

Respect. Mockery. Challenge Accepted.

[DEFIANCE Wrestling will continue in...]

[...five...]

[...four...]

[...three...]

[...two...]

[...one...]

[...]

[Blackness.]

[The DEFIatron flickers to life.]

[Thanks for the lifetime of memories, cousin Bill.]

[Timeshift.]

[Here. Now.]

♪ You think your head's aching, I'm not finished yet ♪ You won't be mistaken, how soon you forget ♪ Take back what you said, and I'll spare you pain ♪ But who said you could open up your mouth? ♪ ["Stress" by Godsmack begins to play.] **DDK:** Fans, although no one in Defiance currently uses that song, I have in my notes that back from 2001 through 2004, this was the theme song of the Innovative Wrestling Alliance, which Jeff Andrews ran right here...



and that means he's probably on his way out right now. [Andrews does in fact, appear. With the NFL season over, he's finally not plastering himself in Baltimore Ravens gear. It's back to his black T-shirt, ratty leather jacket and the green and yellow mesh John Deere trucker's cap. And the World Title, belted around his waist.] ♪ I can't wait~ ♪ I can't wait~ TOGETAWAY! ♪ **Angus:** Fucking Godsmack, man. [Andrews enters the ring, waves his right hand, and the music cuts.] **Jeff Andrews:** Now, before we get straight down to business, I've got a story to tell all you fans. And what's more, it's a story with a moral to it, so you better listen, and you better pay attention! **Angus:** Fucking. Hell. [Andrews wanders around the ring, looking highly irritated by the booing fans.] **Andrews:** Back in my days running the old IWA... [Andrews stops mid-sentence, and looks around even more irate.] **Andrews:** Where is my fucking nostalgia pop?! I ran IWA HERE! Here in Orlando! Don't tell me you dumbshits can't remember all the way back to 2004! [If you look really hard, you can in fact spot a few fans who do - one of them's got an old Innovative Wrestling Alliance T-shirt on a stick and is waving it around - but in general, no one's impressed.] **Andrews:** Well, back when I was running IWA, the second best wrestler I had on my roster - best was Heidi, of course - second best was a guy named Freddy Phoenix. And one day, I booked him in a warmup match against a guy named Sebastian Rain. It was a holiday show, I was working with about half my usual roster, and so I decided to feed Phoenix an easy one. And even if you haven't heard this story, you probably know what's coming. Rain beat Phoenix. [Pause. This isn't really the sort of thing that stirs the fans up, so it's not a long pause.] **Andrews:** That was the story.

smile and swagger fades from Jeff Andrews' face as he turns to look up the ramp.] [And out steps the King of Pain.] [Former Southern Heritage Champion.] [Former Florida State Champion.] [Former World Champion.] [Former



zillion time World Tag Team Champion.] [The heart of Team Danger puts his hands on his hips and looks around at the crowd, trying to hide the fact that he quite enjoys the adulation.] **Stephen Greer:** Long time no see, Jeffy-poo. Glad to see you landed on your feet after the Hydra, but - you know what, we've both done this before, so let me get to the point. What's all this about giving a title shot to any wrestler in the state of Florida? [Andrews doesn't immediately answer. He leans on the top rope, watching.] [...] **Andrews:** The fuck are you doing here, old man? [The fans say 'boo'. Andrews puts one foot up on the ropes.] **Andrews:** Did someone mix happy pills into your mush? Fool, I already carried your broke ass once, I ain't got time to take you back to the the nursing home. **Greer:** Real original, Jeffman. You made a challenge. I'm answering it. Be a man for once in your stupid bald life. **Andrews:** You'd like that, wouldn't you, faghat? Well, you're too slow! Too late! I already defended the title! Just ask that guy! [As a matter of fact, Sebastian Rain has been collected by the DEFmed squad and is being helped backstage.] **Greer:** Even you're not that much of a pussy, Andrews. **Andrews:** You're correct. However, you're not going to trick me into giving you a title shot by insulting me. Anything you might say is mitigated by the sheer joy I feel in telling you that yes, I issued an open challenge, and yes, you answered it, and no, I'm not accepting it, because fuck you, fuck Team Danger, fuck The Hydra, fuck your beard, fuck your Strong Style, fuck your lariat that isn't as good as Ronnie's, and fuck everything about you except your whore, because I'm the Champion, I don't do sloppy seconds, and knowing Kelly she's on her fifth man already. [Silence reigns. Greer, however, seems entirely unperturbed.] **Greer:** You done yet? **Andrews:** W- **Greer:** [interrupting] Yeah, you are, now listen to me real clear. You ain't playing with the Good Fight anymore. You're playing with Team Danger, and we were running this house doing exactly what you're doing now, back when you were a 23 year old kid named Jeffy refusing to take off his shirt in the ring 'cos you were insecure. But I tell you what, since you want to bring Kelly into this, you just gave me a good idea for the specific threat that's gonna make you man up and gimme the title shot. [The crowd laughs. Things are thrown.] **Andrews:** Sure. Let's hear it. **Greer:** If you won't give it to me because I asked nicely, I will make **Heidi** ask for me. Right before I make her tell the world that she's a pretty pretty princess who's just ragging because she's not getting the stuff she needs at home, and right after Kelly and I decide to take her off the fucking spit roaster. OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [Greer winks.] **Angus:** Team Danger represent! [Jeff Andrews visibly counts to 5 before he answers, but make no mistake about it - the Cross-Wired Time Bomb has been armed.] **Andrews:** I don't think you have any idea what you're saying - but I do know you well enough to know you'll at least try something, and that, being that you're a lazy sack of shit, you'll be long gone before I can even start coming up with a revenge plan... so fine. Forget the Sebastian Rain match. Andrews/Greer at the top of the card. RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **Andrews:** Until then, you and whoever you brought with you stay the fuck out of trouble, or I will have you dragged down to the boiler room and your neck set on fire. [Greer allows himself a small smile and spreads his arms out, mockingly agreeing.] ♪ *THROW YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!* ♪ ♪ *AND WAVE 'EM AROUND LIKE YOU JUST DON'T CARE!* ♪ ♪ *YEAH!* ♪ [As "Simon Says" plays, Greer disappears back behind the curtain.] [Jeff Andrews has no further comments. His evening no longer going as he wants it to, he spikes the microphone to the mat and storms backstage without even waiting for his own music.] **DDK:** Jeff Andrews and Stephen Greer tonight, with the Defiance World Title on the line! **Angus:** I came. **DDK:** I'm sure everyone in TV-land needed to know that.

Dragon Jones vs Chance von Crank

**DDK:**

This match could be interesting.

Angus:

So much back and forth shit talking between this two.

[The Lights dim and the smoke rolls. "Lock Your Doors" hits, the droning beats wash over the crowd. As the lyrics hit, Dragon appears from the back. He is dragging a folding chair behind him on a steel chain. He ignores anything around him but the ring, pacing around it a few times before finally rolling in and hitting the ropes a few times before the match starts.]

Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from Hamilton, Ontario.... Dragon Jones "Thhhhhheeeee First!"

DDK:

Dragon Jones looks to be all business tonight.

[A shot gun cocking then firing booms over the arena. The fans react immediately to the self proclaimed most hated man in all of wrestling.]

Shock N Rolla...

Here to Show Ya....

Cocked Back....

And Fucking Loaded...

Chance! Von! Crank!

[The crowd response is overwhelming as cVc's theme music hits and he walks out onto the stage. He spins around the stage simulating masturbation toward the fans, fueling the crowds rage even further.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Harlan, Kentucky! The Trailer Park Prodigy, Chance Von Crank!

DDK:

This man is a real character.

Angus:

Don't be a hater.

[Chance continues on his way to the ring. He stops by a female fan who is holding a sign praising Chance. He motions for her to show him her tits, and she does so. He uses her phone to take a picture then texts it to his number all while Jones watches on pissed beyond belief.]

Angus:

HAHA!

[Jones has seen enough as he rolls out of the ring and takes hold of Chance by his fake gold chain. He uses it to roll him in the ring. Chance rolls in the ring holding his throat from being choked as the bell rings and the match begins. He throws his chain at the referee and rips his cheap robe off as he gets to his feet. He tosses it outside and Jones comes up from behind with a Bulldog! Jones follows up with a quick pin!]

Angus:

Crank kicks out almost immediately!

DDK:

He hasn't had time to even catch his breath!

[Jones is now stomping Chance as he struggles on his knee's to just get to his feet. Finally Chance gets to one knee and notices the referee standing behind Jones as he continues his assault. Chance uses what balance he has to spear Jones into the corner. Jones is drilled into the corner and the referee is caught in the crossfire. The referee falls between the ropes and out of the ring, knocked out cold.]

DDK:

He did that on purpose!

Angus:

No WAY!

[Chance has rolled out of the ring and notices the chair with the chain Jones carries with him sitting against the ring steps. He looks over at the ref down on the floor and picks it up. He walks over toward the referee as the fans react. Jones is sitting in the corner gathering himself from head butting the referee with the back of his head from the spear. Chance reaches through the ropes and uses the chain on the chair, wrapping it around Jones throat. He drags him through the ropes as he hits the floor. Chance is cussing Jones about what he did prior with his gold chain. Now next to the referee on the floor Jones frantically pulls at the chain as Chance drags him toward the announce table.]

DDK:

We need some order out here!

Angus:

This is great!

[Crank rolls Jones onto the announce table and hits him in the face a few times leaving the chain wrapped around his throat. He finally releases his hold on the chain and grabs hold of DDK's headset for a brief moment.]

cVc:

I'm gonna kill this faggot, Live on tv!

[He releases DDK and rolls in the ring, climbing the turnbuckle closes to the table. The crowd pops as he rubs his right elbow and dives off. Jones rolls off the table as Crank crashes through it. Jones looks over at the referee and he is still not moving but neither is Crank now. He picks up the now vacant, folding chair DDK was sitting in before. He screams at the crowd before he begins swinging it violently at Crank. He hits Crank over and over with the chair. He stalks

Chance as he attempts to crawl away. He continues to hit him, once then again and again. Taking steps back to really step into the swings. Jones gets Chance to his knees and swats him with the chair again busting his forehead wide open. Blood begins to pour from the wound.]

Angus:

Crank is bleeding badly!

DDK:

There is still no referee!

[Chance is not moving and is covered in blood now. The referee begins to stir on the opposite of the ring. Jones walks back over to Crank holding DDK's now mangled chair. As Dragon approaches Crank, Chance wraps both his arms around his legs at the knees lifting him up into the air as high as he can from his knees. Chance falls back as he lifts him up and he lands face first on the steel steps of the ring. He grabs his face in pain as he rolls almost completely underneath the ring after the shot.]

Angus:

Holy Shit!

[The referee gets to his feet soon after this and slowly gets in the ring and looks around at the carnage. Chance is looks like he may be out, and he can't even locate Jones so he begins his count. Chance finally stirs as the referee reaches the count of 4. He crawls toward the ring still bleeding badly from a gash on his forehead. Jones pulls himself from beneath the ring and he pulls himself up the steps attempting to beat the count. Chance and he now on opposite corners of the ring, Chance reaches... He reaches with all he has and finally gets a hold of the bottom of the rope as the referee reaches 8. Jones is still on the steps as Chance pulls himself back in the ring using all he has left to do so. The referee hits ten just a brief second after Chance pulled himself in. He calls for the bell declaring cVc the winner then for Medical staff because neither of the two men is moving.]

Angus:

Not to be a ripoff, but OH MY GOD!

DDK:

Some wrestlers play themselves up when they step through the curtains. Chance Von Crank, ladies and gentlemen, is ALWAYS Chance Von Crank, and he just turned our opening contest into a bloodbath.

Angus:

He's tough, he's ornery, he just doesn't give a dead rat's last shit! Dragon Jones gave it back almost as well as cVc handed it out, but in the end, your winner, the Trailer Park Prodigy, and I hope Clair St. Sure's paying attention to him.

DDK:

Though probably not as much as he hopes she's paying attention to him.

Angus:

Trudat.

DDK:

Anyway, let's go backstage, where I understand we've got cameras on Lash Graham!

Untitled Lash Graham segment

[Creeping along the corridors, Lash kept a tight hold of the wiggling, honking burlap sack he held tightly in his hands. When he reached an intersection of halls, his eyes darted left, then right, then left again, before he leaned down and whispered to the sack.]

Lash:

Shhhhhh you be quiet or we get caught.

[The sack just wiggled more, and honked in outrage. A panicked look crossed Lash's face as he saw a member of Defiance's backstage security turn to look his way. As the guard headed in his direction, Lash bolted, running as fast as he could with the sack, which only prompted louder honking from within. A left turn, a right, Lash tried to read doors as he ran, till finally he came to a skidding stop in front of the one door he'd been looking for.]

[With a shaking hand he reached out and twisted the doorknob, blushing as he peeked inside, then quickly averted his eyes before looking again and breathing a sigh of relief when he saw that no one was in there. Tiptoing like a cartoon bugs bunny creeping up on Elmer Fudd, Lash carried the loudly honking sack into the room and closed the door behind him.]

[For a moment he leaned up against the door, catching his breath.]

Lash:

Now you be good goose for Clara the Fist, you be her friend and she no eat you.

[The only response was loud, insistent honking]

Lash:

Okay, you come out now, but you be nice.

[Finally he opened the sack and out tumbled one pissed off, loudly honking goose, feathers flying this way and that. For a second the animal just hopped and shook its wings and honked as it got its bearings, then it turned its head, its eyes landing on its captor. With loud honks it went on the attack, pecking Lash and beating him with its wings.

Lash:

Ack! Down goose! You be nice! Ouch! Bad goose!

[The goose kept up its attack until Lash fled, leading the goose behind in the dressing room of the FIST champion, along with a tattered note with a smiley face that he'd written to Clara, thanking her for a chance at the FISTY title, and telling her that he hoped she liked the gift.]

Wounded

[Chance Von Crank is screaming as he is wheeled toward an awaiting ambulance. They load him in the back and begin hooking him to an IV, and morphine. A Defiance Camera man jumps in the ambulance as they strap him in for the ride to the local hospital. Chance stops flapping after the morphine begins to take its affect. Chance notices the cameraman and suddenly bucks back up.]

cVc:

That was not a fucking wrestling match. That was some kind of fucking felony out there and this son of a bitch nearly beats me to death with a chair attempting to cheat and no go. TPP ain't fucking around and I just proved it. Every motherfucker back there knows what I just did out there. I stole the fucking show with some cockstain from who gives a fuck?

