

Prelude

[Time: Unknown] [Location: Undisclosed.] [All there is, is black.] [First is the jarring sound of static, followed by the eerie glow of the accompanying white snow on your television screen. After an awkward second, there is security footage. Audio will be piped in via post-production.] [There is a slender form sitting in a chair with a black bag over the head. The chair, of the metal folding variety, would have been uncomfortable enough, the accompanying zip-tied hands behind its' seatback make it just short of excruciating.] **Off-Screen Voice:** I hate to steal a line, but it would appear to me that what we have here is a breakdown in communication. That is to say, you seem to have somehow mutated from the mousey little karate chick that everybody fell in love with into some kind of enraged psychopath with a thicker skull than her notoriously thick-skulled boyfriend could ever hope to have. [There is silence.] **OSV:** What gives, kid? [A familiar figure walks into the frame. Eric Dane, dressed as usual in a silver pinstriped suit and an irritated scowl, pulls the bag off revealing the disheveled mop of blond hair and duct-taped mouth that belongs to Heidi Christenson.] **Heidi:** *ermph! hrmp mrmph!* **Dane:** What's that dear, cat got your tongue? [The Only Star stealthily pulls the tape from the former World Champ's mouth. Instead of a scream, she lets go of a growl.] **Dane:** Out with it now, what do you have to say for yourself? [The tape left a small tear on Heidi's lower lip when it got ripped loose. She licks the small wound, her blue eyes narrowing.] **Heidi:** You just love your fucking cloak and dagger bullshit, don't you Eric? [Dane smiles, picks up the duct tape and slaps it back across her mouth.] **Dane:** You're not paying attention, little girl. This isn't some game to me, and it's not the goddamned minor leagues that you and your clan loved so much. This is millions of dollars. This is Global broadcasting. This is research and development, marketing and merchandising. Bottom line, sweetheart, is that this is **business**, and you're fucking with mine. And in business, the man who goes the furthest to protect and promote his product, is the man who wins the game. [He snatches the tape again.] **Dane:** Honestly, I'd have thought Jeff would have explained this to you at some point. The funny thing is, this is almost exactly what I've wanted from you the entire time. Almost. But having you running around aimlessly destroying the working parts of my promotion is starting to get just downright annoying enough for me to have to interject my will, so to speak. I don't need a goddamned cross-wired time bomb running around here, and if I did, I'd get Jeff. So get it through that thick fucking skull of yours, this thing between you and Tom, it ends. Now. [Heidi licks her lips again, and doesn't answer right away.] **Heidi:** You're not making it very clear what you want from me, Eric. I took a pipe to the skull for you in Def 1.0, and you fucking buried me because I had a bad night against Adam Waterman. I ripped Evolution League apart from inside in Def 2.0, no one thanked me and no one even understood what I was doing. [Dane's eyebrows furrow as if he's considering.] **Dane:** Yeah, well, thick skull syndrome turns out to be a pretty common illness among Defiants. How about for starters you don't try to kill the guy who makes me the most money per capita just by waking up in the morning and being Tom goddamn Sawyer. And after that, maybe you take all of that womanly rage you've built up and direct it toward something useful, like, I dunno, getting the World Title back or going after the FIST or pretty much ANYTHING that doesn't cost me thousands of dollars every time you get a twist in your little grannie-panties! [Heidi smiles. Sort of. Her lips pull thin across teeth she's trying not to bare. It takes her a moment, but she composes herself. She shakes her hair and it manages to fix itself in that way that only beautiful women can master, and she smiles what she hopes looks like a genuine smile.] **Heidi:** I don't need the validation of winning belts, but I didn't realize that my attacks on Tom Sawyer were costing Defiance money. I wasn't trying to fuck up your little promotion. **Dane:** Bullshit you weren't. **Heidi:** Well, ok, I mean obviously I was, I just wasn't thinking about it, you know? I fucking hate Tom Sawyer. You remember hate, don't you? Ryan Corey ring a bell? Victor Mandrake? [The sweet smile on her face twists, and Eric Dane's head moves back about a half an inch. In another man that might've been a flinch.] **Heidi:** But I don't hate Defiance! If I did, I'd just quit like... well, like Jeff did! **Dane:** Jeff didn't quit Defiance anymore than he's ever quit anything, he got his ass handed to him on a paper plate and he didn't have a play to make on the board, so he turned over his king. Don't for one second think that I'm stupid enough to think he's done, and don't for one second think that I think that you're stupid enough to believe that he quit anything. **Heidi:** But I DO believe that. If you have to turn over your king, you don't just do it, you throw the king, kick the board over and hit the other guy with a chair. This is wrestling. And Eric, the reason I went after Tom like I did was because I'm finally on board with all this. I'm finally embracing the spirit of Defiance! [Eric Dane does some sort of gesture indicating his distrustfulness.] **Dane:** I don't believe a single goddamned word of that. [Awkward silence.] **Dane:** But I do believe that you may have finally decided to get the point. Would you be so kind as to do me one more favor, though? **Heidi:** Not as if I'm in any position to negotiate, is it? **Dane:** No, you aren't. **Heidi:** What is it, then? **Dane:** When you wake back up in whatever flea-bag motel room we leave you in, call Jeff, ask him how this usually works, and have him explain it to you in graphic detail, and understand that the next time we meet like this, you're not going to get the chance to plead your case, and you're not gonna get to smile and wink

and hope that I'll fall for the cooze with the lethal roundhouse routine again, because the only thing coming out of your mouth the next time will be drool, blood, or some slick combination of the two. **Heidi:** Fi- [She doesn't finish, he tapes her mouth again and replaces the bag over her head before walking off screen from the direction that he came.] **Dane:** [OSV] When all of this unpleasantry is over with, Heidi, remember that I tried to be courteous, respectful, and somewhat restrained. After all, I could have left you in here with Kelly Evans and a pair of pliers. [Static.] [Black.]

DEFtv37 goes Live!

[DEFIANCE Wrestling continues in...] [5] [4] [3] [2] [...] **DDK:** Jesus. That's just disturbing imagery. [...] [1]
[Cold open, Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler man the Commentation Station as usual, and both of them are dressed for the show, Angus in a Poison t-shirt and ragged jeans, Keebler in a DEF polo shirt with pressed slacks.]

Angus: No, actually... It wasn't? **DDK:** You don't sound convinced. **Angus:** It's just... I've seen that whole scenario before, in person. That thing with Heidi... it just seemed kind of... Iunno, flat. **DDK:** Maybe the boss is trying to keep it a touch more professional these days? **Angus:** Hrm. Maybe. Iunno. Why don't you talk about Ascension or something. [Keebler coughs, loudly, as if he were caught off guard by that.] **DDK:** Right, well then, we're jumping right into that... **Angus:** The Pay Per View name? I thought everybody knew that? **DDK:** They do now! [ZING~!]
Angus: Why don't you do something useful and talk about our first match, eh?

to roll his sleeves up...] **Angus:** Damn, look at the laser-glare Dentari's giving Sawyer! **DDK:** If looks could kill, Tom would be buried somewhere outside Trenton. [Benny Doyle comes in to begin patting Tom down. Tom glances down to see if Benny was gonna find anything behind his kneepads...] **DDK:** HERE COMES DENTARI! [Alceo Dentari starts things off by running up, leaping over Benny Doyle's kneeling body, and hitting a running Mafia kick right to Tom's face! Sawyer goes down, Doyle scrambles out of the way, signalling for the ringbell as he does!] **Angus:** Hahaha! The match has begun, like it or not! [Dentari is quick to begin stomping away on Tom, howling insults and accusations as he does. Tom even manages to pop up to a sitting position, but Dentari smacks a VICIOUS kick into Tom's chest, sending the Canadian down onto his back!] **DDK:** Dentari is like a man unhinged! [With the kid beaten down momentarily, Dentari drops atop Tom for a lateral press! Benny dives in, hands going for the shoulder-check...] ONE! TWO! THR- **DDK:** To Tom Sawyer's credit, he's NOT gonna go down to a pin this quickly. [Dentari hops back to his feet, and reaches down, grabbing Sawyer by the hair. Hauling Tom up, Alceo cocks a hip, and shoots his knee into Tom's stomach for a brutal knee-slam! Sawyer's legs shoot out behind him, almost goin' down to the mat once more, but Tom somehow manages to land on his feet.] BBBBOO! **Angus:** Sawyer needs to man the fuck up, if he's gonna be in this to win it! [As Dentari winds a hand up, Tom shoots both hands up, grabbing ahold of Alceo's ears! Tom drops to his knees, yanking Dentari's chin down to crack into the top of Tom's skull for a jawbreaker!] RRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Dentari staggers backwards, and Tom leaps into the air, feet smacking together, and cracking directly into Alceo's mush! The Godfather stumbles backwards, and ends up draped across the top rope!] **DDK:** Sawyer's winding up... [And Tom rushes across the ring, leaping... And another dropkick sends both Tom AND Dentari right up and over the top rope! Tom lands catlike onto the apron, but Dentari goes crashing down, caught by the body mass of his Gorillas!] **Angus:** The entire Family is down! Sawyer's wiped everybody out! [But Sawyer isn't done! Holding onto the top rope, Tom shoots a look out to the crowd, to the right, to the left... A fist pumps, as Tom stomps his feet on the apron!] RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! GO TOM GO! GO TOM GO! GO TOM GO! [The Gorillas and Dentari are coming back to their feet as Tom leaps back over, into the ring. Going flying across the ring, Tom hits the ringropes for some added momentum, then comes flying back, and dives RIGHT over the top rope, adding a twisting tumble in as he does! TOPE CON HILO!] **DDK:** SOMERSAULT PLANCHA! SAWYER WIPES EVERYBODY OUT! **Angus:** Sawyer better not let himself get distracted by the Gorillas, or else he's gonna be in some shit! [Sawyer pops back up, throwing one hand upward, index finger pointing to the sky!] YAAAYYY! [With Dentari and his goons wiped out, Tom takes the time to head down the side of the ring, fists clenched, pumping his arms, shaking his head wildly. Tom's hair flies every which way, and he hops nimbly onto the steel ringsteps, then up and onto the apron.] **Angus:** Dentari's getting up... **DDK:** Sawyer's measuring him real, real carefully! [Dentari forces himself to his feet, a snarl on his lips even as Big Vinny begins to push himself off the floor, shaking out his head...] [Sawyer runs forward, leaping into the air! A knee comes up, even as Tom cocks an elbow back!] **DDK:** FLYING KNEE INTO DENTARI'S FACE! FLYING BIONIC ELBOW TO BIG VINNY! **Angus:** Everybody's gone down! Again! [Sawyer pops back up, grabbing Alceo by his fancy vest, and hauls the Made man back to his feet before throwin' a spin into it, sending the mobster back into the ring, right under the bottom rope!] **DDK:** If Sawyer can get a pin here, he might just take it! **Angus:** Quit wasting so much time, you moron! [Tom pops up, onto the apron. A thumbs-up to the crowd, and Tom leaps to the top rope! His bodyweight forces the top rope down... And Sawyer flies into the air, legs going forward! Tom crashes down on Dentari with the small of his back, plastering the mobster with a senton!] **DDK:** Sawyer trying for a pin! "ONE! TWO!" **Angus:** Tony Two-Hands on the apron! That meatball is gonna get in the ring! [Tom leaps to his feet, rushing forward to smash an elbow into Tony's face! The mobster drops off the apron, clutching his face, shaking a fist at Tom. Tom(And Benny Doyle) go to the ring ropes, Doyle chastising the mafiosi for his almost-interference. Tom, on the other hand, is beckoning that sum'bitch on!] **Angus:** Hey, watch Big Vinny! [As Tom backs up, beckoning Tony into the ring, Big Vinny has rolled into the ring. Tony Two-Hands hops up onto the apron once more, and Big Vinny pops to his feet. Erh, weebles to his feet? In any case, Tom feels the ring shaking(Just as Dentari rolls out of the way), and turns, breaking into a run to try and get a move goin'.] **DDK:** BIG VINNY CATCHES SAWYER! **Angus:** FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM! [The entire ring shakes, and with surprising speed for someone his weight, Big Vinny gets the hell out of Dodge! Dentari is quick to spring atop Sawyer, and Tony Two-Hands drops off the apron.] [Benny Doyle turns, seeing the scene, seeing Big Vinny playing innocent, Tom laid out flat, Dentari grinning like the cat who ate the canary...] **Benny Doyle:** VINNY! TONY! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER OUTTA HERE! [Benny winds up, and jabs a finger to the back! The Gorillas have been EJECTED!] **DDK:** Doyle's just doing his job and keeping the peace, but Dentari doesn't look happy about Benny not counting the pin immediately! [Doyle obliquely drops into place, going for the pinfall.] "ONE!

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A "white trash party?" I thought we killes Jimmy Kort, he came back as a zombie, and we killed him again? **DDK:**
facepalm

Trailer Park Tailgate I

[A group of savage Defiance Wrestling fans have gathered. Many disoriented from drug abuse of some kind. A tailgate has broke out in the parking lot amongst these fans. Many of them wearing Trailer Park Prodigy gear and chanting for him as the camera pans across. These fans have gathered from trailer parks all over the tri-cities for DEF TV. Security is restless, but one of the partiers is a lumpy-muscled bald man drinking from an entire beer keg, and they're giving him a wide berth.]

[A helicopter can be heard approaching the crowd. They clear out of a corner of the parking so the helicopter can land. As it comes in they have to quickly hold down anything not nailed to something. It touches down on the pavement and the door swings open as the blades slow. Chance Von Crank climbs out of the helicopter wearing his signature robe. Crank immediately throws his Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder.]

Crowd:

CVC! CVC! CVC!

[Chance struts back and forth through the crowd of his own fans. He looks them all over and shakes his head appearing not impressed with any of them.]

cVc:

What is this? Shitheads get in free night? Looks like Tucker's career out here, a fucking wreck. I hope every single one of you motherfucker's die somehow going home tonight.

[From around a bank of cars walks in Tucker G. Alston. His wrestling gear in a duffle bag over his shoulder. As he makes his way closer, he notices the tailgate and stops. He sighs in disgust and slowly continues toward it.]

cVc:

Well. Well. Well. I thought my shadow kept you covered in the daytime but here you are! King Cocksucker, Tucker G Alston! The Prom Queen, in the flesh. Mr. Not Good Enough.

[Tucker grimaces at the remark, but continues to push forward through the crowd, only to get stopped by Chance.]

cVc:

You want me to sign you a autograph too, Tucker? Give you something to remember this night by besides two black eyes and a sore pussy.

[Chance reaches toward a table and grabs one of the new DEFIANCE two-pack action figure boxes and starts signing it over the Tucker G. Alston figure.]

cVc:

I don't know why they put me with such a pussy. Shoulda just put two cVc's in there. Fuckin' sell more of them like that. Notice how mine has a belt and yours does not. That doesn't change on this night, taint dweller.

[Chance shoves the box into Tucker's chest, bending the box. Tucker, who is in no mood to play into Chance's games, lets it fall to the ground.]

Crowd:

Oooooooooooooo!

cVc:

Pick me the fuck up. Do Not Fucking Drop My Likeness! That action figure makes yours legit just by being in the fucking box with it.

Tucker:

Look, I'm just passing through. We'll be in the ring soon enough.

cVc:

Or I can just kick your ass right now, right here... Pussy.

[The crowd starts to close in around the two men. The tension builds. All is quiet with the two men in a staredown.]

Redneck with a mullet:

DRIIIIINKIIIIIN COOOOONNNNTTEEEEEEST!!!!

Crowd:

DRINK! DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!

Fat chick with missing teeth:

Kick his ass Chance!

8 yr old kid with a rat tail:

Beat that fuckin' Yankee!

[A moon-faced young man with a bowlcut howls with laughter.]

cVc:

You heard them. I'll beat your ass in anything.

Tucker G. Alston:

Fine. Lets get some beer. I'll drink you under the table, then we'll go to the ring.

cVc:

Bullshit. My mom had me nursing on a bottle of the hard stuff before that whore gave me her tit.

Tucker G. Alston:

I went to an Ivy League school. I was in a secret society. I had to legally kill myself by drinking just to be accepted.

cVc:

Enough of your bullshit, Tucker. Nut Up or shut the fuck up.

[Tucker drops his bag of gear as Chance moves over to a table full of food and clears the table with his arm, sending hot dogs flying into a pickup truck. The two men move to opposite sides of the table as a couple of beers make their way from the cooler to their hands.]

Angus:

This is what we do now? Really?

DDK:

I told you, some kind of a party.

Angus:

I hate you. I'm leaving.

[And like it was part of the script, the Motormouth of Malcontent stood up, took off his headphones, threw up dueces and walked away. Darren Keebler blinked.]

DDK:

Right. Well. So.

[A man walks up to Darren Keebler, and leans in to look at him. He has a mess of Rob Zombie-esque dreadlocks, a floppy black hat, and a skeleton-teeth bandana masking his face

DDK:

Cut away. Somewhere. Anywhere. SRSLY

[The masked man looks into the camera, and his eyes glitter ominously underneath his hat.]

[Cut.]

Jiles and Sawyer's Up In Smoke

[Tom was, needless to say, extremely disheartened from how the end of his match with Alceo Dentari went. So, there he sits, on a random box in one of the back hallways, still drenched in sweat, staring at the floor.] [Tom is not a happy camper. His hair is plastered to his face, he's got the whole thousand-yard-stare goin' on, and he hadn't even changed out of his spandex yet. He's still mourning his chances to win the DEF World Title.] **???:** Ah, chin up there Tommy. Even I don't win them all. Though, I do win the important ones... maybe you should try being, dare I say... COOLer next time out. [Tom Sawyer glances up to the grinning, sunglasses-wearin' visage of the DEFIANCE World Champion, COOL Cancer Jiles. With his gleaming golden belt hangin' off a shoulder, the Magistrate of COOLitude standing over the kid just sniffs, adjusts his title belt, and reaches out with his free hand.] [Tom immediately goes to fall into a defensive pose, but the COOLest of the COOL dudes in this terminally unCOOL place just pats Tom on the shoulder.] **COOL Cancer Jiles:** Jokes aside, Tom, allow me to be honest with ya. We've both been here for a while now, you and I... and frankly, the thought of you running around like a hyperactive spazmo... well, it annoys the ever living shit out of me. Like, I'd rather rest my bare asshole atop the hill of the most vicious fire ant than think about you pinballing about. [Tom blinks.] **Tom Sawyer:** So... Are we gonna fight now? [Cancer Jiles, to his credit, shakes his head.] **COOL Cancer Jiles:** However, you also backed me up against White and Box and the rest of the Queer Street Crew on the last show. Had you have failed in your attempt... well, needless to say we wouldn't be having this conversation. But, you didn't fail, did ya Tom? Maybe tonight you did, but last show, you did real good my boy! In fact, you did such a good job that I feel the need to ignore this nuclear agitation I'm experiencing at the moment and offer MY appreciation for the numbers you and Pythongo brought me. And that can of worms Dan Ryan ultramongo. [COOL Cancer Jiles sighs a bit.] **COOL Cancer Jiles:** What I'm getting at, Tom, is that I'm inclined to do you a solid. I feel the need to throw you a bone. I'd like to help you out, if at all possible. That said, you've had too much stress on your head for a little kid. Let me show you something. [Tom hops down from his nondescript packing crate(As seen in every FPS ever), and Cancer Jiles heads down the hallway, leading Tom into a locker room. The nameplate: COOL.] [The door opens, and a veritable WALL of thick smoke pours out. Tom's eyebrows shoot upward, and he darts across the hallway to the conveniently placed fire extinguisher.] **Tom Sawyer:** GET THE FIRE ALARM! PULL, AIM, SQUEEZE AND SWEEP! [Tommy knew how to use a fire extinguisher. Came from growing up in a diner with a penchant for fires. Cancer Jiles just reaches over and slaps the kid's hands away from the glass-fronted extinguisher case.] **Cancer Jiles:** You are so uncool that you made the name identifier for my speech lose the COOL signifier for a time. Take a pill, you mong. [The smoke begins to dissipate some, and Cancer Jiles just walks into his locker room, waving a hand. As the smoke clears, Tom can see a few faces in there.] [Angus Skaaland is smoking on an enormous doob-- his commentating duties have been put on pause for the moment.] [Ty Walker and Stephen Greer are playing craps in a corner, a cashed-out bong sitting next to them. As if you couldn't guess, Ty is winning.] [The Masked Blogger is crouched behind a plastic fern.] [Dragon Jones is somewhere in there, furiously sucking away on a damp joint.] [Chase and Lincoln are sitting in the other corner, panhandling for pennies and pocket lint. Neither man holds an advantage over the other.] [Shiamond Dazam has passed out, and people have drawn on his face with a Sharpie. So many dicks. His hand has also been placed in a cup of water. Unbeknownst to everyone, he has infact wet himself, but it shows on his bottom and not his top.] [Sam Skull is comatose with a pile of shaving cream on his face on a couch, and is being used as a footstool by Kevin Cage and Justin Brooks. Who are also panhandling in Cancer's Smoke Shack and Casino. Jobless fucks.] [J Stevendon wishes he was inside this party. Nope, he's living in a dumpster somewhere, eating stale Crunchwrap Supreme wrappers and crying.] **Cancer Jiles:** This shit got out of hand without me guiding the invite list. [Eugene Dewey is destroying a family size bag of COOL Ranch Doritos. Or at least, a fat kid who looks like Eugene Dewey is. Is it really Eugene? ONLY THE COOL KNOWS. (No, it's Jan Gin Xiao in a fright mask.)] [Mushigara has his mask on upside down and backwards, and is speaking in tongues of coherent English mixed haphazardly with Esperanto.] [Doozer and Bobby Dean are juggling eggs, each with a gasmask funneling the finest of Ed White's cheeba down their lungs.] [Random celebrity Robby Takac is blowing smoke rings, and a group of skanky-looking ringrats sit around him, marvelling at his once relevancy.] **COOL Cancer Jiles:** ...I'm going to ignore how shameful this got. Doozer, what in the actual hell? [Cancer turns to Tom, beckoning the boy inside as he walks into the room.] **COOL Cancer Jiles:** This is called pot, you mong. Come in here and smoke some. This is my thanks to you for kicking that megamongo Box in the mouth last show and saving me the effort. **Tom Sawyer:** How will I know if it works? **COOL Cancer Jiles:** I will give you a signal. [Pause.] **COOL Cancer Jiles:** The signal will be that life is awesome. [Tom steps inside, and the door swings shut with a heavy finality. Say no to drugs, kids.] [The view gives a violent revolution, the colors changing to kaleidoscopic pink and purple and red and orange. Psychedelic, triptastic colors, yo. Far out, man. A few moments later, Tom Sawyer

staggers out of the locker room, coughing and choking and sputtering.] **Everyone inside:**
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HE TOOK ONE HIT AND DIED AHAHAHAHAH [Tom falls to his knees, gasping for
breath... And hears a sudden revving of a motor. A yellow streak flies by, incredibly familiar to Mr. Sawyer.] [That was
his VF-1000 Interceptor. And Heidi Christenson was riding it.] **Tom Sawyer:** GIVE ME BACK MY BIKE! [And the
chase was on.]

