

Opening Commentary

[DEFIANCE Wrestling on ESEN continues in...]

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[The DEFtv logo explodes on the screen, fading quickly into a live shot of the crowd. "I Defy" by Machine Head, the Jeff Andrews chosen Untouchables approved theme song of Defiance roars through the sound system, and the fans jump in their seats and wave their hands and signs at the overhead camera.]

♪ Be my one ♪
♪ Would you take my son? ♪
♪ Would you tell someone whether we had fun? ♪
♪ With your hero, double zero ♪
♪ Goin' in circles 'round your fear ♪
♪ Then I'm never ever falling again ♪

[Sense has reigned over egotism, and as we fade to the introductory video, it's no longer just a tribute to the life and times of The Untouchables. Granted, we do start with Jeff Andrews hitting Christian Light in the head with the Defiance World Title from six different angles, and then a couple different Untouchadriver.]

♪ Would you take my grace ♪
♪ Look into my face ♪
♪ With your limp handshake ♪
♪ And your smile that's fake ♪
♪ Would you back my fight ♪
♪ Say you're down for right ♪
♪ See it's easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing ♪

But then it's on to more good stuff. Christian Light hitting Heidi Christenson with the Realizing the Dream off the top rope to win the Masters of Wrestling tournament. Tom Sawyer, spinning through the air like a damaged slinky falling down the stairs and crashlanding on a big pack of wrestlers. A Shoryuken from Eugene Dewey, a Bombasto Bomb from Bronson Box, a vDriver from Justin Voss, and even a Southern Fried Neckbreaker from Tyson Burke!]

[In fact, the only person on the roster who doesn't get his moment of shine is Cancer Jiles.]

♪ Because I ♪
♪ I defy ♪
♪ I defy ♪
♪ I defy ♪

"Downtown" Darren Keebler:

Welcome, DefiaFans, Downtown Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland here welcoming you to Amarillo, Texas, where ESEN Television brings you another exciting episode of DefTV! The rest of the country may be in the middle of a cold snap, but it's warm down here in Texas and it's HOT inside this arena!

Angus Skaaland:

What you mean to say, Darren, is that it's about damn ready to explode!

DDK:

Fans, we have an amazing card on the line for you tonight, and while we're at it, on a personal note we're back to have an itinerary, and I couldn't be happier, because for once we can announce everything before Jeff Andrews starts issuing proclamations!

Angus:

Here's where we're at, Darren. Untouchables have the World and Trios titles. They could lose them both tonight! Jeff Andrews, defending against Eugene Dewey! And Heidi Christenson, Kai Scott and Ronnie Long are defending against Edward White, Jane Katze, and the King of COOL, Cancer goddamn motherfucking Jiles!

DDK:

We've also got a couple debuts on the line. First up, Boogie Smallz, fresh off the boat from EPW, takes on Dan Ryan, his former boss! And earlier on the card, we're going to see Jeremy Knyte for the first time in a Defiance Ring as he teams with "The Failsafe" Jared Borchard to take on Drew Siler and Seth Stratton.

Angus:

So really, the worst bullshit the Untouchables are subjecting us to - honestly, I kinda like the black box ramp - is Christian Light's got a match against Dragon Jones, but he has to wrestle the whole thing with one hand behind his back! Light should've beat Andrews for the World Title last show, and Andrews is trying to make sure he never gets back into contendership... and speaking of Andrews I just got word he's ready to run his mouth for a while, so let's go backstage!

U Can't Touch This

[When you're the boss, you get the power to enjoy being the boss.]

[Apparently, Jeff Andrews has been utilizing that particular power heavily.]

[Open up in the Untouchables locker room.]

[Most locker rooms have benches and a mirror and if you're lucky a couch.]

[This one has couches, armchairs, a rich maroon carpet on the floor, a big screen TV at one wall, a party platter with fruit and deli meats on a little coffee table.]

[Kai Scott, in his ring gear and a T-shirt tucked into his tights, is doing handstand pushups against a back wall.]

[Ronnie Long is reading a book. He's holding it too low for the cover to be seen, but it's probably a paperback novel of some sort or other.]

[Heidi is murdering a kicking bag. OK, I mean, not literally, because the bag isn't alive to begin with, but her feet are producing some very intimidating "thwap" sounds from it.]

[And Jeff Andrews, still in his ratty leather jacket and his green and yellow mesh John Deere trucker's cap, is slouched comfortably in an armchair.]

Andrews:

Alright pay attention, DEFIAfucks. So, I know I'd gotten in the habit of going out to the ring and having trying to have a nice talk with you people. maybe pass along some pertinent information the way that an Authority Figure is supposed to, but we seem to have developed a couple problems with that, and so instead, I'm gonna sit back here in the UNTOUCHABLE wing of the backstage area, in my extremely comfortable chair, and I'm gonna lay it down straight and simple for you Texas folk. It's not my fault if you get lost at the third syllable.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Andrews:

First thing's first, the first problem is **you people..**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Andrews:

When I spend my valuable time, my invaluable effort, and Eric Dane's dirty money doing things like fixing up the promotion, leading a huge recruiting boom, getting us a prime time Television deal and a new Pay Per View deal and getting ESEN to stop jerking us around with latenight weekend non-peak timeslots, I expect to hear things from you people like "Thank you Mr. Jeffman Sir."

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Even all the way back in the secret Untouchable lair the heat is palpable. Andrews is getting noticeably annoyed.]

Andrews:

Not fucking "BOOOOO" or chanting bullshit at me! If the world were a fairer place, me and the Untouchables could just sit in the ring and boo the shit out of you, and you'd have to sit through two hours of that shit for forty bucks a pop!

[He pauses, collecting himself.]

Andrews:

Second, and only slightly more annoying, whenever I go try to talk in the ring, some Johnny Come Lately comes beboppin' out there and interrupts me. Christian Light's done it once, Tom Sawyer's done it twice, and as long as we got Alceo Dentari and Cancer Jiles and Justin Voss and all them sonsabitches on my roster, I'm always gonna have some jackass jabberwocky want to get themselves some free TV time by talking ovetop of me, the **WORLD CHAMPION AND GODBOSS OF ALL THINGS DEFIANT!**

[Jeff smirks. Ronnie Long turns the page. Kai Scott nods agreeance. Heidi surgically implants her foot into the deepest, darkest part of her kickbag.]

Andrews:

Well guess what, it ain't happening tonight, 'cos tonight is important. There's gonna be some more changes around here, and since there don't seem to be a whole hell of a lot you people can do about it, you may as well just sit back, relax, shut yer yaps, and learn something. Hang on a second, I got some important office business to attend to real quick.

[Andrews sits up, reaches for the food tray, stabs himself a chunk of pepperoni and a chunk of cheese, scarfs them down, produces a beer from somewhere, takes a drink of it, belches, then leans back again.]

[If you were watching Heidi during all this, you might've seen her roll her eyes - or winced as she put a little extra mustard into a kick. And considering how hard she'd been throwing them, that's saying something.]

Andrews:

As I was saying. From now on, instead of having seasons of 8 shows, we're going to have seasons of 12. While we're at it, we're going to be cutting out the whole 'seasons' concept for a while. But anyway, instead of having one single PPV at the end, we're going to have one at the end and one right in the middle. You understand that concept right? Middle means halfway through. So if there's 12 shows total, the SIXTH is going to be the pay per view. One, two, three, four, five, six. Fucking derp.

[Beer time.]

Andrews:

Now, if you're smart, which you probably aren't, you're probably thinking 'But Jeff, doesn't that mean we have a Pay Per View coming up in a few cards then'? And I'm telling you - yes. Yes, you sure do. And you will know what is scheduled for it when I decide that it is time for you to know that. See, you people have to get into the habit of trusting me, and assuming that every single thing that I think up to do for this promotion is genius.

How can you doubt me? I got rid of Eric Dane. I kicked him out of his own damn fed! And I got rid of Elijah Jewpants at the same damn time! I am awesome. I am the best at all this shit. I really, truly, am THE MAN.

[Old school catchphrase ho!]

[Of course, the fans just say...]

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Andrews:

You're supposed to say "thank you", not "boo". Fucking ungrateful ignorami. Anyway, the Pay Per View. Now, I've been telling you all evening that I was entitled to and deserving of way more respect and acknowledgment than I'm getting, and I still hear you saying fucking BOOOOO. So if you won't acknowledge me, I'll acknowledge me. The Pay Per View will be named UNTOUCHABLE. So there. Fags.

[Smug grin.]

Andrews:

Now, I'm tired of this shit, so whether you're ready or not, we're gonna get this show on the road because Heidi and I are having a Couples Massage before we have to go to work tonight, gotta get the ol' surly-sticks right and properly loosened before I get in there and pick up that fat sack of shit Eugene Dewey, drop him on his head a couple dozen times!

Curtis Penn & Tyson Burke vs The Devil Rippers

Angus:

I liked Jeff Andrews better when he had a crowd to make him rage and bitch.

DDK:

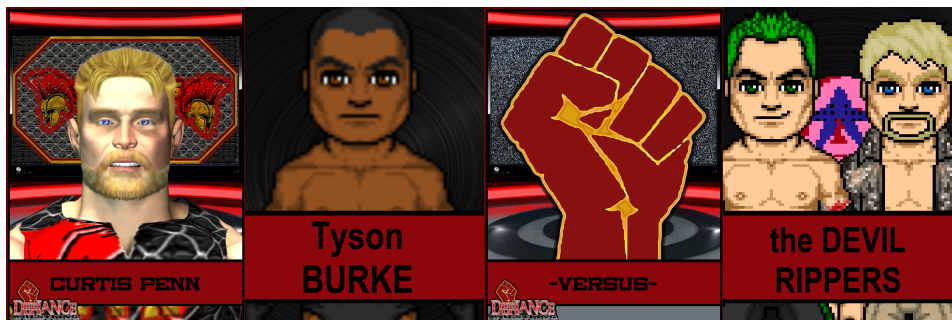
Angus, I'm not a big fan of Andrews as a person, but he is doing a fairly good job. It's good to be back on Pay Per View, it's good to have a schedule again.

Angus:

Yeah, well, as far as I'm concerned, he may be good enough to work with what someone else gives him, but the people who deserve the REAL credit for what Defiance is, is Christian Light and Clair St. Sure and their crazy amount of skill and epic matches, and while we're at it, same to a lesser extent with Dentari and even fucking Heidi. THAT'S what put Defiance on the map.

DDK:

Even so, it's time to get started with our first match of the evening, and that's going to be a 4 man tag match between Curtis Penn and Tyson Burke, and The Devil Rippers. Take it away, DQ!



Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first! Accompanied to the ring by Saori Kazama! From FINISH YOUR FUCKING BIO, Troy Matthews! From Waterbury, Vermont, Jack Cassidy! They are... THE DEVIL! RIPPERS!

[The first team out is the Devil Rippers tandem of Troy Matthews and Jack Cassidy to a decent reaction from the packed crowd. First act out the curtain always gets a big pop.]

Angus:

There's something these two have in common and that's that they could be so goddamn good and instead they're so goddamn inconsistent that they barely stay on the roster. Matthews beat Trendkiller, clean. Awesome match. Jack Cassidy, man can flippy-do and make it make sense.

[Troy and Jack slide into the ring and play to the crowd for a few moments before being interrupted by the entrance of technical asskicker Curtis Penn and the all-star all-rounder Tyson Burke.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents! First, from Pensacola, Florida, CURTIS PENN! And his tag team partner, from Atlanta, Georgia, TYSON BURKE!

[The crowd pops legit for Penn and Burke, the two young grapplers having developed a real following with the Defiance faithful.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn and Tyson Burke have a big reason to be here, after The Untouchables put their mentor Mike Sloan on the shelf. But, with Sloan injured, that's left these two guys rudderless.

[Penn and Burke are down the ramp and under the bottom rope in complete lock step. The two teams step towards one another and the jawing begins.]

DDK:

This isn't a match between faces and heels, this is a match between two teams with something to prove. Neither are on the radar of any of the big fish in the Defiance locker room, one solid win would go a long way to furthering either teams career.

[Penn and Matthews start things off for their respective teams by circling one another for a bit, feeling out what the pace of the match is going to be. Curtis Penn answers that question with a wild lunge towards Matthews feet landing the cruiserweight face down with a perfectly executed drop toe hold.]

DDK:

Incredibly crisp execution from Curtis Penn, taking his smaller and faster adversary down to the mat, which is not the spot you want to be in against Penn.

[Penn mounts Matthews and doesn't let up, landing elbow after elbow into the emerald haired high flyer's face and head. The barrage of arms and hate seemed like it would last forever if referee Mark Shields hadn't stepped in to stop the onslaught.]

Angus:

Rare to see Shields actually do something.

[Matthews stumbles to his feet dazed with a busted lip and an eye swelling up like a water balloon. Noticing The Jersey Devil on two very unsure legs, Shields steps away from Penn, allowing the match to continue]

[SUPERKICK!]

DDK:

Out of nowhere! Troy Matthews, I think, is the single quickest wrestler on the Defiance roster when it comes to those kicks.

[As Penn rushes in to continue his assault, Matthews musters up the strength to snap off a nasty superkick right into the jaw of the young technician. Troy leaps back and tags in Jack Cassidy, the Ripper wasting no time capitalizing on the dazed Curtis Penn, dropping him with a stiff clothesline. Penn isn't downed so easily however reaching out for Jack's ankle and finding just that. Two two grapplers are a tangle for a number of minutes going back and forth trading move for move... with Penn the undoubted aggressor.]

Angus:

And I'm not sure why Jack Cassidy let Penn to take it to the mat.

DDK:

I'm not so sure he was letting him.

Angus:

Yeah, the Jack who came to town for his match against Dan Ryan wouldn't have gotten grounded by that, all I'm saying. Still, not to burn Penn, he's pretty damn good on the mat.

[Eventually, with Cassidy's leg grapevined Penn tags in his partner Tyson Burke. With Penn still trapping his right leg Cassidy takes a knee from Burke right across the chest. Burke sends Cassidy flying towards the ring ropes, but the Ripperman simply steps to the middle and top rope, like Burke got the NAACP to call gravity racist and Jack was doing his white man's duty to exploit the ruling. Before Burke can even react, Cassidy flips backwards with a

corkscrew bodyblock! Burke goes down hard, and Cassidy, clapping his hands to get the fans behind him, runs the ropes for speed and hits Burke in the chest with a front dropkick.]

DDK:

That's the amazing balance and reflexes that gives Jack Cassidy so much potential even now. Fans we have to go to commercial break, we'll be right back.

[Because Defiance isn't gay, we're not actually going to make YOU watch the commercials. We TIVO this shit. And now, we're already back.

DDK:

Fans, this happened shortly after we went to commercials!

[Jack Cassidy telegraphs some sort of running move, giving Tyson Burke the opening hit a crisp rolling lariat that simply levels him. With the Ripper dazed, Burke has the time to capitalize with crisp neckbreaker and again tags in Curtis Penn.]

Angus:

So right now we've got Jack Cassidy needing to tag to Troy Matthews.

[Cassidy crawls desperately towards his corner, reaching his hand towards Troy Matthews outstretched hand. Penn smiles, squats down and jaws to Jack as he claws his way towards his corner. Right before Jack finally slaps Troy's hand Penn drops down and cinches in a tight headlock, cranking down on the Rippers head. Cassidy struggles in the maneuver for a bit before wriggling free and dropping a quick elbow on the back of Penn's head and leaping towards Matthews for the tag. The Jersey Devil comes literally flying into the ring with a slingshot take down using the top rope landing a clean senton off Penn's chest, rolling through to his feet.]

DDK:

Impressive move from Matthews, but somehow Penn found the energy to just shake it off!

[Penn gets up with a scowl plastered on his face and lunges for Troy with a guttural battlecry. Matthews and Penn begin firing off their trademark roundhouse kicks at each other, Penn's 30 some pound weight advantage slowly giving him the advantage. A high roundhouse to the head is DUCKED, Matthews attempts an Irish whip, Penn reverses, Matthews tries to rally back with a hail mary springboard back elbow...]

Angus:

SUPERMAN PUNCH OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Penn puts a period on the match with a devastating superman punch that leaves Matthews as limp as a ragdoll and crashing to the mat with a thud. Penn immediately takes Matthews' back and locks in a tight rear naked choke. After a valiant struggle Troy finally taps out.]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners, as a result of a submission: CURTIS PENN and TYSON BURKE!

[Penn rolls away and pops to his feet, Tyson Burke climbing in the ring to join his partner and celebrate their win.]

