

Meeting New People

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is an Exclusive Presentation...]

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[5...]

[4...]

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[1...]

[Up.]

[The Locker Room. An hour before doors open to the public.]

[We find Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James already occupying adjacent locker spaces. Dusty is sitting on the floor in front of his locker with his head down, knees up and arms stretched out with his forearms rested on his legs.

Meanwhile, Frank is planted on a stool in front of his locker while he fiddles with the laces of his boots. It's rather peaceful until Frank hears the sound of the door to the room opening, causing him to grunt. The sound alerts Dusty, whose eyes open and head lifts to see what's got the Mastodon's attention.]

[Lindsay Troy strides through the open door, eyes cast down to her phone, thumb swiping across the screen. Wade Elliott's into the room next, peering over her shoulder with a scowl. Tyler Rayne follows the Bad Dog, looking amused.]

Lindsay Troy: [talking at her phone]

This is some EPIC bullshittery.

Wade Elliott:

An' what, exactly, is the point of this?

Lindsay Troy:

You need to link up the matching squares so the numbers'll add together, and you're supposed to keep going 'til you hit the 2048 tile.

[It seems like Troy has gotten hooked on the highly addictive, highly infuriating, [2048](#) game....and is STRUH-GUHL-ING with trying to win.]

Tyler Rayne:

Uni's been stuck at 1024 for three weeks.

Lindsay Troy: [through clenched teeth]

That's because this game is **rigged**.

[See?]

Wade Elliott:

Sounds like a helluva wast've time t'me.

Tyler Rayne:

Don't expect you to understand, Country, since you prefer smoke signals to modern technology.

Lindsay Troy:

Seriously, Wade, it's time you embraced the 21st century and got a smartphone.

Wade Elliott:

Horse shit. I don't carry nothin' in my pocket smarter'n my own brain pan.

Tyler Rayne:

Yeah, but... that sorta leaves a lot of things open to carry in your pocket. Not like we're keepin' ya around 'cause of a Harvard education.

[Dusty and Frank watch this exchange between the trio of Heroes who are also Damn Big. They're both various levels of confused by the words spilling out of BDH's collective mouths.]

Frank Dylan James:

Th' hales they talkin' about, Dust?

Dusty Griffith: [shrugs]

Beats me. Algebra?

[Troy is the first to notice that she, Tyler, and Wade aren't alone. She gives a "sup" nod in Dusty and Frank's direction.]

Lindsay Troy:

Waiting for trouble to find you this week, fellas?

Dusty Griffith:

Thought we'd change it up for once.

[Frank jumps right on in, derailing the pleasantries.]

Frank Dylan James: [points at Lindsay]

Is dat Sam's woman?

Dusty Griffith: [looks at Frank]

What? Who?

[Dusty looks to Troy and his brow raises, the dots connecting, the numbers adding up, insert your cliché here, it does all of them. You might recall Sam Turner Jr. being highly impressed with one Lindsay Troy on Grindhouse #14.]

Lindsay Troy:

Ha. I'm sorta spoken for [she motions to Tyler, who gives a wink], but your friend was cute in that "apple pie and dreams and wishes" type of way.

Dusty Griffith: [to Rayne]

Might want to watch out for Ol' Sam, to hear him tell it, she walks on water and turns it into wine.

Tyler Rayne:

Fellas, if I was the type to fret over some other man crushin' on my wife, I'd never get any sleep. 'Sides, you've seen her in the ring. Someone comes 'round with inappropriate intentions, she'll just knock his fuckin' block off.

Frank Dylan James:

WHATTALAYDEE!!

[Everyone stares at Big Frank.]

Frank Dylan James:

What? At's what dat boy done said, couldn't shuddup about it for the rest'a th' night.

Tyler Rayne:

Well, this conversation went from zero to uncomfortable in a hurry.

Lindsay Troy:

At least 38% more awkward than I intended it to be.

Wade Elliott:

Think yer low-ballin' a bit.

Lindsay Troy:

Probably.

[She slips her phone into her back pocket. This allows the two White Knights to notice her shirt: a plain white tee with the phrase **#STALKTONPYRE** in large, bolded letters. The "O" in the hashtag is a cartoon scribbling of Stockton Pyre's mask, with black Xs over the eyeholes. Dusty snickers.]

Dusty Griffith:

Well done on the shirt.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, this ol' thing? [Smirks.] Had one made for Holiday, too.

[Frank stares at the shirt; you can see the tires spinning, but they're getting no traction. Dusty watches his friend's brain working and just shakes his head before reaching up and pulling himself off the floor.]

Dusty Griffith:

So yeah, thanks for the assist last week.

Wade Elliott: [snorts]

Weren't much to assist. A li'l too much talkin' fer any ass-kickin' t'get done.

Tyler Rayne:

That's Country's way of sayin,' "You're welcome."

Dusty Griffith: [tilts his head towards Frank]

Yeah, I'm fluent in the dialect.

[Dusty slaps a hand down on Frank's shoulder before nodding towards the door. The hulking giant from West Virginia grunts and rises from his seat.]

Lindsay Troy:

Anyway, be seein' ya later. Wade's holdin' you to that free beer tweet.

Wade Elliott:

Just make sure yer swappin' the beer fer a bourbon.

[Dusty nods as Frank's already making for the door.]

Dusty Griffith:

Whatever you want, I'm buying.

Frank Dylan James: [Off in the not so distant distance]

We gon' raise sum hale t'night or wut?

[Dusty chuckles under his breath and follows after his big buddy.]

[You think we're going to start the show...but we've got somewhere else to be first...]

The BAWS Returns

[The parking garage.]

[Showtime: T-minus three minutes.]

[Squealing tires bring things to focus, as a black Navigator roars into the scene. It circles around once before finding the desired parking space. Seconds pass before the passenger door opens and out pops Kelly Evans, dressed as only Kelly Evans can dress, wearing what could considerately be called a “slutty secretary” Halloween costume capped off by six inch stilettos. She turns and speaks back into the truck.]

Kelly:

Are you sure you don't want me to call Ty? Or Steve? Or, I dunno, ANYBODY?

[The drivers door opens.]

V/O:

Nah. Ty has his own problems. Steve is in Detroit. Nobody else answers the phone more than half the time, and this is **my** problem. I can take care of it.

[Eric Dane steps out of the truck. For the first time in a long time he is sans suit and tie, rather tonight he wears an oldschool DEFIANCE ver1.0 t-shirt covered in a beaten, battered, black leather jacket. The jacket is covered in studs, spikes, chains, and patches. You can plainly see a Nighthawks logo, a Team Danger logo, and a very large DEFIANCE logo across the back in the style of a motorcycle club's emblem.]

Dane:

Besides, who's gonna stop me from coming into my own show?

[The two long-time friends and associates (also other things) meet up around the end of the vehicle, and in a somewhat calming moment they link arms and walk arm-in-arm up to the employee entrance to the building.]

[Standing between the DEFIANT Duo and the door, however, is Agent Smith from the Matrix. Well, not exactly, but he could have been an extra in that fight scene at the end of the last movie. Dane and Evans stop in front of him, Kelly scoffs.]

Kelly:

And who in fuck's name are you supposed to be?

[The Suit answers.]

Suit:

Agent Bryce, Diamond Protective Services. Edward White's personal security agency. Names?

Dane:

Excuse me?

Agent Bryce:

You want to get in, you tell me your name. If you're on the list, I let you in the door. If not, you can toddle off back to wherever people still think it's cool to drive a Navigator.

[Eric Dane chuckles; it is not pleasant at all. It's the kind of chuckle that precedes violence. Kelly Evans, for her part, smiles the sweetest and most seductive smile that you can broadcast on television as she saunters over to Agent Bryce and gets in all close. She leans up and whispers sweetly into his ear.]

Kelly:

My name is "Open that fucking door," and his name, well his name is "Fuck with us and find yourself on the inside of a small, black bag." Do you understand?

[Agent Bryce moves the slightest of muscles and before he knows it finds himself up against the wall with something pointy gouging ever so slightly into his carotid artery.]

Dane:

I believe the lady said Open that fucking door.

[Kelly lets up. Dane reaches in and smoothes Bryce's jacket and collar, never taking those violent eyes off of him. Once Bryce is satisfactorily dusted off, the two give him just enough room to open said door. He does. They step through, but stop just past the threshold.]

Dane:

I'm going to find Ed White. He and I need to have a talk and it doesn't need to be in front of a camera.

Kelly:

What do you want me to do?

Dane:

The usual. You're in charge.

[She nods, he winks, they part ways, leaving Agent Bryce at his now breached position. He presses a hand to an earpiece and speaks into a microphone you can't see.]

Agent Bryce:

Mr. Corozzo, Dane and Evans are in the building.

[Are you ready, DEFIANTS?]

[Cause we're starting the show....RIGHT. NOW.]

The Rundown

[Ringside.]

[Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland are at their normal positions at the Commentation Station, and both of them have "that look" on their faces.]

Angus:

Well then.

DDK:

Looks like we're in for a bumpy road tonight, ladies and gentlemen!

Angus:

I know Eric Dane, and when he comes to work dressed in leather and denim he's not looking to sign contracts or book matches. He's looking to beat some sense into somebody!

DDK:

And was that a shank that Kelly had?

Angus:

That's our Kelly!

DDK:

Man, oh man, I have a feeling Edward White is in for a long night tonight!

DDK:

And that's just the tip of the iceberg, partner!

Angus:

You damn skippy, Keebs, because Muh Boi Tai is here! I don't know what he's going to be up to, but he's here! TONIGHT!

DDK:

We're going to kick things off with a debut match featuring former PRIME superstar, Jason Natas. The Master of the Curtis Clutch Challenge is also sure to be in action; the question is, can anyone survive Curtis Penn and take home his ten thousand dollars?

Angus:

Based on past results? I'm guessing not.

DDK:

The Angel City Express are also here. Last week, Don Hollywood actually challenged Heidi to a fight and we're going to see that tonight!

Angus:

Ripped Into Pieces, vaya con dios, Dapper Don!

DDK:

It certainly doesn't stop there for your good buddies in the ACX, partner. To say Pete Whealdon has been anti-Romero Antiguas would be an understatement and it all came to a head last week when the Suite Corporate Dolphin challenged Antiguas to a fight.

Angus:

Not just any fight, Keebs, it's a fight for the right to Bromance the Stone with my friend, and yours, Rich Mahogany!

DDK:

And later on, Eddie Dante leads his God-Beast, Mushigihara, into battle against the Mastodon of West Virginia, Frank Dylan James!

Angus:

One word, Keeps. HAAAWWWWSFYYYYYYTTTTE!

DDK:

And if that isn't enough... DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion, Kai Scott, has challenged Dan Ryan, one show after Edward White's "Crown Jewel" tried to destroy Clair St. Sure!

Angus:

And you just know the White Knights are going to be around... Being all White and Knighty.

DDK:

And who knows what else is bound to happen tonight, as we head into Grindhouse: America next week!

Angus:

Alright, damnit, you sold me on it... Let's get this bitch rollin' down the road!

[To the ring we go!]

Jason Natas vs. ???

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following is a singles match scheduled for one-fall!

[A chorus of generic butt-rock plays throughout the arena as three men, impeccably-coiffed and clad from head-to-toe in American Eagle's summer collection, bound confidently through the curtain.]

Angus:

God, where did we get these freaks from?

DDK:

That's the "Handsome Man Modelling School," Angus - "Photogenic" Peter Pham, "The Beaut" Benny Torrez and "Tantalizing" Taylor Smith, who we're about to see in singles action.

Angus:

These kids look more suited for the advertising boards than the ring. This had better be quick...

[The HMMS preps strut their way down the ramp and quickly reach the ring. All three of them hop up onto the apron, posing for an indifferent crowd, before climbing inside the ring and towards a corner.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, in the ring, accompanied by "Photogenic" Peter Pham and "The Beaut" Benny Torrez, he weighs in at 217lbs and hails from Palm Springs, California... "TANTALIZING" TAYLOR SMITH!

[Just as Peter Pham pulls-out his iPhone and lines-up a group selfie, the vilest slab of sludge metal that the HMMS have ever heard spews from the speakers. All three visibly recoil as High on Fire's "Bloody Knuckles" erupts in a bowel-shaking cacophony of crashing drums, downtuned guitars and thick bass. A few seconds pass before Jason Natas steps onto the stage, drawing a hearty roar from the audience's PRIME historian/hipster sect.]

DDK:

Here comes the latest ex-PRIME wrestler to make his DEFIANCE debut. Jason Natas may arrive with less fanfare than the Big Damn Heroes, but make no mistake: this man is as hard-nosed and brutally effective as they come.

Angus:

If ever there was a man custom-built to take care of the GAP model that's currently in the ring, it must be this guy - he has a tattoo on his goddamn FACE! His FACE, Darren!

Quimbey:

... aaaaand his opponent! Weighing in at 260lbs, and hailing from New York City... welcome to DEFIANCE... "THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR" JASOOONNNNN NATAAASSSSSSSSSS!

[Wearing a tight black tee with "PUGILIST" emblazoned across the chest and a pair of grey denim cutoffs, Natas stomps down to the ring with minimal fanfare before rolling under the bottom rope and climbing to his feet. Pham and Torrez flee immediately, leaving a repulsed Taylor Smith alone in the ring with the hulking tattooed brute.]

Angus:

I can already tell I'm going to enjoy this...

[Natas pulls his t-shirt off and turns to his corner to set it down, when Smith charges at him, throwing fists into Jason's thick skull.]

DDK:

Here we go!

[The bell rings as Smith clubs away at Natas, but the aggressor is quickly overpowered by the larger Natas who creates distance with a quick shoulder thrust then knocks Smith to the ground with a hard straight right. Smith gets up, only to eat another punch, and the pattern repeats itself. Smith gets up for a second time and again charges at Natas, but Jason sidesteps his rush. Smith stops himself from flying into the corner and turns quickly to find Natas standing in the centre of the ring, beckoning him forward.]

Angus:

Well, that didn't work out for Taylor Smith.

DDK:

He took one look at this brute and saw an opening, only to have a few teeth loosened for his trouble. That's the price of jumping a man from behind.

[Smith springs forward again, walking into a stiff leg kick followed by a knee to the gut. Natas throws an arm around his shoulder, looking to tie-up, but Smith squirms free before The Anti-Superstar can tighten his grip. The smaller man darts across the ring and rebounds off the ropes, cartwheeling past Natas before turning round and getting floored with a short clothesline.]

Angus:

Ha! Sit down, flippydoo.

DDK:

Natas' striking looks impressive thus far. He's always been a heavy-hitter, but he's certainly refined his technique over the years.

[Stepping backwards for a quick breather, Natas allows Smith enough time to get to his feet before coming forward. He looks to tie-up, but the sprightly Smith ducks under this attempt and kicks Jason's calf. Natas keeps his head as a second kick lands, and turns, pushing Taylor away with a teep kick, before coming forward with a couple of jabs followed by a right cross. His opponent against the ropes, Jason locks him in a Thai clinch.]

Angus:

Natas is beating the living shit out of this kid!

DDK:

HUGE knees to the ribs from the Thai clinch!

Angus:

You weren't lying about this dude!

[A final knee lands and Natas allows Smith to fall to the mat. An approving cheer goes-up from a fanbase well-accustomed to pure, unbridled hossery.]

DDK:

This is Jason Natas' biggest match since 2012, when he lost a lopsided affair to our own Lindsay Troy, and he's hardly broken a sweat thus far.

Angus:

You have to take the opposition's quality into account. Beating Taylor Smith's ass isn't going to make Natas a star, but it sure is fun to watch!

DDK:

If you've not seen Natas' PRIME days, this guy was known as a vicious, unrelenting head-hunter whose tenacity far outweighed his athletic gifts. It looks like he's really learned how to control a match with his outrageous striking acumen – his opponent has barely stood a chance!

[The debutant kneels down and hauls Smith back up, throwing a couple of forearms into his skull before pushing him back into the corner, stepping back, and kicking him hard in the ribs.]

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Ahh! I think I just heard one of Smith's ribs pop!

[Smith doubles over, falling to one knee, before a second kick throws him back into the corner. Continuing the punishment, Natas stomps forward and throws a knee into Smith's chest, before pulling him up and turning him around. Wrapping two heavily-tattooed arms around Smith's waist, Natas pulls backwards, looking for a German suplex, but the acrobatic Smith is able to slip out the back and dropkick the back of Natas' knee.]

DDK:

Hold-on, here comes Smith!

Angus:

The kid's not finished yet!

[Natas falls to one knee. Smith looks to capitalise and darts towards the ropes. He plants his feet on the ropes and leaps before, but Natas catches the attempted springboard splash and bellows loudly as he tosses Smith with a fallaway slam.]

Angus:

... ohhhh, yes he is!

DDK:

That was an absolute rag-dolling! And now the cover...

[Benny Doyle counts as Natas hooks the leg.]

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Well this is going pretty much exactly how I thought it would. Big hossy brawler with a reputation for violence collides with scrawny, sweater vest-wearing runt. Bags of fun.

DDK:

Taylor Smith's clearly quicker than Natas, who's built like the side of a house, but he's being completely neutralised, even with his sidekicks at ringside.

Angus:

I don't think these dudes want anything to do with Natas, Darren: he looks like he was born on a different planet to them.

[Unperturbed, Natas drags the hurting prep up by the neck, pushes him back and raises his dukes, ready for another round of strikes. Smith shakes the butterflies away and realises he's being dragged back into Jason's waters, so he makes a snap decision to bail out of the ring and into the relative safety of his allies' company.]

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Now look at this coward, running away from a fight...

Angus:

Cowardly but perhaps logical – this is a chance for Smith to recover. Natas has been hammering on him the whole match.

[Unfortunately for Smith, however, Jason Natas is not here to fuck around. He hops out and the other HMMS members scatter, leaving the New Yorker alone with his prey again. After using his considerable mass to force Smith against the barricade, Jason loads-up a knife-edge chop...]

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

[... and another...]

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

[... three for a coconut...]

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

[... and Smith folds like an accordion, his chest welted red.]

DDK:

Well, so much for “recovering!”

Angus:

Even with a three-on-one advantage, Taylor Smith and his chickenshit team-mates couldn’t stand-up to this guy. Are these three actually being paid for this?! Because all Smith has been is a punching bag for our new guy.

[Realising that Doyle is, by now, half-way through a ten count, Natas takes the action ringwards by rolling Smith in and following. Natas stomps Smith’s back a couple of times, stalling his attempted rise, before dropping an elbow across his back and sitting upright. The Pugilist takes a moment to regain some lost breath.]

Angus:

Big elbow drop from a big lug! And the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICK-OUT!

[By now, Jason Natas is about done toying with Taylor Smith. He pulls his opponent up again, whips him across the ropes, and catches him with a belly-to-belly side suplex that has Smith arching his back and screaming in pain. Jason yanks him up with brute force, tossing him effortlessly into a corner, and following up with a back elbow splash. With Smith stumbling around like a newborn foal, Jason locks onto him again and throws him into the opposite corner, following-up with another back elbow splash. This time, Smith falls to the follow, and Jason Natas runs a finger across his own throat, signalling for the end.]

DDK:

Looks like it's time for Taylor Smith to say goodnight.

Angus:

How merciful...

[The Anti-Superstar stomps across the ring, readying the end.]

Angus:

Look-out! Dipshit alert!

[Before Jason can act, however, Torrez and Pham are on the apron, screeching insults at him to catch his interest. Jason turns around. It only takes a feinted punch to disperse the HMMS, but Smith's back up again! Unfortunately, Jason telegraphs the charge, ducks under Smith's strike, and locks him in a full nelson. Wasting no time, Natas hoists Smith into the air before slamming Smith's shoulders down across his knee.]

DDK:

Oh my! Powerful, powerful stuff from Jason Natas.

Angus:

Not only can this guy knock the tar out of you with punches and kicks, but he can throw you around like a beach ball as well! Terrible news for runty flippydoos everywhere!

[Again, The Anti-Superstar wanders across the ring, but he doesn't take his eyes off Taylor Smith this time. He waits for Smith to shake enough grog away and rise to a seated position, before charging across and...]

DDK:

BUSAIKU KNEE KICK!

Angus:

Right to the face!

DDK:

You can see why he calls that the "Facebreaker!"

[Jason immediately covers his limp opponent.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

There it is! A comprehensive, one-sided victory for Jason Natas in his DEFIANCE debut!

[Jason rises to his feet as "Bloody Knuckles" pumps through the sound system, letting the referee raise his inked arm.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, here is your winner... "THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR" JASONNNNNN

NAAAAATTTTTAAASSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

So the ex-PRIMEate wins at a canter on his DEFIANCE debut in an exhibition of clinical striking and dominant power! A few eyebrows were raised at this signing, Angus, but the early signs look promising.

