

Coronation

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...]

[An Exclusive Presentation]

[Only on HULU PLUS!]

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[GO!]

[A roaring crowd is heard.]

[Fade-in on The BAWS, Eric Dane and the underBAWS, Kelly Evans. They stand at the center of the ring, which rests in the center of DEFIANCE's brand spanking new homebase, the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. Surrounding them is 4,000 of the DEFIANCE faithful, filling every last seat in the house, and cheering their hearts out. Set between Dane and Kelly is a stand of some kind with a black velvet cover draped over the top of it. After allowing the fans their moment, Dane is handed a mic from Evans. When the roars of the crowd begin to fade, the BAWS does as he's done a million other times.]

[He raises the mic and begins.]

Eric Dane:

You know we don't get to do this all that often... Too many times a title change is marred in conspiracy, say some guy gets his cronie to climb a ladder in a ladder match and hand him down the belt, or some other guy appoints himself King of the World, or some other guy picks up a belt that fell out of the sky and calls it his own. You know how these things go.

[He gets a chuckling reaction; they do know how these things go.]

Eric Dane:

But tonight, we get to celebrate a man who put in the work to make it to the top of the mountain, who bled and sweat for this place so that there was no doubt in his ability or his credibility, and in the process made believers out of more than a few naysayers...

Angus:

Fine, yeah, whatever. I'm still gonna call him Mayberry.

Eric Dane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight, in our new home, allow me to introduce to you a man who I had a hand in bringing up in this business, a man who has developed well past any of the initial hopes and dreams we had when he came bucking through the doors almost ten years ago, and a man who has cemented himself not only as a DEFIANCE mainstay, but as a professional wrestling Mega-Star...

[The lights dim.]

Eric Dane: He is the Wild Bronco...

[The crowd buzzes...]

Eric Dane:
He is the NEW and UNDISPUTED Heavyweight Champion of the WORLD!

[Shit just got real.]

Eric Dane:
DUSTYYYYYYYYYY GR|||||||||FITH!!!

[The drumbeat kicks in and the entire audience begins to stomp their feet in unison.]

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

[KISS' "I Love It Loud"]

[The fans sing along with the opening chorus and then break out into roaring cheers as Dusty Griffith walks onto the stage, clad in his usual streetwear. Stopping at the edge of the ramp that leads down to ringside, Dusty plants his hands on his hips. He scans the crowd from right to left, taking in the sight and sound of 4,000 strong that fill DEFIANCE's capitol building, then makes his way down to the ring.]

DDK:
It took a few years, but here he is, finally the World Champion.

Angus:
And he beat a guy who transformed himself from being a lame duck champion into, arguably, the best to ever carry the title. Now watch Mayberry flop on his ass right out of the gate.

DDK: Somehow, I just knew you couldn't help yourself

Angus:
What can I say, Keebs. I'm consistent

[Reaching ringside, Griffith takes a lap around the ring before ascending the stairs and climbing between the ropes. He approaches Dane and Evans and they all share a brief moment to exchange pleasantries. When that's over, Dane and Evans return to their positions at the side of the display stand. Dusty stands aside as he rubs his hands together with an eager grin on his face while Dane and Kelly begin to remove the cover.]

[Lifting away the black velvet cover reveals the 20 pounds of jewel-encrusted gold and leather that represents the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship. Dusty beams with pride as Dane and Evans lift the title up and present it to the new champ. Dusty approaches and slowly reaches out for the title belt and feels its weight resting in his hands. Dane nods approvingly and Dusty raises it up high to a roar from the audience.]

Angus:
I'll tell you what. Keebs, the belt does look good on him.

DDK

It certainly does, partner.

[The celebration doesn't last as a sudden noise is heard from the public entrance side of the building where the center skybox that overlooks the entire arena resides. Dusty brings his arms down and turns to look up where the commotion is coming from. Dane and Evans also look to see the windows to the skybox open, Dane muttering with simmering annoyance. When the curtains inside the skybox part, everyone in the arena gets a look at who is up there and begin to boo ferociously at the sight of the Blood Diamonds.]

[The Sophisticate is joined as always by Katze and Corozzo, the bespectacled Jonny Booya and the Ego Buster himself Dan Ryan. White looks over to Corozzo, the seven footer pulling a microphone from his back pocket and handing it over to his employer. Ed stops and soaks in the reaction from the packed Wrestle-Plex crowd, the faithful wasting none of their breath reminding The Socialite just how little his presence is appreciated.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[The Bo\$\$ ignores the fans and addresses the two men standing down in the ring. Dusty is up in the nearest corner staring daggers up at the Skybox. Eric's eyes track Dusty's movement as he's joined by Evans who exchanges a few words of annoyance at White's rude interruption. Dane turns his eyes to Evans, not even acknowledging White's latest ploy.]

Edward White:

Well, that was impressive. Ceremony for ceremony's sake for your hand-picked champion. Yes, let's all congratulate our new World Heavyweight champion Dusty Griffith. But all this isn't about Griffith, is it Eric? Yes, I see you over there, I'd appreciate it if you'd look at me when I address you, MISTER DANE. Eyes front when the money behind your little circus is talking.

[Dane doesn't move an inch, still conversing with Evans.]

Edward White:

Fine, but you can hear me though. Oh yes you can. Look at this place, Eric! Look what you built! This wonderful shrine to everything wrestling, hell, let's just say it. A monument to the company Eric built. My money, Eric. My funding made this possible. But there you stand, presenting that belt like it's yours to give. Because God forbid you hand the man the belt in private and let him come out here and do all this himself. You love being in that ring, don't you? Any chance you get to storm out here and be the old Eric Dane again, by God you take it, don't you? Referee, enforcer, manager, owner, you've gone through the gamut.

[Ed pauses, holding up one finger.]

Edward White:

Save for one...

[Ed looks side to side as Ryan and company all join in with a little villainous laughter.]

Edward White:

And that's becoming an active member of the DEFIANCE roster again, Eric my boy. Stepping out of the suit and back into those charming black spandex tights and competing again! What better to make the grand opening of this complex than something BIG!

[The fans erupt with roars of confused excitement. The very idea of having the opportunity to see the one and only Eric Dane return to the ring officially is almost too much to believe. Dane doesn't even flinch.]

DDK:

What did he just say?

Angus:

Oh Jesus, The BAWS let loose on the DEFIAНCE roster? I mean, holy shit...

[I takes a moment to register, but this gets his attention as Dane's brow arches in response, but he doesn't acknowledge White. He and Kelly share a snicker and she says something obviously snide.]

DDK:

What is Edward White playing at here? What is his angle on this?

Angus:

Nothing good is my guess, Keebs.

[The Socialite waits for the crowd reaction to die down just a little before interjecting again.]

Edward White:

What's wrong Eric? Is it the knee? Is it the other knee? Is it those two bulging discs you didn't think anyone knew about? Is it the idea you'd be in there with men like Dan Ryan? Hungry young talents half your age like Eugene Dewey? Hell...

[Ed points directly at the NEW DEFIAНCE World Heavyweight champion.]

Edward White:

What about him?! Your precious champion perched there above you. Eric Dane versus Dusty Griffith would sell a HELL of a lot of tickets! Not to mention buyrates from here to Japan!

[Dusty, whose eyes hadn't left The Bo\$\$e\$ Skybox since it opened, all of a sudden hazards a glance behind him at the former multi-time world champion and multi-time Hall of Famer he's been sharing the ring with, seeing him again for the first time. Not just the BAWS Eric Dane... but "The Only Star" Eric Dane. The two men size each other up for just a moment before looking back skyward where a satisfied looking Edward White continues on.]

Edward White:

This is **MY** show, Eric. You ran this company through the desert like goddamned Moses on that ridiculous GRINDHOUSE tour and at the end of your journey you realized your people's salvation was inevitably through **ME**.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Edward White:

Boo all you want, you all know its true. I **CHOOSE** to be here, ladies and gentlemen. When I say I'm a billionaire that's not fluff, that's not a wrestling gimmick, that's plain and simple **numbers**. It's **facts**. I fund companies all the time... "But Edward," you may ask, "why then bother with wrestling at all?"

[The Sophisticate's lip curls behind his thick, black, well-groomed beard.]

Edward White:

Because ladies and gentlemen, never forget I was a wrestler before I was a billionaire. A Good. Wrestler. A good wrestler who was kicked around and held down and given not an inch in my years in the sport by men like you, Eric. Selfish, egomaniacal, cruel, shortsighted men. Do I have a chip on my shoulder? Absolutely I goddamn do. And getting the chance to finally put my business acumen to use making a man like you suffer? To take away the thing you've worked so hard to build?

[Ed lets loose a contented sigh. Corozzo nods and pats Ed supportively on the shoulder]

Edward White:

It's the sort of satisfaction of money **WELL** earned and **WELL** spent. Helping you build this place, injecting myself

legally into the corporate structure of DEFIA NCE via my many many financial donations? Oh, Eric... it's opened up so many fun legal loopholes to play in, old friend. My lawyers and I have been looking over the company's records, they're a mess by the way, and boy did we find a whopper. You see when we activate your existing performer's contract... and you do have one. We all remember that little romp you had against Victor Mandrake years ago. In activating that contract your position as DEFIA NCE match-maker falls, funny enough... to me.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Dane's continued non-reaction starts to obviously bother White.]

Edward White:

Say something, damn you! I just took your damned job! I run this show now! I **TOOK** it from you and now I get to move you and that sanitarium you call a roster around this chess board each and every week live for the world to see. I have the power now, Eric! By a great many legal definitions I could send you a PDF of right now in fact, DEFIA NCE WRESTLING EFFECTIVELY BELONGS TO ME!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO x1000

Angus:

The hell it does!

[The crowd is reeling; Eric Dane is out of power? Just like that? The cheers, boos, screams, and yelps are coupled together with murmur and whispers. When Dane moves he moves deliberately and with intensity; the microphone is back to his lips in a flash. Even across a sea of humanity and upward fighting the forces of gravity itself Dane's gaze causes Ed White to backstep just a little bit. A fact the faithful don't let White hide from the world.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

Eric Dane:

Is that what you think, Eddy?

[Kelly steps aside and Dane paces a bit before stopping and pointing.]

Eric Dane:

You. Think....You can walk into My. Fucking. House, change all the locks, kick me out of the Master Bedroom, and make me sleep with the Dogs? All'a that? You think...you believe....lll because I let you put a new coat of paint on the House? MY HOUSE?

Maybe you think I don't like my own dogs?

Maybe you think I ain't got the keys to the secret back door under the front porch?

Maybe you think because you won the fuckin' Lottery once that you're smarter than everybody else on the planet...but let me tell you something you sniveling little old ass Clint Eastwood-looking, wish-you-had-a-Havana-but-all-you-could-find-was-a-Hav-a-Tampa-in-that-shoebox-you-call-a-humidor...you AREN'T smarter than Eric Dane, you WEREN'T smarter than me way back when I was "holding you down" by constantly never hearing of your scraggly ass while you mid-carded your way through promotions that paid me your salary to defend the World Title in, and you SURE as HELL aren't smarter than me now when you think you've found a glaring loophole that I didn't purposefully dangle right in front of your stupid stinking monocled fucking face.

[He grins, eyes wide, the skin covering his face turning a dark purple shade of red from intensity. Ed's face looks like it's trying to climb inside itself, his lips pursed, his chest heaving. Jane, Jonny, Nicky all try to reassure their payche... I mean, leader. Dan Ryan stands silently to the side, taking in every word that escapes Eric Dane's lips. He looks at Edward White, then back toward the ring at Dane again.]

Jane Katze:

Now you just listen here, sir! Mr. White is recognized across the globe as a...

Eric Dane:

[mocking her voice] "Mr. White this, Mr. White that!" Shut your damn mouth! This ain't Breaking Bad and that fat tub of shit you work for sure as fuck 'aint Bryan Cranston. Keep it shut or I'll walk up these fans, climb in that box and shut it for you! You and that greasy dago tag team partner of yours need to keep down with the Troy Matthews and the Jake Donovan's of the world, capiche? The name on the marquee is getting a little something off his chest, 'kay Peaches?

[Jane is stunned and disgusted by the harsh words from The Only Star. Kelly Evans, who up to this point has stayed mostly silent can be heard pretty clearly on Eric's microphone laughing it up after her man's verbal evisceration of Jane Katze.]

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, so take that ya' mouthy cunt!

[The crowd gets a kick out of this. Ed consoles his "personal assistant" as Dane returns his attention to the Money Man. Meanwhile, Dusty has taken somewhat of a backseat to enjoy the show going on in front of him; after all, it's not every day you get to see Eric Dane sermonizing live.]

Eric Dane:

You think that any of that assorted pile of muscle guys and Jonny Booya give me a scare? OHES NOES I MIET GET PILEDRIVERED BY A CARTOON CHARACTER~! You think that I care one single solitary bit about Dan Ryan and his forty-two Independent World Titles? Jesus Christ, if we're counting the indies and the territories then I'm an OVER 9000 time World Heavyweight Champion of the fuckin' Universe, get it?

Dan Ryan is Victor Mandrake if he were a foot shorter, and I carved a Goddamned star inta that big bastard's chest with a hatchet! DO YOU GET IT YET, EDWARD?

[He starts pacing heavily. Dan Ryan actually smirks.]

Eric Dane:

You think putting the biggest bad in the history of big bads back in the ring with a chip on his shoulder is some kind of bad for business? Or bad for me? The only thing I haven't had for years is the satisfaction of beating a fucking lesson into the thick fucking skull of some wrestle-guy asshole who thinks because he works for me that he knows what's best for himself or my business?

DO. YOU. FUCKING. SEE?

[The Only Star pauses to grin a wild, Cheshire smile. In the blink of an eye the emotion is almost completely subdued. The color drained from his face. All that is left are those eyes.]

Eric Dane:

Fine. Maybe you'll understand action rather than words...

[Like a flash he turns.]

Angus:

What the-

[Kick.]

DDK:

Are you kidding me?

[Grab.]

Angus:

Say it ain't so!

[Lift.]

DDK:

What could it mean?

[Hold.]

Angus:

Wait a second, this is FREAKING FUCKING AWESOME AND AMAZING! IT'S AMAZOME!

[Wait for it.]

DDK:

THE HUMANITY!

[Drop.]

WHUMPH!

[Crumple.]

Angus:

MAYBERRY IS DEAD!

DDK:

STARDRIVER! STARDRIVER!

Angus:

HIS NECK WENT SIDEWAYS THEN IT SNAPPED BACKWARDS AND I HEARD A POPPING NOISE AND I THINK ERIC DANE JUST KILLED HIS OWN WORLD CHAMPION!

[In a quick motion Dane rolls to a squatting position over the prone, yet completely still alive (see: just barely conscious) body of the World Champion. You can tell because of chest compression. He pulls Dusty's head up for him to see, and no one else. Dusty, for his part, is watching the pretty birdies. Dane has the microphone in hand again.]

Eric Dane:

You think you can throw me off of my game like that?

Do some research, Eddo. Put that 20 pounds of gold on the line and reserve us a slot in the Main Event of a Pay-Per-View, and I'll take the kid on. Hell, I'll take the kid to places that Jason Ramsey forgot to tell him even existed back in Tenchu-do! Dark, bad places where dark, bad men do dark, bad things to each other. Do you get it yet, Ed?

You want me on the roster? I revel in it. Give me anyone. Give me everyone. But know that somewhere, sometime, waaaaaaaaaaaaay off on the other side of the sunset at the end of that line of guys... you just took a number, and now it's just a matter of time, friend, before me and you get to have another of our nice discussions. Only this time, all the lawyers in all the lands of the world won't stop me from tearing your heart out and shoving it down your throat, **fatboy**.

Angus:

FUCK THE FUCK YEAH! THIS IS... ITS JUST SO GLORIOUS! SHOULD HAVE SENT... A POET!

[The fans absolutely. Come. The. Fuck. Unglued. Eric drops the microphone and immediately rolls under the bottom rope and heads for the back like a goddamn boss. Business fuckin' done. Kelly Evans, shocked at Dane's abrupt exit clamors from the ring after her... employer? Her man? Her client? There's a question now whether Kelly Evans even FITS in the new DEFIAНCE power structure... and she knows it.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH

[We cut back to the skybox where we find Edward White, upper lip twitching in red-faced frustration... This isn't exactly the way he'd seen his bombshell dropping. But The Sophisticate is nothing if not magnanimous.]

Edward White:

You can't make that match, Eric, that's my job now. Don't you get it? You... where are you going? You son of a bitch, you get back here! We're not done, damn you! I'm the boss now, I can make your life HELL... DO YOU HEAR ME DANE?! I BOOK THE MATCHES NOW, I'M THE BOSS, IM THE GODDAMN BOSS! YOU SON OF A... *pffft*

[Ed's microphone feed is cut as Corozzo and Booya both hook and arm and try to calm their boss down before he says or books something he's hasn't thought through yet. Dan Ryan can be seen taking a deep exhausted sigh and looking down at Dusty Griffith just coming around. DA CHAMP is starting to be tended to by a small army of medics and producers before the Ego Buster turns and starts after his stablemates.]

The Rundown

[To the Booth!]

[The new home of Angus Skaaland and Downtown Darren Keebler, the hosts of the show, who are now setup in a proper commentators station. Think Monday Nitro back in the day, it's their own seprate staged area that is state of the art and safely away from the action in the middle of the arena.]

Angus:

What a way to christen the House that Da BAWS Built, Keebs!

DDK:

It sure is, and fans, as my broadcast partner has mentioned, we are here from the long rumored, finally confirmed DEFIANCE WRESTLE-PLEX!

Angus:

I like the House that Da BAWS Built, personally, so lets go with that.

DDK:

Sure thing, Angus...

Angus:

And look at our new digs, Keebs, I mean, just LOOK! We're living large now! Our own booth, no more risk of these KEVINS destroying our desk!

DDK:

It's certainly a great leap forward for us... and DEFIANCE Wrestling, speaking of which, we have a hell of a show tonight.

Angus:

Fine, fine, lets gets to the rassletauk! By the way, did you know we have a NEEEEEEEEEW World Champion?

DDK:

We sure do, Angus, and it's not been a good start to Dusty Griffith's reign on top of the mountain that's he's been climbing for several years.

Angus:

Speaking of champions, we got almost all of them on the line tonight.

DDK:

Yes they are. The war over the Southern Heritage title continues between the LBC and the Big Damn Heroes when Tony Di Luca meets Wade Elliott in a rematch that is sure to be a hellacious fight.

Angus:

Hellacious fight, that's going to be a goddamn RRRAAASSSLLEFYYYT!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey is also back in action, defending the FIST against Jake Donovan.

Angus:

Jay-zuss, somebody tell that fat nerd he can take a day off. I mean really, we and by we I mean me, do not want that grease painted monkey wearing the FIST of DEFIANCE, because Euge can't take five for one night after another brutal fight.

DDK:

And of course, in tonights main event...

Angus:

TEAMHOSSISINTHEHOUSE!!

DDK:

Yes they are and tonight, the champions are here and looking to get back to the task of being the World Trios Tag Team Champions now that their issues with Tyrone Walker seem to be over.

Angus:

Gawd I hope so, my heart can't take anymore of my favorites fighting each other!

DDK:

But that's not all, as we have another former star of PRIME, David Noble looks to make a first impression against the "Gonzo Goliath" Stockton Pyre, who fresh off a loss to his rival Frank Holiday.

Angus:

Who beat him with the greatest swerve ever! I totally didn't see Frank pulling that diary out like that! Oh and David Noble, what the hell, did Edward White buy out the rights to PRIME too?

DDK:

Or maybe they see DEFIANCE as the best promotion to ply their trade? Which is what, Jason Natas is looking to do when he locks horns with the Rich Mahogany, fresh off the biggest win of his career.

Angus:

Please, lets not bring that up. Women all around the world are still mourning the devastation to Romero Antiguas' package after Rich done squashed his junk like a grape... Still awesome, but dayumn, I think we're all still feeling it a night later.

DDK:

But before all of that, we kick tonight off with the debut of Jed Whitewood, who has drawn Eddie Dante's "God Beast" Mushigihara.

Angus:

So in other words, good bye Jed Whitewood, it was nice knowing you for the five minutes that you're going to spend here before Mush gets done with you.

DDK:

There's only one way to find out, so let's kick it on over to the Voice of DEFIANCE, Darren Quimbey...

[Cut to the ring.]

Mushigihara vs. Jed Whitewood

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen of NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **Darren Quimbey:** Tonight's first contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, currently in the ring and weighing in at one-hundred sixty pounds! From Petal, Mississippi, he is Jeb Whitewood! [A quick pan over to Darren Quimby's subject matter doing a boxing shimmy in the far corner, who flashes a huge smile and a "Number One" gesture, despite the mispronunciation of his name.] **Angus:** WHAT AN INTRO! **DDK:** Not exactly a star-studded inauguration for young Jeb Whitewood, as he'd apparently climbed in the ring during our run down. **Angus:** Eh, having driven through Petal, Mississippi before, it's probably because he couldn't decide on an entrance theme. There aren't many known recordings of glass jug quartets. [The arena is plunged into darkness, save for a few scant golden lights as the Terminator-esque cadence of industrial drums and shattering glass of "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion", which astute gamers may recognize from the Wii game No More Heroes, blasts through the speakers.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! [Amidst the golden smog and lights, the dapper, debonaire, and dashing Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare, Eddie Dante, materializes, surveying the scenery and absorbing the jeers of the crowd.] **Darren Quimbey:** AND HIS OPPONENT! Accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante, weighing in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAA! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! [As the crowd rains their hatred down on the arena, the God-Beast fully emerges, slowly stalking his way to the ring, lead on by his manager. Dante is grinning like a shark seeing blood, while Mushi's expressionless face quivers in hate. Mushi makes it to the ring, bouncing off the ropes on either side and having a staring contest with the entire arena as the video game music goes dead.] **DDK:** You've got to wonder what Jeb Whitewood did in his past life to land this type of debut. **Angus:** Golf-shoe kitten stomping, likely. Or, taking the Lord's name in vain. **DDK:** Well, I doubt the use of the Lord's name in vain is worthy of such a size disadvantage, but far be it for me to judge a book by its cover! We'll see if this newcomer can bring a fight to the man who is coming off of a HUGE win from Homecoming. **Angus:** That's why books have covers. And Whitehorse's cover says STINKS all over it. [Mushi lumbers his way towards the center of the ring while Jed Whitewood grasps the ropes adjacent to him next to the turnbuckle, pulling on them in nervous anticipation. Carla Ferrari motions for the bell, and we are off!] **Ting! Angus:** Nice. I guess our old bell got replaced with a triangle. Very progressive. **DDK:** It's not exactly the most enthusiastic of rings from our timekeeper, but it will do to start us into tonight's action! **Angus:** Quote action endquote. [After the slight hesitation, Whitewood seems to have found courage, as he immediately makes a charge at Mushigihara.] **DDK:** Some fire in the step of the young newcomer, but he is side-stepped by the Golden Goliath. [Thinking quickly, Whitewood plants his hands on the mat and springs, using the ropes to ricochet, then goes for a neat back hand-spring, wrapping his legs around Mushigihara's neck and attempting a spinning headscissors takedown.] **Angus:** Oh, BOOOOO. **DDK:** Jeb Whitewood with some gymnastic grace there, but Mushi is able to put a grinding halt to the momentum, gripping the ankles and dangling the newcomer in midair! [With relative ease, Mushigihara centers himself, raises Whitewood's body up and flattens him with a rather ugly-looking powerbomb.] **Angus:** Yes SIR! That is the way EVERY back flip should end -- with the offender becoming a mat stain! **DDK:** No finesse in that maneuver for sure! And this match might actually be shorter than Jeb's introduction! [Mushi drapes his body over Whitewood in a lateral press.] **ONE!** **TWOOOO...** **DDK:** Still some fight from the young man as he gets a shoulder up at two! **Angus:** Well, they're not known for their brains out in Petal. [Mushigihara shakes his head, grabbing a fistful of Jed's hair and dragging him to his feet. In what appears to be more of an Irish fling rather than an Irish whip, the masked monster shoots Whitewood into the upper left turnbuckle. He then backs into the opposite corner while small invisible men begin to shovel coal into his stomach.] **DDK:** Oh! Viewers, I'm getting word from production that it's actually JED Whitewood, not JEB. Our mistake on that! The Mississippi Squirrel JED Whitewood. **Angus:** The WHAT?!? **DDK:** The Mississippi Squirrel. **Angus:** Yeech. No wonder we didn't give him an entrance. That wouldn't be an acceptable nickname for an actual squirrel living in Mississippi. [Mushi, now with steam rising, LOCOMOTIVES into Jed "Jeb" Whitewood, squishing him good. Although you probably wish it was the writer of this match who was the victim of that due to the awful wordplay metaphor.] **Angus:** CRUNCH. The Mississippi...ew...Squirrel should have just called it a night. Fatboy could floss with this guy, if he believed in floss. I have it on good word he brushes his teeth with iron ore, so additional dental maintenance is obviously not considered. [Without letting him catch his breath, Mushigihara clutches the wrist and sends Jed headlong into the opposite corner, tailing behind him on the release.] **DDK:** And another crushing avalanche into the opposite corner by the God-Beast! But it looks like he isn't done, Angus, as he grabs Jed Whitewood by the hair and carries him to the near corner! [A couple of forearm blows to make sure Jed stays put seems a little unnecessary at this point, but Mushi delivers them for good measure, then heads to the opposite corner

Meet and Greet

[Backstage, we find David Noble sitting in a secluded corner of the locker room. It has been five years since he's been seen on a wrestling program, disappearing from PRIME out of the blue. As he sits there, he has a bottle of Jack Daniels in his left hand and he takes a swig from it. In his right hand is a five page document; his contract with DEFIANCE. As he looks around the backstage area, by himself, he takes a deep breath in and picks up a pen sitting next to him before signing the contract. He then takes another swig from the whiskey bottle.] **David Noble:** Well... Here goes nothing. [He then stands up, bottle in his left hand and contract in his right hand. His brown hair falls slightly above his shoulders and his scruffy beard looks like it is a day or two old. Wearing a pair of dark blue jeans and a white short-sleeved shirt, Noble also looks like he hasn't slept in a few days and has had the half-full bottle of Jack Daniels with him for the past few hours, which is the follow-up to a number of bottles before that. Noble walks away from his secluded spot and turns the corner only to bump into someone that seems to be in a hurry to get to... well... somewhere. The bottle falls from David's grasp and shatters on the ground.] **David Noble:** Fuck! [Noble then looks at the person that bumped into him and sees a masked man with what looks like to him as a mop for hair.] **David Noble:** You've got to be fucking kidding me. [The masked man shrugs.] **Masked Man:** Excuse me. [The masked man regards him for a few moments.] **Diego De Leon:** Allow me to introduce myself, I am Diego De Leon! You're David Noble, yes? [Noble sighs. He is frankly not in the mood for this.] **David Noble:** What the hell is this? Yeah, that's my name. Diego, is that what you said your name is? Are you the janitor? Because you need to clean this up and then get me a fresh bottle. [Diego, for his part, puts his hands on his chin and considers this.] **Diego De Leon:** Janitor? You could say that since I try to bring back tradition, honor, and respect to DEFIANCE it would look like I am cleaning. Thank you for the compliment! Welcome to DEFIANCE and good luck against #STALKTONPYRE tonight! I do not think bottles will help against him but after I am done cleaning maybe I bring you one, okay? [Noble looks over at the contract still in his right hand, folded in half. He considers just throwing it away at this point instead of handing it in. Except for the fact that he desperately needs the money for things like the missing bottle of alcohol.] **David Noble:** I don't even know where to start. First, yes. Bring me another one. Second, you keep working on bringing back that respect. And finally, how about you not worry about what will and won't help me against my match? [Noble kneels down and picks up the top half of the broken bottle.] **David Noble:** Damnit. This night is only going to get worse. [Noble then walks past DDL, bumping him with his shoulder in the process.] **Diego De Leon:** [Looking after the direction Noble walked off to] That guys loves his bottles... Maybe it's a recycling thing?

