

The Rundown - Welcome to the Show

[The HULU timer runs down and then after a brief commercial, the DEFIANCE logo flashes on the black screen before jumping right to a sweeping shot of the arena, catching a glimpse of the four thousand strong that make up the Faithful and their many signs.]

WAR HORRY!

HOUSTON STRONG!

MUSHI GONNA KILL YOU!

DAN RYAN: Legendary Referee!

EUGE FEARS LINDZ!

SKYMONT DA PUTZ!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ERIC DANE!

[Cut to the booth with our hosts.]

DDK:

Welcome everyone and thanks for tuning into DEFtv!

Angus:

Greetings and salutations and whatnot!

DDK:

We are one night away from our next huge payperview extravaganza, Acts of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

And we got a helluva show for the Faithful tonight, don't we Keeps?

DDK:

We sure do, partner, and with everyone on deck tonight, I'm sure something big is bound to happen before it's all said and done tonight.

Angus:

Speaking of big, does anything get bigger than the main event tonight? Four big lunatics who don't like each other in quote "tag team action" unquote.

DDK:

Definitely, so I take it you have no faith in Bronson Box, Nicky Corozzo, Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James keeping it orderly and having a classic tag team encounter?

Angus:

It'll be classic, but not in the way you'd like, Keeps!

DDK:

Yes, well, before we can get to that, we also have the return of Sam Horry, who will take on the fresh, young upstart, Levi Cole.

Angus:

Maybe the kid will stop all this return nonsense before it even gets going, heh, *War Horry*, indeed.

DDK:

How about someone you would like? Mushigihara takes on the returning elderstatesman of the Angel City eXXXpress, Don Hollywood.

Angus:

Heh, that's more like something I want to see, which, hey Donno, I'm sorry bud, but I like seeing people get wrecked. Mushi is pissed off in a bad way, I feel sorry for ya, but look on the bright side, I'll be entertained!

DDK:

Touching.

Angus:

I thought so, I'll also send him some flowers to his hospital room after the show. Can I borrow your credit card, I'm a little short this week?

DDK:

No.

Angus:

You're a heartless man, Darren Keebler, I kind of like it.

DDK:

Oooh brother...

A Look At An All-Star Part II

DDK:

Changing gears, we have a match coming up momentarily when “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby looks to secure a singles win when he takes on the conniving, but talented Rich Mahogany momentarily. But before we get to these two, last week we revealed that none other than former multiple-time World Champion, former ACW star Andy Sharp has signed with DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I’m sure he’s all talented, Keeps, or he wouldn’t be here, but this kid’s gonna get eaten alive if he thinks being a former World Champion somewhere else means anything here.

DDK:

Andy Sharp has been known for his career for the majority as being a man who respects the rules of the ring and doesn’t appear to have that kind of attitude at all, Angus. About two days prior to this show, Lance Warner was on assignment at DEFIANCE headquarters, conducting a special sitdown interview with Andy Sharp. Now let’s get an in-depth look at the man nicknamed the Lord of the Skies and then coming up after that, we’ve got BRAZEN member Felton Bigsby in action against Rich Mahogany!

[Cut to the DEFIATron, with the lower chyron reading “Two Days Ago, DEF HQ.” The camera closes in on Lance Warner now sitting in a special studio, resting with a pitcher of water.]

Lance Warner:

Hello, everyone, my name is Lance Warner and I have with me the newest signing to DEFIANCE Wrestling... please welcome Andy Sharp!

[Seated across from Lance Warner was the man himself, making his first appearance anywhere in over two years. Rocking a Billy Talent Bomb shirt and black jeans, Andy reaches over and shakes the hand of Lance.]

Andy Sharp:

Thanks, my man, thanks for having me here.

Lance Warner:

Well, let’s get right to it then, Andy... last week, it was announced that you have signed on full-time with DEFIANCE... let’s get right to business... why DEFIANCE?

Andy Sharp:

(laughing) Boy, right out of the gate with the good shit, huh. Well, okay, then. I had a lot of meetings in the last couple of weeks with multiple organizations and I won’t bother namedropping here. Who else I’ve met with prior isn’t important. The point is... DEFIANCE is a unique brand all to itself. Some of the most colorful personalities that I’ve ever seen, but also some of the best WRESTLING that I have ever seen anywhere. Like me, DEFIANCE knows a little something about peaks and valleys. It has had its highs and its lows, but I’m an avid believer that cream always rises to the top. When DEFIANCE had its TV deal with ESEN pulled, they didn’t worry about what others thought. They were less about peddling their wares elsewhere and more about making noise. They went somewhere else, created the most noise possible right where they were, and the fans gravitated right back and helped bring them back to where they are today. That’s an organization that I want to call home and that’s why I’m proud to be here now.

Lance Warner:

And I think that I can speak for a lot of the fans when I say we’re happy to have you come aboard. Now, I understand that you wanted to talk a little about your time after the fall of ACW... walk us through what happened.

Andy Sharp:

Well, not many people know this, but ACW was more or less crowdfunded right back into existence in 2009 after its first run... but I was one of the people that pretty much poured my life savings back into it as one of the biggest contributors because I believed in it. It gave me my start and it deserved to see a second chance. We put out some

great shows, toured the world for three years, but unfortunately, the business is what it is... it's cyclical. Places come and places go and unfortunately, it was ACW's time to go. I won its World Championship at the ACW Legends event which wasn't able to be televised... and from there, things went from bad to worse.

Lance Warner:

Can you elaborate on that?

Andy Sharp:

(heavy sighing) Well, to put it simply... mentally, I was in a bad place. Back in 2010, I had a bad elbow injury that I fought through stupidly instead of taking the time off, took painkillers in between. One became two, two became four, and so on... eventually, I stopped and got clean again. I came back... but after I got the news about ACW, my home... well, no way to sugarcoat things here. I relapsed. I relapsed because I was weak and...

[Stopping to breathe. Clearly it was not a good time in his life.]

Andy Sharp:

I overdosed... almost died... and if my friend, Mark Bishop - he was Mach 2 from ACW - if he didn't find me that day, I may have very well died. For that, I owe him my life.

Lance Warner:

Indeed. Going through something like that had to change you in some way. You don't go through something like that and not, it just isn't possible.

Andy Sharp:

It's true... I couldn't face the man that I was two years ago. People - friends, family, relied on me to stay healthy and I was weak. I was not in a good place, so I left everything behind. I got a one-way ticket out of the country and just traveled.

Lance Warner:

Traveled? Anywhere specific?

