

The Seventh Sin... er, Truly Untouchable

[Just before belltime.]

Diane Parker:

He's here.

Kai Scott:

Very good.

Diane Parker:

How'd you get him back?

Kai Scott:

I'm not sure, really.

David Race:

Hold up.

[Oh, we should probably set the scene here.]

[The Truly Untouchables, who are slated to take on the Blood Diamonds in a seven on seven match whilst only having 6 members, have just arrived en masse at the arena. Street clothes and gym bags abound.]

David Race:

Just so I'm clear. We're goin' into this match with three of the biggest guys on the Defiance roster, our biggest guy weighs 270 and we got two girls and a cruiserweight.

Kai Scott:

You should have more faith, David.

Jonny Booya:

It'd be easier to have faith if'n we done knowed who the seventh man is, bo.

[Jonny is almost coherent when he's talking in conversation tones.]

Kai Scott:

That's on a need to know basis, Jon.

Jonny Booya:

Yeah but if'n we knowed we might could make a strateejery.

Kai Scott:

And if you know, then Ed White knows. And if he knows the Blood Diamonds know, and they make their own plans.

Jonny Booya:

But

Diane Parker:

Boss, if I may?

[Kai nods.]

[Diane points directly at the camera.]

Diane Parker:

Jonny what the fuck is that thing right there?

Jonny Booya:

Uhhh... a caymra.

Diane Parker:

Cam-er-a. It records it when people say words and do things and then other people can hear those words and watch those things.

[Jonny Booya furrows his brow. The COOL shades may be cool but they don't make him look smart.]

Kai Scott:

The point is, we'll have a full team of seven, and Diane and I brought Number Seven up to speed. We're not going in short handed and the Blood Diamonds aren't going to know what hit them.

[Cut.]

Team Building for the White Knights

[From the parking garage, we find ourselves here.]

[Fade in on a locker room filled with five men, colloquially referred to as the White Knights. Frank Dylan James, Mike Bell, Sam Turner Jr, the FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey, and the man who many feel should be World Champion, Dusty Griffith, all sit around the room laughing about something unimportant so it's not involved in the segment.]

Eugene Dewey:

Seriously though, Sam, I'm sorry I had to clock you so hard last week but It's all I could do to keep you down!

Sam Turner Jr.:

S'OK, Eugene, but I's gettin' ya next time.

Eugene Dewey:

That's if there is a next time. You heard what Heidi Christenson had to say last week, right? She means business.

[Dewey swallows the lump that formed in his throat at the mere mention of Heidi's name.]

Eugene Dewey:

I can handle the Dan Ryans and the Bronson Boxs, dealing with power's not a problem for me. But my ground game's never been the best... and Heidi's... well... Heidi's probably is.

Sam Turner Jr.:

I felt that Shoryuken las' week, buddy. If'n you can hit her wit' that then you ain't got no worries holdin' on ta that belt. Believe me.

Dusty Griffith:

And what about your power?

[Dusty clears his throat as his head rises to address the topic at hand. Eugene and Sam turn their attention to the formerly quiet Bad Man from Boise.]

Eugene Dewey:

That'll be null and void if I'm tied up in the Beautiful Dreamer.

Dusty Griffith:

So just like that, she's going to neutralize you?

[Eugene fixes his stare right into Dusty's eyes.]

Eugene Dewey:

She **ate** Eric Dane's face!

Dusty Griffith:

And **she** lost. Now, I ain't sayin' it's going to be easy, Euge, but who says she can handle what you can do in the ring?

[He hadn't thought of it that way before. He'd never thought of anything that way before.]

Eugene Dewey:

Wow, I've never thought about it that way before, but you're right.

[Told you.]

Frank Dylan James:

Yea... Jus' one a dem Bionic Chargers yew do an' she's gun' be out on her ayss!

Dusty Griffith:

Something like that, yeah.

Eugene Dewey:

Well, I'm gonna go and speak to her later. Getting on her good side isn't exactly gonna hurt matters, huh?

Mike Bell:

Sounds like Eugene's got a date!

Frank Dylan James:

Yew besta watch out fer Jeff Andrews, man!

[Much laughter follows The Mastodon's comment. Laughter from everyone except Eugene that is.]

Eugene Dewey:

It's not gonna be like that, I just wanna talk to her about a couple of things. I know where she stands, I think it's only right she knows where I'm coming from.

[Griffith shrugs.]

Dusty Griffith:

You oughta focus on number one more than whether Heidi wants to twist you into knots.

Eugene Dewey:

Oh yeah? Just like you did at the end of the last show?

[Dusty's jaw clenches, grinding his teeth as he glares at Eugene.]

Dusty Griffith:

That lunatic sumbitch... Box got a whole lot less than he should've and if it wasn't for everyone and their brothers jumping in to break it up, he'd have gotten all of what was coming to him... and then some.

Eugene Dewey:

But where's that lead you this week?

Sam Turner Jr.:

Ain't yas gotta go see tha BAWS later on?

[Griffith nods his affirmative.]

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah...

[His voice trails off, he knows his temper got the better of him last week, not that he's going to let on that he knows that. This is DEFIANCE after all.]

Dusty Griffith:

Dane was pissed, probably still is, but I'm not sitting back after getting kicked in the teeth like that. Someone screws us over, bushwacks us from outta nowhere, I'm lookin' to fight and sometimes that fight just isn't gonna be happenin' in the ring.

Frank Dylan James:

Yew dayumn, raht, Dust.

[The Mastadon claps a big mitt down on Dusty's shoulder to further show his agreement.]

Dusty Griffith:

Anyway, I gotta go do that, so I better get to it.

[His four cohorts all nod as he leaves and then resume discussing whatever random topics of the day as we cut to inside the arena proper, where the show is just about to get under way.]

Show Opening

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu Plus original presentation!] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from in...] [3...] [...2...] [...1...!...] [Go.] ♪ *Be my one would you take my son* ♪ ♪ *Would you tell someone whether we had fun* ♪ ♪ *With your heroes double zeroes goin' in circles 'round your fear* ♪ ♪ *Then I'm never ever falling again* ♪ ♪ *Would you take my grace, look into my face* ♪ ♪ *With your limp handshake and your smile that's fake* ♪ ♪ *Would you back my fight, say you're down for right* ♪ ♪ *See it's easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing* ♪ [The Defiance theme song blasts over the PA system as the camera pans around the arena. Red and silver spotlights whirl around the Gwinette Center.] ♪ *Maker makes me long for a better way* ♪ ♪ *You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage* ♪ [The stage and ramp are made of burnished steel. The ring is surrounded by red mats, and the ring itself is black with red trim and silver ropes with the DEFIANCE logo slapped right in the dead center of the ring.] ♪ *Because I* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ [Zoom in.] **Angus Skaaland:** HELLO DEFIAFANS!

"Downtown" Darren Keebler: We are coming at you live from the Arena at Gwinnett Center in Duluth, Georgia, only on HULU Plus! I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, alongside the Motormouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland, and do we have a show in store for you tonight! **Angus:**

Three words. FOURTEEN. MAN. TAG. **DDK:** At the demands of one Kelly Evans, the Truly Untouchables and the Blood Diamonds will settle their differences and the question as to which one of them is the Big Bad of Defiance, with the losing stable being forced to disband and go their separate ways! Ever since Bronson Box of the Blood Diamonds came up short against Kai Scott of the Truly Untouchables in a match for Scott's Defiance World Title, the situation between the two teams has been at a boiling point. **Angus:**

And at a breaking point, Keebs! You don't need 20/20 vision to see that Bronson Box is off his proverbial leash yet again, and that Ed White's not happy about it! Meanwhile, just like we saw earlier, the Truly Untouchables are having their own problems, what with David Race being all "I'm not being paid enough" and Jonny Booya being a HUGE GIGANTIC FAGGOT **DDK:**

ANGUS! **Angus:** You said I didn't have to give the word up completely. I made the conscientious, mature decision to use my f-word privilege for the night expressing my opinion on Jonny Booya, because fuck that dude. **DDK:**

With 14 wrestlers in the main event we have a somewhat smaller official lineup than we sometimes do, but there's a lot of other good stuff. We've got Lindsay Troy of the Big Damn Heroes taking on the beef of the Legitimate Businessman's Club, Vincent Rinaldi. And we'll be seeing the official debut of the Osaka Street Cutters in trios action as they take on the White Knights tandem of Frank Dylan James, Sam Turner Jr. and Mike Bell. **Angus:**

And for some fucking reason, we've got another issue of the Curtis Penn challenge. And let me say it truly pains me that I've exhausted the aforementioned f-word privileges, because I only dislike Booya more than Penn by the smallest of margins. **DDK:**

Be that as it may, and I'll happily admit that neither Booya nor Penn go out of their way to be likeable, we've got our opening match next, a three way dance between El Serpenti, Diego de Leon, and Yoshikazu YAZ! **Angus:**

A luchador, a puro junior heavyweight, and a really confused luchador who doesn't know how to do flips.

El Serpenti vs Diego De Leon vs Yoshikazu YAZ

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is a THREE WAY MATCH!

[The lights dim as the acoustic guitar beginning of "La Balada Del Pistolero" begins to ring out through the arena as a slithering serpent crosses the screen of the Defiatron, after 29 seconds the acoustics stop as the Serpent twists itself to form a S, The song changes tempo into a metal version of "La Balada Del Pistolero" by Victor De Andres, which blasts out through the arena. The name El Serpenti forms on the Defiatron at the same time the superstar himself emerges onto the stage.]

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, weighing in at 220 pounds and hailing from Miami, Florida by way of Heroica Veracruz. He is the Mexican Superstar known as El Serpenti!

[Serpenti slaps the hands of some fans before sliding under the bottom ropes. He pulls himself up and stretches in the corner as Quimbey brings his mic back up.]

["His Name is King (instrumental)" by Luis Bacalov plays.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now... Coming to the ring, weighing in at 205 pounds, he hails from Truth of Consequences, New Mexico... DIEEEEGO DE ~ LEEOOOOONNN.

[Diego walks out from the back. He's wearing a poncho and extends his hands out slapping high fives as he makes his way to the ring. He enters and begins a quick series of steps throughout the ring hitting the ropes. He removes his poncho and checks his wristbands. He stares down the entrance.]

cue the sitar

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Being accompanied by his tag partner in White Hot Anger, Lisa Loeh! He hails from Nagasaki, Japan, and weighs in at 213 lbs! YOOOOSHIKAAAZUUU... YAAAAAAZZZZZ!!!!

[The lights go dead, only for red and yellow spotlights to swirl around the arena. Two focus on the entrance ramp as Lisa and Roger both step through and off to the side. YAZ steps out onto the stage. He's wearing a decorative longcoat that fits over his shoulderpads and carrying a banner with the same design that is on his mask on a long stick. He raises that thing over his head, and slams the stick butt first into the ground.]

VOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHH!!!!

[Flames fly up behind YAZ and his cohort. The masked wrestler spends no time delaying, walking to the ring, handing his banner off to Lisa, and using the stairs to get to the apron. Entering the ring, YAZ takes to his corner and prepares for the fight to come.]

DDK:

Here we go, partner, this should be a very exciting encounter.

Angus:

Hey look, there's that Singsongmay chick, who's she scouting this time?

[Catching Angus' eye is the mysterious Asian woman, we know as Songomi. She takes a seat near ringside and appears to be watching intently to what is about to transpire in this match.]

[Meanwhile, in the ring. All three men stand equal distance away from each other. The men stare at each other. Neither man making a move. El Serpenti says something in spanish, Diego turns and charges at him.]

DDK:

The Mexican prospects going at it already-

Angus:

Call Immigration! Call customs!

[Diego runs and ducks into a tackle, but catches the air as El Serpenti leaps over him. Diego bounces off of the stiff ropes, and eats a kick to the stomach that doubles him over and through the ring ropes.]

DDK:

Serpenti with the early offense!

[El Serpenti looks outside of the ring towards Diego, he looks in one direction and runs without looking into a Snapmare takedown by YAZ. El Serpenti sits up and YAZ kicks him in the chest. YAZ runs into the ropes, but Diego slides under the ropes and knees YAZ into the face.]

Angus:

He ate all of that!

DDK:

Out of nowhere, that's what makes a triple threat match up so tricky Angus. The fact that you can't take your eye off of your opponent long enough to let him capitalize.

[El Serpenti is already up, he moves to the outside while Diego's back is turned and he's waiting on YAZ to get up. Serpenti springboards off of the ropes and dropkicks Diego from behind. YAZ is on his feet now and he begins trading blows with Serpenti.]

DDK:

And just as quick as that, someone else dictates the pace of the match.

[YAZ lands a quick roundhouse that sends Serpenti to the ground. Diego enters the ring this time and YAZ sends him down with a roundhouse kick Chuck Norris would be proud of. YAZ looks to and fro, almost in anticipation of an attack from either Serpenti or Diego. Seeing none, he drags Serpenti up to his feet. He throws Serpenti into the ropes.]

DDK:

YAZ has had an excellent performance against Kai Scott in Canada.

[Serpenti bounces off the ropes and leaps high into the air but YAZ catches him and drives him into the mat.]

DDK:

Powerbomb by YAZ.

[Serpenti rolls over and Diego steps into the ring now. Diego runs off of the ropes and bumps into YAZ. YAZ gives him a shake of the head and points to the ropes. Diego runs and gets sent down by a stiff shoulder block by YAZ. Diego slowly makes his way to his feet.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

[YAZ runs into the ropes and bounces off of them. He grabs Diego's head while running and slams into the mat.]

DDK:

Bulldog!

[YAZ is up first, he drags Diego up to his feet. He hits him with a combination of slaps and a kick. Diego covers up his

stomach, YAZ hits him with a limp wrist backhand to the chest, and brings back his arm for another strike but Diego falls back.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH

DDK:

Telegraphed by Diego!

[Diego kips back onto his feet and hits YAZ with a combination of his own; a couple of slaps, a backhand with a kick to the back of the head. The crowd is eating this up.]

Angus:

We've seen this before it's the -

[Diego spins around, brings his elbow up. Serpenti jumps onto the ropes and springboards into both men sending all three down.]

DDK:

Plancha out of no where!

Angus:

SNAKES ON A PLANE-CHA!

[Serpenti is the first man up. He runs into the ropes, climbs up them, and in an act of extreme balance manages to launch himself off into a moonsault that lands on both men. He slides and hooks YAZ's leg-]

DDK:

Serpenti with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

[Serpenti is the first man to his feet, Diego charges him full on. Serpenti unceremoniously dumps Diego over the ropes. Diego lands feet first onto the ground. YAZ sits up. El Serpenti runs into YAZ and lands a knee decisively on the head.]

DDK:

El Serpenti dictating the pace of this match now.

[Serpenti spots YAZ as he struggles to get up, quickly ducks out of the ropes, runs up the corner turnbuckle with his back turned to YAZ. YAZ, dazed, confused and unfocused stumbles around. He looks up and sees Serpenti flying towards him and attempts to catch him-]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHH

[But gets dropped onto the canvas.]

Angus:

Flippy do move...yay.

DDK:

Oh come on Angus, that wasn't impressive?

Angus:

Meh.

DDK:

But he did a moonsault into a DDT, even you've got to find some kind of a corner of your inner wrestling fan to appreciate that athleticism!

Angus:

You know Keebs...You're right, maybe... Maybe...No, still meh.

[El Serpenti is the first on his feet, he drags YAZ up and throws him into the corner. El Serpenti waits a second. He charges YAZ-]

Angus:

Diego just went Samuel L. Jackson on that snake!

[- but is cut off with a brutal knee to the face that sends him immediately down to the ground. Diego immediately charges the corner where YAZ is, climbing up with with a knee to the face, jumping off immediately and sending YAZ across the ring with a monkeyflip.]

DDK:

Diego had a strong victory against Booya in Canada.

[Diego kips up.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Diego immediately runs over to both men, who struggle to their feet. Diego sets himself, and then delivers a stiff kick to the Serpenti.]

OLE~

[YAZ.]

OLE~

[Serpenti.]

OLE~

[YAZ.]

OLE~

[Serpenti.]

OLE~

[YAZ crumbles to the mat with a kick to the head.]

OLLLLLEEEEEEEE~

[Serpenti falls down first with a kick to the head.]

OLLLLLEEEEEEEE~

[Diego spots both men down on the ground, he looks to the turnbuckle and climbs. He perches himself on top of the ropes, waiting for the right moment.]

DDK:

Diego going up top here, I can't remember the last time I've seen Diego go to the top ropes.

[YAZ and Serpenti both get to their feet at the same time, oblivious to Diego. YAZ kicks Serpenti in the stomach, Serpenti falls back and rocks the ropes. Diego teeters over the edge and then awkwardly lands on outside. Diego let's a primal scream as he struggles to stand up.]

Angus:

What's he crying for? Cat's *always* land on their feet!

DDK:

Diego might be hurt here.

[YAZ and Serpenti meanwhile continue to fight it out in the middle of the ring. The two start dueling it out, their weapons are knife edge chops. The crowd reacting louder with each trade off. Diego attempts to get up off of the floor, but putting weight down on his right ankle sends a jarring shiver of pain throughout his body.]

DDK:

Diego must have rolled his ankle on that landing, he can't even put weight down on it.

Angus:

Some cat he turns out to be, can't even land on his feet right without getting hurt.

[Meanwhile, in the ring. YAZ and Serpenti continue to light each other up with knife edge chops, each one sounding off with a loud cracking sound as flesh strikes flesh. After a few more rounds, Serpenti switches gears and throws a knee lift into YAZ's midsection and tries to tie him up with an Octopus Hold, but YAZ counters out with a hip toss, which Serpenti double counters with an arm drag as he gets thrown.]

DDK:

What an exchange there by these two!

Angus:

And they're not done!

[Serpenti rushes YAZ, gets popped up and takes YAZ over with a Hurricanrana. Yaz scrambles, rushes Serpenti and looks for a float over into a DDT, but Serpenti is quick to react and takes him up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex.]

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

[Serpenti is up, but as he tries to pull YAZ up, he gets down with a small package.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Scrambling, YAZ is up first, putting a boot in Serpenti's gut before stuffing his head between his legs. Serpenti

counters, muscling up with YAZ's weight on top of him and drops back for the cover, pinning YAZ with his body now over top of his.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[YAZ bridges out of the count, pushing himself and Serpenti back up as they form an arch. Turning over, YAZ adjusts his hold as he ends up back over top of Serpenti and twists him into a backslide pin.]

ONE!

TW-NO!

DDK:

Serpenti and YAZ looking for an opening here, but neither can keep the other down.

Angus:

Yeah, and they're making Shields get a workout here!

[Scrambling again, YAZ steps in, clutches Serpenti and throws him with a T-Bone Suplex. Serpenti rolls with the impact, but as he turns around, he's met by YAZ who throws him with a second T-Bone Suplex.]

DDK:

YAZ suddenly takes the momentum with a pair of T-Bones!

Angus:

And he's not done, Keeps!

[YAZ brings his hand up as he prepares to land one of his dreaded palm strikes, but when he turns, he finds that Serpenti had already slid out of the ring after the second suplex.]

DDK:

Smart move here by El Serpenti.

Angus:

Gotta break that momentum, running for the hills is as good a reason as any.

[On the outside, near where YAZ is standing, the mysterious Asian Lady Songomi is applauding YAZ's efforts and offering words of encouragement.]

DDK:

Is she trying to poach YAZ from White Hot Anger?

Angus:

Maybe's she's just trying to connect with a fellow countrymen?

DDK:

In the middle of a match?

Angus:

It's DEFIANCE, crazier things happen around here all the time.

Lisa Loeh:

HEY! GET AWAY FROM HIM!

Angus:

Like right now...

[Coming around the ring, Lisa Loeh stomps over to where Songomi is talking to YAZ. Songomi turns around to address Lisa, who is all piss and vinegar and shrieking in Songomi's face, getting all up into her "personal space" as she does so.]

Angus:

Ooooh shit, yuss! LETS GET NAKED!

DDK:

Control yourself, Angus!

[YAZ is dumbfounded by what's going on in front of him, which gives Serpenti the opportunity to strike. Rushing up, he grabs on to YAZ and rolls back into a cradle.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

El Serpenti taking advantage here, but still coming up short on the pinfall attempt!

Angus:

Aww man, they aren't getting NEKKID for special sexy time!

DDK:

Well, pay attention to the match, you know, that thing going on in front of us?

Angus:

But, I wanted... Ooooh, fine.

[Serpenti is quick to follow up, catching YAZ as he was getting back to his feet with a running knee strike that collides with his sternum. Grabbing YAZ, Serpenti bends him back for a reverse suplex.]

DDK:

El Serpenti looking for the SERPENTS BITE!

[YAZ however goes with it and manages breaks free before Serpenti could fully execute the move, landing on his feet behind Serpenti and grabbing a rear waistlock.]

Angus:

JAH-MANE SOUPLEX!

[Serpenti answers with his own mid-air escape, rolling back and landing his feet. YAZ scrambles to his feet as Serpenti charges at him.]

DDK:

YAZ ducks the clothesline!

[Serpenti turns around as YAZ comes sprinting off of the ropes, looking for the left arm lariat.]

DDK:

Serpenti now ducks...

Angus:

LEFTU-ARMA-LARRY-AT-NOOOOOO!

[YAZ stops himself and turns as Serpenti spins around, looking for his own spinning / discus clothesline.]

Angus:

DISS-COO-LARRY-AT-TOOO-AWW-CMON ON REALLY!

DDK:

YAZ avoids the clothesline again.

[YAZ rushes Serpenti as he continues to his rotation after missing the clothesline. Driving Serpenti into the nearest corner, he looks to shoot him across the ring.]

DDK:

Serpenti with the reversal...

Angus:

The hell, can one of these guys hit something already?!

DDK:

...and now YAZ gets whipped into the turnbuckles!

[Serpenti charges in and leaps into the air.]

DDK:

SERPENTS SPLASH!

[YAZ escapes the corner before Serpenti can crash into him, but Serpenti is quick to react and manages to land his feet on the middle ropes. Hopping up to the top ropes, Serpenti looks back and takes flight, looking for a Moonsault.]

DDK:

YAZ moves out of the way!

Angus:

And Serpenti lands on his feet! He's awfully nimble for a snakemanguythingy.

[Serpenti turns to locate YAZ and charges, but eats a Jump Spinning Back Kick to the chest that staggers him.]

Angus:

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SSSSCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
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DDK:

World Cup references on a wrestling show?

Angus:

No! Somebody finally hit somebody!

[YAZ tries to follow up, looking for the running palm strike, but Serpenti ducks it and YAZ bounces himself off of the ropes.]

DDK:

YAZ still looking for the Shotei!

Angus:

And eats a boot to the mush!

[Serpenti catches him on the rebound with a Savate Kick that nearly topples YAZ, but he falls back against the ropes, bounces off as Serpenti charges at him. YAZ suddenly explodes forward.]

Angus:

EXPLODING JAPANESE FACE BLASTER!

WHHHOOOAAAHHH!

DDK:

YAZ with one hell of a SHOTEI!

[Indeed, YAZ nailed him square in the face with the butt of his palm, putting everything he had into it as he falls to the mat with Serpenti, landing on top of him for the cover.]

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And YAZ pulls off a stunning victory here tonight, besting the lucha libre star, El Serpenti and one of DEFIANCE's favorite young stars, Diego De Leon!

Angus:

Favorite my ass...

DDK:

Well, you may not like him, but our fans have certainly grown fond of the masked lion.

[On the outside, Diego De Leon pounds his fist on the apron, partially in painful agony and utter disappointment, while a couple of DEFIANCE's trainers gather around to help him to the back.]

DDK:

I really hope Diego is okay, hate to see such promising talent get slowed down by injuries.

Angus:

Eh, he'll be alright... You know, because he's a feline and they have nine lives and...

DDK:

Yeah, I got it.

