

An unusually COOL Defiance intro

[Defiance Wrestling continues in....]

[5.0]

[4.0]

[3.0]

[2.0]

♪ I'm the one your momma warned you about ♪
♪ When you see me I will leave you no doubt ♪
♪ I'm the COOLEST man that ever walked this Earth ♪
♪ I've been the COOLEST since the day of my birth ♪

♪ I AM THE COOL ♪

Angus Skaland: [excited]

YES. HE. IS!

And, as a matter of fact, he's also decided to put my lackluster co-host Jeff Andrews on the shelf and take over his duties in the booth!

HOW THE HELL ARE YA CANCER?!

[Wide pan.]

Cool Cancer Jiles:

Angus, I couldn't be better sitting here next to a guy like you. For so long I've wanted to say thank you for all of your kind words, and that I couldn't believe they would stick that fucking hick...

Can I say fucking?

Angus Skaland:

WHO CARES! YOU'RE COOL!

[Fist pound.]

CCJ:

True that. But like I was saying, I couldn't believe they'd team a longtime, faithful supporter of The COOL, with that flabbergasting bum.

It just doesn't make any sense.

Angus:

I know, the guy doesn't even wear the pants in his relationship.

CCJ:

It's sad.

But, those days are over now. Lord COOL is at your service.

Angus:

You complete me.

CCJ: [blushing]

Thank you, Angus. You're a man of the highest integrity, so your words really mean a lot.

[Get a fucking room already.]

Angus:

Hey, so apparently there's a show tonight. Any thoughts?

CCJ:

I know this much, it will be fucking awesome sitting back here with you, making fun of a bunch of Mongos who don't compare.

Angus:

Really. Where have you been my whole life?

[A hearty chuckle is shared.]

CCJ:

To be fair though, if I had to pick a winner I'd say everyone competing in the Loser's Rumble since Lord COOL won't be.

[Had to hang up them boots in order to make the transition.]

Angus:

Very true. An experienced artisan of the Rumble ways you are, my super-COOL counterpart.

Didn't you win one these things a little while back?

Who was it you eliminated again?

[Both men wear giant smiles, capable of engulfing a watermelon.]

CCJ:

Hmmm, who was that guy? I remember him being a talentless-hack, who magically found himself standing alone thinking he won.

Angus: [pondering]

Who the fuck was that guy?

CCJ:

I also remember him being ugly.

Angus:

Jimmy Kort?

CCJ:

HA, good one, but no.

Angus:

I know who it was.

[A long pause.]

Angus:

No. I don't know who it was.

[Bursting through the door...]

Jeff Andrews: (glaring at Jiles)

You. **Out.**

[Taking one look at the snarling embaldened visage of the Jeffer, Jiles jumped up and Kool-Aid Man'd his way through the opposing wall.]

[He happened to leave an egg on the chair.]

squish

Jeff Andrews: (sitting down)

What the...? GODDAAMMIT! IT'S ALL OVER MY PANTS! FUCKING JIILLLEEZ HATE YOU SO MUCH~!!!~!

Angus:

Priceless.

Andrews:

Fuck work. I don't get paid enough to tolerate this shit.

If it ain't the Big Bad Pulp Hero

[Backstage, loading dock bay doors.]

[Buffalo Brian Slater, the Head of the DEFsec Brute Squad, is doing his rounds. Go figure that he comes across an old friend in one of Defiance's newest talents.]

BBS:

If it ain't the Big Bad Pulp Hero.

[The Original Pulp Hero, Alias, swings down from an overhanging pipe. Even for a man with his reputation, conditioning was still key. But now that he had company, any elevated core workouts and all that other bullshit, could wait.]

Alias:

Buffalo, it's been too long. How you been?

BBS:

Oh, I'm sure you can guess how fun it is to be Head of Security for a place like Defiance...

[Alias grabs a nearby towel, and wipes the sweat and dust from his face before doing the same to each battered gauntlet of a hand. He and BBS then shake hands.]

Alias:

No shortage of rampaging talent.

[Slater grins, as he nods.]

BBS:

Though at least there's a few trouble makers like you to make my job easier.

Alias:

Just a bit. Don't want you getting any softer on me, Slater.

[Alias feints a punch at Slater's softer gut, which the taller Head of Security playfully swats away.]

BBS:

Keep on neutralizing Box like you did last week, and hell, I can retire young. You know it took two tasers and five of my boys to do the same as you did?

[Alias arches an eyebrow, before simply shrugging. The shrug carries over to him shaking out his left arm to loosen his muscles. Alias pays more attention to his arm than to Slater, for a moment.]

Alias:

You need to hire better boys.

BBS:

You need to keep it up.

[The Pulp Hero smiles in acknowledgement but doesn't say anything else.]

BBS:

I don't think I've ever seen you better, Sheff. Actually, you wouldn't mind if I asked you a favor?

[A devilish grin slips across the Pulp Hero's lips.]

Alias:

'Least you buttered me up first...