Andy Sharp:

No, that's the thing. I visited about ten different countries in two years. I needed to take a sabbatical from everything: the wrestling business... people I let down... life in general. I just needed a change. I needed to get away from it all and take a break. I had a good nest egg saved up from ACW's second go-round, so I traveled around and saw the world... I changed my own lifestyle and got clean. No drugs. No booze. No temptation. I felt good with it and for a year, I didn't even miss wrestling. But eventually, the money I saved started to go out... from there, I started taking small bookings here and there just to make ends meet. From there, I took one more... two more... and that snowballed. One show led to another and another and another... the itch came back full force. It was about three months ago that I knew I was ready to put myself out there for the world again.

Lance Warner:

And here you are now... so what was it that brought you back?

Andy Sharp:

Let me preface this next part by saying this will sound corny as all hell, so try and ride it out. But... the people did. The thrill... that rush when you walk to an arena or you come out on stage or jump off or climb through those ropes!. When I thought that I could leave it all behind... the world showed me that I was still wanted. After all this time away, I knew that I needed to come back full force; no half-assing, no half-measures, and no bullshit. That's what brings me here now. I'm feeling the best I've ever felt in my career, both mentally and physically. I'm more than ready for whatever comes my way.

Lance Warner:

Glad to hear that you're in such good spirits, my friend. And now, before we close this out, I understood that you wanted to make an announcement right here concerning your first match. This time is yours, so what is that

announcement?

[Turning his chair directly to the camera filming this interview, Andy Sharp rubbed a hand through his beard and spoke up.]

Andy Sharp:

With Kelly Evans' blessing, my first match will take place at Acts of DEFIANCE!

[A huge pop from the crowd!]

Andy Sharp:

And I'm making it an open challenge! It doesn't matter to me if you're DEFIANT, if you're BRAZEN, or if you're a fellow newb wanting a chance to make a good first impression. Face me at Acts of DEFIANCE and I will show the world where to turn to when you want to see the best damn show possible...

[Andy points at the sky.]

Andy Sharp:

Just look up.

[And now back to the announce table with DDK and Angus.]

DDK:

WOW! Andy Sharp isn't playing around! An open challenge for Acts of DEFIANCE, what do you think about that?

Angus:

Good for this kid, he found Jesus and wants to wrestle again or whatever he was talking about, but he best be careful who you issue open challenges to around these parts!

DDK:

Andy seems ready for the challenge, but for now, let's get to the action! Can the 320-pound "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby take down the crafty Rich Mahogany? Let's find out!

Felton Bigsby vs Rich Mahogany

First, it was a member of the "BRAZEN Five" known as Felton Bigsby making his march down to the ring. After venting last week about Andy Sharp's previous hype piece and not making it onto last week's card, he now had a chance to impress tonight against Rich Mahogany, a former TV Champion in EPW and walking STD Advisory Warning. Said man came out next with Bro-lifemate "Dapper" Don Hollywood! Both men offered some hotel keys to the lovely ladies in the DEFIAplex, but not many were biting tonight. Rich came into the ring and started to oil himself up...

BAM!

Houston Strong was going to make the most of the opportunity and hit Rich harder than a Drizzy diss track! A Running Shoulder Tackle mowed Rich right down and from there, the man called Houston Strong mauled Rich in the corner reminiscent of a bear killing a much smaller animal right before they ate it. He slugged Rich in the corner with a series of punishing Clotheslines before taking him out of the corner with a MASSIVE Biel Throw! Rich went sailing and hit his back on the canvas.

The training that he received from both Bronson Box and Lindsay Troy was showing in the ring and it seemed LT's little heart-to-heart with Bigsby was inspiring him to come out swinging. He tried to charge at Rich on the other side of the ring, but his bro, Don Hollywood, climbed on the apron and pulled Rich out of the way, leaving Houston Strong to hit the ringpost! Rich took advantage of the situation and stomped away at Bigsby repeatedly, trying to take the fight to a man that outweighed him by over a hundred pounds. Rich got in an eye poke that Mark Shields didn't really offend him in any way (since he tends to be more lenient). He got a near fall from a DDT while Felton was in the seated position!

Rich continued attacking the shoulder and delivered some stomps, executing some of the most excessive pelvic thrusting in between since Hingle McCringleberry. He tried to set him up for his effective (and gross) version of the Stump Puller he liked to call the Sex Panther, but Felton got back up and LIFTED Rich up on his shoulders before dropping him with something reminiscent of a one-armed Electric Chair Drop!

From there, it was the big 320-pound Texan that picked up the pace. After a series of Clotheslines repeatedly taking down Mahogany and got a CLOSE nearfall off the East Texas Stampede! Don Hollywood jumped on the ring apron to try and distract the official where Rich could capitalize on a low blow, but Felton grabbed him by the arm and used a Spinning Front Facelock, spinning Rich around and knocking The Big Bad Wolf off the ring apron! From there, the win was academic as Felton Bigsby more or less KILLED Rich Mahogany with his version of a Full Nelson Slam called The Fourth Ward!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

DDK:

And THAT'S the fire that Felton Bigsby is capable of! Rich likes to cheat, but he's no slouch in the ring either... that having been said, Felton just finished him in a dominating fashion!

Angus:

Uh-oh, he's motioning for a microphone. The big man's looking pretty pissed.

[Indeed he is. Despite a big victory, Felton Bigsby still looks angry. Don Hollywood and one of the ringside officials walk Rich Mahogany's corpse to the back as Felton remains in the ring, motioning for his music to cut.]

Felton Bigsby: So a lil' lady told me last week ta start actin' right... that I can't stand by and let a fuckin' opportunity pass me by...

[He points in the direction of the DEFIAtron.]

Felton Bigsby:

Few minutes ago, some whiny-ass cracka bitchin' 'bout not likin' wrestlin' issued an open challenge... thinks cause he was hot shit somewhere else, he can jus' roll up in here and start takin' spots. Nah, homey, ain't gon' be like that. This is my chance ta get noticed... Andy Sharp, you lookin' for somebody to fight... consider yo' challenge accepted. I'll be seein' yo' ass at Acts of DEFIANCE!

[Felton drops the mic - not in THAT style, but he probably could've. And he left as the crowd gave him a mixed reaction, storming up the ramp.]

DDK:

Well, if there's any way to step up. it's THAT! Felton Bigsby wasted no time mowing through Rich Mahogany in our opener and he just accepted Andy Sharp's open challenge for Acts of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Andy better stop telling people to look up! In the mood that Felton has been in, we could be looking at the ground where he gets splattered.

[Cut backstage.]

I Show You A Sore Subject...

