

ASCENSION Show Opening

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
[The relative calm of the sold out Mercedes-Benz Superdome is ripped to pieces as a host of concussive blasts erupt across the stage and down both sides of the rampway and “Again We Will Rise” by Lamb of God kicks through the speakers. The DEFIATron flickers to life, first up a stock footage roll call of several of DEFIANCE’s up and comers and marquee players at work over the last several months.] [Chance Von Crank, Alceo Dentari, Seth Stratton, Frank Dylan James, Tyrone Walker, Eugene Dewey, Bronson Box, Kai Scott, Dan Ryan, everyone gets a few moments before the montage starts focusing on the players in tonight’s three big main events.] **V/O:** The boss gets hands on with his number one problem child. [First up the I Quit Match between Heidi Christenson and Eric Dane. Footage of Heidi strapped to a chair with volts of electricity surging through her system is interspersed with footage of Heidi’s months long war with Tom Sawyer and eventually slow motion footage of Kai Scott breaking Sawyer’s neck. Eventually a tale of the tape graphic is shown with Heidi and Eric both mugging for the camera, behind them an image of the Aggro Crag exploding is superimposed.] **V/O:** A very personal war between two egotists reaches a boiling point. [Next up we see footage of Bronson Box and Dan Ryan both interfering in each others Ladder War qualifiers costing one another a chance at the gold. The vignette utilizes crazed screaming clips from both men’s promos shown in slow motion interspersed with Dan Ryan dragging Virginia Quell to her knees with a chain padlocked around her delicate neck. We get another tale of the tape. Behind Boxer and Ryan flexing and glaring at the camera we see lengths of chain snap taut.] **V/O:** The first real challenge to a COOL, confident new champion... x4. [Footage from each man’s qualifying win is shown.] [Quickly cut between the video is quick grainy footage from the first Ladder War. We see Bronson Box, Edward White, Boston Bancroft all covered head to toe in blood, screaming in agony as ladders cave in skulls and falls from great heights leave these men broken and used up. Footage is shown of Cancer Jiles winning the impromptu three way dance between he, Ed White and then World Champion Jeff Andrews. A big graphic of all five Ladder War contestants is shown, ladders spinning in the background as all five men flex and preen for the camera. Cancer is front and center with the belt, his four opponents are superimposed on either side of him with covetous looks in their eyes.] **V/O:** Blood and pain. Twisted steel and broken bones. All for a chance to call yourself... CHAMPION. **BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM** [Another volley of concussive blasts from the stage and we cut LIVE down to ringside where Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland sit ready for what COULD be their last night on the job.] **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen welcome... **Angus:** To what COULD be the last fuckin’ show this company ever puts on! **DDK:** I was going to say welcome to a night of big action, but there’s that too. Folks, after the bombshell dropped by Elijah Goldman and the ESEN Network that they were dropping DEFIANCE TV this company has been in quite a state. **Angus:** That’s Keebler speak for shit’s done hit the fan. **DDK:** No need to linger though, right? We’ve got an amazing night of action on tap for you tonight! **Angus:** Like the disembodied voice said, the THREE main events we have tonight are going to blow your fuckin’ MINDS! **DDK:** And we’re off to the races as we sent it to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the first match of the night!

Cheap Heat (Horry/Matthews) vs Moral Majority vs The Gorrillas

Darren "DQ" Quimbly:

The following contest is a Three Way Traditional Tag Team match and will be decided by one fall... And is for the the NUMBER ONE CONTENDERSHIP to the DEFIANCE TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIP!

[We hear the opening tones of guitar, drums, foot stomps and hand claps of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash over the speakers in the arena as Virginia Quell and Frank Dylan James enter the arena, confident looks on both of their faces as if the result is a foregone conclusion.]



[Virginia and FDJ seem to dismiss the people on the sides of the aisle with nothing but disappointed shakes of their heads as they make their way to the ring. Virginia chooses to take the stairs while FDJ climbs up on the apron first, then steps in over the top rope while holding it down. The two of them move quickly as directed over to the near corner and wait for their opponents while the referee checks them for any foreign objects.]

[Johnny Cash fades away slowly and The opening horn melody of "Ain't That a Kick in the Head " by the legendary Dean Martin begins and Big Vinny and Tony Two Hands enter the arena. Vinny as usual is attired in track pants, a warm up jacket, wifebeater and boots. Tony as usual is dressed in a black jacket, black shirt underneath and black dress pants with his boots on as well.]



[As the two of them walk to the ring, they make a variety of threatening gestures at the crowd on either side of the aisle, only stopping when they get to the ring and Tony enters the ring between the top and middle rope while Vinny enters by stepping over the top. The two men scowl at Quell and FDJ and point fingers and make threats for a moment but they finally settle a bit and move to the far corner as instructed by the referee.]

[As the ref goes to check them, Tony seems to object and shakes a fist at the referee, but relents and slowly takes his jacket off as the ref checks for illegal objects.]

[The lights in the arena dim and the big screen in the arena goes to static for a moment followed by what looks like vintage footage with the letters HNB in the middle of the screen.]

Voiceover:

The following entrance has been paid for by Hookers N Blow...



[With that the opening beats of “Stroke Me” by Mickey Avalon begin playing as a pair of small rumbles are heard. As the curtains part, Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry enter the arena on a pair of ATV’s, both dressed in purple, gold and white LSU style letterman jackets, Matthews with the C on his and Horry with the H on his. Each is accompanied by one of LSU’s best and brightest cheerleaders, both of whom are decked out in their uniforms.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Angus:

Way to pander to the crowd, fags.

DDK:

Well, they are called “Cheap Heat” for a reason.

[As they reach the aisle way leading to the ring both of them stop the ATV’s, one on either side of the aisle, then dismount along with the ladies accompanying them and proceed to walk the aisle to the ring arm in arm with the ladies. The two ladies with them step behind each man and slowly remove the letterman jackets from each before proceeding back down the aisle.]

[Before Cheap Heat can even get into the ring, both The Gorillas and Moral Majority rush their corner with the Gorillas pairing off against Matthews, who gamely tries to fight back while moving away from one corner toward the one to it’s left, and Horry scrapping with both members of the Moral Majority in the same fashion to the corner to their right.]

DDK:

The bell hasn’t even rung and this show is already in chaos!

Angus:

It’s Panda-Leery-Uhm!

DDK:

And for good reason. The Gorillas will have an angry boss on their hands if they don’t come out of this with that title shot secured... And lets not forget, if the now former Moral Majority lose tonight, Virginia Quell has been told she’ll be banished!

Angus:

Good riddance! Gingers don’t have souls anyway, it’s not like she’ll feel anything.

[After a few moments, Vinny looks back from his corner at exactly the same moment as FDJ does, and the two seem to have the same thought, slinging both the members of Cheap Heat directly into each other. Matthews and Horry recover quickly enough to stop before crashing into each other, both giving each other a dap at center ring.]

DDK:

They had better pay attention...

Angus:

INCOMING!

[Hearing Angus, both point and yell "WATCH OUT!" as Tony Two Hands comes charging across the ring after being whipped across by Vinny, and Virginia Quell comes speeding across the ring in the same fashion from FDJ. Both Matthews and Horry duck and roll out of the way, causing the clotheslines that were meant for each of them to connect in a double fashion, sending Quell and Tony crashing to the mat in a heap.]

DDK:

You know, Angus, it's like they actually listen to what we're doing down here.

Angus:

It wouldn't any make sense if we weren't doing at least ten percent of the work for them.

[The bell rings and the referee directs Vinny to one corner, FDJ to another, and both members of Cheap Heat to their corner, leaving Tony and Virginia as the legal competitors. Tony gets to his feet first having taken considerably less impact and drags Quell to her feet before scooping her up and slamming her hard to the mat where he proceeds to put the boots to her chest to keep her down. Not satisfied there, Tony rushes towards the ropes, but as he does Ryan Matthews reaches out and tags himself in as Tony bounds off of them.]

DDK:

Matthews with the blind tag.

[Tony comes charging off only to have the referee get in his way, alerting him that he's been tagged out as Matthews comes flying in and cracks Tony with a dropkick to the back of the shoulders that sends him tumbling from the ring. After getting back to his feet and seeing that Quell has gotten back to hers albeit a little bit wobbly, Matthews shoves her back to his own corner and goes to work with a series of elbows to her head, then shoulders to the midsection.]

DDK:

Matthews absolutely smashing the close confidant of Bronson Box.

Angus:

Smashing? He's beating a soul into that crazy ginger.

[However, when he rears back with a fist meant to knock her into dreamland, Quell makes a quick move and jams her fingers into his eye sockets, causing him to clutch at his eyes and reel back away from her.]

DDK:

Virginia Quell with a bit of desperation there.

Angus:

Bitches and their claws, ameyeright?

[Using this as an opportunity to go on the offensive, Quell hits Ryan with a quick succession of European Uppercuts before planting a hard kick to the gut followed by coming off the ropes and smashing into Matthews skull with a Trembler Knee that drops Matthews to the mat in a heap. Not wasting any time, Quell jumps up and drops a knee to Matthews' head before going for a cover, but Matthews kicks out immediately after a one count.]

DDK:

Matthews with a fast kick out.

Angus:

Well, you know, it's early... He may be Double Crown at best, but he's not that bad.

[Determined, Quell grabs Matthews by his head and brings him to his feet before pushing him to the neutral corner. She then lights Matthews' chest up with a hard knife-edge chop, causing a WHOOO from the crowd. She then slams her hand into his chest yet again and another WHOOO erupts. She quickly switches tactics, hitting a snapmare out of the corner before hitting a dropkick to the back of Matthews' head as he sits up from the snapmare.]

DDK:

Amazingly, Quell has not only turned this around, but she's getting the better of a former WWA World Champion.

Angus:

Wasn't there some guy named Chilli who won that?

DDK:

Yes.

Angus:

How impressive can that possibly be?

DDK:

You do remember that the our boss, Eric Dane has won that title four times?

Angus:

Stop punching holes into my arguments with your facts, Keebs!

[Rather than go for the cover this time however, Quell decides to drag Matthews closer to her corner, then reach for the tag to FDJ, who slaps her hand, then climbs in over the top rope. Quell exits the ring as FDJ picks Matthews up off the canvas and lays a couple huge right hands into him before pushing him back to the near ropes and shooting him off before slingshotting himself toward Matthews, who manages to duck the oncoming clothesline and FDJ with it, who proceeds to rebound back until..]