Eugene Dewey vs Seth Stratton

[There is a bit of commotion at the Commentation Station.]

DDK:

You back from your "smoke" break?

[Angus fumbles with his headset, drops it, giggles, fixes it, and sits.]

Angus:

Fuck are you talkin' about Keebs? I ain't been anywhere! And how about Tom Sawyer absolutely dying like a bitch on ONE HIT! That shit happened. You got any cheetos?

DDK:

Um, seriously?

Angus:

You ready to call this match, or what?

DDK:

I need a raise.

[A few acoustic chords begin to play softly over the sound system. They quickly give way to crushing electric power as Dokken's "Breaking the Chains" erupts from the speakers. Seth Stratton bursts onto the stage, a confident smirk on his face. Tens of women swoon. He makes his way down the aisle, taking great care not to let any fans touch him due to his mild OCD. He gingerly climbs into the ring using the steps, unlike the savage majority who choose to slide as if they were uncivilized beasts.]

DDK:

This guy won't let any of the fans touch him but he'll happily do unspeakable things to a stranger's ass?

Angus:

Come on, Keebs. We all know how revolting these DEFIANCE fans are. Compared to these people the contents of a stranger's ass must be like Bactine.

[Next outs is Eugene Dewey to his new entrance theme, which you can hear right now on the DEFIANCE official website! He heads out from the back and waves uncomfortably to the crowd. He walks down to the ring and reluctantly slaps hands with a few fans before getting into the ring. He waves again and takes his place in the corner quietly.]

DDK:

I still can't get over just how much weight Eugene has lost while training with The Faces Of Death.

Angus:

I heard they've been bulk buying his sweat to use in the deep fryer at the greasy spoon down the road.

DDK:

Oh for God's sake!

DING DING DING

[The bell sounds and the two opponents tie up in the middle of the ring. Seth tries to use all of his 250lbs *ahem*215*ahem* and two inch height disadvantage to push Eugene back into the corner. Dewey doesn't budge though and tosses Uncle Seth aside to a cheer from the fans.]

Rahhhhhhhhhhhh!

DDK:

Seth getting overpowered by Eugene there.

[Stratton gets right back to his feet and ties up with Eugene again. The two wrestle side to side for a bit before Eugene pushes Seth down face first into the mat. Seth slides back to his corner and protests to the referee, gesturing that Eugene pulled his hair. Of course this draws a chorus of jeers from the crowd and a laugh from Eugene.]

DDK:

Seth's dipping into that bag of tricks of his early.

Angus:

And it's a deep, deep bag. Eugene needs to be careful here.

[Seth gets back to his feet and circles around Eugene trying to take his back, but the guru of gaming manages to keep his eyes on the Sultan of Sweet. Seth shoots in and grabs one of Eugene's legs. Instinctively Eugene plants his feet, but he's upended by Seth who immediately mounts him and lands right hand after right hand to Eugene's temple.]

DDK:

I think Dewey forgot he doesn't weigh quite as much as he used to.

[Seth doesn't give Eugene a chance to block a shot and rolls off of him. Dewey rolls onto his front but takes a running kick to the gut sending him spinning onto his back.]

Angus:

I thought Seth played tennis, not soccer.

[Stratton grabs Eugene by the afro and drags him up to his feet. He lifts a knee into Eugene's midsection and pushes him back into the corner of the ring. He whips Eugene across into the opposite corner and follows him in, connecting with a running elbow strike when he arrives. Dewey stumbles out of the corner as Seth hooks his head and drives him face first into the ground with a bulldog. Stratton rolls Eugene over and goes for the quick cover!]

ONE!

TWO!

[Eugene gets a shoulder up at an early 2!]

DDK:

Stratton looks like he wants to end this quickly!

Angus:

Probably so he can go on a GMILF hunt as early as possible.

[Seth complains about the speed of the count as he grabs Eugene by the hair again and pulls him to his feet. He backs him into the ropes and whips Dewey across the ring. Seth drops to the floor as Eugene comes back, Dewey jumps over him and hits the ropes again, he comes back as Seth tries a leapfrog and grabs him around the waist!]

DDK:

Bearhug from Eugene! He plucked Seth out of mid air!

Angus:

I'm surprised he can hold him up like that.

[Eugene tightens his grip around Seth's waist but can't hold him for long as Stratton digs a thumb deep into Eugene's eye. Dewey drops Seth, who hooks Eugene's head again, and ignoring the warnings from the ref, drives Eugene down

into the mat with a DDT.]

Angus:

Wise move from Stratton there.

DDK:

More like desperation.

Angus:

He did what he had to do.

DDK:

That's desperation!

Angus:

I think you'll find a picture of Eugene Dewey next to the dictionary definition of desperation. HIYOOOO!

[Seth rolls Eugene over and over and over until his head is hanging over the apron. Stratton slides under the ropes and drives an elbow down across Dewey's chest. Eugene tries to roll back into the ring but Seth pulls him right back. He drives another elbow into Dewey's chest before grabbing him by the shirt and unceremoniously dragging him out the ring to the arena floor, where Eugene lands with a thud.]

DDK:

Seth isn't letting up on Dewey for a second.

[Stratton lands a couple of stomps to Eugene's chest before hopping up onto the apron. Again he ignores the ref's count and drops back to the arena floor, driving a knee into Eugene's chest as he falls. Seth gets up, rolls into the ring and right back out again to break the count at six. He grabs Eugene again and pulls him up. Dewey throws a desperate right hand which connects with Seth's mid section. Another right hand stuns Stratton and a third give Eugene a degree of separation. Rather than running though, Eugene scoops Seth up and tries to slam him on the floor. Seth wriggles free though and pushes Eugene face first into the ring post!]

Angus:

Steel meets spots!

DDK:

Got anything funnier?

Angus:

Nope.

[Eugene spins around the post but doesn't fall to the ground. Seth grabs him by the hair and waistband and hoists him up into the ring, he follows Eugene in and covers him!]

ONE!

TWO!

[Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

[Again Stratton argues about the speed of the count before covering Dewey again.]

ONE!

[Eugene gets a shoulder up even earlier!]

DDK:

He's not done yet, Seth.

[Stratton grabs Eugene by the hair and pulls him up again. He hooks Eugene's head and looks to lift him for a suplex! Eugene blocks the attempt not once, but twice, before lifting Stratton for his own! He takes a couple of steps forwards, all the while holding Uncle Seth up before falling back and driving him to the mat!]

DDK:

That might be the opening Eugene needs!

Angus:

Did Eugene Dewey just pull off a vertical suplex?

[Eugene and Seth both get back to their feet and Seth throws the first right. Eugene blocks it and responds with a right of his own. Seth throws another, which is blocked and Eugene replies in kind. Dewey lands another right and pushes Seth back into the ropes. He whips Stratton across the ring and hits the ropes to the side of him. He comes back and meets Seth in the middle of the ring, wiping him out with a shoulder tackle!]

DDK:

Eugene 'Pounced' on that opening!

Angus:

I GET IT!

[Eugene can't capitalise on the shoulder tackle as Seth is sent sprawling to the outside. Gene gets to his feet and head for the ropes. He looks over to see Seth grabbing at the ring apron to pull himself up. Eugene reaches down and grabs Seth by the ears before pulling him up onto the apron!]

DDK:

I thought Seth might have been able to buy some time after getting knocked to the outside. But Eugene Dewey isn't giving him the chance.

Angus:

Dude fucked his momma. Of course he isn't going to let up on him.

DDK:

Let's get this straight. Seth Stratton did not have sexual relations with Eugene Dewey's mother.

Angus:

He's not the fucking president...

[Seth lands on the apron but hooks his hands behind Eugene's head and drops him across the top rope. Eugene can't hang on and rebounds into the ring, but doesn't go down. Seth readies himself and waits for Dewey to turn around. He launches himself into the ring and connects with a knee to the side of Eugene's head, knocking him down. Seth lands and scrambles over to Dewey for the cover!]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-!

[Eugene get a shoulder up just in time!]

DDK:

Seth's getting closer.

[Stratton grabs himself a handful of redhair and rains closed right hands down into the forehead of Eugene. He's forced to break it up after the ref's count of 4 and backs off to the corner. He tries to get right back on Dewey but he's blocked as the referee allows Eugene to stand. Seth protests, but it's clear his disregard for the rules has finally caught up with him.]

Angus:

They should be allowed to go at it.

DDK:

Seth has taken so many cheap shots in this thing it's only fair Eugene's allowed a chance to regroup.

Angus:

This isn't football! We don't have halftime in DEFIANCE!

[Seth instead waits for Eugene to get to his feet and spins on the spot. He throws a huge backhand at Dewey's jaw, but Eugene ducks it! Seth's momentum sends him spinning around where he gets caught by Eugene who lifts him for a huge Side Suplex that drops Stratton right on the back of his head!]

DDK:

Stratton's neck must be broken!

Angus:

He's mad more weight than that on on his head before...

[Eugene doesn't go for the cover. Instead he grabs Seth by the shoulders and pulls him up. Eugene underhooks both of Strattons arms and throws him with a double underhook suplex!]

Angus:

Looks like Dewey is adopting the 'pick him up and drop him' fighting style.

[Seth rolls into the corner and gets back to his feet quickly. He wobbles out of the corner with his dukes up. He throws a right at Eugene which gets ducks and feels an open palm strike him square in the face! Stratton stumbles back into the corner as Eugene hits the other corner, before coming back and crushing Seth in the corner with a splash!]

DDK:

He doesn't have an much weight behind it, but that extra speed still makes it as deadly as ever!

[Seth collapses to his ass as Eugene runs from the corner and hits the ropes. He comes back and runs buns first into Seth's face! He grabs Uncle Seth by one leg and drags him from the corner for the cover!]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-!

[Seth manages to get a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Stratton staying alive!

Angus:

But for how long?

[Eugene gets to his feet and looks around the crowd as Seth struggles to get back to his. Dewey starts to get himself pumped up before dropping to one knee behind Seth, who is still dizzy legged, and the crowd go wild!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Seth slowly turns around, but catches a glimpse of Dewey in the corner of his eye. He ducks behind the referee just before Eugene leaps for the Shoryuken to avoid the contact! Eugene barely has time to land before Seth pushes the ref to the side. With him distracted Seth drops to a knee of his own and lifts the crook of his elbow up between Eugene's legs!]

DDK:

OH COME ON!

[Eugene, doubled over in the middle of the ring, can't move from the pain as Stratton hits the ropes and comes back with an elbow down across the back of his head!]

DDK:

MATCH POINT!

[Seth rolls Eugene over and forces as much weight as he can over Dewey's chest. He also hooks both legs for good measure! Unaware of the low blow the referee count the fall!]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, SETH STRAAAAAATTOOOON!

DDK:

COME ON!

Angus:

What?

DDK:

Seriously? You don't have a problem with that low blow?

Angus:

What low blow? Ref don't see it, IT DON'T COUNT!

The Blood Diamonds Drinking Game

[The DEFIATron screen suddenly flickers to life to reveal Python's grinning face, which draws a thunderous pop from the Washington crowd. Having clearly just arrived, he walks casually through the VIP section of the arena parking lot with his bag slung over his shoulder. He's holding the camera himself.]

Python:

What's up, Everett!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Python:

I said...

[The fans yell this next line in unison with him.]

Python and Fans:

WHAT THE FUCK IS UP, Everett!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Python:

While Edward White is wiping his ass with money in his private deluxe dressing room suite and Bronson Box is off somewhere twirling his mustache and tying a woman to a train track, I want to take a minute to tell you guys about a little game I like to play. It's called The Blood Diamonds Drinking Game.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[The crowd is already **so** down for this.]

Python:

Now, I can't play along tonight because I have a match at the end of the show and I'm not trying to show up drunk. So I'm passing the rules along to you, the world, to play in my stead. It's very very important for you to participate whilst I tragically cannot, because god damnit, somebody has to. The rules are as follows.

[The young superstar shifts the camera from one hand to the other as he takes a deep breath and rapidly recites the rules.]

Python:

Every time Bronson Box mentions God in any form, including but not limited to vague rulership-related nicknames like "the lord", "our father", "our king", etc., you drink once. Any time he quotes or references a passage from the bible, drink once. So if he quotes a section of the bible that happens to specifically mention God, that's a double whammy. Any time he uses alliteration in a sentence, drink for every word that starts with the same letter. For example, if he were to say...

[A TERRIBLE Scottish accent ensues.]

Python:

"A sea of sickening sameness!"

[/accent]

Python:

...you would drink three times. For every word that he gives a LITTLE extra EMPHASIS to because he THINKS it's

REALLY IMPORTANT, drink once. Every time Edward White cheats, take two drinks. Every time he does something in the ring that isn't really a wrestling move, drink once. Drink once for every piece of currency you see him physically produce, and drink twice every time he mentions currency in any form. When the Blood Diamonds lose a Tornado Tag Match, finish your drink.

[He shrugs.]

Python:

Ok... so I just added that last rule. But you guys are gonna be feeling real good by the end of the night. Trust me. And for the love of god, somebody please keep a tally so I can catch up after the show. I'll be in the arena's bar celebrating, you're all welcome to join me.

[He raises the camera high over his head and lifts his other hand as if toasting with an imaginary glass.]

Python:

Cheers!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Python moves to shut off the camera, when a deafeningly loud sound interrupts him from offscreen.]

CRASH!!!!!!!!!!

Python:

-the fuck!

[Python swings the camera around just in time to see a car speeding down the aisle of the parking lot and disappearing, having clearly just accidentally struck a new looking car parked in a corner space while making a tight turn. Python runs over to the freshly smashed car, which just so happens to be a stretch limosune. A moment passes and he bursts into laughter.]

Python:

So good.

[He lowers the camera and we see a bent license plate reading NEFUNDZ before the feed turns off and the screen goes blank.]

Hookers and Blow!

“HOOKERS AND BLOW!”

[Ty Walker looked up from lacing his boots to hear the door to his locker room forcibly kicked open and the two moronicons on the other side yelling their normal greeting to him.]

Tyrone Walker:

Hookahs an' blow! What up Senor Double Crown?

[The camera pans up to see two men that the wrestling world hoped to never see on television again, given that 500,000 television shows were cancelled because they couldn't live up to the level of awesome that these two men brought to the small screen, that's right, the reason NBC cancelled "Friends" and played it off as a "final season". The somewhat pale one of this dynamic duo who looks a lot like a shorter more handsome version of Kevin Love was first through the door. Following him is the chocolate brown brotha who looks kinda like a more muscled version of Tyson Beckford (or so he says), who nearly falls on his face tripping over his ghostly white partner in crime.]

[They are Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews....otherwise known in the wrestling world as...]

[CHEEEEEAP HEEEEEEEEAT!]

Ryan Matthews:

Ha ha, very funny... Senor Double Dark.

[Oh sorry, was I not supposed to be talking in a loud voice there? I guess I forgot to mention that's how I'm contractually obligated to introduce them unless circumstances change.]

Sam Horry:

Remember kids, always have your personal narrator on a short leash...

[Thumbs up and cheesy grin from Sam and Ryan.]

[Blackimus Prime nods his head approvingly.]

Walker:

What up, cuz?

[Walker approaches the other dark skinned gentlemen in the room.... Wait a minute. He knows other black folks? Anyway they bro-hug it out for the heterosexually appropriate amount of time. Just a couple of seconds, nothing gay.]

Matthews:

Wait wait, hold up, rewind. Cuz? Don't tell me you two are related somehow. This isn't some father's brothers nephews cousins former roommate kinda rib bullshit is it? Because if so I'll walk right now...

Horry:

Really Ry? Does your old ass not remember how I told you we were gonna meet my cousin and he was gonna hook us up?

Matthews:

Whoa whoa whoa, first off pause. Second off, why do we have to go there with some reference to a cowboy character who used to say something like "string em up" just because I'm the only white dude here...that's raisins brother.

Horry:

sighs Hook 'em up Ryan you idiot! It's Hook 'em up!

Matthews:

Eh, whatever. Hey Blackimus Prime, this place got anything to eat? I'm starvin. Optimus Grime over there was all like "we ain't stoppin, Ry, we gotta get to the show", skipped all the damn good places to eat.

[Sam and Ty share a glance. Sam's eyes roll, Ty shrugs, both figuratively saying "white people." Ty smirks and shakes his head taking note of Ryan and Sam's similarities to he and his own light skinned kemosabe, Stephen Greer.]

Matthews:

Bah, you fuckers are no help. And here I thought being friends with Ty and him bringing me and Sam here was gonna be fun...Guess I need to go start some fucking trouble up in this piece...

[Sam immediately steps into the space in the door and doesn't let Ryan leave.]

Horry:

Ry, you really DON'T wanna do that. Any kinda shit you start will probably end any chance we got at the ultimate plan me and my cuz over there came up with and recruited you to be a part of. We kinda need THREE of us for this to work, ya dig?

[Matthews, somewhat dejected, sighs heavily and slumps against the wall...]

Walker:

'Sides, I gotta hannel some business here tonight first.

Horry:

And how are you going to "hannel" that business, Ty?

Walker:

With a righteous pimp hand, cuz. You know how I do.

[Sam nods his acknowledgement of the facts as they turn back to find that Matthews seems to have come to life again...]

Matthews:

Alright guns up, let's do this... RYAAAAAANNNNNN MAAAAAAAATTHEWS!

[With that, he runs out the door, prompting Sam and Ty to look at each other...]

Horry:

Dammit Ry...

Walker:

A'ight, I gotta ask, where in the HALE do you find these crazy ass crackers?

Horry:

I seem to collect them, it's like a hobby we share, nah'mean?

[The two share a knowing look...]

Horry:

Well cuz, since Ry and I got front row tickets and I gotta make sure his stupid ass don't get us kicked out, I'mma bounce. Do yo thang, mang. One.

[With that, Horry gives Walker a fist bump and walks out the door. He stops just outside the door and sighs, then shakes his head.]

Horry:

Dammit Ry, this is why we can't have nice things...you gotta go and tear shit up for no good reason...

[Horry exits stage right and we pan back to Walker, shaking his head...He goes back to lacing up his boots as he talks to himself.]

Walker:

Y'all some crazy as muthafuckas...

[And....cut back to the Commentation Station.]

Angus:

Wait, so... no Team Danger?

DDK:

What are you, out of the "circle"?

Angus:

YOU SHUT UP!

DDK:

YOU STOP BEING HIGH!

Angus:

GIVE ME SOME CHEETOS AND MAYBE I WILL!

DDK:

I still can't believe I have to call matches with you...

[Fade away.]

[Taco Bell sells tacos.]