[On the other side of the ring, Lisa breaks away from Songomi, giving her the stink eye as she joins her W.H.A. teammate in celebration of his victory.]

Dispensing Friendly Advice

[Elsewhere.]

[A happy-go-lucky Sam Turner Jr. is walking backstage, all smiles as he whistles a tune. He turns the corner and sees another person further down the hall walking towards him. Tall. Dressed to fight. Head of curls and legs for days. She's carrying two water bottles, a can of soda (Code Red Mountain Dew, if you care to know), and has a pair of earbuds in.]

[Yes, DEFIANTS. The Queen is approaching.]

[It doesn't take Sam long to realize who it is that's heading his way and who it is that she's facing tonight. Sam's no stranger to Big Vinny, the LBC, and their dirty tactics, having had the Southern Heritage title stolen by him at GRINDHOUSE: Canada thanks to a pair of brass knuckles to the back of his head. He's a nice guy, though - probably nicer than one ought to be in this business - so he decides to offer Lindsay Troy a bit of advice about what she's getting herself into.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

S'cuse me, ma'am.

[His voice is muffled thanks to the music. Troy tugs the earphones out of her ears as she stops in front of him.]

Lindsay Troy:

Hm?

[Sam cracks a smile on his face and his cheeks pop out like a squirrel with a mouthful of nuts.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Howdy ma'am...[He reaches up quickly and grabs his tattered John Deere hat from his head]...I's Sam Turner Jr., I'd like ta welcome ya ta Defi'nce.

Lindsay Troy:

Well, you're a bit late with the Welcome Wagon there, kiddo. Kinda been here for awhile now. But the gesture's noted. [She adjusts the drinks in her arms and extends a hand.] Lindsay Troy.

Sam Turner Jr.: [reaching out his hand and they shake]

Howdy Lindsay, I re'kon its nice ta meet'cha. I been hearin' 'at you was gonna face ole Big Vinny t'night, is 'at right?

Lindsay Troy:

That's the rumor.

Sam Turner Jr.:

Welp Vinny an 'em LBCer's is a bunch of Ital'yan cheats. 'At Dentari dun rubbed me tha wrong way. 'Ey dun cost me tha Southern Her'tage title. Tony Two Hands dun blasted me in tha back of tha head wiff brass knuckles, an' 'ey hurt like a sum-a-gun.

[Sam pauses for a second but Troy jumps in before he can continue.]

Lindsay Troy:

It's nice that you're giving me a heads-up but those three aren't anything Wade or Tyler or I haven't dealt with before. Their kind are all the same - full of bluster and lacking in aptitude. It's why they cheat; can't win otherwise.

[Sam just looks at her, trying to keep his eyes from roaming while she's standing in front of him.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Well ma'am, I just wanted ya ta know what'cha was gettin' into wiff tha LBC.

[Sam reaches out his hand again and the two shake once again.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Good luck wiff ya match. If ya need a helpin' hand, just holler at me.

[Troy nods her head.]

Lindsay Troy:

Thanks, Sam.

[Troy pauses.]

Lindsay Troy:

You do the same.

Sam Turner Jr.

Beg'n yer pardon?

Lindsay Troy:

You know, if you find yourself in times of trouble and all.

[Sam smiles and Troy walks past him. He turns and watches her walk a little further down the hall and into a locker room. He puts his hat back on.]

Sam Turner Jr.: [Whispering under his breath]

Wow, what a lady!

Busted

[Cut to somewhere else backstage where Vincent Rinaldi is rubbing his hands together while Alceo Dentari and the Southern Heritage champion Tony Di Luca are doing their best to psych him up mentally.] [I know, Vinny doesn't do anything mentally, but just go with it.] **Alceo Dentari:** See Vinny, you got almost 200 pounds on that broad. She ain't gonna stand no chance. **Tony Di Luca:** You only got 2 things to do in that ring, Vinny... Ground her an' pound her. Don't let her get movin', don't let her get fightin'... Beat the crap outta her an' finish it early. **Alceo Dentari:** You got this, ain't no way none a' them's getting to Tony's title. [Vinny nods in understanding... probably...] **Tony Di Luca:** An' don't let her get... [Alceo puts a hand up to hush Tony's mouth. The Southern Heritage champion turns around to see Frank Holiday, together with Billy Pepper, standing behind him with a look of determination etched on his face. Frank is sporting a V-neck shirt and jeans, Billy is going business casual in a blazer and open-collared shirt.] **Alceo Dentari:** Yo, paisan, you lost? **Billy Pepper:** Well, if by "lost" you mean "exactly where we wanted to be", I guess the answer is-- **Alceo Dentari:** [Directly To Billy] You, zip it. I was talkin' to Billie Holiday over here. **Frank Holiday:** Ooh, close but you're way off. He's Billy. I'm Frank. **Alceo Dentari:** Whatever. **Frank Holiday:** Whatever? First of all, and no disrespect to you, Billy-- **Billy Pepper:** [Sarcastically] Already liking where this is going. **Frank Holiday:** --I don't know how you could get us confused. He looks nothing like me. [Alceo, Vincent, and Tony glance from one to the other: Billy with his stylish hairdo and boyishly handsome features, Frank with his messy hair, faded scars, and unshaven mug.] **Frank Holiday:** I'm widely considered to be "the face" of the team. **Billy Pepper:** [Rolls eyes] There it is. Ass. **Frank Holiday:** Second of all, while I'm flattered at being favorably compared to Billie Holiday, you dudes might remember she was a woman, and last I checked I didn't have the whole innie thing going on down there. **Billy Pepper:** Believe me, guys, he checks down there dozens of times a day. Vigorously. **Frank Holiday:** Jesus, Billy! Privacy? [To Tony] Look, I didn't come here to talk about my junk. I just wanted to tell you in person, face to face, what I said last week to Lance Warner. I'm ready for battle, brah. You're the new SoHer Champion, and I want a crack at that title ay-sap. [Dentari snarls back at the brazen youngster, but Tony Di Luca seems to find humor in his words.] **Frank Holiday:** What's funny? You think I'm funny? Like a clown? [Nudges Billy] See what I did there? **Billy Pepper:** Nice. **Tony Di Luca:** That part about the 'innie' parts, that was worth a chuckle. But the funniest part... now that was you thinkin', that outta all the schmucks in DEFIANCE, you'll be the one to wrest this from my hands. [Di Luca unclips the belt from around his waist and holds it up to eye level in front of Frank. Holiday's eyes flit from Di Luca to the title just enough for Tony to notice, and once again start laughing.] **Tony Di Luca:** But as I told Wade Elliott last week, you don't get a shot just 'cause you want a shot. There's a line an' you, Billie- **Frank Holiday:** Frank. **Tony Di Luca:** Are barely taggin' on to the back. See, the problem with guys like you, an' Wade Elliott, an'- **Frank Holiday:** Stockton Pyre... **Tony Di Luca:** Yeah, Stockton Pyre, the problem with guys like you is- [Totally ignoring Tony's words Frank pushes past the LBC and looks behind a nearby flight case. He recoils from what he sees as if tugged by a bungee cord, but in the next moment he gives a violent shove to whatever he found.] **Frank Holiday:** Oh hell no, dude. Are you freaking kidding me? Get your weaselly ass out here! [With his cover blown Pyre, in his wrestling gear and a black Stockton Pyre T-shirt (as well as his trademark mask, of course) slowly emerges from his hiding spot, tucking his notebook into the back of his tights. Frank stares at him, wild-eyed.] **Alceo Dentari:** Ay, yo, how long's this fruitcake been listenin' in, eh? **Frank Holiday:** Dude, you run around with a Lego helmet on your head all day. You think I'm not gonna notice you sneaking around here? So what is this? You taking notes on me now? Huh? **Alceo Dentari:** Takin' notes? [Turning to Di Luca] This guy over there's takin' notes on us over here. [Turning back to Pyre] You's takin' notes on us? **Stockton Pyre:** I do not need notes on how to be a thug, Alceo, for I have no use for your mindlessly violent tendencies. I was taking notes on how not to get myself a Southern Heritage title match, and Frank here is offering up a master class. **Tony Di Luca:** Is he sassin' us? I feel like he's sassin' us. **Alceo Dentari:** I dunno 'bout sassin', but he's gettin' dangerously close to gettin' his ass beat either way. **Tony Di Luca:** Did them Big Damn Heroes send you to take notes on us? They did, didn't they? Sent you over here to take notes on Vinny's strategy for tonight. See that, Vinny? Troy ain't got a hope in hell if she's sendin' a damned spy over here to listen in on private conversations. **Stockton Pyre:** A little paranoid, aren't we? [motions towards Frank Holiday] Isn't that Frank's department? **Frank Holiday:** Brah, don't you even-- [Before Frank can finish, Kelly Evans, flanked by Jamie Stanley and by Samuel Grant and his taser, materialises out of seemingly nowhere. Pyre and Holiday quickly fall quiet, but Alceo Dentari isn't going to keep his mouth shut like those two losers.] **Alceo Dentari:** Ey, Kelly. This masked freak over here's been spyin' on us over there! [And then Tony Di Luca chips in.] **Tony Di Luca:** Yeah! Them Big Damn Heroes sent 'im. [With a sigh Kelly rolls her eyes.] **Kelly Evans:** Can you guys go one night without bickering like schoolgirls? RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH **Frank Holiday:** We were doing fine until he-- **Kelly Evans:** -I don't want to hear it. **Billy Pepper:** Seriously, we were just-- **Kelly Evans:** -I don't want to hear it. [Beneath his mask Stockton smiles smugly.] **Stockton Pyre:** I believe my... **Kelly Evans:** -I

[illegible]

Frank Holiday & Stockton Pyre vs. Alceo Dentari and Tony DiLuca

Angus:

Wow. Was that Kelly Evans making a positive contribution to the management of DEFIANCE? **DDK:**

Why so surprised? **Angus:**

I dunno, maybe because I've met Kelly? Also I watch the show? **DDK:**

You're incredulous. ♪ 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 ♪ **Quimbey:** The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall. [After a few seconds of Dean Martin crooning, Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi emerge from the back, still looking slightly pissy over being spied upon just seconds earlier.] **DDK:** Kelly Evans sure doesn't waste time in getting these

impromptu matches started, does she? **Angus:** Get them out there while the anger's fresh and it'll make for a good match. Just another trick she'll have picked up from DA BAWs. [Di Luca and Dentari talk behind their hands all the way down the ramp until they reach the ring. They and Big Vinny all climb the steps in single file and enter the ring.

Tony removes his Southern Heritage title and hands it over to Rinaldi while Dentari paces, all the while looking up the ramp, waiting for his opponents. **DDK:** No fuss for the LBC tonight. **Angus:** You can see it in their eyes, they just wanna fight tonight. **DDK:** Think that might spell trouble for Lindsay Troy later when she goes one on one with Big

Vinny? **Angus:** Fuhgeddaboutit! **DDK:** I wish I hadn't asked. **Darren Quimbey:** AND THEIR OPPONENTS! Introducing first...

["How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hits the PA next, and Frank Holiday strides through the curtains, followed by his manager Billy Pepper. Frank is still in his civilian clothes, but he quickly peels off his shirt, swings it over his head, and tosses it to the crowd, revealing an impressively muscled body and the biohazard tattoo on his chest.] **Darren Quimbey:** From Los Angeles, California, accompanied by Billy Pepper... FRANK HOLIDAY!

[Holiday is still fuming about the backstage confrontation, but after a quick pep talk from Billy, he seems to rein himself in. They head down the ramp, Frank slapping a few hands along the way. Pepper stays at ringside while Holiday gets a running start, hops onto the apron, and ducks between the ropes. He goes to the middle of the ring and throws the horns in the air.] **DDK:** Holiday may not be dressed to wrestle, but the fact this match was put together at the last

minute doesn't seem to faze him at all. He's been ready to fight since last week -- but I don't think this was quite what he had in mind, Angus. **Angus:** Holiday was an idiot to think he could just walk up to the LBC and ask for a title shot, Keebs. Especially for a guy who missed weeks of action because he got kicked out of Canada! He should be thankful to Kelly Evans for making this match, because it's the closest he's gonna get to Tony Two Hands any time soon.

[Holiday and Di Luca exchange unfriendly looks and a few heated words, but then Frank's attention turns to the ramp, glaring at the curtain.] **DDK:** If anything, it looks like he's a little more preoccupied with his partner than his opponents right now. **Darren Quimbey:** AND HIS PARTNER!

Frank Holiday: Hold up, bro... let me do this part. [DQ pauses confused as Holiday reaches for his mic. After a moment's hesitation he hands it over. Frank slaps him on the shoulder, then raises the mic and does his best Darren Quimbey impression.] **Frank Holiday:** Ladies and

gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to my partner who is about to walk through that curtain. He is a man known by many names: some call him Stockton Pyre, the Gonzo Goliath, the Masked Blogger... Seeing as no one knows who he actually is, I figure it doesn't matter what we call him, so how about we add a few more names to that list? Dude loves rocking the red and blue, so what do you think of... Papa Smurf? OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH! **Frank**

Holiday: I'm also thinking: what do you get when you mix primary colors with a penchant for sneaking around? The Tie Dye Ninja! OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH! **Frank Holiday:** When you get to the bottom of it though, this guy

hides and spies on everybody, which by anybody's measure is basically deviant behavior. So lemme suggest this: Creep Show Bastard. OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH! **DDK:** I get the feeling Holiday's not a huge fan of Pyre.

Angus: You think? **Frank Holiday:** Anyway, I've been holding this party up long enough. Okay Creepy, stop scribbling, put your notebook down, and get out here so we can whoop some LBC ass! ["Morphine Child" by Savatage plays and Stockton Pyre marches out onto the ramp in full wrestling gear and mask. His mouth, the only part of his face that is visible, is turned down in a stony frown and his blacked-out eyes in his mask are glaring -- straight at Frank Holiday.] **DDK:** Here comes Stockton Pyre, and he is not impressed. Just to clarify one thing, Pyre is actually

Frank Holiday's partner in this match. You'd be forgiven for thinking otherwise after the, uh, "personalized" introduction he got from Holiday just now. **Angus:** Whatever. This is nothing but a slapfight between two bottom rung

guys in the SoHer division. Meanwhile, if you were going up against two-thirds of the LBC, you'd think you'd be a little more focused. If Train Wreck and Creep Show can't get along, it's gonna be a walk in the park for Di Luca and Dentari. [Pyre quickly makes his way to the ring, eschewing his normal fanfare, and slides under the bottom rope. As

he gets to his feet, he finds himself face to face once again with Frank Holiday, and immediately they're jawing at each other. At the same time, over in the LBC corner, Dentari and Di Luca are watching the verbal fireworks with obvious

enjoyment.] **Angus:** Somebody remind those two morons they're supposed to wrestle now. **DDK:** Referee Carla Ferrera is giving them instructions to go to their corner, so hopefully they can get themselves sorted out. **DING DING**

DING! [The bell starts the match, but Tony and Alceo stand back and wait, because Holiday and Pyre are still fighting -- this time over which one of them will start for their team. Ringside cameras pick up the audio from their argument.] **Frank Holiday:** This is your fault, bro, you get in there. **Stockton Pyre:** Unless I'm mistaken, was it not you accosting Tony Di Luca earlier? If you're so eager to fight, then quit stalling and do it. **Frank Holiday:** Goddamn it, fine. Just stay outta my way. [Pyre shakes his head as he steps through the ropes to the apron. Holiday gives him leery backward glances as he steps forward to begin the match. Now that the Great Debate has been settled, Tony Di Luca enters the ring to start the match with Holiday.] **DDK:** Finally, we're ready to get started, and Frank is going to get what he asked for. **Angus:** He called out the Southern Heritage champion, and while it's not a title match, he got his wish nonetheless. [Both men circle for a moment before they lunge at one another. Since neither is prone to collar and elbow lockups, it should be no surprise that the SoHerr champion leads with a right hand, which Frank blocks and retaliates with one of his own. Frank starts to fire up the right and left hands, alternating between them to back Tony up, but before he can be backed against the ropes, Tony lifts a knee to double Frank over.] **DDK:** Both of these guys are brawlers, and both have been very successful in the past throwing limbs at their opponents, so I'm not sure who's got the edge here in terms of technique. [Tony turns Frank into the ropes and sends him across the ring with the Irish whip. Frank Holiday ducks the backhand swipe of Tony Two-Hands, then Tony turns around and Frank takes Tony down with a shoulder block.] **Angus:** But they're completely different types of brawlers, Keebs. Tony's all about a speedy flurry, and Frank is at his best when he's putting all he can into that one right hand. It makes Frank the better in a standing brawl, but I doubt that Alceo OR Tony will allow that to happen for an extended period of time. [Frank runs the opposite ropes again. He hops over the trip attempt by Di Luca, and then completely diverts his own course to take a swing at Alceon Dentari, who drops off the apron to avoid getting decap'd by a Frank Holiday right hand. Tony takes the opportunity to jump on Frank's back, bringing the former stuntman down to one knee. From there Tony just starts to unload rights and lefts to the back of the head of Frank Holiday, with the latter trying to cover up.] **DDK:** And you can't underestimate the influence having a partner you trust in your corner has in a tag team matchup. Frank Holiday literally doesn't trust his own partner. **Angus:** You said it, and...woah, Frank's in a hell of a lot of pain now. [The interruption was caused by Tony Two-Hands grabbing at the left thumb of Frank Holiday and starting to twist it, which causes Frank to yelp in pain. After about one or two seconds in this thumb lock of sorts, Frank has had enough and uses his head...literally...headbutting Tony Di Luca. Both men are stunned, but Frank got the better of the exchange, and he charges across the ring and smashes Tony Di Luca with a running lariat.] **DDK:** Holiday with the counter out of that thumb lock, and he's looking towards his corner...Di Luca's already crawling back to his corner, Frank better make a decision quick. [Down at ringside, Billy Pepper is trying to help that process along.] **Billy Pepper:** What are you waiting for? Tag out, Frank! [Hearing his manager's encouragement, and the "smack" of the Di Luca tag to Alceo Dentari, as well as seeing Carla Ferrera's tag motion out of the corner of his eye, Frank walks towards his corner, keeping one eye on Alceo Dentari and one on his own partner.] **Frank Holiday:** Don't fuck this up, brah. **Angus:** That was a real vote of confidence as Frank tagged in Stockton Pyre. [For once, Stockton didn't engage Frank in the discussion, his eyes locked on Alceo Dentari as he goes to step in the ring. However, Alceo charges into the other corner and starts to pound on the back of Stockton Pyre as he gets in the ring.] **DDK:** And that's another advantage of being against people that don't team well...Dentari doesn't really have to fear Frank attacking him to save Stockton Pyre. **Angus:** I think Frank likes seeing Pyre get beat on a little. [Holiday does have a slight smirk on his face as Dentari continues to lay big bombs into the shoulders and back of Stockton Pyre, driving him down to one knee. Alceo grabs the mask of Stockton Pyre and shoves his neck over the middle ropes, locking his head into a cravate and choking him into the ropes. **DDK:** Dentari is choking out Stockton Pyre almost within kicking distance of Frank Holiday, and Frank isn't trying to help the situation at all. [As Carla Ferrera lays the five-count on Dentari, Billy Pepper is talking with Frank Holiday.] **Billy Pepper:** You want to maybe do something about that? **Frank Holiday:** What for? Either Lego Head breaks out or Dentari gets DQ'd. S'all good. [Dentari does break at 4.988865, and Carla stands between him and Pyre, lecturing him on the finer points of using the ropes for leverage in the rulebook. Dentari walks right past Carla and grabs Pyre, pulling him back to the middle of the ring. He hooks Pyre in a front face lock, but instead of falling for the DDT, Stockton Pyre deadlifts Alceo Dentari into a back body drop before falling to his hands and knees.] **Angus:** I guess Frank was right. The Tie Dye Ninja got a counter off. **DDK:** Really? **Angus:** Hey, it's catchy. I would have gone with Stalk-ton Pyre myself, but I guess we can't all be witty. [Pyre gets back to his feet as Alceo gets back to his as well, and it's only a moment before we see what we've seen once before from Stockton Pyre...unbridled rage in a charge and double ax-handle to the side of Alceo Dentari's head. Since this is the first time Frank and Billy are witnessing this, they're taken slightly aback by this.] **DDK:** And here we go again. What is it with Stockton Pyre and Alceo Dentari? **Angus:** I'm sensing some deep-seated issues from childhood. Perhaps an epic swirly burn from a much younger Alceo Dentari? **DDK:** Swirly burn...what the...? [As the two commentators continue to banter, Stockton Pyre is doing his best stomp a mudhole impression into the guts

and head of Alceo Dentari. To his credit, Dentari is trying to ward off the stomps and crawl to his corner at the same time.] **Angus:** I'm just sayin', when you flush a guy's head enough times, you get this ring that forms around his forehead. Maybe that's why Stockton Pyre wears a mask? [When Alceo gets close enough to his corner that he's within an arm and a half's reach of a tag, Pyre relents and runs at Tony, hitting a low dropkick that takes Tony Two-Hands off the apron.] **DDK:** I'm...not that experienced in bullying kids, but I do know a low dropkick to the knee when I see one. [As Pyre tries to get to his feet, Dentari is on him with a double ax-handle, taking Pyre back down to the mat.] **DDK:** And that's the difference between the two teams. Stockton Pyre needs to worry about two guys when he's in the ring, while Alceo and Tony are practically fighting a handicap match. [Dentari picks up Pyre and hooks him by the back of the tights and the back of the mask. He throws Pyre shoulder-first into the steel post between the turnbuckles with an audible "clang".] **Angus:** Fuckin' ow. That's a big man to be launched into a steel post. [Pyre pulls himself back into the ring, holding his left arm and shoulder and walking himself into a neutral corner. With Di Luca still recovering from the dropkick to the knee (and subsequent header into the apron.), Dentari follows Pyre in, but Pyre picks him out of midair with his good arm and SLAMS Dentari down to the canvas with a standing urange.] **DDK:** Nice counter by Stockton Pyre. Both of these guys should be looking to tag right now, although it doesn't seem Stockton's all that interested in doing so. [Pyre peels Dentari off the canvas, pulling him towards his own corner, and starts to lay in the right-handed jabs. Jab, jab, jab, and then he goes for flip, flop, and fly...but as Stockton raises the bionic elbow over his head, Holiday reaches up from behind and tags Pyre's fist, entering himself into the match. Pyre turns to Holiday instead of finishing his own elbow series.] **Stockton Pyre:** What the hell was that? **Frank Holiday:** [while climbing in the ring]: Saving your ass, that's what! **Stockton Pyre:** [Baffled] Saving my what? [Holiday slips into the ring, shouldering Pyre aside, and lays a few elbows into the face of Dentari before he can escape from his predicament. Carla, doing her job, ushers Pyre out of the ring, though he is clearly not happy about it.] **DDK:** I don't know what Holiday thought was going on there, but apparently he felt he needed to take over. **Angus:** That guy is so whacked in the head, he probably sees the future. He predicted that Dentari was just about to turn the tide and kick the snot out of Pyre, so he stepped in to change destiny. Or some nonsense like that. [At ringside, even Billy Pepper is started to get frazzled.] **Billy Pepper:** Fraaaank, this is not the time... [Ignoring his manager's protests, Holiday leads Dentari out of the corner and scoops him up for a high-angle bodyslam. He rotates to hurl Alceo toward the middle of the ring, but the smallest gangster has by now had time to recover. Kicking fiercely for leverage, Dentari slides backward over Frank's shoulder and locks in a sleeperhold, hanging all his weight from Holiday's neck.] **Stockton Pyre:** Nice save, Casillas! **Frank Holiday:** [choking] Shthfkupdude [As Alceo Dentari cranks up the pressure, Holiday's vertical base starts to crumble. He flails toward the ropes and drapes himself across them, prompting Carla Ferrera to start a five-count on Dentari to release the hold.] **DDK:** The patent Italian leather shoe's on the other foot now, and this time it's Holiday who could use a hand from his partner... but Stockton Pyre is letting him suffer! **Angus:** A wise man once said, you reap what you sow. And while I don't exactly know what those two words mean, I think what he was getting at was, Pyre's not gonna help Frank after Frank was being such a stubborn ass before. [Ferrera once again gets to a count of 4.999997 (see, his timing's getting better!) before Alceo Dentari slides off of Frank Holiday's back, releasing the hold. The referee gets in front of Dentari to let Holiday catch his breath, but Alceo is never one to let an opportunity slip by: he ducks past Carla and starts launching kidney punches at Holiday's unprotected back.] **Angus:** Dentari's like an angry shotgun in there, he's just unloading with maximum damage. **DDK:** You can't argue at this point that the LBC are at a significant advantage in this match, and it's owed pretty much entirely to the fact Holiday and Pyre are refusing to work together in any way. I wonder how much longer this can go on, to be honest. [Dentari has got a handful of Holiday's jeans and continues slamming his closed right fist into the lower back area. Frank finally counters with a backward elbow that catches Alceo in the cheek, which puts a stop to the barrage momentarily. He follows up with another back elbow, then shoves Dentari away long enough to lunge toward his corner for the tag.] **DDK:** Holiday doesn't need a lot of convincing this time to tag Stockton Pyre in. **Angus:** But Pyre's not taking it! [Though Frank is reaching out a hand, Pyre just stands stoically behind the ropes with his arms folded.] **Frank Holiday:** Dude! Get in here! **Stockton Pyre:** But you didn't slap my hand yet, Mr. Holiday. [In response to this, Frank clenches his jaw--] **SMACK!** [--and slaps Pyre in the face.] OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH! **DDK:** That's one way to go, I guess... [A ringside camera catches Billy Pepper holding his head in his hands. Pyre is so shocked he can barely react at first, but a moment later he's ready to go for Holiday's throat. But Carla Ferrera makes the "tag" motion, and directs the two men to switch places.] **Angus:** She's calling it a legal tag, Keebs. This is what I love about Carla Ferrera. [Holiday steps out on the opposite side of the corner, and points his thumb into the ring towards Alceo Dentari. Pyre's jaw is clenched in anger, but he steps into the ring. By now, Dentari has tagged in Di Luca, and Tony looks ready to go on Stockton Pyre. He charges Pyre, but runs into a shoulder block from the bigger Gonzo Goliath that knocks him down.] [And immediately after that shoulder block, Stockton Pyre walks back to the corner and...] **CR-RACK!** OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