[Chance briefly laughs while clutching his ribs, a few of them apparently broken.]

cVc:

It does not matter... Who they are or where they came from. I been around this horse shit my entire life and I'm not politically correct, that's my draw motherfucker. Look at my fucking face and tell me wrestling is fake. All you motherfuckers can suck my uncut cock. Look it's wearing a turtle neck, boom cream pie. This is how I make my living and as I set before you know bleeding I want you to know that Dragon Jones has the beating of his life coming. He will be wandering aimless around every where we fucking wrestle wondering is today the day The Trailer Park Prodigy finishes off my fucking career. I'll be in your goddamn nightmares screaming fuck you while holding my cock soon, you piece of shit. This morphine is good, son. I hope you enjoy yours too and expect a visit from just down the hall real fucking soon. Is he checked in under his ring name?

[The Camera man has not respond.]

cVc:

Can't you talk, Faggot? See and they want to let you fucking queers vote. Anyway I just Defiance viewers from around the world to hear my voice and know it's the future of this motherfucker. Get use to this perfect mullet, and the ever so fucking brilliance, that is The Trailer Park Prodigy... The Shock-N-Rolla... Here to Show Ya.... Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded..... Chance Von Crank.

Cancer Jiles vs Jane Katze



[Evanescence harkens the arrival of the always so severe Jane Katze. All business Katze walks to the ring unphased the the boos and jeers from the packed crowd. Just as Jane starts to stomp up the ring steps however several more bodies emerge from backstage. "The Red Queen" Virginia Quell and the massive West Virginian Frank Dylan James both walk out to Jane's music, Jane looking on warily as The Moral Majority stroll down the ramp behind her and make their way over to the announce booth.]

Angus: Those crazy fucks aren't coming over here are they? **DDK:** They, are indeed... hello Virginia, ummm... Frank, hello. [Jane jaws in the general direction of the commotion at ringside, Frank leans back against the guardrail with his tree trunk sized arms crossed over his wine barrel sized chest allowing the seat and headset to Quell.] **DDK:** Mrs. Quell welcome to ringside. **Quell:** Darren hello love, Angus darling how are you dear? **Angus:** ... I'm going on record as not liking this one God damn bit. **Quell:** Oh, don't pout love it's unbecoming... look at Jane though, dear me, she's looking ripped isn't she? Like some sort of BEAST. All muscle and sinew and gristle. Like a dear old hunting dog. [Jane crouches in the corner preparing for the match, casting one last long look towards the distraction seated just a few feet away.] **DDK:** Pardon me for saying so but it doesn't seem Mrs. Katze is all too pleased to see you two out here right now. [The familiar beginning guitar riff of Screamin' Jay's perennial classic "I Am The COOL" starts to play as Quell begins her answer, yelling above the roar of the crowd.] **Quell:** We're all one big family now, Darren haven't you heard? My dear Hollis decided that, not that he mentioned it to myself and Francis here. But he knows what's best, doesn't he? I just thought it would be nice to show our new comrade Jane here a little team spirit, isn't that right Francis? [Even if Frank had muttered an answer it wouldn't have mattered as the newly crowned pope of the great world wide church of COOL just made his perfectly timed entrance and received one hell of an ovation from the packed Orlando crowd. Cancer takes a lap of the ring glad handing with her public, eyes darting back and forth between Jane in the ring and The Moral Majority at ringside.] **DDK:** Just going on your companion Mr. Box's views of Cancer I trust I'm not venturing out on a limb saying you're not a big fan or Mr. Jiles? **Quell:** So just because Box wants to squeeze that little zit I'm supposed to just fall in line and hate his bloody guts too, is that it Darren? Like he's the bloody Doctor and I'm some doe eyed little school girl he's picked up along the way somewhere?! IS THAT IT?! **DDK:** Umm... **Angus:** Who the fuck is the Doctor? **DDK:** Virginia is British, so I'm going to assume it's a reference to long running UK television series Doctor Who. **Angus:** Fucking eww. **Quell:** Don't make me give you a fat lip, love. [As Darren and Angus continue to navigate that insane minefield Jiles finally rolls into the ring putting the entranceway to his back, eyes locked onto the now impatient Jane Katze. Referee Denny Doyle takes a quick nod from each competitor and gets this circus started as quickly as he can before things get crazy. Associates of Bronson Box sitting at ringside will do that to an officials nerves.] [DING DING and Jane is on Cancer like white on rice with a few lunges for the blond grapplers legs. Jiles ducks and rolls through several giving the quick to temper Jane a few cocky tisk tisks before landing some quick snap jabs himself.] **DDK:** Cancer keeping some distance between himself and the skilled submission fighter Katze. **Angus:** I swear to Christ if she locks one of those fucked up lesbian scissor holds on poor Cancer I'm gunna' shit. **Quell:** Worried about your bloody GIRLfriend are you Angus? [After some exciting exchanges including some impressive kicks and strikes from both competitors, Jane wrestles Cancer down to the mat and locks in a tight sleeper.] **DDK:** Jane's working her legs, desperately trying to lock in that scissorhold. She can apply all manner of dangerous maneuvers from that scissorhold as you mentioned earlier Angus. **Quell:** Come on Jane dear! You can do it, love! [The camera catches Virginia slipping her trademark brass knucks from betwixt her bosom and handing them to Frank, still positioned behind her in all his barefoot glory. Frank just nods.] **Angus:** The hell was that? You motherfuckers better not touch Cancer you evil crazy fucks. **Quell:** Care to say that to Francis' face, love? Don't know if he caught all that. [Frank glares down at Angus.] **Angus:** Nope, nevermind, fuck that.

Carry fuckin' on. [After accidentally showing everyone he can actually grapple, Cancer works his way out of Jane's hold and the submission siren loses Jiles' back just like that. Cancer is back on his feet before Jane is off her knees.] **WHAP! DDK:** WHAT A SHOOT KICK TO THE BACK OF JANE'S HEAD! **Quell:** If she ends up losing any teeth I'd love one as a souvenir... [giggle] I make jewelry. **Angus:** Woof. You are Bronson's girlfriend, aren't you? [Cancer takes the opportunity to jaw to his groggy opponent. The ringside cameras pick up the cool laden shit-talkery.] **Cancer Jiles:** What's wrong Jane? That big meaty neck of yours can't take one little ol' kick from me? [Cancer stomps down on Jane's neck.] **Cancer Jiles:** You tell Eddy and his new knob polisher they're a LONG way from breaking the COOLest of the COOL. [A couple more stomps and Jiles reaches down and wrenches Jane to her feet, Jane answers with a kick of her own to Cancer's leg and the two are back and it exchanging blows from one corner to the next. Pushing Jiles back first into a set of turnbuckles near the announce table Jane starts laying in stomps, Jiles sliding down to a seated position. As Jane digs her knee into the face of The COOL One she glares down towards Virginia Quell still seated at ringside.] [The Queen just waves back with a far from sincere smile.] **Quell:** Eyes on the prize dear. [As if on cue Cancer chooses that moment to slip down out of Jane's grasp. Back on his feet Cancer spins Jane around and wrenches down on her neck. Cancer experiences a clear upper hand over the next few minutes beginning with compressing Jane's spine with a nasty DDT.] **DDK:** Big maneuver there from Jiles! **Angus:** Hope she snapped a vertebrae... [Cancer reaches down and starts pulling the groggy Jane Katze to her feet. In one last ditch play Jane rakes Cancer deep across the eyes causing the platinum prince of COOL to stumble back into the corner. Benny Doyle admonishes Jane and immediately goes over to check on Jiles.] [Frank quickly steps forward and slides the brass knucks in to Jane.] **Angus:** *inaudible grumbling, teeth gnashing* [Jane picks up the knucks with a bewildered look on her face, casting a questioning glance towards her "stable mates" at ringside. Turning back from Jiles ref Doyle notices the weapon and immediately admonishes Katze once again. Jane exasperatedly tries to explain the situation but Benny isn't hearing a word of it. She finally just shoves the weapon into Doyle's chest, desperate to get back to her injured opponent.] **SNAP!** [Jane crumples onto the mat like a used towel on a wet bathroom floor.] **Angus:** TERMINAL CANCER MOTHER FUCKER, BOOM! **Quell:** Oh dear, what a mixup. Poor girl, that had to hurt. **DDK:** Indeed, wow, HUGE move right there from Cancer Jiles. [Cancer scampers for the rollup.] 1... 2... 3... **DING DING DING!** [With a snigger Virginia takes off her headset and joins Frank in making a hasty exit. Not before of course wrenching her brass knuckles from the pocket of referee Benny Doyle. Biggest thrill of poor Doyle's life. Jane comes around pretty quick and immediately hunts ringside for Gin and Frank. She lays eyes on the two halfway up the ramp. Gin just blows Jane a kiss and shrugs as she back steps up the ramp with The Mastodon.] **Angus:**
So wait. I thought Jane and Gin were on the same side. **DDK:**
It could just be a girl thing, Angus, Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh don't get along with each other either. But the important part is that, having won this match, Cancer Jiles gets himself a singles match with Edward White at Untouchable! **Angus:**
Fucking woot! **DDK:**
And I can't help but wonder how Edward White's going to feel about the apparent lack of comraderie between Box's associates and his own. **Angus:**
Well anyway, my notes say something about we've got some sort of debut promo coming up next, and after that it's gonna be the trios match between The Good Fight and The Mike Sloan Extravaganza!

When We Are Kings

[Black.]

[And a soft bass riff begins to fill the air, as the camera fades up to a cobblestone walk. We stare at the ground for a second, before we're greeted by the steel tip of a black cane and a pair of black shoes, walking along as the camera pans up. We see that whoever this is is wearing a black suit, with a white carnation on the jacket... and then the familiar voice of Ozzy Osbourne starts singing...]

♪ *What 'cha gonna do?* ♪

[We see his face; clean-shaven, with blonde locks stopping right at the front of his hairline. He smiles with his eyes shut, as he keeps walking.]

♪ *Time's caught up with you* ♪

[Pull back. We see three people flanking him. On our left is a large man in a similar black suit, his head covered with a black mask and a golden insect design. We can't see his face, but he certainly doesn't look like he's ready to exchange pleasantries.]

♪ *Now you wait your turn* ♪

[And to our right is a man in a black suit, with short, spiked green hair, and an Asian woman next to him, in a black dress.]

♪ *You know there's no return* ♪

[Wait... Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama?!]

[Tony Iommi's legendary guitar riff from Black Sabbath's "Hand of Doom" rips up, as with a flash, we're taken to a ring, clearly a playback of some previous match. We see the blond man, now stripped to the waist, facing some hapless shmuck, armed with his black cane... and suddenly poking the victim in the ribs with it, before commencing to thresh him silly with it.]

♪ *TAKE YOUR WRITTEN RULES* ♪

[Troy Matthews now, staring at the downed Trendkiller, before stepping off the big man's knee and delivering his foot to the back of TK's head, giving birth to the move that would be later known as the Trendsetter.]

♪ *YOU JOIN THE OTHER FOOLS* ♪

[The masked giant now in the ring, assaulting his enemy with a salvo of palm thrusts in the corner, before peeling him out to the opposite corner, and lunging at him, pressing him out like a pancake.]

♪ *TURN TO SOMETHING NEW* ♪

[Cut back to the street, now from the perspective of the ground, looking up. All four of our guests are standing over us; the masked man unable to be traced, Troy and Saori staring down with contempt and disgust, and the blond gentleman looking down with a sharkey smile on his face, before delivering the finishing blow with his cane's tip.]

♪ *NOW IT'S KILLING YOU* ♪

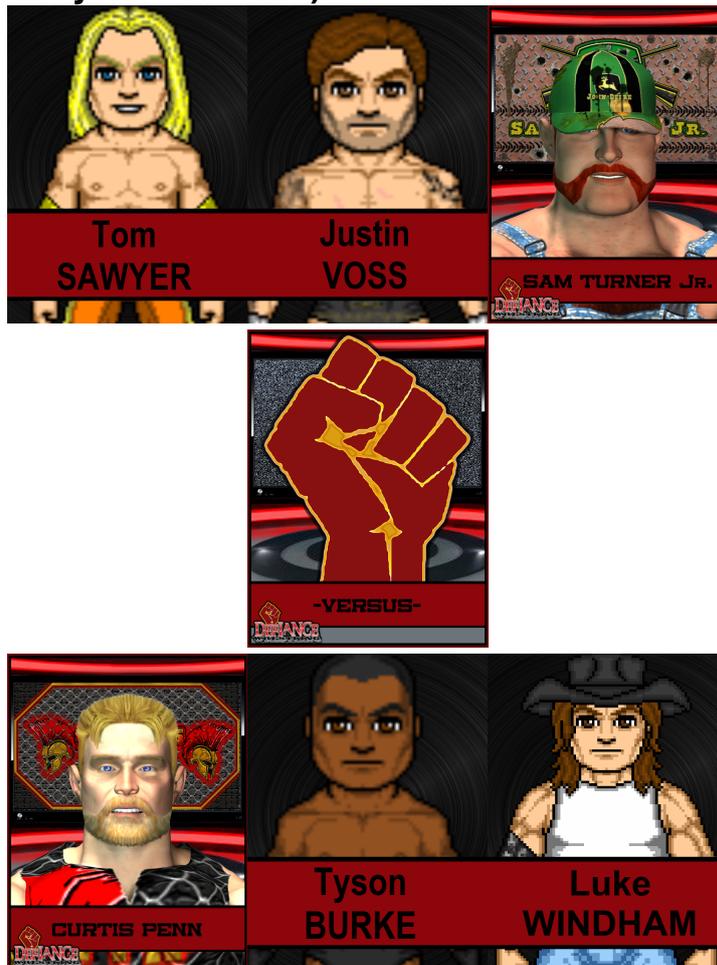
[Fade to black, save for the following words.]