SMACK***SMACK***

[The slap of a hand on the back of both Matthews and FDJ can be heard through the arena, Matthews has been blind tagged by Sam Horry and FDJ by Tony Two-Hands, and the two formerly legal men are ushered out of the ring by the official in charge, albeit with a major degree of protest by FDJ as Tony and Sam circle each other for a moment.]

DDK:

Talk about a contrast in styles, Horry is a very technically skilled fighter...

Angus:

While Tony Two Hands is the best muscle a midget mafioso can buy.

DDK:

Not exactly how I would have put it...

Angus:

That's what I'm here for.

[Tony is the first to "jump", rushing in quicker than Horry might have expected, Tony throws wild blows with forearms

and knees as Horry tries to cover up. Getting turned around, Horry takes a vicious clothesline to the back of the head that staggers him, allowing Tony to push him down against the ropes where he starts strangling him over the middle rope.]

Angus:

I tell ya, Keebs, them Eye-Tal-Yens and Blacks, they just can't get along, eh?

DDK:

.....

[The referee jumps in, giving Tony a five count to break the hold. A five count that Mr. Two Hands uses to his full advantage, all the while sporting a rather disturbing smirk, only breaking until the ref is on the verge of disqualifying him. Tony however doesn't let up for long, attacking with kicks and stomps to a groggy, Sam Horry. Pulling him up, Tony doubles Horry over and tries for his Pulling Piledriver, but Horry somehow sensing the danger fights being pulled up and eventually musters up the strength and back body drops his assailant.]

DDK:

Horry somehow having the presence of mind to escape.

Angus:

It's called, survival instinct, read a book.

[Tony pops back up and goes right for Horry who, in spite of the fact that he's still trying to shake the cobwebs, bursts forward with a power double that lifts and plants Tony on to his back.]

DDK:

Horry with a nice display of his amateur credentials.

Angus:

Oh no, is this going to end up being some of that boring Jew Jizz Sue?

DDK:

That's jiu-jitsu, try and expand your horizons.

Angus:

That's what I was doing before the show with the Champ.

[The two roll around the mat as they throw elbows, punches and headbutts, all the while Horry seemingly on auto-pilot as he tries to work his more sophisticated ground game on Tony. However, the Italian made-man manages to gain control and top position where he tries to once again choke the life out of Horry. The referee once again interjecting, but Horry manages to use this an opening, trapping one of Tony's arm and latches on with a triangle choke that Two-Hands tries to escape by flipping over which only surrenders top control to Horry.]

DDK:

Speaking of which, Horry using his array of martial-arts skills to turn the tables here.

Angus:

Yeah, and now he's looking to bring down the hammers.

[Having released the hold, Horry slides down into full mount and begins raining down furious elbows. Smartly, Tony manages to cover up well enough, but still catches a few of the hard shots until he manages to scoot near enough to clench a fist around one of the bottom ropes.lulz]

Angus: I was hoping he'd bust him open, but hey, do you think Tony bleeds marinara?

DDK:

■■■■■

Angus:

You know, Italian?

[After letting up on his assault a bit, Sam drags Tony to his feet and brings him to the ropes close to the corner where FDJ and Quell are impatiently waiting to get back into the match. He points a finger at both of them before going to whip Tony across the ring, only to get reversed and Irish whipped into the corner where Vinny is waiting. Tony, however, expecting Sam to rebound back a bit, moves into the corner where he suddenly is slapped on the back by Frank, at whom he turns and barks a bit before getting tossed out of the ring over the top rope by Frank.]

Angus:

Oh uh, Keebs, the big bastards are learning...

[At the same time, after hitting the corner, Sam gets tagged out by Vinny, who saw what FDJ did and mimicked the action, stepping in over the top rope. Sam is scooped up quickly by Vinny, who presses him overhead and chucks him to the outside.]

DDK:

It was only a matter of time before these behemoths got themselves involved.

[Quell, none too happy with the near miss, enters the ring and gets a huge head of steam behind her as she runs at Vinny. She attempts a high cross body but Vinny catches her with ease. Ryan Matthews, seeing an opportunity at a possible surprise attack, enters and runs the ropes and does the same to FDJ, who also catches him. By the time this has happened, Vinny has deposited Quell over the top rope on the far side onto Sam Horry. FDJ gets a good running start and returns the favor for his teammate by depositing Matthews squarely on the outside onto Tony Two Hands.]

RAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Big Vinny and Frank Dylan James are the only ones left in the ring.

Angus:

It's time for some... MONSTARBRAWL!

[Standing at opposite ends of the ring, Vinny and Frank take notice that the crowd is going bonkers for the inevitable showdown. Scanning the crowd, almost in awe for a moment, it's not until they lock eyes when they feel that surge of adrenaline kick in. Smiling, they don't bother to circle or try any sort of feeling out process.]

[They. Just. Attack!]

[illegible]

[Charging in, the two titans clash meet in the center of the ring and go nose to nose, while engaging in a verbal tirade until unleashing a flurry of bombs at each other.]

Angus:

YES! YES!! YES!!! YESS!11!!

[However!]

[On the outside, the four other participants, who were “peacefully” fighting amongst themselves on the outside stopped what they were doing when the crowd started going bananas. This brief pause, for whatever reason, reminded all four just who unceremoniously deposited them all out onto the floor.]

Angus:

What? NAAAAOOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!!

B0000000000000000000000000000000000!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The sudden disappointment from crowd being caused by the sudden interjection of Matthews and Tony slide into the ring and bum rush FDJ, while Virginia takes to the ropes and lands on Vinny's back while Sam does his best to further separate the two giants.]

Angus:

What the hell, man, they just ruined the best part of the match!

DDK:

Calm down, Angus, it's not like you've never seen big sweaty guys working each other over before.

Angus:

Don't project your "alternative" lifestyle on to me, fag.

[On one side Matthews and Tony Two Hands work over Frank Dylan James and on the other Horry and Quell do the same with Big Vinny. Matthews and Tony charge at Frank, toppling him over the top rope with a double clothesline. On the other side, Horry and Quell knock Vinny over after several hard kicks that end up sending him over the top as well... Neither side realizes as they step away that both monsters have landed on their feet on the outside...]

DDK:

Some unexpected teamwork from opposing sides.

Angus:

Damnit I wanted to see some big bastards brawling!

[With the giants FDJ and Big Vinny supposedly out of the picture, the momentary cooperation comes to a screeching halt when Cheap Heat starts to go to work on Tony Two Hands and Virginia Quell. Matthews pummels Tony in the corner with several hard elbows, meanwhile Horry is peppering Quell with a series of blows in the opposite corner. Matthews and Horry look back at each other before sending Tony and Quell into each other with stereo Irish whips. Quell however has the presence of mind to dodge Tony, but ends up eating a superkick from Matthews as Tony gets tossed with a belly to belly suplex from Horry.]

DDK:

Some excellent teamwork there from Matthews and Horry!

Angus:

Pssh... they ain't no Team Danger.

[Before Cheap Heat can revel in their success, they spy both Big Vinny and Frank Dylan James climbing up onto the apron from opposite sides of the ring. Horry flies at FDJ, scoring with a nice thrust kick to the chest while Matthews literally throws himself into Vinny to knock the largest man in DEFIANCE back down to the floor. With their backs turned, Quell and Tony both get back into the fight, blindsiding Matthews and Horry. With Quell now laying in some shots on Matthews and Horry getting the boots from Tony. On the outside however, two angry beasts stir once more.]

DDK:

Ooooh boy...

Angus:

They look pissed!

[Swinging a leg over the top ropes, both Vinny and Frank finally get back into the ring and beeline it to opposite sides. Frank going after Horry and Tony, while Vinny goes after Matthews and Quell. Grabbing a handful of Tony's hair and taking him by the seat of his pants, Frank effortlessly heaves him up and over the top rope and then begins to stomp a mudhole in Horry before booting him from the ring as well. On the other side, Vinny crashes into Quell, crushing her AND Matthews at the same time between himself and the corner before sweeping them both out of the ring with his giant right foot.]

DDK:

Eff Dee Jay and Big Vinny have just cleared the ring in less than 60 seconds and I don't think they realize they are the last two standing!

[With the fans wild cheering falling to a hush, the tension builds as Vinny and Frank back into each other, startling the other as they both rear back. Frank hollers something incoherent about Meatballs and Faggots before the two monsters rush at each other.]

Angus:

HOSS FYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYTE!!

[As if on cue, Frank cocks back his right hand and throws a fist that connects hard with the side of Vinny's jaw, which staggers Vinny, who shakes out his head for a moment before repeating the action back in Frank's direction. Frank staggers back a couple steps before touching the tender spot on his jaw and at that moment the switch seems to flip and the two begin trading thunderous haymakers to the delight of the crowd.]

Angus:

WHOOOO MONNNNNNNNSTAAAAAARBRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAWWLLLL!!!!!!

[The action continues outside the ring, where Matthews momentarily shakes off Tony by running the two of them headlong into the ring steps but Matthews going up and over at the last second and landing on his feet after a tuck roll on the other side. He sees what's going on in the ring and slowly sneaks around to one of the corners and gets up on the apron, keeping a kneeling stance for a moment and grabbing the tag rope so as not to get knocked off the apron.]

DDK:

I'm amazed it took this long for everything to get out of hand.

Angus:

ITS PANDA-LEERY-UHM!!

DDK:

YOU SAID THAT ALREADY!

[Just then, on the far side of the ring, Frank presses Vinny back to the ropes and slings him off to the same side Matthews is on, resulting in a quick hot tag as Vinny bounds off the ropes back into a clothesline from Frank, who, after seeing Vinny crash to the mat, goes for a quick cover.]

1.....2.....SAVED BY Tony!

[Miraculously Tony Two-Hands made it back to his feet and shook off the cobwebs fast enough to get into the ring and drop an elbow on the back of Frank's head and break up the count.]

DDK:

Tony Two-Hands with a big save there.

Angus:

Yeah, but something tells me that Ol' Frank ain't gonna let that slide.

[Frank slowly gets back to his feet and stalks after Tony, grabbing him around the throat and pressing him back up against the ropes. As he does this, Vinny makes his way back to his feet and comes up behind Frank, dumping him over the top rope, saving Tony in the process.]

Angus:

WINNAH! WINNAH! VINNY IS THE LAST MAN STANDING!!

DDK:

You idiot, this isn't a battle royal!