Coming to Terms

[Cut to the Interview Stage, where intrepid DEFIANCE reporter Lance Warner is found standing at attention.] **Lance Warner:** Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guests at this time: Billy Pepper and "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday! [Cheers explode across the arena as the camera zooms out, bringing two new figures into frame. Frank Holiday is in street clothes -- jeans, sharktooth necklace, and a black "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt -- and as scruffy as usual, and he's wearing an incandescent grin as wide as his face. Billy Pepper is nattily dressed as befitting a manager, and his expression is hovering somewhere around exasperated.] **Lance Warner:** Or should I say, new number one contender for the Southern Heritage Title, Frank? [Frank chuckles and thumps him amiably on the back.] **Frank Holiday:** Oh, Lance, dude, I'm not gonna lie. I've have had the best couple of weeks of my life! I'm gonna talk about the title in a minute, but here's something the DEFIAfans may not know. Just before the Homecoming, I went to a casting call in Burbank for The Asylum -- that's a fairly prominent film studio, Lance, you might've heard about it. And I don't want to get too far ahead of myself, but it went pretty well, and the word is I may be on the shortlist for a major role in... you ready for this? [Lance stares. Grinning, Frank throws up three fingers.] **Frank Holiday:** 'Sharknado 3', brah! **Billy Pepper:** 'The Threepeat!' [Guys, Lance Warner is a total professional. He only hesitates a moment before he just runs with it.] **Lance Warner:** Uh... You don't say! Congratulations, Frank. **Frank Holiday:** Thanks dude! It's like a dream come true for me. If all goes well, this time next year, I'm gonna be shmoozing with Hollywood heavyweights like Ian Ziering, Tara Reid, and Mark McGrath. **Billy Pepper:** And believe me, Lance, with dreams that big, how can a guy like Frank ever be disappointed? [The mild sarcasm must've gone right over the Train Wreck's head, because Frank turns to his bro-nager and gets a triumphant fist bump.] **Lance Warner:** Now, silver screen aspirations aside, Frank, you have something else to celebrate -- namely, becoming the new contender to the Southern Heritage Title. **Frank Holiday:** Absolutely. You gotta understand something, brah. I've had a few careers in my life, and wasn't always successful at them. I did pretty well as a stuntman, but there's a ceiling to that kind of work. Tried my hand at the acting thing, and up to now it was kind of a non-starter -- of course, heh, we shall see where we are by 2015. **Billy Pepper:** Keep it tuned to SyFy, folks, if you want to see Frank devoured by a flaming shark.

Frank Holiday: Dude! Fingers crossed! [He holds up his hand. His fingers are, indeed, crossed for good luck.]

Frank Holiday: But for the last couple of years, wrestling has been my main gig. It's what I do, day in, day out, putting my body at risk, going up against bad dudes for the fun and the glory. All of it for one reason, to reach one goal: to one day hold a DEFIANCE title in my hands. And now I'm the closest I've ever been, Lance. After all this time, I'm finally going to get a shot at the SoHer Title. **Lance Warner:** Let's rewind a little bit, Frank. You won that title shot at the Homecoming PPV, where you faced Stockton Pyre one-on-one for the first time. Fans are calling it one of the more brutal matches we've seen lately, outside of the FIST, which isn't a big surprise considering how heated the rivalry has gotten between you and Pyre. **Frank Holiday:** Well, what did you expect, thumb wrestling? I was looking forward to hurting that bastard, and after his precious notebook went missing, heh, boy, was he in a mood to hurt me too. **Billy Pepper:** Yes. After it "went missing", right, Frank? **Frank Holiday:** Oh, jeez... [Frank is rolling his eyes away from Billy's half-accusing glare.] **Lance Warner:** Frank, you denied taking Stockton Pyre's notebook before Homecoming, but at a critical moment of the match, you pulled it from under the ring and used it to distract Pyre. So did you take it?

Billy Pepper: Frank? Wanna come clean? **Frank Holiday:** [Evasive] It was quite a coincidence, wouldn't you say?

Billy Pepper: Goddamn it, Frank. Sheesh. [Shakes his head] Lance, he took it. He did it behind my back so I wouldn't know he did. **Frank Holiday:** [Sheepish] Okay, look, Billy. I knew you'd freak out over it, and you've got enough to worry about. Plus you're a terrible liar. So I decided to go solo and sort of borrow it in case it came in handy. **V/O** Aha! [A new arrival storms onto the Interview Stage -- the "Gonzo Goliath" Stockton Pyre, dressed in his ring gear and mask. A frown is etched on the visible part of his face.] **Stockton Pyre:** About time we got the truth out of you, though after you lying so much in the past, I'm sure some of our fans will be forgiven if they don't know what to believe and what not to. So now that we've gotten this out of the way, let's talk about you returning that which is rightfully mine. **Frank Holiday:** Lego Head! Nice to see you finally getting over your shyness and actually, you know, standing out in the open a bit. Now look, I know what you said after our match, and I'm gonna be honest with you now. I don't have your notebook on me. **Stockton Pyre:** What?? [Holiday holds up his hands for peace.] **Frank Holiday:** Don't bust a vein, brah. Just listen to me. Did you ever ask yourself why I took it? Truth is, you got out of control with this spying garbage, and somebody needed to straighten you out. I confiscated your little diary to give you a time-out. Now don't worry, I'm not going to go publishing whatever you wrote in there. I believe in the right of privacy, as you know. But I am gonna hang onto it for a while. If and when -- emphasis on if, really -- you start acting above board around here, turn over a new leaf, as they say... [He nudges Billy with his elbow.] **Frank Holiday:** See what I did there? Notebook? Turn a new leaf? **Billy Pepper:** That's movie star calibre humor right there, buddy. **Frank Holiday:**

Damn right. Anyway. [To Pyre] If you show me you're not gonna pull any more NSA-type shit, I pinky-promise you I will give your notebook back, safe and sound. Deal? [Holiday grins and holds up a pinky. Pyre stares at the pinky for a

moment, then looks down at the ground while rubbing the back of his mask with his left hand. After a moment of, well, tension from Pyre, he looks up at Frank mask to face.] **Stockton Pyre:** I am not a fan of these terms. However...given the situation...given the circumstances...I suppose I don't have much of a choice. [A loud sigh from the Gonzo Goliath.] **Stockton Pyre:** All right. I will accept your terms for now. I will make every effort to turn over a new leaf for this purpose. BUT. I expect you to hold up your end of the bargain as well. If I do as you ask...if I return to a good state...and while I am making the effort to do so...I expect you to hold to silence. I expect you to never utter a word that was written within the notebook in public. Doing otherwise would violate any right to privacy I would have had. **Billy Pepper:** Frank? **Frank Holiday:** [Mock outrage] Do you people not see my pinky finger standing up here? It's not because I'm drinking tea! Put it there, Jellybean. [With a sigh, and looking self-conscious, Pyre makes a fist in front of Holiday's face, before extending his pinky finger and hooking it around Frank's. After the world's firmest pinky-shake, Pyre nods and lets go of the shake before silently nodding and backing out of the shot.] [Lance Warner, who has been silent this whole time, looks at Billy.] **Lance Warner:** So... that happened, huh? **Billy Pepper:** I'm telling you, Frank missed his calling as a United Nations mediator. **Frank Holiday:** Got no time for that, dudes, because my next stop is the SoHer Title! [And he... what? Oh yes. Throws the horns at the camera!] **Frank Holiday:** HOLIDAY... OUT! [Cut.]

You Take Care

[From the brand shiny new DEFIAНCE Interview Stage, let's take you over to two-thirds of the Big Damn Heroes.]

[This is where you cheer.]

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne sit on the hood of a red rental sports car in the underground parking area of the DEFIAНCE Wrestle-Plex, bullshitting about this and that. The growl of a big, loud engine perks their ears up, and down the parking lot's ramp drives a big, black Chevrolet Silverado. The couple smiles as the big rig bellows, coming to a stop across from them. The engine kills, the door swings open, and out steps their comadre.]

Tyler Rayne:

I think I liked the '76 better, Country.

Wade Elliott: [Walking over.]

Yeah, but she ain't been quite right since Hessian bounced me offa her a few times. How's the evenin' lookin'?

Tyler Rayne:

Real shiny.

Lindsay Troy:

They even sent us a welcome party.

[The Queen of the Ring motions her head over her shoulder. Wade looks up, and across the parking lot stands three gentleman that could only be partaking in Legitimate Business. The Bad Dog releases an amused grunt and keeps walking, The Golden Boy and The Queen taking his side.]

Wade Elliott:

We oughta say 'hello,' then.

[The three walk directly toward the elevators, and are soon upon the trio of Alceo Dentari, Vinny Rinaldi, and the Southern Heritage Champion, Tony "Two Hands." Wade is first to speak up as they close in on talking distance.]

Wade Elliott: [To Di Luca.]

Good evenin', champ.

Tony Di Luca:

Well it was a pretty good evening. Til' recently, ya know?

Wade Elliott:

Well, hate t'break it to ya, but it ain't gonna get much better.

Alceo Dentari:

Yeah? Yous got some bite ta back up that bark, Bad Dog?

Wade Elliott:

I'll just tell yer chicken-shit partner here the same thing I told 'im at the Pay-Per-View.

[The 'Bama Bruiser turns back to Di Luca, good and close.]

Wade Elliott:

If yer plannin' on keepin' that belt again, then keep these two limp-wrists close by. 'Cause you sure as hell ain't man

enough to keep it yerself.

[Di Luca keeps some fiery eyes locked on his opponent for the evening. Ready to spit some venom, or just snap and clobber the Blue Collar Brawler. Troy and Rayne keep a close eye on Dentari and Rinaldi, just in case that happens.]

[Instead, Di Luca smiles and gives Wade a hearty pat on the shoulder.]

Tony Di Luca:

You take care tonight, Wade, alright?

[With that, the LBC turn and Di Luca presses the call button for the elevators. The doors **ding** open immediately and the Italians walk into one of the lifts. The Big Damn Heroes are left to their own thoughts as the doors close.]

Tyler Rayne:

I do believe that man plans to hurt you, Country.

Wade Elliott:

Just one name on a long god-damn list.

[Troy chuckles and jabs the call button again. The second elevator's doors open and the 'Heroes leave the quiet parking lot in favor of what is likely to be a very loud arena.]

[Back over to ringside.]

Jason Natas vs. Rich Mahogany

[Meanwhile, in the ring...]

Quimbey::

Ladies and Gentlemen, our next match is scheduled for one fall!

[Cue "Love Man" by Otis Redding. Rich Mahogany bounds from the backstage area, more buoyant than ever, and skips down the ramp.]

Angus:

The man himself! The king of sleaze! The destroyer of Romero Antiguas' genatalia! Here comes Rich Mahogany!

DDK:

Rich looks in great spirits tonight following his big pay-per-view victory over the narcissistic Mexican, but this certainly won't be an easy contest.

Angus:

I doubt he cares, Darren. You know as well as I do that as long as there are a few fruity ladies in the front row, Rich is happy! What's he carrying though?

[Sure enough, there's a small, translucent bottle in Rich's right hand as he bounces down to the ring, flashing sleazy smirks to every girl he passes. He soon gets to the ring and hops onto the apron, continuing with the unpleasant gyrations.]

Quimbey::

... introducing first! In the ring, from Austin, Texas, and weighing in at 210lbs... please welcome RICH MAAAAAAAHHHHHHOOOOOOOGGGGGGGAAAAAANNNNNNYYYYYYYY!

[“Love Man” fades, and is immediately replaced by the thunderous downpour of High on Fire’s “Bloody Knuckles.” Soundtracked by perfectly-pugilistic entrance music, a bare-chested Jason Natas steps onto the ramp with a white towel thrown over his shoulder. The PRIMEate turned DEFIANT wastes little time in heading towards the ring, fully focused on the task ahead of him.]

DDK:

Here comes a man in-search of his second official win as a DEFIADE combatant.

Angus:

And look! He's facing an actual human being this time!

DDK:

... well... kind of.

Angus:

Well yeah, let's be honest: Rich isn't exactly Dan Ryan, but he can get the job done from time to time. Just ask Romero Antiguas' manhood...

Quimbey::

... aaaaaaaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from New York City, and weighing in at 260lbs, he is THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR... JASSSSOOONNNNNNNNN NNNNNNAAAAAATTTAAAAASSSSSS!

[Natas reaches the bottom of the ramp and climbs up the steps, eyeing Rich Mahogany curiously. He pauses on the outside and leaves his towel in the corner, before entering between the top and middle ropes. Jason's music fades and his expression turns from puzzlement to complete revulsion as Rich squeezes glop from his bottle and gleefully rubs it into his chest. He tosses the bottle aside and turns to the first lady he find in the crowd, pointing at her and offering a wink.]

DDK:

Jesus, is that baby oil?!

Angus:

Rich knows how to stay fresh for the ladies, kna' mean?!

DDK:

No. No I don't.

[Perhaps realising that he actually has a match to wrestle, Rich turns to Jason Natas who, to his surprise, has advanced several feet across the ring. He extends a greasy hand to the Pugilist, who, after a second of contemplation shakes it. Natas immediately regrets this decision and, appalled, rubs his hand clean on his denim cut-offs...]

DING! DING! DING!

[... before planting a boot square in Rich Mahogany's thigh! Rich stumbles backwards, so Jason grabs his head and throws a knee into his gut, before bringing his elbow down across the back of Rich's head. Still frowning, Jason pushes him to the mat.]

DDK:

Check the look on Jason Natas' face, **Angus**: he has no idea what to make of his opponent tonight!

Angus:

Natas has wrestled in a ton of different places across the globe, but that's only one Rich Mahogany! Welcome to DEFIALE...

[Jason takes a few steps back, giving Rich time to recover to a knelt position, clutching his head. The greased-up ACX member flashes Jason a quick "wtf bro?!" look, but Natas is having none of it and responds by beckoning Rich forward with both hands. Rich stands up as Natas reverts to his standard wrestling/Muay Thai hybrid stands and, leading with his left leg, comes forward. Mahogany sidesteps and looks to initiate a grappling exchange, but Natas cuts the angle off and jabs Rich square on the jaw. A second jab lands flush before Natas comes inside with an elbow strike that budes Rich back into the corner.]

DDK:

Once again Jason Natas' crisp striking game comes into effect. I'm not sure there's a single DEFIALE who can match this guy's technique on the feet, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, that's all very well, but how good is he with the ladies?

DDK:

I can't imagine he's too concerned about that at the moment.

Angus:

Maybe he should be, Darren, because he's in there with the goddamn GOAT at the moment.

[For a moment, Natas abandons his muay thai training and throws a series of wild lefts and rights into Mahogany's torso, before whipping his opponent across the ring. Rich staggers out of the opposite corner, and walks right into a strong shoulder block from the lumbering Anti-Superstar.]

DDK:

Down goes Rich!

[Though shaken, Mahogany rises relatively quickly, only to step right into Natas' woodchipper kickboxing offence again. A leg-kick stops Rich's approach, while a left jab and a straight right stumble him. Edging forward, Natas peppers Mahogany with another couple of jabs, before pulling his right leg back and slamming it into Rich's side with huge force.]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

OHMYGAWD! What a huge liver kick!

DDK:

Natas maybe just missed the liver there -- if you kick a man's liver with that level of power, the match is over -- but that was a helluva kick!

Angus:

They're not fucking around when the big this dude's striking up! I feel bad for Rich, but wow... such hossery!

[Jason pulls the pained Mahogany to his feet and clamps his hands around his waist. He pulls Rich into the air and drives him into the mat.]

DDK:

Back suplex! And now the cover...

...1!

...2!

[No! Rich gets the shoulder up. Natas climbs back up and takes a moment to wipe sweat from his brow, before locking his eyes on Mahogany once again. He lets Rich sit-up, and that's when he postures-up again. A kick lands just north of the shot that had previously floored Rich, and another soon follows. Natas kneels, grabs his opponent's head and looks for an elbow, until Rich Mahogany's forearm flies between Jason's legs.]

"OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

Sweet Jesus! Rich Mahogany, Manhood Crusher Extraordinaire, strikes again!

DDK:

Natas left and opening and Rich, out of desperation, took full advantage. Say what you want about Rich Mahogany, but his ring awareness has always been top notch.

Angus:

He was taking a beating left, right and centre, Darren, but not anymore. A good old-fashioned nut shot will take any man down! Except Lance Armstrong, maybe...

DDK:

Wow, Angus. Just wow...

[Rich is still reeling from some of the heavy blows he's absorbed and thus takes some time to fully recover. When he does, however, he finds Natas grounded by the type of pain only a man can truly relate to. Rich sets upon his opponent, pounding away with hard right hands. He stops to kiss his fist after a few shots, before driving it straight into Jason's skull and hopping to his feet. Pouting, Rich singles-out a lucky lady in the front row and points to his crotch, drawing a collective cringe from every male in the building.]

Angus:

Rich Mahogany is at-large and in-charge of this match, Darren! Who'd have thought it?!

DDK:

Don't speak too soon...

[Natas, still hurting from the low blow, shakes his skull's pain away and grimaces at the sight of his opponent's crotch-thrusting gesticulations. He waits on one knee for Rich to turn around, and when he does...]

DDK:

Spinebuster!

[Having driven his opponent into the mat, Jason draws his hand across his own tattooed torso. He glances at his glistening hand, snarling.]

Angus:

I don't think Jason's too happy about the whole baby oil situation...

[Realising that he's now absolutely covered in Rich's grease, Natas lets out a very audible grunt and stomps across the ring to retrieve his towel. Jason hurriedly cleans himself of the oil, and, towel still in-hand, walks back across the ring to where Rich is using the ropes to pull himself up. Instead of attacking, however, Jason throws the towel into Rich's arms.]

Natas:

Sort this shit out!

[Rich's reaction? To throw the towel to the mat, raise his hands above his head, and gyrate his hips.]

[Jason's? Roaring elbow.]

DDK:

Someone's had about enough of Rich's act here, Angus!

[Jason turns the pressure up. He stomps on the fallen Mahogany a couple of times, before hauling him up and pushing him into the corner. A couple of mudhole stomps follow, dropping Rich to the bottom turnbuckle, before Natas takes a couple of steps back and charges in with a knee to Mahogany's chest! Pulling Rich away from the ropes, Jason hooks the leg.]

...1!

...2!

[No! Rich kicks out again.]

DDK:

Big move from The Anti-Superstar, Angus! Jason is in firm control of Rich Mahogany, and is building towards an opportunity to end things.

Angus:

Maybe, but Rich is far from out of it. A man of his skillset always has ways to get back into a match...

DDK:

By "skillset," you mean: "willingness to completely disregard the rulebook and kick a man's groin"?

[Jason gets up immediately, dragging Rich with him. He whips his greasy foe across the ring and, on the rebound, brings him crashing down with a huge flapjack! Rich rolls into his back...]

DDK:

Elbow drop from Natas!

Angus:

To the ropes...

[Natas comes back off the ropes and drops a leg across Mahogany's chest. Rich immediately recoils as Natas pauses for a breather. Standing up again, Jason points to his knee then points to the squirming Rich Mahogany. The fans cheer in response, remembering his satisfactorily violent finish of Taylor Smith a few weeks ago.]

DDK:

The Pugilist is teeing-up a Facebreaker for Rich Mahogany! This could be it...

Angus:

Look alive, Rich!

[Jason sets the trap, biding just enough time for Rich to expose his face, before bounding forward as quickly as his bulky frame will allow. Rich sees him coming, though, and ducks beneath Natas' outstretched knee. Having not fully committed to the Busaiku Knee Kick, Jason stays on his feet, but his turn is slow, handing Rich the chance to hop-up and jab two fingers into Jason's eyes.]

Angus:

See! I told you: Rich always has something-up his sleeve, especially after his win over Antiguas!

DDK:

Every time it looks like Jason Natas is on the way to victory, rich Mahogany cheats his way back into the match. Literally the only effective offence that Rich has launched has come through low-blows and eye pokes.

Angus:

Pragmatism wins matches, Darren! Jason Natas was once one of the dirtiest wrestlers in the business, yet he keeps getting bitch-slapped by Rich's willingness to do whatever it takes. Beautifully ironic, isn't it?!

[Benny Doyle rightly admonishes Rich, separating him from Natas, much to Rich's chagrin. Natas leans on the ropes, wincing in pain as his vision slowly recovers. Unfortunately for him, Doyle's finished with Mahogany before Natas is ready to go again. Rich clubs Natas' back, then kicks the back of his knee, slumping the New Yorker down onto the middle rope.]

Angus:

Things are looking a tad -- ahem -- ropey for Jason Natas here!

[Rich has Jason's neck across the rope. Pulling back on the top rope for leverage and planting a boot behind Jason's head, Rich, for lack of better phrasing, chokes the living daylights out of The Anti-Superstar.]

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST! Rich Mahogany is gonna make Jason Natas turn purple!

Angus:

This is how you beat a man like Natas: get the hell out of his wheelhouse and drag him into your own!

[Doyle is quick to come across, but Rich swats him away at first. The referee, however, is insistent on upholding the rules, and quickly gets in his face again. Rich reluctantly withdraws his boot and steps away. Jason rolls onto his back: the choke had only lasted a few seconds, but it was enough to drain most of the oxygen from his body.]

DDK:

That might be enough! Rich makes the cover!

...1!

...2!

[No! Jason powers his shoulder up.]

DDK:

Rich Mahogany almost stole victory from Jason Natas there! Every single bit of his offence has come from underhand tactics tonight, while Natas clearly came here to wrestle.

DDK:

Of course, Angus, but we can only judge him against who he's faced thus far, and he's passed both tests with flying colours. I, for one, look forward to seeing more from the Anti-Superstar!

[Cut.]

Frustrations.

[Sam Turner Jr. stands beside Lance Warner in front of an oversized black and red DEFIAНCE Wrestling logo. Sam's dressed in a t-shirt and overalls while Lance outshines him in a well groomed black suit and white shirt w/ multi-colored tie.]

Lance Warner:

How are you Sam?

Sam Turner Jr.:

Well, ya know Lance, I was thinkin' of Defi'nce Rasslin' some months back when my contract was expirin'. I sat down with the 'Only Star', himself Eric Dane an' I told him all the feelin's an' emotions I's havin' about my career. I was really thinkin' of retirin'. I was goin' to go back to the hills of Kentucky but I listened to him, I drank tha kool aid an' hit the cyanide. I bought into every letter that came outta his mouth so I re-signed.

[Sam inhales deeply.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

When I re-signed some months back, I was promised some things that did an' didn't come true.

Lance Warner:

What kind of things?

Sam Turner Jr.:

Welp, for one I's promised a shot at the South'rнn Her'tage title, which I got. I's promised more money, which I got. I's promised more bookin's, which I kinda got, not matches but bookin's to be at the show. That was all well an' good.

[Sam shakes his head in discuss.]

Lance Warner:

That sounds like a good thing to me Sam. What's wrong with that?

Sam Turner Jr.:

Nothing's wrong with that, Lance. You see though the part that runs through me like Mexican food in my bowel was that I was left off the 'MERICA PPV'.

Lance Warner:

What are you going to do?

Sam Turner Jr.:

No idea, I guess one of two things like it, an' nothing.

[Sam hangs his head a little and looks at the ground for a few seconds before lifting it back up.]

Lance Warner:

Oh, I see. What are...

[Sam just walks off leaving Lance holding his microphone.]

Lance Warner:

Well okay then.

[As Sam rounds the corner, he bumps into Jake Donovan who'd been listening to the interview. Instead of stopping or apologizing like he normally would, Sam continues walking, only to be chased by Jake, who's more puzzled about Sam's mindset than his match against the FIST Champion Eugene Dewey.]

[b]Jake Donovan:[/b]
Sam... Hey... Sam!

[Sam stops and turns around looking Jake face to face.]

Jake Donovan:
You can't really believe...

[Sam shrugs him off and continues walking, leaving Jake with a questioning look on his face.]

Jake Donovan:
What's the deal?

[Back to the ring.]

Team HOSS vs. DA WOHL

[The crowd started to turn their attention to the DEFIAtron and with the music starting to play, they were a bit confused, having never heard the theme before. The song of choice is Anvil's "Tag Team" and when two words flash on the screen, the crowd starts to boo LOUDLY...]

[TEAM.]

[HOSS.]

DDK:

Looks like we're going to be hearing from DEFIA's World Trios Champions, Team HOSS! We all heard the news that tonight they'd be putting out an open challenger for their belts tonight... perhaps they're here to address that?

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS ARE HERE TO SAVE US FROM ALL THAT IS FLIPPY-DOO AND SUCKY!

[Despite HOMECOMING not having been that great of a night for two of Team HOSS's members, the monsters of the Trios division start to walk out one at a time, dressed rather sharply for the occasion. Capital Punishment is decked out in a dark brown Armani suit and a red tie, looking rather dapper with his belt draped over his shoulder. Behind him, Aleczander the Great comes out wearing brown slacks, a bright blue dress shirt with the sleeves cut off to show off his awesome pecs and a tie. Bringing up the rear is Angel Trinidad also dressed up in a nice blue sport coat and dark blue big-and-tall dress jeans.]

Angus:

I wonder what the occasion is... oh, boy, look at Keeling.