Eugene Dewey:

Are you kidding me!?

[A thump resounds around the Pleasure Dome as the FIST of DEFIANCE hammerfists the desk of the Matriarch's desk. To her credit, Kelly barely bats an eye as steam practically shoots from Eugene's nostrils.]

Kelly Evans:

No.

[Clearly Kelly doesn't have the time or the desire to deal with any sort of nerd-rage tonight, so her tone is very matter of fact, and although Evans isn't exactly being subtle about it, Eugene still fails to pick up on it.]

Eugene Dewey:

Dan Ryan... Lindsay Troy's Brother-in-law... you've made HIM the special guest referee at Acts of DEFIANCE?

Kelly Evans:

You're acting like this is news or something. Have you been sat in your mommy's basement just stewing about this for the last two weeks? Or have you been venting to your guildies?

[Very dramatically, Kelly mimics typing on a keyboard and puts on a high pitched, crackly voice.]

Kelly Evans:

That mean old bitch made a stipulation I don't like!

[Eugene inhales loudly and exhales louder still.]

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, breathe more menacingly, that'll make me change my mind. Here's the deal champ, you have spent the last I-don't-know-how-many days of your even longer I-don't-really-care-to-look-it-up days as Champion with an ever present helping hand, and I want to see if you really can win a match these days without it.

[A smile cracks across the face of the champion.]

Eugene Dewey:

I beat Tyrone Walker, didn't I?

[Is that a sore spot? Maybe, but Kelly hides it well if it is.]

Kelly Evans:

Yes, you did. And if I remember rightly you also tried to put him out of action following the match. Something I really wouldn't have appreciated if you'd managed to go through with it. And it's shit like that that's landed you in the predicament you've found yourself in. Dan Ryan will be the special referee for your match against Lindsay Troy, and you've got Bronson Box, Nicky Corozzo, yourself, and anyone else in Camp Dewey willing to lend you a hand to thank.

[Dewey shakes his head.]

Eugene Dewey:

So this is how it is, huh? After filling every single arena DEFIANCE has been to for the last five years, and almost six hundred days as champion, this is my reward? To be screwed out of my title by the in-laws?

[Now it's time for Kelly to shake her head.]

Kelly Evans:

I made myself abundantly clear to Dan, if he shows any sign of a lack of impartiality during the match I'll fire him right

there on the spot. He's out there to make sure the FIST of DEFIANCE title match is a fair fight, and that goes for both sides. He's out there to make sure the right person wins that match, and nothing else.

Eugene Dewey:

I know Dan Ryan. He's tricky. He'll tip the scales and you won't even notice him doing it. He'll do everything in his power to make sure I don't walk out of Acts of DEFIANCE as the FIST.

[The Matriarch of DEFIANCE rolls her eyes and looks down at the papers scattered across her desk.]

Kelly Evans:

I've said all I have to say. I trust you can show yourself out seeing as you managed to show yourself in?

[The FIST obviously isn't done and clearly doesn't appreciate the brush off he's receiving.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'll prove it to you. Dan Ryan will not remain impartial.

Kelly Evans:

...

[There's no reply from Kelly as she busies herself with the paperwork. It's almost as though Eugene's big red hair and big red face aren't there in front of her anymore, and soon they're not as he backs away to the door.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'll prove it...

Beauty vs Beast

[Cut to the seldom-used DEFIANCE Promo Stage, where Lance Warner, professional as always, stands tall with a microphone in his hand, ready to get this interview underway.]

Lance Warner:

DEFIAfans, our guest at this moment has requested the stage to address a challenge laid down before his client for Acts of DEFIANCE... he is the manager and advocate of the God-Beast, Mushigihara...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance Warner:

...he is the self-proclaimed "Curator of Chaos," please give a warm DEFIANCE welcome to EDDIE DANTE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[As the familiar crunching drums of "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" fill the DEF WrestlePlex, the jeers continue, much to the delight of one Eddie Dante, who enters the public view with that familiar swagger, though without his monster by his side.]

DDK:

Eddie Dante looking very confident out here by himself, but don't forget, he himself is a former DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champion with Mushigihara, so he is certainly able to hold his own in a fight.

Angus:

And more importantly, Keebs, he knows how to take charge when need be.

[Dante saunters up to the stage, giving a polite nod towards his erstwhile host, and cracking a smile as the music fades out.]

Lance Warner:

So, Mr. Dante, as you are well aware, your client Mushigihara has had... a bit of a losing streak as of late; first he was unsuccessful in his bid for the Southern Heritage championship, and then losing a battle with "The British Vixen," Harmo...

[Dante raises his hand up to Lance's face and cuts him off.]

Eddie Dante:

I'm afraid that's where I will need to stop you, Lance, because frankly I'd prefer not to speak of what occurred since that fateful night against young Harmony. You see, that was a consequence of Mushigihara, through prejudices set up by his culture, as well as the adjusting mindset of women's place in a wrestling ring. Then his unfortunate subsequent matches... but I have faith that tonight, that run of bad luck will END at poor Don Hollywood's broken body.

[Dante grins.]

Lance Warner:

That leads to my next question regarding Harmony; she placed a challenge before Mushigihara, for them to meet in a rematch at Acts of DEFIANCE. Any word from your camp with regards to that challenge?

[Warner brings the mic to the still-grinning lips of the Curator, who purses them and tersely spits out his response.]

Eddie Dante:

Two words; WE ACCEPT. Mushigihara will not make the same mistakes of hubris that lead to his previous defeat; Harmony will be facing a God-Beast with his full attention set on winning, and this does NOT bode well for the Vixen.

And to prove a point, tonight, we'll make an example of Don Hollywood. I'd recommend watching it, Harmony, so you know what to accept at Acts of DEFIANCE. Until then...

[With that, Dante slinks off of the stage and saunters away as "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" starts again.]

Lance Warner:

Eddie Dante, ladies and gentlemen! Back to you, Darren and Angus!

[Cut back to the booth.]

MMA Exhibition: Sam Horry vs Levi Cole

DDK:

Up next folks, Sam Horry makes his return to DEFIANCE and--

Angus::

Meh, I know he's MUHBOITAI's cousin, but meh.

DDK:

What's your problem with Horry?

Angus::

I just don't like him, stinks too much of Ryan Matthews.

DDK:

Sure, okay. In any case, the former MMA star is making his return and looking to make an impact here tonight against one of DEFIANCE's rising young talents, Levi Cole.