TRIOS TAG TITLES #1 CONTENDER: The Philosopher Kings vs Tres Brujas

[As we fade up from the commercial, "Tres Brujas" by The Sword is playing, and the three girls that compose that team are entering the ring. Their opponents, The Philosopher Kings, are already in the ring and waiting in their corner.]

Angus:

We got ourselves a number one contender match for the Trios Titles coming up!

DDK:

The winner of this match will indeed receive a shot at the Defiance Trios Tag Titles, currently held by Alceo Dentari and the Gorillas. Both teams going into this match are undefeated, although technically they've both only had a few matches

Angus:

Well c'mon Keebs. The Brujas beat The Untouchables the night Heidi completely lost it, and then they both beat the Mike Sloan Experience. Does that put them on the level of the DentariRillas? Doubt it. We'll see though.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Looks like we're going to start out with Eddie Dante for the Kings, and Diane Parker for the Brujas. Dante uses a very aerial style for a wrestler as big as he is. Diane brings a well rounded style, but her strongest point seems to be her brain for wrestling matches.

[Tie-up. Dante gets his hands on Diane's shoulders, forces her down to one knee, switches to a half nelson, lifts her up in the air and Diane converts it to an arm drag! Diane dives on him looking for a flash pin, but Dante quickly arm drags her across his shoulders.]

Angus:

I hate calling armdrag exchanges. These lucha types know like fifty different kinds of arm drags but they didn't bother naming them.

[Diane trips Dante to the mat with a single leg and tries a lateral press, Dante's out in 0.5 and small packages her. One and a half, Dante follows up but Diane, who's near the ropes, applies the fireman's carry and rolls him over the bottom rope and out of the ring. Dante is disoriented, and Diane grabs the top rope and slings through the top and middle with a dropkick, knocking him head over heels, and skins the cat back into the ring.]

Angus:

But that was downright slick.

[In comes Mushigihara. Diane squares up to meet him. Mushigihara meets her with a palm thrust that knocks her into the ropes so hard she bounces off them and lands on her face!]

DDK:

Mushi packs an incredible amount of power in those strikes. Sumo practitioners are stronger than they look by definition, and between that and the size differential...

Angus:

YEAAAAHH, SCCIIIEENNNCCEEE

[Lisa Loeh isn't even about to get in the ring, and so Clair St. Sure steps up. She circles the big guy. Mushigihara, his mask hiding his face, turns as she does. She shoots in with a dropkick aimed at the knee, Mushigihara dodges, tries a driving elbow drop but St. Sure's a little too fast. She plants a kick in his ribcage that gets caught, Mushigihara spins her around and clotheslines the back of her head!]

DDK:

Looked like Clairra underestimated Mushi right there. She beat another sumo back about the beginning of the Grand Champion's League.

Angus:

We know this because she NEVER shuts up about it.

DDK:

Well anyway, Mushi's faster than Jan Gin Xiao was.

[Mushi assists Clairra back to her feet, overhooks the arms and suplexes her up overhead. Clairra lands hard, he hits the ropes, runs back for the senton - Clairra rolls out of the way and Mushi hits the mat! Clairra quickly jumps to the middle rope and hits an Asai moonsault on Mushi, she rolls out of the ring and Diane enters to take her turn at an Asai moonsault! Troy Matthews, recognizing the pattern, takes Lisa out as she starts to the ropes for her own moonsault with a springboard dropkick!]

DDK:

Matthews taking the offensive quickly. Elbow combination, sole butt, Devil Bullet dropkick! Cover!

ONE!

...TWO!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

[Arm wrench applied and tag exchange to Eddie Dante. Dante comes in with a jump over the ropes and an axehandle to the shoulderblades, then knocks Lisa back to the mat with a Euro uppercut. He ducks out to the apron and comes back in with the slingshot senton!]

DDK:

I don't know if the Philosopher Kings planned this ahead of time, but they've singled out the member of Tres Brujas who's known to try and avoid punishment when possible. Does Lisa Loeh think that a trios tag title shot is worth this?

Angus:

She better if she knows what's good for her.

[Eddie raises a finger, signalling for Dante's Inferno. But any cross-arm move has a pretty distinct start-up, and Lisa recognizes it coming. She counters the grab with a kenka kick, keeps hold of one arm and takes Dante up and over with a wristclutch backdrop!]

[As both wrestlers crawl for their corners, Dante is closer, and makes the tag out to Mushigihara. Mushi grabs Lisa by one ankle, but she counters with an enzuigiri! A quick tag is made, not to Clairra but to Diane, and Diane then ignores Mushi to launch a cross body block at Matthews, taking them both off the apron!]

[Clairra steps up to Mushigihara, and Mushi catches her incoming with a powerslam! Mushi presses Clairra overhead once with an "OSU!", twice with another "OSU!", and third time and Clairra's out the back!]

[Backfist! Spinning backfist! Enzuigiri! Thrust kick to the back of the knee! Axe kick to the top of the head! Mushigihara slumps over backwards and Clairra drops on top for a cover!]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Your winners, as a result of a pinfall, and the new number one contenders for the Trios Tag Titles! TRES! BRUJAS!

Angus:

Damn. Now THAT's a striking combo.

DDK:

And speaking of striking combos, it looks like we've got Tyrone Walker backstage, just moments before he steps into the ring with the Queen of Mean herself!

Angus:

TEEM DANJAR?

DDK:

Shut up...

This Murder Mobile is Ready to Go

[It's about that time.]

[Blackimus Prime, the Chocolate Messiah his-damn-self is down on the floor with his back against the wall. His eyes are closed, his arms stretched out with the underside of his wrists rested upon his bent knees and his fingers twitch now and again with a long lost feeling of nervous energy.]

[A knock at the door breaks his mostly calm exterior before a random staffer cracks open the door.]

Random Staffer:

"Two Minutes."

[His eyes open and head turns towards the door.]

Tyrone Walker:

"A'ight."

[Pushing himself up off of the floor, he shakes his arms and legs out before making for the door. Stopping, he places his hand down on the handle and mutters "rock an' troll, nigga, lets do it." before opening the door. Stepping out he's stopped by DEFIANCE Mic Stand Extraordinaire, Christie Zane.]

Christie Zane:

"Ty Walker..."

[Ty pauses and takes in the nameless pair of tig ol' bitties in front of him. He considers throwing some game at her, but figures she's on a-whole-nother kind of job, though he'd gladly offer her some other "career opportunities".]

Walker:

"Sup?"

Zane:

"Can I have a word before your match?"

Walker:

"Sure... uh... who?"

Christie Zane:

"Christie Zane, DEFIANCE Backstage Correspondent!"

[Ty scoffs out loud... in his mind... "Correspondent, eh?" So not out loud at all, but still, bitches and their need for overly glorious job titles, hah! He does mentally take note of her enthusiasm though as he nods his agreement to this sudden interruption to his current activities, she begins with her pressing questions.]

Zane:

"Do you have anything to say before you take on former DEFIANCE World Champion, Heidi Christensen?"

Walker:

"Sure. I know it's been said about seven... thousand times already that it's been a long goddamn time since I've done did anything in this psycho circus of a game we call wrestling. I promise tho', after tonight that horse is gonna stop gettin' his ass beat and we'll all move on to Tyrone Walker, jus' another nigga in DEFIANCE doin' his thing."

[Pause, snort, continue.]

Walker:

“But before all that can happen, I gotta get this match over with. See, I can partake in all the clusterfucks that my ol’ ass can handle, but until I get out there all by my lonesome and make this muthafucka happen for real, I’ll never know for sure what I’m capable of. Which brings me to Heidi.”

[Looking directly into the eye of the camera as if he were staring down the woman herself. His eyes steeled with a determined focus.]

Walker:

“All jokin’ aside about reparations and forced body modifications, I had only one request for “Da Baws”. I wanted you. One on one. No teams. No bullshit. I figured since it was you who sparked my sudden revival, I might as well get this murder mobile jump started by seein’ what you got for me in a real match. So let’s do this, ‘cause I’m ready to get back in the flow and see what kinda trouble I can get myself into.”

[Zane tries to get another question, but Ty spies a staffer giving him the “go” signal and he’s out of there faster than the time he escaped his first paternity suit.]

ZOMG GIVE ME BACK MY SHIT

[We cut backstage where we're greeted with the whine of Tom Sawyer's motorcycle and the screeching of its tires as the rider, currently one Heidi Christenson, tears ass around a corner backstage. She idles for a moment, looking back down from whence she came where she spies Tom Sawyer in hot pursuit. She looks ahead of her and smiles. Dead ahead she spies Frank Dylan James, Virginia Quell and the man himself Bronson Box all mulling around outside their locker room in street clothes.] **Tom Sawyer:** GET BACK HERE WITH MAH MOTORSICKLE YOU BEAST! [Heidi hits the gas, squealing the back tire as she speeds off towards The Moral Majority.] **Heidi Christenson:** Gift for ya, Boxer! Merry Christmas! **Bronson Box:** BLOODY HELL! [Box jumps back with a start.] **Virginia Quell:** Was that that Christenson tart, on Sawyer's motorcycle? **Bronson Box:** Crazy harlot. **Frank Dylan James:** Think'n they done made up? **Bronson Box:** No. I highly doubt it. [Tom rounds the corner like a fucking screaming yellow comet, not paying one mind to the three villains directly ahead of him.] **Bronson Box:** Well isn't this precious... [Box just nods slightly to Frank and The Mastodon reaches out with his huge meaty paw and catches the speeding spot monkey by the throat and slams him back against the cinder block wall of the hallway. Tom struggles against Frank's grib but gets a knee to the breadbasket for his troubles. Bronson sidles up, inches from Tom's face.] **Tom Sawyer:** Gack... Gargle... Choke... **Bronson Box:** Hello, boy. You know, when most people get their scooter stolen they call the police. Co-worker or no I do believe that's still illegal, boy'o. [Sawyer looks up and shoots daggers at The Wargod.] **Tom Sawyer:** Sort of like kidnapping and aggravated assault, right? [Box smiles, slightly impressed by the kid's gumption.] **Bronson Box:** Touche. [Boxer's smile melts into a look of complete disgust. He eyeballs Tom up and down head to toe before uttering another word.] **Bronson Box:** Darren and Angus decided to make a little on air todo about you and I on the last card, didn't they boy? Our little feud is on everybody's lips now. Why even darken the ring, lad? Why stick your neck out for the likes of Python and Dan Ryan? I hate ye' lad but for wholly different reasons than that lot. At least you were weaned here in DEFIANCE. I hate you because of how GOOD you are lad. And just how much of that great talent you WASTE on nonsense like all this... this runnin' around like a child. THAT WOMAN IS MAKING A FOOL OUT OF YOU AND YOU'RE BLOODY LETTING HER, BOY! [Bronson grabs a fist full of Tom's hair and slams his head back against the wall with a sickening thunk. Bronson leans in close as a tiny trickle of blood runs down Sawyer's neck and down onto the shoulder of his t-shirt.] **Bronson Box:** From the moment you and I occupied the same locker room and I was forced to watch you just float through matches with such success, with such natural aptitude while also bearing witness to your complete and utter NONSENSE! It was almost too much to take. You're a silly little boy playing at a mans game, son. You're a bloody CHILD Tom and all I feel for you is PITY. I want your blood on my hands to simply be RID of you, Sawyer. [Box reaches up and grabs the top of Tom's head with his right hand, digging his nails into his skull. God's Fiery Right Hand used for what it's good for, making someone pay full and total attention. Frank finally lets go of Sawyer's throat. But with Bronson's nails digging into his head flesh there's not a whole lot of options left for Tom but sinking down to one knee and gritting his teeth for a world of hurt.] **Bronson Box:** So long as I'm BREATHING... Tom, you listen to me now. So long as I'm breathing you will experience no success in my company. Do you understand? I loathe you. Your pathetically optimistic little attitude is the foulest of things to me. The smell of you fills my nostrils, bile rising in my throat. The contempt I have for your very existence is palpable. I refuse to let you represent this company in any capacity beyond that silly blond tosser that gets his balls kicked into his throat by some ugly lesbian every bloody week. [Box pushes down with all his weight. Tom sinks down to two knees, his neck pushed downward into his shoulders. The blood is starting to flow from several places on Tom's head.] **Bronson Box:** You think you have Dane's respect? He pities you too, Tom. You sell t-shirts and send the marks home happy. You're a bloody GIMMICK, lad. You're no more important around here than a big fuzzy mascot is to an American sports team. A meaningless albeit entertaining DISTRACTION from the real athletes. All those cheering fans, all those show stealing matches with you risking life and limb... and you're passed over time and time and time again in favor of men like your new friends Dan and Python. Outsiders that built NOTHING here, they're reaping your rewards, wrestling in YOUR main events. That doesn't PISS YOU OFF even a little bit, lad?! Of course not. Not Tom Sawyer... [Box pushes Tom down onto the floor. Virginia cackles like some sort of Disney villainess off and to the right behind Boxer. Frank chuckles and folds his tree trunk sized arms across his massive chest.] **Bronson Box:** No, not you. You'll crack a joke. You'll spout one of your nonsense catch phrases. You'll speed around on your scooter and wear silly hats and dive off this height of that balcony and you'll flip and twist and fly and the fans will cheer. They'll love you Tom. They always do. And when you finally blow out a knee or compress your spine or whatever other career ending injury you could get at any point in that MESS you dare call wrestling you put on out in that ring each night you'll sit at home and all those people will take all that love away, Tom. They'll take it slowly away and give it to some other poor naive little SAP on the road to ruin. Some exciting young kid willing to flip higher and flop

harder than you could ever dream. You'll be a footnote. You plucky underdog, you. You'll be nothing to anyone, a trivia question. A speck on a blip on a dust mote. [Bronson reaches down and wipes his bloody hand on Tom's t-shirt.]

Bronson Box: I'm going to make it my personal business to snuff out your light, Tom Sawyer. Try and have a good night, lad. [Bronson looks down at Sawyer with pure contempt for a few beats before pushing through his locker room door. Virginia lurks behind, Frank keeping an eye on the woman and her new toy. Gin squats down near where Sawyer sits coughing, holding his throat with one hand and his bleeding head with the other. The Red Queen playfully moves Sawyer's long blond hair from his eyes, Tom jerking his head away and scrambling back against the wall.] **Tom Sawyer:** Keep your damn hands off me!

Virginia Quell: He's not going to stop comin' you know. You, Ryan, Python and Jiles have made Hollis and Mr. White very very cross. When my Hollis gets cross with someone he don't have it in him not to chase that poor bloke down and ruin him like he tends to do. He's not just gunna' beat on you like that bloody brute Christenson. No, not my Hollis. He crawls in yer' head... [She reaches again for Sawyer's hair, he slaps her hand away and scrambles to his feet.] **Tom Sawyer:** I said quit it, looney broad! [Virginia slinks forward, a big, big grin on her lips. She had a nasty sparkle in her eyes, and as she comes within Tom's personal space, the kid's eyes growing a bit wider in nervousness.]

Virginia Quell: And he poisons everything he can touch. But he's not the only viper in our nest to be worth worrying about, little Tom... [As Tom watches her eyes, he never sees the knee coming. Quell's slammin' knee doubles him over, and Virginia grabs Tom by the shoulders, slamming him head-and-shoulders against the cinderblock wall. Straightening up, Virginia glances to Frank.] **Virginia Quell:** Frank, be a dear and help me with this boy. I think he needs to be given a message on Hollis' behalf... [Frank lumbers forward, big hands going for Tom's shoulders. Tom, to his credit, springs forward like the dazed-yet-coiled-spring that he is, hammering a series of punches into Frank's midsection! However, like any good assistant, Frank's purpose was only to distract...]

Virginia Quell: Say hello to the Angels, Tom... [Virginia's hand had dipped into her cleavage, coming out with a sparkling pair of brass knuckles.] **WHUD Virginia Quell:** Grab the boy, Frank. I saw a set of chains down that back hallway that will work nicely for our needs... [Menacing cut.]

Tyrone Walker vs Heidi Christenson

[Back into the arena, specifically the Commentation Station.] **DDK:**

Well, I'll give her this. She's going out of her way to "follow instructions." **Angus:**

She's going out of her way to piss off the boss. **DDK:**

Well, yeah, that. [Lights out.] **Angus:** OH SHIT! [Sevendust's "Black" pounds on the eardrums with it's loud, heavy handed beat as orange, green, and blue strobe lights rip through the darkness.] *#Voices call, they call out my name, my name... my name.#* [As the soulful voice of Lajon Witherspoon calls out the man, the myth, the 372 time flaky bastard champion of the world, and the current reigning Blackimus Prime of the Negrobots, Tyrone Walker who bursts through the curtains and into the rushing sound of the roaring crowd that has packed the Comcast Arena to the very brim.] **Angus:** BLACK JESUS! TEAM DANGER, BABY! **DDK:** Ty Walker looking ready for battle, Angus! **Angus:** WHERE ALL THE WHITE WOMEN AT?! *#They say I'm different well I'm not the same... the same.#* [Walker soaks in the energy and excitement while looking left to right, right to left.] *#You say you want to be like me.# #Well boy let me tell you, you didn't know what I've seen.#* [With the energy of the crowd charging him up, his motions become more animated as he begin to flow with the music and the crowd as h bounces around from one side of the stage to another like a five year without his daily dose of ritalin and a belly full of Red Bull.] *#They say the devil, lives in my soul.# #I promise not to let you, take control.#* [Before long Walker heads down the aisle, but after a few steps he takes off on an Olympic sprint before diving into the ring under the bottom rope. Sliding across the mat, he quickly pops up to his feet and bounces off the ropes several times before ascending the nearest corner and mugging for the crowd.] *#I'm minding, my own business.# #I ain't doing, nothing wrong.# #I ain't doing, nothing wrong.#* [Ty hops down off the turnbuckle and settles into his corner, eyes locked on the ramp.] **Angus:** If Heidi 'aint already to her car she's one fooolish bitch. It's not everyday a big scary black dude gets a free pass to beat the shit out of a bitchy white lady. **DDK:** Gotta' love this sport. Quimbey: And his opponent! Hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! She is a former two time Defiance Tag Team Champion, and a former Defiance Wooolrd Champion! She... is... HEIDI... CHRRRIISSTEENNNNNNN! [Sharp discordant guitars lead into "Star Under My Bed" by Glassjaw. As the song blares to full volume, Heidi Christenson walks out onto the stage. Head lowered, she raises her arms, fists clenched, out to her sides at an angle.] ♪ Kneeling on my pillow, child ♪ ♪ Kneeling on my pillow ♪ ♪ I will see there, I will be there ♪ ♪ You and me, we die ♪ ♪ I will fracture, I will capture ♪ ♪ You and me, we die ♪ **DDK:** Heidi's looking focused here. [Heidi lowers her arms and looks around the arena, hatred and contempt in her eyes. She snaps her gaze back to the ring and stalks towards it.] ♪ My God, am I the wrong one? ♪ ♪ She's a monster of mankind ♪ **Angus:** She's staring a hole in Ty Walker's black ass, that's for sure. ♪ I wasn't a star lost ♪ ♪ My fine point has been turned into warmth ♪ ♪ How to say this and why? ♪ ♪ Look into my eyes, and SHUT THE FUCK UP! ♪ [Heidi quickly rolls into the ring, Ty stepping up to meet her. The two stand as nose to nose as they can with Walker standing well over six foot and Mrs. Christenson decidedly under that. Try as Walker might Heidi is intimidated precisely zip by The Extreme Franchise and card carrying member of Team Danger. In fact...] **DDK:** HOLY HELL, KNEE RIGHT TO THE GROIN! [Ty doubles over, dropping to one knee.] **Angus:** BAD FORM YOU CUNT! [Referee Benny Doyle shoves Heidi back into her corner, Heidi just sneers at the little goateed referee and pushes past him launching into Walker with a series of vicious kicks to the chest.] **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** And the match is underway, Angus! Heidi taking full advantage of the minutes before the bell. **Angus:** The chick is fuckin' nuts! Bitch was riding a motorcycle around the backstage area! **DDK:** A stolen one at that. **Angus:** Right?! Hey Andrews, come back and leash your DOG bro, she's makin' a goddamn mess! [Heidi's side kick barrage is slowed significantly by a few quick elbows from Walker right to the side of Heidi's face. The contest carries on with the two grapplers trading blows, a classic tooth and nail brawl if there ever was one. This long exchange was ended when...] **Angus:** HOOOF! **DDK:** Walker with a nasty thrust kick sending Heidi sprawling! [Walker is on Heidi like white on rice just laying into his lithe opponent.] **DDK:** Call it ring rust, call it overconfidence on Ty's part but I wouldn't take this fight down to the mat. Not against a wrestler like Hei... [Before the words even escape Darren's mouth Heidi has deftly maneuvered herself behind the much larger Ty Walker and trapped his arms with her legs.] **Angus:** AAAAHHHH! How the fuck does she do that?! **DDK:** Heidi turning this slugfest around for herself with a Lotus Lock! [Heidi squeezes the leg full nelson tighter and tighter.] **Angus:** Wait... LOOK! [Ty grits his teeth and slowly gets to his knees, lifting Heidi still hanging off his back mid submission. We can actually see the muscles straining in Walkers shoulders and neck as he lifts the entirety of Heidi's one hundred and fifty pound frame up off the canvas.] **DDK:** He's on his feet, Angus! What strentht from... [As quick as a cat Heidi releases the hold and drops down to her feet, just as Ty turns around however...] **DDK:** LETHAL ROUNDHOUSE KICK FROM HEIDI CHRISTENSON! [Tyrone looks absolutely dazed but miraculously manages to stay on his feet.] [Heidi scowls and rears back again.] **WHAM!** **Angus:** Dear God! Make it stop Keebs! [A second roundhouse kick hits Walker right in the temple sending his head whipping sideways. Walker drops to one knee. The faithful are going ape shit for this level of brutality from the first lady