[Making his way out last is Junior Keeling, rather slow and wearing a neck brace - courtesy of taking the Ol' Dirty Buster from Ty Walker at HOMECOMING. Slowly and with help from Angel Trinidad, the massive trio walk to the ring with their manager while Junior stares out angrily to the crowd. One by one, the monsters enter the ring and head inside while Junior slowly starts to limp into the ring.]

DDK:

Keeling is wearing the wounds of his five-minute war with Ty Walker! For MONTHS, the former member of Hookers 'N' Blow has been looking for the chance to finally get his hands on him after Team HOSS put his other teammates out of action and some say stole the Trios Titles. After he beat Angel Trinidad in a No Disqualification match at HOMECOMING, he did just that!

Angus:

You bet your ass that Ty got his revenge. Now he can go on his merry way and I don't have to come out here and play Sophie's Choice every week between THE HOSS OVERLORDS and MUH BOI TAI!

[The music cut as Junior Keeling holds onto his neck brace with rage in his eyes. He listens to the crowd start a chant to tell him how they really felt about his crew.]

*TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!*

Junior Keeling:

SHUT THE FUCK UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP AND SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR **YOUR** DEFIA WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONS!

[The reaction grows even louder with negativity as Angel Trinidad covers the ears of Junior Keeling, trying to shield

their spokesman from the hate-filled reactions. Aleczander starts jaw-jacking with men in the front row while Capital Punishment remains stoic as ever. Keeling tries to calm himself down a little bit before he continues.]

Junior Keeling:

I hope that you're a happy man, Ty Walker. But far as I'm concerned, I'm done with you and Team HOSS is done with you. You are less than zero in our world now. You got one lucky win at HOMECOMING, but did you really win anything? Last I checked... Team HOSS is still standing. Team HOSS are the only Trios Team in DEFIANCE that can still claim to be UNDEFEATED as a group! So far as I'm concerned, HOMECOMING meant nothing!

DDK:

He can spin things however he wants... fact remains that he got beat.

Angus:

Not to knock Ty... I would NEVER do that... we tight and all. But Junior is right in that regard. Team HOSS are still the champions!

[The smile slowly starts to return to Junior Keeling's face as the Superagent and Voice of Team HOSS continues while the monsters each flash their belts.]

Junior Keeling:

Now our focus remains on making these belts mean something and showing that Team HOSS are the most dangerous force this place has ever seen! This trios division has NEVER come across anybody as dominant as my clients! They have destroyed EVERY single team that has ever crossed our paths. TexMex Holiday had their asses so bad that they broke up. The same fate befell Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews and now they're on the side of a milk carton somewhere. Those sex-starved idiots, ACX, tried and they failed, too! You, sir, in the front row, can you name a team that has been as dominant as the DEFIANCE Trios Champions?

[Before a portly man in the front row can even answer, Aleczander takes the microphone and barks.]

Aleczander:

FUCK NO, YA CAN'T, YA WANKER!

Junior Keeling:

Thank you, Aleczander! Nobody can. It hasn't been seen before! Nobody has challenged them for these belts. These belts say that they're better than The Big Damn Pop Culture Power Hour, our three belts say we're better than the LBC's measly little ONE belt, and they're better than the rest of these no-names in the division wishing they could be a TENTH as great as Team HOSS are now! I'm tired of my guys not getting a challenge from this roster and Team HOSS are getting bored with the morsels being fed to them for these belts. That's why tonight, DEFIANCE's Lord and Savior, Edward White...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Junior Keeling:

...Has allowed me to establish an open challenge for the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles TONIGHT! We've challenged ANY three people in the world to come out here and try their luck and fail... all you'll be doing tonight is helping Team HOSS set a record! Tonight, after we destroy whoever is dumb enough to step to us, Team HOSS will set the record for most successful defenses of these belts! And then you'll ALL know that we mean bus...

[Cue dat groovy bass riff.]

DDK:

Angus, did someone get signed that we weren't told about?

Angus:

Beats me... Could be...

[“Higher Ground” by Red Hot Chili Peppers.]

[With everyone’s attention turned towards the entrance, Keeling begins to simmer, but when that Buckwheat afro wearing sumbuck named Tyrone Walker steps out, the super agent of Team HOSS begins to fume.]

Angus:

MUH BOI TAI!

DDK:

So much for your peace of mind, because it looks like Walker isn’t done with Team HOSS afterall.

[Angus swoons because of this, but his day continues to get worse as Ty is joined by two gentlemen and a lady, as Jake Donovan comes up on Walker’s left and Troy Matthews with Saori Kazama take up his right flank.]

Angus:

Awwww-mang, I thought that was just a nightmare, but I guess Ty is really going forward with the Flippydoo Express.

DDK:

Look on the bright side, partner, at least they have Ty Walker... And you don’t hate Troy Matthews or Saori Kazama.

Angus:

And a whole lot of Jake Donovan! There are no silver linings where he is concerned.

DDK:

Always an optimist, folks.

[As the song really kicks in, the three make their way down towards the ring with Kazama trailing slightly. Jake and Troy give in to the demands for attention from the fans along the way, Ty however doesn’t let his sight deviate from his old pals in the ring. As the crew gets to the ring, Ty climbs up and then slings himself over the top rope and fakes a lunge at Keeling when he lands on his feet, which causes his nemesis to scurry behind Team HOSS for protection. Ty snickers as he’s joined by Troy and Jake, who dive in under the bottom rope, while Kazama stays on the outside where she takes up a position at one of the corners. Keeling looks to see that Ty was faking and fumes some more, meanwhile Ty reaches back and pulls a mic from the pocket of his pants. Making sure it’s on, he’s about to begin, but is cut off.]

Junior Keeling:

No! No more chances for you! You said you...

[Ty flinches, which makes Keeling flinch again, cowering behind the wall of human destroying trios excellence that are his boys, which gets some laughter from the crowd at the “super agent’s” expense. Ty smirks and then begins.]

Tyrone Walker:

Oh yeah, I say a lot of things, Jun... I mean a lot, like “of course, I love you...” and “no officer, I didn’t...” and “but I’m not the father...” And sometimes I even mean those things that I say, like when I said that I was done with all of you mothafuckas over here. Then y’all just gotta be comin’ out to the ring, talkin’ like yer some kinda immortal, when I already done did proved ain’t none a that bullshit is true.

[Ty eyes Angel, giving him a head nod.]

Tyrone Walker:

Ain’t that right... *kid*?

[Angel seethes with a young man’s bravado and makes like he’s going to get in Ty’s face, but Keeling is quick to ignore his healthy fear of Walker in order get around front of Angel, holding him back.]

Tyrone Walker:

And now all this business about needing challengers?

[At this Junior turns around and eyes the trio that stands before the almighty Team HOSS.]

Junior Keeling:

Where? I don't see any challengers...

[He turns to all three of his men.]

Junior Keeling:

Do you guys see any challengers around here?

[They all nod a "no".]

Junior Keeling:

I mean, I'm looking *everywhere*, but I'm sure as hell not seeing one. goddamn. challenger... What I do see is, is a couple of losers, some dragon lady hag, and an old bastard that doesn't know when to fucking quit. Hookers 'N' Blow couldn't stop us and neither can any of you when you haven't even HAD a match as a team. So your request for a title shot... DENIED.

V.O. Songomi Tsunami:

I'm going to ignore that bit about a dragon lady, Keeling, but I couldn't help overhearing something about not seeing any challengers?

[Songomi walks through the curtains, a microphone in one hand and a kendo stick balanced over her other shoulder. Behind her, just in case anyone was thinking of getting aggressive, is the large figure of Ryushin Zongetsu, flanked by El Serpenti and Crimson Star. The four head down to the ring, as Songomi keeps talking.]

Songomi Tsunami:

Ima, anata wa baka. (Now then, you moron). You really haven't actually sought a challenger, have you Mr. Keeling? You were more concerned with grinding your proverbial boot into Tyrone Walker's defeated head, and you did that until he got up and began round two. I have to compliment you on the new look by the way, it really does a lot to add some size to the matchstick that you call a neck.

[Keeling clutches his neck as Team HOSS shout at the fans to stop laughing.]

Angus:

Matchstick? Who in the does this chick think she is? How dare she talk to the Superagent of Team HOSS like that!

DDK:

The manager and spokesperson for the Crimson Dragon Clan.

Angus:

Really? Well, thank you Captain Obvious!

[Once the three masked men reach the ring they quickly climb into the ring, as Songome climbs the steps. Crimson Star parts the ropes allowing Songomi to climb into the ring. As she does Ryushin Zongetsu crosses his arms and stares straight at Angel Trinidad. Serpenti climbs the turnbuckles and sits down on the top one, right behind Ryushin.]

Songomi Tsunami:

But while Tyrone Walker may not know when to quit or may have no need to quit....

[Songomi looks at Tyrone Walker and raises her eyebrow inscrutably. It could mean "do you know when to quit?" or "I

am interested in experiencing the Blackaonda firsthand" or even "I bet you wonder what this means noob." Which is cut off quickly, as Crimson Star plants himself firmly in between Walker and Songomi.]

Songomi Tsunami:

I'm forced to agree with Junior Keeling. Your new team has yet to actually wrestle as a trios team.

[Walker and co. frown, but it's a valid point spoken reasonably.]

Songomi Tsunami:

The Crimson Dragon Clan, on the other hand, have just rid DEFIA of the Osaka Street Cutters, much like how when Keeling and Team HOSS tried to rid DEFIA of H-N-B, they weren't able to finish the job. Mr. Keeling what you have in front of you, is a team of champions. El Serpenti; a many time World Champion in Mexico.

[The crowd cheers as Serpenti stands up, points to himself with his thumbs, followed by a motion of a belt around his waist.]

Songomi Tsunami:

Crimson Star; A long running and many time World Champion in Japan!

[Crimson Star thrust both of his fist into the air, and he nods his head agreement with Songomi.]

Songomi Tsunami:

Than "The Dragon" Ryushin Zongetsu; A many time World Tag Team Champion in Japan.

[Ryushin runs his thumb across his throat, and then returns to his arms crossed pose.]

Songomi Tsunami:

So. Mr. Keeling, with the Big Damn Heroes and the Legitimate Businessmen's Club battling each other over a singles title, that leaves the Crimson Dragon Clan with more claim to a title shot than any other trio in DEFIA!

[A scattering of cheers break out in the crowd and a few CDC chants break out as well.]

DDK:

They could make an argument for the title shot tonight. They did come out victorious at HOMECOMING.

Angus:

We could make an argument too, if we had a third guy, Keebs. But are they really ready for Team HOSS?

[Junior Keeling starts to grow tired by this point of the interruptions.]

Junior Keeling:

Maybe the whole lot of you are confused about what this is... this is us telling you that we want to be CHALLENGED for these belts. This isn't a charity. A team that hasn't even HAD a match as a team... a team that has had ONE match... those aren't challengers. Those are morsels to Team HOSS. So to you and your... ahem... Clan, Ms. Tsunami, your request is also DENIED. Why don't you get us an ESTABLISHED team and maybe I'll consider...

[MULTIPLE BURSTS OF STATIC on the DEFIAtron. The arena lights flick off, enveloping the crowd and ringside in pitch blackness. On the screen, in white words a graphic reads on a black matte "Brought to you by the Pfizer Corporation."]

Angus:

Awh lame! Are we just a bunch of product shills now?

["Happy Go Sucky Fuck" by Die Antwoord blares over the PA system. The words "Take the Blue Pill" flash on screen, interspersed with a large blue pill on the DEFIAtron. They swap back and forth to the beat of the music.]

♪ We live the life we love”” -- we love the life we live ♪
♪ We live the life we love”” -- we love the life we live ♪

[Black video matte, and then STROBE LIGHTS of various colors from the stage. The words “Team V.I.A.G.R.A.” flash off and on over the DEFIAtron as Mary-Lynn Mayweather steps out from the back. She wears her trademark emerald glasses which match the pendant beneath her neck. Otherwise, from her red hair to her red skirt suit and her ruby red heels, the Tiny Attorney wore and shown a fiery spirit. She slaps her hand against the clipboard.]

DDK:

No way. This is a coup!

Angus:

I don't get it. Do we all get free Viagra? Cause I don't *NEED* it, but the bitches **love** it.

♪ We live the life we love”” -- we love the life we live ♪
♪ Don't need no one fucking up our shit”” ♪

[A man wearing collegiate wrestling headgear, and a blue / white bordered singlet steps out from the back, playing a Nintendo 3DS. His tights have an odd bulge on their sides, as TONY DAVIS doesn't look up from his game.]

DDK:

Oh please, oh please, oh please.

Angus:

Are you soliciting your high school sweetheart on prom night D-bag?

DDK:

Please make it – IT IS SO!

[As Ninja's verse starts, JACK HARMEN steps out from the back, and stands front and center between the two. He wears a t-shirt that has a silhouette version of himself extending two hands. In one hand, a red pill, the other, a blue. The text “Take the Blue Pill” surrounds it on top and bottom. He turns and points to his back, where the “Team VIAGRA” logo resides encased in said blue pill. But just above it, the ever present “DEFIANCE” logo. Harmen turns to Davis and Mayweather, smiles, and says one word before the trio SPRINT to ringside. The strobe lights FOLLOW them down the ramp way and to the surrounding ring. Harmen slaps as many extended hands as he makes his way completely around the ring. Tony stumbles as he hits ringside, catches himself before he falls, and then slides in under the bottom ring.]

DDK:

This is Team VIAGRA, Angus. VIAGRA!

Angus:

No, I get the joke. It's just a little dated.

DDK:

That's because they've been Team VIAGRA for almost fifteen years! They were once called the greatest trio PRIME had ever seen.

Angus: [Sarcastically]

Oh, well, that changes EVERY-thing.

[Mayweather rushes over to the timekeeper's table and grabs the microphone. She taps it once, as Harmen climbs to the top turnbuckle. Harmen throws up a devil horn taunt before Mayweather tosses him the mic. Mayweather turns and smiles at both Angus and DDK.]

Angus:

That smile was directed at me, by the way.

DDK:

How could you tell?

Angus:

Like you could get a woman to look at you, yet alone smile.

[Harmen raises the microphone to his lips as Mary-Lynn climbs up the ringsteps to hoots and hollars. She looks playfully offended as she gracefully enters the ring. At ringside, Capital Punishment is being held back by Angel from storming toward a confused and disinterested Davis. The house lights turn back on and VIAGRA stands united alongside the CDC, Walker and Co, and Team HOSS. The ring is CROWDED son.]

Jack Harmen:

HHHEEEEEEE-LLLLO DEFIANCE!

[The crowd roars in approval, and gradually a chant of.... a chant breaks out.]

WE'VE GOT BONERS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

WE'VE GOT BONERS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

Angus:

God bless the DEFIAfans.

[Harmen hops off the top rope steps up to Team HOSS. Tony Davis is hunched in a neutral corner, quietly tapping away at a Kirby game on his 3DS as Cappy wants to rush and tear his head off.]

Jack Harmen:

Haven't heard that one before. I **like** it! So Team HOSS wants a CHALL-ONGE, eh? Bet you've heard of us, right? Team VIAGRA... one of, if not, nah, DEFINITELY SO... THEEEE greatest living threesomes this sport has SEEEEEEEN! No reason to say one of the longest running trios in this sport don't deserve a CRACK at Mr. Walking Concussion and the baby faced douchebags he calls partners, right? Hell, we've been freebirding and freeballing since the NINETIES!

[Mary-Lynn Mayweather walks up to Keeling and hands him a thick stack of papers that resemble a bible. Keeling almost drops them to the mat as he's handed them, fumbling.]

Mary-Lynn:

As you can see there, that's a copy of our contract with DEFIANCE officially making VIAGRA a part of the touring roster. Underneath in subsection 134 paragraph C column 3 under amendment forty three point five ninety-one, is our request for a Trios Championship match. All it needs is your John Handcocks.

[Davis snickers. Cappy rushes toward Davis but Angel holds him back, not sure why Capital Punishment has suddenly surged to life with fury. Keeling just stares at VIAGRA funny, and now purposely drops the contract to the mat.]

Jack Harmen:

Well, that ain't smart. Or are you suffering from early onset arthritis? I didn't think it was contagious but enough time around that walking fossil [points to Cappy], anything is possible.

[Before Junior Keeling can even muster up a response to the outrageous spectacle that Team VIAGRA's debut has already brought, Capital Punishment snatches the microphone from his spokesman and glares at Harmen and Mary... but especially Davis.]

Capital Punishment:

NO. NO. NO. FUCK NO.

[The members of Team VIAGRA, the CDC and Walker and Co. watch on as The IWO Legend bursts to life with the most emotion that has even been seen from him since being a part of DEFIAНCE. Keeling seems confused, but Cappy keeps an icy stare on Team VIAGRA. Harmen turns to Davis and mouths “Can you believe this guy?” which Davis doesn’t even notice, busy creating supernova Kirby on his 3DS.]

Capital Punishment:

I have not worked this hard and come this far to let any of YOU come into my home and fuck with anything that I’ve built. This isn’t the IWO any more, this is DEFIAНCE. I am **not** going to sit here and even entertain the thought of giving any of THESE fuckers a Trios title match. I’ll tell them no for you, Keeling. N. O. NO.

DDK:

A definite answer from the normally calm and quiet Capital Punishment.

Angus:

Well if Cappy says no, then by God, its going to be fucking no. So take your cheerleading elsewhere Keebs!

DDK:

So the pot calling the kettle black now?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The crowd lets Team HOSS know their feelings of the thought of not getting a title match tonight. Keeling lifts his mic, but before he can speak, Songomi Tsunami speaks out.]

Songomi Tsunami:

Well Mr. Keeling. I know you don’t want to go for another round with Walker and company there. Seems Capital Punishment wants no part of this Team VIAGRA. I do not see any other teams coming out here, so the choice is obvious. Team HOSS versus the Crimson Dragon Clan.

[The crowd cheers once again, in hopes that they will get their title match.]

DDK:

Well Keeling has to make a choice. So which option is he willing to take?

Angus:

Not much of a choice, just please don’t pick MUH BOI TAI! Not that I don’t want him to have a title, just not the ones belonging to our HOSS OVERLORDS!

Junior Keeling:

No, Miss Dragonlady, the choice isn’t obvious. None of you have really done anything to impress me yet. And all three of your title requests? Please feel free to drop them in the Team HOSS suggestion box... which is conveniently located in the same place the men’s toilet is.

[Keeling has a laugh, but Ryushin Zongetsu takes a menacing step towards the Superagent. Angel Trinidad jumps in the way and folds his arms to protect his leader.]

Songomi Tsunami:

All that Ryushin Zongetsu needs to start ‘impressing you’ as you put it, is the word from me.

[Ryushin’s fists clench. It’s uncommon for him to be oversized by his opponent... but then it’s uncommon for Angel Trinidad to be faced with someone even close to his own size. Junior Keeling looks around desperately for something, anything, to cause a distraction so that this open challenge doesn’t explode in his face. He looks at Songomi, standing firm. He looks at Mary-Lynn Mayweather, who just raises her hand and politely waves. He looks at Tyrone Walker,

seething.]

Junior Keeling:

Really? You're all done Ty? After everything we've put you through, you're just going to let these guys all jump ahead of you?

[Ty Walker taps his microphone, making sure it's still working. He steps forth and eyes every member of the assembled teams that are not Team HOSS.]

Tyrone Walker:

Nah... I'mma tell you what though, Jun. The way I'm seein' this shit right here? I don't really see any reason why we can't just share.

[The Crimson Dragon Clan and V.I.A.G.R.A. exchange glances.]

[And then they turn, as one, to face Team HOSS.]

Tyrone Walker:

I'm mean, lookit, we got these mothafuckas right here an' they ain't made a move until now to find a challenger? These niggas over here, didn't defend nothin', not for real, an' now they're playin' all'a these games, try'na to turn us around on each other.

[Ty turns around to address his partners, the CDC and VIAGRA as a sneer scrunches his face while he shakes his head all "naaah, mang... naaaah!"]

Tyrone Walker:

I don't know about all'a y'all, but me? [he turns back around to face Team HOSS] I'm willin' to take them out RIGHT NOW, and sort errythang else out later, knamean?

[Lights out.]

Angus:

Don't tell me. White killed the power so that HOSS could sneak out under the cover of darkness? I mean, Edward White made a very reasonable decision to prevent our HOSS overlords from being illegitimately attacked by three teams with-

[Cue the banjos.]

♪ I guess you didn't hear me when I told you for the first time ♪
♪ Well don't you worry - it won't be your last ♪
♪ All I need is a floorboard and a wooden shoe ♪
♪ Step aside, and let my lady through ♪
♪ Hay foot, straw foot, low we lay 'em down ♪
♪ Hay foot, straw foot, up an' back around ♪

[Microphone thump.]

[Lights up.]

DDK:

The Sons of the Soil are in the ring and The Thresher is attacking Tyrone Walker!

[During the blackout, The Thresher snuck into the ring and speared the living hell out of Walker, sending the microphone flying. And now, for just a few seconds, everyone, including Ty's own teammates, are frozen. Even Keeling doesn't have a flip remark to make.]

[But Jake Donovan shakes it all off and he flings himself at The Thresher, tackling the leader? of the SotS off of Ty.]

[And now Jarvis Remus (the huge bald one) and Ned the Crow (the skinny inbred kid looking one) roll into the ring. Jarvis throttles Troy Matthews while Ned kicks Jake until he is knocked away from Thresher.]

[The Crimson Dragon Clan and VIAGRA stand watching this. Except for Tony Davis, who's still playing his game in the corner.]

DDK:

It's completely breaking down in the ring, with the Sons of the Soil attacking Tyrone Walker and the Skybreakers for--

Angus:

-- FOR NO FUCKING REASON!

DDK:

For no reason that we're aware of!

Junior Keeling:

Yes! YES! I have no idea if you three even work here and there's no way in hell you're getting the title shot if you do, but do that again! Fifty bucks per spear and an extra twenty if you spear the dragonlady!

Angus:

Good idea, Keeling! Which dragonlady though?

DDK:

Hopefully neither one of them. Both are managers.

Angus:

Like that matters, a payday is a payday, Keebs! Just someone get that hillbilly off MUH BOI TAI!

[The Thresher doesn't even bother looking at Keeling as he continues to beat down on Tyrone Walker]

[Jake Donovan turns to go help Troy Matthews. He breaks Jarvis' strangle around the neck, and both men dropkick the huge redneck. Jarvis stumbles backwards, his arms flailing madly, and he-

-stumbles into Tony Davis in the corner. Tony drops his game, and one of Jarvis' big gross feet steps on it.]

[You can hear the screen crack and everything.]

[With the cry of an infant having his candy stolen, followed by the bellow of fury only a drunk Irishman who's had his Guinness spilt would make, Davis surges to his feet.]

Angus:

What in the hell was that awful sound?

DDK:

A pissed off Tony Davis is what, Angus! It's GO TIME NOW!

[In a sudden motion, Davis bearhugs Jarvis around the waist, and snap twists Jarvis into a belly to belly takedown, surprising the industrial sized redneck. The original degenerate Davis lets the fists fly while Mary-Lynn Mayweather stands over in protest. Jack Harmen meanwhile, edges him on.]

Jack Harmen:

Now THAT'S what I call MUSIC!

[Harmen lunges and catches Ned the Crow with a stiff shot to the face. Ned goes straight down, his limbs flailing in bizarre directions.]

Jack Harmen:

I punched somebody!

[Harmen kisses his knuckles and turns to Mary-Lynn for approval, who only mouths the word "Why?" before Ned the Crow lunges and spears Harmen. The two fly into the corner, Harmen shoulder blocked into a neutral turnbuckle. Team HOSS begin to depart the ring. Jarvis has turned things around on Davis on the canvas, laying in on Tony with his massive forearms.]

DDK:

And look at Team HOSS running for the hills.

Angus:

It's a tactical retreat, Keebs! Keeling is keeping his soldiers on task.

DDK:

What, getting out of dodge, as fast as they can?

[Donovan and Matthews look at the fight now going on with the SotS and Team VIAGRA. The two shrug and turn to aid Tyrone Walker who is now in the corner with The Thresher. Both Donovan and Matthews grab The Thresher from behind. The Thresher drives a elbow in to Troy Matthews' head sending him back, and another one for Donovan. Both stagger back. However the distraction is enough for Walker to jump up and using the turnbuckle as leverage drive both feet into The Thresher sending him colliding with Mathews and Donovan, and into Songomi Tsunami sending her down to the mat. Crimson Star checks in on her quickly.]

DDK:

Ohh oh... The Crimson Dragon Clan's been staying out of this fight so far, but....

Angus:

BUT THAT IS A COOL SIXTY FOR MUH BOI TAI!

DDK:

You're hopeless.

[Crimson Star helps a very angry Songomi to her feet. She points to the three that have just crashed into her and screams to the top of her lungs.]

Songomi Tsunami:

SORERA O SUBETE KOROSU! (KILL THEM ALL!)

[With that single command, Crimson Star nods and charges at Jake Donovan, sending him crashing into Walker with a running knee to the back. Ryushin begins raining down on The Thresher with a series of stomps to any body part he can stomp. El Serpenti shrugs and leaps from the top turnbuckle and catches Troy Matthews with a Missile Dropkick sending him crashing into Mary-Lynn Mayweather. Tyrone Walker charges and tackles Crimson Star, and two begin trading blows.]

Angus:

Now this has just turned into total chaos!

DDK:

And would you look at Keeling and our Champions. They are laughing at this chaos!

[Indeed at the top of the ramp, Keeling and the Trios Champions are having a laugh as they just narrowly avoid a stomping by the other teams and take their leave from the scene as the massive brawl spills out over the ringside area. Bodies are everywhere by this point.]

DDK:

Tag team wrestling is alive and well in DEFIA NCE!

Angus:

Yeah, maybe Keebs, but none of these teams have a chance against out HOSS OVERLORDS! Sadley not even Muh Boi Tai, thanks to getting shackled with Jake “The Raging [Kevin]” Donovan.

[Matthews pulls himself to his feet, seeks out a victim, and picks Ned. A thai roundhouse kick sends the scrawny redneck spinning and flailing, and before he can follow up on it again, Mary Lynn Mayweather gets to *her* feet, grabs Matthews by the hair from behind and pulls him over in a back cracker!]

[And that’s enough to bring Saori Kazama and her shinai (that’s Kendo stick for you non-weeaboos) into the ring, and she cracks the stick over Mary Lynn’s back!]

[Jack Harmen dropkicks Saori clear of the ring, then wheels around on The Thresher! The two men stumble backwards into the corner, Harmen throwing punches while the Thresher merely hangs on. Pushing him in, Harmen climbs to the middle rope and raises his fist -]

[And Ned finally stops being useless, hitting a step-up big boot to the back of Harmen’s head!]