Levi Cole made his entrance, the plucky young upstart earning himself some cheers from pockets of the Faithful when Quimbey makes the introduction, and again when he takes to the ropes where he raises an arm up high in the air as he waits for his opponents arrival. Cole's reception paled in comparison to the returning Sam Horry, be it because of his MMA stardom, his connection to fan favorite Ty Walker, or the Faithful being a "smart crowd," he garners a generous ovation, as he walks out to Jay-Z's "Ignorant Shit." Followed by two of his cornermen, Horry wears his traditional sleeveless, black hooded towel over his head, Sam in his red fight shorts adorned with his sponsors, and matching red compression kneepads with red shinguards and red wrestling sneakers, hops over the ropes, and loosens himself up in the corner. Removing his towel, and handing it to one of his cornermen, Sam closed his eyes as another cornerman wiped a small amount of Vaseline over Sam's face, and put in Sam's red mouthguard that read 'Red Dragon Sports'. With the pomp and circumstance over, the referee gave both men a final check before signaling for the bell.

The crowd erupts as Sam and Levi Cole circle each other. Sam throws a jab that misses, and shoots in for a takedown that Levi Cole sidesteps Levi shoots in and gets behind Sam, taking Sam down to the mat. Sam quickly grabbed hold of Levi's arm contorting it into a Kimura lock, which Levi felt and pulled away immediately. The crowd came alive as Sam nipped to his feet. Levi shoots in for the takedown, but Sam sprawls, blocking it. Sam throws a roundhouse kick that just misses Levi's head. The crowd "Ohhhh'd" with Levi scurrying out of danger. Trying to play defensive, Levi quickly hopped back to his feet to again put distance between he and Sam. Sam went for a collar to elbow, but was met with a dropkick from Levi that put Sam to the mat. Sam stood back to his feet, and dropped with another dropkick. Pulling himself up with an embarrassed smile, Sam stepped towards Levi who threw another dropkick, this time catching nothing but air. When Levi stood up, Sam went on the offense, scoring with a heavy, leg buckling roundhouse kick, and followed up with a straight right that backed Levi into the corner. From there, Sam trapped Levi in clinch and began delivering brutal Muay Thai knees.

The ref broke them apart, which gave Levi some daylight, but Sam quickly closed the gap with a roundhouse kick to Levi's liver that dropped Levi to the mat clutching at his side. Levi tried to reach the ropes to pull himself up, but Sam wrapped his arms around Levi's waist, deadlifting him into air for a German Suplex that folded Levi Cole. Telling the referee that he could continue, Levi stood his feet. Sam stepped in and drilled Levi with a wicked left legged roundhouse kick that instantly knocked out Levi, but the referee didn't see it with the ropes holding Levi up. Sam slammed Levi courtesy of a double leg takedown, which actually woke Levi up. Levi then found Sam in the mount position raining down heavy unanswered punches and elbows to a raucous crowd. The referee had seen enough, and called for the bell to be run, ending Sam's vicious onslaught.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match as a result of a referee stoppage..."The H.N.I.C." SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM
HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRYYYYYYYYY!

[Sam stands up with the ref raising his hand to the approval of the cheering crowd.]

DDK:

Sam is back, and he is more vicious than ev—Wait, it's Jake Donovan!

[Jake Donovan springboards off the top rope, and his Sam with a missile dropkick to Sam's back that bounces him awkwardly out the ring through the second rope.]

Angus::

See, I knew I wasn't the only one fed up with all this, "Sam's back, Sam's different" nonsense. Finally someone is going to take this into their own hands and run Sam out of town for good!

[With Sam's two teammates helping him up, Jake Donovan stood with his arms outstretched to massive boos from the crowd. Seeing Jake enraged Sam as he slid in the ring. Laughing, Jake slid outside the ring to even more boos.]

DDK:

Jake's not so bold, when it comes face to face time with Sam!

Angus::

Why should Jake?! No match has been signed, there's no money involved! Jake can pick and choose his spots as he sees fit.

DDK:

This pro-Horry Wrestle Plex is sure letting Jake have it tonight.

Angus::

Meh, who cares. All that matters is that Jake rained on Sam's parade and got away with it.

DDK:

But for how long?

[Jake points at the ACTS of DEFIANCE poster in the entrance way, motioning for he and Sam to settle their score at the big ppv event. Sam nods.]

Angus::

Looks like Jake wants to end this 'Return of Sam' nonsense early, he said ACTS of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Sam seemed to accept, I guess we'll wait on the official word on whether these two will meet at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

[Cut to somewhere backstage.]

Trashed

[Following the action in the ring, the camera cuts backstage to find Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy walking down the hall toward their locker room. They appear to be in mid-conversation.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm just saying, Frank isn't that bad. Bit of a space-case, but he means well. You don't have to go full metal jacket on the guy.

Dan Ryan:

Look, we're family and all, but it IS possible for me to dislike someone you like. I think that's allowed.

Lindsay Troy:

It's allowed, but in this case it seems pretty random.

Dan Ryan:

Life is random sometimes.

Lindsay Troy: [rolls eyes]

Deep thoughts with Dan Ryan.

Dan Ryan:

I can be deep.

Lindsay Troy:

I think the word you're looking for is dense.

Dan Ryan:

You just don't seem to have a problem with happy-go-lucky idiots who don't take the business seriously. I do.

Lindsay Troy: [using a mock Dan Ryan voice]

I'M DAN RYAN AND I'M SERIOUS BUSINESS. I ALSO HAVE DIRECTV. [pulls a lock of hair under her nose] And I'm Mustached Dan Ryan and I have cable!

Dan Ryan: [smirks, tries not to laugh]

Holiday belongs back on a movie set, not in the wrestling ring. He just needs a lesson in manners, that's all.

Lindsay Troy:

And you're gonna be the one to teach him.

Dan Ryan: [flashing an insincere smile]

That's right. I'm an excellent teacher.

Lindsay Troy:

Well let's give you a golden apple and plaque for your eff--

[Lindsay Troy's voice trails off as she enters the room ahead of Ryan. Ryan, oblivious, walks in behind her.]

Dan Ryan:

Think my efforts deserve more than--

[Lindsay Troy stops short and Ryan cuts off mid sentence as he just about bumps into her. She steps in further and he follows as they both see their things tossed all over the locker room and the entire room essentially ransacked. Dan Ryan's gaze settles on two benches where two bags are wide open, and he notices even from this distance that multiple items are missing.]

Dan Ryan:

That son of a...

Lindsay Troy: [gritting her teeth]

Eugene.

Dan Ryan:

That nerd's gonna get it.

[Ryan leaves Troy where she stands and storms out angrily.]

