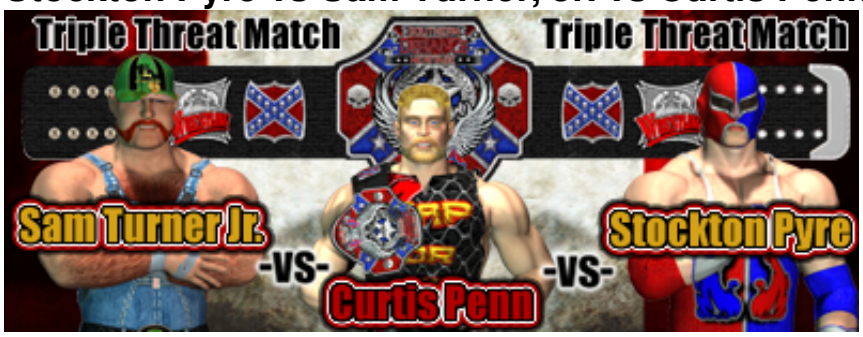
Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling Presents GRINDHOUSE: CANADA, Live in…] [5…] [4…] [3…] [2…] [...] [The slow, ominous intro to Black Sabbath's 'End Of The Beginning' plays over a black screen for a moment. Of course it's a slightly abridged version. Who wants to sit watching a black screen for nearly a minute.] [Especially when you're PAYING FOR IT, RIGHT!] [It's PAY PER VIEW time, bitches!] *♫ Is this the end of the beginning? ♫ ♫ Or the beginning of the end? ♫* [Black and white slow motion video clips of Edward White standing in the ring grinning, Dusty Griffith brushing his hair out of his face, Bronson Box using the ring apron as a hiding spot, and Kai Scott standing at the top of the stage, surrounded by his Truly Untouchables, fill the screen.] *♫ Losing control or are you winning? ♫ ♫ Is your life real or just pretend? ♫* [Here come some more slomo cips. This time Eugene Dewey stands in the ring holding a microphone, Dan Ryan stares down at the FIST of DEFIANCE in his hands, Team HOSS and Junior Keeling collectively stand around the ring, and Hookers n' Blow hold their Trios title belts high in the middle of the ring. Diego De Leon pushes past a stage hand as he exits a room, and Jonny Booya slips a pair of COOL shades over his eyes.] *♫ Reanimation of the sequence ♫ ♫ Rewind the future to the past. ♫* [The song picks up slightly as more black and white clips play. Sam Turner Jr. sprints down to the ring, Stockton Pyre walks his way down to the ring as Wayne Dewey slowly bounces around him, and Curtis Penn hangs sits at the Commentation Station with Angus Skaaland and 'Downtown' Darren Keebler. Troy Matthews slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, and Musigihara leans into the camera lens, probably to shout 'OSU', while Eddie Dante looms in the background.] *♫ To find the source of the solution; ♫ ♫ The system has to be recast. ♫* [Heidi Christenson shares evil eyes with Kelly Evans, then Claira St. Sure lifts her leg up for an axe kick. The Big Damn Heroes Back their way up the ramp, The ACX rub oil all over themselves, and The Conclave stand in the ring surveying the fans.] ♫ Release your mind. ♫ ♫ Fast forward to the secrets of your code. ♫ [As the music picks up, so too does the video. So long black and white, hello colour as Diego De Leon hits a quick series of kicks to the chest of Curtis Penn, Cappy and Angel of Team HOSS hit a double elbow to Yoshikazu YAZ, Mushigihara hits a running senton on Davey LaRue, and Heidi Christenson drills a kick into the side of the head of Rod Fantastico!] *♫ Your life's on overload. ♫ ♫ Delete or save ♫* [Jonny Booya Booya Bombs Walter Levy, Eugene Dewey runs through Claira St Sure with a Biotic Charge, Curtis Penn puts Sam Turner Jr. to sleep with a chloroform assisted sleeperhold, and Dusty Griffith takes Mike Bell down with a Sambo Suplex!] *♫ The units that make you an entity ♫ ♫ That's your identity ♫* [Stockton Pyre hits Vincent Rinaldi with Enlightment, Claira St. Sure hits a leg lariat that sends her and Bronson Box tumbling to the outside, Dan Ryan drops Eugene Dewey down across the steel barricade, Jacob Cassidy slingshots himself into the ring and delivers a leg drop to Wade Elliot, and Jake Donovan makes his return to DEFIANCE with a tackle to Romero Antiguas.] *♫ If you don't know ♫ ♫ Which way to go ♫* [Sam Turner Jr. charges into Tony Di Luca with a splash in the corner of the ring. Troy Matthews, the real one, kicks Troy Matthews, the imposter, in the back of the head, Wade Elliot buries his boot deep into Felton Bigsby's midsection over and over, Ryan Matthews hits a front leg dropkick that takes Angel Trinidad off of his feet, and Romero Antiguas delivers a DDT to "Lord" Byron Belmont.] *♫ You may be lost and confused ♫ ♫ A second chance your turn to lose ♫* [Edward White drags Dusty Griffith out of the ring and throws him into a clothesline from Nicky Corozzo, together Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany tackle Tyler Rayne to the mat, Bronson Box hits a Bombasto Bomb on David Race, and Kai Scott hits Zer Soze on Yoshikazu YAZ. The video freezes as Scott looks directly into the camera and we cut LIVE to the arena!] *RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH* [The fans go wild as he camera chops and changes focusing on sections of the crowd for a few seconds at a time. A few signs can be made out, ones such as 'Mad Splash Me!', 'I Beat Eugene's PacMan score', 'It's All About The Edwards', 'OSU!', and 'Where's the Hookers, where's the Blow?' stand out the most though.] **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:** WELCOME EVERYONE TO GRINDHOUSE: CANADA! As always I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler here with Angus Skaaland for what's sure to be a wild night. **Angus Skaaland:** No doubt, Keebs. We're on the last stop before heading home after one hell of a world tour, and if we see half of the action that we've seen in Japan, Europe, and right here in Canadia… well, we'll see a fuck load of action. **DDK:** I'm sure we will, Angus. Every DEFIANCE title will be on the line tonight, starting with the Southern Heritage title as Curtis Penn- **Angus:** UGH! **DDK:** Defends against Sam Turner Jr. and Stockton Pyre. **Angus:** Penn has held that title since October, and I'm just begging for someone to take it away from him. Seriously, either of those two can walk out with the W here tonight as far as I'm concerned, just get Curtis Penn the fuck away from any kind of accolade. **DDK:** We'll see DEFIANCE newcomer Romera Antiguas square off against the returning Jake Donovan. **Angus:** Did he really need to come back? Couldn't he have just stayed away for ever? **DDK:** Donovan seemed to take exception to Romero's actions following his match against Byron Belmont last time out. You can bet Jake's not gonna take any kind of crap tonight as the former Southern Heritage champion looks to teach this

brash young upstart about how things are done here in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** Then we've got- **DDK:** Maaaybe you should let me handle this one, Angus. We don't want you to say anything offensive too early, do we? **Angus:** Fuck you. **DDK:** Diego De Leon takes on Jonny Booya in one on one action. And Booya has really been getting under De Leon's skin as of late. **Angus:** This was all born from everyone wanting a piece of that fa- **DDK:** *-bulous gentleman-* **Angus:** -Curtis Penn. Both Booya and De Leon blame the other for them not getting the shot, so naturally they're gonna fight each other. **DDK:** In more one on one action Troy Matthews is looking to earn his freedom and the rights to his very Likeness from the Philosopher Kings as he takes on Mushigihara. **Angus:** Mushi's gonna kill Troy. Next. **DDK:** Then it's some Trios goodness in the form of a three corners match pitting the Angel City eXXXpress, The Conclave and The Big Damn Heroes all against each other. **Angus:** Awwwwww yes, some oily spanking is just what the doctor ordered. **DDK:** I really don't think we'll see any of- **Angus:** STOP PISSING ON MY DREAMS! **DDK:** Well, one person we did see some oiled up action from during this tour was Heidi Christenson, who'll go one on one against Claira St. Sure in what I believe could be one of the greatest matches in DEFIANCE history. **Angus:** Claira and Heidi are both phenomenal athletes. There's no way that one's going to disappoint. **DDK:** I'm sure it won't, and with Eric Dane back at the DEFIANCE helm I don't think Kelly Evans is going to be turning this into a paddle on a pole match or anything ludicrous like that. **Angus:** We can dream though… **DDK:** MOAR TATLES will be on the line as the Trios champions Hookers N' Blow defend the belts against Junior Keeling's Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers. **Angus:** I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT THIS! **DDK:** After months of animosity, Dusty Griffith will finally face Edward White one on one, and tonight there'll be nowhere for Steady Eddie to run as the ring will be surrounded by lumberjacks. **Angus:** I hope Mayberry kills Edward White in the face. **DDK:** And then the World title will be on the line as "The Original Defiant" Bronson Box takes on reigning champion, Kai Scott. **Angus:** And that one has all the makings of an instant classic. **DDK:** Kai Scott has reigned as DEFIANCE World Champion since August. Say what you will about the champions sporadic appearances in the ring, but he's successfully defended the title whenever he's been called upon. **Angus:** He might be up against his toughest challenge yet in Bronson Box though. The man is a former champion in his own right. **DDK:** And speaking of tough challenges, our main event of the night will see Eugene Dewey defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Dan Ryan. **Angus:** Ryan believes he should be the FIST. In fact, he believes it so much that he stole the belt from Eugene almost 2 months ago and hasn't even hinted at giving it back since. **DDK:** Well, tonight we'll find out who truly is the FIST, and we'll discover it inside of a steel cage! **Angus:** You know what, Keebs? I'm getting sick of listening to you. How about we get on with this sonofabitch?! **DDK:** You read my mind, Angus!

Stockton Pyre vs Sam Turner, Jr. vs Curtis Penn



[And while you may have here been expecting some music or some announcements, you'd be in for a surprise, because we got neither of these things. Instead, we got that same Asian woman who appeared during the LBC/Pyre/STJ/FDJ match on Grindhouse 12, along with the same Asian baseball-cap-wearing cameraman (who is carrying two steel folding chairs), come walking down the aisle way. The woman inspires a few catcalls, but by and large the duo otherwise gets no reaction from the fans.] **DDK:** And here she is again, this mysterious Asian woman. Angus, have your sources told you anything about who she is? **Angus:** My sources found out that she once posed in some Japanese titty magazine, and that she was voted most likely to bang three men at once in high school. **DDK:** ...you don't have a clue, do you? **Angus:** No, but I like my version better. **DDK:** [shaking his head] ...no. Just, no. [The man unfolds both chairs in a corner of the ringside area to the right of the entranceway, and both man and woman sit down as Darren Quimbley prepares to announce this match.] **Darren Quimbley:** This contest, set for one fall, is a triple-threat match, and is for the Southern Heritage Championship! RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Cue "Morphine Child" by Savatage.] BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [This time, they don't wait for either man to come out from behind the curtain; as soon as the soothing melody comes over the speaker, the boo-birds are in full effect.] **Quimbey:** Coming down the aisle, accompanied by Wayne Dewey, from PARTS UNKNOWN! Weighing in at two hundred and sixty-six pounds, he is THE GONZO GOLIATH...STOCKTON...PPPPPYYYYYYYRRRRREEEEEE! [And on cue, out walks Stockton Pyre to the stage. He's suited up in his usual ring attire, and his masked face does not betray any sort of emotion. Coming out from behind the curtain as well is Wayne Dewey, who is dressed in a well-made suit with a red-and-blue tie that looks like it could have been cut from Stockton's ring gear.] **DDK:** Stockton Pyre on his way to the ring, ready to challenge for the Southern Heritage championship for the second straight supershow. Last time he was the victim of both the chaotic nature of the match and some Curtis Penn cheapshots, Angus, Do you think he fares any better tonight? **Angus:** Absolutely. This is part of the reason why he invested in Wayne Dewey in the first place. With Wayne by his side, he'll have a much better shot at winning the Southern Heritage title from that piece of crap Curtis Penn. [Stockton does his "double-clap fist pump" taunt, before he and Wayne start down the ramp.] **DDK:** Earlier today, Stockton and Wayne had this to say about their Southern Heritage match tonight. [We cut to a Picture-in-Picture window of Pyre and Dewey, standing in front of a non-descript black background, facing the camera.] **Wayne Dewey:** Tonight's the night… Tonight's the night where Stockton Pyre finally gets his hands on the Southern Heritage title… Sure he's had opportunities before, but he's never had Wayne Dewey in his corner. Tonight The Gonzo Goliath will be unstoppable as he plows through Sam Turner Jr., and as he clutches onto the thing Curtis Penn holds most dear. **Stockton Pyre:** You were warned, Curtis, and you did not listen. So tonight, you pay for your sins with your gold. [The PiP fades, leaving the shot of Pyre climbing up to the apron as Wayne Dewey has engaged the ringside Asian woman at ringside in a loud talking-to. For her part, the Asian woman and her cameraman try to ignore the insults that Wayne is shouting her way.] **DDK:** Wayne Dewey may be a rat... **Angus:** HEY! Show some respect for the manager of a future champion! **DDK:** [ignoring Angus] ...but he remembers well what happened during the six-man tag in Regina. Stockton had a big-time advantage over Alceo Dentari, which is no small feat, until this mysterious Asian woman distracted Stockton. Wayne seems to be laying into her right now, maybe trying to get her to leave. [And indeed, Wayne seems to be pointing backstage as he talks to this Asian woman and her cameraman. Meanwhile Stockton Pyre has mounted the middle turnbuckle the furthest from this conversation. He claps twice before he raises his fists in the air, to the boos of the crowd.] [As Wayne finally gives up yelling at the Asian woman and her cameraman, Pyre gets down from the turnbuckle as the music fades.] **Quimbey:** And his opponent! Hailing from Bloody Harlan, KY, and weighing in at 255lbs.! He... is... SAM... TUUUUURRRRNEEEERRR JUUUUNNNNIIIIOOOOORRRR!!! [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 down town ♫* **Angus:** Here comes that big

son of a gun, I hope he's ready for this. **DDK:** He sure does have a load to learn. **Angus:** I agree! RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! [Sam steps out and flexes his farmer tanned arm making the crowd pop. As they cheer louder he begins to blush and smile widely.] [He starts waving to the fans as he walks to the ring.] [Que Picture-in-Picture. Sam Turner Jr. stands in front of a DEFIANCE background.] **Sam Turner Jr.** Ole Curt, you's a jerk. Sto'kt'n an' Way'n I ain't likin' y'all neith'r. All y'all thank you's gonna be tha S'uth'rn Her'tige title but'cha ain't. I'm takin' 'at title ba'k ta Bloody Harlan, an' y'all ain't stoppin' me. [End PiP. 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 ♫* **DDK:** Now let's hear what the Champion had to say about this match earlier today... [Another Picture in Picture box pops up, this time it's occupant is Curtis Penn.] **Penn:** Look at Turner and Pyre, I've beaten the both of them already, and now they think that they have a chance if they face me together… [Curtis gives a shitty grin.] **Penn:** I've beaten these odds before, the same song… same dance…same fucking outcome! [His grin is forced into a scowl as his music plays.] [The box vanishes as "Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era begins, Curtis steps onto the ramp, he is proudly wearing a new black shirt with a Spartan Helm resting on a skull, flanked by security the arena darkens and the Gregorian chanting begins. He stares at the ring, with a cold blank look.] **Quimbey:** And their opponent! From Pensacola, Florida, weighing in at two hundred and fifteen pounds, he is The Southern Heritage Champion... [After a few moments Curtis and his team take their first steps towards the ring.] [Penn makes his way to the steps of the ring and removes his shirt, he hands it off to one of his security team before making his way up the steps. They check and make sure his mouth guard is in place before he stomps up the steps.] **Quimbey:** Curtis Penn! BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! [At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope. His, cold, blue eyes stare through his competition.] [All three competitors stand poised in the middle of the ring waiting for the ring bell. Curtis Penn is of course running his mouth, while Stockton and Sam's gazes flit between each other and the champion.] **DDK:** Here we go! Southern Heritage title on the line! Do you have a favorite, Angus? **Angus:** Hands down, Stockton Pyre. Ever since- *♫ How lucky can one guy be?♫* **Angus:** Hey, I was talking! *♫ I kissed her and she kissed me ♫ ♫ Like a fella once said ♫ ♫ Ain't that a kick in the head ♫* [From the back emerge Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, Alceo Dentari, and 'Big' Vincent Rinaldi, collectively known as The Legitimate Businessman's Club. Tony has a microphone in his hand and he cuts a hand across his throat to ask for their music to be turned off.] **Tony Di Luca:** Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah. Hold on a second there guys. BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Tony Di Luca:** Seems ain't none a' you got the message. This here match ain't no triple threat no more. [The LBC saunter their way down the aisle. Dentari and Rinaldi stop at the end of the ramp, but Tony Di Luca continues on to the ring steps.] **Tony Di Luca:** See, Curtis, my associates an' I, we provided a service for you, an' now… it's time to collect payment. **DDK:** What's Tony talking about, Angus? **Angus:** I have no idea, but I think I'm starting to like the sound of it. [Clearly Curtis isn't happy, and he's quite willing to get all up in Tony's face about it. For that reason Tony keeps the ropes between them as he continues.] **Tony Di Luca:** You can stop complain' right now, Curtis. We told you we was workin' on a quid pro quo system back when you first came to us. Well, our payment is my insertion into this match. [Now Stockton and Sam Turner Jr. have something to say about Tony's announcement. In fact, so does Wayne Dewey who immediately hops up on the apron and begins arguing with Buffalo Brian Slater.] **DDK:** Looks like Slater knows about this change, but I'm still none the wiser as to how The LBC have been able to alter so many matches these past few weeks. **Angus:** Money makes the world go around, Keebs, and if I'm not mistaken, they have a financial backer that's got his foot on the gas. [Tony gestures for Penn to step back and allow him to enter the ring, which he does so reluctantly as Brian Slater assures everyone in and around the ring that what Tony is saying is actually true.] **Tony Di Luca:** This is now

a fatal four way. Good luck, boys. [Tony drops the mic as the bell finally sounds.] **DING DING DING!** [Tony starts to stretch in his corner while Stockton and Sam stare at each other. Together they slowly move towards 'Two Hands', who realises they only have

eyes for him now.] **DDK:** I don't think Pyre nor Turner are happy to see Tony out here. **Angus:** You don't think? Their chances of winning this thing just went from a 33% chance to a 25% one. Add in the fact that The LBC assaulted Sam and Stockton in Regina, and I don't think there's any 'thinking' needed. [Having noticed Pyre and Turner's attention focusing solely on Di Luca, Penn slips from the ring and ducks to the outside. In the ring Sam and Stockton both lunge at Tony Di Luca and back him quickly into the corner.] **DDK:** Maybe getting himself put into this match wasn't quite the best idea. **Angus:** I'm sure it seemed like a good idea at the time. [Tony tries to preemptively cut off the impending double-team with a punch to the skull of Sam Turner Jr, but Sam blocks and answers with a right hand of his own, causing Tony to stumble back into the corner his back is to. He then tries the same with Stockton Pyre, and he gets the same result, backing him into the corner.] **DDK:** For once, the numbers game has turned against Two Hands, and I don't think he's too happy about it. [As a last-ditch attempt to get away from The Redneck Recker and the Gonzo Goliath, Tony attempts to run into the space between both men, bowling through them with his shoulder in the process. But instead of blowing through both men, Tony hits them and bounces backwards, hitting the mat to the cheers of the fans.] [Tony crawls up into the corner he had his back two, and that's when both men move in. Turner ducks a shoulder into the abdomen of Tony, doubling him over. This is followed by Stockton Pyre cutting loose with a knife-edge chop that echoes around the arena.] CRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** Vicious chop by Stockton Pyre, Tony's caught in the wrong neighborhood. **Angus:** You best believe that, cops pull over his type for no reason whatsoever. [Another shoulder block, and then another...] CRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** His type? **Angus:**[slightly nervous] You know, legitimate businessmen... [The astute observer will notice that Alceo Dentari and Vincent Rinaldi have moved within earshot of Angus Skaaland, and Alceo is affixing a death glare upon the announcer's table. Meanwhile, elsewhere on the outside, Wayne Dewey slaps the apron and shouts encouragement to Pyre as the Asian woman is speaking to her now-filming cameraman andm back in the ring, another shoulder, and another...] CRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** What the heck are those two doing out here, anyway? Isn't the ringside area crowded enough? **Angus:** Well, they do have a Lumberjack match later in the evening. Maybe they're getting in some practice? [In the ring, one more time, another shoulder and another...] CRACK! WHOOOOOOOOOO! [Di Luca, now having enough of this double-team stuff, reaches out and thrusts his fingers into the throat of Stockton Pyre, sending him stumbling along the ropes away from the corner. As Sam Turner Jr. lines up for another shoulder block, Tony digs down and lifts a knee into the chest of Sam Turner Jr., stumbling the big country boy. Tony grabs the sideburns of Sam Turner Jr. and throws him into the corner now, where the rapid fire rights and lefts to the gut begin.] **DDK:** Tony Two-Hands now turning the tide in his favor... **Penn:** THAT'S RIGHT BEAT THE SHIT OUTTA EACH OTHER!!! **Angus:** Look at that lil' douche. He's going to watch the match until the last second isn't he? **DDK:** We've seen this before from Penn, using the muscle between his ears to let the other contenders chip away at each other so he can pick at the bones. [In the corner, Turner manages to get a fist up on Tony as he's mid-flurry, snapping his head back. Tony charges at Sam again, locking him into a choke in the corner. Slater applies the customary five count, and then when Tony doesn't break he steps between the two men, separating them. It's in that moment that Di Luca notices the blood dripping from his schnoz.] **Angus:** Uh oh… Tony looks pissed **DDK:** Di Luca brushes past Slater and starts laying in the heavy hands again, but this time it's even more vicious and more rapid fire! Tony seeing his own blood made him kick into that extra gear.. [Pyre turns his attention from Wayne Dewey, who is up on the apron giving him a few pointers, to hook Di Luca's arm in some kind of hammerlock. And he pays for it with a back heel into the groin area, which elicits a collective groan from the audience and causes Slater to start yelling at Di Luca once more.] **DDK:** I think Slater's hesitant to throw this match out despite Di Luca's bad behavior...could you imagine the collective riot that would happen if he did that? **Angus:** That's probably that chickenshit's plan all along, have Di Luca get the match thrown out so he keeps his title. [A split second after Pyre hits his knees Di Luca turns and drives a knee into the temple of Pyre, smiling as he watches the big man fall flat. But turning his back on Sam Turner proves costly, as Sam takes both hands, folds them into one another, and smashes the double ax-handle into the back of Di Luca's head, sending him sprawling.] **DDK:** And Turner takes down Di Luca! The Redneck 'Reker stands above Di Luca stomping a mudhole into the the LBC thug! [As Sam begins to stomp on the legitimate businessman, Angus' eyes have now fixed themselves on Curtis Penn.] **Angus:** Look at that toad, he's just sitting on the ring barrier watching Di Luca getting the shit kicked outta him. He's the biggest chickenshit on the Defiance Roster. [Curtis gives Angus a friendly wave as Alceo and Vinny head over to the corner where Curtis is relaxing.] **Alceo:** Get the fuck in the ring! [Penn smirks.] **Penn: YOU** got him into this match,**YOU** get in there! Cause I'll get in there when I'm good and damn ready! [Alceo comes closer to Penn and starts tapping Curtis in the chest with his finger.] **Alceo:** Don't make me tell yous twice… [Jab with the finger.] **Alceo:** Get.. [Jab with the finger.] **Alceo:** The… [Jab with the finger. Penn's feet touch the floor.] **Alceo:** Fuck… [Jab with the finger.] **Alceo:** In… [Penn catches Alceo's hand and shoves him...HARD… to the floor.] **DDK:** Uh oh... **Angus:** Clusterfuck in 5...4...3... [Penn stands above Alceo and starts to shout.] **Penn:** You don't get to ...UGGHH!

[Big Vinny levels Penn with a clothesline and then helps Alceo to his feet. Now angered, Dentari kneels over Penn while Vinny holds his arms down, and starts dropping bombs on Penn. Brian Slater, conscious of Curtis Penn's scream, turns to catch the two-on-one attack on the outside and slides outside to break it up.] [Meanwhile in the ring Sam and Stockton underhook Di Luca under the shoulders, arms crossing across the front, and drive into the mat with a modified back body drop. Slater's attention is split from the LBC by Wayne Dewey, who comes over to complain about the involvement of the LBC trio in this match. As Wayne argues that Tony should be thrown out for outside interference, Vinny and Alceo notice the situation and heave Penn up to his feet. Following Dentari's directions Vinny presses Penn over his head and throws him into the ring over the middle rope.] **DDK:** Turner with a pin attempt! [ONE!!!! counts the crowd, as Brian Slater is still arguing with Wayne Dewey.] **DDK:** And he doesn't even get a one cound from Buffalo Brian, as Penn lands on Sam Turner Jr., breaking up the pin attempt! **Angus:** Slater's letting a lot go here, but he needs to regain some control here fast. [Alceo and Vinny reach into the ring and pull Di Luca out from underneath Sam.] **DDK:** Alceo and Vinny look like they're giving Tony a Sicilian Pep Talk. **Angus:** Probably telling him if he doesn't get his shit together and bring this back home that he's going to be given a Sicilian Neck Tie. [Pyre drags Penn off of the pile and tosses him into the ropes, Penn ducks under the swinging forearm, bounces off of the far rope, ducks under another swinging blow, hits the near rope and hangs on as Pyre throws himself off balance with another try at connecting with Penn. Penn quickly capitalized on Pyre's timing and bounces off of the ropes and rocks Pyre with flying knee. Penn hits the far rope and connects with a double fist to the chest of Stockton, Penn steps through and grabs Stockton by the front of the mask and drops for a neck breaker.] **DDK:** What a series of moves from the Southern Heritage Champion as his goes for the cover! [ONE!!!] **DDK:** And TURNER with the SAVE! **Angus::** THANKJEEBUS for the Redneck! [Tony climbs onto the apron, asking the ref for a little bit of room as the three men all regain their footing, Tony ducks underneath the top rope, and it's like we have a match reset all over again.] **DDK:** All four men look at each other, sizing up each other. Penn, stands alone on an island as his money is no longer any good with LBC and Turner and Pyre just despise him down to his very core. [Penn rushes the redneck, the masked man lays into the hired gun.] **DDK:** Oh my God! Stiff shot after stiff shot, closed fists after closed fist, these four men are not playing around! [Tony and Pyre start trading forearms. Sam and Penn also begin trading forearms.] **Angus:** DUELING FOREARMS! **DDK:** This is great! **Angus:** It's deliverance all over again. [Tony and Pyre continue with the forearms. Tony gets in a stiff shot stunning Pyre. Pyre takes a step back and fires a huge stinky stiff elbow between Tony's eyes sending the big man down crashing back first to the mat, which gets the Asian black-with-red-streaks-in-her-hair woman and the Asian man on the outside talking..] **DDK:** What power Pyre has in his forearms. **Angus:** The power of a future champion! [Sam and Penn continue trading forearms. Penn tries to throw a haymaker but Sam blocks it. Sam reaches back and comes crashing into Penn's jaw knocking him loopy and on wobbly knees. Sam headbutts him forehead to forehead and down goes Penn.] **DDK:** Wow, what power! **Angus:** Power? I think you mean po'er as they say in Harlan Co. [Sam and Pyre look at each other. Sam grins, motions to Pyre to come to him, and mouths "Let's get'r done!". Pyre steps up face to face with Sam. Sam nods his head and Pyre cracks him in the side of the jaw.] **DDK:** Cheap shot... **Angus:** No, not a cheap shot, Sam offered Pyre the first shot. **DDK:** Well he really is an idiot then huh? **Angus:** He's quite special at times. [Sam and Pyre continue throwing forearms into each other. The shots aren't as crisp as the started off but Sam is still hitting them on Pyre.] **Angus:** Sam for the lose Alex. **DDK:** Huh? **Angus:** Hollywood Squares, learn some history my man, I just switched it up cause that's what I do. [Sam's leaning on the ropes and Pyre throws a forearm shot from twelve to six sending Sam through the ropes, hitting the ring apron and crashing on the arena floor.] **Angus:** I told you, Sam for the loss. **DDK:** He held his own. **Angus:** Did we just watch the same match or are you talking about his dick in the bathroom? **DDK:** Oy vey ist mir. **Angus:** WHAT? **DDK:** Nothing, you wouldn't understand. **Angus:** No crap weirdo! [Pyre leans on the ropes about to raise his hand in victory of the Forearm's to the Dome challenge, but Penn comes flying in with a leaping one-footed drop kick straight to the side of Pyre's head knocking him silly.] **DDK:** Penn turns around and is met by a crushing forearm from Tony Two Hands and the champ is sent through the second rope and to the floor. [Tony stands tall in the center of the wreckage with his hands in the air as if he's already won the match.] **DDK:** Pyre is on one knee shaking out some cobwebs while Tony is gloating in the middle of the ring. **Angus:** No he's not. Pyre looks like he's crouched in the corner, waiting for something. If I were Tony, I wouldn't turn around... [Sure enough, Tony turns around, and that's the trigger for Stockton Pyre to charge in and LEVEL Tony Two-Hands with a massive bone-jarring spear!] **DDK:** That spear had to break a few of Tony's ribs. He's clutching them like they're shattered. **Angus:** It's PYRE's time to shine! [Tony clutches his ribs with both arms wrapped tightly around himself. Pyre walks over and picks him up to a bent-over standing position. Pyre takes three steps backwards and runs in crashing into Tony's midsection with a running knee lift that took him a good five inches off the mat. Tony goes down. Sam and Penn are on the outside. The Asian man and woman are conversing again as the man films these fine Stockton Pyre highlights. Pyre covers.] ONE… TWO… THREE...NO PENN COMES FLYING

THROUGH THE 2ND AND 3RD ROPE BREAKING UP THE PIN. **Angus:** Pyre had this match won it looks like! What the hell Curtis, know when to give up and go home! **DDK** It's Penn's title Angus, no one else can have it. **Angus:** Bullshit it's Penn's title. One of these other three not-shitheads will be the Souithern Heritage champion, trust me! [Penn and Pyre are going at it as Tony clutches at his ribs. Penn hits a stiff kick to Pyre's thigh and buckling his knee. Pyre starts to drop and Penn push kicks him in the chest sending him backwards into the turnbuckles.] **Penn:**[yelling] YOU'RE MINE NOW! [Pyre hold on to the top rope tightly and tries to kick at Penn. Penn catches his and kicks at his left leg knocking him to the mat, trapped like a rat, nowhere to go but punishable for life. Penn stands on Pyre's leg adding as much pressure as he can.] [Sam's finally entered the ring only to be knocked back out of the ring by Tony.] **Angus:** Tony was playing opossum. [Penn picks up the hobbling Pyre and turns him around, He lifts him for a back suplex but crotches Pyre on the top turnbuckle facing away from the ring.] **Penn:**[yelling] HE'S DEAD! [Penn grabs the back of Pyre's head and leaps, sending the back of Pyre's head bouncing off the mat.] **DDK:** WHAT A NECKBREAKER! **Angus:** It was okay. **DDK:** What? **Angus:** Clean out your ears, I said it was O-K-A-Y, okay. **DDK:** Okay. [Penn goes for the cover as Wayne Dewey slaps the mat and yells for a kickout from his charge.] ONE… TWO… THREE...NO TONY TWO-HANDS STOMPS THE BACK OF PENN. **DDK:** That was so dirty! **Angus:** You're retarded, he saved the match! [Wayne Dewey is going out of his mind with relief that Pyre wasn't pinned. He looks over at ringside seeing the Asian lady watching the match and making no reaction. Wayne walks over towards her.] **Wayne Dewey:** You see that Stockton Pyre is the man! [She won't look in his direction.] **Wayne Dewey:** Look at me when I'm talking to you, you egg roll! [Still no reaction. Wayne starts walking over towards her, his fist balled up and almost cocked. Just then Sam Turner Jr. steps on between Wayne and the Asian lady.] RRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH! [Sam yells in Wayne's face sending him scurrying quickly to the other side of the ring. Sam looks in the ring and feels his second wind start to fuel him. He slides in the ring.] **DDK:** Wayne Dewey just pissed himself when Sam yelled at him. **Angus:** Doubtful, I think he poo'd a lot! [Sam's in and attempts a forearm in the jaw, but Tony Two-Hands dodges Sam and then punches him in the back of the head, sending him to the mat. Tony runs at Pyre and smashes him in the face with an elbow, knocking him back into a corner. Taking this moment, Tony Two-Hands summons some strength and lifts Pyre into the corner so he's seated on the top turnbuckle.] **DDK:** Could see a superplex coming...this could be a bad move by Tony, what with the bad ribs and all. **Angus:** No guts, no glor...wait, what the fuck is going on? [Angus was interrupted by the site of both Tony Di Luca AND Curtis Penn hooking the front facelock on Stockton Pyre. Both men look at one another and the mouths begin to flap.] **Tony Di Luca:** Whatta think you'se doin'? Get outta here. **Curtis Penn:** Shut your pizza hole, this is my superplex! [Tony is about to respond, but he gets a punch in the ribs from Stockton Pyre that makes him cry out in pain. Curtis Penn takes a moment to laugh at him, until he gets punched in the guts by Pyre as well. Pyre stands up and tries to push Tony off the top rope, but Tony grabs the hand with his teeth, causing Pyre to scream out in pain.] [While being bit, Penn slips a rabbit punch into the gut of Pyre, causing him to double back over. Tony Di Luca and Curtis Penn exchange a quick look at each other before hooking Stockton Pyre in a double superplex position, but Pyre refuses to budge.] **DDK:** Pyre just refusing to go over, and that may be the best thing for his chances in this match. **Angus:** I have no idea how steady the alliance is between Tony and Curtis, but they had better get their shit together or they're both going to go for a ride. [Just as the two try to lift Pyre, Sam Turnerlands a forearm to both their backs, stopping the process. Sam turns his back to them and steps back, reaches under and with all his power lifts all four men up and powerbombs Tony and Penn who superplex Pyre halfway across the ring.] **Angus:** WHAT A SUPER HUGE MF'N TOWER OF DOOM! **DDK:** That was so sick! [Sam stands up rushes over to Pyre and goes for the pin.] ONE… TWO… THREE...NO! **DDK:** Pyre kicks out! Brian Slater saying two, that was as close a two as you can get! [Sam's shocked. He crawls over to Penn and pins him.] ONE… TWO… THREE...NO! **Angus:** Fuck you, Curtis, you couldn't stay down?!? [Again, Sam's so close. One more chance. He crawls to Tony, pins him.] ONE… TWO...NO, PYRE KICKS SAM IN THE HEAD. [Sam is helped to his feet by Stockton Pyre, who then lifts Sam up over his shoulder, in preparation for a running powerselam, but Sam slips out the back door and then shoves Stockton Pyre HARD. Pyre runs right into the back of Penn and they collide head-to-head, sending Penn out of the ring.] **Angus:** And this is the beauty of fatal four-way matchups, this clown doens't have to be involved in the pin to lose. This is a perfect opportunity for Sam to make a move for the win. [Sam Turner turns his attention to a rising Tony Two-Hands, picking him up in the fireman's carry. As Tony sits on his shoulders, Sam's grip on Tony's head and leg tighten as he begins to spin round and round in a circle.] RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **DDK:** Airplane spin! [After a few rotations, Sam puts Tony back down on his feet. Tony is so dizzy he can't even stand on his own two feet, and he falls backwards and tangles his arms in the ropes.] RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **Angus:** Tony is out of it, this could be a huge opportunity for Sam to win the Southern Heritage title! [Sam runs at Tony and cross body blocks him,