[Thresher ducks between Harmen’s legs, grabs him by the arms, and brings him back down into the ring with his crucifix powerbomb!]

DDK:

Hangman’s High!

[Davis comes running, and knocks Thresher down from behind. He’s then tackled from behind by Jarvis, who instead of punching holds him down on the mat so Ned can come off the top rope with a shooting star press!]

[The CDC finally turns around on the SOTS. Ryushin clotheslines Jarvis over the top rope, and Serpenti knocks Ned flying with a spinning heel kick. Thresher ducks a superkick from Crimson Star and rolls out of the ring. The Sons back up the ramp, Thresher holding Jarvis back with a palm against his chest. Jarvis pants and his arms and neck tremble.]

Angus:

Fuck’s wrong with that dude?

[Ryushin hurls Donovan into the turnbuckle like a sack of grain and rushes in after him, but Donovan dodges just in time. Ryushin hits the buckle, Donovan is immediately throwing punches, and Davis runs in and squashes them both! Ty leaps through the air and jumps on Davis throwing punches! Crimson Star springboards and dropkicks Matthews out of the ring! Mary Lynn frankensteiners El Serpenti!]

[And out of the back comes the DEFsec brute squad at full speed!]

[Wyatt Bronson, Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley all hit the ring. Tony Davis and Ryushin Zongetsu are both “pronked,” Donovan is grabbed, Mary Lynn is left alone as she drops to one knee next to Harmen. Walker shouts in the face of Bronson, demanding to be allowed to fight.]

DDK:

Fans, Team HOSS is nowhere to be found, the Sons of the Soil have slunk away as quickly as they arrived, and we’ve got the Skybreakers, the Crimson Dragon Clan and Team VIAGRA brawling in the ring as DEFsec tries to bring some

order! We're going to take a commercial break, and hopefully have this cleaned up by the time we get back!

[Fade2Commercial]

Ain't No Saints

[Following the commercial break, we see Jason Natas, DEFIANCE's Anti-Superstar, strolling down a corridor and looking for a place to smoke. He's dressed in a black tee with "PUGILIST" in bold, white print across the chest and a pair of straight-cut blue jeans, having taken the time to quickly freshen up and wash Rich Mahogany's filth from his body.]

[His DEFIANCE career is off to a perfect start: two matches, two wins, little fanfare and no real headaches. Trouble will find him eventually -- he knows this -- but for now, Natas is utterly stoic as he traverses the backstage area. He passes many stagehands and production assistants on his way, though none are daft enough to challenge him for the unlit Marlboro Red between his lips.]

[A sign up ahead indicates a side exit and Natas lengthens his stride to get to nicotine heaven that much faster. In his haste, he doesn't realize he's crossing through an intersecting hallway at the same time as someone else. There's a collision, and Natas slaps a hand against the wall to catch himself. The second party stumbles a bit, regains footing, then whirls back to face him.]

[The Anti-Superstar grimaces.]

[This meeting's been inevitable.]

Lindsay Troy:

Still carrying on with the cancer sticks, I see.

Jason Natas:

Fu--

[Jason stops himself mid-curse. He hasn't been looking forward to this.]

Jason Natas:

Smokin's 'bout the only pleasure they ain't taken away from me. Don't go tellin' me I can't do that now, either...

[Conscious of it falling from his mouth, and not wanting to waste a good smoke, Jason places the cigarette behind his ear.]

Jason Natas:

A'ight, WrestleMom. Get the lecture over with.

Lindsay Troy: [laughs]

What lecture? "Blah blah, smoking's bad, mmkay?" 'Cause it worked so well on Wade and Tyler, y'know.

[A dismissive wave of her hand.]

Lindsay Troy:

There are other walls to bang my head against and other battles to fight. This is one I'll never win.

Jason Natas:

Smart move. Ain't like you t'be turnin' down fights though -- figured you'd be lookin' for one as soon as you saw my name on the roster. What's changed?

Lindsay Troy:

I like to keep an inventory of things. And people. Knowing what I do, I think my Twitter humblebrag served enough of a

purpose.

[Jason spends the next 5 seconds of his life trying to figure out what a “humblebrag” is. It clicks when he remembers [Troy’s sly social media dig](#) from July.]

Jason Natas:

Yeah, yeah: I remember you scrapin’ by me at my worst, though I realise my “best” prob’ly wasn’t much better. PRIME was a pretty terrible few years ‘a my life, now that I think ‘bout it.

Lindsay Troy:

You certainly didn’t do yourself any favors.

Jason Natas:

Didn’t. Past tense. Tryin’ a do things a lil’ differently now. A man’s only got so many years, an’ I’ve already fucked at least 30 of ‘em.

Lindsay Troy: [tilts her head, looks amused]

Are you trying to tell me that after you got kicked off the Farewell Tour, you had a “Come to Jesus” moment?

[Jason snorts, then cracks what might be the first genuine on-camera smile of his career.]

Jason Natas:

It ain’t ‘bout “comin’ to Jesus,” bein’ a saint, or any ‘a that shit. It’s ‘bout lookin’ back on a career an’ realisin’ the only memories I have are negative. I mean, what’s the biggest talkin’ point ‘a my career? Handcuffin’ a guy to the ropes then bludgeonin’ his boyfriend half t’ death, all for the sake ‘a makin’ the dude say “I quit” so I could add another “one” t’ the good side ‘a my record. Tryin’ a bully people out ‘a PRIME? Stubbin’ out cigarettes on arms? Beatin’ faces to a fuckin’ pulp?

[Jason shakes his head.]

Jason Natas:

Ain’t exactly a glorious highlight reel, but I’m startin’ t’ figure this shit out a bit, y’know? I came int’ this game ‘cause a couple suits offered me a shitload ‘a money to punch faces. As far as wrestlin’ was concerned, I fuckin’ stunk, an’ the world knew it. So I reacted the same way every coward does: by gettin’ angry and rampin’ up the violence. It came t’ a head after the Farewell Tour. Few nights after you beat my ass, I fell asleep with a needle in my arm an’ woke-up in the hospital five days later. “Your heart stopped beatin’ at one point,” they said. Told me I was clinically dead for a lil’ while...

[He pauses.]

Jason Natas:

Y’know, I spent my whole career pickin’ on those I thought were weaker than me, an’ I was the weakest guy on the whole damn roster. Took a brush with the reaper t’ realise it. That’s the CliffsNotes version, at least. I’ll spare you the gore.

Lindsay Troy:

Your concern for my feminine sensitivities is noted.

[There’s a hint of snark in this comment, but Troy’s expression doesn’t match the tone. The amused look is gone and is replaced by one that shows a little sympathy.]

Lindsay Troy:

You’re not the only one out there who needed an “ah-ha” moment but had to wait awhile for it to happen. Just make the most of the chance you’ve got now. This place doesn’t go recruiting just anyone.

Jason Natas:

Tell me about it: you got any idea how many piss tests these bastards put me through?

[Jason smiles wryly, though his attempt at wit draws nothing from The Queen.]

Jason Natas:

Figures, though. Thought I'd spend the rest 'a my career scrappin' on the indies, given all the shit that went down in PRIME. I ain't out t'be no saint, but I ain't startin' no new wars either. Life's changed: I'm glad someone noticed.

Lindsay Troy:

Doesn't take much to start a turnaround, does it?

[He shrugs.]

Jason Natas:

Just a few nights spent starin' death in the face, I s'pose. Shit, though, I've rambled enough: don't want people thinkin' I'm some kinda charity case.

Lindsay Troy:

Mmm. Better to quit while you're ahead.

[Further up the hall, there's a bit of a commotion going on. A few DEFsec members run toward the back exit leading to the loading docks, which goes unnoticed by the Anti-Superstar and the Queen of the Ring.]

Jason Natas:

Yeah, yeah. Too many people runnin' roun' tryin'a turn this game int' a soap opera without me Dawson's Creekin' the place up. 'Sides, my best work's done in the ring these days. Ask Rich Mahogany.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't think Rich wants to be within an arm's length of me any time soon. Or ever, really.

Jason Natas:

My vision still ain't quite right after the fuckhead damn near clawed my eyes out. But shit, I'm 'bout t' start shakin' if I don't get some nicotine in my system real soon...

Lindsay Troy:

Let's watch who we're calling "fuckheads," lest I get asked to vouch for another surly asshole who hits people hard. I'd really like to spare everyone from a million Corona kicks to the brain.

Jason Natas:

C'mon, if there's one guy worth callin' a fuckhea--

[Jason stops himself.]

Jason Natas:

Wait. Shit. What did you say?

[Natas' brow tightens with INTRIIIIIGUE~! Lindsay's about to answer when Mike (Not "Chainz") Sloan, Head Road Agent, pops abruptly into the scene.]

Mike Sloan:

You're needed, Troy. [Motions off to the side.] C'mon.

Lindsay Troy: [nodding]

It must be time for my front-row seat to watch Wade's ascension to SoHer Glory. [Smirks at Natas] See ya 'round,

Jase.

[Sloan takes Troy by the arm and starts off at a jog, not in the direction of the Guerrilla Position, but in the direction of said earlier commotion. The gesture is a little too urgent for needing to accompany Wade and Tyler to the ring and the puzzled look on her face shows it. But she follows along, not realizing they're headed the opposite way of where she needs to be.]

[The cogs in Jason's head are still spinning.]

[Lindsay Troy. "Vouching."]

[... for him?]

Jason Natas:

Huh.

[All he can do is shrug, slip the cigarette between his lips and get on his way, though it will take a while for the shock to subside.]

[And on that note...]

“Still Unbroken.”

Quimbey:

From Pine Ridge, Alabama, weighing in at 257 lbs, 'THE BAAAAD DOOOOOG' WAAAAAAADE EEELLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTT!

[The loud, countrified licks of Lynyrd Skynyrd hit the speakers hard, and the arena is soaked in a bath of red, white and blue flash bulbs, pulsing with the music. This continues for a few moments, then a few more... Then a few more... and a few more more... more. Tony Di Luca furrows his brow and looks towards his associates with his arms out at his sides as though asking 'what's going on'. A sentiment shared by Darren Quimbey who stands uncomfortably in the middle of the ring until the music finally cuts off.]

DDK:

I told you! I told you I smelled something fishy!

Angus:

And I told you to get it looked at.

DDK:

With Tony!

Lynyrd Skynyrd.

“Still Unbroken.”

[Cue the music and lights up again, but the story is much the same. Nobody emerges from the back, and nobody in the ring seems to know why... although they might be about to be clued in when the DEFIATron comes to life with a view of the loading docks. Red and blue lights from an on-site ambulance bounce off the concrete walls.]

Iris Davine:

OK, OK, give him some air!

[A crowd of people huddle around something, or someone judging by the legs protruding from the gaggle, but just who it is isn't immediately obvious.]

Tyler Rayne:

Tyler Haynes
The hell's goin' on!?

[Not that there really needs to be more people on the scene, but Tyler Rayne skids into view and elbows past some DEFsec guards and EMTs. A door in the background slams open courtesy of Mike Sloan and Lindsay Troy hurtles down a set of concrete steps and sprints over to the group. Rayne manages to muscle his way through and Troy follows in his wake. the gap they create finally reveals the owner of the legs....]

[Wade Elliott.]

Lindsay Troy: [looking horrified]

Wednesday

[Her eyes dart around the crowd and fall on the DEFsec Brute Squad Head Honcho, Wyatt Bronson.]

Lindsay Troy:

What happened?!

Wyatt Bronson:

Mark says he saw him get hit by a car.

[A stunned silence falls over the arena as Troy's and Rayne's expressions turn to stone. They both look to Mark Shields, who stands away from the crowd with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth.]

Mark Shields:

We were out here havin' a smoke an' this black car jus' came tearin' up here.

[Mark gestures along the driving lane that Wade lays in the middle of.]

Mark Shields:

It hit Wade, stopped for a second, then tore off outta sight. It's weird, there wasn't any squealing of brakes or anything... at least, not until after that **thump**...

Tyler Rayne:

godsdammit...

[On the ground Wade grimaces and lets out a groan.]

Lindsay Troy:

You make anything out? Driver? License plate?

[Mark takes a long drag on his cigarette and shakes his head.]

Lindsay Troy:

You sure about that?

[The look she gives him - narrowed eyes and a scowl - says I know you're shady as shit so you'd better not be lying. Shields gets the hint real quick.]

Mark Shields:

I swear, I got nothing.

[A grunt from Wade Elliott breaks up any further interrogation.]

Iris Davine:

Woah, woah, woah, stay right where you are, Wade!

[But the Bad Dog isn't going to do that. He tries to sit up, and almost succeeds, before a member of the DEFsec squad places his hands on his shoulders and holds him down.]

Iris Davine:

You ain't going anywhere 'til you get loaded on the stretcher.

Wade Elliott: [groaning]

Tell em' they can use it fer the chicken-shit that just clipped me. I got a god-damn match.

Iris Davine:

Only thing you got a match with is an MRI machine. There's absolutely no way you're competing tonight... not after this.

Wade Elliott:
Horseshit.

Iris Davine:
I said no!

[Lindsay and Tyler share a glance that suggests they know exactly what's coming. So when Wade starts to struggle against the restraint of the DEFsec guards, the other two 'Heroes step in.]

Iris Davine:
You could be seriously injured, and any kind of movement-

Lindsay Troy:
Iris...

[Lindsay motions to the DEFsec guys to unhand The Bad Dog, which they do after double-checking with Iris and Wyatt, who nod silently. Wade's struggling stops instantly and he tries to sit up, although it's clear he's in an extreme amount of discomfort.]

Tyler Rayne:
Need a hand, Country?

[But the look in Wade's eyes answers that question, and Rayne withdraws the offer. Back in the ring Tony Di Luca takes the microphone from Quimbey.]

Tony Di Luca:
'Ey, what's the trouble back there? Did The Bad Dog get himself run ova?

DDK:
Something tells me Di Luca knows EXACTLY what the "trouble" is.

Angus:
Wait, but seriously, did Wade just get hit by a car?

[Di Luca doesn't do a very good job of hiding his smug grin, and boos from the arena start rising louder and louder.]

Tony Di Luca:
'Ats a shame, a real damn shame, Wade. But, show's gotta go on, right?

[Cut back to the loading docks. Wade's on his feet, showing clear pain in his leg.]

Iris Davine:
Elliott, smarten up. You just got hit by a car.. You need medical attention. You need to get in the ambulance.

Wade Elliott: [in pain]
Don't take this th'wrong way, ma'am, but go fuck yerself.

[The Southern Sparkplug shoulders past the crowd and heads straight for the doors to the arena as fast as he can with an awful looking limp. Iris can only watch, throwing her hands up before turning to Lindsay Troy.]

Iris Davine:
Seriously!? The hell's wrong with you? Y'can't let him go out there!

Lindsay Troy:

Iris, I know how this looks, but this is not the first time we've dealt with something like this.

[Lindsay gestures toward Tyler, who shrugs.]

Tyler Rayne:

Yeah. He was fine after I hit him with a car. Mostly. Just gotta... walk it off...

[Cut back to the ring. The current Southern Heritage Champion watches the DEFIATron as it follows Elliott as he makes his way through the backstage. Di Luca's smug grin transforms into a curled lip, and he whirls around to Carla Ferrari.]

Tony Di Luca:

Start countin'.

[Carla valiantly holds her ground but once the LBC closes in on her, Big Vinny especially, she starts backing away. The crowd boos at their pressuring, but at the same time cheers for the coming 'Bama Bruiser on the DEFIATron, who has blasted through a pair of double doors near the Guerilla Position.]

Tony Di Luca:

I SAID. START. COUNTIN'!

DDK:

And now the LBC is pressuring Carla Ferrari to count Wade out!

[Carla, now backed into a corner, finally gives in to the pressuring of the LBC.]

Carla Ferrari:

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

This is wrong! This is completely wrong!

Angus:

Wade better get moving!

[Back on screen, The Bad Dog has made it across the Guerrilla Position, eliciting a loud cheer from the crowd as he disappears to the area just behind the DEFIATron]

DDK:

He's getting close!

Carla Ferrari:

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

[The LBC look to the stage in frustration as the limping Wade Elliott emerges, clambering onto the ramp. The three move in closer on Ferrari to keep her counting.]

Carla Ferrari:
SEVEN!

EIGHT!

DDK:
Come on, Wade!

[The Blue Collar Brawler, fire in his eyes, is about halfway down the ramp.]

Carla Ferrari:
NINE!

Angus:
He's not gonna make it!

[Wade makes it to the bottom.]

Carla Ferrari:
TEN!

Ding ding ding!

[Elliott is unable to reach the ring in time as the bell sounds, though he rolls into the squared circle regardless as the LBC slide out, all smiles. They jeer at the hobbled 'Bama Bruiser, who pulls himself up by the ropes, leaning against the top rope for support, facing the ramp, eyes glaring at a very-pleased-with-themselves LBC.]

Darren Quimbey: [Reluctantly]
Your winner...via countout...and still Southern Heritage Champion...**Tony Di Luca.**

DDK:
What a joke! The LBC slide their way to safety AGAIN!

Angus:
Ya do what ya gotta do, DDK.

[That big band music hits the speakers as the LBC back-peddle up the ramp, shouting obscenities amongst the boos of the crowd. In one last act of stubborn defiance, Wade stands gingerly, tears off his t-shirt, and points a finger to his crossed Confederate flag tattoo, burning blue eyes locked on 'Two Hands' with grit teeth behind his bushy goatee.]

[Commercial.]

Asking Respectfully

[Cut to the backstage area from commercial.] [Tyrone Walker is once again holding court with variously random DEFIAНCE employees. Possibly regaling them with horror stories of Team Danger Past. Like that one time Ty and Greer were banned from Chuck E. Cheese... all of them, because they allegedly assaulted "Chuck E. Cheese" for, what they claimed were "advances" towards Greer's son during his 6th birthday. Now granted, it's entirely possible that The Terrible Twosome thought it would be hilarious to hit "Chuck" with a Total Elimination for no reason other than dares were made by Kelly Evans, and that dare was accepted and then perpetrated, and then claimed that such "advances" were made to cover themselves legally speaking, but come on... Would Tyrone Walker ever be involved with such chicanery?] [He could be talking about that. You know, for example.] [Before Ty can potentially implicate himself any further with the "truth", Stockton Pyre happens upon this gaggle of humanity that surrounds the Old Man River of DEFIAНCE.] **Stockton Pyre:** Mr. Walker, would you mind if I had a word with you for a second? [Ty brings his attention around to the Gonzo Goliath and gives him a head nod.] **Ty Walker:** Heeeeeeeeey, Stalker Town Fire! What up, my nigga? Sure mang, jus' reminiscin' about some of mine and the Kay Oh Pea's greatest hits. [Pyre smiles.] **Stockton Pyre:** Memories are the best type of storytelling. **Tyronе Walker:** Right on, wha'chu need big mang? **Stockton Pyre:** I am...in need of some veteran guidance I have had a rough time of it for a good while, between the term with Wayne Dewey and the whole business with Frank Holiday. I am attempting to change my tune...attempting to be a person that can be respected by the fans and the fellow wrestlers alike. Clearly... [Pyre motions towards the entirety of the DEFIAНCE staff gathered around them, listening intently.] **Stockton Pyre:** ...you are capable of eliciting respect from those around you. Perhaps you can assist me in getting my journey started? **Tyronе Walker:** Yeah, sure dude... Dunno wha'chu think I can do, but I'm down... **Stockton Pyre:** Some knowledge may be helpful to start. Perhaps I can listen to your stories of Team Danger? If nothing else, I'll learn what to do and most certainly what not to do. **Tyronе Walker:** Aye, if you wanna know how to get banned for life from places, I can do that... Or uh, you mean the wrestly kinda stuff? [Pyre nods.] **Tyronе Walker:** Right, right... I can do all'a that too... [Having found a new friend to play with, Ty leads Pyre away from his congregation, who mostly seem to shrug and sigh before going back to their mundane duties now that their story time break is over.] **Tyronе Walker:** ...So there was this one time, me and my homie Christian, err you know Christian Light? **Stockton Pyre:** Who? **Tyronе Walker:** Pssh, you don't know who that nigga is? Dag, oh well, that fool ducked me last year and I ain't seen him since... Anyway... [We cut from here as Ty and Pyre head down the hall towards somewhere else while Ty now regales an audience of one with stories of past shenanigans.]

Happy Championship Party Time

[Back in the dressing room area, specifically the dressing room of the new World Champion and likely recipient of a good neck massage after that friendly Stardriver, Dusty Griffith. Dusty goes to open the door, irritated because, well, you know already. As the door swings wide he hears the sound of a noisemaker, one of those annoying little party favors they pass out at kids' birthday parties. He looks up with a start and sees Dan Ryan sitting on the bench in the room, a party hat on and the aforementioned noisemaker at his lips. Dusty takes in the scene, a haphazard "Congratulations" banner strung across the back wall, some balloons scattered around. About the same time Griffith takes the sight in, Ryan stands, tossing the hat and noisemaker to the side with stoic, sarcastically dramatic tosses over his shoulder, and starts lightly golf clapping.]

Dusty Griffith: [Seething]

Do you think I'm in the mood for this crap right now?

[Ryan's clapping slows, ending in two dramatic slow claps.]

Dan Ryan: [Ryan shrugs.]

It's been a rough night for you, definitely. It seems that between the two of us, you're hooked up with the one voted 'most likely to blindsight you with a neck dropping finisher'.

Dusty Griffith:

In case you haven't noticed, I've had my fill of dramatic exposition for one night. Why don't you just stop wasting my time and tell me what it is you want? You here to take a shot at me, too? You been waitin' til I'm weakened so you can do some damage? Why don't you just do it, then?

[Griffith raises his hands, ready for a fight, but Ryan holds a hand up and chuckles.]

Dan Ryan:

Is that what you think this is? Come on, Dusty. Have I ever done anything but show you the proper respect of finding you and letting my intentions be known face to face? You know as much about me as the next man. You watched my career for years from afar, remember? If I wanted you out of commission, we wouldn't be having this pleasant conversation right now, would we? And, let me add one more time in case it wasn't already clear, I'm not the one that blindsided you and dropped you on your neck tonight. I'm sitting calmly in a dressing room, celebrating your World Championship. Your bi-polar friend, Eric Dane didn't give you that same courtesy, did he?

[Griffith relaxes a bit, but only a bit.]

Dusty Griffith:

So that's what I'm supposed to believe? You're just here to congratulate me on my championship win? What? You're a fan now?

[Ryan looks up for only a brief moment, as if in thought, then looks back at Dusty.]

Dan Ryan:

Not a fan exactly. I would just say I'm much more interested in you and your career than I was a little while ago.

Dusty Griffith:

I'll bet you are.

[Ryan smiles.]

Dan Ryan:

Look at it this way --- you approached me awhile back, said you wanted a match with me one day --- one on one you

said. Me, I've always been more interested in being the best than anything else. You are now the World Champion, and what better story to be told than the new World Champion defending his belt against the man whom he admired all those years?

Dusty Griffith:

Admired might be too strong of a word.

[Ryan waves the comment away.]

Dan Ryan:

Call it what you will. Regardless, I'm standing in front of you man to man giving you the courtesy of asking for a shot at the DEFIAНCE World Championship. I'm being --- for once --- a nice guy.

Dusty Griffith:

Oh yeah, you're kind as hell, Dan. Kissin' babies and all. Here's the thing about a World Championship shot for you though, no matter what I thought of you comin' up in the game, and even thought I normally wouldn't mind fighting just about ANYONE, I'm just not sure you DESERVE ONE.

[Ryan's brows shoot up, genuinely surprised, but trying to cover it up.]

Dan Ryan:

Is that so?

[Griffith closes in, getting less than a foot away, like Ryan did to him last week.]

Dusty Griffith:

It is.

Dan Ryan:

Funny. Really funny. Yeah that's uh....really uh... [Ryan forces a chuckle to try and cover up a quick flash of anger, not particularly succeeding.] Look, you know what? Let me remind you of something, Dusty. I'm looking down at you right now and I'm thinking you've let that fire in your belly confuse you into forgetting a few things. I'm thinking you've forgotten that no matter what Eric Dane tries to convince himself of while standing in the ring verbally jerkin' himself off, you're looking at the one man around here who has put in the dues to DESERVE everything he asks for.

[Griffith smiles, finally getting Dan Ryan off his game a little bit.]

Dusty Griffith:

Well, well, I finally found that exposed nerve of yours, didn't I? I'll tell you what, Dan. You have proven yourself time and time again in this business. I'll grant you that. But last time I checked, you haven't had a lot of signature wins lately. Didn't you LOSE to Eugene Dewey? We don't give away World Championship matches to people based on how many people they cripple or how effectively they jump someone.

Dan Ryan: [Smirking again.]

Signature wins. You want signature wins, do you? Huh -- [Ryan smiles.] Alright. I'll tell you what, I'm gonna go give you some signature wins. Now, I don't think I really need any. After all, I can have Ed say the word and make this match happen, but I'm a man of my word, Dusty Griffith. Here's what I want you to make sure you understand though. I'm gonna handpick some opponents, and I'm gonna turn 'em into signature wins, just like you want. And what I do to these opponents?.... that's on your head.

[Ryan jumps a bit, in a mock "oops" expression.]

Dan Ryan:

Oh I'm sorry, I said 'on your head'. Too soon?

[Ryan's face goes cold and walks around Griffith toward the door.]

Dusty Griffith:

Funny, 'too soon' was my first reaction when you asked for a match. [in an exaggerated voice] OH I'M SORRY. TOO SOON.

[Ryan stops at this, near the door and we see a flash of anger go over his face, but he quickly regains composure.]

Dan Ryan:

Well done, champ. Well done. You enjoy your big night, whatever it has left in store for you. I'll be seeing you again, don't worry. Duty calls.

[Ryan winks, then goes through the door. Griffith just looks toward him as he goes.]

Stockton Pyre vs. David Noble

[The Commentation Station.]

DDK: And now it is time for our next match of the evening! A crazy night this evening, our first show after the Grindhouse tour and our Homecoming PPV! **Angus:** Feels good to be back home. I was getting sick and tired of some of those countries. Good ol' America though, things feel right there! **DDK:** Well, that's good. I guess. Nevermind we'd been back in America for a month before the PPV. Anyhow... Our next match is going to feature a fresh new star here in DEFIA going up against one of the rising stars here in DEFIA! **Angus:** No, what we have is some coked up addict going up against the world's toughest blogger! **DDK:** Well, I think that entire statement is a bit much.

Angus: Ask me if I care. **DDK:** I don't think I will. Let's just send it down to Darren Quimbey to get this match started.