DDK:

Penn and Burke pick up another win, and in doing so they move one step closer to a rematch with The Untouchables. As for the Devil Rippers, it's back to the drawing board for them.

Jeremy Knyte/Jared Borchard vs Drew Siler/Seth Stratton



DDK:

Fans, we're bringing you a wrestling match double header. We just saw Penn and Burke take down the Devil Rippers, and up next we've got ourselves a tag team match between newcomers and relative newcomers here in Defiance.

["Hero Of the Day" hits the PA System and our comes Jermey Knyte, former NeWA Hardcore Champion. Knyte slides into the ring and tests the ropes as he readies himself for the upcoming match. He'll be teaming up with a former Tag Team Champion so you have to like his chances. Right?]

Angus:

We gotta bring Cito Conarri back so he can team up with Knyte and we can call them The Living Fossils. Because they're old.

[The PA System switches things up, but doesn't move too far down the genre spectrum as "Peace Sells" by Megadeth and "The Failsafe" himself comes down the ring. Borchard doesn't cater to the fans at all, the big man just heads for the ring, up the stairs and steps over the top rope and into the ring. He's a big mamma jamma.]

DDK:

Jared Borchard is a big, bit man. He's trying to repent for his personality and actions during his days in The Grady Bunch, but he takes this very seriously.

[As STP's Scott Weilan pierces the airwaves with his infamous soliloquy the arena offers an apprehensive face pop. The beat kicks in and out steps "Mr. D.i.Y." Drew Siler to a round of cheers. He pauses at the top of the ramp with a pretentious smirk, and playfully gestures with his hands 'come on, you can do better than that,' though he doesn't wait for the reaction. Instead he just nods and makes his way down to the ring, not wasting anymore time. He mounts the ring apron with a knee and steps between the ropes holding both arms up in a '#1' salute to a final pop from the crowd. Drew then picks a neutral corner as STP fades from the PA System.]

DDK:

Drew Siler here, tripped out of the gate here in Defiance, but he's bound and determined to make up for that and make an impression here tonight.

[Next out is the most hated man in the forthcoming match, Seth Stratton "The Sultan of Sweet". The crowd boos as "Back for More" by Ratt plays. He makes sure not to let any fans touch him - OCD much? And gingerly steps into the ring.]

Angus:

I like this guy already. Seriously. He's not Cancer Jiles COOL yet, but I'd say he qualifies as 'cool'.

[The bell tolls and the tagger is underway. Bochard and Knyte talk things over and Knyte seems to volunteer to go in first, Bochard steps to the outside. Siler turns to talk to Stratton and Stratton is already on the outside of the ring.]

[Knyte and Siler start things against one another it. "Mr. Do It Yourself" strikes early using his speed to throw Knyte

around the ring. A lot of frog leap over, drop kick, neck takedown, mat wrestling combinations as Siler seeks to use his speed and technical skills to his advantage.]

[A really impressive combination was a toss into the ropes from Siler, Knyte slide through the legs, bounced off the other side of the ropes and Siler delivering a Reverse Swinging Neckbreaker on Knyte.]

[Quick pin.]

ONE...

TWO...

[Kickout.]

DDK:

Drew Siler with a lot of very quick new-school moves that are flummoxing the slower Jeremy Knyte.

[Knyte was winded but managed to come back. Knyte used the old Russian Leg Sweep to catch Siler off balance in the middle of a high flyer-esque combination. Knyte picked Siler back up to his feet and sat him right back down with a textbook DDT. Knyte then tug in Bochard.]

Angus:

Gotta watch out for that ring awareness stuff. Kids like Siler, they never do, they don't get it.

[Bochard didn't want any part of Siler. Instead he pointed a mighty finger at Stratton. Stratton smirked but jumped down off the apron. And Siler stumbled to his feet. Bochard not one to disappoint turned his attention onto Mr. DiY. The former Tag Team Champion started working over Siler. Punches to the mid section to back Siler into the ropes, HUGE whip across the ring, catches Siler and then plants him with a Side Slam.]

DDK:

Jared Borchard is interested in getting his hands around the neck of Seth Stratton. They've been exchanging unpleasantries ever since Stratton sneakily eliminated Borchard from the FIST Battle royal two shows ago. And Stratton, of course, wants no part of Borchard.

[Bochard jumps to his feet and stares a hole in Stratton who is still in the corner acting like he wants no parts of this match up. Bochard shakes his head and goes to cover Siler.]

[As he turns Siler catches him with a crossbody off the top rope.]

[Siler rolls through and slinks back into his corner, which gets a blind tag from Stratton. The fans react accordingly.]

DDK:

And NOW Stratton's willing to tag into the match.

Angus:

What'd I say, Darren? Cool.

[Stratton goes to work on the injured Bochard. Stomps to the mid section, stomps to the head and then a foot on the throat, which draws the ref's ire. Stratton relents and backs up. Bochard gets to a knee and is greeted with a Stratton knee to the face. The crowd is furious.]

DDK:

Oh come on, that was just cheap!

[Bochard mounts a comeback after Stratton works him a bit more. Bochard blocks a punch and counters it, Bochard blocks another punch and counters it. He backs Stratton up to the ropes. Whip across, this one is followed up by Powerslam, which Bochard presses for a pin.]

ONE...

TWO...

[Siler in to break up the pin. Ref sends him back out.]

DDK:

Just because the world doesn't like Stratton doesn't mean that Siler will throw a match. There's something to respect there.

[Stratton to a knee as Bochard moves him over into his turnbuckle. He tags in Knyte, knowing he needs a break. Knyte starts working over Stratton. Arm Drag after a whip, HUGE upper cut after a whip and then a stall out Brainbuster on Stratton which draws a pin.]

ONE...

TWO...

[Siler over to break it up again. And that's really all it takes. In the two seconds that Knyte jaws a bit with Stratton, Stratton rolls up Knyte with a schoolboy and uses his feet on the ropes to hold down Knyte's shoulders. Siler doesn't see it and Bochard is a little winded.]

ONE...

TWO...

[Siler catches it and runs in, he's fully intent to break this illegal pin up.]

[It's too late.]

THREE!!!

[The bell rings and just like that Stratton/Siler get the win. Siler pulls Stratton off a half second too late. Stratton pops to his feet and Siler gets toe to toe with him.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton steals a win for his team, and Siler's not happy about it at all!

Angus:

He won the match, he can fuck off.

[Stratton, noticing Borchard getting to his feet, slips out of the ring and heads up the ramp with his hands raised.]

DDK:

Drew Siler may have an irreverant streak, but he's got integrity. He does not like to lose like this. Seth Stratton really needs to find some friends at the rate with which he's making enemies.

Meeting

[A folding chair wasn't usually the order of the day for Alceo Dentari, but the backstage area of a DEFIANCE show didn't exactly provide the kind of selection IKEA might. As such he was stuck with the flimsy looking black steel chairs arranged in a handicap style, one facing two others. Dentari sat in the single chair, awaiting the arrival of the men who would occupy the others.]

Knock knock knock

[The knock at the door meant only one thing. The men Dentari had been waiting for had arrived, and right on time.]

Alceo Dentari:

Enter!

[The door slowly swings open and, of course, Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands walk sheepishly through.]

Dentari:

Vincent, Antonio...

[Dentari nods as he politely greets the men and gestures to the empty seats before him.]

Dentari:

Sit, please.

[Not needing to be told twice the men take the seats. The steel almost buckles under the weight of Big Vinny, but it remains standing for the time being. Di Luca meanwhile drops his leather holdall next to himself as he sits.]

Dentari:

I guess you know why I wanted to meet tonight.

[Both Vinny and Tony nod silently.]

Dentari:

So why waste any time?

[Neither of the men make a sound or gesture. Probably because they don't really want what could happen next to happen. No, almost definitely.]

Dentari:

Am I sittin' here as the Master a' Wrestlin'?

[Dentari pauses to watch the gorillas slowly shake their heads.]

Dentari:

Am I facin' Jeff Andrews for the DEFIANCE world title tonight?

[Another head shake.]

Dentari:

Am I sittin' here with the FIST title wrapped around my waist?

[And a third.]

Dentari:

Am I even booked on the damned card?

[Fourth.]

Dentari:

An' why is that? Is it 'cause I ain't good enough? Is it 'cause everyone else out there is better than Alceo Dentari?

[Rinaldi clearly doesn't understand the question as he sits staring vacantly at Dentari, not wanting to nod or shake his head in case he got the answer wrong.]

[He could just turn his head and look at Di Luca who's shaking his head vigorously, but that thought doesn't even cross his simple little mind.]

Dentari:

Or is it 'cause I got myself two a' the dumbest, most incompetent, useless schmucks on this planet backin' me up?

[Vinny understood that one and hung his head in shame, much like Two Hands.]

Dentari:

Now that ain't fair.

[Dentari rubbed his chin as Di Luca and Rinaldi both picked their heads up and looked at him, both startled by his backtracking.]

Dentari:

See, if yous two was truly useless yous wouldn'ta been able to take down the Moral Majority as emphatically as yous did. Yous two showed them that you, an' in turn I, ain't nobody they should be messin' with. Yous two redeemed yourselves last week.

[Di Luca heaved a heavy sigh of relief.]

Dentari:

Now don't go thinkin' I ain't forgot about nothin' before Retaliation, 'cause that ain't changed. Yous two ain't been doin' your jobs right, an' if that continues, you ain't gonna have no jobs to do wrong, capiche?

[Even Di Luca seems confused by Dentari's constant double negatives, but at the end of the day there was only one answer when an Italian asked 'Capiche'.]

Dentari:

Good. I'm glad we're all on the same page. Now, I don't think we've got much of a reason to stick around here tonight...

Tony Di Luca:

Actually, Boss...

[Dentari raises his eyebrows in surprise over the size of Di Lucas cojones. Here he was giving them another another chance, and Tony was going to pipe up with something other than 'Why thanks you Mr Boss Man, sir.']

Di Luca:

I have had an idea... One that might prove quite... lucrative.

Dentari:

Well by all means, Antonio, please, share it with the class.

Di Luca:

Ok, well, you know how there's all these new guys in Defiance? And how management seems to be all tied up with other things.

[Now it's Dentari's turn to nod, albeit with a slightly confused look on his face.]

Di Luca:

So, who's out there keeping watch over the little guy? I mean, Defiance ain't exactly the friendliest place in the world, an' I'm sure management don't want nobody takin' advantage a' them before they find their feet.

Dentari:

Good point.

Di Luca:

Well, I gotta little... business plan you might be interested in takin' a look at.

[Di Luca pulls a wad of papers from his holdall and holds them out for Dentari to take.]

Dentari:

Woah, woah, woah! Let's get him outta here first, yeah?

[Not needing to be told twice, Big Vinny gets to his feet, relieving the chair of the strain put upon it and ushers the cameraman towards and out of the door. He turns and shuts the door behind him leaving us with no choice but to head back to ringside.]

[Cut to ringside.]

DDK:

What do you suppose Dentari's got in mind?

Angus:

For chrissakes, Darren, he's a mafioso, use your imagination.

DDK:

This doesn't bode well for Defiance's continued stability... extortion's illegal.

Angus:

Yeah, well, you know how they say snitches get stitches? In wrestling, snitches just get blackballed from the business. You know that.

Christian Light vs Dragon Jones

[As we fade back up, we see Christian Light getting outfitted with his arm restraint. They've decided to go with a belt and bracelet looking thing, attaching Light's wrist to the belt slightly behind his back.]

DDK:

For fans just tuning in and wondering what they're watching, here's the short version. Jeff Andrews, Defiance's Owner AND World Heavyweight Champion, defended against Light and escaped with the belt by the skin of his teeth. Determined to never let Light get another shot, he's decided to throw obstacles in Light's path - and the first obstacle is a match in which Light has one hand tied behind his back.



[They circle. Jones spins around Light, smacking him on the right arm. Light strains against the bonds, but nothing. Jones smiles as he tries to reach in for the right leg of Light. Light lifts his knee, stumbling Jones. Then he steps into Jones and LIGHTS HIM UP with a left-handed knife-edge chop that echos through the arena.]

WHOO!

[Jones bails to the floor, stunned.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

I don't think Christian really knows his own strength with his left hand. He swung awfully hard on that chop.

Angus:

Are you kidding me?!? Light knows how hard he can hit. He's just sending a message to Dargno Jenos that he won't be taken lightly just because he can't use one of his arms.

[Jones rolls back into the ring, not taking his eyes off Christian. Light steps back, giving him clearance to enter the ring. DeeJ starts to circle again, and Light circles with him, almost out of necessity as they're circling towards Lights nullified arm. Jones feints low, causing Christian to bend into a strong European uppercut from The First. Christian reels backwards, and Jones shoots in for the right leg again, but Christian sidesteps at the last second.]

DDK:

Light showing quickness there, but he won't win that battle with The First.

[Jones is quick to use his momentum to flip through back to his feet, and he runs the ropes, but Light has hit the opposite ropes. The two come to the middle of the ring, and Light meets Jones with a leaping knee to the face, taking him down. Jones almost bounces back up from the impact, and Light is happy to send him back down with a hip toss. Jones back up, and he meets a Christian arm drag. Jones back up again, and Christian goes for a hand on the throat of Jones, but Jones counters with a kick of the right leg.]

DDK:

And there it is. Jones promised to break Christian's leg in his promotional footage, and it looks like he's following through on his word.

Angus:

No doubt he'll try, but Christians one of the most durable men to ever lace em up. One minor injury in 12 years in the sport. Aint gonna happen.

[Jones kicks Light's right leg again, then hits the ropes. His attempt at a low dropkick misses due to a Light sidestep. Light reaches down and grabs Jones by the back of the neck, causing Jones' hands to shoot to his neck. In one motion, Light tosses Jones into the corner back-first, then charges in with a left-handed clothesline. It isn't as effective as it could be, but Jones still flips over the top and out to the floor.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Light celebrating, and he's managed to fend off Dragon Jones for the most part, but I don't think he's done any major damage to Jones as yet.

Angus:

In the situation he's in, he needs to take it a bit quicker. The longer he lets this match go on, the more likely he's going to get caught here.

[Jones is livid. He bangs on the steps a couple of times before stomping back into the ring. He steps through the ropes, walks up to Christian, and fires a left-handed slap to the face. Which Christian can't really block, since he's short one right arm.]

Angus:

Is he fuckin' looney?

[Light snaps back and tries to fire a forearm to the face of Jones.]

[But tries this with his right arm.]

[Jones takes this opportunity to snap off a dropkick to the right leg of Christian. Light goes down to one knee. Jones runs off the ropes, Light stands again...and Jones comes at the leg a second time with another drop kick, sending The Last Nighthawk to the canvas face first.]

[Jones is on Light quickly, dropping a knee on his right leg. Light tries to crawl to the ropes, but Jones is on him again with a stomp to the right leg. Jones grabs the leg again, makes a face at Christian, then drops an elbow on the knee before locking in a leglock hammerlock submission. Christian reaches across his body and hooks his arm around Jones chin, but he can't hang on and he falls backwards. Jones torques, but Light reaches out and grabs the bottom rope with his left hand. Jones torques extra, and Mark Shields fails to care.]

DDK:

And yet another wrinkle in Jeff Andrews' plan. Mark Shields being assigned to this match isn't going to do Light any favors.

[After a few seconds of not getting the break, Christian pulls himself to a seated position using the middle rope, and then comes down hard on Jones with a hammerfist. Two, three, and Jones breaks the hold. Jones shakes out the cobwebs while Christian gets to his feet. Jones back to his feet, and he kicks Light's leg out from under him, sending him tumbling. Light up again, and Jones with a second kick to the leg, and once again Light crumbles. Up one more time, and Jones kicks him down a third time. Light goes down to hands and knees, and Jones lines up for a running kick to the head, but Light pulls up and...]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Inside cradle!

1...

2...

Angus:

No! Jones kicks out.

[Jones is up first, runs in and throws a forearm at the raising Light, knocking him back to a seated position.]

DDK:

Jones off the rope...Fantastic Damage! Jones NAILED it.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Angus:

He connected with that flush, Light's in trouble. Come on Christian, I could beat Dragon Jones with no arms!

[Jones with the cover.]

1...

2...

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Light doesn't just kick out, he presses Jones way into the air. Only since he only has his left arm, he only pushes the leg half of Jones body over, sending him crashing to the mat on his back instead of his face.]

Angus:

Woah! Still a lot of fight left in Christian yet.

