

A-Ticket, A-Tasket...

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu Plus original presentation!] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from Edmonton in...] [3...] [...2...] [...1!] [Go.] ♪ *Be my one would you take my son* ♪ ♪ *Would you tell someone whether we had fun* ♪ ♪ *With your heroes double zeroes goin' in circles 'round your fear* ♪ ♪ *Then I'm never ever falling again* ♪ ♪ *Would you take my grace, look into my face* ♪ ♪ *With your limp handshake and your smile thats fake* ♪ ♪ *Would you back my fight, say you're down for right* ♪ ♪ *See its easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing* ♪ [The Defiance theme song blasts over the PA system as the camera pans around the the arena. Red and silver spotlights whirl around the Rexall Place as the fans around the ringside bang on the security wall in time with the beat of the song.] ♪ *Maker makes me long for a better way* ♪ ♪ *You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage* ♪ [One end of the arena has been set up with a black stagewall, behind which is the backstage area. The black box ramp connects it to the ring, and in a box above the wall is the commentation station, with Keeps and Angus overlooking the action.] ♪ *Because I* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ [Zoom in.] **Angus:**
HELLO DEFIANS! WE'RE LIVE TONIGHT FROM CANADIAN TOWN! **DDK:**

That's Edmonton, Alberta, Angus. **Angus:**

There's a country that has my name? I thought we were in Canada? **DDK:**

Are you being serious? **Angus:**

I'm never sure this early. **DDK:**

Well, I'm being told that something is about to happen backstage in Kelly Evans office! **Angus:**

Probably a lesbian porn production shoot. [Keeblers eyes roll all the way out of the back of his head, all the way backstage to the HBIC's office.]

[DA BOSS BITCH is sitting behind her desk, reading some paperwork. She mumbles to herself as her eyes scan the page. After a moment a knock on the door is heard.]

Kelly Evans:

Come in.

[The door doesn't open. Instead, the knocking continues.]

Kelly Evans:

I said, "Come in." What are you, deaf?

Voice:

No ma'am, sorry, but I could use a little help here. Would you mind?

Kelly Evans: [grumbling]

Does this country make doorknobs differently or something?

[Kelly walks around the desk and moves to open the door. Once she does, she has to jump out of the way as a delivery man with an enormous basket and a clipboard pinned between the basket and his chest walks into the office. He plops his wares down on top of the paperwork Kelly just had in hand.]

Delivery Man:

Whew, that was heavy. You're Kelly, right? Security pointed me this way.

[Kelly looks at the basket. It's bright and cheery with different colored fruit, some in the shape of flowers, some dipped in chocolate, and some in the shape of bunny rabbits because it's spring, bitches. GET PUMPED.]

Kelly Evans:

What the hell is that?!

Delivery Man:

Fruit basket. See?

[He points to his polo shirt. Specifically, to the Edible Arrangements logo. Kelly blinks rapidly, then facepalms.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh you've got to be goddamn kidding me.

Delivery Man:

No ma'am. I don't just wear this shirt for my health, you know.

Kelly Evans:

CLEARLY.

Delivery Man:

Anyhoooo, if you wouldn't mind signing here I'd appreciate it. You're my last delivery of the day. Gotta get home to the wife, you know?

[He holds the clipboard out. Kelly snatches from his hand and uses the attached pen to angrily scribble her signature on the form. She shoves the clipboard back at the guy and glares at the desk.]

Delivery Man:

Well, then, hope you enjoy your Edible Arrangements basket! Looks like there's definitely more than enough to share. Maybe some of your coworkers would like --

[The look Kelly shoots him over her shoulder is enough for the kid to take the hint that getting out now would be in his best interest. He opens the door and scoots out into the hall. Kelly stomps over to the desk and notices a little card stuck in-between two rabbits. She opens the envelope and reads the note out loud.]

Kelly Evans:

Sympathies for all past and future headaches we'll have a hand in creating. XOXO -BDH

[She rips the card in two, throws it on the desk, and plops down in her chair. The camera remains on the basket, so large in size that Kelly disappears behind it.]

[On that note, we go elsewhere.]

Lion's Roar

[We cut backstage. Lance Warner is staring solemnly into the camera. Where he is backstage doesn't matter what does is that he microphone in hand and there's the DEFIANCE logo behind him. Standing next to him is a slightly taller wrestler with a lion mask. No one's seen his face yet everyone knows who he is. Diego stands with both hands on his hips, poised for action. This is the first time we've seen Diego give an interview.] **Warner:** I'm standing here tonight with a man that will face off against Curtis Penn for the Southern Heritage title. Diego de Leon. For weeks Diego you've kept mum on the subject. I've got to know, and the fans of DEFIANCE need to know, are you ready for your match? [Diego licks his lips, shifts slightly to Lance and leans over.] **Diego:** Lance, first, thank you for having me tonight. I'm not the type of man to come out here and throw dirt on my opponents. But Curtis is a different breed isn't he? Here we have a man that for months has been clinging to the title on a string of luck, not skill. He wins on technicalities, but never proves his worth in the ring. He doesn't fight fair and lacks the ability to do so. To be... frank- [There's a slight grin in the pause. A very subtle shoutout to his friend Frank Holiday.] **Diego:** You shouldn't be the champion. It's high time someone put you in your place and show you how flawed you are. It's high time someone with honor take the title off of you, a yellow-bellied coward. Because you don't deserve the spotlight. You don't deserve to represent this company because you don't have what it takes. It took a man stronger, bigger, with more experience to cheat to beat me last time. [He licks his lips.] **Diego:** Because tonight, Edmonton's the serengity... There's a golden Gazelle grazing...Unaware of the lion that lurks in the grass. So yes, I'm ready Lance. Excuse me. [Diego nods at Lance and walks off screen.]

Stockton Pyre vs Sam Turner, Jr.



Darren Quimbey: The Following Contest

is scheduled for one fall, and has a fifteen minute time limit! First...he hails from Bloody Harlan, KY!. Standing at six feet, five inches tall and weighing in at 255lbs, he is Tha Redneck Recker...SAM... TUUUUURRRRNEEEERRR JUUUUNNNNIIIIIOOOORRRR!!! RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [A video of Sam Turner Jr.'s highlights grace the screen. Just as he hits a huge powerbomb on Dragon Jones, the words 'Tha Rednek Reker' flashes on the screen.] ♪ The preacher man says it's the end of time ♪ ♪ And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry ♪ ♪ The interest is up and the Stock Markets down ♪ ♪ And you only get mugged if you go downtown ♪ **DDK:** Last week we saw ourselves a very different Sam Turner Junior, one that was really frustrated with how his last match with Curtis Penn went down. **Angus:** Good. If he's gonna get himself to the level of Southern Heritage Champion, he needs to tap into his reserve of ANGRY RETARD STRENGTH~! [Sam steps out and flexes his farmer tanned arm making the crowd pop. As they cheer louder he begins to blush and smile widely.] RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [He starts waving to the fans as he walks to the ring.] [Once at ringside he goes around slapping hands with the fans.] [When he's done he jogs up the ring steps and continues to wave to all the fans.] ♪ And a country boy can survive ♪ ♪ Country folks can survive ♪ **Darren Quimbey:** AND HIS OPPONENT! [CUE UP: "Morphine Child" by Savatage. Stockton Pyre, the red-and-blue Gonzo Goliath, makes his way through the curtain. He stands at the top of the ramp and, just before the song goes from low-key to a burst of guitar-led hard music, Pyre claps his hands together twice and, as the burst comes over the sound system, Pyre raises both fists in the air. The formerly positive reaction has now turned to negative as standing behind Pyre is Wayne Dewey.] BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Darren Quimbey:** Hailing from Parts Unknown, he stands at six feet, six inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and sixty-six pounds. Accompanied to the ring by Wayne Dewey, he is STTTTTOOOOCCCKKKKTOOOONNNN PYYYYYYYRRRRRRRRRRE! [Pyre walks down the rampway, occasionally looking for a hand to slap, but no one's biting on this one.] **DDK:** Pyre with his new-found alliance with Wayne Dewey, and I don't think he fully understood the consequences of becoming aligned with Wayne before doing so. **Angus:** Yeah he did. He wants to win. He wants to do more than play mop-up kid for Curtis Penn and Claria St. Sure, and so here he is with Wayne Dewey. The guy that got Eugene on the path to superstardom and did wonders for Seth Stratton before he fucked one too many whores and HIV'd off. [Climbing in the ring, Stockton and Sam square off looking at each other over. Sam points to Wayne Dewey and says something, but Stockton waves him off. Sam seems confused, and eyes up Wayne Dewey suspiciously. Wayne, for his part, raises his hands in the air as if to say "Hey, I'm just watching."] **DDK:** Sam suspicious of Wayne Dewey, but neither Stockton nor Wayne appear to have any ill intentions here. **Angus:** You should know Wayne better than that. It's a matter of time before he makes himself known. [Sam says something to Wayne that's not picked up by the mics, then he turns his attention to Stockton and reaches out his right hand to him. Pyre looks down and shakes his head no. Sam's face went from happy to very confused. Stockton reaches out his fist and they bump fists before returning to their corners.] DING! DING! DING! **DDK:** And there's the bell, we're... [Before Kiebler could finish, the two men run at each other full force and collide shoulder to shoulder with each other. Neither man moves an inch.] RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **DDK:** ...underway, and this one's starting off quick! **Angus:** Neither of these guys are much in the antics department, both are big-time sluggers. This one should escalate in a fuckin' hurry. [Sam fires off with a forearm strike. Stockton returns one. The two continue trading forearm strikes back and forth as the crowd gets behind the slugfest. Sam gains the advantage and forces Stockton into the corner where he delivers two unanswered forearm strikes.] RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [Sam moves away as Stockton stands in the wobbling in the corner. Sam comes rushing in for a splash but Stockton moves out of the way as Sam crunches the turnbuckles hard. Stockton rolls him up.] ONE! ...TWO-SAM'S SHOULDER POPS UP! **DDK:** Wayne yelling at the ref, he thought that should have been a three. **Angus:** You're not gonna pin that big ol' country boy with just a roll-up. [Sam pops up and Stockton goes for a small package.] ONE! ...TWO-SAM MANAGES TO KICK OUT! **Angus:** ...I meant ANY kind of roll up. **DDK:** Definitely not this early in the bout! [Both

are up and squaring off. Stockton fires a forearm strike into Sam's jaw. Sam returns the forearm strike. The two begin battling back and forth again. Sam takes over again only to eat a knee to the gut from Stockton. Another knee sends Sam doubling him over to the mat. Stockton locks on a camel clutch and leans back as far as he can to work on Sam's back. Sam manages to scoot over towards the ropes until he kicks the bottom rope and leaves it on the bottom rope for Stockton to break. Stockton's up and moves back.] **DDK:** Stockton with the clean break, and I don't think Wayne is too happy with that. [Wayne has a face on him like he just ate a lemon. He yells at Stockton.] **Wayne Dewey:** You got him on the ropes, follow it up! Don't let him get to his feet! [As Sam's attempting to get up Stockton runs at Sam and plants a knee into the side of his head. Sam rolls out of the ring to the floor.]

BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** Well, I guess Stockton takes direction well. **DDK:** With Sam Turner out of the ring, it should be interesting to see if Wayne Dewey involves himself with Turner. 1... [Sam's bent over, his arms on the ring apron. The count is a slow cadence, thanks Mr. Shields.] 2... [Stockton exits the ring and jumps off the apron with an elbow placed perfectly in the small of Sam's back.] **DDK:** Well-placed elbow, and it looks like Stockton's really going to work on the back of Sam Turner Jr. 3... [Stockton whips Sam into the barrier back first then kicks him in the gut.] **Angus:** You ain't kidding, this is a far more aggressive Stockton Pyre than we're used to. 4... [Stockton still with the advantage whips Sam into ring apron and delivers a rough chop close to Sam's throat.] **DDK:** I just think that Sam Turner isn't used to going up against someone who's taller, heavier, packs as much of a punch as he can, and has as much power if not more than he does. 5... [Sam crumples to the floor as Stockton rolls back into the ring.] BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** You could say the same about Stockton Pyre as well. 6... **DDK:** Looks like Pyre will see if Sam can beat the count. [Sam begins to roll back and forth in pain as Wayne Dewey claps for Stockton Pyre's handiwork.] 7... [He gets up to one knee and puts his hand on his back to calm the pain.] 8... [He makes it back up to the apron and enters the ring.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **Angus:** Made it back. Now let's see [As soon as Sam gets into the ring Stockton kicks him dead in the face sending Sam into the ropes. Stockton whips Sam off the ropes and as Sam bounces off the opposite rope he connects with a huge STO sending Sam back down to that all too familiar canvas. Stockton rolls Sam on his stomach and drops a knee to Sam's spine.] **DDK:** Pyre picking up the aggression, still targeting Sam's back. **Angus:** Much to the Redneck Recker's chagrin. [The hillbilly screams out in pain. Stockton rolls him to his back and drops another knee, this time to the ribs of Sam. Stockton makes the cover...but Mark Shields takes a last drag on his cig before kneeling down and making the count.] ONE! ...TWO-SAM KICKS OUT! **DDK:** Wayne complaining about a slow count. **Angus:** The count was fine, but that lazy fuck Shields took forever to get in position. [Stockton sits Turner up and delivers a vicious shoot kick to Sam's back...and another. Stockton pulls him up from the mat and hits him with a forearm strike. Sam returns it and they go into another forearm striking exchange. Stockton ducks Sam's shot and quickly flips him over with a fireman's carry takeover.] **Angus:** Here's another thing Pyre has going for him...Pyre seems to be a competent mat wrestler, and Turner is not. Every time Turner gets some momentum going, Pyre uses either some ring awareness or a wrestling hold to cut off that momentum cold. [Stockton grabs Sam's legs and turns him over with a boston crab.] **DDK:** And after that he goes right back on the back attack, this time with the Boston Crab! [Sam desperately reaches out to the ropes but he's too far away. He begins to push himself up off the mat and walk his hands towards the ropes until he reaches them and grips them tighter than a hooker taking money from a John. Shields taps Stockton on the shoulder, and he immediately breaks the hold.] **DDK:** Once again, Wayne not happy with Stockton's tactics, as he chose to not utilize the five count, which Wayne is almost screaming at him to do. [Sam continues to hold the rope after Stockton releases the hold. Shields bends down to check on Sam. Sam screams "I no give...I no give!" Shields backs off, shrugging and then making the "fight" motion, swinging his hands together into a clapping motion. Stockton moves in for the kill, but when he attempts to stand Sam up he gets a fist in his gut, then another.] **DDK:** And this time it may prove costly to Stockton Pyre. I'm not a fan of Wayne Dewey, but one thing he said was definitely true...you can't let Sam get the momentum going, or he'll take you out of a match really quickly. **Angus:** Stockton gave him a moment, and now he may pay for it. [Sam begins to fight back from his knees. Stockton drops a bionic elbow to the crown of Sam's head halting the comeback. Stockton picks Sam up and whips him into the ropes. Stockton goes for a clothesline but Sam ducks it. Sam bounces off the ropes and as Stockton turns around he's met with a nasty "Harlan Co. Line" across the bridge of his nose.] **DDK:** Harlan County Line! **Angus:** And now they're both down. [Sam drops to the mat holding his back and Stockton is laid out on the mat ready to be pinned, but Sam just can't get up quick enough to make the pin. Referee Shields starts counting them both down and out.] 1... [Sam turns his head from the left to the right looking at Stockton.] 2... 3... [Sam begins his crawl.] 4... 5... [Sam's within arm's reach and lays his arm over Stockton's chest. Referee Shields drops to the mat and begins the count.] ONE! ...TWO...!THREE-STOCKTON'S ARM FLIES UP IN THE AIR LIFTING HIS SHOULDER IN THE NICK OF TIME! **Angus:** Wayne Dewey just about had a stroke over in Stockton's corner, that was close as close gets. [Sam's stunned, shock and awe's setting in as he questions his