shaking the ropes and moving the ring about an inch in the process.] **DDK:** What a massive cross-body! Tony's even MORE in la-la land now! [With Tony tied in the ropes and Sam turning his attention elsewhere, Brian Slater and Vincent Rinaldi (at Alceo Dentari's "forceful suggestion") are both trying to untie Di Luca from the ropes, but aren't having much luck, mostly because Rinaldi is twisting the ropes the opposite way he should. In the ring, Sam Turner Jr. runs at the downed Stockton Pyre and hits a leg drop across the Goliath's neck. He doesn't go for the cover, though, instead pulling Pyre to his feet while still in a daze] **DDK:** Turner spins around, he's got Pyre lined up, he's got Penn down on the outside, and Tony Two-Hands tied up in the ropes. If he's going to do something, this is his moment! **Angus:** He's swingin' that big ol' farmer tanned arm around, looks like he's calling for the Harlan County Line. Man, I hate to say this, but if it takes the title away from Penn, then LARIAT HIS FUCKING HEAD OFF! [Sam runs to the ropes and goes to bounce off...] [...only to tumble head-first to the outside.] BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** Dewey! He pulled the ropes down, and Sam went sprawling! **Angus:** Did anyone else see that? **DDK:** Slater didn't, he had his back turned trying to get Tony out of the ropes. But Pyre had to see it. I don't know what kind of shape his eyes are in after the beating he's taken in this match, but he was facing that direction. If there are any lights left on under the mask, he had to have seen it! [Pyre was up on his feet as part of the setup for the Harlan County Line, so he didn't really need to take much time to recover. Wayne is talking trash to Sam Turner Jr, who's basically sprawled out at ringside, as a small "Rat" chant breaks out amongst the fans at ringside.] [As he continues to spew hatred from his mouth at everyone who is either named Sam or is calling him a rat (exact words unheard), Pyre slides out of the ring behind Wayne Dewey.] **Angus:** You've been chasing this title for two straight tours, Stockton. If you want to win it, now is the time, I can still see Curtis Penn down on the ground in front of us. Wayne Dewey has done what you paid him to do, now finish the job and pin the redneck before someone else can save him. [Pyre taps Wayne on the shoulder, who turns around quickly and sees his client waiting. Wayne steps aside, but Pyre reaches out his right hand.] **DDK:** Sealed with a handshake, Angus? **Angus:** Stop wasting time and make with the pinning in the ring! [Wayne, slightly confused, reaches out and grasps the hand of Stockon Pyre. Pyre responds by grasping the back of Dewey's hand and shaking, which is a relief to Wayne. Wayne goes to walk away from Pyre... [...but Pyre hangs on to the back of Wayne's hand.] [And before Wayne can relax one way or another, he finds himself getting lariat'd out of his shoes.] RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! **DDK:** Pyre saw Wayne cheat, and he's not going to take it anymore! [The other sound you hear is the sound of Angus throwing paperwork into the air.] **Angus:** Is anyone going to focus on what's important here??? CURTIS PENN IS STILL A CHAMP, PLEASE FIX KTHXBYE!!! [Pyre ignores both the broken bodies of Wayne Dewey and the damaged body of Sam Turner Jr and rolls into the ring, where Tony Di Luca is just now being untied from the ropes. Tony stumbles out to the middle of the ring and throws a right hand out of instinct, but Stockton Pyre is able to duck, clutch on Tony's wrist and spin him back around into the...] **DDK:** INFERNO! Pyre wouldn't take the tainted pinfall, but he may still become our next Southern Heritage Champ! [As the Asian man and woman are all abuzz again, Di Luca rolls onto the apron after the massive lariat. Pyre leans between the middle and top ropes to grab Di Luca and pull him upward, but as he does, he finds himself right in line for a nasty SUPERMAN PUNCH from Curtis Penn.] **Angus:** FMYLIFE.JPG [Pyre wobbles a bit before he falls backwards, into the middle of the ring.] [Penn slides into the ring, and he looks intent on covering Stockton Pyre, but as Alceo Dentari runs up to check on Tony, Penn is met with a very different response, as the very determined Redneck Recker FINALLY nails him some Harlan County Line on Curtis Penn, turning him inside out and landing him on his side.] **DDK:** Harlan County Line! He hit it square to the side of Curtis Penn's head, that HAS to be it! [Turner takes a moment to roll the now-stirring Stockton Pyre to the outside of the ring before rolling over Curtis Penn and covering the Southern Heritage Champion. The crowd, ecstatic, counts along.] ONE! TWO! AWWWWWWWWWWWW.... **DDK:** Di Luca with the save, and he just planted a fist right into the back of the Redneck Recker's head, and wait a second... [It's here, as Brian Slater has his head down checking on an unconscious Sam Turner Jr, Tony Di Luca takes a pair of brass knucks off of his hand and tosses them over to Vincent Rinaldi on the other side of the ring, who hides them in his track pants pocket.] **Angus:** Come on! **DDK:** The LBC have ruined this match from the start. **Angus:** Do I have to go on a fuckin' hunger strike for this clown to lose his title? It's not difficult, just SOMEONE NOT NAMED PENN PIN SOMEONE! **DDK:** You may get your wish, Angus; Sam's not moving at all. Tony grabs the legs of Sam and jack-knife's him into a cradle...no, not like this! **Angus:** Yes, hell yes like anything! ONE! [Curtis Penn is shaking the cobwebs out from the harsh lariat he received from Sam Turner Jr. He looks up and sees Tony, with his back to him, cradling Sam Turner Jr.] TWO! [Penn attempts to make a diving attack on Tony Di Luca to save his title from changing hands...but from behind, Stockton Pyre grabs the leg of Curtis Penn and pulls, causing the dive to fall JUST SHORT of touching Tony.] THREE! **DING DING DING!** BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** The LBC steal this one! **Angus:** YES! YEAHYEAHYEAHYEAHMOTHERFUCKINGYEAH! [There is a thumping sound as Angus' microphone hits the table. As the production team kicks up the Dean Martin song, they do another picture in picture as well, with Tony Di Luca being handed the Southern Heritage title belt by Brian Slater as he and the rest of the LBC back up the ramp, and with the other picture showing Angus standing on the barricade behind the announcer's table and doing...well, something that somewhat resembles the Futterwacken only far far less coordinated.] **DDK:** Angus Skaaland, the picture of professionalism, is literally dancing for joy because Curtis Penn lost the Southern Heritage title. **Angus:**[picked up by DDK's mic] Suck my balls Darren, this is the greatest moment in Defiance since Cancer Jiles won the World Title. [The shot of Angus dancing mercifully disappears, and we focus now in the ring. Curtis Penn looks up and sees that Tony Di Luca is walking away with his title, and he completely loses his mind. He screams in fury and slams on the mat with both fists several times, before he gets to his feet and pretty much jumps out of the ring.] **Penn:**[yelling, practically foaming at the mouth] You circus freak, do you know what you just did??? [He runs right up to Stockton Pyre and socks him in the mouth, sending Pyre on a recoil. Pyre recovers and, instead of taking the second one, blocks it and throws a right back at Curtis Penn, and the post-match brawl is on.] [Brian Slater is the first one to the melee, and the big former security guard has plenty of experience separating brawling parties. Penn, fueled by his anger and frustration, continues to try and get at Stockton Pyre as Slater (and the incoming DEFSEC agents) hold him and Pyre back, The LBC retreats up the ramp with Tony Di Luca holding the title high, and Sam Turner Jr. just now starting to stir.] **DDK:** We've got chaos going on all over the place, but most importantly, we have ourselves a new Southern Heritage Champion, as Tony Di Luca almost literally stole the Southern Heritage Championship from the man who he was protecting up until inserting himself into the match at the last minute. We're gonna get Angus down off the barricade and get this chaos sorted out, but for now we'll send you backstage to hear from Jake Donovan as he gets ready for his match tonight with Romero Antiguas.

Damn it feels good to be DEFIANT

[The DEFIAtron hums to life.] [Jake Donovan, green and purple painted face and all, stands in front of the DEFIANCE banner, hands all tapped up, looking ready for a fight. His tri-colored hair hangs in colorful strands around his face as he blinks at the lights, listening to the restless crowd beyond the curtain, their enthusiasm bringing a smile to his face.]
Jake: Damn it's good to be back in DEFIANCE! [Huge crowd pop] **Jake:** Can't think of a better city than Toronto to make my return to the ring. Go Maple Leafs!
*RARRRR

Romero Antiguas vs Jake Donovan

Darren Quimby: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his DEFIANCE return, he stands 6'2" and weighs in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen…here is Jake Donovan! **Angus:**
Here we go, last chance to back out, Jake! ["Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and there's Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in green and purple, his hair sporting streaks of green, purple and blue. He's got on black cargo pants with purple streaks running down the side, a purple mesh vest top and a green mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo. He slaps hands with the people, hugs the little kids, fist bumps the guys and hugs the girls on his way to the ring. Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a summersault and landing in the ring.] **DDK:** Impressive, the people sure respond to him. **Angus:** They'd respond to a corpse as long as we painted it up and made it do some flippy shit. **DDK:** You can't deny that he seems far more focused and fired up this time around. **Angus:** I can deny whatever I'd like. It's his first night back, talk to me when he's lasted six months, then we'll see how much fire and focus he's got left. **Darren Quimby:** And, his opponent! ["Tonight" by Enrique Iglesias hits the arena's speakers, the impossibly and irritatingly catchy pop hit heralding the arrival of the newest DEFIANT to DEFIANCE Wrestling. The man who emerges from the back wears traditional trunks in the Mexican tricolor. He sports abdominal muscles that make women the world over swoon. And, perhaps most forebodingly for the future, he comes bearing a microphone, and he's not afraid to use it.] **Romero Antiguas::** *Callate!* [The single Spanish word, meaning roughly "be quiet," catches the attention of one Darren Quimby, who does as requested.] **Romero Antiguas::** Thank you. I am fully capable of handling things from here. Let's take this from the top, shall we? Sound guys, my music, please? [Romero gestures towards the back, and waits a few moments, tapping his toes impatiently. Finally, though, the Enrique Iglesias hit begins playing once more, and a much happier Antiguas begins to slowly saunter down the aisle, throwing glances at nearby female fans.] **Romero Antiguas::** I come to you all from San Diego, California, by way of the greatest city on this planet, Monterrey, Mexico! I stand five feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh in at 225 lbs, but let's face it, ladies, the only measurement that really matters to you is what I've got in my trunks, now isn't it? [A cascade of jeers follows, but sharp-eared listeners can pick out the approving shrieks amongst the boos.] **Romero Antiguas::** *Soy misterioso, peligroso, y delicioso..hombres y mujeres, I AM ROMERO ANTIGUAS!* [With a smirk on his face, the Mexican DEFIANT rolls into the squared circle, ready to begin his first contest as a member of the roster. The microphone is placed carefully on the ring apron as Antiguas stretches out, shooting a dismissive look at Jake Donovan.] **DDK:** Now this guy, after what we saw from him last week, Jake had better be careful, I doubt Mr. Antiguas took too kindly to his interruption. **Angus:** Would serve the painted freak right if the same thing happened to him that happened to that Lord Belmont guy, then maybe he'd learn to stay out of other people's business. **DDK:** Somehow I don't see that happening…and here we go! [Collar and elbow tie up but Antiguas quickly drops to his knees and sneaks in an uppercut, followed by a forearm smash. Not to be outdone, Jake responds with a standing dropkick and immediately rushes into the ropes, looking for a springboard moonsault, but Antiguas moves and Jake lands on his feet and turns right into a clothesline.] **Angus:** Uh-huh, look where going for the flippy shit got him. [Jake pops back to his feet, and looks to lock up with Romero again, but Romero just turns it into an armdrag and takes Jake to the mat. Both men quick to roll back to their feet, however, and right into another tie up. Jake with a quick knee lift this time, followed by a clubbing forearm across Romero's back. Romero staggers backwards only to be yanked into a European uppercut from Jake. **DDK:** Hey maybe he heard you, looks like he's trying to out wrestle the guy now instead of outfly him. **Angus:** Then he owes me a hundred bucks, I charge by the minute for my advice. [Jake with an Irish whip sends Romaro to the far side of the ring, Romaro comes charging back, ducks a clothesline and heads into the ropes on the far side. Jake turns around and Romaro slams into him, shoulder to chest, sending Jake down. Jake pops right back to his feet though and gets right in the face of Romero, both men jaw jacking at one another until Jake gives Romero a shove and follows it up

with a roundhouse kick to the side of the head, staggering Antiguas. Jake is quick to follow it up with a spin side kick to the midsection, doubling Romero over and allowing Jake to nail him on the back of the neck with an elbow and quickly set up for his flipping piledriver, but Antiguas counters with a backdrop, stopping Jake cold.] **DDK:** And again it looks like Donovan is going for the big moves early…too early. **Angus:** He'll learn or he'll lose. Either way he'll learn. [Jake pops to his feet again, but Romero with a double clap over Jake's ears, follows it up with a standing dropkick. Jake immediately rolls from the ring to the outside and walks around the ring, rubbing his left ear and trying to slow things down. Inside the ring, Romero alternates between playing to the crowd and taunting Jake, who glares up at him before climbing onto the apron. Romero is right there to get in his face, and the ref tries to back him away, telling him to let Jake into the ring, but Jake with a boot the midsection of Romero, slingshots himself over Romero, catching him on the way down and pulling him into a sunset flip.] One… [Quick kickout from Romero and both men roll back to their feet. Jake looking for a clothesline and Romero ducking, pulls him into a backslide.] One… **DDK:** And another quick kickout! [Both men back up again quickly, and Romero fires off a knife-edge chop, and a second one, then a third, driving Jake back against the ropes. Irish whip by Romero, Jake off the far side, Romero drops his head a little too soon and Jake puts on the breaks and nails him with a vicious kick to the jaw. Romero clutching his face but Jake going right after him with a series of kicks, driving him into the corner. Jake leaping up onto Romero's shoulders, looking for the frankensteiner, but Romero counters with a powerbomb and a pining situation…] One… Two… [Donovan with a kickout.] **DDK:** It's been a pretty even matchup so far, Jake looks good for not having been in the ring for a while and Romero is proving how well trained he is with those counters. **Angus:** You call that even? Romero is stuffing everything that painted up freak attempts. **DDK:** I'm seeing Jake counter just as much of Romero's. Looks pretty even to me. **Angus:** Then invest in some glasses before you come out here again. [Both men to their feet, Romero with a knife-edge chop, and Jake firing right back with one of his own and follows it up with a spin backfist that staggers Romero. Jake follows it up with a series of Muay Thai knees to the midsection and a monkey flip that sends Romero across the ring. Romero shakes it off, staggering to his feet only to be nailed by a running dropkick from Donovan. Donovan up onto the top rope, springs off with a corkscrew moonsault.] **DDK:** Romero got the kness up! That had to suck! **Angus:** Serves the little freak right, he should have gone for the cover when he the chance, rather than trying to go flip and fly everywhere. [Jake rolls along the mat, clutching his ribs, as Romero climbs back to his feet with a smirk on his face. Romero pointing down at Donovan, taunting him before strutting towards the ropes. Loud boos great him as he gestures to his body and poses for the ladies.] **Angus:** Stop wasting time and pin him all ready! [Jake kneels in a corner, glaring at Romero across the ring and as soon as Antiguas turns around Jake nails him with a spear, receiving a huge pop from the crowd. Jake raining punches down on the face of Romero before nailing him with a springboard moonsault and hooking the leg.] One… Two… [Kickout by Romero and Jake is right back on him with forearm strikes and elbows to the face before rolling to his feet and kicking Romero in the shoulder with a stinging roundhouse kick. Romero clutching his shoulder and Jake just fires off several more kicks to the arm and a kick to the face that lays Romero out on the mat. The crowd is cheering for Jack as he stomps the arm and shoulder he'd been working over before quickly locking in an armbar.] **DDK:** That's something new, I don't remember him having any submissions that last time he was here. **Angus:** Whoever taught it to him should have taught him to do it further from the ropes. Romero is inches away from them and look at him struggle. [Romero fighting through the pain to reach the ropes and the fans send out a chorus of boos when the referee orders Jake to break the hold. Jake does so, reluctantly, and Romero rolls from the ring amid the constant booing of the people. He just stretches out his shoulder and rubs it before flashing the people a cocky smirk, then turning to look back at the ring.] **DDK:** AIR JAKE! This kid is gonna need his own zip code! [Donovan launches himself over the top rope with a summersault plancha.] *RARRRR

get behind him loudly, encouraging him to get up and fight.] **DDK:** Check out the look of hatred on Romero's face, he's so mad he could spit nails right now. **Angus:** Maybe next time he'll do a better job of finishing an opponent instead of playing around with them. [Just as quick as the look of venom on Antiguas' face came to being, so too does it melt away. Antiguas shakes his head and shrugs, even in the face of the crowd supporting his opponent.] **DDK:** The crowd behind Donovan here! The man's always been a crowdpleaser. [Romero picks Jake up, and pushes him back into the corner. Donovan doesn't offer much resistance as Antiguas moves into the corner, and clubs him with two hard forearm strikes. Backing up, Antiguas charges, only to eat both boots of Jake Donovan flush in the mush, staggering the Mexican back. As Romero tries to get his senses back, Donovan boosts himself up to a seat on the top turnbuckle, then stands and goes to the third floor. Romero never sees Jake coming, as he flies off the top with a huge missile dropkick that catches Antiguas in the back, and sends Romero into the corner, face-first, before crashing back to the canvas, flat on his back.] **Angus:** Damnit! Come on Romero! You...you can't lose to this...this...JAKE DONOVAN! [Donovan crawls over to the downed Antiguas, throwing his body over the fallen competitor, moving to try and secure the leg as Mark Shields leaps over the pinning predicament to get a better angle, then begins his count.] One… Two… Thr--NO! KICKOUT! [Antiguas' shoulder squeaks up off the canvas just before the three count, and Shields thrusts two fingers in the air.] **DDK:** I'm not a huge fan of this Romero Antiguas' attitude, but the kid's tough, you've got to give him that much! [Donovan drags Romero into position closer to the corner. With Antiguas in a bad way, Jake sees time to go up top and take another big chance. He springs to the top with abandon, spreading his arms for the briefest of moments before leaping off the top rope, flipping backwards as he moves forward.] **Angus:** OUT OF THE WAY! OUT OF THE WAY FASTER THAN YOU RUN WHEN ONE OF YOUR WOMENFOLK TRIES TO ACCUSE YOU OF PATERNITY! **DDK:** SHOOTING! STAR! PRESS! [The move is executed perfectly; sadly for the legion of Jake Donovan fans, so is Romero Antiguas' counter. Both of Antiguas' knees are raised to his chest, impaling Donovan upon them. One can practically hear the air whoosh out of Donovan's body as he rolls off Romero's knees, screaming in agony.] **Angus:** ROMERO'S! KNEES! UP! **DDK:** I loathe you sometimes. **Angus:** Only sometimes? I must not be doing my job properly. [Antiguas clutches at his own knees from the impact, but soon, he is sitting up, a Cheshire Cat's grin on his face as he looks at the agonized face of his opposition. As he stands, he gestures out to the crowd, and makes the universal sign that a piledriver, and thus pain, blues, and agony, are imminent.] **DDK:** He's calling for it! Romero Antiguas wants the Martinete! If he gets it, that's all she wrote! [Romero Antiguas is all smiles as he picks the limp Jake Donovan up. Donovan seems barely able to stand as Romero sets him up, applying a standing headscissors to Jake. Romero spreads his arms wide, soaking in the moment.] **Angus:** The only piledriver more vicious than the Martinete is the one he's gonna give his rat of choice backstage later tonight! Balls deep, my friend. BALLS DEEP! [The Hispanic pretty boy preens, blowing a kiss to a few young ladies in the crowd. He stoops down to wrap his arms around Donovan's waist, but the time spent is too much. FAR too much, as Jake Donovan extricates himself from the headscissors and trips out both of the legs of Romero, sending him flat on his back.] **DDK:** Donovan escapes! Antiguas was telegraphing that piledriver from the Sierra Nevadas! [Jake moves quickly, flipping over while still grabbing the ankles of the arrogant Romero, bridging with a tight cradle as Mark Shields moves to make the count.] One… Two… Three! [Antiguas squirts free of the pinning predicament a second later, but pro wrestling uses a count of three, not four. The bell sounds a moment after, and Romero Antiguas is forced to recognize the horrible truth: he has lost.] **Angus:** You have GOT to be shitting me! That count was fast! And Jake had the tights! **DDK:** NEITHER of those statements is true. What IS true, though, is that Romero Antiguas had this contest in the palm of his hand. If he'd just gone for his piledriver, the Martinete, it could be over, but he gave Jake Donovan time to recover, and you CANNOT showboat that much against an athlete of Donovan's caliber! **Darren Quimby:** Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of this contest, as a result of a pinfall, JAKE DONOVAN! [Donovan hops out of the ring, over the top rope, to celebrate with his fans, leaving an utterly ENRAGED Romero Antiguas in the ring, screaming in Mark Shields' face. Shields looks almost apologetic, but shrugs as if to say "sorry dude. I love assholes, but he got you fair and square." Romero turns and kicks the bottom rope, letting out a scream.] **Angus:** Come on, man. It'll be okay! I know losing to Donovan sucks, but you're gonna get pussy backstage! The only pussy Jake Donovan gets comes in onahole form. **DDK:** I should be surprised that you brought up onaholes, but at this point, nothing you do surprises me anymore, really. [On the ramp, a jubilant Jake Donovan celebrates before disappearing behind the curtain. Back in the squared circle, it is all Romero Antiguas can do to bite his lip and shake his head. He'd been close. So close. The most painful part for the young grappler to realize?] [It was his fault. ALL his fault.]

Simple Truths

[Cut to the backstage area.] **Lance Warner:** Good evening, DEFIAfans, Lance Warner here with Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama, moments away from the Last Man Standing match between Troy Matthews and Mushigihara, which promises to be a brutal altercation, and Troy, you've come this far since the dissolution of the Philosopher Kings, even going so far as to change your appearance… what is going through your mind before this match, where Eddie Dante has made clear that Mushigihara will aim to maximize your suffering, as he put it? [Warner places the mic up to Troy's lips, but the Jersey Devil's gaze doesn't shift in the slightest.] **Troy Matthews:** Well, Lance Warner, it's as simple as this; I've made a career out of facing giants who spit the kind of game ol' Eddie has for months, but the point is, he just plain cannot back that up because for all the threats and bluster Lord Stiffpants over there has made, he hasn't been able to follow up on it, EVEN WHEN he's got someone aiming to get his mitts on him. [Troy shakes his head] **Troy Matthews:** Y'see, Lance, Eddie could be a real force in this industry, as a wrestler OR a manager, if he wasn't so eager to play games with people; and I don't mean the kind of mind games someone like a Kai Scott plays, but he likes to make wagers and cut deals. He's the kind of villain who likes to give his prey a sporting chance for the thrill of the hunt, and that's why this match is so important. [Troy grins.] **Troy Matthews:** My contract's on the line. The rights to my likeness. My very career, in essence. Because he wants to think he's some great villain who can prove to the world the kind of wrestler I really am. But the thing is, he doesn't seem to realize he's not dealing with the same guy who wore green in the Kings. And when it's all said and done, I WILL stand victorious. I WILL win back my freedom. And in my first act as a free man, I WILL exact my revenge on Eddie for the MONTHS of torment he tried to put me through. Bank on it. [Saori grabs the microphone and speaks her own piece.] **Saori Kazama:** Troy's transition from green to red is a symbolic gesture; a new rebirth in the career of the man who has a history of making the impossible possible. It will also symbolize the flames of anger that Troy will engulf Eddie Dante and Mushigihara tonight. [The couple march off without announcement, leaving the head interviewer in DEFIANCE to himself.] **Lance Warner:** Strong words by Troy and Saori here tonight. Back to you, Darren and Angus.

Jonny Booya vs Diego de Leon

Darren "DQ" Quimbey: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...Standing in at 6 foot 6 inches... Weighing in at 271 lbs...FROM CHARLOOOTE, NORTH CAROLINAAAA!! HE IS JOOOOOOONNNNNNYYYYYY BOOOOOYAAA! **#OH MY GOD THATS THE FUNKY SHIT#** ["Funky Shit" by Prodigy plays.] **Angus:** God I hate this guy. [Booya swag struts out of the back. He drops down and flexes at the entrance ramp.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [He continues his powerstrut to the ring, but when he gets into the center he poses.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [And another Pose.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [And another pose with a kiss to the muscles.] **Angus:** (mumble...) **DDK:** What was that? **Angus:** (strained)... I really hope that furry knocks the COOL out of him. [His name is King by Luis Bacalov plays.] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** And his opponent...Standing at an even 6 foot! Weighing in at 220 lbs... From Truth or Consequences, New MEXICO!.... DIIIIIIEEEEEEEEGOOOOOOOOOO DE LEEEEEEEEON! [Diego sprints out of the back ignoring the outstretched hands, slides into the ring. Diego throws off his poncho and closes the distance between he and Booya. Diego stops short of his quarry, leaps into the air and quickly brings his boot across the chin of Jonny Booya -] **DDK:** Diego like a bat out of hell! **Angus:** HIGH KICK TO THE FACE! [And Misses.] **Angus:** Don't make me regret cheering for you furball! **DING! DING! DING!** [Diego throws another high kick, Booya ducks out of the way, flexing.] **DDK:** Booya here, making a light of Diego. **Angus:** I've been waiting for someone... ANYONE to put this guy in his place for months! [Diego throws another kick and again Booya-swag dodges the kick and takes a moment to pose. Diego stops his attack and just shakes his head.] **Angus:** NO! What are you doing?! ATTACK! None of that goody-two shoes crap! POUNCE on' 'im! [Booya gets into a low fighting stance with his fists up. He ducks in and closes the gap sizing up the young lion with punches.] **DDK:** An answer to Diego's kicks would be Booya's punches. Where as Diego appears to have some martial arts training. Booya has boxing. [Diego ducks.] **Angus:** All the boxing lessons in the world won't help you if you can't connect once! [And ducks.] **DDK:** Diego smartly evading those massive fists of Booya. [And dodges out of the way.] **DDK:** It's only been minutes into the match and things are already heating up! **Angus:** I just hope this furball doesn't embarrass me or let me down. [Diego and Booya stand there staring at one another. Diego places his hands on his hips. Booya peckflexes.] **Angus:** *sigh*...God I hate that guy. [Diego turns around and charges after Booya near immediately. He launches himself into the air bringing a knee to the head of Booya. Booya reacts by cutting Diego off and meeting him with arms wide open. No Creed jokes Monky.] **Angus:** NO Diego! [Catching the Lion, Booya steps forward and then brings Diego over his head, falling back.] **DDK:** Fallaway Slam! **Angus:** I thought cats were supposed to land on their feet! [Booya stands up, walks over to Diego and lifts him up by the mask. Diego charges Booya, but Booya grabs him and throws him into a corner, closely following that with a full body splash. Booya drags Diego out of the corner and throws him into the opposite turnbuckle with another splash. Diego stumbles out of the corner and Booya lifts him up and slams him down in the middle of the ring with a scoop slam.] **DDK:** Booya taking control of the tempo now. [Booya pulls Diego toward the center of the ring and goes for the cover.] **DDK:** Booya with the first cover. One.. ...Two... ..Kickout!.. [Booya forcibly stands Diego up, he gives Diego a knee to the stomach, quickly lifts him up and slams him down Gutwrench style. He goes for another cover.] One.. ..Kickout!.. [Diego kicks out immediately. Both Diego and Booya stand. Diego hits Booya with a few low kicks. He winds his leg back and goes for a harder low kick that whooshes by Booya's dodging massive frame. Booya charges Diego.] **Booya:** Kickin' iz all you do baoi! [Booya takes down Diego with a low tackle. Diego uses the momentum to reverse the positions and end up on top of Booya.] **Diego:** Not really. [Diego moves off top of Booya and drags him to the middle of the ring. Diego grabs Booya by the leg and slams it against the ring - knee first. Booya writhes in pain, Diego grabs his leg and does it again.] **Angus:** Hey, I'm starting to like Diego a little more now. He just needs to throw out the rest of his do-gooder ways. [And again.] **Angus:** Yes! [Diego backs off and lets Booya hobble onto his feet. Booya pulls himself up into a standing position using the ropes to help himself. Diego charges Booya but Booya dumps him outside of the ring and onto the ground below. Booya hobbles about in the ring, shaking off the foot. Carla begins counting Diego out.] **DDK:** De Leon dumped to the outsider. 1 2 3 [Diego stands up, Booya lets him, still dealing with his knee.] 4 5

[Diego rolls under the bottom rope and cuts off the count. Booya now walks with a slight limp to Diego. Diego grabs Booya and slams him into the middle of the ring with a wristlock suplex. Diego goes for a cover.] One.. ...Two... ..Kickout!.. **Angus:** I'm glad this match isn't over with yet. **DDK:** Why's that? **Angus:** I honestly don't think Booya's suffered enough. [Diego stands up immediately and gets into a low stance. Booya slowly stands and Diego hits Booya with a knee to the face. Diego is the first up and he helps Booya up. Booya grabs Diego immediately, but Diego tries to fight back. The two grapple for superiority in the middle of the ring but they end up locking in a front lock.] **DDK:** I dont' think Diego will get the better of Booya here. **Angus:** Argh.. Don't do it lion-o! [Diego gains the momentum on Booya, Booya is lowering and shaking his head in disbelief.] **DDK:** I could be wrong. **Booya:** Aw hell, kiddin'! **DDK:** Maybe not. [Booya powers up and easily presses Diego against the corner turnbuckle. Booya hits Diego with a headbutt, closely followed by an elbow uppercut. Booya then scoops Diego up, and throws him against the matt in a powerslam.] **DDK:** I don't get the disdain you have for Booya. **Angus:** What's there not to get? [Booya lifts Diego to his feet. Booya hits Diego with a nasty jab, gut punch and a jumping calf kick before Diego can react to anything else. Diego is on the ground.] **DDK:** He has all the traits that people you'd normally cheer for. **Angus:** Except he's annoying, stupid, has a dumber access. He just looks like one of those douchebags at the gym that criticizes you for whatever you're lifting. [Booya takes time to appreciate the finer things in life, like his poses.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Angus:** See what I mean? **DDK:** Point taken. [He poses.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [Again.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO [And again.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **DDK:** You gotta wonder if Booya's taking Diego too lightly here. He's just posing around in the middle of the ring like that's more important than the match. **Angus:** GEEEEET UP DIEGO!... Remember those time when your uncle killed your father in front of your eyes! **DDK:** I don't think- **Angus:** Remember the time you left your planet for a new one... The last of your cat-like race- **DDK:** But that's- **Angus:** Remember your battlecry!... Thunder....Thunder...THUNDERCATS....HOOOOOOOOOOOO~~~~~~~~! **DDK:** You done? **Angus:** Yeah I got it out of my system. [Diego stands up slowly. Booya ducks in low and begins hitting Diego with a few boxing jabs, bouncing in the middle of the ring and dancing circles around Diego. Diego fires back with a side kick to the knee of Booya.] **Angus:** Diego's fighting back. I think my battlecry helped him! [Booya falters, but throws a punch.] **Angus:** NO! [Diego kicks the knee.] **Angus:** Yes! [Booya punches again.] **Angus:** NO! [Diego lands a hard low kick on Booya's knee. Booya slumps, Diego lands a jumping kick to Booya's face. Booya drops. Diego goes for the cover.] One.. ...Two... ..Kickout!.. [Booya stands up. Diego charges and leaps. Booya catches him.] **Angus:** Why does he keep doing that?! Booya's only going to catch him! **DDK:** Diego looking for that knee. He always manages to pull that knee out and hit his opponents with it during his matches. [Diego feebly struggles while Booya continues to hold Diego. Booya shifts Diego into a Gorilla Press. Booya begins to Gorilla Press Diego. Booya throws Diego straight up into the air-] **DDK:** Booya's brutish strength- [And then meets him with a mongolian chop across the throat.] *HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!* [The crowd is cheering because let's face it, that was fucking cool. Diego is on the ground, Booya is talking to the crowd.] **Booya:** Ah'm the COOLest! Ah'll show ya'll how to be COOL to! Lemme take care o' dis furry first! [Diego barely stirs. Booya continues posing because let's face it. He's a meathead. Diego manages to crawl to a corner and pulls himself up while Booya's distracted by his own posing.] **Angus:** What an idiot. [Booya looks on the ground where Diego was but doesn't spot him. Diego runs from the corner leaps into the air and hits Booya with a flying knee to the face. Booya and Diego both fall.] **DDK:** Flying knee! Booya ate all of that knee right to kiss. [Diego is the first to his feet. He throws Booya into the corner. Booya gets into position and he runs to the corner with another flying knee but Booya catches him and puts him into position.] **DDK:** He's setting him up for something, I-I think it's the Booya bomb! [Booya runs into the opposite turnbuckle with Diego still in position. Booya crushes Diego against the turnbuckle corner, then sets him up and drives him down to the mat. Booya attempts a pin but Diego puts his leg on the bottom rope before Carla can even get into position. She points this out to Booya, who argues with her briefly. He drags Diego into the center of the ring and goes for a cover.] **Angus:** Oh god no! I had faith in you Diego! One... ...Two... ...Thr-Kickout!... [Booya doesn't believe it.] **Angus:** Keep hope alive! He's still in this match. [Booya goes for another pin.] One... ...Two... ...Kickout... [Booya stands up and drags Diego to his feet. Diego kicks Booya in the head and throws him into the corner again. Diego runs towards Booya, leaps into the air.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH [And finally nails the knee to the head. He follows it up with the monkey flip.] **DDK:** And Booya goes flying! [Diego stands up first. Booya can't quite stand, he's still on one knee. Diego spots this and runs to Booya and takes a kicking stance.] **Angus:** The feet of the furry! [Kick to the chest.] OLE~ [Kick to the back.] OLE~ [Chest.] OLE~ [Back.] OLE~ [Diego takes a step back and hits Booya with a kick to the head. Booya drops to the ground. Diego leaps over Booya's prone body, hops up on top of the ropes and hits a frogsplash immediately. Diego reels from the damage.] [Finally recovered, Diego goes for the cover.] One... ...Two... ...Powerout!... [Diego is up on his feet and Booya is on his.] **Booya:** Ah dun had enuff o' yew an' dem stoopid kicks! [Diego goes for a high kick but Booya is unphased. Diego goes for another high kick to the waist but

Booya doesn't move.] **Diego:** Booya? **Booya:** You wanna quit now baoi?! [Diego shakes his head.] **Diego:** The glasses make you look like a douche. **Booya:** WHAT?! [Diego spins around and hits Booya with the ROARING ELBOW!] **DDK:** Roaring Elbow! He hits the Roaring Elbow! **Angus:** I wish he aimed higher! [Booya stumbles backwards instead of falling into the ropes. Diego lifts Booya over his shoulder. He throws Booya down and meets his head with a knee.] **Angus:** YES! LIKE THAT! JUST LIKE THAT! **DDK:** LIONS ROAR! DIEGO HITS THE LIONS ROAR! **Angus:** OH GOD! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT FOR MONTHS! [Diego goes for the cover.] One... ...Two... ...THREE!... ***DING! DING! DING!*** [Diego stands up and gets his arm raised into the air by Carla. He stares at Booya who has to crawl out of the ring and doesn't look so cool now.] **DDK:** Diego stands tall here! **Angus:** I am so happy that roided out freak got his! You have no idea how long I waited for this moment to happen. **DDK:**
This is certainly shaping up to be a great night for you, partner. **Angus:**
It sure is, where do we going next? **DDK:**
We're taking it to the back where Eddie Dante has some last words for his former friend and partner, Troy Matthews.