of DEFIANCE. Heidi may be a certified evil bitch but she's THEIR certified evil bitch.] **DDK:** That second kick still only sent Walker down to one knee though, Angus! The intestinal fortitude of Ty Walker is absolutely amazing! [Heidi rears back again and starts for a Shining Wizard on the kneeling Blackaconda but...]
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **Angus:** HE PUNCHED HER IN THE FUCKIN' TIT!
[Indeed he did. Desperate and acting out of pure instinct (obviously) Ty rears back and clobbers Heidi directly in the left side of her chest. She stumbles back, clutching her boob, giving Walker enough time to...] **DDK:** WALKER WITH THE BUSAIKU KNEE KICK! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **Angus:** LIGHTS OUT HONKEY BITCH! [The knee to the face launches the blonde grappler back into the corner where she sets, dazed, collecting herself. Walker collapses onto all fours on the mat, still suffering from the roundhouse barrage from a minute earlier.] **PUNCH HER TITS OFF! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP PUNCH HER TITS OFF! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP PUNCH HER TITS OFF! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** **Angus:** Have I mentioned lately how much I love working here? [Heidi pulls herself up using the ropes for leverage, her face twisted into a deep scowl. Eyes locked on Tyrone Walker still struggling to get to his feet. He sprints towards Ty.] **DDK:** Going AGAIN for that Shining Wizard! [Again, like he has some sort of reserve tank, Ty pops to his feet. He grabs Heidi around the waist and heaves her into the air, catching her...] **DDK:** BLACKOUT BOMB FROM TYRONE WALKER! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [The back of Heidi's head pops off the canvas with a sickening thud.] **DDK:** COVER! 1... 2... 3... NO! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Heidi kicks out like she was hit in the ribs with a stun gun and begins laying a few sharp elbows to the side of Ty's face. Walker rolls away to safety allowing Heidi to get to her feet. Heidi pops off some quick shin and calf kicks, Walker wincing in pain as he clears cobwebs trying his best to block the attacks.] **Angus:** This bitch just doesn't stop, Jesus. [Before Walker can muster some offence Heidi pops off a textbook...] **DDK:** HURRICANRANA ON WALKER! [With Ty in a sitting position Heidi wastes no time locking him in and landing more sharp elbows to the head of The Extreme Franchise. Just an endless rain of sharp screaming elbows. So many that referee Benny Doyle tries to intervene in the interest of fairness. All it takes is a look from Heidi and Doyle slinks away.] **Angus:** Smart man that Benny Doyle. **DDK:** Ty Walker is busted open, partner. [After a couple more elbows Heidi steps back and delivers a nasty thrust kick to the back of Ty's head, sprints into the ropes and...] **DDK:** Shining Wizard! Finally! **Angus:** Persistent little thing 'aint she? [Black Jesus slumps down to the mat like a sack of oranges. Heidi takes this time to climb the nearest turnbuckle and jaw with the fans. Singling out a couple of obnoxious very vocal young fans in the front row with a sign reading "Chicks Can't Wrestle"... classy.] [Behind the still distracted Heidi rising up off the mat like a fucking zombie.] **Angus:** HE IS RISEN! PRAISE BLACK JESUS! [Walker scrambles up the same turnbuckle and blasts Heidi in the back of the head, stunning the beautiful blonde former DEFIANCE World Champion. He latches onto Christenson and signals for something big, dragging his thumb across his neck.] **DDK:** He's going for the Spanish Fly, Angus! The very same move that almost paralyzed Ty on his way out of one of our ESEN sister promotions EPW years ago! He can't possibly... WAIT! [Elbow madness into the side of Tyrone's already rung bell, Heidi then brings a sharp knee right up into Ty's chin sending him tumbling off the turnbuckle right onto the back of his neck.]
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **Angus:** FUCK! **DDK:** Absolutely nasty landing! [Heidi adjusts herself on the top turnbuckle, looking down at her fallen opponent clutching his neck like someone just shot him.] **Angus:** MOONSAULT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [Heidi soars off the top rope and lands HARD on Tyrone's ribcage.] **DDK:** Beautiful maneuver from DEFIANCE's Alpha Female! **COVER ON WALKER! 1... 2... 3... NO! Angus:** HE KICKED OUT KEEBS! BLACKULA LIVES! [Running on pure adrenaline now Ty struggles to his feet, his face a crimson mask at this point from the endless elbows throughout the match. Heidi is a woman possessed launching into her opponent with some serious kick combos to the head and chest. Walker absorbs each and every one, the barrage not deterring him from his goal of standing on his own two feet and facing this crazy bitch like a man.] **Angus:** BLACK SUPERMAN, KEEBS! BLACK FUCKIN' SUPERMAN! [Once on his feet Walker catches a sidekick from Heidi so she's trapped face to face. We can hear Ty on the nearby camera microphone.] Ty Walker: NICE TRY, BITCH! [He cops a quick feel before hoisting Heidi up and...] **Angus:** ODB! ODB! OL' DIRTY BUSTER FROM THE MAN HIMSELF! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [The crowd goes bonkers.] [Walker drops Heidi right on the back of her head and tightly rolls her up.] **DDK:** COVER FROM WALKER! 1... 2... 3... **DING DING DING! Angus:** HE DID IT! Darren Quimby: Your winner! By pinfall... TYROOOOOOOOOONE
WAAAAAAAAALKEEEEEEEER! **DDK:** What a huge win for the returning Ty Walker there Angus! Wow! A win that huge over a former World champion could lead to some BIG things for Ty Walker here in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** Ring rust my hairy white ass! Black Jesus is gunna' be runnin' WILD, Keebs! [Heidi is absolutely livid.] [Not one to avoid confrontation Ty sticks around across the ring directly across from Christenson giving her a little wave. Heidi sprints towards Walker who quickly drops down and rolls from the ring. Heidi bounces off the ropes and screams down at Ty

at ringside.] [The ringside camera focuses in on a breathless Ty Walker.] Ty Walker: Call that shit payback for what that crazy bitch did to me at Untouchable, she thinks she... [A blur of blond hair and red martial arts pants comes flying from the upper lefthand corner of the screen causing Walker to vanish from our screens. Panning back we see the two tangled in a mass of humanity halfway up the ramp.] **DDK:** TOP ROPE SUICIDE DIVE FROM CHRISTENSON! [Ty absorbs most of the impact, allowing Heidi to hobble to her feet and give Walker a swift kick in the ribs for good measure! Then, the Queen of Mean reaches into the crowd along the rampway, pulling back a steel chair.] **Angus:** She's fuckin' NUTS I tell ya'... [Heidi folds up the chair and gets into position.] **Angus:** MOVE TY, MOVE YOU ASSHOLE! [As soon as Heidi sees the whites of Walker's eyes she lets loose the dogs of war baseball swing style.] **THWACK!** [The chair connects right smack dab on the left side of Walker's face.] OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! [All as one the crowd cringes at the sound of the hard metal chair crunching against bone. Miraculously, Ty doesn't collapse... he just wobbles there. This pleases DEFIANCE's main mean bitch very little. She hoists the chair again. Behind her DEF security pour from backstage to restrain Mrs. Christenson.] [They're a tee-tad too late.] **KER-THWACK!** [The chair crunches Ty across the top of the skull, his hairline so soaked with the red stuff blood actually visibly splatters back across the ramp and up into Heidi's face. Brian Slater and his team rush Heidi, she gives up with little resistance. Ty slumps down onto his ass and leans back against the rampway barricade.] [Before being dragged up the ramp Heidi horks a fat wad of phlegm down at the first ballot hall of famer, right in his face.] [She looks up at the camera, Walker's blood still splattered across her face like a fucking serial killer.] Heidi Christenson: FUCK Team Danger. [She spits again right into the cameras lens for good measure, the snarl evident on her face. Medics quickly sprint past Heidi and the cacophony of security to tend to Ty Walker still quietly bleeding down at the foot of the ramp.] **FUCK YOU HEIDI! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** **FUCK YOU HEIDI! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** **FUCK YOU HEIDI! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** [Heidi Christenson would normally turn to leave at this point. Her job here was done. But then, two figures to DEFIANCE Security come on down from the back. As the DEFsec guards keeping Heidi from the ring keep her distracted, the two new guys walk up behind Heidi.] **Angus:** Teh Baws hired some new Brute Squadders? **DDK:** I'd say not enough manpower, personally. [Awright, quick description time. One is a bald cueball with a handlebar moustache, built like a linebacker. He's no "Buffalo" Brian Slater, but he's a big, bad dude. The other has an extravagant, super-stylish curled blonde coiffure, and a perfectly trimmed pushbroom moustachio.] **Angus:** *Snork* Nice hair on the non-bald one. He looks like a comic book character. **DDK:** Hey. Fourth wall, here. [Just as Heidi turns to face the guys, Cueball pulls out a taser gun. Heidi turns to face 'em, her omnipresent, omnipotent mask of pissed offitude on her visage...] **Angus:** HE'S GOT A GUN! [And Cueball shoots Heidi in the stomach with the taser, letting loose with hundreds of thousands of volts.] **DDK:** Er, taser! [The other guy springs into action, as soon as the electricity fades. He grabs Heidi's wrists and yanks 'em up behind her, pulling out a set of plastic zipties. Heidi is quickly tied up with the cheap security devices.] **FUCK YOU HEIDI! FUCK YOU HEIDI! FUCK YOU HEIDI!** [As the two goons pick Heidi up off the ramp...] **ZAP HER AGAIN! ZAP HER AGAIN! ZAP HER AGAIN!** [Cueball and the 'Do look to one another and shrug. They drop Heidi back onto her knees, and Cueball hits it. **BZZZZZAP!**] **YAAAY!** [And then they quickly drag Heidi backstage, to Parts Unknown.] **Angus:** Remember earlier, when I said things seemed kind of "flat"? **DDK:** I do. **Angus:** Shit just got real. **DDK:** Alceo Dentari is backstage, let's cut back there now...

The First Challenger

[Strutting down a standard backstage hallway.]

[Dentari, Di Luca, Rinaldi.]

Alceo Dentari:

Still think it's a waste a' time, Tony?

[Dentari sounds pleased with himself, and why wouldn't he be? The win over Tom Sawyer has solidified his place in the Ladder War.]

[Not that he should have had to fight for it in the first place, but that's neither here nor there.]

Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca:

I don't think it's a waste of time, Boss. I just think your time would be better focused on the Trios titles, especially now we know Tres Brujas are the new number one contenders.

[Tony's comments greatly amuse Alceo.]

Dentari:

Tres Brujas? Tres Brujas?

[Di Luca stops walking momentarily and places his hands on his hips.]

Di Luca:

Yeah, Tres Brujas. You know they beat them Philosopher Kings earlier, right?

[Alceo takes a few steps back and turns to face his employee friend. He wears a false smile purely to hide his annoyance at Di Luca's incessant chatter about the Trios titles.]

Dentari:

Tony, get this through your head. Tres Brujas ain't nothin'. They ain't beat nobody we ain't beat time an' time again.

We are the best team in Defiance, an' these belts are the proof a' that. There ain't nobody out there that can hold a candle to us, so until someone comes along that can, there ain't no use in frettin' over a buch a little girls.

But trust me, it's gonna be a long, long time before anyone comes close to takin' these belts from us.

[Dentari grins and slaps Di Luca lightly on the cheek before continuing on his walk. That's when the three of them bump into someone else.]

Dentari:

Speakin' a takin' belts from people...

[And the lens flare caused by the combination of bright lights, Gold Belts and T-shades should give a clear indication as to just who that is.]

Cancer Jiles:

Well.

Well.

Well.

If it ain't Alvin.

[His eyes are hidden by the T-shades, but you just know he's looking at Alceo Dentari.]

Jiles:

Simon.

[Moving onto Di Luca.]

Jiles:

And Theodore.

[Finishing on Rinaldi.]

Jiles:

How's it going, Chip? I hear congratulations are in order.

[Dentari puffs out his chest and smiles proudly. He opens his mouth to speak, but is cut off by Jiles almost instantly.]

Jiles:

Yeah, I heard you rode your first rollercoaster the other day.

[Dentari scowls.]

Jiles:

Tell me, what trick did you use to beat the you must be this tall in order ride line.? Thicker shoe soles? Spiked that dishrag of a haircut skyward?

Dentari:

--

[Nope. Cut off again.]

Jiles:

I know what it was! You had on eighteen pairs of winter socks, didn't you you sly EYETAILYEN bastard.

[Yup. Still no talky allowed for the Pride of Brooklyn.]

Jiles:

OR! Did you stuff all those winter socks into a pair of those queer-ass cowboy boots that you and the rest of the crew be rocking?

You know, to double as stilts?

[Dentari is red. The type of red that makes a guy of his stature look really... interesting. Still though, even with the color of Ace's face resembling the depths of hell, Count COOL pounces yet again.]

Jiles:

Wait.

That's right.

You stuff socks somewhere else, don't you?

[The very last hint of Alceo's pride vanishes without a trace.]

Dentari:

Yous think you're real funny, huh 'Champ'?

A laugh riot.

Go ahead boys, laugh at the funny man.

[Big Vinny does as he does best and follows orders to the letter. Di Luca doesn't exactly laugh, but then he doesn't say anything either. He'd made his feelings on this situation clear not two minutes earlier, but he still knows where his bread's buttered.]

Dentari:

If I was you I'd be very careful about what I was sayin' an' who I was sayin' it to, capiché?

'Cause in case you missed it, I started my night by bookin' my spot in the Ladder War. The same Ladder War yous is gonna be defendin' that belt yous been carryin' 'round for the best part a' two months.

The same belt that shoulda been round my waist for the best part a' two years.

[The Count's grin goes vastly agape, and his teeth begin to sparkle like Edward White Zillion carat diamonds. Coiled to strike, he looks over Dentari and the boys, and then draws their focus to the Defiance World Championship fastened firmly around his silk-shirt covered waist.]

Jiles:

Technically, ACE, if you had won the belt whenever it was you that you think you should have won the belt... well, it wouldn't have been the same -- per say. See, yours would have to be a much smaller, almost micro version, because this one that says **Cancer_Jiles** is wayyy...

[...]

Jiles:

...yy too big for you.

Just saying.

[He can't simply ignore the short jokes, that's obvious by the fact Dentari's face is getting a deeper and deeper shade of red.]

Dentari:

I guess everythin' looks small when you got an' ego as big as yours.

[Count COOL takes a step towards Dentari and places a hand on his shoulder. Of course it's immediately shrugged off. As soon as Jiles' fingertips touched down though Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi went to take a step forward. Their progress is soon halted by the outstretched arms of their biss though.]

[This isn't the time nor the place for getting physical.]

Jiles:

No, ACE. Everything looks small when it is small. Shit, I'd prove you wrong right here and now, but I'm afraid the weight of the belt would send you crashing through the floor and into a massive abyss of I told you so.

[Cancer is alluding to the fact that his belt would be too heavy for Alceo to carry. I suppose, if you want to count The Count as being a smart man, you could say he meant so in both a physical, and psychological sense.]

[Also, he's probably high, so... yeah.]

Dentari:

That's where you're wrong, funny man. See I'm plannin' on takin' that belt a' yours an' I'm gonna start usin' it to keep this shoulder right here nice an' warm...

[Dentari pats on his left shoulder.]

Dentari:

Don't worry though, 'cause this one...

[Dentari pats on his right shoulder.]

Dentari:

That's gonna be kept toasty by my Trios Title.

See, Cancer, soon enough I'm gonna be in possession a' more gold than a Bond villain. An' all that gold ain't gonna weigh me down, it ain't gonna slow me down, an' it sure as hell ain't gonna stop me climbin' no ladders in the immediate future.

I'm comin' for what's rightfully mine.

[Alceo places an index finger on the World title.]

Dentari:

It don't matter who else qualifies for the Ladder War, they ain't gonna be able to do nothin' about it.

An' neither will you.

[Dentari shoulder barges his way past CCJ and is followed closely by Rinaldi and DI Luca. Each of the two gorillas shoot the champ a dirty look as they pass, probably out of habit more than anything, and they head on down the hall.]

[Jiles is left with nobody but himself to laugh with.]

Jiles:

Good luck with that.

[Back to the desk.]

DDK:

This Ladder War is really, really heating up.

Angus:

If I were the kinda guy who doubted his friends, I might just be getting worried. However, I am not. Cancer Jiles murders everyone. Period. Axel Dental Floss and his two stooges be damned!

DDK:

And we've still got to find out later on if it's gonna be Christian Light or Kai Scott joining the fray! You got anything smart to say about either of them?

[...]

Angus:

I think it's interesting seeing Kai Scott standing on his own two feet, so to speak.

[*rimshot*]

DDK:

And Christian Light?

Angus:

Honest Injun? That guy's off the preservation. No fucking clue.

DDK:

Well, we'll find out sooner than later, and there ain't no doubt about that!

[Cut.]

Introducing the Shadowmen

[The camera cuts to a black room as piano keys crash, blaring a hard-beating, repetitious series of notes. A single fluorescent lighttube, old and decrepit, yellowed with age and dimmed with use, flickers to life. It's hanging from the ceiling by two of its mounting points, the other two torn free. Perhaps by the four gentlemen that stand before the DEFIA-Camera, or perhaps by time and age and the other miscreants using the Comcast Arena.] [Muse's "Apocalypse Please" is the song playing, and the thunderous, desperate notes of the song seem a fitting anthem for the incredibly strange looking group of men arranged before the camera. One stands in the center, the baseball cap on his head only half-lit at any given time. His scruffy, unshaven jawline is soft with good eating and bad living, and he is most assuredly not a handsome man.] **The man in question:** Ya know, when a barking dog is at the very end of its leash, everybody hopes that the leash won't snap. They worry about what happens when the dog gets free, and gets to chase down the car, bike, child that is taunting it. [The cane between his hands clicks firmly against the floor. His violently red suit-jacket catches the yellowed light in a most unpleasant, unflattering way. Behind him, a mountain of a man, easily seven feet tall. Either the light was playing tricks on the eye, or he had antlers. And his face was nothing but formless streaks of ashen gray and midnight pitch-black. He held something dangerously tight in one hand, his fist almost shaking as he clenched it.] **The man:** What about when the barking dog isn't looking to get out by itself? [To the man-mountain's right(Camera left), there stands a brick lighthouse. Wait, no, that's also a man. A black man, with shoulders like Stone Mountain. His massive forearms, two gigantic hamhocks of pure power were crossed over his chest. He kept his chin up, eyes glittering in the dim light of the promo room. The canny viewer who happened to watch shitbox internet-only wrestling federations would recognise him. Then again, they'd have already recognised the man in the red jacket.] **The Man:** What if the barking dog simply is trying to attract an audience? A crowd, even? Or... [And to the man-mountain's left(Camera right), there stands a wild-eyed shagador, his beard long and fluffy and unkempt, his hair long and untamed, his cheeks and nose turned red with exposure, his shoulders(And indeed, most of his body) shifting weight left and right and left and right. He obviously was a man unwilling to stand still and look menacing. He had energy to spare, and he wants to burn some off.] **The Man:** What if that barking dog wanted to gather up three bigger, meaner dogs, that it could lead to greatness? [The man gives a dazzling grin, his crooked teeth wetly gleaming. He didn't look like a very wholesome individual at all.] **The Man:** Donovan Torment... That's me, y'see... He tried goin' at it with just one man as his primary focus. We brought California to its knees, until a five-man group formed, intent on wresting power from my greedy little fingers. [Donovan Torment reaches up, grabbing the baseball cap on his head. Those knowledgeable in wasting their time recognised the logo of Exodus Pro, shortly before Donovan sends the hat spinning off-camera with a flick of his wrist. Never to return. Bye bye, waste of time. Bye bye, RIMAC Arena in sunny San Diego.] [And Donovan digs a hat out of his pocket with the red-and-black of DEFIANCE on the front. He tugs the hat down on his balding head, getting it perfectly in place. Muse still plays in the background, the chaotic notes of "Apocalypse Please" continuing to send panicked thrills down the spine.] **Donovan Torment:** And so, the Assault Breacher Vehicle... The man who broke the back of all those in his way, found himself on the wrong side of a five-car pileup. [The huge, powerful Black man curls his lip, eyes narrowing. He wasn't exactly the most slender figure in the world. His arms were huge, his chest was a barrel, and although he definitely held some extra fat on him, he had the kind of power that was much more... functional.] **Omar Wise:** You don't go to war without a proper army. [Donovan Torment gives that jagged grin once more, thumping his cane on the cement floor below.] **Donovan Torment:** Exactly. And so I crawled right into the bowels of humanity, finding the discarded refuse, the men who were too frightening for anyone else to use. [Donovan Torment glances over his shoulder to the bearded man.] **Donovan Torment:** A man left in the dust of society like Magnus Grinde... He triggers the fear response in your average Joe. That's the first thing you gotta conquer, if you're gonna make a REAL army. You gotta embrace the fear that a man like Magnus here will cause. [The now-named bearded man, Magnus, slams one fist into the other hand's palm.] **Magnus Grinde:** Jag kommer att få ett slut på världen! Ragnarök kommer! [Donovan let Magnus say his piece, before his eyes went back to the camera. All the while, the grim orbs of the horned man directly behind Donovan have been locked on the camera.] **Donovan Torment:** You've got to get an unstoppable hunter of all life, like Honon, the Shaman. You've got to give him the weapons he needs, the freedom he craves, and the enemies he [The now-named pillar of creation behind Donovan, his face smeared with sooty ash and menacing black warpaint, takes a step into the yellowed light of the tortured lighttube.] **Honon the Shaman:** Men will be destroyed. The earth will shake. The Ghost Dance will be performed, and your end will come. [Messr. Torment just gives another of those sly, smarmy smiles, his eyes peering out through the thick plastic rims of his glasses. Thumping the tip of the cane on the floor, Donovan leans forward one final time.] **Donovan Torment:** The Shadowmen are here. They have come to wreak a

path of destruction the likes of which DEFIANCE hasn't seen in years. They have come to take the respect, money, accolades and gold that is rightfully theirs. And woe betide everyone in their path. [Honon simply reaches up, and with one leather-wrapped forearm, smashes the lighttube. The yellow light, the sway halted in a moment. As glass and sparks fall to the ground, tinkling quietly on the tile floor, Donovan Torment just gives a laugh like a donkey with laryngitis.] **Donovan Torment:** Woe betide everyone. Ah haaaaaaaaaaaa, haaaaaaa haaaa haaa! [And the blackness fades to black.]