DDK:

Again, I don't know if he knows his own strength in that left arm. It's not uncommon for right-handed wrestlers to never figure out how strong their left arm is.

[Jones is back up, and he decides going back to the leg is a good idea. He grabs the leg and spins into a spinning toe

hold right in the middle of the ring. Light reaches up with the left hand, grabs Jones' ear, and brings him over into a small package.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Small package!

1...

2...

No!

[Jones is back up and he rips a boot lace across the right side of Light's face. Light forces himself back to his feet and into a nearby corner. This gives Jones the opportunity to light up Christian's chest with a knife-edge chop...two...three in a row. Jones grabs for the right arm, shakes his head a second, then grabs the left arm going for an Irish Whip. Light puts the breaks on and reverses, but Jones never hits the buckle, instead hopping to the second rope. Jones leaps...no, fakes, and Light goes for it, hitting the deck. Jones turns around as Light gets up..]

DDK:

Flying European uppercut!

Angus:

Dude leapt halfway across the ring.

[Light stumbles back into the opposite corner, which allows Jones to run in...MAFIA KICK! Light crumbles out of the corner.]

Angus:

Jones has been setting the tempo this whole match.

DDK:

And he may just pull this off!

1...

2...

Th-no!

[Jones grabs Light by the hair and pulls him up, but halfway up Light grabs hold of Jones' tights and drives the top of his head into Jones' midsection, doubling him over. Light shifts his body, wrapping his arm around Jones' waist and lifts him into an over the shoulder position. Light charges at the nearest corner and DRIVES Jones' back into the top turnbuckle before spinning around with a massive powerslam.]

DDK:

Garden City Stampede!

Angus:

That name is retarded!

DDK:

Light with the cover!

1...

2...

[No! Jones is out in plenty of time. Light grabs Jones by the ear and brings him up...low blow by Jones! And yes, Shields doesn't really care. Small package by Jones!]

Angus:

NO! KICK OUT CHRISTIAN!

1...

2...

Thre...no!

DDK:

Kick out at the last second!

[As Christian rises, he gets a kick to the gut from Jones. Jones drags his thumb across his throat quickly before trying to hook Light up for the Darkness Exploder...but Light holds his left arm straight-up in the air.]

Angus:

Hah! Light's playing keep-away with his wrist! Guess you can't hit a wrist-clutch anything with the arm in the air.

[This results in kidney punches to the side from Jones to Light, which cause Light to drop the arm into position. But when Jones goes for the lift...]

DDK:

He can't get him up.

Angus:

Between Light just being eighty pounds heavier and Light dead-weighting, he's not going to be able to get him into the Darkness Exploder.

[Light breaks the hold of his lone wrist and starts to elbow Jones in the back of the head, but Jones counters with a facerake. He hooks Light in a front facelock, and snaps him over with a snap suplex.]

DDK:

That may be one of the only suplexes Jones can hit in this situation. I'm not quite sure how he's going to finish him...

[And just like that, another cutthroat motion, and Jones attempts to ascend the turnbuckle facing the crowd.]

Angus:

Here we go. He might kill himself on this one...

DDK:

Look at Light! He's up! And I don't think Jones knows it!

[And that he is. Christian, who was laying on the canvas almost in the corner, is up and standing in about the middle of the ring. And apparently Dragon Jones has no clue, because he's steadying himself for a leap through the air. Light crouches down on the canvas, clearly fighting through the pain in his leg and showing a boot scuff mark on the side of his face from that mafia kick.]

[Jones leaps.]

[It's, shockingly, a gorgeous leap, a high-arching moonsault leap that would have hit Christian flush had he been laying in the expected position. Instead, Christian waits for the perfect moment...and leaps forward...]

OOOOHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK/Angus:

WOAH!

Angus:

Holy shit!

DDK:

Light speared an upside-down Jones out of MIDAIR~!

[And not only that, but Jones goes back-first into the turnbuckle and ends up hooking his left leg into the top and tying himself into the tree of woe.]

Angus:

Jones ain't out of shitsville yet!

[Light, who also took a hard hit as a result of the midair collision, has to steady himself before he sees Jones in the position he's in. Light goes to the opposite corner and goes into a three-point stance.]

DDK:

Uh oh...Jones may have controlled most of the match to this point, but he's in trouble if Light hits whatever he's planning on doing.

[Light lets out a loud scream before he charges...and SPEARS Jones yet again! Light hits so hard he rebounds off of Jones and faceplants, while Jones comes unhooked from the corner, flopping face-first as well.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Light drags Jones closer to the middle of the ring and sets him perpendicular with the top rope before he points to the sky.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Now Light's gonna try and go up. What's he looking for, Angus?

Angus:

I don't know. The only thing he really does from there is the Long Way Down...

[Light climbs slowly out of the ring onto the apron. He slowly ascends the turnbuckle. As he reaches the top rope...]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Angus:

What the...

DDK:

It's Ronnie Long!

[Long sprints down to the ring and gets up on the apron. He shoves Christian off the ropes, and he lands arm-and-back first on the canvas.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[For his part, as soon as Light took off from the turnbuckle Jones rolled to the other side of the apron from Long. As Long entered the ring, Jones comes to his feet, perhaps looking to fly again, but as soon as he spots Long, he drops down to the mats, not at all interested in joining this fight. He grabs Folding Chair and departs along the side of the ramp, along with Mark Shields. But there are three others who made their way down right now.]

DDK:

Looks like the Untouchables are looking to send a message right now to Christian.

[Heidi and Scott run down. Jeff walks out and orders Brian Slater to position his security men at the stage and to prevent anyone from getting into the ring area. Slater complies, lining up his security forces to block entry. Long, who's been drilling Light in the neck and shoulder area with massive forearms, pulls Light up long enough to eat a Kai Scott spinning crescent kick, sending him back on his ass.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[Jeff saunters down to the ring, and as he does, the crowd begins to cheer a little. The Good Fight...Tom Sawyer, Sam Turner Jr., Justin Voss, and Eugene Dewey all charged from the back, but security blocked them off.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Angus:

I don't think the cavalry is going to get to Christian in time. Slater's making sure of that.

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Long holds up Light again...LETHAL ROUNDHOUSE from Heidi sends him back down again. Kai and Jeff throw a couple of stomps before Long picks him back up. The World Champion squares up on Christian...SUPERKICK! Down goes Christian, once again, and now Long is beckoning Andrews and Scott to pull Light back up. It takes some effort to pull him back up, but they do, and Long charges the ropes...WESTERN LARIAT takes Light inside out, and aside from an involuntary twitch, he ain't moving.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Kai holds his arms up in the air and spins. Long locks his hands and moves them up and down. It's Untouchadriver time.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Tom Sawyer, at the top of the ramp, has seen enough. Backing up some, he gets a running start, then leaps, uses Sam Turner's shoulder as a stepping stool, and leaps OVER the guard wall and down the ramp. He hits the ramp, forward rolls into standing, and takes off running. Meanwhile, both Heidi and Jeff Andrews have gotten up on the top rope, apparently for the ball-stomp-enabled version of the Untouchadriver.]

[Tom leaps from the floor to the apron.]

[He reaches out with every inch of himself and gets a great big shove on Heidi, who tumbles to the apron and down to the floor.]

[But he's unable to stop Jeff Andrews from leaping into the air and adding the spike as Long drives Christian down with the standard-issue Untouchadriver.]

[The crowd goes silent.]

[Meanwhile, Brian Slater, who was chasing Tom Sawyer, runs him down and pulls him off the apron, pushing him away from the situation. But with Slater not directing traffic at the top of the ramp, the barrier breaks, led by Justin Voss pushing Sam Turner Jr. into several of them, taking them off of their feet. This allows Dewey and Voss to break free and charge the ring.]

[But the Untouchables bail out the other side. Dewey immediately checks on Christian, while Voss runs to the edge of the ring and starts shouting at the Untouchables as they back around the ring. What's left of security manages to put a wall between The Untouchables and Sam Turner Jr. as the two cross paths on the rampway. Tom, meanwhile, has given up the pursuit of The Untouchables and rolled into the ring on the other side of Christian, who hasn't moved since the Untouchadriver.]

[Dewey is waving his arm towards the back as The Untouchables hold up their titles at the top of the ramp. Tom undoes the binding on Light's right arm.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

Angus, Christian isn't getting up.

[The crowd quiets a little as medical staff makes their way out from a side entrance with a board and gurney. They get to the ring, secure Light to the gurney, and start to wheel him off. As they do, he raises his right arm and gives a

thumbs-up, which gets a polite cheer.]

Angus:

First Tom Sawyer, and now Christian Light! Darren, the Untouchables are trying to work their way through the Good Fight members to make sure Dewey doesn't have any backup in the main event!

Workshop

Klank! Klank! Klank!

[A flash of light and a puff of smoke shoot up from the figure that sits hunched over the worktop. He mumbles and grumbles as he reaches to one side and lifts a hammer.]

Bang! Bang!

[He lowers the hammer into... whatever it is he's working on a couple of times before casting it to one side. He picks up something else obscured from view and another puff of smoke rises into the air.]

Knock knock knock!

[The man turns his head to the door and pauses for a moment. Through the side profile alone it becomes evident that this is one of Defiance's newest stars, Martin Irwin Trainor. Otherwise known as MIT. He looks pretty damn angry to say the least over the knock on his door, but he doesn't want to get up to answer it. Not while he's working.]

Knock knock knock!

Martin Irwin Trainor:

I'm very, very busy here!

[MIT sighs and heads over to the door, opening it to reveal three much more familiar faces.]

Alceo Dentari:

Not too busy to be welcomed into Defiance I hope!

[Without wait for an invitation Alceo and his associates, Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands, barge their way into MIT's workshop, knocking Trainor to one side as they enter. All three men survey the room quickly, making sure to make mental notes of all the gadgets and gizmos that are dotted around on various shelves.]

MIT:

Oh, pardon me. Please come in.

Dentari:

That's very kind a' yours.

MIT:

Hey, seeing as you're here, mind telling me who the hell you are?

[Dentari turns to face MIT and smiles. But it's not a friendly smile... I know, who'd expect a friendly smile from Dentari, right? No, it's more of an unnerving, creepy as fuck smile.]

Dentari:

Where are my manners? Allow me to introduce myself. I am Alceo Dentari and these are my associates, Antonio Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi.

[MIT looks to Di Luca who nods at him, and then to Rinaldi who's far too engrossed in the shiny things scattered around the room to take much notice.]

Dentari:

Consider us the... unofficial DEFIANCE welcoming party.

MIT:

The what?

Dentari:

We're here to welcome you into DEFIANCE, Martin. Jeez, I thought you was supposed to be smart.

[Di Luca forces a laugh which in turn causes Rinaldi to return to the room. He joins in on the laughter but looks more than a little confused over what he's laughing at. One man that isn't laughing however is MIT.]

MIT:

Well that's very kind and all, but I'm extremely busy, so if you wouldn't mind.

[MIT holds the door open for the gentlemen to exit, but all he's met with are three steely stares.]

Dentari:

Martin...

[Dentari scoops up a device with wires and other miscellaneous components soldered onto it. He turns it around in his hand inspecting it from all angles.]

Dentari:

Is that any way to talk to your guests?

MIT:

Well...

[Before MIT can spit out another word Dentari holds his free hand up to cut him off.]

Dentari:

We're looking out for you, Martin. We're on your side. See, Defiance... it's full a' assholes. Assholes that wouldn't think twice about beatin' the crap outta yous and destroyin' all of your hard work here, all so as they can get themselves one more rung up that there ladder."

[Rinaldi looks around the room for said ladder, obviously not realising Dentari is referring to the metaphorical ladder... I don't need to explain it, do I?]

MIT:

Oh, well...

Dentari:

See, it'd be a damn shame if someone were to come in here an'...

[Dentari tips his hand and sends the device tumbling to the hard floor where it shatters like a piece of glass.]

Dentari:

Ooops.

MIT:

I need those parts...?

Dentari:

But all that can be avoided... all that can be prevented, and we're willing to offer that service for a mere \$2,500 a week.

[MIT struggles to contain a laugh.]

MIT:

\$2,500 a week? That's ridiculous.

Dentari:

No, Martin. It's not.

[At that moment Big Vinny reaches out and grasps MIT by the arms to restrain him. MIT struggles, but he can't shake the 367 lb behemoth off of him. Big Vinny locks in a double chickenwing to control MIT while Tony Di Luca sets to destroying everything and anything he can get his hands on.]

SMASH! BANG!

MIT:

Hey!

CRASH! SHATTER! WALLOP!

[MIT's protests fall on deaf ears as Di Luca continues to pick up gadgets and gizmos and toss them to the ground. He swipes papers, and beakers of bubbling liquid off of the worktop sending them to the floor as well. Alceo Dentari meanwhile doesn't take his eyes off of MIT.]

Dentari:

That's enough!

[Di Luca ceases destroying the workshop and looks around, smiling at the damage he's done.]

Dentari:

It'd be a damn shame to see that happen again, don't you agree?

MIT:

"Yes."

Dentari:

So, two weeks. \$2,500 dollars. Capiche?

[MIT nods silently, but the anger in his eyes speaks volumes. That rage only intensifies as Dentari reaches out and slaps his lightly on the cheek a couple of times.]

Dentari:

Atta boy.

[With that Vinny releases MIT from the double chickenwing and pushes him away. Dentari passes him and head for the door, followed by his two boys. Di Luca takes a moment to purposefully step on a couple of devices that managed to avoid being damaged during the sweeps and tosses, smiling at MIT as he does so. He even gives MIT a little flinch as he walks past, which startles him slightly, leading to even more laughter from the three.]

Dentari:

Remember. Two weeks.

[The door closes leaving MIT to drop to his knees and start sifting through the mess of parts and components to find anything salvageable.]

MIT:

Motherfu.. Come in here... ruining my...

[Trainer's cursing is cut off by the fade back to ringside.]

Dan Ryan vs Boogie Smallz



[Cue 'Zero' by Smashing Pumpkins.]

[Cut to the words "Ego Buster" flashing across the DefiaTRON in black and white.]

Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring.--- from the great city of Houston, Texas!--

[Home-state POP!]

[Cut to the DefiaTRON, as Dan Ryan gorilla presses Kevin Powers from inside the ring to the floor below. The word 'YOU' flashes on the screen.]

Quimbey:

Standing 6'7.-- 305 pounds.--

[Cut to the DefiaTRON, as Dan Ryan throws 'Living Legend' Mark Windham from the second level of Key Arena down to the first level. the word 'ARE'. Cut to Dan Ryan clotheslines Craig Miles, nearly taking his head off. Cut to the word 'BUSTED', as rapid shots of Dan Ryan pulverizing opponents with the Humility Bomb, a last ride powerbomb landing high angle on the neck.]

[Dan Ryan walks down to ringside as pyro erupts along the ramp beside him.]

Quimbey:

"The Ego Buusterrr"- Dan Ryyyaannnnnn!--

[Dan Ryan rolls under the bottom rope and climbs a corner turnbuckle simply glaring through his sunglasses into the crowd.]

DDK:

'The Ego Buster', recently returning to Defiance as well as handling business in EPW, Angus. Last week, a very different Jimmy Kort rode the Humility Bomb, and Boogie Smallz came out pre-winning celebration to poke the bear so to speak.

[The sunglasses come off as Dan Ryan stands on the corner buckles as 'Black Superman' by Above The Law starts to quake from the speakers.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent, making his official Defiance in-ring debut.----

[Nothing theatrical. Just a powerhouse in 'Timberlands' and a black wifebeater t-shirt, menacingly advancing to the ring.]

Quimbey:

From Brooklyn, New York.---

[Retaining a mean scowl, the big man jumps up on the outside ring apron and steps over it to virtually no love in Amarillo, Texas.]

Quimbey:

Standing 6'9, at 300 lbs-- Boogiieeee Smallllzzzz---

[Carla Ferrari is immediately on-top of the situation as Boogie Smallz attempts to blow-by her instructions. She escorts him back as Dan Ryan is already in his corner cracking his neck. Ready to get personal with Boogie Smallz.]

DDK:

Everyone has heard the personal stories, the accolades of each man. A laundry list of promotions and now it is Defiance's turn. Who wronged who, Angus?

Angus:

I don't know who pissed in who's morning cheerios, and could care less about politics. I want a not-so nice, hate you more dogfight death match!

[Ferrari checks Smallz for illegal objects, then Dan Ryan. Carla signals for the bell as Dan Ryan and Boogie Smallz bump foreheads. Intense couple of seconds before immediate Ferrari separation-- Then a hard Boogie Smallz right hand!]