[Virginia Quell, who somehow found her way back into the ring, sneaks up behind Vinny and splits the uprights with a groan inducing low blow that brings the enormous Italian to his knees as Vinny crumples to the ground.]

Angus:

That frakkin' ginger!

[Proud of her work, Quell isn't given much time to celebrate when Tony Two Hands grabs her by the hair and sends her flying over the top rope. However, when Tony turns around he is met by a hard clothesline by Ryan Matthews, who was lying in wait, sending him over the top rope as well. Matthews turns around to see Horry on the far side of the now-recovering Vinny, and the two men nod to each other as if signalling something...]

DDK:

Matthews and Horry are sizing Vinny up for something.

Angus:

A new set of testicles? He might need 'em after what just happened to him.

[Indeed, as a wobbly and wincing Vinny finally reaches his feet, he's quickly taken off of them in quick, devastating fashion by Matthews sweeping his feet from under him while Horry connects with a spinning heel kick to the face.]

DDK:

TOTAL!

Angus:

ELIMINATION!

Angus:

TOTAL!

DDK:

ELIMINATION!

[The resulting combo impact dumps Vinny on the back of his head and neck with enough concussive force to render him helpless momentarily. Matthews, whom the ref signals is the legal man due to the earlier tag, goes for the cover and hooks the leg as Horry watches for any possible break up attempts...]

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Matthews and Horry bail from the ring as to avoid any further drama from FDJ and Quell who rush into the ring as "Stroke Me" begins to play again. While Matthews and Horry make their way up the aisle they proceed to commence with their celebration. Meanwhile, the angry, dejected, and worried faces of their opponents tells the tale of their dismal futures. Especially in the case of Virginia Quell who realizes that she very likely in a bad way with Bronson Box.]

DDK:

What a way to open the show! Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry have just busted open the trios division for HNB here tonight, winning a shot at whoever wins tonight between Tre Brujas and the Philosopher Kings.

Angus:

Yeah, but do you see the looks on the faces of The Gorillas? They gon' have some 'splainin' to do when they get back to their boss when they get done limping their asses to the back, especially if he doesn't make good in the main event. And what about Quell, Box gave her an ultimatum, win or you're outta here, I say good riddance... 'cause gingers ain't got souls.

DDK:

Yeah, you've mentioned that...

Consequences

[Virginia Quell and Frank Dylan James are about to gloomily exit the ring when the man in black rumbles out of the arenas PA system. Already dressed for battle Bronson Box emerges and marches down the ramp with a purpose. He stomps up each step like it owes him money, his presence pushing his two Moral Majority minions back into the ring.

Once in the ring Bronson takes a few beats to pace across the ring, gather his thoughts and give the pair a good eyeballing.] **Angus:** If you get off to watchin' hot reds cry, get yer' lotion and tissues primed boys because Bronson's gunna' make THAT bitch do just that in just about a minute. **DDK:** The Moral Majority has been disbanded. Bronson warned Quell and FDJ "win or else." **Angus:** We're about to see "or else." [Bronson's striped singlet is sporting DEFIANCE black and red, his black entrance robe flying a red DEF logo on the back. The black shirted DEFIANCE faithful contingent of the massive Mercedes-Benz Superdome crowd cheer and chant for The Wargod amongst the sea of fans shaking the rafters booing the former World Champion.] [A headset at ringside hands Bronson a microphone.] **Box:** I told ye' both. Plain and simple English I said no more coastin'... no more Moral Majority. You win and join me in my efforts with Edward White to CLEANSE this company of the weak... or lose and join them in being cleansed. [He turns towards Frank Dylan James first. Bronson looks up into the nearly foot taller grapplers face, Frank not flinching an inch. The stony silence is cut when Bronson finally brings the microphone back to his lips.] **Box:** Backstage with you Francis. Find Edward and help him with his bags. It's all you're good for, after all. [Frank holds his ground for a moment. Bronson says something off mic that visibly shakes The Mastadon. FDJ exits the ring and heads begrudgingly up the ramp disappearing backstage. Bronson watches Frank leave with his back to his companion Virginia Quell. Bronson waits a few moments before leaning on the ropes and bringing the microphone to his lips.] **Box:** When I left my father's "care" at the age of fifteen and made my way south to London on an old bus that smelled of piss and loneliness I left with my head held very low. It was a dark, dark time in my past that I've tried very hard to make as fuzzy as possible being dropped on my head for a bloody living yet to no avail. Literally hours after setting foot to London pavement I met a girl, seventeen she was. Older woman... you know how it is, boys. Older woman, long... beautiful red hair. [Bronson turns to face Virginia.] **Box:** You were there for me, Virginia. You pushed me to stand up for myself. I fell for ye' hard, lass. So by the time you handed me a shotgun and said "lets rob this store Hollis dear" I did just that and you left me to rot in prison for several years. I don't see you the entire time and your excuse is "you just couldn't bare to see me behind bars." And still I forgive, I hear of you wrestling in my footsteps back home, I bring you into my world again. [He steps forward and leans in.] **Box:** I thought I saw something in you. But I was wrong. You've been an endless source of disappointment since I brought you into this company. I gave you a chance tonight to PROVE to me that you belong with the elite. You showed me you're nothing but a pathetic, weak little girl. What I saw in you when I was a boy was obviously just an illusion. Me needing someone, something to believe in. Well, I've got the good Lord now dear. I've come to my senses. [Tears are streaming down Virginia's face.] [Boxer shakes his head contemptuously.] **DDK:** I'm a... this is a little uncomfortable. **Angus:** Shouldn't have lost the damn match, simple as that. [Box sneers right in Virginia's face.] **Box:** You're excommunicated. You and I are done. You're still employed by the company so go, go find your own way. Go join the second rate midcard rabble. Go sleaze around with Chance Von Crank and Seth Stratton. Because I'm bloody done with ye' lass. [Bronson drops the microphone with a thud. He backs up to the ropes and hops through to ringside. About halfway up the ramp he turns his back, disappearing backstage. Shaking with mascara running down her face Virginia Quell slowly makes her way through the unnerved crowd backstage herself.] **Angus:** Well that was fuckin' awkward. **DDK:** An uncomfortable scene between Bronson Box and his FORMER companion, Virginia Quell. **Angus:** Loopy broad deserved every word. Do what your man TELLS you, yo. **DDK:** Really?

THE FRIDGE w/ Curtis Penn

[Standing in the ring is Curtis Penn and he has been waiting, waiting long enough that he is leaning over the ropes chastising the time keeper and ring announcer. Finally, the somehow come up with a microphone and he snatches it roughly out of the ring announcer's hand.]

[Penn walks over to the center and taps on the microphone.]

TAP... TAP... TAP.

Penn:

Just making sure it's on; by the way things are moving around here it would be very likely that the audio wouldn't be set up on time for my interview.

[He casts a glance towards the ring entrance waiting on the host for the show, Jeremiah Rainwood.]

Penn:

So, this guy has the balls to waste my time. The fuck is he anyway? The shit calls me up on my private number, how the hell he got the number I dunno, and begs me to be the first interview on his show. Of course I oblige him, figured a lil' veteran rub would help out his cause. But if this is how he treats his guests....

[Burnin' up by Seasick Steve hits the speakers to the sound of a small pop by the gathered fans in the Superdome.]

[After leaving a pregnant pause finally Rainwood walks out down the entrance ramp, slung over one shoulder are two blue deck chairs, each with "THE FRIDGE" haphazardly spray painted in white on the back, over the other a blue cooler bag filled to the brim with an assortment of bottles.]

[In no rush to get to Penn and start the interview, Rainwood took his usual relaxed approach to his ringside walk, even tossing a beer to an over excited fan. After taking a good two minutes to get to ringside he tossed the chairs and cooler into the ring before slowly hoisting himself into the ring and setting them up. Finally with Penn staring in slight disbelief Rainwood grabbed a microphone and rolled into one of the chairs motioning for Penn to do the same]

Penn:

Sit ... in this?

[Penn walks around the chair, shakes it a bit, and it nearly falls apart.]

Penn:

Nah, I think I'll stand.

Rainwood:

Fine by me Curtis, want a beverage. Its mainly what I raided from backstage a couple of minutes ago but there's a decent selection in there.

[Curtis calmly shakes his head]

Rainwood:

No, O.k. then first question, Curt... can I call you Curt?

[Curtis gives a harmless grin.]

Penn:

No, Jerry you cannot.

[He drops the microphone from his lips.]

Rainwood:

Right, first question; Curtis, now that we got all that out the way, I'd like to thank you for being the first ever guest on The Fridge.

Penn:

You're welcome.

Rainwood:

Seems that you've been doing a lot of interviews recently, how come?

[Penn turns his head towards the crowd, tilts his chin towards his chest, and speaks.]

Penn:

You had me waiting out here for almost fifteen minutes and the first question you ask me is why I'm doing these interviews. Well, Jerry...I've been doing interviews since the first day I've laced up a pair of boots. The better question would be why has my interviews been taking off over the last few weeks? And that reason would be because, unlike you, I'm entertaining. I say what's on my mind and I'm no longer held down by a manager whose sole purpose was to put him over.

[Jeremiah nods.]

Rainwood:

I see... What I get from that is your PR is really sucky without your manager so you're speaking to any Tom, Dick, or Harry in order to get the word out. Or is it that you like the sound of your own voice Penn?

[Penn gives a smirk.]

Penn:

Well it does have this bassy sexy type thing going on... so yeah I like the sound of my own voice. But, the real reason would be that I just can't handle stupid and well everyone else in the Southern Heritage Title picture walks around with a bucket full of stupid. It really perturbs me that Dane stopped scouting talent and will now offer anyone a contract.

[Penn eyeballs Rainwood trying to make the connection between his comments and the host.]

Rainwood:

Oh those comments remind me, thank you for such a fine introduction to Defiance wrestling at the top of the segment, that really was as sweet as apple pie, see I've had a few welcomes when I got here to defiance but the fact you took an entire promo to welcome me that was so kind.

[Pause for effect.]

Penn:

Yeah, I thought I was working with someone who knew how to tell time, but you know as I said... bucket full of stupid.

[Things seem to be getting tense in the ring between the host and Curtis.]

Rainwood:

How does it feel to be a massive coward?

[Curtis is taken back by the accusation.]

Penn:

Coward?

[Penn's open hand clinches into a fist.]

Rainwood:

Yeah a massive coward, leaving Jamie to have the shit kicked out of him, sound familiar?