ability to beat Stockton while Wayne Dewey pounds the canvas in an attempt to rally Stockton back into this match. Sam can't believe it. He picks up Stockton and chops him across the chest. Stockton fires one back to Sam's chest and the two get into another back and forth battle to see who the best is. Sam thrown a chop close to Stockton's throat but Stockton ducks and, with a loud audible heaving motion, lifts Turner up and delivers a standing urange to the big man..] **DDK:** Woah! What power from Stockton Pyre! **Angus:** Right back to that back again. Turner's in a lot of pain right now. [Sam writhes in pain as he rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring.] 1... [Sam checks his back and catches his breath.] 2... [Stockton goes out behind Sam and grabs him; he throws him into the ring side barrier again as Wayne shouts encouragement from right behind Pyre.] **DDK:** Back first again! Stockton is relentless today! **Angus:** Maybe Wayne is really paying dividends for Pyre after all. 3... [Stockton picks Sam up and rolls him into the ring.] 4... [Stockton takes a moment to gather his facilities. Wayne slaps him on the back once or twice and encourages him to get back into the ring.] 5... [While Stockton took a moment on the outside, Sam got to one knee. As Stockton begins to enter the ring. Sam moves as fast as he can and hits Stockton with a knee lift sending him down to the mat.] **DDK:** Stockton took too much time getting inside the ring and got caught coming in. [A smiles comes across Sam's face as he repays Stockton with a knee drop to the skull. Sam covers him.] **Angus:** BIG Knee drop from The Recker, this could be over. ONE! ...TWO-STOCKTON KICKS OUT! [Sam grabs Stockton's head and pulls him up to his feet. Sam throws a punch, it's blocked by Stockton. Stockton kicks Sam in the gut, then with a heaving motion, Stockton scoops up Sam Turner and balances him on his shoulder.] **DDK:** Again, what a power display by Pyre! **Angus:** He's gonna go for a powerslam here, do more damage to Sam Turner's back. [Stockton backs up into a nearby corner, then comes running out with a BIG running power slam. Stockton goes for the pin.] ONE! ...TWO...SAM'S ARM SHOOTS UP! **DDK:** Wayne Dewey again on Mark Shields' case about the count. **Angus:** Yeah, but this time, Shields was right in position. **DDK:** I think Wayne is just frustrated that Turner isn't laying down for his new charge. [Looking out at the crowd, Stockton claps his hands together twice and then twirls his index finger around in a circle, the sign for the Inferno.] BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** Stockton signaling for the Inferno, and that could be what he needs to finish Sam off. [Stockton picks Sam up and Sam drops to one knee. Again Stockton attempts to pick Sam up only to have him drop back down to one knee. Stockton looks to Wayne who has a huge smile on his face. Stockton gives Wayne a thumbs up and pulls Sam up and holds him so he won't drop to his knee again. He turns Sam around and grabs a wristlock. He unravels Sam from in front of him as he's attempting "Inferno". He pulls Sam in but Sam ducks under the lariat and delivers a back suplex to Stockton, causing the smile to disappear on Wayne's face.] RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **Angus:** I had no idea Turner knew what a back suplex was! **DDK:** Well, he does, and it may turn this match around. [Sam's up and tries to shake the cobwebs loose. He's feeling it. He feels the win. He picks up Stockton and smiles as he applies the dreaded bearhug.] RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **DDK:** BEARHUG! If Sam can lift him off the ground, this will finish off Stockton Pyre! [Sam squeezes and lifts Stockton off the mat but has to drop him back down to his feet due to the pain in his back.] **Angus:** No, had to put him down. Stockton's strategy paying off. [But only momentarily, as Sam lifts him up again and fights through the pain. Referee Shields steps in, "Stockton do you give?", only to have him shake his head no. After a very short time in the bear hug, Sam has to put Stockton's feet back down to the mat.] **DDK:** Sam can't lock the bearhug in tight enough for a submission, and I'm gonna bet he'll have trouble powerbombing a man as big as Stockton Pyre is with a bad back. [Just as they touched Stockton bell clap Sam's ears. Sam loosens his grip a little but grabs it tight again. Again Stockton uses the bell clap. Sam releases the bearhug.] **Angus:** ARGHWHATDAFUQ...bell claps! Again! I thought we were done with this!! [Sam shakes his head to get the deafness out of his ears. Stockton rolls out to the apron to catch his breath, but Sam doesn't give him much time as he gets his bearings back and goes over to Stockton. He hooks him for a suplex back into the ring.] **DDK:** Sam hooking Stockton for a suplex...I don't know how wise this is with the bad back, but it looks like he's gonna give it a go... [Sam lifts, its perfect, all the sudden a hand grabs Sam's foot and pulls it.] **DDK:** Wayne! I knew he would be up to no good! BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Sam falls back and Stockton falls on top of him.] ONE! ...TWO **Angus:** Wayne's got Sam's leg held down...he can't kick!THREE! **DING! DING! DING!** BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Wayne lets go at 3.5, and immediately Turner throws Pyre off of him, causing him to roll to the center of the ring, stopping face-down.] **DDK:** Look at how red his face is...Sam is seething! **Darren Quimbey:** Here is your winner...STTTTTOOOOCCCKKKKTOOOONNNN PYYYYYYYYRRRRRRRRRRE! [As quick as Stockton is tossed off off of Sam, Sam's up and out of the ring slowly chasing after Wayne Dewey up the ramp. Wayne, now accustomed to running for his life if needed, is up the ramp and out of sight in no time, with Sam Turner lumbering behind. Meanwhile, Stockton lays face down in the middle of the ring gasping for air asMorphine Child kicks up

again.] **Angus:** Wayne Dewey comes in with a gameplan for the Redneck Recker, and it pays off, as his new man gets the win. **BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**
BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [Stockton looks around ringside, his palms up in the air. With Shields out of the ring, Pyre is the only one in the ring or ringside area.] **DDK:** Stockton seems confused, though I'm not sure by what. **Angus:** I don't think he saw any of that. **DDK:** Any of what, Angus? [After a moment of looking around, Stockton shrugs and throws both fists up in the air in celebration.] **BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**
BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** Any of it. The trip, the grab, the post-match chase...this is either a great act put on by a great actor, or he wasn't aware of it at all. **DDK:** Then how would you explain the suplex collapse? **Angus:** Bad back perhaps? You were the one that said it wasn't smart for Sam Turner to try a suplex after all that working on the back, so why wouldn't Stockton Pyre think that Sam's back gave out if he didn't see or know about Wayne's trip? [Stockton climbs out of the ring and walks up the rampway, still hearing it from the fans on the ramp. He ignores them as he walks to the back.] **DDK:** I guess you're right. I have no idea if we'll know what Stockton saw or didn't see, but regardless, the one thing that won't change is that Stockton Pyre got the win, and Sam Turner is not at all happy about it.

Fool Me Once, Fool Me Twice?

[Backstage.]

[Specifically the loading area that is filled with all manner of equipment boxes and random staffers milling about from place to place within the Rexall Place.]

BOOO!

[The jeering of the audience announces the arrival of the rolling death machine of trios destruction, Aleczander the Great, Capitol Punishment, Angel Trinidad and the mastermind behind the brawn, Junior Keeling.]

Angel:
HOSSSSSOME!

[Team H.O.S.S.]

[Be afraid. Be VERY Afraid, with a capital A because that makes it seem more important.]

Keeling:
Jesse, my good man!

[Junior, with arms outstretched, approaches a young latino man, who happens to be a janitor, custodian, road crew member, something of that nature. He's low on the totem pole. "Jesse" looks up at Junior and we see the tag on his shirt says "Jose".]

Janitor "Jesse":
It's Jose, pendejo.

Keeling:
Okay, does anybody know what Joseph just said?

[Jose grumbles, but is sure not to look cross at Junior due to the very large backup forces with him.]

Jose:
What do you want, ese? I got work to do.

Keeling:
I'm sure you do, Josey, I bet working for DEFIANCE is better than hanging outside of a Home Depot, eh, eh?

[Junior holds a hand up for a high five, completely oblivious to the racial insensitivity he's putting on display. Then again, with Team H.O.S.S. standing behind you, there's not much a mere mortal such as Jose is going to do about it.]

Keeling:
Speaking of money, I have an employment opportunity for you, Hay-Suess.

Jose:
Oh yeah?

Keeling:
Indeed, I do. See, Joss, we're waiting for some old friends to arrive and we'd really appreciate it if you could let us know when they arrive, you know, since you'll be around here anyway doing whatever it is that you do.

Jose:
So you need me to give you a heads up when your amigos arrive huh? I can get down on that. Who am I looking out

for? Justin Bieber?

BOOO!

[Damn, that's harsh.]

Keeling:

What? No, no, nothing like that, the Biebs would never be slumming it in a garbage heap like Alberta.

BOOO!

Jose:

Aye, puta, I'm from Alberta!

[Jun puts a hand over his heart, feigning sympathy.]

Keeling:

And that makes my offer all the more important, since clearly you need the money.

Jose:

Whatever, mang. Who am I looking out for and for how much?

Keeling:

Okay, straight to business, I knew I liked you. ANYWAY, Justin, we're expecting Hookers and Blow to come through there [pointing at the main entrance near the garage doors] any minute now. We're going to go over there behind some crates and surprise them, so don't tell them and ruin it for everybody! Can you do this for us, Joey?

Jose:

Yeah, but where's my money?

[Keeling pulls out a wad of cash, maybe 10 bucks, Canadian. Jose looks at the bill in his hand, then at Keeling.]

Keeling:

Okay, okay, you drive a hard bargain.

[He slaps another 10 bucks, Canadian, on top of the other 10 bucks he gave Jose, who rolls his eyes and goes over to the door while Keeling and his boys take their positions. A moment later, Jose gets a call.]

Jose:

Aye, mang... Yeah... Yeah... Right... That puta'll be right where you want him, ese.

[He opens the door and looks out, then brings his head back and calls out to Keeling and HOSS, letting them know our heroes are on their way. Cap, Angel and Alecz all rush towards the door, taking up positions and when someone walks through the door, the three of them spring into action. Jose barely has a chance to jump out of the way, while Junior comes out of hiding to observe his teams handiwork.]

Keeling:

Yeah! Get him!

[Junior continues to cheer his charges on when something he isn't expecting happens.]

RAAH!

[That would be the arrival of Tyrone Walker, Ryan Matthews, and Sam Horry. The reigning, defending, and still standing DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions of the World slide up behind the manager of the Hostile

Order.]

Keeling:

Yeah, kick 'em, Cap! Kick...

[Ty gets in close and puts his arm over Keeling's shoulders as he stands next to him.]

Keeling: [eyes bulging]

...em?

[Gulp!]

Walker: [head nod]

Sup?

[At this point, Sam Horry sneaks up behind a now-petrified Keeling, then grabs his pants at the waist and yanks them down to the floor, revealing Keeling to be wearing a lime green man thong. When Keeling turns to run and hide while covering himself up, he is met by Ryan Matthews, who tosses him a small, round object before Sam, Ty and himself beat feet.]

Matthews:

Fire in the Hole!

[The object that Matthews tossed to Keeling turns out to be a paint grenade which upon contact with Keeling bursts and covers him and everything in a 25 foot radius with bright yellow paint.]

Keeling: [screeching noise]

...!

[Sam, Ry and Ty all laugh obnoxiously as Cap, Angel and Alecz stop to realize that they've been stomping some random guy in a Team H.O.S.S. tee shirt and then see the sight of their now canary yellow manager. By this time, Jose has since joined HNB, Ty handing him a ridiculous large wad of cash of various denominations.]

Walker:

Good work, Jose. I knew that yellow bastard would be up to something.

Keeling:

GET THEM!!

[Ruh-roh!]

Matthews & Horry:

CHINESE FIRE DRILL!

[The champs scatter to the wind with Jose following behind them as the HOSS give chase.]

[Back to the booth.]

Mushigihara vs Davey LaRue

[Cut to Ringside where Davey LaRue is already in the ring doing some rope stretches.]

Angus:

That was HOSSOME!

DDK:

Sure. Know what else is awesome?

Angus:

NO NO NO! It is not awesome Keeps! It is HOSSOME!

DDK:

Yeah. I get it. But coming up right now is our next match.

Angus:

Ohh yeah. Mushi is gona kill somebody tonight!

[From the back walks a asian female with blue and black and red hair wearing a black dress. she heads around the ring and sits down near the time keeps and pulls a tablet out of her purse. Angus looks her over and looks at DDK.]

Angus:

Who is that Keeps?

DDK:

I dont know. But she does have an all access badge so Someone higher up okayed her being here.

Angus:

Wait! Wait! What do you mean, you do not know? How do you not know Keeps? You're supposed to know theses things!

DDK:

Well...

[DDK Is cut off as the lights drop low.]

OSU! OSU! OSU!

[Mushigihara's rings out as the beginnings of End of the World" by the Yoshida Brothers begins to play. and Mushigihara walks from the back... alone.]

Angus:

Wait a minute. Is Mushi out here without that jerkwad manager of his.

DDK:

Looks that way, seen Dante's injuries have added up and he was not able to make it out.

Angus:

Well Mushi is better off on his own anyways. He does not need any of those so called kings. Mushi is a f'n Beast!

[Mushigihara slowly climbs into the ring after ascending the ring steps. and walks to the center of the ring where Davy LaRue stands. and the two lock eyes, well could if you could see Mushi's eyes, so they lock eyes to mask.]

DDK:

Not many guys can say they out mass Mushigihara But this LaRue guy is massive!

Angus:

Wonder what buffet joint that guy put out of business, and you know what else I wonder Keeps?

DDK:

No, but I do have a feeling I'm about to find out.

Angus:

I wonder who was the smart guy who put Carla Ferrari in there to ref this match? Hes gona get smashed and not in a good way.

DDK:

Sigh.. And there is the bell this one is underway!

[The bell rings and LaRue goes for a right cross but Mushi blocks and slams his hand into the throat Larue staggers back coughing and trying to get some wind. Mushi runs at Larue and takes him down with a yakuza kick to the side of the head.]

Angus:

G000000000000000000000000....

DDK:

And Mushigihara takers the advantage early in this one

Angus:

... 000000000000000000AL!

DDK:

You done?

Angus:

Yep. But Mushi is not.

Mushi's gona kill you! Mushi's gona kill you! Mushi's gona kill you!

[Mushi drives several knees into the head and neck of LaRue who tries to roll out of the ring but, is unable to get under the ropes. Mushi grabs LaRues leg and drags him back into the center of the ring. Mushi quickly hits the runs and nails a running Senton Splash.]

Angus:

Mushi just squished him!

DDK:

I think he is going for the pin... nope..

[LaRue hold his ribs / stomach as Mushi gets to his feet and delivers another kick to the head of LaRue causeing him to goe still and then heads to the corner.]

Angus:

Ohh my.. he is not going to do what I think, is he Angus?

Angus:

SUPER SUMO SPLASH!!!!

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

BOOM!!

[The crowd roars as Mushigihara flies off the second turnbuckles with a a big splash..]

Angus:

If he did not get squashed before, he is now!

Angus:

Yeah I think this is over.

[Mushi hooks the leg and Carla Ferrari slides down to make the count.]

.....1.

.....2..

.....3!!!

[Mushi climbs to his feet as the bell rings and Carla Ferrari raises his, arm in victory.]

Angus:

See Keeps. I told you Mushi is a Beast, He does not need Dante holding him back!

DDK:

And you could be right. Did I just say that?

[Mushi looks down on his victim and shakes his head before climbing out of the ring. The Asian woman smiles and types a few more things into her tablet and gets up and walks away as some trainers come down to help Davey to the back. The Defiance logo swoops across the screen and fade to black.]

Grievances

[The Office of the Head Bitch in Charge, Kelly Evans.]

[Set at her desk, her legs crossed and heels propped up on the desk as she leans back in her proverbial throne with one hand clutching her phone as the other rests on the desk with her finely manicured nails clicking on the hardwood. Behind her is the ridiculously large, obnoxiously colorful, and deliciously edible arrangement, courtesy of the Big Damn Heroes.]

[Standing off to the left is Dusty Griffith, his arms crossed against his barrel-like chest with his back leaned against the wall behind him. The Wild Bronco is calm, amused even and that's in spite of the fact that standing not five feet away from him is Edward White, his own personal tormentor since DEFIANCE's campaign through Europe.]

[As for the Socialite. The wealthiest man in professional wrestling is too busy with ranting and raving about the "assault" Dusty Griffith "perpetrated" upon him last week after having stolen a victory at the man's expense. This is all quite amusing given White's complete lack of acknowledgement to his own part having played in Griffith's violent outburst.]

[Kelly sets her phone down and finally acknowledges White's presence when he stops his rage induced temper tantrum in order to take a breath. Having heard enough, Kelly raises a hand, cutting him off before he can get rolling again.]

Kelly:

And what exactly do you expect of me, Mr. Money?

White: [pointing an accusatory finger in Griffith's direction]

I expect, NAY, I demand that you fire him!

[Kelly snorts, bringing a hand up to cover her mouth as she tries not to laugh in White's face at such an absurd idea. Looking over to Griffith, he shrugs back at her, still looking amused with White's ranting and raving.]

Kelly:

Well, what do you have to say for yourself?

Dusty:

Oh, I'm definitely guilty as charged, boss.

White:

See, he admits it! He's a loose cannon and I demand action!

[Kelly rolls her eyes and resumes clicking her nails on the desk as she ponders something. Impatient, White begins tapping his foot on the floor, the redness in his face fluctuates with every breath that he takes. Dusty however is unmoving, both physically and in his expression, still retaining the calm, amused look on his face.]

Kelly:

Hmmph, what am I going to do about you two?

White:

What do you mean, I...

Kelly: [waving her hand]

I certainly am not going to fire the man, so you can give up that fantasy right now.

[White is more perturbed, throwing his hands up in frustration. Dusty lets out a very audible “heh”, which gets White’s goat a little more. Snorting and thumbing his nose, Dusty steps forth and finally adds his two cents.]

Dusty:

Honestly, as long as I get him [pointing at White] one on one, you can go on ahead and do whatever you want to do about it, boss. Throw it in a cage, put dog collars on us, make it a lumberjack match for all I give good goddam... Just as long as...

[Something Dusty said piques Kelly’s interest and she raises her hand again, causing him to pause mid-thought.]

Kelly:

Interesting. I like it.

[White looks at Kelly, confusion washing over the features of his face. Dusty pauses, an “orly” face coming over him as his brow arches.]

Kelly:

Since it’s inevitable that your crew [looking at Dusty] and your associates [looking at Edward] will end up getting involved anyway, we might as well just go ahead and kill all of the birds with one stone. So Dusty, you got your match with Mr. Money over here and it’ll be a lumberjack match!

RAAH!

[Nodding his approval, Dusty grins as he brings his hands together, wringing them with a satisfied look etching itself on to his face.]

White:

You can not be serious, you filthy trollop! I want this man gone, I DEMAND IT! I will be calling Eric Dane and straightening this...

[Kelly glares at White, she is no longer amused.]

Kelly:

The thing is, Eddie, you and your money are not in charge around here... I am. And I say Griffith stays, I also say he’s getting his fight with you on pay per view.

[Griffith’s amusement continues to grow.]

Kelly:

Don’t like it? Don’t care, take your frustrations out on him in your tag match tonight.

[Giving up, White turns to leave and does so in a huff. Griffith watches on with further amusement at White’s plans being foiled as the door shuts behind White with a slam. Griffith turns his head and takes notice of the enormous gift basket of fruit and chocolate.]

Dusty: [pointing at said basket]

What’s with the gift basket, did Angus finally discover his true feelings for you and this is how he chose to express them?

Kelly:

Okay... Now I might fire you, because... Just... No...

[She feigns being sick, because... gross?]

Kelly:

And they're from a bunch of assholes that you would probably get along with famously.

[Dusty smiles and shakes his head before taking his leave.]

Kelly:

Angus... ugh.

[Back to the booth.]

Angus:

I hate that guy. [shudders] Kelly... eesh, not even with your dick, Keeps. Not even.

DDK:

Good to know, partner.