DING!DING!DING!**DDK:**

OH MY! These two massive Defiants trading hammers with no thought of backing down!

Angus:

You don't get paid by the second, Keebs. You can't piss around these days in Def.-

[The 6'9 Smallz has bad intentions in hand as he busts the lip of Dan Ryan. Ryan blocks another thrown punch and rifles off three left jabs and a devastating left that staggers Boogie Smallz sideways. Boogie clubs Ryan hard and stumbles into him as they collar-elbow tieup into the Def ropes! Both men, equal in size and likely equal in power can't muscle into a dominant position as Carla Ferrari calls for a break.]

[Smallz thumbs the left eye of Dan Ryan over Carla's physical ref-break.]

[Boogie with a hard knee lift into Ryan's ribs, going into a Maui-Thai clutch and firing Brooklyn-bred knees as Ryan is being moved backward!]

DDK:

Boogie, slightly taller than 'The Ego Buster', which isn't often the case.-- What a wicked set of knees, Angus!

Angus:

If anybody thought this fight was going to be cream-puff central, they're borderline Lash Graham. [snickers]

DDK:

Look OUT!--

[Having been backed in the corner, Dan Ryan had enough of Smallz and those knees. Wedging his arms inside, and powerfully breaking the debilitating clinch he has been in, Ryan headbutts Smallz in the right shoulder and clasps his powerful arms around. Ryan tries to pivot for an explosive belly-to-back suplex but Boogie Smallz hooks his leg behind Ryan's leg.]

DDK:

Power advantage not in anyone's favor as Ryan and Smallz fall sideways. Ryan landing on his ribs, Smallz landing on his elbow it appears

[Dan Ryan seizes the moment armbaring Smallz-- and Smallz rips his arm away and elbows Ryan in the eye from their awkward ground position. Ryan pressing his body into Boogie as hard punches from both guys are delivered to the midsections of the other!]

DDK:

Both looking to kill the body.

[Carla Ferrari hunkered down, choosng to let them go and not do a 10-count.]

[The hard shots by either doing its job on both. It wasn't until the Texas fans started whoo'ing more vocally that Dan Ryan reaches deep within himself and catches a Boogie left. Slamming it awkwardly into the canvas and THAT finally caused a break in the ground brawling.]

DDK:

Smallz felt that. Dan Ryan still trying to work on that arm, Angus.

[Dan Ryan grits his teeth, muscling Smallz on his stomach best anyone could and now has the Fujiwara armbar on.-- Smallz is trying to angle his body out of it!]

[Referee Ferrari close-up. Asking if Smallz gives and you see a wave of calm in Boogie's face wash over.]

DDK:

Smallz has that calm switch, Angus, and when it happens he is extremely dangerous.--

[Ryan has to shift his body to remain armbar control, and Boogie's veteran experience pays off as he completely pops out of the Fujiwara! Standing up, and with his arm clutched kicks Dan Ryan in the forehead and more impressively, clocks 'The Ego Buster' with a standing knee to the snout.]

[The calm expression looking downward as Dan Ryan is on two knees looking up, glazed. Boogie takes several steps back, and sends a big boot into Ryan's face!]

DDK:

Boogie with some serious boot-intros to 'The Ego Buster'.--

[Smallz grabbing Ryan's blond locks, and with a free healthier arm, clotheslines Ryan who doesn't go down!]

Angus:

These two hosses are straight-up badfuc--

RRAAWWHHH!

[Ryan roars out charismatically, as Smallz hits another clothesline as his left fist has Ryan's hair wrapped into it. ANOTHER clothesline slightly under the chin, and Dan Ryan answers back with a forearm shiver that Smallz was stunned by!]

[Another kneelift by Smallz, attempting a double-arm ddt but Ryan muscles him over in a backbody drop.--]

DDK:

Dan Ryan showing that power and Boogie Smallz is down on the canvas, exasperated.

[Not wasting much time, Dan Ryan tags Smallz with some right hands and gets head control, only to be driven back

into a neutral corner. Massive shoulderblocks. Smallz leaves an opening after the fourth consecutive, and 'The Ego Buster' raises a knee that cracks into the collarbone of Smallz. Ryan breathes in, grabs front-headlock control and executes a Jumping DDT!]

[Ryan glaring at a face-first Smallz, getting to his feet. Smallz is pushing up on his feet as well.--]

DDK:

Clothesline by Ryan.-- And Smallz teeters but doesn't fall. Size Advantage nullified!

[Ryan, spurned on by Hometown Heroics, lifts up Boogie with as much adrenaline that he can resort to, --]

Angus:

Spinebuster!-- Shit, my back hurts now from that!-

[Dan Ryan is a powerhouse, but those knees to ribs that Smallz pulled off zapped him. Greco-Roman knuckling Boogie's hands, Ryan attempts to muscle the arms above Smallz head and pin him while sitting on his chest!]

DDK:

That sore left arm of Boogie's is down, but that right arm is plenty-powerful.

[All the veins in Ryan's arm pop up. Both men's hands turning unhealthy colors as they squeeze each other's knuckles. Boogie might be on the bottom, but by no means is he hopeless. He starts mouthing off at Ryan! And it is noticeably affecting Ryan as he seems to be listening to Smallz berate him!]

DDK:

Ryan lets loose, lifts his big frame up enough to send two big knees into the midsection of Boogie!--

[And now Dan Ryan is throttling the massive neck of Boogie Smallz!]

Angus:

Dan Ryan blatantly choking!?! When have you seen that, Keebs? All that's missing is a random wine bottle.-- Get it?!

[Boogie reaching up, neutralizing Dan Ryan's choke with his own choke!]

[And someone is coming down the aisle!--]

DDK:

NO! Not like this. This personal war has to be settled her-- Hey. Who is that?

[As the unknown figure advances, it becomes quite clear that it is a newcomer to Defiance.-- and as Carla Ferrari has the 5 count rocking on both Smallz and Ryan to break their simultaneous chokes, the newcomer pulls out a measuring tape and hooks it to the fan barricade measuring the width of the aisle.]

RRAWWWHHS!!

[The Amarillo crowd cheering the subsequent break of the chokeholds, as Referee Ferrari is having to physically pull off Dan Ryan which is nearly impossible.]

[Keebler, eye squinting.]

DDK:

You think it's someone from EPW, Angus?!

Angus:

Do I look like an EPW rolodex, --how the fuck do I know! All I know is, he's got a measuring tape and -- [pauses] Yeah, I won't go there.

[Dan Ryan and Boogie Smallz up, as Smallz kicks Ryan precariously low and hits a surprisingly snappy double-arm ddt.]

[As Ferrari goes for the cover the newcomer with clipboard in his hand has moved close to the steps and bending over with tape extended out, counts off the width and nods.]

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT w/Authority by Ryan!

DDK:

Close call, near-three!-- And the guy at ringside is Defiance newbie M.I.T.- freshly inked. Took me awhile to get a better look.

Angus:

Why the hell is this guy measuring the ringpost now?-- Is he some kind of Extreme Makeover: Home Edition groupie?!

[In-ring, Boogie drops a knee on Ryan's head, goes to the well again and misses to a pop.]

[Referee Carla Ferrari is always in position, not overly concerned with M.I.T.'s unexpected presence.]

[Dan Ryan up, cobweb-free. Boogie up, limbs hurting but still fresh and ready.]

DDK:

It's still anyone's game. -- Smallz and Ryan can't seem to hurt each other enough.

[Dan Ryan explodes with a knife-edge chop with a post-forearm uppercut but a hip-connecting knee lift by Boogie negated any followup. Boogie Smallz rakes the eyes, throttles 'The Ego Buster' and tries to hoist him up!.]

[Ryan grabs Smallz by the throat, as again there seems to be a stalemate in this multi-faceted war.]

DDK:

Stereo chokeslams?! --

[Nope! --Dan Ryan bellows out, digging his heels into the canvas. Slowly pushing Boogie backwards, and as Smallz gargles and spits out his Anti-Ryan venom, it just fuels the 'Ego Buster' that much more!]

Angus:

Boogie and Ryan both turning into purple flamin' teletubbies!

BOOF!

[Ryan with a burst of power, uses his left forearm in a swat to club free from Boogie's throat grip, and CHOKESLAMMS Boogie with a resounding thud.]

[Dan Ryan taking a split-second breather. Looking down. Snatching up Smallz!]

[Head control. Suplex position!]

DDK:

Brainbuster by 'Ego Buster' Dan Ryan! For the 'W'.--

ONE!---

TWO---

KICKOUT by Boogie Smallz!

DDK:

That is veteran instinct.- Any other man would be taking a long lonely walk to the showers. I don't agree with Boogie Smallz, but he's a tough customer.

[Dan Ryan feelin' it.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan pulling up Smallz, clutching him from behind.-- German Suplex Release!

[Signature Beautiful, as Ryan roars out and Boogie is folded up and flipped upright only to land awkwardly on his back again!]

[Dan Ryan grabbing the ear and face of Boogie Smallz, --Clutching around his waist and throwing him the opposite direction with an Overhead Belly-Belly Suplex.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan smelling the bad blood, knows it is time to put Boogie Smallz to bed!

[Looking for the trifecta of his signature moves, Ryan stalks Boogie from behind and attempts the Dragon Suplex but before he can get the right arm controlled Boogie fires off a back elbow!]

[Boogie with a mean-faced back kick!-- Exhausted, another back kick as Ryan doubles over enough!]

[AXE KICK by Boogie!]

[Falls onto Ryan, who is on his stomach. Smallz gripes a bit before flipping Ryan over!]

ONE-

TWO--

THR-- Shoulder up by Dan Ryan!

[Smallz double-axehandles the stomach of Dan Ryan with five to six maliciously effective powershots from his knees.]

[Pulling up Ryan by a handful of hair, a standing kneelift and gourdbuster to boos!.]

[Smallz wastes no time in follow-through, standing to the blindside of 'The Ego Buster'.---]

DDK:

Katahajami submission by Boogie Smallz! Ryan is being tested like nobody ever tested him before in Defiance!-- In my opinion, of course.

[Dan Ryan's face turning red. Smallz rearing back as much as possible as Ryan is trying to lean-in to take off the leverage and pressure.]

DDK:

Will Dan Ryan SUBMIT to his disgruntled ex-employee?!

[Ryan shoots both arms up! Never underestimate the power of Home State advantage! The DefiaFANS thoroughly Pro-Ego Buster.]

RYAN!RYAN! -- LETS GO RYAN! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAP CLAP!--- [mixture of]

[Ryan reaching and grabbing Smallz hand, powering his middle finger up! Bending it backward with all he can muster.]

DDK:

Boogie Smallz now in some pain of his own.--- Ryan throwing his left elbow behind him as well, trying to break loose!

Angus:

He can't do it,-- can he?!

[With great determination, Dan Ryan leans in as his butt rams into Boogie's midsection. Boogie now on Ryan's back. LEANED OVER.]

LETS GO RYAN!-- [Foot stomps and barricade pounding in support]

[Dan Ryan lets go of Boogie's middle finger, staggers with the extra 300 lbs of luggage riding his back, and finally flips Smallz over and falls forward nearly out of breath!]

[Smallz laying on his back, exhausted.]

[Dan Ryan, bent over, now stands straight up.]

[As Boogie gets up mean-faced but tired, Ryan kicks him in the gut!]

DDK:

Boogie Smallz in a precarious position!

['The Ego Buster' pulls Smallz in.-- Hoist up! That high-angle last-ride powerbomb known to DefiaFans all over as.--]

Angus:

Humility Bomb!

[Dan Ryan stands exhausted, as Boogie Smallz lands in a heap neck-first]

[Dan Ryan rolls up the legs, technically leaning heavily on-top Smallz who is folded tightly.]

[Ferrari in perfect position.]

DDK:

Does he have Smallz?!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

It's over, Carla is signaling for the bell!--

DING!DING!DING!

[Dan Ryan on all-fours, letting go of the tight all-powerful wrap-up of Boogie Smallz.]

Angus:

I know Ryan well enough to know, he's piss-tired as fuck!

[Carla Ferrari points to Dan Ryan, as this see-saw ends.]

Box of roses.

[Cut to music blaring over the sound system.]

♪ I'm the one your mamma warned you about ♪

♪ When you see me I will leave you no doubt ♪

♪ I'm the coolest man on the face of the earth ♪

♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

♪ I am the COOL ♪

[The fans boo, and cheer. It's a... mixed reaction.]

[Not from Angus though.]

Angus:

Bout time, Keeps. I was just about to fall asleep out here. NOW BOW BEFORE THE HIGH AND NOBLE LORD OF COOL!

[Oozing out from the back, high grace personified, is Cancer Jiles. The shades on his face scream I'll be BAWCK and his hair echoes Vidal Sassoon to the tenth power.]

DDK:

Cancer looks to be moving pretty good after suffering that brutal attack at Retaliation.

[Flash cut to Cancer getting Untouchable Bombed at the Lone Star Expo Center.]

[Annnnnnnnnnnnd now we're back to the Count stolling and Jay Hawkins booming.]

Angus:

Bet your ass he does. He's fucking COOL, remember? Or do you live underneath rock like OHMAIGAWD he's coming this WAY!!!!

[Reaching the ring after making no attempt to shake hands, but then again after making no attempt to berate a youngling either, Cancer shuffles on past the stairs and heads for the announcers desk.]

DDK:

Looks like Cancer is stopping by to share in a handshake with his buddy Angus. It's borderline... oh, hey.

[After telling Angus he is the greatest ever, and only to have Angus disapprove by telling Cancer that he is the greatest ever, The Count moves on and extends his hand to Darren Keebler. The act itself catches the experienced ring-caller off guard, and as he reaches out to shake and possibly bask in some sort of long overdue adoration, Cancer quickly snaps back and reneges on the handshake.]

Cancer Jiles:

too. COOL!

[With that, Jiles abruptly leaves an embarrassed and statuesque Keebler, and a laughing horribly off mic Angus Skaaland. He walks back over to and then up the stairs, steps between the ropes and finds himself in the center of the ring. Quickly manifesting a microphone, the unbuttoned-silk-shirt-collared wearing, green-snake-leather-loafer stepping, cloth-pants donning OG Crypt Keeper of COOL extends his arm as if to ask for silence.]

Cancer Jiles:

First things first. How about a hand for wrestling greatness? What do you say, people? Give it up for one of the best to have ever done it!!!

[Some fans cheer in the belief that Cancer is talking about himself. Most do not though.]

Cancer Jiles:

Come on you Mongoloids! I'm talking about Angus Skaaland! The man is a legend, a living Saint in the wrestling community. Give him a hand for Christ's sake!

[Loud, thunderous applause erupts throughout the ANC. A starstruck Angus blushes because of it, but then stands to take a bow for himself.]

Cancer Jiles:

That's right. Get one in. BEST. Ever.

[Sincere, Cancer joins in on the tail end of the ovation before continuing with why it is he is out here looking all good and what not.]

Cancer Jiles:

Now, if you'd lend me your ear and your time, I'd like to address a certain fellow who's been talking to me for the past few weeks. Granted, we have yet to exchange words face to face, but this baldier than bald Mongo who legit looks like he's got a dick attached to his neck has been educating The COOL One on all sorts of Dante's Inferno type of bullshit over on the Twitterverse.

[OMG trending Defiance wide is #COUNTCOOL]

Cancer Jiles:

He's also been tweeting about how he supposedly belongs in the main event, and how he wishes for chaos and the world to end. Well, *Bronson Box*, wish_granted. Our friends over at ESEN are throwing a little showing off party, and crashing that party is gonna be me versus you-- as part of a Defiant Showcase.

[Bob Barker has been rumored to be guest ref.]

Cancer Jiles:

And guess what? Guess where all this madness is going to take place?

[The Count awaits an answer with smile agape. Some fans are in the know, and scream out Cowboys Stadium.]

Cancer Jiles:

That's right. You guessed it. Right here!

[The place goes bananas. Bronson Box versus Cancer Jiles seems to be a crowd pleaser.]

Cancer Jiles:

Well, not right here. In Texas is what I meant, at the big joint Jerry had built. But still, mark your calendars, whenever this show comes to town you're not going to want to miss it.

[An apropos thumbs up. Then, Jovial Jiles turns his promotional smile upside down.]

Cancer Jiles:

I've also come out here tonight, because I was wronged.

I was, cheated.