LADDER WAR QUALIFIER: Christian Light vs Kai Scott

DDK: Any idea what that was all about? **Angus:** None. I'm sure someone will tell us once it matters. **DDK:** Let's send it down to Darren for the next match! **Angus:** I swear, it's like you read from a script. **DDK:** Perks of being able to read. Get over it. **DING! DING! DING! Quimbey:** The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first! ♪ *I am the world that hides* ♪ ♪ *The universal secrets of all time* ♪ ♪ *Destruction of the empty spaces* ♪ *Is my one and only crime* ♪ BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **Quimbey:** Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 271 lbs! The Ace of Heels! KAI! SCCCCOOOTTT!!!! [Scott appears atop the ramp, crutch in hand but otherwise dressed to wrestle. He spreads his arms wide, does his little half spin like he thinks he's the Pope.] **Angus:** Lotta confidence from a man who's heading towards one of the most unholy beatings the Last Nighthawk has ever wanted to hand out. **DDK:** I hate to say it Angus, but Kai Scott's a 16 year veteran of the game, and if he looks confident it's probably because he knows something we don't. ♪ *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* ♪ [In the ring, Scott surrenders his crutch at the urge of Carla Ferrari.] [Then, when the air raid sirens and gunfire breaks out, he grabs the crutch back.] **Angus:** AND HERE WE GO! ♪ *Another mission, the powers have called me away* ♪ ♪ *Another time to carry the colors again* ♪ ♪ *I'm on a mission, an oath I've sworn to defend* ♪ ♪ *To win the honor of coming back home again* ♪ **Quimbey:** And his opponent! Hailing from Garden City, New Jersey, and weighing in at 271 lbs! He is The Last Nighthawk! CHRISTIAN! LIIIIIIIGHT! [Christian Light walks out of the back. There is no playing to the fans. There is no smile of appreciation for the cheers. He's raging.] **Angus:** Scott's been after Light ever since Jeff Andrews stole the Defiance World Title away from Light. He did, I gotta admit, a real effective job at neutralizing Light, but now he's gonna have to face the monster he created. [Carla Ferrari is arguing with Scott over the crutch, and Light charges.] **DDK:** Light attacking before the bell! Left and right fists, and how often do you see Light attack with a closed fist?! **DING! DING! DING! Angus:** Not once, ever? Light's not wasting a second! [Light doesn't stop punching until Scott's down on the canvas, and then he only stops to pick him up and overhead belly to belly suplex him to the middle of the ring. No hesitation, Light scoops Scott up and hits him with a head and arm suplex. Scoops him right back up and hits him with a gutwrench suplex!] **DDK:** This is where we ask - was this part of Kai Scott's plan? As one of the Untouchables he left the actual wrestling to his stablemates mostly, tagging in only long enough to do overly elaborate moves that wouldn't even work well in a singles match. **Angus:** I said all along he was gonna be dangerous right up until he took a singles match. [Light picks Scott up again, and delivers a single underhook suplex. And then he picks him back up and delivers a spinning fisherman's buster!] [When this one lands, Carla Ferrari gets between Light and Scott. Scott writhes around on the mat a bit, then rolls away, under the bottom rope, and hits the ringside mats with a thump.] **DDK:** Scott gets a break and heads to low ground, but I think Light's just going to follow him! **Angus:** You can't win a match outside the ring Darren. [Light pulls Scott to his feet, whips him down the ringside area and off the ringpost! Scott sprawls in front of the announce table.] **DDK:** I think Light's headed this way! [Light picks Scott up again and points at the announce table. Stepping so he's facing away from it, he hooks Scott in suplex position. Scott reaches behind Light, looking for a way out, and grabs - One of the monitors on the desk.] **CRUNCH! DDK:** Scott just brained Light with a monitor! And a crescent kick for good measure! [Kai Scott isn't dead, just almost dead, and Light's down, a trickle of blood showing through his close cut blond hair.] **Angus:** I don't like him, LORD I don't like him, but I do respect Kai Scott. Still, you gotta wonder if giving Light another reason to kill him was a good idea. Best thing he could've maybe done was just let Light beat him. [Scott throws Light into the ring, then climbs the turnbuckle, waiting on Light to turn around.] **DDK:** Missile dropkick! **Angus:** BLOCKED! [Scott's back hits the ground. Light's on him quickly, taking his legs and folding them into the Texas Cloverleaf. He turns Scott over, plants a knee on the back of his neck and bends the spine.] **DDK:** Light Leg Lock! Light Leg Lock, and... that's gonna be all! Scott taps! Scott taps! **DING! DING! DING! Angus:** Guess he didn't feel up to fighting it after taking a dozen suplexes or whatever. [Carla tries to raise Light's hand, and there's just one problem.] [Light won't let go of the hold.] **Angus:** Light likes the taste of payback so much he doesn't want to let go! [Carla pulls on his arms. She's not even remotely strong enough. Light wrenches back. Scott screams. Carla yells for security.] **DING! DING! DING! DDK:** I've never seen Christian Light this intense before! **Angus:** You missed the thing with Widowmaker and Venom. [The Brute Squad rushes the ring, surrounding it before the Final Boss of DEFIANCE himself, Eric Dane, steps out onto the top of the stage.] **DING! DING! DING! Dane:** WHOA! WHOA! [The rage in Light's eyes keep the entirety of the Brute Squad at bay. He pulls back one last, ridiculous time before slamming Scott's legs down to the mat.] **Dane:** I don't care what the call down there is, as far as I'm concerned this is a TEXTBOOK case of Excessivo de Castigo! The match is OVERTURNED, and Kai Scott will go onto the Ladder War at Ascension! [Light is aghast. The fans are... confused. At ringside, Skaaland and Keebler are just as shocked as everyone else in the building. The boss, satisfied with his work, turns and leaves the staging area. At ringside, Brian

Slater does his best to coax Light into leaving the ring.] **DDK:** I can't even remember the last time I've seen an Excessivo de Castigo! **Angus:** Alright, fuck it, I'mma say it. I know the boss is trying to "do the right thing" and whatever or whatever, and he's doing that whole "no favors" thing and yada blah blah yada, but WHAT IN THE SERIOUS FUCK WAS THAT ABOUT? Kai Scott gets beat up like a little bitch who got caught tryin' to pick Light's pocket, and somehow that EARNs him a shot at the World Title? **DDK:** Maybe Dane's trying to overcompensate for something else... **Angus:** Did you just say the boss had a little dick? **DDK:** I would kill your children, of there were any women desperate enough to become a mother that she let you touch her for five seconds. Heathen. **Angus:** Yeah, well, it sounds like we got SOME MOAR commotion backstage, let's get to it!

Pulled from Tartarus

[A stagehand goes running down the hallway in the backstage area of the Comcast Arena. The cameraman following her knows when good TV is being made, so he turned his camera on and followed. And so, now, the stagehand runs up to the door marked SAWYER/DEWEY, and pounds desperately on it.] **Stagehand:** Eugene! Eugene Dewey! [She doesn't wait, and just shoves the door open. Thankfully, Eugene is fully changed into his street clothes, a loose fitting 'Captain America' tee shirt and a pair of black workout pants.] [I know, where the hell are the slacks? Where's the tie?] [Gone, that's where.] **Eugene Dewey:** What's wrong? **Stagehand:** Tom needs you, come on! [She turns, sprinting down the hallway once more. Eugene doesn't question and throws his 3DS back into the locker room, he's quick to follow, and they go rushing down the hallway to find exactly what the big emergency was.] [The big emergency being Tom Sawyer, blood streaming down his face, hung spread-eagled from a set of rusty, nasty old chains attached to unseen rafters up in the dark. Tom hangs limply, and a bunch of the DEFSecurity Guards are busy with ladders and bolt cutters, trying to get him down.] **Eugene Dewey:** Oh Emm Gee... Who did this?! Was it Heidi?! [The stagehand shakes her head.] **Stagehand:** Worse. Bronson Box. [Eugene suddenly realizes just who this stagehand was... The same woman who had been injured during Bronson's rampage that had nearly killed DEFIANCE dead! Eugene swallows heavily, and steps into the bustle of the scene.] [A security guard, seeing Eugene(And the fact that he's a big, strong dude), points to Eugene.] **Security Guard:** Get his legs, so he doesn't hit the ground when he falls! [Eugene wordlessly nods, and rushes right in to grab his buddy around the waist. Holding Tom up, Eugene mumbles something that the camera can't quite catch, but it's not long before an audible **CRACK** echoes through the backstage, and the chains give way. Eugene catches Tom, surprisingly(To Eug') able to catch the Canadian.] **Eugene Dewey:** MEDIC! I NEED A MEDIC! [The security guard in charge points, another two rushing in to help Eugene get Tom into his arms in a more... stable position. With one guy supporting Tom's head, they rush Sawyer down the hall to the (Thankfully) nearby medical office. The door is already being held open, and a bed is already ready for Tom.] **Iris Davine:** I'm gettin' tired of seeing this poor kid in here. What was it tonight? **Eugene Dewey:** Bronson Box. [Tom is laid down, and Iris is quick to begin checking Tom's pupils, pulse, et cetera. Tom is already moving weakly about, and Eugene grabs up Tom's left hand in both of his own.] **Eugene Dewey:** C'mon, Tom, please be okay... **Tom Sawyer:** I think I got hit by a truck... [Eugene manages to choke out a brief laugh, and gives a heavy exhale.] **Eugene Dewey:** Thank Celestia you're okay, man. You're the only guy I can trust around here! Everybody else in this place is a psychopath or a bully or a monster or a cheating, lying jerk! **Tom Sawyer:** Did you win your match? [Eugene shakes his head a bit, and moves a bit as Iris comes in to begin checking Tom's ribcage for further damage to those regularly-beaten-up-ribs.] **Tom Sawyer:** Bad night for both of us... [Eugene firmly nods, finally being forced by Ms. Davine to get the hell out of the way, and he steps back.] **Eugene Dewey:** I can't believe I let Stratton get the better of me. He was talking such stupid garbage leading up to this show, and I let him get in my head... **Iris Davine:** Are you kiddin', kid? This place is chock-a-block full of guys who are experts at that. And you two? [She jerks her head to the kid on the bed.] **Iris Davine:** We've got Dudley Do-Right down here whose eyes are bigger than his head, and you're one video game binge away from ending up right where you started. You don't have your head out of the same chunky kid you used to be. He's literally exactly the kind of bully that you probably had pick on your for your entire life. How could he NOT get in your head? [The somewhat butch, Mom-aged woman had a point. Years of treating wrestlers' injuries let her see all kinds come and go, and she knew Stratton's type. Tom just chuckled weakly, then winced, visibly and audibly.] **Tom Sawyer:** Ow... **Eugene Dewey:** Try to rest, Tom. You've gotten pretty banged up... [Eugene pushes Tom's head back down gently against the pillow before turning his attention to the woman who reminded him ever-so-vaguely of his own Mother.] **Eugene Dewey:** And just so you know, I am not the same chunky little kid I used to be. This guy... [He points at Tom] ...has helped me no end with that. I've got a way to go, but I know that if I start letting every asshole DEFIANCE has to offer start using my head as a summer house, I'll be in serious, serious trouble. OK, Stratton got in my head once, he won't do it again. **Iris Davine:** I hope so. I can only treat physical problems. [Eugene can't help but snicker a bit in spite of himself. Glancing down to Tom, then back to Iris, Eugene bites his bottom lip.] **Eugene Dewey:** Is he gonna be okay? **Iris Davine:** Probably. There's no quit in this kid. I'd recommend he go to the hospital for an MRI, but other than that... [Eugene nods, turning to lean back down to Tom.] **Eugene Dewey:** We're gonna get you to the hospital, buddy, get you checked out. [Tom nods weakly.] **Tom Sawyer:** Gotta see Dane first... Next week, wanna tag against Stratton? **Eugene Dewey:** Like you wouldn't believe. We gotta start watching each other's backs, man, and I don't think there's anyone else I'd want watching mine. [Iris glances up to the cameraman, and makes a shooing motion. Obliging, the cameraman backs up, letting the door to the medical room close.] [The camera hardcuts to black.] **Angus Skaaland:** Oh god. I seriously just threw up a lung. **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:** If Eric Dane makes that match, I'm pretty excited to see it. But in the meantime, more things are happening in the Comcast Arena!

Confrontation

[Backstage.]

[It doesn't take long for this scene to get unruly, as Eric Dane's office's peace is shattered by a slamming door before we can properly focus on the screen. Standing in the now-closed doorway is The Last Nighthawk, still sweaty and not changed from his match with Kai Scott. He's got a look of anger on his face as he looks over The BAWSES!'s desk at Eric Dane himself. For his part, Eric glances up at Christian before returning to finishing off the paperwork he was filling out.]

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

What was that?

[Eric puts the last flourish in his signature on a piece of paper before putting his pen down.]

Eric Dane:

Hello to you, too...

Light:

Eric!

Dane:

What?

Light:

What do you mean, what? That reversal of the decision out there, what was that? I had him beat and you tossed it all away.

Dane:

You, of all people, should know better.

Light:

I should know better?

Dane:

Do I stutter, Chris?

Light:

Here's what I know, Eric. You told me last show to, if I may paraphrase, quit talking and do something about my problems. So I go out there, and I make an *example* of Kai Scott. I make sure that Kai Scott, and any Untouchables that may be watching, knows better than to mess with me again. I make my statements with actions instead of words, something I know you know all about. And you?

[A pause as Light points his right index finger at Eric Dane.]

Light:

You come out and take it all away. And why? Because I'm out of control? Because I'm supposed to not send a message?

[Eric reaches out and smacks the hand of Christian Light out of his face. After which an uncomfortable moment of silence ensues.]

Dane:

Because. You. Should. Know. Better. Better than taking it out on someone after the bell, and you sure as hell know better than to get in my face over my decisions in my promotion. You beat him in under five minutes, convincingly, **that** was your statement Chris. You need to reign yourself in yesterday, Mister Light, because I can't

have you out of control, trying to hurt people on my roster. Ask Heidi, if you ever see her again.

[Now it's Eric's turn to point.]

Dane:

Now get out of my office. The next time you barge in here, it better be with a much better, much calmer demeanor, or it will be the last time you ever walk into my office as a member of the Defiance roster.

[Eric turns his attention back to a piece of paper on his desk. Picking up his pen again, he starts to write and read.]

[Slowly backing towards the door, Christian makes a quick turn, opening the door and slamming it behind him hard enough to shake the walls of the makeshift office.]

[Once it all settles down, Eric hits the speaker phone intercom button on his phone.]

Dane:

Kelly, please have security tail Christian and make sure his evening kicking asses is done.

Kelly Evans (over speaker):

No problem!

[A button is pushed, killing the line.]

Trailer Park Tailgate II

[Cut in on the horrendous little circle of farmyard trash and redneck skeezix.]

[Chance Von Crank is shooting hateglares at Tucker Alston. Tucker just smirks, and winks at CVC.]

[The two men approach the table loaded down with beer. Chance looks over at Tucker with such disgust as hits the edge of the table with both his fists.]

Man wearing 1996 Pink Power Ranger Halloween Outfit:

cVc! cVc! cVc!

Hooker wearing a Flintstones Shirt:

I wanna see your cock, CVC!!!

cVc:

I bet that's a man. Look Tucker, all I have done since I arrived in my chopper is talk shit to these people and yet they scream Trailer Park Prodigy praises.

[cVc puts his arm around Tucker.]

cVc:

You wish you was me... Admit it.

[Tucker pushes Chance away from him, dusting his arm off as if it were dirty.]

cVc:

Look cockstain, You're Welcome. I made all of this possible do you feel that? That is me making you, relevant. Do you hear these assholes chanting The Trailer Park Prodigy's praise? I spit on these people and yet they come like this every week just for me. You are complete and utter Dog Shit, Tucker. You're like a fucking knot on my cock on a first date.

[Tucker and Chance stand at the table still across from one another. The crowd is going crazy as they each take a bottle of beer. Chance makes a homophobic remark about Tucker as he rolls his eyes at it.]

Transvestite with half a tongue:

NawhRRRR! TuKKKRRR!

cVc:

What's that? You're Tucker's mother? You should have heated a clotheshanger when he was a fetus and retrieved him with the hooked end of it.

Tucker G Alston:

I'm sick of this pussy. I lettered in three...

cVc:

In three sports yes I know. Save everyone here including your mother the time of having to listen to your Al Bundyish pathetic sounding stories, got it?

[Tucker and cVc pick up to huge cans of beer up from the table as the crowd screams ready for this to go down. The two men pop the tops of the cans and stand side by side ready. A war veteran shouts, "GO!" after a brief staredown between the two of them. They both turn up the big cans of beer and begin drinking! The two men start chugging the beer. At first it is neck and neck but Alston turns up the heat and begins really chugging his and this does not go unnoticed by Chance. cVc senses Alston is almost finished with his big can, he open hand karate chops him in the throat. Tucker drops to his knees in front of Crank holding his throat.]

cVc:

Bitch.

[The crowd cheers as cVc finishes his beer and holds it high in victory after he turns it upside down to prove he drank it all down. He then palms the bottom of the big can and crushes it on Alstons forehead while he is still on his knees.]

cVc:

You simply just do not have it, Tucker. Quit.

DDK:

cVc never ceases to amaze me with his raw crudeness and total disregard for any kind of respect.

Angus:

Southern Heritage Champion. Read the title, fucko.

[Tucker begins to gather himself as Crank is celebrating. Out of the corner of his eye he sees Tucker get to his feet and takes off for the open garage area. Holding his belt close he runs through the garage and down a hallway heading for the staging and ring area. Tucker G. Alston gives chase and is right on his tail as cVc tops the stairs and enters the arena.]

[The cameramen are arranged perfectly. And the view pans through the Comcast arena, right through the hallways, catching fleeting glimpses of Running Champ, Chasing Victim, all the way out to...]

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH: Tucker G. Alston vs Chance von Crank (c)

Angus:

I wouldn't call this running away from his opponent.

DDK:

That is exactly what he's doing, Angus!

[Flashes of the running Chance von Crank.]

Angus:

Not The Prince of The PullOut, He's just that ready to fight. He has to run rather than strut to the ring like usual. Yeah... That's what it is.

DDK:

One thing I will say is this, Tucker G. Alston was picked heavily in the backstage poll to win this match tonight.