The God-Beast Cometh

[Backstage.] [No backstage interviewer this time. Just the dwarfing stature of the Sumo Beast, Mushigihara, and his man Friday, the confident, leering Eddie Dante. Dante begins.] **Eddie Dante:** What the so-called "Slayer of Giants" fails to realize is that he has come head-to-head with the Slayer Giant. **Mushigihara:** Osu. **Eddie Dante:** What Troy Matthews fails to realize, when he talks about winning tonight's Last Man Standing match, is that this isn't about victory or defeat. [Eddie clutches the top of his cane, glowering into the camera in the process.] **Eddie Dante:** If this was about winning, we would be having a traditional match, with standard wrestling rules. Or an "I Quit" match, where if Troy simply could not take anymore of the punishment we will rain upon him tonight, he could give up the ghost, or Saori could throw in the towel, and it would be over. [The glower becomes a grin, as he tilts his head sideways.] **Eddie Dante:** Instead, this affair is one where the only arbitration is Mark Shields' count to ten. And his complete inability to do anything other than that, no matter how many times Mushigihara may decide to lift Troy to his feet at the count of nine, solely… SOLELY… to make Troy Matthews suffer MORE. You see, Troy Matthews, this isn't about your… "career" being on the line. This isn't about any red tape that follows matches like this. [With one hand, Eddie releases his cane and balls a fist.] **Eddie Dante:** Your career will end tonight, Troy, not de jure, but de facto. Not by ruling, but by pure physical FACT. After all… you can't make a comeback when you're dependent on RESPIRATORS to breathe for you, when your meals are fed to you by a TUBE in your stomach. Tonight, Troy Matthews, you will not be able to bow in final submission, on your knees before the GOD-BEAST… **Mushigihara:** OSU! **Eddie Dante:** Because your kneecaps, along with the other two hundred four bones in your body, will be SHATTERED. Your nerves, severed. Your soul, your heart, and above all, your BODY, BROKEN. [Eddie clasps his cane again, grinning like a madman lunging for the kill.] **Eddie Dante:** And there is absolutely nothing… NOTHING… keeping Mushigihara and myself from being satisfied in our mission. Ten counts is a long time… and very easy to break, many, MANY times. Troy Matthews… the Jersey Devil… when you step into the ring tonight in the middle of the Ricoh Coliseum, please understand… [Eddie bows his head and delivers his final missive.] **Eddie Dante:** You will be stepping directly into Hell. [Eddie Dante saunters away, gingerly walking aided by his cane, leaving Mushigihara alone to stare into the camera behind his mask and ending this speech.] **Mushigihara:** OSU. [And the God-Beast follows his leader into the aether. Cut away.]

Troy Matthews vs Mushigihara

DING, DING, DING!

Darren Quimbey:
Lllladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a LAST! MAN! STANDING match!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Darren Quimbey:
In this contest there are NO count-outs! NO disqualifications! NO pinfalls OR submissions! The match will ONLY be decided when one of the competitors is determined UNABLE to continue by the referee's ten-count!

[Without any delay, the shamisen riffs of the Yoshida Brothers' "End of the World" fill the RICOH Coliseum as golden spotlights bathe the suddenly darkened arena; the traditional Japanese instrument heralds the entrance of the man known throught out DEFIANCE as The Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare, as well as his client, the God-Beast, Mushigihara.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!

DDK:
The Toronto fans making their feelings on Eddie Dante known tonight, folks, as he steps into the arena here...

[Not too far behind is his client; dressed in his traditional golden robe, masked head bowed, Mushigihara seemingly blocks out the vitriol around him.]

Darren Quimbey:
INTRODUCING FIRST! Accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante, weighing in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!

[Dante just leers at the crowd, jawing with them and taking swings at them with his cane, while Mushi lumbers up to the ring, before stalking his way in. At the center he doffs his robe and chucks it at ringside, and retreats to his corner, grumbling indecipherable phrases under his mask as the Yoshida Brothers fade away.]

Darren Quimbey:
AND HIS OPPONENT!

[Once again, darkness covers the arena, but instead of a traditional Japanese instrument, or even the brass explosion that usually signals this man's entrance, we are greeted with a blistering guitar riff and red spotlights.]

DDK:
New theme music for the new-look Troy Matthews, it would seem...

Angus:
Is that... White Zombie?

[Indeed it is, Angus. "Super-Charger Heaven", to be exact.]

Darren Quimbey:
ACCOMPANIED to the ring by Saori Kazama! He hails from Jersey City, New Jersey, and weighed in tonight at one hundred eighty eight pounds! He is "The Jersey Devil!" TROY! MmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!

♫ Yeeeah Jesus lived his life in a cheap hotel ♫
♫ On the edge of Route 66 yeah ♫
♫ He lived a dark and twisted life ♫
♫ And he came right back just to do it again yeah ♫

[Troy is looking in rare form, his usual calm, sauntering approach replaced with an aggressive, intense burst down the aisle. Saori follows along, her skintight attire complementing his own red-and-black ring gear and red hair. They almost zoom down the aisle slapping hands, with Troy in particular stopping by one fan to get in his face and jaw off... The camera picks up the dialogue.]

Troy Matthews:
WE'RE GONNA ROLL IN THERE AND KICK SOME SUMO ASS, YOU WITH ME?!?!

Fan:
YEAH!

Troy Matthews:
YEAH?!

Fan:
YEAH!!

Troy Matthews:
YEAH?!?

Fan:
YEAH!!!

[Troy pulls away and gives the fan a stiff high-five, and gives an impassioned shout of "ALL RIGHT!"]

♫ An eye for and and a tooth for the truth ♫
♫ I ain't never seen a demon warp dealin' ♫
♫ A ring-a-ding rhythm or a jukebox racket ♫
♫ My mind can't clutch the feeling ♫

[As the chorus revs up and Troy springs into the ring, a giant red spotlight beams down onto him, showing him in all his tattooed glory, as he stares daggers at his opponent.]

♫ DEVILMAN, DEVILMAN, calling ♫
♫ DEVILMAN, running in my head, yeah! ♫
♫ DEVILMAN, DEVILMAN, calling ♫
♫ DEVILMAN, running in my head, yeah! ♫

[Without warning, Troy lunges out of the center and slams a knee right into the God-Beast's gut and hits him in the head with a rally of punches and elbows.]

DING, DING, DING!

DDK:
Troy Matthews with an EXPLOSIVE start in this Last Man Standing match, where pins and submissions do not cut it! This match will only end when either Troy or Mushigihara are declared UNABLE to answer referee Mark Shields' ten-count, and Eddie Dante's made clear that he made this match between his former Philosopher King partners EXPLICITLY because he doesn't want to give Troy the option of an easy way out!

Angus:
Well, Red over here might want to slow his roll, because if he wears himself out too early, he's going to get Mushi on his ass and breaking him apart until he's bored.

[Meanwhile, Troy is clinching his adversary's head and rarin' to THROW SOME KNEES ON IT.]

CRACK~!

OOOOOOOH!

CRACK~!

OOOOOOOH!

[Troy steps back a little while holding the clinch, and rushes in for another…]

CRACK~!
OOOOOOOH!

[Mushigihara is still on his feet, but he backs up into his corner, throwing his head back and trying to collect his bearings.]

DDK:
On the other hand, Mushigihara is much bigger and stronger than Troy Matthews, but he also wears out quicker, and even if a pin or submission won't end the match, I'd have to say the advantage is Troy's, just because of his superior conditioning.

Angus:
Well you heard Eddo, he doesn't give a shit about Last Man Standing, he wants Mushi to make sure Troy's not the Last Man BREATHING. Mushi's here to kill, and I think Troy's going to die in that ring tonight. Literally.

[Troy reaches in and gives the God-Beast a HARD whip into the opposite corner, then follows suit.]

Ka-THWACK!

DDK:
HUGE running boot to the face by the Jersey Devil! He's signalling back the other way, could he be planning an encore?
[Another whip, and…]

Ka-THWACK!
RAAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

He does! And Mushigihara crumbles to the mat!

[Hard enough, in fact, that Mark Shields decides that it's a good time to start the count.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

[Mushi gets to his feet with relative ease…]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

[...only to get a dropkick to his knees. He plops back down and rolls over onto his back in an attempt to get his bearings again, but Troy grins and starts to mount the turnbuckle where Mushi just fell out of.]

Angus:
Not smart.

DDK:
...or maybe Troy can figure out a way to deliver big damage in the early goings.

[Troy doesn't waste time. He leaps off almost as quickly as he climbed to begin with…]

DDK:
BIG KNEE off the top rope, and Mushi gets it right in the skull!

[Troy rolls away and glances at the writhing monster, as Mark Shields starts the count again...]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

[Mushi has gotten to one knee by now, just in time to get a pair of roundhouse kicks to the chest, leading Shields to wave off his count. Troy doesn't think much of it, clearly, as the second kick floors the giant again, allowing Troy to follow up with a senton splash.]

Angus:
I'm telling ya, Keebs, the more time Troy wastes trying to wear the big man down and not go for the kill, the angrier he's gonna get when he gets his second wind.

[Potentially prophetic words from Angus Skaaland as Troy tries to whip the God-Beast into the corner again, only to get reversed, and tossed into the turnbuckles himself. The impact of the reversal visibly RATTLES Troy as his legs kick out on impact, while Mushi gets his bearings.]

DDK:
What could the Golden Goliath be plotting now?

[After shaking off the cobwebs, Mushi rushes in and sandwiches the Jersey Devil with a clothesline, then whipping

Troy into the opposite corner...]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

[Eddie looks pleased at ringside, as Mushi stares at his opponent, then crouches down, knuckles to the Mat, while Troy reels.]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

CRASSSSH!

[That was the sound of the Sumo Beast sprinting into the corner where Troy was stuck, and CRUSHING him with an avalanche splash.]

DDK:
BIG Sumo Splash! Mushi's got a second wind going!

Angus:
Told ya.

[Troy's still reeling from the impact, barely hanging on the corner ropes by his arms, when Mushi reaches over and peels him off, nodding to the crowd.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Eddie waves them off, while Saori tries to rile the fans up further. Mushigihara, unfazed by the boos, simply wraps his arms around Troy's waist and hefts the much smaller Jersey Devil up and down with a rocking belly-to-belly suplex.]

[Not pleased with the damage, Mushi lifts Troy up from the mat, and scoops him up...]

CRUNCH!

[...and brings him down hard, back-first onto his knee.]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

CRUNCH!

Mushigihara:
OSU!

[And again.]

CRUNCH!

Mushigihara:
OSU!

[And again. He finally releases Troy, who plops to the mat like a sack of meat, but just as Mark Shields starts his count, Mushi pushes him aside and turns Troy over and puts him in a classic camel clutch. Somewhere in the crowd, an idiot starts rambling about Mushigihara sodomizing Troy Matthews and "making him humble."]

DDK:
The Golden Goliath sitting all of his weight down on Matthews' injured back here.

Angus:
Jay-zuss, Mushi trying to break him in half, literally.

[Mushi grabs Troy by his fire engine red hair with one hand...]

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

[...and begins CLUBBING him with a series of cross face forearms!]

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

[Mushi takes the time to lean in and growl in his victim's ear, and we can already see that Troy's face is starting to swell up.]

Dante:
MORE, MUSHI!

Mushigihara:
OSU!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP!

[The giant rises to his feet as Devil Red collapses like a sack of flour. Mark Shields starts the count.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

[Troy rises to his feet fairly easily, but is noticeably wobbly.]

FOUR!

[Mushi nods, and lunges in, but Troy ducks the clothesline, and delivers a mocking...]

Troy Matthews:
OSU!

[...of his own, before launching a roundhouse kick to the big man's head, only to whiff it and get a ride up by the God-Beast.]

DDK:
This could be the OSU Press!

[And sure enough, Mushigihara lifts Troy in a perfectly horizontal position, across the front of his shoulders as if he were a mere barbell, before pressing him overhead.]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

[With a mighty roar, he thrusts the 190-pound Jersey Devil overhead as if he were a pillow, then back down onto his own collarbones.]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

[And up again.]

Mushigihara:
OSU! OSU! OSU!

[Five reps at 190. Anybody who seriously lifts weights would likely be very pleased with those numbers.]

THUD!

[The God-Beast, on the other hand, drops his human barbell without expressing the slightest emotion.]

[Troy, for his own part, is shaken up by the impact of the fall, and rolls out of the ring to collect his bearings. He lands on his feet and kneels at ringside, clutching onto the apron and catching his breath.]

[Too bad Eddie Dante is close by, poking him in the ribs with that signature cane.]

[Troy almost does a double take, but he gets the picture, as he lumbers over to the Gentleman Brawler, as Dante backs up farther and farther... and as Saori Kazama takes advantage of Dante's back pedaling and sneaks up BEHIND him, raising her shinai high above, ready to crown him.]

[Too bad Dante seemed to be in on it, because without even looking back, he blocked her arms and took her down, before hooking in a rear-naked choke and holding the Scarlet Dragon hostage. Troy, understandably, can't quite figure out how to respond, and only moves forward.]

[Saori starts yelling about "stop worrying about me and get Eddie," but Troy seems hesitant to strike, as the hostage situation rounds the corner.]

[Eventually, after a very brief standstill, Eddie grins and gives Saori a HEARTY shove...right into Troy, who instinctively grabs her...]

"OSU!"

[...which is what Edde Dante was clearly counting on, because as Troy turned around to hear the source of that signature shout, he snapped a glance at every direction...]

CRASH!!!!

[...except up.]

[Yes, Mushigihara took advantage of Troy's distraction and took to the nearby turnbuckle, and catching his woman only made him a lamb to the slaughter as he leaped off and landed directly into both of them. The instant replay will not only show it again, but with the right angle you'll be able to see the look in the Jersey Devil's eyes go from "WHAT THE--" to "oh, ffffffff--."]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:
ZZZZZZZOOOOOOOOMAAAAAAAAAAAAIGAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWD!

DDK:
Mushi just crash landed on both Matthews and Kazama!

[While Troy gets bowled over by the giant who just descended upon him, Saori seems to take a significantly harsher hit, as she doesn't have the same "bounce" to her landing as Troy does, Mushigihara, for his part, rolls over and gets back to his feet with some difficulty... fat boy just did a suicide dive, after all, but he gets his hand on the guardrail and steadily climbs up to his feet, as a laughing Eddie Dante looks upon the carnage and Mushi roars once again...]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

[Without hesitation, the Golden Goliath reaches down and hauls Matthews up to his feet and rolls him back into the ring, and follows suit.]

[Mushi takes to the corner, stalking Troy like prey as he staggers to his feet, and rushes in and CLOCKS him with a lariat.]

DDK:
And down goes Matthews again!

Mushigihara:
OSU!

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

[Troy keeps staggering again, looking to ringside for emotional support from his woman, only to find Saori Kazama struggling to haul herself to her feet with the ring apron. Her shinai is close to her, so she blindly whips it into the ring.]

[Not to be outdone, Eddie grasps the apron near him, and tosses his own cane in towards Mushi.]

[After a brief pause, both wrestlers get their respective weapons and stare each other down, almost as if a duel were about to begin.]

CRACK

CRACK

CRACKCRACKCRAKCRACK

[Nope, the two just lash the hell out of each other, almost in unison, though Mushi is clearly getting the upper hand, not only by virtue of his size and strength, but also the fact that Dante's hardwood cane is simply heavier and harder than Saori's bamboo kendo shinai. Troy starts to falter, a fact that Mushi recognizes once the Jersey Devil takes a knee...]

CRRERRRRACK!!!

[...and gets CROWNED.]

[Eddie grins, and Mushi bows his head, looking down on the now-bleeding Slayer of Giants.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NINE

[If you could see his face, Mushigihara would probably be grinning as he reached down and lugged Matthews to his feet while Matthews' eyes still rolled around in his head. Mushi takes advantage of this and makes the classic "cutthroat" gesture with his left hand, and locks his right around Troy's neck.]

Mushigihara:
OSU!

THUD!!!

[That was the sound of Troy Matthews being lifted up in a choke slam, only to get Mushi's big thumb jammed into the side of his neck on the way down; Troy has taken the maneuver Eddie Dante has dubbed the Kinboshi.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

[And once again, Mushi breaks the count by stomping on the Jersey Devil's chest, and hauling him back up to his feet, this time with a two-handed choke lift that leaves him hanging by his neck. After a while his face starts turning as red as his hair, then... blue?]

[Troy seems to know that his consciousness is fading fast, and tries to pull out one last trick...]

PSSSSSHHHHHHH--

[The red mist.]

[Too bad Mushi's mask actually covers his whole face this time.]

Mushigihara:
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA... OSU!

[As for Troy, his mist didn't come off as a planned strike, but as a clutching, last gasp, as his eyes turn and Mushi drops him like a sack of meat and taunts the crowd...]

FWOOOOOOOM!

[Just long enough for Saori to BLOW FIRE onto his mask.]

[That mist? It was flammable this time. A fact that Mushi doesn't twig to for a second, until he realizes his mask is on fire. Initially panicking after the fire crew blasts him with an extinguisher.]

DDK:
Mushigihara's head is lit on fire! Saori just made use of Troy's desperate move and set the big man ablaze!

[As the extinguishers put the flame out, Eddie Dante rushes into the corner where Mushi is flailing his arms and desperately pulls a knife out of his pocket, cutting at the laces on the back of his head. The panicked expression on Dante's face sells it all; frustration at this trick his former partner and his girlfriend pulled out if their bag, but also genuine, sincere concern for his client's safety. He manages to cut the final lace, but he slowly leans into his client's ear. The camera picks up the conversation...]

Eddie Dante:
Mushigihara... are you sure you want me to do this?

Mushigihara:
...osu. Osu.

[Eddie looks visibly worried, even as he and his client's foe only slightly moves about, successfully grabbing the bottom rope from the mat. The camera zooms in on Troy Matthews, his face finally getting it's natural color back, while the instant replay shows Troy misting Mushi's mask, and Saori spewing a hot flame into his face.]

Eddie Dante:
Mushi... Very well.

[With a swift pull, Eddie removes the mask from Mushigihara. There's a short silence as the crowd seemingly expects something... be it a legendary superstar hiding behind the mask and coming out of retirement, a hideously malformed countenance, ANYTHING.]

[There isn't a whole lot to the unmasked Mushigihara. He is a Japanese male, apparently in his late twenties or early thirties, with a pudgy, almost boyish face that fits his heavyset frame. His hair is fairly short and jet black, and his brown eyes have a glint of anger to them. All in all, the man known as Mushigihara here in DEFIANCE Wrestling doesn't stand out so much without his mask. Except...]

Angus:
...he looks PISSED, Keebs.

[What Angus said.]

DDK:
Indeed, and that can be more dangerous than any scary face that could have been behind that mask.

[Troy is still climbing the ropes with his arms in an attempt to get to his feet, Mark Shields so caught up in the moment of a guy being set on fucking FIRE to really bother counting. Mushigihara looks at Troy's pitiful attempts, and bellows a familiar slogan with hatred in his eyes and his throat...]

Mushigihara:
OSU~!

[Troy looks behind him to see the bare face of his opponent, reaching down to him like a madman out for the kill. He hauls Troy to his feet with almost zero effort, and whips him off the ropes, and on the rebound, slams him face-first to the mat with a BRUTAL flapjack.]

WHAM!

[Mushi grabs Troy by the hair again, dragging him to his feet, and then slamming him HEAD-FIRST into the turnbuckle, then dragging him to one side, hanging his throat on the middle rope.]

DDK:
This looks BAD for Troy, Angus. Very, very bad.

Angus:
Yup, Troy took his face, and Mushigihara looks ready to take his fucking SKIN.

Mushigihara:
UWAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

[That was the sound of Mushi rushing off the ropes and landing on Troy's already weakened back, smashing his throat on the rope, and rising to his feet like a house afire. The God-Beast stalks around looking for a weapon to use...and just so happens to find Dante's cane, which he raises upward like a war trophy.]

Eddie Dante:
THE HANDLE, MUSHIGIHARA! Check the HANDLE!

[Mushi nods in acknowledgement and grasps the handle of the cane, and with a loud...]

KSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!

DDK:
Is that... a SWORD?!

Angus:
Oh, fuck me.

[...reveals that it hides a long steel blade, with what looks like a fine, sharp edge. Mushi does something we haven't ever seen him do... grin. He looks down at the struggling Jersey Devil, grabs him by his hair, and flashes the blade in front of his face...]

Mushigihara:
OSU!!!!

Troy Matthews:
AAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[...and RUNS THE EDGE along Troy's forehead, causing blood to GUSH out from him swollen wound and begin coating his face in crimson.]

DDK:
MUSHIGIHARA IS SLAUGHTERING TROY IN THE RING. THIS IS _HARDLY_ FAIR! Eddie Dante forced Troy into this match knowing full well that this was going to be a murder he couldn't escape!

Angus:
Well, no shit. Dante's been talking about ending Troy's career since the Kings broke up, and this is the perfect venue to do it! It just so happens that Eddie and Mushi brought things to cut Troy to ribbons with!

[The carnage is getting out of hand, but don't tell that to Eddie Dante; he's in his glory, laughing in Troy's face as he bleeds like a stuck pig, while Saori is getting very nervous for her beau.]
[Mushigihara tosses Troy to the ground, face-first, leaving Mark Shields to start the count...]

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

[Troy shows no signs of even beginning to get to his feet, which of course means that Mushi is right there at his side, ready to delay the end yet again.]

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NINE

[Mushi forces Troy back up to his feet; the spot on the mat where Troy's face laid now looks like a replica of the Shroud of Turin, and Troy himself is wearing a Muta-esque crimson mask. Mushi leers into Troy's eyes as he wraps his hand around his throat for another Kinboshi...]

BOOOOOOOO...RAAAAAAAHHHHH!

[...but almost as if on instinct, the Jersey Devil manages to get a lucky kick on Mushi on the way up, and when he lands on his feet...]

KA-THWACK!

DDK:
Troy's starting a flurry of roundhouses!

KA-THWACK
THWACK
THWACK
THWACKTHWACKTHWALTHWACK...

[Troy, through a face of blood, grins at the wobbling Sumo Beast...]

CRUNCH~!

[...and rams a knee right into his face. Troy hasn't fully come to yet, because he still needs to lean up to the ropes, but given the hell he's just been through, I'd say he gets a pass, how about you?]

[Oh, and Mushigihara is down.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

[Mushi manages to get to his feet, but now Troy's back to the classic strategy of sending those axe-like legs to Mushi's tree trunk legs.]

THWACK

THWACKTHWACK

DDK:
Mushi's down again, and Troy looks like he wants to... TRENDSE--

Angus:
Nope!

[Surely enough, Eddie Dante manages to trip up Troy as he tries to hit Mushigihara with his customary finisher, the Trendsetter. This, of course, only draws the ire of the now-bloodied Slayer of Giants, who now rolls out of the ring and follows his former partner.]

[Another one of Dante's mind games, of course. Before long, Troy is stalked by Mushigihara, while Eddie now has Saori Kazama's shinai, ready to club Troy between the eyes...]

[Speaking of Saori... she got her hands on a ringside chair, and snuck up behind Mushigihara and gave him a nice, hard swat on the back. Not that did anything...]

PSSSSSHHHHHHH--

[her mist, on the other hand? Flush into Mushigihara's uncovered eyes.]

Mushigihara:
AAAAAHHHHHH!!! AHH! AHHHH! AAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!

[Burn, baby, burn. Meanwhile, Troy reaches behind him to Mushi, to "lead" his opponent a little...]

Mushigihara:
Grrrr... OSU! OSU!

[...and by lead, we mean turn him in the right direction to lunge where he MIGHT think, in his burning rage brought upon by his burning eyes, Saori might be.]

KA-THUNK!

[or, where Eddie Dante actually is. Near a ring post. Eddie Dante falls after being sandwiched between steel and muscle, and Mushi isn't much better either, falling to one knee in the shock of what's going on around him.]

THWACK!!!
RAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

[Trendsetter. Down goes Mushi.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NI--

[in a last gasp effort, Mushigihara tries to stagger to his feet, but still has that whole problem of his eyes burning and restricting his sight. Perfect position for Saori and her chair.]

THCRUNCH~!

[And Troy's foot, combining for a chair-assisted Trendsetter.]

[And down goes Mushi. Again.]

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

[He's barely even fidgeting.]

SEVEN

EIGHT

[Is he starting to...]

NINE

[Nope.]

TEN!

DING, DING, DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Cue "Super-Charger Heaven," one more time, and Troy collapses to his knees, clutching his bloodied face before Saori rushes in and clasps her arms around him.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Your winner... "THE JERSEY DEVIL!" TROY!
MmmmmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!

DDK:
Troy Matthews has defied the odds and defeated his former partners! His contract is now free, and he will no longer be confined to the whims of Eddie Dante, who looks like he's finally coming to...

[Keebs is right; Dante is stirring, and once his eyes open, he seems to recognize what's going on. His client defeated, his former partner and friend victorious... and staring holes into him like a man possessed.]

Angus:
Troy looking for some sweet revenge tonight!

KA-THWACK!

[A roundhouse kick to the leg downs Dante easily, presumably because it's the weak leg that necessitates his cane; Troy grabs Eddie by the scruff and rolls him into the ring, and follows suit with Saori's shinai... Oh, and the cane-sword that was still in the ring.]

Angus:
Now Eddie's backed into the corner! Troy is mad as hell, and it does NOT look good!

[Troy closes in on Eddie, who is now sitting by the corner, backed up to the turnbuckles...]

DDK:
He wouldn't... would he?

[What Keebs is referring to is how Troy now has both weapons, criss-crossed at Eddie Dante's throat like a giant pair of shears, and is shouting about "the hell you put me through, I've waited for MONTHS to do this..."]

[...but Eddie? He's not begging for his life, or trying to apologize. He looks... repentant, actually. The camera closes in and picks it up.]

Eddie Dante:
...go ahead, Troy.

[What?]

Eddie Dante:
I put you through a lot of physical and mental punishment... I made your life a living hell. I know you hate me... And if you want to end this right here, right now, I won't hold it against you. Do it.

[Troy, for his part... Is speechless. Mushi is beginning to stir, but is too busy trying to force the mist from his eyes however possible.]

Eddie Dante:
I deserve it.

[a long, dramatic pause ensues...]

clunkaclunk
THWACK!

[That was the sound of Troy dropping Eddie Dante's cane sword... Then smacking him with the shinai. Troy stares into the eyes of his antagonist of many months briefly, then turns tail out of the ring, meets Saori, and starts lumbering up the ramp.]

DDK:
Well, fans, this has certainly taken a turn for the bizarre... Troy Matthews is now a free man, but has declined to take any true revenge on the man who has terrorized him since our European tour, and one only wonders where he will go from...

Eddie Dante:
WAIT.

[This time, Eddie is on the mic, calling out in desperation to his former friend, the same tinge of remorse in his voice.]

Eddie Dante:
Troy... before you leave tonight... please, listen to me. I know you'll never forgive me, but I want to explain this...all of it.

[Troy looks back on the ring, with a "you've got to be kidding me" look on his face, but he nods and seems intent to listen, even if it's only out of morbid curiosity.]

Eddie Dante:
Troy, I doubt what I'm about to say will surprise you, but... DEFIANCE Wrestling? DEFIANCE Wrestling is the greatest wrestling organization in the world today.

RAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

[Cheap pop as it may be, the crowd does seem to agree. Troy, upon hearing all of this, shrugs his shoulders as if to say "no shit, Sherlock."]

Eddie Dante:
All you need to prove that is to look at the people who've come to this company, from all walks of life, from the PRIME legends like Lindsay Troy and Wade Elliott, to all the superstars of yesterday who came out of retirement; Mike Bell, Dusty Griffith, Tyrone Walker, Ryan Matthews... ALL of them could have gone to ANY company on God's green earth and they chose DEFIANCE. Why do you think that is, Troy?

[Troy's visibly annoyed by Eddie's rhetoric, if not necessarily the message he's trying to convey, but he plays along, as can be seen as he mouths "why?"]

Eddie Dante:
Because they all knew that DEFIANCE is the place for anyone who is ANYONE in the wrestling business to be. I've been here less than a YEAR and I can tell you that this place is something special. Maybe it's the Bronson Boxes and Kai Scott's, the Heidi Christensens, the Dan Ryan's... But it's also DEFINITELY these people here.

[Eddie points to the fans in the RICOH Coliseum, which predictably draws a...]

RAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Eddie Dante:
DEFIANCE fans? They have higher standards, and the path your career was taking, Troy, with all due respect...wasn't cutting it.

[Troy is somewhat surprised and somewhat pissed that Eddie's brought that old talking point up again.]

Eddie Dante:
This? Making a team with you? Turning on you? Putting you in a match like the one you had tonight? That was all a part of my plan.

[Cut back to Troy and Saori; Saori is visibly shocked, but Troy? The color's rapidly depleting from his face.]

Eddie Dante:
You see, Troy, I knew one of two things would happen; either Mushigihara would break your body into pieces and eliminate you from this business, once and for all...or that you would be forced to dig down, deep inside you, and find strength you never knew you had, and persevere. And seeing you walk out of Toronto under your own power?

[Eddie cracks the first non-predatory smile we've seen in months.]

Eddie Dante:
That's exactly what I hoped would happen.

[To say Troy Matthews is at a loss for words would be an understatement. He tries to lumber towards the ring, but Saori holds him back.]

Eddie Dante:
I am a man of my word; as per the terms of the match, the Philosopher Kings are dissolved. The rights to the name of Troy Matthews and all of the trademarks associated with it will be restored to you. And you will be free to carve a path for your career how you see fit. But I want you to understand two things, Troy.

[Eddie bows his head as Mushigihara makes it into the ring and stands behind him, still clutching his eyes.]

Eddie Dante:
One. Even though our war has been settled, if you ever cross paths with myself or Mushigihara on opposite sides of the ring, do not expect that either of us will go easy on you. And also do not think we will expect anything of the sort from you.

Mushigihara:
Osu.

Eddie Dante:
And two...make all of this... The physical and mental trauma, the blood loss, the stress, the dissolution of our friendship... Make it all worth it, Troy. Please.

But for tonight...just know that you survived all of this... You've passed the test. And now? You're ready to take your place with all of the greats who have made DEFIANCE their home. And when you do... Mushi and I will be waiting to challenge you. Until then...

THUNK-weeeeeeeee

[The mic drops. Eddie stares at the confused Jersey Devil...]

clapclapclap

[...and claps.]

[And now Mushi joins in. And gradually, the Toronto faithful join in, causing the confused facade on Troy Matthews' face to melt...]

JER-SEE DE-VIL! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP***
JER-SEE DE-VIL! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP***
JER-SEE DE-VIL! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP***
JER-SEE DE-VIL! ***CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP***

[As "Super-Charger Heaven" kicks in one more time, Troy can only smile and raise his fists to the admiring Toroto crowd as Saori gives him a loving peck on the cheek. Cut out.]

Time to Solve this Mystery, or is it?

DDK: Well Angus what a night so far. But we still have a long, long way to go before this show is done. **Angus:** Good then I can get on a plane and head back to good old Murica! **DDK:** Angus! You know we have a lot of great Defiafans here north of the border. **Angus:** Yep, I will give you that, but they are crazy, and they cheer for the wrong people just because they can. To many hockey sticks to the head I guess. Just like that weird cousin you have. **DDK:** I don't have a weird cousin. **Angus:** Exactly! **DDK:** What? Ohh nevermind! [As Darren Keebler rubs his temples and Mushigihara and Eddie Dante begin to leave ringside they pass by the mysterious asian woman who is clapping her hands for Mushigihara with a very pleased look on her face.] **DDK:** Well look at that. Looks like our mystery woman likes Mushigihara. **Angus:** Well there is bound to be some crazy nutjob that would. Like those in Edmonton a few weeks ago. **DDK:** Well she has Eddie Dante's attention. And I don't think he likes how she is looking at his monster. [Mushigihara tilts his head a bit, Eddie Dante waves his hand in front of Mushi's face and motions to the back. Mushi takes a deep breath, and nods at Eddie then turns away and heads up the ramp. Eddie and the woman stare at eachother for a moment Eddie just shakes his head no and walks faster to catch up to the mammoth Mushigihara. The Woman then turns her attention to her camera man who has his gear packed up and the two begin to head up the ramp.] **Angus:** Who the hell is she anyway. Keebs I thought I said to find out, and get me her digits man. **DDK:** I umm. I… Hey look is that Cancer Jiles in the crowd? **Angus:** What where? [As the woman gets to the stage Cristie Zane approaches with a mic in hand.] **DDK:** Well looks like Zane and you are thinking the same thoughts Angus. **Angus:** What. Damn it Keebs. I lost sight of Cancer. IT is like trying to find Waldo. NO what were you saying? **DDK:** Ohh nothing other then looks like Zane's going to try and find out who our mystery woman is. [Zane blocks the path in front of the woman and her camera man, She then looks at the defiance cameras with a big smile.] **Zane:** Helloooo Defiafans! I am Christy Zane, and i have in front of me a person of much mystery! So I have to ask you, Just who are you, who do you work for and what are you doing coming out to theses matches over the last few weeks? [The Mystery woman begins to answer Zane then hold up a finger as she pulls out her cellphone. After checking the phone she takes a deep breath and looks at Zane.] **Woman:** Soon all your questions will be answered, but not right now. [Zane goes to open her mouth but the Mystery Woman pushes past and head through the entrance to the backstage area. Zane just watches her walk away with her mouth open and her hands on her hips. The cameras fade out as Angus laughs in the background and soon he can not even be heard. Black Mask by Ninja Tracks begins to play as smoke obscures a red star trimmed in yellow as the the letter C and the letter S circle each other leaving a red trail behind them till they come to a stop after a minute and then in red letters the words coming soon begin to pulse below them...]

[...then all fades to black.]

Last Minute Changes

[Backstage, in the office of the Head Whomever in Charge. Kelly Evans sits alone behind the desk, with the DEFIANCE Championship title belt sitting proudly on the top.] **Kelly:** No, Sam, I actually don't give the slightest bit of a fuck what you think. [Samuel Grant, the baldheaded bear of Kelly's two bodyguards, sighs.] **Sam:** But Eric Dane said… **KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK Kelly:** If I'm only going to be the boss for one more night I'm going to enjoy it while I have a chance. COME IN PRINCESS DOORS UNLOCKED AND STUFF. [Heidi walks in.] **Heidi:** I'm almost too sick of you to be angry with you. What's happening this time? **Kelly:** Now Heidi, I've been doing some research about you, trying to uncover some sort of list of all the moves you do or something like that I don't know, anyway, I found something interesting out about your Beautiful Dreamer. You know, the one that everyone's so scared of. You remember? I just learned that it was an illegal choke. **Heidi:** It wasn't. It was banned by a DIFFERENT boss who had it out for me and decided- **Kelly:** Shut up. It's an illegal choke, you're not allowed to use it in your match. **Heidi:** Of course. **Kelly:** And speaking of moves that you aren't allowed to use, after that… incident last week, I think I'm going to have to forbid you from using the triangle choke and any of its variations, especially that sideways version of it you do. **Heidi:** One of these days, I will find you when you aren't hiding behind a guy with a taser, and then I will break your arms, both of them, and then your legs, and then your fingers… or you know what, forget that. You are beneath my contempt. **Kelly:** And you aren't allowed to do the banana split leglock, so THERE. Cunt. [Heidi turns on her heel.] **Heidi:** Fuck this. [She leaves the room.] **Kelly:** YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO USE THE LOTUS LOCK EITHER! **Sam:** I don't think she heard you. **Kelly:** Eh, the lotus lock isn't really a game changer. **Sam:** That's not the point… **Kelly:** If you're feeling bad for Heidi after all this time, go fucking offer her cunnilingus. You're not being paid to backtalk me. **Sam:** I- **Kelly:** Nonono. You guard. No talky. [Heidi backs into the room.] [Followed by Eric Dane.] **Dane:** What, exactly, is going on here this time? **Kelly:** You don't already know? **Dane:** For once, I actually don't. I was speaking with the pyrotechnics crew when someone told me that Kelly Evans summoned Heidi Christenson to her office. I thought to myself, 'self, has anything good ever come of that?' Then I answered myself no, it hadn't. So, tell me - what's going on? **Heidi:** She's banning me from using all my moves. **Kelly:** She's being an insolent, uppity c- **Dane:** Kels. What did we talk about last week? **Kelly:** You said not to do things that would be bad for business. This isn't. Since everyone wants to treat this- [Dane narrows his eyes.] **Kelly:** -person, like some kind of hero, I'm just giving them a reason to cheer her. Make her an underdog for once, instead of the bullying bitch that she is. **Dane:** So you're banning her moves? **Kelly:** Well just her best ones. [A pregnant pause sits awkwardly on the room.] **Dane:** ...I'm going to allow that, I think. [Beat.] **Heidi:** WHAT?! [Kelly looks almost as surprised as Heidi. She almost forgets to smirk.] **Dane:** Truth is, Heidi, I've been trying to teach you something this whole tour, making you deal with Kelly and all that. Gray areas exist. And there's a whole range of things in between 'try to kill the entire promotion out of spite' and 'roll over and take whatever Kelly hands out and make sad puppydog eyes about it.' I tell you what. [Dane reaches into his pocket and withdraws a smartphone.] **Dane:** Call Jeff. He's watching, he knows exactly what's happening. Ask him to reinstate your moves. He outranks Kels. I won't contradict him. Here. [The phone is proffered. Heidi stares at it.] [Then she turns and walks away without a word.] **Kelly:** What? [Eric Dane shakes his head.] **Dane:** Why in fuck's name… she can't even be unpredictable right. [Fade back to ringside.]