BBS:

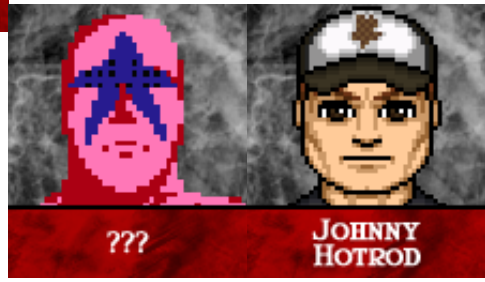
Would you be up for lending a hand if anything goes to hell around here?

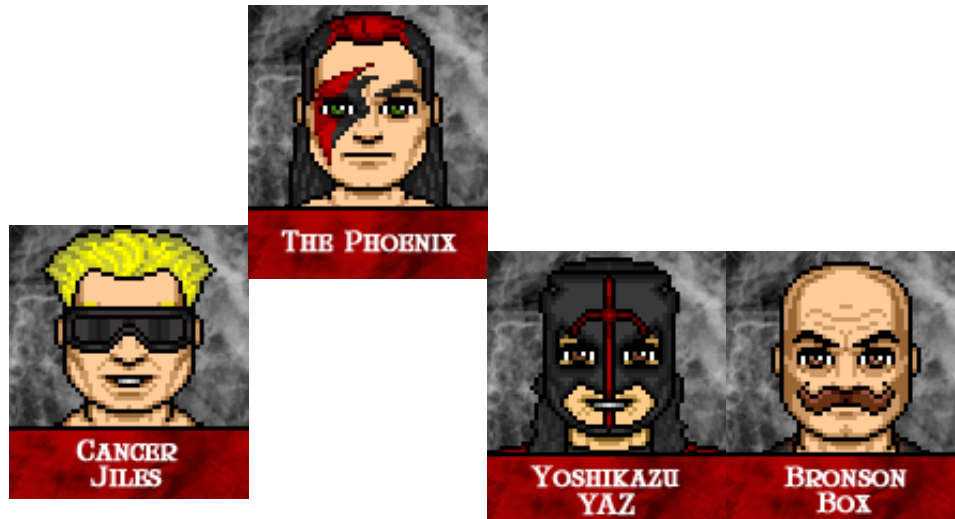
[To his credit, Alias doesn't even need a moment to think about it.]

Alias:

Ya didn't even have to ask.

12 man battle royal





Winner to re-join the Trios Tournament

The participating wrestlers were introduced one by one, to the tune of "El Distorto de Melodica" by Everclear. Leon Booth, Rich Mahogany, Johnny Hotrod, Troy Matthews, Jack Cassidy, Dragon Jones, Michel LaLiberte, Jonny Booya, Cancer Jiles, The Phoenix, Yoshikazu YAZ, and finally Bronson Box made their way to the ring.

The rules were set for eliminations to occur through pinfall, submission, or over the top rope.

At the bell, everyone (except Cancer Jiles) rushed Bronson Box!

Box, seeing it coming, reached out. The first thing his hands closed on was Johnny Hotrod's T-shirt, and with a heave he sent Hotrod sailing over the ropes a split second before the pack landed on him! Box disappeared under a pile of wrestlers all stomping and punching. But with a heave, he broke the surface, and Yoshikazu YAZ, who'd been near the top of the pile, was toppled over the top rope and out of the ring!

ELIMINATED: Johnny Hotrod (Bronson Box)

ELIMINATED: Yoshikazu YAZ (Bronson Box)

The inevitable could only be delayed for so long, though. Phoenix, Booya, Cassidy and Booth pried Box's legs off the ropes, LaLiberte, Matthews, Mahogany and Lord Dargno pried his arms loose and eight men sent Bronson Box over the top rope and down to the floor!

ELIMINATED: Bronson Box (Everybody)

Raging, Box ran around the ring and slid in from the side away from the pack. Cancer Jiles leaped out of his way. Box plowed into everyone remaining with fists, dropping bodies left and right. Security began flooding the ring - but this time, Box was totally expecting it, and the first DefSEC man met a fist and dropped, out cold! Every time the security hesitated Box took a swing at one of the other wrestlers, and whenever they moved in he swung at them. Something had to be done.

And it was to be done by Alias.

Contracted by Buffalo Brian Slater, he slid into the ring, hit Box with a knee to the kidney, and pulled him down into a clinch. Security guards tackled Box's legs, they dogpiled on his arms, wrestled him face down to the mat and worked his arms up behind his back, where they were promptly zip tied. For good measure his ankles were also zip-tied. And trussed up, Box was dragged away from the match and up the ramp. Alias followed security, leaving the match to the legal participants.

Of course, it was Cancer Jiles who first realized shit was back on, and he clotheslined Jack Cassidy out of the ring

from behind before Cassidy knew what had happened.

ELIMINATED: Jack Cassidy (Cancer Jiles)

The pack of wrestlers began to churn as punches were thrown, and then suddenly Jonny Booya ran forward and Rich Mahogany was clotheslined over the top rope and down to the floor! Booya kicked off the ropes and turned, headbutting Jiles before he could think of another quick elimination.

ELIMINATED: Rich Mahogany (Jonny Booya)

Troy Matthews was lighting Michel LaLiberte up with thai kicks. Leon Booth was pounding on Drgona Sonej. The Phoenix attacked Booya. Booth knocked Drgoan to the ground and bent down to yell at him and seeing an opportunity, Phoenix left off on Booya and ran across the ring, grabbed Booth by the trunks and slung him over the top rope!