Darren Quimbey: The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first... [The lights then dim as the DEFIAtron comes to life. Against the black screen, big bold white letters pop up. **DAVID NOBLE.** Then guitars and drums are heard over the speakers in the DEFIArena as "Touch Peel and Stand" by Days of the New erupts into the arena. As the first words come out, David Noble appears from the back.] *♪Since I know how low to go♪ ♪I wont let it show♪ ♪Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go♪ ♪And now I stand, and I peel for more♪ ♪Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go♪* **Darren Quimbey:** Weighing in at 245 pounds, hailing from Albany, NY....

DAAAAAAAIIIAVIIID! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBLE! [Noble, wearing a pair of blue jeans and a white short-sleeved t-shirt, begins to make his way down to the ring. His pace is measured, not too fast and not too slow, as he looks down at the ring, ready for his upcoming fight.] *♪Yes I've finally found a reason♪ ♪I don't need an excuse♪ ♪I've got this time on my hands♪ ♪You are the one to abuse♪* [Noble then slides in the ring and he walks around the ring, waiting for the match to start.] **Angus:** This man should be kicked out of the building! After his run in with Diego De Leon, who I'm not a fan of either for his flippy stuff, and the giant bottle of Jack Daniels he was carrying, he is in no state to wrestle! **DDK:** You're just jealous he didn't share with you. **Angus:** Damn straight! How could he not share with me? **DDK:** Well, it sure seems like Noble is fine out here now. Still, he will need all of his faculties for his opponent. Let's throw it back to Darren Quimbey to get this match on the way. **Darren Quimbey:** And his opponent! [Cue the lights and the soft melodic music of Savatage's "Morphine Child."] **Darren Quimbey:** About to enter the arena, from PARTS UNKNOWN, weighing in at two hundred sixty-six pounds, he is "The Gonzo Goliath"...STOOOOOCKTON! PYRE! [The spotlight continues to focus on the entranceway as nothing of note happens for the first few sections of music. And then, when the music climbs to the crescendo, out from the back explodes Stockton Pyre, arriving to the top of the ramp and producing a double fist pump.]

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** Again with this?! **DDK:** The fans aren't crazy about him!

Angus: For something someone else did to him. He gets booed because someone stole his property. **DDK:** And that's not how the DEFIAfans see it. [Pyre walks down the ramp and slides into the ring as the fans jeer him.] **DDK:** This is a tough match for the fresh rookie as he has to go face to face with Stockton Pyre. This is going to be a rude awakening for him. **Angus:** Especially because Pyre is going to want to exact some revenge after his lost against Frank Holiday! **DDK:** That is definitely sticking in his craw. **Angus:** His craw? You are such an idiot. [The two men take a long look at one another. Brian Slater takes a quick look at both men and then signals for the bell to ring. Noble slowly walks around the ring, his eyes never leaving Pyre, who is sizing up his new opponent. The fact of the matter is that Noble gives up four inches and twenty pounds on Stockton. Still, it doesn't stop Noble as he moves closer to Pyre only to be met with a stiff fist to the face!] **DDK:** And with that, Noble has been firmly welcomed to DEFIA!

Angus: With a well placed punch, he probably deserved it. **DDK:** Based on what? **Angus:** Don't start with me. [Pyre connects with another stiff right punch and then follows that up with a third that puts Noble in the corner. Pyre then smashes his elbow across Noble's throat, which sends him stumbling out of the corner, clutching at his throat. Stockton claps his hands, the momentum building up inside of him. He follows after David, who turns on a dime and slams his fist into Pyre's midsection!] **DDK:** And the speed of Noble was shown there as he stopped Pyre right in his tracks, which gets a modest pop from the crowd. **Angus:** Fools. All of them. Pyre is a hero in the ring! **DDK:** And why is that? **Angus:** Because he is like our own version of the NSA! **DDK:** I am so sorry that I even asked. [Noble pushes Pyre into the ropes and slings him across the ring. As Pyre returns, he goes for a clothesline, but Stockton manages to duck it just in time. Noble turns around as Pyre bounces off the ropes again and is flattened by a devastating clothesline from Pyre! Noble rolls around, clutching his throat again. Pyre, not wasting any time, hoists him off the ground and slams his knee into his midsection.] **Angus:** Look at our hero! Destroying the rookie in the middle of the ring! **DDK:** Well, I don't think we can call Noble a rookie. He has some experience in the ring. **Angus:** Oh please. Look at him! He looks like a drunk. **DDK:** He very well could be, based on the encounter we saw earlier. [Pyre pushes Noble into the corner again and slams his knee into the midsection again. The pain flashes across David's face as he doubles over. Pyre straightens him up again before connecting with an uppercut that nearly takes off Noble's head! Pyre, not wanting to give Noble a moment to himself, then begins to repeatedly slam his shoulder

into Noble's midsection before pulling himself away.] **DDK:** And Pyre backs off there. The old Pyre would have gone until either the referee stopped him or he crushed Noble into a puddle! **Angus:** What are you doing?! Destroy him! I can't believe this is happening! **DDK:** Well, the DEFIAfans did not come out here to watch Noble get slaughtered. **Angus:** Who cares what these people want?! I want a show! Give me a show! [Noble is still in the corner as Pyre shakes his head briefly. Noble starts to make his way out of the corner and Stockton moves forward to continue the match, but David is ready for him as he kicks Stockton in the midsection, which catches him off guard. Noble comes out of the corner and connects with a swinging neckbreaker that leaves Pyre planted in the middle of the ring. Noble quickly goes for the cover.] 1... 2... KICKOUT! **Angus:** Ha, like that could put down Stockton Pyre! **DDK:** Far too early in the match for that, but Noble is putting up more of a fight than Pyre originally anticipated. **Angus:** Oh please. That is beyond ridiculous. [Noble gets back up to his feet, not letting the kickout get to him. He grabs Pyre by the back of his mask and starts to pull him up to his feet before hitting him with a stiff right hand. He then puts him in a front facelock, lifts him up slightly before planting him in the middle of the ring with a facebuster.] **DDK:** And it looks like Noble is out here to fight! **Angus:** Probably because Pyre is distracted from not having his notebook. Stupid Frank Holiday. **DDK:** If that's the case then he needs to get his focus back on the ring. **Angus:** HOLIDAY NEEDS TO GO TO JAIL! **DDK:** You clearly need to take your meds. [Noble bounces off the ropes and connects with an elbow drop across the small of Pyre's back. Pyre clutches it in pain as Noble starts to pull him off the mat again. This time though, Stockton is ready for him as he connects with a right jab to the midsection. Noble stumbles backwards as Stockton rises to his feet. Noble runs right at him, but Pyre is able to connect with a vicious powerslam that flattens David! Stockton then hooks the leg for the pin.] 1... 2... KICKOUT! **Angus:** Oh, that was definitely a three count! **DDK:** Not according to Brian Slater, who, you know, is the referee. **Angus:** And what does he know? **DDK:** About... refereeing? Probably a decent amount. **Angus:** Who asked you?? **DDK:** You-- **Angus:** Focus on the match! [Pyre looks at the referee, who confirms the two count and Pyre looks down at Noble before mounting him. He then starts firing off a series of punches that Noble tries to block, but to no avail. The blows come stronger and stronger as if Stockton is letting all of his Frank Holiday frustrations out on him! Slater warns Pyre, which Stockton immediately heeds to and gets up off the down Noble, pacing around the ring as he fights against his initial thinking.] **Angus:** No! No! No! **DDK:** Oh do not be so ridiculous! **Angus:** Do not tell me what to do! You're not my father! **DDK:** Oh, thank goodness. **Angus:** This is beyond ridiculous! Take him out, Pyre! [Pyre takes a moment to himself and stands away from the action. As he looks down at Noble who is on the mat in a world of pain, he drops his head a little bit.] **DDK:** Stockton is really trying to turn this new leaf. He isn't getting back into the fray yet. He might be a little shaken up from this. **Angus:** Oh my goodness. This is so ridiculous! Someone give Pyre back his balls! **DDK:** If Pyre is really going to turn a new leaf, this is going to be harder than he originally imagined. **Angus:** I think I'm going to be sick. [After a few moments, Pyre walks over before peeling Noble off the mat and connecting with a vicious knee to the midsection that sends Noble into the ropes. Stockton then runs full speed at Noble and connects with a clothesline that sends Noble crashing out to the floor and into the barrier that separates the DEFIAfans from the wrestlers, with Pyre hot on his heels to the floor.] **DDK:** And now the match has spilled to the outside as Pyre looks to continue to exact some kind of punishment against Noble. **Angus:** He wants his pound of flesh. **DDK:** For what? What did Noble do to him? **Angus:** That is none of your business! **DDK:** What the--? [Pyre looks at the fans who are booing him and shrugs them off as he rips Noble off the wall and proceeds to Irish Whip him into the steel ring post! Noble's head sickenly cracks against it and he crumples to the ground.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!** [As Pyre looks on at the fallen Noble and hears the boo's from the fans, he grabs his head and the remorse from what he just did can be seen on his face.] **Angus:** Look at the clinic that Pyre is putting on here! He doesn't need to be feeling any remorse! He needs to be who he is and just put Noble out to pasture. **DDK:** He is trying to become a better person. He should be praised by you, not berated. **Angus:** Do not make me throw you against the ring post! [Pyre paces back and forth, not pleased with himself at all.] **Angus:** Oh come on! What are you doing? **DDK:** I think he is feeling bad about what he did to Noble there. **Angus:** Well he is making me want to hit him with a 2x4! [Pyre then walks over and grabs Noble by the back of the head before rolling him into the ring as Slater is now up to a seven count. Pyre slides in after Noble and watches as David desperately tries to claw to his feet. Stockton stalks Noble for a moment before grabbing David's left ankle and putting him into The Purgatory!] **Angus:** And now Noble is locked into the ankle lock! He is writhing in pain right now as Pyre is applying an immense amount of pressure! Tap! Tap! Tap! **DDK:** And Noble is doing everything he can to not tap, but this might be it for him. If he doesn't tap soon, he might have some serious issues with his left foot! **Angus:** In that case, don't tap! Don't tap! Don't tap! [Noble pounds his fist into the ground as he feels the pain of his ankle coursing through his body. He stretches for the ropes, but they are too far away. He tries to pull Stockton with him towards them, but the advantage that Pyre has over him stops that dead. Noble steadies his elbows on the mat, giving himself some kind of base, before he slams his right foot into Pyre's kneecap, breaking the hold!] **DDK:** I do not believe Pyre thought that would happen. **Angus:** That must be illegal! **DDK:** No, no it's not.

Angus: What do you know?! [Noble rolls away from Pyre, clutching his ankle in the process. He grabs onto the ropes to help him up. Stockton, stunned from the shot, is back up on his feet and rushes after Noble. As Stockton is mere inches away from David, Noble falls down, holding onto the top rope, and sending Pyre over the top rope and crashing over to the floor!] **DDK:** Some quick thinking there from David Noble! That might be valuable so he can gather some time to rest up and test out his ankle! **Angus:** He should be disqualified! **DDK:** I figured you would say something like that. [Noble walks around the ring, limping a slight bit until he can feel comfortable enough with the added pressure on his ankle. He then bounces off the ropes at full speed as Pyre starts to stand up. Noble goes for a baseball slide, but Stockton is ready for it as he grabs Noble by the feet and slings him into the railing!] **Angus:** That is what you get when you mess with DEFIALE'S own NSA! **DDK:** Please do not let this become a thing. **Angus:** I see the executives drawing up t-shirts already. **DDK:** That's what I was frightened about. [Before Noble can even make a move, Pyre is stomping away at him. His boots continue to crash against David's chest even as the fans boo him. As they boo him, he stops and looks out at them, the remorse on his face once again. He slowly pulls Noble up to his feet, but is met with a forearm shot to the face. Noble then grabs him by the wrist and whips him into the ring post!] **Angus:** That must be illegal! Do something about it ref! **DDK:** Except... Pyre... Just... Did... That **Angus:** Don't you attempt to tell me what is happening in this match! **DDK:** Noble took his shot though from Pyre's momentary pause! Those old habits of his are going to be hard to beat back. **Angus:** See? He needs to get his bite back! [Noble shakes off the cobwebs as he walks over to Pyre, wincing at the same time. He lifts him up off the ground and rolls him back into the ring with Noble following after him. Pyre is trying to get to his feet, but is only able to make it as far as his knees before Noble crushes his knee across Stockton's jaw. Pyre slumps to the ground.] **Angus:** Come on ref! This is becoming a travesty! **DDK:** And Noble is now picking Pyre up off the mat and whips him into the ropes before delivering a devastating clothesline! **Angus:** ILLEGAL! [Pyre starts climbing back to his feet, but Noble is on top of him as he whips him into the corner. Noble then runs after Pyre and connects with a high knee to Stockton's jaw! The masked warrior falls face forward from the stunning blow. Noble then grabs Pyre's left ankle and locks him into an ankle lock.] **DDK:** And now Pyre is getting a taste of his own medicine! **Angus:** That's it. I need to get in there and stop this. **DDK:** Oh sit down! **Angus:** Do not tell me what to do or else I will slap the taste right out of your mouth! [Meanwhile, Pyre hollers in pain as Noble wrenches on his ankle! The referee checks on Stockton to see if he wants to tap, but he shakes his head. He claws at the mat, using his size advantage to slowly start moving across the ring. The fans are cheering Noble on, weakly, and he yells for Stockton to just tap! Noble tries to pull him back as much as he can, but Pyre manages to grab the bottom rope which signals the referee to have Noble break the hold. Noble breaks it immediately and Pyre clutches his ankle in pain.] **DDK:** Some momentum is starting to shift towards Noble's side now. After his run in earlier with Diego De Leon, you had to wonder if he even knew what day of the week it was. **Angus:** That's because he is a druggie. **DDK:** Regardless of what he is, he is building up his confidence right now. [Pyre grabs onto the ropes to help him up to his feet, though he is still favoring his left foot. Meanwhile, Noble runs at the masked man and uses the ropes to lift him up to connect with a devastating enziguri! Pyre falls flat on his face, seemingly out of it.] **DDK:** Oh, this could spell trouble for Pyre as Noble flips him over and goes for the pin! 1.. 2.. KICKOUT! **DDK:** And somehow Stockton has the muscle to kick out of that! Though it was closer than Pyre would have liked! **Angus:** I can't believe what the ref is allowing Noble to do here. He is unfit to wrestle in his current state! **DDK:** Oh simmer down over there. You're probably twice as high as he is. **Angus:** I'm just the announcer! [Noble climbs back to his feet and brings Pyre with him. He then whips him into the ropes before drilling his knee into Stockton's midsection. With Pyre doubled over, Noble connects with a bulldog before flipping him over and locks his left arm into a cross armbar!] **Angus:** You have to be kidding me! **DDK:** Noble has brought the fight and then some to Pyre! The referee is checking on Pyre, who is refusing to give up again even though he is screaming in pain. **Angus:** Tell him to break the hold, ref! **DDK:** This is all legal! **Angus:** Does it sound like I care? [Noble holds onto the move for a few more moments, but when it is clear that Stockton isn't going to tap, he breaks the hold before slamming his knee three times into the left shoulder of Pyre. Stockton quickly grabs onto his injured arm as he tries to get to his feet. Noble is all over him though as he comes up behind him and delivers a German Suplex that shakes the ring.] **DDK:** Whoa! What a devastating maneuver there by Noble! **Angus:** I just have no words for this. And to think, the fans are cheering this guy on. **DDK:** That's because he is making a good show of himself here. **Angus:** Oh, not in my opinion. **DDK:** And as we all know, the only important thing around here is your opinion. **Angus:** Finally, you got it! Now if only Stockton would listen to me and stop trying to be a better person! [Pyre, dazed to say the least, grabs at the ropes to pull himself up. Noble comes up from behind him and goes for another German Suplex. At first, Stockton blocks Noble, but Noble muscles through it only for Stockton to land on his feet! Noble turns around and is turned inside out by a running clothesline from the masked warrior!] **Angus:** There we go! That's what I'm talking about! **DDK:** I don't even know if Noble knows what day of the week it is! **Angus:** Trust me, he didn't know what day it was before this match started. [Both men are slow to their feet, Noble shocked by the stiff clothesline while

Pyre has taken a gamut of punishment over the last few minutes. Noble is the first one up to his feet and is met with an elbow to the midsection from the kneeling Pyre. Stockton gets back up to his feet and rocks Noble's world with a stiff right hand. Noble takes a few steps backwards, but then launches a vicious punch of his own!] **DDK:** And both men are now trading punches back and forth! **Angus:** Oh, this will be good. **DDK:** But the sheer strength of Pyre, even in his weakened state, is too much for Noble as Stockton is rocking his world. **Angus:** Exactly. Kill him, Stockton! Kill him! **DDK:** Oh great. Now we have you wanting people murdered in the ring. **Angus:** I would have started with you if I thought I could get away with it. [Pyre then whips Noble into the ropes and connects with the bullhamer elbow!] **DDK:** The Enlightenment to Noble! Noble is flat out on the ground after that shot! **Angus:** I hope these losers are enlightened after that shot! [Pyre then goes for the cover on Noble!] 1... 2... 3-- KICKOUT! **Angus:** What?! What?! What?! **DDK:** Noble kicked out! It looked like he was knocked unconscious after that move, but somehow he managed to kick out of it! **Angus:** That was a slow count! **DDK:** Most definitely not! [Pyre sits up and takes a few deep breaths to steady himself. Pyre shakes his head as he pounds the mat before pulling himself up to the mat and bringing Noble up with him. He smashes his left knee into Noble's midsection before hoisting him up and connecting with the Northern Lights Bomb!] **Angus:** That's it! That's a wrap! Stockton Pyre with the Paradise Lost! Call the morgue! **DDK:** I do not think Noble is dead. But Pyre is going for the cover again! 1... 2... 3-- KICKOUT! **Angus:** No! No! No! **DDK:** And somehow Noble manages to kick out again! **Angus:** This can't be happening! [And Pyre is in just as much shock as he stares at the referee again, who signals that it was only a two count. Stockton looks over at Noble, his chest heaving and his eyes closed, wanting to put away the rookie as quickly as possible now. He yanks him back up to his feet and elbows him in the face before wrapping his arms around him and goes for the overhead belly-to-belly suplex!] **DDK:** Noble somehow lands on his feet, but the momentum sends him flying into the ropes! **Angus:** Pyre turns around! **DDK:** And Noble connects with a crossbody! Pyre pushes Noble off of him and both men quickly climb to their feet! Noble with a stiff kick to the midsection and-- DDT! **Angus:** No! Come on! [Both men are flat on their back, looking up at the ceiling, as the fans cheer on Noble! The referee starts to count them both out as neither man is quick to make a move. Slowly, each one of them starts to get up as the referee gets up to six and Pyre is the first man to stand fully up at the eight count before blasting Noble in the face with a stiff right hand. Noble drops to one knee before exploding and tackling Pyre to the ground. He starts throwing fist after fist to the face of Pyre before the referee manages to get him off of him.] **Angus:** Ring the bell. That's it! Disqualify him! **DDK:** Oh come on. Don't be so ridiculous. And Pyre is back up to his feet and tackles Noble to the outside! These two men are on the outside once again! **Angus:** And Pyre is now the one connecting with fist after fist. [Noble manages to push Stockton off of him. As Noble gets up, Pyre goes after him with a clothesline, but Noble ducks underneath it! Before Pyre can react, Noble has Stockton in a full nelson before slamming him to the ground with a Full Nelson Slam! Pyre grabs his back in pain as Noble stumbles into the rail, panting from his first match in years. Fans are patting him in the back and Noble reaches over, grabs one of the fan's plastic cups filled with beer and takes a long sip from it before walking over to Pyre.] **Angus:** Oh come on! Referee, get him out of here! **DDK:** I... don't know if that's against the rules? **Angus:** It must be! He is an alcoholic! Someone drug test him for cocaine! **DDK:** Well, the referee is allowing this to happen as Noble rolls Pyre into the ring. Noble slides in under the bottom rope as Pyre starts to get up to his feet. And Noble with a piledriver that leaves Pyre sprawled out in the middle of the ring! He kicked him so fast that Stockton didn't know what to do! **Angus:** I can't believe the referee is allowing this match to go on. [Noble then goes for the pin.] 1... 2... 3-- KICKOUT! **Angus:** Ha! Can't put Stockton Pyre down! **DDK:** Well, Noble almost did there! **Angus:** Nope. I don't buy it. **DDK:** But-- Are you even watching the match? **Angus:** What match? [Noble climbs to his feet, clearly exhausted. He grabs Pyre by the back of his mask and starts to pull him up to his feet. He pushes Stockton into the ropes and goes to whip him across the ring, but Pyre reverses it and pulls Noble into him for an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!] **DDK:** And Pyre pulled that one out of nowhere! It was a last gasp move right there and he needed it! **Angus:** Now it is time to put this rookie away! **DDK:** You might be right as Stockton is slowly pulling himself up to his feet. But so is Noble, thanks to the ropes! **Angus:** Illegal! [Noble stands up as Pyre comes over to him. He turns towards Stockton only to be nailed with a palm strike! He spins around from the force of the shot and Stockton goes for a German Suplex, but Noble manages to land on his feet instead of on the back of his head.] **Angus:** No way! **DDK:** Noble showing his agility here, landing on his feet again! And he comes up behind Pyre and looks to be going for his inverted DDT right here! This could be it! **Angus:** No! It's not! Pyre manages to use his strength to reverse it and delivers a powerslam in the middle of the ring! Pyre with the pinfall! 1... 2... 3....-- KICKOUT! **DDK:** And there is still some fight left in Noble! He is not going out of this match without a fight! **Angus:** God, I wish he was. [Pyre starts to climb to his feet and so does Noble, who is quicker in this instance, and connects with an uppercut that spins Pyre around. Pyre uses that momentum though to spin through it and connect with another palm strike that spins Noble around. This time, Pyre manages to connect with the release German Suplex!] **DDK:** The Opening Statement! **Angus:** And Noble folds up like an accordion! **DDK:** I don't know how Noble will be able to kick out of this one as

Pyre is going for the cover! 1... 2... 3...--KICKOUT! **Angus:** You have to be kidding me! You have got to be just kidding me! **DDK:** Pyre is in the same state of mind as you are after that! Noble refuses to go down! **Angus:** Finish him, Pyre! **DDK:** What is this, Mortal Kombat? [Pyre walks over to Noble and goes to lift him up, but Noble manages to wrap his legs around him and locks him into the triangle choke!] **Angus:** This is not happening! This is not happening! **DDK:** And Noble has got that triangle choke locked in there! Pyre is desperately trying to get out of it, slamming his fist into Noble's rib cage, but Noble is not letting go! **Angus:** Do something, Stockton! Do something fast! **DDK:** And it looks like Pyre is fading he-- **Angus:** No! No he's not! Pyre just dead lifted Noble and slammed him back into the mat! That broke the hold! **DDK:** Close call there for Pyre! That should have been it! [Pyre is on both knees, clutching his throat as Noble rolls around on the mat, his body screaming out in pain. Pyre slowly gets to his feet and drags Noble up with him. He yanks on his wrist to whip him into the ropes, but changes direction as Noble starts to leave him and goes for the Inferno! But Noble ducks it at the last moment! Pyre turns around only for Noble to level him with a roundhouse kick!] **Angus:** This is just getting worse and worse with each passing moment. **DDK:** It looked like that Pyre had this match won with the Rainmaker, but before he could complete the lariat, Noble ducked it! **Angus:** Yes. I saw it. Thank you for reminding me. [Meanwhile, Noble doesn't so much as go for the pin as he just collapses on top of Pyre.] 1... 2... 3... KICKOUT! **Angus:** Yeah! **DDK:** And now Pyre is the one getting the last second kickout! **Angus:** It is going to take an act of God for Pyre to be put out here tonight. **DDK:** Well, Noble is throwing all of his might at Pyre. **Angus:** Yeah, but David Noble is no God. Trust me. A drug addict, yes. [Noble rolls off of Pyre and tries to get back to his feet, but the exhaustion continues to set in. He fights through it as Pyre gets to his knees. Noble walks over and tries to pick him up, but Pyre blocks him before launching upwards and connecting with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!] 1... 2... 3...KICKOUT! **DDK:** And after that surprising move, it is now Noble who kicks out at the last possible second. **Angus:** I don't think I can take this much longer. This is just beyond ridiculous. [Pyre looks at Noble in disbelief, wondering what it is going to take to knock the kid down for good! Pyre slowly drags the seemingly unconscious Noble off the mat, but is then rocked with an uppercut and then a swift kick to the gut before being planted in the middle of the ring with a DDT from Noble!] **DDK:** One big move after another right now! And neither man is willing to budge! Noble now goes for the cover! 1... 2... 3...-- KICKOUT! **Angus:** Oh thank God! **DDK:** I do not think Pyre expected the match to be this difficult tonight! **Angus:** Well, you might be right. **DDK:** Okay. Hell has frozen over for sure. [Noble starts to get up to his feet, but Pyre, getting some kind of fourth or fifth wind, goes after him, wrapping his hands around Noble's left ankle and goes for the Ankle Lock! Noble, feeling him there, uses the momentum by yanking his left leg closer to him, which sends Pyre crashing face first into the nearby turnbuckle. As Pyre stumbles backwards, Noble wraps his arms around him and connects with a German Suplex!] **Angus:** I can't watch this anymore. I seriously can't. **DDK:** And both men are laid out in the middle of the ring! I do not know if either man has the strength to continue on with this match! 1... 2... 3... [The referee begins to count both men out once again as neither man is quick to stir, their bodies completely drained at this point.] 4... 5... 6... [As the referee hits the six mark, Noble starts to stir, his hands clasping onto the nearby rope to help pull himself up.] 7... 8... [And before the referee can get to 9, Noble manages to get up to his feet while Pyre has not moved at all. He goes over to Pyre and starts to lift him up, but Stockton thinks quickly before connecting with a jawbreaker on Noble!] **DDK:** And both men are back down after that move from Pyre as he hurt himself just as much by using his head! **Angus:** Desperate times call for desperate measures! [Both men slowly climb back up to their feet with Noble striking first with a stiff right hand. Pyre has very little energy and can't come back with a shot of his own. Noble grabs him by the wrist and goes to whip him across the ring, but Pyre reverses it and connects with a short arm lariat that flips Noble inside out!] **Angus:** Inferno! Inferno! Inferno! **DDK:** This should be it! Noble has fought valiantly throughout this entire match-- **Angus:** Oh shut it! **DDK:** But Pyre isn't moving over to cover Noble. I don't know if he has any energy left! **Angus:** Come on Stockton! [Slowly, Pyre looks over at the knocked out Noble and crawls over to him. Every inch of his body trembles with pain, but he fights through it. Noble is breathing, but little else. Pyre reaches the prone body of Noble and slowly rolls him over before covering him, not even bothering to hook the leg.] 1... 2... 3! **Angus:** Oh thank heavens! **DDK:** And that's the match! Stockton Pyre has won the match! It is over! **Darren Quimbey:** Your winner! STOCKTON! PYRE! [Pyre manages to get back up to his feet while the referee checks on Noble, who is still down on the canvas. Stockton, clutching the back of his head from his brutal fight with Noble with his left arm, double pump fists with his right arm.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!** **Angus:** These fans make no sense. **DDK:** At least Pyre is walking out of here tonight with a victory! **Angus:** Exactly! Suck it! [Stockton Pyre goes to exit the ring, but stops. Turning back to Noble, who is getting to his feet in the corner, Pyre walks up to him, with Noble covering up expecting the worst. **Angus:** Looks like we're not done yet! [Pyre walks up to David Noble and...extends his hand.] **DDK:** More of the new leaf, partner. **Angus:** Augh! [Noble is both clearly hurting and clearly unsure of what he's getting himself into. After a few moments of staring at both the masked giant and the hand, he slowly and cautiously reaches out and accepts the hand of Stockton Pyre. Pyre shakes the hand, then raises

Noble's hand in the air as well to a mixed reaction of polite applause and insistent booing.] **Angus:** Y'know, this guy is like a damn yo-yo with me. He looks like he's getting more and more aggressive with each passing show, and then he goes and starts to be all goody two-shoes now. **DDK:** Maybe he's going to find himself liking this whole good guy thing once he gets into it. **Angus:** Maybe I will, too. **DDK:** Really? **Angus:** Fuck no. You have a better chance of me cheering for Jonny Booya.