The Big Damn Heroes vs The Conclave vs Angel City eXXXpress

[“Brutal Planet” by Alice Cooper is playing.] ♫ We’re spinning round on this ball of hate ♫ ♫ There’s no parole, there’s no great escape ♫ ♫ We’re sentenced here until the end of days ♫ ♫ And then, my brother, there’s a price to pay ♫ [Jacob Cassidy, Felton Bigsby and Jane Katze have been making their way down to the ring, the bald-crowned Cassidy in the lead.] **DDK:** We’re getting ready for trios action, and this is hopefully going to settle the issues between The Conclave, the Big Damn Heroes, and the Angel City eXXXpress that have been going on for most of our Canada tour. **Angus:** Yeah. I so can’t really think of anything to say about The Conclave. It’s almost like they lost half of their spirit before they ever showed up. Also, hi Evan. **Quimbey:** The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is a tornado triple threat trios match! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 650 pounds...Jacob Cassidy. Jane Lora Katze. “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby. THE CONNNNCLAAAAAAVE! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! ♫ It’s such a brutal planet! It’s such a living hell! ♫ ♫ It was a holy garden! That’s right where Adam fell! ♫ ♫ It’s where the bite was taken! It’s where we chose to sin! ♫ ♫ It’s where we first were naked; this is where our death begins! ♫ [Cassidy and Bigsby roll into the ring. Jane, however, takes off her business suit jacket and her wireframe spectacles and then slliiidddeees out of her skirt. She’s just wearing a standard issue black two-piece under all that, but it turns some of the boos into tasteless catcalls.] **Quimbey:** And their opponents... ["Brutal Planet" fades and the lights are cut. Fans grab their cellphones and illuminate the blackness. A large, white spotlight shines down from the rafters and smoke begins to roll across the stage.] [A red spotlight hits the stage on the left side of the white one. A gold spotlight does the same, to the right of the other two. The smoke begins to sink down through a hole in the stage as three figures ascend into the arena proper.] ♫ We were born to ri-iiise… ♫ [Wade Elliott appears first, under the red spotlight, his face stone. Crouched beneath the white spotlight, a roguish grin on his face, is Tyler Rayne. Lindsay Troy stands aglow underneath the gold spotlight, looking out to the DEFIANCE faithful.] ♫ We were born to ri-iiise… ♫ [The lift stops. The three remain still for a moment as their spotlights are joined by lighting from the DEFtron's electrical rigging. They're washed out for a moment in brilliant white before...] **KA-BOOM!** RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! [Pyro and flames erupt in a wall behind them. The DEFtron comes to life with a ball of fire blossoming on the screen. Troy, Rayne, and Elliott turn and walk forward in unison, none of them looking back at the explosion behind them, and "Born to Rise" by Redlight King cues up proper.] ♫ So what you know about sacrifice when the lights go out… ♫ ♫ The price you pay when you're digging down… ♫ ♫ The skin of your teeth and the blade in your back… ♫ ♫ What you know about hope? What you know about that?… ♫ **Quimbey:** At a combined weight of 664 pounds...the "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy, the "Underground Pimp" Tyler Rayne, and the "Bad Dog" Wade Elliott...they are the BIG! DAMN! HEEEEROOOEEESSSSSS! [As the 'Heroes make their way to the ring, Jacob Cassidy gives a sidelong look to Felton Bigsby. Without so much as a word, the two Conclave men clamber out of the ring and dash up to meet Troy, Rayne, and Elliott. It takes Jane a beat and a half to catch up to them.] **DDK:** Cassidy and Bigsby aren't going to wait for the 'Heroes to get to the ring! **Angus:** LET'S GET THIS HOSS FIGHT STARTED, BROS! [Felton makes a beeline for Wade. The ‘Bama Bruiser’s ready for him, fists up by his face, ready to strike. The two big men start in with the haymakers. Cassidy’s darting towards Troy. The Queen runs forward to meet him but rolls underneath a clothesline attempt by Jacob. She pops to her feet and keeps going headlong toward Jane Katze. Jacob’s spun around with his back toward Rayne, and the Underground Pimp leaps forward to catch Cassidy’s head, bringing him down to the ground with a bulldog.] **DDK:** It’s a pier-six brawl out here, and we’ve only got two-thirds of the wrestlers booked for this match! **Angus:** You know what that means, right? **DDK:** What? **Angus:** That it’s about to get 33% sleazier UP IN HURRR! [Katze and Troy are heavy into a punch-and-kick fest, ‘cause martial-arts ladies are martial-artsy. Felton and Wade are still laying into each other with hard rights and lefts. Felton gets Wade backed up against

the barricade. He grabs his arm and Irish-whips him into a corner by the fans. Wade bounces off the padding, growls, and then charges back toward Felton with a tackle. Rayne's pulled Cassidy to his feet and tries to toss him into the ring, but Cassidy blocks, punches Rayne in the midsection, and bounces his head off the edge of the apron.] [The Bloodhound Gang.] ["The Bad Touch"] [You know how we do. Skip the bullshit, get to the good part!] ♫ 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 ♫ [Rich Mahogany explodes through the curtain, body glistening in the lights and hair slicked back and ready for action. On his face he sports a clear face-guard, protection for his gimmick after Heidi damn near destroyed his face last week. He looks like Rip Hamilton if he were skinnier, shorter, whiter, and much less well paid. He immediately makes for the closest section of fans to the ramp and reaches into his banana-hammock, retrieving a whole handful of hotel room key cards that he hands out to the Ladies in the crowd.] **Angus:** I love this guy. He gets more tail than a Waffle House toilet seat. **DDK:** That's the worst thing you've ever said on live Pay-Per-View. **Angus:** Really? I mean, really? ["Dapper" Don Hollywood and the "Suite Corporate Dolphin" Pete Whealdon are out quickly behind the "Love Machine," them Angel City boys are in the house, in effect, and going absolutely nowhere near the ring.] **DDK:** What's the matter with your pals, Ang? Reckon they know they bit off more than they could chew? **Angus:** PSSHAW! I reckon Rich has to meet a nightly quota, so he's doing the hard work before going in there and dealing with the lady of his life. **DDK:** You mean Jane? **Angus:** Did I say anything about a tranny? [Jane gets Troy grounded momentarily with a judo toss and stomps over to help Jacob with Rayne. Troy's not on the mats for long before she's back up to her feet. The arrival of the ACX catches her eye. You can see the wheels turning in her head as she looks from them, to Tyler, to Wade. Cassidy's managed to get Rayne into the ring and that's where Jane joins them.] **DDK:** Lindsay Troy has got bad intentions for the Angel City eXpress, specifically Rich Mahogany. **Angus:** Nah, she's flirtin' with him. You'll see! [ACX messes around taking their time to get down to the ring. Jane points to the ACX, Cassidy tells her to ignore them. The brawl between Bigsby and Elliott is still going on outside the ring. Troy slides underneath the bottom rope, oblivious to Katze and Cassidy. Jane and Jacob aren't agreeing with each other, and this gives Troy and Rayne a chance to double dropkick Jane, knocking her clear of the ring. Troy Irish whips Cassidy off the ropes, Rayne roundhouse kicks him in the ribs to double him over, and Troy hits a running flipping neckbreaker, Rayne runs the ropes and hits the running SSP! He goes for the cover but Hector Navarro says he can't ring the bell until at least one ACX-er is in the ring. As Rayne moves to his feet, Rich Mahogany reaches out and trips him. Subtlety isn't his strong suit, because Troy catches his movement out of the corner of her eye.] **DDK:** Here we go! **Angus:** LIVE SEX CELEBRATION? [Troy glares at Hector and tells him to ring the bell. He shakes his head. She drops to a knee, grabs Rich by his greasy hair, and bounces his noseguard-clad face off the apron. Rather than allow Rich to recoil away, she manages to get him partway under the bottom rope.] **Lindsay Troy:** Ring. The. Bell. **DING! DING! DING!** [Troy shoves Rich back out of the ring and gets to her feet. Rayne shoots her a look. They take a running start at the ropes in an X. Troy goes through the middle ropes with a somersault suicido hitting Rich Mahogany, and Rayne goes over the top with a straight tope suicido hitting Don Hollywood! Pete Whealdon jumps back but ends up falling over anyway.] **Angus:** DISQUALIFICATION! DISQUALIFICATION! **DDK:** Are you high? **Angus:** What, that was obviously an illegal flippydoo double-team clusterfuck move. I.E., il-the-fuck-legal! This is DEFIANCE, where the Big Boys Pl- uh… where we only put over lumbering brawlers who like to break shit! **DDK:** Take a Xanax. [Elliott whips Bigsby into the ringside steel stairs. He takes a running start and tries to spear Bigsby, but Bigsby moves and Elliott hits the stairs with his shoulder hard enough to send them flying and hit poor Rich who was lying down.] **Angus:** COME ON! You can't kick a bro while he's down! **DDK:** You know this is a wrestling match, right? **Angus:** That's a mighty subjective statement. [In the ring, Whealdon tries to get a quick pinfall on Cassidy, but Cassidy's out in 2.9.] **Angus:** Look, the boys are in it to win it! [Whealdon climbs to the top rope, pelvic thrusts a few times and jumps for his "Magnum Air" diving headbutt, but Cassidy rolls out of the way and Whealdon catches a face full of mat. Pete gets to his knees, and Cassidy catches him there with a standing sidekick. Whealdon goes wobbling on his knees, Cassidy runs the ropes and plants Whealdon with a sliding bulldog.] ONE! TWO! [Broken up by Tyler Rayne.] [Rayne looks at the two, decides Whealdon is the weaker opponent and throws Cassidy from the ring. Whealdon is brought up to his feet, Irish whipped. Rayne runs the opposite ropes, and as the two rebound towards each other, leaps and slams into Whealdon's chest with a flying double knee.] **DDK:** The Last Lament of Daniel Ferguson! **Angus:** Um NO it was a flying double knee. [Rich and Don, somehow recovered, roll into the ring as Rayne goes for the cover. Rich grabs Rayne by both legs, drags him back and wheelbarrows him up into the air as Don grabs both his arms. They forcefully drive him down into the mat with a wheelbarrow-assisted Tiger Driver '98!] **DDK:** DOUBLE STUFFED! **Angus:** They fucked him! Rich Mahogany and Don Hollywood have just Double-Stuffed The Underground Pimp! **DDK:** I can't even believe I'm calling that! [Don makes the cover. ONE! TWO! and Wade Elliott flies in from somewhere and sends Don and Rich both flying. Before he can do anything,

Bigsby's right back in the ring grabbing him from behind in a full nelson. Elliott blocks before Bigsby can lift him and tries to short-arm him into the Southern Hospitality lariat, but Bigsby ducks and takes Elliott up and over with a cut block. Bigsby yells to Cassidy, who climbs to the top rope, but before he can take flight, Troy pushes him off so that he crotches himself on the ropes.] **Angus:** I'm surprised he felt that. Between Box and Jane I don't think the poor shit's got any balls left. [Troy frankensteiners Cassidy off the top rope. She then missile dropkicks Bigsby in the back. The dude is so big that she only makes him stumble, but he stumbles into a bearhug from Elliott, who squats and hoists him all the way up onto his shoulders, and then SMASHES him into the mat!] **DDK:** REBEL YELL! **Angus:** We're going to have to get the ring's structural integrity tested after that! [And it's already broken up by Rich Mahogany!] **DDK:** The ACX guys are actually trying to win this match, kind of - they're letting the Conclave and BDH tear each other apart. Well, two thirds of the Conclave, Jane's doing next to nothing. **Angus:** She gives a new meaning to the word passive aggressive. [Rich Mahogany steps over Wade Elliott's head. He grabs Wade's ankle, then swivels his hips, grinding his crotch into the back of Elliott's head and generally being disgusting. He doesn't see Lindsay Troy walking up behind him.] **DDK:** Here comes the moment of truth for Rich Mahogany! [Troy spins Rich around. Rich realizes he's in deep shit. He backs up a few steps, then drops to both knees, puts one arm behind his back, and offers the other.] [Troy takes that offered arm, and suddenly locks in the sickest wristlock imaginable. She twists his arm out and bends the wrist back, then forces his arm into a hammerlock while still keeping most of the pressure on the wrist. The two of them sprawl to the mat.] **Lindsay Troy:** Y'gonna leave me alone now, Richie? [Rich screams like a little girl.] **Lindsay Troy:** Unless you want an actual break in this break-up, I'm gonna need to hear you say it. [Rich continues screaming. Troy torques his arm just a little bit more.] **Lindsay Troy:** CAN'T HEAR YOU, RICH. **Rich Mahogany:** ALRIGHTALRIGHTALRIGHTALRIGHT….VERYPLEASEDON'THURTMEEEEEE…. [Cassidy doesn't want to take the risk of losing the match if Rich taps. Bigsby and Elliott are continuing their ringside brawl. Pete and Don are both down, Rayne is down. Cassidy spins Troy around and knees her in the ribs. Instead of doing something, he slashes his thumb across his throat, calling for the Facewaster.] [Troy falls back with a complete shot - and combos straight into that with the Divine Right!] **DDK:** It may look like a glorified headlock, but the Divine Right, her name for the Koji Clutch, it means she's applying pressure to the neck of Cassidy with the strength of her lower back and glutes rather than... **Angus:** DAT. ASS. **DDK:** ...Rather than with her arms. We could see a submission here, if we're not careful. Jane Katze is up on the corner, and I think she's short-arming Cassidy! [But Don Hollywood breaks it up with a double axehandle to Troy's back.] [And Tyler Rayne's also in the ring. He quickly spins Hollywood around, boots him, and hits his small package driver.] **DDK:** He calls that Varga'd. **Angus:** If you don't get the reference it'd take too long to explain, if you do, lolz. **DDK:** Rayne's not the legal man, he runs to the corner, triangle jump and a plancha down on Bigsby! [This settles the brawl between Bigsby and Elliott in Elliott's favor. Elliott repays the favor by spearing Pete Whealdon out of his ascot.] [Troy gives Don a spinning thrust kick to the ribs, doubling him over. She quickly butterflies the arms, then drops down to her knees, planting Don's face into the canvas.] **DDK:** Final Judgment! **Angus:** NO U it's a Pedigree! **DDK:** God dammit, Angus. [Troy hooks Hollywood's leg for the cover as Rayne and Elliott keep an eye on the disinterested looking Jane.] ONE! TWO! THREE! **DING DING DING!! Quimbey:** Here are your winners, as a result of a pinfall! The BIG! DAMN! HEROES! [Troy, Rayne and Elliott all share a three way high fives in the ring, then hit the corners.] **DDK:** The Big Damn Heroes pick up a win, and Lindsay Troy got a little sweet payback on Rich Mahogany as well. **Angus:** I don't know what was up with Jane not doing squat during the match, but the Big Damn Heroes are off to bigger and better things, the Angel City eXXXpress will continue to be awesome regardless of their win loss record, and I guess it's back to the drawing board for the Conclave. **DDK:**
I'd say that's a fair assesment. But anyway folks, before we move on to the Submission Match between Heidi and Claira, we've got an interesting video package to get to! **Angus:**
Interesting? You mean dirty. **DDK:**
You're irredeemable. [Cut.]

We are the Harvesters

“They say that country folk are closer to earth.”

[Video. Monochrome.]

[The loose soil of a freshly plowed field, and a pair of hands. A body visible only as a dark blur behind them.]

[The hands scoop up some dirt, and then let it slowly trickle through their fingers.]

“Closer to earth…”

[Slow pan up and back. Black sleeves cover arms. A black shirt with a high collar.]

[A bandana with the design of a skeleton’s jawbone.]

[A pair of dark eyes hidden underneath the floppy brim of a fisherman’s hat.]

“You got no idea what that means, do you boy?”

[A foot, a nasty, dirty, misshapen foot attached to a massive leg, stomps down, scattering the soil.]

“The idea… of a kind, gentle, nurturing Mother Earth…”

[A man, a massive lump of misshapen muscle, stands half in front of the man in black. His head is bald, completely hairless. His smile is lopsided, at least two teeth are missing. He bends his neck to the side, grimacing, twitching his shoulder, and then snaps it back into place with a paroxysmal lurch.]

“Biggest lie you ever been told.”

[The big man’s dirt-caked hands spasmodically clench and unclench.]

“Mother Nature’s angry, boy. She’s angry with you. And she ain’t acceptin’ no apologies. Not this time.”

[A third man, a tall, skinny man in ratty clothes and a messy bowlcut, walks slowly up, holding a tree wrapped in a canvas bag in his arms. The skinny man kneels, a foot away from the hole. He leans forward until his forehead is buried in the soil, and he reverently places the tree in the hole.]

“You sow the seeds of war, boy, and you reap the fruit of evil. You plant it, you nurture it. And then Mother Nature calls your name.”

[The big man kneels down behind the tree before driving his hands down as hard as he can, until they’re buried in the dirt halfway to the elbow.]

[The shrouded man withdraws a knife, and slashes the burlap sack.]

[The tree’s leaves are in color, and they aren’t green.]

[They’re a sickly reddish purple.]

[Kinda like this.]

“Them seeds already been sown. An y’all, your names have been called.”

“And that’s where we come in, boy.”

“We…”

[The shrouded man slips the knife blade under the bandana and lets it fall.]

[A bushy beard doesn’t quite cover his bared teeth, and his canine teeth are unusually sharp.]

“We are the harvesters.”

[Clasping the knife in both hands, blade straight up, the shrouded man rolls his eyes up in his head as he kneels in front of the sickly tree, staring up at the sky.]

“We are the Sons of the Soil.”

When Bad Meets Sleazy?

[Backstage at Grindhouse: CANADA, there are any number of Defiants who have reason to be upset. Perhaps they lost a match, or have generally been having a bad day.] **Romero Antiguas:** ...I was defeated by a man beloved by teenage girls and young children. [Among them, as you can now tell, is Romero Antiguas, the self-proclaimed maestro of the martinete, fresh off a losing effort against Jake Donovan earlier in the show. Sure, a lot of that loss is his own dang fault, due to posing and preening rather than, y'know, ACTUALLY HITTING HIS PILEDRIVER, but minor details.] **Romero Antiguas:** There is no way on Earth that this night could possibly get any worse. [Having just gotten a diet cola out of a nearby soda machine backstage, Antiguas really only wants to sip his drink and wallow in a little self pity. Already showered and changed, the eight-pack having Hispanic would-be sex god could be found wandering around backstage in a pair of rather tight jeans, shoes, and not a whole Hell of a lot else.] [Sadly for Mr. Antiguas, though, it can ALWAYS get worse. Want proof? Here you go.] "My brother from another mother!" [That voice, it irks in a way that can only belong to Rich Mahogany.] **Rich Mahogany:** "Come estas, mucho macho burrito!" [Another voice, this one equally, and opposingly annoying.] "Hey! I thought I was your brother from another mother? Our mom is gonna be pissed!" [You guessed. Pete Whealdon.] **Pete Whealdon:** Oh. This guy. Psshaw. [Pete is clearly not impressed.] "Fuck is you guys doing?" [Don Hollywood. By their powers combined, they are the Angel City eXpress! Strangely enough, minus a couple of limps and some obvious bruising, the boys are in good shape considering the beating they took only a few minutes ago. Rich even has his Rip Hamilton-endorsed facial guard lifted up and resting atop his head as if they were sunglesses.] **Pete Whealdon:** Rich's fawning over his new boyfriend. **Don Hollywood:** Ew! Gross! I mean, er, congratulations on your pending nuptials? **Rich Mahogany:** Jesus Christ, fuck, GAWD, FUCK, STFU! Seriously! GAAAAWD! You two are embarrassing me in front of Our. New. Friend.! Or, compadre, in your native tounge! [Maestro Mahogany is very pleased with himself. He gives a thumbs up.] **Romero Antiguas:** … [It takes Antiguas a few moments to process the level of inanity surrounding him. After those few moments pass, the frown on his face only deepens even further.] **Romero Antiguas:** I was wrong. It has gotten worse. Much worse. Who the fuck are the three of you, anyway? Actually, no, don't answer that, I really do not care who any of you are. Most importantly, I am not your friend. I will never be your friend. I can feel my attractiveness to members of the fairer gender lessening simply from breathing the same air as the three of you. [Merely looking at the three of them is distressing for Romero. But there are three of them, and there seems no easy way for Antiguas to extricate himself. He attempts an end-around, trying to maneuver around Pete Whealdon for the escape he knows will likely be unsuccessful.] **Pete Whealdon:** Bro. You're gonna muss my chest-fro. Back off. **SMACK!** [Unable to control himself, the Rich-man smacked his partner right upside the nugget.] **Rich Mahogany:** [to Romero] Nevermind him, he hasn't had his Enzyte today. So, like I was saying, you look like the kinda cat who likes to roll with the best, amirite? I'm talkin' Fish Sammiches, cold Courvoisier, and sexy, slightly chunky Ladies all night long! GIMMIE SOME SKIN! [Rich raises his hand enthusiastically. Romero cocks an eyebrow.] **Rich Mahogany:** Bro. Don't leave me hangin… [Romero, perhaps surprisingly, raises a hand. He then proceeds to ball it into a fist, and shakes his head at the...enthusiastic Mahogany.] **Romero Antiguas:** You wouldn't know what to do with the kind of women I attract. **Rich Mahogany:** Sure I would. It. Duh. [Don and Pete give a supportive high-five behind him. Romero can only stare at the three in utter, horrified silence. It is a look that DEFIANCE fans will have screen-capped and posted on message boards the Internet over in just a few short hours.] **Romero Antiguas:** Gentlemen, and believe me when I say that I use that term in a sense looser than the poor, unfortunate women who make the decision to do "it" with the three of you, this has been one of the worst nights of my life. I am going to return to my hotel room and the company of a comely young lady that I met before the show. She will cheer me up. You three? You three are only making me angrier. I have wasted enough time with you all. Have a nice evening. Or not. Preferably not - my life would be greatly improved if the three of you played in traffic tonight. [With that, Romero is off, his nose up in the air as he heads off in search of his "comely young lady" (read: hotter ring rat than either of the other three in the scene can pull), leaving the ACX all by their lonesomes.] **Don Hollywood:** What bug got up that guy's ass? **Pete Whealdon:** You know the type. Sleazy, cheesy, and oh so breezy. [Rich, with tears welling up in his eyes, watches Romero as he walks away.] **Rich Mahogany:** Just like us… [Mahogany stalks off. Pete and Don shrug to each-other.] **Pete Whealdon:** Bromandude. Guy loses his lady a few minutes ago, and now this. Must be rough. **Don Hollywood:** Pssh. Don't wanna hear it. He likes it rough. [Fade. Sweet, merciful fade…]

Heidi Christenson vs Claira St. Sure

Angus:
I can't believe we're having a match based on something that never even got caught on camera.

DDK:
Frankly Angus, I can't believe that Kelly Evans treated Heidi Christenson the way she did. After all this time she finally got a chance to show that she was more than just a women who wore skimpy outfits. And the sad part is, aside from this stuff with Heidi, she did a fine job of it, but she couldn't put the business ahead of this particular grudge.

Angus:
Yeah. Well, Heidi did kind of break her arm in cold blood. But this match isn't Heidi and Kelly is it?

DDK:
Of course not. It's Heidi Christenson taking on Claira St. Sure. This was mostly inspired by an argument the two of them got into on an airplane over whose grappling style was better. My question is Angus, since Kelly took it upon herself to ban several of Heidi's best moves, is this match actually going to settle that?

Angus:
Well shit Keebs, imagine if Heidi wins. I mean that'd suck for Claira, but to beat her without even needing any of her good moves? Of course, if Claira wins, it's like, she tapped out the former World Champion who's supposed to be unbeatable on the mat or something.

♫ Whatchu got, whatchu got, whatchu got, whatchu got ♫

[Reveille's "What You Got" begins to play.]

[Claira St. Sure wastes no time heading out. Clad in her boxing robe, hood up, fists wrapped, she stands there at the top of the stage for just a moment.]

VVVVVVVVVVOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHHH!!!!

[Flames erupt from the stage as the song starts in earnest and Darren "DQ" Quimbey chimes in with the introduction.]

Quimbey:
The following contest is a submissions only match! It is set for one fall, with a 30 minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 141 lbs! Representing the Truly Untouchables! She is a former Defiance Trios Tag Champion and a former FIST of Defiance! She is CLAIRA! SAINT! SUUUUUUUURRRE!!!!

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

DDK:
A big opportunity for Claira St. Sure in this match. I actually did some research Angus, on how often anyone's been able to make Heidi give up during a match, and it's happened four times in eleven years. Twice by Gemma Lockhart, once by former CAL World Champion Chris Kline, and once by a guy named Neo-Nichiren years ago in IWA.

Angus:
There's like thirty thousand IWAs Darren, can you narrow it down?

DDK:
The IWA Jeff ran from 2001-04?

Angus:
I KNEW THAT. GAWD.

♫ Sadistic motherfuckers playing complicated ♫
♫ Well never underestimate the underestimated ♫
♫ Oh opinionated elevated sticking to my gun ♫
♫ And you're gonna get just what you got comin ♫

DDK:
St. Sure has a very traditional background in jujitsu, although she has branched out under Kai Scott's management and incoporated some lucha techniques. She can do horrible things to a person's arm with the Truly Untouchabreaker. She also has a background in kickboxing, which means she can throw a decent punch for someone her weight, whereas I've seen Heidi flip out and start using her fingernails more often than throw a punch.

[Speaking of punches, St. Sure doffs her robe and rolls into the ring. She throws a few warmup punches and then a knee, then submits to a foreign objects check from the always-professional Benny Doyle.]

♫ That's the penalty! That's the penalty! ♫
♫ Payback's a bitch and you best keep runnin ♫
♫ That's the penalty! That's the penalty! ♫
♫ It's what you got, what you got, what you got comin ♫

[Music fade.]

Quimbey:
And her opponent!

["Writhe" by Kyuss.]

♫ Everyone seems to be singing for Satan ♫
♫ Guess I will too ♫
♫ What a joke! You make me laugh ♫
♫ Til I turn blue ♫

Quimbey:
Hailing from Baton Rogue, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! She is a former two-time Defiance Tag Champion, and a former Defiance WORLD CHAMPION! She is! HEIDI! CHRRRRRIIIISSSTEEENNSSOONNN!!!

[Heidi walks straight out of the back. She's wearing a very no-nonsense black one piece, maybe cut a little higher over the hips than usual, but hey, compared to last week it's downright puritan. She's wearing ankle tape instead of boots.]

Angus:
So let's talk Heidi. She can't use Beautiful Dreamer, the Twisted Triangle, or any banana split variant. Claira's allowed

to use the Truly Untouchabreaker and her armbars. How big a disadvantage is this?

DDK:
Heidi actually gets one small advantage out of it, in that Claira isn't going to know exactly what to watch out for because we don't know which moves Heidi will use to try to finish the match. I know that Kelly didn't ban the full nelson and bodyscissor, which I believe she could work on Claira, and he didn't ban the Vaporizer.

Angus:
The what?

DDK:
That leglock she used on Jimmy Kort after the Aquaman incident.

Angus:
Oh yeah. Heh. Aquaman.

♫ Every tailor's out to ware ♫
♫ What a menhir looking crew ♫
♫ I don't think I'll tease my hair ♫
♫ I'd rather sit here teasing you ♫

[Heidi rolls into the ring and deathglares at Claira. She completely ignores Benny Doyle when he does the foreign object check.]

♫ Won't you writhe like snakes down on the floor? ♫
♫ Out you go and he done one hundred and more ♫

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:
WE GOT US A TAKEDOWN BATTLE KEEBS!

DDK:
Claira with a waistlock, Heidi with a go-behind, Claira breaks it and Heidi breaks that I can't keep up!

[Claira and Heidi spin across the ring attempting waistlock takedowns. Neither one can land one. Heidi's in control when they bump into the ropes. Claira still tries to turn around and get at Heidi, but Doyle calls for a break.]

[He doesn't really get it. As soon as Heidi releases the waistlock, Claira turns on her and tries to muscle her to the mat with a front chancery. Heidi pushes her back, Claira tries to sprawl, Heidi tries to lift her, neither plan quite works, Claira lands on her feet, Heidi hooks her, and with neither girl having a positional advantage but Heidi being a bit heavier, Claira stumbles back and the two girls hit the ropes.]

DDK:
The takedown exchange is neutral for the most part. Heidi might have gotten the better of it by a little bit, but not enough to change the balance of the match.

[The girls go straight back into the front chancery battle, and this time, Claira suddenly falls backwards. But Heidi braces herself and Claira only lands on the mat back first. From her back she kicks at Heidi's leg, but Heidi dances back out of the way. She circles the grounded Claira looking for an opening, but Claira keeps her feet facing Heidi.]

DDK:
Because of the submission-only rules in this match, you'll notice that Claira is fighting from her back because it doesn't matter if she's pinned. But Heidi's going to back off, and Doyle's making Claira stand.

[Heidi jaw jacks as Claira stands up. Most of the words are drowned out in crowd noise, but it's something about insulting her for lying down during the match.]

Angus:
More posturing and style arguing. You know, the entire SPORT of MMA was invented over the same thing that's bothering these girls here.

[Claira lunges. Heidi's quicker. She ducks under the tie-up attempt, grabs the leg, wraps herself around it and spins around behind Claira, grabbing the other leg.]

[And Doyle starts counting!]

DDK:
Heidi just got the banana split early, but she's not allowed to use it! Benny Doyle has decided to treat it as any other illegal hold and give Heidi a five count to break it.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

[...Heidi lets go before five.]

Angus:
And apparently she's not allowed to use that hold 'cos it's 'salacious.' What it looked to me like is a good way to fuck up both of someone's hip joints at the same time.

[Heidi lets go of the hold slowly, explaining to Benny Doyle that this is bullshit and exactly why it's bullshit. And Claira doesn't even bother getting to her feet. She just reaches out with her own legs, traps one of Heidi's in a drop toe hold - and Heidi deliberately drops to one knee and spins around to slip her leg out of Claira's grasp. But Claira's very quick and good at this mat stuff too, and she quickly lands on Heidi in side control, then starts working for a square armbar.]

DDK:
Claira made a half-hearted attempt at a leg submission on Heidi, but Heidi's too good at defending against those after all the years she spent having troubles with her knee. Claira's offense focuses on the arms much more, and I wouldn't be surprised if she went for the leg just to get Heidi defending in the wrong place.]

[Heidi tries to power out of the armlock. Claira steps around behind Heidi's head and then in front of her arm, locking her torso in place, and then twists the locked arm behind her back.]

DDK:
Modified strangle hold by Claira there, and she's continuing to work that arm. Heidi's pulling at Claira's leg trying to destabilize her, Claira knows her way around holds and that's not going to be easy.

[Heidi pushes on Claira's kneejoint while bending forward. Claira slips over Heidi's neck and to the mat, but she keeps hold of the arm and turns it into a cross armbreaker.]

DDK:
The cross armbreaker is a rather basic hold, but effective, especially if you can get it fully locked in.

[Heidi locks her hands to keep Claira from completely locking the hold in, then rolls up to her knees. Claira tries to power her back down, but Heidi braces herself, then stands, deadlifts Claira off the mat and drops her on the back of

her neck!]

Angus:
As I have always said. MMA moves may be effective in certain circumstances, but ProWres > MMA and Heidi just proved it breaking an armbar with a powerbomb, so fuck you Dana White.

DDK:
Not sure where that came from Angus, but Heidi's got the side headlock. Traps the free arm with her legs, let's see where Claira goes from here.

[Claira brings her legs up and uses the momentum to unbalance Heidi and sit up. Heidi quickly shifts into a front chancery and drops her weight. Then she gator rolls Claira away from the ropes.]

DDK:
Heidi trying to put some pressure on the neck. At this point we don't know what Heidi might be looking for in the way of a finishing hold, but we've seen her finish matches with neck and leg submission holds. As far as I can remember, not an armlock though.

[Heidi tries to convert the front chancery into an arm triangle, but Claira works on blocking. As Heidi stands, Claira gets her bodyweight under Heidi's, makes it to her knees, then feet, and takes her over with a northern lights suplex - right into a cross armbar!]

Angus:
Oh SNAP son! She turned this all around so quickly, man. Claira's good.

[Claira leans back, trying to hyper-extend the elbow joint. Heidi screams. Not willing to give it up yet she rolls, trying to get the pressure off her elbow joint - and she does slip through the hold. Now locking her hands together, she stands up and....]

THWAAAAACK!

Angus:
KICKS~!

[Heidi roundhouse kicks Claira on the leg, causing her to drop the armbar. Before Claira can get to her feet, Heidi kicks her in the ribs.]

Angus:
You know what? I think Heidi's a little bit irritated.

DDK:
Well, she does tend to lose her poise when she loses a grappling exchange, even when it's against an opponent good enough that it's to be expected she'll lose a couple.

[Heidi grabs two hands full of blonde dreadlocks and pulls Claira up to her feet, then starts driving short range shin kicks into her head.]

Angus:
KAWADA KIKUSU!

[Heidi lets go before delivering one last kick, and Claira is sent sprawling. She rolls out of the ring.]

DDK:
Claira's heading for high ground but Heidi's hitting the far ropes, and over the top with the tope con hilo!

[Heidi swan dives over the top rope, turns a flip, and lands on top of Claira, flattening her and landing on her own feet.]

DDK:
With all the focus on submissions in this match, it's easy to forget that submissions aren't the only legal moves, and Heidi's got enough other stuff in her arsenal to keep opponents guessing.

[Heidi drags Claira back to her feet and roundhouse kicks her, sending her back against the ring apron. Another kick lands very solidly to the ribs. Heidi steps back, aims a knockout shot at Claira's head, but Claira ducks.]

SWACK!

DDK:
Heidi telegraphs a kick and Claira counters with a head kick of her own!

[A high roundhouse to the back of the head sends Heidi stumbling to her knees. Claira straightens her up, hits a spinning back kick and a corkscrew enzuigiri.]

Angus:
Straight out of Kai Scott's playbook. Or wait, was that something Claira did and Scott took from her?

[Claira pulls Heidi to her feet. Backfist! Spinning backfist! Spinning backfist ducked! Heidi catches Claira in a front waist lock, lifts her…]

DDK:
I don't know what Heidi's setting up here, she's not usually a power wrestler but…

Angus:
SCHWEIN!

[Heidi lets Claira slide down her back, cradles the head, spins and sits out, driving Claira headfirst into the ringside mats.]

DDK:
There's so little give out there on the outside and the Schwein is one of Heidi's best moves!

[Heidi rolls Claira back into the ring. She grabs one of Claira's arms, drags it across her neck in a cutthroat, and Benny Doyle's right there warning her.]

Angus:
The hell does Doyle want?

DDK:
He's reminding Heidi that Beautiful Dreamer is banned in this match because of Kelly's order!

Angus:
Oh. ...So what's the second-best head submission in Heidi's arsenal? Oh wait she can't use the Twisted Triangle either. What's the third best?

[Heidi drops Claira's arms and head and instead grabs her legs.]

Angus:
Figure four leglock coming up? No she put it on backwards. Huh.

[With the improperly applied figure 4 "applied", Heidi grabs Claira's head and arm in a front headlock. She then rolls over onto her back, hooking her own legs around Claira's.]

DDK:
Heidi's got a guillotine choke applied with some sort of leg trap instead of a bodyscissor!

Angus:
OK that's a pretty good neck hold.

DDK:
More importantly, it's much harder to break than a regular guillotine! With her legs tied up Claira can't move herself around the mat for a rope break, and if she can't figure out a counter Heidi could wrap this one up!

[Claira only has one free arm. Her left. She pushes at Heidi's chin, trying to find a weak point there, but with the submissions only rule Heidi can use the mat for leverage without worrying about being counted down.]

[Heidi isn't known for using her arms for offense, but she has the hold very well sunk in, hooked under Claira's jawbone. Claira grabs at the arm around her neck trying to loosen it. Then she punches Heidi on the elbow.]

Angus:
She worked that arm with armbars earlier, she's going to try to break it that way!