[...Pyre lays a knife-edge chop right into the former stunt man's chest that has him clutching at his chest.] **DDK:** Ho boy... **Angus:** That was about a 0.7 Roger Stevens...good sound and follow-through, but a lousy lead-in. **DDK:** Angus... **Angus:** No really, I need to hear a sssshhhh or a "chop" first, it ruins my mood. [Once again, Carla Ferrera, doing her best to save an unsavable situation, calls the chop a legal tag. Pyre doesn't wait for a response from Frank, he simply rolls out of the ring and begins the long walk up the ramp.] **DDK:** He's...I don't believe this...he's walking away! RRRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** Pyre's had enough. **DDK:** On the one hand, I can't blame him, but on the other, he's just left Frank alone to die against the Legitimate Businessmen's Club. **Angus:** I have a feeling this was probably bound to happen either way, Pyre just got there first. [Both Frank and Billy are in shock. Frank doesn't have a ton of time to react, though, as Tony Di Luca grabs Frank by the hair and beils him into the ring. Tony Two Hands is all over him before Holiday can fully get upright, throwing rights and lefts to keep Holiday off-balance. As Frank staggers, Tony charges at him with a wild clothesline -- but Frank ducks it. Di Luca hits the ropes and rebounds, right into a powerslam by Holiday. He shoots to his feet, leaps in the air, and drops a leg squarely across the face, causing Tony Two Hands to turtle up on the canvas in pain.] **DDK:** Frank Holiday is going one-on-two here, but somehow he seems more focused than before. **Angus:** Yeah, he's not splitting his attention between his opponents and his own teammate anymore. Advantage... Frank? **DDK:** It's so crazy it just could be true... [As Di Luca tries to rally his forces, Holiday backs up into a neutral corner and goes into a three-point stance, fixing his sights on Tony Two Hands. When Tony is halfway to his feet, Frank charges for a spear--] **FLOPPPPWHAMMM** **DDK:** Vinny Rinaldi! Tripped him from outside the ring and Frank just ate canvas! **Angus:** Strike my last statement from the record, please. [From his corner of the ring, Billy Pepper is shouting at Carla Ferrera and pointing across to Rinaldi, trying to alert her of his malfeasance. But she hadn't seen it, and now Big Vinny is standing by Alceo Dentari, looking as innocent as can be.] **DDK:** That's a bad break for Holiday, who's trying to pick himself up and must be wondering what the hell just happened. **Angus:** Tony Two Hands moving in on him! **DDK:** He hooks him up for the Shallow Grave! **WHAAAMMMMM!** **DDK:** And gets every bit of it! Tony goes for the cover... **ONE... TWO... THREE! DING DING DING! Darren Quimbey:** The winners of this match by pinfall... **ALCEO DENTARI** and **TONY DI LUCA!** [Dentari and Di Luca raise their hands in victory as Dean Martin once again croons "Ain't That a Kick in the Head" over the speakers. Vinny Rinaldi steps into the ring and hands the Southern Heritage Title back to Tony, who takes a moment to show it off to the fallen Frank Holiday before draping it over his shoulder.] **Tony Two Hands:** Yous ain't never gettin' this belt, capische? Crawl back ta wherever yous came from! [The LBC make their triumphant exit while Billy Pepper climbs into the ring to help a decidedly unhappy Holiday to his feet.] **DDK:** Well, one would like to think that this would have gone down a bit different if Alceo and Tony were facing a team that was on the same page, but clearly Stockton Pyre and Frank Holiday are not at all compatible as a team. **Angus:** All that matters is the dubbayah, Keebs. Alceo and Tony got it, the Train Wreck and the Tye Dye Ninja didn't. End of story. **DDK:** Actually, pal, I really don't think we've heard the end of this story. Not by a long shot.. **Angus:** Yeah, well, we'll just have to wait and see. Meanwhile, what's next?

Lessons Learned and Real Opportunities

DDK: Let's take it back to last weeks main event where Dusty Griffith was in the midst of challenging Kai Scott for the World Title... [Cut the montage of action shots from the match, including shots of Bronson Box's assault on both Scott and Griffith, which caused a massive pile up between the Blood Diamonds, Truly Untouchables and the White Knights.] **DDK:** ...of course it wouldn't end there, as reported on DefianceWrestling.com, Dusty Griffith was still on the warpath even after cameras had stopped rolling. **Angus:** Too bad we didn't get any footage, I mean, doesn't Mayberry know the number one rule? If you're gonna start some shit, make sure someone is there to get it on tape! **DDK:** Number one rule? Since when did DEFIANCE adopt rules? **Angus:** It's a figure of speech or something! **DDK:** In any case... Griffith got into a huge brawl with Box as he and Jacob Cassidy and Felton Bigsby were leaving the building. **Angus:** And then the Diamonds and Knights got involved, it was crazy, I was there. There was even a moment there when I thought Mayberry was gonna take a swing at Dan Ryan! **DDK:** Yes and that's when Eric Dane and Kelly Evans arrived on the scene with DEFsec, before the situation couldn't be contained. **Angus:** Seriously though, I can't believe nobody youtubed that. **DDK:** You were there, why didn't you? **Angus:** I totally would have... but I was like, too busy cheering for them to tear each others faces off and stuff. **DDK:** Right... [Cut to The Office.] [Eric Dane stands as he watches his "raw feed" of the show as it takes place.] **KNOCK! KNOCK!** [Turning his head, he looks at the door and already he's not amused by this expected intrusion.] **Eric Dane:** Enter. [The door swings open and Dusty Griffith steps into the Principal's Office, closing the door shut behind him with a simple flick of his wrist as he takes the floor in front of Dane's desk.] **Dusty Griffith:** So... You said you would deal with me later... It's later. [Dusty mentally notes the less than enthused look on Dane's face, who sneers back at the Wild Bronco for that little jab, Dusty is absolutely indifferent to Dane's lack of amusement. Taking his place behind the desk, Dane leans forward slightly, pressing his palms flat against the hardwood top.] **Eric Dane:** Yes, it is. So let me start with what in the hell is it with you? [Dusty's brow, it arches.] **Eric Dane:** You won't speak up when I open the door for literally anybody to come out and make their case for a shot at the one thing you want most in this business... but then, and this is absolutely hilarious... You'll go out of your way to get into some equally stupid "dick waving" bullshit of a brawl with Box. **Dusty Griffith:** The bastard screwed me over! **Eric Dane:** Please, that match didn't go nearly long enough for anyone to have been screwed over. And then you get into that brawl, let me ask you something, what if you had been injured during some nonsense that nobody is going to see? [Griffith scoffs indignantly.] **Dusty Griffith:** Yeah, fine... Next time I'll make sure I call TMZ first- **Eric Dane:** [interrupting] Why don't you call the WHAAAAAmbulance, you're taking over Kai Scott's gimmick of whining faggot who gets on my nerves because he doesn't listen, does what he wants, and doesn't even bother doing it on television so I can SELL TICKETS AND PAY-PER-VIEW BUYS~! [The boss stops himself, takes a deep breath.] **Eric Dane:** Look. Dust. I know you like to do that whole "let your fight do your talking for you in the ring" thing, but this ain't Japan, man, and I ain't Jason Ramsey. I got ten guys who can run over the whole roster, what I need is somebody I can sell as a Wild Bronco, otherwise nobody fucking sees it. Capiche? [Dusty's hair thoroughly blown back by the bosses tirade, he nods.] **Dusty Griffith:** Heard. **Eric Dane:** Now, is there anything you want? [Griffith snorts and thumbs his nose.] **Dusty Griffith:** Yeah, actually... I want my rematch with Kai Scott, but that's not happening tonight... So give me a match, any match, against anybody and I'll give you something for those people out there to see. **Eric Dane:** I'll tell you what, kid, the next guy to come through that door is your opponent, how about that? [Dusty's face twitches as he looks back at the door, then back to Dane and nods.] **Dusty Griffith:** Works for me. [Dane now just hopes that it's not Box or Scott, because, that would be a migraine and a half to backtrack on.] [A pause.] [Finally the door swings open, not even a knock, luckily it was neither Box, nor Scott, instead it was fine Latino gentlemen, Romero Antiguas.] [Dane and Griffith look to each other, then to Antiguas, then back to each other.] **Eric Dane:** Mr. Antiguas. [Romero saunters in, looking at Griffith, he's not impressed by the presence of the large Idahoan sharing his space on their side of The Boss' desk.] **Romero Antiguas:** Excuse me, I have real matters of importance that need attending. [He says as he pushes Griffith out of his way. Dane looks to Griffith, who curls up a very slight smile at the corner of his mouth as he nods as if to say "done deal." Dane nods and smiles as he addresses Romero completely.] **Eric Dane:** And what would this business entail? **Romero Antiguas:** This business entails upgrading me from hillbillies from states in which soap hasn't yet been invented and GLAAD's favorite professional wrestler to real, honest to God opponents. All I want is a chance to piledrive someone's head through the mat. NO ONE has kicked out of the Martinete! And no one ever will. [Dusty bristles a little at that comment, knowing he's talking about his friend Frank Dylan James as said hillbilly. There's also the bit that Antiguas has only, y'know, done it once so far.] **Eric Dane:** Yes, that. [Normally this is where Dane would shred this young punk, giving him the trufax and such, but the boss is a busy man and wants to get this thing rolling quickly.] **Eric Dane:** You know what, I think you're right, Romero. [Antiguas perks up, a smirk lighting his face.] **Eric Dane:** It's funny that you mention that actually, because I just so happen to have an opportunity for you all lined up for some real competition as you call it. [Romero perks up, his million-dollar grin

peeking through. Just as he is about to ask whose head it will be that he gets to piledrive, Dane pantomimes an arrow over Romero's shoulder to the smiling Dusty Griffith.] **Eric Dane:** Good luck, Mr. Antiguas. [Cut to elsewhere as Romero's face droops.]

Curtis Clutch Challenge #2

[Back to the ring.] [Darren "DQ" Quimbey stands at the ready.] **Darren Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen coming to the ring at this time is the Former Southern Heritage Champion... **Curtis Penn:** WHOA WHOA WHOA!!! [Curtis Penn steps out onto the ramp while cutting off Darren Quimbey. In his left hand is his most dangerous tool, the microphone, and in the other is the dubious black bag from the last show.] **Curtis Penn:** GAWD DAMNIT DQ, GET IT RIGHT OR QUIT YOUR JOB! Allow me to show you how to introduce someone of my calibre. [He raises the microphone to his lips and tilts his head up.] **Curtis Penn:** It goes a lil' somethin like this. [With a deep growl he proceeds.] **Curtis Penn:** Coming to the ring is the Greatest Wrestler of ALL TIME, the Centurion of Defiance, the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion of all time, your hero and mine... CURRRRRRTTTTUSSSS PEEEEENNNNN! [Curtis smiles as he walks down the ramp] **DDK:** Well Angus by the looks of the black bag it seems that we're going to have ourselves another Curtis Clutch Challenge! **Angus:** Yeah, I know and I'm very sad to say that I will not be participating in the challenge today. **DDK:** Oh really... you were very vocal about wanting to challenge him last show after what he did to Bobby. **Angus:** Well the kid is alright, so far no legal action has been taken, and I had a nagging injury flare up from the wrasslin' days...from this Southern Humidity. [Angus rubs the back of his neck and looks sheepishly at Keebs.] **DDK:** Oh really, an injury... a flare up. [DDK watches mockingly at his cohort as Curtis slides into the ring and ushers Quimbey out of the ring. Curtis stands in the center of the ring holding the mic and the bag of cash. Penn smirks as the crowd dies down.] **Curtis Penn:** It's time again folks, it's time again for your chance to alter your life in one single moment of destiny. [He grabs the dufflebag in both hands and empties the 10 grand in cash around his feet.] **Curtis Penn:** Last week I gave a young man a chance to pad his college fund, maybe buy his first car, I even gave him his only chance at ever getting laid... only to have him fall short in my clutches. [He pauses for a moment.] **Curtis Penn:** I hear he's doing fine, he's a tough bastard, far tougher than any of the other five jackasses that I faced in my last match. He at least stepped into the ring with me one on one, even though in the end he failed to escape the Curtis Clutch like everyone else. [He surveys the crowd, listening to the jeers and the taunts, looking for his next challenger.] **Curtis Penn:** So... TONIGHT who shall it be? Will it be the overly pudgy guy in the front row sporting the mullet? [He points at the man with the unkempt facial hair.] **Curtis Penn:** Or will it be the annoying announcer who could never keep up with me in the ring? **DDK:** He's calling your card Angus. [Angus points to himself and start rubbing the back of his neck turning down the option.] **Curtis Penn:** Old injury, right? Well, how about you Keebs? **DDK:** Nope, I'm good with sitting right here. [Curtis smiles and turns around to address another side of the ring.] **Curtis Penn:** How about... Ahhhh [And then he notices him, the spitting image of DEFIANCE's meathead Jonny Booya. A tall muscular lad with a goofy blonde flat top and a pair of \$0.99 sunglasses from the Dollar Tree. It's not the thickness of the fellas neck that makes Curtis take notice, but the sign that he has raised about his head it all but screams pick me, in fact it reads "PICK ME!"] **Curtis Penn:** Security, escort Jonny Jr. to the ring please and have him bring his sign with him. [Patiently waiting for Wyatt Bronson and the rest of DEF SEC to do their job.] **Curtis Penn:** Since we're having to wait I have a couple of questions why does Georgia stink; I turn my head left and I smell B/O and cow shit, turn it right and I smell old Mayo and rotten fruit. That might explain to me why the people are rude. And the water tastes funky. The houses all look decrepit... I just don't understand why anyone would choose to live here. Boooo!!!! Boooo!!!! Boooo!!!! Boooo!!!! [It doesn't take long to get Jonny Jr. into the ring, in fact he almost jumped the railing trying to get to Curtis after talking about his home.] **Curtis Penn:** This boy's eager to be broken it seems. [Jonny Jr. stands in the ring in front of Penn with his sign raised and hopping around like he just won the Georgia Lottery!] **Curtis Penn:** I'm going to make this quick and not ask your name, but call you Jonny Jr. it's fitting if you look at how you're dressed and all. I'd say ya'll were twins, but I'm not sure you're that dumb yet. So lets test to see if you have been paying attention. [Jonny Jr. settles down and smiles at Curtis.] **Curtis Penn:** First, you know the score, you break the Curtis Clutch and you walk out with 10 G's. **Jonny Jr.** WHOOOO yeah, first I'm gonna break your hold with these peaks. [Good Ol' Jr. Flexes his biceps and the peaks emerge.] **Jonny Jr.:** Then I'm gonna take your money, and drink a whole lot of beer! WHOOOOO! GO DAWGS! WHOOOOOO! [Jonny Jr. starts a GO Dawgs chant with the pro University of Georgia crowd.] **Curtis Penn:** (smirking) GO NOLES! And being a former athlete for the MIGHTY Florida State University I have to say it feels damn good to be an Alumni from the NCAA BCS National Championship Florida State University. And since I'm accustomed to winning and I don't think that you're going to be walking out with MY money. **Jonny Jr.:** (with excitement) GO DAWGS! GO DAWGS! GO DAWGS! GO....THUMP [Jonny Jr. turns around to get a Go Dawgs chant started again only to be blind sided in the back of the head with a microphone.] **Angus:** And lil' JONNY GOES DOWN.... DOWN GOES JONNY...DOWN GOES JONNY!!!! **DDK:** PENN JUST CLOCKED Jonny IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE MICROPHONE! **Angus:** OK, THIS IS SCREAMING LAWSUIT! [Penn stands over the fallen big guy, stalking him as he crawls for the ropes, he grabs the man by a meaty calf and pulls him back to the center of the ring. Penn mounts him, he wraps his right arm underneath the chin and with his left he captures Jonny's

left and cranks back sitting down in the small of his back.] **DDK:** Oh boy, this doesn't look good for the contestant, Penn has the Clutch locked in and he's just sitting down on his lower back. This isn't going to be pretty. **Angus:** Contestant? When was this ever a contest... Penn blindsided him and KO'd the sap! [Jonny's left arm flails and above the boos you can hear the weeping coming from his mouth. He's practically begging for this to be over.] **Angus:** This is worse than last week, Penn in wrenching back and forth on the guy. You have to wonder how much of this is business or religion based! [DDK takes his eyes from the ring and stares blankly at his colleague.] **Anugs:** OH COME ON KEEBS! Everyone knows that down here in the South that College Football is religion, all you have to do is go one state over and they'll kill you if you say WAR EAGLE or ROLL TIDE! [Back to the ring, the left arm of Jonny goes limp and Penn thrusts his face into the mat. Penn walks over to the corner of the ring and picks the weapon....er... microphone off of the mat. He drops to his hands and knees and crawls over to the body that is quickly being swamped by medics and referees. Penn lays flat on the ground and brings the microphone to his lips while only inches away from the unconscious fan.] **Curtis Penn:** (breathing heavily) Go....NOLES! [He shoves the microphone away from his face and slides out of the ring feet first grabbing the duffle bag on his way out.] **DDK:** Another disgusting display by Curtis Penn! **Angus:** I'm going to agree with you there Keebs, he's taking it a step further each time. **DDK:** Losing the Southern Heritage Title has caused this man to snap mentally. **Angus:** No, this is the Curtis Penn that I know and despise, ya'll are just now understanding my hate. [Cut.]

Venting Frustration

[Things should have been going the way of the group called The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers. They had terrorized the roster for months in their bid for gold and after weeks of tackling the mess of madness that was Hookers N' Blow, they had won themselves the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles in the process. Instead, they've been antagonized by The Black Jesus at every turn. After a farce of a title defense against clear HNB imposters, Ty Walker got a measure of payback by interrupting the Coronation of the new champions when a Frank Holiday distraction led to

Ty Walker attacking Junior Keeling at ringside. Which now leads to the following...] **Junior Keeling:** That fucker! [Backstage, Junior throws a temper tantrum like a child being told he couldn't go play outside. He kicks at one of the production boxes backstage and then remembers that those are bigger than him, so the kick only hurts him more. Angel Trinidad pats Junior on the back while Cappy quietly leans back on the wall as Aleczander continues to look at himself in the reflection of his first championship in DEFIANCE. He's also smiling like a goof at his reflection and even making his pecs dance.] **Aleczander:** [to the tune of "Celebration"] Cel-e-brate me pecs, come on! **Angel:** Mr. Keeling, it's going to be okay. Ty Walker is just one man now. We're three big guys... and we're as strong as ten men... so by math properties, it's thirty to one! Fuck him! **Junior Keeling:** What? **Angel:** Yeah! Math rocks. We've got three titles and other groups have what... one? That's thirty titles. We've also got HOSSOME on our side. So yeah, Walker's kind of boned. Besides, we're gonna curbstomp the ACX tonight. Cappy and Aleczander are going to stomp them out quicker than a hiccup, and then we're going to go find Walker and make him wish he was never born. [Junior suddenly perks up a little bit at this thought. Egads, Angel Trinidad of all people was able to talk Junior off the proverbial ledge. Aleczander turns around and glances at Junior.] **Aleczander:** So what's our gameplan for Mahogany and Whealdon? [All of them stare at Aleczander for a brief moment...]

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHA! [Yeah, even surly, gruff old-ass Capital Punishment had himself a gutbuster of a laugh after that. The members of Team HOSS continued laughing amongst themselves. Suddenly, the laughter grows a little louder and a little... weirder, I suppose? Well, yeah. That's because coming up the rear... words you never want to hear with these three men... are none other than the Angel City eXXXpress themselves. One by one, "Dapper" Don Hollywood, Rich Mahogany, and Pete Whealdon arrive on the scene, looking pretty smug for a group of guys about to take on a bunch of monsters. With gold. Ready to take out their frustrations on somebody.] **Rich Mahogany:** What's with all the gut-bustin'? Keeling pull his pants down in front of a girl again? [Aleczander steps up in front of Don Hollywood. Hollywood raises an eyebrow towards The Big Brit. Aleczander The Great offers a rebuttal in return by lifting his left pec and leaving it elevated.] **Aleczander:** I can lift other things on command, you wanker. **Hollywood:** That makes two of us, Limey. [Meanwhile, Rich Mahogany steps towards Junior Keeling. Cappy and Angel each stand tensely when Junior motions for the two to stand down.] **Junior Keeling:** Guys, guys, guys! We're all good! We were laughing because quite frankly... we were all just saying that up until this point, Team HOSS have been given nothing but jokes of wrestlers to fight. We haven't been CHALLENGED like Cappy and Aleczander will be here tonight! [Cappy and Aleczander each shoot a glance that equated to "what the fuck" towards Keeling, but he held his hands out defensively.] **Junior Keeling:** I mean, TexMex Holiday, Hookers N'Blow, White Hot Anger, The LBC, they're ALL small potatoes compared to you guys! [Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon each look at one another like they're not sure how to take the compliment. They even get into a huddle for a second and then Don Hollywood joins in all the while shooting the occasional glance at Aleczander The Great, STILL holding his left pec upwards. They finally come to a consensus and break their huddle before Whealdon speaks up for the trio.] **Pete Whealdon:** We have come to the conclusion that you're absolutely correct. But we hear that about other men all the time. they're ALL small compared to us. BOOYAH! [And a triple high-five between the morons as Junior Keeling looks on at them. His voice starts to boom as he approaches the trios team with an idea in his head.] **Junior Keeling:** YEAH! YOU GUYS ARE THE GREAT ANGEL CITY EXPRESS WITH THREE X'S! WOMEN WANT TO BE WITH YOU AND MEN WANT TO BE YOU... HELL, PROBABLY A FEW MEN WANT BOTH BUT THAT'S OKAY IN TODAY'S SOCIETY! PANTIES CAN BE HEARD DROPPING FROM MILES AWAY! [Keeling continues to thunder.] **Junior Keeling:** This is the type of match that happens only once in a generation! There is no way that this won't be anything short of a show-stealer! And imagine... if you guys beat my guys tonight... [Cappy is about to reach over and throttle Junior Keeling for even suggesting such an outcome when Angel and Aleczander quietly hold him back.] **Junior Keeling:** Then that puts YOU in line for a future title shot at OUR TRIOS Tag Team Titles! We look forward to this opportunity and we thank you for the challenge you are about to provide tonight! [The ACX each continue to look on impressed, buying into what Keeling is selling them. He goes to shake the hands of all three men and goes to Whealdon, then Hollywood, and finally to Rich... and then to his Purell bottle which he noticeably squeezes about six or seven times before he rubs it into his hands.] **Rich Mahogany:** Dude,

you're all right! I like Ty Walker, but no way you guys are as bad as he talks about you. Hell, maybe we can even party later after we win. **Pete Whealdon:** Later, nuthuggers. [Again, Cappy tries to make with the choke when Angel and Aleczander try their best to hold him back. Rich and the other members of the ACX walk off. Once the trio of morons have rounded the corner, Junior Keeling turns back to his crew and runs a finger across his throat.] **Junior Keeling:** What a bunch of retards. Kill them hard and fast so we can get the fuck out of here. [With that we cut to ringside, where this match is set to happen next.]