What's this \$chemer Planning?

[Away from ringside.]

[A bummed Sam Turner Jr. sits in a folding metal chair watching the closed circuit DEFIAНCE television. A huge shadow slowly moves across Sam blocking out all of the light from the hallway. He looks up to find Ed White's massive enforcer and head of security Nicky Corozzo standing over him.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Mr. White requests your presence. Alone.

Sam Turner Jr.:

Uhh...okay.

[Corozzo turns on his heels and heads back down the hallway. Sam flicks off the monitor he was watching and cautiously walks behind the huge man a few paces. He obviously trusts Corozzo about as far as his big arms could throw him but right now you don't say no to Edward White, not with the power he's wielding.]

[As Sam follows Nicky his mind begins to wonder. Is this really for real? What's Edward White want with me? Is this a trap or is this seri'us business?]

Sam Turner Jr.:

What's it about?

[Nicky stops beside a door with an opulent gold nameplate reading "The REAL Bo\$\$: Edward White; Enter With Reverence"... Nicky says not a word, he just shifts his eyes over to the door. Sam breathes a heavy sigh and slowly pushes open the office door, revealing the inside of the Bo\$\$e\$ Skybox that we saw from afar earlier this evening. The space is still being decorated, we can tell immediately it's going to be his usual brand of Trump like classiness.]

Edward White:

Ahhhhh, Sam. Come in, my boy, have a seat.

[Ed is dressed in his whitest of tuxedos, a huge cigar dangling between his fingers.]

[Sam cautiously takes a seat across the huge oak desk from Ed in his huge leather wingback desk chair. White motions towards the box of Cubans with a smile.]

Edward White:

Go on son, have one. You're a hard working individual, you deserve a reward.

[Sam reaches towards the box, hesitating... eventually plucking one from the bunch and depositing it in his front overall pocket. Not wanting to be unneighborly and all.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Thank you sir, I'll save it for later if'n that's alright.

[The Sophisticate chuckles under his breath.]

Edward White:

That's quite all right my boy, quite all right. Give it to someone you think might enjoy it. Give it to your friend Dusty, I know he enjoys a fine cigar. You know something interesting, Sam? You sit there probably thinking "what does this man want with me, what's this schemer planning here"...

Sam Turner Jr.:

Well, I...

Edward White:

Son, I relate to you more than you know. I wasn't always the wealthy socialite you see before you. I lived in trailers, flophouses, I experienced what it's like to look up and see the finer things, the success, the fame all right there just out of reach. I know what it's like to sit show after show just waiting for that big break. For that opportunity to shine.

[Out of a side door struts the long legs of the drop dead gorgeous Jane Katze. Her arms over her head fussing with her hair we get a good look at her rock hard physique. Sam shifts in his chair at the sight of the leggy submission specialist. Jane sits on the edge of Ed's chair and drapes an arm over his shoulders.]

Edward White:

And being on top, finally getting there? Oh Sam it has so many wonderful... [grin] privileges.

[Ed casts a passing glance to the camera still positioned behind Sam.]

Edward White:

How about you and I and Jane here carry on the rest of this conversation in private. Maybe over a drink or two? I have some fine fifty year old scotch just waiting to be enjoyed, what say?

[Ed's snakelike smile is evident even behind his perfectly coiffed beard.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Welp, I guess talkin' ain't hurtin' nothin'... an' I am a touch thirsty.

[Jane gets up and eases the camera back and out the office door.]

Edward White:

Now Sam, lets talk about the future shall we? A bright and **prosperous** future.

[Jane gives the camera a little wave before the door goes...]

[Click.]

We Interrupt Something Much More Important to Bring You A Man With Frozen Peas On His Junk

[As we cut away from the INTRIGUE~!-ing scene of Sam Turner Junior paying Ed White a visit, which is undoubtedly far more worth your time and attention than the following segment will be, DEFIACE cameras take us all LIVE to San Diego, California and the palatial (read: paid for by his rich uncle) residence of one Romero Antiguas.]

[The living room of El Maestro Del Martinete is well appointed to say the least, but the center of what the crowd can see is a huge leather couch, upon which lays Romero Antiguas. It is the first time anyone has seen him since suffering testicular trauma at the hands of Rich Mahogany.]

[And, unfortunately, he's got something to say.]

Romero Antiguas:

Hombres...and especially mujeres, thank you very much. This will not take much of your time, I promise.

[The camera pans down to Romero's groin area. A bag of frozen peas rests upon the affected area, clearly still suffering from the events of GRINDHOUSE: America.]

Romero Antiguas:

I wish to thank the female fans of DEFIACE for their outpouring of support in the wake of the most...tragic event of my life. I have suffered greatly in the past - but nothing has caused me to suffer like what that...idiot Rich Mahogany did to me. I have been told by my physician that I am fortunate my testicles did not...rupture. What that means? Good news for all of my chicas bellas, and bad news indeed for the entire DEFIACE locker room.

[The cocky, arrogant, seemingly omnipresent grin on Romero's face vanishes for a split second - but only that, before it returns with a burning vengeance.]

Romero Antiguas:

It will only be a few short weeks before I am cleared to return to wrestling, upon which I will ensure that I thank every attractive female DEFIANT that I can find for their cards, letters, nude photographs and underwear that I have been receiving by the sackful ever since that horrible night. It is through your support that I will come back a better, BIGGER man than ever before. Thank you all very much!

[Romero flashes the camera a cheesy thumbs-up, only to suddenly wince in pain, hand moving down to adjust the bag of frozen peas as we thankfully, mercifully cut to ringside.]

Jake Donovan vs. Eugene Dewey

[The Commentation Station.]

Angus:

You gotta hand it to that guy, he's such a trooper!

DDK:

Are you kidding? He's sitting at home!

Angus:

HIS. BALLS. HAVE BEEN. DESTROYED. Show some empathy, man!

DDK:

I can't imagine why...

Angus:

You can't imagine anything, let's just toss this down to Dee Que and get the FIST Title match goin, k?

DDK:

Fine.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match, scheduled for one fall, is for the FIST of DEFIALE! Introducing first, from MASON CITY, IOWA; weighing in at 215 pounds...JAAAAAAAAAKE DONNNNNNOOOOOVAAAAANNNNNNN!

[“Come On Get Up” by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena’s speakers and there’s Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd goes crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in orange, green, and grey, his hair sporting streaks of blue, white and purple. He’s got on black cargo pants with orange streaks running down the side, a green mesh vest top and a grey mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo.]

Angus:

For Christ’s sake he looks like he got bitchslapped with a bag of skittles.

DDK:

It is a bit more colorful than his usual look.

Angus:

A BIT?@! He’s got more colors than the rainbow coalition.

[Jake slaps hands with the people, hugs the little kids, fist bumps the guys and hugs the girls on his way to the ring. At the ring he runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a somersault and landing in the ring to a huge pop from the fans]

Angus:

I hope Eugene knocks the yellow right off his face.

DDK:

That might be the only color he **ISN'T** wearing. What a huge reaction from the crowd for Jake Donovan, now here come the FIST of DEFIALE!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Buffalo, Wyoming, he weighs in at 260 lbs, the reigning FIST of DEFIALE...
EEEEEEUUUUUUUUUGEEEEEEENEEEEEEEEE DEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEY!

[DatHeavenyChoir.jpg]

[The lights in the arena drop, save for one spotlight focused at the top of the ramp. Slowly the FIST walks from the shadows into the light. He stands for a moment with his head bowed until the guitar kicks in, upon which cue he throws his hands in the air and roars to the crowd, who roar right back at him.]

[The lights come back up as Eugene starts to make his way down the ramp, slapping hands with as many fans as he can on his way down. He even backtracks a couple of times so as to not miss the fans on the other side of the ramp.]

[Eugene walks his way slowly down to the ring, making time to stop and slap hands with fans on both side of the aisle along the way. He reaches the ring side and slides in under the bottom rope, once in, he climbs the turnbuckle, unclips the FIST belt from his waist and holds it high in the air.]

DDK:

You can hate him all you'd like Angus, but that belt looks good on him!

Angus:

Get your eyes checked, it's on his shoulder, I doubt he can even strap the thing on properly.

[Dewey dismounts the turnbuckle and turns back to Jake. He smiles across the ring and hands the FIST belt over to Benny Doyle who carries the belt to the time keeper, hands it over and calls for the bell.]

Ding Ding Ding!

[The mutual respect between the two competitors shows through as Eugene extends a hand which is met with a light slap from Jake. The two then circle the middle of the ring before tying up. Eugene forces Jake back against the ropes and whips him across the ring. Donovan rebounds and ducks a clothesline attempt, hits the opposite side and comes back. He avoids a back elbow and hits the ropes again. This time Jake leaves his feet and throws himself at Eugene with a crossbody, which takes the Champion off of his feet. Jake reaches for the leg and hooks it after they land!]

[ONE!]

[Eugene quickly kicks out!]

DDK:

Donovan trying to get the fast victory there.

Angus:

You know how I hate that flippy-doo shit that he does, Keebs?

DDK:

I think you've mentioned it once or twice...

Angus:

Well, and I can't believe I'm saying this, if he keeps the speed up and flings himself around the ring, and stays inverted for 50% of the match, he might stand a chance in this one.

DDK:

You're actually advocating Jake's high flying style?

Angus:

Not advocating, no. I'll still complain about it til I'm blue in the face.

DDK:

Don't you enjoy complaining though?

Angus:

Love it.

DDK:

You really are an enigma, Angus.

[Both men scramble up to their feet. Jake throws a right that Eugene blocks and retaliates with a right of his own. The force of the shot knocks Jake back into the ropes, but he rebounds with an elbow that connects with the side of Dewey's jaw. Eugene, having been rocked by the elbow, stumbles back, allowing Jake to get a run up. Eugene ducks though and elevates Jake up over the top rope! Jake lands on his feet on the apron and waits for Eugene to turn around, whereupon he throws another elbow. This time Eugene catches his arm and falls to his back, hot shooting Jake's shoulder on the top rope.]

DDK:

Jake goes tumbling to the outside!

Angus:

Oh Jesus, Eugene's not gonna try that flippy shit now, is he?

[Dewey rolls to the apron and takes up his position against the corner post. He waits patiently for Jake to get back to his feet and starts running along the apron when he turns around. Jake however has the cannonball well scouted and rolls out of the way before Eugene can jump. Dewey has to stop himself and tries to turn around, but Jake's right back with him and sweeps his legs out from under him, and Dewey hits the apron hard as he tumbles to the floor.]

DDK:

Jake's done his homework.

[With Eugene on the floor on the outside Jake hops up onto the apron and waits for him to get to his feet. Eugene does so as Jake springboards off of the second rope with an Asai Moonsault, that connects with Dewey's shoulder!]

DDK:

Jake lands on his feet and the crowd goes wild!

Angus:

Be more generic.

[Donovan pulls Eugene up and tosses him into the ring. Again he hops up onto apron and pauses for a second as he waits for Eugene to get into position. As soon as the FIST is up to his feet Jake springboards into the ring and connects with a dropkick to the same shoulder as he landed on with the moonsault. Eugene staggering back against the ropes, clutches his shoulder as Donovan kips back up to his feet and goes right on the offensive, grabbing the hand of the FIST and trying to pull him out of the corner. Dewey puts on the breaks. Jake gives another tug and again, Dewey digging in, refusing to move, so Jake quickly turning it into a Fujiwara armbar and dragging the FIST to the mat.]

DDK:

I think that's what he wanted all along....

Angus:

Someone might want to tell him it works better if his opponent is a little further from the ropes.

DDK:

Pretty sure he knows that Angus.

Angus:

Could have fooled me. Deweys inches away from reaching one and making Jake's efforts utterly pointless.

[Sure enough, Dewey straining to reach the bottom rope with the ref right there in his face, asking if he wants to give it up but the FIST just keeps on reaching towards the bottom rope, his fingers skimming it as Jake continues to pull up on the arm. Eugene's fingers skim the rope again before he is finally able to grab it.]

DDK:

And the ref orders a clean break and Donovan gives him one.

Angus:

Of course he does, wouldn't want to upset the kiddies and let people down. He might have to issue another public apology if he did anything remotely like actually **TRYING** to be aggressive and win a match.

[Eugene up to one knee, shaking his arm out as he eyes Jake, waiting as the smaller wrestler approaches. As soon as Jake reaches down, looking to continue his attack on Eugene's arm, the FIST launches himself upward...]

DDK:

Jake Donovan spinning himself out of the way of the Shoryuken just in the nick of time.

Angus:

I don't know that he avoided it completely. I think Dewey got a piece of it!

[Sure enough, Jake Donovan on the outside of the ring, rubbing his jaw and doing his best to put some distance between himself and the FIST of DEFIAНCE. Eugene Dewey using that time to shake out his shoulder as he keeps his eyes on Donovan, who quickly climbs up into the ring on the far side and eyes Dewey warily.]

DDK:

Donovan better consider himself lucky he had that move scouted too.

Angus:

How much you wanna bet Muh BoiW TY scouted it for him.

[Dewey meeting Jake back in the center of the ring, looking for a collar and elbow tie-up that Jake seems very reluctant to give him, but eventually does and is driven back into a corner for his troubles. Dewey with palm strike to the face of Donovan, stuns the painted man and while Jake shakes out the cobwebs, Dewey backs away and gets a running start.]

DDK:

And there was **NO** avoiding that!

Angus:

Dewey splashed Donovan so hard a rainbow of skittles just went sailing into the fifth row!

DDK:

Now you're exaggerating.

[Jake staggering out of the corner only to be met with a boot to the gut from Eugene followed by a DDT.]

Angus:

That DDT just left a paint spear were Jake Donovan's head hit the mat.

Angus:

Thats exactly what he deserves too! He could have spilled my beer!

[Eugene sits up and rubs the back of his neck while keeping an eye on Donovan who's clutching his ribs a foot away. The referee's count is at four as Eugene climbs to his feet and pulls Jake up as well, driving a knee into the sore ribs of Donovan before rolling him back into the ring, then climbing in after him. Eugene not giving Jake a moment to rest, pulls him to his feet and right into a short armed forearm to the jaw that rocks Jake's head back. Eugene follows it up with another knee to the ribs before locking in an abdominal stretch.]

DDK:

That can't feel good to those hurt ribs of Donovan's.

Angus:

Good, maybe he'll quit so the next match can go on!

[Jake desperately reaching for the ropes, tries, but doesn't have the strength or the leverage to power Eugene into a hiptoss. Eugene continues to pull back on the hold and even hammers a few heavy, clubbing arms down across Jake's side before pulling back on the hold some more.

Benny Doyle is right there in Jake's face.]

Doyle:

Want me to stop it, Jake?

Jake:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

There is no way Jake is getting out of this, he might as well give up now and save me the pain of having to keep looking at him.

[Jake unable to reach the ropes, starts driving his elbow into the quad of the FIST, finally forcing Eugene to break the hold. Jake turning towards Eugene, right into a knee lift from the DEFIANCE FIST, however, and Dewey quick to hook Jake and lift him up, holding him upside down for several moments before bringing him crashing down to the canvas with a vertical suplex. Eugene with the cover.]

[One]

Angus

It's all over for Donovan here.

[Two]

DDK:

Try telling him that! What a kickout from Donovan!

[Eugene giving the ref another frown as he climbs to his feet and reaches to pull Jake up with him but Donovan with a small package.]

[One]

[Two]

DDK:

Kickout from the FIST and Jake almost stole this match right there.

[Both men rolling to their feet, Donovan a hair faster, lights Eugene up with a series of roundhouse kicks to the quad followed by a jumping round to the head of the champion before leaping onto the shoulders of the FIST. Hurricunara from Donovan right into a pin!]

FLASH FLASH POP POP POP FLASH

[One]

Angus

NO WAY!!!

[Two]

DDK

He did it, Donovan did....NO!!!! EUGENE KICKED OUT!!!! EUGENE KICKED OUT!!!

[Eyes wide, Jake Donovan stares at the ref like he cannot believe what just happened and the referee holds up two fingers as the crowd goes crazy cheering for both men to keep on fighting. Eugene sitting up, watching as Donovan holds up three fingers to the ref.]

Benny Doyle

It was two! it was only two!

Donovan turns back towards the FIST and Eugene blasts him with a forearm shot to the face before climbing to his feet and pulling Donovan up with him and delivering another forearm shot to the face followed by a chop to the chest.]

Woooooooooooooooooooo

Angus

Why the hell do they keep doing that!!!!

[Eugene with a second chop, and a third and the fans continuing to holler along with his chops as Jake is staggered. A fourth chop from Dewey.

Woooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

[Eugene grabs Jake's arm and whips him across the ring into the far corner. Jake hits the turnbuckles back first and sags in the corner as Eugene comes rushing in after him with another big butt bump, this time to the chest and those sore ribs of Donovan. Dewey bringing Donovan out of the corner the hard way with a high angle side suplex right into a cover]

[One]

Angus:

Jake needs to stay down, just stay down and let this end!

[Two]

DDK:

I don't think he has much choice this one is over!!!! NO!!!!!!

[Jake holding his side in pain as he rolls off Eugene and gets to his knees, Eugene holding his side as well as he climbs to his knees, trying to get back to his feet. Donovan with a chop to Dewey, Dewey answers with a forearm to the jaw, they are on their knees, trading chops and strikes until Dewey rocks Donovan with an uppercut, then grabs the multicolored hair of Donovan and lands a headbutt to the painted wrestler that crosses Donovan's eyes. The FIST of DEFIANCE with a second headbutt before climbing to his feet slowly and pulling Donovan up with him, Donovan unsteady on his feet as well and Eugene staggers him with a double chop to the chest that sends Donovan into the ropes. Jake bounces off and catches Eugene with a forearm to the jaw that ends to the FIST to one knee.]

DDK:

They've got nothing left. Donovan isn't even following up, he's just....

[Eugene Dewey explodes upward, connecting with the jaw of Jake Donovan with the Shoryuken jumping, twisting uppercut and Jake's head snaps back]

Angus:

My GOD!!!! I think he knocked the colors off his face!

[Jake crumpling to the mat in a boneless heap and Eugene staggering over to drop down beside him and make the cover]

[ONE]

DDK:

There's no way Donovan kicks out here. No way!

[Two]

Angus:

For christ sake let it finally end!

[THREE]

DDK:

What a match! What an amazing battle between the FIST of DEFIANCE and former Southern Heritage Champion Jake Donovan!

Angus:

Did it have to drag on so long?!

DDK:

Yeah Angus, it did. Those two men gave it everything they had out there, they kept it clean and in the end, Eugene and his Shoryuken proved to be just a little too much for Donovan to handle.

[Inside the ring the Doyle raises Eugene's hand in victory as the crowd continues to loudly cheer both men. Blinking at the lights, Jake Donovan struggles to clear his vision as Eugene Dewey carefully helps him sit up.]

Angus:

Oh for crying out loud, the match is over, now what are these idiots doing?!!!!

DDK:

It's called respect! Watch and learn.

Angus:

I'd rather have a beer.

[Still dazed, it takes Jake a moment to realize the match is over, as Eugene talks to his opponent, finally bringing him around. Jake gives Eugene a nod and the FIST helps him to his feet, bringing a thunderous pop from the fans.]

That was awesome!!!! THAT WAS AWESOME!!!! THAT WAS AWESOME!!!!

[Eugene, with the FIST of DEFIAНCE over his shoulder, steadies Jake as flashbulbs go off all around them. Jake, reaches out his hand to Eugene, who returns the gesture, shaking Jake's hand, but it is Jake who raises the hand of the champion as the pair receive a standing ovation from the defiance fans for their efforts. Finally, releasing Eugene's hand, Jake drops to the mat, rolls from the ring, and makes his way slowly up the aisle, using the guardrail most of the way, fans reaching out to pat him on the back as he makes his way back behind the curtain, leaving Eugene to celebrate for a moment in the ring alone.]

[Eugene climbs to the middle rope, the FIST held in one hand, and he raises it up overhead, and-

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

CURTIS PENN WITH A CHEAP SHOT ON THE CHAMP!

[Penn rushed into the ring from behind Dewey and gave him a roundhouse kick to the right leg behind the knee. Dewey's legs buckle, and he falls back into the ring with a crash.]

Angus:

ASDAGPAGOHAWIOHRLKJA!!!!!!

[Angus splutters in fury as Penn grabs a hand full of ginger gamer-fro and bashes away at Dewey's face. Benny Doyle tries to pull Penn off, but gets a pie-face for his troubles.]

DDK:

Penn is all over Dewey. Pulling him to his feet - sheer drop german suplex! Right on the back of the neck!

Angus:

I'm not calling this. Fuck Curtkevin Pennhomo.

[Penn pulls Dewey to his knees. He loops one arm around Dewey's neck, the other around his arm, and leans back.]

DDK:

Standing dragon sleeper, and that's just going to lead into-

[Penn steps over Dewey's body, twisting him so he's stomach down on the mat, Penn sitting on his back and still applying the dragon sleeper.]

DDK:

The Curtis Clutch! He debuted this at Grindhouse HOMECOMING to put Eugene's opponent away, and now he's got it hooked in on the champ!

[Eugene's hands scrabble at Penn's arm. Penn grins and waggles his tongue around as he cranks back on the hold. Benny Doyle pries at his arm, but he hasn't got the strength to do anything. Eugene pounds at the mat with his free arm.]

DDK:

Eugene's tapping! He's tapping out!

Angus:

This isn't even a match what the FUCK DAMMIT!

[Seeing the DEFsec squad heading to the ring, Penn drops Dewey and raises his arms, then rolls backwards out of the ring just as Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley roll in.]

DDK:

Fans, I'm barely believing what I'm seeing! Heidi Christenson tried just about every move in her repertoire and couldn't make Dewey tap out at Homecoming, but Curtis Penn just pulled the trick here tonight!

Angus:

IT DOESN'T COUNT IT WAS A RUN-IN GAWD AGSFDSK!

[A pair of DEFmed people come into the ring to check on Dewey, who still hasn't gotten up and is clutching his neck.]

[We'll be right back.]

Sam Turner's New Dilemma

[Once again, far away from the ring.]

[Remember them commercial breaks that exist on Hulu, but most everyone just wanted nothing to do with here? Let's just pretend one of those happened between now and the end of Jake Donovan's match with Eugene Dewey. If you feel the need to sell it, just imagine it's happening, some commercial about pussy stink is on your television, just give us a minute or two. And for the record, yes, that is a real commercial on Hulu, just work with me, alright?]

[kthx]

[And we return to the show! An obviously disappointed Jake Donovan walks the halls, now joined by his new comrades, Tyrone Walker, Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama, who have just run up to console their mutual friend.]

Tyrone Walker:

Hey kid, good match, tough loss, but it was good.

[Jake sighs and gives Ty a weary grimace]

Jake Donovan:

I almost had him though.

Tyrone Walker:

Eeeh, what can you do?... Euge's on a roll, you know how it is.

[Jake shrugs, sighs, then finally nods in agreement.]

Troy Matthews:

Hell of a show, though, you both busted your asses out there.

Tyrone Walker: [nods enthusiastically]

Hells yeah, that was a mothafucka of a match you had out there wit' ol' Euge, mang.

[Now that gets a small grin from Jake.]

Jake Donovan:

Thanks guys, maybe next ti...

[As the crew rolls around a corner Jake's voice trails off as he drops that thought upon seeing his big buddy, Sam Turner Jr. leaving the Office of the Bo\$\$. All of them look ahead to see what Jake is looking at.]

Troy Matthews:

Well, this can't be good.

[Jake rushes ahead without another word.]

Tyrone Walker:

Well, I guess we might as well go get a look see too... Aye, Saori, be ready to bash these niggaz wit' yo kendo, a'ight... Y'know, jus' in case shit?

[Kazama nods and the three catch up with Jake. Meanwhile Sam, Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze, appear to be discussing further what the Bo\$\$ had to say to Mr. Turner.]

Nicky Corozzo:

So think it over, and make the right decision.

[Jane paces her hand on Sam's left cheek and kisses him on the right.]

Jane Katze:

It's not really that hard, but I can help it be.

[Jane let out a playful little giggle. Just as Jake makes his way to the three of them.]

Jake Donovan:

What's going on?

[The three turn around just as Walker, Matthews and Saori meet back up with Jake.]

Nicky Corozzo:

This doesn't concern you Jake. We're speaking to our friend Sam, and I don't believe you were invited into this conversation. So kindly, leave.

Jake Donovan:

No, not without an answer from Sam. Everything okay here, Sam?.

[Nicky shrugs his shoulders.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

We's just chattin'. It ain't nuttin' to it Jake.

[Jake's not buying it and tries to plunge deeper into the mystery.]

Jake Donovan:

Then what are you supposed ta think over?

[Sam releases a deep sigh as the leggy Jane Katze steps in front of him.]

Jane Katze:

It's really nothing to worry you're nappy head of hair about Jake. Kthxbye!

Troy Matthews:

He-heeeeyyyy, Scissor Lock!

[Jane seethes through her teeth at Troy, and spits a bit of venom in her retort...]