ELIMINATED: Leon Booth (The Phoenix)

Jones was in bad shape. LaLiberte, seeing an elimination opportunity for himself, stunned Phoenix with an elbow to the head and picked up Jones and scoop slammed him over the top rope and down to the floor! LaLiberte then turned and went after Booya hoping for another easy one - but it wasn't, as Booya tackled him down.

ELIMINATED: Dragon Jones (Michel LaLiberte)

And abruptly, The Phoenix ducked a kick from Troy Matthews and dropped him on his head with the Lightning Spiral! From there it was an easy elimination.

ELIMINATED: Troy Matthews (The Phoenix)

The Phoenix turned around, only to catch an axe bomber from Booya and go over the top rope right after Matthews!

ELIMINATED: The Phoenix (Jonny Booya)

Booya and LaLiberte stared each other down. It was LaLiberte who held his hands up - and pointed over to the far corner of the ring, where Cancer Jiles had been doing absolutely bum fuck nothing since he cheap shotted Cassidy earlier. Not to mention he'd had a hand in costing Team Douchebag a win, since he was busy taunting FDJ while Heidi made Booya tap out.

Cancer Jiles needed to be squished, they decided, and this time they weren't going to let him get away with faking an elimination. Jiles watched his comeuppance advancing, and came to a sudden conclusion. Team Got Heart? wasn't COOL enough to deserve his presence, and he had better things to do than wrestle twice in one night. So screw those guys, he was goin' home.

Adjusting his shades, Jiles hopped over the top rope and ambled up the ramp, leaving his teammates nonplussed in the ring.

ELIMINATED: Cancer Jiles (Cancer Jiles)

LaLiberte kicked Booya in the breadbasket and tried to quickly thrown him over the ropes, but Booya put the breaks on. LaLiberte, too, wanted to get further from the ropes, so he hit a quick knee and a vertical suplex. Booya got up to one knee, LaLiberte hip tossed him back down to the mat. Pulling him up again, LaLiberte hooked him in Russian legsweep position. Booya wasn't having any of it, elbowed his way out, threw a clothesline that LaLiberte ducked, and LaLiberte threw a dropkick that Booya sidestepped!

Booya threw him into the corner, ran in knee first to avoid the backdrop, and then laid into LaLiberte with the boot scrapes. After about 5 of them, he picked the rookie up and tried to force him over the top rope. LaLiberte hung on

with his arms and finally resorted to kicking Booya in the shin to get loose. He rammed Booya's head into the turnbuckle, then took a running start and ran them both across the ring!

Booya couldn't prevent himself from going over the top rope, but he did grab it and manage to land on the apron!

LaLiberte laid in the punches, trying to knock him backwards off the rope, but Booya had a deathgrip on the top. One haymaker from LaLiberte knocked one of Booya's hands loose, sent him reeling back... but he pulled himself back in, ducked, and shoulder blocked LaLiberte through the ropes.

With that, he crossed LaLiberte's arms, leaned over the ropes, and... lifted LaLiberte straight up over them, and dropped him down to the floor with an Apron version of the Booya Bomb!

ELIMINATED: Michel LaLiberte (Jonny Booya)

Here is your winner, and new member of Team Got Heart?: JONNY BOOYA!

Jonny Booya stepped back into the ring and walked to the dead center of it before he dropped to one knee, flexed and pointed at himself.

Jeff Andrews is a surly, surly man

[The Commentation Station.]

Angus:

GORRAMMIT. Now, I don't have anything against Jonny Booya, but what the hell? Why'd Cancer eliminate himself?

[Jeff Andrews is a surly, surly man.]

Jeff:

You know what? This bullshit ends **now**.

[Angus blinks.]

Angus:

What are you on about now?

[As an answer, Andrews removes his headset, stands, and leaves.]

Angus:

WTF?! IF YOU WERE JUST GONNA QUIT WHY COULDN'T JILES STAY?

[Cut.]

A situation that no one could possibly misconstrue

[Backstage in the Team FAEC~! gathering area.]

[They don't get their own locker room because, being that Heidi's a chick, she gets her own locker room, and FDJ doesn't really do things like change his clothes and take showers.]

[So what we've got right now is Heidi and Python sitting on steel folding chairs, trying to talk some strategy while FDJ pounds beers and belches in the background.]

Python:

Uh... hey, Heidi?

Heidi:

Yeah?

[Python looks a little bit nervous. It's kind of dim in the room but it almost looks like he turns red.]

Python:

I don't usually ask for stuff like this on a whim, but I was wondering if you could... maybe teach me that thing you did to Jonny Booya on the last show. That badass shoulder lock... like, with the roll...

Heidi:

You mean the rolling omplata?

Python:

Yeah. Hah. I thought it was pretty sick.

[Frank chugs the beer in his hand.]

FDJ:

Nevermin' all dem roly-poly locks an' th' like! Ain' but one good way ta RASSLEFIGHT an that's wit'cher FISTS!
buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurp! Y'all wanna burr?

[He reaches into a thirty-pack.]