[Claira punches the elbow several times. Eventually, Heidi's grip slips and Claira pulls her head back. Claira follows up with an elbow to the forehead, then a punch. Heidi's lack of upper body strikes is particularly inconvenient here. Claira manages to slip out of the leglock and drop a knee on Heidi's head.]

DDK:
Claira out of the guillotine choke, and she's going right back after that arm! I think she's looking for the omo-plata!

[Claira gets her leg hooked behind Heidi's head and forces her face down to the mat. She tries to catch Heidi's other arm with her feet, but Heidi tucks it in.]

Angus:
Well, Heidi knows the counter to the Truly Untouchabreaker.

[Claira tries to get Heidi's legs hooked for it, but Heidi straightens her legs out and Claira can't get them to bend. Frustrated, Claira tries extra-hard to pull on them. Heidi's upper body comes off the mat just enough for her to roll through the omo-plata.]

DDK:
Heidi escapes the omo-plata, but Claira's not giving it up - Claira's got the arm re-hooked!

[Again, Heidi goes face first into the mat. This time they're fairly close to the ropes. Heidi kicks with her legs, and with a lunge, gets the ropes in her hand! Claira actually tries to pull Heidi's arm off the ropes with her legs, but Heidi's got a death grip on it.

DDK:
St. Sure may have to go back to the drawing board, she hasn't been able to get the Truly Untouchabreaker applied.

[Claira gives up on the omo-plata but kicks the arm Heidi was using to hold the ropes. Then she stomps the other arm, the one she's been working over, a few times. Pulling Heidi to her feet, Claira grabs the arm and rolling hip tosses her hard down to the mat. And she keeps hold of the arm and reapplies the omo-plata!]

bbbooooo

DDK:
The fans showing a bit of a lack of support for Claira here. She's usually quite well liked, but she's been working that

same move for five minutes.

Angus:
Yeah that's why they don't usually book submissions-only matches. I know that wrestlers are supposed to not slow things down too much and bore the fans and let matches drag on, hell, the reason matches are mostly kept short is to encourage the wrestlers not to work slow. But you know, this match IS submissions only, and so if Claira want to just keep working the same hold, I'm fine with that.

[Heidi pushes back far enough to roll through the hold. Claira rolls through with her, but Heidi slips her arm out of the lock. Claira goes right back after it. And Heidi twists on the mat and catches Claira with her legs.]

DDK:
Heidi counters another omo-plata attempt with a triangle choke! Twisted Triangle applied!

Angus:
She's not s'posed to use that!

DDK:
Indeed she's not, Benny Doyle's starting a count on her!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

[At four, Heidi drops the hold. Claira coughs and chokes. Heidi grabs her leg and applies a knee cross, being careful to tuck Claira's leg under her good arm.]

DDK:
Heidi giving up on the neck and going after the legs. She's showing frustration and you can't blame her - she might have gotten the win right there if the Twisted Triangle hadn't been banned by Kelly Evans!

[Claira army crawls to the ropes with Heidi hanging off her leg, and gets them. Benny Doyle starts the count. Heidi drops the hold at four, but not the leg. She stands, drags Claira backwards from the ropes, and hits a modified dragon screw leg whip. STILL holding the leg, Heidi turns Claira over into a half crab.]

DDK:
Notice that Heidi isn't just pulling back on the leg, she's got the ankle trapped and is applying pressure to the achilles tendon. Little things like that add up in matches like this.

Angus:
Enough to counter not having her good moves?

[Heidi drops Claira's leg just long enough to bend Claira's other leg up behind the first leg's joint. She then pulls back again.]

Angus:
Lasso from El Paso! I'd forgotten that that move was even a thing.

[Claira screams. Benny Doyle takes a knee next to her, watching and listening for a submission, watching to make sure she doesn't go unconscious. He even waves his hand in front of her eyes, but she stays up.]

Angus:
And jeez, Claira is one tough broad. Y'know, I'm still undecided about whether I like the abs or not, but Heidi's got her back bent so far you can see them even though she's upside down.

[Just then, Heidi's grip slips. Luckily, Claira can't do anything but clutch her back. Heidi jumps to her feet, holding her elbow, and kicks Claira on the leg as if blaming her for that. She grab the leg and snaps herself back to the mat, jamming the ankle.]

DDK:
It's a decent strategy by Heidi going after the leg. Claira is a kicker and she relies on mobility, she needs to be careful not to let Heidi do too much damage.

[Heidi pulls Claira back away from the ropes, traps the ankle under her good arm and lies back down again.]

DDK:
Heel hook!

Angus:
If you pretend real hard, you could imagine that they're scissoring instead of wrestling.

[Angus is appropriately ignored as Heidi twists at Claira's knee and ankle. St. Sure looks for the ropes, but they're all miles away, Heidi has really good ring positioning. Actually, if she were the cheating type she could grab the ropes for leverage, and Claira's pretty much mid-ring.]

DDK:
The ropes are too far away, Claira's either going to have to counter it or tap.

[Claira tries to scrape Heidi's grip loose with her other leg. Heidi takes a grab at it with her bad arm, but Claira pulls it free and keeps kicking. Heidi also has a free leg, and she kicks Claira right in the chin.]

Angus:
They hate each other.

[Claira grabs that leg by the heel, keeping Heidi from putting the heel hook completely back in place. She rolls, taking the pressure off her knee joint, and pulls her leg away. In one movement she pounces, landing on Heidi in a cross body.]

DDK:
Claira scissors Heidi's bad arm and she's working for position on the head and neck! Under regulation rules this would be a pinfall, but since it isn't Heidi only has to worry about what Claira's doing.

[Claira gets her head underneath Heidi's free arm. She drops the other arm, leaps across Heidi's body, and quickly spins her into an arm triangle choke!]

DDK:
And a very slick escape by Claira, going straight from defense to offense!

[Heidi gets her leg on the ropes since Claira didn't have a chance to worry about ring positioning. Claira refuses to let go. Instead, she stands up, dragging Heidi up with her.]

DDK:
Claira's trying to let gravity add to that arm triangle! The girls are the same height although Heidi's several pounds heavier, Claira's got Heidi's feet off the ground, she's got that wirey arm wrapped around Heidi's neck-and Heidi's trying to counter with a bodyscissor!

Angus:
How in fuck's name is she that flexible?

[It's almost a stalemate. But with Heidi's entire bodyweight hanging on her and her knee hurting, Claira topples over. Heidi's quickly on her, pulling one of her arms across her neck in a cutthroat. Benny Doyle starts pointing, but Heidi shakes her head.]

DDK:
Benny Doyle warning Heidi against trying Beautiful Dreamer, but Heidi says she's got something else in mind. Wait, I think I know what she's going for, she's got the cobra clutch!

Angus:
CHARM CITY CROSSFACE! If she can't use her own moves then why not gank her boyfriend's?

[The Charm City Crossface is similar to a regular Crippler Crossface, only with a cobra clutch instead of a simple chinlock applied.]

DDK:
Can Claira hold on? Heidi's switched from targeting the neck to the legs and back to the neck, but I think maybe she only just had the idea to use the Charm City-

[Heidi's grip slips.]

Angus:
Shit dude, her elbow gave out. Did you see that?

[Claira, not entirely unpredictably, and by which I mean entirely predictably, goes back on the arm and tries to pull Heidi down with the omo-plata again.]

[So Heidi steps between her legs, and…]

Angus:
SHARPSHOOTER! SHE'S GOIN FOR THE SHARPSHOOTER!

DDK:
Heidi reaching into the bag of classics with that one! She's got the legs, St. Sure's trying to counter, and DOES with a small package!

Angus:
No pinfalls Tony!

DDK:
Claira's got the leg hooked, she's turning Heidi for a half crab, no, STF, no, fishhooked arm triangle! But she doesn't have it sunk in properly, Heidi's trying to push her arms free - cross armbar by Claira!

[Claira abruptly switched holds and went for the cross armbar.]

DDK:
Heidi trying to fight out of it, getting to her feet - Claira rolls through, northern lights suplex and back into the armbar!

[Heidi screams. Loud.]

[But she shakes her head 'no' when Benny Doyle asks.]

DDK:

Heidi, still trying to fight back against the armbar, trying to crawl to the ropes, or stand, I'm not sure which! Claira bellies out, Heidi's trying to pull lose - and Claira just powers her over and back into the standard armbar!

Angus:
Dat core strength!

[Heidi screams in anguish. She grabs at Claira's ankles trying to find a weak spot.]

DDK:
I cannot believe that Heidi hasn't tapped out already! She's still looking for a way out, rolling to take as much pressure off the elbow as she possibly can - and Claira rolls with her!

[Claira drops the armbar only for a second to duck her head under Heidi's arm, take her over with a northern lights suplex, and-]

DDK:
RIGHT BACK INTO THE ARMBAR! THERE'S NO WAY, THERE'S NO WAY SHE'S…!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:
Holy fuck… I'm sorry Keebs, but HOLY FUCK!

DDK:
It took everything Claira St. Sure had, but even though Heidi had the Truly Untouchabreaker scouted, St. Sure stuck to the basics and she grabbed a really hard fought win!

[Doyle pulls at St. Sure's arms. She fairly quickly lets go of the hold.]

DDK:
Right now, I'm just actually a bit disappointed. It's a huge win for Claira under any circumstance and she came in with a very solid gameplan.

Angus:
Diane Parker isn't out here with Claira, but twenty to one she came up with it.

DDK:
Very likely, but I do wish Heidi had had access to her full arsenal.

THIS WAS AWESOME! ***CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP***
THIS WAS AWESOME! ***CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP***

DDK:
None the less, the fans are lighting it up for these two wrestlers.

Angus:
I'm normally more likely to troll than otherwise, but when I hear that kind of stuff, it kind of gives me a happy feeling. Hell yeah it was awesome.

[Claira stands and allows Benny Doyle to raise her hand, but she looks down at Heidi.]

[Then she extends her arm.]

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!

[But Heidi doesn't accept it, exactly.]

[She stands under her own power and doesn't take a handshake. What she does do is grab Claira by both shoulders, presses her forehead into Claira's, and says… something.]

[With an almost friendly pat on the shoulder, Heidi takes her leave of the ring.]

DDK:
I have no idea what Heidi Christenson just said to Claira St. Sure, but she's leaving the ring, and Claira's going to get a little chance to enjoy that victory!

[Claira hits the turnbuckle and raises both arms in the air.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

[But there's probably something going on backstage, so let's go check in on that now.]

Lets. Get. Dangerous.

DDK:
Well, after that crazy match, we're going to take things backstage. We have seen Team HOSS go to war with Hookers N' Blow like no other! Attacks galore, victories exchanged and who can forget about their arena-wide brawl in our last stop before Grindhouse: Canada? The match for DEFIANCE's World Trios Tag Team Titles is up next, but before that, we're gonna hear from…

Angus:
MUH-BOI TAI!!!!!!!!!

DDK:
Yeah, him. Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry have some last-minute words backstage right before this match so we're gonna take it to Christie Zane.

[With that lovely cue, the camera opens up backstage to the lovely Christie Zane, looking extra perky tonight. With a bright smile on her face, she greets the fans.]

Zane:
Hello, everyone! We've got a great match coming up and it's going to be awesome! I've got the DEFIANCE Trios Tag Champions with me! Ty Walker, Ryan Matthews, and Sam Horry… Hookers N' Blow!

[The three men ready are all ready for battle as they step into view. Ty, Ryan, and Sam all step and are near Christie. Never has one woman outside of possibly Tara Reid has a woman used the term 'Hookers N'Blow' in a sentence, but regardless, she introduces the three men with their belts.]

Zane:
Guys, it's great to have you here! Now, you're going to face those totally mean Team HOSS guys and that loud guy Junior Keeling! So what do you guys have planned for them.

Matthews:
Oh, THOSE guys…

"DDDDDDDUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!"

[BOOT TO THE HEAD! A BIG MOTHERLOVIN' BOOT FROM ANGEL TRINIDAD CAUGHT HIM IN THE FACE!]

Zane:
Oh, God!

[The interviewer gets the hell out of dodge as the members of HNB were surrounded quickly. Ty Walker turns around and gets greeted with a STIFF right hand from Capital Punishment before gets thrown right THROUGH the interview set backdrop! Horry turns around only to eat a sickening Shoulder Tackle from Aleczander The Great!]

DDK:
DAMN IT! TEAM HOSS JUST AREN'T GOING TO STOP UNTIL THEY TAKE OUT THE COMPETITION, WILL THEY?!

Angus:
SMASH… I mean, wait…

[As the fights break out in the area, Angel Trinidad and Capital Punishment are destroying Sam Horry with stomps on the ground. Ryan Matthews is trying to fight back now against Aleczander The Great with fists, but he isn't able to get much offense in as he eats another boot. Aleczander picks up one of the dropped Trios Titles and stands over him before swinging for the fences, SMACKING him right in the face! All the while the beatdowns are going on, Ty Walker is still trying to stand when Junior Keeling stands over him, gleefully watching the carnage.]

Keeling:
You'll have to forgive my boys... we know the match is next, but they're just a wee bit impatient!

[Walker tries to stand again only to eat another belt shot, this one courtesy of Capital Punishment who hasn't forgotten about losing to Walker in singles action a few weeks ago. Ty rolled over in pain as Matthews was palmed by the back of his head. Angel and Aleczander nod to one another with Keeling directing traffic…]

DDK:
GOOD GOD! RYAN MATTHEWS JUST GOT THROWN AGAINST THAT WALL BACKSTAGE! HE'S OUT!

Angus:
I'm so fucking confuzzled right now… is there such a thing as confused angry wood?

[Matthews is done and Walker is out cold after another shot, which left an angry Horry. He is STILL fighting back against the three men now and throwing fists, but even the striker's blows aren't enough to save him when all three monsters pounce on him like hungry hyenas on a wounded wildebeest. Unfortunately, there is no happy Disney ending nor a Hakuna Matata for Mr. Horry as Cappy takes out his retractable baton – a weapon he felt weeks ago against Aleczander- and WHACKS him across the back!]

Keeling:
FINISH IT! GET HIM!

[DDK and Angus are murmuring quietly from the announce table as Angel disappears from view for just a moment. He comes back later with a wheeled box that the production crew uses to lug equipment across the country and back. Keeling looks down at the fallen Walker and Horry and starts to point back and forth between the two.]

Keeling:
Eenie.

[He's pointing at Walker.]

Keeling:
Meenie.

[Now to Horry.]

Keeling:
Miney.

[Back to Walker…]

Keeling:
Moe…

[At Horry.]

Keeling:
Finish this funny little fuck!

[All three members of Team HOSS pick him up and went to the corner and slammed elbows and fists down on Walker before they hoisted Sam Horry off the ground. They picked him up and slammed the fists into his head and powered him up…]

DDK:

NO, NO, NO, COME ON! STOP!

Angus:
…

[THE TRIPLE POWERBOMB RIGHT ONTO THE CRATE!]

[The fans were up in arms now over what just happened. Walker was barely moving, Matthews was out cold and Horry… well, he probably wasn't able to move after that move… the same bomb that once injured Diego de Leon and put out Jimmie Rix, never to be seen again. The Greatest Move In The HOSS-tory of Our Sport claimed another victim! Angel Trinidad slammed his fist into his chest like a big gorilla as he stands over Sam Horry's broken body.]

Angel:
ANGEL SMASH!!!!

[Angel high-fived both Aleczander and Junior Keeling while Capital Punishment just stands over the three members of Hookers N'Blow. Keeling nods to his men as they carefully walk over the fallen bodies of the men they're supposed to wrestle for the Trios Titles momentarily.]

DDK:
WHY WOULD THEY DO THIS NOW? THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WRESTLING FOR THE TITLES! THEY COULD'VE JUST COST THEMSELVES THEIR OWN SHOT!

Angus:
…

[Cut to elsewhere!]

Fifty Shades of Gray

[Open in the medic's office.] [Iris Davine has Heidi lying on her back, her arm out to the side. She prods at the elbow a few times, causing Heidi to wince.] **Iris:** Well, it's definitely not broken, and it doesn't look sprained either, just sore. If you take it easy for a few days you shouldn't have any long or medium term problems with it. **Heidi:** Tapping out to that was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. But I can't afford to get injured now, and it's not like this is really Claira's fault. She was just there when it happened. [Heidi sits up.] **Heidi:** So I'm free to go? **Iris:** Sure. Just remember to take it easy. [Heidi steps out of the medic's office. She looks around the hallway quietly, takes a deep breath, and smiles serenely.] [Anybody who knows Heidi, knows that she has a mode that she only reaches when she surpasses fury. It could best be described as "complete tranquility in the desire to annihilate." Padding step by step down the hallway, carefully stepping around any technicians or random backstage personnel that she comes across, she heads straight towards the big office, you know the one.] [As she reaches it, the door clicks. Someone has locked it from the inside.] [Heidi looks at the door, and then kicks it. Full strength. The door shudders, the wood cracks, and someone inside screams. A second kick is accompanied by the sound of breaking splinters, and the door swings open and smashes into the wall behind it.] **Kelly:** HEIDI IF YOU TOUCH ME I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL MAKE THESE GUYS FILL YOU SO FULL OF ELECTRICITY THAT- [Heidi walks up to the desk, grabs Kelly's laptop, and smashes it into the desktop. The casing of the laptop cracks, the machine sparks and smokes, and a deep scar appears in the desk's surface. In the commotion, the DEFIANCE Championship belt clatters to the floor, face-down.] **Kelly:** WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! [Heidi grabs a framed picture off the wall, then swings it like a baseball bat. Glass shatters.] **Kelly:** STOP HER! **Heidi:** I'm. Not. Touching. You. [A houseplant is next. Then some kind of crystalline doo-dad on the desk. Then one of the chairs.] **Kelly:** WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITING FOR? [Samuel Grant shrugs.] **Sam:** Can't taze her unless she tries to hurt a person. [Heidi pulverizes a chair. Then she grabs another framed poster off the wall and smashes it.] **Kelly:** THAT WAS ERIC'S! He's going to kill you! [Heidi ignores Kelly. She grabs the desk by the bottom, and flips the entire thing over. With this, she finally stops, panting and holding her sore elbow with her other hand.] **Heidi:** I'm finding gray areas. [She turns on her heel and leaves.] [Kelly looks around the absolutely devastated office and hugs herself.]

Team HOSS vs Hookers n' Blow

DDK:
Folks, I'm being told that Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews have been taken to a nearby hospital after the vicious attack perpetrated on them by their challengers, Team HOSS.

Angus:
What about Ty?

DDK:
Hold on… What?

Angus:
What, WHAT?!

DDK:
They say he "disappeared".

Angus::
The hell?

DDK:
That's what they said, something about kicking an EMT in the face who wouldn't let him go and then he disappeared down a hallway when he got free.

Angus::
Oh sure, they just conveniently lose the black man!

DDK:
Uhm, Horry, Ty's cousin, is…

Angus::
Yeah, but nobody cares about him, not even him, even if he does, he doesn't.

DDK:
Uh… sure.

Angus:
So now what? Can't really have a trios title match without the champions, can we?

DDK:
Your guess is as good as mine, partner. Take it away, DQ!

[The Voice of DEFIANCE Wrestling takes the center of the ring.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:
The following contest is set for one fall and it is for, the DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The opening Riffs of "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold play next and already, the crowd is jeering to all heck. One by one, the brutal monsters flank the stage and the crowd is all over them for what they just did to Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews. They would obviously be in no condition to compete for the belts.]

Quimbey:
Introducing the challengers… weighing in a combined weight of 857 lbs… **Angel Trinidad**...**Aleczander the Great**…. and **Capital Punishment**… They are the **Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers**…. **TEAM HOSS!**

[Team HOSS come out to a chorus of boos. Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment looks disinterested in general. Following closely behind is Junior Keeling with a smug smirk and again, we would be remiss if we didn't point out the SWANKY suit he was wearing. Extra cash for extra class. The team enters the ring with a shower of arena deafening boos.]

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!

DDK:
We've seen our fair share of cutthroat tactics from Junior Keeling and Team HOSS, but what just happened back there is reprehensible. Just MOMENTS before they're set to defend the belts against Hookers N'Blow, they launch that kind of attack!

Angus:
I hate this… on the one hand, Ty won't have a belt… but Team HOSS will have three… Hold on, Keebs, I need to do some math here…

[The lights dim and the familiar drum beat opening begins.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:
And their opponents… At a total combined weight of 679 pounds… They are the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions… **SAM HORRY**… **RYAN MATTHEWS**… and **TYRONE WALKER**… They are… **HOOOOOOKERS ANNNNNND BLLOOOOOOW**!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH…?

♫ STROKE ME, STROKE ME! ♫
♫ Its as easy as 123 ♫
♫ STROKE ME, STROKE ME! ♫
♫ I'll touch you if you touch me ♫

[The spotlights in the arena converge on the entrance as Mickey Avalon's cover of "Stroke Me" really gets going… But nothing, nobody, anybody, anything, comes out and after a few moments Junior Keeling is in the center of the ring chuckling to himself while his his charges all stand behind him and looking extremely pleased with themselves.]

Angus:
Uhm… yeah?

DDK:
Look at Keeling, he had to have planned this.

Junior Keeling:

Oh, well, fuckleshucks, looks like Hookers N'Blow won't be coming out here tonight! Darn! You guys were looking forward to a competitive match, were you not?

[The members of Team HOSS all nod in unison while Keeling laughs.]

Keeling:
That's what I thought! See… HNB, you three pieces of shit tried your absolute best to keep a stranglehold on those belts, running around here with your juvenile antics all the while my boys here were HUNGRY for gold! You kept stepping to us even though we've been kicking your asses all up and down Canuckistan for the better part of two months and you PAID for it. So let's make this official.

[Angel takes the microphone and turns to the official.]

Trinidad:
Give us our belts! Make it official, zebra! NOW!

GUNSHOT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
YUSS!

[Y'all mothafuckas know what's up.]

[Natural Born Killaz by Dr. Dre and Ice Cube.]

[All members of Team HOSS and Junior Keeling turn their attention to the stage. Stomping out from behind the curtains is the Nightmare Factory that is the Pissed Off Nigga Supreme, sporting the orange prison jumpsuit, a Casey Jones style hockey mask that is pulled up against his afro. Strapped over his back is a golf bag full of implements of pain and being dragged behind him is a shopping cart full of more plunder and finally, still more plunderous objects in a trash can that is clutched in his other free hand.]

Angus::
SATAN CLAUS IS HERE IS AGAIN WITH PRESENTS FOR ALL THE BAD BOYS AND GIRLS!

DDK:
And Team HOSS have no idea what to make of this, Keeling is beside himself!

♫ Journey with me into the mind of a maniac ♫
♫ Doomed to be a killer since I came out the nutsac ♫

[It doesn't take long for Ty to make it down the ramp. In the space of twenty seconds, he rushed down and as he got close to the ring, Angel Trinidad was the first to learn a painful lesson.]

CLLLUNNNK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
Ty just took Angel out with a haymaker using that trash can in his right hand!

Angus::
TYREAM DANGERKER!

♫ I'm in a murderous mindstate ♫
♫ With a heart full of terror ♫
♫ I see the devil in the mirror ♫

[Aleczander rushes at him after he tosses the trash can and it's contents into the ring, but as he gets close, Ty pulls the golf bag off of his back and beans him right in the face with it after throwing the bag into the ring.]

THHHUNNNK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus::
FOOORRRE!

DDK:
I think you have to swing a club for that…

Angus::
A golf club fell out of the bag, does that count?

DDK:
Sure.

Angus::
FOOORRRE!

♫ BUCK BUCK, Lights out ♫
♫ Cause when I get my sawed off ♫
♫ Niggaz get hauled off ♫

[Ty momentarily pauses as he stares into the ring where the other old dog in this battle of trios domination, Capital Punishment, stares back. Keeling shakes in fear as he locks eyes with Walker, who is all wild eyed and grinning with evil intentions before pulling the mask down.]

♫ Barrel One, Touches your motherfuckin flesh ♫
♫ Barrel Two, Shoots your fuckin heart out your chest ♫

[In the next moment, Ty picks up the shopping cart and chucks it into the ring, right at Cappy, who catches it.]

♫ You see I'm quick to let the hammer go click ♫
♫ On my Tec-9 so if you try to wreck mine ♫
♫ Fool it's your bed time ♫

[Which proves to be a mistake, because it gave Ty the opening he needed to spring himself off of top rope and score with a Missile Dropkick on the shopping cart, which topples the aging giant and splatters the ring with various plunder.]

♫ Feel the blast of the chocolate bomber ♫
♫ Infrared aimed at your head ♫
♫ Like your name was Sarah Connor ♫

[Ty rolls to his feet quickly and locks on to Keeling, if we could see behind the mask, a very devious grin would be gleaming on his face. Reaching up, he pulls the pick from his afro, it's all shiny with pointy and sharp looking teeth.]

"WOOAA-OOH, TY'S GONNA KEEL YOU!"
"WOOAA-OOH, TY'S GONNA KEEL YOU!"

”WOOAA-OOH, TY’S GONNA KEEL YOU!”

Angus::
RUN JUNIOR, RRRUUUNNN!

♫ Decapitatin, I ain't hesitatin ♫
♫ To put you in the funeral home ♫
♫ With a bullet in your dome ♫

[Ty rushes towards Keeling like a slasher villain, but the agent of Team HOSS is quick to make an even quicker escape as Walker chases him out of the ring.]

DDK:
Keeling beats feet and sets a new land speed record for human travel on foot!

Angus::
LOOK OUT TY!

♫ I'm hot like lava ♫
♫ You got a problem? ♫
♫ I got a problem solver ♫
♫ And his name is revolver ♫

[Momentarily distracted by chasing Keeling, Walker forgot all about Cap, Alecz and Angel, all three of whom having regrouped.]

DDK:
This is not good...

♫ It's like a deadly game of freeze tag ♫
♫ I touch you with a 44 mag ♫
♫ And you're frozen inside a body bag ♫

[Ty turns and gets rushed by all three of his challengers and they start with the clubberin’.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus::
NOOO!

♫ Nobody iller ♫
♫ Than this graveyard filler ♫
♫ Cap peeler ♫

[That is until.]

Aleczander:
AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The Mancunian Muscle gets stabbed in the leg with the afro pick, causing him to drop to the mat.]

♫ Cause I'm a Natural Born Killa ♫

[Alecz’ screams startle Cap and Angel just enough to give Ty an opening, raising the pick, he turns on Angel and stabs him in the chest with the pick.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Shaking off the distraction, Cap charges Ty as he goes after Angel. Reaching for him, Cap gets a hold of the mask and rips it off as he spins him around… Only when Ty turns, he sprays Cap, turning his face and chest purple.]

Angus::
THE PURPLE DRANK MIST!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♫ Terror illustrates my era ♫
♫ Now I can't hang around my momma ♫
♫ Cause I scare her ♫

[Reaching down, Ty grabs a Nine Iron.]

THHHUNNNK!

[Cap gets taken out with a shot to the chest.]

Angus::
FOOORRRE!

♫ I'm quick to blast motherfucker ♫
♫ (yeah what's up) ♫
♫ It feels like I'm bustin a nut ♫
♫ When I open you up ♫

[Walker spies Aleczander getting himself back up, he reaches down and and grabs a guitar before playing a little tune with it...]

DDK:
Ty playing the song of his people for Aleczander...

EL-KA-BONG!

[Alecz gets dropped as soon as he got to his feet when Ty shatters the guitar over his head.]

♫ Cause your body is exposed to the midnight mist ♫
♫ All you weak motherfuckers give my ring a kiss ♫

[Angel is up next and he manages to catch Ty with an elbow shot to the head before shooting him off the ropes.]

♫ Cause I'm givin dirt naps ♫
♫ Comin with them bomb ass raps ♫
♫ To make your lungs collapse ♫

[Angel hits the ropes and tries to take Ty out with a running big boot, but Ty hit the mat as he slides under the attack as he grabs a piece of plunder.]

CLLLAAANNNG!

♫ Perhaps, you never sleep ♫
♫ Cause everytime you doze ♫

♫ You catch blows to the motherfuckin nose ♫

[That would be a frying pan, right to the face.]

Angus::
He hit him so hard, he broke the damn pan off the handle with Angel's face!

DDK:
Holy… Somebody check to see if Angel's still got all of his teeth!

♫ Ain't seen the sun, in 66 days ♫
♫ Let me count the ways in a fucked up maze ♫

[Picking up a cheese grater, Ty lifts it up.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♫ I never ever ever made a hoe stay ♫
♫ But I'm down with Dre ♫
♫ Like AC is down with OJ ♫

[Going over to Cap, who was already on his knees, Ty approaches from behind and…]

DDK:
Oooh, gawd… Ugh… HE'S TEARING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT'S FACE UP WITH A CHEESE GRATER!

Angus::
This is HOSSSSSSOME!

DDK:
…..?

Angus::
What? It is.

♫ So fuck how your livin ♫
♫ I'm the unforgivin ♫
♫ Psycho drivin ♫
♫ Murdera ♫

[A few swipes and Cap is bleeding profusely. Ty takes the grater away and lets Cap roll out, clutching his face as Ty brings the grater up and licks it.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
I… I th… I think I'm going to be…

Angus::
DON'T LOOK AT ME IF YOU'RE GONNA PUKE!

[Alecz comes up from behind on Ty and grabs him with a Full Nelson, but Ty stomps on his foot and gets loose.]

♫ It's authentic ♫
♫ Don't panic ♫

♫ I can't stand it ♫
♫ God Damn it ♫
♫ Schizophrenic ♫

[Ty spins and smashes Alecz right in the face with the cheese grater.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♫ So fuck Charlie Manson ♫
♫ I'll snatch him out of his truck ♫
♫ Hit 'em with a brick ♫
♫ And I'm dancin ♫

[When he turns to find another target, he gets gored by a charging Angel.]

DDK:
HOSSPLOSION! Angel Trinidad nearly BROKE Ty Walker in half with that Shoulder Tackle! That's 6'10" and over three-hundred pounds drilling him!

Angel Trinidad:
YEEEAAAH!! HOOOOSSSSSSOOOOMMMMMMME!! I mean… BOOO?! BOOO BOOO?! BOOOOOOOOO?! Yeah!!

[The music keeps on going, but there won't be any New Jacking any more. Angel Trinidad walks over to help his mentor, Cappy up to his feet in the corner all the while Aleczander is trying his best to get himself back into the game after getting his brains rattled. When all three members of Team HOSS are back to their respective feet, they all turn their attention to a hurt Ty.]

Cappy:
Let's go to work, boys.

[The crowd is booing when all three men now surround Ty Walker as he holds his rib cage. And this time, there's no more afro picks and no more hidden weapons on his person… all three men pounce on him like a pack of wolves, but you know…. More HOSS-like. Angel holds Walker up while Cappy and Aleczander each take turns landing body shots and kicks to the head of Walker. The crowd is booing even louder now and try to lend their support to the lone Trios Tag Team Champion, but it appears to be no avail.]

WALKER! WALKER! WALKER! WALKER! WALKER! WALKER!

[Again, to no avail. Walker is barely able to stand even with Angel propping him up and Aleczander is the first to clobber him with a right hand. Angel whips him into the path of a charging Aleczander…]

DDK:
SHOT AT LOVE! Another shoulder block, this time one by Aleczander with some extra oomph behind it!

[He goes nearly FLYING across the ring and almost bounces out of the ring, but he lands at the feet of Capital Punishment who has a look of ill will towards the Extreme Franchise. He ducks down and pulls him back up to his feet, throwing another vicious knee into the head. With Walker doubled over, he sets him up for a move the giant hasn't used in DEFIANCE yet...]

DDK:
IMPEACHMENT! Double Underhook Facebuster! He's out cold now!

Angus:
…

[Keeling gestures from outside the ring and starts to get help from Aleczander pulling out… yep… A TABLE!!! Things are clearly going from “worse” to “quite possibly fucked” for Walker now as Aleczander moves the table and slides it underneath the ring. Cappy takes over and kicks the legs out before turning the table upright. He pats it down once to make sure that it’s steady and starts to actually LAUGH. The aging giant is actually looking gleeful for once, showing an emotional state beyond perma-grouch.]

DDK:
Oh, God… come on, the belts are gonna be yours, just end this!

[All three members of Team HOSS know what’s up as they share a nod between them. Aleczander and Cappy lift the limp Walker up on either side…]

DDK:
No, wait, what’s Keeling doing?

[Keeling isn’t done yet and starts to rummage around through the trash that Ty Walker had brought out for a few moments. He continues digging through the rubble until he finds something he likes… the crowd is murmuring now and gets louder when he pulls out…]

DDK:
Oh, God… that’s lighter fluid! Ty Walker brought that stuff out here, but come on, enough is enough!

Angus:
…

[He throws the bottle in the ring to Aleczander and the Mancunian Muscle starts to undo the top of the bottle and starts to get a good whiff, almost dropping it for how strong it is. He then dumps the contents out all over the table as Trinidad continues putting the boots to the fallen Walker. Cappy walks over and yanks a matchbook from Junior Keeling. The match is struck and before you know it, the table is lit up like a Christmas tree!]

[The crowd is at a fever pitch now as they keep shouting and now Aleczander and Cappy lifted up the limp Walker again and this time, they put him into the grip of Angel Trinidad…]

DDK:
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO…

Angus:
…

THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSS-TORY OF OUR SPORT THROUGH THE FLAMING TABLE!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

[Both DDK and Angus are speechless at ringside as Walker exploded through the flaming lumber, shattering into thousands of little charred pieces! The fire is mostly out due to the sheer force of Ty Walker getting dropped! It’s a freaking formality at this point as Angel Trinidad does the honors, helping Walker snuff out what’s left of the flames while he stomps on him a little bit. He’s out of it and now Angel simply puts a boot on his chest while Junior counts along.

[ONE.]

[TWO.]

[THREE.]

[DING DING DING!]

[The official calls for the bell and reaches over to retrieve the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles from ringside. The crowd is booing LOUDLY for all that's happened, but tonight we have NEW Trios Champions. Keeling rushes into the ring and takes the belts from the referee and hands them off to his group one at a time as the official announcement is made…]

DQ:
HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS… AND THE NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS… **ANGEL TRINIDAD**… **CAPITAL PUNISHMENT**… AND **ALECZANDER THE GREAT**… they are **TEEEEAAAAAAMMMMMM HOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSS!**

[All three men raise the belts overhead and celebrate their heinous 'victory.' Cappy, Angel, and Aleczander all clink the belts together in a sing of solidarity! After punishing TexMex Holiday all across Europe and Japan and they fought all across Canada with Hookers N'Blow and now they had the gold in DEFIANCE. However, something is STILL bothering Junior Keeling…]

DDK:
…God, what now?

Angus:
…The fuck?

[Keeling gestures to the fallen and hurt body of Walker and flexes an arm before mimicking a snapping motion.]

Keeling:
FINISH THIS ASSHOLE! NOBODY IS GOING TO REMEMBER HOOKERS N' BLOW! NOBODY!

[All three members of Team HOSS nod and hand over their newly-won prizes over to Keeling and he actually seems to enjoy holding all three belts by his lonesome as the start to pick up Ty Walker off the ground. He has no way of defending himself against the three big brutes as they look ready to finish things…]

Angus:
…

["How Do You Like Me Now?" by The Heavy.]

DDK:
Wait… that's… we haven't seen him since Grindhouse: Germany! That's…

Angus:
FRANK "GOODY FUCKING TWO-SHOES" HOLIDAY!

[The members of Team HOSS are ready for a fight and are still standing tall in the ring as the music plays. Out comes none other than the manager and BFF of Frank Holiday… it's Billy Pepper! He waves at his rival, Junior Keeling, and Team HOSS as they continue to beg for a fight but the crowd starts to turn when a form appears out from the crowd….]

WWWWWWHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[The sound came from something that Ty Walker could've used a minute or two ago in the form of a fire extinguisher! He sprayed the foam all over the members of Team HOSS, dousing them all with its contents! Junior tripped and fell while Team HOSS continued to struggle. FRANK HOLIDAY, armed with the fire extinguisher, smacked Aleczander in the breadbasket with the blunt end of the weapon!]

Keeling:
LET'S GO! WE GOT THE BELTS! WE'RE DONE HERE!