[The lights dim as The Count points up to the Defiatron. On it, a short clip of the Untouchables hijacking his Retaliation promo.]

Cancer Jiles: [concealing rage]

You don't hijack THE COUNT. EVER. You might bury him alive. You might even leave him for dead. BUT DAMMET TO HELL if you hijack his shit. That's... like... NOT. COOL. AT. ALL.

[The Lord of COOL does not approve. As such, he disgustedly shakes his head while circling the inside of the ring.]

Cancer Jiles:

These Untouchable pigs-- they got no soul. They think they can just walk around, leaving the entire federation in their ass kicking wake, jumping into promos at their leisure.

[The circling stops. Now idle, The Count looks out to the audience a humble man.]

[Well, about as humble as guy who looks the way he does can look.]

Cancer Jiles:

Not tonight, Defiance.

[Small pop.]

Cancer Jiles:

Not on the thirty-third episode of Defiance Tee-Vee.

[Larger than last time pop.]

Cancer Jiles:

Not out here, in front of wrestling legend Angus Skaaland!

[BIG POPPY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

Cancer Jiles:

Tonight, when Fast Eddy Money and The Count of COOLsylvania reunite... and with our new manager Jean Keatz by our side... we will strike down the oppressive. We will push back the boot that's been stepping on Defiance's throat and breathe fresh air back into its lungs.

[Second hand of course.]

Cancer Jiles:

The wait is almost over, Defiance. Soon, The Untouchables will know the extent of our pain.

[No mixed reaction this time. Nearly all 10,000 are on their feet, hooting and hollering like it's 1999.]

Cancer Jiles:

I am the COOL.

[Mic drop noise, followed by Screaming Jay Hawkins. No posing for the masses though, just a determined stalk back up the entrance ramp.]

Angus Skaaland:

.... my head is going to explode if Cancer Jiles loses tonight.

Tom Sawyer vs Clair St. Sure



[The arena lights go crimson red, with white strobes flickering at the top of the ramp. Diane Parker walks out first, then points behind her and steps to the side. Clair walks out, in her robe, hood up. She lowers the hood, and raises both fists in the air. She walks to the ring, steps out of the robe and hands it to Diane. She jumps to the ring apron, then over the ropes, and throws a few warmup jabs and kicks, then leans back in her corner with her arms over the ropes to await the arrival of her opponent.]

DDK:

Last week Clair defeated Sam Turner Jr. to earn the number one contenders spot to the FIST title.

Angus:

There's so many jokes to make about Clair and FISTs, but I'm not 12 and I don't want my ass kicked.

DDK:

Wise choice.

[And sure enough that all too familiar 'bweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeow' sounds out around the arena signaling for the fans to go fucking mental.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

And last week Tom failed to capture the Trios titles. Not surprising seeing as he tried to take on three of the Untouchables at once, by himself.

DDK:

He's got a lot of guts, and that's why he's back out here tonight.

[Tom Sawyer walks out onto the stage, his ribs still heavily bandaged following the events of TV32. While he lacks his usual bouncy brand of enthusiasm, his determination doesn't seem to have taken a hit. Slowly Tom walks his way down to the ring, climbs the stairs and steps in through the ropes.]

DDK:

Tom got carted off in an ambulance at TV32, and obviously he's not fully recovered.

Angus:

He'll be leaving here in an ambulance as well if he's not careful.

[Tom stays on the opposite side of the ring to Clair, making sure to keep his distance from the woman that's eyeing up his ribs like he was made of some variation of jerked meat.]

Ding Ding Ding

[He couldn't stay away from her for long though as Clairra exploded out of her corner and charged Tom down. Sawyer had little time to react and found himself pushed back into the corner. Clairra lifted a knee into Tom's midsection, followed by the alternate knee which connected with Sawyer's injured ribs.]

Angus:

Tom's advertising a weakness and Clairra's zeroing in on it early.

DDK:

I'm not sure Tom should even be out here. He's in no condition to face someone like Clairra St Sure.

[Clairra lifts another knee into the ribs of Tom before whipping him across the ring. Tom collides with the turnbuckle and collapses to his knees, howling in agony as he does so. Clairra doesn't let up and follows him in, nailing a running kick to the chest when she reaches him. Tom drops awkwardly to the mat and Clairra uses the bottom rope to get extra air before crashing down with a knee to Tom's midsection.]

[Clairra grabs Tom by the head and pulls him up to his feet. She locks in a front facelock and underhooks one arm so that Tom can't defend against another series of knees that she lifts into his ribs. Clairra works Tom back into the middle of the ring with the knees before lifting him with an underhook suplex. Tom hit's the mat hard and cries out in pain once more.]

Angus:

This is what I like about Clairra. She's a fighter, and as a fighter she's willing to exploit anything she can to get the win.

[Clairra doesn't go for a cover though, instead opting to sit Tom up and deliver a harsh kick to his back. Tom arches his back in pain and receives another stiff kick, then another, and another. Each one echoes around the arena coupling with Tom's wails to make a truly uncomfortable chorus.]

[Clairra grabs Tom by the head once again and pulls him back up, she back him into the ropes before whipping him across the ring. Tom rebounds directly into Clairra, who followed him in, and tumbles over a kitchen sink. He clutches at his ribs again as Clairra drops another knee into his side. She digs it in deep and grabs Tom's arm, stretching it out, all the while grinding her knee into his ribcage.]

Angus:

Clairra could be looking for a submission early on.

DDK:

And if the look on Tom's face is anything to go by she might just get it.

[Tom reaches out with his other arm and tries to find the ropes, but can't. Clairra stands up from the hold though, but keeps a grip on Tom's arm, before dropping another knee into Tom's rib. She locks in the hold again, still digging her knee into Tom's ribs. After a few seconds Clairra stands up again, but before she can drop the knee again Tom rolls over, forcing his arm into an awkward angle, but manages to wrap his ankles around the bottom rope.]

[Clairra release he hold on Tom's arm and is forced to back off by the referee. Tom grabs onto the middle and top rope and heaves himself up to his feet. Clairra, for her part, steps back and watches him. Once he's up Doyle checks on him to make sure he's ok to continue. Tom nods. Clairra speaks up, asking Tom if he's sure he wants to keep going, but when Tom angrily insists that he's not giving up, she's back on top of him before he can get his fists up.]

Angus:

Should have taken the out, kid.

DDK:

Tom's got more guts than that. And Clairra's showing that there's a big difference between sympathy and mercy.

Angus:

She's right, isn't she? If Tom won't quit, she's allowed. nay, EXPECTED to beat him up, and if Tom can't stop her, he only has himself to blame.

[Claira closes in on Tom, but Sawyer ducks and backdrops her over the top rope. He stumbles away from the ropes and drops to one knee in the middle of the ring as Claira lands like a cat on the apron. Claira waits for Tom to get back to his feet and turn around before launching herself with a springboard dropkick right into Tom's chest!]

[The force of Claira's dropkick sends Tom rolling backwards under the ropes and to the outside of the ring. Claira meanwhile gets back to her feet and quickly climbs to the apron on the side that Tom fell out of.]

DDK:

Look out Tom!

[Claira gets a run up along the apron and jumps down at Sawyer with a knee as he turns, but Tom finally manages to avoid an attack by sidestepping. Claira lands on her feet at ringside, turns and is caught by a running spinning heel kick from Tom!]

DDK:

Finally Tom gets some offence in! Is it time for a comeback?

[Sawyer clutches at his ribs after hitting the floor, but he battles through the pain to get back to his feet. He's beaten up by Claira though, who throws a stiff kick into Tom's ribs again, cutting off his offence immediately.]

Angus:

So much for that...

[Claira grabs a hold of the stunned Tom's head and lower back and sends him ribs first into the ring apron!]

DDK:

Very unlike Claira to resort to using the ringside area when her fists and feet alike are as educated as they are.

Angus:

But it looks cool. And how long is it going to be until that happens again?

[Claira grabs Tom and lifts him back into the ring, rolling him under the bottom rope, and follows him back in to break Benny Doyle's count at four. She grabs Tom and pulls him up again, but doesn't keep him there for long as she takes him up and over with a northern lights suplex. Claira transitions beautifully into a cross armbar, but doesn't wrench on the arm as she usually would. Instead she unhooks her ankles, lifts the leg covering Sawyer's midsection and brings it down in a modified leg drop, connecting flush with his entire torso.]

DDK:

Claira is relentlessly attacking those ribs.

[Claira manages to connect with another couple of 'leg drops', but with her ankles unhooked it's much easier for Tom to bring his other arm up and roll to the side. He manages to put Claira in a pinning predicament!]

[ONE!]

[TW-]

[Claira easily pushes Tom off of her with her powerful legs. Both competitors scramble to their feet, Claira reaching hers first once again, and jumps at Tom, wrapping her legs around his body and her arms around his head to pull him down to the ground. Tom tries to fight out of it, but Claira adjusts her legs to a higher position around the chest of Tom but under his armpits. Claira then wraps her arms around under her legs, trapping Tom's arms between a mess of body and limbs, and squeezes in the hold.]

Angus:

I think I've see that called the body lock or the scorpion rib crush before.

DDK:

Thats's a new one for Claira.

Angus:

Well there's not many body centric submission moves. She doesn't have to use it ever again, you know. But I'm not surprised she knows it with her training.

DDK:

...

[Tom's face begins to turn purple as Claira tightens the hold, he manages to bring his legs up and gets to his feet, but with Claira's grip around his torso, can't do much more than that. That is until he heaves with one mighty effort and lifts Claira several feet from the mat. Tom can't hold her up, but he doesn't have to, when he drops back down he slams Claira into the mat, loosening her grip and allowing himself to roll free.]

[Claira rolls to her front and back up to her feet in the blink of an eye and closes in on Tom, but Sawyer has managed to reach the ropes and slides under to the apron. Claira reaches through the ropes and grabs Tom by the head to pull him to his feet, but Tom turns and drops Claira with a hot shot over the top rope. Claira bounces back into the ring but turns around quickly, only to see Tom Sawyer sailing towards her following a springboard. He wraps his legs around her head and takes her over with a hurricanrana!]

[Claira rolls as she hits the floor and gets back up to her feet. Tom however is back to his feet as well, probably thanks to the adrenaline boost he must have recieved while lifting Claira... Maybe... Anyway, Tom runs in with a shoulder to Claira midsection and takes her back into the corner. Tom climbs up to the second ropes and wastes no time taking Claira over with a monkey flip.]

DDK:

Finally Tom gets in more than one move!

Angus:

Just wait though...

[Tom rolls back up to his feet and climbs up to the top rope. He does his best to ignore the pain in his midsection and turns to the middle of the ring where Claira is already closing in on him. Tom bides his time and stays perched on the top ropes, ready to stick a well timed foot out which connects with Claira's jaw. As Claira stumbles backwards Tom launches himself from the top rope and connects with a crossbody.]

DDK:

Serious height there from Tom!

[Tom sticks the landing for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-]

[Claira kicks out easily at two!]

Angus:

He's going to have to do a lot more than that to pin Clair!

[Tom gets back to his feet and runs straight at the ropes, he jumps up onto the middle rope and spins in midair, it's not clear what he was going for as Clair hits a standing dropkick to his abdomen.]

Angus:

Cut off again!

[As Tom flaps around in pain like a fish out of water, Clair takes a side mount position and starts driving hard knees into his ribs. One after another connects as Clair relentlessly drives them home. Finally, Clair sits Tom up and wraps her legs around his midsection, clenching them tight in a simple, yet effective, body scissors. Tom tries to reach for the ropes but as we all know, there are no ropes in the middle of the ring, and he lacks the energy to drag Clair to edge of the ring. He's left with no option...]

DDK:

He's not going to...

Angus:

I've never seen a match end with a body scissor! Not even when legs as powerful as Clair's are used...

[Tom's hand hovers above the mat, the pain shooting through his body and the desperation not to tap out show in his face as he lowers his hands ever so slightly.]

[That's when the fans explode.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Willed on by the fans, Tom pulls his hand away from the mat and tries to slip them down between Clair's thighs... Oi, that's enough of that. Tom struggles to prise apart Clair's legs, but he manages it slowly but surely. He slips her legs down around his waist and turn slightly allowing himself to slip one leg out of the hold. Rather than compromise herself further, Clair releases the body scissors and spins up to her feet.]

DDK:

Tremendous resiliency from Sawyer there.

Angus:

It was a bodyscissors. You know what sort of move that is? A wear down hold. If he'd tapped to that, bad ribs or not, he'd have no business being in DEFIANCE!

[Tom tries to get to his feet, but Clair is right there on top of him again with a knee to the midsection. Tom flips and rolls over from the force of the knee and howls in pain again.]

Angus:

Clair's knee is going to go through him soon enough.

[Tom tries to crawl away from Clair as he heads towards the ropes, but she grabs him by the ankle and drags him back into the middle of the ring where she locks in the body scissors once again, this time while Tom is on all fours.]

Angus:

Tom's gonna get crushed like that admiral in Goldeneye!

DDK:

I thought Jane Katze was supposed to be Xenia Onatopp...

Angus:

Either way Tom can't breath.

[Tom has nowhere to go other than try to stand up once more. This time while carrying Clairra St Sure like a backpack. He manages to straighten up his body so that he's on just his knees. He gets to one knee and heaves himself up, but he can't keep his balance and stumbles backwards. Fortunately the turnbuckles are there and Tom slams Clairra spine first into the corner.]

DDK:

I don't know how he's doing it.

[Tom throws a wild elbow backwards and connects with Clairra's jaw, which stuns her for a moment allowing him to put some breathing space between them. Clairra comes to and thinks twice about charging in on Tom, instead choosing to take her time and find her spot. She seems to look for a leg to grab hold of for a takedown, but Tom manages to keep enough distance between himself and Clairra to avoid her when she shoots in. Tom drops to his knees and locks in a front face lock, but Clairra turns, grabbing his wrist as she goes and frees herself.]

DDK:

I don't think Tom's going to be able to outwrestle Clairra.

Angus:

If he thought he could he's stupider than I thought.

[Still controlling the arm Clairra pulls Tom to his feet. She lifts a couple of kicks into his midsection before pushing him back into the ropes. She whips him across the ring and catches him with a hip toss as he comes back, but Tom flips through and lands on his feet. Clairra is stunned momentarily, which is all Tom needs to jump up and take her over with another hurricanrana!]

[Tom and Clairra both get back up and Clairra charges in, Tom manages to take her down with a drop toe hold and then quickly gets into position where he can hit a standing front flip senton landing right on the small of Clairra's back. Tom clutches at his own midsection just as much as Clairra does, if not more, but finally manages to get to his feet before she does.]

[Tom heads to the apron and waits for Clairra to get up, as soon as she does he launches himself into the ring with a springboard again, this time hitting a seated senton. Totally pumped up Tom rouses the crowd and rallies them behind him!]

DDK:

I think he's feeling it!

Angus:

Feeling what?

DDK:

It!

Angus:

Be less specific.

[Tom waits for Clairra to get back to her feet and goes for the superkick, otherwise known as Harper's Revenge, but Clairra blocks it. Clairra's incredibly quick with the strikes, and she aims at Tom with her spinning backfist, but Tom's ready - he ducks and gives her a push and a trip, and Clairra falls to the mat over her own legs Chael Sonnen style!]

[Only, unlike Chael, she manages to hit Benny Doyle with the backfist when she falls.]

Angus:

Ref bump! Bring on the shenanigans!

[HARPER'S REVENGE!]

[Claira slumps to the mat and Tom wastes no time in heading to the corner of the ring!]

Angus:

No way, he's had so much crap beaten out of him he must weigh about 5 pounds now.

[As Tom jumps to the top rope, he stops long enough to spread his arms and raise his hands, soaking in the cheers of the fans. As he does this, a woman jumps the guardrail.]

[A woman you may recognise as Lisa Loeh.]

[And she also picks up a chair.]

DDK:

That's - that's Lisa Loeh! She used to manage Yoshikazu YAZ! What's she doing here?

CLANK!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

OH GOD YES I LOVE IT WHEN THAT HAPPENS!

[Lisa's still as blonde and Florida-beach-babe looking as ever, but she's traded in the qipao she wore while managing YAZ for a pair of hip-hugging black shortshorts and a LOUDNESS T-shirt. Angus has a great view of the shorts from his spot at the commentation station - it's unclear whether he was referring to this, or to Tom Sawyer getting chairshotted.]