***THE PHILOSOPHER KINGS
COMING TO DEFIANCE TV***

Catching Up

[Backstage] [A grey door bearing a 'Do Not Disturb' sign opens slowly and an eye peeks through the wafer thin gap. It darts around in its socket, flitting this way and that before the door slams shut once again. A chain rattles on the other side and the door swings wide open to reveal Martin Irwin Trainor.] [MIT leans out from the door way and checks both directions down the corridor, he seems happy with what he sees and hurries along down the hall. He rounds a corner and is greeted by a trio of men he wasn't planning on meeting.] **Alceo Dentari:** Well well well, look what we got here. [MIT turns to run but Big Vinny and Tony Di Luca reach out and place a hand on each of his shoulders.] **Dentari:** You ain't gettin' away this time, Trainor. [The Gorillas pull MIT back and turn him around to face Dentari.] **Dentari:** Where's our money? [MIT doesn't say a word, instead opting to stammer and mumble frantically.] **Dentari:** Sorry, I don't think I got that. You got our money, yes or no? [MIT sighs and closes his eyes. Reluctantly he shakes his head and braces himself for a slapjack around the back of the head.] **Dentari:** This is most disappointin', Martin. Most disappointin' indeed. [Dentari starts to roll up his sleeves as the lights around them flash off and on.] **Dentari:** What are you doin'? Tony, search him for gadgets, we don't need no surprises. [Di Luca pats down MIT as Dentari continues to roll his sleeves up.] **Dentari:** You gonna try an' electrocute us again, huh? You know what happened last time you tried that. [Di Luca finishes patting MIT down and shakes his head.] **Tony Di Luca:** He ain't got nothin', Boss. [Just then the lights flicker again before going out completely.] **Dentari:** What the hell's goin' on? **Gravely Voice:** Let him go **Dentari:** What the- [Just as quickly as they went out the lights come back on. It takes a couple of seconds for everyone to realise there's a man between Dentari and MIT. A man adorned in black and silver with a silver helm.] **Obsidian:** I said let him go [Obsidian pushes Di Luca and Big Vinny, but they don't budge. Instead of beating the everloving crap out of him like they quite rightly should, the Gorillas and Dentari all burst out laughing.] **Dentari:** An' what are you supposed to be? **Obsidian:** Your worst nightmare. [Alceo can't maintain a straight face and doubles over with laughter.] **Obsidian:** Let. Him. Go. [Dentari eventually manages to stop laughing for long enough to speak again.] **Dentari:** You know what? [Dentari nods and Di Luca and Big Vinny throw MIT into Obsidian, sending both of them sprawling to the floor. All three men then proceed to put the boots to Obsidian and MIT until Brian Slater and several other DEFSEC staff arrive on the scene.] **Dentari:** This ain't over boys. Not by a long shot. [Alceo and The Gorillas are pushed back by DEFSEC, but they've already done the damage.] **Dentari:** We're done. We got more important things to be doin' tonight anyway.

The Good Fight (Sawyer/Voss/STJ) vs Team Sloan



[As we fade back up, the members of the Mike Sloan Extravaganza are entering the ring.]

DDK:

We're back, thank you for joining us. We've got a new Trios Team called The Philosopher Kings headed to Defiance, and I think Martin Irwin Trainor is headed out.

Angus:

You'd think that Jeff would be paying enough attention to his promotion not to let people run off the wrestlers. But if he hasn't got time to stop Heidi from breaking people's knees, then why would he mess with the Gorillas?

DING DING DING!!!!

DDK:

And it's show time! This six man tag between The Good Fight and Team Sloan is one that I've been waiting for all day.

Angus:

Why? Look at the size and balance among Team Sloan, now look at the circus that calls themselves The Good Fight. They're freaks.

[The big man of The Good Fight, Justin Voss, seemingly more motivated than ever before in Defiance. He points at Luke Windham of Team Sloan.]

DDK:

Looks like Voss wants a piece of the big man!

Angus:

Keeps, tell the good people watching at home about how Justin Voss pinned our World Champion last week, and how everyone knows he should be getting a shot, and how Jeff Andrews is a pussy and he stuck Voss in a tag team match!

[With the crowd revving up, Luke puts a huge paw on Penn's shoulder, and with an arrogant smile on face, Windham steps over the top rope. The crowd begins cheering as the two men step to each other.]

DDK:

The two big men are gonna start this off!

Angus:

Like so many of my broadcast partner's most intimate fantasies.

DDK:

I...don't see your mom anywhere near this ring!

Angus:

My mother's a Saint!

[Voss and Windham are trash talking each other in the center of the ring. Both men spring off the opposite ropes and collide with shoulder blocks. Voss back some, but comes charging back with a spinning discus palm strike Windham's face.]

DDK:

What a shot! Voss calls that "Ode to Endangered", and it took even a man the size of Luke Windham straight off his feet!

[Windham pounds the mat with his fist and roars back to his feet. Voss bounds off the far ropes for momentum. Windham charges for a clothesline, but Voss ducks, and as they bounce off they bounce off the ring ropes, Voss explodes with a lariat! He mounts up and lays in the haymakers into Windham's face. Tom Sawyer hopped onto the top ropes and further worked the fans into a frenzy.]

DDK:

Justin Voss is absolutely on fire here tonight!

[The referee stepped in, and Windham's facial expression told the story. He had no idea what just hit him. Voss was snarling, and the crowd support only further hyped him.]

DDK:

From a scientific standpoint, what should Windham do here to regain the advantage?

Angus:

Well you know how Eugene Dewey was bullied when he was younger right?

DDK:

Yes I do.

Angus:

Well then it's simple, re-enact a scene from Dewey's childhood. Leave a bacon cheeseburger with cheese fries, a chocolate cake, and an Xbox 360 in front of him. As Dewey is making up his mind, sneak up behind him. Now instead of giving him a wedgie, you give him a nice Olympic-style, Grecco-Roman, crowbar shot right across the spot where the clavicle and neck meet. Right in the uh....upper latimus dorsimus esophagus. Repeat said crowbar shot until either:

a) Dewey gives up his wallet, or b) Cops arrive. Works everytime.

DDK:

...Right. And so how does that help him beat Justin Voss?

Angus:

Goddammit don't make me pay attention!

[Voss is so fired up that when he dropkicks Windham back into his own corner, he just rushes in after him. A second after he gets there, Penn takes a step to the side, steps off the middle rope and cracks Voss in the back of the head with a rope assisted enzuigiri! Voss staggers, Windham hurls him back into the corner. Penn again throws a roundhouse kick over the ropes at Voss.]

DDK:

Now look at how Curtis Penn is working over Voss in the corner. I don't know exactly what's going on with him right now, but he's been all about only winning matters and looking out for number one, and even though he's technically on the side of the good guys, he sees no reason to be one when there's a match to be won. And that lack of sportsmanship apparently applies to The Good Fight, even though they're on the same side.

[With STJ and Sawyer trying to alert the referee to Penn's tactics, Windham hurries back over to work Voss over some more with kneelifts to his midsection. A bodyslam connects, and Windham makes the tag out to Tyson Burke. Burke comes in and applies a chinlock to the already down Eugene Dewey.]

DDK:

Fresh tag to Tyson Burke. That may be the key to this match; whomever can keep the freshest man in the ring should be able to score a victory.

Angus:

Burke is making Voss carry all that extra weight, like the jocks used to make Dewey carry their books to class.

DDK:

Would you leave Dewey alone and call the match?!

[Voss eventually bases up to his feet, Burke turned the chinlock into a side headlock. Burke cranks the headlock tighter forcing Voss to one knee. But Voss grabs hold of Burke's waist and leg takes him over in a massive uproot style backdrop!]

DDK:

That suplex took a lot out of both men. Voss desperately needs to make a tag, he's been in there all match. Listen to these fans encourage him.

[Voss has much further to go for a tag, but he army crawls across the ring like a boss and slaps hands with STJ!]

DDK:

This is an interesting meeting. The rawbone strength of Sam Turner versus the finely tuned precision of the 2009 and 2010 NCAA Heavyweight Wrestling Champion.

[In comes STJ like a house of fire, but Penn and his MMA ability cut him off with a quick kick, taking the voice out of the crowd. He locks on a standing armbar, while STJ grimaces in pain. Seeing how effective the hold was, Penn adds another twist to Turner's arm for more pain. He backs STJ into the ropes, shoots him across the ring with an Irish whip, and on the rebound hooks and sends him airborne with a belly to belly suplex.]

DDK:

Belly to belly suplex by Curtis Penn. Did you see the All-American Seminole pop those hips?

Angus:

That was a textbook belly to belly. No way Mama Turner's Baby Boy knew that was coming.

[Penn took time to address the audience when he saw STJ stirring to his feet. He charges, but STJ demonstrates that rawbone strength of his, by shooting Penn high into the air and letting him crash to the mat courtesy of a flapjack! A dazed Penn stood up in time to be floored by a haymaker of a clothesline! The crowd really came unglued when Tom Sawyer was tagged in.]

DDK:

Tom Sawyer has been tagged and it is deafening in here!!!

Angus:

For what?! How overrated is this guy anyway? GODDAMMIT I HATE TOM SAWYER HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE TOM SAWYER MACHO RANGER MY DICK.

[Sawyer comes in like a house on fire. He takes Penn down with a dropsault, and then hits one on Burke who was coming into the ring to help out. Sawyer even catches big Luke Windham with a triangle jump dropkick, knocking the big man off the apron, although he lands on his feet.]

DDK:

Sawyer is poetry in motion in that ring. A truly gifted athlete, and you'll only find him here in Defiance!!!

Angus:

I wanna go home.

[Penn stands back to his feet, and Sawyer checks his position and Burke's as well. Sawyer then gives Penn a swift kick to the midsection, and hooks Penn's head. He drops to mat with a stunner, while simultaneously legdropping the floored Burke. The pro Sawyer crowd comes unglued again.]

DDK:

Innovative move by Tom Sawyer.!

Angus:

Oh come on! He totally pulled that move outta his ass! You're such a nuthugger!

[Having turned the tide in favor of his team Sawyer tagged in STJ to follow up. Turner comes roaring in with a elbow drop onto Penn while Sawyer steps back onto the apron.]

[That's when things get interesting...]

Angus:

Be still my beating di....er um....heart. Look who's on her way to the ring!

DDK:

Heidi Christenson of the Untouchables is heading down the ramp!

Angus:

Because she hates Tom Sawyer even more than I do! She's going to murdilate him and it's going to be fantasmagorious!

[Her blue eyes glazed and her mouth twisted into a snarl!, Heidi stalks halfway down the black box ramp and points at Tom. Tom runs along the apron, then up the ramp, pointing at her, warning her to stay out of this.]

[Heidi spits in his face.]

[The Macho Ranger obliges, springing forward with a double leg takedown! Heidi's immediately working for the kimura, but Sawyer lifts her straight off the ramp and dropkicks her, sending Heidi backstage and through the curtains! The match forgotten, he bolts after her, leaping and going through the curtains while in mid air.]

Angus:

Not what I wanted to see, which was Tom dying, but notice how Heidi managed to provoke him into hitting her first, and now The Good Fight's a man down!

[STJ, who was distracted by Sawyer and Heidi, is caught with a bulldog headlock from Burke.]

DDK:

Burke with the bulldog on STJ, and Heidi and Tom Sawyer are in the back somewhere.

Angus:

I've got to assume she's leading him into an Untouchables beatdown somewhere back there.

[With Voss and Windham still brawling on the outside of the ring, Burke tags in Penn. Penn nods to Burke, and Burke turns STJ over, holding his legs. Burke then executes the catapult maneuver, which sends careening into Penn's picture perfect Busaiku knee smash.]

DDK:

UFiF!!!

[Mark Shields hops down for the count.]

ONE!

.....TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Angus:

Team Sloan's won it!!!

DDK:

With a little help from Heidi Christenson! And Curtis Penn has a grudge against her too, how's he going to feel about getting an assist from her? None the less, Team Sloan now is in line for a Trios Tag Title shot against the winner of our main event tonight, whether it be The Untouchables, or Alceo Dentari and the Gorillas!

FIET

[The camerafeed quickly cuts to a backstage Steadicam, who comes around a corner just in time to duck a flying trashcan! The view quickly resolves itself – The Macho Ranger, Tom Sawyer being strangled by the Queen of DEFIANCE, Heidi Christenson, who holds both ends of the strangling piece of electrical cable in her whiteknuckled fists!]

[The hallway was a T-intersection, cinderblock walls to the left, to the right, and nothing in the middle except the fight!]

Angus:

Holy crap, they're really goin' at it!

DDK:

Phrasing.

[With blue-shirted DEFsec goons around the edges of the fight, working hard to keep everyone back, this gave Heidi and Tom a good range of area to brawl in.]

[With his face going beet-red under those MADNESS-printed sunglasses, Tom lunges forward... And leaps! His feet kick off the cinderblock wall, and Tom manages to flip himself up and oooooo-]

DDK:

Shiranui! Sawyer with a Shiranui on Heidi on the concrete!

[The Macho Ranger stumbles backwards, hands thrashing and hauling the cord out from around his neck. As Heidi comes up, rubbing at the back of her head, Tom rushes in, grabbin' at the woman's outstretched arm, spins on his heel, and the Macho Ranger hauls Heidi up... And slams her chest-first into the cinderblock!]

Sawyer:

This has been comin' for a long time now, Heidi!

[He peppers Heidi's chin with right jabs, and as the woman telegraphs her furious swing, Tom leaps back, evading her brutal roundhouse! Heidi throws caution to the wind, simply running at Tom, hands grabbing at his shirt, so she coul-]

Angus:

HEADBUTT!

[The sickening thwack of their heads crashing together is easily heard over the camera's mike pickup, and Tom stumbles, his cowboy hat knocked akilter by the impact!]

[Heidi sweeps her leg right through the back of Tom's knees, sending the Ranger sprawling down!]

Heidi:

I am going to end you tonight one way or another, you little chickenlegged sonofabitch.

[Heidi drops to a knee, her other knee coming down to press to Tom's throat, the woman's entire bodyweight being used to strangle the Ranger!]

DDK:

This fight, such a personal one, has gotten really nasty!

[But the heart of the Macho Ranger would not give way! Tom's arms thrash, his legs kick... And Tom suddenly rolls, snagging up Heidi's ankle and hauling it up with him! Heidi's arms pinwheel as Tom holds her offbalance...]

Angus:

HEIDI GOIN' FOR A ENZIGUIRI!

[Tom ducks it! Heidi's leg whiffs through the air, and she lands, still-caught ankle awkwardly twisted in Tom's grasp, but the Macho Ranger uses the leg as a level, and kinda rolls Heidi over in a somersault... And right to her feet!]

[Then Sawyer grabs Heidi by the back of the head, and throws her forward, right into the metal fire door! The pushbar is depressed by Heidi's hip, and the woman goes tumbling right through, out into the parking lot! Sawyer goes rushing after, fists clenching as he does!]

DDK:

Well, I don't know why DEFIANCE Security isn't breaking this up, but we'll stay on top of this fight! Right now, we have a match to get to!

Christian Light vs Dan Ryan

- ♪ I am the world that hides the universal secrets of all time ♪
- ♪ Destruction of the empty spaces is my one and only crime ♪
- ♪ I lived a thousand times ♪
- ♪ I found out what it means to be believed ♪
- ♪ The thoughts and images ♪
- ♪ The unborn child that never was conceived ♪



[The fans are already booing as Kai Scott walks out. Standing atop the ramp, he spreads his arms wide and spins in place. He's dressed in his street clothes and carrying the usual silver crutch, although he's not even pretending to limp.]

DDK:

Fans, I do not know what Kai Scott is doing out here. We're scheduled to have Christian Light taking on Dan Ryan right now, Kai is not supposed to be involved in that match.