Diego de Leon vs Curtis Penn (c)



["His Name is King (instrumental)" by Luis

Bacalov plays.] **Quimbey:** The following contest is for the Defiance Southern Heritage Title. From Truth and Consequences New Mexico, weighing in at 216 lbs.... Diiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeegooooooo De Leeeeeeeeeonnnn!!!! [Diego, wearing a poncho makes his way to the ring while he slaps hands with fans on the way to the ring. He enters and immediately goes to the ropes with one arm raised and a slight cheer from the crowd. He removes his poncho and bounces up and down in the ring.] **DDK:** Tonight we have Diego facing off against the Southern Heritage title for the first time. ["Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era plays. The audience erupts into boos] **Quimbey:** And his opponent, from Pensacola Florida.... Weighing in at 215 lbs... He is the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION..CCCCCCCUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRTISSSS PENNNNNNN!!! [Curtis steps onto the ramp, he is proudly wearing his black and green "I Fight Every Day" t-shirt from TapouT and trunks to match, flanked by security the arena darkens and the Gregorian chanting begins. Penn makes his way to the steps of the ring and removes his shirt, he hands it off to one of his security team before making his way up the steps. They check and make sure his mouth guard is in place before he stomps up the steps.] **Angus:** I hate that douchebag. [Diego and Penn stare across from one another in the ring.] **DING! DING! DING!** [Diego and Penn continue to stare at one another for a moment. The audience soaking in the confrontation about the happen. Penn immediately throwing a high kick, Diego ducks it and throws one of his own but Penn ducks. Penn charges Diego and takes him down but Diego counters and ends up with the superior position. Diego and Penn trade wrestling holds that ends with Diego getting the better of Penn and Penn grabbing the ropes.] **DDK:** Diego gets the best of this exchange here! [Diego breaks the hold cleanly without hesitation and Penn stares at him perplexed. Diego gives Penn space and opportunity, motioning him to stand up. Penn stands, still confused by the fair exchange and break with Diego.] **Angus:** Fuck it, I hate Penn. Just for this *once* **DDK** What? **Angus:** Argh... It pains me to say it. But I hate Penn more than I hate Diego. **DDK:** So what does that mean? [Diego and Penn lock up, Diego manages to put Penn into a Thai Clench and begins wailing with some knees. Penn powers out, pushing Diego back. Diego rolls backward and stands up in time to duck a clothesline from Penn and after Penn hits the ropes Diego catches him with an armdrag takedown.] **Angus:** It means... GO DIEGO! [Penn gets up immediately. Diego and Penn both go for kicks at the same time, legs meeting and smacking in the middle of the ring to an appreciative crowd.] RAAAAAAH!!!! [Diego steps forward, Penn does a push kick and then goes for a roundhouse. Diego dives the roundhouse kick and goes for a leg take down that puts Penn on his knees. Diego stands up almost immediately recognizing Penn's position, he goes for a kick to the chest.] **Angus:** Do those ole kicks of Diego! [Penn catches the leg and Diego counters with a spinning back kick.] **DDK:** Scouted by Penn. [Penn rolls out of the ring and Diego stands up, the crowd cheering him on.] **Angus:** Don't let him rest, get on him. Attack! [Penn walks around, outside of the ring as Shields begins to count. Diego stands on the ropes staring daggers at Penn.] **Angus:** Follow him out and finish him off! **ONE!!!!** **TWO!!!!** **THREE!!!** [Diego steps outside as well, breaking the count, Penn catches sight of him and walks away from him. Diego keeps a slow, methodical pace as he stalks Penn on the outside. Penn rolls into the ring, Diego follows but Penn meets him with a series of attacks of opportunity.] **DDK:** Penn taking advantage of Diego. [Penn lifts Diego into a clench of his own and begins kneeling Diego. Diego pushes Penn into the ropes and grabs them, Shields counts.] ONE...! ...TWO...! ...THREE.. FOUR... [Penn breaks the hold, looking a bit confused at the young lion in the ring. Diego stands and seemingly shrugs off the damage done by the knees.] **DDK:** Technical break by Diego. [Diego adjusts his wristbands as he circles along with Penn in the ring. Penn charges Diego with a High Kick that gets ducked. Both men spin around, Penn throws a left and right kick. Diego checks them both and pushes Penn back with a kick to the chest. Penn charges forward but Diego catches him and hits him with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.] **Angus:** He's running again! [Penn rolls out of the ring, hands on his hips.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!** **DDK:** The Southern Heritage Champion is beside himself. **Angus:** C'mon Diego! Don't make me feel bad about this once in a lifetime chance where I root for you! [Penn gets on the apron before Shields can start counting. Diego waits patiently, rocking back and forth in place trying to keep himself loose.] **DDK:** Diego looks poised in this match. [Penn hesitates as he

enters the ropes expecting Diego to attack but gets nothing.] **Angus:** Get in there, stop lollygagging! [Diego runs at Penn but gets an armdrag takedown. Diego stands up and takes a swing at Penn but misses completely. Penn ducks the punch and steps behind him, locking arms at Diego's waist.] **DDK:** Penn mounting an offense here. [and hits him with a German Suplex. Penn stands up immediately as does Diego. They collide in the center of the ring. Penn unloads an onslaught of kicks that drives Diego into the corner and on the ground. Penn pulls up, and slams him down with a belly to belly suplex going for the cover.] **ONE...! ...TWO...!KICKOUT!** [Penn stands up, bringing Diego up. He does a German Suplex, but keeps his arms locked.] **DDK:** Penn's arms are still locked! [And another!] **BOOOOOOOO!** [And another! Penn stands up, smirking and looking at Diego. He takes a moment to stop and jaw off to the crowd.] **DDK:** Three German Suplexes from the Champion! [Penn walks to the other side of the ring, waiting for Diego to stand up. Penn runs at Diego and hits him with a Superman punch. Diego falls limp on his back. Penn goes for another cover] **ONE...! ...TWO...!KICKOUT!** [Penn eyes the ref in disbelief. He stands up and starts arguing with the referee as Diego shakes the cobwebs out. The Lion slowly stands up. Penn immediately jumps on Diego, clubbing him over the back and then he applies the Sleeper Hold to a standing Diego.] **DDK:** Standing sleeper. [Diego slumps in the ring. Penn is grinning and laughing] **Penn:** Nap-Nap time motherfucker! [Diego continues to struggle and writhe in pain against the move. Diego sinks further and Shields observes carefully. Penn's mouth open wide, tongue hanging out and giving a throaty laugh. He applies the move tighter around Diego's neck. Mark Shields finally lifts the wrist of Diego and lets his arm fall] [It falls once.] **Angus:** C'mon Diego! [It falls twice.] **DDK:** Diego fading away here. [Mark Shields lets it drop for a third time but Diego regains his wherewithal at the last moment. The audience begins to cheer and chant:] **OLE~~~~OLE~~~~OLE~~~~DI~~~~AY~GO~DI~~~~AY~GO~** [Diego seemingly comes to life with this and hits Penn in the stomach with elbows until he breaks the hold. Diego leaps into the air and cracks Penn with a knee. Both men hit the ground hard and don't stir. Mark Shields looks for movement from both of them and starts to count.] **ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX!** [Penn gets up first and looks across the ring. Diego kips up!] [Diego meets him in the middle and throws him against the turnbuckle, following it up with a Knee to the Face and a monkeyflip across the ring.] [Penn stands up, but Diego lands a stiff kick to the temple that makes Penn drop to his knees. Diego stares off into the crowd for confirmation. They become unglued. He clenches his fist and lands a stiff kick to Penn's chest.] **OLE~~~~** [His back.] **OLE~~~~** [His chest.] **OLE~~~~** [His back.] **OLE~~~~** [He backs up for a final kick to the head.] **OLE~~~~** [The crowd becomes unglued. Penn drops and Diego goes for the cover.] **RAAAAAAHHH!!!! DDK:** We could have a new champion here! **ONE... TWO.... NOO!!!!** [Kickout!] **Angus:** So close! [Diego nods to himself, standing first. He pulls Penn up and lands another kick to the temple, he spins around ---] **Angus:** It's over! We have a new champion! [ROARING ELBOW!] **CLANK!** [That sound was Jonny Booya slamming a chair into Diego de Leon's back.] **BOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!! DDK:** Out of NOWHERE! **Angus:** GET THAT IDIOT OUT OF HERE! [This is way too blatant. The referee calls for the bell.] **DING! DING! DING!** [Booya throws Penn to the side, then brings the chair back up overhead and smashes Diego in the back again.] **DDK:** Oh come on! What's this all about? [Booya opens the chair up and sets it down, then grabs Diego.] **Quimbey:** Your winner, as a result of a Disqualification - DIEGO! DE! LEON! Still your Southern Heritage champion, CURTIS! PENN! [Booya crosses Diego's arms across his chest, brings him up, and Booya Bombs him into the chair! The chair's seat snaps loose and Diego sprawls onto the mat.] **Angus:** This night just gets worse. Now we have to listen to this ASSFAG talk, AGAIN. **DDK:** Angus, Diego's back could be badly injured and you're worried about Booya talking? **Angus:** Yep, that's pretty much it. [Because Booya does indeed have a microphone.] **Booya:** WHAPARA DAYGONO WINTHA SO HER DONYA UNDERSTAND?!?! **Angus:** What... what the absolute FUCK did he just say? **DDK:** I think I caught something about the 'So Her' in there... **Booya:** THAT BELTS GONNA BE MAHN SOME DAY BUTCHU KNOW WHAT AH DONT CARE WETHER AH NEVER HOLD IT JUS SO LONG AS THAT FUKIN DWEEB LIONHAYD DON'T! **DDK:** I believe he just stated he sees Diego holding the Southern Heritage title as worse than anything else. **Booya:** Ah tell you wut we gonna do, Lionhead. Grahndhouse Canaduh. You, ME. Ah'm gonna powerbomb you so gawddamn hard you gonna be as flat as a tortilla, an we ain't NEVER gonna hear nuthin 'bout Dee-aygo bein' the Sowthern Heritayge Champion, or 'bout Dee-aygo bein' cool. [Booya rips the COOL shades off his face for effect.] **Booya:** Ah just KILLED ya right here in the MIDDLE OF THE RANG! [Deep breath, and then, the next thing that comes out of Booya's mouth sounds like a normal person said it.] **Booya:** And I'm going to kill you again at Grindhouse: CANADA, you fucking furry. [Booya spikes the microphone to the mat.] **Angus:** Right so now I hate Booya even more. Want me to list the reasons? **DDK:** No. **Angus:** First, I hate him even more than I hate Curtis Penn, which is a reason to hate him, because I hate Penn so much I hate anything that diminishes my loathing for him. **DDK:** I said. **Angus:** Second, he has now put me in the place of either routing for him, or routing for a furry. **DDK:** Angus, I- **Angus:** Third, he's a big roidfaggot homotard who is gay. **DDK:**

I said no. *GAWD*. [Cut elsewhere.]

Bitchfest

[Kelly Evans, Queen Bitch of the Defiant Universe, is sitting at her desk, a small smile on her face.] [This is a bad sign.] [Standing to her right is a somewhat familiar man. Huge, bald as a cue ball and sporting a black handlebar mustache, his arms are folded across his chest. His forearms are massive. You might recognize him as one of the two security guards assigned to tail Heidi Christenson during the 'bad time.'] **Knock Knock Knock. Kelly:** [venomous] Come right on in sweetie, the door's unlocked. [Heidi Christenson does so.] **Kelly:** First, wipe that look off your face. Immediately. You asked for a real opponent and I found you one, I expect a little bit of gratitude. [Heidi's eyes shine with murderous intent. Kelly takes a glance to the side, making sure that Samuel Grant is still standing there, which he is.] **Kelly:** Well? [Heidi closes both eyes and sighs, straining to control her temper.] **Heidi:** ...Thank you. **Kelly:** Is that all? **Heidi:**thank you, ma'am. **Kelly:** Fuckin' a. Now then. About your match. **Heidi:** What about it? I told Eric. **Kelly:** Excuse me? [Heidi looks away from Kelly and at the bodyguard standing next to her. Specifically, she looks at his belt.] [He's got a taser in a leather holster on it.] **Heidi:** I told Mister Dane that I wasn't going to try and injure people anymore. You don't have to worry about me breaking Diane Parker into pieces. Or molesting her. **Kelly:** You better not think about doing the former to anybody, because you will personally pay the salary of anybody you injure. I don't really have a problem with the latter, actually. In fact, it's sort of funny you should bring that up. Oh, speaking of which, Wendy Briese didn't want to come back to Defiance, I may have to fine you for that, but oh god, I'm rambling. [Kelly laughs. Heidi doesn't.] **Kelly:** You may not have noticed since you don't notice much, but women's wrestling is coming back into vogue. There are more female only promotions, and all the feds that are anything have women's divisions now. Look at J0lt. Now I'm willing to work with you Heidi. Defiance works hard to stay on top of the curve, and as a top name in women's wrestling, who better to be the centerpiece for a Defiance women's division? **Heidi:** We're not doing that. Not even a little bit. [Kelly smiles. Instead of answering, she reaches into a bag she had sitting next to her, and pulls out... basically a wad of white lacy fabric.] **Kelly:** We so are. And in the spirit of your new "creative direction"... [She did the air finger quotes and everything.] **Kelly:** We're making this an evening gown match. [Heidi can't help it. Her jaw drops.] **Kelly:** Put this on, and then get ready to wrestle. And no stupid bullshit like wearing your wrestling gear under it, either. [With poor grace, Heidi grabs the pile of white rags off the desk and turns to leave.] **Kelly:** And where do you think you're going? **Heidi:** To get dressed to wrestle. **Kelly:** Oh. Oh no. You aren't following me at all. I want to see you try your nice new gown that I just got you on. Princess. [Without a word, Heidi drops the dress on the floor and turns to leave. The door is locked.] **Kelly:** Yeah, you remember how there were two of these guys? I had the other one lock up as soon as you came in. Now, you have two choices. Either you put the dress on, or I'll - have the camera turned off. **Heidi:** Turn the camera off? **Kelly:** Here. Take my celly. Call Eric, and ask him who Sherri Bell is. And then ask yourself if you're sure you want the camera off. [Forget looks that could kill. If looks could do things, Kelly would be roasting inside the brass bull right now. You know, that Roman torture device that cooked you to death slowly over the course of hours? That's what would be happening to Kelly Evans if looks could do things. Clearly, Heidi has heard that story before.] [Which they can't.] [Heidi turns her back to the camera. She kicks her shoes off her feet, unbuttons her jeans, and quickly drops them, then pulls the skirt part of the white dress up as quickly as she can.] [Then she peels her T-shirt off and drops it on the floor. Remember, her back is to the camera. She quickly pulls the rest of the dress on over her head.] **Heidi:** There. [Kelly Evans is not remotely done having fun at her nemesis' expense. And more than likely she was enjoying this in that way too. In Kelly's case, it's not just a gimmick. But even she knows not to push someone too far.] [Also, if she provokes Heidi into quitting or getting herself fired, then the fun's over.] **Kelly:** Give me a little spin, princess, and then you're free to go. [Heidi turns a slow circle standing in place. Her cheeks are crimson. Her eyes are almost glazed over in fury. Kelly even flinches.] **Kelly:** Alright, get outta here. [Heidi squats to pick up her clothes and shoes, and quickly leaves.] **Kelly:** What do you think Sammy, did I go to far? **Sam:** Yes. **Kelly:** Good. **Sam:** What about the boss? He told you not to provoke her. **Kelly:** You let me worry about Eric Dane, honey, and besides, that's not even on the same map as "provocation" in my book. You just wait and see. [Cut.]

What Makes A Champion

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the FIST of DEFIANCE, EUUUUUUUGEEEEEEEEENE
DEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEYY!

[The Ginger Gaming Guru, sans his FIST title belt, steps out from behind the curtain and stomps his way down the aisle. Several fans reach out looking to slap hands with him, but he ignores all of them and rounds the ring to grab a microphone from the timekeeper.]

Angus:

Nerd Rage at 98%, catastrophic meltdown imminent!

DDK:

I don't think I've ever seen Eugene wear that expression before.

Angus:

I have, but it was after they announced Ben Affleck would be playing Batman in the upcoming movie.

[Eugene rolls into the ring to a cheer from the crowd, but he's not interested in playing to them right now. He's only got one thing on his mind, and lots to get off of his chest...]

[...Besides the obvious blood in his lungs that is.]

Eugene Dewey:

Believe it or not I'm used to having things taken from me...

[A few fans around the arena boo, knowing exactly what Eugene is alluding to already.]

Eugene Dewey:

Lunch money, killstreaks... dignity...

[A small smattering of laughter comes from some fans. Others continue to boo the subject matter. Other chant Eugene's name.]

Eugene Dewey:

But I never thought I'd have a title belt stolen from around my waist.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Now the fans are in unison. Voicing their dislike for the man who left laying in the middle of the ring on the last episode of GRINDHOUSE and walked out with his title belt.]

Eugene Dewey:

There wasn't a day that went by in Highschool where I made it to lunch with money enough to buy a bag of chips, and if I took lunch with me, Brandon Marsh was right there to take it away.

Angus:

Kid was probably just trying to help him with a much needed diet.

DDK:

Seriously?

Angus:

I'm just saying, he could've probably stood to lose a few hundred pounds.

Eugene Dewey:

I've come a long way since then, so for that shit to still be happening... It's ever so slightly pissed me off!

[The fans cheer at Eugene's uncharacteristic outburst.]

DDK:

Did Eugene just swear?

Angus:

Barely.

[Eugene pushes his glasses back up his nose before continuing.]

Eugene Dewey:

Back in Calgary, Dan Ryan took MY FIST of DEFIANCE belt and I want it back!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:

Yeah, uhhh, I think Eugene's head might have taken a knock or two in Calgary. He remembers Dan Ryan taking his belt, but seems to have forgotten the part where Ryan kicks his flabby, freckled ass.

Eugene Dewey:

Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Oh Jesus, he's going to do it.

Eugene Dewey:

Get your ass out here... **RIGHT. NOW!**

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:

Oh lord, he did it. He signed his death warrant.