Team HOSS vs Angel City eXXXpress

DDK:

Folks, thanks for joining us on our second Homecoming show here tonight and you won't believe what's to come. Team HOSS – represented tonight by Aleczander and Capital Punishment – are going to be taking on Angel City eXXXpress members Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon in a match that's – well, let's call it what it is. This is a mismatch of the highest level. The ACX are fine competitors in their own right – sometimes – when they actually focus... which I don't think has actually happened yet.

Angus: I'm with you, I love the ACX as much as the next guy. Mahogany has more game than Parker Brothers and Milton Bradley combined, but yeah... you know, HOSS overlords and all that. **DDK:** Since Team HOSS have won the titles, many have questioned their choice of opponents. First, the false HNB impersonators in their first "Defense" followed by this which isn't even a Trios match tonight. ACX are in way over their heads. Let's go to the ring where Darren Quimbey has the introductions. **Darren Quimbey:** The following contest is a two-on-two tag team match – non-title – and set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! [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. 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. Pete Whealdon is oiling himself up to ridiculous levels while Don Hollywood follows shortly behind, thrusting at random women in the front row. They seem to get a mixed reaction from the crowd, if only in part due to who their opponents were.] **Darren Quimbey:** Being accompanied to the ring by "Dapper" Don Hollywood, they are the team of Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon **THE ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS!** **DDK:** They seem to be completely oblivious to the fact that Keeling sold them a whole spoonful of crap. And all probably just to mess with them. Ever since they won those titles, his ego has grown out of control. **Angus:** Every one of his clients have titles. You tell me that you wouldn't be a little giddy... I did burn his pen though. I love Keeling, but no homo. [Whealdon and Mahogany each take their place in the ring while the crowd reaction changes. 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, each holding one of three World Trios Tag Team Titles! Junior Keeling appeared to the side of them, clapping and stomping with approval as the crowd booed.] **Darren Quimbey:** They are being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling and Angel Trinidad... they are the team of Aleczander the Great and Capital Punishment... They are two thirds of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions... 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, but three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. Following closely behind is Junior Keeling with a smug smirk as his monsters appeared in the ring. Cappy was ready to fight while Aleczander The Great stood behind him. The bell rang.] [DING DING DING!] **DDK:** Well, let's get this massacre over with... [Rich Mahogany was about to get into the ring first and sauntered over to Aleczander The Great who picked up the action for his team. The two locked up quickly and it was Aleczander who muscles him up and THROWS him over his shoulder with a simple toss. The crowd boos as he flexes his muscles and starts to pump his pecs up in the direction of Don Hollywood on the outside. Junior Keeling claps for his charge as he watches him parade around the ring.] [Rich dusts himself off and starts to get back to his feet again. He wants a clean break which is kind of odd for him – maybe the pep talk from Junior Keeling brought something out of him? Nah, because he turned his focus to a really hot blonde in the front row and gyrated. The opening was bad because it gave Aleczander a clear shot to BLAST him in the back of the head with a vicious forearm. He turned Rich over and once again took him over with a simple Biel Throw, launching him across the ring!] **Aleczander:** Got yer number still, ya tosser! [He goes over to pick up Rich again and paintbrushes the back of his head several times. Each blow seems to only piss of Rich Mahogany even more and the man wrestling in only the bananahammock and the bow tie... well, he looks like he wants to do something about it. The Big Brit continues to pick him again but this time Rich SLAPS him across the face! Aleczander looks stunned and is about to turn toward him only to stomp on his foot!] **Angus:** Dayum! **DDK:** I think the fact they now realize Team HOSS hasn't taken this too seriously is a bad sign! Rich looks... motivated! [The crowd starts to get a little more behind Rich as he continues to dance around Aleczander with a flurry of juking jabs as he spins around, thrusts his junk in Alec's direction and kicks him in the knee, backing him up into the corner! He reaches over and tags in Pete Whealdon and this may be the first time Pete has gotten cheers in some time. Mahogany holds out Aleczander's hand so he can come off the second rope with a classic Axe Handle to the head!]

Junior Keeling: CUT THAT SHIT OUT! FUCK THEM UP! [Cappy paces around his corner impatiently while Pete continues to jab him as well. Aleczander gets pissed off and swings at him only to take a BIG Dropkick from Whealdon that knocks him down! He crawls over and goes for the cover on him.] [ONE! TWO! T—NO!] **DDK:** An EMPHATIC Kickout there! Aleczander is looking pissed off now! [Whealdon starts to... well, he starts to oil himself up now. Probably not the best thing to do in this situation especially when Aleczander starts to charge. He reaches over and goes to grab Whealdon in a sloppy-looking Rear Waistlock but he quickly throws Pete aside and looks utterly disgusted.] **DDK:** Aleczander tried to grab him and now he's covered in that baby oil! **Angus:** Your wet dream, Keebs. BA-BOOM! [Aleczander turns around only to eat a Jumping High Knee from The Suite Corporate Dolphin – whatever that is – and pops him in the jaw, sending him staggering off the ropes. He runs off the ropes and tries to go for a big move only for The Big Brit to reverse the tide and simply CHUCKS him over the top rope, sending him crashing hard to the floor in front of the announce table!] **Angus:** Duck and roll, Pete, duck and roll! HOSS is on FIYAH now! [Pete starts to stumble around the ringside area now as Aleczander rolls out to the floor and waits for his chance to strike. Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany each watch with dread for their friend as Aleczander starts to charge...] **DDK:** THE SHOT AT LOVE! GOOD GOD, WHAT AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGING SHOULDER! **Angus:** You know these are my boys, but goddamn that, was... I'll say it. HOSSSSSOOMMMEEEEEE! [Pete has been knocked into the next zip code and now the crowd continues to boo the members of Team HOSS as they now go on the attack. Aleczander picks up Whealdon off the ground and throws him inside the ring. The Mancunian Muscle reaches over and tags into his fellow champion, Capital Punishment, as he now heads into the ring, standing over and sore and hurt Whealdon.] [The two monsters each take an arm of Whealdon and the Suite Corporate Dolphin gets LAUNCHED into the corner! They each club him violently with Double Sledges and then two knees drop Whealdon to the ground. He limps around and gets pulled to his feet by Capital Punishment. The crowd boos the former prison guard as he powers him off the mat and holds him in place...] [HOLDS IT.] [HOLDS IT.] [HOLDS IT.] **DDK:** Delayed Vertical Suplex! [The big move took him down and confident Capital Punishment rolled over and hooked the leg on the man called Magnum.] [ONE! TWO! TH--- NO!] **Angus:** Gotta give him credit, he's taking a beating and still going! **DDK:** But how much is this going to last, realistically? Team HOSS are going to murder these two! [Junior Keeling looks happy after Ty Walker's harassment last week that his boys are slowly taking apart who have become some of DEFIANCE's best punching bags. Rich and Don were cheering on their boys as they continued their assault. Cappy picks up Pete only for him to fire back with a few punches of his own! The crowd continues to cheer him on but it's all for naught and Cappy changes the complexion once again with a single knee to the gut. He reaches over and tags into Aleczander who jumps to the top rope, waiting for his chance to strike. Capital Punishment drops a big Leg Drop across his throat and Aleczander follows up with a second rope Flying Elbow Drop!] **DDK:** These guys are all absolute beasts, but what makes them all so dangerous is the fact that they're all so good at tag teaming as well. **Angus:** The same could be said for the ACX if you believe the stories. **DDK:** Ew. And I don't believe ANY of the stories. [Angel Trinidad and Junior Keeling continue to watch as Aleczander slowly picks apart Whealdon with more big elbows to the top of the head. The blows just keep on coming and Pete is helpless to stop them. The tag is made back to Capital Punishment and more painful double-teaming continues, this time courtesy of a Body Slam right onto the knee of Capital Punishment! Whealdon is nearly broken in half from the vicious move and that's when Cappy goes in for the kill.] [ONE! TWO! THR- NO!] **DDK:** I don't think I've ever heard such a reception for The ACX like we are tonight! They just hate Team HOSS that much and want to see somebody stick it to these bullies! **Angus:** Hey, hey, hey... they're GREAT bullies, thank you very much! [Cappy starts to eye Rich as he is forced to go back to his corner by Benny Doyle. Meanwhile, Cappy continues to throttle Rich Mahogany with a Rear Chinlock that looks suspiciously more like a choke than anything else. The DEFIANCE Trios Tag Team Champion wails on Whealdon with a series of big Clubbing Forearms to the chest followed by a simple kick to the face.] [When Cappy goes to pick up Whealdon, he throws him around the corner and starts to attack him some more. He charges this time, but Pete gets and elbow up and pops Cappy in the mouth. The blow only seems to piss him off so he charges again and hits him a second time, this time with both feet! Pete jumps to the second rope, does and thrust and yells for Cappy to eat a dick and then jumps...] [CAUGHT... SPINEBUSTER!] **Angus:** Well, they had a good run, but this is over! [Cappy goes for the cover again.] [ONE! TWO! THR... SAVED BY RICH!] **DDK:** And Rich Mahogany has seen enough! This can't be it! The Angel City eXXXpress are still in this match and if there's any chances for these two to get to their corner, that time is now! [The IWO Legend pushes Pete back into his corner as Keeling makes a bone-breaking motion across his knee, telling them to finish it. They both nod at him and while Pete is in the corner, Cappy whips Aleczander The Great at Whealdon in the corner... MISSED! Pete rolled with the quickness and got out of the corner! Capital Punishment charges at him again only for Pete to pull the old rope-a-dope and send the big Trios Champion crashing to the floor the hard way!] **DDK:** THEY HAVE A CHANCE NOW! HE'S ALMOST OVER TO RICH MAHOGANY! HE'S ALMOST OVER AT THE CORNER NOW! **Angus:** YOU CANNOT DEFY THE HOSS

OVERLORDS LIKE THIS! THEY EAT FACES AND PUNCH BABIES FOR FUN! [The crowd is ROARING to life now as he tries to get back to the corner. He's just inches away from getting towards Rich, but Aleczander is already back up and he charges at him... BAM! A big Clothesline blasts him and sends him to the ground! Aleczander charges over and knocks Rich off the ring apron! The crowd boos now as Aleczander starts to laugh now. He struts over while a pissed-off Don Hollywood watches at what's to come...] ["Stroke Me" by Mickey Avalon!] **DDK:** TY WALKER! HE'S COMING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF TEAM HOSS'S MATCH! [Junior Keeling turns around and immediately gestures to Angel Trinidad, who nods and heads up the ramp to go after Ty Walker as he makes his entrance. He charges up the ramp when he realizes the man he's staring at... it's Doug Walker from last week!]

Angus: OH NO, HE'S BACK FOR REVENGE FROM HIS BEATING LAST WEEK! **DDK:** LOOK! TY WALKER! THE REAL TY WALKER! HE JUST BROKE JUNIOR KEELING'S FACE WITH THAT FLYING KNEE STRIKE! [Capital Punishment is wide-eyed and goes after Ty Walker as the crowd starts to disappear in the crowd! Ty Walker runs away with Cappy giving chase while in the ring, Aleczander turns to Pete Whealdon... LOW BLOW! Benny Doyle is distracted on the outside and now he tags over to Rich Mahogany finally! He reaches over and sets him up...]

Angus: Sex-plex! He got Aleczander! HE GOT ALEczANDER! [ONE! TWO! THREE!] [THE CROWD GOES WILD!] **Darren Quimbey:** HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... RICH MAHOGANY AND PETE WHEALDON... **THE ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS!** **DDK:** OH, MAN, THANKS TO TY WALKER, WE JUST SAW WHAT HAS TO BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST UPSETS IN A LONG TIME! TEAM HOSS HAVE JUST BEEN DEFEATED BY THE ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS TONIGHT! [Junior Keeling is laid out! Aleczander is pissed off and Angel Trinidad is left standing beside himself, flustered that Ty Walker managed to pull yet another fast one on Team HOSS for the second week in a row, also costing them this match! Meanwhile, the members of the ACX are already halfway up the ramp celebrating! This was a big, BIG win over two-thirds of the current Trios Tag Team Champions! **Angus:** I knew they could do it! **DDK:** ...YOU MOST CERTAINLY DID NOT!

Pardon the Interruption!

[Cut.] [Backstage.] [Christie Zane is standing, her assets on full display.] **Christie Zane:** Help me welcome, at this time, Former Southern Heritage Champion and inventor of the Curtis Clutch Challenge, Curtis Penn. [Curtis steps into frame with his black duffle back secured in his grasp.] **Curtis Penn:** (smiling; not scowling) Christie I would normally correct you and thoroughly explain to you that my introductions should go from monikers to title reigns then my name, but in your case I'm pleased with your introduction. [Penn hasn't taken his eyes off of her chesticles since he's stepped into frame.] **Christie Zane:** Thanks....I guess. **Curtis Penn:** You're welcome. **Christie Zane:** Mr. Penn you claim that the Curtis Clutch Challenge is a charitable event in that you're giving away 10 thousand dollars to the individual that can break the Curtis Clutch, but there has yet to be a contestant that hasn't had to make a trip to the hospital. . [Penn immediately takes a step back and gathers a disgruntled look about his face.] **Curtis Penn:** Hold on there for a second, when was the last time someone offered you the chance at 10 grand? It's not my fault that they were not physically capable of fending off the clutch, if the entire Defiance roster cannot defend themselves against the clutch then what makes these people think that they can? That's why it's a challenge, that's why there is this sizeable amount of cash for the winner. **Christie Zane:** How noble of you Curtis, last week it was a pencil thin kid... [She inches in closer to Curtis as he swallows hard trying not to curb the sassy bitch.] **Curtis Penn:** And this time it was a mountain of a man who should have been able to break the hold if he wasn't used to having things handed to him every day of his life. Did I cry when five men kept me from continuing my sixth month run as So Her Champion, no! They cheated to get the title off of me because I was Godzilla to their lil' Japanese people running scared. They did what they had to do to feel like they safe. Problem is, Godzilla always returns and he's always more pissed off than last time. We're getting off point Christie and the point is that I don't care if it's a five year old, a 35 year old, or a 65 year old, if they want a chance; be it a man, woman, or child to win 10 grand I'm not going to turn them down. The Curtis Clutch Challenge happens to be the one charity that allows you to earn the money and not feel like shit for taking a handout. I turn down no one. [Like a bolt of colorful lighting Jack Donovan shoots into the frame. Christie and Penn unlock eyes as she steps back and between JD and Penn.] **Jake Donovan:** Oh really Curtis... no one! After what you just did out there and last week to that kid I'll take you up on that challenge Curt. I'll break your hold and then beat you in the middle of that ring so every one of those fans out there can see that you're nothing but talk. **Curtis Penn:** (now all scowls) You know Jake this is all about charity and helping out the people that really need it. And who needs charity more that you do. This is your COME BACK TOUR! You need the rub, the recognition of the guy who can break the hold that is unbreakable. I get it, I understand where you're coming from with this malevolent attitude, you're upset because when you came back all of the shine was on me and there was none left for you. **Jake Donovan:** Malevolence?! Curtis after that crap you just pulled out there you have the balls to say that! You just put another fan in the hospital for Christ's Sakes! These are the people that pay THEIR hard earned money to come see OUR shows. Without them, we wouldn't have anything, including a ring to wrestle in. **Curtis Penn:** Oh yes Jake, bash me for trying to give because there were two little accidents out there. But you want me to end my charitable event in order to help you gain back the spotlight, even for the briefest of seconds. I'm sorry Jake but I'm going to continue to give and as much as it pains me not to give you the chance to step into the ring with greatness I'm going to have to decline your offer and not because it will embarrass you on your comeback tour. I want you to see how it feels to earn your spotlight back instead of me handing you another 15 seconds of fame, because that's exactly how long you'd last in The Clutch Jake, 15 seconds. [Curtis smiles at Christie as he exits right.] **Jake Donovan** Jackass! [Fade.]

Reap

“There’s a degree of separation from the world that people willingly impose upon themselves.”

[The voice of Ned the Crow.]

[Fade up.]

[Monochrome.]

[Freshly plowed field.]

[A pair of bare legs, ankle deep in the loose dirt, visible only from below the knee.]

“They pave, they level, they build up into the air, they build out across the water, they tunnel deep into the stone...”

“And they forget the world underneath their feet.”

[Pan back.]

[The man’s pants end just below his knees. Above them, he’s shrouded in black. Ragged black T-shirt. Black bandana with a skeleton teeth design worn across his face. Floppy black hat over his head. His eyes glitter ominously.]

[Black]

“And the more they forget of the world that lives beneath their feet,,,”

[Flash: Ned the Crow, perched in the lower branches of a live oak tree.]

“The more they forget the old ways, the more they forget how to learn...”

[Flash: Jarvis Remus strains, muscles twitching, to lift a massive rock.]

“And then they don’t know how to listen to Her.”

[Black.]

“But She still speaks to us, through those with the will to listen.”

[Full color.]

[Ned the Crow sits on the edge of the roof of a ramshackle lean-to.]

[Jarvis Remus carries a massive bale of brush on his back away from the plowed field.]

[The shrouded man stands, ankles-deep in the dirt. His head is cast back. His arms are at his sides, his elbows and wrists bent so his palms face the sky.]

[Ned jumps down from his roof and walks to the shrouded man. He drops to one knee, removes a piece of fruit from his pocket. It looks like a plum, but too big, and with an unnatural reddish purple cast.]

[Jarvis walks over to him. He drops to both knees, leans forward, presses his forehead down into the dirt.]

[The shrouded man withdraws a knife from his pocket. He takes the fruit, raises it up to the sky, and slices it.]

[The red juice runs down his arm.]

[Black.]

“Before the seeds can be sown, the brush must be cleared.”

“Before the seeds can be sown, the weeds must be culled.”

“Take the seeds”

“Remove the chaff.”

Sons of the Soil

The Thresher

Dusty Griffith vs Romero Antiguas

Angus:

Well that wasn't creepy or anything.

DDK:

All I know is this. Somebody is in for some bad times in the future here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

You can say that again! So, anyhow, what's next?

DDK:

Coming up, we have Dusty Griffith set to do battle with...

Angus:

Mexico's "Greatest Import" since Tequila and Taco Bell!

DDK:

Romero Antiguas... Yes... Also, I think it's "export".

Angus:

Import, export, USB port, it's all the same thing to me, they're ports.

DDK:

Right...

Angus:

Take it away, DEE QUE!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall...

[“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!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The single Spanish word, meaning roughly “be quiet,” catches the attention of one Darren Quimby, who does as requested. Begrudgingly.]

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, and begins preparing himself for the battle ahead. The microphone is placed carefully on the ring apron as Antiguas stretches out.]

DDK:

Last week, Antiguas hightailed it out of the ring when Frank Dylan James proved to be a little too much for him to handle, things certainly aren't going to get any easier with his opponent tonight.

Angus:

Please, Mayberry totally fears the Martinete, maybe it'll be he who runs to save himself!

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

No, but I can dream can't I?

DDK:

It is important to have a dream.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

[The lights dim and the familiar drum beat of KISS' "I Love It Loud" begins to bludgeon the airwaves, causing a sizable portion of the audience to stomp their feet along in rhythm with the music.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Boise, Idaho... He weighs in at Two Hundred and Ninety Pounds... This is the **Bad Man from Boise, THE WILD BRONCO... DUSTY GRIFFITH!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The droning guitar riffs slice into the song and lights begin to flash and swirl as the curtains part and Dusty Griffith charges into the arena to a swirling vortex of cheers and stomping feet. Stopping at the foot of the rampway, he punches his fists into his palms, left then right, rinse and repeat, as he scans the crowd for a moment before locking his sights on the ring.]

Angus:

Why do these people love this guy so much?

DDK:

Why do you hate him so much?

Angus:

Come on, we've covered this, I don't hate the guy, he's just... Damnit, Keebs, I don't like him, I just don't.

DDK:

Unless he's throwing people around like ragdolls...

Angus:

Uhm, hi, I'm Angus Skaaland, I think we've met. I like it when anyone does that.

DDK:

Unless it's Curtis Penn.

Angus:

Or Jonny Booya.

[The moment passes and Griffith roars before charging down the ramp towards the ring at a steady jog. Approaching the ring, he slows down before grabbing the top rope to stop himself as he bounces his upper torso against it.]

DDK:

Big Dust is certainly ready to go.

Angus:

And now for more from stuff we already know, hosted by Captain Obvious...

[Pulling himself into the ring, he shoots himself across the ring and bounces back and forth against the ropes a few times before bouncing to a stop in the middle of the ring. Turning, Griffith takes to a nearby corner where he mugs it up for the crowd.]

[The lights come up and Griffith dismounts from the turnbuckles and turns to see Romero Antiguas returning to the ring. Griffith pulls off his hoodie and drops it to the mat and begins to stretch and twist his body to prepare for the match as he's approached by Mark Shields.]

DDK:

Referee Mark Shields giving some final instructions.

Angus:

Hopefully he's asking Mayberry to not kill Senor Antiguas, that would suck.

DDK:

Antiguas could always run away again.

Angus:

Or he could pull off the win and end his run to the top, that would be awesome.

[Shields turns to Quimbey and calls for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go...

[Griffith and Antiguas approach, meeting in the center of the ring where Antiguas runs his mouth, informing Griffith's about his lack of physique compared to his own finely crafted, latino heartthrob body. He flexes and poses, which gets a few cheers from the females in the audience.]

Angus:

Romero dropping some knowledge.

DDK:

Everyone's a critic.

[Griffith puts a hand on Romero's chest and pushes him back and out of his "personal space".]

Dusty Griffith:

Are you here to talk and pose or do you wanna do some fightin', you pretty boy sumbitch?

[Romero's flex falters as he grumbles and jumps into a snug collar and elbow tie up. In spite of Griffith's size advantage, Romero holds his own and eventually gets a foot behind Griffith and trips him down. Romero smirks with pride as he flexes.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

No dude, don't do that.

DDK:

Might not be the wisest move, but you have to admire him having that sort of confidence.

[Down on his ass, Griffith looks up at the preening and posing Romero Antiguas and grunts. Getting up, Griffith growls at Antiguas and gets into a lock up, this time using his size and strength to push and pull Romero around.]

DDK:

Griffith imposing his will.