Heidi:

After the match maybe, Frank. Anyway, I'll talk wrestling moves to you any time you want Python, but that's one you'll need some practice applying before you use it in a match. Otherwise you'll just slide off his arm.

Python:

Oh... yeah. I mean, no problem. Heh, of course. Thanks anyway.

FDJ:

What'n th' damn hell is y'all goin' on about? I don' get what you two is worryin' 'bout all that SCI-EN-TIFICAL mess, I'mma jes' gon' punch 'em in they damn hippie BRAINS!

[Heidi, who has associated with Jeff Andrews for 15 years and who helped train Jack Cassidy, is used to loud irrelevant outbursts from spectators. She gives FDJ the same "meaningful look" that she uses to this day to get Jeff to STFU.]

[It doesn't work on FDJ, of course.]

FDJ:

BLEARGH!

[He throws down an empty beer, and immediately opens a new one. Luckily, Heidi is used to ignoring distractions.]

Heidi:

Hey, Python. I wasn't trying to blow you off.

[And FDJ, not understanding the meaning of the phrase but recognizing the word 'blow', spits his beer all over the place.]

FDJ:

WHOA. WHOA. WHOA! Hold th' dangum FONAMAJIGGER! Ol' Jeffro's a'gon' get MIGHTY surly about THAT RAHT THERE.

[Heidi facepalms. Frank burps. Python's jaw drops a little.]

Heidi:

I can show you a quicker way to get The Constrictor applied.

Python:

Oh, really? Cool! How?

Heidi:

This should work especially well against a suplex machine like Easton. Stand up.

[Python does, and Heidi turns her back to him.]

Heidi:

Take a rear waistlock.

[Looking rather flustered, Python slowly wraps his arms around Heidi's waist.]

Heidi:

OK, for the surfboard part, the trick is getting one arm trapped before they have time to fight out of it, right? Now what you're going to do is lean forward, like this...

[Heidi bends forward with Python still hanging onto her waist.]

[It looks exactly what you think it looks like.]

[Python realizes this and instinctively jumps back, raising his hands.]

Python:

Uh...

[Heidi sighs.]

Heidi:

Get back here.

Python:

What if Jeff walks in or something?

Heidi:

Jeff is not going to walk in he's busy commentating, plus he's probably watching this on a monitor and cannot misconstrue it. Now c'mon, I want to show you this move.

[Python slowly gets back into the rear waistlock position.]

FDJ:

Y'all want me to show yeh how to punch somebody in th' brain?

[Nobody is listening to Frank. Frank is used to this, he drinks another beer. Completely.]

Heidi:

Now, you lean forward, grab the arm like this...

[And grabbing hold of one of Python's arms, she leans forward again, pulling Python most of the way on top of her.]

Python:

Ohh, this will somehow absolutely lead to my death.

[For fans in the know, Python's got a mix of thoughts going through his mind here. For one, he's got a bit of a remedial crush on Heidi. For another thing, it's been all but confirmed to the public that he, at some point, was and is very possibly still presently dating this woman named Gemma Lockhart, whom Heidi hated. Like, really, really hated. And aside from feeling awkward about that, there's just a little bit of fear in the back of Python's mind that Heidi holds a grudge and is waiting for an opportune time to de-spine-ify him for it.]

FDJ:

THIS SHIT IS GAY AND STUPID~!

[Heidi's eyes narrow, and she finally turns to give FDJ the full benefit of her attention.]

Heidi:

Frank, how in the hell is hurting people...

[Heidi suddenly twists, hooking her leg behind Python's as he does. Python is catapulted nearly face first into the concrete floor with his arm already twisted behind him.]

Heidi:

...stupid?

Python:

ACK!

[Heidi steps across Python's body, looping the hooked arm around his neck, steps over the other leg and leans back, pulling Python up in the hold.]

Python:

ghhhkkkk... *cough*

[FDJ's eyes bug out.]

[She slowly drops the hold so Python doesn't go face first into the ground.]

Heidi:

Just a modified drop toe hold while keeping the arm hooked. Straight into the Constrictor. You alright?

Python:

That... was... completelyfuckingawesome.

Heidi:

Here, try it real quick before we go to the ring.

[Heidi steps forward and takes Python in a rear waistlock.]

[Python, a quick study, grabs her arm and leans forward.]

Python:

Like this, right?

[And that's when the door opens.]

Jeff Andrews:

Hey Heidi, I was wondering if you'd seen my...

[Jeff Andrews blinks a few times.]

[What he thinks he's seeing is Python bent forward with Heidi standing directly behind him, both arms wrapped around his waist and looking intensely determined.]

Andrews:

What.the.fuck.

[Heidi rolls her eyes, but this is of no help to poor Python.]

FDJ:

Ah telled 'em to stawp that shit. Want some BURRS?

[Jeff Andrews nods silently.]

[FDJ tosses three beers. Andrews catches them in succession. He immediately pops the top on the first one and walks off down the hallway.]

Python:

...Is it time for the match to start yet?

AnguJeffy commentary 02 (w/out Jeffy)

Angus:

Well, that was uncomfortable and awesome.

[He pauses, Jeff is nowhere to be found.]

Angus:

And now, a previously taped vignette from one of the newest guys to throw his name in the Defiance hat! So, TAKE IT AWAY FITZY~!