Lindsay Troy: [turning to chase after him]

Dammit...

[Troy steps out into the hall, but Ryan is already halfway down the hall. She looks in the opposite direction and sees a member of DEFsec. She gestures to him.]

Lindsay Troy:

Grab backup and get to Eugene's locker room.... right... now.

[He takes off down the hall to get help and Troy darts off in the direction of her brother-in-law.]

Lindsay Troy:

This is not good.

[Cut to elsewhere in the Wrestle-plex.]

Taking The Week Off

[Standing in front of the red velvet curtains displaying the black, uprising, fist of DEFIANCE is DEFIANCE's blonde bombshell of a backstage reporter CHRISTIE ZANE!]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen of DEFIANCE my guests tonight....

[Jonny Booya arrives first, sporting a brand new "Master of the FLEX" muscle shirt and a brand new pair of solid black Oakley Batwolf sunglasses, so much cooler than those he took of Cancer Jiles a while back.]

Christie Zane:

"The Best Flex in Wrestling" Jonny Booya and the Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn!

[Curtis Penn saunters into the picture carrying all the swag he needs, The Southern Heritage Championship, around his waist.]

Curtis Penn:

Christie in the past I have taken the microphone away from you, patted you on the shoulders and shoed you away to go make me a sammich. But something clicked in my head when I was given notice that we...

[He points at Jonny and himself.]

Curtis Penn:

Jonny and I had to do an interview with you tonight. It could have been that every time I ordered a grilled ham "n" cheese sammich that I never received the sammich or that I got yelled at for not letting you do your job. The yelling didn't really penetrate as much as me going out and performing for the DEFIANCE faithful on an empty stomach, so tonight I decided to try a different tactic and allow you to do your job.

[Christie Zane looks at Curtis Penn with a great deal of disgust and a glare that leaves no room for doubt that she is thinking are you so dumb that you think I would get you a sandwich.]

Christie Zane:

Alright, then let me lead off with this...

[Jonny Booya places a meaty finger over her lips silencing her.]

Curtis Penn:

The rules.

[Christie brushes the thick digit away from her astonished face.]

Christie Zane:

Rules?

Curtis Penn:

There are always rules when conducting a high profile interview with someone like myself. So rule #1: You get one question, because it's my off night and I really don't feel like answering a series of stupid questions about Cancer Jiles and Tyrone Walker. Rule #2: When I'm done... I'm leaving, it can be dramatic with you clutching to my waist for another minute or two of my time, or dealt with like a professional and fading to black, your choice.

[Curtis' general amusement is outmatched by the sheer bewilderment on Christie Zane's face, she knew that this interview would test her patience, but if she was ever to get away from ass hats like Curtis Penn and be able to occupy the Lead Interviewer's position she would have to deal with him and his like for a little while longer. She runs a finger along the side of her face and tucks in a stray strand of hair behind her ear.]

Christie Zane:

Alright, well there is only one question that needs to be answered by you Mr. Penn and that is are you going to face "Cool" Cancer Jiles and Tyrone Walker at the DEFIANCE PPV: ACTS of DEFIANCE!?

[Curtis grins and chuckles into his cast. Jonny Booya stand to his side grinning, but remaining the strong silent type.]

Curtis Penn:

You have just broken the 1st rule of this interview and mentioned Cancer Jiles. So, I'm afraid that this interview has just concluded.

[Curtis Penn's face morphs from one of fun loving and merriment into a mask of seriousness as *COOL* Cancer Jiles and his homeboi and leader of the Negrobots Blackimus Prime Tyrone Walker. Jonny Booya steps between Curtis and Cancer, Tyrone elbows up beside Cancer. Christie Zane fades slightly into the background, but still close enough to have the microphone shoved into the conversation.]

"Cool" Cancer Jiles:

I was wondering the same thing myself Christie, so when I got ahold of tonight's agenda me and MuhBoiTai decided to make ourselves ready for the answer.

Tyrone Walker:

An' just like the no balls havin' fuckboy that Curtis is he's just going to tuck tail an' run.

[Curtis leans in and whispers something into Jonny's ear and Jonny allows Curtis Penn to push forward.]

Curtis Penn:

I know that both of you would like nothing more than to wrap your hands, lace up your boots, and stand in the center of that ring come Acts of DEFIANCE. I mean come on it's a payday for both of you and TY I know you need the income. Those Team Danger Royalties are coming in less and less am I right? And you Cancer, you need something... a big win to catapult you back into mainstream conversations here in DEFIANCE.

[Tyrone's jaw clenches and you can almost see Jiles eyes through the thick dark lens of his Jonny Booya knockoffs.]

"Cool" Cancer Jiles:

Cut it Penn, enough with trying to play mind games with the two of us. You're either going to team with Jonny Mongo over there or sit out of Acts of DEFIANCE your damn self. So what's it going to be?

[Curtis Penn grins like he's holding four aces.]

Curtis Penn:

You're right Cancer if I don't dive into this match with you and Ty I'll be sitting at home shining up my Southern Heritage Championship for the next Curtis Penn Invitational match. I'll be sitting at home rehabbing my wrist and I might even get to a football game or two without having to watch it from an ice bath. So it would be pretty stupid of me to not take advantage of you ruining the Curtis Penn Invitational with you poking your nose into my business and me sit my ass at home and rehab.

[Penn turns around and walks away from the interview.]

Jonny Booya:

SO LEMME SPELL IT OUT FOR YA TWO DWEEBS! NO! AHAHAHAHHAHA

[Booya follows Penn from the interview as Christie Zane turns to Cancer and Walker who are just shaking their heads.]

Christie Zane:

Cancer... Ty what's next now that Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya have turned the two of you down?

“Cool” Cancer Jiles:

This is not the last of it, Team Mongo will get what they deserve if not at Acts of DEFIANCE then it will be very soon!

Christie Zane:

But they just told you emphatically No.

Tyrone Walker:

No... Christie when you're Tyrone Walker and yo baby momma is the the Head Bitch In Charge of DEFIANCE Curtis Penn's "NO" means nothing at all.

[Tyrone and Cancer turn there backs away from Christie Zane and walk out of the camera view.]

Christie Zane:

Well you heard it here first...

[Christie is cut off by a chair flying in front of her face and the images of Jonny Booya and Curtis Penn flashing in front of the camera. The camera follows the action and sees the chair that was thrown across the scene laying at the feet of Tyrone Walker who is clutching the back of his head, little droplets of blood being to form between the cracks of his fingers.]

Christie Zane:

Are you getting this?