Penn:

That's called strategy and it's called making a fucking point. The shit didn't listen to me, he wanted to try and show me up, so I let the tard have it. Tucker and Alston get there last shot at the So Her Title and I get to make everyone's life in the So Her division hell. It's a win for me in the end any way it shakes out.

Rainwood:

That's why you're teaming with CVC right, oh sorry helping him retain the title as he's the easiest opposition, cough, cough, sorry something in my throat.

But that's why you're going to help him out, because you're both scared of Tucker and Alston.

[Curtis gnaws on his lower lip trying to make it through the interview without beaming the host.]

Penn:

That's the second time you've insinuated that I was a cowards, most people don't get a chance for a third. As far as the Chance thing goes, I've seen arrogance, cocky, and vulgar. I teamed with Pete Whealdon for shit's sake. And he disgusts me, he's done nothing with that title, I could help out Tucker or Turner, but they've had chance after chance to beat Chance and they could not pull it off. I'm done helping the weak get over in this business. If you can't do it on your own from now on fuck off.

Rainwood:

Hmmm, interesting Penny, now see before we continue with the show, I think it's time we bring out my next guest!

Penn:

You said this would be an exclusive Rainwood, what kind of crap you are trying to pull here?

Rainwood:

Well I thought it wouldn't be fair if I didn't invite the other member of our little party tonight, be a partisan host and all that. Jeremiah Rainwood is not a taker of favourites, unlike some in this ring.

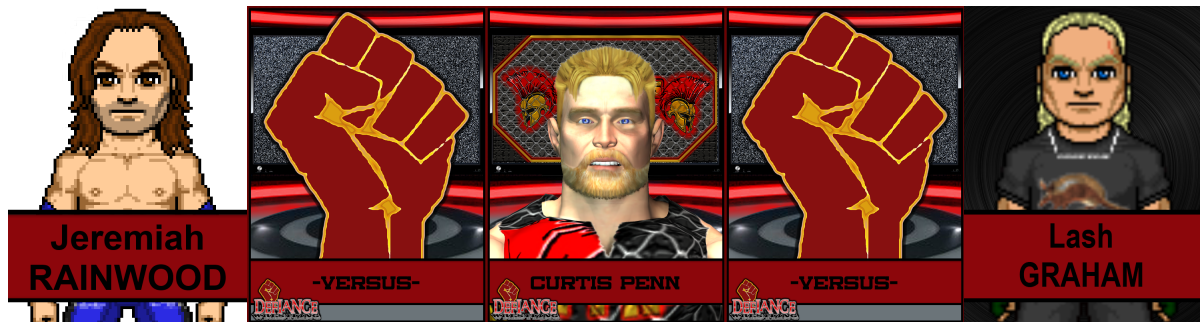
[Rainwood shoots a cheeky glance]

Rainwood:

So without further-a-do, the other member of our little triple threat and a far better talker than Mr. Penn here. LASH GRAHAM!!

[The first note of Graham's entrance music had barely left the speakers before Penn had starting raining blows down on Jeremiah's skull, the suggestion that Lash was a better public speaker had been the straw that broke the mouthpieces back. The reinforced security for once did their job and separated the pair and dragged them to separate corners as Lash looked on from the top of the ramp. As they cleared the ring for the upcoming match, Jeremiah smirked cockily at the success of his first show.]

Curtis Penn vs Lash Graham vs Jeremiah Rainwood



Quimbey:

The following contest is a three way dance! It is set for one fall, with no time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Memphis, Tennessee, and weighing in at 208 lbs! The Laid Back Legend! Jeremiah! RAAIIINNWOOD! His opponent! Hailing from Pensacola, Florida, and weighing in at 215 lbs! He is The Mouthpiece! CURTIS! PENNNNN!!!! Hailing from New Bedford, Massachusetts, and weighing in at 230 lbs! LASH! GRAAAAAHAM!

♪ It's time to put on music ♪
 ♪ It's time to light the light ♪
 ♪ It's time to meet the muppets ♪
 ♪ On the muppet show tonight ♪

Angus:

I'm sorry. I know the kid's special, and that he's pretty good in the ring, but how in fuck's hell did that not get vetoed by anyone?

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

DDK:

Do you have a favorite, Angus?

Angus:

Cancer Jiles.

DDK:

I meant in this match.

Angus:

Oh, then... no.

Ding Ding Ding

DDK:

The bell sounds and we're underway!

[Lash Graham sets his armadillo down in his corner and turns to charge at Curtis Penn. Penn doesn't have much time to react, but manages to elevate Lash over the top rope and Lash lands on the apron. Lash grabs Penn by the arm and spins him around, ducks a right hand from Penn and lands a shoulder tackle to the midsection. Lash flips his way into the ring, rolling over Penn's back and straightens up right into a European uppercut from Jeremiah that knocks him to the mat.]

[Rainwood doesn't follow up however, instead he takes step back and leans against the ropes, inviting Curtis Penn to grab a hold of the downed Lash Graham. Penn does so and pulls Lash to his feet before throwing him into the corner of the ring. Penn lands a few knees and a few kicks to the midsection of Graham, constantly looking over his shoulder at Rainwood, who is now sat on the middle rope.]

DDK:

Rainwood just seems to be watching what's going on in the corner, and it seems to be confusing Penn.

Angus:

Curtis is a fight, Keebs. If Rainwood were backing off or trying to keep some distance he'd understand, but simply sitting back and doing nothing? That's unorthodox to the max.

[Penn takes a little too long to evaluate what Rainwood is doing and turns into a straight kick to the midsection from Graham. Penn retaliates with a right but Lash lifts another kick, then another. Using the ropes Lash lifts himself up and onto the second rope, where he jumps off, flips over Penn, slides down the back and rolls him up in a sunset flip!]

[ONE!]

[T- Jeremiah Rainwood leaves his place on the ropes and delivers a nonchalant stomp to Graham, breaking up the pin.]

DDK:

Finally Rainwood does something, but he's going to need to do a lot more if he wants that shot at the Southern Heritage championship.

[Jeremiah reaches down and grabs Lash to pull him to his feet. Curtis Penn meanwhile has rolled over and gotten back to his. Rainwood locks in a three-quarter facelock, but he can't hold it for long as Penn drives a knee into his wide open side. Penn wraps his arms in a waistlock and takes Rainwood down with a belly to back slam. He floats over and locks in a front face lock, but Rainwood pushes up to his knees in an attempt to relieve as much pressure as he can.]

Angus:

Rainwood's attitude might mean he's light on the offence, but it also means he can stay cool, calm and collected when faced with a world class mat grappler like Curtis Penn.

[Penn seems quite happy to just hold Rainwood for the time being and wear him down slightly, but that's brought to a swift end as Lash Graham hits a springboard moonsault, crashing down across the upper bodies of both men!]

DDK:

Rainwood's larynx could be crushed!

[Jeremiah does indeed roll from the mass of bodies holding his throat, coughing and spluttering, but he insists to the referee that he's fine. Graham meanwhile pulls Penn up off the mat and pushes him back into the ropes. Lash hits the other side, comes back, slides between Penn's legs and grabs his ankles as he goes, tripping him and forcing his face to collide with the mat. Lash hops up onto the apron and climbs to the top rope, but his legs are pushed out from under him but a charging Jeremiah Rainwood.]

DDK:

I've got no idea what Graham was going for there, but I'm sure Curtis Penn is grateful that Jeremiah Rainwood is around.

[Still holding his throat Rainwood ignores the crotched Graham on the top rope and heads for Penn, who's crawled away from the ropes and back into the middle of the ring. Jeremiah lands a headbutt into the small of Penn's back and follows up with a European uppercut. Rainwood grabs Penn by the neck and shorts and sends him into the corner where Lash Graham is still perched, only Penn goes through the ropes and collides shoulder first with the ring post!]

[Jeremiah climbs over Penn and stands on his back as he's still draped over the second turnbuckle and lands and right hand to Lash Graham. Still using Penn's back as a platform Rainwood hooks Lash up for a suplex and takes him over and down to the canvas!]

Angus:

Rainwood might be laid back, but he's not stupid. That superplex must have put over 400lbs of weight on the spine of Curtis Penn.

[Rainwood rolls over and covers Graham!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR- Lash gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

A nearfall off of the superplex and Jeremiah Rainwood looks to be in control now.

[Rainwood slowly peels Lash off of the mat and hooks both arms behind his back. He looks to hit the hook and ladder, but Curtis Penn comes in from behind with a chop block! Lash tumbles away as Penn lands a kick to Rainwood's midsection, then chest, then shoulders, then finally head. Jeremiah's almost out, but he doesn't go down, so Penn locks in a front face lock again and drives him into the mat with a DDT.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn is getting pumped!

[Penn pulls Rainwood up and waistlocks him, he lifts Jeremiah for a German suplex, but Lash Graham runs in and takes both men down with a cross body. Only Rainwood stays down for long as Lash and Penn both get to their feet. Penn throws a right but Lash ducks it and nails a rolling kick that catches Curtis on the chin. Penn stumbles enough for Lash to get back to his feet, hammerlock Penn's arm and take him over with a northern lights suplex! Lash sticks the landing for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Curtis Penn kicks out!]

DDK:

This time Lash Graham almost gets the near fall!

Angus:

I'd say that hammerlock was more of a help to Penn than a hinderance. I don't think Graham could get the leverage he needed to keep the shoulders down.

[Lash gets back to his feet and stomps on Penn to keep him down before heading for the top rope. Lash steadies himself and launches himself with a flip, but he hits nothing but Canvas as Penn rolls out of the way of the senton. Penn quickly gets to his feet and locks a waistlock around Lash before German suplexing the shit out of him!]

[And again!]

[And a third!]

[Penn pulls Graham up and looks for a fourth suplex, but Jeremiah Rainwood runs in with the interrupt. Penn spots him coming though and discards Graham to the side. Penn sticks out a foot and connects with Rainwood's midsection, giving him enough time to hook Rainwood up and take him over with a snap suplex!]

[And another!]

[And a third!]

[illegible]

DDK:

These fans are on their feet! Curtis Penn is a suplex machine!

Angus:

It's been done.

[Rainwood rolls away after the third snap suplex and drops to the outside, leaving Penn in the ring with Lash Graham, who has just started to get to his feet after the Germans. Penn closes in quickly and grabs Lash's arm, he wrenches it before using it to control Graham down to the mat where he tries to lock in a kimura!]

DDK:

Penn's looking to finish this in the middle of the ring! Graham's fighting it, but I don't see how he can beat it!