Jane Katze:

You remember what happened to you at Homecoming; watch your tongue, or Nicky and I will have a repeat performance... for you and your fragile little cherry blossom.

Saori Kazama:

I've fought bigger, stronger women with more talent in one eyelash than you have in your entire body, Katze. Would you like to see just how fragile I am, bitch, or are you reserved for Mr. Grey in the office?

[Dayum.]

KA-THWACK!

[That is the sound of Saori's shinai cracking on a nearby wall, before Troy snaps an arm in front of her, holding her back. Jane simply laughs in their faces and turns tail.]

Tyrone Walker:

Look trix, we jus' wanna know what's good wit' Jake's homie.

[Nicky Corozzo straightens his tie.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Simply put in ebonic form for you Ty, 'it be nun'ya bit'nez nigga'!

[Uh oh.]

[Jake froze, not a multi-colored hair moving]

[Sam's face goes pale, like he's just seen a ghost. He looks at Nicky about to speak but freezes.]

[Troy and Saori in particular look like the color is rapidly draining from their faces. Meanwhile, Ty Walker stands statue-still, save for a twitch in his eye.]

[That did it, the eyre of Tyrone Walker has just been ruffled.]

Tyrone Walker:

Oh, oh, is that so? You big cannoli eatin' mothafucka, I know yo big, oversized Tony Soprano fuckin' ass didn't jus' call me a nigga?!

[Ty steps to the largest man in the equation, even though Corozzo has damn near a full foot and well over a hundred pounds on him.]

Tyrone Walker:

I don't give a goddamn whose billionaire balls you got stuffed in yo fat mouth... nigga! Bottomline? I will smack the fuck outta yo no neck havin' ass, ya dig, mang?!

[Jake and Troy see this as their cue to jump in and pull Ty back, they may not have been associating with him that long, but they know enough to know this isn't going to end too well.]

Jane Katze:

That's right, leave the adults to talk about actual business, now run along... boy.

[She snickers as she says "boy" under her breath, but knows they all heard it when Ty glares at her with that "bitch, I will choke you" look that he's known to get. At that point Jake, Troy and Saori decide the best thing to do is drag Ty away.]

[Sam looks in Jake's direction as they drag Ty off and then back to the smiling faces of Jane and Nicky. His mind racing with all the options he's been offered and the promises of grandeur that he's heard all night. He just doesn't know what to do or say anymore, so he does what he's done best all night. He simply walks away.]

[We cut elsewhere.]

DEFIANCE's Doctor of Dominance

[Standing in front of the black fist of DEFIANCE is a nominee for the Sports Reporter of the Year, Christie Zane, she could possibly have a chance if Lance Warner wasn't a nominee as well. Her eyes are boring a hole through a set of 3 X 5 index cards trying to prepare for her next interview.]

Christie Zane:

So..uh..my guest at this time is ...

[She glances down at the index cards.]

Christie Zane:

LINDSAY TROY! Nailed it!

[As she shuffles the index cards and they fly out of her hands. She kneels down to scoop them into a big ol' pile as a pair of black and yellow Nike's step onto the pile. She tries to pull the notes out from under the shoes to no avail.]

Christie Zane:

Would you please get off of my notes?

Voice: (coldly)

Christie, look up.

[Her eyes climb and once they reach the face of the voice her eyes lock onto the cold green eyes of Curtis Penn.]

Christie Zane:

Oh.

[Curtis grins.]

Curtis Penn:

This is where I give you a chance to interview DEFIANCE's Peak of Perfection and The Creator of the Curtis Clutch.

[She is shell shocked, not by the opportunity to interview one of the top five wrestlers in the DEFIANCE Company, but by the rudeness of him not moving his damn feet!]

Christie Zane:

My notes...

[He brushes back a strand of hair on her face; she flinches away as his hand comes close to touching her.]

Curtis Penn:

Christie, you don't need notes to interview the Epitome of Excellence. All you need to do is hold the microphone right here.

[His hands close gently around hers and raise her microphone to a hair below his beard. Her face manages to produce a scowl and leaves him holding the microphone by himself and she leaves him standing alone.]

Curtis Penn:

I understand being in the presence of greatness leaves most people speechless Christie, but maybe you're just not ready right now to interview DEFIANCE's Doctor of Dominance.

[He pauses and faces the camera.]

Curtis Penn:

In a year I have revolutionized DEFIANCE Wrestling. In one year I propelled the Southern Heritage Championship into being the most coveted belt that a DEFIANCE Wrestler could wear. In one year I have inspired an entire population of people to give as I did with the Curtis Clutch Challenge. And in one year I have redefined the word 'Wrestler'.
[Curtis' face twists into a scowl.]

Curtis Penn:

And my 'reward'?

[He snorts.]

Curtis Penn:

A match against Jake Donovan... The greatest Southern Heritage champion in the history of DEFIANCE comes home, and he has to face that multicolored motherfucker? Something there just don't compute... But I'm a fighter, so I do my job and I decimate him... There's really no other word for it, I tore. Him. Apart.

[He bites down on his lower lip.]

Curtis Penn:

Now explain to me how HE gets a shot at the FIST? How does Jake Donovan get a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE while Curtis Penn gets left off of the fucking card? Because I'm a little confused over just how that works out.

[Curtis' lip curls.]

Curtis Penn:

Everybody and their grandmothers know I should be the one competing for the FIST and not that walking Glo-Stick. And I guess I should have come to expect it by now, I mean, it doesn't matter who's in charge, does it? Whether it's Eric Dane, Jeff Andrews, Kelly Evans, or Edward White, none of them want to give Curtis Penn a shot, because they all know that if they do, I'll prove to the world that their champions are nothing but mediocrity personified.

[Curtis snort at the idea.]

Curtis Penn:

But just because I should expect it, doesn't mean I'm gonna accept it. You know that saying? 'The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step'? Well tonight you paid witness to the first step on what's going to be a very short journey... My journey to the FIST of DEFIANCE. No more will I be held down, and no more will I be over looked...

[Penn's face starts to redden.]

Curtis Penn:

Am I not the one who re-established the Southern Heritage Title? Am I not the one who has beaten everyone who has been placed in front them? Am I not the one who has been on a yearlong winning streak? Am I not the baddest mothaf*cker in wrestling TODAY!? If I'm lying may I be struck down where I stand!

[The scowl on his face loosens as a small smile cracks the surface.]

Curtis Penn:

That's why after that pathetic excuse for a match. I issued the Curtis Clutch Challenge to Eugene Dewey! And What do you know; even Batman himself couldn't break the Curtis Clutch. I brought the guy that refused to tap out to The Beautiful Dreamer to his knees. I've shown time and time again, my Curtis Clutch is unbreakable, indefensible, and inescapable. In fact I could have named it Alcatraz, because no one can escape after I lock 'em up.

[Curtis pauses after the joke and allow his smile to grow larger still.]

Curtis Penn:

Euge, don't feel bad about tapping out to the Curtis Clutch. It happens to everyone; young, old, veteran, or rookie and

thanks to you I can add Champions to that list as well.

[He tugs on his beard.]

Curtis Penn:

No, Eugene, the only thing you should be worrying about is the fact that the next time you tap out to the Curtis Clutch.... You'll be saying goodbye to the FIST of DEFIANCE.

[Fade elsewhere.]

Good Talk, We'll See You Out There

[And now, we're going to kick that shit back to the Bo\$\$'s office. The one, the only, the billionaire tyrant... the Rupert Murdoch of DEFIA NCE, if you will... Edward White seated at his desk. His office still in slight disarray due to the team of decorators and contractors still hard at work, but the opulence is obvious. Over by the office door is the seven foot former mob enforcer, "Il Guidice" Nicky Corozzo looking as scary as he ever whilst the knockout personal assistant with thighs that kill Jane Katze remains directly by Edward's side, as always.] **KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Jane Katze:** They're here. I'm guessing there's a reason for this little meet-and-greet? **Edward White:** I ALWAYS have a reason, my dear. Send them in. [The Socialite gestures to Nicky to grab the door and in comes the cadre of the newest non-Jonny Booya Blood Diamonds recruits. Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment, Aleczander and of course, their spokesman and Superagent, the currently comically impaired Junior Keeling sporting the biggest stiffest neckbrace the medical community has to offer. The DEFIA NCE Trios Champions slowly walk into the room. With not long left until tonight's main event, the three are already dressed in their ring gear ready for a fight. Cappy approaches Il Guidice himself and nods at Corozzo.] **Capital Punishment:** I like this guy. Reminds me of someone. [The two bruisers each share a quick nod of something kinda resembling respect... probably something to do with their affinity for wanton violence. Aleczander and Jane Katze however are far less cordial to one another. Aleczander hikes up the Trios Title on his shoulder and gives Jane an arrogant little wink as he brainlessly props a leg up on The Socialite's giant oak desk.] **Aleczander:** Oooh, Kitty Katze, you're dishy! How 'bout after the show we get the hell outta here and you can show me exactly what you can do with those talented thighs of yours, what do ya' say sweet cheeks? [The submissionist simply and silently narrows her eyes giving everyone in the room a small chill up their collectively masculine spines.] **Junior Keeling:** Would you knock it off, show the lady some respect! **Aleczander:** Sorry, mate. [Edward's eyeballs shoot between Keeling, Aleczander and Aleczander's boot on his fucking desk. Even through the "blinding pain in his irreparably damaged neck" Junior being an observant subordinate rectifies the situation reaching over and smacking Aleczander across the back of the head, making him kowtow immediately. Meanwhile, Angel Trinidad may not fully appreciate the gravity of the situation as he politely smiles at Edward White and sticks a hand out looking for a handshake.] **Angel Trinidad:** EDDY! Thanks for the invite, my man! Being a Blood Diamond has been AWESOME. [Edward White ignores the hand extended in his general direction and slowly gets to his feet, smoothing out his tuxedo jacket in the process. Junior clears his throat and taps Angel, making him take back his handshake before Keeling finally addresses his boss twice over.] **Junior Keeling:** Mister White, sir, to what do we owe the pleasure of getting to stand in your glorious presence? [Edward makes his way out from behind his desk and leans back against the giant room dominating piece of furniture. After a few moments of intimidating silence Ed cracks a little smile and extends HIS hand to the manager of the DEF Trios champs.] **Edward White:** Lord and Savior of DEFIA NCE, eh? I like that. I truly do, Mr. Keeling. Having my subordinates giving me compliments and a good chuckle as opposed to tearing apart dressing rooms and pouting like a giant children is a nice change of pace. [Junior laughs the nervous laugh of a man desperate to impress.] **Junior Keeling:** As far as we're concerned, it's all true. Every letter. I share Angel's enthusiasm for joining the Blood Diamonds...[gritting his teeth, giving Angel a sideways glance] albeit I'd express said enthusiasm like a damned adult and not like some smilin' handshakin' child. You gotta' excuse the boys here, they're not used to being around men of your stature, sir. **Edward White:** So you and your boys are happy serving in the ranks of my Blood Diamonds, then? Being given a chance to excel. A chance to join the WINNING side. A chance to get out from under the oppressive rule of a mad tyrant like Eric Dane. **Junior Keeling:** Oh yeah! My boys putting the boots to Dane in the main event of HOMECOMING is going right on the old highlight reel, sir! Did you see the way that rage-a-holic whackjob got what was coming to him when he tried stepping up to **MY** boys! What an absolute chump! [They both start to share a quick laugh amongst themselves, businessman to businessman. Hell, Angel gets in on it too. Even Aleczander laughs...albeit while throwing continued unwanted advances towards Jane Katze... until Edward White suddenly STOPS cold. The room drops a couple of degrees as Ed stares silent daggers at the four men in front of him.] **Edward White:** ... so why is it that out of all the Blood Diamond members that competed at HOMECOMING, Angel Trinidad was the only one who LOST? [The laughter between everybody else ceased immediately. Angel turned red in the face being reminded of what happened while Capital Punishment looked down right disgusted. Aleczander might have looked a little worried had he not been trying to peek down Jane's blouse while all this was going on. Keeling had no immediate answer to the question as Edward White continued.] **Edward White:** Mister Keeling, I brought you and Team HOSS into the fold because I've heard nothing but wonderfully awful things about you. That your men are willing to stoop to any low in order to achieve success. I heard that they were among the most destructive forces to ever set foot in the DEFIA NCE ring... so let me ask you this... where was that at HOMECOMING? Where was the so called destructive force I paid good money for? **Junior**

Keeling: [stammering] I'm... uh... that stupid little sneak, Ty Walker he...uh... [The Socialite shakes his head with disgust.] **Edward White:** I'll tell YOU what I think happened... I think that your diamond in the rough, Angel Trinidad, bit off more than he could chew that night. I think that Ty Walker should be out of MY organization and yet, he was out there earlier along with a number of other trios teams that the lot of you insulted earlier on. Is that about right, Mister Keeling? [Angel looked over to Junior Keeling for an answer to the question posed by The Socialite. Junior's eyes dart around the room searching for the right words to say before clearing his throat and finally speaking up.] **Junior Keeling:** Mister White, I can assure you that what happened there was an oversight. It won't happen again. EVER. Best laid plans, you know how that goes in this business... right, sir? [Keeling's last stammering statement trails off into complete silence. Edward takes a moment to stroke his magnificently groomed beard, giving Junior and the boys that same icy stare.] **Edward White:** Let me tell you exactly what's going to happen tonight, Mr. Keeling. I happen to know the identity of the team your BOYS will be facing tonight, defending their World Trios championships. Tonight, Angel, Aleczander, Capital Punishment... the three of you are going to prove to me that you and your manager all belong here. You're going to prove I haven't wasted my time... and my money on the lot of you... [Angel, brimming with excitement, brainlessly cuts in.] **Angel Trinidad:** You got it, bossman! [Edward gives the enthusiastic grappler a look of pure unbridled "shut the fuck up" whilst Aleczander flexes, slams his fist into his free hand, trying to give a vastly more intimidating adult response to Edward than his stablemate.] **Aleczander:** Right on, mate, we'll bash them tossers GOOD. [Capital Punishment, still eyeballing Nicky, nods silently in agreement. Junior, still looking frazzled and in a pretty serious amount of neck pain, extends his hand once again to his employer.] **Junior Keeling:** You won't regret this, Mister White... but whoever was stupid enough to sign on the dotted line will be. My boys haven't lost as a team in DEFIANCE and they aren't about to start now. **Edward White:** See that I don't regret it. Do keep in mind what happens to those that disappoint me, Junior. Keep in mind what happens to Blood Diamonds that don't live up to their **hype**... they get cut loose and they're never heard from again. [Edward smiles.] **Edward White:** Just food for thought. Good luck out there boys, make us all proud. [Before Team HOSS leave the room Aleczander tries one last time to "woo" Jane Katze, reaching for her hand to give her a little kiss... it's at this point Jane grabs the grapplers finger and deftly gives a little twist and a yank applying a simple hand submission on the much larger grappler.] **Jane Katze:** Just TRY and touch me again you pig... you wouldn't be worthy of MY temple if your were fucking ordained, do I make myself clear? [Ed pats Jane on the shoulder and she relinquishes the pressure point immediately. The hold obviously hurt but Aleczander backs up out of the room smiling still. In his vapid mind, she did touch him after all.] **Aleczander:** See you 'round, love. [The door closes behind Aleczander leaving Jane, Edward and Nicky alone in the office. Pushing several long dark strands of hair back into place and adjusting her almost to short pencil skirt Jane turns to her long time companion and employer.] **Jane Katze:** That man makes my skin crawl. Is this honestly the best we can do after ousting Bron... [Edward reaches over and places a finger on the lips of his gorgeous personal assistant.] **Edward White:** Shhh shhh shhh... have a little faith, Jane dear. [Ed reaches down and plants a kiss on the hand Aleczander was so apt to deliver unto just moments earlier before taking his place once more behind his desk. Jane smiles, blushes slightly and takes her place once more right by The Socialite's side.] **Edward White:** In chess even the pawns serve their own vital purpose, you know that. Now, why don't you run along on that little errand that we spoke about earlier, would you, love? [Cut away.]

Variables

[Back to the booth.] **DDK:** How do you like that, your boys getting treated like the crap on the bottom of Ed White's Italian leather shoes. **Angus:** Yanno, it's hard enough for me to live with myself for getting my HOSS on, I don't need you rubbing it in every chance you get. **DDK:** Oh, yeah, because you ever let anything go. **Angus:** YOU. ARE. OLD! **DDK:** I wish Cito Conarri had beaten you to death. **Angus:** No you don't... Right? You'd be lost without me, Keebs! **DDK:** I'm sure I could manage until someone suitable was found to replace you in the event of your completely fortunate demise. **Angus:** Yeah right, because... heeeeeey, fortunate? **DDK:** Someone cut somewhere... anywhere... Something has to be going on in this madhouse. [We jump cut to find Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James heading for the employee exits of the DEFIA NCE Wrestle-Plex. Needless to say, the Champ is still salty about how the coronation that began the show went down, namely the fact that Eric Dane bushwacked him with a Stardriver. That is clearly seen by the general scowl on his face and the fact that he's rubbing his neck with his free hand as his other is busy with carrying his gear bag.] **Frank Dylan James:** You ain't said shit since you was out in the ring, you a'ight, Dust? **Dusty Griffith:** [he grunts] Yeah, just pissed off, Frank. **Frank Dylan James:** Ah'm tellin' yas, we oughta be tear assin' through this whole got-damn buildin' an'... **Voice:** [off screen, sounds like hot tar and gravel] And do what to my "got-damn buildin" exactly? [Eric Dane, because of course it is, the very sight of the BAWS brings the worldbreaking duo to a stop. Dusty's jaw clenches and he brings his hand down, dropping his gear bag which makes a loud thud since it's carrying an extra 20 pounds lately.] **Eric Dane:** Is that really how you want to do this, Dust? [At the mere idea of Dusty's muscles tensing the hallway is all of a sudden flooded with DEFsec Brutes. None of them too close, but all of them just close enough. Knuckles are cracked, and shoulders are rolled.] **Dusty Griffith:** So... You really are this guy aren't you? **Eric Dane:** As is becoming increasingly apparent, you don't have the slightest idea of who I am, let alone what I'm capable of. You're as bad as Ed White, Dusty, because you still don't get it. It's not about you, Dusty, never was, never will be. [The World Champion grinds teeth, each breath a calculation of odds. Frank Dylan James, the odd man out here, pipes up again.] **Frank Dylan James:** Now yew liss'n here ya dumb baysterd! I'unno hoo'n th' HELL ya think ya got here talkin' at cha, but that there's mah bes' friend, an iff'n ya think ya gon' talk at him like that in fron'na- [The Only Star walks directly into Frank's personal space, eyeballing the big Hillbilly in a way that very few men have ever walked away from.] **Eric Dane:** Frank, shut the fuck up. The grownups are talking. Now back up and understand that I am not Edward White, and if I decide to turn you and your ugly wife and your stupid kids into a charity case, the lot of you will be living under a bypass by dawn. I don't make idle threats, Frank, so don't make me threaten you. [The Mastodon of the Mountains bristles. Contempt, rage, it's all there. He shakes, but he takes a step back. This is monumental, if you know anything about Frank James. For his part the Baws steps back as well, and re-plasters a cooling grin across his face.] **Dusty Griffith:** I never thought- **Eric Dane:** You never paid attention, Dusty. You're playing for keeps now. It's all very serious business at this level. Besides, this whole situation is a positive for DEFIA NCE. It's a win/win scenario. **Dusty Griffith:** Ah, you've lost control of your company to Ed White. He's forcing you back into the ring. He's making us all jump through hoops. Just exactly how is any of this a win/win situation? **Eric Dane:** Were you not standing right next to me when he started playing us against each other? **Dusty Griffith:** Yeah, and it worked pretty goddamned well! **Eric Dane:** Did it? Did he get to spend weeks putting us against each other? Making us butt heads while the end game was you on Pay-Per-View against Dan Ryan with Team HOSS and Booya at ringside in a No Disqualification match with himself as the Guest Referee? **Dusty Griffith:** ... [Dane grins.] **Eric Dane:** No, he did not. **Dusty Griffith:** Then what the hell was all of that out there about then? You wanted me to prove to you that I was here for DEFIA NCE and not just myself, I'm here, I'm DEFIA NCE all the way, I'll fight for this place until you close the doors. Or is this all about you, because nobody but the Only Star could ever possibly save the day around here and you don't trust me enough to get the job done? [The Only Star contemplates this momentarily, he also moves in a bit closer. Frank, for his part, moves into a defensive posture, and the Brutes close in to the point of breathing down Frank and Dusty's necks.] **Eric Dane:** What you refuse to understand, Dusty, is that there are several variables at play here. This isn't something you can just Buckin' Bronco your way through with force, this is the business of wrestling, not just the wrestling. Any wrong move on anybody's part and Ed White'll have our contracts so twisted up in court we'll never see the lights or the fans or the canvas again! Didn't you see how fast he turned me around and dropped me from the head of the Front Office of my own goddamned place back down to taking bumps with the boys? You assault him, he sues you. You step out of line, he fires you. That's the one thing that nobody's been able to teach you yet, Dusty, finesse. That is, knowing when to use your fucking brain and not your goddamned brute force. **Dusty Griffith:** Hmph, I haven't ever needed more than my will before, but I suppose you think you're going to teach the kid something about being the new you? [Dane nods, but not really, it's one of those things where it happened, but only something that the trained eye could recognize.] **Eric Dane:** There'll never be a "new me," Dust, just a long line of guys trying to figure out the formula. **Dusty Griffith:** Right... So we're going to do this then? [This time Dane does nod in such a way that even lesser mortals can see. Dusty eyes him for a moment,

snorting and thumbing his nose.] **Dusty Griffith:** Works for me... Gives me a chance to scratch your name off my list. [An approving smile curls up at the corner of Dane's mouth at such a comment, but there's a sinister edge to it, because with Eric Dane it's easier said than done to "scratch" his name off of any list.] **Eric Dane:** And one last thing there, Champ. Yeah, you fought and you clawed and you proved yourself, you're as DEFIANT as anybody I ever laid eyes on. Difference between us is that while you might **be** defiant, I **am** DEFIAНCE. **Voice:** [off screen] *ahem* I hate to break up this little therapy session that you have going on here, gentlemen... [The boos rain down as Jane Katze, along with a squad of three DPS agents enter the scene. Dane, Dusty and Frank all turn and look to her, neither of them are particularly amused by her sudden presence.] **Eric Dane:** How long have you been there? **Jane Katze:** Long enough, I assure you. **Dusty Griffith:** Then what do you want? Because Frank here's not very discriminating when he's in a fightin' mood, and to be honest, I don't think I'd stand in his way... [Jane cuts Dusty off, completely no selling his threat.] **Jane Katze:** Ooooh nothing, just passing along a message from the real "Bo\$\$". It's about next week's Main Event. It'll be you two against Team HOSS! [The Hillbilly Jesus makes his presence felt again.] **Frank Dylan James:** Don'cha mean us three, ya dumb broad? **Jane Katze:** No, you oafish excuse for a trained ape, I mean **those two**. You, on the other hand, will be banned from ringside for the entirety of the match on penalty of firing. [Griffith and Dane share an odd glance momentarily. Dane breaks it.] **Eric Dane:** So, the titles are on the line then, right? [Everybody in the scene cocks an eyebrow.] **Jane Katze:** Nowhere in your concussion-addled dreams is there even a chance of that happening in a Handicapped Match. Now, you all will excuse me... [Jane turns and leaves, a job well done smirk displayed on her face as she reports back to Edward White whatever it is that she might have picked up along side of delivering her message. Dusty's gaze hasn't left Dane.] **Dusty Griffith:** Really? Seriously? **Eric Dane:** What, too soon? [Cut to ringside.]

Team HOSS Open Challenge

DDK: Chilling words from Edward White followed by an eerie exchange between Eric Dane and Dusty Griffith, but regardless, it's now time for tonight's main event. Team HOSS have had a stranglehold on the Trios Titles for a while now. They've defended the titles twice – once in a clear set-up against some HNB imposters and against the ACX – but now ANY team could challenge them! Despite Keeling denying the multiple teams that came out to interrupt them, White could easily pull rank and MAKE it one of those teams! **Angus:** Totally true. And they extended the open challenge to anybody... not just DEFIAНCE. We could get some yard tards looking for their fifteen minutes for God's sake! **DDK:** Team HOSS are actually just one defense away from setting the current record of most Trios Title defenses – they're currently tied with the Untouchables pairing of Jeff Andrews And Heidi Christenson when they were solely Tag Team Titles. Who has Edward White lined up? Let's go to ringside for the introductions. **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** The following contest is a trios match scheduled for one fall... and it is for the DEFIAНCE World Trios Tag Team Titles! [The crowd pops for the big match to come. The fans of NOLA turn their attention to the ramp when a new theme plays...] ["Tag Team" by Anvil.] [The crowd is jeering to all heck. One by one, the brutal monsters flank the stage, each holding one of three World Trios Tag Team Titles! The lights started to flash rapidly in shades of red and white throughout the arena while the monsters stand with their belts. Junior Keeling appears to the side of them, still nursing the neck brace. Needless to say, it has been a very difficult night for Mister Keeling.] [Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment walks out with his poker face on. The three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. One by one, the monsters start their march to the ring as Junior Keeling takes the lead of his proud monsters. Aleczander is first, flexing his pecs for the camera. Right behind him, the camera passes by Capital Punishment who mean-mugs the camera with a surly sneer. Bringing up the rear is the proud and boastful Rookie Monster, Angel Trinidad.] **DDK:** Team HOSS have perhaps been one of DEFIAНCE's more dangerous groups. They've been with DEFIAНCE for some time and while they have lost a few fights here and there, as a trio they are still undefeated. It's going to take a very tall order for somebody to knock these guys down. **Angus:** But that's what happens with these open challenges, though... whoever walks out through those curtains COULD be the ones to knock these guys down. I love OUR HOSS OVERLORDS, but man I've seen enough of this shit to know that open challenges can only lead to no good. And after that "pep talk" by Edward White... damn. **DQ:** First, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling, they are the reigning and defending DEFIAНCE World Trios Tag Team Titles... Representing The Blood Diamonds... They are the team of Aleczander The Great... Capital Punishment... and "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad... they are The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers... **TEAM HOSS!** [The monsters all step into the ring one by one. Capital Punishment stands in the middle of the ring with arms folded while on either side of him, Aleczander flexes his muscles and shoots a cocky smirk while Angel Trinidad beats on his chest like a gorilla and ROARS for the crowd. Keeling gestures to his assembly of ass-kickers as they all hold the titles, clapping and then suddenly remembering his neck hurts, so he clutches at his brace. The music goes quiet now as the three monsters wait for their challengers.] **DDK:** So, who's it gonna be? We saw Team VIAGRA in DEFIAНCE, we saw Walker's new group, the Crimson Dragon Clan and even the Sons of the Soil got physical! Or somebody outside of DEFIAНCE, even? **Angus:** Edward White said he has somebody fully in mind for these guys, but let's find out. [The crowd continues to wait with baited breath as Junior Keeling tries to put on a brave face. He knows that he's taking a big risk by making this challenge happen, but he looks pretty damn confident still...]