[Flashes of Tucker, chasing Chance like a man possessed.]

Angus:

Another thing you could say is that Tucker has never beaten The Trailer Park Prodigy. Who did the World Champion pick?

DDK:

Point made.

[Chance finally notices the ring entrance sign. He takes off toward the curtains with Tucker now out of sight.]

DDK:

Chance Von Crank, 8th among nation's top sports villains.

Angus:

Someone said he slicks his hair back with oil from a thousand whores' sweaty titties.

DDK:

Disturbing.

Quimbey:

This match is for the Defiance Wrestling Southern Heritage Championship! It is set for one fall with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing the Champion first, weighing in at 261 lbs... Hailing from Harlan County... The Trailer Park Prodigy, CHANCE VON CRANK!

[The crowd boos cVc as he slides into the ring even before Darren has finished his introduction. He looks around the ring and even in the crowd for Tucker who has disappeared. Tucker comes out of the crowd behind Chance as he desperately looks around for Tucker. He slides in the ring and taps Chance on the shoulder.]

Quimbey:

And now the challenger from Summit, NJ and weighing in at 233lbs.... TUCKER G ALSTON!

[Crowd Pop for Tucker as Chance slowly turns to respond to the tap on his shoulder. He back hand karate chops Chance in the throat as retaliation. Chance falls to his knees holding his own throat now. Tucker hits the ropes and slings himself forward kicking Chance in the face.]

Angus:

Damn! He nearly took his head off! Get UP CHAMP!

DDK:

Tucker is all business in the early goings.

[Chance holds his face and rolls around the ring in pain. Tucker walks over calmly and begins to stomp Chance when he can catch him stop rolling. Tucker gets Chance to his knees as the bell rings and the referee holds up the Southern Heritage Championship to start the match.]

Angus:

Early goings? The match hasn't even started yet, Tucker should be disqualified!

[Tucker begins hitting cVc in the face with a balled right fist. He hammers away was the crowd begins to count. Chance begins to fall but Tucker uses the back of his mullet to keep him up as the crowd continues to count.]

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....8.....9.....

[Tucker takes a step back to make the 10th punch really sting. Chance pulls Tucker close and wraps his arms around the back of his neck, falling back to his knees with a violent jaw breaker! Tuckers head snaps back and he hits the mat with a violent thump. Chance crawls over to Tucker for a pin.]

DDK:

Alston with a quick kick out there!

Angus:

Just a matter of time...I thought TPP broke his jaw with that jaw breaker. Nasty.

[Chance now to his feet, begins to stomp on Alston. He rolls out of the ring and begins shaking his head to recover. The referee slides out of the ring to check on Tucker. Rather than give chase cVc hits the ropes directly behind him. He takes off in a dead sprint toward Tucker and the referee.]

Angus:

Fuck Yeah!

DDK:

No way.

[Chance takes flight head first over the top rope. The two hundred and sixty pound frame of cVc knocks both men outside the ring off their feet. Chance lands awkward on the edge of the ramp splitting his head open. The referee is down beside the security barrier as Alston just stirs slightly after the big collision. The crowd pop is huge.]

DDK:

The crowd is alive! He took both men out and is now injured with that high risk move on cVc's part.

Angus:

He has him right where he wants him now... Oh Yeah....

DDK:

The referee nor Crank are moving at this point. Tucker is starting to stir again.

[Alston finally gets back to his feet and realizes what has happened. He picks up Crank who is now bleeding from a cut across his forehead. Chance stirs a bit as Tucker rolls him in the ring then walks over to the referee attempting to get him back in the ring. Tucker turns his attention back to cVc and notices he is no longer in the ring.]

DDK:

HE HAS A STEEL CHAIR!

[Crank storms Tucker holding a folding chair. Alston drop kicks the chair into cVc's face! Crowd reaction is overwhelming as he picks up the steel chair. He begins beating Crank with it.]

Angus:

That's Cheating!

DDK:

Really? I bet it was brilliant when cVc had it though, right?

Angus:

Blow Me.

[Chance desperately tries to get away from Tucker as he continues swinging the chair. Tucker comes up behind him and cVc gives him a huge low blow. He bends over as Chance takes the chair and tosses it on the announce table. He struts over to Alston smiling with blood all over his face. Tucker is bent holding his genitals still as Chance hooks him for a pumphandle slam. He slams Tucker down on the chair laying across the announcer's table!]

DDK:

Chance may now have control of this match! I can't believe our announce table didn't break in two!

Angus:

No doubt. Get off my table, asshole.

[Angus pushes Alston off the announcers table and dusts off the spot where he was as if it were dirty. Chance laughs at Angus doing this just before he picks up Alston and carries him over to the apron. cVc looks for the referee after getting him back in the ring. Alston rolls back of the ring and grabs the Southern Heritage Championship off the timekeeper's table then quickly gets back in the ring as he see's Chance get the referee to stir but his back is to the ring still. Chance doesn't pay attention as he slides in the ring for a pin. Tucker hits Chance with his own championship belt. He falls back into the ropes and bounces into a SANCTUARY! The referee finally gets to his feet just in time to see Alston pin cVc. The referee rushes to the ring and begins his count as the crowd count is already at 5.]

DDK:

We have a new Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

No Fucking Way!

DDK:

One..... Two..... KICKOUT! Tucker almost became the champion right there.

[Crowd Pops]

Angus:

Frustration has set in.

[Tucker is in utter disbelief. He gets to his feet and begins arguing with the referee claiming it was three rather than 2. He continues to argue as cVc wobbles to his feet attempting to recover from the brutal onslaught. Crank sneaks up from behind him with a swinging neckbreaker! cVc hits the ropes as Tucker struggles back to his feet. Knee Smash!

Angus:We are about to see a little *Razzle and a tad of Dazzle*.

DDK:

Crank has turned this match around after a near loss.

Angus:

Near? Hardly.

[Chance begins screaming at Tucker that he doesn't have what it takes. Chance circles talking trash as he struggles to get back to his feet. Chance nearly DDT's him out of his boots.]

"The Preacher Man Says It's the End of Time..."

[The opening chords and lyrics to A country boy can survive hit the arena. A huge reaction of cheers hit as Sam Turner Jr. and Charlene Crank walk out onto the stage. Chance walks to the ropes toward the stage to see what they are doing together. He looks on as Charlene has two balloons, one pink and the other blue. Sam Turner Jr. wraps his arms around Charlene and begins rubbing her belly as they both smile at Chance. Finally he can see the balloons and the pink one reads, "It's a girl" and the blue reads, "it's a boy!". Chance starts through the ropes as the two walk backstage out of sight.

DDK:

Sam Turner Jr. has gotten Charlene pregnant!

Angus:

The ring pop idea has blew up in his face! LOOK OUT CHANCE!

[Alston rolls up Chance for a pin! One! Two! Chance reverses before the three into a rollup pin of his own as the referee circles the ring to count. Chance puts both legs out and braces himself on the ropes as the referee just out sight of this begins his count! One, Two, Three! Ding! Ding! Ding!]

Angus:

He has done it! Chance Von Crank is your winner and still Southern Heritage Champion!

DDK:

With a ton of help from the ropes!

Angus:

I don't know what you are talking about!

[Chance rolls out of the ring just as Tucker lunges at him from the mat. Chance has blood all over his face and chest. He smiles outside the ring holding his middle finger up all around for the crowd and Tucker. Crank wastes no time running up the ramp to chase after Sam Turner Jr. and his wife. Alston rolls out of the ring to chase after Crank. Just as he gets to the curtains he is stopped dead in his tracks. Charlene was waiting behind the curtains on the stage with a high voltage stun gun. She keeps hitting him with it. Sam Turner Jr comes back out on the stage holding up what appear to be divorce papers. Charlene hits him with the stun gun again pushing him back but he is still on his feet but disoriented as Turner sticks the divorce papers to his head, held on only by cVc's own blood, then shoves him right into the awaiting arms of Dragon Jones! He is out on the edge of the stage. Jones grabs him around the waist and lunges him backwards! He german suplexes cVc off the stage and down out of sight. A camera locates Crank as he lays in a pile at the bottom of the stage completely knocked out. Jones came through the crowd and cut off Tucker from intercepting him. Which causes a brief shoving match between Jones and Alston. The crowd reaction for the four catches them all off guard. "Thank You" and "This is Awesome" chants break out throughout the arena. They are all cheering for the four of them as they look down from the stage onto Crank. Dragon Jones walks over and picks up the Southern Heritage Championship that Crank dropped on the stage when he was first hit with the stun gun. Turner, Charlene, Jones and Alston all look at the belt. Tucker snatches it from Jones and smiles as he tosses it onto Crank's lifeless body.]

DDK:

Get some medics out here, they may have just killed Chance Von Crank.

Angus:

No Army Can Stop an Idea Whose Time Has Come.

DDK:

Who said that?!

Angus:

Victor Hugo. I'm extremely disappointed in the ref for allowing this travesty to occur, I'm disappointed in you for not peckerslapping Tucker Alston, and I'm disappointed in Tucker Alston for being an immense buttlord. Let's move on.

[Pause.]

Angus:

Okay. My runsheet says we have some kind of fuckin' dream sequence next.

DDK:

Wait, what?

Angus:

Look. Right here. "Dan Ryan's Big Hollywood Dream Sequence."

DDK:

...Well, vignettes are fun.

Dan Ryan segment

Shimmering fade-in.....

The scene is black and white, probably not originally filmed in black and white, or maybe so. Maybe it was black and white, then technicolored, then reverted back to black and white. That's a little complicated. It's just black and white and that's all you need to know.

Also, there's a narrator for this whole shindig. Let's just say it's Dan Ryan. It can be anyone you want it to be, really. There's sound and words to help this along, let's just say.

Bronson Box stands on a terrace of the Aachen Cathedral in Aachen, Germany. Snowflakes flutter to the ground around him as he looks down at the ground, some two hundred feet below. It might be Dan Ryan with an exaggerated handlebar moustache and it may be a set made up to look like the church in Aachen and the snowflakes might be potato flakes, but whatever.

These are troubling times.

'Bronson's' gaze flits up to the sky as he ponders recent events. This hasn't been going according to plan. Every time one of these upstarts has dared to challenge him, he has flexed his biceps, snarled that Bronson Box snarl, and with a Von Kaiser in Mike Tyson's Punchout-ish jiggle of his handlebar, scared them all away. One by one they had fallen to the wayside.

But not this one.

Not Dan Ryan, this outsider who dared stand toe to toe with the great Scottish adventurer-hunter-mastodon-bible-scholar-furby enthusiast, bleeding and primal screaming, defying the indomitable legend of DEFIANCE.

This wasn't how it was supposed to be. When Boston Bancroft, broken and taking his last breath, looked up at Bronson and, with the sincerity of Tom Hanks at the end of Saving Private Ryan said, "Bronson, earn this. EARN IT.", those words carried with them the promise of his destiny to do something great, to make his mark and never waste the sacrifice of Boston Bancroft's dignity and possibly, his son's virginity.

It had, finally, brought nothing but grief. There was nowhere left to turn, no one to run to, nothing to be done.

Bronson looked down once more, mouthing the only words that his lips could form.

"I wish I never tangled with Boston Bancroft at all."

With that, and with arms stretched wide, he gracefully fell forward into a swan dive. He fell out of the camera shot and moments later there was a thud. The shot cut quickly to the 'ground' below where, in the sullen snowy streets of Aachen, lay nothing more than a handlebar moustache and broken dreams, symbolic amid the surroundings as a representation of lost hope.

'Bronson', however, awoke in a different place.

He was at the entrance to Eric Dane's office. Cautiously, he opened the door and entered, seeing a man who resembles Eric Dane, only with fabulous hair and a slight lisp. 'Bronson' looks behind him and back again, a bit confused. 'Eric' snarls in his direction. "Sit the fuck down!"

'Bronson' snaps back, in an absolutely ridiculous and horrible Scottish accent, sounding more like Montgomery Scott than Bronson Box, "Do you boy-o know who you're talkin' to, boy-o? By Boston Bancroft's ghost, how dare ye talk to me like that, wee lad?"

'Dane' chuckled. "Bosthhhton Bancroft? You mean four hundred and forty-seven time World Champion and wresthhling legend Boston Bancroft? The man who thinglehandedly ended any chance you ever had as a

resthhspectable professthhhional wreshhtler?"

"What are ye, daft me lad?" 'Bronson' seemed surprised at this revelation. "I cannae imagine why ye'd say such a thing my boy-o ehthhhhh boy-o. I embarrassed the lummo and frightened his kid straight into therapy, I did."

'Dane' waved his hand dismissively. "Bronstho, you're an embarrassthment to your family, and quite frankly, to me. Bosthho Bancroft made you look like a five year old way back when, and you've been jerking the curtain here ever thinthhh. And quite frankly, the only reathho I've dethhided to have you in my offithhh today isthh-tho I can fire you."

'Bronson's' brows shot up, incredulous. "Fire me??"

'Dane' nodded. "Yesthh. Now do me a favor and beam your asthhh back to Embra or where-errr' (rolled R) you came from."

"But I..." Bronson protested.

"Out."

And with that, 'Bronson Box' was left confused, out in the hallway, subject to the snickering of 'Drew Siler' and 'Edward White'.

"Edward, boy-o! Help a lad understand this calamity, and why, pray are you leant on the wall with that numpty there??"

'Edward' shook his head, amused. "Have you lost it? Drew's been loyally by my side ever since the night you bitched out to Boston Bancroft and got teabagged by that punk kid of his."

'Drew' nodded. "Balls in the face. Rough."

"Shut yer geggy," 'Bronson' snapped.

'Edward' laughed. "Not a chance. You bitched out and Drew picked up the slack."

"That's not what happened." 'Bronson' started to become angry. "I cannae imagine why ye'd say such a thing my boy-o ehthhhhh boy-o. I embarrassed the lummo and frightened his kid straight into therapy, I did."

"You did no such thing," 'Edward' said matter-of-factly. "I was there. You were a bitch. That's why you're a bitch now. Think about it. Why would you be a bitch now if you weren't a bitch then? It makes no kind of sense."

'Drew Siler' nodded. "He's right, you know. It makes no kind of sense."

'Bronson' looked back and forth from 'Drew' to 'Edward', not sure what to say. Edward shook his head, amused. "Now do us a favor and beam your ass back to Embra or where-errr' (rolled R) you came from."

'Bronson' turned, lost, confused, and wandered down the hall. In only a few seconds time he approached a set of double doors where someone in a shirt bearing the DEFIANCE logo approached.

"I'm gonna need you to fill out some paperwork regarding your termination, Mr. Box."

'Bronson' looked up, then grabbed the young man roughly by the collar. "Stop yer haverin'! This is all wrong. None of this is right. I'm a legend. A LEGEND! Mortals cower before me, ye here me, lad? I glorify my Lord by being a beacon of unshakable faith!! UNSHAKABLE!! Do ye hear me, boy-o?? DON'T YOU READ THE BIBLE??"

The employee, hardly shaken by this display, looks down at his collar, then back up at 'Mr. Box.'

"First of all, my dad's from Scotland, and I'm pretty sure you're not using any of that slang correctly. Second of all, I'm

Jewish. And third.... I remember what happened with Boston Bancroft. I don't really foresee anyone cowering before you, mortal or otherwise."

'Bronson' let loose of the man. "I cannae imagine why ye'd say such a thing my boy-o ehrrrrrr boy-o. I embarrassed the lummoxx and frightened his kid straight inta therapy, I did."

The employee put his hand on 'Bronson's' shoulder and nudged him toward the door, opening it to a strong rainstorm. "Of course you did. Look, this paperwork is pretty standard so why don't you just go ahead and fill that out and mail it in and we'll be done here. Now do us a favor and beam your ass back to Embra or where-errr' (rolled R) you came from."

Bronson stepped through the door, turning around as the rain came down, soaking his unitard.

"Why do ye all keep saying that?? I not from innnawhere near Edinburrrah. I'm from The Scottish High---

The kid cut him off. "I don't care."

The door slammed shut, and with that, 'Bronson Box' (not Dan Ryan) stood alone. He turned, and with an anguished cry, he sank to his knees. Everything he knew was gone. Everything he had accomplished erased from time. All those moments -- lost in time, like tears -- in rain.

'Bronson' let loose a scream....

"AA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

~~~~~

~~~~~

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And suddenly, he was in his study, or what we're to believe is his study. This still may or may not be Dan Ryan in a unitard and overly exaggerated moustache, and this may or may not be a real study at all. There are dusty editions of Dr. Seuss and the neglected works of Jacqueline Susanne on the shelves. You know, the masters.

He looked down and saw a sparkling dust on the floor. PLATINUM dust. Edward had been here. Things were back to normal!! Wait, no -- maybe it was just the silver glitter from yesterday's arts and crafts time.

'Bronson' shook his head as if to wash away the thought.

It didn't matter. Things were back to where they belonged. He was meant for so much more. He wasn't meant to crumble under the weight of this challenge. He would right this ship, gather as many people together as he could, and in an inspirational Hands Across America moment, confront this outsider en masse and re-stake his claim as the most fearsome -- not to mention downright cuddly -- fighter this sport had ever seen.

He stood, hands on his hips like Mary Martin in Peter Pan.

This was his life. This was his destiny -- and he would meet his destiny head on LIKE A MAN. Just him and Dan Ryan -- a battle for the ages!! Just him, three other guys, two chicks -- and Dan Ryan -- a battle for ages!

He shrugged.

Just him, ten to fifteen of the best fighters he could find -- and Dan Ryan.

A BATTLE FOR THE AGES!!

Twenty-five, tops.

He nodded, proud.

And no longer would he be ashamed of his constant mentioning of Boston Bancroft and his kid. No longer would his practice of name dropping good ol' Double B be considered weak-minded. No longer would people see him as grasping for straws in an attempt to reinforce his fierce (work it, girl) persona.

NO!

He would from here on out be billed as....

His chest is puffed out a little extra here for effect. Ahem.

He would from here on out be billed as...

BRONSON BOX, PRESENTED BY BOSTON BANCROFT --- AND HIS TAG TEAM PARTNER --- BRONSON BOX'S AURA AND ENTIRE REPUTATION, PRESENTED BY BOSTON BANCROFT, JR!!

And when he vaquishes the usurper Dan Ryan, AND HE WILL!!!.... Hollis McAllister, also known as Bronson Box, Presented by Boston Bancroft.... will forever be marked as THE BADDEST MOTHERFUCKER WHO EVER SAILED THE SEVEN (or however many there are) LOCHS!!

AND -- he will HAVE.... respect.

Because....

'Bronson' rips off the moustache, stops pretending to be anything but Dan Ryan, the BEST PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER IN THE WORLD...

Because when you manufacture respect and tell everyone they must fear you, no one has the right to say any differently. No one can confidently walk into your territory, stare you right in the face, man to man, and break through the stone wall that no one had yet dared take a chisel to. You can't listen to everyone tell you how much you should fear the monster and stand unmoved and ready to bleed for what has been in your blood since birth. You can't take that monster, let him do his best to maul you, then bash his brains in with a smile. You just can't stand up to Bronson Box.

EVEN IF YOU ALREADY HAVE.

Ryan smirks.

**FIN.**

[Cut back to the commentary booth.]

**Angus:**

Dan Ryan is the Egobuster.

**DDK:**

In just a few moments, we'll see if Dreams will become Reality, ladies and gentlemen! We've got Dan Ryan and Python, teaming up to face Bronson Box and Edward White!

**Angus:**

Hold onto your asses, assholders!

