAZ taking over on Heidi. DuBov went after YAZ, launching herself, spinning and catching him with a leaping neckbreaker. Hotrod used the middle rope as a vault to get some extra air behind an elbow drop on Ryan. Ryan began fighting back to his feet, but Hotrod caught him while he was still on his knees with a knife edge chop and an outside elbow to the head. Ryan reeled backwards, Hotrod hooked the arms and double arm DDT'd him from his kneeling position. DuBov and Hotrod promptly turned on each other, Hotrod getting there first, but only catching a 'rana for his efforts. DuBov hung onto the ankles, hoping to get the pin before anyone else noticed...

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....but Hotrod kicked out!

YAZ got there a split second after the kickout. He began unleashing kicks on DuBov, backing her into the corner and blasting her with alternate chops to the chest and shoot kicks to the ribs. Dan Ryan on the other hand erupted off the mat with a sort of a hanging-on back body drop, grabbing Hotrod around the waist, lifting him up overhead and just falling backwards. Turning his back on Hotrod, Ryan grabbed Heidi and lifted her into the turnbuckle and smacked her on the face.

Heidi wiped his smirk off his face with a roundhouse kick.

A kick to the body sent Ryan into the turnbuckle and Heidi rapidly alternated roundhouse kicks with the same leg. Ribs, head, ribs, head, ribs head ribs head, hook kick to the face and Ryan sagged. DuBov launched herself at Heidi with a yakuza kick, Heidi intercepted the leg and leg whipped her to the mat! Hotrod booted her, tried a short arm clothesline, Heidi ducked and folded him up with a dragon suplex! In came YAZ, Heidi ducked the shotei, kicked him in the ribs, picked him up in a fireman's carry and then dropped him on a knee strike! DuBov was back dropped out of the ring.

And Dan Ryan, who'd rested while Heidi wiped everyone else out, was there to throw his 310 lbs of bodyweight into a clothesline, sending her right out with DuBov! Turning on the just recovering YAZ, Ryan lifted him overhead in a press slam and deposited him over the top rope and down on top of DuBov and Heidi!

Hotrod, having just eaten Heidi's dragon suplex, was in no condition to fight off the Humility Bomb, and Ryan made the cover and grabbed the victory.

Dan Ryan (+5) def. Johnny Hotrod via Humility Bomb

AnguJeffy commentary 08

Angus:

Jesus Farrakhan Christ, Dan Ryan is a beast! He just man-handled four people at once for twenty minutes!

Jeff:

You ask me somebody might should check his ass for needle marks.

Angus: [GASP!]

HOW DARE YOU!

Jeff:

I calls 'em like I sees 'em.

Angus:

HYPOCRITE!

Jeff:

Whatever. That's it for this week's edition of EVOLUTION TV folks, for Angus "The Angry Mark" Skaaland, I'm your host Jeff "The Jeffman" Andrews. EVO OUT!

Much later...

[Later.]

[Much later.]

[Bronson Box drags his suitcase through the corridors backstage as he heads towards the parking lot. Gone is his usual puffed up swagger, the guy took a beating tonight. He turns corner after corner before emerging in front of a gaggle of fans.]

[Each of the fans holds an autograph book in their hands, a few look a little disappointed that Box is the man to have walked out, one boy however steps forwards and holds his book out to the Bombastic one.]

Young Boy:

Bronson, can I have your autograph, please?

[Box looks down at the lad as though he were something unpleasant he'd stepped in.]

Bronson Box:

Yer what boyo? An autograph? Get the hell outa here!

[The little boy looks a little dejected as he steps back into the comforting arms of his mother. Box carries on walking, ignoring any words from the fans.]

[The gaggle perks up again, probably another star heading out into the parking lot. The camera zooms back to where Mike F'n Sloan himself emerges from the same place that Box had. Sloan has a serious gleam in his eyes, and a Louisville Slugger in his hands. The Dark Horse looks hell bent on finishing what he'd started over an hour ago in the ring.]

[People scatter, scurrying out of the line of sight before becoming part of the environment. Another quick pullback on the camera reveals Yoshikazu YAZ creeping silently out of the shadows behind Sloan.]

[A tense second..]

[YAZ ended it by collapsing the back of Sloan's skull with the Shotei. The crack of bone on flesh rings out as The Darkhorse crumples loudly onto the ground.]

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE---

[Bronson Box swiveled at the sound of YAZ taking Sloan out, which put him just barely into position to dive out of the way of the Lincoln Towncar that just came screeching down the aisle at him]

[The car spun to a stop, the door opened, and two feet hit the pavement.]

[Black, dress shoe wearing feet]

[Zoom out to reveal pinstripe suit pants, rolled up white shirt sleeves, waistcoat, slicked back black hair. He held up his thumb and forefinger, very close together.]

Alceo Dentari:

This close, capiche?

[Box made it to his feet and made to scramble off in the other direction.]

Yoshikazu YAZ: [brandishing his sai]

Not so fast, Box.

[Dentari reached into the car for something as YAZ stalks toward Box, backing him up.]

!CRACK!

[Alceo stood over Box with a lead pipe in his hand and a smile on his face. He then hammers down clubbing blows with the lead pipe in the parking lot to Bronson Box's body, shoulders, legs, arms and anywhere else he can make contact with.]

[He drops the pipe with a loud, echoing clatter. YAZ joins him, and the two stand over Box, staring down at him.]

[Then, Alceo stomps down onto the back of Box's head before dropping to his knees and raining down lefts and rights. Box is completely unable to defend himself owing to being damn near knocked out by the initial pipe shot.]

[The fans scatter as YAZ grabs Box in a front face lock and drags him to his feet. He throws Box into the wall behind the group and nails him in the jaw with an elbow. Box slumps down the wall onto his ass.]

[Alceo takes a couple of steps back and lines Box up for what turns out to be a monster running kick to the side of the head. Box's entire body goes limp as he collapses even further into a heap on the floor.]

[Just as Alceo takes another step back to lay in another kick EMTs and Security swamp the pair. Four burly security guards grab Alceo and pull him away from the downed Boxer.]

[Alceo holds up his hands as though he's admitting he's finished and starts walking backwards with a sadistic smile on his face. The guards turn on YAZ, who spews a cloud of red mist into the air, grins and follows Dentari.]

Alceo Dentari:

Do I even gotta say it?

[Zoom in on Box being tended to frantically by the medics as we fade.]

[To.]

[Black.]