[Tom falls forward and falls off the turnbuckle, landing on his back, not coming close to connecting with Claira. Meanwhile, the crash of his body landing brings her to. Pulling herself together she gets behind Tom, places her head under his arm, and takes him up and over backwards with that reverse northern lights suplex. Wasting no time, she rolls straight back over him and into a back mounted choke!]

DDK:

I don't think Claira even saw the assist, but I've seen her win matches with that hold!

[His ribs aching with every gasp for breath, Tom reaches for the rope and tries to crawl forward.]

[But while the mind is awake, the body isn't, and with the body unwilling or unable to defend itself, so too does the mind fall.]

[Tom Sawyer collapses face down. Benny Doyle, on his hands and knees, crawls over to wave his hand in front of Tom's face - and waves for the bell!]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, as a result of a knockout: Claira! St! SURE!

[Claira's arm is raised.]

[Tom spasms a bit and spits some blood onto the mat.]

DDK:

While Clairra was putting Tom away, Diane chased Lisa backstage. I don't know what was going on there, but I'm sure that assist wasn't asked for.

Angus:

You know, so, Lisa was managing Yoshikazu YAZ, right? Only Kai Scott managed to get him killed by Dan Ryan so he could steal YAZ's identity, right?

DDK:

Right.

Angus:

Well, you know, she's not in the same league as Kai or the boss, but that chick was pretty smart. I don't know what she's got planned or even what she's doing back here, but I bet it revolves around Clairra St. Sure.

When girls yell at each other

[NOISE! AND! CHAAOOOOSSS!!!]

[People are shouting, security guards are shouting, and a pair of higher pitched female voices are rising above the din, not entirely unlike the way cheers take on a higher pitch when whatever pretty boy upper midcarder is popular at the time removes his shirt.]

[Between the female voices and recent events (read: the finish of the St. Sure/Sawyer match), it's easy to deduce who's behind this.]

[Sure enough, as the camera and DefSEC crew clear the backstage gawkers out of the way, the locus of the disturbance appears.]

[Lisa Loeh has been backed into a little corner in the hallway. She's panting.]

[Diane Parker is holding a steel folding chair. She isn't quite in attack range, but she's close enough that Lisa doesn't have any way to run around her without coming into chairshot range.]

Lisa Loeh:

I wanted to help!

Diane Parker:

Why did you care?!

[They're both screaming, by the way. I just feel like allcaps would be excessive.]

Lisa:

I was just helping!

Diane:

We didn't ask and we didn't need any!

Lisa:

Why are you threatening me, what did I DO?!

[That 'DO' was particularly piercing.]

[Before Diane can answer, Clair St. Sure comes running up, still obviously sweaty from her match against Tom Sawyer.]

Clair St. Sure:

Diane. Calm down. What's happening?

Diane:

This bitch attacked Tom Sawyer during your match.

[Since Lisa's in the corner, Clair and Diane are both facing her and thus have their backs to the camera, so we can't see the look on Clair's face as she turns from her friend to Lisa. But Lisa flinches.]

Clair:

Why you think I want you to cheat for me? And what business is it of yours?

Lisa:

I... I... look this is all coming together wrong, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I just... I need your help and I wanted to help you back first!

Claira:

And what do you want from us?

Lisa:

You can help me get to Kai Scott!

[When Kai Scott's name is spoken, everyone gets quiet.]

[They talk about making deals with the devil, but the devil wouldn't make a deal with Kai.]

Claira:

...No, no I can't. He left us.

Diane:

Weren't you watching?

Lisa:

I was! But... he ruined everything for me, too!

Diane:

What did he ruin for you?

[Lisa doesn't answer. She's still panting, either from stress or fear or something. The reason I keep mentioning this is because she has a very nice rack, and the panting makes it move.]

Lisa:

Remember how I was managing Yoshikazu YAZ? He took YAZ out. I lost money, I lost my television time, I lost my most promising client, you saw how many matches the real YAZ won and how once Kai took over he slumped!

Claira:

Hmm...

Lisa:

And so I want to get to him. It wasn't fair! I deserve another chance...

Diane:

I hate YAZ. I hate anyone who'd have anything to do with him. So much that I'd rather wreck your face than listen to you.

[Diane starts forward.]

[Lisa cowers back.]

Lisa:

But I want to help you!

[Claira reaches out and pulls her friend back.]

Claira:

How would you help?

Lisa:

Well, there's a trios division, right? You need a third person.

Diane:

Absolutely not.

Lisa:

But I can also help with things like marketing and promotion. Clairra, you're like, better than almost everyone, so why aren't you getting top billing and good treatment like Andrews and Box and Light and Jiles and the others? I can help with that! I have ideas and money and people owe me favors!

[Diane folds her arms.]

Clairra:

Can you actually wrestle? You look like a diva.

[Not sure what anyone might have expected from that, but anger?]

Lisa:

Don't you fucking call me that!

[Lisa stalks forward, forgetting that she's walked within chair range, staring up 4 inches to look at Clairra right in the face.]

Lisa:

I am NOT a diva! I know how wrestling works...

[The camera has slowly shifted to try and get a side view of the two girls instead of Clairra's back. Lisa's close enough that their noses almost touch, and Clairra is regarding her with something approaching non-contempt.]

Clairra:

OK. We can calm down and talk.

Diane:

Clairra, I hate her.

Clairra:

Just talk, ok?

[Clairra pushes Lisa gently off down the hallway and follows her. Diane scowls, flings her chair at the wall and stomps off after them.]

(TBD)

[We cut backstage to the Defiance interview area where we find The Moral Majority waiting for us. 'The Red Queen' Virginia Quell is looking gorgeous in green plaid arm and arm with her companion the former Defiance World Champion Bronson Box. The Wargod, dressed in one of his trademark brown pinstripe suits, glares into the camera over the top of his freshly waxed handlebar mustache. Standing behind the couple looming like some sort of southern fried gargyle stuffed into a pair of filthy overalls stands 'The Mastodon' Frank Dylan James.]

Bronson Box: It wouldn't be Defiance TV without a word from the TRUE main event of this bloody promotion. [Gin cackles, Frank pulls a beer from his front pocket.] **Bronson Box:** I took the slight in stride and performed on the cute little 'B' show, and not even the bloody main event of that particular show... [chuckle] amazing. Apparently Andrews and his lapdogs take precedence over all else... oh, and the egg throwing ponce ye' all seem so fond of. [Box slips from Gin's grasp and takes a few aggressive steps towards the camera.] **Bronson Box:** I'm not anyone in the front offices favorite superstar. I'm not a buddy from the old days, I'm not some washed up NeWA or WfWA cretin that happens to be one of Dane's cronies, I'm not some never was from Old Line Andrews is convinced is some sort of star, I'm not some outsider with a litany USELESS accolades and bland blathering promos. I'm Bronson Box and I'm the greatest attraction this sport has ever SEEN and I should be treated as such. [We see his mustache twitch ever so slightly as his lip curls with intensity.] **Bronson Box:** Justin Voss means NOTHING to me... I tossed that forgettable little nuisance off the stage as a reminder to you people just who I am and why I'm here. Win lose or draw I claim victory when I step through that curtain. I burn my image onto the minds of SHEEP like the ones here in bloody Texas every time I take my place center stage out there in MY RING! The one I build with MY HANDS AND MY BLOOD! [The period of this sentence is coming, we can feel it. Gin steps forward and once again takes Box's arm.] **Bronson Box:** Justin Voss. You want to come back at me? Please do. Play the game, boy. Find whatever sliver of unused manhood you have buried deep in your guts and come at me then. Test your mettle against the best. Jeff Andrews? You and yours will come face to face with our mayhem at some point boy. Pick on Sawyer and Dewey all you want ye' big mean wrestler... eventually you'll have to climb in the ring with ME and we'll see if all that talk means spit, boy. [Virginia pipes in.] **Virginia Quell:** And don't think we forgot about you and yours Edward White. You... [grimace] and that WHORE Jane will find the rest of the Moral Majority have the same elephantine memory as our spiritual leader here. We never forget. [Box brushes Gin's cheek with the back of his hand.] **Bronson Box:** Since my rehire I've been quiet. I've played by the rules. I've taken my bookings like a good boy. But maybe... just maybe it's time for a little of that old Bronson Box magic. Stir things up a little bit mayhaps, what do you say my love? [Gin squeals with glee.] **Virginia Quell:** Indeed lover, indeed! [Boxer looks deep into the camera.] **Bronson Box:** Voss, Andrews, Jane, White. So much to do so little time. [Frank grunts in agreement.] **Frank:** Amen ya' ingrates. [Fade.]

The Untouchables © vs \$\$ COOL & Jane Katze



[As we fade back up, it's that awful Big Band version of "I Am The COOL".]

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, and it is for the Defiance Trios Tag Team Championship! Introducing first, the challengers! Accompanied to the ring by Nicky Corozzo! Weighing in at a combined weight of 599 lbs! JANE KATZE! "COOL" CANCER JILES! And the reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE, "THE SOCIALITE" EDWARD WHITE! They are.... MONEY FOR NOTHING! AND COOOOOOOOOOL FOR FREE!!!

♪ I'm the one your mamma warned you about ♪
 ♪ When you see me I will leave you no doubt ♪
 ♪ I'm the coolest man on the face of the Earth ♪
 ♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪
 ♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

[You should know what a \$\$ Cool entrance looks like.]

[A couple hundred thousand dollars worth of pyros go off.]

[Glitter that's probably made out of actual gold dust falls from the ceiling.]

DDK:

Regardless of what side of the alignment aisle the Untouchables are on, there's no mistaking the fact that these two teams absolutely hate each other. Long and Jiles went to war on Retaliation, and Jiles barely escaped. Jane may have no history with the Untouchables she's actually going to wrestle tonight, but she's had some with Jeff Andrews.

[While this conversation was going on, an entire fucking stretch limousine rolled out of the back and slowly down to the stage. The doors opened, out came White, Jiles and Jane, and the car rolls back up the ramp as \$\$Cool enters the ring.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents! Weighing in at a combined weight of 642 lbs! RONNIE LONG! KAI SCOTT! And HEIDI CHRISTENSON! They are the reigning DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONS! They are... THE UNTOUCHABLES!!!

["Sin's a Good Man's Brother", the Grand Funk Railroad original.]

[Maybe the Untouchables are trying to claim they're really the good guys here.]

[Or maybe it's just got one of the best opening riffs in the history of music.]

[Either way.]

♪ Ain't seen a night ♪
♪ Things work out right, go by ♪
♪ Things on my mind, and I ♪
♪ And I just don't have the time, and it, it don't seem right ♪
♪ Ain't seen a day that I ♪
♪ Don't hear people say they KNOW they're gonna die ♪

[I think you know by now how The Untouchables make their entrance.]

[Heidi Christenson is angry.]

[Kai Scott is smug.]

[Ronnie Long has all the emotional vibrancy of a wooden plank.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Ronnie Long starts for the Untouchables. It's not safe to let Heidi off her leash at the beginning of the matches, and starting would get in the way of Kai's time honored strategy of doing as little as possible.]

[Jane starts for her team. Jiles is still feeling pretty beat up from Retaliation, and starting would get in the way of White's strategy of not getting in the ring before he has the advantage.]

DDK:

Goes without saying that there's a real contrast of styles in the ring here.

[At the lock-up, Jane jumps and hooks on a front bodyscissor. Long stares at her like she's crazy for a few seconds, then drops to one knee. He raises a fist for a haymaker and... Jane dodges it and works her way around to his side without releasing the bodyscissor. She tries to shoot in on the arm, Long won't give it up, he can't reach her with the other, Jane finally goes for the face and when Long tries to stop her, gets the arm and twists it behind his back in a hammerlock.]

[Not hurt but having nowhere to go, Long grabs the ropes, looking downright surly.]

DDK:

I'll admit that I feel a bit awkward calling Jane's matches, but there's no denying she's put enough work into her scissor arsenal to make it effective in the ring. She's going to have to break, now.

[She does. Long adjusts his dignity and circles her. He circles a little too close, and Jane throws a snap kick to the side of his knee.]

[Long stumbles, and Jane's immediately on his back with another bodyscissor and adding a sleeper to it.]

[Long backs into the Untouchables corner.]

[Heidi kicks Jane through the ropes.]

[Nicky Corozzo grabs Heidi by the ankle and yanks her off the apron.]

[Kai Scott kicks Nicky in the face.]

[Cancer Jiles runs across the ring and dropkicks Kai off the apron. Nicky, mostly by virtue of being 350 pounds, manages to catch him.]

[Long comes to Kai's defense, flying over the turnbuckle with a swan dive tope that crash lands atop Nicky and sends the pile of them plummeting to the floor!]

[Heidi slingshots over the ropes and frankensteiners Jiles to the mat!]

[Jane heads to the top rope and comes off with a flying cross body that catches Long unaware and takes him down!]

[Edward White... stoically watches from his proper position in his assigned corner.]

Angus:

Well, shit's become the usual fuckpile. We got a brawl on the outside and Heidi and Cancer Jiles in there. And I'm kinda conflicted because when Heidi's in full murdermode she's like my second favorite wrestler on the roster, or at least she would be if she hadn't helped steal Defiance from the Real Boss, and CANCER NOOOOOOOOO....!

[Cancer Jiles isn't up to a fully healthy and fully wrathful Heidi after the post match beatdown he got at the topside of Retaliation, and he has next to no recourse as Heidi decides to conduct a stress test on his ribcage and internal organs with her instep and shin bone.]

DDK:

Good GOD listen to those kicks!

[By the time Heidi's done, Cancer Jiles is slumped in the corner on both knees.]

[Heidi grabs him underneath the chin, squishing his cheeks up with her hand, and she slaps him one right across the mush.]

[Then she does it again.]

[Then she throws Jiles to the mat and kicks him like she's strip-mining his skull for condensed COOLtanium.]

Angus:

That woman's fucking scary. If I had to hang out in a dark alley with either her or Boogie Smallz, I'd choose Boogie.

[Heidi tags out to Kai Scott.]

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

A very negative reception for the Ace of Heels, who's not been playing a great deal of a role in the Untouchables in-ring game so far, but he knows how to pick his spots and do as much damage with as little effort as possible.

Angus:

Again. In theory, I should like Kai Scott. In execution, he's friends with the wrong people and he screwed Eric Dane over!

[Kai walks around Cancer's fallen body. Jiles pushes himself up, grabs hold of Kai's knee brace and levers himself up to one knee, then belts him in the midsection!]

RRRAAAAAHHHH

DDK:

That... sounded suspiciously like the fans cheering for Cancer Jiles.

[From his knee, Jiles belts Kai again. And again! Scott stumbles back, Jiles desperately gets to his feet, lunges in the direction of his own corner - but Scott quickly sticks a leg out, thwarting Jiles with nothing more complicated than a trip, and drags him back to the Untouchables corner, tagging out to Long.]

DDK:

And Long's still got umbrage from the match at Retaliation. Jiles snuck one away from him there, and although the Untouchables beat him down after the match, you've got to imagine there's some issues there.

[Long, who had some pretty obvious issues with ring rust in the singles match, pulls Jiles back by the waist of his trunks and over in a thunderous back suplex. Two hands wrap around Jiles' neck, fling him into the corner hard enough that he comes staggering right back out, and a knife edge chop from hell levels him to the mat.]

Angus:

Watching Ronnie Long hurt Cancer Jiles is the worst thing that has ever happened in wrestling, ever. I'ma put my head down for a while, tell me when it's over.

[Jiles is sent off the ropes. On the rebound, Long lifts him for the tilt-a-whirl gutbuster, Jiles flips out and lands on his feet! A dropkick sends Long back into the ropes and Jiles follows up with a running forearm that takes them both out of the ring!]

[Kai Scott steps in. So does Jane. But Edward White holds her back, and after a quick verbal exchange, he tags into the match himself.]

DDK:

Very interesting. The FIST Champion just voluntarily tagged into the match to wrestle Kai Scott. You know, we heard them exchange philosophical stuff during the promotional period, and they both noted there's a distinct similarity between the way they work...

[DDK had time to say all this because Scott and White were circling, not wrestling.]

[But now they wrestle. Lock-up, White ducks behind for the rear waistlock. Scott drops his weight, grabs the forearms and slowly powers out. He spins around, White sees it coming and also spins, takes him over for a back suplex and Scott easily flips out and lands on his feet!]

[Instead of doing anything, he takes two steps back.]

[White nods. They go into another tie-up, Scott goes low with the single-leg takedown. He spins around for a lateral press but White anticipates it, hooks the headlock and rolls him off and over into a pin. Instead of trying to work the move, he slowly lets go of it, backing away.]