DDK:

For once I actually agree with you. I don't think Eugene's in the right frame of mind, nor physical condition to go about calling out anybody. Let alone The Egobuster.

[Little time is wasted before 'Zero' by Smashing Pumpkins plays out over the PA. In the ring Eugene paces like a caged animal, waiting for the man who stole his title belt to appear from behind the curtain.]

Angus:

What's that old saying? Ask and ye shall receive?

DDK:

That's the one.

Angus:

And Eugene Dewey is about to receive another beatdown at the hands of our new FIST!

DDK:

That's not how title belts work, Angus.

[From the back emerges The Egobuster, Dan Ryan, with the FIST of DEFIANCE draped over his shoulder and a smug grin on his face.]

DDK:

It's been a long time since we last saw Dan Ryan smile.

Angus:

He's finally got what he wants, of course he's going to be happy.

[In the ring Eugene continues to pace. He gestures to Dan to come down the ramp before sitting on the ropes to hold them open.]

Dan Ryan:

If it's all the same, Eugene, I think I'll stay up here for now... after all, there'll be plenty of time for uh..... [Ryan waves a hand dismissively]pleasantries..... later tonight.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Dan Ryan:

If you don't mind my saying, you look like you've lost weight since the last time we saw each other, Eugene... About 11 pounds of it I dare say...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Dan Ryan:

I can see you're unhappy, but now you know exactly how I felt watching you leave Germany with my property. Now you know how I felt watching undeserving people like you, Chance Von Crank and Sam Turner Jr. fight over a title match that should have gone to only one person...

Me.

You shouldn't have made it out of hospital that night. You shouldn't have made it to Germany, and you certainly shouldn't have arrived on these shores holding my property... so I did what needed to be done. I took what was rightfully mine.

Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!
Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!
Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!

DDK:

These fans are letting Dan Ryan know exactly what they think about those remarks.

Angus:

Hey, Dan Ryan gave Eugene, Sam, and everyone else in DEFIANCE fair warning that nobody would be allowed a FIST shot before him.

DDK:

Who gets a title shot isn't down to Dan Ryan though, Angus.

[Eugene nods along with the crowd, pumping his fist by his side with each syllable.]

Dan Ryan: [Ryan starts mouthing along with them mockingly, "Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!" finally quieting them down] Go ahead, chant all you want. Nothing you say and nothing you do can change the fact that Dan Ryan is once again

your FIST!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Eugene Dewey:

Once again? No, Dan. You aren't-

[Almost as though he's ready for Eugene's retort, Dan Ryan cuts him off before he can make his point.]

Dan Ryan:

Aren't what? The FIST? I must be. I'm the one holding the belt after all...

[Eugene's face turns as red as his hair as Dan lifts the left off of his shoulder and high into the air.]

Dan Ryan:

You said it yourself, Eugene. This is what made you the FIST. Surely, as it's new owner, it must do the same for me?

[Eugene stares out at Dan Ryan, breathing deeply in an attempt to keep himself calm.]

Dan Ryan:

I can tell by that look on your face you understand now. You understand exactly what I've been saying. It doesn't matter who holds the gold, that alone doesn't make them champion. I am, and I will always be the rightful FIST of DEFIANCE. And unfortunately for you, Eugene, your only option is to accept that.

So if you still want to be done with me, and if you want to be done with the Blood Diamonds, walk away now. But if you want this belt back... you're going to be in for a long, painful ride.

['Zero' starts up once again as Dan Ryan lowers the FIST back to his shoulder and takes his leave. In the ring Eugene's nose, ears and eyes all shoot steam as he trembles with pent up rage.]

Angus:

Well... Eugene should consider himself lucky.

DDK:

Lucky?

Angus:

Yeah, he's not being carted out on a stretcher for the 4th consecutive show after yet another beat down from Dan Ryan... of course with the scheduled tag match coming up that's not to say that won't happen.

DDK:

You can bet Dewey's going to be chomping at the bit to get to Ryan later on tonight.

Heidi Christenson vs Diane Parker

[After one of those weird commercials on HULU where you have to pick which one you watch and then have to sit through three, we return to ringside.] **Angus:** This is going to be so good, Keebs! ["Writhe" by Kyuss hits.] [Heidi Christenson walks out of the back. Her 'evening gown' is a lacy two-piece. The top hangs off one shoulder and doesn't quite come down to her belly button. Her skirt doesn't reach halfway to her knee.] [She reaches the ring and climbs carefully up the stairs, then enters under the bottom rope instead of over the middle.] [Then "Curl of the Burl" by Mastodon starts playing.] [Diane Parker walks out, and if you were hoping for fanservice, hope again.] [She's wearing an ultra-conservative business suit that wouldn't look out of place on a nun.] [Needless to say, she doesn't seem to want to go down to the ring. She goes so slowly and stops so often that her song's over by the time she reaches ringside.] **DDK:** I don't want to comment on Kelly's treatment of Heidi lest I incur her wrath, but clearly, the deck in this match is stacked in Diane Parker's favor. She's wearing layers. Heidi's wearing decoration. **Angus:** Darren if it's alright with you I'm just going to stare and try to burn this image into the backside of my eyelids. No talky. [Diane slowly walks up the stairs and kicks off her shoes, then steps into the ring, staying as close to the ropes as possible.] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** Diane looks to be scared to death. She's been made a player in somebody else's war, and considering her wrestling pedigree I don't think she'd like the idea of a Diva's division in Defiance any more than Heidi did. [Heidi moves in. Diane shrieks and grabs the ropes.] [Brian Slater is supposed to move Heidi back here, but he doesn't seem to know quite how to handle refereeing this kind of match. He's a decent guy and doesn't particularly want to add to the embarrassment Heidi is obviously feeling, he probably even sympathizes... but he IS a guy, and his eyes keep moving around.] [Slater finally decides on grabbing Heidi by the upper arm to pull her away from the ropes.] [As soon as he does, Diane springs into action. She grabs one handful of white skirt and one handful of white blouse and yanks.] **DING! DING! DING!** [You are now looking at Heidi Christenson in her underwear. Not lingerie - she's actually wearing her undergear - a sports bra and anti-wedgie thong. Thank the lord for small favors, I guess.] **Angus:** THIS IS THE GREATEST NIGHT IN THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORT BRAIN! [Heidi looks down.] [She looks around the arena at the hooting and catcalling fans.] [She looks at BBS, who looks at the ceiling.] [And she comes to a decision.] [Kelly Evans is off limits. Diane Parker is not.] [Diane sees it coming JUST in time to get out of the ring.] **Heidi: ILLFUCKINGKILLYOU!** [Diane runs for her life. She's got a good head start, but Heidi's right on her heels as they vanish through the backstage curtains.] [Cut away.]

Is this a ratings stunt, or...?

[In Kelly Evan's office.] [Kelly has been joined by the other half of the tandem that were formerly Heidi's reverse-bodyguards, the guy with the pushbroom mustache and coif worthy of Conan, Jamie Stanley.] [They have also been joined by four other people, two men and two women. The women and one of the men are generic suits. The other man isn't actually wearing a suit, instead, a HULU T-shirt and jeans. In other words, he's so important he can show off how important he is by dressing down and getting away with it.] **Kelly:** So you see, Defiance is trying to move away from its roots as that rebel promotion. We've been touring all over the world, broadening our horizons and increasing our diversity quotient. In fact, we have an ethnic minority currently challenging for the World Title. [The suits nod and say things like "yes" and "mm-hmm" and otherwise act like suits.] **Kelly:** We've been working very hard to improve our reputation for a lack of professionalism- [The door crashes open.] **Diane Parker:** HELP!! [Opening the door must have slowed Diane down a second too much, because just after she shouts, Heidi - still wearing her ring undergear - tackles Diane from behind. They roll past the suits, knocking one of the men off his chair, and smash into the bottom of Kelly's desk, knocking over just about everything.] **Kelly:** HEY! [She's trying to act angry, but you can't mistake that malicious gloating smirk on her face for anything else.] [Heidi reaches for Diane's throat, not even noticing where she is. Diane tries to defend herself by bicycling her legs.] **Kelly:** SAM! JAMIE! DO SOMETHING! [Jamie Stanley grabs Heidi around the waist, lifts her off Diane and carries her to the far corner of the room. Diane doesn't do anything but lie there wondering if it's safe to get up.] [Heidi looks up at Jamie, elbows away from him, and looks at Kelly.] [Samuel Grant conspicuously places his hand on the taser's holster.] **Kelly:** [turning to the suits] As I was saying, we're trying to modernize Defiance and we're trying to increase professionalism, but we're getting resistance from some members of the locker room. Mostly it's not a problem, but this particular problem has a boyfriend in upper level management, so my hands are mostly tied. [She turns to Heidi.] **Kelly:** Christenson, are you so full of bloodlust you can't wait to get dressed before you go attacking people, or are you just out streaking because you love the attention? [That was the straw that broke the camel's back.] [With a shriek of fury, Heidi lunges towards Kelly.] [Unfortunately for her, Sam's a quick draw with the taser, and instead of hitting Kelly, Heidi hits the floor with a familiar payload of volts sending her nervous system haywire.] **Hulu T-Shirt Guy:** MS. EVANS! **Kelly:** What? **Guy:** We were watching the show. We saw everything that's happened between you and Heidi on this show, don't try to put the blame for this on her. HULU is not going to give increased sponsorship to a company where the staff treats its employees so badly. Candace, send a memo to Mr. Dane asking him not to call us while Kelly Evans holds an executive position, or at least until she's made efforts to make up for what she's done here. [The four suits leave.] **Kelly:** Well done, cunt. You just cost us a promotion. Hope you're happy, because that's coming out of your pay. [The shot lingers on Heidi's trembling body for a moment before returning to ringside.] **Angus:** I hope she's happy? **DDK:** You can't be serious! **Angus:** What? **DDK:** Kelly Evans is clearly trying to set Heidi up for a fall! **Angus:** Yeah. And? **DDK:** And...? And she was SPECIFICALLY warned off of Heidi by Eric Dane! **Angus:** ... [...] **Angus:** I don't see what the issue is.

The Conclave's mission statement

[Cold open to The Conclave.]

[Jacob Cassidy, Felton Bigsby and Jane Lora Katze stand in the ring. All are in their wrestling gear. Cassidy has a microphone that he taps three times.]

Cassidy:

Shut up.

BBBBBOOOOOO!!!

Cassidy:

You people might not have realized this, but there's a reason Jane Katze is on this trios team instead of Nicky Corozzo or another one of Bronson Box's students. She reports to Edward White about the team. And apparently, the fact that the Big Damn Heroes interfered in our debut match is somehow my fault.

[Jacob turns to glare at Jane. Jane gives him one of those "you are saying things and they are dumbfuck things" looks.]

Cassidy:

Box taught me that a real fighter never backs away from an opponent or a challenge. But according to White, if they're not on the Defiance roster they're not opponents and ergo, not challenges, and according to Jane, standing my ground and fighting, and expecting her to back me up, demonstrated, and I quote, a 'serious lapse in judgment that brings my leadership credentials into question.'

DDK:

Oh please. Not only were these three thrown together by Bronson Box to see if they'd stick, but now Jane Katze is running off to Edward White and tattling about them?

Angus:

Edward White **deserves** to know what his investment is getting him, Keeps. Don't you forget it.

[Jane nods smugly. Bigsby stands off to the side, trying to look intimidating. He does pretty well, but he'd look more intimidating if he weren't so obviously bewildered by the hostility between his teammates.]

Cassidy:

So I'm hereby reminding Jane that Bronson Box is the leader of the Blood Diamonds, and he said that I'm the leader of this tag team. White played his control card by forcing you into this team. But you're here, and you will respect my authority while we are in this ring!

[Jane grabs Jacob's wrist, microphone and all, to bring it to her mouth.]

Jane:

In the ring, kid. Only in the ring.

[Jacob snatches the microphone back.]

Cassidy:

And we're in the ring right now. Find your place.

[Jane smirks and steps back. You can see the mental notes being scribbled in her head.]

Cassidy:

Which brings me to the next point of business. The so-called Big Damn Heroes.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

Cassidy:

Bronson Box doesn't take kindly to people who meddle in affairs that are none of their business, and by extension, neither do Bigsby and I. And now that you're officially on the roster, you can be opponents according to the rules-endorsed terminology. So why don't you come on down?

Angus:

The set Jacob Cassidy's growing keeps getting bigger and bigger.

DDK:

Amongst other things last week, you have to figure neither Bronson nor Edward were too pleased with their young charges being on the receiving end of a strong debut by the Big Damn Heroes.

Angus:

Probably one of the understatement of the year right there. Anyone who makes their associates look bad makes THEM and the Blood Diamonds as a whole look bad.

[Cassidy stares up the ramp, expecting some song or another to burst out, but the young man is forced to wait. The crowd rumbles in anticipation, and the three members of The Conclave show visible frustration. Cassidy returns the mic to his lips.]

Cassidy:

Just as I expe...

Led Zeppelin.

"Trampled Underfoot."

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!!!

[The arena explodes as Cassidy is interrupted by the funky guitar-line of Zeppelin. The entrance is short and sweet. While the crowd gets their proverbial Led out, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy struts out onto the entrance ramp wearing a blue and gold halter top emblazoned with a white crown, blue boot-cut pants with gold stripes down the sides, and that ever-present smirk. She takes a couple steps down the ramp before pausing, taking in the positive reaction from the fans amongst a bright light show. One hand holds a mic while the other is placed on a cocked-out hip, and her brown eyes are locked on The Conclave. Her music trails off, but she makes no move to address them. So, Cassidy does.]

Cassidy:

What happened? Your two fellas too busy...

Lynyrd Skynyrd.

"Still Unbroken."

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Quite abruptly, Jacob is again interrupted, this time by the ear-crushing, countrified guitar of Lynyrd Skynyrd. A red, white, and blue light-show pulses along with the rhythm, a confederate flag waving proud on the big screen. Troy looks to her right, where the crowd separates to make way for "The Bad Dog," Wade Elliott. They cheer loudly as the Blue Collar Brawler strides forward, heavy steel-toed boots, old jeans and a gray t-shirt on his rugged frame, mic clenched in his right hand and steely-blue eyes burning holes in the trio standing in the ring.]

[Again, it's a short entrance, and Wade stops just before reaching the security wall, Skynyrd fading away and leaving only the crowd. Like Troy, Wade leaves the mic to his side, just a trademark glare to offer. Cassidy "pshaws," and

turns toward the 'Bama Bruiser.]

Cassidy:

Well, at least the idiot hillbilly decided to...

Quarashi.

"Stick em' Up."

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

[Obvious to everyone but The Conclave, the final piece to the Big Damn Puzzle arrives in spectacular fashion, a golden sea of lights and flash-bulbs drowning the arena. The Queen peers to her left, and much like Wade, the Defiance faithful part to make a path for the Underground Pimp, who struts to the ring leaving a soaking trail of swagger behind him. Heavy boots, ring shorts, and one of his very favorite Punisher t-shirts clad to a battle-worn body. Like the others, the stylings of Quarashi are short-lived, but it's plenty of time for no less than seven women to wonder why their panties are suddenly on the floor. Like his old pal Wade, Rayne stops short of the security wall, his own microphone twirling in his left hand before crossing his arms across his chest, a knowing sneer forming in front of his ever-lasting five o'clock shadow.]

Cassidy:

Alrightalrightalright, we get the damn point! Now ...

Red Light King.

"Born to Rise."

♪ We were born to riiiiise! ♪

♪ We were born to riiiiise! ♪

♪ So watcha know about sacrifice, when the lights go out! ♪

[Cassidy shows clear, angered frustration as he's once again interrupted, this time by the team's collective intro music. "Big Damn Heroes," in awesome, super-hero writing slams to the front of the screen. A fantastic light display whirls through the building, a mix of the colors of each of the members of BDH. The Queen strides toward the ring, while Wade and Rayne climb over the security walls and walk toward the bottom of the ramp to meet up with the Lady of the Hour. They convene just in front of the ring, crowd erupting, and simultaneously climb the apron/stairs. Troy gracefully steps through the ropes, while Wade steps over the top. Rayne, in classic Golden Boy style, springs over the top with perfect balance as the chorus hits, the three staring down their counterparts.]

♪ We are the ones who were born to riiiiise! ♪

♪ We are the ones with the fire insiiiiide!! ♪

♪ I go to war with the brothers I trust, ♪

♪ and there ain't no stoppin' us! ♪

♪ There ain't no stoppin us! ♪

♪ We are the ones who will bring the raaaain! ♪

♪ We are the ones who will break the chaaaain!! ♪

♪ I go to war with the brothers I trust, ♪

♪ and there ain't no stoppin' us! ♪

♪ There ain't no stoppin us! ♪

["Born to Rise" cuts off after the second stanza, leaving the arena buzzing from the fans' excitement. Bigsby remains unmoved, but his eyes lock with Wade's and the 'Bama Bruiser returns his glare with one of his own. Jane Katze looks perturbed with the big song and dance put on by the Heroes, and she's glaring at Lindsay Troy. Troy's not looking at her, though. She's set her eyes on Jacob Cassidy, as does Tyler Rayne, because Jacob looks like he's about ready to go off into orbit with the amount of anger he's giving off. Clenched fists. Taunt muscles. Deep scowl. Ragged breaths.]

Angus:

Took them damn near long enough.

DDK:

The welcome parade the Big Damn Heroes are leading keeps right on rolling along, Angus. And Jacob Cassidy is fit to be tied because of it.

[It looks like everything's about to come to blows real quick. Rayne decides to help matters along. Just a little.]

Tyler Rayne:

So, Cartman, you were saying something about authority and the respect of it? Feel free to continue since we've got the gang all here.

Cassidy:

Well now that your little parade is over, maybe we can...

Wade Elliott: [interrupting]

See, I told y'all this little shit would just run his fuckin' mouth. I say we cut th'shit an' hand 'em another ass-kickin' or be on our god-damn merry.

RAAAHHHHH!

[The crowd goes ape-shit for one last interruption via the Bad Dog, leaving The Conclave ready to explode. Bigsby has had enough, stepping forward and shoving a hard palm into Wade's chest. The 'Bama Bruiser generally does not take kindly to such things, and steps real close to bearded big man.]