Angus:

Yeah, but, hey, he's been on Light's case the last couple weeks now. I don't know what he's up to, but I'm not surprised to see him and.... Keeps I think he's headed our way.

[Kai walks straight through the ring, not even pausing to acknowledge the fans, rolls out the far side and sits himself down at the commentation station.]

DDK:

Mr. Scott, to what do we owe the pleasure?

Scott:

Darren, sometimes watching things on the backstage monitors is good enough, and sometimes you just need to get a closer look at things. I'm just here as an observer, and commentator.

[Cut to the announcer's table. DDK looks apprehensive, Angus Skaaland is glaring at Scott with as much loathing as he dares show. Scott, on the other hand, looks relaxed and comfortable. He helps himself to a bottle of Aquafina mineral water.]



Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 307 lbs! He is THE EGOBUSTER! DAAANNNNN... RRRYYYYYYYAAAAAANNNN!!!!

[Cue up: "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins]

- ♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪
- ♪ There's no connection to myself ♪
- ♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪
- ♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪

[CUT TO: 'Ego Buster' flashes across the screen in rapid contrasting black and white.]
 [CUT TO: Dan Ryan gorrilla presses Kevin Powers from inside the ring to the floor below.]
 [CUT TO: The word "YOU" flashes on the screen.]
 [CUT TO: Dan Ryan throws 'Living Legend' Mark Windham from the second level of Key Arena down to the first level.]
 [CUT TO: the word "ARE".]
 [CUT TO: Dan Ryan clotheslines 'Cocky' Craig Miles, nearly taking his head off.]
 [CUT TO: the word "BUSTED"]
 [CUT TO: rapid shots of Dan Ryan pulverizing opponents with the Humility Bomb, a last ride power bomb landing high angle on the neck.]

[Ryan walks down to ringside as pyro erupts along the ramp beside him. He rolls under the bottom rope and climbs a corner turnbuckle and simply glares through the sunglasses into the crowd.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Garden City, New York, and weighing in at 271 lbs! He is THE LAST NIGHTHAWK! CHRRRRRISTIANNNN... LLLIIIIIIIGHT!

[Darkness.]

[Fans roar in anticipation. Lighters come on. Cell phones come out for the nonsmokers. Those by the entrance turn their attention to the ramp way, hoping for an early peak at the entrance. But aside from slight movement, there's nothing.]

[Nothing that is, but air raid sirens.]

[Sirens and the flash of blue spotlights panning around the audience in a quick, nervous motion.]

[Sirens, spotlights, and the sounds of machine guns firing off rounds.]

[And its at this point that a tall man steps onto the top of the ramp way.]

[A tall man with a blonde flat top haircut.]

[And at that moment, simultaneously with the guitar riff of Disturbed's "Indestructible" blaring from the speakers, all

four or five of the small blue spotlights make one sudden motion to the man standing on the ramp way, hands on his hips.]

♪ Another mission, the powers have called me away ♪
♪ Another time to carry the colors again ♪
♪ My motivation, an oath I've sworn to defend ♪
♪ To win the honor of coming back home again ♪

[Christian Light's usual smile is nowhere to be seen as he starts to make his way down the aisle extending his hands as far out as he could on either side. Dressed in a short-sleeve black Last Nighthawk T-shirt and blue wrestling trunks, Christian doesn't have to worry about shirt pull as most of the fans on the aisle reach out and slap hands with him.]

[As he reaches the ring from the aisle, Christian hops up to the apron of the squared circle and climbs in. Immediately Christian hits the nearest middle turnbuckle and raises both fists in the air. The music dies down. Christian takes off his T-shirt and throws it into the crowd. Hopping down from the second rope, Christian stretches out in the corner awaiting the match to begin.]

DDK:

It's not very often that you see Christian Light outsized by his opponent, but Dan Ryan's packing 30 or 40 extra pounds or so of muscle on his frame.

Scott:

I seriously doubt that's going to psyche Light out, though. Hasn't he shared the ring with that Victor Mandrake guy a few times?

[They lock up. Light pushes Ryan back a half-step, then Ryan pushes Light into the turnbuckle. Light comes flying back out into another lock-up, goes behind for a waistlock, Ryan grabs both of Light's wrists, pries the waistlock loose, spins around, throws a short arm clothesline at Light, Light ducks at the last second and doesn't follow up.]

Scott:

Now, if you see what's going on there, Light's giving Dan Ryan's game a metric shit-ton of respect, and that's what I like about him. He's all business, doesn't often let his temper or exceptional circumstances influence what he does in the ring.

[They lock up again, and this time Light's just a little bit quicker. He takes Ryan over with a fireman's carry and bars the arm. Ryan fights up to his knees, and then counters into a wristlock. He hammers the arm, and then Light's head, and forces him to one knee. Light rolls over, rolls again, counters the wristlock, kips up to his feet, gets behind Ryan in a hammerlock and back drops him on the hammerlocked arm!]

[Ryan rolls clear but doesn't leave the ring.]

[Light rushes at Ryan with his jumping high knee, and Ryan sidesteps. Light catches himself on the ropes but Ryan clotheslines him from behind. Ryan throws Light through the ropes shoulder first into the ring post, then pulls him back and release German suplexes him!]

DDK:

Light misses a knee, and Ryan takes advantage of it.

Scott:

Ryan's enough of a veteran that he faked Light out by playing just a little bit of possum, made Light mess up the timing and think he could hit that knee.

Angus:

OK, well, c'mon, even Christian Light's got to be careful against the Egobuster!

Scott:

No, I think rather his best bet would be to be as aggressive as he can. Get Ryan up in the air for suplexes as often as he can early. Light's no lightweight himself but a guy Ryan's size feels those things.

[Ryan covers quickly but Light kicks out in 2. He grabs the chinlock. Light starts throwing elbows to fight out of it, and Ryan doesn't seem to work very hard to keep it. Light fights to his feet, and tries to run the ropes, but Ryan catches him with a half nelson, pulls him into a knee, pulls him the rest of the way into a full nelson and down into a slam!]

DDK:

Christian Light's lost twice since coming to Defiance, but I've never seen anyone control him in a match like this!

Scott:

I know, right? You know, after he lost to Jeff that one time, I think he's been having some issues. He couldn't finish the match against Jane and Nicky last week.

Angus:

Because you cheated!

Scott:

Was that a complaint? Shall I remind you of it the next time you say Team Danger Represent?

[Angus mutters gloomily as Ryan picks Light up by the head, hooks the full nelson and tries for a dragon suplex, but Light blocks! He grabs his own knee, powers free from the full nelson, turns around and head and arm suplexes Ryan!]

[Light grabs the legs and Ryan immediately kicks him backwards. Light rolls to his feet a second or two faster than Ryan, and takes him back down to the mat with a spear!]

DDK:

Looked like Light went for the Light Leg-Lock.

Scott:

Well, he's obviously not going to try to press slam a guy the size of Dan Ryan, which means the Realizing the Dream is out.

[Light walks around the ring, clapping his hands over his head, getting the fans behind him, and once the sound of stomping feet is ringing through the arena, he charges Ryan and clotheslines him out over the top rope!]

Angus:

Ah, shit!

[Ryan bumps up against the front of the announce table. Light steps to the apron and jumps off with an axehandle, and both men fall right on top of it.]

[Scott steps back and raises his hands above his head, making it clear to the ref that he's not getting involved.]

[Light, however, doesn't trust him. Instead of following up on Ryan, he points at Scott. Not on the microphone, what he's saying isn't picked up well, but the gist of it is clear - it's a warning to Scott not to get involved or else. Ryan gets up on one knee, looks from Scott to the distracted Light, and -]

DDK:

Superkick! Superkick from Dan Ryan!

[Light lands right at Scott's feet.]

[Ryan pulls Light up by the waistband of his trunks and throws him into the ring. He slings himself OVER the top rope

and lands on Light with a springboard legdrop!]

Scott:

Truly impressive that at his age, with his frame and his knees, Dan Ryan can pull that springboard off, but he's pulling out all the stops. Looks to me like Christian Light just didn't have enough in the tank to deal with it.

Angus:

He would've never landed that superkick if it wasn't for you!

Scott:

Quite true, but that doesn't make it my fault.

[Ryan picks Light up in torture rack position.]

DDK:

Ryan not even stopping to pass Go, he's got Light up and he's DOWN with the Headliner!

[Yes, Dan Ryan skipped the Egobuster and went straight for the MDK move.]

DDK:

He's taking no chances now that he's got the Last Nighthawk down, and the cover!

ONE! TWO! THREE!!!

[As soon as the bell rings and "Zero" hits, Scott slips his headset off and heads for the ring. Ryan sees him coming and steps back, waiting to see what's going to happen.]

[Holding up his hand, Scott requests a microphone.]

Scott:

No Good Fight today either, eh Christian?

[Light gets to his hands and knees. Ryan takes one step further back, still looking more or less at ease, but at the same time keeping an eye on Scott, an eye on Light, and an eye on his back, but there isn't any sign of the rest of The Untouchables.]

Scott:

And now look what happened. One more card, one more beating, and you're not any closer to Jeff than you were when this all started. I'll ask you to refrain from giving Clairra any more unsolicited advice - but if you want some from me, I'm not a hard man to find. And since I don't have my own office, my door is always open.

[Scott switches off the microphone before dropping it, walks around Dan Ryan and up the ramp.]

DDK:

Wow.

[A bit of awkward dead air.]

DDK:

Even if Light let himself get distracted, Dan Ryan's the first person in Defiance to put him down during a match fair and square. We may be seeing the real capability of the Ego Buster, Angus.

Angus:

I'm not sure what scares me more. That, or the fact that Kai Scott is Up To Something.

DDK:

Explain.

Angus:

Most bad guys, Jeff and the other Untouchables included, would've hit Light with a chair or something and run laps around the ring to celebrate. Fuck, if I'd cost someone of Light's caliber a match back when I wrestled, I'd still be celebrating. Point is, Kai knows what he's doing.

DDK:

Don't go away Defia-fans, because up next we've got the FIST of Defiance on the line, with Clair St. Sure defending against Lash Graham!

Angus:

Hey, d'you think she liked the goose he left her?

An Untouchable Apocalypse

[Backstage, we cut to JUSTIN VOSS standing in front of the camera, ready to speak his mind. He's still dressed in his ring gear and a gold Vossylvanian Viper sleeveless tee, with a black silhouette of the Viper about to strike with a large white "V" behind it. He wears gold wraparound shades and grinds one fist into the palm of his hand. Sweat beads on his brow from the match just completed with Team Sloan.]

Justin Voss:

Defiance. Tonight, the Good Fight marches on in a war that's towed the line season Jeff Andrews drove the knife right into this promotion's spine and left it jittering, shaking and fitting in the gutter. His Untouchables then DEFECATED on this promotion by accepting the Trios titles. Andrews then lit their turds on fire when he wrapped the World Heavyweight Championship around his waist.

And all we're left with is a flaming pile of Untouchable shit!

[The fans in the arena pop at VOSS' comments.]

Voss:

But alas, somebody's got to clean this mess up. SOME - DAMN - BODY's got to do what's right and sweep the flaming turds away. I'll pull the gloves on. I'll bring the bucket and mop. It's time to clean up this place ONCE and for ALL.

[He snatches the shades from his face and eyeballs the camera.]

Voss:

Tonight... the Good Fight faced a hurdle and they tripped. They stumbled and fell. To the floor. Flat on their face. I'm man enough to accept that. We all stagger sometimes. Sometimes it's two steps forwards and three steps back. Tonight was a backwards step.

[He Dikembe finger waggles at the camera.]

Voss:

Not next time. The Good Fight need to collate their thoughts and begin working as a complete entity driven by the cause to remove the Untouchables from existence but TONIGHT we were unable to achieve a step in the right direction. Tomorrow is a different story. Tomorrow is a new day. Tomorrow I take matters into my own hands.

[Points down the barrel of the camera.]

VOSS:

Those matters are YOU Jeff Andrews. You and your Untouchables. And I'll take matters into my own hands...

I'll wring your scrawny NECK!

The clock ticks. In blows the winds of change. The sand falls through the hourglass. Cliché after cliché after CLI - FUCKING - CHE, Jeff. I can throw all the analogies I want at you but what you DON'T want is me to throw my weight around. Coz it'll come down on your head like a tonne of bricks.

And it's just matter of time before we stand opposite each other inside that Defiance ring again, Jeff. Just a matter of time. And the next time I pin your arrogant shoulders to the mat for the three-count your whole world crumbles around you.

[Points at himself.]

Voss:

“And you’ll hand over that Defiance World Heavyweight Championship. Look around at the bodies of you Untouchables littered around the ring in pools of their own blood like a scene out of Apocalypse.

I *AM* the apocalypse, Jeff.

I am Jeff’s impending doom.

[He shoves the shades back on his face and walks out of shot.]

FIET 2

[The cameraman keeping pace backstage had been filmin' the whole shebang. Heidi, red-faced and panting, turns to face the chintzy sedan that some poor crewmember had happened to drive to the arena. With the Macho Ranger hefted onto Heidi's shoulders, he was in a perfect position to be-]

CRUNCH

[Thrown through the windshield of the car! The glass mostly gives way, and Tom ends up half on the steering wheel, half still laying on the spiderwebbed glass! Heidi leaps onto the hood of the car, fists clenching, and she brings a knee all the way up to her chest, before STAMPING on Tom's face! The Macho Ranger is shoved the rest of the way into the car's passenger compartment, and Heidi stands triumphantly over his four-wheeled casket...]

[An arm lashes out from the interior of the car, grabbing onto Heidi's wrist! Before she realizes what's goin' on, Heidi is YANKED downward, her face and chest smashing into the roof of the car with a resounding **WHUMP!** Heidi falls backward, one arm flailing, the other holding tight to her nose and face!]

[The Macho Ranger boils out of the car, hitting Heidi with a spear directly to the midsection! The two arc over the hood of the car, and come crashing down on the blacktop of the parking lot, Heidi first, and then Tom right after, landing with ALL his weight on Heidi's ribs!]

Angus:

And remember, Heidi's still got a title defense tonight!

[Tom rolls off of the DEF World Tag Trios Champ, coming to his knees. Panting, fists clenched, his cowboy hat and sunglasses discarded, the bearded young man looks up to the cameraman.]

Sawyer:

Jeff, this one's for you!

[He grabs a double fistful of Heidi's hair, and begins to lift himself up, dragging the still-airless Heidi with him. One of her arms was wrapped around her ribs, a painful wince on her face. But as Tom got Heidi to a nearly-upright position...]

DDK:

THROATCHOP!

Angus:

HA! Nice! Heidi just karate-chopped Tom right in the throat!