Angus:

I won't use the word "impressed" until I've seen Natas face an actual human being, but whatever. He completely controlled that kid and tossed him around with little effort. We'll see how he handles a sterner challenge, but my hoss sense is tingling...

DDK:

DEFIANCE isn't exactly short of hulking bruisers, so it'll be interesting to see how he fits into the landscape around here. Nonetheless, Jason Natas has done exactly what was expected of him here. Good start.

[Having retrieved his t-shirt from the corner and hopped out of the ring, Natas plods up the ramp as the Handsome Man Modeling School converge around the fallen Taylor Smith. With his entrance music booming, The Anti-Superstar reaches the top of the stage and disappears backstage...]

Shots Fired

[Cut to the backstage area and an area not far from the gorilla position, where High on Fire's booming reverberations are more than apparent. A microphone-wielding Lance Warner stands-by, dressed as sharply as ever in a neat navy blue suit, though he doesn't acknowledge the camera.]

DDK:

Looks like Lance is waiting for somebody.

Angus:

Good work, detective. Now, for an extra golden star: can you figure out who he's waiting for?

DDK:

Well, given that he's standing just a few metres from the gorilla position, and given that Jas---... wait, are you pulling my chain?

Angus:

You're getting slower.

[It only takes a few seconds before Lance's attention is spiked.]

Warner:

Excuse me! Jason Natas!

[The interviewer steps after Natas, who had climbed down the stage's stairs and headed off in the opposite direction. Breathing steadily and coated in a fine layer of sweat, Natas stops and turns to face the interviewer who approaches him for the first time with zero trepidation.]

Warner:

A quick word following following your debut match tonight?

Natas:

Huh, first night. Kinda figured I'd be able t' avoid this for a few weeks at least.

[Jason pauses, dabbing beads of sweat from his brow with the t-shirt over his shoulder. Up-close and in-person, his physique's roughness is even more apparent. A 6'4" frame of tough granite and endless tattoos bulges with solid muscle mass, and his face -- peppered with scar tissue and lined by a dirty blonde beard -- is unquestionably that of a fighter.]

Natas:

Keep it quick -- I'm dyin' for a smoke.

Warner:

Firstly, Jason, Welcome to DEFIANCE. Now, barring a brief sojourn on PRIME's 2012 farewell tour, this is the first time that mainstream wrestling audiences have seen you in over five years. During your time in PRIME you made it very clear that you despised the spotlight, celebrity and everything that came with being part of a major wrestling company, going as far as labeling yourself the "Anti-Superstar." What convinced you to leave the independent circuit and return to the bigger stage?

Natas:

'Cause travelin' across the country t' throwdown in front a' couple hundred fans just ain't payin' the bills no more, boyo. Turns out I'm pretty good at punchin' people in the face, an' this seems like the best place t' do it. I ain't ever been about makin' a scene or bein' a celebrity -- I'm here to wreck faces and smash egos, an' if I have t' indulge in a little pageantry along the way, so be it. This business ain't just 'bout bein' the best fighter: I learned that the hard way.

Warner:

Though your PRIME run ended five years ago now, there are plenty of fans out there who'll still remember you as a volatile, trouble-seeking fire starter. What's your mindset at the start of your DEFIANCE career?

Natas:

Don't wanna say too much, else we'll be veerin' dangerously close to Oprah territory. All DEFIANCE needs t' know is I'm primed an' ready t' fuck this whole place up. The goal's the same as it ever was; 'cept the angle's a little different. You won't see me startin' no fires any more, but if a motherfucker sparks one under me, I'll be extinguishin' it with their pride. See, bein' the biggest cunthole in the locker-room didn't work-out for me. Might've taken a dice with death to realise it, but I'm focused now, an' that's bad news for fuckheads everywhere.

[With Natas pausing, Warner parts his lips to speak.]

Warner:

An' no, I ain't elaboratin' on that last one.

[Visibly perturbed by the interruption, Lance quickly shakes it away and resumes questioning.]

Warner:

Well Jason, DEFIANCE isn't exactly short of hard heads, tough noses and smack talkers, including your former colleagues in The Big Damn Heroes. Just how do you envisage yourself fitting-in with DEFIANCE's spectrum of personalities.

Natas:

Way I see it, ain't no fittin' in t' be done. You got a guy pluckin' people from the crowd an' beatin' them t' hell 'cause he ain't got the stones t' get the job done against someone who can fight back. There's a prissy Mexican runnin' 'round screaming his own name who can't win a damn match 'cause he's too stressed 'bout his pretty little face gettin' hurt. That's without even mentionin' the big-money Svengali tryin' a run the show with his army of basic dipshits. Shit, there's plenty 'a fools in this place needin' a good boot across the forehead...

[Again Jason pauses. This time, however, Lance gives him a moment of contemplation.]

Natas:

Y'know, they used to call me a "PRIMEate." Never was too fond of that title, but I've been a DEFIANT my whole damn life. Reckon I'll do just fine here. Just fine.

Warner:

Thank you, Mr. Natas, for your time. Do you have a final message for the fans before we sign-off here?

Natas:

I ain't one t' talk for hours on end, boyo, but I ain't gon' spit some cheesy bullshit 'bout "lettin' my actions do the talkin'" either. I'm here, DEFIANCE, an' I ain't just here to squash worms like whoever the fuck I fought tonight. This whole place is 'bout t' be shaken-up, from top t' bottom. Don't believe me? Just watch.

[The Pugilist finishes with a quick glance to the camera. He nods to Lance Warner, thanking him silently, before retreating off-camera.]

Angus:

Well shit, that was a pretty clear message: Jason Natas isn't here for the fuck-shit, Darren.

DDK:

Strong words following a strong debut performance. This guy's one to watch, definitely, and it's going to be interesting to see how his DEFIANCE career unfolds.

Angus:

Again, I'll reserve full judgment until the guy's fought some real competition, but I get a feeling we won't have to wait too long for that. There are a lot of guys back there in that locker-room who won't take too kindly to the bullets Natas has thrown at them tonight, especially on his first night with the company.

[Where are we goin' next? Well...]

Loyalty

[Back to Keebs and Angus at ringside.] **DDK:** Next up on the docket we've got the Redneck Rekker taking on the recently returned Jake Donovan in what could be a high flying, high impact match! **Angus:** You know what, I can't stand either of these guys, I think I'm gonna take a smoke break. [The lights drop.] [The speakers hum.] **Angus:** Wait a goddamned sec- [The opening chords to "The One You Love to Hate" shred through the PA system and the light's come back with a flash of silver pyro.] **DDK:** Might wanna put that break on pause there, Ang! We already knew that the boss was in the house tonight, but it looks like he's getting ready to come out here right now! [Angus shuffles to get himself back into position as "The Only Star" and BAW\$ DIME MEGA of DEFIANCE, Eric Dane, blasts through the curtains and onto the entrance ramp.] ♪ *You may not like the future* ♪ ♪ *And we're not here to preach t'ya* ♪ ♪ *We'll take you to the killing floor* ♪ ♪ *You think you want to know me* ♪ ♪ *You think you want to own me* ♪ ♪ *But I have nothing you can buy* ♪ [The boss, dressed the same as before except with the added touch of a pair of Ray-Bans, the likes that Cancer Jiles and Jonny Booya both jack off over before going to bed at at night, plastered across his face covering cerulean eyes, no doubt hiding cruel intent.] **Angus:** This is serious business. For Eric to come out here dressed to fight is telling. **DDK:** And he's not wasting any time posing or posturing, either, it's straight to the ring! ♪ *I can break you,* ♪ ♪ *I can raise you,* ♪ ♪ *Bring you to your knees,* ♪ ♪ *'Cause I'm the one you love to hate.* ♪ ♪ *You can't fool me,* ♪ ♪ *You can't rule me,* ♪ ♪ *You only wanna hang around* ♪ ♪ *Cause I'm the one you love to hate.* ♪ [Once inside the ring Dane takes the microphone from Darren Quimbey, who was waiting to announce the Turner/Donovan match next, and shoos him from the ring. He makes a quick "cut it" motion with his hand and the music dies, leaving nothing but the raucous Tuscaloosa chapter of the DEFIANCE Faithful.] [Eric paces the ring for a moment, letting them have theirs, before stopping at center ring, removing the Ray-Bans, and bringing the mic up to his lips.] **Dane:** I didn't come out here to pop the crowd... [it happens anyway] and I didn't come out here to pop the ratings. I'm not here to sell tickets to Grindhouse: AMERICA, and I'm not here to shill product. [He pauses, tension is in the air.] **Dane:** I'm here because some dick in a Secret Agent costume tried to keep me out of my own building when I got here a few minutes ago. I'm here because when I went to my office I was told that Edward White wasn't taking meetings tonight, and that I needed to be on some list to get through that door just like at the entrance. As if I'd just go home because some dick in a suit told me I wasn't on the list... I don't do lists, Eddy. I also don't do half-assed power-plays on the House that Dane built.

RAAAH!!! **Dane:** What I do, is business. Eddy, you and I made a business deal several months ago. One in which the caveat to DEFIANCE using your money to stay in business through hard times was your continued silence on the matter. There was a lot on the line with that business deal, including a heavy stake in the future of DEFIANCE, but since Mr. Moneybags couldn't keep his big, fat, mouth shut and decided to try and pull another Elijah Goldman on me and take from me what belongs TO ME by brute force, I decided to go and do things his way. I went to the lawyers. [He cheeses.] **Dane:** Yeah, that's right, Ed, I've got a fleet of lawyers too. As it turns out, I've still got to give you a few considerations, mostly on the financial side of things, because of your [finger quotes] "much appreciated" contribution to the continued success of DEFIANCE! What you **don't** get, Eddo, is that fifty percent silent stake that I sold you all those months ago. You also don't get to have your little bullshit Diamond Protective Services keep me out of any door in this building that I feel like walking through, get it? And guess what else, fatboy, you don't get to hire and/or fire just anybody you want, either, so you can take that stack of contracts that you stole out of my desk and you can wipe your ass with them, because they're all copies, you stupid, arrogant, megalomaniacal, pompous, overblown, over-exaggerated piece of garbage! You think I'd keep BINDING LEGAL DOCUMENTS IN A DESK DRAWER AT AN ARENA? It hurts me that you think so little of me, Edward, it really does. ["Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [The entire audience filling the Coleman Coliseum unloads an unending torrent of jeers at the very sound of the Socialite's music.] **Angus:** Oooh goody. **DDK:** You didn't really think White wouldn't have something to say, did you? **Angus:** A boy can dream can't he? [First out is a cascading line of DPS Agents and DEFsec, all of whom stride on to the stage before fanning out to the left or right, forming a perimeter on either side. Once the last man has taken his place, he is followed by Edward White's "Chief of Security" Nicky Corozzo. The massive Italian guard dog steps off to the left as Edward White finally enters the scene with his "Executive Assistant" Jane Katze on his right flank.] [To say Edward White is not amused, would be an understatement.] **Angus:** Man, you think he's pissed? **DDK:** He's certainly not happy about this development; Edward White rarely doesn't get the better end of a deal. This might actually be a first for him. **Angus:** Then it pleases Eric to be the first, hah! [White stares into the ring, Dane stares out towards the stage, there's tension piling up so thick that you can taste it. The music fades when White speaks without breaking eye contact, the words cause Katze to produce a microphone for the apparently, not-so-new-Bo\$\$ of DEFIANCE. A heartbeat of a moment later, he brings the mic to the ready and begins his retort.] **White:** I don't think you understand, Mr. Dane. This isn't your

garden variety corporate takeover anymore. You see, your actions have forced my hand, and what you're dealing with now is a Financial Coup, I have the means, I have the funds, and I have the manpower. Look around you, Eric, There's forty men about to escort you out of the building! What're you gonna do, hand out forty Stardrivers? I hardly think so. [The **real** boss smirks.] **Dane:** Forty guys, huh? [His smile widens.] **Dane:** Is that all? [White grits his teeth. He is not used to being so blatantly disrespected. He doesn't take very kindly to it at all. He turns to Nicky Corozzo.] **White:** If you would, please have your men escort Mr. Dane from **my** ring. [Corozzo gives the go-ahead and the first wave of DEFsec and DPS make their way up onto the ring apron. Inside the ring, Dane drops his smirk. Things are getting serious fast as he's got twenty guys about to bum rush him and twenty more waiting behind them. Fists are clenched. Ground is stood.] **White:** As a matter of fact, why don't we let our brand new employees, the DEFsec Brute Squad, as it were, do the honors of ejecting their former boss from the building! [Corozzo smiles, he likes this idea. He gives the signal and his DPS drops off the apron, replaced by the rest of the DEFsec crew.] **Angus:** This is making me sick. **DDK:** You're not the only one. [Like a well-trained strike team the DEFsec enters the ring all around The Only Star. They circle him, moving in ever closer. Nobody wants to be the first one in, because just as surely as they can take him in a rush, they all know that three or four of them are gonna get a paid trip to the hospital for their efforts.] **Angus:** Come on, COME ON! Somebody do something! **DDK:** But... who? Who can stand against this? [The scowl on Eric Dane's face melts away, the tensivity in his posture relaxes enough to be visible. He smirks and brings the microphone to his lips.] **Dane:** Come on, boys, show Mr. White what you're worth! [And with that the entirety of the DEFsec turns their back to the Boss, and close in on him in a protective manner. All of a sudden there's twenty DEFsec Brutes standing with Eric Dane, daring any of Ed White's paid goons to try and take the ring from them.] **DDK:** Are you SERIOUS? **Angus:** IT WAS A SWERVE ALL ALONG! [At the top of the stage, The Socialite turns white with rage.] **Dane:** Come on, Eddy, any funds necessary, right? You forget that I put these guys to work when nobody else would take them. I've kept food on their tables when idiots like Bronson Box or Heidi Christiansen went over the line and put them out of commission. Money can buy you a lot, Ed, but LOYALTY is something you just can't buy out! RAAHHH! **DDK:** Edward White thought he had it all figured out, but Eric Dane came to work tonight with a plan! **Angus:** You can say that again! And we've got a 20 versus 20 standoff right here in front of us! **DDK:** We've gotta go to commercial, Angus! **Angus:** HELLZ NAW! [Inside the ring Dane dares White to send his men into the ring, he does have the high ground after all. Corozzo waits for a command, and we fade to a commercial.]

Sam Turner Jr. vs. Jake Donovan

[DEFIANCE is back from commercial to find "Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupting from the arena's speakers. Jake Donovan steps out, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in green and purple, his hair sporting streaks of green, purple and blue. He's got on black cargo pants with purple streaks running down the side, a purple mesh vest top and a green mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo. He slaps hands with the people, hugs the little kids, fist bumps the guys and hugs the girls on his way to the ring. Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a summersault and landing in the ring.]

Angus:

Great, welcome to the flippity-doo-da-day show. I wish someone would break his knee, then we wouldn't have to watch him leaping off every damn thing in sight. And while they were at it, maybe scrub the paint off his face to, it's not like it hides the ugly.

DDK:

Somehow I doubt all those teenage girls share your sentiments.

Angus:

Bah!

Quimbey:

And his Opponent! Hailing from Bloody Harlan, KY, and weighing in at 255lbs.! He... is... SAM...
TUUUUURRRRNEEEEERRR JUUUUNNNNNIIIIIOOOOORRRR!!!

[A video of Sam Turner Jr.'s highlights grace the screen. Just as he hits a huge powerbomb on Dragon Jones, the words 'Tha Rednek Reker' flashes on the screen.]

♪ The preacher man says it's the end of time ♪
♪ And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry ♪
♪ The interest is up and the Stock Markets down ♪
♪ And you only get mugged ♪
♪ If you go down town ♪

Angus:

Here comes that big son of a gun, I hope he's ready for this.

DDK:

He sure does have a load to learn.

Angus:

I agree!

[Sam steps out and flexes his farmer-tanned arm making the crowd pop. As they cheer louder he begins to blush and smile widely. He starts waving to the fans as he walks to the ring. Once at ringside he goes around slapping hands. When he's done he jogs up the ring steps and continues to wave to everyone.]

♪ And a country boy can survive ♪
♪ Country folks can survive ♪

Angus:

Great, as if flippydoo boy isn't sickenin' enough, this guys has to come out and play all nicey-nice too! Why are they

facing each other again? I swear, if we have to sit out here and watch a buncha handshakes and mutual respect bullshit, Imma leave and go grab a beer.

DDK:

Fans, we want to let you know that during the commercial break, Ed White's personal security, Diamond Protected Services, escorted him, Jane Katze, and Nicky Corozzo back to their office, while DEFSec brought Eric Dane backstage. We've just gotten word that Kelly Evans found him a different office for the remainder of the evening.

Angus:

You know neither of them are gonna stay put, though.

DDK:

Probably not.

[Jake and Sam meet in the middle of the ring and shake hands.]

Angus:

GAH! It's Miller time.

DING! DING! DING!

[They come back to the center of the ring and lock up, collar and elbow style. Sam takes control and whips Jake into the ropes. Jake bounces off and dropkicks Sam in the thigh dropping the biggin' to one knee. A quick kick to Sam's ribs makes him cover up but Jake locks on a fujiwara armbar that puts Sam on his stomach. Sam tries to fight out of it and reach the ropes with his leg but Jake wraps his leg around Sam's so he can't reach out.]

[Referee Mark Shields asks Sam if he wants to quit and Sam shakes his head no.]

[Sam keeps kicking his leg back and forth and finally manages to get it free and hook the ropes.]

ROPE BREAK!

[Jake lets go and he and Sam are staring at each other for a moment, before a quick fist bump followed by a collar and elbow tie up. Sam drives Jake back into a corner, but it's Jake that fires off with a chop, but Sam answers right back with a headbutt, stunning Jake before whipping him across the ring and following him in. Jake leaps up onto the top turnbuckle and leaps off with a corkscrew moonsault and a quick cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Jake and Sam both roll to their feet quickly, though Jake gets their first and leaps into the ropes, springboarding off with a dropkick and a quick cover, but Sam kicks out before the ref can even get into position. Jake rolls to his feet quickly again and once again heads into the ropes, but Sam rolls of out the ring and Jake hits nothing but mat on the way down.]

Angus:

Now THAT's funny.

DDK:

Only you could sit there and laugh at someone else's pain.

Angus:

Yup, and get paid for it too.

[Sam takes a moment outside to collect himself while Jake does the same thing in the ring. The ref's count reaches six when big Sam slides back into the ring. Jake waits for him to get back to his feet. Sam goes for a collar and elbow tie up, but Jake uses his quickness to duck underneath it, tapping Sam on the shoulder from behind. Sam turns and Jake gives him a big grin, then quickly avoids Sam's lunge.]

Angus:

Oh come on, wrestle already.

[Jake just evades several of Sam's attempts to lock up with him, ducking and dodging and occasionally firing off a roundhouse kick to Sam's midsections. Too bad for Jake the ring is only so big and eventually, he moused his way too close to a corner and nearly gets his head taken off by a Sam Turner Jr. clothesline from hell that literally lifts Jake off his feet and nearly sends him out of the ring.]

DDK:

I'm pretty sure Jake's still going to be feeling that one next week.

Angus:

I'm pretty sure it would serve him right if he did.

[With Jake rocked in the corner, Sam backs off a bit, getting a running start for a big time Splash, and Jake crumples to the canvas following it. Sam quickly drags him out of the corner towards the center of the ring and covers him, hooking a leg.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR.....KICKOUT!

[Sam looks up in surprise, then shakes his head at Jake's tenacity before climbing to his feet and pulling Jake up with him. Jake with a standing dropkick, staggers Sam and he follows it up with a series of roundhouse kicks before doubling Sam over with a spin side kick to the solar plexis, which seems to take all of the air out of the big guy, allowing Jake to drill him with a DDT. Jake with the cover now.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR.....KICKOUT!

[Now it's Jake's turn to look up at the ref in shock. he holds up three fingers, but the ref just shakes his head and holds up two. Jake rolls to his feet and lets Sam do the same. The two share a nod before Jake hits the ropes and comes off them, looking for momentum that is quickly squashed by a big boot to the chest. Jake hits the mat hard, clutching his chest and Sam is quick to pick him up for a scoop slam, and then drops a knee on him for good measure.]

[Sam thinks he can finish off Jake quickly. He picks him up and gets ready to powerbomb him. Jake uses Sam's momentum, locks behind his knees and winds up on top with a jackknife pin.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Jake gets up and Sam rolls out of the ring.]

ONE!

[Sam shakes his head and tries to rethink his game plan. Just then Jake comes flying through the ropes, but is met by a stiff forearm smash from Sam.]

TWO!

[Jake drops to the arena floor holding his jaw tight.]