[Curtis Penn and Booya drive the head of Cancer into the brick wall and the two being to stomp a mud hole into Jiles and Ty Walker grabs Penn from behind. Penn reverses the hold and hoists Ty into the air as Booya helps Curtis Penn with a belly to back suplex with a lariat that drops Walker onto a bunch of shipping crates. Then the two lift up Cancer and toss him into the pile of rubbish and debris with Walker.]

Curtis Penn:

We changed our minds, fight's on bitch. Acts of DEFIANCE we put you two out to pasture for good!

[Christie Zane looks on at all of the damage as EMT's and DEFIANCE Medical Staff rush onto the scene.]

Like a Frog in a Boiling Pot of Water

[Backstage.]

[Dan Ryan is stalking through the hallway, fuming. He slams his fist on a door and it flies open. He peeks in briefly but no one is there. He keeps going and does the same thing twice more with the same result. He stops short as he sees a hastily written sign set up in front of an open doorway with "Reception for Dan Ryan" scrawled on it.]

[Dan grits his teeth and quickens his pace toward the door and looks in where he sees the FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey across the locker room leaning against the opposite wall, wearing a pair of sunglasses suspiciously similar to those missing from Dan's bag and pulling an ill fitting 'Ego Busted' t-shirt over his head.]

Eugene Dewey: [looking up with a smile]

Sup dood? Question, how the hell do you get this thing over that cinder block you call a head? Also, I feel like Geordi La Forge in these things. You sure you're gonna see me count Lindsay's shoulders to the mat with these on?

[Ryan simply snarls and is across the room in a flash. Dewey is just able to brace himself as Ryan makes contact and drives Dewey into the lockers, making a huge dent. Eugene is stunned but is able to start fighting back as Dan Ryan rains down lefts and rights to the FIST. Dewey gets his arms up to cover his head and manages to twist enough to knock Dan Ryan off of him. Ryan is back on him quick though and soon both men are hitting the ground again, swinging wildly.]

Lindsay Troy: [running in]

In here!

[A crowd of DEFsec come rushing in and pull the two men apart. Eugene Dewey has a bit of blood coming from one side of his mouth but otherwise has a huge shit-eating grin on his face. Mission accomplished. Ryan is seething, being held back by no less than four men. Troy gets in between and gets right into Dan Ryan's face.]

Lindsay Troy:

BACK OFF! GET CONTROL OF YOURSELF!

[Ryan ignores her completely, practically spitting in anger in Eugene Dewey's direction. Troy gets up in his face again and gives him a hard shove in the chest. He barely moves, but it gets his attention.]

Lindsay Troy: [in a deadly serious tone]

I said *GET CONTROL OF YOURSELF*.

[Dan Ryan stares her down for a few tense moments, and for a second she isn't sure if the big man is gonna listen. He looks from her to Dewey again, who now gives Ryan a little wink.]

Eugene Dewey:

Impartial, yeah?

[Dan snarls at the FIST, but before he can lunge at Dewey again his attention is drawn by the number one contender as she intentionally clears her throat.]

Lindsay Troy:

Go walk it off, Dan.

[Ryan steps back a few steps, now in the doorway, and nods.]

Dan Ryan:

Yeah.... good idea. Walk it off..... walk it off.

[Ryan turns and stops, back to the room, cracks his neck, then leaves, and not silently. The wall on the outside of the

room takes the brunt of his frustration and he slams a fist into it. Meanwhile, the FIST of DEFIANCE stares at Lindsay Troy inside the locker room, giving a little smirk but saying nothing. She narrows her eyes and thinks the situation over, but there is a group of DEFsec in between the two of him. After a moment of temptation, she leaves.]

[Cut back to the ring.]

Mushigihara vs Don Hollywood

Before the match started, the God-Beast stared daggers into the eyes of Carla Ferrari, despite her warnings and threats of disqualification. Once the bell rang, the man who had been on a considerable slide since losing his match for the Southern Heritage title seemed a distant memory, as he rushed towards Don Hollywood and proceeded to horsewhip him from pillar to post with frightening precision. At one point, Don-Ho tried to turn the tables by going low and clipping the monster's knee, but it only led to him crunching his own shoulder on a tree-trunk leg to the sounds of a laughing God-Beast.

A bearhug suplex led to an attempted cover, but Hollywood managed to kick out at the two count, causing Mushi to lumber over to Ferrari and try to intimidate her. Seeing an opening in this squabble, the Big Bad Wolf raked his fingernails along his opponent's back, but this only caused Mushigihara to stop, raise his head in anger, and slowly turn around just in time for Don-Ho to plow into him with an attempted high cross-body...

...only for the monster to grab him in mid-air and HOIST HIM UP for a crowd-pleasing, seven-rep OSU! Press before dropping Hollywood like a bad habit. The God-Beast took his time trying to scare the erstwhile referee again, but managed to lift Hollywood and drop him down just as quickly with the Beast Breaker, at which point the three count was academic.

[As "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" pumps in over the speakers, Mushigihara stands tall and proud as Eddie Dante enters to celebrate his client's victory, but the God-Beast turns a glance, once again, at Carla Ferrari, holding his arm out towards her...]

DDK:

Oh, this is just vile; you terrorize that poor woman in the ring last time, and now you MAKE HER...

[And sure enough, Ferrari raises the God-Beast's arm in victory, though she looks not too pleased about it. As she leaves the general vicinity, Mushi looks down at his defeated opponent...

THUD!

THUD!

THUD!

DDK:

Oh, this is too much! Mushigihara is laying boots into Don Hollywood, and it looks like he's doing it to make a statement like Eddie Dante said he would earlier tonight!

[Dante is now crouched over Hollywood's corpse, shouting into his ear while Mushi continues with the boot party, before grabbing him by the scruff and attempting to drag him up to his feet.]

Angus:

It doesn't look good for ol' Don-Ho, because Fatboy's got a REAL purpose here... wait, who's that coming in...?

[The crowd goes berserk as Harmony appears from backstage, charging down the ramp at the speed of light before hopping up onto the apron. Dante bails out of the ring as Mushi turns around and Harmony bounces off the top rope, hitting Mushi square in the jaw with a missile dropkick that sends him staggering! Harmony flies back to her feet and hits the ropes, ducking under a swinging Mushi and connecting with a Pele kick as he turns around that sends him staggering into the ropes again.]

DDK:

Harmony is taking it to Mushi again, are we seeing a preview of Acts Of Defiance right here, right now??

Angus:

While she's out here, put a sock in it. You're distracting me.