[Heidi straightens, grabbing Tom by the shirt, and HURLS him back, against the side of a different car! She rushes in with a slashing kick to the chest, SMACKING Tom square in the pecs with it! But upon getting her feet both back on the ground, Heidi just pumps her feet and HAMMERS another kick into Tom's chest! And another! And another!]

[Heidi takes a few steps backwards, before she comes running at Tom, shooting a foot out for the Yakuza-]

[Tom ducks!]

SPSHHHHH!

[Heidi punches her own foot right through the car window! With her leg held up, Tom spins, bringing a foot up for a gorgeous roundhouse heel of his own! KERWHACK! Heidi's head is rattled on its stem, and she suddenly doesn't look as burning with rage and hate as she once was...]

[So Tom takes advantage, steps up, and WHAM, jacks her right in the mouth with a punch! A right cross snaps her

head to the side, a left hook sends it back the other way! A smashing straight punch, and another! Tom hops back, and comes whirling in with a slashing elbow!]

DDK:

ROARING ELBOW!

Angus:

Oh MAN! What a combination from Sawyer!

[Heidi slumps against the car, and Tom steps up, draping one of her arms over his shoulders. He hauls her out of the car's window, and drags the Queen of All Wrestling away from the cars... Back the way they came. Into the buildin'.]

Sawyer:

Come on, Heidi. Let's go see Jeffrey. I got somethin' t' say to him.

[Tom drags Heidi into the building once more, bound for the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion.]

Claira St. Sure vs Lash Graham



[Ok Go and the Muppets hits and Lash sprints from the back like a bat out of hell, slapping hands with the fans on his way to the ring. He leaps up on the ring apron and does a forward summersault over the top rope and into the ring. Running to the far corner he leaps onto the top rope and moonsaults off, landing on his feet in the center of the ring and playing to the crowd.]

DDK:

Lash Graham has his first chance at Defiance gold here tonight.

Angus:

But he's gonna have his work cut out as he's got one of the toughest wrestlers in the world stood across the ring from him.

[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. Claira walks out, in her robe, hood up. She lowers the hood, and raises both fists in the air. As he walks to the ring Lisa Loeh emerges from the back and follows them down the ramp. Claira 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.]

DDK:

And with Claira comes the rest of Tres Brujas. Any chance they'll play a factor in how this match goes?

Angus:

Only time will tell on that one, Keeps.

[Claira hands her belt to Carla Ferrari who shows it to Lash before holding it up for the crowd. She hands the belt to the time keeper and calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[Claira advances from her corner looking to tie up in the middle of the ring but Lash is too busy conversing with his stuffed armadillo to care. He places it in the corner of the ring below the bottom turnbuckle and turns to see Claira running in with a shoulder tackle. Claira charges him back into the corner, wraps her arms around his waist, takes a step back and takes him over with a northern lights suplex!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-!]

Angus:

Claira caught Lash off guard there, and almost got him!

DDK:

Lash is going to have to focus if he wants to take that title home tonight.

[Claira gets quickly to her feet but is matched by Lash Graham, who backs off slightly, making sure to keep his distance from Claira. St Sure stalks him, feigning kick attempts when she gets within range, but Lash backs off almost instantly.]

DDK:

He can't keep that up though.

[Soon enough Lash runs out of room to back up and finds himself in the corner of the ring once again. Rather than rush him though, Claira takes a few steps back and invites Lash back into the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

Claira showing some sportsmanship there towards Graham.

Angus:

Pfft, she could have taken his head off with any number of kicks there. Sportsmanship don't win matches!

[Lash tentatively steps out from the corner and cautiously joins Claira in the middle of the ring. Claira offers one arm up, asking for a test of strength, which Lash answers in kind. They join hands and slowly hold the others up before locking in. Lash uses his height advantage to get the better of Claira and bends her backwards into a bridge, but Claira fights back and forces her way back to a vertical base.]

[St Sure drops down to her ass, puts a boot into Lash's midsection and rolls backwards, taking him over with a throw. Claira rolls through on top of Lash, adjusts her position slightly and locks in an armbar!]

DDK:

Claira was never going to win a test of strength, do you think that throw was her gameplan all along?

Angus:

It's risky, but then you don't become or stay champion by playing it safe.

[Lash kicks out and managed to hook his ankle onto the ropes, forcing the break quickly. Claira releases the hold after a two counts and gets back to her feet. Lash follows her up and looks very hesitant to tie up.]

Angus:

Say what you like about this kid's brain power, but even he's not stupid enough to tie up with Claira St Sure.

[Claira gives up to trying to get Lash to tie up with her and instead shoots in looking for a leg. Lash rolls to the side and avoids the contact, he slips under the bottom rope and stands up on the apron. Claira is right back up to her feet and turns to see Lash sailing into the ring with a springboard dropkick that catches Claira square in the chest.]

Angus:

Right to the tits!

DDK:

How eloquent.

[Claira rolls backwards and gets to her knees in the corner as Lash runs in after her. He hits another front dropkick to the chest and pulls Claira from the corner, tossing her to the mat. He doesn't waste any time in nailing a standing moonsault and goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TW-!]

DDK:

That's not going to be enough to keep Clairra down!

[Lash grabs Clairra by head and pulls her up to her feet. He grabs her wrist and wrings her arm before stepping on the back of her knee and pushes her down. He then steps over the wrung out arm and pulls up on it.]

Angus:

Maybe scratch what I said about the stupidity thing.

[Clairra slips her body though Lash's legs and grabs onto an ankle with her free arm, tripping him in the process and freeing her arm. She doesn't let Lash get back to his feet as she plants a kick to his chest that knocks him flat to his back. Lash tries to rolls away, but Clairra grabs his arm this time and slams it down into the mat.]

Angus:

You never, never, never try to lock Clairra in a submission. This girl knows how to get out of ninety nine percent of holds.

[Clairra keeps hold of the arm and drops a knee into the pit of the elbow. Using the wrist to control Lash, Clairra rolls him over onto his front and wraps the arm around her legs. Lash screams in pain as Clairra tweaks on it, but he really starts to panic as she starts to reach for the other arm.]

DDK:

Truly Untouchabreaker!

[Somehow Lash manages to squirm his way closer and closer to the ropes where he can wrap his legs around the bottom one and break the hold.]

Angus:

There's something to be said about retard strength. There's not many people that can stop Clairra from locking in that Truly Unotuchabreaker.

[Clairra releases the arm but doesn't back away from Lash. As soon as he gets to his feet she wraps her arms around his waist and goes for a German suplex, but Lash drops all of his body weight down, rolls forwards and attempts to roll Clairra up in a pinning attempt.]

[This time Clairra puts on the brakes and drops to her knees just as Lash's head goes between her legs.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-!]

DDK:

Lash kicks out!

Angus:

Clairra instinctively reversing Lash's reversal there. Looks like that training has been paying off.

[Clairra gets to her feet as Lash slides out of the ring. She goads Graham into getting back into the ring, but Lash only has eyes on one thing. He rushes to the corner of the ring and grabs hold of the stuffed Armadillo. Lash holds it to his ear and nods as it 'talks' to him.]

Angus:

The fuck is he doing with that sandshrew?

DDK:

I think he needs a little advice. Clairra seems to have a counter for everything he's thrown at her so far.

[Lash thanks the armadillo and places it back in the corner of the ring. He hops back up on the apron and takes his time climbing back into the ring. Clairra closes in on him and throws a kick that connects with Lash's shoulder and knocks him back into the corner. Clairra follows him in and lifts a knee into Lash's chin. She turns and hooks Lash's head as though she's going for a bulldog, but Lash lifts her up and dumps her over the top to the outside!]

DDK:

Lash needs to take advantage of this now!

Angus:

Thanks, Cap'n!

[Lash shakes the cobwebs out of his head and waits for Clairra to get to her feet. He grabs hold of the top rope and launches himself over to the outside, landing on Clairra's shoulders and takes her down with a hurricanrana! Lash springs back to his feet and grabs Clairra, sending her back into the ring. He hops up onto the apron and climbs to the top rope where he perches and waits for St Sure to return to her feet.]

DDK:

What's Lisa up to?

[Lisa Loeh rounds the ringpost and sprints towards the corner Lash is perched on. She doesn't jump onto the apron though, instead opting to grab Graham's armadillo and taunts him with it as she backs off. Lash drops from the turnbuckle onto the apron and down to the floor.]

DDK:

That might not have been wise.

[Lash screams at Lisa to give the Armadillo back to him, but when she doesn't he breaks into a sprint and chases her around the ring. Loeh manages to keep her distance though and turns around to taunt Lash some more.]

[Lash stops chasing her as she grabs hold of the Armadillo's head.]

Lisa Loeh:

I'll do it! I'll tear it's head off if you take one more step!

[Lash doesn't move, but his face turns bright red with rage as he stares helplessly at his friend. At that moment Clairra St. Sure slides out of the ring behind Lisa and reaches over her shoulder, snatching the Armadillo out of her hands.]

Angus:

Clairra's going to do it! Clairra's going to kill that echidna!

[Lisa and Clairra share an angry look, and she doesn't take her eyes off of Lisa as she hands the Armadillo back to him.]

DDK:

No, Clairra's giving it back!

[Lash clutches the armadillo with both hands and hugs it tightly before rushing back to his corner and setting it back in place. Clairra meanwhile rolls into the ring, still not taking her eyes off of Lisa.]

DDK:

Another show of sportsmanship from Clairra there. She doesn't want to win any other way than fairly.

Angus:

Faggotry, that's what that it. I wanted to see that stuffing fly across the arena!

[Clairra continues to stare at Lisa until she feels Lash's arms wrap around her. But they're not around her waist or her neck, they're up around her shoulders. He's even nuzzling into her neck!]

Angus:

Is this Lash's version of a bear hug?

DDK:

I think it's just a hug.

[Clairra wriggles to free herself from Lash's affections, but that only serves to make him cling on tighter. Clairra's only option is to drop to her knees, take Lash over and cover him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-!]

DDK:

Lash barely kicks out there!

Angus:

Graham's gratitude almost cost him this match. He's better get his head back in this game.

[Clairra gets back to her feet and meets Graham as he gets back to his. She spins and throws a backhand, but Lash ducks and hops up behind her. He wraps his arms around one of hers and his legs around the other, but Clairra steps forwards, rolls and take him down with a rolling senton!]

DDK:

Clairra just countered the Crucifix!

Angus:

That training has been paying off.

[Lash rolls onto his front as Clairra gets back to her feet and closes in. Clairra grabs Lash and pulls him up to all four where she grabs his arm and looks to lock in arm trap triangle choke! She wraps her legs around Lash's neck and turns, she locks her legs and wrenches on the hold, but Lash manages to turn and push his way up, working Clairra into a cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-!]

DDK:

That must have been killing Lash's arm, but Clairra had to release the hold if she wanted to keep her title!

[Lash gets back to his feet and gets caught by a spinning backfist from Clairra that turns him around. Clairra locks in a waistlock but Lash spins out of it quickly and hops up onto Clairra's shoulders. He attempts a victory roll, but Clairra puts on the brakes once again and lands into a cover on Graham!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-!]

Angus:

Again Graham's roll ups fail him!

[Clairra grabs Lash by the head and pulls him to his feet, she throws a kick to his leg, then one to his midsection and finally lifts one into the side of his head. She goes behind Lash and places her head under his arm looking for the inverted northern lights suplex. She lifts Lash who flips over and lands on his feet behind Clairra before jumping up and hooking her arms in the crucifix again!]

Angus:

Another Crucifix!

[Clairra drops to one knee almost instantly and blocks the take down. She throws Lash off with a fireman's carry and turns to him to lock in a rear naked choke!]

DDK:

Clairra's got that locked in tight!

[Carla Ferrari is right there in position to ask Lash if he wants to give up. He refuses and claws at Clairra's arm, but he can't hold on for long and is forced to tap out.]

Ding Ding Ding!

Winner: Clairra St. Sure

DDK:

What a win for Clairra! She had a clear gameplan going into this thing, stuck to it and it's paid off.

Angus:

I'm still butthurt that that armadillo's still in once piece.

[Clairra releases the hold and holds her arms up in celebration. Carla is handed the title belt and passes it onto Clairra. As Clairra holds the belt up Lash Graham stands up behind her and taps her on the shoulder.]

DDK:

What's Lash doing?

[Lash wraps his arms around Clairra again and nuzzles into her. St. Sure is shocked at first, and that's evident by her facial expression, but she soon realises what's happening and hugs Lash right back.]

DDK:

What a pair of competitors! Lash and Clairra showing some huge respect for each other there.

Angus:

I feel fucking sick.

[Lash holds Clair's arm up one more time as the fans cheer for their FIST champion.]

End of the FIET

[Open on Ronnie Long.]

[The fourth member of The Untouchables is sitting alone, in the otherwise empty Untouchables locker room. His trademark shovel rests across his knees, and his head is down.]

[He doesn't look happy, but the fans still light it up with a negative reaction.]

[As he sits there, Kai Scott walks into the locker room through a side door, stage left.]

Scott:

Hell yes.

[Unless you're just tuning in, you-the-viewer know that Kai was just out at ringside, commenting the Christian Light vs Dan Ryan match and trolling Light on the microphone afterwards.]

Long:

Where've you been?

Scott:

You know. Dealing with the Light situation. The one that Jeff asked me to, remember? And speaking of that, where's Jeff?

Long:

Right, the Light thing... and I don't know. Ever since Greer showed up he's been locked up in an office. Says he's trying to play stuff and needs absolute peace and quiet.

Scott:

Christ.

[He looks around.]

Scott:

And where's Heidi?

Long: [matter of fact]

Fighting Tom Sawyer.

Scott:

What?!

Long:

Yeah, they're fighting all over backstage.

[Kai Scott blinks. His jaw drops open a little bit.]

Scott:

You didn't do anything?

Long:

You and Jeff both say when Heidi's like this, best to leave her alone.

Scott:

We've got a title defense tonight!

[Long nods without saying anything.]

Scott:

Jesus fucking... c'mon! Get your shovel!

[Scott jumps to his feet and storms out the locker room door. Long does, in fact, grab his shovel and follow.]

[The chaos becomes audible as the camera follows after Scott and Long via use of the zoom feature rather than running around with the thing. The two Untouchables enter a large area near the loading docks.]

[Heidi comes flying in from offscreen, plows through a stack of cardboard boxes and spills onto the floor. Tom Sawyer follows after her, completely failing to notice the other two Untouchables.]

[And Scott moves quickly. Grabbing Tom from behind by the hair and waistband, he runs him forward and lawn darts him into one of the steel doors!]

CLAAANKI

[Tom spins away from the door, falls to his knees, and with a herculean effort, pushes himself back up to his feet - and immediately gets decapitated by a Western Lariat from Long.]