THREE!

[Sam picks up Jake, kicks him in the gut and throws him into the metal guardrail.]

FOUR!

[Sam kicks Jake in the gut as he slides down the guardrail dropping to his butt.]

FIVE!

[Sam pulls Jake up and rolls him into the ring and slides in behind him.]

[The two stand up looking at the other with fire in their eyes. They charge. Jake goes high, Sam goes low and grabs Jake's legs then sends him crashing to the mat.]

THUUUDDDD!!!!

[Sam covers him.]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Sam can't believe that wasn't it. He questions Mark Shields, who confirms it was a two count.]

[When Sam puts his attention back on Jake he kicked in the face from a prone Jake. It buys Jake enough time to get up and to the second rope. As Sam turns and gets caught with a dropkick to the left shoulder sending him down to the mat. Before he can get back up Jake starts stomping on the left shoulder.]

[Sam quickly rolls under the bottom rope to keep Jake's attack away for now. As Sam gathers himself on the floor Jake takes off bouncing off the opposite ropes and comes back with a tope con hilo...Sam catches Jake and powerbombs him onto the ring apron.]

ONE!

[Sam picks up Jake and rolls him into the ring. Sam follows in and covers Jake.]

ONE!

[Sam hooks the leg.]

Angus:

This is the biggest bunch of horseshit that I've ever seen!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

You heard me, this is all horseshit!

[Sam gets up to his feet first and keeps rocking his right arm back and forth. Jake's up, his back is to Sam. Sam bounces off the ropes and connects with a HUGE LATIAT just as Jake turned around.]

DDK:

HARLAN CO. LINE! Defiance this is the sickest lariat to ever be thrown!

Angus:

Jake just flipped 540 degrees in midair after that Harlan Co. Line! Holy FUCK!

[Sam covers him.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

There was no way Donovan was kicking out of that! The sound of that Lariat is STILL echoing in this arena!

Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by the result of a pinfall.....SAM... TUUUUURRRRNEEEERRR
JUUUUNNNNIIIIIOOOOORRRR!!!

[With sweat dripping down his face, Sam climbs to his feet where the referee is waiting to raise his hand in victory. The fans have come out of their seats cheering the big man from Harlan and Sam takes a minute to bask in their appreciation before kneeling down beside Jake and shaking him until the smaller man stirs and struggles to stand. In an amazing show of sportsmanship, Sam helps Jake to his feet and the fans just grow louder in their appreciation of both men.]

Angus:

And of course the big, dumb redneck had to go and ruin everything. Instead of helping him up he should have stomped him through the mat and left him for the ring crew to find.

DDK:

All of that hate can't be good for your blood pressure.

Angus:

My blood pressure was doing fine 'til Donovan came back. Little flippy doo bastid.

[With the fans still in awe over the lariat and raining cheers on both men, Sam Turner Jr. helps Jake Donovan from the ring, much to the chagrin of the angry man at the announce table muttering complains the whole way.]

[Let's take it to the back!]

LBC Interview

[Backstage.]

[Our resident interviewer, Christie Zane, stands as always with a microphone in hand alongside a DEFIANCE star, or in this case, three DEFIANCE stars. Alceo Dentari, Vincent Rinaldi, and the Southern Heritage champion Tony Di Luca all stand by waiting for their introduction.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm here with the Legitimate Businessman's Club.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Zane turns to her guests.]

Christie Zane:

Alceo, last week you-

[Dentari puts a finger up to Christie's mouth and pushes it against her lips. It looks strange coming from a man shorter than her, but with the presence of both Rinaldi and Di Luca, she's not about to start vocalising her complaints.]

Alceo Dentari:

Last week? Yous wanna know 'bout last week? What do yous wanna know? Yous wanna know 'bout how Lindsay Troy turned down what would'a undoubtedly been the single most lucrative offer she could'a ever received? Or, an' I suspect this is gonna be the case, are yous gonna ask us a bunch a' stupid fuckin' questions 'bout when them Big Damn Heroes stuck their noses where they didn't belong?

[To one side the Southern Heritage champion cracks his knuckles.]

Alceo Dentari:

Tony over here, havin' just fought a match in which he successfully defended his Southern Heritage title, an' two innocent bystanders in myself an' Big Vinny, got jumped by Wade Elliott an' Tyler Rayne...

Christie Zane:

Well, I don't-

[But Christie's words are cut short by a stare from the miniature mobster.]

Alceo Dentari:

We got jumped by Wade Elliott an' Tyler Rayne... Two assholes who had no business bein' out there... an' don't even get me started on Lindsay Troy...

[The Southern Heritage champ snarls and inhales sharply through his nose. He rubs his palms together while shaking his head as Dentari scratches his brow with an index finger.]

Alceo Dentari:

I don't get it... Lindsay could'a had everythin'... She could'a been with her own kind, but instead she chooses to continue associatin' with two guys that simply ain't up to scratch... The Legitimate Businessman's Club was willin' to welcome Lindsay into the fold... we was ready to take her places she ain't never been before...

[Alceo shrugs.]

Alceo Dentari:

Bottom line is she made the wrong choice... an' we're gonna prove that to 'er... See, we're layin' out a challenge... Tonight... Legitimate Businessman's Club versus the Big Damn Heroes... we're gonna prove to Lindsay Troy that

turnin' us down was the biggest mistake she ever made... we're gonna prove to Tyler Rayne that he needs to keep his beak outta matters that don't concern him... an' we're gonna prove to Wade Elliott that the South ain't gonna rise again... Capiché?

[Cut back to ringside.]

DDK:

Wow! Dentari issuing a challenge to the Big Damn Heroes for tonight!

Angus:

I swear if you start talking about how this is the greatest, most historic night in the history of our sport...

DDK:

Do you think the Big Damn Heroes will accept?

Angus:

They're Big Damn Heroes, Keeps, I don't think they've ever backed down from a fight.

[Cut elsewhere.]

You Know How It Is...

[From Christie's interview with the LBC, we're taken to one of the service halls. There's many a man and even a few women going from here to there and everywhere else, doing whatever random task they've been assigned to keep the production of DEFIANCE television running smoothly.]

Voice:

And then I says to this fool, "I don't know what your problem is, but your ass prolly can't even spell it!"

[That is with the exception of the small congregation that has gathered around one Tyrone Walker, the Black Jesus if you will. No, he's not sermonizing, though he is bringing laughter and joy to all of the boys and girls of the DEFIANCE staff.]

[You know, when they should be working.]

[With his face only half painted, Jake Donovan slides into view, glancing over at the group surrounding the Black Jesus, and he can't help smile as he catches the tail end of Ty's words. He lingers for a moment, chuckling as Ty lets loose with another smartass comment, then begins to walk away.]

Tyrone Walker: [watching Jake walk by]

Aye!... Kid... Yo, I'll be back, I'mma hit Jake up for a hot second...

[Jake stopped, waiting patiently beside one of the vending machines as Walker slowly jogs towards him.]

Jake Donovan:

Hey Ty, how goes it?

[Ty slows his already leisurely approach, giving Jake a nod as he reaches out and they do that bro hug thing that dudes do.]

Tyrone Walker:

You know how it is, it be goin' on and on like it tends to do.

[Jake nods and the two begin walking down the hall.]

Tyrone Walker:

Speaking of goin', no hard feelin's about last week, you know how it is... Sometimes the old man gets one up on the youngin's, course that Mahk Cauk dude did some Pearl Harbor job on me.

[Jake's face cringes slightly at the reference, clearly putting together the reference and the fact that Mach Hawke is Japanese... We think. Ty however is oblivious, or old, or both?]

Jake Donovan:

Hard feelings? Hell no. Weren't no one else I'd rather be put out by, if I couldn't win it.

Voice:

Aw, man, you gotta make a Pearl Harbor joke in front of her? Not. Cool.

[Ty and Jake snap a glance off-camera, and so we see Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama; Troy shaking his head and "tsk-tsk-tsking" under his breath, and Saori looking stuck somewhere between "but... why would you..." and "I'm going to force-feed you your own balls in a second" towards Ty.]

[Walker pauses all of creation for a moment, contemplating his next move. That moment later, he completely blows it off with a smile and his arms out wide.]

Tyrone Walker:

Ayyyyyyyye, what up mang?

[Troy, Saori and Jake all look “what the...” at Ty, who again is either oblivious or old or both. When he notices he’s not getting the reaction he wants, he gets confused and looks at all of them equally puzzled.]

Tyrone Walker:

What did I do this time?

[Jake just shakes his head and chuckles a little at Ty’s obliviousness. Meanwhile, Troy facepalms and Saori’s look of rage turns into a roll of the eyes and an annoyed grumble.]

Jake Donovan:

Well, nothin’ too different from what you usually do.

Saori Kazama:

...I’m Japanese.

[The gears grind inside of Ty’s chairshot scrambled brain until it dawns on him what he just did, there’s even a light that turns on above his head and blows out for the overload.]

Tyrone Walker:

Oooooooh, that’s right... Well, I’m like, sorry? I didn’t see y’all there, but I’m definitely sorry, you know how it is.

[Saori seems to bite her lip in a mock display of pensiveness, and makes like she’s thinking it over. Troy looks over to her, grins at Jake and shrugs.]

Saori Kazama:

Apology accepted. Just try not to make it a habit, alright?

Troy Matthews:

She doesn’t like stuff like that.

Saori Kazama:

Nope. Not in the least. Really, though, I remember your one partner saying something a while ago about whether or not I was really a woman that REALLY got under my skin.

[Ty shrugs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Eh... What can you do... White folks. Y’kna’mean?

[Jake and Troy seem to facepalm in unison now. Meanwhile, Saori smirks and nods slightly, almost in agreement. Ty nods as well while a knocked up pause begins to gestate in the womb of this situation we’re in the middle of.]

Tyrone Walker: [looking at Troy]

So uh... No hard feelings? I know we had our thing back in the day, but you know how it is, I see some gol’ an’ I just gotta be gettin’ it and sometimes stupid things be happenin’ along the way.

Troy Matthews:

Ancient history. I know how it is... b’sides, I tried to let go of as much of the past as I could once I switched to red.

[Troy grins and runs a hand through his once-green, now-red spiked hair.]

Jake Donovan:

If I could change the past as often as I changed hair colors, I'd need a mood ring to keep it all straight. No, strike that, I'd be a mood ring.

Troy Matthews:

Wait... you mean you're not!?

[All four share a good laugh, but Ty ESPECIALLY has a hearty cackle, slapping both Jake and Troy on the back before leading this new flock down the hall.]

Tyrone Walker:

HAH! Man, I like you guys... We oughta do somethin'.

[Back to the arena.]

Angus:

Oh no.

DDK:

What? What's wrong?

Angus:

Is he really going to try and force me to like Jake Donovan?

DDK:

Who, what, huh?!

Angus:

Ty, you fool! Seriously, isn't it bad enough Jake Donovan almost makes me want to root for Curtis Penn... I mean, CURTIS PENN FOR GODS SAKE! Now Ty is trying to...

DDK:

Calm down, Angus, I'm sure that's not what's going on at all... Unless it is!

Angus:

I hate everything... Except Ty... and Team HOSS.

[Meanwhile...]

Welcome to DEFIANCE! Part 1

[CUT-TO: A person who has become a thorn in the side of the Osaka Street Cutters, Ryushin Zongetsu. His long black hair hangs down over the white and black mask, his Japanese straw hat rests comfortably on his back. He has on a white karate gi with black flames on the borders and black trimmings and belt. He walks until he stops in front of the room that has two members of Edward White's Diamond Protective Services standing guard.

The two Secret Service-looking men step up to intercept Ryushin. One begins talking into a earpiece mic. Ryushin tilts his head and reaches inside his gii top.]

Ryushin:

Hold on guys, no trouble intended. Look. I have my papers, right here.

[Ryushin pulls out a folded piece of paper and hands it to the DPS member. He reads it over and nods his head.]

DPS member #1:

He's legit. This letter is from Mr. White.

[The other DPS member nods and moves out of Ryushin's way. He opens the door and heads in first. Ryushin follows and the door shuts.]

Curtis Clutch Challenge #4

DDK:

Coming up next is another Curtis Clutch “**Challenge.**”

[DDK is caught using finger quotes by his colleague Angus Skaaland.]

Angus:

What is all of this shit Keeps?

[Angus goes on mocking Darren Keebler while Curtis Penn’s music echoes over the Coliseum.]

Angus:

Why in the Hell are you using finger quotes, just say it! It’s The Curtis Clutch Douchbaggery segment, where he comes out here each week just to show us how big of a cock he can be.

DDK:

I guess so, cause Jake Donnelly still isn’t out of the hospital and there is no way Curtis should be out here and not sitting behind bars.

Angus:

I guess that’s the reason Curt is wearing that smile tonight, oh that and he isn’t being reamed out by Tiny while in lockup all thanks to the Hold Harmless Agreement. THANK YOU DEF LEGAL!

[Curtis starts walking down the aisle; he pauses, and produces a microphone from the backside of his tights. Curtis mounts the ring apron and ducks into the ring. He struts to the center of the ring carrying a smile that stretches from ear to ear. He slowly raises the microphone into the air before slowly lowering it back to a normal position.]

Curtis Penn:

Last week I was placed in a position that I’m not used to being in and that was being bullied and attacked by someone abusing their position in the company. But what he didn’t know was that while he was acting like Godzilla and was trying to step all over me, I decided to grab on my King Kong sized balls, tea bag him, and walk away like the boss that **I am!**

BOOOOO

BOOOOO

BOOOOO

DDK:

This Alabama crowd is letting him know just what they think of him.

Angus:

I think Curtis needs to see a hearing specialist, I swear that what he hears compared to what is actually happening, is so far removed from reality that he actually believes they’re cheering him on.

Curtis Penn:

But before I give one of you a chance to upgrade your trailer, RV, or buy another ridiculous t-shirt that says something like HAIL SABIN, I have to get a lil’ something off of my chest. It’s something that I must do or I could actually walk out of here 10 grand lighter, and for me that would be no good.

Roll Tide Roll

Roll Tide Roll

Roll Tide Roll

Roll Tide Roll

[He drops the microphone down to his side and listens to the thousands chanting for the University of Alabama.]

Curtis Penn:

I carried around the Southern Heritage Championship Belt for six months and I made that title very desirable. I know that following my tenure at the Southern Heritage Champion is a hard act to follow, but Di Luca you could at least try and do something noteworthy with it. I defended that title week in and week out, against one opponent, two guys, and then an onslaught of wrestlers. It took an army of people to rip it out of my hands... I didn't bitch or moan about how I was mugged, robbed, or even plotted against, I took the good with the bad. I didn't lose the title, it was unjustly taken from me without me being pinned. And I watch as the Southern Heritage Title slowly loses its glory and glamour all because Tony Di Luca is too much of a chicken to actually challenge the top wrestlers in the SoHer Division.

[He pauses.]

Curtis Penn:

Di Luca stop acting like a pussy, you're taking all of my hard work and flushing it down the toilet. Who the hell are you facing as a champion...I faced everyone in that division once or twice a month and you've have only had one ...maybe two defenses since LBC mugged me.

[He snorts.]

Curtis Penn:

If there is any time you actually want to fight someone great, to make that title shine one more time before I get too big to look at the Southern Heritage Title again, I'm never too busy to kick your teeth down your throat. Well at least not yet anyways.

[He snorts and then spits out a wad of snot onto the floor around the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

You guys all know how I go about my business, I keep my nose to the grind, and I don't bother a damn soul, right? Well it looks like that delusional masked tard has decided to speak my name, Stockton Pyre the only reason that you were ever granted a shot at the Southern Heritage Title was because I made it so. I was the one who decided that you were allowed to be in a ring with the Greatest of All Time, the Epitome of Excellence, the Paragon of Perfection, the Creator of the Curtis Clutch, and the Inventor of the Curtis Clutch Challenge, so before you start running your mouth, you better check yourself before you wreck yourself. If it wasn't for me you'd still be a curtain jerker.

[He runs his hand through his hair before pressing his body off of the ropes.]

Curtis Penn:

Whoa! That felt good to get off of my chest, it feels like the weight of the world was resting on my shoulders. So now... the wait is over its time to give away Ten Thousand Dollars! So who will it be?!

DDK:

So Angus who do you think he picks this week, I don't see anyone in the crowd that is handicapped...wearing a helmet... or ugh...

[Curtis slowly paces around the ring and points the microphone directly at an old lady, clad in Alabama Crimson and White, sitting front row next to the aisle.]

Curtis Penn:

You...

[The grandmother points to herself.]

Curtis Penn:

Yeah... you.

DDK:

Tell me he is not talking to the lil ol' lady in the front row.

Angus:

Yes, Curtis Penisless is actually talking to her.

Curtis Penn:

The entire time I was talking about J.D. you were eyeballing me. Do you have something to say before you slip on the banana peel and fall into your grave? What are you, J.D.'s grandmother or something?

[DING... DING ...DING, a light bulb just blew in Curtis Penn's head.]

Curtis Penn:

You are aren't you? I can see the resemblance, if I tilt my head just right and pull back the sagging skin, the two of you are mirror images of each other.

Curtis Penn: [Grinning from ear to ear again.]

Security... please help Ms. Donnelly into the ring, so she can cleans her soul before she heads to that big farm in the sky.

[DEF SEC shakes their heads no, that they will not place this lady in the ring with Curtis Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

Security, I asked nicely to help her into this ring, I don't think ya'll would like it if I did the honors would you?

[They stubbornly refuse.]

Curtis Penn:

I'll give you to the count of THREE, to help Ms. Donnelly into the ring and if you don't I'm going to drag her half-dead carcass in here myself.

DDK:

He wouldn't.

Curtis Penn:

ONE! MISSISSIPPI!

Angus:

OH NO THE COUNTING HAS STARTED!

[The DEF SEC squad step in front of the grandmother and prepare to protect her.]

Curtis Penn:

TWO! MISSISSIPPI!

[Curtis ducks his head underneath the ropes.]

Curtis Penn:

THREE MISSISSIPPI, READY OR NOT HERE I COME!

[Curtis rolls out onto the floor and stands in front of DEF SEC, before he can help his latest challenger into the ring "Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and Jake Donovan doesn't break stride as he runs towards Curtis Penn.]

DDK:

THANK GOD FOR JAKE DONOVAN! HE'S GOING TO STOP CURTIS PENN FROM HARMING THIS LITTLE OLD LADY!

Angus:

Great...whoopie it's Jake for the save, yawn.

[Jake gets right in between Penn and the fan, he's got a microphone in his hand and fury in his eyes as he gets nose to nose with Penn, lips moving as he snarls something at Curtis too low to be picked up by the microphone.]

Angus:

Well at least he's too stupid to use the mic he's carrying! Dumbass.

DDK:

Or it could be that he just doesn't want to upset the parents' groups again. I doubt that whatever he is saying to Penn is suitable for children's ears.

Angus:

Which is exactly why the little demon spawns shouldn't be watching this show in the first place!

[Only when he is through with whatever words he had that were only for Penn's ears does Donovan raise the mic to his lips.]

Jake Donovan

Enough Curtis. The only person you will be putting that Clutch on is me. I've had it with you and this whole damn farce of a challenge.

[And with that, a red faced, angry Jake Donovan shoves Curtis Penn, who is more than happy to shove him right back.]

DDK:

And things have just gone south!

Angus:

Doesn't take much around here.

[Fists fly as they slug it out at ringside. Penn stuns Donovan momentarily, and Jake staggers backwards, which gives Curtis the opportunity to spear him, sending him back first into the side of the ring.]

Angus:

Pretty sure that's gonna leave a mark. Joy, just what the painted freak needs, more colors!

[Penn nails Donovan with several hard body shots, but Jake grabs Penn's hair and headbutts him right between the eyes, Penn retaliates with a strike to the throat and Donovan grabs his neck, gasping for air as security swarms them and forces them apart.]

DDK:

What a cheap shot by Penn!

Angus:

But he got Jake Flippydoo to shut up the hell up so that's a plus in my book.

[Security forces Penn to the back, up the aisle.]

Angus:

Why couldn't Penn have been throat punched, he just keeps screaming while he is being pushed up the ramp by DEF

SEC.

[The fans are clearly pissed with Penn, booing and hurling cups and popcorn at him, dousing a good portion of the aisle and the security guards as well as splattering on Penn himself. Jake is clearly stunned by the brutal throat strike he endured is being looked over by EMT's. Curtis disappears behind the curtain and returns with a microphone.]

Angus:

Who gave him ANOTHER MICROPHONE?!

DDK:

Likely anyone behind that curtain, after last week would you tell him no?

Angus:

Good point, I'll just sit here and play Farmville 2.