Introducing Jimmy Fitzgerald

[Boston, MA]

[Local Pub]

[A man in his twenties sits at the bar facing the camera. He is wearing a beat up and extremely worn Boston Red Sox hat. In front of him are several shots of whisky. He takes a shot and starts to speak in an extremely thick Boston accent.]

Jimmy:

South Boston is one wicked tough place. If you're not from there, don't visit. If you don't know who Wheezy is, you're not welcome. South Boston is one of the toughest places to live. Gangs patrol the streets, crime controls the currency. And if you're on the streets during a Sox game, you're looking for trouble.

[Jimmy takes a shot.]

Jimmy:

Now, no one from Southie goes to college. The streets are your university. Most people never leave. You live and die on this side of the river. If you're lucky, you can live a nice long life, as long as you pay the right people.

[Jimmy takes another shot.]

Jimmy:

Don't get me wrong. Southie is a fantastic place to live. I couldn't imagine living anywhere else. I got a nice family. I got a great group of friends. Every single one of them would save my ass when the time came. And I certainly would do the same.

[Another shot.]

Jimmy:

That's why I'm coming to the DEF. I'm coming to prove to the world that Southie is home of the toughest and greatest fighters in the world. That we're not just some mobsters that go around being bookies and running dope. Hell, those wops up in the North End are better bookies and the darkies out in Roxbury are better dope dealers anyways. What we from Southie know best, is how to fight. We just love it.

[One last shot.]

Jimmy:

I've been running around the small times here in Boston, I've made a name for myself a bit. But if I'm going to help my friends and family here get a better life for themselves, I'm going to have to win on the big stage. And that is why I'm coming to the DEF and I'm going to win the Masters of Wrestling Grand Champions League.

[Jimmy pauses and looks down at his empty shot glasses. Some lying on their side. He looks back up with intensity in his eyes.]

Jimmy:

My name is Jimmy Fitzgerald. My friends call me Fitzy. Everyone else, talks of me through a wired shut jaw.

Team Get Off'a My Lawn vs Team FAEC~!**vs**

“Not Afraid” by Eminem brought Team Get Off’a My Lawn out. Apparently, picking up the win for his team last time gave J Stevenson the right to use his theme song for their entrance. Dan Easton lead the way, Stevenson following him and Alias bringing up the rear.

Then, “Big Sky” by Reverend Horton Heat hit.

“HOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAARGGGH!!”

In prime FDJ style, Frank Dylan James stormed through the curtains, poured some beer in the general direction of his face and smashed the cans off his head, then tore to the ring. Heidi Christenson and Python followed him at a trot.

Alias was ready to intercept FDJ. He caught him coming in with a front face lock and began driving Muy Thai style knee strikes into his face! FDJ, who'd been known to have trouble with technical strikers before, bulled Alias back towards the corner, but Alias kept him on the defensive alternating knee strikes and elbows to the back of the head. All FDJ could do about it was try to punch Alias in the ribs, and leaned forward he couldn't do much damage.

Python, meanwhile, went for Dan Easton. He ducked the clothesline, rebounded off the ropes and took Easton to the ground with a flying headscissor. A follow up dropkick to Easton while he was on one knee knocked him from the ring, and Python followed him to the outside with a corkscrew plancha. J Stevenson tried a double leg takedown on Heidi, looking to not be roundhouse kicked most likely, but he soon found himself trying to avoid being armbarred. He slid out of the ring, thinking to pull Heidi out after him, but she broke the hold and pushed him backwards with her feet.

Heidi then went to FDJ's aid, breaking the clinch with a wristlock on Alias and flipping him to the mat. Now, Alias was openly respectful of Heidi during the promotional period, and he figured his best strategy against her would probably be striking from a clinch - inside roundhouse kick range and off the mat. So that's what he did, just flat out absorbing a spinal tap to tie up Heidi's head and one arm and pull himself to his feet. Heidi knew enough to use her knees to block Alias' knees. Alias knew enough about how to use his weight and size to deadlift her into a vertical suplex and roll over for a quick pin, forearm to the face. Heidi kicked out in one, tagged out to Python.

Python was in with a springboard dropkick. He hit the far ropes, Alias tried to sidestep him, Python did a handspring, bounced his feet off the top rope, flipped back and dropped Alias with a back elbow. He was quick to take Alias over with a victory roll - Stevenson broke the pinfall up and Alias decided to take a break from the ring.

Stevenson worked on keeping Python's speed under control with every veteran technique he knew. He intercepted Python off a rope sprint with a knee lift and a gutwrench suplex into a pin. He blocked a second cruiserweight move attempt with an atomic drop and a dropkick of his own. He snapmared Python and applied a sleeper hold. Heidi and FDJ both tried to get the fans clapping in rhythm, although FDJ had no rhythm and lost interest. Python fought up to his feet, and managed to take Stevenson over his shoulder with a flying mare.

Hot tag to FDJ! FDJ mauled Stevenson down to the canvas and pasted him with fist after fist. Alias went for the save, but FDJ socked him in the FAEC before he could get in close enough to clinch. And Dan Easton finally climbed into the ring, snuck up behind FDJ and backdrop suplexed all 300+ lbs of redneck!