[Romero tries to trip sweep Dusty again, but this time, Griffith pulls him in and then heaves him away, putting him flat on his ass with a resounding thud. Romero looks up from the mat as Griffith approaches, he attempts to scoot away.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Griffith doesn't look to attack, merely stopping close to Antiguas and flexes. Romero's face reddens as the embarrassment of being mocked in front of an arena full of people.]

Angus:

That son of a...

DDK:

Big Dust giving the Master of the Martinete some of his own medicine.

[Romero scrambles up to his feet and shoves Griffith before thrusting his hand up in the air.]

DDK:

Antiguas challenging Griffith to a test of strength!...?

[Griffith gladly complies, interlocking his fingers with Antiguas' outstretched hand. Getting comfortable, Romero shoots a few verbal jabs at the crowd who root for Dusty, as he raises his other hand, which Griffith locks up with his free hand.]

Angus:

Man, this is not a good idea.

[Indeed.]

[As Griffith settles in, he clenches his hands hard, crunching down quickly on Antiguas' hands, making him howl with pain as he dances around while trying to free himself from this half baked idea.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dropping to his knees, Romero desperately looks for an escape. Finding no other alternative, Antiguas pulls back and lunges forward as he drives the top of his head into Griffith's midsection.]

DDK:

Romero going low on Dusty!

Angus:

Whatever it takes! DO IT AGAIN!

[Romero does it a second time, this time hitting him directly in the gut, which breaks Griffith's grip. Antiguas pops up to his feet and then shoots himself off of the ropes, but as he approaches, Griffith steps in and catches Antiguas, lifting him up with a military press.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What goes up...

[Griffith holds him up for a moment and then deposits him with a hard slam, dropping Antiguas on to his back.]

THHHHHUUUUUD!

Angus:

Must come down... I mean... Booo BOOO!

[Griffith goes to follow up, but Antiguas is having none of it as he slaps Griffith's hands away and bails from the ring.]

DDK:

What is he doing...

Angus:

It looks like he's saying adios to this bullshit...

[Escaping to the floor, Romero takes a powder, leaving Griffith with all of the momentum and nobody to use it against. After a moment to gather his wits he opts to wave off the match and starts to head up the ramp.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Griffith watches for a brief moment, his hands coming up in a "what the hell?" sort of way to match the expression on his face. Before long, Griffith shakes his head and chases after him.]

DDK:

Doesn't look like there will be a second great escape for Senor Antiguas.

Angus:

DUDE LOOK OUT!

[Clearly not paying any mind to what Angus has to say, Antiguas continues up the ramp, but is caught by Griffith, who grabs him with a fistful of his jet black hair.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Romero's eyes go wide as he realizes his escape has been halted dead in it's tracks, he turns and tries to beg off, but Griffith is having none of it. Dragging him back to the ring, he tosses him back in through the top and middle ropes.]

Following him in, he stalks Antiguas who tries to scoot away until Griffith corners him between himself and the ropes behind Antiguas' back.]

DDK:

End of the road here for Romero.

[Dusty closes in, but when he tries to grab him, he suddenly buckles.]

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHA! He suckered him!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Yes he did, in those close quarters and with referee Mark Shields not having the best vantage point, Antiguas brought his arm up and delivered a classically dastardly low blow to the undercarriage of Dusty Griffith.]

DDK:

And of course, Mark Shields wasn't in a position to see it happen either.

[Seeing his chance, Romero gets his feet under him and drives his shoulder into Griffith's gut before lifting and dropping him neck and chest first over the top rope.]

DDK:

STUN-GUN!

Angus:

YUSS! Hah, I knew he wasn't really running, he just needed to get him right where he wanted him!

DDK:

Yes, I'm sure that's exactly what he had in mind.

[Griffith staggers back, his hands coming up and clutching at his throat after it was bounced off the top rope. Antiguas however is quick to capitalize, coming up from behind and taking Griffith down to the mat with a perfectly executed Side Russian Legsweep and a nifty float over right into a cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Antiguas nails the Swept Off Your Feet, but it's not quite enough to get the job done.

[Antiguas is up and takes the chance to pose a little, much to the chagrin of the fans in the front row.]

Angus:

KEEP GOING! YOU HAVE HIM!

[And Angus.]

[Antiguas gets back to it, laying down a few stomps to Griffith, who was already up to his hands and knees. Romero looks down at Griffith and then out at the crowd as he questions how this man could be "so special?" and continues to drop boots down on to Griffith's back and shoulders.]

DDK:

As we've seen in the past, you just can not waste any time with Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

ARRRRRGHHH!

[Antiguas pulls Griffith up and hooks him for a text book suplex.]

DDK:

Romero looking for the Heart Stopper here?

Angus:

Yes please, moar damage, cuz moar!

[Antiguas cinches it up and tries to lift, but Griffith fights it. Antiguas tries again, this time getting Griffith's feet to leave the mat, but not that far. Finally Griffith fires a shot to Romero's gut and then a second and a third before it's he who cinches up the hold. Antiguas proves to be a step ahead, twisting out of the suplex in mid-air and then scoring with a pinpoint dropkick to the back of Griffith's shoulders.]

DDK:

Romero with a beautiful dropkick there!

Angus:

Whooo, keep it going!

[Romero quickly gets to his feet as Dusty staggers forward from the drop kick. Shooting himself off of the ropes, Romero comes flying back and scores with a Bulldog, driving Griffith face first into the mat.]

Angus:

COVER!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!**

[Antiguas gets to his feet and head up to the top, where he waits for Griffith.]

DDK:

Antiguas looking to raise the stakes here.

Angus:

INCOMING!

[As Griffith gets his feet under him, Antiguas jumps off of the ropes and blasts Dusty with a Double Axe Handle to the back, dropping Griffith back to his knees. Antiguas shoots himself off of the ropes and on the return trip, jumps up and drops a leg down across the back of Griffith's head and neck.]

DDK:

Well, he's certainly not messing around now.

Angus:

It's about time somebody listened to my genius!

[Heading to the top again, Antiguas waits and times his shot.]

DDK:

He might not be goofing off with the posing, but this is still giving Dusty an opportunity to recuperate.

Angus:

It's not his fault that Mayberry's slower than molasses getting his big ass off of the mat!

[And just as "Mayberry" begins to get up, Antiguas crouches on the rope and just when Griffith is up, he launches himself off the top rope, getting some serious hang time before crashing into his target with a Flying Clothesline. Wasting little time getting back to his feet, Antiguas drags Griffith up and then scoops and slams him back down.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd reacts negatively as Romero stands over Griffith, putting a foot down on his chest as if he had conquered him. Bringing an arm up, he flexes the bicep before giving it a kiss and then drops the same elbow down across Griffith's chest and then proceeds to pose while laying on top of him as Shields drops in for the cover.]

ONE!

TW-NO! KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And now he's arguing the call.

Angus:

Come on, that count was clearly slow!

[Antiguas argues that same point with Mark Shields, who is giving no fucks about Antiguas' demands for a snappier count. Realizing this conversation isn't going anywhere, Romero goes and drags Griffith into position on the mat before heading to the top yet again.]

DDK:

He's wasted an awful lot of time posing and arguing.

Angus:

Nah...

[Setting himself, Antiguas dives off the top, once again getting some impressive air under him as he dives forward with a front flip.]

DDK:

Senton Atomico...

[Suddenly Griffith rolls out of the way.]

Angus:

NO! DON'T DO THAT!

CRRRRAAAASSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!

[Antiguas slams hard against the mat and instantly, his body recoils from the jarring impact.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the third time is NOT the charm as Antiguas goes to the well one time too many!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Griffith is up first as Antiguas scrambles up and just as he gets to his feet, Griffith comes charging at him.]

THHHUUUNNNNNKKKKK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

RUSHING ELBOW!

Angus:

Dayyum, he tried to take his head off with that!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! KICKOUT!

[Griffith is up, feeling a surge of energy run through his entire being, he lets loose with a furious roar as he flexes his arms.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Reaching down, he grabs Romero and drags him up, but before he can follow up with anything, Romero bursts with life as he shoves Griffith back and scores with a dropkick that staggers him back into the nearby corner. Romero charges and dives at Griffith in the corner, but this time it's Griffith who is a step ahead as he moves forward and catches Antiguas before turning and sending him up and over.]

DDK:

Fallaway Slam!

[Romero scrambles to his feet and ends up getting hit with a clothesline one time, two times, and three times before getting caught in a Bearhug and then sent flying with an overhead Belly to Belly Suplex.]

Angus:

Stewardesses and Frequent Flyer Miles!

DDK:

And we thought he was getting some serious air coming off the top rope!

Angus:

Why does it have to be so much fun to watch him throw dudes around!?

[Dusty is back up and rushes Romero, pushing him back towards the ropes and then shoots him across the ring.

Stepping in, Griffith ducks under, looking for a back body drop, but Romero sees it coming and scores with a knee lift that connects with Griffith's face. Dusty rears back from the blow, giving Antiguas the chance to double him over with a kick to the gut.]

RAAAAAAAAAA-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

MARTINETE! HE'S TRYING FOR THE DREADED PILEDIVER!

Angus:

YES! DO IT, ROMERO!

[Antiguas reaches down and tries to lift Griffith up for the Piledriver, but the Wild Bronco fights against it and eventually rears up as tosses him up and over with the back body drop. Antiguas scrambles and charges at Griffith, wailing away as he drives him into the nearest corner. Romero grabs a wrist and shoots him across the ring.]

DDK:

Dusty with the reverse!

Angus:

INNNNNNCOOOMMMMMMING!

[Dusty follows Romero closely and crashes into him almost at the same time as he hit the turnbuckles. Now it's Griffith who shoots Antiguas back across the ring and charges in, crushing Romero with a second Avalanche Splash.]

DDK:

STAMPEDE!

Angus:

Oooh gawd, you know what time it is...

[Griffith backs off a step or two, allowing Antiguas to stumble forward and away from the ropes before pulling him in, stuffing his head between his legs.]

DDK:

Nobody has survived this yet, will Romero be the first?

[Wrenching up, in that same one fluid and devastating motion, Griffith whips Antiguas up and then slams him back down with as much force as he can muster.]

Angus:

ATOMIC POWWWAAAARRRRRR-BOB-OMB-BAH!

CRRRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The impact making a very loud and crushing sound as Griffith leans forward, pinning Antiguas legs down by his head for the pin.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Griffith rears back, standing upright as his hands shoot in the air in victory, his music playing once more as the fans cheer and stomp for their victorious hero.]

DDK:

I'll tell you folks, that was a heck of a match.

Angus:

Romero was so close there, but man, that big bastard is just so tough to figure out.

[In the ring, Griffith continues to mug it up for the crowd. Meanwhile, Antiguas comes to after a few moments and groggily rolls out of the ring and departs back up the ramp.]

DDK:

Yes indeed. Antiguas has so much potential, but this was clearly just the wrong opponent for him to get himself on the winning track here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Gee, ya think? But, you're right, Keebs. I'd wager all of your money that everyone expected this thing to go a lot quicker in Mayberry's favor.

DDK:

Of course you would.

[Cut, but not very far.]

A pattern is beginning to show itself...

[Romero Antiguas hadn't had the best of nights. Really, this was sort of an ongoing story. Sure, he'd put up a decent effort against one Dusty Griffith, but he'd still sort of gotten the ever loving blubber (not much of it, given his body fat percentage) beaten out of him.] [As he staggered his way through the curtain, he groaned, batting it away from his face with a pained expression.] **Romero Antiguas:** Ughhh, someone give me the number of that truck...? [A piece of popcorn bounces off of Romero's face.] **Pete Whealdon:** Yeah, that was eighteen-wheels of Dusty Griffith, and he just stuck it in your butt in front of the whole world, sassy-pants! [Pete, along with "Dapper" Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany are posted up near the monitor, having just watched Romero's match. Pete tosses more popcorn at Romero.] **Don Hollywood:** And it's a good thing you didn't make it all'a way back here when you tried to run away again like a little girl, cuz me and my two BFF's were here waitin' ta put a poundin' on ya and send ya right back out there for Big Dust to finish breakin' yer back. Diggitt? [The Ladies Man chimes in.] **Rich Mahogany:** Wait, no we weren't? We were gonna give you some encouragement and maybe a hearty pat on the back after a hard fought match! Right? amirite? [Hollywood and Whealdon share an odd glance.] **Romero Antiguas:** No, they weren't. They hate my guts, and you know what? That's okay with me, because in spite of them being idiots, they at least prove cable of basic comprehension. [Antiguas sighs, and plucks a piece of popcorn out of his hair.] **Romero Antiguas:** That's more than I can say for the third member of the trio. Now, if you three, and I use this term as loosely as it can be applied, gentlemen, will excuse me, I've got an appointment to be anywhere but here! [And with that Romero stalks on down the hallway, followed by jeers from Don Hollywood and more popcorn from Pete Whealdon.] [Meanwhile, Rich Mahogany just doesn't know what to say.] **Pete Whealdon:** He just ain't no good for you, mango. **Don Hollywood:** And he certainly ain't one of us! [Rich isn't in any mood to be consoled, he crosses the hallway and leans away from his partners, feigning ignorance.] **Pete Whealdon:** Besides, we got bigger fish to fry! Maybe you weren't paying attention out there because you were pining over being jilted by your new boyfriend, but WE BEAT THE TRIOS WORLD CHAMPIONS out there tonight! **Don Hollywood** That's right, bucko, and that HAS GOT to put us in line for a shot at the titles! Let that poor Mexican moron go cry himself to sleep because he can't buy a win while we go out there and take home the World Titles, NOW IS THAT SOMETHING THAT YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN DIGGING, HOMEY? [A heavy few seconds pass before Rich nods to the affirmative. The boys bring it in for a group hug, and the scene quickly dissolves to Darren Quimbey at center-ring.]

Osaka Street Cutters vs White Knights

Quimbey:

The following contest is a trios match scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Cut the lights. The opening build-up of "Monolith" by Crossfaith reverberates throughout the arena while smoke begins to stream out of the entranceway, illuminated by multi-colored strobe lights. As the heavy guitars kick in, three figures appear silhouetted in the color-shifting mist.]

Quimbey:

From Osaka, Japan, weighing in at a combined weight of 631 pounds...KAZ ARAKI...MACH HAWKE...DEMON AZUMA...They are the OSAKAAAAA STREEEEEEET CUTTERRRRRRRRS!!!

[The three men walk down to the ring, Kaz Araki in the center with a cocky smile, flanked by Hawke and Azuma on either side, whose moods appear to be much more sullen. They are greeted mostly with jeers from the crowd, who seemingly are not happy with what they saw from the Cutters the week before.]

DDK:

We saw Mach Hawke in singles action last week, but tonight's our first look at the Osaka Street Cutters in the trios division.

Angus:

They're out to take care of some unfinished business from last week. Still don't really know what that was all about, but hey, a fight's a fight.

DDK:

Some folks just live to fight, Angus. We all know FDJ is one of them. It seems that Azuma here is another.

[Kaz is basking in the spotlight as they enter the ring, laughing and smiling even though the crowd is booing them. Hawke and Azuma take opposite turnbuckles and glare out at the hostile Georgian crowd.]

DDK:

I'm interested as well in what we're going to see out of Kaz Araki tonight. Hawke and Azuma are a proven commodity, having enjoyed a lengthy run of dominance in Japan, but Kaz is a bit of an unknown.

Angus:

He may only weigh a buck fifty, but he's bringing something to the table that his opponents are sorely lacking: brains. Also, a sense of fashion, a college degree. Table manners. A habit of showering regularly. A family tree devoid of any incestuous loops. A...

DDK:

Ok Angus, I think they get the picture.

Quimbey::

And their opponents...

["A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. starts to play throughout the arena, as the crowd lets out a cheer.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Quimbey::

Weighing in at a combined weight of 835 pounds...from Bloody Harlan, Kentucky, SAM TURNER JR...from Dallas, Texas, MIKE BELL...from the mountains of West Virginia, FRANK DYLAN JAMES...They are THE WHIIIIIIIIIIITE KNIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHTS!!!

[The three men step out onto the top of the ramp, looks of determination on all of their faces, as the crowd shows them

some love. They begin to make their way to the ring, Turner and Bell slapping hands with fans at ringside, while Frank walks down the center of the aisle, never breaking eye contact with the Street Cutters in the ring.]

Angus:

Wonder how Mike Bell feels getting dragged into this one. He wasn't even involved in the scuffle last week.

DDK:

Well he's a man who believes in loyalty and standing by his friends.

Angus:

If I had to stand by Sam Turner Jr. or anywhere downwind of him, for that matter, I'd reconsider my choice of friends.

DDK:

Also, Jeff Andrews said if he was going to be on the roster he had to do stuff.

[The Street Cutters back up to the far side of the ring as the Knights climb the steps and step through the ropes. Both sides are eyeing each other with clear enmity.]

DDK:

Sam's looking to get a tick back in the win column after a very competitive match with Eugene Dewey last week. And Frank, well, I think he'd settle for seeing all three of the Street Cutters leave the arena in an ambulance tonight.

Angus:

That's the winning personality that's gotten FDJ to where he is today, folks.

[There seems to be a bit of dissension in the corner of the Street Cutters. Azuma is pacing back and forth, eyes narrowed, while Kaz attempts to placate him. Hawke looks on exasperated from the ring apron before urging Azuma to just let Kaz start and get it over with.]

DDK:

Looks like the Osaka Street Cutters can't decide who's going to start the match.

Angus:

That's understandable. With a team as high caliber as the Cutters, this thing could be over in seconds. Everyone wants another clip to add to their highlight reel.

[Azuma throws up his hands in anger before stepping through the ropes. Kaz beams at having won this small victory, then turns to find himself bumping against the chest...er, navel of the massive Frank Dylan James.]

DDK:

Looks like we're starting off with a David and Goliath type match-up.

Angus:

For Kaz's sake, I hope he's packing more stones than the pair in his jock right now.

[Kaz goes to lock up, but instead finds himself shoved back hard. FDJ throws him back in his corner with enough power to somersault him backward.]

DDK:

Over in seconds you say?

Angus:

Hey, I didn't think they'd actually let the little guy start the match.

[Araki gets to his feet, brushing himself off, and takes one step back in Frank's direction...before thinking better of it

and wheeling around to tag in Azuma.]

DDK:

Looks like Azuma gets to start things off after all.

Angus:

Maybe it was part of the Street Cutter's strategy. Get Frank to use up all his gas tank, then bring in their heavy hitter.

DDK:

They expected him to gas after one move?

[Azuma wastes no time getting into FDJ's face. The two exchange words and though surely neither man can understand the other's language, the meaning is clear. Azuma strikes first with a hard fast shot that connects with Frank's temple. The West Virginian is staggered back a step, then, with a laugh, fires back with a massive overhand right of his own that sends the Street Cutter to the mat.]

Angus:

Let's just say that Frank has been hanging around his fair share of catering tables as of late.

DDK:

Oh, come on. Though he certainly knows how to put his weight into those punches, that's for sure.

[Azuma is only down for a second, as he immediately springs back to his feet and comes straight at FDJ again. He unleashes a flurry of left and right hands to Frank's upper body. The big mountain man just absorbs the shots with a grimace before loading up on a big haymaker shot that knocks Azuma off his feet.]

Angus:

You have to appreciate the balls on a guy who thinks he can stand toe to toe with Frank. The brains, not so much, though.

DDK:

Azuma's giving up five inches and roughly 70 pounds here. He's certainly not going to win any fist fights.

[Azuma slaps his hand on the mat, yelling out in frustration before gritting his teeth and diving into FDJ. He tries working a double leg takedown, eats a few clubbing forearms to the back, then transitions to a single leg before finally tripping the big man to the mat. Azuma leaps onto him and starts to uncork another series of short punches to the forehead.]

DDK:

That's not going to stop him from trying, though! Rapid fire punches!

Angus:

That's not all, Keebs. He's going full-on Mike Tyson cannibal holocaust on Frank.

[Frank screams out as Azuma buries his teeth into his forehead, drawing blood. As he tries to claw further at the wound, the Street Cutter is pried back by the referee.]

Angus:

You know a man has to be crazy to even think about getting any part of FDJ near his mouth. Or his nose, for that matter.

DDK:

His name is the "Demon" after all. One must imagine he is used to the smell of sulfur and all that.

[The small gap created by the ref is all FDJ needs to shove Azuma back and get to his feet. Azuma tries to go for the

takedown again but this time is stuffed with a big uppercut that sends him into the turnbuckles. Frank follows him him with a growl and punishes him with a barrage of punches in the corner, beating on Azuma until he slumps in a heap.]

DDK:

FDJ seeing red, just tearing Azuma apart in the corner!

Angus:

He's like a bull in a China shop. Or a Japan shop, I guess. Either way, hope the owners purchased insurance.

[Wiping the blood from his forehead with a look of disgust, Frank nearly palms Azuma's head and, taking him into the Knights' corner, makes a tag to Mike Bell. Bell takes over from FDJ, grabbing Azuma in a headlock and running him out into the center of the ring to drop him with a bulldog.]

DDK:

Mike Bell taking over from FDJ with a nice looking bulldog.

Angus:

If they're not careful, he might actually turn this into a wrestling match.

[Bell stays on Azuma, pulling him to his feet by his arm. Not letting go, he looks to jerk the Street Cutter toward him with a short-arm clothesline...but Azuma puts on the brakes, and with a burst of energy, pulls Bell into a short-arm clothesline of his own. Without letting go of Bell's arm, Azuma jerks him to his feet and delivers a backdrop driver hard in the center of the ring. Bell lands with a sickening crunch on the top of his head.]

Oooooooooooooooooo!

DDK:

Oh my god! Azuma just dropped Mike Bell on his head! What a devastating maneuver!

Angus:

Azuma doesn't seem to give one damn about going for the cover, though. He's looking over at the rednecks' corner.

[Bell isn't moving but Azuma just kicks him unceremoniously toward his corner, jabbing an angry finger at Sam Turner Jr. as he lambasts him in guttural Osaka dialect.]

Angus:

Looks like Azuma wants to finish off what he started backstage last week.

DDK:

You know Sam Turner Jr. doesn't back down from anyone.

[Sam steps through the ropes to oblige, only to be met with a cheap shot as he's entering the ring. Azuma swarms him immediately with vicious uppercuts, backing him into the corner]

Angus:

And I have the feeling Azuma doesn't even give anyone a chance to back down from him.

DDK:

He certainly isn't above using that sucker punch, though.

Angus:

The man is simply impatient, that's all.

[Azuma continues to punch away, but Sam fires back now with a series of brutal body punches, backing the Street Cutter into the center of the ring.]

Angus:

Well, so much for this turning into a technical showcase.

DDK:

They're picking up right where they left off last week: beating the living hell out of each other!

[Feeling Sam's power, Azuma decides to rake his eyes, then headbutts him twice. Grabbing Turner by the arm, he whips him hard into the turnbuckles, but Sam absorbs the impact and comes exploding back out with a running clothesline that nearly shatters Azuma's jaw.]

Angus:

There's that scary Lennie power.

DDK:

Lennie power?

Angus:

C'mon, Keebs. Read a book for once in your life. He's the big retard who wanted to pet the rabbits.

[Azuma gets to his feet unsteadily, hand cradling his jaw. He staggers into Sam's path, who deposits him to the mat again with a scoop slam.]

DDK:

Rabbits?

Angus:

But since he's a big retard that doesn't know his own strength he's just going to end up crushing them to death in his clumsy retard's grip. He's a man so ignorant of the workings of the world that he's incapable of engaging in foreplay without snapping a woman's neck.

[Azuma immediately gets up again but on wobbly legs. A running big boot from Turner sends him through the ropes to the apron to cheers from the crowd.]

DDK:

So Azuma is the rabbit here...? Or...?

Angus:

I don't know if I'd say that, but Sam is a big fucking Lennie, that's for damn sure.