Curtis Penn:

Jake, you painted piece of shit, I was hoping that you were just going to go away like a bad smell. But week after week you've interrupted me, called me names, and just now you laid your hands on me. I'VE BROKEN PEOPLE FOR LESS!

[EMT's have finally gotten Jake Donovan into a sitting position.]

Curtis Penn:

So New Orleans, you ... me ... and I'm going to twist your neck like a bottle cap!

[Away to backstage!]

Kleptomaniac

[Over at catering, where what's left of the extensive deli spread provided by Craft Services is currently being picked over by "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday and ever-present bro-nager Billy Pepper, both holding styrofoam plates.

Pepper is business stylish as usual, while Holiday is clad in blue jeans and a black T-shirt with **#STALKTONPYRE** printed across it in bold, white letters. The "O" has been replaced by a Lego version of Stockton Pyre's head.] **Billy Pepper:** We should've gotten here earlier. Someone already ate all the salami. Nice shirt, by the way. **Frank Holiday:** Yeah, Lindsay Troy had it made for me. Personalized diss shirts fo' da' win, dude! **Billy Pepper:** Liking it. Not sure I'm liking the Big Damn Heroes enabling this epic jihad of yours, though, Frank. **Frank Holiday:** Why? I'm not the only one who doesn't like that candy-colored voyeur. **Billy Pepper:** Too true. You guys sort of bonded over Twitter since the last show, huh? **Frank Holiday:** Those BDH dudes are good people, Billy. That's all, though. Lexi said she'd put my nutsack in a juicer if I so much as looked at another chick, so yeah. **Billy Pepper:** Yowza. "You!" [Both Billy Pepper and Frank Holiday's heads snap to their left, where barging into the shot is one Stockton Pyre, who charges straight for Frank Holiday. It's only Billy Pepper, who throws up the two-handed stop sign to Pyre, that keeps the two men apart, though Frank is clearly ready to scrap at a moment's notice.] **Frank Holiday:** Little shocked to see you showing your mask out in the open for once, Lego Head. **Stockton Pyre:** [ignoring Frank's statement and pointing at him] You just couldn't resist the urge, kleptomaniac. **Frank Holiday:** [to Billy] What'd this jerkwad call me? **Billy Pepper:** I think he said you're a big fan of Superman's home planet. [Uneasy laugh] Assuming I heard you right, of course, Mr. Pyre. **Frank Holiday:** Dude, I hate Krypton. Drains all of Supes' power. Why the hell are you getting in my face and throwing this vicious accusation at me, brah? **Stockton Pyre:** Since the hamster in your brain seems to have fallen asleep, let me clarify: it means you can't keep your hands off of property that doesn't belong to you. While I was attending to the call of nature you emptied my bag on the ground without permission and absconded with my notebook, and I want it back right now. **Frank Holiday:** What the what? [Frank tosses his plate on the catering table and sticks his chin out at Pyre.] **Frank Holiday:** I was ready to let that Krypton crack pass, but now you're treading on thin freaking ice, my anonymous friend. Are you actually accusing me of taking your precious notebook? [Seeing the no-nonsense set of Pyre's jaw, Billy Pepper again holds his hands up for peace, making himself a human partition between the two men.] **Billy Pepper:** Uh, what Frank is trying to say is, we had no idea your notebook was missing until you mentioned it just now. Truth. **Frank Holiday:** The hell would I want with that thing anyway? I already know what's in it. "Dear Diary, I look like a Mike and Ike experiment gone horribly wrong and I suck massive donkey balls." [At this, Pyre steps forward to Frank Holiday, leaving Billy Pepper back-to-chest with Frank Holiday and chest-to-chest with Stockton Pyre.] **Stockton Pyre:** I grow tired of listening to the filth pouring out of the black cesspool you call a mouth. This is your last chance. Give. It. **Back. Frank Holiday:** Somebody's got his big boy voice on, huh? If you came here to fight, I'm damn ready -- you didn't need some lame excu-- [Pyre doesn't even wait for the sentence to finish, striking Frank Holiday HARD in the jaw with a right hand. Holiday stumbles, Billy Pepper gets out of the way, and Pyre charges in, barreling forward with another right hand. Frank Holiday returns fire, and the two start trading shots immediately, tumbling over what was left at one of the catering trays and sending it flying. The two men roll around for another minute, exchanging punches before DEFSEC agents swarm the premises.] [It takes a couple of minutes, and about eight security agents, but the two of them are finally restrained, stood up, and separated from each other, with Billy Pepper trying desperately to calm Frank Holiday down. Frank's new shirt was torn in the process, hanging off of his pants like the front and back of a kilt and exposing his upper body.] **Frank Holiday:** Dude, this was one of a kind! You made a big goddamn mistake! "What the unholy fuck is going on here?!?" [Kelly Evans walks up.] **Kelly Evans:** You two? Again? I thought you two ladies got the sand out of your vaginas two shows ago?? **Stockton Pyre:** He stole my no... **Kelly Evans:** I don't care what he did. **Frank Holiday:** He ripped my new shi... **Kelly Evans:** I DON'T CARE, GAWD, ARE YOU NOT LISTENING?!? [All things with penises now fall silent. Kelly seizes the moment to take over.] **Kelly Evans:** I've about had it with you two causing problems backstage. If you two ladies are going to get into a catfight, then you best do it the fuck in the DEFIANCE ring, so we can sell tickets! Next show, you two are going to settle this little tiff in the ring. I don't even care what it's about anymore. Who ripped whose shirt, who stole what, who's spying on who, who gets a Southern Heritage Title shot... and yes, before you even ask, the one who wins will get their shot at the Southern Heritage title on our next tour. Alright already? **Frank Holiday:** Damn straight, boss lady, that's what-- **Kelly Evans:** Did I not ask for silence? **Stockton Pyre:** He doesn't deserve a shot-- **Kelly Evans:** What did I just say?! **Frank Holiday:** In fact we don't even have to wait till next week, I'll beat his two-toned ass right here-- **Kelly Evans:** ENOUGH!!! [The squabbling stops and only the echoes of Kelly's don't-fuck-with-me bellow remain.] **Kelly Evans:** I can't deal with this anymore. Security, get them the fuck out of here, and don't let 'em back in. [Security starts to drag the two men off in different directions, Billy Pepper hanging close to his friend.] **Frank Holiday:** I'm gonna end you, Creep Show!

Stockton Pyre: You're going to burn, Frank. Burn! [Cut back to ringside.]

hard as he can.] **Angus:** Don't stop now, Donny-boy! BRING THE HURT! [It takes but a moment for Heidi to regain her bearings and when she does, it takes even less time for her to assess the situation and reach up, locking Don up with a head scissor.] **DDK:** I can't tell, but it looks like Heidi's got a hint of frustration growing in her eyes. She's probably completely blown away at having to put this much effort into this match. **Angus:** She's probably on her period. **DDK:** Angus! [Don resists the urge to do something lecherous and works his way to his feet while still trapped in the head scissor. Hopping on his feet from left to right as he pulls up, it's his greasy hair that gets 'r done, allowing himself to pull his head out from between Heidi's thighs.] **Angus:** What? It probably smells like dead fish down there is all I'm saying! **DDK:** I hope she hears you. [Popping up, Don looks down at Heidi, who looks back at him with a bout of brief confusion before Don takes the opportunity to give her a pelvic thrust, which gets a round of laughter from a good deal of the audience.] **Angus:** Don't start that shit, Donny-boy, you piss her off and you're a dead man! [Heidi's face twitches, a clear tinge of annoyance bubbling beneath the surface of her patience. She doesn't get much time to dwell on it as Don quickly follows up with an elbow drop and regains the headlock.] **DDK:** Don Hollywood had better pray to the wrestling gods that he can figure out how to both put her away and then get out of the building before Heidi gets any angrier. I can't believe he's getting the best of her, but you know Heidi, she'll figure it out sooner than later... [Don's confidence grows, but Heidi opts to get herself out of the position, working her way up to her feet. Don grinds on the headlock and when Heidi tries to push him off, he grabs a handful of her blonde mane to maintain his hold.] **Dapper Don:** YEAH! I got this! [Heidi grunts with frustration and continues to look for an escape, ultimately driving a forearm into Don's side. Each blow makes him grimace, but before she can get him off of her, he releases the hold and spins around to get behind her.] **Angus:** What gives, Keebler? How's he doing it? **DDK:** Well, Don's been around the block on the indy scene for fifteen years. It's not implausible that at some point in his career he paid attention to someone and learned how to wrestle, am I right? **Angus:** Apparently. Ask Heidi! [Unfortunately for Don, he just can't help himself as his hands rise up from her waist and he goes right over the line you shouldn't cross and just grabs all up on her chesties with his open, sweaty palms... and the look, oh my god the look on his face is one of pure ecstasy.] **DDK:** Nevermind everything I just said. **Angus:** Have the jury disregard Mr. Keebler's previous testimony! **DDK:** Heidi is about to, how do you say it, kick his stuff in? **Angus:** Shit, Keebler she's gonna kick his shit in! [And she does.] **Dapper Don:** [soprano] *unintelligible sound of horror and pain* [That wasn't a scream of a pleasure.] [Nope. In the space of a nanosecond, Heidi went from kinda annoyed to this motherfucker dies tonight. Stomping his foot gets him to let go, but it's a full claw grab on his man parts that causes him to scream.] **DDK:** Here it comes... [Turning around, her claw clamps down harder, her talons digging deeply into his bits and pieces as she ragefaces before letting go of his junk, grabbing his arm and judo tossing his ass like he was nothing.] **Angus:** Yep, he's on the ground. START TAPPING NOW, DON! SAVE YOURSELF! [In the next moment, before Dapper Don has any hope of understanding what is about to happen to him. Screaming in sudden pain, Heidi had held his arm after tossing him and latched on with a Cross Armbreaker and...] **SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! DDK:** SHE BROKE IT! HEIDI BROKE HIS ARM! **Angus:** Gawd, his elbow just popped... *blech* [Heidi doesn't bother waiting for Carla Ferrari to call it, she knows what she did and she smiles brightly, sickly, and disgustingly satisfied as she gets to her feet and bails from the ring. As she makes her way up the entranceway Carla Ferrari and Darren Quimbey have a quick conversation. Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon rush the ring alongside a slew of medics to attend to the fallen wrestler.] **DQ:** Ladies and Gentlemen, the referee's official decision on the match is a NO CONTEST due to REFEREE STOPPAGE! **DDK:** I hate to be this guy right now, but Carla Ferrari didn't stop a damned thing. She was out of position, and before she could get into position Don Hollywood's arm was pointing in a direction that it clearly wasn't intended to. **Angus:** Is it over? I'mma puke again... **DDK:** Cut away! Go to commercial, go backstage, just go SOMEWHERE ELSE BUT HERE! [And as if on command, the scene cuts away.]

Welcome to DEFIANCE! Part 2

[From the carnage in the ring, we're taken backstage where Ryushin Zongetsu is walking through the halls once again. This time, he is not intercepted by Edward White's Diamond Protective Services, but El Serpenti. Ryushin quickly holds his hands up to try and ward off a fight.]

Ryushin:

Hold up. What happened last week was nothing against you. I saw an opportunity to strike at the Osaka Street Cutters. I took it.

[El Serpenti nods and rubs his chin a bit and then holds his hand out.]

El Serpenti:

No problema, amigo. I fully understand. You see, I did a bit of research on you. I knew I recognized you. With your history with the OSC, I understand.

[Ryushin lets out a sigh of relief and shakes Serpenti's hand.]

Ryushin:

I thank you for that. I don't want my time here spent looking over my shoulder every minute. My sensei always told us: a wolf that walks alone, while still a strong hunter, can be taken down by others. But with his pack with him it's not such a easy task.

El Serpenti:

That's one way to put it. But things are kinda strange here at the moment. You have already been arrested once. If you plan on staying around here, get it official.

[Ryushin nods.]

Ryushin:

Got it covered. Got a contract today, and a match with Azuma tonight.

Serpenti:

Estupendo! {That's Great! }, my friend! Well, good luck in that match. If you need someone to have your back against those gilipollas {douchebags}, I got your back.

Ryushin:

I may just have to take you up on it. Arigatō, mikata. {Thanks friend.}

[The two part ways and Ryushin heads toward Gorilla off for his first official DEFIANCE match. He doesn't get far before Kaz Araki shows up.]

Kaz:

Well, if it isn't our little toraburumēkā {troublemaker}!

Ryushin:

KAZ! Azuma sends you to stop me? Big mistake.

Kaz:

Me? Ohh no, not me!

CRACK!

[Just as Kaz says those words, a chair cracks the back of Ryushin's head. Demon Azuma and Mach Hawke, holding said chair, stand over the fallen Ryushin.]

Hawke:

Cost me a win, will you?!

CRACK!

[Hawke slams the chair against Ryushin's head again. He slips down unconscious.]

Hawke:

Welcome to DEFIANCE, Ryushin Zongetsu! Now we will break you just like we did your brother!

Kaz:

We should've done it back in Japan.

Hawke:

I know, Kaz. We won't make that mistake this time.

[Azuma picks Ryushin up by the throat as Kaz opens a door to an empty locker room, Ryushin is tossed inside. The three OSC members head inside and slam the door shut. The only thing that can be heard is a scream of pain and the sound of furniture being broken.]

[On that note...]

Negotiation... DEFIANCE Style.

[Hit the music!]

[Black by Sevendust.]

Angus:

MUH BOI TAI!

[The lights drop and then flash in rhythm with the sound.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Well, this unexpected.

Angus:

And yet welcome all the same, Keebs, YEAH!

[A moment later, the Legendary Leader of the Negrobots explodes out from behind the curtains to a huge roar of cheers.]

RAAH!

[See?]

[Blackimus Prime doesn't waste much time with muggin' it up for the adoring public, stopping at the edge of the rampway that leads to the ring for only a brief moment.]

DDK:

I wonder if Walker's little interaction with Matthews and Donovan have anything to do with his presence here this evening?

Angus:

Damnit, Keebs! Don't ruin this for me by involving Jake Donovan!

DDK:

Well, s'cuse me, partner.

Angus:

Fine, you're forgiven, just don't do it again.

[Heading down the ramp, Walker is apparently all business as he beelines it towards the ring, where he grabs the top rope and slings himself over it like it was 1999 still.]

DDK:

What I meant though was, the last time we saw Walker he was getting beatdown by HOSS yet again during an interview with Christie Zane.

Angus:

Okay, good, that sounds relevant to my interests. MUH BOI TAI and TEEM HAWS! What does Jake Donovan have to do with it? NOTHING! At least I hope so, hashtag a boycandream!

DDK:

Good grief, Angus.

[Ty steps up to Darren Quimbey, who was already waiting in the ring with mic in hand. Ty shares pleasantries with the Voice of DEFIANCE before receiving the mic and Quimbey steps back into the nearest corner, allowing the Black Jesus to have the floor.]

[Walker pats the mic and then brings it to his voice hole.]

Tyrone Walker:

Ahem... There's really no easy way to say this, but... I'm done.

WHHHOOOAAHHH!?

Tyrone Walker:

It's been a blast, really, but I'm done...

Angus:

NNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! I knew it... I KNEW IT! This is all Jake Donovan's fault!

[Ty glances over to where Keebs and Angus are set behind the desk and smiles, chuckling a bit as he shakes his head "no". He also happens to wink at Keebs, who smiles and nods back at his long time colleague.]

Tyrone Walker:

...and by done, I mean, I'm done with Team HOSS.

[That sudden gale force wind was Angus sighing the biggest sigh of relief in the history of sighs of relief. That's also why it smells like Funyuns throughout the Coleman Coliseum right now. A heartbeat later, he's up on his feet and applauding vigorously and screaming at the top of his lungs, while still maintaining some semblance of coherence.]

Angus:

....YYYYYYYUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHSSSSSSSSAAAHHHHH!! WHOOOOO! PRAISE TEH LAWD MAH PRAYARS HAS BEEN ASSNARD!!

[Ty watches as his buddy explodes with emotion and laughs a bit, causing him to jump out of the ring so that he can go give Angus a hug for scaring him like that.]

AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

[After the touching moment of bromancing the stone passed, the two backed away a bit, laughing and bumping fists before Ty headed back into the ring. Bounding to his feet after sliding into the ring, he picks the mic back up and bows for performance.]

Angus:

Give that man all of the Oscars!

DDK: [under his breath]

Soooo gullible.

[Before you know it, Ty is back to serious business mode and resumes with the talky talky.]

Tyrone Walker:

Aight. Seriously, I may not be done with all've this yet, but I'm definitely done with Team HOSS...

[A pause develops in the womb.]

Tyrone Walker:

The problem is, I ain't done with you, Keeling. I ain't never, ever gonna be done with you until I get a chance to pay you

back for all of the good times. So what're we gonna do about this? Because I'm sure you're tired of me stalking you and I'm tired of Wile Coyote-ing my ass all over the place tryin' to get a hold've you.

[Exhale, inhale, resume.]

Tyrone Walker:

Now, you could reach down, locate them tiny specks you got for nuts, realize your boyhood dream and finally become a real boy, take your whuppin' like a goddamn man and we can be done with this... Or...

[Ask and ye shall receive. Not even do the words escape the mouth of The Black Jesus when no music plays... instead, it's just horrible warbling...]

"TY, TY, TY, TY, TY!"

[And the crowd starts to BOO the ever-loving fuck out of Junior Keeling as the official Spokesman for Team HOSS comes out from the back rocking his stupid hipster glasses and his two-sizes-too-big blue sports coat. With an annoyed look on his face, Junior looks down at the ring.]

DDK:

The Superagent doesn't look pleased coming out here and being called out by the man himself, but after all that he has done to Ty Walker, would that really surprise anybody that it has come to this?

Angus:

Goddamn, choosing between these two? This is almost Sophie's Choice.

DDK:

I pray that you don't actually know what you're saying right now.

Junior Keeling:

Mister Walker, I will have you know that my genitals are in the right place and are very proportionate to somebody such as myself. However, I can completely agree with you on one thing. Having to come out here every week and humor your little request to try and...

[Junior makes with the annoying air quotes.]

Junior Keeling:

"Get your hands on me" as you so eloquently put it... it's working my last fucking nerve. Apparently us taking your titles and putting your cronies on the shelf wasn't enough, huh? Well, Mister Walker... I'm open to just having my boys come down to that ring, shuffling you off this mortal coil and be done with this once and for all... unless you have something better in mind?

[Walker chews at his his bottom lip while contemplating those last few words, his eyes squinting, his head turning as he looks left to right at the crowd. As the decision he's about to make comes to him, his focus shifts back to Keeling, a deathly serious glare sets itself on Keeling.]

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, a'ight... How about this then. You pick any one of your boys and if I beat 'em? You gotta git your scrawny ass in this goddamn ring with me.

[The spokesman for Team HOSS mulls over his ultimatum and thinks it over for a good second... actually, a good several seconds. And when the evil bastard's light bulb goes over his head, he laughs.]

Junior Keeling:

So to reiterate... you're wanting this, huh? Wanting this pretty bad. Well, Mister Walker... you're on...

DDK:

Is he SERIOUS? He's giving into Walker's demand just like THAT?

Angus:

Other shoe dropping in 3... 2... 1...

[The crowd boos as Junior raises a finger in the direction of Walker in the ring, who looks ready to break his damn neck.]

Junior Keeling:

Wait, wait, wait... not done yet. I accept your terms... but you have to accept MINE first or you can wipe your ass with your offer. I don't care which member of my boys you want to face. I want it under No Disqualification, No Countout.

Ty Walker:

Done.

Junior Keeling:

Nope, still not done yet. You're asking for two things... you're asking for me to get into the ring with YOU and you're asking for one of my boys to fight you instead of defending their Trios Titles at HOMECOMING which takes money out of my pocket. You get two things, I want two things.

[Ty Walker looks impatient as fuck at this point, but silently acquiesces to allow Junior to speak.]

Junior Keeling:

See, I'd want you gone, but a lot of people like you here, Walker. As much as I detest you personally, you're money. I don't want your career to be over. No... that's too easy. For you trying to put your hands on me, I want you to know how close you came to doing that only to figure out that your best isn't good enough, Ty. I want this match as No Disqualification and No Countout. And if you lose this match... then I want your DEFIANCE CONTRACT.

[Ty's eyes go wide as he backs off a step, this is some serious shit that he's just been leveled with.]

DDK:

Well, he certainly couldn't have thought it would be that easy, did he?

Angus:

Junior's pretty smart, he doesn't let little stuff like large black men wanting to pummel him get in the way of good business sense.

DDK:

He definitely has lobbed a fierce overhand back at Walker for sure. It's one thing to take beating after beating, but would he....

[Before Keels can even finish that thought, Ty suddenly gets past the sudden shock of Keeling's ultimatum, stands his ground and responds.]