Easton was all about the showing off. He belly to belly suplexed FDJ across the ring. FDJ, so accomplished at shaking off weapon shots and strikes, wasn't anywhere near as good at dealing with someone strong enough to slam him around the ring. He was still flailing, trying to punch, but his strikes were feeble and poorly aimed, and Easton finally deadlifted him up for a vertical suplex, held it, held it, heellllldddd it... and dropped FDJ right smack down on top of his head.

And then pulled him up from the pinfall!

Picking FDJ up in a fireman's carry, Easton dumped him over the ring ropes and then pointed at Heidi, telling her to get into the ring.

She did. And started off by kicking Easton on the back of the leg, hard. Easton lost his patience and tried to grab her, Heidi shot in on the leg and rolled him into a heel hook. Easton easily dragged himself to the ropes for the break, looking more angry than injured. But when he tried to press slam her, Heidi twisted out of his grip, took him over with a huracarrana, and comboed that shit straight into the Twisted Triangle!

Heidi had rolled it to mid ring, and when Easton would pull for the ropes, she'd roll with him and he'd end up back in

the middle of the ring. But Easton, even though his face was turning alarmingly red, was determined that he would not go down to this. He managed to roll Heidi over onto her front, and then getting both his arms against one of her ankles, he literally pried his way out of the Twisted Triangle! With a grip on both of Heidi's ankles, he lifted her up and dropped her with a modified sit-out powerbomb!

Python came in for the save. Heidi rolled from the ring as Easton cut Python off with a clothesline. Still holding his head, Easton sent Python off the ropes with an Irish whip - only, Python hung onto Easton's arm, spun to face away from him, and then rolled.

If you saw the little interaction between Team FAEC back in the locker room, you know where this is going.

Python had Easton all tied up in the Constrictor! Alias and FDJ were banging away outside the ring, and J Stevenson was nowhere to be found! Pulling against his own strength, his head already hurting and weak from enduring the Twisted Triangle...

Easton was forced to tap out.

DING DING DING!

Your winner via The Constrictor: Team FAEC~! (Python)

FDJ rolled into the ring, wrapped one gross arm around Heidi and the other around Python and lifted his two little buddies into the air, celebrating.

And of course, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beers were offered.

It would have been bad form to decline said beers, although sadly for the onlookers Heidi did not forget she was wearing white, and drank the beer properly instead of pouring it all over herself.

Alias nodded in respect to Team FAEC~!, then departed the area, leaving Dan Easton to collect himself.

But where was J Stevenson?

As a replay camera that had been focused on the far side of the ring caught - it was Kengoro Sugamoto who leaped the guardrail and brained Stevenson with the Enzui Lariat! Adam Waterman scooped up Stevenson onto his shoulders and carried him back into the stands, where Splenda and Leon Maddox were waiting. The four men stomped (well, Splenda mostly swung his pimpin' cane) an absolute mudhole in Stevenson's hide, and then Sugamoto powerbombed him through a nearby table!

Sugamoto stood over Stevenson and snarled something at him, before slapping him so hard he left a white handprint on the man's face. Maddox classlessly spat at Stevenson, and Waterman delivered one last jumping stomp to the head before Team SRS BZNS departed the area.

AnguJeffy commentary 03 (w/out Jeffy)

Angus:

I still don't know where Jeff is.

[Deadpan.]

Angus:

But when he comes back I'm never gonna let him hear the end of his girly-girlfriend wrapping up Python and thrust-fucking him while Frank Dylan James of all people lurks in the corner with one hand on a beer and the other hand down his overalls.

[Snicker.]

Angus:

I don't even care about the match, that shit was so cash...

What we have here is failure to communicate

[Bronson Box is once again zip-tied at the wrists and staring down the barrels of no less than three tasers. His eyes are wide and defiant. Buffalo Brian Slater stands immediately behind him, tensed to pounce should Box even so much as sneeze.]

Eric Dane:

What the fuck am I gonna do with you, Boxer?

[The Baws sits behind his desk, not in the least bit stressed at the situation.]

Dane:

I can't have you fucking up every single thing you're involved with.

[He looks up at the Scottish Strongman with more than a hint of disappointment.]

Dane:

I was so proud of you, my own creation. I gave you the ball and you ran with it, you scored with it, and then you ate the opposing team before they ever had a chance to do anything about it.

[His eyes narrow a bit.]

Dane:

But somewhere along the way, you've forgotten who your betters are.

[Box's face is a literal mask of discontent.]

Dane:

You got anything to say for yourself?

[Bronson twists his lips into a mustachioed sneer.]

Box:

Aye. I ain' got no "betters," not in Defiance, an' not anywhere lad. Ye'd do best to be rememberin' that one, boyo.

Dane:

Are you so blind that you can't see the forest for the goddamned trees? Look around you, Boxer, every single time you step out of line I've got you tied up like a common criminal within minutes. What's it gonna take to get through to you, eh? Beatings are obviously out, maybe you want a round of shock therapy with our friends at the asylum?

[There is an uncomfortable silence as Box contemplates this.]

Jeff Andrews:

Hang on a second, 'baws'. If I may?