## Blood Diamonds Promo

[We cut backstage to the DEFIANCE interview area just down the hall from the entrance curtain. The Southern Heritage Championship match having just concluded, the fans are still at a fever pitch, their chants and cheers echoing through the big cavernous hallways of the Comcast Arena. As we pan across the hallway we catch broadcast team member Christie Zane taking a deep breath before the camera focuses in on her and the big black and red DEFIANCE banner strung up behind her. **Christie Zane:** Ladies and gentlemen... The Socialite Edward White and The Bombastic Bronson Box. The Blood Diamonds. [From either side of Christie steps the aforementioned grapplers. Both already dressed and ready for battle. Box's classic striped singlet is covered by a new black satin ring robe with the DEFIANCE logo emblazoned on the back in red piping. Beside him Edward White gives Christie a sharp derisive look up and down before crossing his huge arms across his chest. His gold and platinum lined ring gear shimmering under the interview sets lights The Socialite is the picture of class and sophistication.] **Christie Zane:** Gentlemen, we all want to know... [Box slowly reaches up and plucks the microphone from Christie's hand.] [Bronson and Ed stand silently, Christie eventually gets the point and walks off in a huff. The Socialite waves goodbye to the dejected interviewer as she storms off set.] **Bronson Box:** Much better, wouldn't you say Ed? **Edward White:** Absolutely. That enormous forehead of hers was blocking all the light. Have you seen these new tights? 24 karat gold in the trim, had them made by the same little Italian man who makes all my suits. Gino is his name. Good man. [The two men smile and refocus their attention on the camera, The Wargod taking the lead.] **Bronson Box:** If we seem in especially high spirits this evening your observations would be right, lads. You see, the future is so very bright for The Blood Diamonds. So very bright indeed. You see, Edward and I are proper villains he and I. We're smarter than you average doer of ill deeds, more honest. We know we know what's best for DEFIANCE... and if it takes underhandedness, cheater, cruelty, extortion and good old fashioned violence to assure our ends are met, then so be it. **Edward White:** What do you get a man who has everything, Bronson? [Boxer looks up at his tag team partner, eyebrow rased.] **Edward White:** My friend, when you achieve the level of success that I have, the term reward is abstract. I have things, I can buy anything I want, I can buy whomever I want. The Intangibles are what bring me pleasure, one of a kind experiences that can never be reproduced. Undermining Eric Dane's promotion, destroying Cancer Jiles' run as world champion, painting the canvas with his blood like paint, giving Christian Light a concussion with the exposed turnbuckle; Those are the sort of things that make me get up in the morning. They help me lace up my boots before each and every single match. I don't do this for money. I could retire, prop my feet up on an ottoman, control my financial empire remotely as I sip Scotch and look over the big game I've slayed. **Bronson Box:** But'cha can't can ya'? It's the thrill of battle, using the most basic of God's gifts to wrest victory from the jaws of defeat by any means necessary. But it's even more than that. This is about respect, this DEFIANCE. Edward and myself helped create this company. Whether Dane and his cadre of yes men and old buddies will admit it, there would be no DEFIANCE without Edward White and Bronson Box. **Edward White:** That's something Mr. Ryan and Python just don't understand, making something special and developing it. These two men are nomadic fools, playing the part of a villain here, the hero there, losing to Chris Cannon a year ago and befriending Adrien Cochrane in old promotions long since dead. With a chip on their shoulder and a self of entitlement, they think they can coming strolling into OUR roster as if it's owed to them. Here's an ego buster for you, Dan, this company owes you bupkis. **Bronson Box:** You get the mindless sheep out there in the arena behind you by being a foul little bully. The single time you open you mouth the last week as to waste all our time with some shallow insults regarding our manner of dress, the way with which we carry ourselves. **Edward White:** Congratulations on that stirring repartee. Stunning use of television time. I'm simply quaking with fear. **Bronson Box:** You belong where there's a fight, do ya' Dano? You belong where there's a bloody fight? We'll get ready for one. Get ready to face two men who will leave you LAYIN' boys. Speakin' strictly for myself here and directly towards you Dan Ryan. I'm goin' to relish breakin' you, lad. Gin and Frank left that tosser Sawyer strung up like a side of BEEF earlier, blood drippin' down his toes and poolin' under him like a fresh cut slab of flesh. And I've got leagues more respect for that little fool than you lot. **Edward White:** That FIST championship with it's unique rulebook is a potent, no, deadly weapon if utilized correctly. It's an asset that we want back. Congratulations on convincing a few simpletons that you're worth sticking their necks out for you, Dan. You've got a couple spot monkeys and a tacky mannequin world champion. Simply a terrifying warband if I ever did witness one. Wouldn't you say, Mr. Box? [The Socialite cackles. Box nods in mock agreement.] **Bronson Box:** Tonight is just the start of it, lads. That storm Sawyer was flappin' his gums about? Wasn't The Untouchables. Jeff Andrews gathered up his ball and ran home the second he lost that title belt. His band of dear friends scattering to the four winds like leaves. That horse faced loon wife of his runnin' around like a mad woman causin' everyone grief. Title belts or no, The Blood Diamonds are here and we'll BE here until this company gives us the proper RESPECT. We'll cheat, we'll lie, we'll extort, we'll

main, we'll steal. We'll be truly defiant until this company quakes with fear at the mere mention of our NAMES.

**Edward White:** And it will be done... By any funds necessary. [Edward smirks. Bronson looks satisfied himself.]

**Bronson Box:** Amen. [The DEFIANCE logo comes up for a few moments, blotting out the screen. The interview area is lost to time and sand, and we move right on to the entryway stage.]

## **TORNADO TAG RULES: Bronson Box & Edward White vs Python & Dan Ryan**

[A walking bass line in 7/8th time begins to play over the sounds of cash registers opening, coins being exchanged and receipts being torn out.]

**DDK:**

It's TORNADO TAG TIME, Angus! This one should be a bloody mess!

**Angus:**

Thank god.

♪MOOOOOOONEEEEEEEEEEY♪

♪Get Away♪

♪Get a good job with more pay♪

♪And you're okay♪

[Seamlessly, Pink Floyd transitions to Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down."]

♪ You can run on... for a long time ♪

♪ Run on... for a long time ♪

♪ Run on... for a long time ♪

♪ Sooner or later, God'll cut you down ♪

♪ Sooner or later, God'll cut you down ♪

[Calmly stepping out from the back, are the Blood Diamonds. Though, it's not all sixteen of them, rather it's just Bronson Box and Edward White.]

[Que another seamless transition... this time, it's to "O Fortuna".]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The crowd, showing their love for the two cripplers of pain and wealth, shower them with jeers and garbage as they make their way down to the ring. White, being the sophisticate that he is, manifests an umbrella capable of deflecting a boulder, and uses it wisely to protect him and his associate.]

**DDK:**

That umbrella must have a radius of ten feet... and look, it's even holding itself up!

**Angus:**

You didn't think Edward White was actually going to hold something, did you? Aside from his cigar, he doesn't hold shit. Honest. Cancer told me he even has someone hold his dick for him when he's taking a piss.

**DDK:**

Well, then it must be true if Cancer Jiles said it. He'd never lie about or embellish anything about anyone.

[Keebs rolls his eyes, luckily for all, Angus does not catch it.]

**Angus:**

Yeah, he said it was some guy named Larry. He's an older, balder, shorter fellow... that is missing an eyeball.

**DDK:**

Oh. I get it.

[Now inside the ring, White and Box stand atop separate turnbuckles to play up the crowd a bit. Then, they hop down

and begin to finalize their game plan.]

[Not before long...]

[The entire arena jolts to life as the vigorous piano intro to "Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens blasts through the speakers and a dizzying array of strobe lights dance through the ring and out into the crowd.]

♪ How'd you know to find me here? ♪  
♪ Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires ♪  
♪ And insider information ♪

[The arena rocks with music and crowd pop pandemonium as Python bursts through the curtain. He bounds out onto the entrance ramp, slamming his chest with both hands and pointing out to the fans, completely electrified.]

♪ This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me ♪  
♪ An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the duller minds ♪

[The wicked green and black snake tattooed around Python's entire right arm glows bright under the lights as he takes off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach. Instead of shooting into the ring, Python waits on the outside for his tag team partner to join him.]

**DDK:**

Smart move electing to wait-- no reason to throw caution to the wind.

**Angus:**

Yet.

[Then, the lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area while the opening riff of "Zero" from Smashing Pumpkins pumps throughout the arena. When the audio riff kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking out into the audience with confidence.]

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

**DDK:**

I'll tell you what, Angus. Python looks ready. Dan Ryan looks ready. This is gonna be GOOD.

**Angus:**

You have no idea.

**DDK:**

Sounds like you know something I don't know.

**Angus:**

That's because I do.

[Ryan reaches the ring, shares in a handshake with his partner, and then the two of them roll in under the bottom rope.]

**DDK:**

Well, the players are on the field, I guess all we need to do now is ring the bell.

**Angus:**

Not exactly.

[Before a commotion can be made and blood can be spilled....before Python can bounce about the ring and Edward White can stamp out his cigar... before Dan Ryan can bull charge, and Bronson Box can throw hammers.]

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

[The crowd explodes like a jar of pop rocks being emptied into a vat of Jolt cola.]

♪ When you see me, I will leave you no doubt ♪  
♪ I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth ♪  
♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

[Emerging from the back -- 800 hundred dollar silk shirt, priceless T-shades and perfect hair on full display -- The COOL One, Cancer Jiles.]

♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

**Angus:**

Oh, Keebs, I forgot to tell you, Lord COOL, the Defiance World Heavyweight Champion will be joining us tonight for guest commentary.

[Darren shoots Angus an awkward look.]

**Angus:**

Hopefully he didn't catch that eye roll you dropped when I was preaching about him earlier.

**DDK:**

.... fuck.

**Angus:**

Yup.

[Standing atop the entrance ramp, Defiance World Title nestled beneath his unbuttoned silk-shirt, The Count of COOLsylvania extends his arms and welcomes the crowd's radiating show of adoration. Then, not wanting to steal ALL OF THE SPOTLIGHT, he quickly makes his way over to where Angus and Keebler are situated. Angus, of course on his feet the entire time this is happening, wildly cheers as if he were seeing necked titties.]

**DDK:**

Is this wrestling or did Cancer Jiles just come home from war?

**Angus:**

You shut your mouth, Keebler! SHUT! IT!

[The Count joins the announce crew, shakes Angus' hand and shares in an off air comment about Keebler's attire.]

**Angus:**

Welcome Champ! Great to have you out here with us tonight. I want to apologize for Darren in advance-- he's not capable of helping himself from being a blithering failure of life.

**DDK:**

Nice one Angus. Cancer, wel--

**Angus:**

I thought we agreed that you weren't going to speak to the Crown Prince of COOL directly?

**DDK:**

When did we agree upon that?

**Angus:**

When I just called you a blithering failure of life.

[Silence.]

**Jiles:**

Gentlemen.

And Darren.

Thank you for having me. I must say, I can't wait to see these four men compete tonight. I was really impressed with what Python and Dan Ryan brought to the table last show. And, well, I always like to point out how much Bronson and Eddy suck the big one.

So, why wait any longer?

**DING~!**

**Jiles:**

Let the madness commence.

[It's hot right out of the gate. Ryan shoots straight for Bronson Box. The two exchange in thunderous blows-- back and forth they go, with neither man seeming to be able to get the best the other.]

[Meanwhile, Python cautiously circles around White, who is smugly rubbing his hands together while waiting for his prey to attack.]

[Ryan and Box eventually both tumble to the canvas, rolling back and forth, punching each other in the face like it is the in thing to do. Ryan takes control, and mounts Box. Before he can rain down haymakers though, Box reaches out grabs at his throat-- squeezing the air out of Ryan's lungs.]

**Jiles:**

Been there before.

**Angus:**

Yeah, and then you knocked out his eyeball with a 450 Mongo Chawpalappa!!

**Jiles:**

Sure did.

[Fist pound.]

**DDK:**

I hope this match isn't long.

[White corrals Python, and is able to do so because of an errant springboard dropkick. He lifts the former Double Crown champion up, and whips him into the corner, hard. Then, he charges in after him with exacting precision.]

**DDK:**

Big impact from Edward White! You're not flashing back to Untouchable, are ya Champ?

**Jiles:**

Is he always like this?

**Angus:**

Sadly, yes.

[White almost takes Python's head off with a vicious clothesline. The impact of which sends Python flying up and over the top the rope and down to the outside. Being nimble like a cat, he sticks the landing.]

**Jiles:**

Ha! He just winked at Fast Eddy. I'll have to remember that.

[With Python still active, White glances to Bronson, who just beckons Eddie over with a jerk of the head. Keeping an eye on Python on the outside, White trots to Bronson. Bronson glances meaningfully down at Ryan, and White smirks, then drops a knee across Ryan's face.]

[Python moves to dive into the ring, but White and Box haul Ryan to his feet, and hoist him onto their shoulders! Python hops onto the apron, and the Blood Diamonds rush forward, using Danny Ryan's dazed body like a battering ram! Python takes a Ryan headbutt to the chest, and is thrown across the ringside area, into the guardrail!]

**Angus:**

That... was awesome. Sorry Champ.

**Jiles:**

No worries, Ang. I'm just glad it wasn't me.

[Bronson Box takes a moment to show off his own physique, and hefts Dan off of Edward, then GORILLA PRESSES THE EGOBUSTER RIGHT UP AND OVER HIS HEAD!]

**DDK:**

What amazing strength by the Scottish Strongman! Dan Ryan weighs over three hundred pounds!

**Angus:**

I take what I said back. That, is awesome. Again, sorry champ.

**Jiles:**

No need to apologize, seeing as I agree with your assessment.

[Keebler is shocked that Jiles actually complimented someone. You can tell because his mouth is wide open and nothing is coming out of it.]

**Jiles:**

I know... first\_hand just how strong Bronson Box is. Fucker's cue ball head almost cracked my COOLtanium.

[Edward White steps back, golf-clapping for the Wargod, who backs up, his face reddening at the effort of holding an enormous man like Dan Ryan over his head. As Python tries to battle back to his feet, Bronson steps forward and HURLS Ryan out of the ring! The two bodies go smashing into the safety guardrail, and Box turns, walking away with a big smirk on his lips!]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

**Angus:**

Okay, this time I mean it. I take back my earlier comment--

**DDK:**

That was awesome, we know.

**Angus:**

And?

[Keebler sighs.]

**DDK:**

Sorry Champ.

[White heads out onto the apron, calling Bronson back across the ring. With Python still gamely trying to struggle to his feet, White measures the kid from the apron... Crouches... And leaps off, coming crashing down with a double axehandle to the back of Python's head!]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

[White lands and stumbles a few steps, before throwing both hands out to his sides. The fans continue to hurl abuse at him, before all attention is drawn away from the Socialite...]

[Bronson Box has been watching Dan Ryan, and rushes forward, hitting the ring ropes nearest Mr. White. Turning, he flies across the ring, picking up speed, before rebounding off the opposite ring ropes! Having built up a good head of steam, Bronson Box comes rushing back just as Dan Ryan stands up, and like a Ryan-seeking missile, Bronson Box suicide dives right out of the ring!]

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

**Angus:**

Who'd have thought Bronson Box could fly?

**DDK:**

Not Dan Ryan, that's for sure.

**Jiles:**

You ain't kidding about that, Keebs! Baldy Boxersnatch is doing some serious business tonight! Angus, remind me not get involved.

**Angus:**

I can't promise that.

**Jiles:**

Meh, me neither.

[The steel guardrail is totally knocked over, fans thrown back from their steel folding chairs, Ryan laid out completely! And as for the Wargod... Well, Bronson leaps to his feet, ROARING in DEFIANT fury!]

BRON-SON!

BRON-SON!

BRON-SON!

[Despite the fickle love of the DEFIANT Faithful, Bronson grabs a fistful of Dan Ryan's hair, and gestures for Edward White to pick Python up. The Socialite obligingly grabs one of Python's arms, hooking a front facelock, and hauls the former OLWer to his feet. Bronson gives Eddie a big, devilish grin, before he grabs Danny's left arm, twisting it up and behind his head.]

[White drops Python with a simple DDT onto the steel guardrail. Yes, he immediately regrets it, because of the impact to his own back and ass. Yes, he relishes pounding Python's face into the guardrail.]

[Bronson, on the other hand, begins to pound brutal punches into the side of Ryan's ribcage. WHAM goes the fist! Ryan's entire body jukes away from the blow, feet coming off the ground a little bit!]

RY-AN!

RY-AN!

RY-AN!

**Angus:**

Isn't this something named?

**DDK:**

Sacred Heart, yes. Bronson breaks this out from time to time.

**Jiles:**

...Punching someone in the titty gets a name?

[Bronson, knowing just how quickly those fans love to turn on people, brings his fist back again, and WHAMMO! Hammers another punch into Danno's ribs! The Egobuster snarls, and begins to force his twisted arm upward, trying to break free of Bronson's grasp...

[WHAM! Bronson slams another punch into Ryan's heart, and Dan falters for a moment...]

[As Bronson brings his fist back, Ryan suddenly gives an unearthly twist-and-shimmy, and is free of the grab! Bronson throws the punch anyway, and Dan simply grabs Bronson by the awkwardly thrown punch, turning and HURLING Bronson chestfirst into the ring apron!]

[White comes rushing in at Ryan, but the Egobuster snaps a back elbow into Eddie's jaw! Dan Ryan is on FIYAH!]

**Angus:**

Seems to me that the big guy is starting to come to life... hopefully he dislocates Ed's spine, eh Champ?

**Jiles:**

Wouldn't do him any good-- being Ed White lacks a spine to begin with. Though, the visual of Ed being folded in half like syrup drenched pancake would definitely bring a smile to this extremely COOL persons face.

[Ryan huffs and puffs, before throwing both arms out to his sides, letting out a bellow of pure fury! As Bronson turns, both hands wrapped across his chest, Dan charges the Wargod! Bodily tackling Bronson, the two go into-AND OVER the ring steps! The ringsteps go crashing to the floor, and Ryan just furiously PUMMELS Bronson's moustachio'd face!]

[Meanwhile, Ed White moves to try to help, but the full-of-energy Python quickly goes rushing up to Eddie, grabbing the back of his head, and tosses Edward right under the bottom rope, back into the ring!]

[With White forcing himself quickly to his feet, Python hops onto the apron, then leaps to the top rope! He doesn't spare a moment to balance, just leaps off and goes flying at the Socialite! A headscissors... Python spins, and dumps Ed White onto the mat with a GORGEOUS 'rana!]

**Jiles:**

Shoulda tried for the pin. Mongo.

**DDK:**

Well, you're not gonna surprise-pin a man like Ed White...

**Jiles:**

you're not going to surprise pin a man like Ed White.. Keebler... go be an elf.

**Angus:**

UN. FUCKING. BELIEVABLE. This man is our honored guest! This man is the greatest Champion of all fucking time!!!!!! AND YOU HAVE THE BALLS TO CORRECT HIM! BY GAWD IF YOU PULL ANOTHER STUNT LIKE THAT I'LL HAVE YOU KILLED!!!

[Annnnnnd back to action.]

[Instead of letting his momentum slip, Python rolls through and keeps running! As he goes to the ringropes nearest Bronson and Ryan, Python notices that Box has managed to get the better of Ryan, and stands atop Danno, pounding fists down on the Egobuster.]

[Easy fix. Python goes sliding under the bottom rope, both feet coming together to kick Bronson right in the back of the head! Bronson takes a dive, and Python comes back to his feet, pumping both fists in the air!]

**Jiles:**

Watch Eddie!

[Indeed, the Socialite had gotten to his knees, and both hands had gone into his waistband, pulling out a little baggie. As Python turns, Ed looks up, and flings the contents of the baggie right into Python's face! Platinum Dust!]

**Python:**

AH GOD!

[The former WfWA World Champ drops, hands pawing futilely at his eyes, and White is quick to begin stomping away on Python's head.]

**Ed White:**

STUPID! LITTLE! KID!

[White doesn't even notice that Dan Ryan is trying to take advantage of Box's momentarily downed-ness. As the Egobuster slides into the ring, White is completely distracted by kicking Python in the head as hard as he can.]

[Dan Ryan slams both hands onto the mat, and pops to his feet, HOOOOOOWLING!]

[Edward White spins around, eyes widening. And then, he gets turned inside out by a Dan Ryan running...]

**Angus:**

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~

[With Python rolling out of the way, that clears Ryan to keep going across the ring. He hits the ropes and rebounds off, coming back with a running kneelift to the side of White's head! The Socialite, on his hands and knees, drops flat onto his back! And Ryan keeps going!]

[Ryan hits the opposite ropes, comes back, and leaps HIGH into the air, coming back down ass-first for a huuuuuge senton! White nearly loses his lunch at the impact of the 300 pounder landing on his stomach, but Ryan ain't done.]

**Angus:**

You might get your wish here Champ. Dan Ryan is looking all sorts of hulked up!

[With Ed White dazed, that means than Dan Ryan can roll 'im over, grab his floppin' left arm, and twist it up into a Fujiware Armbar! White shrieks like if the NYSE was just bombed, and Ryan begins to crank that arm back so far, it looks as if it's already dislocated!]

[Python has managed to come to his feet, eyebrows still glimmering and shining. Uguu~ so kawaii~ As Ryan cranks back on that arm, Python stands guard, waiting and watching for the cavalry. But Bronson Box is nowhere to be found!]

**Jiles:**

He's over here.

**Angus:**

Not so loud! Box might hear you!

**Jiles:**

Fool, I own that mongo. PYTHON, LOOK LEFT, YOU DUMB MONG

**Angus:**

Well... I tried.

[And at Cancer's cry, Python glances. Bronson is indeed sliding in the ring from a different side than he was just standing on! The COOLEst Cat in the alley just gave away the game! Python goes running at Boxer... But Hollis McAllister isn't gonna give up, not now that he's reestablished his blood'eh name!]

[Python leaps at Box, BUT BOX CATCHES PYTHON! The Wargod goes bulling across the ring, holding Python in a bearhug! Dan Ryan glances up, and just barely has time to drop White's arm, putting both arms up to block, before Box runs right through Ryan, and CRASHES Python spine-first into the turnbuckles!]