Tyrone Walker:

Hell yeah, lets do this fuckin' thing.

RAAH!

[Hook, line, and sinker as far as Junior is concerned. The spokesman for Team HOSS nods his head with approval.]

Junior Keeling:

Then it is decided. We'll be seeing you at HOMECOMING. Oh... also, Mister Walker... hey, watchoutformyguyscomingtogetyou*coughcough*

[Luckily, Ty caught what he said, but in case some of the fans didn't, three forms start to appear from the crowd. You may know them from such beatdowns as "TexMex Holiday Who?" and "Hookers 'N' Blow? Not around here anymore, they don't!" They are the surly veteran Capital Punishment... the musclebound Brit, Aleczander... and "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad. They are Team HOSS. And they are coming to get Ty Walker...]

[OR NOT!]

DDK:

I should've know that he had this planned out the second that Ty Walker planned to call him out to the ring...

Angus:

WAIT! MUH BOI TAI'S SCRAMBLING FROM THE RING!

[He's right! The second that Team HOSS hop into the ring, Junior slides between Angel's legs and heads to the outside before running a 100 meter dash up the ramp right after Junior Keeling! Before Keeling even knows what the fuck is going on, Ty Walker is on him like white on rice... but you know, black. You know what? I'm just going to stop digging myself into a racist hole and watch as Junior get dragged across the stage by his own tie. Enjoy!]

DDK:

He's got him now, but HOSS are already on their way up the ramp!

Angus:

HAWS OF FIYAH... oh, that's gonna hurt!

[What he speaks of is Ty Walker getting his head nearly KICKED off his shoulders thanks to the Running Bicycle Kick from Angel Trinidad on the ramp! The crowd booed The Rookie Monster now standing over the nearly unconscious Walker as he laughs. Aleczander stands over him and he and Cappy start putting the boots to him. They continue to assault him on the top of the ramp until Junior starts to actually intervene...]

Junior Keeling:

Wait, wait, wait... No, save it for HOMECOMING. I want him to make it to that.

[Angel, Cappy, and Aleczander now stand over him as Junior reaches down to Walker... and shakes his limp hand, effectively sealing the deal. Keeling laughs and pats Angel Trinidad on the chest.]

Junior Keeling:

Oh, say hello to your HOMECOMING opponent. Ta!

[Keeling takes one more bow and the DEFIANCE Trios Champions all take their leave as a glassy-eyed Walker is left to wonder what the fuck exactly hit him. And knowing what's in store for him in mere days time, he may have bitten off more than he could chew.]

DDK:

This has become something of an obsession with Walker and this may have come back to bite him badly. Imagine if Ty Walker is forced to give up his contract to Junior Keeling. He'll never hear the end of it.

Angus:

OH, FUCK, MUH BOI TAI AND TEEM HAWS ON THE SAME PAGE? GET ME MY INHALER... WAIT, GET ME YOURS! I'M EXCITED AND MAY BE HAVING A PANIC ATTACK!

[While Angus freaks out at the desk, let's check in on those Angel City boys...]

Decisions, Decisions.

[Backstage: Iris Davine's triage unit is always set up just near the parking garage. This is for the convenience of ambulance entrances and exits. Iris, for her part, took one look at the mangled mess that is Don Hollywood's arm and immediately called for paramedics.] [Nobody really liked that, she didn't give them a choice.] **Iris:** That boy ain't gonna wrestle again in this company until he gets that arm looked at by somebody a lot higher up the pay scale than I am! I couldn't fix it if I tried, and if I splinted it and let him walk around in that condition I'd be breaking my hippocratic oath! [In the meanwhile, Don hadn't stopped screaming like a girl.] **Don:** IT HURTS! SO MANY BADS! SO MUCH OW! [As he's being loaded into the back of the ambulance, Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon are having something of a tiff just off to the side.] **Rich:** I'm not gonna leave you here to fight my battles for me! **Pete:** Yes, you are. Don-Don needs somebody there with him, you know how he gets around nurses and hot lady doctors! Don't worry about me and your new boy-toy Don Juan Diablo or Rocket Raccoon or whatever his name is, I got this on lock! **Rich:** But- **Pete:** [interrupting] NO BUTS! Heh.... no butts.... heh. Get in there, NAOW! George Romero cost us the Trios Titles last week by sending out that Zombie-Cooze from Mars to distract you! I've got beef with him to settle, you've got to take care of our boy here. Dig? **Rich:** [muttering] Fine. [Before anything else can happen, the booming voice of one Edward White permeates the situation. Diamond Protective Services take up positions pretty much everywhere.] **White:** Well now. This is what the beginning of an ethics battle with the 21st Century Feminists looks like. [Iris and the ACX turn to look at the Bo\$\$.] **White:** I must say, given the ARROGANCE of Eric Dane earlier this evening, my patience for people of YOUR ILK [he glares at the Angel City eXXXpress] has worn thin. [The smug look on his face sours.] **White:** Certainly I could fine or suspend Heidi for what she did. Or, I suspect that if I do punish her for this particular action, DEFIANCE will have to deal with alllllllll the whining and railing and Change.Org petitions from various women's rights groups and ethics watchdogs. So, I think good ol' Donny Boy here will just have to live with the consequences of his actions. [Pause] **Rich:** Yeah, and what consequences would that be? [Mr. White snorts.] **White:** It's simple, my dear simpleton, until that man can pass a physical, by a physician of my choosing, [he glares at Iris for a moment, indicating that it won't be her] he is officially suspended without pay. And that goes for anyone else who decides to get injured while sexually harassing a fellow employee! **Pete:** Are you serious? [To Rich] Is he serious? **Don:** OH! THE AGONY! SOMEBODY GIVE ME A QUAALUDE! **White:** Now, if you, ah, people, will excuse me, I have other matters to address, [White makes like a ghost, the DPS along with him.] **Angus [V/O]:** So. It's like that. **DDK [V/O]:** Apparently it is, Angus, apparently it is.

Mushigihara vs. Frank Dylan James

[From the medical area, we're taken back to ringside.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the FOLLOWING contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

[The arena lights cut out, the darkness accompanied by the occasional golden spotlight, as well as the sounds of pounding drums, industrial guitars, and breaking glass.]

DDK:

New choice of theme music for Mushigihara here... opting for a more traditional rock sound as opposed to the Japanese folk music he used before. Eddie Dante has said before that he isn't trying to present his client as an overseas talent, but rather as an unstoppable force of destruction.

Angus:

Well, fatboy may call himself the "God-Beast," but he's gonna have to prove it against Eff Dee Jay if he wants anyone to believe him.

[A sole spotlight shines upon the obscured form of Mushigihara, the gold accents of his ring gear shining under the light, his golden robe shimmering. Off to the side stands Eddie Dante, leaning on his cane. Mushi starts his march towards the ring as Darren Quimbey introduces him.]

Darren Quimbey:

Now entering the ring, accompanied by Eddie Dante, he weighs in at THREE hundred SEVEN teen pounds... he is "THE GOD-BEAST..." MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Eddie just swings his cane and jaws with the crowd a little bit as Mushi lumbers toward the ring, unfazed...]

Angus:

FRANK!

[...until Frank Dylan James rushes up out of nowhere and clobbers Mushi in the back with a double axehandle.]

Angus:

HE'S CLUBBERIN' 'IM!

[FDJ's putting the boots to Mushi's back, but the Sumo Beast is steadily rising to his feet by way of the guardrail. Meanwhile, Eddie keeps his distance, yet watches Mushigihara carefully.]

DDK:

MUSHIGIHARA FIRES BACK! LEFTS AND RIGHTS, AND JAMES IS THROWING SOME OF HIS OWN!

[The two hosses are really laying into each other, but Mushi seems to finally be getting the upper hand, backs the Mastodon of the Mountain up to the guardrail, and steps away.]

DDK:

What could the God-Beast be planning here...

"OSU!"

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

[That sound you hear came from the crowd as Mushi rushes right back to FDJ and clotheslined him UP AND OVER

the rail, and into the crowd. The God-Beast follows, grabbing Frank by the scruff and nailing him with a few rights while muttering something incomprehensible.]

Angus:

THEY'RE FIGHTING IN THE CROWD?! THIS IS WAR!

[FDJ manages to get to a standing position and grin at the God-Beast, before rushing in like a maniac and getting an elbow here, a headbutt there, and even the classic "choke-you-with-one-hand-and-punch-you-up-with-the-other" technique. By the time DEFsec gets into the crowd, Mushi and Frank are choking each other with such strength that it takes three guards each to get them to break it up.]

DDK:

My guess is that this match isn't happening tonight...

Angus:

DAMMIT! I'd kill for a good old street brawl right about now...

DDK:

Mushigihara and Frank Dylan James being taken out of the main arena right now, folks, and we will be right back.

[Sure enough, DEFSec is pulling the hosses apart and escorting them backstage.]

When Push Comes To Shove

[Backstage.]

[Heidi Christenson walks purposefully along the hallway. Nameless faces push themselves up against the walls, giving her plenty of space. They do enjoy the use of their arms after all.]

???:

Heidi!

[Of course there's always one.]

Christie Zane:

Heidi!

[Christie comes trotting up from behind.]

Christie Zane:

Heidi, do you care to explain what happened in the ring with Don Hollywood earlier?

[Zane thrusts the microphone into Heidi's face but she doesn't get an answer. She simply gets a glare until Christie reacts exactly like everyone else and slinks away, leaving Heidi to continue on her way down the hall.]

Another ???:

I hope you're proud of yourself.

[Again Heidi stops and shoots her patented death stare to the source of the voice. Only this time the speaker doesn't retreat. Instead he steps up and stares right back at Heidi..]

Eugene Dewey:

What was that? Some kind of message?

[If Heidi does smile, it doesn't last very long. She stays silent as Dewey waits for an answer.]

Eugene Dewey:

...

Heidi Christenson:

...

Eugene Dewey:

I get it, Heidi... This whole intensity thing you've got going on right now... It might be enough to scare Christie Zane or the lighting guys you just walked past back there, but not me... You're gonna have to use a lot more than those steely eyes if you wanna get under my skin.

[Finally Heidi breaks her silence with a slight chuckle.]

Heidi Christenson:

Get under your skin? I always knew you were a comedy act, Eugene, but you never really tickled me until now. I don't need to get under your skin, just like I don't need to send you little messages like breaking Don Hollywood's elbow, which by the way, wasn't meant as any kind of message to you.

DEFIANCE needs cleaning up. The sexism, the homophobia, the whole 'boys club' attitude around here... it's all wearing thin. So what happened to Don Hollywood was just an example of me taking matters into my own hands...

That and I've been hearing about these 'rules' that can't be broken... But I kinda wanted to see just how far they could be bent.

Eugene Dewey:

So that out there earlier... that was just-

Heidi Christenson:

Just me being me, Eugene... None of it was for your benefit because none of it needed to be. I told you weeks ago it's nothing personal, but I'm coming for the FIST, but understand, it's not because I want to, it's because I can...

[Heidi starts to walk off, at least until Dewey pipes up.]

Eugene Dewey:

Do you realise I had to fight Dan Ryan and Bronson Box, in what was essentially a handicap match, to win this title, and that I had to continue fighting off Dan Ryan across Canada just to keep hold of it? You might think of me as some sort of comedy act, Heidi, but I'm not. I've been here in DEFIANCE, week in, week out, longer than 99% of the roster.

Go ahead, point out someone, anyone, who's not been injured or taken a break of some kind since 1.0 closed down.

Even you walked out during the Masters of Wrestling tournament...

Sure you came back, and sure you almost won it, but you didn't... Just like you didn't beat Eric Dane... or Kai Scott... Or Clair St Sure..

So you might like to think you're the be all and end all of DEFIANCE, or that you can walk around doing what you want when you want, but the fact is nobody's unbeatable, not me, not you... So if you think you can take my FIST then you go ahead and try... but I'll be where I've always been... right here waiting.

[Now Heidi cracks a smile... only it's not an amused one... no... something that smile says 'something bad is about to happen'.]

Thwack!

[And it invariably does. Heidi spins around on the spot and nails Dewey with a back hand. Eugene stumbles off to one side and Heidi quickly closes the gap on him, but Eugene recovers quickly and catches the next shot. He uses Heidi's hand to control her and throws her into a pile of boxes stacked up against the wall. Heidi scrambles to find her footing amongst the cardboard, but when she does she stares at Dewey, who's standing his ground. Heidi's face turns a bright red, could be embarrassment, could be rage, but before she can come back at the FIST DEFsec guards swarm the scene and pull both Heidi and Eugene away from the confrontation.]

[Eugene is taken much further down the hallway and out of the scene. Heidi, however, is pressed against the wall by three of the biggest DEFsec Brutes there are. The see of security parts and in walks Eric Dane and Kelly Evans.]

Dane:

You can let her go, boys.

[They do, immediately she tries to make a lunge. Before she can, however, she finds herself spun around and pressed against the opposite side wall with something pointy pressing in quite clearly to her throat.]

Kelly:

Be still, bitch.

[Eric Dane leans in close.]

Dane:

I see you still haven't figured out anything I've tried to teach you. Let this be your final warning, Ms. Christensen, get your shit together, or get out of my promotion.

[Heidi smiles through the obvious discomfort.]

Heidi:

Or what? Ed White will give me a raise?

[Dane smirks. Kelly presses harder against the Submission Siren.]

Dane:

I can see we're not going to get through here. Boys, take her away.

[Heidi is once again delivered into the custody of DEFsec and dragged away. Kelly Evans gaze remains on her for as long as is possible.]

Kelly:

I'm gonna be the end of that bitch.

[Dane smirks again, wider.]

[Cut back to ringside.]

Angus:

See, this is why we can't have nice things.

DDK:

I don't want to pile on the meme cliches, but that escalated quickly.

Angus:

Clearly Heidi took exception to the comments made by Eugene about the losses to... well I'm not even gonna repeat them... I like my elbows where they are.

DDK:

And clearly Eugene doesn't want people thinking he's a push over, and he's got a point, he has been here in DEFIANCE since before 1.0 closed.

Angus:

And what about Eric and Kelly showing up with the goon squad?

DDK:

You mean the Brute Squad.

Angus:

Whatever, man, why you always correctin' me an' shit?

[Speaking of Brutes...]

Beasts Unleashed

“And what on earth was THAT?”

[The BAWS' office.]

[Or more appropriately, the Bo\$\$' office.]

[Frank Dylan James and Mushigihara are standing side-by-side in front of Edward White, having returned from his dealings with the ACX. Nicky and Jane are elsewhere. Eddie's standing behind Mushi and is the first to respond to White.]

Eddie Dante:

This would have never happened if your security detail had managed to keep Mr. James here under control until the opening bell.

Edward White:

Don't you dare question my authority, Dante. The fact remains that you two caused a fracas in the stands, and could have potentially injured spectators, opening the doors for liability lawsuits, which I would PERSONALLY see come from your pay. If I were you, I would pray that no fans come forward and claim injury.

Frank Dylan James:

Ah'll pay any ol' fine you want, but I still gots business to settle with Fatboy over here, 'n I's itchin' to ram my foot up 'is ass!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Frank Dylan James:

WHAT IN HELL YOU CALL ME, BOY~!?!?!

Mushigihara:

GRRRRRRRRR...

[The two hosses turn towards each other and get nose-to-nose with each other, shouting out incomprehensible... Angrish?]

Frank Dylan James and Mushigihara:

RABBLERABBLERABBLERABBLERABBLERABBLE

Edward White:

STOP.

[James, Mushi, and Eddie snap glances towards the Bo\$\$, almost ready to tell him off, but clearly knowing better.]

Edward White:

Clearly, there is only one way we can settle this, and that's with letting you two animals fight tooth-and-nail... very well. At Guerilla Grindhouse: Homecoming, you two are going to fight, one-on-one...

[The big men wait with baited breath...]

Edward White:

...no disqualifications.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Edward White:

Now get out.

[Ed White's personal security detail looks at Frank and Mushi, nodding as if to say "do what the man says." Frank scowls at them, but walks away. Mushi leaves too, but doesn't bother to look at the guards, while Eddie Dante gives him encouraging words about "wait until then, we will put him in his place..."]

[Let's get back to Angus and Keeps.]

This One's For The Ripper

[In the ring.]

[The lights are unceremoniously cut and an eerie, almost droning chant fills the air, as an ethereal red mist starts to coat the arena entrance, followed by an audio sample...]

“Look, I know the supernatural is something that isn’t supposed to happen, but it does happen.”

[Cue red strobe lights, blazing guitar riffs, and the cheers. “Super-Charger Heaven” pumps through the arena, and with it come “The Jersey Devil” Troy Matthews and his lady-friend, Saori Kazama, shinai slung across her shoulder.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, “The Jersey Devil!” TROY! MmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!!!

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

[Despite the fanfare and crowd support, Troy doesn’t look like his usual enthused self; sure, he’s sporting that lopsided grin, and slapping hands, but he’s dressed in casual garb, and it seems like there’s something weighing on him.]

Angus:

I can’t believe that this weenie was talking to Jake Donovan and Ty Walker; can you imagine how much that vortex of suck will rip Black Jesus apart?

DDK:

I can’t say, Angus, it seems like Troy’s had a pretty good couple of weeks; first he survived that onslaught against Mushigihara, and on our last show he BARELY lost a HELL of a match against Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

That other shoe hasn’t dropped yet, Keeps...

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

[Saori flanks the Jersey Devil, smiling as she brandishes her signature shinai, making sure to tag a few wayward hands along the way. Troy stops just at the ring steps and look over his shoulder to her, and when she reaches ringside, he climbs up, onto the apron.]

[Instead of launching himself into the ring at the chorus, he gently steps between the ropes, holding them open for his woman as she follows.]

♪ YEAH! DEVILMAN, DEVILMAN, calling ♪
♪ DEVILMAN, running in my head, yeah! ♪
♪ DEVILMAN, DEVILMAN, calling ♪
♪ DEVILMAN, running in my head, yeah! ♪

[Troy reaches out to ringside and asks for a mic, nodding in thanks to the crew member who hands it to him, and then gets to the center of the ring.]

Troy Matthews:

Sorry I’m not my usual jovial self tonight... but I have some things I want to get off my chest in this ring, that have been

bothering me since the show in Richmond.

[The crowd calms down, giving the Slayer of Giants an audience.]

Troy Matthews:

Y'see, after that whole cluster of a main event where the Blood Diamonds made themselves the only big alliance in town...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Troy just shrugs and shakes his head.]

Troy Matthews:

Well, after that whole mess, the Diamonds went and cast out some of its people, and gave them the beating of a lifetime... now we all know that one of them was Bronson Box, but I wanna talk about one of the other guys who found himself without a job.

[Troy grits his teeth and shakes his head again.]

Troy Matthews:

Before he cast his lot with Box and his little lunatic squad, Jacob... no, JACK Cassidy was, and still IS, my best friend. Few things in my sixteen years in this business have caused me more pain than seeing Jack struggle along the way, trying in vain to hammer out a career for himself, or even staying employed in many cases. And seeing him get laid out and kicked out of DEFIANCE... AGAIN... well, that just made me mad as hell. Now, Lindsay Troy thankfully did me a solid and have Cassidy and Bigsby a place to train and hopefully push themselves to the next level, but damned if I don't want to settle things in my best friend's name.

Angus:

Good luck, Red, Jack's had the same kind of flame-out problem as you.

DDK:

Angus, please.

[The camera manages to hover fairly close to Matthews' face, and his eyes catch it just in time for it to frame a shot of his anger.]

Troy Matthews:

...which leads us to Jane Katze.

BOOOOOOOOO

[Most of the jeers are for Katze's association with Edward White, though one wonders if she really registers on the radar as a character...]

Troy Matthews:

Y'see, for what little time the Conclave was a thing, Jack was being strung along and berated outside of the ring by Scissor Lock over there, and all-in-all just being a total harpie to him, and only getting away with it because she was one of Edward White's "people." And when that whole coup happened after the cluster tag, I took a good look at her face when they sent Jack packin'... and she looked like the spider that caught the fly. Total cheese, y'know? Just glad that there were a few less people who made her look like the hack that she is.

Jane Katze: [off-screen]

Jacob Cassidy HAD to go.

BOOOOOOOOOOO

[Cut to: the entrance way, where Jane Katze, in her usual dress and heels, stands flanked by the intimidating Nicky Corozzo, looking like business-as-usual. He glowers behind his shades, while Jane smirks towards the Jersey Devil.]

Jane Katze:

Jacob Cassidy had fallen under our eyes when he cast his lot with Bronson Box, and what happened in Richmond was a part of an operation to drop the dead weight; not just within the Blood Diamonds, but also in this business.