[Eric Dane raises an eyebrow as his second in command walks into the room.]

Andrews:

What we have here... is failure... ta'communicate. Some men...

[He points at Box.]

Andrews:

Some men, you just can't reach.

[Bronson Box obviously has no intention of being 'reached'. He continues to glare, full of spite and hate.]

Andrews:

Boxer, do you respect me?

Box:

Do I respect ye? Of course not, ye skirt-wearin' whiskey-addled sot.

Andrews:

That's good, that's good. Because one of my favorite parts of being in charge, is to look at people, and know they hate me, and know they despise me, and know they have to listen to what I say anyway. And what I have to say, Boxer, is - just because Eric Dane owns you, doesn't mean he has to employ you. Cut him loose, Slater, but if he stands up, have your boys run a conductivity test on him.

[BBS quickly and professionally slashes the zip-ties open with a pocket knife. Box clenches his hands to regain the circulation, but doesn't say anything, yet.]

Andrews:

You're a loose cannon, Box, you don't draw enough to make having you around worth the risk of... having you around, and you owe Defiance money whether you're earning it wrestling for us, wrestling for someone else, working for minimum wage in a burger shack somewhere, or making a dollar a day in prison. You have nothing to offer us, there is no reason for us to keep you around, and so I say to you...

[Wait for it.]

Andrews:

You are fired. Get the FUCK out.

[Box starts to open his mouth, to snarl something.]

Andrews:

No. You do not get to argue with me. You do not get to point your stupid finger in my face. You get to leave. You get to put your arms to your sides like a bloody civilian and leave the arena under your own will. We've got a dozen security guards willing to fill you with electricity until you decide to do it right.

[Trembling with fury, Box stands up.]

Box:

Ye've not heard the last of this, Jefferson.

Andrews:

Oh, I'm nowhere so naive as to think this will never come up again - but I have, in fact, heard the last of this for tonight. Now **git**.

[The Baws pipes in.]

Dane:

If he tries anything, stuff him in a very small box and ship his sorry ass third class back to fucking Scotland.

[Jeff Andrews sits down as the rabble clears out, following the most dangerous man in wrestling to the exit of tonight's venue. His boss looks at him quizzically from across his desk.]

Andrews:

What?

Dane:

You're firing people now?

Andrews:

You think I did wrong?

[Eric contemplates.]

Dane:

No. You're right. He's costing me money just by breathing, let alone wrestling. He's gone. Besides, I've got his contract so Iron Clad that he'll send my lawyers a check every time he takes a piss in a public toilet. However, don't I pay you to commentate? Isn't there a show going on, like, right now?

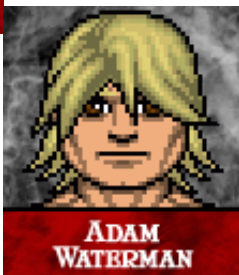
Andrews:

You pay me to be the guy smart enough to figure out what needs to be done and to do it without needing instructions and supervision. And since we're done here, I'll mosey on back to the commentation station.

Dane:

Fair enough.

[Cut.]

Team Got Heart? vs Team SRS BZNS

vs



♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

Somewhat hilariously, the intro to The Prodigy faded into... Eugene Dewey's 8 bit entrance theme.

(See, because since Dewey earned the win last match, it's his theme song they're entering to)

Justin Brooks lead the way, tagging hands with the fans. Eugene Dewey was next, along with his brother Wayne, who was pushing him towards the ring as best he could. Jonny Booya was out last, sans Truly Untouchables. He still looked kind of tired from the battle royal, but he did manage to drop to his knees and point at himself with his thumbs.

Then.

♪ It's time to take it back I'M TAKING WHAT IS MINE! ♪
♪ ME LO VAS DEBAR! ♪
♪ NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER! ♪
♪ NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER! ♪

Out came Team SRS BZNS. Lead to the ring by Splenda, they entered as a team. Leon Maddox. Adam Waterman. And Kengoro Sugamoto. No nonsense on the way, they just beelined for the ring.

DING! DING! DING!

Justin Brooks and Leon Maddox started out, and Brooks ran Maddox over with a shoulder tackle. Hooked him up for a vertical suplex, rolled him into a second one, brought him up for a third but turned it into a northern lights suplex instead! Maddox kicked out in two. Brooks went for a quick finish, Maddox slipped out of the fireman's carry, wrenched the arm and elbowed it. Dragged him over for the tag. In came Sugamoto. Sugamoto just brutalized Brooks with open hand strikes, but when he went for an Irish whip, Brooks speared him on the rebound!

Brooks dragged Sugamoto over and tagged out to Jonny Booya, who entered the ring with a slingshot shoulder tackle. Booya's reach and decent size gave Sugamoto some problems, and Booya brought the boxing to bear on the stocky puro guy, stunned him with some jabs and hooks and then dropped him with a calf kick. But Booya eventually lost track of where he was in the ring, and ran back to the ropes only to catch a knee to the back from Waterman, and a powerslam from Sugamoto.