Wade Elliott:[growling]

I'd watch where ya put that hand, boy. I'm damn sure ya ain't prepared t' LOSE it.

[The two big men stare each other down, noses nearly touching. Eventually, the more sensible participant in this little dance puts a hand on Wade's chest, an attempt to diffuse what could easily be a pretty wild slugfest.]

Lindsay Troy:

Easy, Wade. There's plenty of time for that.

[Wade and Felton give each other one last once over to flex their masculinity before taking a couple steps away from each other, keeping the "peace." For now.]

Cassidy:

Like I was saying, Bronson Box is of the opinion that people who stick their noses where they don't belong are people who need to be taught a lesson to. As the leader of this team, I agree with him.

[With a smile, The Queen turns back to Cassidy.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm surprised Bronson Box found the time to think about anything besides how many raging bitchfits he's going to pitch in the locker room this week.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

I'm not sure Lindsay Troy knows just what she's saying and who she's saying it about.

Angus:

Who cares? Anyone who's willing to talk shit about that little mustachioed hobbit is someone I'm willing to hear out.

Even if it means he goes HAM on her later.

Lindsay Troy:

If you want to blow Box's sunshine out your ass, you go right ahead. Do it until you're blue in the face. But it seems to us, and trust me when I tell you we didn't just fall off the pickup truck yesterday, like you spend more time arguing with these two jamokes [points to Jane and Felton] than you do actually doing something resembling wrestling.

Tyler Rayne:

So you beat up a few dudes last week and wanted to make a statement so someone'd hang it on their fridge, clap you on the back and say "Job Well Done?" Shit, kid, we weren't lookin' for anyone's approval to do what we did last week. Don't need it, as a matter of record. We just went out and did it, 'cause we **can**. Best part? We're not in some dog house waiting for master to hit us with a rolled-up newspaper for fuckin' anythin' up. Unlike you.

Wade Elliott:

Hell, ya wanna run with the big dogs then ya better stop pissin' like a puppy.

[Jane Katze, not pleased with Jacob's inability to get this situation under control nor Felton's decision to mainly hang back and observe, steps forward and rips the microphone from Cassidy's hand.]

Jane Katze:

You three [points to the Heroes] have got a lot to learn about your place in the grand DEFIANCE scheme of things. Mainly, that one sneak attack doesn't mean shit AND that when it comes right down to it, we are your, and everyone else's, **BETTERS** because that's what being a member of the Blood Diamonds IS. **PERIOD**. And we'll be more than happy to show you.

Tyler Rayne:

[Laughing] Well, would you look at that. Someone knows how to use her mouth for something more than sucking.

Wade Elliott:

[Becoming impatient and addressing Jane] Quit singin' yer song, darlin.' That or git one've these chicken-shits t' toughen-up an' take a swing!

Lindsay Troy:

Do ya one better, Wade. Over/Under on how fast I'll have Jane on her face eating canvas. Three seconds? Four? Doesn't seem like she's got the stamina to hang with me for longer than that.

[Cue it up: "The Bad Touch" by the Bloodhound Gang.]

Angus:

It's about to get SLEEZAY UP IN HURRRR! All it takes is one half of one lesbian innuendo and my three favorite dudes this side of Team Danger are on the scene!

♪ Do it now ♪
♪ You and me baby ain't nothin' but mammals ♪
♪ So let's do it like they do on the Discovery Channel ♪
♪ Do it again now ♪
♪ You and me baby ain't nothin' but mammals ♪
♪ So let's do it like they do on the Discovery Channel ♪
♪ Gettin' horny now ♪

DDK:

I don't think any music could possibly be more appropriate for these three...

Angus:

I think the word you're looking is Sexual Deviants Keeps.

DDK:

Yeah, okay, that.

[Leading the trio out is Rich Mahogany, heart-shaped shades hiding his baby-blue eyes, a mauve neckerchief wrapped elegantly around his neck, and a turquoise sequined banana-hammock covering the business, strides his way about a quarter of the way down the ramp. The Sweet Corporate Dolphin and "Dapper" Don Hollywood follow him out, somewhat reluctantly, but they match his pace none-the-less.]

[Rich produces a microphone from Christ knows where.]

Mahogany:

Weeeeell, weeeeeeeeeeeellllllll... Well!

[He gets a decidedly mixed reaction.]

Mahogany:

I see we've got a bunch of dudes nobody gives a shit about and my two favorite wrestlers not named Heidi or Clair up there arguin' about Buddha knows what...

[He gets a mini-pop for that one.]

Mahogany:

And it occurred to Ye Olde Richmeister, that since Lindsay Troy let me get to second base last week and we're pretty much going steady now, that I should come out here and get her out of everybody's way and back into the kitchen makin' me a fish sam'mich!

[It's here that "Suite" Pete Whealdon pokes his face over Rich's shoulder and adds his thoughts on the matter.]

Whealdon:

If nobody's called the ugly one, I hear she has a pretty good Leg-Scissor Hold. I just want to say that if nobody else is willing, yanno, or able to hold the chunks back, I'll scissor with her!

[Don Hollywood almost gags. Rich cheeses. Pete makes eyes at Jane. Jacob's glaring at the ACX while Tyler and Lindsay glance at each other - both trying to decide if it serves a better purpose to take out Hollywood, Mahogany, and Whealdon first or the Conclave.]

[Before they can reach a conclusion, a decision is made for them.]

[Felton Bigsby punches Wade Elliott in the face. Hard. What this succeeds in doing is breaking the weird tension from that piece of an Angel City eXXXpress promo. Unfortunately that's also where things started to break down. What happens next is that Wade no-sells the punch like a champ. He smiles wide like the Cheshire Cat as Tyler Rayne comes flying in with a Leg Lariat that sends Bigsby sprawling.]

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

[Rich drops his microphone and he and his ACX brethren charge the ring, sliding in under the bottom rope and popping up into the fray.]

Angus:

ITS THREE ON THREE ON THREE! IT'S PANDEMONIUM!

[Rayne turns to address the charging Angel City eXXXpress after sending Bigsby back a few paces. Wade spits on the mat in response to the sucker-punch before barreling forward, spearing Bigsby viciously and quickly mounting him,

laying down a hurricane of big right hands to the side of his head. He's amazed when Bigsby stands, holding him, and spears him into the corner.]

Angus:

Man I love watching big dudes like Bigsby and Elliott wail on each other.

DDK:

Incidentally, please excuse Jeff if he spells Elliott's name with one T by mistake, that shit's driving him nuts already.

Angus:

Man fuck that dude, always making me say embarrassing shit.

[Shit be broken down all over the place. Troy savate kicks Cassidy in the face, Cassidy falls into the turnbuckle, but as she tries to follow up, Jacob does the old slip between the ropes and do a teeter-totter enzuigiri bit. Don and Rich both decide it's easier to tackle Rayne to the mat instead of messing about with the brawl between Bigsby and Elliott. This leaves Pete Whealdon to take Jane over with a headlock and just let her put him in a headscissor - at which point he realizes that this isn't as fun as it seemed before he tried it and starts choking and thrashing. Don comes to his aid, and Rayne starts fighting Rich back with roundhouse kicks. A standing hook kick to the head has Rich wobbling, but before Rayne can land a knockout strike Rich kicks him in the balls.]

DDK:

And since this hasn't officially turned into a match there's nothing stopping Rich Mahogany from getting away with that! DDT on Rayne no countered with a northern lights, no Rich is struggling!

[Elliott Irish whips Bigsby across the ring, only he instead plows into Rayne and Rich. As the three of them fall down, Troy springboards and takes Hollywood out with a springboard dropkick. Jane judo throws Pete to the mat and works some scissorlock or other on him. Cassidy, though, showing that opportunism that he's learned under Box's tutelage, grabs Rayne and hits him with a Facewaster, and then hits Rich with a Facewaster! Before he can enjoy his work and look proud of himself, Elliott knocks him flying with the Southern Hospitality lariat!]

[Elliott turns around, only to catch a running shoulder from Bigsby that knocks him into the ropes and then clear of the ring! Bigsby follows up, Elliott is ready for him outside and knocks his head into the announce table.]

Angus:

Security! SECURITY! I don't want to have to sit at a crap folding table with an uncomfortable chair all night! STOP ALL THIS FROM HAPPENING HELLLLLPPP!!!!

[Wyatt Bronson and the DEFsec squad are out in seconds. They start by dogpiling the two big men away from each other. Cassidy collects himself and pulls Jane out of the ring with him, they collect Bigsby from the security.]

DDK:

It broke down at ringside, but the Conclave is heading for higher ground, the ACX are down, and the Big Damn Heroes are again standing tall in the ring!

[Troy points up the ramp at Cassidy. Cassidy yells back at her.]

[Fade.]

Aleczander vs Sam Horry

Angus:

I'm not a fan of the goody two shoes types, not really, but I kinda like these Big Damn Heroes guys when they're not trying to destroy my announce table. I mean, all that chaos is pure Defiance, kna-mean?

DDK:

The Big Damn Heroes sure haven't taken long to make their presence felt here in Defiance, and it's just as well they showed up when they did, because anything that helps the Blood Diamonds tip the balance of power on the scales like The Conclave did is bad news for Defiance. But enough of that for now, because we've got another match coming up straightaway!



DDK:

This next match is definitely going to be a fight. Team HOSS have staked a claim as the #1 Contenders to the World Trios Tag Team Titles currently held by Hookers N Blow, but it seems that since Junior Keeling declared war on the champs, they've gone on the offensive. Ty Walker pulled it out in a squeaker last week over Capital Punishment. And earlier tonight... well, Junior Keeling found himself with something more yellow than just his spine.

Angus:

As much as I do not approve of Team HOSS messing with MUH BOY-EE TY, they should probably quit while they're ahead, that's why he ended up with paint exploding all over himself! And I told you Ty could beat Cappy, didn't I?

DDK:

Yes, after you switched teams more times than I cared to count on commentary.

Angus:

Stifle your tongue, Keeps! Speak ill of Ty or the HOSS and you will disappear...

DDK:

Sigh Anyway, coming up next, we've got Aleczer the Great going one-on-one with the shooter Sam Horry. This one is a definite clash of styles as The Mancunian Muscle has the power advantage, but Horry has that straight-ahead striking style. Team HOSS almost hit that triple powerbomb combination on Walker post-match had it not been for Horry and Matthews coming to his aid, so let's see what these two can do.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this match is scheduled for one fall! Coming to the ring... Hailing from QUEENS, NEW YORK... Standing at 6 feet 1 inches tall and weighing in at 234 pounds... He is one-third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions... He is the AYCH. EN. EYE. SEE... SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMM HOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRY!

♪ We still hustle 'til the sun come up ♪

♪ Crack a 40 when the sun go down ♪

♪ It's a cold winter ♪

♪ Y'all niggaz better bundle up ♪

[Rolling out from behind the curtain, Sam Horry steps into the Rexall Place, only briefly stopping at the mouth of the aisle to take in the view of the arena and the crowd through the sleeveless, black, hooded towel that shrouds his head and face. He raises his portion of the heralded Trios Tag Team Titles for all to see and the cousin to Ty Walker has his game face on.]

♪ And I bet it be a hotter summer, grab a onion ♪

♪ Yes the ROC gets down, you hot now, listen up ♪

♪ Don't you know cops' whole purpose is to lock us down? ♪

♪ And throw away the key ♪

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

♪ But without this drug shit your kids ain't got no way to eat, huh? ♪

♪ We still try to keep Mom...smilin'... ♪

♪ Cuz when the teeth stop showin' and the stomach start growlin' ♪

♪ Then the heat start flowin' ♪

♪ If you from the hood I know you feel me ♪

[Entering the ring, he removes his entrance garb, and tosses the towel to the ring attendant as he moves to his corner and awaits the arrival of his massive opponent.]

[The music faded out and gave way to "Does It Offend You Yeah?" by We Are Rockstars. The crowd's reaction changed to jeers as the muscleman for Team HOSS made his way out. Junior Keeling was at his side, patting the big man on the back as the British Faux-hawk sporting Aleczander flexed his muscles at the top of the stage. To make matters worse...Keeling brought out the other monsters...the rugged veteran Capital Punishment and the tremendously-sized rookie Angel Trinidad were on either side. Team HOSS at full force. Junior had himself a shower since then and was not wearing his expensive suit, but rather was wearing a generic DEFIANCE t-shirt and track pants that looked a little big on him. He limped to the ring holding up the pants while Horry watched on, not surprised that Aleczander brought the whole crew with him.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Manchester, England, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling, Capital Punishment and Angel Trinidad... weighing 268 pounds... ALECZANDER THE GREAT!

[The four men stomp towards to the ring as Junior Keeling barks orders at Aleczander to take out The HNIC. The Mancunian Muscle likes what he's hearing and jumps on the apron Brock Lesnar-style before climbing into the ring. He flexes his muscles one more time before referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.]

Angus:

Uh-oh, not good...

DDK:

No, wait!

[Sure enough as it happens, Ty Walker and Ryan Matthews immediately rush down the aisle to the aid of their teammate and fellow champion as they each take the side of The HNIC. Horry looks a little more confident now and shoots an all-knowing smirk to Aleczander the Great, who just scoffs in his direction. The Big Brit isn't impressed by the appearance of the full force of HNB and now all sides are even now.]

DDK:

HNB aren't going to let this slide. Team HOSS are seething right now, but HNB are looking out for their own.

[Aleczonder mockingly approaches Horry only for the Trios Tag Team Champion to eschew that in favor of a straight-on assault! He goes right for the muscle-bound pretty boy's face and tees off on him with a series of big jabs that take him off his game! Aleczander tries to get his big arms up, but the much quicker Hory lets the shots fly!]

Angus:

Shit, Horry ain't here to play tonight!

DDK:

No, he isn't! He has to stick and move against Aleczander if he's going to win!

[The beatings continue as Horry quickly backs him into the corner with a series of lightning-fast punching jabs to the face to back The Big Brit. Aleczander tries to throw a couple big shots of his own, but Horry ducks a wild left and a wilde right in order to throw a few good kicks into the chest! The Team HOSS member is hurt now as he backs him into the ropes and elbows him in the face several times. Aleczander pushes him back a few steps and charges right at Horry, but he quickly recovers...]

DDK:

ROTATING BELLY TO BELLY! HORRY JUST TOOK ALECZANDER TO THE MAT!

[And a quick cover follows!]

[ONE!]

[TWO... NO!]

DDK:

He almost caught him with that right away!

Angus:

Well, Aleczander is going to learn a hard lesson about how tough Horry is! He's gonna rough him up some more!

[Indeed Horry does as he continues to bring the pain to Aleczander with another hard barrage of targeted elbows trying to ruin the good looks of the chiseled chin of The Big Brit. Aleczander The Great manages to roll him over and throw a couple rights of his own, but the more experienced striker takes two good shots to deliver one of his own sending him back a few steps.]

[On the outside, Walker and Matthews are cheering on one-third of the champions as he continues his offensive flurry by clinching Aleczander in a Rear Waistlock and striking him with a series of overhand rights to the head. Aleczander heads to the safety of the ropes as Cappy and Angel each look on while an irate Junior Keeling holds his pants up. When The Mancunian Muscle gets to the ropes, Benny Doyles has no choice but to make Horry let go. He does so willingly, but he doesn't see the cheap elbow coming until it's too late!]

DDK:

And that Aleczander is a powerhouse first, but a very skilled cheater second! He caught Horry with that nasty elbow to the head!

Angus:

HOSS GONNA SMASH NOW!

[A wide smile crosses the face of Team HOSS's British contingent now as he pushes Horry into the ropes. He launches the fighter off the ropes and waits for him to come back so he can hit a big power move only for Horry to

leapfrog over him and keep running. When The Big Brit turns around, he gets BLASTED in the chest with a Front Push Kick that is powerful enough to knock him on his ass! With the wind knocked out of him, he rolls over and tries a second cover on Aleczander.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... NO!]

DDK:

I can't say that I'm surprised that Horry has come out swinging and he's just taken the fight to Aleczander The Great from the get-go!

Angus:

Horry is tough, alright. I mean, he ain't TY, but he can get it done in between the ropes!

[Horry only continues to fight with some more rights until Aleczander once again heads to the sanctity of the ropes for salvation from the oncoming fists and feet of the HNIC. Horry backs off as Aleczander has Benny Doyle in between him to keep the peace. Aleczander protests with him about closed fists while Junior Keeling adds his two cents.]

Keeling:

CLOSED FIST, YOU DUMB FAGBASKET! COME ON! PAY ATTENTION, SHITHEAD!

Angus:

Well, I think it's safe to say that HNB got under his skin, would you agree?

DDK:

I would, yes. Aleczander did the smart thing and created some distance between HNB's striker. They put out the challenge on Twitter, so I don't see why Aleczander is cowering now!

[The Big Brit stands near the ropes when Horry has had enough of his bullshit. The fighter charges only for Aleczander to try and take him over the ropes with a Back Body Drop! That doesn't work out too well, however, because Horry has managed to land on his feet on the ring apron. He turns and delivers a big right hand to the face of The Big Brit only to back him up a step. Cappy comes by to take a swipe at Horry only for the fighter to kick back and keep the Elder HOSS at bay. Walker and Matthews are about to step in between them and a standoff ensues at ringside, but Horry doesn't see Aleczander BLAST him with a big Clothesline!]

DDK:

OUCH! Horry got caught up in the action and that was all Aleczander needed in order to get him down. What's he setting him up for now?

[Aleczander has Horry up and stands himself on the second rope as he tries to pull Horry up with him. The other members of HNB can only watch angrily as he POWERS him up into an INCREDIBLE Deadlift Suplex over the top rope and all the way back into the ring! It was incredibly astounding strength on display from The Big Brit, but he pulled it off!]

Angus:

JAY-ZUS! That's some goddamn power right there!

DDK:

That is so true! Sam Horry is no small man, but Aleczander may be pound-for-pound the strongest member of Team HOSS!