[Mushi leans over, holding his head after the shock of the Pele kick, but Harmony gives him no time to breath as she charges and hits another dropkick to the side of his head that knocks him through the ropes and to the floor! Enraged, Mushi scrambles back to his feet and tries to make a beeline for the ring as Harmony sits in the middle rope to give him the invite, but Dante puts himself between Mushi and the ring, holding him back and telling him to save it for the match!

As Dante backs Mushi up the ramp, Don Hollywood appears at Harmony's side and raises her arm to the crowds before pulling her into a hug where his hand lands firmly on her ass.]

DDK:

Oh Jesus.

Angus:

So. Freaking. Jealous.

[The hug doesn't last long after that as Harmony swings a leg to connect with her knee to his groin! She shoves him away as he doubles over then hits him with a double knee jawbreaker then puts him flat on the mat!]

DDK:

You still want to try it with her?

Angus:

It's worth it to touch that glorious ass.

[Harmony climbs the ring post and poses to the crowd as they go crazy applauding her handiwork, before the shot cuts to elsewhere backstage.]

How To Make Friends

[Backstage in the staging area near gorilla, Frank Holiday is setting up for an interview with Lance Warner. Warner is ready to go and Frank Holiday is standing next to Billy Pepper, looking down and waiting for the signal. Warner straightens his shirt and gets ready to start when his eyes go wide...]

Lance Warner:

Ahhhhh!!!!

Frank Holiday:

OOOFFF!!!

[Warner dives away just in time to miss being run over by the locomotive that is Dan Ryan, who flies into the frame and drives the unsuspecting Frank Holiday into a metal shelving unit. For the second time tonight, metal crumples under the weight of a charge from Dan Ryan. Unlike before, however, Frank Holiday had no time to brace himself and drops in a heap as Ryan stands back up and looks down on him.]

Billy Pepper:

Hey!

[Billy Pepper's instinct to help Frank out is a mistake, and Pepper pays the price. Devastation through alliteration, ladies and gentleman.]

Billy Pepper:

GAHHHH!

[Pepper only has a split second to realize his error as Dan Ryan grabs him by the hair on top of his head and launches him through the air toward the opposite side of the small area, where he lands hard and bangs up against the wall.]

Dan Ryan:

Lindsay wants me to walk it off...

[Ryan pulls Holiday up, shoving him two-handed hard into the locker again, banging his head against the already half destroyed metal, then takes hold of both sides of his head and throws him just like Billy Pepper. he doesn't go quite as far, but he lands just as hard, and before he can take another breath, Ryan is over him stomping him in the chest, the arms, the head, the chest again, over and over...]

Dan Ryan:

So I'll walk..... it..... off.

[Everyone in the area stays clear of the commotion, but the noise catches the ear of a different set of DEFsec nearby, who happen to be conversing with Kelly Evans. She rushes over alongside them and they arrive just in time to see Dan Ryan deliver one last hard kick to Frank Holiday's ribs.]

Kelly Evans:

What the hell is this?

[Just then, Lindsay Troy arrives as well, and her expression tells it all. Her head goes back, eyes closed. This is trouble. She immediately goes to help Billy first.]

Dan Ryan:

She told me to walk it off.

[Ryan looks down at a writhing Frank Holiday, then back to Kelly.]

Dan Ryan:

I walked it off.

[Dan Ryan says nothing more. He just walks through the crowd and starts to take off his wristbands and heads down the hall back toward the dressing rooms.]

Kelly gives Lindsay Troy a look, then notices, out of the corner of her eye, Eugene Dewey walking through. He gives her a little wink.]

Eugene Dewey:

Told you I'd prove it.

[Dewey keeps moving through. Kelly Evans looks back at Lindsay Troy, who has assisted getting Billy back to his feet, then back at Frank Holiday and sighs.]

Kelly Evans: [contemplative, concerned]

Let's get medical out here, guys. Come on.

[Kelly kneels over Holiday and looks up at Lindsay Troy one more time. She and Billy walk over and Holiday's bro-ager checks on him.]

Lindsay Troy:

Dan'll hold up his end of things up. This though? [Shakes her head.] I dunno.

Kelly Evans:

He better. That deal we made isn't meant to be taken lightly. I **will** fire him if I have to.

[Iris Davine and a few medical interns arrive and begin checking over Frank and Billy. Troy locks eyes with the Boss Bitch of All Things DEFIANT.]

Lindsay Troy:

Like I said, he'll do what he has to do. I'll make sure of it.

[Troy starts to walk away. Kelly calls out as she does.]

Kelly Evans:

I'm not so sure you have as much influence over him as you think you do. How can **YOU** be so sure?

[Troy stops, pauses a moment, but doesn't turn around. She starts walking again and leaves the area.]

[Kelly looks back at Holiday and Pepper and sighs as the shot cuts back to the ring for the main event of the evening.]

Dusty Griffith & Frank Dylan James vs Bronson Box & Nicky Corrozo

The driving drum beat of "I Love It Loud" by KISS immediately has each and every soul in the Wrestle-plex on their feet eyes glued to the entrance curtain. It's not long before The Bad Bad Man from Boise Idaho steps confidently out onto the stage. His brown hair still in the Viking-like braids he's worn since his return to DEFIANCE. The faithful chant his name along with the beat of The Catman's drums. DU-STY DU-STY DU-STY DU-STY! Packed to the rafters, four thousand strong sound more like forty as Dusty Griffith makes his way towards the ring... he stops about halfway down the ramp and smiles, looking back towards the entrance curtain.

"Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent can barely be heard moments after the unmistakable guitar riff begins. The crowd, as if rehearsed, begin a deafening round of WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK! The man who defines the word DEFIANCE, the madman from the mountains of West Virginia, The Hellbilly, The Mastadon Frank Dylan James pads out onto the stage all overalls, bare feet and broken teeth. Chain a' swingin'. He drapes the long brutal length of chain around his neck and joins his friend and tag team partner Dusty down at the foot of the ramp.

Angus:

urp ... oh, man, woof. This buddy buddy bromance crap is giving me indigestion.

DDK:

Would you stop? This is a huge night, Frank's back!

Angus:

Frank always comes back, give him free beer and you've got him for life... like herpes.

DDK:

Well aren't we in a mood.

Angus:

I hate Dusty, I'm not the biggest fan of Box... this feud has given me a goddamn headache from day one, Darren. I hope they just murder each other and goddamn go away.