[Angel helps to carry Aleczander from the ring while Cappy picks up all three belts and helps to make a hasty retreat through the crowd! They had assaulted Ty Walker, but now Frank Holiday had made a return in epic fashion, saving the leader of HNB from what could have been something career-ending. Walker is just barely getting up to a seated position with Holiday's help as he and Billy Pepper watch over the ring while Team HOSS disappear into the crowd, but not before flashing their newly won prizes.]

DDK:
I can't believe what we've seen here, but Thank God for Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper making the save!

Angus:
MUH BOY TAI IS SAFE! I mean yeah, it sucks that he lost the belts.. but he's safe… also ALL HAIL OUR HOSS OVERLORDS… maybe… I'm confused, come back to me later.

[Take it to the back.]

End Boss

[Kick it on back.] [You know the score.] [It's the boss, and his dirty little wh-] [Kelly. The boss and his Kelly. The DEFIANCE Championship belt still once again sits defiantly atop The Only Star's previously overturned desk, and the boss seems at least moderately content for the time being. Kelly, on the other hand, has an antsy aura about her, unsure perhaps of her place in DEFIANCE with Eric Dane back from wherever it was that Eric Dane goes.] [Around the room the remnants of Heidi's rampage is apparent. A chair is broken, a ficus has been overturned and picked back up without scooping up all the potting soil. Everything on the wall is smashed. The laptop is in a garbage can and the desk has a pretty gnarly scar right down the center.] [The rest of the chairs have been picked up. Kelly sits in one, Dane sits in another, behind the desk.] [The boss is on the phone.] **Eric Dane:** Yep. [Pause.] **Eric Dane:** Yep. [Pause.] **Eric Dane:** Absolutely. I've got the media department set to break the news on the website first thing in the morning. Then we'll do a media blitz throughout the Homecoming leg of the Tour. Then we'll settle in after the Pay-Per-View. [He listens.] **Eric Dane:** Yep; Alright then. I'll call you when I get back Stateside. [With a satisfied nod, he sets down his smartphone.] **Kelly Evans:** Was that about- **Eric Dane:** Yep. **Kelly Evans:** And the- **Eric Dane:** You know it. **Kelly Evans:** So it's on? **Eric Dane:** To take a phrase from our soon to be grownup FIST of DEFIANCE, it's "on" like "Donkey Kong." **Kelly Evans:** I can't believe that kid is gonna try to make his bones tonight. **Eric Dane:** Yeah, well, we'll see. Dan might just eat him like a rack of lamb. Those Texans do so love their racks of various meats. [A few fleeting seconds pass. Kelly breaks the silence after surveying the damage one last time.] **Kelly Evans:** So… About me. **Eric Dane:** Everything's always about you. What now? **Kelly Evans:** Well, it's just… with you back… and the whole thing with Heidi- [Dane waves her off.] **Eric Dane:** You're waiting on me to fire you? **Kelly Evans:** Frankly, yes. **Eric Dane:** Eh, you watch too much TV. I'll be honest with you, outside of that whole divas division bull-fuckery, you didn't do a horrible job over the past month and a half. **Kelly Evans:** But what about- **Eric Dane:** [raises an eyebrow] Kels, don't throw yourself under the bus. You fucked up a few things, you didn't fuck up a few things. Nobody was maimed, nobody sued us, and nobody tried to kick us off of TV. So far you're doing better than Elijah Goldman and he came from a sports network. **Kelly Evans:** So… I'm not fired? I'm still the bo- **Eric Dane:** Leeeeeeeeeeeeet's not get too far ahead of ourselves. **I'm** the boss. I'm the **End Boss**. You're, ah, the mini-boss, who keeps the quarter-popping idiots out of my hair so I can conduct business. Does that make sense? [Evans cocks her head sideways and squints her eyes.] **Kelly Evans:** What's with all the video game references? [Dane is caught without an answer to that one.] **Eric Dane:** Hrm. I dunno. I guess I'm proud of Eugene popping his badass cherry last week and stepping up to take his belt back from a beast like Dan Ryan. I remember signing him when he was a fat little pimple-faced kid with glasses and an orange afro. He could and probably should have rolled over and died. But he didn't, and he's gonna go out there, get into a steel cage with Dan Ryan on purpose, and show everybody that his balls have dropped. **Kelly Evans:** He's still- **Eric Dane:** Don't be rude. He's come along way. The kid is DEFIANT. ANYWAYS, I've got eyes to dot and tees to cross, and I know you've got your little deal with Box and Scott coming up in a bit- **Kelly Evans:** You mean the World Title match? **Eric Dane:** Yeah. The thing with Box and Scott. That's what I said. Now skedaddle. **Kelly Evans:** Excuse me? **Eric Dane:** GIT! [Kelly hops to her feet, takes one last, inquisitive look at the boss, and grabs up the gleaming title belt from his desk. She throws all twenty pounds of it over her shoulder and sashays her way out of the office. Dane sits there for a moment, letting several seconds pass before reaching into a desk drawer and pulling out a remote control.] **Eric Dane:** Yep… [He presses a button and the opposing wall opens to reveal an obnoxiously large television screen. He presses another button and the ringside feed blips to life. Ring attendants and low-end DEFsec goons are just finishing the cleanup job from Tyrone Walkers rampage against Team HOSS. The boss takes a bottle of scotch and a rocks glass from the same drawer and pours himself a drink.] **Eric Dane:** Eyes to dot… [He kicks his feet up on the desk and settles in to watch Dusty Griffith beat the tits off of Edward White. At least, that's what his general attitude is about how the match should go.] **Eric Dane:** Tees to cross. [Quick-fade back to ringside.]

Dusty Griffith vs Edward White

Angus: [sigh]
What's next, Keebs… Something good, please?

DDK:
Well partner, we go from one trainwreck of a situation to another that has the potential be the biggest powder keg of the night as Dusty Griffith finally gets his chance at some well deserved vengeance on the man who has tormented him almost since the first day he stepped foot in the company, taking on Edward White in a Lumberjack Match.

Angus:
Yaaay… Sorry… Okay, okay… Alright, enough moping…

DDK:
You sure you're ready to? I know how much, what happened to Ty, bothered you. You need another minute, we're only on live pay per view.

Angus:
Thanks for the support, jerkface… And yeah… Let's get this Mongolian Clusterfuck off the blocks and hurl it on down the road.

DDK:
Take it away, Dee Que!

[Smooth transition to the ring where the Voice of DEFIANCE Wrestling stands at the ready as he commands the center of the ring.]

Darren "D.Q." Quimbey:
The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a LUMBERJACK MATCH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Cue up the big band.]

♫ 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 ♫

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dean Martin's "Ain't That a Kick In the Head" plays, but the cascade of boos coming from the Toronto crowd drown some of it out as the Legitimate Businessmen Club saunters out on to the stage.]

DDK:
Here come the co-conspirators.

Angus:
The best that money can buy, Keebs!

[Soaking in the atmosphere of the audience, Dentari is the one who steps forward first as he takes point down the ramp way. Soon after he's followed by Rinaldi and Di Luca who trail behind him by a step or two.]

DDK:
I find it odd that the LBC and Edward White aren't coming to the ring together.

Angus:
What, why? Because Griffith and his crusaders are going to come out here like they're some sort of united front?

DDK:
Precisely.

Angus:
Earth to Keebs, the LBC aren't in this match, ya derp!

DDK:
And yet, when it comes to these two, somehow, someone else is always involved.

[Dean Martin fades as the LBC reach ringside, taking their places around the side of the ring designated near White's corner of the ring. Soon "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman begins to play.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren "D.Q." Quimbey:
And now… Making his way to the ring, he hails from LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY… Standing at a height of Five Feet, Ten Inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty One pounds… **This is "the SOCIALITE" EDWAAARRRD WHHHHIIIIIIIIITE!**

[Stepping out from behind the curtain to a massive wave of jeers, the Wealthiest Man in Professional Wrestling steps out on to the stage. Stopping at the edge of the ramp, White grabs at the lapels of his suit jacket and with an air of confidence radiating off of him as stares back at the crowd who is attempting to boo him back out of the building.]

Angus:
Ed is serious business tonight!

DDK:
He sure is partner, possibly because he knows that he has no choice to but to finally do his own dirty work for a change.

Angus:
Pssh… That would matter if White wasn't a former World Champion, something that your pride and joy, Mayberry, has yet to accomplish.

[Before long, White makes the long, lonely trek down the ramp. For the most part he doesn't pay any mind to the roaring crowd, simply making his way down to the ring. Once there he makes for his corner and climbs up the ropes.]

DDK:
White's credentials are not in question here, Angus, but he's certainly done everything in his power to not have to fight Griffith.

Angus:
Are you calling him a coward?

DDK:
There really aren't many other ways I'd describe his actions.

[Jawing with the fans, White makes disparaging remarks about Hockey, Griffith and Canada's Socialized Medicine. The hockey comments get him a few extra decibels from the crowd before he hops down as his music fades.]

Angus:
Is that fool crazy?

DDK:
Well, he has provoked Griffith and…

Angus:
What… No! Not Mayberry, nobody gives a rats ass about him… I mean Ed talking shit about Hockey… IN CANADA… Does he want to get us all killed?

DDK:
I know Hockey is Canada's game, but I'm quite sure we're safe.

[While White begins to disrobe from his entrance attire, the lights dim as the opening drum beat begins to play, causing the fans to stomp and clap in unison with the music.]

Darren "D.Q." Quimbey:
And now… Coming to the ring and hailing from BOISE, IDAHO… He stands at a height of Six Feet, Three Inches tall and weighs in at Two Hundred and Ninety pounds…This is the **"WILD BRONCO" DUUUSSSTTTY GRRRRRIIIFFFTTTHHH!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♫ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♫
♫ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♫
♫ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♫

[The droning riffs join with Gene Simmons on vocals as KISS' "I Love It Loud" beckons the arrival of Dusty Griffith, who bursts out from behind the curtains as he stomps to the foot of the ramp way. Once there he begins to bounce side to side on the balls of his feet.]

♫ 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. ♫

Angus:
Oh man, Mayberry's here to brawl, Keebs!

DDK:
Well, Dusty did make it clear on DEFIANCE's YouTube channel that he's coming to fight more than wrestle.

Angus:
I may not like the guy, because ISSUES, but when he's all riled up and ready to beat someones ass… This is gonna be great!

DDK:
You are quite flexible with your opinions on people, I'll give you that.

Angus:
Except Jonny Doucheya… and Derpis Penn… oooh and…

DDK:
Okay, okay, your opinions are flexible on some people.

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

[Being joined by his friends and allies, Frank Dylan James comes out first, followed by Sam Turner Jr. who stands next to Frank at Dusty's right. Coming out last, the legend Mike Bell comes up on Dusty's left side and the four stand together.]

♫ 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. ♫

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
Say what you will about Edward White's money and LBC's paid participation in this match, but those three men up there with Dusty are doing this out of loyalty and respect.

Angus:
Blah blah blah… You can cram that loyalty and respect nonsense… The only thing it's gotten them is the short end of the asskicking stick!

[Finally making their way down to the ring, Frank, Sam and Bell all get a few steps ahead of Dusty and take up positions around his side of the ring. Meanwhile, Dusty power walks down the rest of the ramp and when he climbs through the ropes, he charges at the ropes and begins shooting himself back and forth across the ring.]

DDK:
White getting out of Dodge there.

Angus:
He could just be being a gentlemen by letting Mayberry have the ring.

DDK:
Really?

Angus:
Nah, Mayberry's doing his best Wyatt Earp and Ed White was getting the hell out of Dodge City!

[Bouncing to a stop in the middle of the ring, Dusty marches over to the nearest corner and mounts the turnbuckles as he mugs it up for the cheering crowd.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[As the lights come up, White jumps Griffith from behind as he was climbing down off of the ropes, earning himself another wave of jeers from the audience.]

DDK:

Edward White might have run for the hills a minute ago, but clearly he was biding his time.

Angus:
And he's a-clubberin' Mayberry like Opie done stole something.

DDK:
I don't remember that episode of Andy Griffith.

Angus:
It's one of those lost episodes that only airs on the internet.

[Before Griffith can drop to his feet, White positions himself just off to the side after clubbing the Boise native with hard, thundering blows to the spine with his forearm. Hooking an arm up between Griffith's legs, White yanks him off the turnbuckles and causes Griffith to crash to the mat hard on to his back.]

DDK:
Brian Slater admonishing White, something tells me the Socialite doesn't care much.

Angus:
To say the least, besides this is all legal since Slate hasn't called for the bell yet.

[Dusty turns over and gets up on to his hands and knees as White stomps and kicks away, eventually putting him down face first on the mat. Reaching down, White pulls at the shirt Dusty's wearing and once he's got it off of him, he stands over him and crouches down. Dusty tries to push himself up and White jumps up and drops his weight down on Griffith's back, subduing him once more.]

Angus:
What's he up to, Keebs?

DDK:
Nothing good, is what.

[Leaning over, White "laces" the shirt under Dusty's throat before crouching back down and leaning back as he chokes Griffith with his own shirt.]

DDK:
Come on!

Angus:
It's all legal, Slater hasn't even called for the bell yet. Actually, are there dee ques in Lumberjack matches?

DDK:
Hey Angus, remember when the referees went on strike?

Angus:
CONTINUITY ERRORS!

DDK:
But to answer your question, no, I don't think there are disqualifications in Lumberjack matches.

Angus:
GAME ON!

[Referee Brian Slater attempts to command White to release his hold, but the Socialite ignores him and continues to pull back as Dusty desperately pulls at the cloth that chokes the life out of him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
For christ sake, pull him off!

Angus:
And you talk about me playing favorites, hah!

DDK:
…..!

Angus:
Uhm… Boo?... BOO!?

[Slater finally has enough of White's ignoring him and after a couple of attempts to push him off, decides to grab him up with a waistlock and rips him off of Griffith's back. Once free, White gets in Slater's face as he admonishes him for daring to put his hands on him. Slater jaws back at him, letting White know that he's the man in charge of the match and not him.]

Angus:
There, you happy now? Slater stopped White from being mean to Mayberry.

DDK:
Yes, actually. How about we have a match that doesn't involve it becoming a trainwreck?

Angus:
You do understand that we work for DEFIANCE, right? Trainwrecks are kind of our thing.

DDK:
Whatever you say, partner.

[Meanwhile… As White and Slater discussed who's the boss, the momentary distraction allowed Dusty to some time to recover and literally catch his breath. The reprieve wasn't long though and White was quickly back on the attack when he saw Griffith stirring.]

DDK:
Griffith getting to his feet…

Angus:
Yeah and here comes White…

[Charging over, White drills Griffith with a knee to the body as Griffith stood up and tackles into him as he pushes him across the ring and up against the ropes. Slater shakes his head, realizing it's going to be one of those nights and calls for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:
And there's the bell.

Angus:
Do you think Slater is on the take?

DDK:

Absolutely not, why?

Angus:
I'unno, kinda funny that he called for the bell after White tried to auto-eh-rot-teh-choke that fool like a punk!

DDK:
Let's not go there. The last thing DEFIANCE needs is a dirty referee.

Angus:
FORESHADOWING!

DDK:
Stop it!

[With Slater keeping a watchful eye, White traps Dusty up against the ropes and lays into him with a barrage of knees to the body before grabbing a wrist and whipping Griffith across the ring.]

DDK:
Griffith reverses!

Angus:
Uh oh, Eddie's going for a ride here!

[Just as Dusty turns the tables with a reverse, he doesn't Irish Whip White across the ring, instead opting to pull him in and throws White up high with an overhead belly to belly suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[White's body momentarily reacts to the sudden impact on his spine as he lands, but his instincts force him to scramble up to his feet. Just as he gets up, he staggers back a step, but before he can even get his bearings, Griffith charges at him and clotheslines him over the top rope into enemy territory.]

[Namely into the vicinity of Frank Dylan James.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
Oh boy, Moneybags is in wrong place at the right time for Big Frank!

DDK:
Not if the EL BEE SEE has anything to say about it.

[Bell and Turner go to cut off the corner so that Dentari and the Gorillas can't interfere. Meanwhile, Frank stands behind White as he gets up off the floor, when White turns around to see his former "employee", he nearly jumps out of his skin and backs away. White only gets so far as he backs up into Sam Turner Jr, who turns around to look at White, and when White sees him he jumps again and right into the waiting arms of ol' Eff Dee Jay.]

DDK:
Evil intentions rolling around in that mans brain.

Angus:
At least something's working in there, I'd've thought Frank had drank all his brain cells away by now.

[White turns again and pleads for mercy, even pretending to be sorry for how he treated Frank, who only responds with a sick grin that shines through the scruffing mountain man beard on his face. That is until White tries to

suckerpunch Frank, which the giant hillbilly catches in one of his equally giant mitts.]

[Then something gets his attention.]

FUCK ‘EM UP, FRANKIE, FUCK ‘EM UP! **clap, clap!**
FUCK ‘EM UP, FRANKIE, FUCK ‘EM UP! **clap, clap!**
FUCK ‘EM UP, FRANKIE, FUCK ‘EM UP! **clap, clap!**

Angus:
Not that Frank’s ever needed encouragement to beat someone’s ass, but hey, there’s a first time for everything.

DDK:
He certainly doesn’t need anymore motivation to do harm to Edward White, that’s for sure.

[Frank looks at the crowd, all 7,000 plus of them, rocking the arena with the chant that makes Frank’s grin grow even wider and more sinister. White pleads some more as Frank turns his attention back to him and squeezes White’s fist, crushing it within his grasp. Instantly White bellows in pain as he dances around like he’s urgently got to take the biggest piss of his life. Frank turns and looks to Dusty who stands in the middle of the ring, an amused look on his face as he watches his best friend deliver some extra special karma to his former boss.]

Angus:
Man, I hope that’s not the hand Ed uses for his special “me time”.

DDK:
Jesus, Angus, really?

Angus:
It could be the one he uses to wipe his ass with, I’m not sure losing which one is worse.

DDK:
How about we not continue to speculate on this?

Angus:
I’m sure someone out there is interested.

DDK:
Yes, but I’m not one of them.

Angus:
Meh, you’re no fun!

[Frank looks back at White, who is still hopping around as the vice like grip continues to squash his fist, then back to Dusty who brings his hands up and waves his fingers as if to say “bring him here”. Frank lets go of White’s hand, instantly causing him to clutch it with his other hand, but before he even has a chance to assess the “damage”, Frank grabs him and presses him up over his head and then chucks him back into the ring through the top and middle ropes.]

Angus:
And this night just gets worse and worse for Ed. Loses his favorite hand in battle and now he’s got to deal with Mayberry who’s not all choking to death and whatnot.

DDK:
And it’s about damn time too!

[Not paying attention to his surroundings, White continues to reel from the pain in his hand as Griffith sweeps up behind him as he gets to his feet. Before he has any chance to get a clue, Griffith clobbers White with a forearm to the

back and shoulders. Pushing him up against the ropes, Dusty whips White across the ring and then bounces himself off the ropes in the opposite direction before laying him out with a clothesline.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
White just got turned him inside out!

Angus:
You usually need to be yay high before you can go on a ride like that!

DDK:
That's Dentari!

Angus:
Him too!

[Short jokes aside.]

[Out of habit, Dusty drops down for the cover.]

ONE!

TW-NO!

KICKOUT!

[Dusty doesn't even pay any mind to the count, instinctively pulling White up off of the mat and pounds away with some more clubbing blows to the neck, back and shoulders. After a few blows to soften him up, White gets shot towards the ropes and on the way back gets take up and over with a lightning quick powerslam. Slater dives in the for the count.]

ONE!

T...-NO!

DDK:
White gets the shoulder up quickly!

Angus:
Not sure if Mayberry was even going for the cover that time.

[Establishing a grip, Dusty gets to his feet as he still holds White's body and muscles him up before launching him with a fallaway slam. White's body contorting in pain from the impact, but he doesn't get long to recover as Dusty marches over, drops down and begins delivering some serious ground and pound with his elbows. On the outside, Frank, Sam and Bell all root Dusty on as the LBC acts kind of half concerned, Tony Di Luca being the most animated of the three Italians.]

Angus:
Jay-zuss, is he trying to cave in his skull or something?!

DDK:
What do you expect, Angus? The man's been tormented by White for weeks on end.

Angus:

Yeah, but… Seriously, we ain't never ever seen Mayberry actually try and hurt a guy like this.

DDK:
Well, you poke an angry bear with a stick, you might not like what happens to you.

[It doesn't take long for Slater to step in, putting a hand down on Dusty's shoulder as he pulls back. Amazingly, Dusty relents after a couple of attempts. Getting to his feet, a wave of emotion bursts from Dusty as he hollers to the crowd who cheer wildly for the violence on display as Slater checks on White.]

DDK:
Dusty proving his honor is still ever present, deferring to Referee Brian Slater's authority.

Angus:
Slater's probably just lucky that Mayberry didn't turn on him.

[A moment passes and White begins to come to, shaking the cobwebs before shoving Slater away and gets himself up off of the mat. Dusty turns to see White getting to his feet and sees the aggravated look etched on White's face as he screams some incoherent babble at Griffith before charging at him.]

DDK:
I don't remember the last time I've seen White this upset.

Angus:
RASSLEFIGHT!

[Crashing into Griffith, White wails away with his own unrestrained fury, backing him up against the ropes. White goes back to the Irish Whip well, this time successfully shooting Griffith towards the ropes. Stepping forward, White ducks the clothesline this time and then drops down to his belly as Griffith comes charging back. Dusty hops over White and continues bouncing off the ropes, White gets up quickly and ducks down, looking for a back body drop.]

DDK:
Griffith saw it coming…

Angus:
POWERBOB-BOMB TIME!

DDK:
Spoken too soon!

[Indeed.]

[Just as Dusty telegraphed what White was up to, Ed sure as hell figured out quickly what Griffith was up to. Dropping down before Griffith could establish a grip, White immediately bailed to the outside, this time ending up on the side of the ring where his associates stand ready for anything.]

Angus:
White's a slippery bastard, eh?

DDK:
That's certainly been his story with Griffith, that's for sure.

[Surrounding himself with the LBC, White takes a moment to gather his wits as Frank, Sam and Bell hurl comments towards him and the LBC from across the ring. In the ring, Griffith merely waits as he stares out to the floor while wringing his hands together.]

DDK:
White certainly taking his time on this powder break.

Angus:
Wouldn't you? I would. Mayberry's a handful when he's not pissed off and looking to break some poor bastards face.

[Before long, Griffith stomps over to the ropes, the closer he gets the more the LBC "circle the wagons" around White, who offers an amused smile in Dusty's direction. Getting to the ropes, Dusty sits down on the second rope as he offers to hold the ropes open for the Socialite. White's smile turns a little more sinister as he welcomes Griffith to come and "get him".]

Angus:
You don't think… Nah, not even Mayberry's that crazy… right?

DDK:
I've come to learn to not only expect the unexpected, I'm actually kind of shocked when the unexpected doesn't happen.

[Dusty backs off from the ropes as he sneers at White's refusal to get back into the ring. This actually gets Brian Slater's goat just a little bit as the former head of DEFsec drops to the floor and begins to bark orders at White "get your ass back in that ring, White!" To which the Socialite laughs in the referees face.]

Angus:
Oh crap…

DDK:
Like I said, partner…

[Looking into the ring, Brian Slater quickly scampers out of the way as he sees Dusty Griffith charging off of the ropes. White turns in time to see the calamity that is rushing towards him and his associates.]

Angus:
INCOMING!

DDK:
Guess he is that crazy!

[As Griffith approaches the ropes, he dives over, gripping the top rope in mid flight to help boost himself out to the floor as he "barrel rolls" over the top rope. Try as the might, the four men on the floor weren't nearly prepared for all 290 pounds of Dusty Griffith to come crashing into them. However, White had the presence of mind to get closer to the ring as Dusty came flying in, smartly avoiding the attack and letting his paid goons take all of the damage.]

DDK:
I can not believe we just saw Dusty Griffith hit a PLANCHA!

Angus:
The French judge gives it a 6.5 based solely on getting his big ass up and over, but damn was the technique ugly!

[Immediately Brian Slater interjects himself as Dusty's crew encroach upon the "crash site" to make sure the LBC can't get up to no good. Of course, as is the case with these guys, one thing leads to another and in this case, Tony Di Luca putting his hands on Frank Dylan James, which ignites a shovefest between the lumberjacks. Meanwhile, Edward White opts to roll himself into the ring as things began to get heated out on the floor.]

DDK:
And there goes White, giving everyone the slip.

Angus:
I'm still reeling from Griffith getting all flippydo on us.

[Griffith sees White's escape as he gets himself up from the floor and decides to "peace out" the clusterfuck on the floor as well, leaving Brian Slater to try and "contain" the agitated mass with his "authority".]

DDK:
And Griffith is hot on his tail.

Angus:
Yeah, but White is ready for him.

[Griffith rolls into the ring and gets swarmed by a barrage of stomps and kicks, but fights through it as he crawls to the nearest corner. White continues the assault, stomping and then hammering away with forearm clubs, none of which deters Griffith from pulling himself up with the ropes in the corner.]

DDK:
White stomping away, but Griffith refuses to stay down.

Angus:
He's kind of a douche, but he's a resilient douche.

[Getting to his feet, Griffith gets spun around by White and pressed into the corner. White starts off by slamming a knee into Griffith's midsection, driving the oxygen out of his body. Grabbing a wrist, White goes to whip Griffith across the ring, but holds on as he turns and whips Griffith back into the corner he was already occupying. Taking a step back, White rushes in and drives another knee into Griffith's midsection.]

DDK:
Smart thinking by White here, he keeps working the body and chipping away at Griffith's unusually high stamina for a man his size.

Angus:
Wow, an actual compliment for the enemy, Keebs?

DDK:
Edward White is not my enemy, it's just that his being a highly astute pro wrestler gets lost in the wake of all of his chicanery.

[White grabs a wrist, attempting to whip Dusty across, but it gets reversed and White gets hurled into the corner. Backing up into the near corner, Griffith hunches over for a moment and takes in a deep breath. On the other side of the ring, White slumped down a bit after hitting the corner hard and seemed to be favoring his midsection. Leaning back in his corner, Griffith looks across the ring and then charges at White.]

Angus:
Something seems off about this, Keebs.

DDK:
What do you mean?

[When Dusty dives in for the Avalanche Splash, White suddenly reels up and throws some kind of glittery powder into Griffith's face and ducks out of the way, letting Griffith crash into the corner.]

DDK:
What?!

Angus:
Hah, I knew it… Brilliant!

[Sauntering away, White reveals a baggie with some sort of silvery substance in his hands as he laughs and points at his temple.]

DDK:
What is that?

Angus:
I'unno… Diamond Dust?

[White's moment of gloating doesn't last long before he turns his attention back to a now blinded Griffith, who is preoccupied with the stinging in his eyes. White rushes up behind Griffith and rolls him up with a school boy, just as Brian Slater was finally getting back into the ring.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Understanding he has full control now, White doesn't waste time arguing the count and gets right to work as he grabs Griffith by the hair and starts walloping him with punches to the forehead.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:
And now the real pain begins… Dusty… eh… boy?

DDK:
Doesn't quite have the same ring to it, yeah?

Angus:
Still works though.

[After a few more shots, White puts Dusty down for a cover.]

ONE!

TW-NO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
You're going to have to do a heck of a lot more than that to keep Griffith down for the count.

Angus:

Maybe he just needed to give his fist a rest from smashing Mayberry's ugly mug?

[White continues with the assault as he begins stomping and kicking Griffith, starting with an arm and when Griffith moves to protect the limb, White transitions to a different spot.]

DDK:
Come on, is this necessary?!

Angus:
Why don't you go ask him yourself, Keebs?

[White continues, relentlessly attacking with stomps and kicks to the back, shoulders and spine, but when Dusty tries to shift, White again switches up. As Dusty rolls over on to his back, White drops down for a cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
Why does he keep trying to pin him? Just stomping him, as amusing as it is to me, isn't going to get the job done.

DDK:
That's true, but it's also forcing Griffith to expend energy to kickout.

Angus:
That's like, kind of smart.

DDK:
Thanks.

Angus:
I meant, Moneybags up there.

[The kickout doesn't phase White, as brings up forearm and starts grinding it against Dusty's forehead, who struggles against it.]

DDK:
White doing nothing here but exasperating the cut and forcing it to bleed more.

Angus:
And there ain't nothing Slater can do about it.

[Indeed, in fact, White only offers Slater a sick smile as he continues to grind the bone of his forearm into Dusty's skull. Before long White seems to get bored with it and moves along, getting up he looks at Slater who "admonishes" him, White laughs and shoves the referee aside.]

Angus:
Uh… That was not a good idea.

[White reaches down to grab Dusty, but Slater stops him, spins him around and begins hollering at him for "putting his hand on an official!" much to the delight of the audience. White sneers with disdain and jaws back at Slater, shoving

him again. Slater's jaw clenches as his face contorts with anger and he shoves White so hard that he puts the Socialite right on his ass.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
Brian Slater may be "only" a referee, but he's nobody to be messed with.

Angus:
Yeah, I'd say Slater shouldn't put his hands on a rassleman, but Ed started it so, playball.

[Out on the floor, the LBC voice their displeasure with Slater's actions through threats while the "White Knights" root for Slater not putting up with White's nonsense. White gets back to his feet and considers taking Slater to task for putting his hands on him, but instead tracks Griffith into the corner where he's leaning against the top turnbuckle as he recovers while still rubbing at his eyes from the "diamond dust".]

Angus:
Break times over for Mayberry.

DDK:
Yeah, but the fact that White let him off the hook to screw around with the referee, could be a costly mistake.

[Turning Griffith around, White pushes him back into the corner and opens up with stinging chops, lighting up Dusty's chest.]

CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!
CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!

[Each one rocking Dusty back in the corner. White mutters something all angry like, his agitation showing as he strikes him a few more times.]

CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!
CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!

[The last chop echoes and when Dusty reels back, he lunges forward and smashed White with an elbow that it finds it's mark on White's skull.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!

[White fires back with another chop, but Dusty responds with a second elbow that rocks White and a third that nearly buckles his knees. Grabbing him by the arms, Dusty turns and shoves White into the corner and rears back.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!
CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!
CHHHHHHHAAAWWWWPPPP! whooo!

DDK:
And just like that Griffith is back in this thing.

Angus:
Mayberry hit him so hard he nearly sent him over the top with those chops!

[Griffith grabs a wrist and shoots White across the ring and then charges across, this time White doesn't have any tricks up and Griffith hits his mark with an Avalanche Splash in the corner.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Grabbing White by a wrist, he shoots him back across the ring before charging across and crashing into him with a second Avalanche Splash. Backing off a few steps, he waits a moment for White to begin staggering out of the corner.]

DDK:
Griffith looking to finish the STAMPEDE!

Angus:
There he goes…

[Dusty rushes towards the ropes on the far side. Just as he's about to "hit" the ropes, the largest man at ringside, Big Vinny reaches up and grabs the rope which causes Griffith to tumble out of the ring and into enemy territory.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Rinaldi just saved White's neck there!

Angus:
Looks like White is starting to get his money's worth.

DDK:
But look, Dusty landed on his feet.

[Just as the LBC close in, Griffith starts to swing wildly at whatever gets closest, but is caught by Big Vinny who grabs him in a bearhug before driving his spine against the ring apron.]

DDK:
And here comes the calvary!

Angus:
What the… Where is White going?

[Dentari gives Rinaldi an order to "finish this fuckin' guy!" before he and Di Luca rush around the corner where they are joined by White and the three of them cut off Frank, Sam and Bell from getting over to save Dusty.]

Angus:
Definitely getting his money's worth now.

DDK:
And now Vinny is just repeatedly driving Griffith's spine first against the side of the ring.

Angus:
Maybe he should have paid his guys after all, he might not be getting his goddamn spine broken right now, hah!

DDK:
Real hilarious, Angus.

[Slater however sees none of this as he had followed White and is hollering down at him from the ring. Out on the other side of the ring, Vinny has switched gears as he lifts Griffith up high and then drops him face and chest first over the

ring apron and then rolls him back into the ring just as Slater turned his attention.]

DDK:
Look at him putting his hands up like he didn't do anything.

Angus:
Did Slater witness anything? Nope, so it's all legal!

[Seeing Dusty get rolled back into the ring, White bails and rushes over to make the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...!?

NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[White looks at Slater with a "are you kidding?!" look on his face, which Slater responds with a "peace" sign with his fingers indicating his confirmation of a "two" count. White gives up the argument and gets back to work, pulling Griffith up before tucking his own head under Dusty's chin and dropping down for a Jawbreaker. White holds on to Griffith and picks him up for an Inverted Atomic Drop before hooking his head and turning him around for a Hangman's Neckbreaker.]

DDK:
TRICKLE DOWN THEORY!

Angus:
That could do it, Keebs!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Not wanting to give Griffith even a split second of time to recover, White lifts him up and goes behind, grabbing a rear waistlock, he hoists him up and then jars his spine with an old fashion Atomic Drop. Not letting go, White holds waistlock and takes Griffith over with German Suplex and a sloppy looking bridge.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

DDK:
He gets the shoulder up!

Angus:
Yeah, but he's not done!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Not letting go of the hold, White rolls Dusty back to his feet while still holding the rear waistlock. Once on their feet, White transitions to Griffith's side as he ties him and up takes him back down with a Side Russian Legsweep.]

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
What will it take to stop Dusty Griffith?!

Angus:
I'unno Keebs, but look at White, he is livid.

[White is up and in Slater's face, slapping his hands together as he accuses the referee of "lazy count", which causes Slater to get very irate as he starts hollering back at White about him questioning his integrity as a DEFIANCE official. While this is happening, Griffith begins to stir on the mat as he gets this crucial opportunity to recover.]

Angus:
Ed's wasting time here, Keebs.

DDK:
He sure is, partner, you can't allow Griffith the chance to catch his breath.

[White finally gives up the argument, though he makes some idle threat about "if you screw me!", which Slater ignores. White approaches Griffith, who by this time has managed to gets himself up on to his knees, though still hunched over as his body heaves in large amounts of oxygen. Giving him a couple kick-stomps to make sure he's not playing possum, White pulls him up and tries to hoist him on to his shoulders, but Griffith's fight it.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
White had him dead to rights, but he let him off the hook.

Angus:
I wonder what he'll do to Slater for "distracting" him like he did.

DDK:
What?

Angus:
He "distracted" him with a "bogus" count, remember? It was like a minute ago.

DDK:
Right…

[Griffith continues to struggle, but White switches gears as he drops down and hits him with a Greco Roman Shot to the Balls.]

Angus:
COCKPUNCH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
And there's nothing Slater can do about that.

[Bell, Sam and Frank all complain to the ref, while Dentari, Di Luca and Rinaldi all laugh at White's quick thinking. White gets up and once again points to his temple as he looks to his colleagues with a shit eating grin. White gets back to it after the moment passes, grabbing a hunch over Griffith and stuffing his head between his legs. When White tries to lift him for a Piledriver, Griffith senses the danger and once again struggles and eventually rears up while holding the back of White's legs. In one brutal moment, Dusty swings White forward off of his shoulders and slams him down with all the force that he could muster before dropping to his knees in exhaustion.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
Jay-zuss, he slammed him down so hard, he might have left an Edward White shaped dent in the goddamn ring!

DDK:
And now they're both down on out, this might be the most equal standing these two have had in this match since it started.

[Still heaving in heavy breaths, Dusty watches as White pushes through the sudden shock to his entire spinal column after being Hulk Smashed into the canvas like he was Loki. A few moments pass with the crowd cheering on both men for their efforts in this match as they start to get to their feet. Dusty is up first, but still heaving as White also gets to his feet and seeing an opportunity, rushes Dusty only to get sent flying with a Back Body Drop, which finally seems to wake Dusty up as a surge of adrenaline kicks in. White shoves the pain aside as he scrambles up to his feet, but gets clotheslined back down. Scrambling again, White gets up and put back down with a second clothesline.]

Angus:
Annnnd he's ON FYYYAAAH!!

[Griffith shoots himself off the ropes as White struggles to get back to his feet. Just as White stands, Dusty comes charging back and absolutely levels him with a Rushin' Elbow that blasts him upside his head.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:
Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NO-KICKOUT!