**DDK:**

Ryan is down! White is down! And Box still has Python!

**Angus:**

This crowd is split!

LET'S GO BOX!

LET'S GO BOX!

LET'S GO BOX!

PY-THON!

PY-THON!

PY-THON!

[The Scottish Strongman switches up his grasp, now scooping Python up into a Fallaway position. With Python held thusly, Box turns, and brings Python UUUP... Then smashes Python down, ribs-first, onto his knee! Box lets out a ferocious cackle before he comes to his feet once more!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**DDK:**

Dan Ryan is up!

**Angus:**

AND HE'S POINTING AT BOX!

**Jiles:**

This should be pure and utterly disastrous. Let me get my Iphone out.

[Indeed, the Egobuster was pointing a finger directly at Bronson Box... And the Wargod just rushes Ryan, holding Python up like he was a weapon! They had done it with Ryan earlier, why not Python now?]

[Unfortunately for Box, this time, Dan Ryan was ready for it. RYAN CATCHES PYTHON!]

**DDK:**

TEST OF STRENGTH!

[Box and Ryan push mightily against one another, with Python used as the fulcrum between the two! Both men strain, faces turning red! Veins are bulging in Box's neck! Ryan snarls, eyes bulging wide! Bronson's moustache is all mussed, the ends no longer perfect and waxed, but sticky-outy in all directions away from his nose!]

[Ryan glances down to Python's face, having heard... something. And Dan suddenly changes the direction of his shoving, sending Python straight up! PYTHON SHOOTS INTO THE AIR, HOOKING BRONSON'S HEAD! A spin!]

**DDK:**

TORNADO DDT! BRONSON BOX IS DOWN!

[Dan Ryan rushes Edward White, tackling him directly through the ring ropes! Ryan and White go down into the ringside area, leaving Python to float over and hook Box's leg!]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

**Jiles:**

OH SHIT I THOUGHT THE KID HAD HIM! DAMN THAT WAS CLOSE!

[Box forcefully kicks out, throwing a shoulder into the air! Python is tossed off of Boxer, and the Wargod sits up, teeth bared ferociously!]

[Python is up already, and with Box coming to his feet, Python knows he has to hit hard, fast, and repeatedly. Turning, Python flies across the ring to rebound off the ringropes, coming back with a HUGE head of steam! A leap, and Python brings a forearm crashing down across the rising Box's skull!]

[Bronson Box doesn't go down.]

[Python blinks in surprise, turns, and flees for the ropes once more. Rebounding off, Python comes back, running a bit faster this time... Flying forearm to Box!]

[Bronson Box doesn't go down! In fact, now that he's fully on his feet, he beckons Python on, howling "C'MON YEH BRAT! GIVE IT 'NOTHER GO!"]

**Jiles:**

He's a sick.... sick man that Bronson Box.

[Python turns, running with everything he's got for the ring ropes. After bouncing off, he runs at Box with all the speed he can muster, and LEAPS...]

**Angus:**

RUNNING HEADBUTT!

[Bronson LEAPS at the last second, crashing the top of his skull into Python's sternum! The smaller man is thrown back across the ring, crashing in a heap to the mat! Box roars in fury, bringing both his fists up, the knuckles gone white as he clenches his fists.]

[Grabbing a vicious double handful of Python's hair, Box yanks Python from the ground, right up to his feet with one horrendous YANK! Box lets go, tatters of the kid's hair being tossed away. But that wasn't the important part.]

[The important part was the crashing rights and lefts that Bronson bring to bear, just BRUTALIZING Python's face! WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM! The impact from one punch is barely left long enough to sink in before Box smashes Python with the other wrecking ball of a fist! Python's face is rendered into ruin in a matter of seconds, and Python falls bonelessly into the ring corner!]

[Box grabs Python by the head once more, this time a bit more gentle. He grins, patting Python's cheek gently, and then doubles the kid over. Shoving Python's head between his thighs, Bronson points square to the ringcorner.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Bronson bends down, grabbing Python around the waist. Grinning devilishly, Bronson hoists Python up, onto his shoulders. Python's eyes shoot wide, and his arms pinwheel almost comically for a moment. Then, Bronson rushes forward, and Python is simultaneously brought crashing into absolutely unforgiving steel and folded up like a jackknife!]

**DDK:**  
BOMBASTO BOMB!

**Angus:**  
THAT'S THE MOVE THAT ENDED EVAN HURLEY'S CAREER!

**Jiles:**  
And might've ended Python's. Dang, that one looked like it HURT.

[Python was out. Flat out. Dead broke, done. With Dan Ryan and Edward White slugging it out on the entryway ramp, that left Bronson time to grab Python by the ankle, and drag the limp corpse that once was a World Champion out of the ring corner.]

[Bronson cackles heartlessly, and simply flops down onto Python, sitting on the kid's chest.]

**DDK:**  
What a disrespectful pin!

**Jiles:**  
Are you kidding me? Disrespectful is what he does.

ONE!

[The fans show their feelings.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

TWO!

[The usual chant-along with the pinfall is totally drowned out by the boos.]

THREE!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**Angus:**  
PYTHON KICKED OUT! PYTHON KICKED OUT!

**DDK:**

THERE IS NO QUIT IN MATT PITHEN!

**Jiles:**

Who the fuck is Matt Pithen?

**DDK:**

That's Python's real name.

**Jiles:**

Oh. No wonder he goes by Python then. Regardless, big ups! What resolve! I dunno even know if I would have kicked out of that one!

**Angus:**

Who you kidding, Champ? You would have kicked out at one.

**Jiles:**

Probably.

[Even though he was almost guaranteed to be concussed, and definitely in a lot of pain, Python managed to get a shoulder up before the three. Needless to say, Bronson was NOT happy about this.]

[On the entryway ramp, Edward White drops to his knees before Dan Ryan, just after a rabbit punch to his nose. And Ed White socks Dan Ryan in the balls.]

[Bronson, still in the center of the ring, comes to his feet after being so rudely kicked off his very comfortable seat. And after dusting himself off... Bronson points to the ring corner once more.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

PY-THON!

PY-THON!

PY-THON!

[Bronson reaches down, grabbing Python by the FACE. Lifting Python off the mat by God's Fiery Right Hand, Bronson howls directly into Python's face.]

Bronson Box:

THINK YEH KIN STAND IN TH' FACE OF GOD, YEH LITTLE BLEEDER?!

[Bronson brings a knee brutally up into Python's stomach, doubling the OLWer over with nasty finality. Shoving Python's head between his legs once more, Bronson sets the New Jerseyite up again. A grunt, and Bronson hauls Python up once more...]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Once again, Python's arms pinwheel, and his face contorts in horror... But this time, Python sits up, or rather, dives forward! Slithering down Bronson's back, Python catches Bronson in a waistlock, and sunset flips the Wargod!]

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYY!

[Bronson ends up with his feet in their air, on his back! Python puts his feet over Bronson's shoulders, trying to hold Box down...]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

[Edward White had punched Dan Ryan in the balls literally eleven times. In a row. Some of that was a right-left flurry, but needless to say, the Egobuster had his Id busted.]

[And as Python sunset flipped(Flopped? Flope?) Bronson Box, White came tear-assing back down to the ring. He had come into the ring at a million miles an hour, and went flying right through the middle of the sunset flip-pin, hip smashing into the side of Python's head! And that, dear friends, is how the pinfall was interrupted.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**Jiles:**

I'm with them. That sucked.

FUCK ED WHITE!

FUCK ED WHITE!

FUCK ED WHITE!

**Angus:**

Still with them?

**Jiles:**

Absolutely.

[White scooped Python up, and ducked, hoisting Python onto his shoulders.]

**DDK:**

WHITE'S GONNA CRASH THE MARKETS!

[But Python had managed to kick out of a Bombasto Bomb! He wasn't gonna let a hipcheck put him into the Stock Market Drop! White's hand slipped, and Python went flipping out of the fireman's carry! He hooked a headlock onto White, going for that same Tornado DDT he had nearly beaten Bronson Box with!]

**Angus:**

PYTHON ESCAPES!

[But as Python tries to send White twirling into a lethal tailspin, White catches Python and drops him unceremoniously onto his feet! White grabs Python by the neck, twists... And just drops out, smashing Python's neck across his shoulder!]

**DDK:**

That's White's Trickle Down Theory!

**Jiles:**

What is?

**DDK:**

That move! Hangman's Neckbreaker!

**Jiles:**

I thought you said that's his theory.

**Angus:**

SHUT UP DARREN!

**Jiles:**

HANGMAN'S NECKBREAKER! EDDIE CALLS THAT THE TRICKLE DOWN THEORY!

**Angus:**

Yeah! Learn to call moves, Keeps!

**DDK:**

I'm going to lose my mind.

**Jiles:**

I lost mine long ago.

[ANYWAY. As White crawls to the ropes, the fighting thus far having given him a splitting headache, he glances up to see a menacing figure looming over him.]

[Bronson Box reaches down, and takes Eddie's hand. And pulls White to his feet.]

[Bronson and Edward saunter over to the fallen Python,, and quickly lift him to his feet. First, Bronson and Edward sock Python in the mouth a few times, sending the kind weebing and wobbling between the two. Then, Box ducks, grabbing Python around the midsection with a bearhug.]

[Edward turns, rushing across the ring to bounce off the ropes. Python is held too tight to do much but squeak, desperately trying to get some air into his lungs. And so, as Edward comes running back, Python can barely wiggle, much less move out of the way of White's leaping clothesline!]

**DDK:**

Hart Attack! Or are you gonna correct me again!

**Angus:**

I SWEAR TO CHRIST KEEBS YOU OLD SHIT DON'T TALK THAT WAY TO THE CHAMP@!

**Jiles:**

You made the man pronounce typo pronunciation. He's really pissed.

[Python goes crashing down, and Box just drops across Python, trying for a pin.]

"ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!"

[This is getting ridiculous, mouths Edward White. Bronson nods in agreement, and jerks a thumb over his shoulder to the ringcorner.]

[White responds with "You already tried that." And Bronson just grins.]

[Bronson gestures to the fallen Python, and smirks. Then, Box saunters on over to the ringcorner, hopping up and onto the top rope. Seated comfortably, Box beckons White to bring Python on over.]

[Needless to say, this elicits a reaction from the audience.]

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[White ducks, back-waistlocking Python. He lifts, scooping Python up and aiming to seat Python on Box's shoulders...]

**DDK:**

DAN RYAN! DAN RYAN!

[Ryan has suddenly re-injected himself into this match, and has mounted the ring apron! Box is shoved clear over Python, and goes crashing down to the mat! Python glances behind him, then kicks off of the turnbuckles, forcing a quick backflip even as he grabs White's head!]

**Angus:**

Shiranui! BETCHA DIDN'T THINK I KNEW MOEVZ, KEEBS!

[Python brings White crashing down with a hellacious impact! Ryan leaps into the ring over the top rope, grabs ahold of Box's head, and with one smooth movement, hauls Box to his feet, then THROWS Box right over the top rope, out of the ring!]

[With Ryan following Box out of the ring, Python is left alone to face Eddie White... But White is down! Python has something left in 'im, and turns, forcing himself to climb up the ring ropes, onto the top turnbuckle.]

[Edward White slowly pushes himself up, as Python beckons him on...]

PY-THON!

PY-THON!

PY-THON!

[White comes to his feet... Turns...]

[Python leaps! And corkscrews! And something! I have no idea how the fuck this move works! I think it's like some sort of variant Lungblower to the face! With twists! But THE SNAKE BITE!]

**Angus:**

What that guy said! I THINK THAT'S HIS FINISHER! Right?

**DDK:**

Yes.

**Angus:**

PYTHON'S FINISHER!

**Jiles:**

...Did the narration just confuse itself or something?

**Angus:**

Just roll with it.

**DDK:**

PYTHON WITH A PIN!

"ONE!

TWO!"

[Box tries to throw himself back into the ring, but Dan Ryan catches Box by the waistband of his trunks and yanks him back out of the ring. And then headbutts Box for good measure.]

"THREE!"

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

### **DING DING DING**

[Python holds White's stunned body down for a further three count, even as Cancer Jiles slips away from commentary. As Mark Shields holds Python's hand in the air, Dan Ryan and Bronson Box are still hatebrawling. But the COOL one slides into the ring, his World Title belt still secured around his waist.]

[Sure, as Cancer stands up, he wants to applaud Python for a hard fought win, and does so. Python watches Captain COOLaroo warily, but Jiles just saunters over, grabbing one of Python's hands and lifting it into the air(for a moment. And a cheap pop.), but his real goal...]

[Is to step on Eddie White's chest, unstrap that belt, and lay it down gently across Edward White's face.]

[Python hops onto the turnbuckles, throwing his fists in the air in celebration.]

[Dan Ryan and Bronson Box are pulled apart by DEFsec guards armed with a crowbar.]

[And President Ba-rock COOLbama poses on top of Edward White's beardy face.]

#### **Angus Skaaland:**

I think I may have sponged a little bit of COOL off him.

#### **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:**

I think that's just a contact high.

#### **Angus Skaaland:**

He touched me?

#### **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:**

After a hellacious contest, Python has managed to squeak out a win over Edward White. How is this gonna affect things going into the other Ladder War Qualifiers? Will Dan Ryan be able to do what Python just did? And how is Python gonna fare against a man who could have ended Python's career here tonight with a Bombasto Bomb?

#### **Angus Skaaland:**

And we now know that Alceo Dentari is in, as well as Kai Scott. IS Cancer Jiles even worried a little bit?

#### **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:**

We'll have to find out next time on DEFIANCE TV! For tonight, congratulations, Python! Good night, DEFIANT fans!

#### **Angus Skaaland:**

Seriously, I think I'm COOLer now.

[Cut.]

[End?]

## De Ja Vu all over again...

[Time: Post DEFtv37. At least, after the main event.] [Location: Undisclosed.] [All there is, is black. Again.] [This time, when the security footage pops on once more, Heidi Christenson is sitting, ziptied to a chair again. But this time, a pair of taser probes are stuck into the meaty part of the side of her stomach. The enormous figure of "Buffalo" Brian Slater is conspicuously absent, replaced by two not-quite-as-large but still huge DEFsec goons, one bald and rocking a bearish handlebar mustache, the other sporting a blonde coif way too immaculate for a security guard and a matching pushbroom mustache. The 'bear' of the two guards has his finger on the button of a taser.] [Footsteps are heard walking into the room, the audio from the security feed being piped in live. And Teh Baws saunters in, hands clasped behind his back, still in the silver pinstriped suit he began the show in.] [How familiar this all was.] **Heidi Christenson:** I'm starting to think you just like tying me up. **Eric Dane:** You've proven your point. You're extremely crafty, and managed to fuck Tom Sawyer up all show without even touching him. Congratulations. **Heidi Christenson:** You said I couldn't- [Eric Dane boils across the room, pure anger appearing in his eyes, a muscle in his jawline twitching. As his lips pull back across his teeth, it looks like Dane was trying to will Heidi's brain to explode just by mind-powers.] **Eric Dane:** SHUT THE FUCK UP. Just... Shut. The fuck. Up. [And then, rather than eat her fuckin' face off and spit it into her lap, Eric pauses, straightens, and brings both hands up to smooth back his hair.] **Eric Dane:** Sam? [The Bear-Man already knows just what Dane wants, and hits the trigger. Immediately, hundreds of thousands of volts of electricity shoot through the wires, and shoot through Heidi Christenson's body. The Queen of Mean's teeth clench, and her body spasms involuntarily...] [But all the while, Heidi keeps glarin' at Eric Dane.] [After three seconds, a beep goes off. After five, the electricity automatically cuts off. Dane looks to Sam, who just shrugs, and takes his thumb off the button, then puts it back on, ready to hit it again.] **Heidi Christenson:** That all you got? [She turns her head, spitting onto the floor. After a tango with Ty Walker, Heidi wasn't too put off by the electric jolt, it seemed.] **Heidi Christenson:** Foreplay. Go ahead and get to the real thing, if you're gonna do it. [Dane grinds his teeth, thinking. He had been tested on his threat. Either the bluff was now ringing hollow, or he had to back it up.] **Eric Dane:** Get in here. [Rather than it being Kelly Evans with a pair of bolt cutters and a dull fork, the door opens, and in walks the tired-looking Canadian Phenom, Tom Sawyer. He runs a hand through his hair, glancing to the restrained Heidi. To her credit, Heidi only pulls against the zipties a few times. Her face, however, immediately contorts with hate and fury, eyes bulging as her jaw clenches.] **Heidi Christenson:** If you're gonna let him lecture me, just let me eat that fucking taser right now and put myself out of the misery. **Eric Dane:** Nobody gets to talk but me. Clear? [Tom nods. It looks like he just wants sleep. Or another hospital visit, after his near-crucifixion at the hands of Virginia Quell and Frank Dylan James. Heidi narrows her eyes, the menacing gleam in her eyes directed directly at the kid.] **Eric Dane:** This isn't going to end until you two get this shit out of your system. I want to keep you both on the payroll. Tom sells more merchandise than anyone else under my employ, and Heidi, you have more potential to give little girls someone to look up to than anyone else, including Clair St. Sure. [Both people don't give a shit, and just keep starin' at one another.] **Eric Dane:** I'm going to give you two a chance to get your shit handled. At Ascension, we're gonna have a match. [Eric levels an accusatory finger at Heidi's chest.] **Eric Dane:** Heidi Christenson, the person who has been causing 90% of the gray hairs and wrinkles I keep seeing when I look in the mirror... [Eric turns, pointing his finger straight at Tom's heart.] **Eric Dane:** Versus Tom Sawyer, the irritating little shit who never knows when to stop talking. [The insult somewhat deflates the exhausted Tom, but he nods. Heidi purses her lips for a moment, then nods.] **Eric Dane:** Tom gets to pick the stipulation, because he's the one been gettin' his shit kicked in every show. [Heidi's eyes go wide, and she snaps her attention to Dane, shaking her head and thrashing her body, kicking her feet. One of the zipties even snaps, and as Heidi starts to come to her feet, Dane glances to the bear. The bear hits the button, and Heidi's muscles go nuts, dropping her to her knees.] **Tom Sawyer:** Well... As much as I wish I could have been in the Ladder War, I think that another Ladder match might be too much of a gimmick. And I'm not gonna be any good at a strap match. No DQ has kinda been done, an- **Heidi Christenson:** (Through the voltage) FUCK YOU, TOM! [Tom gives a soft grin, chuckling a bit. A hand goes protectively across his chest, his tweaked ribs giving him a bit of grief at the soft laugh.] **Tom Sawyer:** You and I both know, Eric, that a pay-per-view is the best place for a spectacle. And I don't know of anything that would balance things out from my three-on-one Trios Title debacle... [Tom pauses dramatically. Almost, Shatner-esque.] **Eric Dane:** Yes? **Tom Sawyer:** LIKE THE THIRD INCARNATION OF THE AGGRO CRAG MATCH! ONE ON ONE FOR THE FIRST TIME! THE RADICAL ROCK HOUSING THE GREATEST SINGLES BATTLE DEFIANCE CAN BEAR TODAY! **Heidi Christenson:** FUCK YOU! I'LL WALK! I REFUSE TO PARTICIPATE IN SUCH A FUCKING GIMMICK! [Eric turns back to Heidi, his expensive Italian leather shoes grinding on the rough concrete of the floor. He steps over to her as the voltage shuts off, and

squats down in front of Heidi.] **Eric Dane:** You had your opportunities to do things your way. You had opportunities to do things any other way. And now, we do things his way. Christenson vs Sawyer at Ascension. Aggro Crag match. You refuse to participate in it, and my lawyers tie you up in breach-of-contract battles so tightly that you'll never get to wrestle again. [She rolls her eyes.] **Eric Dane:** Ever. Anywhere. **Ever** I'll buy Cito's dojo and shut it down before you ever lay toes on canvas again, do you understand me? [Eric straightens, adjusting the silk tie around his neck. Heidi glowers at the both of them from her knees, and forces herself to her feet. Grabbing the taser probes with her free hand, Heidi yanks them out of her with a slight spatter of blood. The DEFsec goons are both slightly taken aback, and move to get between Tom and Heidi.] **Heidi Christenson:** I'm going to break your back in your beloved gimmick match, you little fucking waste. [Eric just turns, heading directly toward the door. Tom falls into line after him, and Dane silently opens the door. He lets Tom through first, and steps through himself. Still holding the door open, Eric stops and glances back over his shoulder.] **Eric Dane:** That's the kind of fire I'm hoping you'll exhibit when a million people are paying to watch, Heidi. [Dane lets the door fall shut with a final BANG, leaving Heidi standing in the room with the two Heidi-assigned guards. She just spins, grabbing the taser out of the hand of the bear, and with a shriek of raw fury, spins and hurls the plastic thing straight into the security cam-] [Bzzt.]