[The crowd is completely blown away with the strength of the Mancunian Muscle as he kneels over the fallen body of

Horry and lets out a loud roar, proud of his feet of strength! He then rolls over and makes the lateral press on Sam.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... KICK OUT!]

DDK:

I'm surprised that didn't get the win, but the ball is definitely in the court of Team HOSS now.

Angus:

Aleczander is a big guy and I don't think there's just about anybody that's just muscle on top of muscle stacked like he is. This dude is J-J-J-J-JACKED.

[After Horry's shoulder leaves the mat, Aleczander gets a bit vicious himself and throws a flurry of his own heavy rights in order to wear down the fallen Trios Tag Team Champion. A few more good shots continue until Benny Doyle orders him to back off. Aleczander The Great complies with his order only to stand up and blast him in the jaw with a nice European Uppercut.]

[Sam had a lot taken out of him by the Deadlift Superplex, but he continues to fight back anyway by throwing a quick barrage of body shots to the Big Brit. He runs off the ropes to follow up with his attack, but Aleczander is waiting and grabs him by the body only to THROW him menacingly overhead with a Belly to Belly of his own, possibly as a receipt from earlier on in the match!]

DDK:

DAMN! That's gruesome strength on display by Aleczander The Great! He's wrestling a good game here tonight and taking down Horry with power move after power move!

Angus:

He sure is! He's been trucking Horry down and it doesn't matter how many times he can hit - he can't take many more of those moves from Aleczander.

[Another cover from Aleczander.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR... KICK OUT!]

[Another kickout by Horry and the crowd goes wild while everybody in the Team HOSS camp pensively looks on. Matthews and Walker are much more verbal now and start cheering on their comrade with Ty slapping the ring apron, trying to get the fans vested in his cousin's bid to stick it to Team HOSS. Horry is at the mercy of a particularly merciless Aleczander as he whips him off into the corner. He runs across the opposite side only to come back with a nasty Body Avalanche in the corner. He then runs off the corner and pulls Horry with him...]

Angus:

SHOT AT LOVE! HE PUT SOME STANK ON THAT ONE!

[The crowd is impressed with these displays of power by Aleczander as he nearly takes Horry out of his boots with an Explosive Running Shoulder Tackle! Horry spins around from the impact and collides with the mat while a game Aleczander laughs in the direction of the other HNB members. He walks over and daps fists with both Junior and Angel while Capital Punishment silently watches. After he takes some time to celebrate, the Mancunian Muscle makes the crawl over to the fallen body of Horry before rolling him over and hooking the leg this time.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE.... NO!]

Keeling:

OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE! THAT WAS THREE, YOU ASSHAT!

DDK:

Keeling is just all over Benny Doyle, but he needs to stop running his mouth. It's gotten him into nothing but trouble ever since he got this feud going with the members of Hookers N Blow!

Angus:

Please, my boy Ty knows exactly what he's doing here! Mama didn't raise no sucka!

[Sam is just barely able to get the shoulder off the mat after such a big shot, but Aleczander has him right where he wants him. He starts to pummel Horry with a few good shots followed by a big European Uppercut to knock him back down to the ground. Aleczander starts to ascend the second rope now and raised a big fists for the crowd. The Big Brit even kisses his bicep before he flies...

MISSES!]

DDK:

OOF! He tried that flying elbow drop off the second rope, but Horry had the wherewithal to move! He needs to get back on the offensive quickly!

Angus:

And Darren needs to stop reading from the big book of Stating the Goddamn Obvious!

[Sam Horry rolled away from the corner and started to use the ropes to pull himself back to his feet. Aleczander had been in control for a little while, but his body was hurting all over after the series of massive power moves as he starts to get back to a vertical base. Aleczander is off on the other side of the ring and bided his time until he got back to his feet after the bad landing.]

[Aleczander brings it with a right. Sam Horry brings it right back with a kick to the leg. Aleczander with a right. And Sam with a right kick. Aleczander with a left. Sam Horry with a right. Aleczander with a left. Sam Horry with a right. It's a fight, it's a fight, head-bussa, head-bussa. Eventually, Sam ducks a blind shot from Aleczander and he goes after the big man with a couple more kicks to the leg with an intent to hurt him and get The Mancunian Muscle off his base.]

Angus:

Look at this dude go! Fists of fury and all that shit!

DDK:

He didn't come to play tonight!

[Horry tries a whip only for Aleczander to try and reverse it. Horry stops that and catches Aleczander with a big Low Spinning Kick to the gut of the Big Brit. When he catches him with the move, he comes back and sets him up...]

DDK:

HEAD AND ARM SUPLEX! THAT'S SOME STRENGTH, BUT HE GOT IT!

[Horry with the cover now!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE... NO!]

[The entire Team HOSS clan are on the outside right now looking nervous for their ally while Walker and Ryan Matthews each clap on the turnbuckle and root for their friend as the battle continues. Horry leads the bigger man to his feet and nails another shot to the throat that backs Aleczonder up. He's going for it and when Aleczonder tries to swing again, he ducks... REAR NAKED CHOKE!]

DDK:

HE HAS THAT CHOKE CLINCHED IN! ALECZANDER NEEDS TO GET TO THE ROPES QUICKLY!

Angus:

Horry just may get Aleczonder here, I don't believe this!

[Indeed he is punishing the Mancunian Muscle as he scrambles around frantically trying to get his way out. He charges to the ropes and quickly reaches out, making it as the crowd started to boo that he has to release the hold. Horry reluctantly does so and he changes up his game as Aleczonder is now worn out from the effects of the choke. Aleczonder is down and it looks like Horry is signaling for his signature Street Sweeper finisher. When he's about to make his move, Angel Trinidad suddenly charges ot the other side of the ring and shoves Ty Walker!]

Angel:

GOT YOU, BOY! YEAH!

[Ryan Matthews doesn't take that shit so he goes right for Angel Trinidad and the two begin slugging it out on the outside as Keeling runs over and tries to get in the skirmish! Horry is focused on Aleczonder as he starts to rise... THWACK!]

Angus:

WHOA! CAPPY JUST WHACKED SAM HORRY WITH THAT BATON! AWESOME!

DDK:

That's the very same retractable Baton he used on Diego de Leon to win that feud over TexMex Holiday back in Germany! That fight on the outside with Angel and Ryan is still going on and Benny Doyle was caught in that!

[Horry crumbles to a knee after the cheap shot from behind which allows Aleczonder to capitalize. He pulls Horry to his feet and powers him up...]

Angus:

ALECZANDER WINS THE MATCH! AHAHAHAHAHA!

DDK:

...Can you just pick a damn side?!

[Walker is wide-eyed as he gets to his feet again and tries to help out Matthews while on the inside, Aleczonder crawls over and hooks Horry's leg.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

DDK:

He damn sure didn't do it by himself, but Aleczander gets Team HOSS some payback for last week and for earlier! That distraction by Angel Trinidad paid off!

DQ:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **ALE CZANDER!**

[Walker has seen enough and he charges into the ring, jumping on Aleczander with some stiff shots of his own! On the outside, Ryan Matthews tries to pick off the much bigger Trinidad, but the Rookie Monster powers him up and SLAMS him viciously into the steel steps on the outside!]

Angus:

HOSS SMASH!

DDK:

IT'S CHAOS OUT HERE! KEELING'S DIRECTING TRAFFIC AND NOW TEAM HOSS ARE IN THE RING! CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND ANGEL TRINIDAD NOW GO AFTER TY WALKER AND SAVE THEIR FRIEND!

[Keeling is barking orders like a man possessed! Walker is still attacking Aleczander, but he gets the leader of the HNB with a big Eye Rake! He is stunned now and stumbles back into the grip of a big Capital Punishment and an even bigger Angel Trinidad who each take an arm... DOUBLE CRUCIFIX POWERBOMB TO TY WALKER!]

Angus:

...Eep.

DDK:

Team HOSS can't take any of this any more! They just took down Sam Horry, Ryan Matthews is hurt on the outside and they just DRILLED Ty Walker with that Double-Team Crucifix Bomb! Team HOSS are finally standing tall over HNB tonight... OH, LORD!

[What Darren is referring to is Junior Keeling collecting each of the Trios Tag Team Titles from ringside while the members of Hookers and Blow are laid out near ringside. Aleczander is limping to his feet from the match he had with Sam Horry, but he raises the belt over his head. Cappy and Angel each take one and pose with the belts overhead in unison as the crowd BOOS... they have just laid out Hookers N Blow and sent a powerful message to the Trios Tag Team Champions.]

Keeling:

YOUR NEXT CHAMPIONS! LOOK AT THAT SHIT! THAT'S THE NEAR FUTURE COMING UP! THEY ARE YOUR NEXT WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, YOU HEAR ME?!

[Even though the message is being delivered by a man walking around holding up his pants with one hand, the message is still loud and clear as Team HOSS drops the belts on the fallen bodies of Ty Walker and his cousin Sam Horry. They want the belts and they had the strength and the ruthlessness to make it happen.]

[Cut away.]

Streakbreaker

[Backstage, Curtis Penn is plodding down a corridor, as much as a man of his stature can plod. He carries the Southern Heritage championship belt in one hand, a scowl on his face, and the need to express his thoughts on the night's earlier events.] [This is when Lance Warner comes trotting up from the other direction, cameraman in tow and microphone in hand.] **Lance Warner:** Curtis- [Penn isn't having it, he snatches the mic from the intrepid broadcaster and pushes him square in the chest.] **Curtis Penn:** Take a walk. [Warner hesitates.] **Curtis Penn:** I SAID TAKE A WALK! [He does. The champion addresses the camera.] **Curtis Penn:**(spoken through gritted teeth.) Tour after tour, week after week I have taken everyone that was thrown at me and I've trounced them. Name after name I have beaten them and continued to keep the Southern Heritage Title around my waist and remain unbeaten. And now... [He pinches the bridge of his nose and takes a quick huff of a breath.] **Curtis Penn:** NOW, thanks to you Jonny FIVEHEAD Booya there is a black mark on my perfect record. MY **PERFECT** FUCKING RECORD! And now that black MARK is a notch in the belt of the Cowardly Fucking Lion! And it's all in thanks to you Jonny Booya. YOUFUCKINGNIMRODMOTHERFUCKINGPUNKASS! THAT WAS UNCOOL! SO FUCKING WHAT LION-O PUNKED YOU OUT! YOU WALK AROUND LIKE A FUCKING SPACE CADET, IF YOU HAD HALF A FUCKING BRAIN YOU'D BE DANGEROUS! IF I EVER CATCH YOU IN MY RING OR IN THE FUCKING ARENA I'M GONNA TEAR OFF YOUR ARM AND BACKHAND YOU IN THE FACE WITH IT! **YOUHEARMEBOY!?** [Penn takes a deep breath, brings the mic down, and exhales.] **Curtis Penn:** I came into Defiance at a time when it was in need of a villain, an Asshole, a role that I think I've succeeded in filling. I've filled it so thoroughly that I have a shit-list that I can stack to the ceiling, I'm always under attack, so what that I'm the biggest jerk on planet Earth, none of you will ever be able to touch me. I have beaten you people in singles matches and two on one matches; I have earned my title since October. Every time I step into the ring you're assuming that I'm a human, what is it that I have to do to prove to you that I'm superhuman? How many of you do I have to silence before you all understand I'm a million leagues above you and you're never going to catch up to me! I'm a fucking legend... a Southern. Heritage. Legend. [Penn shoulders the strap, snorts, and walks on down the hall.] [Back to ringside.] **Angus:** He should be find for putting his hands on Lance Warner. **DDK:** For once, I agree with you... **Angus:** Or, and this could be better, let's just fire him and blackball him from the business. [Keebler rolls his eyes.]

One on one interview with Mike Bell

[The scene cuts from ringside to the backstage area where Lance Warner is seated across a round table from Mike Bell. Lance in a suit and tie, while The Natural is dressed in slacks and a dress shirt. As Lance reaches across the table to shake hands, he starts the interview with a bit of pleasantries.]

Warner:

Mike, welcome to the show.

[Extending his hand as well, the two shake.]

Bell:

Thanks Lance. It's a pleasure to be here.

[With that out of the way, Lance plays with his tie slightly before diving into the first question.]

Warner:

Mike, I guess the question that is on everyone's mind is. Why Defiance Wrestling? Out of any place you could have gone, you chose Defiance Wrestling. Why?

[The question probably should have caught Bell of guard, but instead, he was prepared. It was as if Mike knew that eventually, Lance would get to it. So it came as a relief knowing that it came sooner, rather than later.]

Bell:

Well Lance, the answer is simple. When Eric Dane calls, you sit up and take notice. When Eric Dane calls, you don't question the madness, you simply look at the opportunity presented and you jump on the first flight to Defianceville.

Warner:

But Eric Dane? Mike there was quite a history between the two of you back in the day. How were you able to just forget about everything and come back as if nothing happened?

[Hmm, a very good question. So much that Bell leans back, searching for the right words to put it all into the proper perspective.]

Bell:

You know Lance, and good question by the way. I guess it's safe to say that you never truly get over some of the things that took place. But, Eric and I were able to sit down and discuss those issues and well, let's just say that it is behind us now.

Warner:

Care to touch on that further?

Bell:

Not really. Just know that we've discussed it and it's behind us.

Warner:

Fair enough. What about Kelly Evans and Tyrone Walker? Were you able to talk to them, and put those issues behind you as well?

[The facial expression changes slightly. Yes, Mike and Tyrone have *bumped* into each other briefly, but the issues were far from resolved. As far as Kelly Evans, Mike has gone out of his way to avoid her.]

Bell:

Let's just say that Ty and I have have spoken briefly since my return. However, there have been no words spoken between Ms. Evans and myself.

Warner:

Mike, do you plan on...

[Sensing the conversation is about to turn towards Kelly Evans, Mike becomes uncomfortable and voices his thoughts on going to another subject.]

Bell:

How about we talk about Dusty Griffith and his situation with Edward White instead?

[Realizing that in so many words, Mike has drawn a line that isn't to be crossed. Lance takes the hint.]

Warner:

Okay, we can discuss....

Bell:

Good, because that's what I really want to talk about.

Warner:

I see. Okay, how has teaming with Dusty been? I mean, is it anything like some of the all time greats that you've teamed with?

Bell:

You know, everybody brings something different to wrestling. But it is the guys who can take bits and pieces from those who influence them the most, that end up making huge splashes in this sport. Take Dusty for instance. He was trained by Jason Ramsey, a good personal friend of mine and look at what that training has done for him.

[As Mike continues to talk about Dusty, you can see a smile forming on his face.]

Bell:

As far as I'm concerned, Dusty has got to be one of the top guys here in Defiance, bar none. He's carved himself out a niche here in the industry and I see nothing but good things for him. Now granted he's run into a stumbling block in the form of Edward White. But Dusty has more than shown himself capable to take it to White and his merry little band up screw ups. Especially with the backup that he's got here.

Warner:

Speaking of backup, you've been there the past couple of shows to catch his back. Drawing the ire of not only Edward White, but Nicky Corrozo as well. Nicky even went as far as to make....

Bell:

Oh yes, the old jokes again. Well as true as that might have been, his opinion changed rather quickly when this old man was laying the boots to him. You see Lance, what Nicky doesn't realize is this. He can call me a has-been all he wants to, but that has no sting coming from a never was like him. When I look at those comments from Nicky, I'm reminded of one constant fact.

Warner:

And that is?

Bell:

While Nicky Corrozo is here only because of Edward White. I'm here because Eric Dane personally picked up the phone and called me. So you see Nicky, in the grand scheme of things. You don't even qualify as a pimple on the ass of this great sport, while me, after all this time out of the ring, can still whip your ass anytime that I want.

Warner:

Kind of staying on the subject, Dusty will be teaming with Eugene Dewey to take on Edward White and Dan Ryan. Knowing what you know about White...

[The smile quickly disappears and is replaced with a look of seriousness. As dangerous as White is, that danger gets amplified with the addition of Dan Ryan.]

Bell:

You know Lance, I will be watching this match with a ton of interest. I know that White is too scared to face Dusty without having an angle, so I will be close by, just in case. That way, if any of White's cronies get happy feet and decide to interfere. I'll be sure to come down with the first equalizer that I can get my hands on.

Warner:

I'm sure you will if the situation calls for it. Thanks again Mike, and hopefully we can do this again sometime.

[Nodding his head and standing from his chair, Mike leaves little doubt as to what his answer will be.]

Bell:

Just let me know when and where Lance, and I'll promise to be there.

Warner:

Mike Bell, ladies and gentlemen.

[Cut.]

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪
♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

[The voice of Gene Simmons calls forth the Bad Man from Boise as the heavy guitar riffs begin to rip through the airwaves, followed by Dusty Griffith who bursts out from behind the curtains and charges down the aisle at a steady jog.]

♪ Stand up, you don't have to be afraid ♪
♪ Get down, love is like a hurricane ♪
♪ Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it ♪

[Reaching ringside, Dusty dives in under the bottom rope and is quickly up on to his feet where he runs himself off the ropes three, four, five times before coming to a bouncing stop in the center of the ring where he turns in a full circle, taking in the view of the entire arena as the lights come up.]

♪ Guilty till I'm proven innocent ♪
♪ Whiplash, heavy metal accident ♪
♪ Rock on, I wanna be the president ♪

[Completing his turn, Dusty makes for the nearest corner, climbing it and throwing his fists high up into the air as he mugs it up for the cheering crowd. After a moment, he drops down from the ropes and makes his way over to Eugene to await their opponents.]

♪ Cuz I love it ♪
♪ Loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes ♪
♪ Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise ♪

DDK:

And how about Kelly Evans' announcement earlier that Dusty Griffith vs. Edward White at GRINDHOUSE: CANADA will now be a lumberjack match?

Angus:

How about it indeed.

DDK:

Insightful as ever.

Angus:

Kelly's right. It's gonna be on big clusterfuck from the get go, so why not at least try to control it?

[In the ring Dewey and Griffith bump fists and discuss tactics as someone other than Quimbey clears their throat.]