[Scott rolls up to one knee, then nods.]

Angus:

It's like, they don't even care this is supposed to be a blood feud, and they were just testing each other.

DDK:

Well, White respects Scott as a peer, and vice versa, and that happens so rarely that neither of them really know what to do about it.

[Scott tags Heidi.]

Angus:

Scratch that. He knows exactly what to do about it - hide behind Heidi. I mean, not that I wouldn't if I was a wrestler, but you know.

[White quickly backs up into his own corner and tags Jane.]

Angus:

Well, this'll be good.

[Heidi, predictably, bolts at Jane. Jane catches the arm, sends her off the ropes. Heidi rebounds, Jane attempts an armdrag but Heidi spins through it and sends Jane off the ropes instead. Jane rebounds, flying headscissor takes Heidi to the mat! Being Jane, rather than drop the scissor she hangs onto it,]

[Heidi carefully and methodically rolls over, uses her foot and weight to break it - and tries to use her knee to pulverize Jane's face.]

[Jane sees it coming, takes Heidi over backwards in a schoolboy!]

ONE!

[Heidi's out of the pin at one, but Jane spins on her, hooks a bodyscissor and half nelson and starts levering her over backwards for a pin!]

[Twisting, Heidi manages to get her far shoulder up off the ground, but she can't get a shot at any part of Jane with either her free hand or her legs. Jane ratchets up the scissor hold and leans in on Heidi again, trying to force her to the mat.]

DDK:

Heidi's playing a losing game right there. Jane can just drain her stamina with those holds.

[Apparently that's what Ronnie Long thinks. He walks into the ring, stomps Jane on the head. Picking her up on his shoulders, he easily presses her - and throws her straight at White, knocking them both off the apron!]

[With White down, he wraps his hands around Jiles' throat, lifts him over the ropes and throws him down into the ring!]

DDK:

Per the lucha rules in trios matches, that was actually a legal tag.

[And Heidi, as she does, goes to work.]

[Jiles is thrown into the ropes, and she drives roundhouse kick after roundhouse kick into his ribs. Jiles tries to fight out a couple times, but Heidi's too fast, and he soon slumps over, holding his torso. Heidi pulls him to his feet, applies the full nelson and delivers the Dragon Suplex! Instead of covering or going for another move, she tags out to Scott.]

[Scott walks around Jiles like a wolf circling an injured animal. Then, as Jiles pushes himself to his hands and knees, Scott runs in with a soccer kick that catches Jiles right in the ribs and lifts him all the way off the mat. Jiles is brought to his feet, and Scott hooks a wrist clutch, brings him overhead and then down ribs first with a modified pumphandle slam!]

DDK:

The Untouchables have found their rhythm, and Cancer Jiles is on the wrong end of it. Edward White and Jane looking concerned on the apron as Long is tagged in.

[Long hits Jiles with his tilt-a-whirl gutbuster. Instead of going for the pin, he lifts Jiles up overhead into a Canadian backbreaker.]

DDK:

Long's not a submissionist under ordinary circumstances, but he's got his grip clamped around the ribs of Jiles, and that's a very bad position for Jiles to be in.

Angus:

Look, I believe in Jiles, he's beaten Long once, he'll do it again.

[Carla Ferrari asks Jiles if he's had enough. Jiles insists that he hasn't and kicks. Long jumps a couple times.]

[But, although the jumping causes the hold to hurt worse, it also gives Cancer Jiles the motion he needs.]

[As Long lands and Jiles' legs go up, he manages to back flip off Long's shoulders, land in front of him and come down with a jawbreaker! Long stumbles, his vision blurring, and Jiles runs the ropes and crashes into Long with the COOL Down!]

Angus:

DING~!

[Long crumples. Jiles begins to army crawl towards White and Jane, who despite their concerned looks aren't really reaching out for the tag.]

[But Jiles is nearly there, Long's too busy holding his special area to try and stop Jiles, the Untouchables don't have a route to cause a distraction and use shenanigans to keep the advantage...]

[And as Jiles lunges, White jumps backwards off the apron!]

DDK:

White just refused the tag!

[Jane follows her boss off the apron.]

[Jiles' eyes are open wide in shock and horror as, with a smile and a shrug, White turns and begins walking up the ramp, away from the match.]

DDK:

The Socialite and Jane just abandoned Cancer Jiles to The Untouchables!

[Long, having recovered, grabs Jiles by the waistband of his trunks and pulls him into a “short-pants” version of the Western Lariat!]

Angus:

I can't watch this.

[With Kai Scott celebrating on the apron, and Heidi looking... more like she'd rather be doing this herself than watching it, but slightly less irate than she's been all match, Long applies the standing headscissor, lifts Jiles overhead for the powerbomb, grabs the trunks to get him another several inches into the air, and then smashes him down to the mat with the extended powerbomb!]

DDK:

Abandoned by his tag partners, and I think that's just about going to do it for Cancer Jiles!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

[Carla Ferrari raises Long's hand, then hands him his third of the trios titles. Scott and Heidi are handed theirs, Heidi decides to lay one last kick into Jiles.]

DDK:

I can't believe it, but Edward White just abandoned Cancer Jiles, and that left the Untouchables open to pick up an easy win, and Ronnie Long gets some payback from Retaliation.

[Angus has removed his headset and appears to be sobbing.]

[Suddenly, the boos get even louder.]

DDK:

Oh dear. Angus... Bronson Box is coming out to the ring.

[Box and The Untouchables pass each other on the ramp. He and Heidi make eye contact, and then Box strolls on down to ringside, smoothing his mustache, his attention shifting to Cancer Jiles.]

Angus:

Oh God no...

[Box does not sneak, he does not step lightly. He rolls into the ring right in front of Jiles, making sure that the already beaten up Guru of COOL knows exactly what's about to happen - and how little he can do to stop it.]

[SPEAR!]

[As Jiles gets to one knee, Box lunges forward, burying his shoulder in Jiles' midsection and knocking him backwards to the mat. Mounting up, he drives boxing trained punch after punch after PUNCH right into the face of Jiles.]

[Jiles tends to bleed anyway, and Box is set on doing some damage.]

Angus:

Oh god his blood's pooling on the mat!

[Standing up, turning to fling a referee out of the way and fake a punch at a security guard, Box brings Cancer up into a standing headscissor, and delivers a "Final Judgment" jumping piledriver!]

DDK:

Someone needs to stop this assault!

[Box picks a security guard up in a press slam and throws him at another one, then he rolls Cancer over on his stomach and steps on the backs of his knees.]

Angus:

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

[Box rolls Jiles up into a Romero special, drops the arms and hooks his head right into a dragon sleeper.]

DDK:

He's got the Genuflection locked in on Cancer Jiles! Blood's pooling on the mat! Get him out of there, Jiles could be injured!

[Jiles' arms flail at first, but they quickly stop moving and hang limply from his shoulders.]

[And Box decides that's adequate. Releasing the hold, he kicks Jiles' body away from him and, threatening security guards as he goes, makes his own way up the ramp.]

[Fade to commercials as Iris Davine and the Defiance medical squad rush a stretcher to the ring.]

Reserved Segment

[In the back of the Amarillo National Center, a limousine sits idling, exhaust spewing out the tail pipe. The double doors of the area open quickly as Nicky Corrozzo leads the way, followed by Jane Katze and Edward White that.

[With rolling suit cases tumbling off their path and onto their sides, it was obvious that they were looking to get out of dodge. They didn't want to stay a moment then they had to. Some might call it cowardice, but Prestonia Jefferson investments would call it making the proper exit.]

[As Nicky Corrozzo swings open the back door, shoving suitcases in with out regard for their content, Lance Warner comes running from the double doors.]

Lance Warner:

"Mr. White, Mr. White, can I have a word with you?"

[Edward White, still in his wrestling gear, shoots him a glance, keeping his eyes on the double doors more than the interviewer.]

Edward White:

What? What do you want? Don't you see I'm in a hurry. Time is money and I like keeping both of those things to myself.

Lance Warner:

I won't keep you long, I just want to get to the bottom of what happened at the end of The Untouchables' Trio defence against --

["The Socialite" cuts him off with a belly laugh as Jane enters the limousine, followed by Nicky, immediately afterwards. Edward White steps into the limo himself, slamming the door shut. Lance Warner, however, being insistent for once in his life knocks on the window.]

[The window rolls down.]

Lance Warner:

I'll cut to the chase. Why'd you do it? Why did you abandon Cancer Jiles?

[Edward White smirks, chuckling again.]

Edward White:

Lance, I didn't abandon Cancer Jiles. He abandoned me.

[Lance goes to speak but the FIST of Defiance Champion speaks for him.]

Edward White:

Bbbut what about your friendship, your mutual understanding, your respect for one another. What about Money for Nothing and Cool for Free? All those years of blah blah blah blah.

Listen to me Lance, Cancer Jiles is worthless without my funds, without my support and without my constant supervision. He brings no value, no benefits, no redeemable commodities to the table. He's not a Cash Cow, He's not a Star, He's not even a Problem Child -- He's a dog.

What do you do with a Dog that's out lived its purpose in life?

[He cackles, musing as he speaks.]

Edward White:

You put that dog down. You take it out to the back and put a bullet in its head. Or as in the case tonight, you let the Untouchables and Bronson Box do the dirty work for you.

Now, if you'll excuse me.

[The power windows slide back up and the car makes its way out of the arena.]

On Three

Christian Light: I'm telling you, I'm fine. [It's pretty clear that Christian isn't fine so it's understandable that the medic isn't having any of his protests. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flashlight before moving it side to side, up and down, and away from and towards Christian's face.] **A Voice With A Stereotypical Brooklyn Accent:** Christian Light! [Light tries to turn his head to the doorway to see the owner of said voice, but his chin is caught by the medic who holds his head in place. He doesn't have to wait long though as the owner walks into the medical room and claps Light on the shoulder.] **Alceo Dentari:** How yous doin', Light? Looks like that didn't tickle earlier. [Judging by the look on his face, Christian isn't in any kind of mood to deal with Dentari right now.] **Light:** What do you want? **Dentari:** To the point, I like it! Look, Christian, it ain't no secret I ain't a fan a' yous. In fact, I downright hate yous. Yous is holdin' that title that should be attached to my name, capiche? But you know who I hate more than yous? [Despite being fairly confident he could answer correctly, Light shakes his head.] **Light:** Who? **Dentari:** Heidi Christenson. [Of course.] **Dentari:** An' seein' as Heidi an' the rest a' them Untouchables a' got a thing for you an' your boys, I figured yous was screamin' out to be our first customers. **Light:** Customers? **Dentari:** Yes indeed, Christian. See, we're offerin' a service yous may find beneficial, especially with how inept your boys a' been recently. **Light:** And you're coming to me offering this because? [The door to the medical room swings open and Tom Sawyer walks in clutching his ribs, he's followed by Eugene Dewey, Sam Turner Jr. and Justin Voss.] **Justin Voss:** What the hell are you doing here? [The Good Fighters circle Dentari and his associates as they make their way closer to Christian. Dentari meanwhile backs away from Light and heads towards the door.] **Dentari:** I was just leavin'. **Voss:** Good. *Leave.* [Dentari doesn't need to be told twice. Even with Two Hands and Big Vinny backing him up and the conditions of Sawyer's ribs and Light's neck, he wasn't going to take on the Good Fight right now.] **Dentari:** Offer's open Light, remember that. [With that he leaves the medical room and the Good Fight, who all turn to Light with quizzical looks on their faces.]

Tom Sawyer:

What was all that about?

Light: Nothing important. Just Dentari trying to put himself where he doesn't belong. [Tom looks like he's about to start talking, but instead keeps his mouth shut and bows his head. It doesn't go unnoticed by the rest of the Good Fighters.] **Sam Turner Jr:** I reckon this ain't be too good a day fer us. [With Tom and Christian looking pretty darn beaten up and Voss and STJ sympathising with them the Good Fight looked battered at best. But there is one Good Fighter who still looks comparatively positive.] **Eugene Dewey:** But it's not over yet! [Tom and Christian look to the ginger lump before them.] **Eugene Dewey:** Sam's right, it's not been a good night for us, but there's still a chance that this could be the greatest night ever, because in a few minutes I'll be walking out there and facing Jeff Andrews for the DEFIANCE world title. [Everyone around nods at Eugene's words.] **Dewey:** And I'm not going out there just for me. This could be a non title match and I'd go out there with the exact same intention, and that's to beat Jeff Andrews and show the world he's not as good as he says he is. Jeff Andrews and the rest of The Untouchables like to strut around here like their cock of the walk, we'll I say enough! [Now all eyes are on Dewey as he puffs out his chest and holds his chin up high.] **Dewey:** I'm going out there to stand toe to toe with Jeff Andrews for all of you, and for all of the fans that love DEFIANCE. I'm going out there prove to Jeff Andrews that wrapping a belt around your waist doesn't make you a champion. I'm going out there to show the world that The Untouchables aren't Untouchable. [Eugene seems to be surprising himself with his eloquence and... Lets face it, balls, but who cares. This needs to be said.] **Dewey:** When I come back here the DEFIANCE world title might be draped over my shoulder, but it'll belong to each and everyone of us. Because we're the ones that have taken a stand and said we're not going watch as The Untouchables turn DEFIANCE into their own private sandbox. I'm going out there and I'm bringing the world title back from the Dark Side! Now, Good Fight on three! [Eugene throws his hand in and waits for the others to do the same, slowly but surely all of them place their hands in on top of each other.] **All:** Good Fight! **STJ:** And let's go Niners! [Nods spread around the room as Eugene heads for the door.] **Dewey:** And let's go DEFIANCE.

Eugene Dewey vs Jeff Andrews ©

Angus:

Well, it's that time.

DDK:

It's the biggest night in Eugene Dewey's burgeoning young career.

Angus:

I hope the kid brings whatever he brought against Box. He's gonna need all of it and more to survive the Untouchables, let alone win the World Title!

DDK:

Well, he has beaten Box. He's beaten a lot of people, and he's been taking his training a lot more seriously as of late! If there were ever a prime moment for Eugene to take the next step, it's right now!

[The 8-bit midi "Theme to Jogging" from Mike Tyson's Punch Out permeates the sound system of the Amarillo National Center and the DEFIANCE Faithful come to their feet to cheer on their 8-bit hero!]

Angus:

Here he comes-

DDK:

And he's not alone!

[Justin Voss and Sam Turner Jr stride out shoulder to shoulder to shoulder with Dewey, who for his own part has a look of grim determination etched across his face. It's either that or he's holding in the taco-farts.]

DQ:

Making his way to the ring first accompanied by Sam Turner Jr and Justin Voss, hailing from Buffalo, Wyoming and weighing in at a slim, trim, two-hundred and ninety-five pounds...

[Eugene makes it to ringside and roll/slides his girth under the bottom rope and into the ring, gaining his feet just as his name is announced.]

DQ:

Yooooooooo-GENE DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

[Eug nods and raises one arm, Voss and Turner make their way around ringside, whipping the fans into a frenzy as Eugene has his moment.]

DQ:

Aaaaaaaaaand his opponent...

Angus:

Here comes the "champ."

♪ C'MON GET UP! ♪

♪ Hey suckers! ♪

DQ:

Making his way to the ring accompanied by the reigning Defiance Trios Tag Champions - Ronnie Long, Kai Scott and Heidi Christenson... hailing from Baltimore, Maryland, and weighing in at 256 lbs! He is YOUR Defiance World

Heavyweight Chaaaaaaaampppionn... JEFF! AAAAAAANNNNNNDDDRREEEEEWWSSS!!!!

♪ You better back up off this sucker punch ♪
♪ Consequence, consequence, FUCK IT ♪
♪ No more waiting for the world to turn ♪
♪ Bloody as my smile dripping ear to ear ♪
♪ I haven't lived for a moment and think ♪
♪ IT'S TOO DAMN LATE TO LEARN! ♪

[Jeff Andrews swaggers his way through the curtains and on top of the stage. He's dressed in his battle armor - Baltimore Ravens T-shirt (which clashes HORRIBLY with his green and yellow wrestling tights), ratty black leather jacket, John Deere trucker's cap, and World Title belted around his waist.]

[The other 3 Untouchables have changed back into their streetclothes, and Kai Scott's got his crutch. Each one of them has their respective third of the Trios Titles belted around their waist.]

DDK:

With Tom Sawyer injured and Christian Light inconsequentio, The Untouchables outnumber The Good Fight by a margin of 4-3 including the wrestlers in the active match. For whatever factor it may be, Voss and STJ are both more rested than the three other Untouchables.