[After a few seconds of struggling Graham succumbs and Penn sinks the Kimura in deep. Lash's hand hovers above the mat, almost lowering on more than one occasion, but he keeps fighting! After a few more agonizing moments Lash is saved as Jeremiah Rainwood throws himself into the pile and lands an axehandle across Penn's back!]

DDK:

Rainwood with the save! This thing is still going on!

[Jeremiah back off from Penn, who gets to his feet and looks at Rainwood with fire in his eyes. Penn charges in and looks for a double leg take down, but Rainwood steps back, lifts a knee and connects with Penn's chin. Curtis tries to get to his feet but he's on spaghetti legs after the knee, and can't defend himself against a step up enziguri from Rainwood!]

Angus:

Like I said, his laid back nature really helps keep him composed for those counter opportunitites. It's a good attitude to have.

[Rainwood spots Lash Graham getting to his feet out of the corner of his eye and opts not to cover Penn.]

DDK:

What's he doing?

Angus:

Oh, I wasn't finished. If he wasn't so laid back he'd know he needs to get on Graham or Penn or anyone right now! It's a shitty attitude to have.

[Rainwood simply saunters over to his corner and sits himself on the top rope, waiting for Graham to get to his feet. As soon as he does though Rainwood hops down and charges in, taking Graham down with a clothesline. Lash almost bounces back up to his feet though and gets taken down again as Rainwood comes in with another clothesline!]

Angus:

Everybody hit three moves!

[Rainwood reclines against the top rope and salutes the fans before coming in with another clothesline, but Lash ducks it, hops up behind Rainwood and hooks his legs around the other arm with the crucifix!]

DDK:

Lash Graham looking for the finish!

Angus:

Too laid back, Keebs! Too laid back!

[Rainwood fights being taken by the Crucifix, but he can't stay on his feet for long as Curtis Penn comes charging in!]

DDK:

YOUR FACE IS FUCKED!

Angus:

Holy shit, where did that come from! Curtis Penn comes in with that knee out of fucking nowhere!

[Penn even caught a little of Lash Graham as he followed through with the Busaiku Knee which breaks up the Crucifix before they all hit the floor in a pile. Penn pulls Lash up and throws him through the ropes before turning back to Rainwood.]

DDK:

Rainwood took the entire force of that knee, he's out!

[That doesn't stop Penn though, who grabs a hold of Rainwood and locks in a rear naked choke! The referee drops down in front of Rainwood, waves his hand in front of his face and immediately calls for the bell!]

Ding Ding Ding

Quimbey:

Here is your winner and the NEEWWWWWWWWWW number one contender for the Southern Heritage championship...

CURTIS PEEENNNNNNNNNN!

DDK:

The ref had no choice there. If he'd let the Rear Naked Choke continue Jeremiah Rainwood could have been in serious trouble.

Angus:

Looks like he's already in serious trouble, Keebs. We've got the medics on their way out.

[Curtis Penn exits the ring as the medics slide in and walks his way up the ramp, celebrating all the way.]

DDK:

It looks like Rainwood is moving, but the medics aren't letting him go anywhere.

Angus:

If I had to guess at anything I'd say he's got a concussion after that knee. Did you see the force behind it?

DDK:

Lash Graham only took a glancing blow, but he's only just headed backstage.

Angus:

He looks ok though... Well, ok for him anyway. I don't think it's possible to scramble his brains anymore than they

already are.

[Jeremiah Rainwood sits up in the ring to applause from the crowd. He rolls out of the ring and, albeit with help from the medics, walks to the back.]

I didn't want your help

[We cut to the backstage.]

[Kai Scott is ~walking~!]

[It's almost funny to see Kai Scott standing alone, walking on his own two feet, even if he's still got that stupid crutch he's demonstrated over and over and over again he doesn't actually need tucked under his arm.]

[And just before you get a chance to laugh, Heidi Christenson comes flying in from somewhere offscreen with a thrust kick right into the breadbasket.]

[The crutch goes flying out of his grip and Scott collapses to his hands and knees, and so Heidi kicks him in the ribs as hard as she can, knocking him over on his back.]

Heidi Christenson:

What the fuck made you think I wanted your help?!

[The Sexy Submission Siren grabs Scott by the head and neck, half picking him up then pinning him to the back of a nearby footlocker, back bent at an angle.]

Heidi:

What the fuck business is it of yours if I hurt Sawyer or not? HE WAS MINE TO TORTURE AS I SAW FIT! AND YOU FUCKING RUINED EVERYTHING!

[Scott is flung away from the footlocker and lands face down on the floor. He's smart. Instead of trying to fight back or run, he curls up into a ball to protect himself.]

[Heidi drives two more kicks into his prone, turtled form.]

Heidi:

After I get done pulling Eric's limbs off his body, I'm coming after you, you fucking coward.

[With one last kick at the Ace of Heels, Heidi storms off down the hall, fury and psychoses following her.]

[Scott raises his head to see if the coast is clear, groans, and drags himself over to the footlocker.]

Eugene Dewey vs Seth Stratton

[We cut back to the announce desk with Darren Keebler and Agnus Skaaland.]

DDK:

Kai Scott looking like he's already working with a physical deficit tonight! What, if anything will stop Heidi Christenson?

Angus:

Eric fuckin' Dane, that's what.

DDK:

Up next we've got an intense grudge rematch between two guys who couldn't possibly be more opposite. On one hand, you-

[He's interrupted by a hearty sneeze from Angus.]

DDK:

Bless you.

Angus:

Fuck off.

DDK:

Wow.



[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.]

Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring... from Atherton, California... Seth! Straaaattttttttton!

B00000000000000000000000000000000

DDK:

The crowd isn't too sweet on "The Sultan of Sweet" tonight, eh partner?

Angus:

Sharp as a tack, you are.

Quimbey:

And his opponent...

[The Mjolnir Mix of the Halo 2 Theme Song hits and the fans quickly change their tune. Eugene 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.]

Quimbey:

Hailing from Buffalo, Wyoming... EUGENE DEEEEEWWWWEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Angus:

That dude is awkward as a cow on a crutch.

DDK:

Maybe so, but Eugene has truly been blossoming into a fantastic competitor since training with Faces of Death. His focus and physical condition have improved 200%.

Angus:

Now if only they could do something about his acne.

[Dewey waits patiently in his corner as Stratton eggs him on from the other side of the ring.]

DDK:

It looks like Stratton is trying to goad Eugene into a preemptive attack here, and the big guy's having none of it.

DING DING DING!

[With the match now officially underway, Eugene suddenly charges out of his corner like a bull, taking Stratton by surprise with a huge clothesline. Eugene wastes no time following up with a flurry of standing stomps, forcing Stratton to retreat under the bottom rope and out of the ring.]

DDK:

Woah! A terrific display of both patience and intensity from Dewey to overwhelm Stratton right out of the gate here, and the crowd is loving it!

[Referee "Buffalo" Brian Slater immediately starts a ten count as Stratton circles around the outside of the ring, jeering at the fans and doing his best to reenter the ring at the greatest possible distance from Dewey. He finally slithers back in under the bottom rope and scrambles to his feet just in time to duck a huge haymaker from Eugene. However, he can't avoid the side kick that comes next. Eugene grabs a staggering Stratton and hoists him up and over for a nicely executed vertical suplex.]

DDK:

Dewey is all business tonight, folks!

Angus:

Yeah, it's like he came into this match on star power.

DDK:

Is that some kind of drug?

Angus:

What? No! It's like a... god damnit, Keebs, play a fucking video game sometime.

[Eugene lands an elbow drop and stays onboard for the cover.]

1...

DDK:

Kick out! It's going to take more than that.

Angus:

Hey, don't underestimate the displeasure of any part of Eugene falling on you. That must've been awful.

[Stratton is slow to get back to his feet and Eugene grabs a fistful of the smaller man's hair to accelerate the process. However, he plays right into Stratton's ploy and falls victim to a nasty eye rake. Eugene steps back, clutching his face in pain as the Brian Slater gets in Seth Stratton's face to issue an angry warning.]

DDK:

Plenty of interesting history between Stratton and "Buffalo" Brian Slater, folks. Slater has every right to hate him after Stratton tricked him and locked him in a closet while Slater was watching Stratton on a security assignment from Dane.

Angus:

Think he'll call the match straight?

DDK:

Absolutely.

[Stratton brushes Slater aside and pursues Eugene with a rapid series of chest slaps before sending him to the ropes with an Irish Whip. As Eugene comes back, Stratton fakes like he's going to strike high with a clothesline, but drops down at the last second to deliver a brutal kick to Eugene's knee cap. Dewey clutches his leg and goes down hard.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton with the upper hand now, slowing things down and slapping on a cross leglock. Smart bit of wrestling following that kick to the knee, it looks like he's trying to take Dewey's right leg out of the equation.

[The fans rally behind Eugene as he tries to fight his way to the ropes, face screwed up in silent pain. Brian Slater glides in to check for a submission and doesn't get one. Stratton hurls a slew of indecipherable insults at his opponent as he continues to power his way to the side of the ring.]

DDK:

And... Eugene's got the bottom rope!

Angus:

But the sonofabitch ain't letting go!

[Slater hollers at Stratton to break the hold as Dewey clutches the bottom rope in agony. He begins a quick count and Stratton finally releases at 4.]

DDK:

Stratton now taking a chance to showboat for the fans instead of following up.

Angus:

Very rarely a good idea.

DDK:

Very rarely.

Angus:

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I not *emphasize* it enough for you the first time?

[Sure enough, by the time Stratton turns his attention back to Eugene, he's made his way back to his feet. Despite hobbling a bit, Eugene gets the upper hand in a quick exchange of punches and uses his size advantage to throw

Stratton into the corner. Stratton bounces off the turnbuckle post and stumbles involuntarily back toward Eugene, who scoops him up and drops him hard with a sidewalk slam.]

DDK:

Dewey showing some power there with a ring-shaking sidewalk slam!

Angus:

Please. Everything that fatty mcfatterson does is ring-shaking.

DDK:

He's really not fat anymore, Eugene's been looking great since-

Angus:

He's Fatman, he drove here from the Fatcave in his Fatmobile with a utility belt full of Fatterangs.

DDK:

...you done?

Angus:

He is The Mad Fatter. Fatatouille.

DDK:

Ok.