BOOOOOO

Jane Katze:

Comparisons have often been made between you and Cassidy, Troy; promising young stars who never quite hit their full potential, who would always stumble after hitting their stride, and repeat that pattern until they burn out. Here in DEFIANCE Wrestling, we hold our athletes to... higher standards, standards that Jacob simply was not reaching.

[With a hand on her hip, Jane stares daggers at Troy, while Saori gives her a death-glare of her own.]

Jane Katze:

And as for you, Troy... if I were you, I'd make sure not to slip like Jacob did, but most importantly?

I'd let this go. If you keep prodding your way into things that don't concern you, you'll find yourself on our radar, and we will have no choice but to dispose of you the same way we did Jacob.

[A quiet buzz comes over the arena as Jane walks away, but Troy just looks befuddled as he shouts into his mic...]

Troy Matthews:

Now hold on-HOLD ON a second.

[Jane looks rather annoyed as she does another one-eighty, looking at Troy in the ring with gritted teeth.]

Troy Matthews:

Now, I don't know about anybody here in Alabama, but I can't quite figure out what's funnier; Edward White hiding behind his scissor-lock secretary and his Luca Brasi cosplayer to make threats towards me...

[A pregnant pause as Troy points a finger at Jane Katze.]

Troy Matthews:

...or YOU, thinking I'd let myself get intimidated by the woman who only got ANYWHERE in this business by being Terry Woods' sloppy seconds.

[shotsfired.jpg]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Angus:

...that's cold.

[Katze's face turns from annoyance to sheer rage, as she gives Nicky Corozzo the signal to get himself into the ring and destroy the Slayer of Giants.]

DDK:

Jane Katze is NOT pleased at Troy's choice of words! Corozzo is heading straight towards him!

Angus:

Troy better hope he doesn't end up dissolving in a vat of acid after tonight...

[Corozzo almost makes it to ringside, only to get hit by a 190-pound javelin to the FACE~!]

DDK:

TROY MATTHEWS HAS CLEARED THE TOP ROPE AND TAKEN DOWN THE BLOOD DIAMONDS' ENFORCER!
He's rolled to his feet and made a MAD DASH towards Jane Katze!

[The camera catches up to Devil Red, as he starts yelling towards Jane.]

Troy Matthews:

DO YOU EVEN PAY ATTENTION?! DO YOU EVEN _KNOW_ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BIG GUYS LIKE HIM TRY TO TAKE ME DOWN?! DO YOU?!

[Jane looks visibly flustered, but manages to make a declaration into her microphone.]

Jane Katze:

Well, if you're so confident that you can take Nicky down so easily, then you won't mind taking on him AND myself on your own at Homecoming then, will you? You against me and Nicky Corozzo in a HANDICAP match in New Orleans!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

[Troy stops a few steps short of Edward White's Girl Friday, easily close enough to roundhouse kick her back to the Stone Age. Meanwhile, Saori Kazama trails behind Troy, who is grinning like the cat that caught both the canary AND the wild turkey.]

Troy Matthews:

See ya then, scissor lock.

[Almost in outright contempt, Troy and Saori walk past Jane, hardly a glance in her direction.]

Angus:

He's dead, Keebs. If Jane doesn't suffocate him with her legs, Nicky's gonna leave him at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico at Homecoming. Calling it.

DDK:

You know, you have a talent for exaggeration... but I do think Troy's just bitten off a little more than he can chew here tonight.

Pete Whealdon vs. Romero Antiguas

DDK:

Up next, folks, Romero Antiguas finally steps into the ring with one of his tormentors in the ACX, "Suite" Pete Whealdon.

Angus:

I hate when this happens. Two guys I actually like in the same match.

DDK:

You would. Be that as it may, though, this is an interesting contest, in my opinion.

Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first!

[Shapeshift blares loudly]

Quimby:

Representing the ACX, PETE WHEALDON!

[Pete Whealdon steps out from behind the curtain, Sunglasses on. Strutting down the aisle in a pink mesh, sleeveless hoodie.]

Angus:

Attaboy, Petey!

[Stopping at Ringside, Whealdon pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his tights, and lights one up. Walking around the entire ring before sliding in.]

DDK:

He doesn't look too concerned tonight. Judging by Romero's record, though, that may not be a bad thing...

[Calling to a ringside boy, he tosses his Hoodie out, exchanging it for a tasseled pink Ascot, which he tosses around his neck as he thrusts his pelvis. For stretching purposes. Of course]

Quimby:

And, his opponent!

["Tonight" by Enrique Iglesias hits the arena's speakers, the impossibly and irritatingly catchy pop hit heralding the arrival of Romero Antiguas. 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. What he does not have, however, is a microphone. Darren Quimby blinks once. Twice. And then, he does his job.]

Quimby:

Ladies and gentlemen, Romero Antiguas!

[It's not an enthusiastic intro, but given what a dick Romero's been to poor Darren, you can forgive him for it, right? Antiguas rolls into the ring underneath the bottom rope as referee Mark Shields begins to give the pre-match instructions to both men.]

Angus:

Alright, guys, let's keep this nice and cle--

[Romero, on the other hand, rears back and, well...he kicks Pete Whealdon in the dick. The cigarette comes flying out of Pete's mouth, and Romero shrugs, turning to Shields.]

Antiguas:

Ring the bell, Shields. Or I will do it again and again until you do.

[Mark Shields has been around the block a time or two, most often wearing a black hat. He appreciates a good asshole when he sees one. With a shrug, he ignores the jeering Alabaman audience, and signals for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[Pete Whealdon is on his knees, clutching his bait and tackle as Romero Antiguas looms over him, arrogance dripping from every pore.]

Antiguas:

This is for you. I have already ensured that you cannot procreate - not that any woman would EVER lay with you...

[Romero casually pulls the downed Whealdon into position, head between his thighs, arms wrapped around his waist. Antiguas lifts Pete vertical, holding him there, letting him think about it.]

Angus:

Come on, Romero. You don't need to do that...

DDK:

He kicked the man in the groin before the match! Whealdon's helpless!

[Romero snaps down and back, executing the move taught to him by his uncle, Juan, driving Whealdon head-first into the canvas. Pete falls forward to his face, twitching from the impact of the Martinete. Antiguas doesn't move, simply remaining seated and admiring his handiwork.]

Angus:

Dammit...usually I'm on board with Romero, but not Pete, damnit! Not Pete! Think of the children! The poor Vietnamese sixteen year old girls Pete has yet to have sex with for \$2 American!

[Antiguas stands, finally, only to roll Pete Whealdon to his back. Romero places a boot on the chest of Whealdon, and nods to Mark Shields.]

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

DDK:

Romero just--

[Indeed, the count has stopped, due to Romero Antiguas disgustedly lifting a boot off of Whealdon, and shaking his head.]

Antiguas:

Mahogany's too much of an idiot to understand just yet. Let's try something else...

[Mark Shields looks at Antiguas, shaking his head as Romero has to struggle to lift the dead-weight Whealdon up once more. As Antiguas smirks, he drives a knee into Whealdon's midsection, then pulls him into position for a second Martinete.]

Angus:

Come on, Romero! He's had enough! He's not even the one you're really mad at!

[Just as there was no introduction tonight, there is no mirth in Antiguas' eyes, the cocky arrogance replaced by something quieter, more evil, as he lifts Pete Whealdon vertical. This time, there's no hesitation, just a straight, sheer drop to spike Whealdon's skull into the canvas.]

DDK:

Mark Shields has to stop this! Whealdon is hurt! One piledriver can end a career if it's executed right! Pete was convulsing upon impact from the first, but now..now he's not moving!

[Romero Antiguas doesn't even look at Whealdon, or the jeering crowd. Mark Shields, moving to stand over the downed Whealdon, isn't even in the ring as far as Romero is concerned. Antiguas stalks the timekeeper, who stands up immediately. Romero snatches the chair, and throws it into the ring. Shields is there to greet Romero, waving his hands - even Mark has limits.]

Shields:

I'll disqualify you!

Antiguas:

Please, do so. See if I care.

[Antiguas gives Shields a half-hearted shove, as if to give the official even more reason to do as he's threatened. By the time Antiguas has folded the chair and placed it flat on the mat, Mark is calling for the bell.]

DING DING DING!**Angus:**

DON'T DO THIS, ROMERO! PLEASE!

[The mercy well of Romero Antiguas is dry. Paramedics, perhaps sensing their impending need, are halfway down the aisle by the time Antiguas scrapes Pete Whealdon up off the mat and sets up the third Martinete, poised to drive Pete Whealdon headfirst into the chair.]

DDK:

Where the Hell did this come from? This isn't the Antiguas we've seen so far.

Antiguas:

For you, Rich! LEAVE ME ALONE!

[Piledriver city, population Whealdon. The sickening sound of steel on skull echoes throughout the arena. This time, Romero Antiguas pops up, wiping his hands together after a job well done. The paramedics waste no time, swarming the ring as soon as Antiguas indicates that he is, finally, done for the evening.]

Angus:

I...damnit, Pete didn't deserve that.

DDK:

No, Angus, he didn't. Our medical staff is working on him as we speak, folks, and we'll get you an update as soon as we can on Pete Whealdon's condition. But...what we saw from Romero Antiguas tonight...

Angus:

Ordinarily, I'd say it was great! But not now!

DDK:

Antiguas hasn't won a match in weeks. He's won ONE DEFIANCE match, period! That...and Rich Mahogany, have caused him to snap. That's the only explanation I have.

[Pete Whealdon's neck is fitted with a brace, as the medics carefully maneuver him onto a stretcher. Not watching this scene is Romero Antiguas, who has taken his leave of the ring and is walking up the aisleway with scarcely a glance over his shoulder. On that depressing note, it's time for commercial.]

With Friends Like These...

[We're backstage post-commercial, where there's one intrepid interview-ess here to do her job.]

Christie Zane:

Christie Zane, here, waiting on wait, here he comes now! Antiguas! Romero Antiguas!

[Zane flags down Romero Antiguas as he saunters backstage, a shit-eating grin on his face, in spite of the continuation of his losing streak in DEFIANCE. As he sees Zane, he comes to a stop, throwing an arm over Christie. She looks a little uncomfortable with the gesture, given what just happened in the ring. She scowls and removes Romero's arm from her shoulder.]

Christie Zane:

Romero, I think you have some explaining to do. That wasn't a match at all!

[Antiguas doesn't seem too eager to deny that sentiment, either. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he leans closer (and well into Zane's personal space) to answer.]

Romero Antiguas:

Si, senorita. That was not a match, because I am above matches with the likes of Pete Whealdon. I treated Whealdon like the piece of subhuman garbage that he is. A win over him means nothing to me.

[Romero shrugs, casually, as if not effected at all by the man he just had stretched out, courtesy of three of his devastating piledrivers. Zane steps back, trying to keep the arrogant Hispanic as far away from her while still in interviewing range as is humanly possible.]

Christie Zane:

What was the point then? A message?

[For all of Romero Antiguas' bluster and swagger, the eyes tell a slightly different story. Romero's eyes hold something more sinister there, a flash here, a flash there, but enough to tell that there's something lurking beneath the surface.]

Romero Antiguas:

Yes, that was a message. It was a message to a man – and I use that term loosely – named Rich Mahogany. You want to be my friend, Rich? I have told you, time and time again, that I want nothing to do with you, and yet you did not understand.

[Antiguas grinned, then raised his arms, forearms facing towards himself, making the universal sign for the piledriver once. Twice. Three times.]

Romero Antiguas:

Maybe now he understands, senorita. Maybe now he understands. And if he wants to avenge his fallen comrade, I'm not a hard man to find. Just know, Rich, that if you step into the ring with me, you will get the same treatment as your friend.

[The self-proclaimed Master of the Martinete shoots Zane a cocky smile before heading off the interview set, a swagger to his step and a lightness to his demeanor that's been missing from him for a few weeks, leaving Christie to roll her eyes as the camera goes elsewhere.]

Shit-Talking and Fuckery

[From Christie Zane's interview with Romero Antiguas, we're taken not too far away from Gorilla to a shot of the Big Damn Heroes walking with a purpose toward the curtain. Dentari, Di Luca, and Rinaldi called 'em out for a match (as much as one would refer to what Vinny did earlier a "call out"), and they're on their way to oblige 'em.]

[Wade's mashing his fists together, looking HARD AS FUCK. Tyler's jogging with a spring in his step and Lindsay's swinging her arms with a smirk on her face.]

[And then, from a previously unopened doorway they just walked by....]

???:

Heyo, sweet-ass!

[No, thankfully, the voice does not belong to that of Rich Mahogany, who is on his way to the hospital with DonHo. Besides, we figure the ACX has learned their little lesson from a few weeks back when the 'Heroes put a shellacking on them. Nope, rather it belongs to one of the current DEFIANCE World Trios Champions himself... the Mancunian Muscle, Aleczander the Great. After settling some business with Ty Walker earlier tonight, Team HOSS has the night off, but wherever they are trouble is always sure to follow. Observe. Said meathead holding his belt over his shoulder trying to look extra tough.]

Aleczander:

You're lookin' kinda pretty. What's a girl like you doin' in this rough city? Also... why the fuck are you with these wankers?

[Lindsay Troy is in mid-stride when she stops full-on. Under normal circumstances, if a dude cat-calls her like the Big Dumb Brit just did, her appropriate response to this kind of fuckery would be a monumental face-killing. Tonight an exception will be made, because Lindsay Troy hasn't met a pop-culture reference she couldn't pick up on, or play off of, or knock out of the park.]

[So by the grace of Positive K, Aleczander's going to be spared a great deal of pain. For now.]

Lindsay Troy: [turning around]

I'm just here try'na hold my own ground.

Aleczander:

Yeah, I think I like how that sounds. What you say we gets to know each other better?

[Elliott and Rayne have also stopped as well. Troy starts walking back toward Aleczander.]

Lindsay Troy:

That sounds good but I don't think that I can let'cha.

[The Mancunian Muscle looks slightly offended that somebody would even DREAM of spurning his advances.]

Aleczander:

I don't know, tell me is it so? Do you get a kick out of tellin' brothers "no?"

Lindsay Troy:

No, it's not that, see you don't understand. How should I put it? I got a man.

[The DEFIANCE Trios Champion glances at the approaching Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott, not sure who she's actually referring to. He points at both men and actually looks confused.]

Aleczander:

Wait, it's one of these wankers? Wait, uh, I mean... what's your man got to do with me? I told you, I'm not tryin' t'hear that, see.

Wade Elliott: [Faux-cleaning out his ear, followed by a snarl.]

Beg yer pardon, boy, but yer goofy god-damn accent's gummin' up my ears. So ya mind runnin' that by me again?

[The big meathead holds his title up once again - you know, 'cause TITLES~! - and shoots a cocky smirk in the direction of The Blue Collar Brawler.]

Aleczander:

Why is this tall glass of fine wasting her time slummin' it up with you and other guy over here when she could get with a CHAMPION like me, mate? I'm a Blood Diamond. Edward White's rich. By that American Transitive Property, I'm rich, too... I think that's how that works...

Tyler Rayne:

By that same train of logic, you all have a collective dick size of exactly one nub.

[Before he can actually try and do the math in his head to see what a 'nub' comes out to, the rest of Aleczander's lovely band of brutes approach from the hallway behind their teammate. Capital Punishment, Angel Trinidad, and of course, the official spokesman of Team HOSS, The Superagent himself, Junior Keeling. Junior walks over to Aleczander and motions toward the door.]

Junior Keeling:

Aleczander, we gotta go... oh.

[Keeling shoots a disapproving glance at the members of the Big Damn Heroes, remembering their part in last week's almost-but-not-quite battle in Edward White's office.]

Junior Keeling:

Oh, you're those nosy little shits that tried to get in Blood Diamond business that don't concern you. What, did you come to see what REAL champions look like? [points to Team HOSS]. There. You saw. Now get the fuck outta here or you'll all be joining Ty Walker in traction.

Lindsay Troy:

Actually, now that we're all Up Close and Personal...

[She runs a finger over the face plate of Alecz's title belt.]

Lindsay Troy:

...I think when I'm holding this, I'll want my name plate done up in script. Cursive's always classier.

[She locks eyes with Junior.]

Lindsay Troy:

Not like you'd know aaaaaanything about that.

[Junior Keeling rolls his eyes and snarls at the Queen of the Ring.]

Junior Keeling:

You can have allllllll the class you and your merry band of... whatever those things behind you are... can handle, but me and my crew? [Tapping the belt of Angel Trinidad standing next to him] We didn't get these playing nice. We've employed a little Scorched Earth policy when it comes to these belts. No Trios teams survive my crew and live to tell the tale. If you don't believe me, why don't you look up TexMex Holiday and Hookers 'N' Blow and ask... oh, wait. **You can't.** They're not around anymore.

[Capital Punishment and Wade Elliott have themselves a good old-fashioned silent mean-mugging between themselves. The Rookie Monster laughs and pats Keeling on the back.]

Angel Trinidad:

Mister Keeling is right. Maybe after I finish Ty Walker at HOMECOMING, we'll think about offering you guys up a shot... SPOILER ALERT: It won't end up HOSSomely for any of you.

Wade Elliott: [Turning toward Angel with a gravely, menacing growl.]

Keep on talkin', son. I can tell just by lookin' at'cha that yer 'bout half as tough as ya think ya are.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't worry, young HOSShole. I don't expect you to give up the belts that easy. The challenge is half the fun of getting the reward.

[A stagehand strides up to the 'Heroes at this moment to break up the posturizing.]

Stagehand:

You all are up now.

[Troy looks at the kid for a second then backs up a bit, a little smile creeping along her lips.]

Lindsay Troy:

Guess it's time for our tune up against Eddie Dollar \$ign\$' former playthings.

Junior Keeling:

The best of luck to you and your misfits out there, Ms. Troy. Just remember, though... LBC are formidable, but there's a reason that Edward White upgraded to my team.

[Junior motions for his clients to take their leave and the Trios Champions take off down the hall without incident. But also not before Alecander delivers a wink towards Lindsay.]

[GET TO DA CHOPPA...WE MEAN, DA RING!]

teammates. Dentari launches himself at Troy and clubs her across the shoulder blades with a slapjack. She lurches forward and tumbles a bit down the ramp. Di Luca tackles Wade before he can make any sudden moves and starts hammering away at his forehead with heavy fists. Rayne swipes at Dentari and delivers a blow to his jaw, but is knocked against the barricade by Vinny Rinaldi before he can do any further damage. Rinaldi puts the boots to the Underground Pimp and Dentari stalks after Troy.]

Angus:

So much for that fancy entrance.

DDK:

This was a damn set-up!

[Further down the ramp Lindsay Troy starts getting to her feet, but before she can gather her bearings and raise her defence, Alceo grabs her and sends her face first into the steel steps. Di Luca and Elliott trade right hands as they roll around at ringside, and Big Vinny scoops Rayne up with ease before dropping him chest first across the barricade.]

DDK:

The Legitimate Businessman's Club must have planned this! They never intended to wrestle tonight, they just wanted to assault the Big Damn Heroes!

Angus:

This is what you get when you disrespect the LBC.

[Dentari pushes a foot into the face of Lindsay Troy, which in turn pushes her head against the steps. A trickle of blood runs down her forehead and around the edge of Alceo's shoe as he twists and turns it, grinding her cheek against the steel.]

DDK:

That wound from last week looks like it's been reopened after Lindsay crashed into the steel.

Angus:

I don't think she's gonna be worrying about a little cut right now; she'll be lucky if she walks out of here with the use of her legs.

[After just arriving at ringside the rolling scuffle between Tony Di Luca and Wade Elliott separates. Both men scramble to their feet and exchange right hands after right hands. Elliott nails two in succession, but Di Luca lifts a knee into a questionably low location.]

Angus:

Ding!

[After putting a few boots into the chest of Rayne, Rinaldi heads over to Dentari and assists him in putting the boots to Lindsay Troy. Together the two stomp the metaphorical hole of mud into her and proceed to traverse across it until it is no longer of a viscous state.]

Angus:

BAH GAWD!

[Dentari and Rinaldi both grab an arm of Lindsay's each and pull her to her feet. They whip her away from the steps, but then pull her right back, sending her careening back first into the steel again. Dentari drops to his knees and gets right up in Lindsay's face.]

Alceo Dentari: [Like a rabid dog]

You's gonna turn me down!? I'll show you's what happens when you's turn me down!

DDK:

Is that true?

Angus:

Meh, probably.

[Rinaldi pulls Di Luca up and slaps him a couple of times to wake him up before the two of them resume the assault on Wade Elliott. Together they roll him into the ring and follow him in, meanwhile Dentari continues to choke the life out of Lindsay Troy against the ring steps.]