[Sam plays to the crowd for cheers, smiling, but looks concerned when he looks over to his corner.]

DDK:

Hold on, Angus. Something appears to be wrong with Mike Bell. He's not properly recovering from that backdrop driver he took earlier in the match.

Angus:

He landed right on his head. Yeah, woe to the American who goes up against the Japanese guy thinking the back drop is a starter level move on par with the scoop slam.

[Sam, a worried expression on his face, goes over to check on his partner in the corner, too.]

DDK:

I believe medical personnel are on their way to ringside. The health and well-being of our Defiants is of paramount concern here.

[The crowd is murmuring, uncomfortable and unsure of what to make of the situation, reminded suddenly of the mortality of the near-superhumans they cheer on every week. The murmurs turn into a chorus of boos, however, as Mach Hawke takes advantage of the distraction and comes running up with a soccer kick to the face of the bent over Turner.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What the hell is he doing?! We have a serious situation here!

Angus:

While I sincerely hope Bell is ok, we're still in the middle of a match here. Finally, My Cock is in the ring. And he just exploded into the face of STJ with that kick.

[Azuma climbs back in from the apron and Both he and Hawke flank Sam Turner Jr. Both of them lift Turner up in a flapjack and grab an arm on the way down, performing a single arm DDT on each of his arms.]

DDK:

How despicable! Cheap shotting a man when he's checking on his injured partner.

Angus:

We all know that Turner has a heart of gold but his brain is definitely iron pyrite. You never take your eye off your opponents when you're in that ring.

[Azuma stomps on the prone Turner's body before heading back to the Street Cutter's corner. Hawke begins to work over Sam's right arm with an arm wrench and cranks on the pressure. Pulling it down low, he leaps in the air and comes down with a leg drop on Sam's arm.]

DDK:

Hawke seems to be zeroing in on that arm.

Angus:

Makes sense, Keebs. For a guy who relies so heavily on a power brawling style, his right arm is the key to his offense. Not to mention necessary to deliver that Harlan County Line of his.

DDK:

Meanwhile, Mike Bell's pushing the medics away, I admire his toughness but I really don't think it's a good move - he can barely stand.

[Pulling Sam back up by the arm, Hawke makes the tag, then drops Sam back to the mat near the Cutters' corner. Hawke holds the arm to the mat as Araki climbs to the second rope and comes off with a flying knee drop across it.]

DDK:

Kaz Araki back in, with some actual offense this time.

Angus:

He's up against someone his own size now. To be fair, Turner is horizontal...

[Hawke and Kaz drag Sam to his feet and toss him into their corner. Azuma grabs Sam's right arm from the apron and wrenches it around the top rope while the other two Street Cutters work him over with some stiff chops in the ring.]

DDK:

A vicious corner triple team by the Cutters. Now that they've got the advantage, they're working together as a well oiled machine.

Angus:

Things are looking grim for the Knights. Momentum is against them. Numbers are against them. I sure as hell wouldn't want to be in Turner's boots right now.

[Hawke moves to the apron, leaving Kaz in the ring. Chopping Sam across the chest again, he raises his arms in the air with a smile, playing to the crowd. He celebrates a bit too much, however, as the clearly hurting Sam Turner Jr. comes out and pie-faces Kaz to the mat to cheers from the crowd.]

DDK:

This one's not over yet, Angus! Not by a long shot!

[Sam slowly staggers across the ring, reaching out for the tag to FDJ. Azuma is in the ring fast, though, chasing him down and whipping him back down to the mat by his arm before their hands can make contact.]

Angus:

Not yet, but definitely soon, at this rate.

[Dragging him on the mat towards the center of the ring, Azuma applies a Fujiwara armbar that he immediately torques back on with everything he's got. As the referee drops down to check if Sam wants to give up, the Street Cutter begins to pull apart Turner's fingers in unnatural directions, looking to break or mangle them.]

DDK:

As if the armbar wasn't bad enough!

Angus:

The name of the game is pain and Azuma competes at the grandmaster level.

[He is stills attacking Sam's fingers as the ref returns his attention back to him, catching him red-handed. He's ordered to break the hold, and he does so, but not until the five-count. Wasting no time, Azuma applies another arm wringer, this one yanked down hard twice. Switching to a hammerlock now, Azuma scoops Sam up and slams him down unceremoniously on his still-hammerlocked arm.]

Angus:

Ouch! This is getting difficult to watch, Keebs.

DDK:

That arm has to be completely ruined at this point. How much more can it take?

[Azuma makes the tag to Hawke, who enters the ring with a slingshot senton across Sam's chest, further damaging the arm still pinned behind his back.]

Angus:

When My Cock is involved, there's no limit to the amount of damage that can be done.

DDK:

These quick tags aren't even giving Sam Turner a chance to breathe.

[Hawke immediately tags back out to Azuma, who comes back in to grab the fallen Turner around the waist. Standing between his legs, he lifts him back up almost vertically with a wheelbarrow slam. Hawke grabs Sam's arm in mid-air and two drop him back hard with an assisted single arm DDT. Azuma hooks both legs for the cover.]

Angus:

That's got to be it.

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR....no, Sam gets his left shoulder up.]

DDK:

Wow, Sam Turner showing some real guts in kicking out of that one.

Angus:

Might have been better off just giving up the fall. He's risking long term damage if the Cutters keep working that arm.

[Azuma makes the tag to Kaz Araki, who stomps away at Turner's arm before standing on top of it with both feet, posing for the crowd.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

He's so proud of himself now, after his teammates have done all the hard work. He wasn't laughing when FDJ was pushing him around earlier.

Angus:

No, but I sure was! It was like that midget dart board scene out of Wolf of Wall Street!

[Stepping off the arm, Araki lets Sam slowly get to his feet, then begins to jab at him, dancing around in and out of his range. Turner misses a punch, Kaz jabs him and then backs off laughing...until Sam rushes forward with a surge and takes his head off with the Harlan County Line lariat. Araki does a full 360 in mid-air before crashing to the mat.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

Kaz was showboating and he paid for it! Oh wow, did he pay for it!

Angus:

I think I just saw Kaz's soul leave his body.

[Sam collapses to the mat, though, screaming out in pain. He is cradling his right arm close to his chest, the same arm he used to perform his brutal trademark lariat.]

Angus:

Kaz may be in need of a coroner, but looks like Ol' Lennie's hurt himself too much to make the cover.

DDK:

He doesn't have to make the cover if he can make the tag. Frank can take care of the rest.

[Seeing Azuma hovering menacingly near the unconscious Araki, Sam decides to crawl for the tag. Rolling Kaz out of the ring, Azuma starts to chase after Turner, grabbing him by the leg. He's felled by a huge right hand, though. Sam has made the tag to FDJ. And boy is he hot.]

DDK:

He got it! FDJ is in and there's hell to pay for the Street Cutters.

[Hawke is in the ring illegally, and is sent to the mat with a headbutt by FDJ. Azuma is back up with a right hand and another, but both are no sold by Frank. He tosses Azuma into a neutral corner with ease and starts firing off a series of eight back elbows to the face.]

DDK:

Azuma's getting all the fight he wanted and then some! Crushing elbows to the face!

Angus:

Here comes My Cock, though. Even with Araki for all intents and purposes out of this, there's still two Street Cutters and only one FDJ.

[Hawke rushes in with an axhandle to the back, trying to help out his partner. Frank gives literally no fucks about that nonsense, however, and tosses Hawke right into Azuma. With both of the Street Cutters in the corner now, FDJ starts to uncork his series of back elbows into Hawke's face this time.]

DDK:

Frank doesn't care about the numbers!

Angus:

Not being able to count to two surely helps with that.

[With both Street Cutters dazed, FDJ walks backwards until he's nearly in the opposite corner and then comes back with a big 320 pound running avalanche splash, sandwiching Hawke and Azuma in the corner.]

DDK:

FDJ has the Cutters on the ropes!

Angus:

And now Lennie's back in. The Osaka Street Cutters are in serious trouble.

[Frank tags Sam back in, who backs up and makes a signal to his partner. FDJ tosses Hawke to the mat like a sack of peat moss or whatever the fuck it is that farmers have laying around in sacks. Frank then whips Azuma across the ring into a double ax handle from Sam. Turner makes the cover, hooking the leg.]

DDK:

There's no one to make the save. This might be it!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[TH....No, Azuma shoves Sam off of his chest.]

DDK:

No, not quite!

Angus:

If there's one thing this match has taught me, it's that it's going to take a hell of a lot to keep Azuma down. This guy takes a beating and just keeps coming back for more.

[While the ref has his attention on Turner and Azuma, Hawke is on one knee in the opposite corner. He appears to have some sort of packet in his hand that he is fumbling around with.]

DDK:

Hawke's got something in his hand. What's he planning?

[FDJ, noticing that Hawke is still conscious, walks over in his direction. Before he can do anything, Hawke throws a big handful of salt into Frank's face, which is still bleeding from Azuma's bite earlier.]

Angus:

Oh shiiit! White projectile from My Cock, spraying FDJ in the face!

DDK:

Hawke just tossed a handful of salt into the open wound of Frank Dylan James!

[Nearly blinded and in pain from the salt in his cut, Frank screams out in rage and lunges in the direction he last saw Hawke. Realizing the severity of his situation, Hawke jumps through the ropes and starts to hightailing it around the side of the ring. FDJ follows him, stumbling out through the ropes due to his reduced vision.]

Angus:

He certainly got Frank's attention. Not sure exactly why anybody would want that...

DDK:

He broke up the double team on the partner, though. With Frank out for Hawke's blood, Azuma and Turner are the only two left in the ring.

[Sam, looking to put an end to things, picks Azuma up off the mat. This time the Street Cutter explodes again, like he did earlier, transitioning behind Turner before he can do anything and lifting him up in the backdrop driver.]

Angus:

Holy shitballs, that Azuma is freakin' quick when he wants to be.

DDK:

He's going for the backdrop driver again! The same move that put Mike Bell out of this match!

[Before Azuma can drop him on his head, however, Sam twists around in mid-air and lands a big right hand to his face with enough impact to send both men sprawling to the canvas in a heap.]

DDK:

No, reversal! Superman punch to the face!

Angus:

Using Azuma's own lifting momentum to boot.

[Both men get to their feet slowly, as the crowd starts to get into things, stamping and clapping they reach a fever pitch. Sam and Azuma make eye contact and rush at each other. Azuma with a big clothesline....just ducked under by Turner...]

DDK:

Azuma swinging for the fences, but nobody's home!

Angus:

Turner's coming back and...oh sh...

[Sam comes back and levels Azuma with a hard lariat to the jaw, hitting him with everything he's got and sending him to the mat.]

DDK:

HARLAN COUNTY LINE!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Angus:

It was with the left arm, Keebs. Did you see that? He switched arms to protect his injury. Who would have thought he'd have enough brains to consider that?

[Sam falls on top of Azuma for the cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Thre.....No, Azuma gets a shoulder up just in time!]

DDK:

And Azuma kicked out! Unbelievable!

[The crowd is loud as hell, in disbelief that Azuma kicked out. Sam looks up at the referee, checking that it wasn't actually a three count.]

Angus:

Sam may still have hit him hard, but it wasn't with 100% power. You're never 100% when you use your off arm.

DDK:

He's in control, though. He nearly has Azuma finished off.

[Summoning up his reserves, Sam gets to his feet. Grabbing the Street Cutter by the head, he positions him for his powerbomb. He lifts him up into the lights...but as he's positioned for the drop, Azuma kicks down hard on Turner's right shoulder, causing him to drop him.]

Angus:

Looks like not nearly finished off enough.

DDK:

Azuma escaping, taking advantage of that injured arm.

Angus:

They weren't working it over all match for nothing.

[Sam crouches over, holding his arm, giving Azuma enough of an opening to hook his arm over the Kentuckian's neck. Lifting him up vertically off the mat, he drops him straight down with a brainbuster.]

DDK:

Brainbuster with absolutely no give right in the center of the ring!

Angus:

He's not done yet.

[Azuma rolls backward across Turner's body, his arm still latched around his neck. Standing back up, he drags Sam back to his feet still in the tie-up and picks him up off the mat again. BOOM. He hits a second brainbuster]

DDK:

Another brainbuster! Sam Turner is ...no!

Angus:

Haha, yes! He's going for one more!

DDK:

This is overkill! Two is more than enough. Three is...hold on just a second!

[Azuma rolls back over Sam and lifts him up again. There are sounds of a commotion at ringside. He's about to drop Turner again when his right leg gets swept out from underneath him by an arm reaching under the bottom rope. Sam falls down on top.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

[The ref signals to the timekeeper, as Azuma looks up confused. He makes eye contact with the man at ringside. It's the same straw hat wearing masked competitor who ambushed him during Hawke's match last week. There is obvious hatred burning in the man's eyes.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

That's the same man who attacked the Cutters last week!

Angus:

He just took out Azuma's knee and this blind as a bat referee didn't see it.

Quimbey:

And your winners...Sam Turner Jr., Frank Dylan James, and Mike Bell; THE WHIIIIIIIIIIIIITE
KNIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHTS!!!

Angus:

What a miscarriage of justice.

DDK:

Sam Turner picks up the win due to an assist from an unlikely source!

Angus:

Don't know how much longer you can say things like it's "unlikely". This guy is making a habit of ruining the Cutters' nights.

[Azuma is shaking, frozen with rage as he stares at the man at ringside. The man turns away to head back through the crowd from which he came...only to be met with a flying forearm from Hawke on the outside.]

Angus:

At least it looks like this shit head is going to get his comeuppance.

DDK:

I don't know about that...

[Hawke is loading up on a right hand, only for it to be cupped from behind by one that is considerably larger. Spun around, he fights himself face to face with an angry FDJ. Frank wraps both of his big mitts around Hawke's throat and lifts him up in a double choke, allowing the masked man to leap the guardrail and escape through the crowd.]

Angus:

Frank's got his hands wrapped around My Cock!

DDK:

Hawke's in serious trouble! And there goes that mystery assailant, heading for the hills.

[Frank is choking the life out of Hawke, holding him there for five seconds. Ten seconds. Hawke's face is turning blue. With desperation, he rubs his hand into Frank's forehead wound. The salt residue remaining on the Street Cutter's hand burns as it comes into contact with the cut, causing Frank to drop Hawke, who high-tails it out of there as fast as his feet can carry him.]

DDK:

Mach Hawke saving his own neck there...literally.

Angus:

You've got to be crafty to survive on the mean streets of Osaka.

DDK:

How would you know?

Angus:

Well, I'm pretty much just picturing Blade Runner.

[Hawke heads all the way up the ramp and into the back, while Azuma rolls under the bottom rope and kicks the ring steps in anger. Grabbing the still unconscious Kaz Araki on his back in a fireman's carry, he walks to the back, muttering Japanese profanities all the way up the ramp. Sam Turner regroups in the ring with an incensed Frank Dylan James. Sam lifts Frank's arm up in victory as Hank Williams Jr. plays throughout the arena, but FDJ whips his arm back down, clearly not happy with the way things played out. Mike Bell, still nursing the back of his neck, joins them.]

DDK:

Well that was some match. We saw Bell taken out, Hawke likely make an enemy for life in FDJ, and Sam Turner fight through his injured arm to in the end come away with the victory for his team.

Angus:

Thanks to...whoever the hell that guy is.

DDK:

If these two weeks are anything to judge by, I doubt we've seen the last of him. Any thoughts, Angus?

Angus:

I don't know about you, Keebs, but seeing that big hillbilly with his hands around the neck of My Cock certainly was distressing. And a little exciting.

DDK:

A little too much information about your personal struggles there, Angus. And now, for something completely...different...

Angus:

Keebs, what're you - OH SHIT SPEAR!

[So unexpected it's unlikely any fans got a good look at him beforehand, a man wearing mostly black rolled into the ring behind the White Knights. Without even waiting for them to turn around, he bolted forward and speared Mike Bell from behind.]

DDK:

That's The Thresher! The Sons of the Soil are here!

[Instead of getting to his feet, The Thresher brings his forearm up between STJ's legs. FDJ wraps both meathooks

around The Thresher's neck and lifts him up into the air, but Jarvis Remus clubs him from behind! FDJ shakes it off and turns on him. It seems like FDJ is winning the fistfight, sending Remus back into the corner, but once they're there Remus just grabs FDJ and hangs on.]

DDK:

Running corner boot from Ned the Crow!

[FDJ slumps. Ned and The Thresher whip FDJ off the ropes, and he bounces back into the clutches of Remus.]

DDK:

FLAPJACK POWERSLAM ON FDJ!

Angus:

Jesus Christ Keebs, F-deej weighs 320 and Jarvis Remus just tossed him like he weighed nothing!

[STJ is sent off the ropes and receives his own flapjack to powerslam. This time, Remus drops him perpendicular to the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Ned off the top with a 630 senton on Sam Turner Jr.!

[The Sons of the Soil all turn in on Mike Bell, who is struggling to get to his feet.]

[The Thresher grabs him by the hair, lifts him up in a crucifix...]

Ned:

Hangman's High!

[And The Thresher falls forward, dropping Bell on the back of his neck!]

DDK:

Oh God!

Angus:

I don't remember the last time I've seen anyone use the Razor's Edge, I mean MIKEY NOOOO

[The Thresher pulls Bell up again, but on seeing Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey rushing to the ring, drops him and slips under the bottom rope. Bell lands in a limp heap as Griffith rushes Ned. His wild swing misses the skinny wrestler.]

DDK:

I have no idea why the Sons of the Soil attacked the White Knights, but we need some medical help out here for Mike Bell and fast!

[FDJ and STJ are up, but Bell isn't. The White Knights stand over him as Iris Davine and the medical squad come rushing to the ring.]

Contractual Obligations

[Getting away from the trainwreck in the ring, we find ourselves backstage yet again.] [Sitting down at one of the tables in the catering room eating a salad is one of the newest additions to the Defiance roster. The mysterious Japanese woman, that we now know as Songome Tsunami, Her black and red streaked hair hangs loose. In between bites of food she reads through messages on her Smart Tablet.] [Her meal however is interrupted as a person walks up next to her and clears his throat. Songome looks up from her salad ready to rip into whoever it is, until she sees who it is. Standing over her is the Big Boss of Defiance himself, Eric Dane.] **Songome:** Ahhhhh.. Honorable Eric Dane. How nice to see you again. **Dane:** Can the small talk Ms. Tsunami. When we signed a contract, It was for you and your client to debut after the Canadian leg of the Guerrilla Grindhouse Tour. However you spent a lot of time on that same tour coming down to the ring. Now I let that slide, out of curiosity **Songome:** This is correct Mr. Dane. It is still the plan. **Dane:** But so far only thing I've had to show for things is a headache when I had Wane Dewey and Eddie Dante in my office thinking you were some type of poacher from another fed. As if. What I need to know, is if you are going to honor your contract, or do I need to have you talk to my lawyers? **Songome:** Ahh yes, I can see how one could think that. Let me assure you Mr. Dane. My client will be here tonight. I arrived here in Defiance early, to scout talent for my client. All is set for the press conference later tonight, Just like we agreed on when we signed the contract. [Eric Dane takes a deep breath and smiles. This causes Songome to relax a bit.] **Dane:** Well good. I hate to have to take things in that direction. I have some high expectations of your client. See to it that he lives up to them. [And before anything else can be said Dane turns and leaves the catering room. Songome takes a deep breath, happy that the boss is still happy with her.]

Lindsay Troy vs Vincent Rinaldi

[Back in the ring.]

Quimbey:

Our next contest is scheduled for one fall!

[It's big band time!]

♪ 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 ♪

[Vincent Rinaldi lumbers through the curtain and out onto the stage, closely followed by Alceo Dentari and the Southern Heritage champion, Tony Di Luca, who wears the Confederate flag adorned title around his waist.]

DDK:

Last week Tony Di Luca had some choice words to say about the Big Damn Heroes, and some of those words seemed to rattle the cage of Wade Elliott. You're from Alabama, Angus. Would you take exception to being told you'd be mown down 'like the confederates at Gettysburg'?

Angus:

I'd like to think I'm a pretty level headed guy, so no, I don't think I would take exception to that.

DDK:

You? Level headed? Remember that time in Mexico when yo-

Angus:

Bitch, I'll cut you if you say another word.

DDK: [Swallowing the sudden lump in his throat]

No, yeah, you're right. Your bubble's well between the lines...

[Slowly Vinny makes his way down to the ring with Alceo Dentari whispering in his ear all the way down the ramp. Alceo gives Rinaldi a hard pat on the back and points to the ring, which Rinaldi rolls into. He stands up and unzips his jacket as he waits for his opponent.]

DDK:

Vinny's not messing around here. The jacket's coming off before Lindsay's even come down to the ring.

Angus:

You know who Vinny reminds me of?

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

Carl from Aqua Teen Hunger Force... He's got hair on his shoulders just like him...

DDK:

That's... pretty accurate actually...

Angus:

And disgusting. Maybe he's just trying to gross Lindsay Troy into not coming out here.

[If that is the case then it's not working because the lights blink out, which sends the fans into a frenzy.]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Music up: "Trampled Underfoot" - Led Zeppelin]

[That all-too familiar clavinet intro blasts through the Arena at Gwinnett Center and the crowd roars to its feet. Cell phone screens and camera flashes begin illuminating the blackness, and red, silver, and gold pyro explode like cannon fire.]

♪ Greasy, slicked-down body ♪
♪ Groovy leather trim ♪
♪ I like the way you hold the road ♪
♪ Mama, it ain't no sin ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout love ♪
♪ Talkin' 'bout love ♪
♪ Talkin' 'bout ... ♪

[Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out with a smirk on her face. Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott aren't too far behind her. The 'Heroes stop briefly on the stage, Troy in the center, then all three march toward the ring.]

DDK:

Lindsay Troy spoke with Lance Warner a few days ago and had some strong words about this match.

Angus:

She got a little feisty. Ain't nothing wrong with that.

[At the bottom of the ramp Troy jumps flat-footed onto the apron and, while keeping an eye on Vinny, catapults herself over the top rope.]

DDK:

We also saw Sam Turner Jr. give Troy some advice on how to handle Big Vinny and the LBC a little earlier. Given what happened in Toronto and again last week with Lisa Loeh, there's no telling what Di Luca will do to make sure the SoHer title has one less challenger.

Angus:

Cletus' puppy-dog swooning over Troy made me want to puke. Plus, anyone with functioning eyesight saw what happened the last two shows. Way to tell her something she already knew.

DDK:

Can't fault a guy for trying, partner.

Angus:

Sure I can. I do it all the time.

DING DING DING

[Lindsay bounces out of her corner while Vinny lurches out of his. It's clear from the get go that Troy's going to use her speed advantage as much as possible as she circles around Rinaldi in the middle of the ring, feigning an attack every now and then. To his credit, Vinny barely flinches as each shot is thrown and then pulled back... Then again, maybe he just isn't quick enough to react to each one.]

DDK:

Many people consider Lindsay the measuring stick when it comes to female wrestlers.

Angus:

Don't let Heidi hear you say that... Or Clair... Or any of the other girls in the back...

DDK:

It's hard to argue with her resume. But it doesn't matter how good people say you are if you get caught by an opponent that weighs twice as much as you-

Angus:

I know this! You're gonna have a bad time.

DDK:

Right you are, Thumper.

[Troy picks up the pace a little and ducks and weaves, throwing Rinaldi off just enough to slip behind him. She kicks at his leg, connecting with the knee, but can't follow up on it as Rinaldi turns and lunges at her.]

DDK:

Lindsay slips out of the way of that grab and kicks at the inside of Rinaldi's leg. Smart work to attack the vertical base of 'Big Vinny.'

[Again Vinny spins on the spot, trying to keep Lindsay in his sights. Whenever she can Troy throws a few weaker kicks that all find their mark either on Vinny's thigh or knee. Finally Lindsay give Rinaldi the slip again and shoots in to grab the leg and look for a take down.]