[Scott pulls Heidi to her feet, and she immediately pushes away from him.]

Heidi:

What the hell are you doing?

Scott:

We're supposed to have a title defense tonight, what are you doing?

Heidi:

I was trying to find a permanent solution to our Good Fight problem.

[Awkward silence.]

Heidi:

Kid's way tougher than I gave him credit for. He must be on something.

[A massive soccer kick is placed into Tom's ribcage. Even unconscious, Tom grunts, and then there's a small tinkling sound, like a coin rolling on the floor - ending in a clink, as Heidi stomps her foot down on something. She squats and picks it up.]

Long:

What's that?

Heidi:

I dunno. It's mine now, though. ...Looks like one of those arcade prize coins.

Scott:

Heidi, we gotta talk after the title defense. Things are just... weird.

Heidi:

I refuse to believe you haven't foreseen every eventuality, Mr. Ace of Heels. I'm gonna get changed now. See you when it's entrance time.

[Heidi walks off. Long looks at Scott, shrugs apologetically, and follows her.]

[Kai puts his hands in the pockets of his trench coat and sighs.]

The Gold Standard

[Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds rings through the arena, off-setting the syncopated piano stabs are the loud and hateful jeers from the crowd. Taking extra precautions, Edward White doesn't come out alone. In fact, he doesn't come out through the entrance at all. Instead, a golden limousine pulls up along side of the staging. It idles close to the rampway as Nicky Corozzo exits first, followed by the man who could probably buy any small or medium sized nation, Edward White.]

[The ring seemed to have a facelift, complete with two biege leather lounge chairs, an antique lamp between the two and an antique desk underneath that, with a stack of blue index cards. Lets not forget the Persian rug, it really tied the entire set together.] [Edward White, dressed in the finest of tuxedos, took his time up the steps and through the middle rope, this time unassisted by Nicky, who likely was still not feeling 100% from Christian Light's attack. But all was fine with Edward White.] **Edward White:** Ladies and Gentlemen, if you could, please lower your obnoxious, crass, and vile voices. [Despite saying "please" the crowd replies with more boos. Edward White looks back at Nicky, his arms crossed and not amused.] **Edward White:** It's fine, I own a good percentage of stock in Bose. I'll just order more speakers to talk over you morons and simpletons. Tonight, the mediocrity will not bring me down to their level. I will not be forced to slum with the likes of Jimmy Kort. I will not be burdened by the FIST of Defiance. And most importantly, I can now rise to my proper position in this company without the "COOL" Cancer Jiles weighing me down like a ball and chain. [The fans cheer for Cancer Jiles. The smirk Edward White had from goating the crowd has turned sour. He brought the microphone up closer to his lips.] **Edward White:** TONIGHT -- We celebrate the exquisite nature of luxury, the incredible foresight of wisdom and the importance of core competency and competitive advantage. Welcome to THE GOLD STANDARD! [Edward White smiles and sit in the chair, crossing his leg across his thigh and leaning into the back right corner. He brings the microphone up to his mouth once more, this time in a relaxed and regal position.] **Edward White:** I realized something last week, seconds after the FIST of Defiance left my hands and came into the possession of Clair St. Sure. It's not the belt that dictates status, it's the man. And while everyone is excited that a master of wrestling finalist has the FIST of Defiance, I am not impressed. I do not see this as any vast improvement, but it's not. The FIST went from having a triple A credit rating endorsed by the S&P to an A Minus. That might not mean anything to you idiots, you're still scrambling to figure out how to keep hold of your houses and still flailing to keep your heads above water. But to a man like me, a man who thinks, who uses his intelligence and experience to his advantage, I see this as a downward spiral that does us all a disservice. Oh well, you can't teach pigs like yourself how to sing. [Jeers and stuff.] **Edward White:** My guest this evening, he knows this adage. However, he knows that pigs can't sing. They can only squeal and scream as they plead for their lives as they are sent to slaughter. And for him... that's close enough to a melodic harmony. Please, give my guest a warm and heartfelt welcome... BRONSON BOX! [The man in black starts to croon and the arena is bathed in that familiar flickering sepia brown light. Dressed to the nines in his usual finery, a three piece grey pinstripe suit with all the trimmings, Bronson steps out from the back to a cacophony of boos and yes still a few cheers from the Defiance faithful. But after the decimation of Cancer Jiles and the verbal lashing Boxer gave his black shirted fanbase the usually mixed reaction has tempered into legit heat.] [Boxer takes his time towards the ring, soaking in the jeers from the fans in attendance whilst Johnny sings on about our Lord and savior. Boxer is greeted on the ring apron by his new business partner parting the ropes for him. The two shake hands like gentlemen before Boxer grabs a microphone of his own and the duo take their seats.] **Edward White:** Bronson sir, welcome to the first edition of The Gold Standard. **Bronson Box:** It's a true honor, Edward. **Edward White:** No Mr. Box, the honor is all mine. After all, it's not everyday I get to meet an artist such as yourself. The sight of Cancer Jiles' blood splattered across the ring was on par with Picasso and Rembrandt. It was very Rodin of you. **Bronson Box:** I'm not much of an art critic but I know what I like. And seeing that piss yellow ponce done away with in shades of crimson and bone gray... that I like. **Edward White:** Regardless of your tastes, Auguste Rodin would appreciate your... deconstructive qualities. **Bronson Box:** Well, Mr. Jiles is a work in progress you know. He's a piece of clay that just won't be molded into what I see fit. He's a rough canvas that doesn't appreciate the hard work and toil that comes with being an artist such as myself. As any self-respecting renaissance man, I will not let my medium destroy me, I will destroy my medium. **Edward White:** In the business world, we call that tactic diveristure. Sometimes, you have to cut the dead weight, the non-essential entities that are bringing your head underwater just so you can turn a profit at the end of the day. **Bronson Box:** Yes, it's not quite the same. **Edward White:** Agree to disagree? [They both grin and engage in another handshake over the mahogany coffee table.] [As the crowd continues to boo, Edward White reaches to the blue stack of index cards. He reads over the card silently and laughs to himself before pressing the microphone to his lips again.] **Edward White:**

Bronson, I've compiled a series of questions for my guests to understand them better, to view them in a different light, to learn something from another outlook. While you and I are close, there is still much that I don't know about you. And likewise, these slack-jawed simpletons have no clue as to our inner workings, our desires and our modus operandi. [Boxer smiles with disdain.] **Bronson Box:** Do these bleating sheep deserve to know our plans? Do ants understand the machinations of humans? Do men Gods? I look out on this sea of pitiful humanity and I weep, Edward. Moments after our little surprise this fat loathsome rable started tweeting and twatting and speculating behind their little phones and their bloody computers about what our goals were... like a dog looking at a bloody door knob. [Box looks out over the audience.] **Bronson Box:** You pathetic lot could no more understand the motivations of GIANTS like Bronson Box and Edward White as a fish can the tides of the ocean, a bird the currents of the wind. Tiny empty-minded lot, you are. **Edward White:** [Chuckling] A perfect segue into our next topic question. Barring Cancer Jiles and these working class scum bags, who would you say is the next loathsome, pathetic and generally appalling abomination that Defiance hosts in its four walls? **Bronson Box:** Do I honestly have to say his name? The pretender, the paper champion, the tiny minded prat that on a day when the planets were aligned and fish swam backwards lucked himself into being OUR boss. [Boxer scoffs and rolls his eyes.] **Bronson Box:** The very idea. **Edward White:** I agree with you Boxer, despite my previous statements of neutrality, Jeff Andrews is the epitome of the underlying sickness that has taken hold of Defiance. You know this from your time in Hydra, I've known this but it did not affect my bottom line... until, now. [Box nods.] **Edward White:** The disease of mediocrity that the Untouchables propagate has spread like a venereal disease as they put their fingers in everyone's cookie jars. The Good Fight, they are tainted by the same disgusting slow moving death. It's down right pathetic. **Bronson Box:** It's that disease we're here to fight, Edward. The disease of mediocrity. When Defiance suffers, we all suffer. We've sat back and watched Jeff Andrews take over this company. We've watched Jeff Andrews bring in his friends. We've watched Jeff Andrews hand himself and his group of nobodies EVERY BLOODY TITLE IN DEFIANCE! And who does he and his rable decide to pick on? Not Edward White. Not Bronson Box. Not even Cancer Jiles or Alceo Dentari. No... he picks on the mentally handicapped gingers, the old fool and Tom bloody Sawyer. **Edward White:** You all might call it Social Corporate Responsibility, but what Mr. Box and I must do... we must cleanse Defiance of this lethal amount of mediocrity. Unfortunately, the only way we know how to collaboratively cure such a malignant growth of awful is by wealth. **Bronson Box:** ... a wealth of violence. Chaos creates mountains of cash. And I've spent the better part of my career causing as much of it as possible. It was a logical pairing. The most unique attraction in all of professional wrestling side by side with the single greatest mind this sport has ever known. [Bronson and Edward stand up from their seats and take one last look across the packed arena.] **Edward White:** A new day is dawning. Not of "faces" and "heels" but of who in this company is simply the best. And those that aren't Bronson Box and Edward White. Jeff Andrews haughtily believes himself the best. **Bronson Box:** As does Christian Light. **Edward White:** Indeed. Two very different men ultimately guilty of the same crime. [Boxer twitches his mustache and growls into the microphone.] **Bronson Box:** Arrogance. For having the naked shameless ARROGANCE to push men like Edward White and myself aside. "Come up with an interview segment." Well here it is fella's... right here. And the script is simple. Edward White and Bronson Box telling you, WARNING you that we're going to bloody dismantle the machine you've built. We have the means. We have the motivation. All we need now is opportunity. **Edward White:** We don't need an opportunity, we're going to SEIZE an opportunity. **Bronson Box:** Even if we have to seize it from the cold lifeless grip of Jeff Andrews himself... or his wives. **Edward White:** Ladies and Gentlemen, we offer a third option: Free Market Genocide. It's quite simple. We're going to take back what has been denied from us. It doesn't matter if it's blood soaked one hundred dollar bills, championship gold bent and dented by the skulls of our opponents or tear stained letters of forced retirement from the inept like Cancer Jiles. **Bronson Box:** We will reap our wealth in violence like the Blood Diamonds mined of South Africa's cold hard ground. [The two grin to one another.] **Edward White:** I like the ring of that. **Bronson Box:** Indeed. The Blood Diamonds. A symbol of pain and profit. The gloves are off, lads. The period of peace at an end. The real statesmen of Defiance are about to rustle some bloody feathers. From the very top of this roster to the grime covered bottom we're here to make this place GLORIOUS again. **Edward White:** The fishbowl you fools have all been living in this season is about to crack, gentlemen. Andrews and his opinion that this world was built to have him in it and Christian Light, the great white knight with his simple little mind all made up that he and only he can "save" Defiance by serving as its champion. The only way you two fools equal profit for this company is under our collective boot heels. **Bronson Box:** Consider this the two of us planting our flag right here in the middle of this ring. [The two well dressed titans shake hands like gentlemen as the crowd rains down pure unfiltered hatred.] **Angus:** This place is so fucked. **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen, The Blood Diamonds. Folks all I can say is a greedier Bronson Box and a more vicious and violent Edward White spells one thing for Defiance Wrestling. **Angus:** Lots and lots of insurance claims. [White and Box start from the ring and head up the ramp.] **DDK:** I was going to say pain and suffering but no doubt, we're all in for one heck of a ride. **Angus:** Speaking of insurance, Jeffy and Christian better get some stat

because those two crazy cash fueled motherfuckers mean business. **DDK:** They do indeed have cruel intentions for the members of The Untouchables and The Good Fight. **Angus:** If I were in either of those camps I might be looking to find myself a new posse because those two guys apparently are numbers one and two of Box and Ed's shit list.

Dentari & The Gorillas vs The Untouchables



Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall with a 20 minute time limit, and it is for the Defiance World Trios Tag Championship!

DDK:

And here we go Angus. The Untouchables about to step into the ring with the Trios Titles on the line.

- ♪ How lucky can one guy be? ♪
- ♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪
- ♪ Like a fellow once said ♪
- ♪ "Ain't that a kick in the head" ♪

Quimbey:

Introducing first! All hailing from Brooklyn, New York, and weighing in at a combined weight of approximately 760 lbs! Introducing first! TONY "TWO-HANDS" DE LUCA, and BIG VINNY! And their team captain, ALCEOOOO... DENNNNNNNNTAAAAARI!!!

[And out come Dentari and the Gorillas.]

Angus:

Honestly, Keebs, I'll be pulling for these guys, and I think probably the fans will by default, but they're not the ones the fans want to see take it to The Untouchables.

DDK:

True as that may be, it doesn't change the fact that Alceo Dentari has had bad experiences with both Heidi Christenson and Kai Scott, and this is a very personal match for him.

[Dentari, in fact, is rolling up his sleeves and muttering to himself, completely focused on the ring. Big Vinny is completely focused on Dentari. You'll have to ask Tony Two-Hands about why he did this, but when a couple fans reached out for a hand slap, he actually acquiesced.]

[In the ring, Tony removes his leather jacket, and the DentariRillas wait.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents! Hailing from Black Hawk, Colorado, and weighing in at 254 lbs, RONNIE... LONG! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in a 232 lbs! KAI... SCOTT! And hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs, HEIDI... CHRIISSTENSON! Together, they are the reigning Defiance World Trios Tag Champions! Ladies and gentlemen - THEEE UNNNNNNTOUCHABLLLLLEEESSS!

- ♪ Ain't seen a night ♪
- ♪ Things work out right, go bye ♪
- ♪ Things on my mind, and I ♪

♪ I just don't have the time, and it don't seem right ♪

[Out comes Kai Scott, and he throws his arms open like he's the pope and spins around on the ramp, twirling his way to the ring. Ronnie Long follows him, dark and wooden plank-like as ever.]

[Well after the other two have made their entrance, Heidi Christenson appears. Her hair's stringy and hanging over her face, and she's rocking a slightly new look - her gi jacket is open and de-sleeved, and the gi pants have been replaced by some peculiar looking pants - they'd be baggy MMA style knee length shorts, except they're ripped to the waist on the outside of the leg.]

[She raises her arms up above her shoulders at an angle. This would all look more impressive if it wasn't for the wheal on her cheek left from the backstage brawl with Tom Sawyer.]

Angus:

Houston, we have a breakdown prompted wardrobe alteration. You know Keeps, I'll never understand why when wrestlers go crazy, they always remember to make sure they LOOK crazy too.

[Scott and Long have already handed their tag titles off to referee Benny Doyle. Heidi doesn't want to give hers up, and Scott has to step in.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

It's going to be, looks like Tony Two-Hands starting off for Dentari and the Gorillas, and... Ronnie Long stepping in for The Untouchables, and here we go! Left hand by Tony, right from Long!