[Eugene has a groggy Seth Stratton back on his feet and reeling from a nasty chop to the throat. He moves to grab Stratton for a DDT, but The Sultan of Sweet stomps on Dewey's foot and lands a quick dropkick to his bad leg. Eugene stays on his feet, clutching his leg in pain as Stratton once again scrambles to put some distance between the two of them.]

DDK:

While it's hard to find any good things to say about Stratton in terms of morals or character, he does have impeccable survival instincts.

Angus:

He's a chicken shit pain in the ass, is what you're saying.

DDK:

Yes. Albeit an effective one.

[The fans boo as Stratton dances in and out of Eugene's reach, taking advantage of his opponent's limited mobility due to the pain in his leg. Stratton waits for Eugene to swing just a little too far before ducking under the punch, getting behind Eugene, and taking the big guy down with a bulldog. He immediately pounces on Eugene and goes for the pin.]

1...

2...

DDK:

Ha! Stratton was using the ropes for an illegal leverage and Brian Slater caught him mid-count!

[Slater angrily reprimands Stratton, who of course feigns complete innocence and screams back at "Buffalo" Brian for not finishing the count. Disgusted, he finally turns back to Eugene and brings him to his feet to set up a piledriver. However, Dewey uses the position to his advantage, wrapping his arms around one of Stratton's legs and tackling forward, bringing them both crashing to the mat in a heap.]

DDK:

Eugene's raining a hellish flurry of punches down on Stratton's face and chest! Stratton just trying to cover up!

Angus:

Beast mode activated.

[After pummeling Stratton for another twenty seconds, Eugene hoists him back to his feet and sends him to the ropes. He catches him on the way back with a huge back body drop. Stratton hits the mat so hard that he bounces back to his feet, stumbling and staggering. He regains his balance and turns to face Eugene just in time for...]

Eugene:

SHORYUUUUKEN!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Angus:

Lights out!

[Eugene catches Stratton square in the jaw with his famed twisting uppercut and the crafty former tennis player soars back and hits the mat with a graceless thud. Eugene limps quickly to where his opponent landed and falls on top of him for the pin.]

1...

2...

3!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And that's all she wrote, folks! Eugene Dewey picks up a big win here at Ascension!

Quimbey:

Your winner by pinfall... EUGENE! DEEEWWWWWWEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[The Halo 2 theme pumps through the arena once again as Dewey climbs to his feet and has his hand hoisted in victory by a smug looking "Buffalo" Brian Slater.]

Angus:

Welp, Slater is as happy about the results of this one as the fans are.

DDK:

Indeed, partner! Stratton tried every shortcut and trick he could muster, but in the end, it was Eugene Dewey who pulled out a well deserved win. This should give him a lot of momentum leading into the coming weeks here in Defiance!

Angus:

Yeah, if we can find anywhere to do shows after this.

DDK:

Granted.

[Eugene rolls out under the bottom rope and, despite the pain in his leg, makes his way back up the entrance ramp unassisted. The nearby fans reach out and pat him on the back as he goes.]

DDK:

Stay tuned, folks! Plenty more action on the way, including a three way showdown for the Southern Heritage title coming up next!

Howdy y'all!

[We cut backstage.] [Sam Turner Jr. has exited his locker room. His trademark green John Deere hat clung tightly to his oversized head. Just as he rounded the corner he bumped into Lance Warner as he raced around the corner looking for a scoop yo eat up.] **STJ:** Oopsie, sorry bout 'at Mr. Lance, I ain't hurt'cha did I? [Lance shook his head no.] **Lance:** No, no, no Sam, I'm fine. I was just trying to get back to Chance Von Crank before your match. [Sam shrugged his shoulder.] **STJ:** Umm okay, good luck Lance. [Sam passed by Lance heading to catering to get a cold drink. However a gleam in Lance's eye could be about to stop that.] **Lance:** Whoa, whoa, whoa...Sam! [Sam stopped dead in his tracks and spun around towards Lance's direction.] **Sam:** Yea Lance. [Lance motioned for the cameraman to roll.] **Lance:** Hello again, Lance Warner and standing here is my guest, he's the man of few words, is's "The Redneck Wrecker" Sam Turner Jr., who will be going up against the Souther Heritage Champion Chance Von Crank and Tucker G. Alston in just a few minutes. [Lance turned to Sam.] Sam, how do you feel about tonights match, are you ready? [Sam inhaled deeply then exhaled.] **STJ:** Welp, I rekon I'm as ready as I'll 'er be. I been trainin hard fer 'is an I rekon we's gonna have a drop down drag out fight. I ain't plannin on leavin Naw Leens wiffout 'at South'rn Her'tige title. I wons it bad Lance. [Sam wiped his forehead with a bandana he pulled out of his back pocket.] Sorry 'ere Lance, it's hot in 'is buildin tanite. I bel'eve 'at goods gunna conquer tanite. I'm gunna do it fer all 'em kids who'e 'er been bullied an felt bad fer it. I'm gunna start tryin ta right sum wrongs an give 'em kids sumthin ta prove ta 'em 'at any one of 'em can ach'eve any goal 'ey want. **Lance:** Sam, you and Chance have a bit of a storied past, would you care to evaluate on that? [Pause.] We'll okay then Sam, I'll... [Lance gets cutoff.] **STJ:** Wiff Chance bein four years old'r 'an me, he thunk he was a real bad dude, but he ain't 'at bad. He used ta taunt me as I walked ta school most mornins. Tha funny par is 'at he ain't nev'r go. He lives true ta his name 'The Trail'r Park Prod'gy' er if you will he's parta white trash America. [Lance nodded his head.] **Lance:** So the difference between the two of you is that you're a redneck and Chance is white trash, right? [Sam nodded with a huge grim.] **Lance:** Alright Sam, last question. Charlene, how is she, have you spoken to her? [Sam's grin left as quick as it had appeared, as he shook his head no.] **STJ:** Naw I ain't Lance. She ain't returnin ma calls. It's like I was tha bad guy here, but I ain't do nuttin wrong. I jus don know Lance, maybe I mad a mistake tryin ta 'er help her. Who knows? [Lance nodded agreeing with Sam's conclusion.] **Lance:** We'll Sam I wish you the best with Charlene and the battle for the Southern Heritage title here in just a few minutes. **STJ:** Thank ya Lance. [Sam walks away from Lance headed to the ring.] **Lance:** There you have it, Sam Turner Jr. wants to be the new Southern Heritage champion here in Defiance, so we'll see what the cards in his future line up to be. [Fade out.]

That is what happens

[A camera catches up with Curtis Penn after his Southern Heritage Number One Contender's match. Still dripping with sweat from his practice match, Curtis has his shoulder covered with a black towel to help dry him off.]

Penn:

Gonna keep this short and sweet. You see what I did to those two assholes out there, that's what happens when you piss me off. I don't make it look pretty either; I beat you, submit you, and forget about you.

[With a grin, he looks into the camera.]

Penn:

You see the other three in the So Her Title match have done infinitely more than the other two did to deserve their beating. Imagine...

[He taps his temple.]

Penn:

Use your thick skulls and come up with the ways I'm going to dismember them not only tonight, but until I'm satisfied with their squealing.

[Fade out.]

 -VERSUS- 	 Tucker G. ALSTON 	 -VERSUS- 	 CHANCE von CRANK 
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cVc: I find myself bored. All I do is win and win and here we are once again. A huge PPV and its you two pieces of shit promising this time is different. You sound like two battered women with that weak shit. I am not just another man holding another belt. I am a legend in the making and one day you will brag to someone you think gives a shit about the night you shared this huge stage with the absolute best ever. There hasn't been this many people in this building since Katrina, and you got yours truly to thank for that. You think they come out to see Box? Christian Light? Ha. Now with Sawyer getting fubar'd DEFIANCE finds it's self in a bit of trouble. You see big time money is invested in that Mark Twain faggot and now he's gone. They hear the train a comin'... it's comin' around the bend... And I ain't seen a star like cVc since I Don't Know When. [Chance takes off his sunglasses and whips them into the crowd. People in the front row dive for them. He puts the mic back up to his lips and is hit with his sunglasses. He glares over at the fans who caught them only to throw them back flipping him off.] **cVc:** Fuck You. [Chance stomps the expensive sunglasses beneath his boot. He smirks and continues.] [The crowd boos.] **cVc:** This is it. Enjoy it. [Chance struts toward the ring.] **DDK:** I believe he believes everything he just said, every word. **Angus:** Mark of a true champion. [Crank struts by the announce table and sits his title down on it, never taking his eyes from his two opponents standing