♪ Got no time for my game, I put it on the shelf ♪ ♪ And this

money and fame ain't gonna earn itself ♪ ♪ I'm not wasting my time, you better recognize ♪ ♪ The flame, the hustle, the pain, the redness in my eyes ♪ ♪ When the pressure comes down you throw the towel in ♪ ♪ But for me and my crew, that's where the work begins ♪ ♪ At the end of the day we like to cut it loose ♪ ♪ By the end of the night we're making bodies move ♪ ♪ We're waiting, we're waiting, we're waiting ♪ [The crowd that are familiar with the theme start to lose their shit. It takes a few more seconds for those that don't know, but when they see three letters on the stage, each letter lit up on the backs of three men wearing three separate duster jackets... when the more clueless fans put two and two together, they also lose their shit...] [H. O. W.]

DDK: No way... **Angus:** What? Who? Huh? What's with the jackets?? [Junior Keeling starts to shake his head. When he presented a challenge for any three people to come in and take on the champions... he didn't expect a DECORATED three-man tandem such as the three men on the ramp now basking in the HUGE ovation from the crowd! One cocky man tipping his signature blue cowboy hat... One well-built man with shoulder-length brown hair, looking over his shoulder. And one massive man that could give any of Team HOSS runs for their money, fists raised. A blonde-haired man, rugged beard, and a crazy good tan. The crowd have now COMPLTELY lost their shit.]

DQ: AND THEIR OPPONENTS... REPRESENTING JOLT WRESTLING... AT A COMBINED WEIGHT OF SEVEN-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE POUNDS... THEY ARE THE TEAM OF RYAN GALLWAY... FRANK SILVER... AND "MIDAS" MACK BRODY... **THE HEIRS OF WRESTLING!** [The cruiserweight, Ryan Gallway. The Baron of Ballistics Frank Silver. And the big bruiser "Midas" Mack Brody! The

three men take in a tremendous ovation from the crowd as they turn around! high-five fans on the way to the ring. Team HOSS don't know what to make of this, but Junior Keeling starts to shake his head with disgust... and then flinches in pain... again. Neck brace. He keeps his finger on the pulse of what's hot in wrestling and when it comes to tag team wrestling, The Heirs of Wrestling are still burning bright in other circles of the wrestling world.] **Angus:** I like these guys already! Flashy and shit! Can't hate on that. **DDK:** Folks, if you've seen any of jOlt Wrestling, Empire Pro Wrestling, All-Star Championship Wrestling... you know what these guys are all about! These guys have won tag team gold just about EVERYWHERE they've gone. [Silver and Gallway each take a turnbuckle and soak in the adulation from the crowd. Meanwhile, the big metrosexual and fun-loving monster called Mack Brody steps into the ring and takes turns eyeing down each of the big men in the ring one at a time. Silver and Gallway joint the monster known in jOlt as SuperMack as he pops the bones in his neck. The referee Hector Navarro holds up all three Trios Titles in the air. While both sides look to get some order, the bell rings...] [DING DING DING!] **DDK:** On top of having incredible tag team chemistry, they individually boast impressive upbringings. Frank Silver is the Godson of Hall of Famer and PRIME alumni Sonny Silver. Ryan Gallway was trained by legendary Hall of Famer "Impulse" Brian James. The big guy, Mack Brody, is the son of legendary big man out of Philadelphia, James Brody. **Angus:** Can you stop blowing these guys now, Keebs? I get it, they're awesomesauce and whatever, but this is DEFIANCE. And they're up against Team HOSS! Root for the home team! [The 6'6" and 312-pound muscle man Mack Brody comes out swinging first while Team HOSS sent their heavy hitter, Angel Trinidad. The two monsters start to lock up by exchanging Greco-Roman fists to the fucking head! The bombs start to fly between The Rookie Monster and SuperMack for several moments with neither man getting an advantage right away... that is, until Brody starts to WAIL on Angel with a flurry of rights to the stomach and puts him in the corner with a sick right hook! Brody continues to open up on him with a big series of alternating right and left elbows to the face that rock the big man!] **Angus:** Mind... blown! HOSSzilla is out there getting out-HOSSED! **DDK:** I don't know what Edward White was thinking... picking a team from outside of DEFIANCE to challenge. Is this just The Blood Diamond's way of sticking it to the actual trios teams who fought earlier in that massive melee? [Brody backs up a few steps and throws up a deuce to the crowd before coming back and CRUSHING Angle with an impactful Running Shoulder Tackle! Brody yanks him out of the corner and starts to set him up for a BIG ring-shaking Powerslam! Already, SuperMack goes for the cover!] [ONE... TWO... NO!] **Angus:** Mack can has hurt them? **DDK:** I gotta agree with you! The Heirs are fighting fire with fire and it's working so far. [When Brody tries to pick up Trinidad off the canvas, Angel fires back with a hard punch under the jaw before he backs off and makes the tag into Capital Punishment. The veteran of Team HOSS starts to climb into the ring and doesn't look that intimidated by Mack Brody either. Likewise, Brody has his game face on as Frank Silver and Ryan Gallway cheer on their friend. Brody and Cappy lock up and Mack goes with a Throat Thrust to stun him. Cappy fires back with a flurry of his own rights and backs him up before launching him across the ring. The IWO Legend charges in only to get a big boot to his face for his trouble followed by a BIG Running Double Sledge by Brody out of the corner! Keeling is on the outside losing his shit!] **DDK:** Junior Keeling may be regretting this! Mack Brody has used his power and has just outmuscled two members of Team HOSS now! **Angus:** Maybe Keeling has the wrong HOSS... you don't think he's gonna go back and watch this match, do you? Can we edit my last comment out? I'd like to stay on their good side. [Brody stands up and points to the corner where Silver is waiting for the tag. The crowd cheers as Brody walks over and tags in the voice of the Heirs of Wrestling, Frank Silver. The man with many nicknames such as The Royal Knight of Sunday Nights and The Baron of Ballistics works in tandem with his large partner. Brody tosses Cappy into the corner and then grabs the 6'3" and 251-pound Silver by the arm, launching him into a STIFF Running European Uppercut on Capital Punishment in the corner! The crowd is amazed with the power of the shot and Frank shows off by hitting three more that rattle big Cappy. The former prison guard is stunned in the corner while Silver pumps a fist.] **DDK:** And now the tag goes to Ryan Gallway! Gallway is known in this group as the Prince of Precision. He's a high flyer but an incredible skilled technician as well that can hit you from any direction he wants. **Angus:** A smart flippy-doo, huh? I'll believe it when I see it. [The crowd cheers for Ryan Gallway as he and Frank take turns teeing off on Capital Punishment with alternating flurries of HARD Shoot Kicks by both men. Ryan backs up a few steps as Frank kneels down, allowing Ryan to use his partner as a springboard launching into a Corner Gamengiri kick! Cappy falls to a knee and Ryan starts to push him flat on his back so he can go for a cover.] [ONE... TWO... NO!] **DDK:** Frank's got a lot of power in his uppercuts while Ryan Gallway is quick with those feet! This is some great teamwork by the Heirs! Textbook tag team wrestling 101! **Angus:** Team HOSS are just roping these dopes... you know, they're kinda awesome dopes so far, but I mean it. Keeling always has a plan, Keebs. And Team HOSS can turn the tide with just one move. [The 5'10" and 190-pound Gallway is pushed off by Capital Punishment and socked in the stomach for his troubles by an angry Cappy. The Surly Old Bastard launches him across the ring and charges after Gallway, but the Prince of Precision runs all the way up the rope and backflips right behind Capital Punishment! He flips the bird to Cappy which gets him a pop from the crowd before running off the

ropes and sliding underneath a Big Boot attempt. Capital Punishment turns around only to get clipped with a Jumping Heel Kick that sends the big monster staggering back to the ropes as Gallway pops up, laughing with the crowd!]

Angus: This is stupid! Gallway probably has skill, but he's just pissing off Capital Punishment. **DDK:** I don't know about that, Gallway has a propensity for trash talking and getting underneath people's skin... OUCH! MAYBE NOT! [The crowd winced when Ryan Gallway was trying for a Springboard Cross Body only to get SWATTED out of mid-air with a sick boo! The IWO Legend starts to pick him up by the back of the head, makes his way to the corner and tosses him before making the tag to Aleczander. Cappy holds the smaller Gallway up in order to give the Big Brit a clean shot right to the stomach. The Mancunian Muscle slams him with a series of hard Clubbing Forearms to the head before he kicks him back into the ropes. When he comes back, the Big Brit tries to catch him only to get whacked with a Dropkick in mid-move!] **Angus:** Come on, stop these guys already! Do you WANT Edward White to have you guys Bronson Boxed? **DDK:** More fancy footwork from Ryan Gallway! [Gallway rolls over in dramatic fashion and the tag is made to Frank Gallway as the two now go to work. Gallway goes low with a Dropkick to the knee as Silver rushes off the ropes to pop Aleczander underneath the jaw with a Sliding European Uppercut! The Big Brit goes down and now Frank is on his feet, soaking in the reception from the crowd. He then holds up his pinky in dramatic fashion and the fans familiar with the Heirs know what's coming next...] **DDK:** I believe he calls this the Ye Olde Royale Elbowe! **Angus:** ...Did you KNOW these guys were coming out here? You'll all over their jocks like they're the last chopper out of Saigon. [Frank lands the elbow across the heart of the Mancunian Muscle and gets a huge cheer from the crowd who know what the Heirs bring to the table. He hooks the leg of Aleczander and goes for another cover.] [ONE! TWO! THR... NO!] **DDK:** And another close fall by the Heirs! Edward White has a lot of faith in his men to send them out here against these guys! **Angus:** I'm with you on this one, dude's probably out to slight the other teams of DEFIADE by picking the Heirs as their challengers. Hell, he's probably testing them to prove they belong with the Blood Diamonds. [Silver picks up Aleczander off the mat and tried for a suplex only for the Big Brit to block. He reverses the Suplex only for Frank to slide behind him. Angel tries to swing at him only for Frank to duck, but just one second...] **Angus:** SHOT AT LOVE! [Aleczander comes out of almost nowhere and LEVELS Frank Silver with such explosive force off a Shoulder Tackle that The Royal Knight of Sunday Nights – as he's known in jOlt – goes tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor! Silver looks hurt now and Gallway and Brody show concern as Angel jumps to the floor and picks Frank up only to press him and drop him across the announce table! Keebler and Skaaland both back up a little in their seats as Angel mean-mugs them. After HOMECOMING he looks like he has something to prove as he scoops Frank up and rolls him back into the ring.] [Aleczander takes a second to shake off the pain he was in from the beatdown earlier and tags into Angel Trinidad. Both the Rookie Monster and the Big Brit send Frank sailing across the ring and when he comes back, both monsters MOW him down with a devastating Double Shoulder Block! After the shot drops Frank like a bad habit, the HOSSes yell with excitement and do a chest bump to celebrate.] **DDK:** Celebrate AFTER you've retained the championships. **Angus:** You get in there and tell them that they can't do it, Keebler. See what happens. **Junior Keeling:** Stay on him, you hear me?! Don't let any of these guys breathe! [Gallway yells at Keeling to shut up from his corner, but the real action is on the inside. Angel picks up Frank off the mat and clubs him before he hoists him up and drives him into the mat with a simple and effective Scoop Slam that nearly drives the wind out of Frank. He slumps over in pain and holds his back, uttering a simple "ow" while Angel stands over him, prepping him for a second one... and he hits it! He pulls Frank's leg and drags him over to the Team HOSS corner where The Rookie Monster tags into Capital Punishment.] [Trinidad holds the smaller Silver in a full nelson while Cappy swings and lands a STIFF haymaker to the jaw that brings him down to a knee. The IWO Legend snatches him by his hair and lands a hard right hand that bounces him back into the ropes. The momentum sends him bouncing slowly back into Cappy's path. From there, the Trios Champ lands another Throat Thrust that sends Silver falling thought the ropes. Cappy turns over to Mack and Ryan and delivers the classic fangul version of a flip-off before going back to Silver. He hooks both legs of Silver while he's trapped underneath the bottom rope...] **Angus:** Guillotine in the ropes! Frank Silver won't be talking any shit any more! **DDK:** He may very well not. Cappy is Team HOSS's heaviest hitter and knows exactly how to punish people... notice how they're not going for pins right now. They want to PUNISH anybody who tries to challenge them for their belts. [Capital Punishment allows Frank to squirm a little as the voice of the Heirs starts to stumble. Cappy grabs the defiant Silver by his hair, but Frank still looks disgusted.] **Frank Silver:** That all you fucksticks got? **Cappy:** Nope. [Another STIFF right hand catches Frank in the face and drops him to the mat. Capital Punishment kneels over and puts a knee into his throat so he can choke him and reach out to tag Aleczander once again. Keeling continues to watch on as The Mancunian Muscle comes in and wails on him with more boots to the chest. When Silver tries to rise, Aleczander measures him up before throwing him into a neutral corner away from any of the other Heirs. He rams a series of Shoulder Thrusts into the chest to wear him down before he backs up a step. He comes back at Frank only to eat a European Uppercut! The signature strike of Silver catches him flush in the jaw and he tries

to get away, but Aleczander grabs him by the hair and throws him back down with tremendous force!] **DDK:** Nothing real fancy about that move, but sometimes that's all these bigger guys need! [The Mancunian Muscle checks his jawline to make sure it's all still in place before he glances down angrily at Frank Silver.] **Aleczander:** You don't steal me fuckin' European Uppercuts, mate! I'm European! That's like, racist! [Aleczander picks him up by the chin and a big European Uppercut from The Big Brit sends him stumbling back into the ropes. Aleczander charges off the opposite corner for momentum and then he comes back like a big British freight train, RAMMING him with a hard Corner Shoulder Thrust! Before Frank has any time to recoil, Aleczander picks him up in the Torture Rack position and starts to spin.... And spin...] [And spin...] [And spin some more...] **Angus:** Good GOD, that's some freaky HOSS strength! **DDK:** HOSS TOSS COMING... AND SILVER GETS CHUCKED ACROSS THE RING! [Just as Keebler says, Silver goes flying across the ring and crashes haphazardly on the mat. Love him or hate him, the crowd has to cheer the NO-HANDS Airplane Spin-style move called The HOSS Toss for his brute power. Aleczander takes a bow like a big dickhead and then turns over to take the pin on Silver.] [ONE... TWO... SAVED BY RYAN GALLWAY!] **Angus:** Flippy-doo to the rescue of mouthy guy! You're just delaying the inevitable, dude. [The Mancunian Muscle picks him up off the ground again as the referee orders Ryan to go back to his corner. While that goes on, Aleczander tosses Frank back to the corner and allows Angel Trinidad to start choking him with the tag rope! Silver tries to fight back, but he's powerless to stop the bigger man from choking the life right out of him. The referee turns just as Trinidad backs off and lets Silver to collapse in the corner.] **DDK:** We know all about Team HOSS's power, but they'll take any shortcut or opening they can to do more damage and that's what makes them even deadlier. **Angus:** Let's be honest, though, all the smashing helps, too. [The Baron of Ballistics tries to stand under his own power, but Aleczander grabs him by the hair and tosses him to the ropes with intent to hurt him some more. Frank hangs onto the ropes by an arm and when Aleczander tries to run at him, he gets a boot for his troubles! Aleczander stumbles backwards and tries again when Frank pulls the ropes down, sending Aleczander crashing hard to the floor!] **DDK:** Now Silver has an opening! He's trying to get over to either Gallway or Mack Brody and he needs that tag if they're going have any chance at the Trios Titles! **Angus:** DON'T ROOT FOR THE OUTSIDERS! THOSE ARE OUR BELTS! [Keeling is in full on panic mode, but keeps an arm over his neck brace also, careful not to aggravate the questionable injury. While Frank is crawling on all fours trying to get to the safe haven of his corner, The Rookie Monster shows great in-ring ingenuity as he jumps to the outside, picks up Aleczander and rolls him back underneath the bottom rope to get him back inside. Angel goes back in and Cappy makes the tag to get inside, dropping an elbow across Frank's back before he goes back to the corner! The crowd goes deflated quickly as Capital Punishment starts to drag him backwards.] [With him now trapped in the opposite corner, things are not looking good at all for the Heirs of Wrestling in DEFIALE. Capital Punishment makes the tag out to Angel Trinidad and holds Frank Silver in the sidewalk slam position. Angel runs across the ring and comes back as both giants DROP him with a hard Sidewalk Slam/Elbow Drop combination!] **Angus:** I got this one! TOTAL HOSSTILITY, BITCHES! [Angel now hurries over and covers Frank Silver as Keeling barks at him to get Frank away from the ropes. Angel nods to his leader and now pins Frank away from any ropes.] [ONE! TWO! THR... KICK OUT!] **DDK:** Close one! Team HOSS have been working on some new double-team moves between them, but now Frank needs desperately to make a tag. [The crowd is loud for the action as Angel Trinidad goes to pick up Frank and hoists him in his arms. He drops Frank hard across the knee, but continues to hold him up for a few seconds. The Rookie Monster simply HURLS Silver over his shoulder in a Standing Fallaway Slam! Angel stomps on the ground and raises his hands into the sky.] **Angel Trinidad:** BLOOD DIAMONDS FOREVER, BABY! **DDK:** He needs to stay on him otherwise there ain't gonna be any Team HOSS in the Blood Diamonds! [The Rookie Monster stands over him before rushing off to the ropes. He comes back with the full force of three-hundred plus pounds CRASHING into the chest!] **Angus:** Super Megaton Angel Bomb! [Angel kneels over and rubs his hands together as if that was that before he finally ducks over and looks to finish things for good with a pinfall.] [ONE... TWO... SAVED BY MACK BRODY!] **DDK:** This time it's Mack to the rescue! The man nicknamed SuperMack hasn't had a lot of time in the match, but if he can get inside then he could very well turn the tide of this match for sure. **Angus:** Team HOSS and Junior Keeling won't let that happen! Not with the belts on the line, they won't! [Frank is in a very bad spot now and he's trying to get over to the corner where both Gallway and Brody have outstretched hands trying to get to their boy, but Angel won't let it happen. He pulls Frank back again and tries to get him back on his feet when Frank suddenly snaps to life with a Kneeling Jawbreaker that rocks him. Silver starts to try and get the big man up for some sort of slam only for Angel to be too heavy, making him drop to the ground!] **Angus:** Well, that was a fail! **DDK:** Indeed it was! Frank trying to bite off a little more than he could chew there! [HOSSzilla is stumbling around as Frank tries to STILL stand only to eat a Big Boot to the chest that practically pushes him into Team HOSS' corner where he does not want to be. The tag is now made to Capital Punishment, but not before each member of the group is able to get their licks in...] [One Running Corner Splash from Angel Trinidad...] [Another hard Splash from Aleczander...] [And finally, a big Corner Lariat from

Capital Punishment!] **Angus:** OPERATION BULLDOZER! HE'S DEAD! [After all three men take the time to crush Frank Silver's innards in the corner, he finally collapses to his knees and falls to the mat while a giddy Junior Keeling continues to gloat about all that his team has done so far. As the legal man now, Capital Punishment moves in for the kill and goes for the cover to end this.] [ONE... TWO... BROKEN UP BY GALLWAY!] **Angus:** Get him out of the fucking ring already! **DDK:** To the rescue! But they can't keep this up forever! [Frank Silver can barely move at this point when the dangerous Capital Punishment stands over him. He slowly starts to pull Frank back to his feet and sets him up for his Double Underhook Facebuster called the Impeachment, but suddenly Frank snaps to life and twists around, doubling him over with a shot. Cappy fires back and the glancing blow sends Frank backwards, but unexpectedly he bounces through the ropes and comes back...] **DDK:** WHAT A PENDULUM LARIAT BY FRANK SILVER! **Angus:** And what, you know the name of that move, too? **DDK:** Off With Your Head. I keep an eye on the wrestling world while you're downloading porn before, during and after shows. **Angus:** ... Last time I let you borrow my laptop... [Frank uses his last gas to SLAM him with a decapitating Rebound Lariat that knocked Capital Punishment almost clean out! Keeling is now freaked out and Frank Silver is now in full-on instinct trying to crawl to his corner. He reaches out and starts the slow crawl to the corner while Capital Punishment his heading over to his. Cappy rolls over to Aleczander and the Mancunian Muscle gets the tag. He tries to stop him, but he is two seconds too late...] **DDK:** NOW MACK BRODY IS IN! THEY NEED THE HEAVY HITTER NOW MORE THAN EVER! [Aleczander is a big guy himself, but the scary mobile and muscular Brody pushes 6'6" and a little over 300 pounds which makes him a force to be reckoned with. He charges and goes right at Aleczander with a massive Running Back Elbow that knocks the Brit on his ass! When Aleczander tries to stand a second time, now SuperMack floors him with a debilitating Double Sledge to the chest that knocks the wind completely out of The Mancunian Muscle. The crowd is cheering Mack as he sets Aleczander up only to run across the ropes and level him with a hard Running Knee Lift! Keeling is about to shit a brick on the outside!] **DDK:** There's a reason he's called SuperMack! He's strong, but the way he moves around that ring so easily is downright inhuman sometimes! [Capital Punishment tries to get the jump on SuperMack with two big rights, but Mack fights back with a kick and pushes him far off into the ropes. When he comes back, he eats a hard Discus Punch from The Bronze Bomber that brings him down to his knees! Aleczander and Cappy both start to stir when Mack Brody heads off the ropes and takes down both men with a Double Clothesline! Brody is hovering against the ropes, roaring with a big surge of energy now that The Heirs of Wrestling have the proverbial lead.] **DDK:** Junior Keeling is on the floor again just going insane! His titles are in jeopardy! **Angus:** Nicky's probably got his switchblade ready... or I'm sorry. ALLEGED switchblade ready! [SuperMack grabs onto Aleczander by his arm and leads him into the corner with the hopes of landing another Corner Splash but The Big Brit gets his boot up and catches him under the chin. Aleczander takes off across the ring and goes looking for his Shoulder Tackle only to get grabbed in mid-air and now, Zander is in the Torture Rack position only to get dropped with a Sit-down Backbreaker!] **Angus:** Call this one, too, I bet that's a siggie of this fuckin' guy! **DDK:** He calls that the Gold Digger! And now Brody with the cover! [ONE! TWO! STOPPED BY CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!] [Cappy breaks up the fall with a hard boot to the temple of Brody and then leads him away from Aleczander, throwing some jabs into his chest in order to keep him away. The fresh Ryan Gallway jumps into the ring and tries to come to his partner's aid, kicking away at the legs of Cappy in the corner, but Angel cuts him off at the pass. Both Angel and Cappy take turns working over the smaller Gallway and they toss him across the ring. Angel has the Prince of Precision in his sights when Cappy grabs him by the arm and launches his own partner at him... NOTHING BUT CORNER! Gallway slips through the middle and top rope and jumps up to connect with a Springboard Dropkick to the head of The Rookie Monster, staggering him back to the other side of the ring.] **DDK:** NOW EVERYBODY'S IN THERE! THINGS ARE GOING CRAZY! **Angus:** This is where our HOSS OVERLORDS thrive! [Angel Trinidad is hurt and Mack Brody clears Capital Punishment from the ring with a vicious Clothesline, now leaving he and Aleczander as the legal men. The Big Brit is scooped up by Brody and Ryan Gallway now goes back to the corner so they can make the tag. He goes to the top rope and watches as Mack hits a Running Powerslam and that's followed up with a Top Rope Splash! Gallway goes for the cover this time!] [ONE... TWO... ANGEL PULLS GALLWAY OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE!] **DDK:** Angel may have just saved the tag team titles now as he pulls Ryan Gallway from the ring... look! [Frank Silver has recovered from his beatdown long enough to run across the ring apron and take down Angel Trinidad with a Rolling Senton off of the ring apron! Frank stands up and starts to cheer, but it's not long when Capital Punishment grabs him by the head and takes HIM out with a Gargoyle Suplex on the floor!] **Angus:** Bodies be e'ery-whurr! **DDK:** UH-OH! INCOMING! [Capital Punishment doesn't see Mack Brody on the outside getting ready to attack. When The IWO Legend turns around, he gets absolutely destroyed by a Running Cross Body on the floor that Mack Brody calls the Gold Rush! The crowd is losing their collective shit by all the action and all the flying around!] **DDK:** NOW IT'S DOWN TO GALLWAY AND ALEZANDER! [Ryan Gallway measures up the kneeling Aleczander and goes to work on the bigger man with some Soccer-style kicks to the chest to wear him down. Now

ALEZANDER! ANGEL TRINIDAD! CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.... TEAM HOSS! [While Frank Silver and Mack Brody go to retrieve the fallen bodies of their cohort, Ryan Gallway, from the ring, all the members of Team HOSS regroup on the inside and raise their respective Trios Tag Team Titles for all to see! Junior Keeling slowly climbs into the ring and it seems victory makes it so his neck doesn't hurt nearly as bad. The Superagent stands tall with his cohorts as they pose and preen for the jeering crowd who almost would rather have seen outsiders take the belts instead of these fucking assholes with the prized championships!] **DDK:** Well, The Heirs of Wrestling came exactly as advertised! They worked well together and pushed Team HOSS to the limit, but Keeling and company wanted it more. **Angus:** And like Junior Keeling alluded to earlier tonight, this makes history! Team HOSS not only retain the Trios Titles, but they've successfully defended them for an unprecedented third time! **DDK:** One can decry their previous competition with the belts, but tonight, Team HOSS proved they're not going to let go of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles without a fight! More importantly, they proved that they're worth every penny that Edward White spent to bring them over to the side of the Blood Diamonds! [The final closing shots of tonight's broadcast show the members of Team HOSS... Junior Keeling with neck brace, Aleczander, Capital Punishment, and Angel Trinidad standing proudly with their belts while the crowd continues to jeer.] **Junior Keeling:** THE HISTORY-MAKING HOSTILE ORDER OF STRONG SOLDIERS, BITCHES! YOU ALL SAW IT! MY BOYS HAVE THIS DIVISION ON LOCK! NOBODY IS TAKING THESE BELTS AWAY, YOU HEAR ME? NOBODY! [Whether the DEFIAfans like it or not, Team HOSS were victorious tonight. The DEFIANCE closing logo appears on the corner of the screen as we mercifully fade to black...]