DDK:

That's like uprooting a tree trunk!

Angus:

Nah, that'd be way easier...

[Vinny doesn't budge and Lindsay realises it just a moment too late.]

DDK:

Biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiq headbutt from Rinaldi.

Angus:

That's probably the only time I've ever seen him put that head to good use.

[The headbutt floors Lindsay, but she rolls away quickly as Rinaldi tries to stomp on her like Godzilla would stomp on Tokyo. Troy avoids a second stomp and rolls out to the apron, which she promptly gets to her feet on. Lindsay throws a kick between the ropes that connects with Rinaldi's leg before lifting a high kick that connects with his head. The force of the kick stuns him and sends Vinny stumbling back into the ring. Troy waits for Vinny to straighten up before springboarding in after him.]

Angus:

She's not seriously doing flippy-doo shit, is she?

DDK:

She is, and she's heading straight for Rinaldi!

THWUMP

B000

Angus:

Yes! Thank you, Vinny!

[Vinny picks Lindsay out of the air with big paw that stops all of her momentum dead. Lindsay clutches at her chest, where the hand connected, and her back, which landed hard on the canvas.]

Angus:

HA! Hard on.

[At ringside Dentari and Di Luca shout at Vinny and point at Troy, telling him to get the cover. Somehow, two people shouting at once confuses Rinaldi but he eventually drops into the pin.]

[ONE!]

[T-Lindsay twists a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Lindsay might have had a harder time kicking out if Vinny had hooked her leg.

Angus:

Or if he'd just sat on her...

[Vinny grabs two handfuls of Lindsay's hair and pulls her to her feet. He puts his head under her arm and lifts her up, charging into the corner and driving her back first into the turnbuckles. Vinny turns his back on Lindsay, but keeps her trapped in the corner by holding onto the ropes, before thrusting his ass back into her midsection. Vinny repeats the ass attack once, twice, three times a lady before Troy slumps in the corner.]

DDK:

All the wind must have been driven out of Troy there.

Angus:

If I were her I'd be more concerned about Vinny's wind. Her face is precariously close to the big man's lasagna evacuation chute.

DDK:

...Ewww.

[Vinny turns back to Troy and puts a foot in her face, forcing her through the ropes. She tries to push him away, but Vinny's weight and leverage prove too much to contest. Finally, on Brian Slater's four count Vinny steps away and allows Troy a chance to breathe. Dentari and Di Luca lurk around the same corner but do nothing aside from verbally berate her.]

DDK:

I wouldn't trust those two as far as I could throw them.

Angus:

They're not doing anything, Keebs.

DDK:

Yeah, only because Rayne and Elliott are watching them like hawks.

Angus:

Please, they're doing nothing because that's what they need to do. Nothing. Rinaldi's got this in the bag and Dentari and Di Luca know it. You don't think he's out there 'just because,' do you? Vinny's a roadblock, in a metaphorical and physical sense. No way is Troy winning this and no way is Elliott getting a title shot.

[Vinny closes the gap between he and Lindsay. As he bends down to pull her up Troy thrusts a foot into Vinny's midsection. Lindsay throws another foot up, but Vinny catches this one. Troy kicks out with the other foot, which Vinny also catches. He hooks both of Lindsay's ankles under his arms and pulls her out of the corner. Troy tries to hold onto the ropes, but that only causes greater lift out of the corner and gives her further to fall.]

DDK:

Imagine the line of wrestlers that have only hoped to get Lindsay in this position. If Vinny were any kind of a mat technician he'd have any number of submission moves at his disposal right now.

Angus:

I wondered where you were going with that for a second.

DDK:

He could lock in a sharpshooter, a Boston crab, a figure four, a texas cloverleaf, a spinning toe hold... Do I need to go on? Instead... He just stomps on her stomach...

Angus:

It's effective though.

[Angus is right, it is effective. And what's also effective is putting all of his weight onto that foot as he drops Lindsay's legs and steps through them. Vinny doesn't even put his other foot on the mat before hopping off of Troy's gut and dropping an elbow across her chest! Vinny lays across Troy, forming one of the most lackadaisical covers in the history of ever.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Troy rolls a shoulder up!]

[While Dentari and Rinaldi shout at Vinny to get a proper cover Rayne and Elliott pound on the ring apron, whipping the fans around them, and then eventually the entire arena into support for Lindsay.]

Thump Thump Thump Thump

Thump Thump Thump Thump

Thump Thump Thump Thump

[Vinny pulls Lindsay up to her feet when she springs to life. She breaks Rinaldi's grip on her and lands a hard kick to his knee, which buckles it. Troy nails Rinaldi with a spinning back fist and then hits the ropes, coming back with a front dropkick to the knee that takes Rinaldi's leg out from under him.]

[illegible]

DDK:

Stay on him, Lindsay!

Angus:

Listen to the man that's never wrestled a match in his life!

[Lindsay gets back up and hits the ropes again. She comes back at Rinaldi and leaps at him with a crossbody, but Vinny catches her, stands up, steps forwards and throws her over his head with a fallaway slam!]

B000

[Vinny gets up a shakes the feeling back into his leg before heading over to Troy, who was sent clear across the ring by the fallaway slam. Vinny grabs a handful of hair and pulls her up to her feet before scooping her up onto one shoulder. Rinaldi walks Troy into the corner and drops her face first across the turnbuckle!]

Angus:

Troy loses out on that roll of the dice.

DDK:

■■■

Angus:

Because that's called snake eyes...

DDK:

■■■

Angus:

ADMIRE MY GENIUS, DAMNIT!

[Vinny backs up out of the corner slowly.]

DDK:

He could be looking for that avalanche splash here. If he hits that this one's gonna be over.

Angus:

Fine, ignore me. I don't care.

[Just as Keebs had prophesied, Vinny charges into the corner looking for a splash. Lindsay however slips out of the way just in time leaving Vinny with nothing to connect with but the turnbuckles!]

[illegible]

[Vinny stumbles out of the corner and turns into a front elbow strike from Troy. She nails a couple more strikes that knock Rinaldi into the corner and grabs him by the arm. Troy sends Vinny across the ring with an Irish whip and follows him in. Rinaldi turns into the corner and sticks a foot up, but Lindsay baseball slides underneath it and slips under the bottom rope in one fluid movement. She gets to her feet on the apron as Vinny looks around wondering where she went.]

Angus:

I've taken quite a shine to the LBC recently, but damn if Vinny isn't as dumb as sin.

[Before Vinny can deduce where exactly Lindsay went he receives an elbow to the back of the head that knocks him out of the corner. He stumbles forwards, shaking it off as he does. Vinny then turns around to see Lindsay sailing towards him. She flips over his head, grabbing it on her way and takes him down with a neckbreaker!]

[illegible]

DDK:

She's got the big man down!

Angus:

That won't keep him down though.

[Angus is right as both competitors get back to their feet. Vinny swings with a right that Lindsay ducks, allowing her a free shot on Rinaldi's leg. Again she lands a kick to the side of his knee that causes it to, once again, buckle. Troy

takes the opportunity to use Rinaldi's bent leg to step on, giving her a boost to nail him in the side of the head with an enziguri.]

DDK:

Vinny's dazed!

[Troy surveys the scene and runs for the ropes. She jumps up onto the middle rope and moonsaults back off of it. She flips over Rinaldi's head again, grabbing it as she goes and drives him into the mat with a DDT!]

[illegible]

Angus:

Damnit!

DDK:

What's wrong? Are you upset that Lindsay Troy's now taking it to one of your new boys?

Angus:

No, it's this flippy shit. I thought Troy was better than that.

DDK:

Whatever it takes to get the job done, partner.

[Lindsay gets back to her feet and hits the ropes again for a full head of steam. She comes back and front flips into a leg drop which connects with the back of Rinaldi's head! Troy shoots the half, sure it looks like it's in slow motion, but she gets the pin from it!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Rinaldi powers out, pressing Lindsay off of him and right onto Brian Slater!]

[As Lindsay rolls off the ref, and Slater tries to straighten himself up, Alceo Dentari hops up onto the apron and starts fiddling with the turnbuckle pad. Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne aren't going to stand around and watch though, so they charge around the ring towards the diminutive Italian and the Southern Heritage champion. The LBC members don't hang around to find out what the Big Damn Heroes were going to do to them though, as they hightail it away.]

DDK:

Rayne and Elliott may have just stopped Dentari from exposing that bolt underneath the padding.

Angus:

Can't they keep to themselves like the LBC have been doing all match?

DDK:

Keep to themselves...? Are you kidding me? Rayne and Elliott weren't the ones trying to remove the turnbuckle padding!

Angus:

Neither was Alceo. He was simply making sure it was fixed on properly. You know, I thought it looked a little loose earlier but didn't want to say anything.

[Rayne continues to give chase, running the LBC further around the ring until they end up in the opposite corner of the ring than they started in. Vinny meanwhile bails to the outside and heads for his corner, which he soon realises only contains Wade Elliott, and not two angry Italians.]

DDK:

I think Vinny thought he'd got the whole 'ring presence' thing down.

Angus:

He did, but those Big Damn Heroes pretty much turned the ring around on him in one fell swoop.

[Vinny turns around to see Tyler Rayne standing sentinel in the adjacent corner. He panics and turns towards the ring just in time to see Lindsay Troy baseball slide underneath the bottom rope, wrap her legs around his head and take him down with a head scissor!]

[illegible]

[Troy bursts back up to her feet and shouts out into the crowd before sharing a smile with 'The Underground Pimp' and a nod of confidence with 'The Bad Dog.']

Angus:

She's got to get him back in the ring now though.

DDK:

Since when? This isn't a title match, Angus. If Troy wins by countout Wade still gets his title match.

Angus:

What!? What kind of a bullshit rule is that?

[Troy rolls back into the ring and heads for the corner. She grabs a hold of the top rope and looks like she's about to climb the turnbuckle, but then stops dead in her tracks.]

DDK:

Looks like she's having second thoughts about heading to the top.

Angus:

I'd say I wonder what that's about, but she's a woman, and I'll be damned if I know what goes on in a woman's head most of the time.

[Troy then seems to change her mind and heads back to the middle of the ropes. She waits for Vinny to get to his feet before hitting the ropes. Di Luca rushes along the outside of the ring and tries to grab her foot, but he's split second too late. Troy charges back across the ring, launches herself over the top and nails Vinny with a corkscrew plancha that takes him down to the arena floor!]

[illegible]

DDK:

Whatever made Lindsay change her mind certainly didn't throw her off.

[Troy grabs Vinny in a front face lock and heaves him up slowly. She manages to get him up to his knees before pushing him against the apron to prop him up.]

Angus:

Just moving that 360 plus pound weight around has got to be wearing Troy out.

DDK:

But if she can get him in the ring she could probably pin him right now. Lindsay's hit a series of high impact moves that Vinny really seems to be feeling.

[More work from Lindsay finally gets Rinaldi rolled into the ring. She follows him in and with one more roll puts him on his back for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Vinny kicks out!]

DDK:

No pressing out of it for Vinny this time, but Lindsay's still got some work to do.

[Troy backs up into the corner of the ring and waits for Vinny to slowly get to his feet. She walks out and drives a thrusting kick into Rinaldi's midsection that doubles him over, then hooks him up for-]

DDK:

Final Judgment! She's setting him up for what she calls Final Judgment!

Angus:

She's showing her pedigree here.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Pedigree... Amirite?

[Troy can't hold onto the double underhook though as Vinny breaks free. He pushes her away into the corner and straightens up. Troy taunts him into charging in and narrowly avoids another avalanche! Lindsay then goes behind Rinaldi and tries to roll him up with a school boy!]

Angus:

She's not gonna take him down with that, he's got hold of the pad-

DDK:

Yes he does!

[Troy rolls up Rinaldi, who pulls the pad off of the turnbuckle!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Ding Ding Ding!

[illegible]

Angus:

What the shit, Lana!? I mean, Keebs! What the shit, Keebs!?

DDK:

That was the turnbuckle pad that Dentari loosened earlier. And I'm only guessing here, but I think Lindsay saw it was loose when she hesitated to climb the ropes. She lured Rinaldi in and he fell for hook, line, and sinker.

Quimbey:

Here is your winner... LLLLLLINDSAAAAAAAAYYYYYY TROOOOOOOOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYY!

[Rinaldi rolls from the ring, still with the turnbuckle pad in his hands, as Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne roll into the ring to celebrate with Troy. Rinaldi is joined by Dentari and Di Luca, who looks less than impressed by both Rinaldi's loss and Dentari's screw up. Di Luca glares at Troy, who grins and holds up three fingers for the "W."]

DDK:

Once again the LBC go 1-1 on the night.

Angus:

I can't believe it.

DDK:

Believe it Angus, Lindsay Troy defeats Big Vinny, and in the process earns Wade Elliott a shot at the Southern Heritage Title! And speaking of Wade Elliott, he's asking for a microphone.

[The time keeper passes a mic to Wade, who snatches it from his hand before lumbering toward the ropes, leaning over them a touch with icy blue eyes locked on Tony Two Hands.]

Wade Elliott:

Take a good god-damn look, son, 'cause this sonnuva bitch'll be takin' that belt off've yer waist real soon!

[On the outside Tony's snarl slowly turns into a smile. The Bad Dog responds with a vicious sneer of his own.]

Wade Elliott:[Growling into the mic]

Yeah, you keep smilin' you fuckin' yank. That grin'll be missin' more'n a few teeth when I'm done with ya!

[Di Luca asks for a microphone. He teases speaking into it as he rounds the outside of the ring, and then finally makes a sound when he, Rinaldi and Dentari start heading up the ramp.]

Tony Di Luca:

Congratulations, I'm a man of my word. Lindsay pinned Vinny over here, you get a shot at my Southern Heritage title...

DDK:

I feel like there's a but coming...

Tony Di Luca:

But...

DDK:

There it is.

Tony Di Luca:

Nobody said when that title match would take place...

[Now it's The Bad Dog's turn to snarl and spit as Di Luca laughs into the mic.]

Tony Di Luca:

I'll see you, Wade. But it ain't gonna be no time soon.

[Di Luca drops the mic as the LBC disappear backstage, leaving the Big Damn Heroes to both celebrate and stew in the ring.]

Wild MISSINGNO Appeared!

[Backstage.]

[On the door resides a nameplate. A nameplate that reads 'Heidi Christenson'.]

Knock Knock Knock Knock

$$[\dots]$$

Knock Knock Knock Knock

$$[...]$$

[Pan along the arm attached to the hand knocking on the aforementioned door.]

[illegible]

Eugene Dewey:

Heidi? Hey, Heidi, you in there?

Knock Knock Knock Knock

[At that moment a member of the DEFIANCE road crew passes by. At least it's presumed he's from the road crew. If he's not then he shouldn't be wearing a DEF embroidered polo shirt and he certainly shouldn't be backstage. He nods at Dewey as he passes, but Eugene reaches out and places his non knocking hand on his shoulder.]

Eugene Dewey:

Hey man, have you seen Heidi around anywhere?

[The man shakes his head apologetically and moves on quickly. Obviously he's got a job to do, and it doesn't involve talking.]

Knock Knock Knock Knock

Eugene Dewey:

Heidi!? Come on, I need to speak to you!

[Once again someone walks along the hallway, only this time their job is to talk. Their job is also to know about everything happening backstage.]

[Everything.]

Lance Warner:

Eugene, what's going on?

Eugene Dewey:

What? Oh, nothing. I'm just trying to speak to Heidi.

[Hence the whole knocking on the door thing.]

[And the whole 'I need to speak to you' thing.]

[That was a dead give away.]

Lance Warner:

Didn't you hear? Heidi's not here.

Eugene Dewey:

What? Seriously?

Lance Warner:

No. I'm surprised you haven't heard. Heidi never turned up.

[Eugene looks down at the floor, slightly dejected.]

Eugene Dewey:

Ahh man, that sucks.

Lance Warner:

James Warren:
You need her for anything important?

Eugene Dewey:

I just wanted to clear the air, you know? She said some things after her match against Ty Walker last show and I just wanted to let her know if she wants a shot at the FIST then she's more than welcome to one.

[illegible]

Lance Warner:

Are you sure about that, Eugene? I mean, in the past Heidi's been-

[Dewey interrupts.]

Eugene Dewey:

I know all about Heidi's past. Former World Champion, former Tag Team and Trios Champion, Masters of Wrestling finalist... Even with the face eating stuff it's hard to argue against everything she's accomplished.

[Lance bounces his head in agreement.]

Eugene Dewey:

It's no secret we've been at different ends of the Paragon/Renegade spectrum in the past, but I have the utmost respect for Heidi. I want to defend the FIST against people who deserve a shot, and Heidi deserves a shot.

Lance Warner:

That's pretty noble, Eugene, but isn't there a part of you that's slightly worried about Heidi? I mean, you've never faced her one on one before.

Eugene Dewey:

Lance, I fought and defeated Bronson Box before I even learned to wrestle... Twice! I stood toe to toe with Dan Ryan in a steel cage just a few weeks ago... I'm not gonna let Heidi try and intimidate me.

[Lance nods and looks down at his watch.]

Lance Warner:

Oh jeez! Sorry, Eugene, but I gotta get running.

[The FIST nods in understanding as Lance trots off down the hall, but just before he gets out of earshot Eugene calls after him.]

Eugene Dewey:

Hey Lance, if you see Heidi at all, tell her whenever she wants a shot she's got it!

Lance Warner:

Sure thing, Eugene!

[Dewey smiles to himself as he leaves the door that should lead to Heidi's locker room as the scene fades to black.]

Double the Troys, Double the Fun

"Hate to say it, but I saw that coming."

[That's the voice of one "Underground Pimp" Tyler Rayne, as he's walking down the hallway next to the victorious Lindsay Troy. His military-issue boots scuff the tile while Troy's coming down from the adrenaline rush after pulling a fast one on Vinny Rinaldi moments ago. Wade Elliott is conspicuously absent from this scene.]

Lindsay Troy:

Well, you know Wade's never going to win any awards for being Mister Patient at anything, ever. Just let him go stew and smoke a cigarette and he'll be fine once we're ready to get out of here.

Tyler Rayne:

Let's not overestimate Country's definition of "fine." It usually results in property damage and maiming.

Lindsay Troy:

Then he'll be slightly less surly. We'll buy him some Jack and remind him he's got a title shot, which is more than I can say for anyone else. Di Luca can't run away forever.

"Good job out there... 'Giant Killer.'"

[A familiar, disembodied voice stops the Big Damn Heroes currently present in their tracks, as the OTHER Troy in DEFIANCE Wrestling saunters up behind them.]

Troy Matthews:

I knew you were good, every bit as good as they said when you first set foot in this company.

[The Jersey Devil has returned from his recovery in a hellacious Last Man Standing match at GRINDHOUSE: Canada. It's been long enough that he doesn't show any signs of the battle, dressed in blue jeans, a black T-shirt bearing the logo of the New Jersey Devils hockey team, and scuffed-up curb-stompers on his feet. His spiky red hair almost glows in contrast to the rest of the Original Slayer of Giants.]

Troy Matthews:

You might have revealed yourself as a "giant killer" here in the D-E-F, but you know how you said that if people like ME took exception to you calling yourself that, to come on up and see ya?

[Troy walks past them and does an about-face, smirk crossing his lips. Meanwhile, Saori Kazama comes from the opposite direction, flanking her beau.]

Troy Matthews:

Well... hi.

[Tyler Rayne regards Saori and Matthews with a small smirk. Lindsay Troy, however, looks pleased. Eyes all a-twinkle.]

Lindsay Troy:

Well. [She claps her hands twice] Bully for you, Jersey. I'm glad someone in this place is finally taking some initiative instead of being all talk and no action.

Troy Matthews:

Well. You don't become the Slayer of Giants by just waiting for them to stop on by and challenge you. But I'm not here to discuss semantics on a professional wrestling show. I'm here because, well, as I'm sure you know, I've been licking my wounds after almost getting goddamn killed, and I want to prove to the world that I'm ready to take this company by storm. And what better way to make that first step than by challenging the Queen of the Ring?

[Matthews chuckles and tilts his head to the side.]

Troy Matthews:

So next episode, how's about we have ourselves a little piece of history... Troy versus Troy. Nice ring to it, huh?

Lindsay Troy:

I like the sound of that.

[She gives Matthews a sly smile.]

Lindsay Troy:

You probably won't once I'm done, but you've got a whole week or so to come to terms with it.

Troy Matthews:

I hope you'll cleanse your palate in that time, because once you're done tasting my knees, you'll be eating your words. You're a kickboxer, too. You know how much that can hurt.

Lindsay Troy:

I guess we'll just see how good your form is since, you know, you were almost goddamn killed.

[Troy shrugs and keeps his grin, and looks at the Queen of the Ring, almost as if he were sizing her up.]

Troy Matthews:

Looking forward to the opportunity. 'Til then...

[Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama walk past Tyler and Lindsay, quietly and... almost solemnly.]

[To ringside we go!]

Blood Diamonds (White/Box/Ryan/Corozzo/Cassidy/Jane/Bigsby) vs Truly Untouchables (Scott/St. Sure/Booya/Parker/Race/Maddox/???)

DING! DING! DING!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening! It is set for one fall, and it is a SEVEN ON SEVEN tag team match!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

♪ O Fortuna ♪
 ♪ Velut luna ♪
 ♪ Statu variabilis ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from Louisville, Kentucky, and weighing in at 231 lbs! The Socialite! Edward! White! From Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 lbs! The Egobuster! Dan! Ryan! From Brooklyn, New York, and weighing in at 360 lbs! Nicky! Corozzo! From Orlando, Florida, and weighing in at 146 lbs! Jane! Katze!

[The assorted wrestlers have begun assembling at the top of the ramp. Edward White wears a sparkling black robe with white folds designed to look like a tuxedo. Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze both look as though they stepped out of a mafia movie, what with the suits. Only Dan Ryan is without entrance attire.]

Quimbey:

From Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 320 lbs! Houston Strong! Felton! Bigsby! From Waterbury, Vermont, and weighing in at 184 lbs! Jacob! Cassidy! And finally, hailing from the Scottish Highlands and weighing in at 234 lbs! Bronson! BOX! Together, they are THE BLLLOOOOOODDDDD... DDDDDIIIIAAAAMMMMOONNNDDDDSSSS!!!!

[Out comes the Conclave. Box strides past White and Ryan and straight towards the ring without stopping, Cassidy and Bigsby following on his heels.]

DDK:

I'm more sure of it now than ever that there's some sort of friction between Box and his Conclave, and the rest of the Blood Diamonds. Notice how Cassidy and Bigsby haven't any consideration for the rest of the stable, even though in theory White is equal in authority to Box and Dan Ryan is a 14 time World Champ.

Angus:

The Blood Diamonds always had that weird vibe where they seemed like they were just a wrong look from turning on each other, you know?

[The operatic singing and pounding drums of Therion suddenly stop.]

♪ The man takes another bullet ♪
 ♪ He keeps them all within ♪
 ♪ He must seek no matter how it hurts ♪
 ♪ So don't fool again ♪

Quimbey:

And their opponents! First, hailing from Kingston, Jamaica, and weighing in at 141 lbs! Clair! Saint! Sure! From Charlotte, North Carolina, weighing in at 271 lbs! Jonny! Booya! From Waterbury, Vermont, weighing in at 162 lbs! Diane! Parker!

♪ Uncross your arms ♪
 ♪ Take and throw them to the cure, say ♪

♪ "I do believe" ♪

Quimbey:

From Duluth, Minnesota, weighing 239 lbs! David! Race! From Pikesville, Maryland, weighing 204 lbs! Leon! Maddox! And hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! The Ace of Heel! Kai! Scott!

[The Truly Untouchables assemble at the top of the ramp. The only adornment any of them have is the World Title around Scott's waist and the COOL shades upon Booya's face.]

[Metallica stops.]

Quimbey:

And their tag team partner!