[Griffith isn't even phased, getting up he releases a burst of emotional excitement hollering to the fans, who respond

with roaring cheers. Picking White up, Griffith whips him into the corner from the middle of the ring before following White in with a running (not diving) Avalanche Splash. Griffith grabs a wrist and sends White across the ring and hits a second (diving) Avalanche Splash before backing off a few steps and doing his “powerbomb gesture”.]

Angus:
This is it, Keebs!

[White stumbles out of the corner all “punch drunk” before Dusty grabs him by the back of the head and tries to stuff his head between his legs for the Atomic Powerbomb… But somehow, someway, White has the raw survival instinct to simply drop and roll out of the ring as fast as humanly possible.]

Angus:
Seriously, how did he even… SERIOUSLY!?

DDK:
He’s not getting away for long…

[Griffith doesn’t wait, he doesn’t even think twice, as he chases White to the outside. Once on the floor, the “Knights” and the LBC converge on both of them as White and Griffith start throwing haymakers at each other. Seeing this, the LBC’s resident hot head, Tony Di Luca charges across the battle lines and goes after Sam Turner Jr..]

Angus:
RAASSSSLLLLLLE FFFFYYYYYYYYYYTE!

[Mike Bell chases after Alceo Dentari, while the biggest of hosses Frank Dylan James and Vincent Rinaldi crash into each others considerable mass. Before long Brian Slater gets out on to the floor and tries his damnedest and fails miserably to restore any sort of order now that the top has popped off this powder keg.]

DDK:
Oh lord, here they come...

Angus:
NOOOO… NO NO NO… NOT OVER HERE!

[Frank and Vinny continue monster brawling, bumping up against Keebs and Angus’ commentators desk. Sam and Tony continue to brawl wildly as they crash up against the security rails just off to the side of the desk. Dentari manages to sucker Bell in and catch him with a cheap shot that only pisses off the Natural more and those two start swinging away as well. Meanwhile, Griffith and White brawl their own way back into the ring while Brian Slater’s attention is once again diverted.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Oh great, what now?

Angus:
Oh crap… Look who’s coming down the ramp!

[The jeers of the audience mark the unwelcome arrival of the Blood Diamonds Head of Security and Edward White’s personal bodyguard, the massive wall of humanity that is Nicky Corozzo.]

DDK:
I’m surprised it took this long for him to show up.

Angus:

Maybe he's just really enthralled by the action and wants a closer look?

DDK:
Yeah, right… or that.

Angus:
It could happen! This is DEFIANCE, where crazy is a requirement to work here!

[In the middle of the ring, Dusty and Edward continue slugging away, White with headbutts, Dusty with elbows and neither have any idea that Corozzo is getting into the ring. It doesn't take but, a moment for Corozzo to close the distance and grab Griffith from behind with a bearhug as White suddenly realizes what is happening and begins barking orders for Corozzo to "crush him!"]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With his arms trapped, Dusty struggles to free himself from the vice-like grip of Corozzo's bearhug. White steps closer and taunts Griffith, but Dusty pays it no mind as he manages to pull an arm free and tries to fire reverse elbow shots at Corozzo's head, but with his other arm trapped, he can't quite turn his body enough to make solid contact.]

DDK:
And now White is slapping Griffith around, this is just further insult.

Angus:
Yeah, but look, it's pissing him off… That's not a good idea, Ed!

[Griffith seethes more and more with every cheap shot White takes. Then suddenly Griffith, shaking with anger, pushes down on Corozzo's grip and when that still does nothing, Griffith does the one thing left to his disposal.]

THHHUNNNK!

[With a quick jolt, he headbutts Corozzo in the face with the back of his skull. The shot causing a sudden and blinding spray of pain that causes Corozzo's grip to loosen, allowing Griffith to free his other arm and use both hands to pull himself free of the bearhug. The whole time, White watches this with a panicked look as Griffith's burning eyes bore of a hole into his skull through blood splattered face.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
I think White is shitting himself!

DDK:
That's right, get him!

[Griffith lunges at White the very second he his feet hit the mat, but he forgot about a very large and now very angry giant behind him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Corozzo clobbers Griffith from behind, staggering him just enough for White turn him around and trap his arms. Corozzo stomps over and grabs Dusty by the hair and yanks his head back before dropping a series of heavy fists down on to his forehead, further exacerbating the bleeding cut and making it bleed even worse.]

Angus:
THE CRIMSON MASK!

DDK:
Look at Corozzo's fist, it's practically drenched in Griffith's blood!

[White barks an order and Corozzo nods before shooting himself off the ropes, but as rebounds towards his intended target, Griffith shrugs himself free of White's hold right as Corozzo was to attack.]

DDK:
Corozzo just caught White in the face with a Mafia Kick!

Angus:
Caught him? He just **nuked** his ass!

[Corozzo's jaw drops as he sees his boss face down, ass up on the mat as he clutches his face like he just got Crane Kicked by Daniel LaRusso in the Karate Kid.]

Angus:
AAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA… He just got JOHNNY LAWRENCE'D!

DDK:
Corozzo's dumbfounded, I don't think we've ever seen him like this before!

[If Corozzo was shocked before, his momentary lapse in concentration allowed Griffith to sweep in behind him, grab the waistlock as he crouches down.]

DDK:
Corozzo's going for a ride here…

Angus:
MONNNSTARRRPLAAAX!!

[Aided by the adrenaline rush and mustering every ounce of strength in his being, Dusty pops his hips and almost as if in slow motion, with flash bulbs and cheers exploding all over the arena, Dusty throws the 7 foot 2, 360 pound Italian enforcer with a German Suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

[The impact caused Corozzo bounce and rollback, ending him up on his hands and knees. Completely stunned, Corozzo pushes himself up and just as he gets to his feet, he gets drilled by an elbow, then a second and a third, Griffith unleashing his fury.]

DDK:
Griffith blasting away!

Angus:
How is Corozzo not budging?!

[Griffith shoots himself off of the ropes and comes flying in with a jumping Rushin' Elbow, smashing his forearm and elbow against the Corozzo's skull with sickening impact, that finally staggers Corozzo back towards the ropes. Griffith seeing his chance, shoots himself off of the ropes yet again, this using everything he's got to crash all of 290 plus pounds into the enormous sentry with a clothesline that topples him over the rope and crashing into the sea of brawling humanity on the floor.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[As Corozzo hits the floor, amazingly he lands on his feet before falling over and taking out Dentari and Di Luca who were fighting back to back against Bell and Turner. Seeing this, referee Brian Slater shakes off the "where did this guy come from" look on his and turns his attention to the ring to see Griffith exploding with emotion as the crowd goes nuclear with excitement. With Dentari and Di Luca now out of the picture, Bell tells Slater to get in the ring before he and Turner rush over to help Frank with Big Vinny.]

Angus:
Did Slater forget a match was going on or something?

DDK:
I think it's more likely he got wrapped in the chaos on the floor and lost track of Dusty and White.

Angus:
MOAR likely, indeed!

[With the Slater remembering he has a job to do, Dusty looks out the crowd once more and makes the motion for the Powerbomb. Going over to grab White, he takes a headbutt low from the Socialite. Seeing his chance, White ducks in as he tries to hoist Griffith up on to his shoulders for the Death Valley Driver, but Dusty slips free and tosses him with a Backdrop Suplex. White rolls with the impact and charges at Griffith, who ducks under and ties White up for the Uranage, lifts and twists before drilling him into the mat on to his neck and shoulders.]

DDK:
SAMBO SUPLEX!

[Griffith goes for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

NO! KICKOUT!

THIS IS AWESOME! **clap, clap, clap-clap-clap!**
THIS IS AWESOME! **clap, clap, clap-clap-clap!**
THIS IS AWESOME! **clap, clap, clap-clap-clap!**

[Dusty looks at Slater for a brief moment, getting the "two" sign. On the outside, Mike Bell bellows into the ring "YOU GOT HIM, DUSTY!" as Sam and Frank pound on the mat, getting the the crowd to stomp their feet. Getting up, Griffith doesn't bother with any further theatrics, reaching down and grabbing a fistful of White's hair in one hand and another fistful of his beard as he drags him up to his feet. Stuffing his head between his legs, he leans over and locks his hands, cinching up the hold, Griffith yanks up, but White showing one last burst of life as he kicks his legs frantically in the air.]

DDK:
Edward White fighting for his every last fiber of his being!

[Dusty tries again and White claws at his leg as Griffith's tight hold around his body won't allow him to drop to a knee. Growing irritated, Griffith rears up and clubs White a double axe to the back that buckles White's resolve. Reaching down, he cinches up the hold and in that familiar, single and horrifyingly brutal motion, Griffith whips White up high on to his shoulders and then with every last ounce of energy, strength and power that he can put behind it, drives Edward

White down on to his back, causing his head to snap back against the canvas.]

Angus:
ATOMIC POWWWAH BOB-BOMMM-BAH!

[Dusty leans forward after the initial impact, rolling White up on to his shoulders as he pins him with the cradle.]

DDK:
Slater diving in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:
Here is your winner... **DUSSSSSTY GRRRRRIFFFFFFITH**!

[As soon as Slater's hand slapped the mat for a third time, Dusty reared up, throwing his arms up in celebration briefly before falling on to his back in complete exhaustion. Meanwhile, as Mike Bell, Frank Dylan James and Sam Turner Jr. all rush into the ring to check on Dusty, on the outside, the LBC all look on in frustration at White's failure to bring it home when he had a chance.]

DDK:
He did it! He wanted to get some revenge, I'd say mission accomplished.

Angus:
And then some, Keebs, but you gotta know this isn't gonna be the last Mayberry'll have to deal with White… I'd bet all of your money on it!

DDK:
Real daring of you, Angus.

Angus:
I know right?

[After a few moments, Dusty sits himself upright with his arms up with his forearms resting on his knees. He stares at his comrades with a smile through the caked on blood that covers parts of his face as Bell hands him a towel and Frank and Sam help him up off the mat. All the while, White comes to and watches the celebration, a clear look of annoyance at his failure is etched upon his face as he's helped out of the ring by Corozzo.]

DDK:
You know, partner… I think you're right, these two are far from done with their "business".

Angus:
That's why I said it, I'm like Perceptor over here and whatnot.

DDK:
I think you mean perceptive.

Angus:
No… I mean that dude from the Transformers, the one that turns into a microscope.

DDK:
Yeah, sure, okay.

[Something's got to be going on, cut to that.]

Unsheathed

[The crowd is on the edge of their seats, brimming with energy as they wait for the last two big title matches on the card. Then, with an audible click, the lights are cut. There's a big pop. For what, nobody knows. Then, as the video screen comes to life, the crowd falls into silence.] [The video opens with a lingering shot of the giant submerged torii gate at Japan's Itsukushima Shrine, the waves lapping against its base as the sun rises over the mountains in the background. The opening strains of "Kimigayo", the Japanese national anthem, begin to play.] **Voice:** We come from a nation with a rich tradition. A rich culture. [Shots now fade into each other, one after the other. Kyoto's Golden Temple surrounded by cherry blossoms in the spring, sunlight glimmering off the surface of the pond. The elegantly filigreed shiisa-style lion statues at Nikko shrine, ornamented in jewels and gold. Giant stone statues of Fuujin and Raijin, gods of Wind and Thunder, standing guard ominously outside the sacred grounds of Todaiji temple.] **Voice:** Since the dawn of recorded history, Japan has continuously refined its arts with a dedication and care unknown to the West. Our painting, carving, poetry and theater all have their own unique flavor, found nowhere else in the world. Connoisseurs the world over come to admire their beauty. [A shot of a stone-faced woman writing calligraphy across a scroll. A man painstakingly etching a scene into a woodblock print. A noh actor stomping on the stage, looking menacing in his demon mask.] **Voice:** But the arts we are best known for, that we are most admired for...are the martial arts. [A man in judo gi tossing his opponent in slow motion, landing him hard on the crown of his head. A women leaping forward to land a front to kick to her opponent's jaw. A man in a kendo hakama holding a katana overhead, almost pausing, before striking out in the direction of the camera in a vicious-looking flurry.] **Voice:** Take the katana. The construction of a single blade forged and hammered over a fortnight. Layers upon layers of steel, sweated over, slaved over by a master craftsman. The result: one of the most elegant, deadly weapons to ever grace this earth. [The video screen fades to black.] **Voice:** Times change, though. The sun has set on the era of the katana. Newer weapons are needed. Sharper. More elegant. [The Japanese national anthem now fades out as well, its solemnity abruptly replaced by a much harsher mix of guitar, drums, and keyboard. Defiafans curious enough to Shazam the song on their smartphones quickly jump on Twitter and message boards to post that the song is "Monolith" by Crossfaith.] **Voice:** Deadlier. [The screen reads: “Osaka Street Cutters”] **Voice:** The Osaka Street Cutters have been building a legacy over the past ten years as one of the scariest, most dominant teams in Japan. And in a few short days, DEFIANCE will come to know what all the Japanese superstars already know. [Two men toss their opponent nearly into the lights before grabbing his head on the way down to spike it into the canvas.] **Voice:** Fear [A masked junior heavyweight, clad all in black, spins his opponent up and runs him across the ring before dropping him with a Liger bomb. He quickly pulls the fallen man to his feet, only to plant him in the middle of the ring with a fisherman driver] **Voice:** Mach Hawke is the honed blade, smooth and precise. [An unpleasant looking Japanese man, scarred chest and cauliflowered ears, sneers at his foe before dropping him on his head with an exploder suplex. He rains down fist after fist on the now prone body, before licking the blood from his knuckles with a deranged laugh] **Voice:** Demon Azuma is his serrated complement, jagged and violent. [The camera cuts to a younger Japanese man in a leather jacket, medium-length hair slicked back. He takes off his sunglasses and smirks at the camera.] **Y(oung)J(apanese)M(an):** And me? Well, you'll just have to wait and see. [The other two men, Mach Hawke and Demon Azuma, walk out from either side of the screen to flank the speaking man.] **YJM:** We don't deal in stereotypes, so don't expect this to be some Pearl Harbor job. We're putting everyone in the back on notice now. You're all going to see it coming. And there's not a damn thing anyone can do about it. [Putting his glasses back on, he lets out a chuckle] **YJM:** My name is Kaz Araki, and we are the Osaka Street Cutters: your future champions. Start digesting that now, ruminants, since I'm sure it'll take you a while. Chew that cud. Enjoy that bitter flavor. [Fade to black.] **DDK:** The people seem unsure how to react after that one, Angus. **Angus:** I've got two words for you, Keebs. Buzz kill. Or is that one word with a hyphen? Ah well, fuck it, we've still got two big matches coming up. **DDK:** There'll be plenty of time to worry about the Street Cutters later, but tonight is all about these four men. Kai Scott. Bronson Box. Eugene Dewey. Dan Ryan. Their titles and perhaps their careers are on the line. Are you ready? Because here we go!

Bronson Box vs Kai Scott

[Mary J. Blige's "The One" plays.]

[Kelly Evans has the Defiance World Title in her arms, and she's followed by her bodyguards, Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley.]

DDK:
We've got the acting Boss of Defiance bringing the World Title Belt to the ring, and that means it's time for the World Title Defense! Fans, in case anyone is tuning in without being familiar with the backstory, Bronson Box demanded a title shot, and Kai Scott refused to grant it to him. Since then, hostilities between the Blood Diamonds and Truly Untouchables have flared, and Kelly Evans both booked the title match Scott did not want to take part in, and repossessed the actual belt to keep the two on their best behavior.

Angus:
It worked, didn't it? We haven't heard a peep out of either of them all night.

[The haunting sounds of "Amazing Grace" by the Alabama Blind Boys plays.]

Quimbey:
The following contest is your semi-main event of the evening! It is set for one fall, with a sixty minute time limit, and it is for the Defiance World Championship! Introducing first, from the Scottish Highlands, weighing in at 230 lbs. **BRONSON! BOX!**

DDK:
It's World Title Time, and here comes Bronson Box!

Angus:
We haven't heard him use this song since he won the World Title back a couple years ago. But here he comes and… and…. Keebs, what the HELL is he wearing?

[Bronson Box has combined a heavily ornamented red cassock, a hood, and a fucking plague doctor's mask.]

Angus:
I know he loves his religious symbolism, but I've got no idea what to make of this.

[Box spreads his arms and continues his slow march to the ring.]

Angus:
Something's… off somehow. No Blood Diamonds anywhere to be seen.

[Box slowly steps into the ring. He waits.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! He is the reigning Defiance World Champion! **KAI! SCOTT!**

[Cue Ozzy.]

♫ I am the one that hides the universal secrets of all time ♫
♫ Destruction of the empty spaces is the one and only crime ♫

[Scott steps out onto the top of the ramp. He throws his arms wide, and spins in a slow circle like he's the Pope.]

[And just as he turns around to face the entryway, Bronson Box comes flying out of the back and spears him!]

Angus:
WHAT THE?!

DDK:
Bronson Box just - but he -

[The "Bronson Box" in the ring takes off the plague doctor mask and laughs. It was the 5 foot 10 just like Bronson Box Jacob Cassidy.]

DDK:
Box gets the drop on Scott, and the challenger is beating down the champion on the middle of the ramp!

[Box unloads punches on Scott with both hands. The champ, for once taken by surprise, isn't having much effect fighting back.]

Angus:
They call him the Wargod, and he's brought the War!

[Box pulls Scott up and throws him down the ramp with a huge overhead belly to belly suplex.]

CLANK!

DDK:
The sound of flesh hitting steel echoes through the arena as Box is just mercilessly hammering the champion!

[Box throws Scott into the ring, but only part way. Leaving the champ on his back, Box drags him to the apron so his head hangs off, and then clubs away at his chest.]

Angus:
This isn't going to be a wrestling match, Darren, it's going to be a fight.

[Box finally pushes Scott into the ring and climbs in himself. Carla Ferrari looks stricken, but she calls for the bell.]

DDK:
Angus, do you expect Kelly to play a role here?

Angus:
Not really. I mean, she doesn't like either of them.

[Box spears Scott into the corner and drives shoulders into his midsection. Then he switches to alternating knee lifts to the stomach and European uppercuts. Scott doubles over only to be knocked halfway over the ropes only to be doubled over again. Finally Box takes him out of the corner with a single underhook suplex.]

ONE!

...TWOKICKOUT!

DDK:
It's been all Box so far.

Angus:
Well you know, I've been thinking about that. Kai Scott spends like his entire career trying to make sure he's always got the upper hand in the situation, and now, he doesn't! Got to give Kelly credit, she made him wrestle where he doesn't want.

[Box just punches the hell of Scott. Carla Ferrari tries to make him stop, but Box just shoves her out of the way and continues the assault. She tries again to make some space between the two, and Box this time literally flings her aside-]

[-and seeing his opportunity, Scott kicks him right in the balls.]

Angus:
DING!

[Scott side suplexes Box directly onto the back of his neck.]

[Three times.]

DDK:
The thing about Kai Scott is, he spends so much time trying not to wrestle that it's easy to forget how good at it he is.

[Scott sits on the mat panting and nursing his head. Box is clutching his own head and not trying to get up.]

Angus:
It's true. It really is.

[Scott brings Box up to his hands and knees and tries an Oklahoma roll.]

ONE!

TWOKICKOUT!

[Box whirls on the champ with a lariat, but Scott ducks and places a precisely aimed back kick into Box's midsection. In one move he grabs the doubled over Box and -]

DDK:
Spinebuster! Spinebuster by Box!

Angus:
Well shit man, Scott loves that back kick to powerbomb combo. Box may be a madman but he's a smart wrestler, he saw it coming.

[Box doesn't let go of the leg. He starts trying to turn Scott over for a half crab. Scott uses his arms to try and keep from being turned. Trying to muscle him over, Box forgets to watch for the other leg, and gets kicked over backwards.]

[Box rolls backwards to his feet, rushes in, but Scott's quicker and intercepts with a leg lariat.]

Angus:

Why are all the Untouchables so goddamn kicky?

DDK:
I'd imagine it's because, having trained together for something in the neighborhood of two decades, they've had a lot of influence over each other's styles.

Angus:
IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION GAWD.

[Speaking of kicks...]

THWACK!
THWAAAACK!
THHHWAAAACK!!

DDK:
Spinal taps by the champion! Scott off the ropes and a running soccer kick to the chest puts Box down!

Angus:
SO many kicks.

[Now that Scott's actually in control he starts to get arrogant, or let his anger break through, or something. He throws Box into the corner and slaps him in the face. He jukes back out of the way of Box's predictable counter punch and spin kicks him. Then a straight kick to the head, and then a step-up enzuigiri off the middle rope! The Wargod faceplants.]

[Scott hops to the second rope and holds there, waiting for Box to stand. As Box is up slowly, Scott leaps.]

[And Box catches him OUT OF MIDAIR with a powerslam!]

Angus:
That was not a kick. Nosir, it wasn't.

DDK:
These guys are setting a very fast pace in this match. Box not bothering with a cover, he's picking Scott back up - front carry backbreaker! No, repeating backbreakers!

Angus:
That's going to take a little out of his suplexes if Box goes after the back like that. Also weakens him for the Boston Massacre.

[Box tosses Scott to the side, then rolls out of the ring. He drags the champion out by the ankle, and Irish whips him into the guardrail. Leaving him to fall down, he grabs the ringside mats and rips them away.]

DDK:
Box is pulling the protective mats back, I don't know what he's got planned, but he's got Scott - SCOOP SLAM ON THE CONCRETE!

[Scott howls in agony as he lands hard.]

Angus:
Bronson Box decided to raise the stakes for this one! Man I hope Carla's up to reffing this shit. Benny Doyle would let 'em run.

[Carla shouts at Box, but doesn't seem to know quite what to do.]

[Box spears Scott back first into the top of the guardrail!]

DDK:
The Wargod opening up an opportunity!

Angus:
That or Kai Scott's spinal column. And now he's got a chair!

CRACK!

DDK:
That was blatant!

[Box tosses the chair aside and puts Scott in a standing headscissor.]

Angus:
What's he going for now? Powerbomb on the concrete? Bombasto Bomb into the guardrail? Ring apron? Ring post?! He could cripple Scott!

[Box punches Scott in the lower back several times, then lifts him up and powerbombs him directly on the ringpost!]

DDK:
OH GOD!

[The champ falls several feet to the ground. He lands clutching his back and kicking his feet in agony.]

Angus:
It's been ALL Boxer so far. Aside from the part where Scott was winning. But c'mon. Side suplexes have nothing on that.

[Box leaves the champion down and storms around to the other side of the ring.]

Angus:
Shit Keebs he's coming our way WOAH HEY

[Box starts ripping at the announce table. He throws Angus' monitor to the side. Then it's back around the ring where he pulls the champion up.]

DDK:
Scott sent back first right into our announce table!

[Box rolls Scott up onto the table. There's a staticy sound as Angus backs his chair as far away from the table as he can get it. DDK is somewhat more dignified as he backs up.]

DDK:
We're still plugged in for now, I don't know exactly what Box is setting up. Wait, he's-

[Box leaves Scott face down on the announce table and climbs up himself. Instead of going for a slam, he grabs the guest headset and puts it on.]

Box:
And you boys are wondering what all this is, right?

DDK:

Well, yes, we are.

Box:
I'm going to make this so-called champion scream for mercy right here! Kai Scott's nothing but a paper champion, never was anything but, and I'm exposing the lie right here and now!

[Box sits down on Scott's back and yanks back on his head with the Boston Massacre!]

Angus:
Holy shit!

Box:
Watch yer mouth boyo, or I'll watch it for you.

[Box cranks back on Scott's neck. Scott growls, but refuses to scream.]

Box:
BEG, DAMN YOU!

[But Kai Scott is wily, and he's noticed something - Box only threw Angus' monitor to the side. DDK's is still there.]

WHUD

DDK:
Scott just swung that monitor backwards into Bronson Box's head!

Angus:
Should've hooked the arms for the camel clutch. Yeah.

[His face contorted in pain, Scott pushes himself to his hands and knees. Box, his forehead now bleeding, shakes off the monitor shot (because even if it hurt, Scott couldn't swing it hard enough to do much damage from that angle) and grabs at him again - and catches the monitor to the ribs!]

DDK:
This match isn't officially no-DQ but Carla hasn't bothered with the count or disqualified either of these two for weapon usage.

Angus:
Either she's giving the fans what they want, or she's afraid to get involved. Or both.

[Scott gets Box in a front headlock and hooks the leg.]

DDK:
Scott's setting up something big here.

Angus:
Fisherman's suplex!

[But Scott doesn't go over backwards, he goes straight down.]

DDK:
Fisherman's buster on the table!

[He actually shouted that at the top of his lungs. It's just that when the table went, the power went, and it's a miracle he spoke loudly enough to be heard.]

[There's a 'fzzt' as DDK plugs the microphones back in.]

DDK:
Kai Scott just rallied back with a fisherman's buster, and I don't know but I think maybe the fans are cheering him on!

Angus:
Well gee. I wonder why. Maybe because Box jumped him from behind, Box started with the illegal stuff, and Scott's about a dozen times tougher than he looks?

DDK:
I have in my notes that he actually dislocated a shoulder in a match back in 2003, and he just popped it back in and kept wrestling.

Angus:
Dayumn.

[Scott throws Box back into the ring, but doesn't follow him. Instead, he grabs Box and pulls him so his upper body is underneath the ropes hanging out of the ring. Then he puts Box's arms over the bottom rope, and pulls down the middle to trap them.]

DDK:
What's Scott setting up-

THWACK!

Angus:
ROUNDHOUSE!

[Box is in a really bad spot. His back bent upwards with his arms trapped, almost as if he's being put in a camel clutch of his own by the ring ropes. And there's nowhere for his head to recoil to when Scott delivers a-]

THWACK!

DDK:
Savate kick!

[If Box had recovered from the fisherman's brainbuster, these unprotected kicks have him back on dream street. The savate kick caught him on the nose, he's now bleeding.]

[Scott delivers three jabs with his left hand, then a hook with his right, and then a back kick right to the face!]

DDK:
It's such a good example of the different strategies Box and Scott use. Box is outrageously violent, almost uncontrollable. Scott very carefully sets up his spots, and even though he spent most of the match on the defensive, he's perfectly positioned to even it up with no chance of Box countering!
[Scott climbs up onto the apron and kicks Box on the chin from short range. He then heads to the top rope.]

Angus:
I almost can't watch this-

[Scott leaps.]

DDK:
Flying legdrop across the back of the head!

[Box's arms are ripped from the ropes and his head meets the ring apron. Scott also lands on the ring apron, rolls outside. He has to clutch his back for several seconds, but he's up much faster than Box is.]

DDK:
Scott might be wise to try and finish the match now, in fact, I think that's exactly what he's going to do!

[Scott underhooks both arms, lifts, spins…]

DDK:
SCOTT CONNECTS WITH KRYPTONITE! AND THE COVER!

ONE…!

…TWO…!

……THREE…KICKOUT!

Angus:
IT AIN'T OVER DARREN!

[Scott grabs his head.]

DDK:
The champion showing frustration, and he's going to - no, not going for Zer Soze yet, I'm not sure what he's setting up.

Angus:
COBRA! CRUTCH! SUPREXU!

[Box lands on the back of his neck.]

[The only problem here is that Scott again rolls over, grabbing his back, this time with a groan of pain.]

DDK:
But even if Scott's in control now, Box did a lot of damage to that back

Angus:
But Scott's made up the difference with damage to the head. A half dozen unprotected kicks, a cobra clutch suplex and the Kryptonite? And he's calling for Zer Soze he's looking to put it away!

[Scott hooks Box and lifts. But his back's hurting, Box knows he's in trouble, and he fights, and Scott can't quite get him all the way up, and-]

DDK:
Flying Strongman!

[When Box slipped loose, instead of trying a DDT, he swung all the way in, hooked the bodyscissors, and applied the guillotine choke he calls the Flying Strongman!]

DDK:
Box with great ring positioning!

[If Box had worked the head instead of the back, this would probably end the match. As it is, Scott may be trapped in

a painful, well applied hold, but he's not tapping. Not yet.]

DDK:
Scott's struggling, I'm fairly sure he lacks the upper body strength to power free from the hold, his back is going to make fighting to the ropes hard. Box has one arm trapped, Scott's using the other-

[Scott tries to punch with his free arm, but he can't get leverage to make the punches hurt, even with Box's damaged face and head. So he resorts to looking for the ropes.]

DDK:
Notice that Scott's trying to move backwards to the ropes, where he can use his legs more and his back less, but the guillotine choke also risks a knock out…

[Roaring, Box applies the hold as hard as he can, throwing his own body backwards. But with one last lurch, Scott is able to get his foot on the bottom rope!]

Angus:
He made it!

DDK:
And Box is looking to make sure he regrets it!

[Box spins around to behind Scott, and punches him on the small of the back again, and again. And then he grabs Scott by the neck, pulls up, this time DOES hook the arms over the knees, and applies the Boston Massacre!]

DDK:
He's got the Boston Massacre applied! He's not even out of the ropes thought!

[Scott has the ropes in one hand. He starts pulling on it, and gets both legs under him. Wobbling, both men screaming, Scott in pain and Box in fury, the Ace of Heels gets to his feet and runs both men back into the corner.]

[And Scott then leans back, slides between the middle and top rope, and delivers a pendulum kick to Box's face!]

Angus:
I don't know what Scott's got in mind but he's setting Box on the top… rope… oh my GOD HE'S NOT GOING TO DO WHAT I THINK HE'S GOING TO IS HE?!

[Scott climbs to the middle rope, hooks Box vertical suplex style. With a deep breath, Scott prepares to torture his own back yet again, lifts Box…]

[Gets him all the way up…]

DDK:
TOP! ROPE! ZER SOZE! ZER SOZE OFF THE ROPES!

Angus:
HE'S DEAD JIM!

[THey landed so close to the corner that Box's lower legs are bent. It's all Scott can do to roll him over, then he cradles both legs up.]

ONE…!

…TWO…!

……THREE…

……EEEE

……EEEE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:
Here is your winner, and STILL Defiance World Champion! The Ace of Heels! **KAI! SCOTT!**

Angus:
WHAT A… lord in christ almighty Darren. I've seen longer World Title matches, I've seen way more technical matches, but these two just fucking tried to hurt each other! And somehow, Scott outlasted the Wargod! I'm honestly surprised Keebs, I thought one on one and Box would handle him for sure!

[Kelly Evans retrieves the Defiance World Title and hands it to Carla Ferrari. She in turn hands it to Kai Scott.]

[Scott tries to raise the belt over his head, but with his back on fire and his adrenaline coming down, he can't even do that. He just clutches the belt to his chest and drops to his knees.]

DDK:
He may force you to back him into a corner before he'll really start fighting Angus, but we've seen Scott go through some of the best Defiance has to offer. He's beaten Cancer Jiles back when that actually meant something, he's beaten Heidi Christenson when even he didn't think he could, and he's beaten Summer Games winner Dusty Griffith! At this point we have to wonder who's going to be able to take the Defiance World Title away from Kai Scott?

[Scott is dragging himself up the ramp, hanging onto the guardrail.]

Angus:
It's impressive, but right now I'm wondering, did this match maybe take too much out of him? I mean, even Heidi and her ten thousand submission holds and he wasn't in so much obvious pain after that match. All that punishment his back took. What's next?

[Bronson Box rolls over and clutches his own head.]

Angus:
And another thing. The Blood Diamonds have that weird subdued hostility thing going with each other. Box, White and Ryan all hated each other at various times before they ended up teaming, and now that Box just came up short and in such a big way - what's next for the Wargod?

[Box slowly takes the loser's walk, ignoring the fans.]

DDK:
It's the main event, coming up next!

A Tale of Two DEFIANTS

[We get a shot of the backstage dressing room of Dan Ryan, fully dressed and ready for his match. He has a completely stoic look on his face as he stands looking down at the FIST lying on a bench. The arena crowd boos rather heavily.]

DDK:
Dan Ryan, looking as ready as ever, not taking his eyes off of that FIST for a second.

Angus:
Hey, the man took what he feels is his -- he's not gonna let it out of his sight.

[The shot switches to Eugene Dewey in his own dressing room, bent over and tying his sneakers. The arena crowd goes from booing to cheering. Dewey pulls his laces tight, then stands, stretching his arms up and over his head and to the sides as he loosens up for the match.]

DDK:
And of course, Eugene Dewey, the RIGHTFUL owner of the FIST.

Angus:
Says you.

DDK:
Says anyone. We do have rules around here you know. You can't just steal someone's property and call it your own and have it be so.

Angus:
It certainly seems like you can actually, Keebs.

DDK:
No, you cannot.

Angus:
Then why hasn't anyone returned the FIST to Dewey, Keebs? Can you answer that question?

DDK:
Actually, no. I can't.

Angus:
Fortune favors the bold. I heard that in a commercial for steak sauce.

DDK:
Steak sauce?

Angus:
I happen to have a palate more sensitive to savory, OKAY??

DDK:
And here I always assumed you preferred salty and bleachy.

Angus:
Salty and.... wait, how dare you?

DDK:
Moving on. Ladies and gentlemen, as we get ready for our main event, here is a special look at how we got to this big

FIST of DEFIANCE matchup.

[As the gentle opening lick of 'The Pretender' by Foo Fighters plays we fade in with Black and White footage of Dan Ryan holding the FIST belt. He looks down at it in his hands and smirks ever so slightly..]

♫ Keep you in the dark ♫
♫ You know they all pretend ♫

[Cut to Grindhouse: JAPAN. Bronson Box has Dan Ryan locked deep in the Boston Massacre after Frank Dylan James struck him with a chain wrapped fist. The result of the match is beyond doubt as Brian Slater checks Dan's arm a third time and calls for the bell.]

♫ Keep you in the dark ♫
♫ And so it all began ♫

[Dan Ryan pushes the medics aside as he heads backstage. He's not interested in letting them tend to his wounds. He can manage them himself.]

♫ Send in your skeletons ♫
♫ Sing as their bones go marching in... again ♫

[Our first stop on the European tour and Sam Turner Jr. and Eugene Dewey stand across the ring from Bronson Box. Dan Ryan hits the ring and takes out Sam and Eugene with a steel chair. Dan jumping Sam Turner Jr. during his FIST match, then Eugene and cVc during the #1 contenders match.]

♫ The need you buried deep ♫
♫ The secrets that you keep are ever ready ♫
♫ Are you ready? ♫

[Europe. Show 2. Dan Ryan charges along the walkway as Eugene Dewey looks set to Shoryuken Chance Von Crank back to the United States. Ryan delivers a boot to Dewey's head and Clotheslines Chance Von Crank so hard that he hasn't been seen since.]

♫ I'm finished making sense ♫
♫ Done pleading ignorance ♫
♫ That whole defense ♫

[Chair shot after chair shot after chair shot connects with the ribs of Eugene Dewey in Austria. Sam Turner Jr. and Dusty Griffith hit the ring to make the save, but the damage is already done. Dewey gets strapped to a stretcher and wheeled out of the arena.]

♫ Spinning infinity, boy ♫
♫ The wheel is spinning me ♫
♫ It's never-ending, never-ending ♫
♫ Same old story ♫

[Much to everyone's surprise, as Dan Ryan and Bronson Box look set to face each other at Grindhouse: GERMANY, Eugene Dewey arrives at the arena and stomps his way down to the ring.]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[Dan Ryan drives knees into Eugene's midsection, he hits a belly to back suplex, a DDT, Eugene responds with a

Biotic Charge, but Box is right there to cut his offence short. Eugene then proceeds to get dropped seven ways from Sunday by both Box and Ryan.]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[Eugene fights back though and reverses a Bombasto Bomb attempt and drives Box's face into the exposed steel turnbuckle bolt. He hits Ryan with a Wyoming Stampede and then nauls the destroyed face of Bronson Box with a Shoryuken to pick up the win and the FIST!]

♫ In time or so I'm told ♫
♫ I'm just another soul for sale... oh, well ♫

[After the beatdown of Eugene that immediately followed the match, Dan Ryan and Bronson Box shake hands over Dewey's prone body.]

♫ The page is out of print ♫
♫ We are not permanent ♫
♫ We're temporary, temporary ♫
♫ Same old story ♫

[Dan Ryan attacks Eugene from behind and drives him into the ring apron before throwing him into the barricade.]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[Ryan German suplexes Eugene out of the corner. He nails Eugene with a Humility Bomb onto a steel chair before picking up the FIST of DEFIANCE and walking out with it.]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[Dan Ryan stands at the top of the stage smiling at Eugene in the ring. He has the FIST draped over his shoulder and shakes his head in response to Eugene's demand that he comes down to the ring to face him.]