Edward White:

Ahem!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Onto the stage walk Edward White and Dan Ryan, with Nicky Corozzo following closely. White waits a few moments for the jeering on the fans to subside before continuing.]

Edward White:

As you all know, my associates and I are all men of valor and extremely high moral fiber.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Edward White:

And as such, it pains us to have to bring you this news. But, the tag team match pitting the two individuals in the ring against Dan Ryan and Myself will not be going ahead tonight.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Edward White:

Believe us, this isn't our choice.

DDK:

Why don't I believe a word Edward White said?

Angus:

Gee, I dunno Keeps, maybe because he's Edward White.

Edward White:

I know these people came here tonight to see a match though, so we've managed to secure a replacement team that you boys will be facing...

♪ How lucky can one guy be?♪

♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪

♪ Like a fella once said ♪

♪ Ain't that a kick in the head ♪

[Out onto the stage walk three men, not one of them smiling as broadly as Edward White or Dan Ryan. Vincent Rinaldi, Tony Di Luca, and Alceo Dentari walk slowly down the aisle as Dusty and Eugene prepare for a fight.]

Edward White:

Enjoy. Nicky, make sure nobody gets past this point.

[White and Ryan make their way back through the curtain and out of sight, leaving Nicky Corozzo to stand guard at the top of the ramp and the LBC to surround the ring. Rinaldi, Di Luca and Dentari hop up onto the apron at the same time. Alceo shouts at Dusty, Tony shouts at Eugene, Vinny stands there scowling at them both.]

DDK:

I'm sure this really does pain the Blood Diamonds.

Angus:

It's probably painning Edward White's wallet... Actually, probably not.

[The LBC simultaneously step through the ropes, forcing Griffith to launch himself at Dentari and Dewey to throw himself towards Di Luca. Rinaldi meanwhile steps in unhindered and makes a beeline for Eugene Dewey. He grabs two handfuls of ginger afro and pulls the FIST away from Tony. Dewey's attention switches immediately to Rinaldi, but he can't mount much of an offence as Di Luca lands a hard right hand into his ribs that stops the FIST dead in his tracks.]

DDK:

Eugene unable to overpower Rinaldi and Di Luca.

Angus:

You'd be hard pressed to find anyone that can, Keeps.

[As Di Luca and Rinaldi drag Dewey down to the ground and smother him with their weight, Griffith and Alceo trade blows in one of the corners. Dusty rocks Alceo with a right hand and lands a left that almost knocks him through the

[Practically begging for the tag, Alceo enters the ring and squares up to Griffith. The two go nose to chest until Dentari takes a step back and slaps Dusty across the face!]

DDK:

A cheap shot from the littlest mobster!

[Dusty responds with a double leg takedown and the two roll around on the mat trading blows until they hit the ropes. Carla Ferrari orders them to break, which they do, but they launch themselves together almost as soon as they're back to their feet. Dusty and Alceo fight back into the ropes and Carla interjects once again. She separates the two, but Alceo lands another cheap shot as they're broken up.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Alceo whips Griffith across the ring. Dusty bounces back and ducks a clothesline from Dentari before hitting the other side. That's not the only thing he hits though as Di Luca runs from his corner and lifts a knee into the small of Griffith's back. Dusty holds his back in pain as he walks from the ropes and takes a few kidney shots from Alceo.]

DDK:

Carla needs to keep her eyes on Tony and Vinny out there on the apron.

Angus:

Why Vinny? He's done nothing wrong.

DDK:

It's only a matter of time, Angus.

[Wasting no time Alceo digs a shoulder into Dusty's midsection and drives him back into the LBC's corner where he lands another couple of hard rights to Dusty's kidneys. Carla again separates the two and proceeds to warn Dentari about breaking holds on the ropes. While she's admonishing the littlest mobster, however, Di Luca and Rinaldi unleash a torrent of strike to any part of Griffith that they can lay their hands and feet on.]

DDK:

See?

Angus:

Nope. I see nothing.

[Dentari brushes Carla aside as the assault subsides and heads back to Griffith. He grabs an ankle and drags him from the corner before dropping into the cover.]

[ONE!]

[Griffith powers out, pressing Dentari off of him and almost throwing him into Vincent Rinaldi.]

Angus:

Mayberry kicks out with authority!

DDK:

Alceo can barely believe it.

[Dusty starts to get to his feet instantly, but Dentari launches into a barrage of strikes in an attempt to stop him. Dusty battles through them and finally manages to block a shot, giving him enough time to counter with a punch of his own that stuns Dentari for a second. Alceo gathers his bearings and throws another strike that Griffith again blocks, allowing him to respond with a kick to the midsection. Dusty pushes Dentari back against the ropes and whips him across the

DDK:

There's just always an LBC member right there to pounce on every possible opportunity.

Angus:

They're working like a well oiled machine tonight. Dewey and Mayberry don't seem to have gotten out of the blocks.

[Using one of Eugene's legs, Di Luca drags him away from the rope and turns him around on the mat, so that Eugene is looking directly at Dusty in the corner. Di Luca digs a knee in between Dewey's shoulder blades and pulls back with a chinlock. Dusty wills Eugene to fight, but that only draws the attention on Di Luca, who spits a huge loogie in Griffith's direction.]

DDK:

Dusty doesn't like that one bit, and he's trying to get in there at Tony! Carla's right there to cut him off though!

[The LBC use Carla's distraction to their advantage once again as Dentari enters the ring without making a tag and takes the place of Di Luca, locking in a chin lock on Dewey. Tony slaps his own hands together loudly as he exits the ring, so that when Carla turns around she believes their story that a tag was indeed made.]

Angus:

Yep, they're about as well oiled as Tony's hair.

[Eugene seems to find some strength with the smaller Dentari on his back and starts to rise to all fours as Dusty stomps on the apron, drawing on the fans to stomp the floor as well.]

Thump, Thump, Thump

Thump, Thump, Thump

Thump, Thump, Thump

[Alceo transitions into a side headlock as Dentari pushes his way up to a vertical base and then gets taken off of his feet with a belly to back suplex! Alceo bounces around on the canvas like a Magikarp fresh from it's Pokéball as Eugene adjusts his position and starts crawling towards the outstretched arm of Dusty Griffith!]

DDK:

Come on, Eugene! Reach out!

Angus:

♪ I'll be there! ♪

DDK:

...what?

Angus:

The Four Tops? No? Come on, Keebs, I'm not that much older than you.

[Eugene inches his way closer and closer to Dusty, and he looks like he's about to make the tag when Dentari slaps Rinaldi's hand. Vinny again moves much, much faster than usual and makes a beeline for Dusty, hitting him with a shoulder block that knocks him off of the apron and down to the floor. Vinny then turns his attention back to Eugene, who slumps at Rinaldi's feet before clawing his way up his shell suit pants.]

DDK:

Eugene looks like he's still hurting from the Fat Hole Slam earlier...

Angus:

And Vinny looks set to deal out some more hurting right now.

[Vinny pulls Dewey up and scoop slams him with ease in the middle of the ring. Vinny hits the ropes and comes back with a running splash down into the torso of Dewey. He sticks the landing for a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

Angus:

I thought it was all over there, Keebs!

DDK:

You and me both, Angus. It's easy to look past Rinaldi's power and just see a tub of lard. But that guy has some serious strength hiding beneath that outer layer.

[Vinny pulls Eugene up and lifts him to run him back into the LBC's corner. He drives Eugene in and follows up with a couple of shoulder barges to the midsection. Vinny takes a couple of steps back as Di Luca and Dentari grab hold of Eugene to allow himself a running start on a corner splash. Eugene stays propped up in the corner, unable to fall down as Rinaldi tags to Di Luca, who hurries to the middle of the ring and waits for Rinaldi to whip Dewey out of the corner. When Eugene gets there Di Luca lifts a knee into Eugene's mid section, causing him to flip over and hit the mat where Tony can go for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Dusty in to break the cover again!]

DDK:

Once again Dusty saves the match!

Angus:

Once again Mayberry can't keep his nose out of things.

DDK:

Can't keep his nose out of things? He's in this match!

Angus:

Oh, yeah, I forgot because he's not been in there for so long.

[Carla tries to force Dusty back to his corner, but The Wild Bronco is having none of it. He continues to land forearm shots to the shoulders of Big Vinny until Carla threatens him with a disqualification, which seemingly gets through to Griffith and draws him back to his corner.]

DDK:

Dusty's getting frustrated out there on the apron and you can understand why. He's had to watch as the LBC have cheated and double and triple teamed his partner in a match they weren't even scheduled for!

Angus:

But a match they accepted none the less.

[With Dusty back in his corner Rinaldi drags Eugene across the ring right back to the LBC's corner and makes the tag to Alceo. Dentari enters as Rinaldi scoops Eugene up and drops him in a backbreaker. Rinaldi holds Eugene in place while Dentari hops up to the second rope and jumps off, dropping a fist into Eugene's jaw. Vinny rolls Eugene off and

the back of the head. Di Luca only goes down to one knee, so Eugene grabs him by the collar and sends him over the top rope to the outside. Eugene steps out to the apron and cannonballs off of it into Di Luca as he stands up before popping back up to the apron and tagging himself back in when Rinaldi starts to stir!]

Angus:

What are they planning?

DDK:

Are we ignoring the fact that Eugene Dewey just flipped off of the apron and wiped out Tony Di Luca?

[Together Dusty and Eugene pull Rinaldi up and both hook him up for a suplex, that is until Edward White and Dan Ryan emerge running through the curtain and down to the ring!]

Angus:

Oh yeah, way to do your job, Nicky! I thought they said not to let anyone past!

[Both Eugene and Dusty drop Rinaldi as White hops up on the apron. Dusty runs over and nails Eddy with a right hand that knocks him back down, but Nicky Corozzo, who tagged along with White and Ryan as they ran down to the ring, grabs Griffith by the ankle and pulls him to the outside.]

DDK:

Where's Carla?

[Carla is off trying to prevent Dan Ryan from entering the ring on the other side. Clearly Dan isn't trying too hard though, as he could easily overpower the tiny referee if he wanted to. Eugene makes his way over to the tussle and tries to land a shot to Dan Ryan in much the same way that Dusty did to White moments earlier, but Dan Ryan counters it with a shot to the face with the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt!]

DDK:

Carla didn't see it! Dan Ryan just nailed Eugene within three inches of the ref and she didn't see it!

Angus:

She can't have eyes in the back of her head, Keebs!

[Eugene stumbles back and falls to his ass in the middle of the ring. Dan Ryan gets back down from the apron and steps back from the ring, releasing Carla just in time for her to see Rinaldi crawl to his corner and make the tag to Alceo Dentari! Dentari steps in, hits the ropes immediately and nails Eugene in the side of the head with a running boot!]

DDK:

Eugene just got WHACKED! And Dentari's got the cover!

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Damnit!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners, Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca, and Vincent Rinaldi, THE LEGITIMAAATE

BUUUSSINESSSSSSMANS CLUUUUUUUUUB!

[Dentari wastes little time in getting out of dodge and gathering up his troops as White and Corozzo quickly finish their assault on Griffith. Dan Ryan joins then and the six men make their way up the ramp as Dean Martin croons over the PA.]

DDK:

This is a travesty! It took six men to beat Eugene and Dusty tonight, and now they're high tailing it up the ramp!

Angus:

Dusty and Eugene fought valiantly, but they did agree to a handicap match.

DDK:

Yeah, three on two. Not six on two!

Angus:

Still they knew what they were getting in for.

DDK:

This should have been a two on two tag match, instead, thanks to Edward White's deep, deep pockets, we had this...

Angus:

Good though, wasn't it?

So What's Next?

[Backstage.] [This particular locker room seems to be empty, save for one man. This man sits on a bench, with a towel over his head and his head down, trying to stretch the kinks out of his body. He reaches down the blue leg of his red and blue trunks, massaging his thigh muscle with both of his hands while leaning his inside elbow on the red leg of his trunks.] [Stockton Pyre was sore. In truth, he felt like hell.] [But Stockton Pyre was victorious today, and in that he felt some satisfaction.] **???:** What did I tell you? [Pyre stops massaging his leg and looks up, the towel falling onto his broad shoulders and his masked head looking towards the sound of the voice.] [Wayne Dewey.] **BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!** [Dressed as he was during the match, he comes to Stockton Pyre in the locker room with a smile on his face and a slight spring in his step as he came to Stockton Pyre and sat down on the bench next to him. Pyre, for his part, doesn't appear to react, other than to lean back and stretch out his back.] **Wayne Dewey:** Like we said last week. If you keep working ol' Sam Turner's back, it was eventually going to fail on him and give you the win. And what happened? [Stockton pauses to consider this for a moment. Wayne, for his part, looks happy but is still leaning a bit away from Pyre...just in case.] **Stockton Pyre:** His back gave out on a suplex. [After hearing this, Wayne's posture shifts slightly from "leaning away" to "neutral".] **Pyre:** And he couldn't kick out from the pinfall. **Dewey:** Exactly. You have a pretty good mind for this business, Stockton, but it takes some extra quick wits to thrive here in Defiance. I can help you sharpen that skill and power and in-ring instinct into the fine-pointed tool that you'll need to unseat that egomaniac Curtis Penn and become the Southern Heritage Champion. [Pyre nods.] [And for a moment, there is an awkward silence.] [Then...] **Pyre:** So what's next? **BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! BBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!** [Wayne smiles.] **Dewey:** I'm glad you asked... [Cut back to ringside.] **DDK:** Has the crowd turned on Stockton Pyre or what? **Angus:** Listen, I'm not going to sit here and pretend I get this guy, cause I don't, and I give no fucks about him blogging or whatever the hell he's doing between shows. But when we talk about in the ring? I like this pairing. Wayne Dewey got Seth Stratton within inches of beating the current FIST of Defiance, and he can give Stockton that killer edge he's really been lacking since he started in Defiance. **DDK:** You think Wayne Dewey's tutelage is enough to get Stockton over the hump and able to beat Curtis Penn for the Southern Heritage Championship? **Angus:** As long as someone beats that fuck-faced fuck into oblivion, I give no fucks about who. If this helps Stockton Pyre fuck him up, all the motherfuckin' better. **DDK:** A bit excessive on the f bombs, even for you. **Angus:** Fuck that, for Curtis Penn, it's deserved.

No self-respecting wrestler would turn this down

[Last week, Christie Zane was nowhere to be found. This week she's here, and welcoming the spring in one of those hazy minidress things.] [However, since Lisa Loeh is also there, and she's dressed to manage not wrestle, Christie isn't getting much attention. Lisa's rocking what looks like blue velvet hotpants and a matching nearly see-through blouse with two opaque patches covering what would otherwise get Defiance a TV-AO rating.] [Also, Roger Stevens and current #1 contender to the World Title Yoshikazu YAZ are there. They're not hot chicks so what they look like doesn't need to be described.] **Christie Zane:** Fans, I'm backstage here with the trio of White Hot Anger, and in less than ten minutes the bell will ring for the match pitting champion Kai Scott against Yoshikazu YAZ. YAZ, if I'm not mistaken this is your first ever shot at a World Heavyweight Title, is it not? **YAZ:** It is. **Christie:** I must ask. Some people have questioned Scott's decision to give you a title shot based on an old win over Dan Ryan. How do you respond? **YAZ:** Ask your questions honestly. Some have said I do not deserve this title shot. Most have said that whether I deserve it or not, I received it because Scott is either afraid of Bronson Box, 'trolling' Box, or both. Regarding Box, I have no love lost for him and if Scott is indeed simply trolling him, I find myself unsympathetic. As for whether I deserve this shot or not, Christie? I declare that irrelevant. **Christie:** Irrelevant? How? **YAZ:** This is the Defiance World Championship on the line. And what kind of wrestler would decline a shot at it? Success does not come to those who are content to passively pay their dues and wait to be thanked for it. And no wrestler who would turn down a shot at a World Title is worth being called a wrestler. If receiving a title shot on a match I won a year ago degrades the World Title, someone receiving a shot at it and saying 'no thank you' degrades it far more. In other words, Christie... I don't really **care** how or why I got a title shot. I just dare anyone to try and stop me from collecting it. **Christie:** Kai Scott won't be alone of course, he'll have the Truly Untouchables with him... **Lisa:** If I can step in a minute here Christie, yes, the Truly Untouchables will be there. But guess what. I used to be one. I know how they work, and they're not going to ruin this match for YAZ. [Music starts playing faintly in the background.] **Christie:** I think that's your cue YAZ, so we'll end this interview. Good luck, and fans, keep watching, because the World Title defense is coming up next! [Cut to another one of those funky HULU commercials. You know, the one you've seen six-hundred times already today.]