[The two black-clad men exchange furious fists. What De Luca lacks in the sheer toughness department that Long has, he makes up for in anger. Still, with Long absorbing punch after punch and not flinching, Tony quickly goes in for an eye rake!]

RRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

And the fans expressing their approval as The Untouchables on the receiving end of illegal tactics for once! De Luca with the boot, Long sent for the ride, and back into pendulum backbreaker!

[Grabbing Long in a rear waistlock, De Luca runs him chest first into a neutral corner, and hanging on, delivers a series of shoulder barges to the lower back. He backs off, and as Long stumbles out of the corner, De Luca runs into him with a reverse kitchen sink!]

Angus:

You know, I never noticed it before, but even those real durable types like Long tend to feel whatever hits their lower backs. And then I thought, shit, all the stabilizer muscles and lifting muscles are down in there, of course they feel that.

[Tag exchanged to Big Vinny. The big man easily scoops Long up onto his shoulders, then drops him face first on the turnbuckle. Long grabs his face and reels backwards, and Vinny hooks the reverse headlock and takes him up and over with the inverted suplex!]

Angus:

Also, there's not much I love better than watching people hurt Ronnie Long. Know what'd be awesome? To see him eat a F-

DDK:

Don't say it, Angus.

[Rising to one knee, Long lands a counterpunch into Vinny's soft midsection, but Vinny shakes it off and gutwrench suplexes him!]

[And that's it for Long, he can't seem to get his offense going, he's a power wrestler in there against a bigger stronger power wrestler and so it's time to do what any proud Untouchable would do - tag the fuck out and hide behind the girl.]

DDK:

Long rolls to safety and tags Heidi Christenson into the match!

[Big Vinny looks at her apprehensively.]

[And Dentari goes apeshit on the apron, screaming so hard he spits all over the place, jumping on the bottom rope and flailing his hand for the tag.]

DDK:

Clearly, Dentari wants to get in there. Fans, if you remember back to the end of the Grand Champion's League, Heidi, despite at the time being the 'good guy', received a stolen win over Dentari. He very justifiably wants that win back, and Vinny's going to tag out and here we go!

[Dentari races at Heidi.]

[Heidi sidesteps, but Dentari baseball slides under the roundhouse kick aimed at his head, powers to his feet and knocks Heidi head over heels with a massive forearm spike!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

[The pop from the fans nearly distracts him.]

[Dentari's no nice guy, he'd probably prefer to beat up on Heidi while the fans booed him, like he did that first time he made it clear he was going to be a Somebody in Defiance, but... whatever, it don't hurt him none.]

DDK:

Dentari, raises his fist to the fans, and hits a front dropkick right into the ribs! Heidi doubles over, Dentari up, go-behind and an Russian legsweep!

Angus:

No, Italian legsweep. Hey, check out Kai Scott.

[On the apron, Scott edges around Long, looking towards where Dentari and Heidi are close to the ropes. Dentari doesn't notice anything. He picks Heidi up by the hair, Irish whips her, brings her back into a short arm kitchen sink, hooks the front facelock, delivers a DDT and hangs on with a guillotine choke!]

DDK:

So far, surprisingly it's been all Dentari and The Gorillas. Dentari's got a guillotine headlock on Heidi, it's usually not a good idea to take it to the mat with her...

[Scott suddenly drops off the apron. He runs around the ring, grabs Heidi by the ankle, and pulls her and Dentari to the ropes. Benny Doyle sees this, it isn't precisely an illegal move, and so he tells Dentari to break.]

[Dentari lets go, yells at Kai, and gets just a little too close to the ropes.]

DDK:

Jumping enzuigiri from the apron by Scott! Dentari's down, Scott steps into the ring, Dentari sent off the ropes! Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by Scott, and Heidi with a soccer kick to the back of Dentari's head!

[Dentari is propelled off Scott's knee and lands in a heap in the middle of the ring, his head ringing.]

[And Heidi pushes Scott back towards the Untouchables corner and goes back after Dentari with a soccer kick to the ribs!]

Angus:

Holy shit. Kai turned the match around but Heidi won't play!

DDK:

In these trios matches, the legal man can change either by tag or by the legal man's feet touching the floor. Usually the Untouchables would have switched people here, but by refusing to leave the ring, Heidi remains legal and Scott is being sent to his corner by Benny Doyle.

[Heidi throws Dentari into the neutral corner and sticks her foot under his jaw to push him as far back into the turnbuckle as she can. Instead of holding the choke, she kicks him in the face with the instep - a light, taunting kick. And she snaps her leg back, hitting the other side of his face with her heel. Repeat a few times, with her leg at no point touching the ground.]

DDK:

Heidi showing complete contempt to Dentari, just sort of using her foot to slap him in the face.

[Dentari is snapmared out of the corner.]

[Except he isn't.]

[Dentari hangs onto the ropes with both hands, and Heidi goes forward and off balance when he doesn't flip over. Tackling her from behind, Dentari quickly moves into back side control, and drives several hard punches into her kidney area.]

[In the Untouchables corner, Scott lowers his head.]

Angus:

Dude, have you noticed how completely out of sync the Untouchables are? You know, I don't think having Heidi go crazy was part of their plans.

[Leaving Heidi face down in the ring, Dentari tags out to Tony Two-Hands.]

DDK:

De Luca coming back into the ring, and he's going for the same kidney punches as Dentari! Only with a hundred more pounds of muscle behind them.

[Heidi is sent off the ropes and powerslammed. De Luca hold on for the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...KICKOUT!

DDK:

Two-and-a-half there, and now De Luca pulling Heidi up by the waistband of her shorts! He sends Heidi off the ropes - Heidi ducks a clothesline!

[She rebounds off the other side of the ring, and Scott reaches out and slaps her on the back.]

DDK:

Blind tag made by Kai Scott, De Luca didn't see it, he picks Heidi up in a fireman's carry - and Scott with a spinning

back kick!

[De Luca doubles over, Heidi slips off his shoulders. Scott puts his knee over the back of De Luca's neck, then spins, executing a modified neckbreaker. Heidi joins in with a kick, and Scott actually leads her to the ropes and half pushes her out of the ring. The tag finally exchanged, Scott moves in on the rising De Luca. A combination of three left hand jabs and a right hand kesagiri chop drops De Luca right back on the mat.]

DDK:

Kai Scott puts a lot of effort into being unorthodox in the ring. He backs his strikes up with a legitimate Karate black belt, but he avoids most stereotypical martial arts guy moves, and he's got a technical wrestling background that he uses to set up elaborate suplexes rather than submission holds.

[Scott intercepts a De Luca punch with a chickenwing, twists his own arm upside down, scoops the leg and inverts De Luca in a... some sort of chickenwing inverted backdrop slam.]

Angus:

Like that one, yeah. Look Keebs, I hate the Untouchables, but he's the one of them I respect the most. And he's got the fancy stuff but he can do the normal stuff too. Textbook side suplex there.

[With De Luca dropped hard twice in a row, Scott decides to tag out, and let Long into the match.]

[De Luca crawls towards his corner. Long stands behind him, lets him get within inches - then grabs the waistlock, walks backwards while carrying him, then bridges back and dumps him on his head with a German suplex! Pulling De Luca into a seated position, Long kneels behind him and cracks him with a series of cross-jaw clubs.]

[By the time Long's done, De Luca slumps to the mat. Long grabs him by the neck with both hands, lifts him to his feet, flings him into the corner and knocks him flat with a single massive knife edge chop as he bounces back out!]

Angus:

I hate that move.

DDK:

The Untouchables have been focusing on the neck area of Tony Two-Hands De Luca, and now Long is tagging out to Heidi, and having a hurting neck is one of the last things you want to be hurting against her.

[Heidi ignores De Luca, walks over to the DentariRillas corner, and spits in Dentari's face.]

The reaction is immediate as Dentari tries to get into the ring. On cue, Long and Scott each grab one of De Luca's ankles, stand him on top of his head, Heidi strikes a martial arts pose and...]

DING~!

[Wait, 'ding' only happens in videogames. The only sound effect is De Luca holding his balls and screaming in pain off the axe kick Heidi just delivered into them.]

[Dentari is more furious than ever. Heidi smiles, then threads one of De Luca's arms around her leg, in a sort of keylock. Working her body behind his head, she applies a keylock on the other arm, and then rolls backwards, forcing his head into his chest.]

DDK:

Double keylock and neck crank! Heidi's just got more ways to hurt a person on the mat! Dentari's trying to get in there, he can't get through Long, Scott guillotines Vinny on the top rope, can De Luca survive this one? He's got no way to break it!

[But Heidi lets go.]

[Scott looks at Heidi, irritation quickly crossing over his face. And as he sees Tony crawling towards his corner, he kneels in front of Tony and slaps him on the face, backofthehand style.]

[Tony explodes.]

[Only, with the amount of punishment he's taken, the explosion is more of a dud, and Scott easily dodges the mad swing. Scott hooks the arm, chickenwings it, and rolls him over amateur style for a pin!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Very close call there. De Luca's got to make the tag, and Scott's trying to take advantage of his temper.

[De Luca reaches from the kickout towards his corner, and Dentari is yanked backwards off the apron! Heidi had run around the ring behind him unnoticed.]

DDK:

Heidi goes after Dentari, but I think that wasn't what Scott wanted! There's no double team without a distraction, and Benny's distracted with Heidi and Dentari, and...

[In desperation, De Luca brings his forearm up between Scott's legs. The Ace of Heels freezes in place, De Luca wearily pulls himself to his feet, and delivers the pulling piledriver to Scott!]

Angus:

He's got him down! Can he make the tag to Vinny?!

[De Luca army crawls across the ring. Scott, nursing his jewels, rolls, and slaps Long's hand. Long's into the ring -]

[Just a second too late! In comes Vinny!]

[Clothesline sends Long down!]

[Clothesline sends Scott down!]

[“Medium” big boot stops Long in his tracks!]

[Flapjack on Scott!]

[Gutwrench suplex on Long!]

[Scott is clotheslined out of the ring!]

Angus:

Big Vinny just cleaning house like a fucking power washer!

[Long is up. Vinny boots him, sends him off the ropes... And hits the Bada Bing!]

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....Scott puts Long's foot on the ropes!

DDK:

Vinny didn't have a leg hooked there, so Scott hooked Long up with a rope break. Scott, climbing back into the ring, calling for Heidi - she's not there!

[Suddenly, with Long down and Heidi not taking instructions, Scott is faced up one on one with a guy who outweighs him by 100 lbs. Trying to figure out what to do with Vinny, he heads to the top rope, and jumps off - Vinny catches him in a bearhug!]

DDK:

Could we be seeing the end here? New champions?!

[Heidi is outside the ring, one knee on Dentari's chest, trying desperately to fully sink in a heel hook. Dentari has his leg inside the hold and keeps kicking at her.]

[Long is down from the Fat Hole Slam.]

[Scott is currently in a bearhug.]

[But there's a fourth Untouchable, and his name is Jeff Andrews, and he's running down the ramp. As he reaches the ropes, Andrews jumps, clears the top rope in a swan dive, and clips Vinny with the flipping lariat!]

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

Andrews interposing himself in the match, he's scooping Vinny up - AND HERE COMES STEPHEN GREER THROUGH THE CROWD!

[Greer slides into the ring as Andrews starts lifting Vinny overhead, and spears him so hard that they tumble between the ropes and out on top of the box ramp! The ring is briefly empty - Vinny and Scott are both down, De Luca's exhausted from being The Untouchables punching bag all evening, and Long's still feeling the Bada Bing.]

[Then Heidi rolls Dentari into the ring. Standing over him, her face in a snarl, Heidi slaps him on the face, then turns him over onto his back, sits down on his shoulders, wraps one leg around under his neck, and rolls over to execute the Twisted Triangle!]

[Benny Doyle drops to check on Dentari as he scrabbles at the mat.]

[The scrabbling slows down, and Doyle raises his arm once... it falls.]

DDK:

Heidi on the way to putting Dentari out with the Twisted Triangle!

[Benny raises Dentari's arm again... it falls.]

Angus:

Well, I mean, damn, if you gotta go that's not a horrible way to go, but...

[Benny raises Dentari's arm one more time, and it...]

[Hovers an inch above the mat! Clenching his fist, Dentari rolls over onto his front, gets his knees under him... and instead of changing holds, Heidi does what, years ago, an enemy of hers named Gemma Lockhart did, and sinks her fingernails into his forehead.]

[Dentari screams, but he does not quit moving. He gets to his feet, and with a desperate lift, he stands up with Heidi on his shoulders - only to throw her off in a flapjack!]

[Heidi lands front first, Dentari chickenwings arm.]

[Now if you remember all this, Heidi had some issues revolving around this particular hold, although the guy that used it then called it the Terror Lock. Dentari calls it An Offer You Can't Refuse. And last time he tried it Heidi immediately reversed it into the Twisted Triangle.]

[This time, Dentari places as much weight as he can on his hands on the small of her back, preventing her from rolling over, and slowly, almost looking funny if this wasn't so damn serious, he headstands over her back and into a bridge.]

DDK:

He's got it! He's got it locked in this time!

[Heidi screams. It's not a scream of pain. It's a fucking blood curdling, 'The Hells do not have enough torments to match what I wish to do to you' sort of noise.]

Angus:

Jesus Christ!

[Dentari shakes his head, wrenching back on her arms with all his strength!]

[Outside the ring, Vinny's hanging onto Scott, and De Luca's got a desperation grasp on Long's ankle as he tries to get into the ring!]

[Heidi's scream of fury rises in pitch.]

[Andrews and Greer are out somewhere in the stands.]

[Dentari grits his teeth and pulls as hard as he can on the hold.]

[Heidi's scream suddenly turns into a sickly, coughing sort of sound. Her teeth are bared. Her eyes are wide open, but glassy.]

[Benny Doyle drops to one knee and waves his hand in front of her face... AND CALLS FOR THE BELL!]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners, as a result of a technical submission! ALCEO DENTARI! AND THE GORILLAS!

[Benny has to pry Dentari loose from the hold - it's like he doesn't even know he's won it. But he's handed what is now his title belt, and he looks at it and seems to think... "yeah, this is worth a celebration, I guess". He presses his forehead into the belt as Scott reaches into the ring and drags what used to be Heidi out and to safety.]

DDK:

We have new Trios Champions!

Angus:

I don't like Dentari, he's still the motherfucker who sided with Elijah Goldman over us, but I ain't gonna deny that the man was due. He was absolutely due.