Angus:

I'm just glad somebody's got the kid's back. Sam may be a little touched, and Voss might be as batshit insane Bronson Box, but they've both got a sack full of balls to be out here standing up to Jeff Andrews and the Untouchables! I hope their insurance is paid up.

[Andrews argues with and yells at fans all the way down the ring. In fact, he points out to one Houston Texans jersey wearing fan that, since the Texans lost to the Patriots and then the Ravens beat the Patriots, that fan is obligated to now root for the Ravens and thus to cheer for him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[You can guess how said fan reacts - by mugging for the camera, happy to get his 15 seconds of fame.]

Angus:

And this is our champion, completely out of touch with the DEFIANCE fanbase, and completely out of his mind about how "being a fan" even works.

[Disgusted, Andrews tosses his jacket to Heidi, peels off his T-shirt, and rolls into the ring. He's to his feet quickly and the music dies down as Benny Doyle calls for the title belt. Jeff being Jeff walks right past the head referee and holds the title belt right up in Eugene's face, almost daring the younger grappler to do something.]

DDK:

It looks like Jeff is in rare form tonight, Angus, he's got the Surlitude dial cranked up all the way to eleven and the bell hasn't even rung yet!

[Doyle pushes both wrestlers back and instructs them into their corners. Both men oblige, and the Jeffman takes this opportunity to hand the World Title down to its previous owner, Heidi, at ringside. Benny calls for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

HERE WE GO!

[They meet in the center, Jeff continues to talk trash, where Eugene's face hasn't so much as twitched since the

DDK:

You know he's been studying under Sergeiv Borgovich, right?

Angus:

Oh yeah, Serbo, derp.

[In all the hullabaloo of wrestlers screaming at ringside, fans screaming from behind the barricades, the announcers screaming from the commentation station, and Eugene being just as surprised as everyone else in the building, Jeff made it back to his feet before any more damage could be done. Immediately he began complaining to Benny Doyle, doing the International Symbol for "He Pulled My Tights!" and getting no play from the Head DEFref.]

DDK:

Benny Doyle isn't going to be so easily fooled!

Angus:

Yeah, but Eugene is another story!

[The challenger charged in with a clothesline, but Jeff easily caught it and twisted around and out, forcing Eugene down to one knee with an arm-wringer before going on to tell Doyle, Voss and STJ at ringside, and anyone else within barking distance that he was the best in the world.]

FWOOOOOOOOOOOOMP!**DDK:**

And there goes Dewey back with a left-handed lariat that sent the champ sprawling again!

Angus:

And this time he rolls himself all the way out to the floor!

[And once there he kicks the ringside barricade out of frustration and throws what could almost be described as a miniature tantrum.]

DDK:

Doesn't look like Jeff was prepared to have to ACTUALLY wrestle a match and defend his title tonight!

Angus:

Eh, looks more like Jeff forgot that Dewey ain't still a snot-nosed rookie!

[Jeff takes Doyle's extended ten-count as an excuse to pow-wow with the rest of the Untouchables and maybe try to formulate some kind of actual plan for the match at hand. Meanwhile Justin Voss and Sam Turner Jr have started leading the crowd in chants on the other side of the ring.]

Let's Go Yoo-Gene!

clap* *clap* *clapclapclap

DDK:

And the crowd is solidly behind Eugene Dewey here in Texas tonight!

Let's Go Yoo-Gene!

clap* *clap* *clapclapclap

Angus:

This is going to send Jeff off the deep end.

[And it does. The rage passes though, as Doyle's count finally reaches 9, and the Champion rolls himself back into the ring and quickly springs up to his feet to keep Dewey from getting a chance to take advantage.]

DDK:

Dewey's finally letting a smile poke out from behind that determined visage he's been holding onto all night!

Angus:

Well he seems to have the Champ's number so far!

[The two circle for a second, Jeff feints but Dewey doesn't fall for it, quickly after almost as if maybe it was planned but maybe he jumped the gun Jeff lunges in, Dewey sidesteps and resets with a twinkle in his eye.]

DDK:

And Dewey's loading up!

Angus:

Too soon.

Dewey:

SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOR-

KEEERACK!

DDK:

KENDO SIDEKICK!

[Eugene's eyes roll back in his head as he collapses to the mat. Jeff drops in for the cover!]

One...

...Two...

Angus:

NOT TONIGHT JEFFY!

[Dewey kicks out with a modicum of authority, but Jeff's tenacity is kicking in and he's dropped a knee across Dewey's face before the Ginger Giant can regroup and regain his vertical base.]

DDK:

Here goes the Champion on the attack!

[His Surliness grabs a big handful of wiry orange hair and pulls Dewey to his feet and quickly scoops him up, spins, and slams the big grappler down.]

DDK:

I don't care who you are, that was an impressive display of power!

Angus:

I think Jeff just likes to show off like the roids-raging faggot that he is.

[But it's nothing compared to bodyslams numbers two and three that the Cross-Wired Time Bomb executes on the wobbling Dewey in the center of the ring. He yells down at Voss that nobody's chanting for Dewey anymore before he turns back to Dewey and drives a hard elbow down into the back of the head before resetting, teeing off, and obliterating Dewey's forehead with a series of stiff, short kicks.]

Angus:

Jesus I think he opened his chest up with that one!

[Indeed he did, somehow, manage to make the reddening, red-freckled ginger chest of the 800lb Ginger Gorilla In The Room's even reader with a couple of lacerations in the shape of the champion's right hand.]

DDK:

I think you're right! Imagine the velocity of the champ's chop that it actually split open Eugene's chest!

[Dewey slumped backwards to the mat, his tan pants and globularly white torso making him look uncommonly like a dropped ice cream cone. Andrews leans forward, his hands on his knees. Then, he lunges, wrapping both hands around Dewey's throat.]

Andrews:

SAY 'PAPER CHAMPION' AGAIN! SAY IT, YOU FAT STUPID SON OF A BITCH!

[With a massive open-hand slap across Dewey's head, Andrews stands up, turns his back on the challenger, and walks over to The Untouchables corner, where he drops to his knees and leans through the ropes for a few words of advice from Kai and a comfort hug and baldspot-rub from Heidi.]

Angus: [mocking]

All ain't that just cute. Like a herpy-laced vagoo.

DDK:

What it is, is Not Smart! You can't turn your back on Eugene Dewey, the guy is a walking flashpin, he's tailor-made for an upset here with the World Title on the line!

[Sensing he's wasted enough of everyone's time Jeff returns to his challenger and pulls him up by the 'fro again. He wraps him in a front facelock and raises one hand up with his thumb and forefinger into the shape of an L.]

Andrews:

LEGACYPLEXXXXXXXXXX!!!

[He lifts.]

Angus:

EUGENE BLOCKS!

[The champ lifts again. Eugene blocks again. The two men grapple for positioning, ending up with Eugene's back against the ropes and Jeff still doing everything he can do to get the Legacyplex off. Eugene roars and lifts the champ with one arm though and suplexes Andrews up and over the top rope and tumbling down onto the gathered Untouchables below him, sending all four champions sprawling at ringside.]

DDK:

What an impressive display of power and presence of mind from Eugene!

Angus:

You can say that again!

[With the Untouchables all down and Eugene sucking air on the inside of the ring, Voss and Turner take this opportunity to get the crowd behind Dewey again as he pulls at the ropes to try and get back to his feet.]

Let's Go Yoo-Gene!

clap* *clap* *clapclapclap

[Dewey gets to his feet, with much labored effort, and he steps through the ropes to the apron.]

DDK:

Now what's Dewey got in mind?

[The Untouchables all are doing their best to get to their feet as Eugene, with an "I can't fucking believe I'm about to try this shit" kind of look on his face, gets the best running start that a fat kid from Wyoming can muster from the ring apron and launches himself at the Champion and his entire consortium.]

Angus:

CANNONBALL!

[And that's what happens. Eugene turns himself ass over afro and launches at the entirety of the Untouchables, hitting Jeff square in his chest and sending Heidi, Kai, and Ronnie floundering down behind him like bowling pins.]

DDK:

EUGENE TAKES OUT THE UNTOUCHABLES AGAIN!

Angus:

He didn't get all of Heidi though, she only staggered back from a stray elbow! The Meanest Bitch in DEFIANCE has got her eyes set on Eugene Dewey!

[Dewey is oblivious, trying to get his balance back in check.]

DDK:

She's gonna take his head off!

Angus:

Benny Doyle is screaming down from the ring that he'll disqualify Andrews if she lays a hand on Dewey! HERE COME THE GOOD FIGHT AROUND THE RING LIKE BATS OUT OF HELL!

[Sam Turner gets their first, putting his body between Dewey and the Sexy Submission Siren. Heidi, almost foaming at the mouth, begs the good ol' boy to lay a hand on her.]

DDK:

Don't do it Sam!

Angus:

IT'S A TRAP!

[Sam hesitates. Heidi does not.]

DDK:

ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE HEAD!

[STJ's eyes cross as he drops to the ground.]

Angus:

Sam didn't have it in him, but JUSTIN VOSS HAS NO SUCH COMPUNCTIONS!

[The Vossylvanian Viper comes flying over the prone body of Sam Turner and delivers a forearm shiver to the face of the former World Champion. Ronnie Long and Kai Scott are up now and not having any of it, jumping all over Voss at ringside.]

DDK:

It's broken down here tonight in Amarillo! IT'S PANDEMONIUM!

Angus:

DEY BE CLUBBERIN, TONY, DEY BE CLUBBERIN!

[Somehow Eugene Dewey has finally recovered and pulled Andrews away from the fracas and tossed him back into the ring under the bottom rope, but the Sam Turner has gotten back into the fight at ringside and the brawl is threatening to either spill into the ring or into the crowd. Benny Doyle is Johnny on the Spot though, screaming at the Untouchables and the Good Fight.]

Doyle:

YEEEEEEEEEEEEER AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHTTA HERE! ALL'A YA!

[He makes like an umpire.]

DDK:

Benny Doyle stepping in and doing the right thing there!

Angus:

You can say that again! It doesn't look like it makes much difference, though, as they're all still fighting, just kind of in the general direction of back up the ramp and to the back!

[Back inside the ring, Dewey has rolled Andrews onto his back and covered him. Doyle slides back into the ring and makes a diving count.]

ONE...

...TWO...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

And the Champ's out at two!

Angus:

Eugene might be spent though, he's good for short bursts, but I don't think he's got the lard to stamina ratio to keep up with Andrews at this pace for much longer!

[It's true, Andrews is recovered quickly, pulling himself up by the far ropes as Eugene coughs and hacks his way up from across the ring.]

DDK:

And here we are, fifteen minutes later and the Challenger is about to meet the Champion again in the center of the ring!

[Jeff throws a palm-strike.]

BOOOOOOOO!!!

[Eugene no-sells it, answers with a big right hand.]

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!!!

[Jeff throws a chop. Dewey answers with an Afro Headbutt.]

DDK:

They're going back and forth, rocking eachother with big bombs!

[Jeff sneaks in a toe kick, throwing the big fella off guard.]

Angus:

ENZU-

Dewey:

SHOOOOOOOOOOORUYUKEN!!!

DDK:

EUGENE DUCKED! HE'S LAID THE CHAMPION OUT!

Angus:

COVER HIM! USE THAT BIG ASS FOR SOMETHING USEFUL FOR ONCE!

[Dewey falls into a lateral press.]

ONE!!!

...TWO!!!

.....THRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRICKOUT!!!

DDK:

JEFF GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

And Eugene's running out of ideas here.

[He slaps the mat in frustration, but gets to his feet and pulls Andrews up by the bald spot. The 8-Bit Hero shoves Jeff back into the corner, grabs him by the arm and sends him careening across the ring and into the turnbuckle.]

DDK:

Eugene's setting up for something big here!

[With all of the might that he can muster, Dewey charges across the ring.]

Angus:

WORLD OF WARCRAFT SPLASH!!!

[Dewey flies through the air with the greatest of difficulty.]

DDK:

NO!!!

Angus:

ANDREWS PULLED BENNY DOYLE IN FRONT OF HIM!

DDK:

EUGENE HAS FLATTENED OUT HEAD REFEREE!

Angus:

SOMEBODY GO TELL MARK SHIELDS TO PUT OUT THAT CIGARETTE AND GET HIS ASS OUT TO THE RING

FOR SOME OVERTIME!

[It takes a second for Dewey to take in the situation.]

SMACK

DDK:

KENDO SIDEKICK! HE CAUGHT HIM RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN!

Angus:

Yeah, right in the jowls.

[Jeff drops down for the cover.]

[...]

[But Benny Doyle is out of it. Jeff rolls his eyes.]

DDK:

The champ now looking around, formulating a gameplan!

Angus:

Yeah, and rolling out of the ring, too!

[The Champion makes his way over to Darren Quimbey, who at some point managed to procure the World Championship belt from Heidi before everything exploded everywhere. Jeff snatches the belt out of DQ's hands and rolls back into the ring.]

DDK:

Not like this! COME ON, MAN!

[Dewey begins to stir.]

Angus:

He's gonna take his head off!

[Jeff lines him up.]

DDK:

DON'T DO IT JEFF!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Angus:

HERE COMES CHRISTIAN LIGHT!

[It's true! The Master of Wrestling blew through the curtain and is barrel-assing his way down to the ring. He slides in and hops up getting directly into Jeff's business. The Master of Wrestling wags a finger.]

DDK:

THEY'RE GONNA BLOW THE ROOF OFF'A THIS PLACE!

[Jeff's eyes has gone wide, a vein throbbing at his temple. The Surli-meter redlines and he lunges and Light.]

Angus:

NOT SO FAST MONGO MCDANIELS!

[Christian Light blocks Jeff by sheer force of will, that an cat-like reflexes and the grip of a man of his gigantic stature. Both men have hands on the World Title.]

DDK:

They're fighting over the title belt!

Angus:

TUG! OF! WAR!

[And they do, two grown men stand in the center of the ring trying to get the world title away from one another in front of ten-thousand screaming fans. It's a spectacle, that's for sure. Somewhere off to the side, Eugene has once again come to his senses, taking in the scene and trying to figure out just exactly what to do with the developing situation.]

DDK:

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!!!

[With a Herculean snatch, Light pulled the belt from the Champ's hands...]

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[...but in doing so, he overcompensated, pulling just a little too hard.]

DDK:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Angus:

LIGHT JUST KNOCKED DEWEY THE FUCK OUT!!! ON ACCIDENT!!! I HOPE!!!

[It doesn't look like part of the plan at all. Dewey is busted open, a huge laceration leaks blood like a '73 Gremlin leaks oil. Light stands frozen, mouth agape, unable to mentally compute what he'd just done. This allows for Jeff Andrews to easily gain position for...]

DDK:

MIND ERASER!

Angus:

Light is DOWN and OUT!

DDK:

And so is Eugene!

Angus:

And so is Benny Doyle!

[Andrews springs back up and ascends the turnbuckle. Without a split second of hesitation he leaps off and lands back-first across the massive, exposed, bleeding chest of Eugene Dewey.]

FWUMP!

DDK:

ULTRAGLIDE! IT'S OVER IF DOYLE WAKES UP!

[Andrews, ever the ring-general, manages to pull the still flattened Benny Doyle over to Dewey's prone body and shake him awake in the process.]

ONE!!!

Angus:

NO!!!

...TWO!!!

DDK:

NOT LIKE THIS!

THHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

[SFX: Reveille: "Catarax"]

DQ:

YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOR WINNNNNNNNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH AND STILL THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORLD!!!

[Andrews reaches over and grabs his blood-stained title belt.]

DQ:

JEEEEEEEEEEEF AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANDREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWS!!!

[The champ, still the champ, kneels down over Christian Light's prone body. He shoves the title belt, Eugene's blood and all, into Light's unconscious face.]

Andrews:

YOU SEE THIS! YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE NEAR THIS YOU SONUVABITCH!

[He hops to his feet and makes his way to the nearest turnbuckle, climbs it and raises the title belt high for everyone to see.]

Andrews:

I'M THE GODDAMNED DEFIANT KING OF THE UNIVERSE!!!

BOOO!!!
BOOO!!!
BOOO!!!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! WE'RE OUT OF TIME!

Angus:

TUNE IN NEXT SUNDAY ON DEFIANCE WRESTLING DOT COM FOR THE NEXT EPISODE OF RETALIA-

[End.]