♫ I'm the voice inside your head ♫
♫ You refuse to hear ♫
♫ I'm the face that you have to face ♫
♫ Mirrored in your stare ♫

[As the music gets quieter we're treated to a few soundbites over the top of it.]

Dan Ryan:
I can see you're unhappy, but now you know exactly how I felt watching you leave Germany with my property.

♫ I'm what's left, I'm what's right ♫
♫ I'm the enemy ♫
♫ I'm the hand that will take you down ♫
♫ Bring you to your knees ♫

Eugene Dewey:
Dan, I'm going to prove to the world that beneath your big, tough guy coating, is nothing more than a soft, cowardly center… So allow me to assume the position you're most comfortable with… Superstar.

♫ So who are you? ♫
♫ Yeah, who are you? ♫
♫ Yeah, who are you? ♫
♫ Yeah, who are you? ♫

Dan Ryan:
Nothing you say and nothing you do can change the fact that Dan Ryan is once again your FIST!

Eugene Dewey:
Dan Ryan took MY FIST of DEFIANCE belt and I want it back!

♫ Keep you in the dark ♫
♫ You know they all pretend ♫

[The lull in the song prove the perfect time to show two shots, the first of Dan Ryan smirking, the second of Eugene Dewey snarling.]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[Dan Ryan hops up on the apron, and behind Carla Ferrari's back, blasts Eugene with the FIST during the Handicap match with the LBC.]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[DEF Sec escorts Eugene Dewey away from a visibly annoyed Kelly Evans and out of Regina .]

♫ What if I say I'm not like the others? ♫
♫ What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays? ♫
♫ You're the pretender ♫
♫ What if I say I will never surrender? ♫

[Eugene Dewey returns to the ring through the crowd and nails Dan Ryan with a Shoryuken. Ryan tumbles over the top rope and Eugene steps out onto the apron. He throws himself off with a cannonball that connects flush with Ryan. The two exchange blows on the outside of the ring as we fade out.]

♫ So who are you? ♫
♫ Yeah, who are you? ♫
♫ Yeah, who are you? ♫

[The video package finishes with an image of Eugene Dewey facing Dan Ryan weigh in style, except there's no way either man would stand that close to the other and not beat the holy hell out of the other, so it's clearly had to be photoshopped.]

[Now lets get to that fuckin' main event, shall we?]

Eugene Dewey vs Dan Ryan

[The lights in the arena start to flash as that generic 'the cage is being lowered' music starts to play.]

[And hey, wouldn't you know it, the cage that had been hanging above the ring all night starts to lower.]

DDK:
Ladies and Gentlemen, this is going to be a barn burner.

Angus:
I've been looking forward to this one all night, Keebs. I truly think we're gonna see the end of Eugene Dewey.

DDK:
I wouldn't be so sure of that, Angus. Yes, as we've just seen, Dan Ryan has been on a rampage in his quest to regain the FIST of DEFIANCE, but after all the sneak attacks, all the assaults, and all the dodging, Eugene Dewey finally got his hands on Ryan last time out.

Angus:
The kid's a hypocrite! He came in through the crowd and attacked Dan Ryan from behind! He can try and act all high and mighty, but he's no better than the true FIST, and Dan Ryan's gonna prove that tonight.

DDK:
I think we see things entirely different way, Angus. Eugene simply gave as good as he got in Regina.

Angus:
He wasn't even supposed to be at the arena! Kelly Evans sent him home!

DDK:
Eugene Dewey is under contract with DEFIANCE Wrestling, of course he was supposed to be at the arena!

[During Angus' and Keebs' arguing the cage is fixed in place by the ring crew, who promptly scatter and return to whichever dark corner of the venue they came from. The generic music cuts off as 'Zero' by Smashing Pumpkins replaces it.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Quimbey:
Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time for our main event of the evening, and it is a steel cage match for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the self-proclaimed true FIST of DEFIANCE, from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is... **DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYYAAAANNNNN**!!!

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience while adjusting the FIST of DEFIANCE belt draped over his shoulder, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him.

The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.]

♫ My reflection, dirty mirror♫
♫ There's no connection to myself ♫
♫ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♫
♫ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♫
♫ So save your prayers ♫
♫ For when you're really gonna need 'em ♫
♫ Wanna go for a ride? ♫

DDK:
Dan Ryan looks damn confident tonight.

Angus:
Of course he does. Dan Ryan is a veteran of this business. The opponents he's faced over the years read like a hall of fame short list. His opponent tonight used to ride the goddamned short bus!

DDK:
Eugene still took it to Dan Ryan last week.

Angus:
Jesus, you still on that? Dewey launched a sneak attack, Keebs, after Dan Ryan had already wrestled the Truly Untouchables! How about we talk about Dan Ryan leaving Eugene a quivering wreck week in, week out ever since we left Japan?

DDK:
Oh, so none of those were sneak attacks?

Angus:
He never came in through the crowd. Dewey always had a chance to see him coming... Maybe he needs stronger glasses.

[Ryan walks directly to the door of the cell, ascends the stairs, steps through the ropes, turns and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping a tight grip on the FIST of DEFIANCE and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.]

Angus:
Dan Ryan knows he's got this match in the bag. You heard it from the man himself, he LIKES being inside a steel cage! Dewey's never been trapped like he's gonna be tonight… unless you count the grate across on his momma's basement window.

['Zero' soon fades to be replaced by the Mjolnir mix of the Halo 2 theme.]

[Otherwise knows as Datheavenlychoir.jpg]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[From behind the curtain emerges Eugene Dewey. He stomps his way out and almost sprints down the ramp, ignoring the outstretched hands of the fans along the way.]

Quimbey:
And his opponent-

[Quimbey is cut off as Eugene hot foots it up the stairs, flows into the ring like water through a broken sieve and throws

himself at Dan Ryan!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DING DING DING

[With little regard for his own body Eugene sloppily collides with Ryan in a sort of cross body without the cross part. Taken off guard, Ryan stumbles back into the corner of the ring and tries to cover up at Eugene throws lefts, rights, forearms, and elbows that connect with any and every part of the challenger that they can. Benny Doyle puts himself between the competitors and manages to get some degree of separation, but Eugene only spins back around and launches right back at Ryan, squashing him against the turnbuckles.]

DDK:
Eugene Dewey isn't wasting any time in going after Dan Ryan!

[A few right hands from Dewey find their mark as Benny tries to separate the two again, but Eugene isn't budging. He climbs the ropes and starts to bring right hands down into Dan's temple in rapid succession.]

ONETWOTHREEFOURFIVESIXSEVENEIGHTNINETEN!!!
RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:
Dewey's punching faster than these guys can count!

[Eugene hops down off of the ropes and whips Ryan across the ring. Dan hits the corner and gets sandwiched as Dewey charges in with another splash! Another Irish whip sends Dan back to the original corner and Eugene follows in with another splash. And how about a third for good measure? Sure thing. After the third Dan Ryan stumbles forwards out of the corner into a poised Dewey's arms, who scoops up the Ego Buster and slams him down with a sidewalk slam!]

DDK:
Cover him Eugene!

[But Eugene doesn't. Instead he peels Dan Ryan off of the canvas, grabs him by the head and throws him face first into the steel cage! The cage bends as 305 pounds of Dan Ryan bounces off of it back into the ring where Eugene is waiting to send him straight into the other side of the steel structure!]

DDK:
Dan Ryan has been caught completely off guard by Eugene and is just getting bounced from pillar to post!

Angus:
I think everyone in this arena has been caught off guard. We simply haven't seen Eugene like this before.

DDK:
We haven't seen anyone mess with Eugene the way Dan Ryan has before..

[Dan rebounds off of the cage and turns around into a big back body drop from Eugene which causes the fans to erupt!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Completely pumped up, Eugene roars his frustration out before turning back to Dan Ryan who is just getting back up to his feet. Eugene charges in again and nails Ryan with a forearm that knocks him back into the ropes. Another forearm knocks Dan's head back against the cage and a third is thrown just because. Eugene pulls Dan from the ropes and lifts him, almost like he's going for an inverted atomic drop. Instead he charges into the cage again, forcing

Dan's back to collide with the steel.]

DDK:
The FIST is running on pure adrenaline right now.

[Without any regard for Dan's wellbeing Eugene simply drops him over the top rope and allows him to fall between the ropes and the cage. Dewey starts clapping, getting the fans to join in as he circles the inside of the ring while Dan Ryan rises slowly to his feet…]

clap
clapclap
clapclapclapclap
clapclapclapclapclapclapclapclap

[The fans get faster and faster as Dewey takes up a position on the opposite side of the ring to Dan before charging across it. Eugene lunges towards Ryan again with an attempted spear, but Dan sidesteps, leaving Eugene with nothing to connect with but steel!]

Angus:
This is is! Time to capitalize, Dan!

[Taking the oportunity, Dan Ryan lifts a stiff kick into Eugene's face, causing the FIST to fall back into the ring. Dan Ryan steps back through the ropes and drops into a quick cover!]

DDK:
Ryan hooks a leg!

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Eugene kicks out!]

DDK:
Dan Ryan has his first real opportunity of the match and he tries to end it!

Angus:
He's smart, Keebs. Eugene was always going to make a mistake playing to the crowd like that and running around like he was. All Dan needed to do was bide his time and wait for the inevitable.

[Dan Ryan immediately grabs Eugene's head and locks in a side headlock.]

DDK:
Ryan needs to regain his composure after the initial onslaught from Eugene!

[Dan wrenches on the headlock, but Dewey still fights his way up to his feet. Dan splays his feet out wide, lowering his center of gravity to the point where Eugene can't lift him, no matter how hard he tries. Dan straightens up and take Dewey over with a side headlock takedown and transitions into a reverse chinlock. Dewey rolls around on the floor and forces Dan to return to the side headlock before pushing his way back to his feet. Eugene pushes Dan into the ropes and pushes him away, but Ryan keeps two handfuls of ginger afro and pulls Dewey back into the side headlock!]

DDK:
Doyle is admonishing Dan for that action, but I really don't know what that's going to do. We all know anything goes inside a steel cage.

Angus:
That's probably the smartest thing you've said since this match started, Keebs.

[Another take down brings the fight back to the mat. This time though Eugene rolls and take Dan with him into a pinning combination!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Dan Ryan kicks out and pushes back into the hold.]

Angus:
And he cinches it in deeper! Dewey won't be trying that again!

[Eugene manages to work himself towards the ropes and places his foot on the bottom one. Obviously there's no rope break in a cage match, but he uses the ropes to lift his legs higher off of the ground before using the cage to push himself off and roll over and out of the hold!]

DDK:
That took Dan Ryan off guard!

[Ryan scrambles to hit feet, but he gets caught with a knife edge chop from Dewey as he gets up. Another knife edge chop knocks Dan back against the ropes and gives Eugene the chance to whip Ryan across the ring. Dan comes back and ducks a clothesline attempt, puts on the break, turns and nails Eugene with a superkick just as he turns around!]

THWACK!

Angus:
Did you hear that! Dan Ryan almost took Dewey's head off!

[Eugene doesn't drop to the floor, but he's stunned sufficiently for Dan Ryan to grab him and throw him face first into the steel!]

Angus:
Turnabout's fair play, Keebs!

DDK:
I never said it wasn't. And Dan Ryan is giving as good as he got.

[Dan catches Eugene and sends him into the other side of the cell, then scoops him up onto his shoulder. Ryan walks around the ring for a moment before running at the cage and sending Dewey into the steel like a lawn dart! Dewey falls down between the ropes and the cage as Dan Ryan back up.]

Angus:
Pay attention, Eugene! This is how you do it! No time wasting!

[As Dewey gets to his feet Ryan takes off running and delivers a Yakuza kick to the side of Dewey's head that drives his face back into the cage! Eugene slumps between the ropes, but Ryan catches him before he can fall. He hoists Eugene up and drags him through the ropes, keeping his feet on the middle rope before dropping him with an elevated DDT!]

DDK:
Look at that sick, sadistic smile on Dan Ryan's face!

Angus:
He told us he liked being in this environment, and it's clear to see why!

[Satisfied with his work, Dan Ryan heads for the corner of the ring.]

Angus:
It's over. Dan Ryan just needs to climb the cage and escape!

[Dan ascends the ropes and holds onto the top of the cage. He takes care in finding a foothold and starts to climb!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[As Ryan's head pops out above the cage he surveys the crowd as smirks. Without looking he points back into the ring and shouts out to the crowd.]

Dan Ryan:
That's your FIST?

Angus:
Come on Dan! Climb! Stop wasting time!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:
No! Here comes Eugene!

[Before Dan can resume climbing over the top, Eugene Dewey gets to his feet and rushes over to the corner. He grabs a hold of an ankle and pulls on it causing Dan to slip from the cage and leaving the challenger with nothing but the top rope to break his fall!]

DDK:
Dan's junk really stopped the rest of him from getting hurt there!

Angus:
You just know #Dansjunk is gonna be trending on Twitter after this.

[Eugene hits the ropes and comes back with a clothesline that knock Dan off of the ropes and down to the mat. Eugene continues running and hits the opposite side of the ring, he comes back and lands a seated senton to the chest!]

Angus:
That measured about 8.3 on the Richter scale! Canada hasn't seen an Earthquake of that magnitude since 2006.

DDK:
Points to the sky

[Dewey stands up and pulls Dan with him, backing him into the corner as he does so. Eugene sends Dan across the ring with a whip and follows him in, looking for a splash. Again Ryan side steps and Eugene connects with nothing but turnbuckles. As Dewey bounces from the corner Dan Ryan goes behind him, grabs a waist lock and launches Eugene over his head with a release German suplex!]

DDK:
Dewey just got folded up like an accordion!

Angus:

Dan's got a chance again! Can he capitalise on it?

[Dan Ryan pulls himself to his feet and looks up at the top of the cage, then to Eugene. Instead of pursuing either, Dan plumps for option 3.]

DDK:
He's asking for the door to be opened!

Angus:
He's simply going to walk out of here! I love it!

DDK:
I'd have thought you'd refer to using the door as the 'cowards way out'.

Angus:
Well, I would, but i'm not your generic mid 90s commentator.

[The door opens up and Dan Ryan goes to step through the ropes, but Eugene Dewey is right there behind him with a school boy!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Dan Ryan kicks out!]

DDK:
Eugene's not gonna let Dan get away that easily!

Angus:
And there's no way Dan's going to be put away with a schoolboy either!

[Both men scramble to get back to their feet, but Dan Ryan is a millisecond quicker and lunges at Dewey, knocking him right back down with a lariat.]

Angus:
I swear, that ginger brillo pad Dewey calls a haircut is gonna be rolling around the ring before the end of this one!

[Grabbing one of Eugene's arms, Dan pulls the FIST into the corner of the ring. Ryan places a foot into his face and pushes it through the ropes and into the steel. He even grabs a hold of the top rope and uses it to get extra leverage, all so that he can put more weight behind the foot. Dan pulls his foot back and stomps down on Eugene's face a couple of times before dropping to his knees so that he can choke the FIST!]

Angus:
Dan Ryan just wants to hurt Dewey right now.

DDK:
Right now? Isn't that all he's wanted since we left Europe?

Angus:
No? Weren't you paying attention? He just wanted the FIST. Now he wants blood.

[Dan Ryan uses both hands around Eugene's throat to pick him up and lean him back against the turnbuckles. With a crazed, wild look in his eyes Dan scream in Eugene's face.]

Dan Ryan:
You're the FIST?!? You're the FIST?? YOU. ARE. A. NOBODY!!!!!!!!

[Ryan pulls a fist back to strike again. Dewey springs to life and throws a couple of forearms that connect with the chin of Dan Ryan, but Dan responds with a knee lift to the midsection which stops Dewey dead… That's when Ryan's expression changes.]

Angus:
The ribs! The injured ribs!

DDK:
Kelly Evans sent Eugene home back in Regina so that he could allow his ribs to heal.

Angus:
But that moron didn't go home. He got into yet another fight with Dan, and now he's paying for it.

[Dan Ryan leans Dewey back again and looks into his eyes before hip tossing the FIST out of the corner. Dewey slams down hard into the mat and sits up, allowing Dan to follow in with a soccer kick across the spine! Dan hits the ropes and comes back with a dropkick to the face which knocks Eugene to his back. Ryan pops up to his feet and drops a quick elbow down across Dewey's chest before going for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Eugene kicks out!]

[Ryan pulls Eugene up from the mat and scoops him up before slamming him in the middle of the ring. Eugene howls out in pain, but Dan Ryan doesn't let up. He pulls him right back up, scoops him, and slams him a second time.]

Angus:
Nothing fancy about this, Keebs. Dan Ryan is just picking Eugene up and dropping him!

DDK:
And every time Eugene hits the canvas more and more damage is being done to those ribs.

[Even a third slam isn't enough for Dan Ryan, who peels Eugene up once more. He doesn't scoop the FIST up again though. Instead he puts Eugene in position and throws him over head with a belly to belly suplex right into the cage! Dewey tumbles down between the steel and ropes before Ryan rolls onto his front and stares at his mangled body.]

DDK:
He's actually smiling… Dan Ryan is smiling!

Angus:
Of course he is! He's about five seconds from actually becoming what he's been calling himself for weeks.

[Eugene rolls under the bottom rope and back into the ring towards the still grinning Dan Ryan. Ryan pushes himself up to his knees and stands up, making sure to put a foot on the chest of Dewey as he makes his way to the cage, which he promptly starts to climb!]

Angus:
This is it, Keebs! Dan Ryan's officially about to become the FIST!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Dan reaches up and grabs a hold of the top of the cage. He swings a leg over the top, but before be can bring the other leg over Eugene Dewey pops up and jumps to grab his ankle!]

DDK:
Dewey's up! DEWEY'S UP!

[Eugene keeps a hold of Dan's ankle as he slowly climbs the ropes, but Ryan brings his other leg back into the confines of the cage and tries to kick himself free. Dewey finally makes it to the top rope and grabs a hold of Dan's knee pad. Eugene tugs at Ryan's leg, forcing him off of the cage and down, but the challenger lands next to Eugene on the top rope!]

DDK:
These two are perched precariously on the top rope! And now they're exchanging blows!

[A right hand from Ryan, a left hand from Dewey, another right, and other left. Ryan throws another right, but Eugene leans back. Dan's hand connects with nothing, but does give Dewey a split second opportunity to grab Dan's head and bounce it off the the steel!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Eugene slams Dan's face into the cage a second time before wrapping him up and russian leg sweeping him off of the top rope and down to the canvas!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Both men lay in the middle of the ring for a moment. Dan grabbing at the back of his neck while Eugene clutches at his ribs.]

DDK:
Eugene Dewey threw all caution to the wind with that move, and he may have done more damage to his own ribs!

Angus:
Dewey knew Ryan was second away from rightfully claiming that title. That was the last act of a desperate man!

[After a short time of neither man moving, both start to stir. The crowd get solidly behind the FIST as he rolls over onto his front and starts to push himself up.]

EUGENE DEWEY! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!
EUGENE DEWEY! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!
EUGENE DEWEY! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!

[As Eugene rises to his knees, so to does Dan Ryan, who throws a wild right hand into the jaw of the FIST. Eugene responds in kind and a slug fest develops in the middle of the ring!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With a few consecutive rights Dan Ryan gets the upper hand and knocks Eugene back down to the canvas. Dan stands up and lines up a soccer kick to the ribs of the FIST before turning to the crowd to soak in the jeers.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
I'm afraid you might be right, Angus. The lingering injuries Eugene's been suffering from since we left Europe may well prove too much to overcome tonight, in a steel cage, against Dan Ryan.

Angus:
I told you, we're seeing the last act of a desperate man. The kid's got heart, everyone knows that, but everyone also knows there's no way he can win this. Look at them, they're all starting to realise it's just a matter of time. All Dan needs to do is roll him over and pin him now.

[But Dan Ryan doesn't roll Eugene over. He simply steps back and drives another soccer kick into the ribs of the downed Eugene.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And then another, and another, and another, and another! Dan Ryan drives kick after kick after kick into the body of the champion until he's short of breath. Eugene clutches at his ribs and howls in pain until Dan steps over him, sits into his lower back, hooks Eugene's arms over his legs and cinches in a camel clutch!]

Angus:
THIS IS IT! DEWEY'S GOTTA TAP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Benny Doyle gets right in position to check if Dewey wants to submit, but Dewey defiantly screams 'no'. Ryan responds to this cry by sitting deeper into the camel clutch and pulling Dewey's chin back further!]

DDK:
The spine isn't supposed to bend like that, Angus! Ryan's gonna break Dewey in half!

[Again Benny Doyle asks Eugene if he wants to quit, but this time Eugene doesn't respond. Doyle waves a hand in front of Eugene's face before picking up one of his arms.]

[Which falls limply back in place.]

Angus:
He's passed out! DEWEY'S PASSED OUT!

[Doyle raises Eugene's arm again…]

[And it falls again!]

Angus:
One more! ONE MORE AND WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Doyle raised Dewey's arm for a third and final time!]

[It falls!]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[BUT NOT ALL THE WAY!]

RAHHH

Angus:
I hate myself for loving that… what does he call it? The Biotic Charge…? And I think I hate you a little bit more for saying whatamaneuver…

[Eugene grabs one of Dan's arms and drags him into the corner where he sits Ryan up and rests him against the bottom turnbuckle, revealing a fresh crimson mask to the world.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:
These fans are sick! They're cheering because another human being is bleeding!

DDK:
You're playing it a little fast and loose with the term 'human being' there, aren't you Angus?

[Dewey plants a couple of stomps to the face of Dan in order to keep him in place before hitting the ropes and coming in with a butt bump, sandwiching Dan's head between the turnbuckle and his derriere. Dewey bounces straight back out of the corner and hits the ropes again, this time he returns with a cannonball into the downed Ryan!]

DDK:
Eugene's throwing his weight around and it certainly working!

Angus:
How the Hell is this kid running so much? His chest has to be hurting him.

DDK:
Dewey's a fighter, Angus. His chest might be hurting, but he's not gonna let it slow him down.

[Eugene grabs one of Dan's legs and drags him from the corner so that he can cover him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Dan Ryan kicks out!]

[Eugene lays Dan back down and drops a knee into his chest before dragging him back into position in the corner. Dewey ascends the ropes, stopping at the middle one and starts to bounce.]

DDK:
Is Eugene looking for a corner slingshot seated senton here?

Angus:
Jesus Christ, Keebs. Just call it a Banzai drop and be done with it, yeah?

[Eugene looks like he's about to jump, but Dan Ryan rolls over and lunges at his feet. He pushes both of Eugene's legs out from under him and Dewey falls back. Ryan narrowly avoids being landed on by the FIST and, due to his legs being caught up in the ropes, the back of Dewey's head smacks into the canvas!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Dan takes a second to gather his bearings and checks his forehead, realising for the first time that it's not sweat in his eyes, it's blood. Dan pulls himself up with the help of the ropes while Eugene hasn't moved after colliding with the mat. Dan plants a foot onto Dewey's chest and steps on the champion. He puts his other foot on the other side of Eugene's

body and, with a little extra leverage from the ropes, pushes all of his weight down across the chest of the FIST.]

DDK:
He's gonna crush Eugene's chest!

Angus:
Eugene deserves it for what he's done to Dan's face! Besides, He's been doing that since Austria…

[Dan removes a foot and places it on the second rope, but only so that he can get some elevation and bring the other foot down in a stop, planting it it into Dewey's sternum. Ryan holds the foot in place and starts to untie the top turnbuckle cover in front of him.]

Angus:
Ha! Looks like Dan's unhappy with the amount of steel already involved in this match!

[Dan pulls the turnbuckle pad away from the bolt and throws it across the ring. He reaches down and underhooks both of Dewey's arms to drag his legs off of the middle rope and heaves Dewey up to his feet. Dan lifts Eugene across one shoulder and drives him into the opposite corner. Eugene tries to fight back by landing a few clubbing forearms across the back of Ryan, but Dan thrusts a couple of shoulders into Dewey's diaphragm putting a stop to them.]

DDK:
This doesn't look good…

[Ryan grabs Dewey's arm and tries to whip him across the ring, but Eugene reverses it and sends Dan towards the exposed turnbuckle! Ryan puts on the brakes before he collides with the steel and turns to see Dewey charge at him at full speed. Ryan elevates Dewey over his head, but Eugene lands, both feet on the top rope!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:
What the-

DDK:
Did Eugene just…?

[Dewey seemed about as stunned at the feat as everyone else in the arena and it takes him a couple of seconds to realise just where he is and what happened. Dan Ryan on the other hand keeps his wits about him and turns around before Eugene can start climbing to raise a forearm right between Dewey's thighs!]

Angus:
DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:
A low blow from Dan Ryan! That's not right!

Angus:
You said yourself, anything goes inside that cage!

[Dan starts to climb the ropes behind Eugene, who is almost doubled over in pain. Ryan grabs Eugene's hair and leans him back, hooking his arm around Dewey's head as he does so. Dan places one foot on the top rope and throws himself back, taking Eugene off of the top rope with a Dragon Suplex!]

Angus:

WOAH!

[Both men hit the canvas hard as Dewey bounces away from Dan Ryan, who immediately looks for the champion for a cover. Dan grabs Eugene's arm and drags him back into the middle of the ring, shoots the half and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Dewey gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:
Dewey's landing might have saved him there! If Ryan could have gotten that cover in straight away we might have been looking at a new champion.

Angus:
There's no 'might have' about it, Keebs. Dan's got this in the bag.

[Ryan doesn't waste any time in pulling Eugene up and throwing him towards the corner of the ring. Eugene collides with the turnbuckle chest first and bounces back out into a forearm strike to the spine from Ryan. The force of the shot knocks Eugene straight back into the turnbuckle where he slumps over the top rope. Dan pushes Eugene's face into the top rope and rakes it half way along the length of the ring before releasing the champion's head.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Angus:
And not a single fuck was given.

DDK:
He's not paying any attention to these fans. His only focus is Eugene Dewey.

[Dan grabs more handfuls of hair and lifts Eugene to his feet. He scoops him up and walks towards the nearest corner. The corner with the exposed turnbuckle!]

DDK:
What's Dan got in mind here?

[Ryan elevates Eugene slightly with the intention of dropping him across the turnbuckle, but Eugene slips down behind Ryan and lands on his feet. Dewey in turn grabs Dan's head and tries to push it into the exposed bolt, but Dan puts on the brakes and grabs a hold of the rope, preventing the contact. Dan lashes out with a left hand to the midsection of Eugene, breaking his grip and tries to ram Eugene's head home, but Dewey sticks up a foot, planting it on the middle turnbuckle to again prevent Dan from forcing his head to make contact with the exposed steel.]

DDK:
Back and forth they go!

Angus:
Where they'll stop nobody knows.

[Eugene throws an elbow into Dan's midsection, and then another, which breaks Dan's grip on his head and gives Eugene room to turn around. He lifts Dan off of his feet and looks to lean back in order to drop Ryan on the bolt, but Dan claps his hands around Eugene's head, forcing him to drop the challenger.]

Angus:
Seriously? A fucking BELL CLAP!?

[With Eugene momentarily stunned Ryan scoops him up and…]

DDK:
SNAKE EYES! SNAKE EYES FROM RYAN RIGHT ONTO THAT EXPOSED TURNBUCKLE!

[With a tug at his shirt Dan Ryan pulls Eugene from the corner. The FIST collapses to the mat and Dan Ryan mounts him so that he can rain down right hand after right hand to Dewey's head.]

DDK:
It looks like a nasty gash has opened up across Eugene's forehead, and Dan Ryan seems to have zeroed in on it.

Angus:
He's like a great white shark, Keebs. One drop of blood and he's on it like… like…

DDK:
Like a shark that smells blood in water?

Angus:
...Pretty much.

[Not opting to go for any sort of cover Dan Ryan pulls Eugene up again and runs him into the cage, bouncing Eugene off of the steel. The FIST bounces back into the hands of the challenger who pushes him forwards and starts grating his head across the steel!]

Angus:
I think catering is gonna be serving Dewey coleslaw for the next month.

DDK:
Look at the blood all over the cage! Eugene's leaking like that guy in that viral video a couple of years ago… you know? The epic beard guy one?

Angus:
Somebody call an amber lamps!

DDK:
That's the one!

Angus:
No, seriously. Call one. Look, Dewey's out on his feet!

[After finishing with the face grating, Dan discards Eugene to one side and looks around at the fans with a smirk on his face.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:
This is it! He's on his way out!

[Dan Ryan starts to climb the ropes directly in front of him. He places a foot on the cage and tries to start climbing, but his foot slips due to the amount of blood covering the steel.]

Angus:
Climb somewhere else, Dan!

[Not that he needs Angus' advice, but Dan Ryan does just that. He walks along the top rope like a tightrope towards the corner where he heaves himself up onto the top of the cage!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:
Halfway there, Dan! Come on, you can do it!

DDK:
All he's got to do is get down the other side!

[Dan spins on top of the cage so that his legs are hanging over the outside. He starts to lower himself-]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[-When Eugene Dewey pops up from beneath him, and with the help of the ropes, leaps with a-]

DDK:
SHORYUKEN! DEWEY HITS THE SHORYUKEN!

Angus:
But where's Dan going!?

[Ryan's eyes roll back in his head as he goes completely limp, but with most of his weight on the outside of the cage that's the way he starts to tumble!]

Angus:
Dewey just knocked Ryan out of both consciousness and the ring! That bumbling moron just lost his own title!

[Eugene scrambles up the ropes!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[And catches Dan's arm at the last possible moment before it disappears past the cage!]

DDK:
It's not over yet, Keebs!

[Eugene climbs up as high as he can, all the while holding Dan Ryan's entire body weight by one arm before he starts to heave him back onto the top of the cage. Inch by inch Eugene drags Dan's body back into the ring and drapes him over his shoulders. Completely exhausted from the effort, Eugene falls back into the ring, finally returning Ryan to the canvas with a Samoan drop!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:
Come on Eugene! Cover him! You've got him!

[Eugene looks around for Dan Ryan's body, which bounced a little way away from him and slowly crawls over. He draps one arm across Dan's chest for the cover!]

[ONE!]

DDK:
This is it! Eugene Dewey!

[TWO!!]

Angus:
COME ON DAN! KICK OUT!

[...]

[...]

[THREEEEEEEEEEE-DAN RYAN THRUSTS AN ARM UP INTO THE AIR!!!!]

Angus:
YES! YES! YES! DAN RYAN KICKS OUT!

DDK:
Eugene can't believe it! Dan Ryan kicks out after a Shoryuken and a Samoan drop from the top rope!

Angus:
This is what the FIST means to these two, Keebs.

[Eugene kneels in the middle of the ring and, still with blood pouring from his head, asks Benny Doyle if that really was 2.]

Angus:
Awwwww, Eugene gonna cwy!

[Dewey manages to fight back the apparent tears and gets unsteadily to his feet. He ignores Dan's prone body in the middle of the ring and makes his way to the corner.]

DDK:
Pulling Dan Ryan back in must have sapped every last bit of strength Eugene had. He can barely climb the ropes.

[Slowly but surely Eugene ascends the ropes and then finds a foothold in the steel. Dan Ryan meanwhile rolls over onto his front and crawls towards Eugene.]

Angus:
I don't think Eugene's seen Dan moving!

DDK:
It doesn't matter if Dan's moving. If Eugene can get over the top and to the outside he'll win this war and retain the FIST!

[Eugene throws one leg over the top and looks down at the arena floor 15 feet below him. He swallows hard and takes his other leg over. Dan Ryan meanwhile pulls himself up with the ropes and has started climbing himself.]

DDK:
You can do it, Eugene! Just drop!

[Slowly Eugene starts to descend the cage, making sure he's got each foot secured before searching for the next.]

Angus:
He's wasting time!

[Dan Ryan finally makes it to the top of the cage and reaches over the top to grab two handfuls of hair just as Dewey

looks top drop to the floor! For a moment Eugene hangs in the air, only supported by the roots of his ginger afro!]

DDK:
NO! DAN'S GOT HIM!

Angus:
That'll learn him for having such ridiculous hair!

[Still with both hands full of hair, Dan Ryan starts to pull Eugene up. Dewey has no choice but to climb the cage and head back towards the top where Dan Ryan is forcing him.]

DDK:
He was out! He had the match won!

Angus:
He wasted too much time, and now, Dan Ryan's going to waste him!

[Dan pulls Eugene back up to the top, hooks him up and delivers a superplex that returns Eugene to the middle of the ring!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[This time it's Dan Ryan's turn to roll over and drape an arm across the chest of his opponent!]

[ONE!]

Angus:
This has got to be it!

[TWO!!]

DDK:
NO!

Angus:
YES!

[...]

[...]

[THREEEEEEEEEEE-DEWEY GETS A SHOULDER UP!]

DDK:
YES!

Angus:
NO!

[Dan Ryan pounds the canvas in frustration before covering Eugene again. This time he hooks a leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREEEE-NO! EUGENE KICKS OUT AGAIN!]

[Ryan thumps the canvas some more before covering Eugene for a third time, hooking two legs for good measure!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-EUGENE KICKS OUT A THIRD TIME!]

DDK:
Dan Ryan is furious!

Angus:
Wouldn't you be? This nerd just won't go down!

[Ryan gets to his feet and grabs Benny Doyle by the shirt. He pushes him into the corner and screams in his face.]

Dan Ryan:
DO YOUR FUCKING JOB AND COUNT TO THREE!

DDK:
Hey, come on! Doyle is doing his job!

Angus:
No he isn't! There were three slow counts right there!

[Ryan releases Benny and turns back to Eugene. He wastes no time in pull him up and thrusting Dewey's head between his thighs.]

[No. Not like that.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The fans in attendance know exactly what's coming. Dan Ryan wraps his arms around Eugene's waist and pulls him up!]

Angus:
HUMILITY BOMB!!!!

[As Eugene reaches the peak of the powerbomb he comes to life and rains down right hands into the head of Ryan. Dan stumbles back into the ropes, giving Eugene the oppotunity to hop over his head and land on the top rope. Dan turns around and takes a kicks to the face from Eugene, who heaves himself quickly up to the top of the cage!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Dewey gets one leg over, but Dan Ryan reforms like the T-1000 and grabs hold of Eugene's other leg. He climbs the ropes in an attempt to get a better position in order to pull Eugene back in, but Dewey kicks out with the leg that he's holding and knocks him off of the top rope and down to the canvas!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:
YES! COME ON, EUGENE! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!

[Eugene stands up on top of the cage and looks down at the arena floor.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:
Everyone in this arena is willing Eugene to just descend the cage and pick up the win!

Angus:
I'm not.

DDK:
Well you should be!

[After a couple of seconds contemplation Eugene's eyes move from the arena floor to Dan Ryan, who is laid out on the mat in the ring…]

Angus:
Wait…

DDK:
What's he doing.

[Dewey looks to the sky and crosses his chest before jumping from the top of the cage!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:
HOLY-

Angus:
SHIT!

[Dewey crashes down into the chest of Dan Ryan with a Senton Bomb!]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

[As the fans echo Angus' and Keebler's thoughts exactly, Eugene turns over and covers Dan Ryan!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

DING DING DING

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:
HE DID IT! EUGENE DID IT!

Quimbey:
Here is your winner, and STILL FIST OF DEFIANCE! **EEEEEEEEEEUUUGEEEEEEEEEEENE**

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Dewey rolls off of Dan Ryan, completely exhausted from the war he's just been through and barely raises a hand into the air. The time keeper rushes to the open door to hand Benny Doyle the FIST, who relays it to the still downed Eugene Dewey.]

Angus:
DAMNIT!

DDK:
Eugene has his title back! He's finally slayed Dan Ryan, and after what we've seen tonight, I don't think anyone can question whether or not he truly deserves the FIST.

Angus:
DAMNIT!

DDK:
Folks, ignore my broadcast partner.

Angus:
DAMNIT!

[Red, White and Blue confetti bursts from all corners of the arena as Eugene gets to his knees and looks at his title belt with a tear in his eye… Well, it might be a tear. It could just as easily be blood.]

DDK:
Just like the entirety of our world tour, we've seen an absolute war here at GRINDHOUSE: Canada ! Please, join us next time as DEFIANCE HEADS HOME!

[Cut to black.]