DDK:

I can't help but imagine Jeff Andrews would have tried to overturn the result of this match, but he's somewhere fighting with Stephen Greer, and how are we going to get the impromptu main event World Title defense between Andrews and Greer started?

Angus:

Don't ask me, man, since Jeff took over I have almost zero stroke in this promotion.

DDK:

Almost zero?

Angus:

I got him to offer me a free soda if I refrained from saying Fat Hole Slam.

DDK:

But you didn't!

[Heidi Christenson is conscious on the ramp, and... whatever she's doing, 'throwing a tantrum' doesn't do it justice. She's screaming incoherently, spittle flying, her eyes as glassy as they were when she passed out in Dentari's hold. The DEFsec squad has backed the fuck off, and Kai Scott and Ronnie Long are both trying as hard as they can to keep a girl who weighs 100 lbs less than either of them do from breaking free.]

DDK:

In all seriousness, Angus, I'm honestly worried about Heidi. Whatever this was started when she came back to Defiance after Elijah Goldman fired her for a few months, but ever since she failed to win the Grand Champion's League, she's looked worse every week.

[Long is holding Heidi by both arms behind her back, and Scott is talking directly into her face. She slowly calms down, just enough that they can lead her backstage.]

offense! **Angus:** Look at that dick-touching HOMO! [The champ then rakes his fingernails so deep across Greer's forehead that he draws blood himself. Greer wouldn't be stopped though, and he hadn't lost his weapon either. He took a wild swing but Andrews smartly avoided the business end and reversed Greer's arm behind his back and stabs him in his own hand. Benny Doyle, having finally made it from the ring to the fight began asking Greer if he wanted to call it a day.] **Benny Doyle:** YOU WANNA CALL IT GREER? [The King of Pain cracked a smile.] **Angus:** ARE YOU FUCKING RETARDED DOYLE? [Greer answered by using his girth and balance advantage to flip Jeff up and over his shoulders, escaping, but losing the blade to some blood-hungry fan who would probably have that sum-ma-bitch on ebay before the end of this match.] **DDK:** And the King of Pain is in control and on the prowl again! [Greer grabs Jeff by the neck, and with a sickening thud slams his bleeding forehead into Jeff's bleeding forehead.] **THUNK!** **Angus:** Tell me why we don't have more Streetfights in DEFIANCE? **DDK:** I wouldn't have a clue, Ang. [Flailing and blind, the World Champion plodded his way through the crowd, knocking chairs and people over and not caring in the least. Benny Doyle did the best he could at crowd control and you can better believe that Buffalo Brian Slater and the rest of his DEFsec Brute Squad had eyes on the prize right about now.] **Angus:** Well lookee over there! The champ's done made his way to the guardrail! **DDK:** And here comes Greer behind him! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **Angus:** IT WAS A TRAP! [It was, Jeff was playing possum. He lured Greer in and shoved an elbow deep into his gut, but the King of Pain only snarled and rammed the Champ's head into the guardrail, sending blood splattering all over about three people's nachos.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **DDK:** And now Greer just dumping Andrews over the guardrail and into the ringside area! **Angus:** What can I say? Ya wanna win the big belt in the ring, right? Even in a Streetfight! [Greer follows and so does Benny Doyle. A helpful fan at ringside then decided to hold his chair out for the King of Pain, who took it with a manly fistbump before throwing it down HARD onto the back of the fallen Champion.] **DDK:** This has turned into just a BEATING. **Angus:** I. Told. You. So. SRS! [Greer pulls Jeff up to his feet. The champ is out of it, though, his eyes are rolled back and he's dead weight standing. Greer takes this time yucking it up with the ringside fans and setting something special up.] **DDK:** What's he doing now? **Angus:** An oldschool hardcore favorite! [Greer instructs one lucky DEFIANCE Faithful fan to hold his chair up and to brace the shit out of it. He then grabs the Champion, whips him away from the chair, then spins it back and sends him careening face-first into the fan-held chair. The crowd eats it up.] **KEERACK!** KAY! OH! PEE!!! KAY! OH! PEE!!! KAY! OH! PEE!!! **DDK:** That fan's got the Champion's DNA! **Angus:** That Champion's got a scrambled brain! **DDK:** Man, I haven't seen that one since- **Angus:** [interrupting] At least 1997! [Andrews rolls away and starts crawling under the ring, but Greer only grabs him by the waistband of his trunks and pulls him out, then takes a running start and hurls him right up on top of the announce table! Following him up, Greer again pulls Andrews to his feet by one ear and the back of his neck, and...] **Angus:** Goddammit no! **DDK:** Salt attack! [Jeff Andrews came up with a handful of powdered salt and hurled it over his shoulder and into the face of the King of Pain. Greer goes down, clawing at his burning eyes and forehead. Andrews grabs him, hooks him for a vertical suplex and lifts him up...] **DDK:** LegacyPlex off the announce table! [Between the bleeding and the three and a half foot drop off the table, Andrews takes a minute to collect himself, but when he does he grabs Greer by the shaggy beard and pulls him to his feet, then throws him into the ring. Leaving off for a bit, Andrews viciously kicks the ringside stairs, and then grabs the chain bolting them to the turnbuckle.] **DDK:** The Cross-Wired Time Bomb is going after that chain. [Andrews yanks the chain loose, then climbs up the apron and into the ring. With a snarl, he double wraps it around Greer's neck, turns to face away from the King of Pain, and leans forward, hoisting him into the air!] **Angus:** I wish I could say I didn't think Andrews had it in him, but he can go when he has to. [Greer clutches at the chain, his face turning red. Then he changes his mind, switching his grip to Andrews' wrists.] KAY! OH! PEE!!! KAY! OH! PEE!!! KAY! OH! PEE!!! **DDK:** Greer's trying to power out of that chain choke right now. [Slowly, arms shaking, Greer brings Andrews' arms up overhead, easing the pressure from the choke - and finally getting leverage to get his feet on the mat and flip Andrews over his back in a reverse snapmare! Quickly taking control of the chain, Greer loops it around Andrews' neck and sits down on his back, pulling up!] **Angus:** Chain Camel Clutch! BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! [The boos weren't for Greer. They were for Kai Scott.] [Tired of waiting, Scott runs down the box ramp, vaults the top rope, brings back the crutch he carries with him that he doesn't even need, and blasts Greer right in the face with it!] **Angus:** WTF? I demand a disqualification! **DDK:** Angus, this is a street fight! As unfair as this may be, it's completely legal! **Angus:** I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA! SOMEBODY FIRE DOYLE! [Ronnie Long and Heidi Christenson come out. Andrews and Scott send Greer to the ropes, Greer rebounds, Andrews lifts him as though for an atomic drop, and Scott takes him down from the elevation with a jumping crescent kick!] **Angus:** NOOOOOOOOooooo..... !!! [Long scoops Greer up and drops him in the tilt-a-whirl gutbuster. Greer tries to get up, ends up slumping to his knees, and Heidi strikes a martial arts pose... ***GUNSHOT*** **Angus:** EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!! [CUEUP: "Natural Born Killaz" by Dr. Dre and Ice Cube] [You know how this one goes. So does everyone in Orlando. The roof

on the other side, and produces a table. He slides it in, kicks up the legs for Greer.] **DDK:** Now what're they up to? **Angus:** Never you mind. You're watching geniuses at work. **DDK:** You mean savants? **Angus:** MAYBE. [Kai Scott had gotten himself out of the way as soon as the momentum went to Team Danger, and although his balls hurt, he's taken comparatively little damage. And there's one weapon that Team Danger has neglected.] [The Defiance World Title belt.] [Greer atomic drops Andrews to set him on the top rope, and Kelly pushes the table into position. He hooks Andrews in a waistlock...] [And with perfect timing, Scott leaps to the apron and smashes the title belt into Greer's head!] [Still set up to execute the spider german, the King of Pain falls backwards, knocked out and dangling from the turnbuckle.] [Jeff Andrews shakes his head and steps off the turnbuckle. He picks Greer up and sets him on the table.] **Angus:** No, not after all this! NO! [Andrews ascends the turnbuckle - Scott has thrown Kelly out of the ring - and comes off with the Ultraglide on Greer through the table!] [The cover is made, and Benny Doyle, who despite his three year tenure with Defiance still isn't fully desensitized to this kind of mayhem, drops to the mat and makes the count.] ONE...! ...TWO...!THREE!!!! **DING! DING! DING! Quimbey:** Here is your winner, and STILL Defiance World Champion! JEFF! AAANDREEEEEWS! [This night has not gone the way Jeff Andrews wanted it to. But he got out of it with ownership of the Defiance World Championship, and that's good enough for him. Rolling off of Greer's body, he picks Heidi up and calls for the other Untouchables.] **Angus:** Son of a fucking bitch. **DDK:** Fans, although I try to call these matches as even handedly as possible, what saved that match for Jeff Andrews was Kai Scott. Team Danger might have been able to overmatch the Untouchables shot for shot in an all out brawl, but nobody - not the Good Fight, not the Blood Diamonds, and not Team Danger - has someone who excels at being where he needs to be when he needs to be there, like Kai Scott. **Angus:** Keebs, you have no idea how much I wish there was anything I could say to deny that. [Kai knows how to keep himself out of trouble, and he took the runt's share of the punishment once Tyrone Walker showed up. Ronnie Long, on the other hand, took the lion's share (a fireball and a staplegun in one night? seriously?), but his major redeeming ability as a wrestler is his ridiculous durability, so he's up. And Heidi is down.] [Not as in "down and out". As in she suddenly twisted away from Jeff and dropped off the ramp.] **Angus:** What in fucks name is that crazy woman doing now... [Heidi runs to the ring. Tyrone Walker sees her coming and yells, but Kelly Evans' back was turned as she was tending to Greer, so she didn't notice until Heidi reached into the ring and grabbed her by the ankles. She yanks Kelly underneath the ring ropes, pulls her arm around in front of the turnbuckle and then bends it back in a modified hammerlock, using the metal ring post as a lever.] **DDK:** NO! [Kelly screams in agony. And Heidi isn't even trying to have fun with this, she's just leaning all her weight on Kelly's arm, waiting for the bone to snap... Greer's on his knees, Walker can't get to Heidi without putting Kelly in more risk...] **Angus:** I SWEAR TO CHRIST IF SHE HURTS KELLY I'LL- [AND CHRISTIAN LIGHT OUT OF FUCKING NOWHERE!] **DDK:** You'll what, Angus? **Angus:** Shut up and call the action! LAST NIGHTHAWK TO THE RESCUE! [It isn't clear exactly from which angle Light came from. But whatever respect and regret he might have felt for Heidi Christenson and whatever's turned her into what she is now is gone by the wayside. Flying in from Heidi's left, Light lowers his shoulder, buries it in Heidi, driving her away from Kelly and smashing them both into the side of the box ramp!] **DDK:** GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY! **Angus:** YEAH KILL THAT SKANK FUCK SHIT KILL FUCK!!! [Without even giving her a chance to slump to the ground, Light lifts her away from the visibly cracked ramp and spinebusters her on the ringside mats. He folds her legs into the Light Leg Lock, steps over her back - which leaves her facing the rest of The Untouchables - and sits down.] [Of course, even if you count Kelly, who's on her knees clutching her not broken but surely very pained arm, The Untouchables and Team Danger are evenly matched in numbers.] [Then again, this is Team Danger we're talking about, and the fork that Walker was stabbing people with is lying on the mat.] **DDK:** This is about to go from Bad to Worse for one Mrs. Andrews... **Angus:** Where's my Android! I'm putting this shit on youtube! **DDK:** We're on LIVE TV! **Angus:** I HAVE A BETTER VANTAGE POINT! [Grabbing that fork, Greer rolls out of the ring and lands on his belly, not even bothering to stand. He army crawls over to where Light has Heidi trapped in the Light Leg Lock, yanks her hair back, and places the tines of the fork right next to her eye.] [The Untouchables freeze.] [Kelly, her face still tight with pain, produces a microphone and kneels down next to Greer, holding it where he can talk without letting go of either Heidi or the fork.] **Greer:** I motherfucking warned you, Andrews. If you or any of your people set one foot off that ramp, your girl's going to have to add an eyepatch to her cute little new outfit. And with that being clear, shut up, and listen. [Jeff Andrews kills Greer with his hatedaggers. Actually, he doesn't move a muscle. You can see the vein pulsing on his forehead though, because it's still pushing blood down his face.] **Greer:** At your Pay Per View. Team Danger and The Untouchables. Your four vs our four. Winner takes all. [Andrews doesn't have a microphone. He is picked up by the camera now jabbed directly into his face.] **Andrews:** FUCK DO YOU WANT? **Greer:** Any one of us pins you, we get that big gold belt- **Andrews:** [interrupting] FINE! DONE! LET HER GO! **Greer:** I wasn't finished yet. [Jeff paces - noticeably not one millimeter closer to the ring.] **Greer:** And if we don't manage to take that belt from you but we still win, you give Christian Light the title shot he deserves, NO QUESTIONS ASKED! **Jeff:** [seething] FINE! [Having heard the deal

be made, Light drops the Leg Lock. Greer doesn't immediately let go of Heidi. But, clearly knowing what he's thinking, Light shakes his head 'no', and after looking pensive for a few seconds, Walker also says 'no'. After a moment Greer loosens his grip on Heidi and slithers away and into the helpful hands of Kelly Evans. The staredown commences.] [Heidi walks slowly back to join The Untouchables, and grabs the microphone away from Jeff.] **Heidi:** Greer. I am going to make you pay for that. I swear it. **Greer:** [mocking] I'm shakin' in my boots, toots. [Scott suddenly grabs the microphone from Heidi.] **Scott:** Would you stop?! You've been out of control all night and it's done nothing but get us in trouble! [The arena noise dims, the fans shocked to hear one Untouchable yell at another. Heidi, like she hasn't been threatened with a blinding two minutes ago, hatestares him right in the face - before Andrews steps in and pushes her backwards.] [Greer decides to press the verbal advantage.] **Greer:** Yeah, that's right, Heidi! You were a useless cunt in the Hydra, and you're a useless cunt now! **Scott:** No, Stephen. She's right, you know. [Greer lowers his eyebrows, trying to figure out what the fuck makes someone yell at someone to shut up and then reiterate their argument in their next breath. Walker shrugs it off, raising his hand to make a running mouth gesture, and then utilizing his 'fro pick to freshen up his 'fro.] [And then, the microphones are both shut off, as the two sides stare each other down - The Untouchables on the ramp, Team Danger in the ring.] **Angus:** HOLY FUCK! JESUS CRAP! UNTOUCHABLES! TEAM DANGER! PAY PER VIEW! **DDK:** We're out of time ladies and gentlemen, we'll see you at Untouchable LIVE ON PAY P- [Darren Keebler is cut off.] [Fade to the logo.]