Yoshikazu YAZ vs Kai Scott (c)



Angus: Keebs, I'm not sure how I want to

take that. On one hand, I liked YAZ better when he was strangling people with a garrote instead of saying nice things. On the other, I totes agree with him - why in fucks name would anyone turn down a shot at the Defiance World Championship when they have even a fraction of a shot of winning? **DDK:** I'm in agreement with that point too Angus. We all remember what happened when Buster Douglas got a shot at a Heavyweight Championship. **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** The following contest is set for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP! **cue the sitar** **Quimbey:** Introducing first! Being accompanied by his tag partners in White Hot Anger, Lisa Loeh and Roger Stevens! He hails from Nagasaki, Japan, and weighs in at 213 lbs! YOOOOSHIKAAAZUUU... YAAAAAAZZZZZ!!!! ♪ I met a magic man who had a daughter ♪ ♪ She learned her lessons well and still I taught her ♪ ♪ She followed willingly as lambs to slaughter ♪ ♪ We shared forbidden fruit and things I brought her ♪ [The lights go dead, only for red and yellow spotlights to swirl around the arena. Two focus on the entrance ramp as Lisa and Roger both step through and off to the side.] **DDK:** It's a big, big opportunity for Yoshikazu YAZ. I'll be honest Angus, between his extremely variable performance in Defiance 2.0 and his lack of singles matches here in Def 4.0, YAZ is almost an unknown quantity coming into this match. **Angus:** He's unknown to us, Keebs. He was in Old Line, so Scott knows him a lot better than we do. ♪ You may say I'm a miracle mannequin ♪ ♪ Here I come with my mystical plan again ♪ ♪ Although you think I can I'm just a man and I don't walk on water ♪ [YAZ steps out onto the stage. He's wearing a decorative longcoat that fits over his shoulderpads and carrying a banner with the same design that is on his mask on a long stick. He raises that thing over his head, and slams the stick butt first into the ground.] **VOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHH!!!!** **Angus:** FIRE~! [Flames fly up behind YAZ and his cohorts. The masked wrestler spends no time delaying, walking to the ring, handing his banner off to Lisa, and using the stairs to get to the apron.] ♪ Oh no ♪ ♪ I don't walk on water ♪ ♪ Oh no ♪ ♪ I don't walk on water ♪ ♪ Oh no ♪ [Ozzy fades, and is replaced with... more Ozzy.] ♪ I am the one that hides the universal secrets of all time ♪ ♪ Destruction of the empty spaces is my one and only crime ♪ **Quimbey:** And his opponent! **BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** **Quimbey:** Accompanied to the ring by the Truly Untouchables! He hails from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighs in at 232 lbs! He has been called the Truthsplitter and the Ace of Heels, and he is the reigning Defiance World Champion! This! Is! KAAAAAIIIII... SSSSCCCCCCOOOOOTTTTTT!!!! ♪ I lived a thousand times ♪ ♪ I found out what it means to be believed ♪ ♪ The thoughts and images ♪ ♪ The unborn child that never was conceived ♪ [It's a long procession. Diane Parker is out first, Jonny Booya (w/COOL shades) follows her. Then Leon Maddox, then David Race, and then Clair St. Sure.] **Angus:** This stalling motherfucker. ♪ When little worlds collide I crept inside my embryonic cell ♪ ♪ And blackened memories are cast into the never ending well ♪ [And then the champion appears.] [Kai Scott is in full attire. A black robe with white trim, his usual white trimmed black wrestling trunks, and the World Title belted around his waist.] [He throws his arms out to the side and spins around like he's the Pope.] **DDK:** The World Champion, with his entourage out in force, ladies and gentlemen. ♪ The name that scorns the face ♪ ♪ The child that never sees the form of man ♪ ♪ The deathly darkness that ♪ ♪ Belies the fate of those that never ran ♪ [Diane and Clair step onto the ring apron and sit on the ropes, allowing Scott easy entry to the ring. As usual, Scott doesn't want to let go of the World Title.] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** And we're underway with the World Title match! Angus, as Yoshikazu YAZ and Kai Scott circle each other, I have to point out that although YAZ isn't alone out here, his team is outnumbered three to one. [Tie-up. Armwinger by Scott sends YAZ down to one knee. Scott works the arm twist and wristlock and smirks like a douchebag.] [Lisa's quickly up onto the ring apron.] **Angus:** Blue. velvet. hotpants. [Diane shrieks at Benny Doyle and points. Doyle turns to Lisa, and YAZ - grabs a handful of hair and pulls free of the armlock, then applies his own! One wrench, and a second wrench flips Scott over and onto his back.] **DDK:** And the challenger takes advantage of a distraction to reverse! **Angus:** Challenge the what advantage? [Angus is completely distracted by fitness model ass.] [Diane stalks around the ring and yanks Lisa down from the ring apron. Lisa catches herself and yells at Diane, but the Truly Untouchables begin making their way around to back the Baroness up.] **DDK:** Lisa needs to be careful

provoking the proverbial hornet's nest that is the Truly Untouchables like that! And in the ring, Scott counters the arm twist with a roll and an arm wrench of his own - no, YAZ with a head slam sends the champ to the mat! [Scott is in the rare position of being a guy on the dark side of alignment who can genuinely complain about a hair pull - and of course Benny Doyle doesn't believe it.] **DDK:** Fight fire with fire, huh? We already knew that YAZ has a dark streak a mile wide, but can he match Kai Scott's ability to take cheap shots when it counts? [Scott rises into a tie-up with YAZ. The champ and the challenger stumble across the ring and into the corner, and Lisa runs around to grab Scott's foot!] [Diane grabs Lisa by the hair and throws her into the stairs.] [And Roger Stevens randomly smashes a chair into Jonny Booya's back!] [Benny Doyle turns to the outside in exasperation, and signals security!] **Angus:** I'll be twice-damned Keebs, you know what Lisa did? **DDK:** Everybody's getting thrown out of ringside Angus - what about Lisa? **Angus:** It's simple brilliance man! Flipping the chess board beats losing, and since she couldn't actually keep the T-UTs from interfering, she just messed with things until Benny Doyle had to throw every last one of them out! And Kai Scott ain't happy! [Scott yells down at security as they escort the collected Truly Untouchables and White Hot Anger members up the ramp. Booya is nursing his back where the chair hit.] **Angus:** Also, Roger Stevens broke reality by becoming even moar awsum. I'm going to Tivo that chairshot. [Stevens flips Scott off with both fingers.] [Scott yells at him, turns around.] **SWACK! Angus:** WHATTACHAWP! **SWAAACK!** [Scott falls back against the ropes, clutching his chest and gasping for breath.] **DDK:** YAZ with the Irish whip, Scott rebounds and gets taken to the mat with a spinning heel kick! YAZ follows up with a dropkick, and the champ goes ass over teakettle into the corner! [YAZ bull rushes Scott. Scott sidesteps. But YAZ anticipates the sidestep and jumps to the middle rope.] **DDK:** Rebounding missile dropkick, and that's going to send the champ to high ground! [Scott rolls under the ropes and out to the floor. He grabs his chest and informs a nearby fan that he wasn't ready and none of this shit counted anyhow.] **DDK:** Angus, we've talked about whether YAZ should have taken this match or not, but let me ask you, now that he's actually got it, how do you see it going down? **Angus:** Straight answer Keebs? I dunno. Did YAZ get that win over Dan Ryan because he earned it or because Ryan wasn't taking Defiance that seriously back in those days? He's been around for a long time, we know he's got some mustard behind his strikes and that the shotei's badass. How it's going to stack up against Scott, though, I got no idea, because I don't really have a handle on Yoshikazu YAZ psychologically speaking. [Scott stays outside the ring, now arguing with the timekeeper, but he's carefully keeping an eye on the ring.] **DDK:** I'm... surprisingly enough in agreement with that analysis of YAZ, but he's less impatient than his tag partner, and he's going to wait on Doyle to start a count. **Angus:** Y'know, since I'm doing the 'think' thing, I just had another thought. Now that Scott had to get rid of all his Truly Untouchables, you know what that means? No one to save his ass if the Blood Diamonds show up. You think that's going to make him distractable Keebs? [As Doyle reaches the number 8, Scott climbs to the ring apron. YAZ is quickly moving in, but Scott grabs the ropes and shoulderblocks him in the ribs through them. He then grabs YAZ by the mask and throws him out of the ring.] **DDK:** Scott still finds a way to get the momentum back on his side though - NO! [YAZ yanks Scott's feet out. The champ hits his head on the ring apron and goes reeling.] **DDK:** YAZ runs AND Scott with a flapjack! [It was really less of a flapjack and more of a full-out throw. As YAZ rushed towards the champion, Scott sidestepped and hurled him through the air and towards the ringpost.] **Angus:** So, yeah. Awareness advantage to Scott methinks. [Scott pulls YAZ to his feet, motions the ringside fans to clear out of the way, and then throws him into the stands. Stepping over the guardrail, Scott follows up by grabbing a handful of mask, a handful of hair, and pulling YAZ up to his feet. The disoriented challenger takes a wild swing that Scott easily ducks, intercepts, and-] **DDK:** Olympic suplex on the concrete! [Scott's up slowly - even though he was the suplexer rather than the suplexee, landing on the concrete hurt a bit. Instead of following up, he jumps the guardrail (well, steps over it carefully) and rolls back into the ring.] **Angus:** Oh god dammit. He's gonna try and win by countout. *ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!* [YAZ gets to his hands and knees. Some nearby fans pat him on the back, trying to encourage him to the ring - seeing as how he just took a crashlanding on the concrete with his spine this may not be appreciated.] **DDK:** Yoshikazu YAZ trying to shake that off and get back in the ring! *ELEVEN! TWELVE! THIRTEEN! FOURTEEN! FIFTEEN!* [YAZ flops over the guardrail and crawls in the direction of the ring. He gets his hands on the ring apron and starts pulling himself up.] *SIXTEEN! SEVENTEEN! EIGHTEEN!* [YAZ gets one knee on the ring apron - and seeing that the countout won't cut it, Scott just drags him back into the ring. Tying him up, Scott lands three vicious knees to the ribs and then a gutwrench suplex into a floatover pin!] *ONE...! ...TWO...!THREKICKOUT!* **DDK:** Two and a half count there. [Scott paintbrushes the back of YAZ's head twice, then heaves him up and over with a release northern lights suplex.] **DDK:** Scott's got a wide arsenal of suplexes, and by cruiserweight standards YAZ isn't particularly agile - he's explosive with his strikes but he's not particularly flippy. If Scott can control the pace of the match with his suplexes like this, he'll build himself up a big advantage. [YAZ crawls towards Scott, grabs the top of his boot and pulls himself partway up. Scott grins and throws his arms wide.] **Scott:** Enjoying your title shot?! **THWACK! Angus:** Oooh. **DDK:** Scott with a short range head kick and YAZ is flat on the

mat! [Scott 'helps' YAZ up to his feet, only to lift him overhead with a fisherman's hook - and then drops him down across his (good) knee instead of on the mat!] **Angus:** Again with the unnecessarily flashy shit by Scott. I'm never sure whether I love it or hate it, so I'll just fill this awkward lack of opinion having by calling Scott Woodson a faggot. [Scott pulls the now almost unresisting Japanese wrestler up by the mask laces. He sets up vertical suplex style, twists one of YAZ's arms behind his back and takes him over!] ONE...! ...TWO...!THRE...KICKOUT! **DDK:** Reverse chickenwing suplex gets a long two-count. **Angus:** Haven't seen that one more than a couple times. It's nice to know that one of those fucktons of wrestlers who say they use 'basically any suplex' knows a couple unusual ones. [Scott slaps the mat in frustration, then slaps YAZ across the face.] **DDK:** The champ's getting frustrated. Like I said, he actually knows Yoshikazu YAZ better than we do, but- **Angus:** Should've brought Cito back to call this one, that dude knows everything. It comes of being old. [Scott runs the ropes and clobbers YAZ with a leg lariat, then grabs a cover.] ONE...! ...TWO...!THREKICKOUT! **DDK:** A shorter kickout than before, and the champion seems just a tiny bit off his game. Angus actually mentioned earlier that Scott has Box and the Blood Diamonds on the back of his mind, and the longer this match goes without them showing themselves, the more Scott's going to worry, and now he's getting frustrated that YAZ won't quit. [Scott pulls YAZ up again, and snarls at him.] **Scott:** Why are you still HERE?! [That 'here' was punctuated by a spinning back kick that doubled YAZ over. Scott quickly grabs the waistlock. Powerbomb- REVERSED!] [At the apex of the powerbomb, YAZ pushes up so he goes over Scott's head, then tumbles down his back with a modified sunset flip!] ONE...! ...TWO...!KICKOUT! [Scott rolls backwards to his feet. YAZ gets up - but he's just taken too many suplexes, he's a bit too slow.] **DDK:** And Scott just knocks YAZ for a full loop with a crescent kick! [Scott actually falls down from the delivery, but YAZ does a full moonsault in mid air. Pulling himself up, his face displaying rarely seen frustration, Scott drills YAZ in the back with a spinal tap. Or four.] **THWACK! THWAAACK! THHHWAAACK! KER-THHHWAAACK!** [With that fourth kick, Scott steps back and lets YAZ fall over sideways - but only for a minute. YAZ is brought back to his feet.] **Scott:** THIS ISN'T REAL! GIVE IT UP! [And he belts the challenger across the face with an open hand.] **DDK:** And the truth comes out. Scott thought he was going to get a free defense and YAZ is putting up more of a fight than he expected. **Angus:** Well geez Keebs. I, ok, it feels weird playing both sides of whether YAZ is World Title material or not, but he built that big winstreak and beat Dan Ryan, right? I'm just saying no matter what Kai knows about YAZ that we don't he shouldn't be mocking the dude. [Scott delivers another open hand smack that knocks the challenger to one knee. And a second slap - causes YAZ to raise his head.] **DDK:** It's just not a good move to- [And YAZ fires back with some sort of two-handed strike to the midsection of the champion!] [Scott reels back a couple steps, then moves back in with a roundhouse kick that YAZ ducks! A heavy elbow sends Scott turning away, and YAZ spins in the opposite direction, then catches Scott as they both turn with the left arm lariat!] **RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!** [The champ goes head over heels. The challenger lies flat on the mat, pounding his hand against it.] **DDK:** I do declare, I've rarely seen YAZ display emotions like this, but it is his first World Title shot in a career that's spanned 18 years, and though he's mostly known as a villain outside Japan, he does often play the hero there - he's not unfamiliar with getting the crowd behind him. [Scott is up to one knee first and he takes another open hand swing at YAZ. It connects - but you can see YAZ grit his teeth and swing back!] **DDK:** The challenger's rallying! [Scott throws another shot, but this one's blocked! YAZ blasts him again, a second time, gets up to his feet, front kick, elbow uppercut and the champion wobbles and YAZ smacks him on the chest with the knuckle lash!] **Angus:** I don't know how in the hell that thing works, but it stuns you, does something to your nervous system, and- [Scott falls over. Deliberately.] **Angus:** -and the champ knows YAZ follows the knuckle lash with the shotei, and he wasn't too paralyzed to drop. [Scott tries to roll from the ring, but YAZ grabs him by the foot. Scott hops in place - throws an enzuigiri! YAZ ducks!] [And Scott grabs the hair and rakes the eyes!] [Ignoring Benny Doyle's warning, Scott yanks his leg from YAZ's grasp and takes him over in a high angle double underhook suplex!] [Scott pulls YAZ right back up, screams 'KRYPTONITE'] [And then he screams something that sounds kind of like 'blurgh.'] **Angus:** MIST! HE DONE HIT THE GREEN MIST! [Blinded, his face covered in dark green yuck, Scott flails around madly, his eyes burning. YAZ catches the champ and sits straight down with the Reprisal!] **Angus:** I'm not sure whether I'm alright with giving a gimmick name to the Stunner, but you know, the Stunner's so overused that no one uses it anymore, so maybe it's alright. **DDK:** More importantly, the champion is down and the challenger is up! **Angus:** There is NO SUBJECT more important than whether you're allowed to change a move's name or not. Dammit Keebs. [YAZ grins like a demon, sticks out is now green tongue, and the fans rise to their feet.] [And being Kai Scott, even though he can't see shit, he knows that the noise probably means Shotei on the way, and so he ducks and the shotei whistles over his head. Using that Ace of Heels instinct, his next move is to grab hold of Benny Doyle and put the head referee of Defiance in between him and the challenger.] [And Doyle takes the face full of RED mist that was intended for Scott!] [Red mist hurts a lot worse than green, and Doyle lacks a wrestler's toughness. He's down and writhing in pain, and Scott throws the crescent kick at YAZ's head.] [YAZ ducks, and...] **Angus:**

SHOOOOTEEEEEE!!!! RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **DDK:** He hit it! YAZ with the Shotei and the champion is DOWN! YAZ with the cover and... Benny Doyle can't see! **BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!** [The reaction rolls in as the fans realize the match isn't about to be over.] [Benny Doyle slowly crawls, rubbing at his face, towards the two wrestlers.] ONE...!TWO...! **Angus:** COUNT MOAR FASTER!THREE...

.....EEEKICKOUT!!! **BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!**

BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! DDK: Benny Doyle, hurting from the red mist, made a slow count, and Kai Scott just barely kicked out of the Shotei. **Angus:** Yeah, well, that's alright I guess, but YAZ also has a swankass brainbuster. Fuck all that noise about whether he earned a shot or not, let's see YAZ make himself a goddamn superstar and pin that smugfag assmaggot! **DDK:** Those boos weren't just for Kai Scott, Angus, look who's on the way out to the ring! [It's Bronson Box.] [Contrary to everything the Wargod usually stands for, he isn't blustering and threatening and trying to draw attention to himself. He enters through the crowd, hops the guardrail, and hunkers down against the ring apron.] **Angus:** Ah, if only Clair St. Sure were out here to kick his ass again.

[Brian Slater comes jogging down the ramp in a referee's shirt. He doesn't notice Box. Instead he rolls into the ring and begins helping Doyle out. [Neither YAZ nor Scott notice. YAZ pulls the champion up, and calls for the brainbuster. He slashes his thumb across his throat, roars-] [And Kai Scott kicks him right in the balls.] **Angus:**

DING~! **DDK:** Scott with a low blow while BBS was helping Benny Doyle from the ring, and now he's got YAZ set up for Zer Soze! **Angus:** NOOOO [Zer Soze connects.] [Scott is taking less than no chances with this opponent. He drags him perpendicular to the turnbuckle, climbs quickly.] **DDK:** Mad splash! Mad splash from Scott! Slater missed the low blow, he's going to make the count, and that's going to be all she wrote! ONE...! ...TWO...!THREE...!

.....EEEEEE...!EEEEEE!!! **DING! DING! DING! Quimbey:** Here is your winner, and STILL Defiance World Champion! KAI! SCOTT! **Angus:** God motherfucking DAMMIT. **DDK:** Even without anyone to turn to, Scott was able to hang onto the World Title. And, hey, wait a minute. [Slater goes to receive the title, but the title isn't there.]

DDK: Where's the World Title? [And then Bronson Box laughs.] [He's off-microphone, but his laughter carries clearly around the arena, and he holds a certain gold plated and leather strapped belt over his head.] **Angus:** BOX HAS THE BELT!

[Kai Scott runs to the ropes and starts out of the ring, but he's too far behind. Box makes one vaudevillian bow, then disappears behind the curtains. Scott stops running on the stage, panting, tired, and shocked.]

DDK: Kai Scott retains the World Title, but not the actual belt proving it! Fans, we are out of time!