["Ghosts Along the Mississippi."]

♪ In the morning ♪

♪ It takes me quite a while to clear my head ♪

Angus:

Oh crap.

Quimbey:

Hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana, standing six feet seven inches tall and weighing in at three hundred fourteen pounds!

♪ And as the day moves on ♪

♪ I find it hard to smile at something said ♪

Quimbey:

He is the man known as The Creole Colossus!

[Former World Champion. Old Line Wrestling's War Games winner.]

Quimbey:

Making his return to Defiance!

[Heidi Christenson's BIG baby brother.]

Quimbey:

COLE! CHRISTENSON!

♪ But I took control ♪

♪ Priority number one, and that's me ♪

♪ Then I cut the dragon's head off ♪

♪ And put away my gun, so let it be ♪

[Cole Christenson walks out onto the ramp. Clad in white trunks with a powder blue stripe down the outside edge and white wrestling boots, his hands wrapped in white tape, the biggest difference between him and Dan Ryan is their 5 year age difference.]

[Jonny Booya literally jumps backwards as Cole larges his way out onto the ramp.]

[A wall of DEFsec appears between the two sides, forming a barricade at the bottom of the ramp. One row facing the ring and the Blood Diamonds, one row facing the ramp and the Truly Untouchables.]

DDK:

Security is keeping this from breaking down instantly the way tag matches do Angus, and I have to say, on one hand Cole Christenson might have been an obvious choice, but if Scott's alluded to his own failure to convince Cole to return! So if Scott was lying, why did he wait this long? And if he wasn't, why would Cole come back now?

Angus:

I couldn't get a handle on that guy when he was here the first time around, and I still don't, but he's bigger than Dan Ryan! And here I thought Scott was at best going to bring out some new superweapon or at worst some kid out of developmental. Honestly Keebs there was a little part of me who thought the Sons of the Soil were going to answer to him. But this? This shit changes things.

[The wall of security helps back the Blood Diamonds away from the ropes, allowing the Truly Untouchables to climb up on the apron.]

DDK:

Security's keeping an extra close watch on Bronson Box, but he's chomping at the bit to get in the ring and they're going to let him - and Kai Scott is going to start for the Truly Untouchables!

Angus:

Let's DO DIS THING!

DING! DING! DING!

[Bronson Box circles, snarling through his mustache. Scott circles, his arms down, a sneer on his face.]

[And Scott reaches out with an open right hand to paintbrush Box on the side of the face!]

[Box smiles and laughs.]

Angus:

Bronson Box is way, way beyond mad. He's in that state where he's so completely consumed by fury that he seems perfectly calm and rational.

[Scott reaches out with a couple more arrogant right hands. Box leans backwards to avoid the first once.]

[He intercepts the second one.]

DDK:

Short-arm! Ducked! Crescent kick misses, Box sends Scott off the ropes, double-leg takedown! Box throwing punches, Scott blocking them, Box trying for a keylock, and Scott slips out from underneath him!

THWACK!

DDK:

Kick to the chest AND BOX RUNS RIGHT THROUGH IT!

Angus:

DWAAaaamn. Scott's no minor league striker there.

[Box, practically foaming at the mouth, throws punch after punch at Scott. Scott gathers his legs under and then flips Boxer off, but Box scrambles to his feet. He lowers his shoulder, plows into Scott and carries him straight back into the Blood Diamonds corner!]

DDK:

Box with Scott in the corner, and the Blood Diamonds making sure he can't slip away! Left and right bodyshots, European uppercut!

Angus:

A fuckton of European uppercuts!

[Benny Doyle has to try and push Box back while keeping his eyes on the Blood Diamonds, and this works about as well as you'd expect.]

DDK:

Ryan with the cheap shot! Corozzo trying to hold Scott in the corner!

[Doyle loses his grip on Box, and Box immediately charges back in, grabbing Scott by the neck and hitting another Euro, and that's when the T-UTs have seen enough.]

[St. Sure is first into the ring and even though White shouts, Box turns around just in time to catch her trademark step-up knee in the corner.]

[Of course, she's only just delivered it before White knocks her off the ropes and down to the mat.]

[And then, it's AWN.]

[Leon Maddox shows some heretofore very rarely shown aggression as he runs over and knocks White right off the apron. Diane and Race follow him. Cole, who knows why he was brought in, goes straight for Dan Ryan, leaving Jonny Booya to run, stop to flex, and then go after Corozzo.]

DDK:

It is breaking down all over ringside! Christenson and Ryan! St. Sure and White! Parker and Cassidy! Race and Bigsby!

PPPPLONK!**Angus:**

Cassidy eats the stairs!

[Bigsby tosses Race in some sort of modified flapjack that bounces him off the ringpost while about 10 feet in the air.]

Angus:

And that's GOTTA hurt. Shit, why's Bigsby going after Race? If I was a big black dude like that, I'd be so all over Diane Parker it wouldn't be funny or televised.

DDK:

God dammit Angus.

[In the ring, Box tries to do some more damage to Scott. Stomping the leader of the T-UTs down, he starts ripping at the turnbuckle pad. Doyle tries to get involved, but he gets Box's palm across his face and is shoved aside. But before Box can get the pad loose, Scott dropkicks him from behind, sending him out of the ring between the middle and top rope.]

DDK:

Scott to the top rope and I think he's going to fly!

[On the far side of the ring, Dan Ryan has climbed up to the apron. He gives the ropes a mighty yank, and Scott falls. Ryan marches into the ring, grabs Scott by the waist and belly to back suplexes him straight off the turnbuckle and halfway across the ring! Scott lands hard on his frontside, gets to his knees clutching his ribs, and Ryan lifts him into

the air with a running kitchen sink!]

Angus:

Correct me if I'm wrong Darren, but is this the first time Ryan's gotten his hands on Scott?

DDK:

No, there was the previous Scott/St. Sure/Booya vs Ryan/Box/White match, but nothing conclusive happened between them.

[Ryan sends Scott into the turnbuckle and follows up with a running chest press.]

Angus:

Oh yeah, I remember now.

[Ryan milks it for just a second or two before he throws Scott overhead with a belly to belly suplex.]

DDK:

Major air on that one, and the champ's in trouble!

[CSS rolls into the ring.. but before she can do more than get to her feet, someone outside the ring grabs her ankle and pulls her right back out of it. Ryan turns back on Scott, brings him back to his feet and hooks him for another suplex - but Scott headbutts him square in the nose!]

[Ryan staggers back, his vision blurring as his eyes tear up, and Scott spins and crescent kicks him across the back of the head! A guy as big and tough as Ryan doesn't go down to a single kick this early in the match, so Scott runs the ropes and uses a leg lariat to get him down to the mat!]

Angus:

I'm conflicted on how I feel about Scott vs Ryan and which one of them I should be burying to the other.

[Scott checks his corner, and slaps the hand of David Race, then wrenches Ryan's arm. Instead of a double team, he holds onto it, until in a fit of irritation Ryan slings him, bent arm and all, into one of the neutral corners. As he starts to run, Race grabs the arm, uses science to bring Ryan back, twist the arm, and flip him up over his back and down to the mat. A quick tag exchange to Diane Parker, Ryan's arm is stretched out across the mat, and Diane comes in with a slingshot somersault splash across the arm. Ryan clutches his arm with a howl of pain, and Diane makes the quick tag to Maddox, who takes the arm and comes off the middle rope with a modified calf branding to the elbow!]

DDK:

The Truly Untouchables have grounded arguably the most formidable member of the Blood Diamonds early! This would be the time to bring in Booya or Christenson, someone with the size to keep him on the mat-

[Maddox wrenches Ryan's arm, brings it up over his shoulder and down in an armbreaker. And then like 15 of them in rapid-fire succession. Ryan goes to one knee, Maddox twists him into a hammerlock - and Ryan lifts Maddox onto his shoulder and spears him into the BDs corner!]

DDK:

And that's an example of why Ryan's a fourteen time World Champion. Maddox isn't the biggest threat on the TUTs roster, but instead of actually overlooking him, Ryan had the Best DDT in the Universe well scouted.

Angus:

Well, hey, it's a pretty damn good DDT. Worked great the two entire times Maddox actually hit it during a wrestling match.

[Maddox is scrappy and starts trying to fight out of the corner. He knocks Jane off the ring apron, and actually doubles Box over with a hard elbow, but then Corozzo gets his hands in, throttles him to the mat, Ryan waves his arms, and it's

a 7 on 1 stomp-in!]

[Benny Doyle first tries to keep the T-UTs from “Illegally” entering the ring, and when he notices he still has trouble regaining order. Eventually, though, the BDs settle with sending Jane Katze into the ring. She starts lighting his chest up with shoot kicks, and then judo throws him.]

DDK:

Textbook koshi guruma by Jane-

Angus:

You made that up.

DDK:

No it's a judo technique, Jane's a practitioner

Angus:

Then why does she wear a miniskirt in the ring instead of a judo robe thing?

[Maddox tries to get to his feet but Jane's all over him with roundhouse kicks. They're not Heidi's, but they hurt, and they send him into the neutral corner. A thrust kick makes him slump. Jane jumps, monkey flips him to mid ring, rolls over on top of him and applies the top mount triangle choke - and before Angus can say words about it, Maddox rolls her over, picks her up, and rushes into the Truly Untouchables corner. Jonny Booya slaps his shoulder, and the T-UTs execute their own stomp-in!]

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

Hey, nobody ever said the TUTs were good guys. Hell, I respect them for the audacity, and because Jane's kind of a cunt.

[Huzzah for six year old grudges against people who don't care anymore, amirite?]

[Jonny Booya sends Jane off the ropes. As she rebounds, he holds out both hands so she comes to a stop.]

[Then he drops to one knee and flexes both of his biceps.]

Jonny Booya:

OH YEAH!

[Jane gets a 'wtf look' on her face, and then snap kicks him in the mouth. She tags out to Corozzo.]

[Booya is already up - that jaw of his just absorbs kicks.]

[Corozzo grabs Booya by the neck. Booya kicks his way loose, hits a trio of jabs and then a right bodyshot that actually knocks Corozzo back a step. He falls back to the ropes to build up speed - but underestimates Corozzo's speed.]

THWAAAAACK!

DDK:

Corozzo just about kicked Booya's head into the front row with that mafia kick!

Angus:

For the next 20 seconds or so Nicky Corozzo is my favorite wrestler on the Defiance roster.

[Even the T-UTs wince as Booya hits the mat, clutching his head. Corozzo brings him back up, picks him up for a vertical suplex, and drops him. Tag is exchanged to Felton Bigsby.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya's got a big height advantage over Bigsby, but Bigsby's as wide as a tank!

[And Bigsby runs right at Booya and takes him up and over with a cutblock kind of thing.]

Angus:

Big man to be doing that to a guy Booya's size. Give Bigsby a few years and he'll be scary.

[Bigsby puts Booya in the neutral corner and delivers some soupbones to the ribs. He takes a few steps back, and Booya uses the chance to step out of the ring.]

[And Clair St. Sure comes off the top rope with a missile dropkick!]

[It doesn't knock a guy like Bigsby all the way down, but he does windmill his arms. And Clair, who twisted while delivering the dropkick so she could catch herself when she landed, sweep kicks him on the back of the knee and then cartwheel enzuigiri's him in the back of the head. As Bigsby teeters, St. Sure jumps to the middle rope and then off with a flying enzuigiri, and Bigsby hits the ground!]

RRRAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

And you've got to admire St. Sure's tenacity in getting a guy who's well over twice her weight down on the mat!

Angus:

I admire lots of things about Clair St. Sure.

[Bigsby gets to his knees, but Clair back kicks him in the face twice, then tags out to Race, who gets the arm octopus applied and starts driving knees in. Bigsby tries to power back to his own corner, but Race switches his weight around and misdirects Bigsby towards the T-UTs.]

DDK:

We discussed what kind of strategy the Truly Untouchables would have.

Angus:

I'm going to say something serious real quick. WAAAAAY back on Defiance S01E08, Kai Scott said that these kinds of matches were more about who could hit their best moves first on fresher opponents, but you look at the TUTs and you can see he's also drilled them on getting those big guys down and keeping them down.

[In fact, Dan Ryan's still working some cramps out of that arm they went over.]

Angus:

Meanwhile the Blood Diamonds have done their share of the damage, but there's like, no cohesion.

[Race looks the wrestlers in his corner up and down, and slaps Cole Christenson's hand.]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

Alrighty then! Let's see what the big guy can do.

[Christenson picks Bigsby up in a fireman's carry. Effortlessly.]

Angus:

Okay wow.

[Christenson delivers a rolling fireman's carry slam, then stays on one knee looking at the Blood Diamonds.]

DDK:

There's not much point in going for a pinfall this early, when Ed White and Jacob Cassidy haven't even been in the match yet. Christenson trying to decide what to do next, I think he's got an idea though.

[Grabbing a waistlock, Christenson lifts Bigsby up with a release German suplex that over rotates Bigsby all the way over onto his front and shakes the ring. Bigsby scrambles back into his corner and tags out to... Dan Ryan.]

Angus:

SHIT. JUST. GOT. REAL.

[Ryan steps over the top rope.]

[Christenson stares him down.]

[And Ed White reaches out and grabs Ryan by the shoulder.]

[The two confer, and then Ryan tags out to White and steps out of the ring.]

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

Not yet says Edward White, I don't know why, but he's just stepped into the match for the first time and he's offering a tie-up- and Christenson's having none of it! Spinning back kick!

Angus:

Why are all the guys from Old Line so gawddamyum kicky?

DDK:

Because they look impressive and smarks dig it?

Angus:

FUCK YOU AND YOUR RATIONALIZATIONS N SHIT

[White goes to his knees. Christenson sends him off the ropes, White rebounds, ducks the roundhouse kick, and while Christenson's back is turned, Jacob Cassidy slaps White on the back. White lowers his shoulder and rams Christenson in the ribs, knocking him back a few steps. Christenson falls back to the ropes and explodes forward - and White dives out of the way. Cassidy vaults the ropes, snags Christenson around the neck and frankensteins him out of the ring. Cassidy runs the ropes to build speed - and Diane kicks him in the back as he gets near the T-UTs corner!]

Angus:

And here we go with the ex-drama. Don't get me wrong I don't care about that mess for the most part, but inasmuch as someone might get kicked super extra hard...

[Diane grabs the waistlock, hooks a half nelson and lifts. But Cassidy knows her move and blocks. He lowers his balance, then turns around in the nelson and lifts her for the Facewaster - which of course she knows too. Twisting out at the top of the lift, Diane hits a series of alternating elbows and a discus clothesline.]

Angus:

Jack Cassidy's pro wrestling career in a nutshell. He handles the T-UTs secret weapon like an absolute boss and then gets nothing out of it cos he follows it up by getting clotheslined by a chick.

[Diane should probably tag out but she decides to press the advantage. As Cassidy slowly gets up, Diane runs up from behind, up and around his shoulders, and she hooks on the Christo!]

[Or tries, rather. She can't quite get the far arm hooked, and Cassidy spins her back around and takes her over with a back drop. He pauses and then hits a high jump standing moonsault. Bringing her up, he whips her into the Blood Diamonds corner and tags out to Dan Ryan.]

[Ryan grabs Diane around the head in a brainclaw.]

DDK:

The Egobuster Dan Ryan has bad intentions for the Baroness. Ryan is, if you'd believe it, fully supportive of a woman's right to get in the ring and mix it up with the guys, but he doesn't take it easy on them. And when you've got a 150 pound weight advantage.

[Ryan, instead of slamming her, sends her flailing head over heels into her own corner like a shot put.]

DDK:

Ryan wants - well, not Diane Parker, but he's demanding a different opponent.

[Cole Christenson starts to step into the ring, but Jonny Booya jumps over the top rope and stomps as hard as he can when he lands.]

Booya:
BOOYA!

[And Ryan runs forward and clothesline Booya out of the ring.]

Angus:

AHAHAHAA what a homo

[Maddox grabs the ropes and shoulderblocks Ryan through them. He was just setting up for the World Champ himself to jump the top rope and sunset flip Ryan!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....Broken up by Jane!

DDK:

That was the first pinfall attempt, and as you saw, by the count of one there were 14 wrestlers in the ring, and now Doyle has lost all control over them again.

[And then one of those weird things happens. Suddenly we're looking at the _other_ side of the ring.]

DDK:

And I'm being informed that there's something going on out in the stands that the producers don't want on camera.

[Most of the DEFsec guys who were at ringside go running off.]

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

And - and fans, I have no idea why but Team HOSS is headed out to the ring!

[Bronson Box lunges at Kai Scott, but for FINALLY, Jonny Booya decides to stop being useless. Jab! Jab, jab, gut slug, elbow uppercut and jumping calf kick, and down goes Box!]

[Leaping enzuigiri from Cassidy and down goes Booya!]

[Sit-out spinebuster on Cassidy by Race!]

DDK:

This is that thing that happens in these matches. It's actually really tense standing on the apron and watching so many other people wrestle, and sooner or later someone starts swinging for the fences. Then it breaks down like this.

[Jane gets her knee across the back of Race's head and spins, dropping him with the Katze Krusher.]

[Diane gets that half nelson suplex she couldn't get on her ex-bf on Jane.]

[Edward White - ignores Diane to dropkick Christenson on the knee! Christenson falls off the apron, catching his chin on it on the way down!]

[Bigsby builds up a head of steam and squashes Diane in the corner!]

[White picks Diane up on his shoulders, runs with her to the other side of the ring, and delivers a DVD in the corner!]

[Before he can follow up, Scott pulls White out of the ring from behind!]

Angus:

I demand more topes!

DDK:

You hate flips.

Angus:

Yeah that was until they started not doing any!

DDK: [ignoring Angus]

Wrestlers are spread around ringside in various states of consciousness, and Team HOSS is at ringside but they haven't done anything yet.

[In fact, Angel Trinidad is entertaining himself by pounding on the ring apron. Aleczander is, perhaps not surprisingly, scoping CSS. She notices, decides to ignore. Cappy raises his hands in a gesture of non-violence.]

[Bigsby applies a full nelson to Diane, and that's enough for CSS. She enters the ring and hits Bigsby with a running front kick to that beard of his. Bigsby loses his grip, CSS and Diane turn and double dropkick Corozzo, one on each knee.]

DDK:

What's good for the goose is good for the gander, and the Truly Untouchables take Corozzo out the same way the Blood Diamonds took out Christenson!

Angus:

Yeah true but the Diamonds have one big guy still standing - The Egobuster!

[Scott, from where he'd pulled White out earlier, jumps up on the ring apron, then springboard dropkicks Bigsby in the

back. Bigsby stumbles forward, and Maddox catches him-]

WHAAAAM!

DDK:

BEST DDT IN THE UNIVERSE!

Angus:

THIS MATCH CANNOT END WITH LEON MADDOX PINNING FELTON BIGSBY!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE-BROKEN UP BY RYAN!

DDK:

I suppose that would have been a bit anti-climactic, but the Egobuster saves the match for the Blood Diamonds, and he's got Maddox up for the press slam - and down outside!

[Maddox splats in front of Team HOSS.]

DDK:

The participants are thinning out! Bigsby's down, Ryan's staring down Diane Parker, who realistically isn't in his league, and Clair St. Sure, who despite what Angus thinks, has demonstrated that she is-

Angus:

I don't care how many good showings St. Sure has against the Ryans and Christian Lights of pro wrestling, I call her in their league when she actually wins one of those matches!

[Ryan aims his superkick at the more dangerous threat - Clair St. Sure. She ducks. And the underestimated Diane catches his arm and trips him to the mat in a keylock driver!]

[St. Sure is right on that arm, twisting it up and -]

DDK:

TRULY UNTOUCHABREAKER!

Angus:

He powered out last time!

DDK:

His arm's already been worked over!

[Dan Ryan growls, doing his damndest not to let St. Sure know how much this move _hurts_.]

Angus:

...Diane Parker is goddamn smart is all I'm saying.

[Box tries to get into the ring to break it up, but Scott cuts him off.]

[With a growl, Ryan snaps his legs out of the hold. He stands up, yanks his arm free of the lock - and as Clair St. Sure loses her grip and the Truly Untouchabreaker, Diane Parker swoops up and hooks the Christol!]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

He ain't tappin', there's no way.

DDK:

Really? After escaping the Truly Untouchabreaker the hard, painful way?

[Dan Ryan drops to one knee.]

[The Truly Untouchables are guarding the ring. Scott stomps at Box. Christenson kicks at Corozzo. Outside the ring, Race holds onto Cassidy and Maddox whips Jane into the ringpost. White climbs up onto the ring apron, with Jonny Booya keeping a close eye on things.]

Edward White:

Do it now.

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMM!!!!!!

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK!?!?

DDK:

JONNY BOOYA JUST HIT KAI SCOTT WITH THE AXE BOMBER!

[Benny Doyle is shocked.]

[And with his back turned, Team HOSS pounces.]

DDK:

Triple Team Powerbomb on Maddox!

[Team HOSS stands. David Race looks at them - then makes a decision.]

[He's getting paid as a hired gun. He's not getting paid to die an honorable death doing his duty.]

DDK:

David Race is leaving the ringside area!

[Throwing up his hands, Race turns his back on the Truly Untouchables and departs.]

[Booya kicks Diane in the head, and Ryan brings her up and DOWN with the Humility Bomb!]

[But before he can go for the cover, she's dragged out of the ring.]

DDK:

Cole Christenson pulls Diane to safety - and he's got St. Sure too!

[Claira St. Sure is screaming, trying to get back at the ring, but Christenson wraps one massive arm around her and starts dragging her backwards. Diane is over his shoulder. Team HOSS allows the bruiser to carry the one girl away and drag the other.]

DDK:

The Truly Untouchables have disintegrated right in front of our eyes, and now it's EIGHT on one! ELEVEN with Team

HOSS! Maddox is down! Race fled! Christenson dragged the girls away!

[White and Ryan stomp Scott flat into the mat, and then Scott is placed on White's shoulders.]

Angus:

Stock Market Drop!

[Now Corozzo picks Scott up.]

DDK:

The End of the World as we Know It!

[It's a straightjacket piledriver.]

DDK:

And Dan Ryan's going to put the finishing touches on this - HUMILITY BOMB!

[Ryan plants one big boot on Scott's chest. Benny Doyle, helpless to do anything else, counts.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Your winner, as a result of a pinfall, the BLOOD! DIAMONDS!

[Team HOSS joins the rest of the Blood Diamonds in the ring.]

DDK:

Now Edward White's got Team HOSS working for him, too?

Angus:

THE GREATEST MOVE IN THE HOSSTERY OF OUR SPORT!

[White, Corozzo, Box, Ryan, Booya, Cassidy, Bigsby, Jane, and Team HOSS all join hands in the ring and raise theirs.]

[And then, if you thought things couldn't go batshit even further...]

DDK:

SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE ON BRONSON BOX!

[Ryan, unexpectedly, just about takes Box's head off with a short arm clotheslines.]

[Before either one can think of doing anything about it, the stable whirls around to simply beat Cassidy and Bigsby face first into the mat.]

DDK:

The Blood Diamonds now have Jonny Booya and Team HOSS - and they're cutting loose Box and the Conclave!

Angus:

They're pulling Box up - handing him to Booya - oh god dammit.

DDK:

BOOYA DRIVER!

[Booya spikes Box down with a package piledriver.]

[Jane kneels down on Cassidy's back, slips a leg under his neck, and cranks back on the rear mount triangle.]

DDK:

Cassidy's a captive witness as Bigsby is brought up, and handed over to Team HOSS - he's three hundred twenty pounds, this could kill him!

Angus:

THE **GREATEST** MOVE IN THE **HOSSTERY** OF OUR SPORT!!

WWWWHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAMMMMMM!!!!!!

[The entire ring shakes as Bigsby is driven down.]

DDK:

The face of Defiance has just changed almost beyond recognition, but fans, we are OUT OF TIME!