in the ring. He slides in the ring as the two pounce on him. Sam is hammering him with lefts and rights as Tucker kicks him.] **Angus:** These two are have a game plan. **DDK:** It is working so far! [Chance rolls out of the ring to escape the onslaught. Sam follows after him and runs at him with a flying clothesline. The referee has already began his count and is at four. Sam grabs the back of Chance's mullet and rolls him in the ring towards Alston. Tucker begins to stomp on cVc while Sam gets in the ring. Chance catches Tucker's boot and holds on. He spins Tucker as he gets to a knee. When Tucker spins and is facing cVc again he catches a uppercut that puts him down. Sam grapples Crank from behind for a suplex but he counters with a violent jaw breaker! Chance slowly gets to his feet and falls back first into the ropes to catch his breath.] **DDK:** So far this has been a 2 on 1 handicap match. Crank asked for this. [Tucker gets to his feet and Chance takes hold of his wrist. He bounces him into the corner in a whipping manner. Sam is stirring as Chance runs toward Alston full speed for a crashing splash! Tucker falls to a seated position in the turnbuckle reeling. Crank backs to the opposite turnbuckle and takes off back towards Alston.] **Angus:** AW SKEET SKEET!! [Chance bounces up and down hammering Tucker with his knees every time he bounces."SKEET SKEET SKEET" the crowd chants. Sam pops up behind him and pulls him off Tucker. Sam elbows cVc in the head once and then again. Sam picks him and drops Crank down with a sidewalk slam and goes for a quick pin!] **Angus:** Broken up by Tucker! [Sam stands up and gets in Tucker's face. The two begin to shove each other back and forth.] **DDK:** So much for working together! **Angus:** This is for gold! What did they just think Dane would cut the belt in half so they each could take a piece home? **DDK:** Touche. [Crank out of nowhere nearly takes off both men's head with a double clothesline! He sends both of them crashing to the outside. He backs up to the ropes and watches as both men stumble to their feet on the outside. The referee attempts to stop Crank as he takes off. He dives over the top rope using his big frame as a dead weight battering ram against his two opponents. All three men are laid out on the outside as the referee begins to count.] **DDK:** Everyone is down on the outside! Tucker or Sam can't win the match this way! **Angus:** Yeah no shit. [Chance gets back to his feet first and has a cut across his jaw from hitting the floor. He slides in the ring and Tucker is in slow pursuit.] **Angus:** Russian Leg sweep from Tucker! **DDK:** Tucker goes for a half crab! He has him! [Tucker puts all his weight down on Crank. Sam charges into the ring from the apron and begins to stomp him while he desperately flings his arms for the ropes to break the hold. Everytime cVc almost reaches the ropes he is kicked by Turner. Finally he gets ahold of the rope and the referee breaks the hold and Sam flattens Tucker after the break. Chance rolls around holding his knee as the two men swap punches. Sam hammers Tucker with a left and Tucker follows with a right. Meanwhile, Chance uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Tucker finally gets the upper hand sending Sam into the ropes. Sam ducks on the return and bounces off the ropes opposite side of Tucker, LARIAT!] **Angus:** HARLAN COUNTY LINE! HARLAN COUNTY LINE! **DDK:** SAM GOES FOR THE PIN! [Chance stomps both men breaking the pin up at two. Sam gets to his feet quickly to deal with Crank and is met with a Reluctant Slam! The Spinebuster shakes the ring from the heavy impact on the mat. Crank pulls up Sam from the mat and spits directly in his face with his back to the referee out of sight. The crowd reaction is immediate as the boos rain down on the King of Mean.] **Angus:** How sweet, he's sharing hep c. **DDK:** Nasty. [The Shock N Rolla laughs at the crowd response and turns right into a vertical suplex! Tucker hits the suplex. He continues the onslaught getting his feet quickly to stay on Crank. cVc grabs his heel for leverage and rolls up Tucker holding his tights!] **DDK:** Kick Out at 2 and half! **Angus:** That was damn near a wrap right there. Crank without a doubt has the most experience of the three but his hands are more than full here tonight. **DDK:** He can not sustain momentum with this game plan these two men are approaching this match with. [Sam catches TPP in the face with a big boot after his attempted pin on Tucker. The force of the boot knocks him through the ropes and out of the ring. Sam then turns his attention to Tucker. Sam picks him up for a sidewalk slam! He follows up with a quick elbow drop before a quick pin!] **Angus:** Quick pin! **DDK:** Kickout at 1 by Alston! He has to get back to his feet if he expects to have a chance against these two bigger opponents. [Sam hits a bulldog on Tucker when he is hit from behind by cVc. Crank and Jr. swap blows in the middle of the ring while a dazed Alston rolls to the outside to recover. "Team cVc" and "Team STJ" chants begin to break out as the two men battle.] **Angus:** This is personal between these two. **DDK:** Two? Crank has made this personal for all three. [Turner gets the upper hand as Crank hits one knee after a blow to the forehead from Jr. He falls and Sam immediately hooks him for a powerbomb. He lifts cVc into the air to roaring cheers from the crowd. Chance fights it the entire way up and maneuvers his leg quickly in mid air before he can be slammed. He applies a triangle choke in mid air as he is slammed against the mat.] **DDK:** How athletic was that for the big man? Jesus. **Angus:** He's in it to win it, motherfucker. [cVc holds the triangle choke on Sam even after the impact of the powerbomb shocking the onlooking Alston. Crank uses all his strength attempting to break Sam Turner Jr. He releases the hold as he notices Tucker slide in the ring. Crank and Tucker meet nose to nose. cVc shoves him into the referee as both men fall to the outside. The referee is out beneath the fallen Alston on the outside.] **Angus:** Oh No, this shit was already out of control. **DDK:** Everyone is down right now besides the Champion. [Crank walks around the ring taunting the crowd with his jerking motion and skeet finish at his crotch.] **DDK:** I hope Sam is ready for some

Razzle and Dazzle. **Angus:** Sounds queer when you say it. Who is that? **DDK:** Who? [Chance waits for Sam to get to his feet almost calling him up. cVc believes the crowd reaction is for him when it is actually for Curtis Penn coming through the crowd directly behind him. Before Penn steps over the security barrier he grabs a fans steel chair. The referee and Alston have begin to stir but still down and unaware completely of Penn's presence. He jumps over the barrier and screams, "CRANK!"] **DDK:** Is he? **Angus:** Oh Shit! [Chance standing at the ropes ready to razzle and dazzle Turner turns towards Penn. He swings the chair with everything he has nailing cVc across the head. As he chair hits him the seam where it was welded has a slight snag that catches his ear! The snag rips Cranks ear down the side and it hangs to the disgust of anyone with any kind of a clear view. Penn drops the chair kicking it under the ring and begins backing up the stage looking on at his carnage.] **Angus:** His ear is just barely hanging on! **DDK:** Crank is bleeding badly from that wound this needs to be stopped! **Angus:** Fuck off with that weak shit. [Chance is completely shook after the shot. He touches his ear briefly as he turns around the extent of his injury is apparent. As he turns around and just before he falls Sam hits him with a huge big boot and gets his leg tangled in the ropes. The boot to the face causes Crank to turn completely right into a SANCTUARY! Tucker goes for the pin just as the referee has crawled back into the ring. **DDK:** 1..... **Angus:** 2..... **DDK:** 3!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! [Alston just covers his face in disbelief now rolled over on his back. The timekeeper hands the belt to the referee who is still slow to get around. Crank is out as they hand the new Southern Heritage Champion his belt. He just looks at it holding it with both hands in such admiration.] **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen we have a new Southern Heritage Champion! cVc has been beaten. I don't think a person in this entire arena seen this coming, I sure did not. **Angus:** Alston has done it, he has finally done what everyone said he could not do. [Medical staff enter the ring as Tucker takes his celebration to the back. Chance Von Crank begins to come to as the medical staff surround him. He feels his ear and the bleeding has slowed but is still not good. Chance slowly gets to a knee as the medics help him to stand. The crowd chants, "Fuck You". After a medic has him smell something it brings him to and he realizes what has just happened. "He's got to die." he mutters.] [Chance steps through the ropes and wobbles his way toward the back with the medical staff in full pursuit to close his wound. Chance takes off toward the backstage area to find Curtis Penn.] **Angus:** That is one pissed off mullet right there... **DDK:** I would NOT want to be curtis Penn right about now, that's for sure.

The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers

Angus:

Yeah, well we're...

[Lights all around the arena dim to almost pitch black.]

[Static on the DEFIatron]

[A wrestling ring. Three silhouettes of various sizes stand in a straight line in the ring and look to the match. The tallest silhouette comes to light in the ring first, revealing a large man with an olive-skinned complexion with a ripped physique.]

??:

This is my dream. This is my chance. This is where I need to be.

[His arms are folded in that "casually smiling like I'm in a Fox TV ad" way as he half-smirks at the camera.]

Angel:

I'm Angel Trinidad aka The Rookie Monster. One of wrestling's youngest giants here to leave a mark on this business! I'm a man of many sides. I can be funny.

[The same half-smirk is still on his face.]

Angel:

I can be mysterious.

[What is his attempt at looking intimidating comes off more as a completely blank expression.]

Angel:

I can be entertaining.

[Back to the half-smirk.]

Angel:

And most importantly, I can be dangerous.

[He looks KINDA meanish now.]

Angel:

But I'm here with some friends! DEFIANCE, thanks for having us! We're coming soon and we're gonna whoop some HOSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The second silhouette fades in and in the shadow is a face that some of the DEFIANCE fans may recognize from wrestling a lifetime ago in the Internet Wrestling Organization. The big, burly man with a brown buzzcut has his arms folded and looks ready to choke a bitch.]

Capital Punishment:

Yeah, I've been famous once upon a time and I've been out of the spotlight for the better part of a decade, but I'm here because I NEED this. After my last organization folded, I was gonna head back into retirement quietly, but that itch... it never really goes away, you know?

[A screenshot of some unnamed opponent getting his signature Gargoyle Suplex. Another of a big dangerous Spinebuster. Finally one of a big Uranage Suplex... his finisher, the Death Penalty...]

Capital Punishment:

I'm here mentoring one eager powerhouse aching to learn and another that could already be on his way to great things if he just kept his fucking mouth shut. I'm coming in and I'm fighting for one last shot; just one more. I KNOW I can do this. The rest of the world needs to see that, too.

[Cappy looks angry now he clutches his fists, ready for a fight.]

Capital Punishment:

I've only got one more thing to say. It's a shitty catchphrase from about twelve years ago, but it's been around longer than most organizations have been alive. DEFIANCE... prepare to be EXECUTED. ...Yeah, that's still shitty.

[The last of the three silhouettes in the ring comes to light finally, showing a very confident and muscled man of mixed race. He runs his hands through his fauxhawk and smiles some unnaturally pearly white teeth. In a light British accent, he speaks up.]

Aleczonder:

I'm the last and best of this little group comin' to DEFIANCE. Name's Aleczander, loves, but I go by many names. I'm the Mancunian Muscle. I'm the Big Brit. I'm Aleczander The Great! But pretty soon, you'll be calling me a champion, mates!

[Aleczander continues to flex off his muscles. Not saying anything here, but he COULD have more in common with Barry Bonds than a mutual enjoyment of baseball...]

Aleczonder:

I look like a star, I talk like a star... hell, I AM a star! I'm gonna carry these two other slugs to some more gold and we're gonna do great things in DEFIANCE! Then I'm gonna have me way with all your women! Tres Brujas are lookin' mighty fine, I must say... I'd like to see 'em wear nothin' but those Trios belts... Can we make that happen?

[Back to all three men standing in the ring... Four corners... three men... two words... one team...]

Angel:

THE HOSTILE ORDER OF STRONG SOLDIERS! TEAM HOSS... ROLL OUT!

Capital Punishment:

...No.

Aleczonder:

So where we at on this naked Tres Brujas thing?

[All three men keep yelling over one another as the words appear on screen...]

[TEAM HOSS! COMING SOON! DEFIANCE!]

[We cut back to ringside to Darren and Angus.]

DDK:

The trios division getting deeper and deeper, partner.

Angus:

Hope there's still a DEFIANCE for these greenhorns to come soon TO tomorrow...

Christian Light vs Tyrone Walker

[Cut to ringside, Angus Skaaland and "Downtown" Darren Keebler at the Commentation Station.]