Waterman made the tag in, and Booya got to show first hand that he has enough heart to deserve to be on a team called Got Heart. Waterman suplexed seven shades of shit out of him. Belly to back, belly to belly, and a bridging fisherman's suplex that got two and a half. But Booya was showing heart like you wouldn't expect from a guy who hadn't done anything, ever, that didn't involve resorting to the numbers game and the Truly Untouchables. He kicked out of Waterman's pinfall, backed him up throwing bombs, and Maddox intercepted the arm as he backed Waterman into the corner, and came out with the LeRoux Branding, some sort of funky knee drop to the elbow.

Maddox slowed the match down as he worked over the arm, with some twists and knee drops, and then an arm octopus. Booya powered to his feet and forced Maddox back to a corner, but it was his own and he just tagged out to Sugamoto. Sugamoto applied a fujiwara armbars, hoping that his size would keep Booya grounded. But Justin Brooks and Eugene Dewey slapped against the turnbuckle, and for the first time in his career, Jonny Booya heard the fans chanting his name.

And he powered up enough to roll through and out of the armbars, twist Sugamoto into a hammerlock, and then MURDILATE him with a modified axe bomber! As the fans clapped, Booya, knowing Splenda would try to keep him from leaving the ring, army crawled across the ring, and - a split second after Sugamoto tagged out to Waterman - slapped the hand of Eugene Dewey!

Dewey froze in panic as he saw the huge muscular man bearing down on him, and again went into a crouch, maybe hoping fire would strike twice and Waterman would underestimate him. No such luck. Waterman took two hands full of orange afro and pulled Dewey to his feet, then got a hand on his neck and his leg, and...

GORILLA PRESS SLAM!

Waterman walked to mid-ring with Dewey overhead, PRESSED HIM TWICE, and then SPIKED him to the mat with a powerslam!

One... Two... and Dewey kicked out!

Waterman looked a bit surprised, but Team SRS BZNS, true to their name, had made it clear both to the fans and themselves that the nerd who had back to back victories over Bronson Box was not to be underestimated. Waterman whipped Dewey into the corner, and as he ran in Dewey bounced back and, with a sorta-shoulder tackle, took Waterman off his feet! Unimaginatively, Dewey hit a leg drop, and then, after taking entirely too long to get back to his feet, pulled Waterman up for a bodyslam. With that done, Dewey, wanting to get this over with quick like, dragged Waterman into position near a turnbuckle. He slowly lumbered up.

Splenda grabbed Dewey by the ankle, but Dewey's ankle was too heavy to just be yanked off the ropes.

But this gave Waterman the break he needed. With Dewey already up on the middle rope, Waterman walked in behind him, picked Dewey up back to back... ran, and WATERBOMB!

Sugamoto cut off Brooks and Maddox cut off Booya.

One... Two... THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Here are your winners via Waterbomb: Team SRS BZNS (Adam Waterman)

fuckmylife.jpg

[Back in the booth, Jeff Andrews is all business.]

Andrews:

Well that sets it up, it's Team SRS BZNS versus Team FAEC~! in the finals of the PRE-SEASON Trios Tournament with twenty points on the line!

Angus:

Where have you been?

Andrews:

Out being important. Did you miss me?

Angus:

Of course not, baldo, I got bored. I haven't put any wrestling over all night, all I've been doing is writing dick-jokes about your girlfriend and how she took Python's virginity.

[Jeff's eyes flare with anger.]

Jeff:

Angus, you can talk all the shit about my bald spot that you want, but Heidi's off the table. Try me and I'll take your fucking scalp.

[Angus looks at Andrews, seeking jest. He finds none.]

Angus:

Yeah, well, um...

[Andrews continues staring Angus down.]

Angus:

That is to say, that, uh...

[STARE.]

Angus:

...ohmotherofgodpleasehelpmeidontwannacheckoutdeliverancestyle...

Jeff:

What was that there then, BOAH?

[Angus flinches.]

V/O:

Actually it was something about you owing me two points.

[Forgetting about Angus immediately, Jeff Andrews turns around as Cancer Jiles, COOL shades placed appropriately in front of his COOL eyes, walks onto the commentation station.]

Jeff:

What?

[Cancer Jiles climbs himself right up on the desk so he can stare way down at Jeff Andrews.]

Cancer:

You promised two points to whoever eliminated me from the battle royal. I eliminated me from the battle royal. **You owe me two points.**

[Fuckmylife.jpg]

Angus:

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA- HAHA HA HA HAAAAAAAA!

Jeff:

Shut up.

Angus:

HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HAHAHA HA HA BAAHAHA

Jeff:

Seriously.

Angus:

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA *gasp* BWWAAAAAHHHHAAA!

Jeff:

Are you done yet?

Angus:

HAAAAAA AAHHH HAHAHAA AAH! *COUGH* *HACK* *CHOKE*

Jeff:

fuckmylife.jpg

Cancer:

That's what happens when you fuck with the COOL, jackleg!

Angus:

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Jeff Andrews adjusts his leather jacket over his shoulders and dons his green and yellow mesh John Deere trucker's cap.]

Jeff:

Fuck this shit I'm going to space.

[He gets up and leaves.]

[Cancer, still up on the desk, looks to Angus.]

Cancer:

I do get those points, right?

Angus:

Of course you do, bud, of course you do.

[High Five.]

[Up high.]

[Down low.]

[Too slow.]

[End.]