DDK:

It's no fault of his, Hector Navarro can't do a damn thing about this, but we need to get someone out here that can restore some order.

[In the ring Rinaldi stands tall in the middle while Di Luca pulls Elliott to his feet. He pushes Elliott towards the big man who drops him with... you guessed it.]

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAM NUMERO DOS!

[Vinny hasn't even pushed himself off of the Bad Dog before Di Luca starts rolling him over onto his front. He locks Wade in a full nelson and pulls him up to his feet.]

DDK:

No! Come on, this is too much!

[Elliott tries in vain to struggle, but Di Luca's grip is too tight, and he's far too winded after the Fat Hole Slam. Di Luca straightens up and drives him down with a Shallow Grave!]

BOOO

[The fans voice their displeasure as Di Luca slowly and confidently makes his way to the ropes and steps out to the outside. He heads over to the time keeper's area and demands a microphone, which he's handed no questions asked.]

DDK:

What could he possibly have to say right now? They've already done a number on the Big Damn Heroes, now they're going to pour salt into the wound?

Angus:

Shhhh, the Southern Heritage champion is about to speak.

Tony Di Luca:

Wade...

BOOO

Tony Di Luca:

Wade, I hope you can hear me...

[Di Luca rolls into the ring and orders Rinaldi to hold Elliott's head up off of the mat. Rinaldi obliges and keeps Elliott in place. Upon hearing Di Luca on the stick Dentari releases the choke hold on Troy and enters the ring himself.]

Tony Di Luca:

'Cause I got a little bit a' news for you... See, we said if Lindsay Troy could beat Big Vinny over here, you would get you

Speaking For Herself

What'chu got, what'chu got, what'chu got, what'chu got # [The split second that "What You Got" by Reveille starts playing, Clair St. Sure is out of the back and headed to the ring.] **DDK:** Fans, as we return, Clair St. Sure, formerly of the Truly Untouchables, is on her way to the ring, and this may be a first to see her without either Kai Scott or Diane Parker to talk for her. **Angus:** Hey, the whole silent fighting machine thing worked just fine for her. Anyway I've got a pretty good idea what this is going to be about... [Clair grabs a microphone from a ringside attendant and rolls into the ring.] **Clair St. Sure:** Jonny Booya. *BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!* [Those boos aren't for her.] **CSS:** Get out here. [St. Sure turns to face the ramp, but there's no sign of Jonny Booya.] **CSS:** An' jus' as I expect, you do not have the courage to face me, so I'll jus' say my piece an' let the powers that be decide whether to heed. [Taking a quick look around the arena for any possible Blood Diamonds sneak attacks, Clair continues.] **CSS:** Now, what I learn of Jonny while workin' with him, he always get into these how you call them, phases. First he got to fix his hair every time he blinks. Then he got to pretend he a ladies man. Now he all about saying people 'jelly.' English is not my first language, but it seem to me he says that people are jealous of him yet he is jealous of nothing. He a stone cold liar. He jelly of ME. *RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!* **CSS:** An the reason he go behind Kai's back an sell out to Ed White? Because he jelly. Back in the early days you know, he get it in his head that he the big deal in the Truly Untouchables. So then when he only win a battle royal and then do nothing while I win War Games, he get mad. He get mad and he go turncoat, an he say it's because Kai do not respect him, but I say it's cause he 'jelly.' **V.O. Jonny Booya:** HEY!! [Boos go up as Jonny Booya stomps out of the back. He's back in his customary all-black Duke Nukem look, and wearing the COOL shades.] **Booya:** AH AIN'T CALLED 'PON TO TAKE THAT LIP FROM YOU AN I AIN'T FIXIN TO NEITHER! **CSS:** That's good Jon, cos I no be askin' you to. You keep sayin' how you were always better- **Booya:** I ALWAYS WAS BETTER'N YOU! **CSS:** Yeah. So I now offer you a chance to prove it. [Jonny Booya stops mid-swagger and almost drops the microphone.] **Booya:** Ah don't need to prove sheeit, girl. **CSS:** At the Homecoming Pay Per View. **Booya:** Aw hell no. **CSS:** You get the chance to back up everyting you say. **Booya:** Ah don't need to back nuthin' up. See, here's me, and here's me knowin Ah'm better'n you, cos that's why you're all alone, ain't got no gawddayumn friends, and Ah'm fuckin Blood Money all up in this! [St. Sure shakes her head and smirks.] **CSS:** You say a lot of words Jon, but all I really hear from you is one thing. [Booya folds his arms and flexes his shoulders, making like he doesn't care.] **CSS:** You jelly. [Jonny Booya's jaw drops open. He grabs his head and jumps around, stomping on the ramp like a kid throwing a temper tantrum.] *RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!* [If the fans weren't behind CSS already, this put them over the line.] **Booya:** YOU DON'T... I'M GONNA... ADGHS DGJ DAMMIT I'M NOT JELLY! *THWAAAACK!* *BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!* [Those boos were because Jane Katze slid into the ring and sidekicked CSS in the back of the head.] **Booya:** DAMN RIGHT! And you know what? You think you're so damn special with your Truly Untouchabreaker and ARM-BAR an all that sheeit, but I'monna stand right here an watch while a real damn submissionista ties you up in so many damn knots won't be able to tell you from one of your dreadlocks! [Jane has a back mount on Clair. She grabs one arm to keep Clair from countering, then starts landing punches with the other. If you remember your DEFtrivia, Jane's had boxing lessons from the Boxer himself, so this hurts.] **Booya:** Put her out! Ah don't wanna be bothered with her again! Jonny Booya's movin' up in the world! [Jane underhooks an arm, spins around to double chickenwing Clair's arms, then rolls to the side, places Clair's head in the crook of one knee and anchors the one leg with the other. It's the Golden Gate Guillotine.] **Booya:** HELL YEAH! Now Ah wanna see you squeeze her til the fake blond runs out her damn hair! I WANNA SEE HER BLEED FROM HER FUCKIN EYEBALLS! FUCKIN GLORY HOGGING... [DEFIANCE doesn't do censorship beeps, but for the sake of our more tender viewers, we just won't transcribe what Booya has to say.] [That's when CSS manages to roll so her feet are under her. Nearly bending herself double, she gets a foot where Jane has the scissor part of the Golden Gate Guillotine anchored, steps on it, and - pries her head loose!] *RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!* **Booya:** WHAT THE GAWDDAYUMN HAILFUCK?! [St. Sure rolls across Jane's body, and suddenly she's in the offensive position. She rolls, twisting one of Jane's arms behind her back with the omo-plata.] **Booya:** DAMMIT JANE DON'T LET HER DO THAT! [But, at the last second before applying the Truly Untouchabreaker, CSS stops.] [Then she points at Booya.] [Twisting Jane's arms in the other direction, CSS rolls over, lifts her up overhead...] [BOOYA BOMB! BY CSS!] [Jane is allowed to roll out of the ring. Clair's already standing up and turning to Booya, spreading her arms in a picture-perfect "Come at me, Bro" gesture.] **Booya:** What th' hell was... awright, fine, Miss Saint Sure, you wanna be uppity about this, well we'll jes see how uppity you're feelin at Homecoming! Take my move's name in vain- [Whatever else Booya said was lost as he spiked his microphone to the ground and stomped backstage leaving St. Sure alone in the ring to mug for the fans.] **DDK:** It looks like we've got a grudge match between Clair St. Sure and Jonny Booya set for Homecoming! **Angus:** I've always liked CSS alright, but I tell you what Keeps, if she breaks Jonny Booya's shoulder, she'll be shortlisted into my all time favorites with Team Danger,

Roger Stevens and Can.... no one. No one else. I never liked that guy. [Fade to one of those Hulu commercials. This happened right before the main event, so they need to distract you while they get the ring ready.]

Kai Scott vs. Dan Ryan

Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening! It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit, and is a non title match! Introducing first! Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is...

DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam.]

♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪
♪ There's no connection to myself ♪
♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪
♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪
♪ So save your prayers ♪
♪ For when you're really gonna need 'em ♪
♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪

Angus:

And there, ladies and gentlemen, you see Kai Scott's doom approaching.

DDK:

I'm not sure about that.

Angus:

Kai Scott's a One Time World Champ. Dan Ryan's a Fourteen Time World Champ. Ergo, Dan Ryan is fourteen times better than Kai Scott. Why else would Ed White back Dan Ryan over the current World Champion?

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.]

DDK:

He looks confident as always, but we've already seen how tenacious Kai Scott can be when all he wants is to hang onto his World Title. And now, after the attack on Clair St. Sure, he wants to do more than just defend a title...

♪ I know there's something happening here ♪
♪ I know there's something happening here ♪
♪ Do my eyes deceive my ears? ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪
♪ (I sure as hell can) ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪

[The World Champion walks out and spins, arms outstretched like he thinks he's the Pope. The World Title belt is around his waist. And although he's got the usual smirk on his face, his eyes are focused on the ring.]

Angus:

Silly Ace of Heels doesn't know he's about to die. What the hell does Ace of Heels mean anyway?

[Scott politely hands the World Title to Benny Doyle without taking his eyes off the smirking Dan Ryan.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Ryan circles towards Scott, his arms down. Scott counter-circles and raises his arms for a tie-up.]

DDK:

Not the smartest strategy by Scott there, if he's thinking he can overpower Ryan.

Angus:

Or trick him! Scott knows all the tricks in the book... that Ryan wrote.

DDK:

You sure are a big mark for Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Come on, I grew up watching him kill people. What do you expect? Just because I hate his giant gourd-shaped face because he's helping Ed White destroy everything that I hold dear, doesn't mean that I can't still pull for the guy, amirite? Besides, ask the internet, I can't be bothered with forming an opinion that doesn't completely stand opposite of something I said eight minutes ago. It's my gimmick. Read my bio.

[But they tie-up just the same, and Ryan easily pushes Scott over backwards. Eighty pound weight differential there. Scott back-rolls to his feet and shrugs, then offers up another tie-up.]

[Scott drops his weight when Ryan leans, but when he tries for a fireman's carry, Ryan adjusts his weight and hooks the front chancery. But Scott knows his way around a grappling exchange, and he pops loose, spins around into a back mounted hammerlock, turns it into a standing arm wrench/wristlock, and....]

WHAM! WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM!!!**DDK:**

Scott just stomping away like a madman!

[Scott sends boot after boot after boot into the back of Ryan's head, using the arm to keep Ryan on the mat. Ryan tries to twist his way out, but Scott cuts him off with a kick to the side of the head, and another stomp, and another stomp.]

Angus:

Wow. Um. I think maybe Kai Scott's angry.

DDK:

Angus, Dan Ryan tried to break Clair St. Sure's back by powerbombing her across the back of a chair.

[Ryan manages to roll to his back and yank the arm free. Scott soccer kicks him in the side of the head. Ryan goes up onto both knees, wobbling, and Scott runs the ropes and stomp-kicks Ryan in the back of the head! The Ego Buster faceplants and starts rolling towards the outside, but Scott dances around between him and the ropes and blasts him with another soccer kick! Ryan gets to his hands and knees, and Scott delivers a kick so hard that it knocks Ryan all the way over onto his back!]

Angus:

Holy Christwagons!

[Ryan finally decides that he needs some breathing room and rolls across the ring, escaping to the outside. He drops to one knee, nursing his head. Scott slips out of the ring around the corner, and as Ryan collects himself, Scott runs up from behind and slams Ryan's head into the ringpost! The Ego Buster faceplants on the ringside mats. Scott rolls into the ring to break the count, then spears Ryan into the guardrail. Alternating leg roundhouse kick to the chest and a jumping back kick to the jaw, and Ryan goes stumbling.]

DDK:

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is what our World Champion can do when he's motivated.

[Ryan is thrown back into the ring. Scott ascends the turnbuckle, and comes off with a missile dropkick! Scott drops into a cover... but before Benny Doyle has finished belly flopping to make the count, stepped back and began driving punches into Ryan's forehead. With the Ego Buster having gotten no offense in so far, Scott decides to try and finish it early, hooking the vertical suplex...]

[...and Ryan counters with his own vertical suplex lift, but instead of going over backwards drops Scott crotch first on the top rope!]

[The Ace of Heels crumples his face in pain. Shaking off his daze, Ryan delivers a superkick that knocks Scott off the top rope and down onto the apron.]

DDK:

When you're a guy the size of Dan Ryan, you can get extension in your legs for kicks like that. And it just goes to show you what kind of athlete Dan Ryan is, when a lot of men his size and age lumber around the ring and he's still throwing superkicks and springboards.

Angus:

Fourteen. Time. LIKE I SAID Keeps. Eric Dane, God love him, can only say "six times."

[Ryan needs a few seconds to focus his head, but he's up before Scott. Picking up the smaller man in a front bearhug, Ryan runs across the ring and slams him back first into the turnbuckle. Instead of letting go, Ryan gets Scott in a side lift and drops him in a pendulum backbreaker.]

[And then a second one.]

[And then he completes the combination with a backdrop!]

[No. Rather, when Scott rolls over onto his front, Ryan's right back on him, coming down across the back with a BIG senton splash.]

DDK:

Working the back is a good strategy for Ryan. We've seen that Scott can get men the size of Ryan and Dusty Griffith up for suplexes, and although it takes a lot out of him, they feel it. But if Scott can't lift Ryan, he's going to have a one dimensional striking game.

[Ryan plants a knee on the small of Scott's back and yanks on his chin.]

DDK:

And that's where Ryan's dangerous. Scott is a superb striker, but when Ryan only has to worry about being kicked and not about being dropped on his neck, it tips the scale in his favor.

[Scott grabs at Ryan's fingers to break the chinlock, but Ryan just jumps and knee drops him on the back. Grabbing the Champ by the back of the head, Ryan pulls him to his feet, runs across the ring, and slams him face first into the mat just as they reach the ropes. Scott slides under the bottom, dangling over the apron. Ryan rolls out, and clubs him on the small of the back with a forearm.]

Angus:

He's going to work, now.

[Ryan rolls Scott over onto his back, yanks his head up, and slams his back down over the apron! With a howl of pain, Scott falls backwards and lands on the mats. Now Ryan picks him up in another front bearhug and rams him into the ringpost!]

DDK:

I don't think he's done.

[He isn't. With one quick lift and twist he sends the World Champion flying up and over his head with a release Belly to Belly suplex. The Champion is the one in agonizing pain now, and a smile grows on Dan Ryan's face.]

Angus:

Notice how Ryan didn't put Scott all the way up on his shoulders and do that stupid run at the ringpost let the guy fall off your back and headbutt the ringpost move.

DDK:

More like, notice how Ryan doesn't waste any momentum or movement and he sent the champ flying halfway around the ringside area with that ridiculous suplex?

[Now it's Ryan's turn to roll back into the ring to break the count. Returning to the outside, he picks Scott up in a front bearhug - and Scott counters it with a bell clap! Ryan drops him, and somehow, Scott manages to land on his feet, at which point he grabs Ryan by the head and drops backwards, complete-shotting Ryan headfirst into the ring apron!]

DDK:

Incredible counter by the champion!

[Benny Doyle starts the count.]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

[Scott uses the ring apron to start pulling himself to his feet. Ryan's barely stirring.]

SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT!

[Scott rolls under the bottom rope.]

NINE!

[And he rolls back out of the ring, restarting the count.]

DDK:

Scott wasn't going to take a countout win. This is personal, and he wants to do some damage to the Ego Buster.

[Scott rolls Dan Ryan in under the ropes. The champ slides in and both men manage to make it to their feet at the same time and an enraged Dan Ryan rushes Scott with a lariat that is ducked and the champion begins taking vicious kicks at Ryan's tree-trunk sized legs.]

Angus:

I'll be honest with you here, Keebs, I'm more than a little surprised here that Kai Scott has had control for as long as he has. Dan Ryan is a big, mean, calculated, and precise monster. Not that I can condone his business practices because Fuck Ed White, but on paper he should be picking his teeth with Scott's thigh bones by now.

[Scott throws in a couple more kicks in, hits the ropes for some momentum and then comes in with a short shotgun dropkick to the knees of the bigger man.]

DDK:

This is more solid strategy by the champ, taking out the legs of a Dan Ryan takes away his power game, thus eliminating a lot of his effectiveness!

[Scott reaches down and pulls Ryan up, quickly applies a side headlock, but before he can do anything with it Ryan

lifts him up and with a mighty roar tosses the Champ across the ring where he lands haphazardly after bouncing awkwardly off of the ropes.]

Angus:

Jesus, that strength is scary.

[The Ego Buster stalks over and begins drilling Scott with kicks to the head.]

DDK:

It looks like the tide has turned.

[Ryan pulls Kai up into something that looks like a reverse bodyslam, lifts and with as much force as he can muster slams him down hard over his knee with some kind of reverse inverted backbreaker.]

Angus:

Jesus FUCK!

[Instead of letting go, Ryan lifts him again, adjusts him bodily, and runs toward the turnbuckle where he drills him into the corner and then the mat below with an Oklahoma Stampede! He drops for the cover.]

One!

TWO!

[The Ego Buster pulls Kai Scott's shoulders up at the last second, the smirk on his face as telling as the glint in his eyes that he's got much, much more planned for the champion.]

Angus:

I just had a thought.

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

This is non-title, right?

DDK:

Yeah?

Angus:

So what's Dan Ryan got to gain by pinning the champ?

DDK:

Um, I dunno, a win over the Champion?

Angus:

Sure, but Dan Ryan is a beast, a killer. Match like this, don't matter how it ends so long as the message is sent, and right now the message is that Dan Ryan is unstoppable once he gets going!

DDK:

You might be right there, partner, but let's hope that Ryan has a little more sportsmanship in him than that.

Angus:

Do you even watch our show?

[Meanwhile DR has pulled the limp body of Kai Scott up to his feet once more. This time, instead of smashing him, he points a finger in his face.]

Dan Ryan:

This is what you wanted, champ!

[And with an easy lift Dan Ryan has Kai Scott in a full Gorilla Press.]

DDK:

I could be wrong, but is Ryan foaming at the mouth?

[The Ego Buster just lets go and steps out from under the Ace of Heels, who belly-flops onto the canvas with very little say-so in the matter. Ryan picks him up by the head again.]

Dan Ryan:

You asked for this, champ! You just had to protect your precious-

[Scott comes alive, throwing a forward block to get Dan Ryan's hands away from his face before stepping back, loading up, and unleashing the crescent to end all crescent kicks right to the back of the Ego Buster's head.]

RAAAHHHH!!!

Angus:

WHOA!

DDK:

DOWN GOES RYAN! DOWN GOES RYAN!

Angus:

The champ is down too! That took everything he had left!

[Or did it?]

DDK:

Wait a second now, Kai Scott is stirring!

[Scott kind of roll-drags himself over, just close enough to throw an arm over Ryan's massive chest. Benny Doyle hops into position.]

One...

...TWO...

.....THRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRICKOUT~!

Angus:

Ryan rolled a shoulder! The match continues!

[Benny Doyle, being left with no options, begins a ten-count.]

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

This has been intense, there's no arguing that!

THREE!

FOUR!

[Both men begin stirring.]

FIVE!

Angus:

Kai Scott wanted a fight, Dan Ryan's given him one. What happens next could really determine what happens in the very near future as it pertains to the World Title!

SIX!

SEVEN!

[On either side of the ring, both men grab the ropes and begin pulling themselves up.]

EIGHT!

DDK:

Kai Scott is up!

NINE!

Angus:

SO IS DAN RYAN!

[And so both men beat the count, and neither one of them are on steady legs. They both stumble into the center of the ring where they clash again.]

DDK:

Kai Scott with a blazing elbow to the head!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!

Angus:

Ryan responds with a heavy right hand!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Scott with another elbow!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!

Angus:

Ryan with another right!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The Champ shrugs it off and UNLOADS with a flying knee-lift right to the mush that sends Dan Ryan stumbling back

into the ropes!

[Without waiting for Dan Ryan to catch his breath and retaliate, Scott lifts and spins himself at Dan Ryan with a Discus Lariat that sends them both over the top rope and sprawling to the ringside floor below.]

Angus:

...LLLLLLAAAAARRRRRRREEEEEEAAAAAATTTTTOOOOHHHHHHH!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!

[Scott is the one up quicker of the two and he pops himself up on to the apron. Timing his shot, he waits for Ryan to be just about to his feet when he springboards off the middle rope with an Asai Moonsault, crashing on top of Ryan and sending them both back to the floor.]

DDK:

Say what you want about flippydoos, but the Champ's aerial offense is something to behold, he's crisp, precise, and he doesn't waste motion!

Angus:

He still flips like a homo.

[Scott is up again, surging with adrenaline providing momentum. Looking down at him with utter disdain, Scott lays in a few boots and then commands him to get up before climbing back up on to the apron.]