Just as the duo clasp forearms, lights all over the arena start going off with a clunk. One after another until the whole of the Wrestle-plex is blanketed in an inky darkness. The one of two deeply dedicated pockets of the faithful cheer out, knowing full well what the darkness brings when it sweeps over the arena like this. Instead of the soulful crooning of Johnny Cash we hear a commotion coming from the direction of the ring. The lights come up suddenly, the fans erupt as they see Dusty Griffith grinding a knee into Nicky Corozzo's face in one corner and Frank clawing at Bronson Box's eyes in another!

Referee and former security chief Buffalo Brian Slater, a big man in his own right, tries desperately to get two of the men back into a corner so the match can officially get underway. Slater finally shakes his head in frustration as the four men continue their assaults. He leans over the rope and beacons Darren Quimby over and shouts something to the little bald ring announcer.

"Referee Brian Slater has concluded due to the fact, in his words, that "the competitors are all... erm... blanking assholes" that this match will now be contested under... TORNADO TAG TEAM RULES!"

The four men continue their brutality unabated as the crowd cheer, even starting up a small "THANK YOU SLATER" chant. As Griffith and Corozzo tumble to ringside Bronson rallies back against big Frank Dylan James throwing stiff shots across The Mastodon's jaw. The match never evolves beyond a caveman-like closed fist brawl. On the outside Dusty manhandles the much larger Nicky Corozzo until The Judge manages to wrap a camera cable around Big Dust's neck and draw him down to the concrete floor. After Griffith is soundly down and out, gasping for breath Nicky

joins Boxer in the ring, helping The Wargod climb out from underneath some nasty grounded punches from Frank.

Just as it looks like Box and Nicky might have this handedly, WHAM... DUSTY DUSTY DUSTY! Griffith sails off the top rope with a double clothesline that garners hoots and chants from the faithful. Things settle into a even back and forth, with each team managing to level one member of the other and go to work on the poor remaining soul. Everyone gets a turn tied to the whipping post in this one.

The match comes to a crescendo when Nicky manages to slip his patented pair of brass knucks on his fist and crack Frank Dylan James so hard in the jaw phlegm, blood and several jagged broken teeth fly from his mouth. Tucking the weapon back into his trousers Nicky turns just in time to be dumped brutally onto his head by Griffith with a crisp Head & Arm suplex that leaves the big seven footer on dream street. Big Dusty has little time to celebrate the tide turning maneuver as Bronson is right behind him ready to deliver similar pain and suffering to him.

A boot to the guts, a quick Irish Whip and a spine jarring One-Armed Side Slam... step one. The crowd roars, some with joy most with revulsion as Boxer trucks Dusty's head and points towards the turnbuckle opposite him. The Wargod whips his adversary up onto his shoulders smooth as silk, Dusty's back hitting the top turnbuckle dead on. His head whipping violently back before slumping down to the mat.

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB! BOMBASTO BOMB INTO THE CORNER!

Angus:

Holy balls, look, he's not done!

With one tremendous yank using one arm and one leg Boxer whirls Griffith towards center ring. Positioning the former World champion face down on the mat. With deft precision, wasting not a second, not a single movement he sits down, hooks Dusty's chin and cranks back... HARD. Griffith's eyes shoot open on pure instinct, his body sensing the position it's in.

DDK:

DUSTY'S LOCKED IN THE BOSTON MASSACRE!

Angus:

Look at him fuckin' squirm! Baaaaahahaha...

DDK:

But he's not tapping out! Dusty's not tapping to The Massacre! What grit, what resolve, what guts, what...

Angus:

... what a SCHMUCK. TAPOUT MAYBERRY!

Bronson's angry bloodshot eyes narrow as he attempts to reposition his arms to apply a next level of pain to his infamous Camel Clutch. It proves to be a tactical error, giving Dusty the opening he needs to struggle against the hold, much to the surprise of everyone else involved in the match as he eventually breaks free just enough to be able to fight his way back to his feet. All the while, a buzzing builds within the Faithful.

DDK:

DUSTY LIVES!

Angus:

SONUVABI--

Getting to his feet with Bronson still clutched to his back, who is spitting mad with furiously wide eyes, Dusty reaches back trying to find a grip. When he does, he lunges forward and throws Boxer off of him, who rolls with it and is quickly back to his feet as the fans burst with cheers. The two stare back at each other, a burning rage radiating from the both

of them as they hurl harsh words at the other. Just as they were about to charge at each other, Corozzo suddenly returns to the ring, and clobbers Dusty with a blindside attack.

DDK:

Corozzo out of nowhere and...

Angus:

Which is near impossible given Big Nick's girthiness.

DDK:

...wait are those brass knuckles?!

Angus:

Why you always got to jump to conclusions?

Angry after being dumped on his head, Corozzo stands over the former World Champion with a pair of brass knucks still in his large, meaty fist as he rains down with insults and boots, much to Boxer's chagrin, who eyes Nicky with a very displeased look as Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners, by DISQUALIFICATION, Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James!

Angus:

I don't think Box cares that they lost, but based on that look he's giving Nicky, I'm guessing he's not pleased.

DDK:

Since when is Box ever pleased?

Before anything further could happen though, an even angrier Mastodon returned to the ring, his chain in hand as he swung it around and chased everyone, but Dusty out of the ring.

After clearing the ring, for probably the first time in his entire career, the Hillbilly Jesus calls for a microphone. Even Dusty raises an eyebrow at this unfamiliar gesture. Seconds pass and the angry Mastadon is indeed handed a live mic. He turns and faces Box and Corozzo who haven't quite made it backstage yet.

FDJ:

Lissin' here BOY!

He eyeballs Nicky.

FDJ:

Me an' you, we gon' **finish** this shit come NEXT WEEK!

Corozzo makes to come back toward the ring, but he allows Boxer to hold him back.

FDJ:

Ac's o' DEFIANCE, boy, you an' me, TAI PEI DEATH!

Nicky shakes his head in an emphatic yes. "BRING IT!" he yells at James.

FDJ:

I'mma gon' cut you up, an' I'mma gon' make you BLEED big'un!

Frank drops the mic and begs Box and Corozzo to return to the ring. By now Dusty has regained his feet and joined Frank in daring their rivals to restart the fight.

DDK:

Oh my god, FDJ and Nicky Corozzo in a TAI PEI DEATH MATCH?!

Angus:

YAAAAASSSSSS! BOOK IT, KELLY, BOOK THAT NAAAOOO!

DDK:

Good grief... That's all the time we have folks, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, and as always, my partner in crime the Mouthmouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

ACTS OF DEFIANCE! PAPERVIEW, BITCHES, BUY IT! GOODNIGHTNAAAOOO!

[The credits roll with the lasting image of Dusty and Frank staring down their rivals.]