DDK:

The Champ has something in mind here...

[Dazed and groaning, Ryan rolls over and gets to his knees as he tries to shake the effects of Scott's wild assault. Getting to his feet, he turns and eats a boot to the face from Scott, reeling him back towards the guardrails.]

Angus:

Kicking Dan Ryan's teeth out seems to be what.

[Crashing against the rails, Ryan brings one of his giant paws up to his jaw. Lunging instinctively at Scott, Ryan takes another reverse kick to the head that sends him reeling again, this time he growls with contempt as the blow seems to snap him out of the daze.]

DDK:

Looks like to me all he's done is make the big man mad!

Angus:

You got that shit right, cuz!

[Scott springs off of the ropes again as Ryan reels back from the kick, but this time, the Ego Buster isn't taking anymore of this shit and catches Scott coming in off the backflip. Positioning his hands, Ryan gets Scott up in a bodyslam position, lifts and then drops him face first across the ring apron.]

DDK:

SNAKE EYES!

Angus:

Welcome to Whiplash City, Champ, Population You.

[Ryan doesn't let Scott crumble to the mat, grabbing him by the hair and spins him around so that he can blast him with a standing lariat with such force that he ends up tumbling to the mat from velocity of the blow.]

DDK:

Ryan put everything behind that clothes-

Angus:

LLLLLLAAAAARRRREEEEEEAAAATTTTTTTOOOOHHHHAAAA!!!!

[Ryan gets to a knee and grabs a fistful of Scott's hair, pulling him up as he rises to his feet. Ryan rolls Scott on to the apron and shoves his nearly lifeless body further into the ring before he returns to the confines of the ring himself.]

DDK:

Can this match get any more brutal?

Angus:

Is that a question you really want to ask?

[Ryan stalks a barely conscious Scott, who claws his way to the center of the ring. Standing over his prey, Ryan reaches down and pulls Scott up by the waistband of his trunks and into a rear waistlock.]

DDK:

Ryan with a crisp German Suplex.

Angus:

Man, he folded him up like yesterdays laundry.

[Ryan rolls him over and makes a cover, grinding his forearm into the side of Scott's face.]

ONE...

...TWO...

.....THRE...

.....NO!

RAAAAHH-BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ryan pulls up a nanosecond away from victory!

[Shaking his head "no", Ryan smirks and pulls Scott up before grabbing him in a bearhug launches him up and over with a Belly to Belly Suplex that sends Scott crashing against the ropes before hitting the mat. Getting up, Ryan sneers at Scott and shakes his head with disappointment.]

DDK:

Ryan not looking all that impressed with the champion, partner.

Angus:

Is that what this is? I figured Ryan had no respect for Scott to begin with.

[Ryan stalks over to the ropes where Scott tries to pull himself up, who is seemingly on autopilot at this point. As he approaches, Ryan rears back and hammers Scott across the back of the shoulders with a double axe blow before turning him around and pulling him back towards the center of the ring and cinches him up.]

Angus:

That son of a bitch!

DDK:
BRAINBUSTER!

Angus:
That fucker stole Eric's move!

DDK:
Not all brainbusters are the same.

Angus:
It is in DEFIANCE, and that was a STARDRIVER gawddamnit!

[Ryan grins widely with a gleaming smile as he rolls Scott over for the cover.]

ONE!...

.....TWO!

.....THRE...?

.....NO!...?

.....KICKOUT!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
Okay nevermind, if that was a STARDRIVER, this bullshit would be over.

DDK:
Are you sure? You seemed pretty sure before.

Angus:
Absolutely. I could go into a more thorough and scientific breakdown if you'd like? Something about proper torque and centrifugal force?

DDK:
No...

Angus:
Are you sure? I have spreadsheets and graphs and even some YouTube clips. It's kind of like the research I was doing for Henry Keyes' bellclaps, but moar science-y.

DDK:
That's alright, I'll take your word for it.

[Ryan "hmpfs" with much chagrin and peels Scott off of the mat and sets him up for the Powerbomb.]

DDK:
If he hits this, we're done here.

Angus:
If he hits this, somebody's gonna have to go up in the rafters and retrieve Kai Scott's lungs for him.

[Taking his sweet time though, Ryan reaches down and locks his hands around Scott's waist before wrenching him up...]

DDK:
HUMILITY BOMB...

Angus:
HOO DAN CAN RANA!!! THE CHAMP COUNTERED!

[Out of nowhere, as he has a habit of doing, Scott reaches the apex of yet another Powerbomb and sends Ryan toppling ass over tea kettle to the mat. The sudden burst of life allows Scott to scramble to his feet, his instincts allow him to duck a clothesline from a charging Dan Ryan.]

DDK:
SUPERKICK!

Angus:
Holy Baby Jesus.

[What Scott can't do is counter Dan Ryan's own quick twitch reflexes, taking a picture perfect Superkick to the mush that takes him off his feet.]

Angus:
How in the HALE is a dude his size able to be that athletic?

DDK:
There's more than a few reasons that Dan Ryan is one of the true legends of the sport and this is one of them. Like you said earlier: Fourteen times.

[Ryan is on top of Scott quickly, latching on to him with a full nelson before yanking him up off of the mat. Scott however tries to fight out of it, ultimately trying to straighten his arms out so that he can slip free, but Ryan is a step ahead as he drops his arms and grabs a waistlock.]

DDK:
German Suplex... NO! Scott flips out of it!

[Landing on his feet, Scott doesn't think, he just acts. Ryan wheels around to get to his knees and he's met with a Shotgun Dropkick from Scott, who plants both feet square into the massive chest of the Ego Buster.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
BLA-DOW! SHOTTY SHOTTY!

DDK:
Are you high?

Angus:
Does Cancer Jiles still work here?

DDK:
No, but Ty Walker does.

Angus:

Well then I think you've answered your own question.

[The impact causes Ryan to tumble back, but he's given little time to even contemplate what just happened as Scott is on him, crashing into him with a charging knee to the chest. Ryan falls back against the ropes and Scott continues with fury, kick-stomping the fuck out of him until Benny Doyle is forced to pull him off.]

[Doyle reprimands Scott, but the Champion isn't hearing it as he moves the referee out of his way and stomps back over to Ryan, who is leaned up against the bottom rope. Scott grabs him by one of his ears and the back of his head as he rips him up to his feet and then sends him back down with a Snap Mare.]

THHHWWAAACCCKKK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The sound can only mean one thing.]

THHHWWAAACCCKKK!

THHHWWAAACCCKKK!

THHHWWAAACCCKKK!

THHHWWAAACCCKKK!

THHHWWAAACCCKKK!

[Scott roars with rage as Ryan recoils again from another jarring soccer kick to the spine, that is until Scott just goes fucking bonkers.]

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

[Scott finishes the rapid fire succession of Spinal Taps, hopping over to face Ryan and then blasts him with a Buzzsaw Kick to the temple. Ryan can do nothing but fall back, his hands clutching his ringing cranial region.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Scott throws his hands out to the sides and spins, overflowing with emotion that keeps the roaring cheers coming from the audience. Benny Doyle takes a knee near Dan Ryan, checking on him.]

Angus:

You think Doyle's maybe checking to make sure Ryan's head's still connected to his neck?

[After a few moments, Scott manages to come down off of the emotional high enough to focus and turns his attention back to Ryan, who is now shakily pulling himself up with the ropes. Scott tries to pull him away from the ropes and Ryan fires a back elbow that staggers Scott back, but Scott is undeterred and charges, hitting a flying knee to the back and then pulls him to the center of the ring.]

DDK:

Scott's looking for that double underhook facebuster he calls the Kryptonite!

[Turning Ryan around, Scott steps back and scores with a boot to the gut before trying to double underhook the arms. Ryan senses the danger he's in and tries to fight it, but can't escape, however when Scott tries to muscle him up, his back seizes with a sudden pain.]

Angus:

Scott's back has been worked over, can't pull the trigger.

[Scott grimaces from the pain, giving Ryan a longer reprieve. Scott grunts as he buckles down for a second attempt, but this time, Ryan rears up and tosses Scott up and over with a back body drop. Scott is up quickly and rushes Ryan from behind as he stumbles away, but Ryan knows just what to do.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Mule Kick.]

Angus:

Kick to the balls, does the trick every time.

DDK:

I'm not even sure if Ryan did it intentionally.

Angus:

I think you mean consciously, because years of being the biggest bad in wrestling has ingrained that in his DNA at this point.

DDK:

At this point, I'm honestly surprised that Scott didn't see it coming, but Ryan's gotten after him in a way that almost nobody's been able to manage before.

[Ryan continues towards the ropes. Tumbling through the ropes, Ryan lands on his feet and marches right over to one of the fans in the front row.]

Angus:

Man, I wouldn't start with the Ego Buster if I were that guy.

DDK:

I'd clear out if I were that guy, and I hope he does, the last thing DEF needs is another fan-related incident.

[Ryan picks out a total frat bro looking douche of a dude who is wearing a crimson Alabama jersey and relieves him of his seat. By this point, Benny Doyle has rushed out to the floor to try and dissuade Ryan from whatever it is that his brain is concocting. Ryan swings around with the chair and Doyle grabs on to the other end of it, starting a tug of war over the chair.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Benny Doyle's making the best effort he can to keep this match from completely hitting the skids!

[Ryan is none too appreciative of this bullfuckery from some pencil neck geek of a referee, senior official or not. Ryan tugs hard on the chair bringing Doyle in close and in the most serious of tones requests that Doyle "LET. GO." When Doyle doesn't respond quick enough, Ryan shoves forward with all of his might and sends Doyle flying back.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Really, was there any other way this was going to end?

[Ryan climbs back into the ring just as Scott was finally managing to get back to his feet after having his uprights split like it was Monday Night Football. Seeing the chair in Ryan's hand, Scott goes for broke and rushes him, but Ryan has a different idea.]

CLAAANK!

[Ryan simply hurls the chair, cutting Scott's charge off in mid... charge and dropping the champ to the floor. Turning, Ryan pushes the frat boy fan's buddy off his chair and grabs it, then lines up on the kneeling champion...]

BLLLAASSSTTTOOORRRRAAMMMMAAAHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH DEAR SWEET GOOGILY MOOGILY!

CLANK!

[Ryan brings the chair all the way up overhead and then down across Scott's forehead. The champion falls. Ryan drops the mangled chair, yanks Scott up before stuffing his head between his legs and then viciously planting him.]

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB!

[Doyle, having only just gotten off the floor after being launched in a losing effort against Ryan in a tug of war battle, did not see the previous chair shot. He slides in the ring, expecting to make the three count, but Ryan doesn't bother with a cover, simply getting up as he brushes his hands against each other with several loud claps.]

Angus:

Ryan just obliterated what was left of Scott's back with that chair, and Doyle didn't even see it!

[Confused, Doyle looks curiously at Ryan, but it doesn't take long to see that the Ego Buster is far from done. Ripping Scott off of the mat, Ryan drags him over to the ropes and pushes him back against them. Reaching over, Ryan pulls up on the middle rope so that he can tie Scott up with it and the top rope.]

DDK:

Uh-oh, I think this one just reached that line.

Angus:

Which lines is that?

DDK:

The one you cross when you're trying to send a message.

Angus:

Didn't we have this conversation twenty minutes ago?

[When Ryan turns around as he looks for the chair that he had abandoned, It doesn't take long for Doyle to connect the dots. Rushing over to Scott, he desperately tries to free him, but before he can even try Ryan returns with the chair.]

Angus:

Doyle warns Ryan, who is giving absolutely no fucks whatsoever from here on out.

[Ryan pauses for a moment when Doyle spins around to confront Ryan. He appears to be listen to Doyle's pleas and warnings of disqualification, but that moment dies a quick and brutal death when Ryan jabs the chair into Doyle's gut. As the referee falls by the wayside, Ryan approaches his designated target, brings the steel up and whips it down with lightning speed.]

CLLAANNK!

DING! DING! DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Now this is just too much!

Angus:

Now it's too much?

[Doyle, possibly showing more courage than he should, gets back to his feet and catches the chair again before Ryan can blast Scott's brain for a second time. Ryan spins around and eyes Doyle.]

Benny Doyle:

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

[Dan Ryan has had enough of Benny Doyle.]

CLLAANNK!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A chairshot to Doyle's skull ends any further resistance from DEFIANCE's senior official. Turning on his heel, Ryan brings the chair up again and smashes it down on top of Scott's skull for a second time.]

Angus:

That's gonna cost him about a million dollars.

DDK:

Is it though? Look who he works for!

[Ryan digs the chair in under Scott's chin, lifting his head up before pulling back into a baseball like stance.]

Angus:

HOLY JESUS TITS IS THAT DUSTY GRIFFITH?

[Griffith flies down the ramp, hurling himself over the top rope so as not to break stride and crashes into Ryan from the side with a flying shoulder tackle.]

RAAH!

Angus:

PPPOOOUUUNNNSSSUUUHHH!

[Ryan looks up from the mat in shock, watching as Griffith swipes up the chair, which is his cue to get the hell out of Dodge before any further repercussions can be dealt to him. Dusty watches Ryan like a hawk as he makes a trail around the ring and back to the ramp. As Ryan backs further up the ramp, Griffith rushes over to Scott and pulls him free from the ropes.]

DDK:

And Dusty Griffith has saved the day again, Angus!

Angus:

That's starting to be a running theme around here, especially as it pertains to Kai Scott and his people.

DDK:

You've got to admire that in a challenger to the World Title, most guys would sit back in the back and watch the carnage, hope it played out to their advantage!

Angus:

Not Mayberry, though, he's ever the boyscout around here!

DDK:

Would you rather he stood by and let Edward White and his goons take over DEFIANCE?

Angus: [mewling]

I guess not.

[Speaking of, just as Dan Ryan makes his way to the top of the ramp he is met by his benefactor and the brand new self-proclaimed DEFIANCE Bo\$\$, Edward White. White is flanked on one side by Jane Katze, on the other by Nicky Corozzo, and is surrounded on all sides by Diamond Protective Services.]

Angus:

Aw, fuck's sake, what could this slimy shit want now?

[White and Ryan exchange a few words and a handshake, followed by a hearty pat on the back and "job well done" from White to the Ego Buster. A few more words pass, and the Blood Diamonds begin stalking toward the ring en masse, led by Edward White and a grinning, snarling Dan Ryan.]

DDK:

Come on! Let it be done with!

Angus:

Goddammit!

[Inside the ring Kai Scott is still in Loopy Land, counting little birdies and not in the least bit going to be helpful in a fight. Benny Doyle catches eyes with Dusty Griffith, Dusty nods and Benny exits stage right and finds the quickest train out of Dodge that he can find. The Boise Biohazard takes his feet, leaving Kai Scott behind him and locks eyes first with Dan Ryan, then with Ed White.]

Dusty Griffith:

Come on, you smug bastard! Show me how much money you got!

DDK:

Dusty's gonna take on the World!

Angus:

Not by himself he's not!

[Out of nowhere Frank Dylan James crashes into the middle of the DPS, hooting and hollering and wildly throwing punches at anyone within arms length. Ed White ducks out of harms way with Jane on point and Corozzo watching his back, while the rest of the White Knights follow Frank in from the flank and engage Edward White's team of security.]

FDJ:

HOO-AAAAAH! LET'S KILL THESE SONS-A-BITCHES!

[STJ roars a redneck warcry as grabs the nearest DPS goon up in a bearhug and swings him around like a sandbag. DPS is briefly beaten back, but one goon jumps on his back and applies a sleeper, and others start pulling STJ down.]

[Eugene Dewey, who still isn't all that fast, plows into the middle of the pack with the Biotic Charge! The pack of brawling security guards, assorted Blood Diamonds and DPS goons, stumbles in the direction of the ring.]

[Dewey flounders towards the ring, but the DPS guards just outnumber him too badly. He and STJ both end up buried under the sharply-suited DPS guys. Nicky Corozzo has FDJ's arms in an overhook, Jane's hanging from his shoulders with her legs laced around his neck, and a few DPS guys hanging onto this legs.]

[That's when Dusty Griffith pulls himself together. Deciding that after receiving a beating from a chair Scott is better off staying down, he takes a few deep breaths, and then sprints forward.]

Angus:

JESUS HOLY FUCKING WHAT THE DAMN HE CAN'T AGHGHGDS

[Dusty Griffith FLIES.]

[Ok, not exactly flies. He ducks his head between the middle and top ropes, sheer momentum carrying his legs clear of the middle rope even though the dive has already gone lopsided. He floats over the ring apron, his shoulder collides with Nicky Corozzo and he belly flops on half a dozen DPS guys.]

[And]

[Then]

*♪ You may not like the future ♪
♪ And we're not here to preach t'ya ♪
♪ We'll take you to the killing floor ♪*

Angus:

WE'RE SAVED~! THE REAL BAWS! ERIC MUHFUGGIN DANE!

[Eric Dane steps out onto the top of the ramp.]

[He's still dressed to fight, DEFIANCE v1.0 t-shirt under oldschool battered leather jacket capped off by jeans and shit-kickers. The jacket is doffed, the shirt peeled off and dropped on the floor, it's time to break somebody's goddamned face.]

[As Dane stands there and the cheers ring out, three figures - three very LARGE figures - appear behind him.]

[Front and center: Buffalo Brian Slater. Right: Samuel Grant. Left: Jamie Stanley. DEFsec's best, biggest and baddest.]

[And behind them, another good two dozen DEFsec brutes. Black jeans. Red "DEFsec" stamped T-shirts. The whole bunch of them look like they were recruited from the nearest biker club, which may actually be the case.]

[Dane breaks into a run. BBS, Grant and Stanley follow, and behind them, the rest of the DEFsec Brute Squad!]

DDK:

All hell has broken loose here! If Defiance is a reflection of its promoters, no wonder we're infamous for starting riots, because NOBODY riots like The Only Star!

[Dane is heading straight for White. White, evasive, steps back, and Jane steps forward, inserting herself between her BAWS and her boss.]

[This ends exactly how you'd expect.]

[Kick.]

[Wham.]

Angus:

STAAAAAAAAARRRRR-DRRRRIEEEEBAAAAHHHHH!!!!!! Somebody tell Dan Ryan **that** is how you drop a bitch on their head!

[White looks horrified. As BBS starts towards him, easily swatting his way through DPS, he cuts and runs. Nicky steps in BBS's path, but Slater's his match in size, and with the help of Grant and Stanley, he's pummeled down, and hoisted back up in a-]

Angus:

TRIPLE POWERBOMB! EAT IT, TEAM HOSS! I mean STOP RIPPING OFF TEAM HOSS! I MEAN I DON'T KNOW DAMMIT KEEBS I LOVE THIS SHIT!

[White calls the retreat and his men immediately pull back and swarm around him as Eric Dane takes the ring. Somehow he's holding a microphone. The White Knights tend to themselves on the floor as the entirety of DEFsec surrounds the ring. Kai Scott, sporting a crimson mask, has pulled himself to a seated position in the corner.]

Eric Dane:

I tried to do this the easy way, Ed!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Eric Dane:

I tried to do business with lawyers and contracts in a business suit in an office, but OH NO, I guess maybe there's a little something DEFIANT in you too! Well you know what, Money-Sacks, that's all FINE and GOOD with ME!

You wanna go to WAR?

WE can GO to WAR!

[White is belligerent, beside himself, and enraged, all at the same time as he backs away.]

Eric Dane:

First thing's first, though. Yeah, I used you to bankroll DEFIANCE all the way around the world! And here we are, two weeks away from the Grand Finale of the GUERRILLA GRINDHOUSE WORLD TOUR, where LIVE ON PAY-PER-VIEW that guy [he points at Griffith on the floor] will go to war with that guy [he jabs a thumb backward at Kai Scott] for the DEFIANCE WORLD TITLE in what I can GUARAN-**THE FUCK-TEE** you will be the Match of the DECADE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

Eric Dane:

And I'm not gonna let a sniveling suit like your ruin it for me, for them, or for the DEFIANCE FAITHFUL who have been with us every single step of the way!

That said, that match is gonna be fought under DEFIANCE RULES, and just in case you've got any ideas about bringing your little crew of Secret Service drop-outs and second-rate Team Danger wannabe's out there and fucking it up, I'll be officiating the match MYSELF!

And then... when that business is in the dust...

WE. WILL. GO. TO. FUCKING. WAAAAAAAAAAR!

RAAAHHH!!!

DDK:
WE'RE OUT OF TIME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Angus:
CAN YOU BELIEVE WHAT WE'VE JUST SEEN?

DDK:
DON'T FORGET TO ORDER GRINDHOUSE: AMERICA, LIVE ON PAY-PER-VIEW!

Angus:
ATTICA! ATTICA! AAAATTIIIIIIICAAAAAA!

[End.]