DDK:

Well folks, I'm afraid we've got some bad news. As you probably realize, this is the slot in the program where we were going to have Christian Light take on Tyrone Walker for the first time ever, but sadly-

[Angus cuts him off.]

Angus:

Light bailed like a faggot.

DDK:

He did not!

Angus:

Well he ain't here. And he ain't at his hotel room. As far as anybody can tell, he ain't nowhere near New Orleans tonight. Like I said: Bailed. Like. A. Faggot.

DDK:

Well, truth be told nobody has seen hide or hair of the former multi-time World Champion and hall of fame competitor. Needless to say everyone here at DEFIANCE is disappointed at this development.

Angus:

Especially Ty. Black Jesus is PISSED.

DDK:

Check back on DEFIANCE wrestling dot com for more details as we get them, but in the mean time we've still got three Main Event matches to bring you!

Angus:

And I can pretty much guarantee you that somebody is going to the hospital. Well, somebody else...

[Cut away.]

Pussy Stank

DDK: I'm getting word FORMER Southern Heritage Champ, Chance Von Crank is backstage hunting for Curtis Penn!

Angus: Chance is gunna' tea bag that Team Sloan fuck so hard his KIDS'll be picking pubes from their teeth...

[Chance Von Crank staggers through the backstage holding his ear to his head with one hand a steel chair in the other. He desperately searches for Curtis Penn. As he turns a corner he catches a glimpse of him.] **cVc:** You goddamned son of a bitch! [Penn turns around and is caught with a chair across his forehead. The crowd in the arena is watching it all on the big screen from they're reaction. Chance holds his ear in pain angry beyond belief as he watches Penn's chest rise and fall laying on the concrete floor. Chance opened his head up with that shot. He begins to stir on the floor to the complete shock of cVc. Penn is bleeding as badly as Crank now. He gets to one knee attempting to face an astonished cVc.]

cVc: Tough guy? [Chance turns the chair and hits Penn with the edge in the gut. He bends over as Chance drops the chair on the floor, DDT! Penn's head hits the chair violently and he is now out. Chance takes a huge breath of air before kneeling down to Penn.] **cVc:** I have a million dollar face and you have really fucked up. You tried to rip my ear from my skull out there and cost me everything? Mistake Number One. The second mistake was actually sticking around, faggot. Here we are all over again another shit head that just does not have it stepping up to the man. You know... All I keep thinking about it to fuck something up so bad they can't fix you back so I never have to see you again. [Chance looks over and see's clear as day written across the door, "Dan Ryan" just out from he and Penn. He also notices a polaris side by side used by staff parked 15 feet from him also.]

cVc: You cost me my fucking belt... Alright. Dan Ryan is over there in his dressing room jerking off to old NFW tapes. Hope it was worth it Penn, because now you have to pay. I am going to fucking murder you right here, right now to send a message. [Medical staff has found The Shock N Rolla again as they plead with him to allow them to treat his wounds. He drags Penn's lifeless body towards Ryan's dressing room door and props him up. He looks back at the side by side using the bumper as a guide as to where to prop Penn up. He props him up against the door and he slumps over slightly. Chance walks towards the side by side and carefully holds his ear as he climbs in the side by side. He backs it up and grips the wheel of the workers vehicle he has borrowed. He puts the seatbelt across him as the staff begs him to stop. Crank stomps the gas and heads for Penn full speed. He races towards him building speed. The bumper of the atv side by side is lined up perfect to crush Penn's head against Ryan's door. cVc flies toward Penn and just before he can hit him with it, a backstage medical worker pulls him to safety. Crank plows through Dan Ryan's door destroying it and the front of the atv. They pull Penn off to the side to treat him and finally get ahold of cVc with the help of security. They drag him off as he screams towards Ryan's now destroyed dressing room door.] **cVc:** IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FIST FUCK DEFIANCE! [Cut back to the announce desk at ringside.] **Angus:** God I love that dude. **DDK:** You would.

You'll be good to go

DDK:

Up next we're excited to... wait, I'm getting word in my ear we have an update on Kai Scott after that assault from Heidi Christenson earlier.

[We cut backstage, in Iris Davine's medic's office.]

[Kai Scott is standing. He's wearing his wrestling trunks, but nothing else - even his boots are unlaced and sitting on a bench. His arms are out to his sides as Iris prods the right side of his ribcage. Road agent Wyatt Bronson is also there.]

Iris Davine:

Nothing on this side feels broken. Any unusual soreness?

Kai Scott:

Well, that whole place where she kicked me is pretty sore, but no broken bone type soreness.

Iris:

I see.

Scott:

So am I cleared to wrestle?

Iris:

I didn't find anything. That doesn't mean you didn't suffer any damage. We don't have an x-ray machine here, you really ought to get a full medical examination at a hospital.

Scott:

You didn't find anything broken, did you?

Iris:

All that means is that I didn't find anything. What we just did is the most basic of tests.

Scott:

Yeah. Well, look. I worked hard to get this title shot. I'm in my mid thirties, it might be the last one I ever get...

Wyatt Bronson:

Now I could be mistaken, but weren't you just bragging earlier about how little work you did to get this match?

[Iris glares at Kai. If Kai were a few decades younger, he'd be heading to his room with his head down.]

Bronson:

Still, if Iris didn't find an injury and you're sure you still want to wrestle tonight, I've got no reason not to allow it. You're sure?

Scott:

Absolutely.

[Bronson shrugs, looks at Iris.]

Bronson:

Well, that's that then. Get your boots laced Scott.

[And Kai proceeds to put his foot up on a chair and start working it into his boot. It's hard on a back, but when you're the Ace of Heels you don't have a buddy to help lace your boots up.]

Iris:

Well, if you go out there you're going with your ribs wrapped.

[She produces a roll of medical tape from somewhere.]

[Nothing more to see here. Back to ringside.]

DDK:

Kai Scott will be walking out with a big target around his waist tonight in our main event.

Angus:

I'm sure Kai'll find a way, resilient piece of shit.

Philosopher Kings vs Tres Brujas (ccc)

[The opening bass riff and drum cadence of Black Sabbath's "Hand of Doom" turns on, as the announcer does their thing for this big match...] **Quimbey:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, this contest is scheduled for ONE FALL under Trios Tag Team rules, and it is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... WORLD! TRIOS! TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!



♪ What'cha gonna do? ♪ ♪ Time's caught up with you ♪ ♪ Now you wait your turn ♪ ♪ You know there's no return ♪ [As the familiar of Ozzy Osbourne fills the arena, four shadowy figures emerge from the arena entrance, amidst mist and smoke.] **Quimbey:** Introducing the challengers, accompanied to the ring by Saori Kazama, they weigh in at a total combined weight of seven hundred, thirty four pounds... "THE JERSEY DEVIL," TROY MATTHEWS! EDDIE DANTE! And MUSHIGIHARA... THE PHILOSOPHER... KIIIIIIIIIIIIINGS!!! [The main guitar riff roars in, shedding light on the challengers, who saunter into the ring looking as poised as ever; Eddie and Troy both sporting slight grins as they slap the fans' hands, while Saori clutches her shintai over her shoulder, staring into the ring. Meanwhile, bringing up the rear, the Sumo Beast himself looks as intimidating and emotionless as a masked man can.] ♪ TAKE YOUR WRITTEN RULES! ♪ ♪ YOU JOIN THE OTHER FOOLS! ♪ ♪ TURN TO SOMETHING NEW! ♪ ♪ NOW IT'S KILLING YOU! ♪ **DDK:** It hasn't been an easy road for the Philosopher Kings since their debut in DEFIANCE, but they've finally gotten a golden opportunity to win championship gold, and you know that a man with a tenure like Troy Matthews' is not going to take this lightly. **Angus:** Well, Keebs, the thing you gotta keep in mind here is that Troy's always had a history of folding up at the moment when he absolutely can't, and Tres Brujas and ESPECIALLY Clair St. Sure see that like a shark sees blood; a sign to go for the kill. [The Kings (and their Queen) has all gotten in the ring, and strike a tam pose in the cventer of the ring, while Mushigihara lets out an opening...] **Mushigihara:** OSU! **Angus:** Man, that shout still makes me nervous... ["Tres Brujas" by The Sword hits. Devil Horns appear all around the arena.] **Angus:** And here come the champions! **Quimbey:** And their opponents, they are the CURRENT! REIGNING! And DEFENDING! DEFIANCE Wrestling WORLD Trios Tag Team Champions, Clair St. Sure! Diane Parker! And Lisa Loeh... TREEEEEEEEEEES... BRUUUUUUUUJAAAAAAAAS!!! ♪ A strange voice within his mind ♪ ♪ From the burning orb in his hand ♪ ♪ Spoke of the properties of certain herbs ♪ ♪ Growing wild all across the land ♪ [Clair St. Sure looks like a very serious big deal fighter in her red hooded robe with her fists all wrapped with tape. Diane Parker looks like a female wrestler who considers herself a wrestler, all in her black vinyl and rainbow trim attire. Lisa Loeh looks like some metal groupie who got lost on her way to fetch the boys more "candy". And of course, they all sport DEFIANCE trios gold around their waists.] **DDK:** Tres Brujas have carved a long path to the DEFIANCE Trios Tag Championships, but they face a rather tough first defense in the Philosopher Kings. **Angus:** Maybe, but except for Saori, none of them are as fun to look at as the Brujas, y'naamean? ♪ Three witches you shall meet ♪ ♪ Along the path to your fate ♪ ♪ The first will love you, the second will deceive you ♪ ♪ And the third will show you the way ♪ [The Brujas rolls into the ring and unceremoniously raise their belts, while their challengers just look on, nonplussed, but prepared. They hand Hector Navarro their titles, which he then raises himself and removes from the ring, before ringing the bell.] **DING! DING! DING!** **Angus:** Hey, you think Navarro's gonna tip the scales for the all-men's team in there? **DDK:** This is his first major test as a trios referee, so I don't think he'd let his judgment lapse. [Meanwhile, the sides sort out who will start... and before long, Eddie Dante and Diane Parker are the two competitors in the ring...] **DDK:** BIG lockup there, and... DEEP armdrag there by Dante, Diane lunges back in and gets ANOTHER armdrag... another lockup and Diane gets the headlock takeover, and grounds the gentlemanly Eddie Dante, but he locks his legs around her head, causing to let go... [They both roll to their feet and rush towards each other, but Diane gets a quick grip around Dante's waist and trips him, before spinning over his back and getting a front facelock on, raising them both to their feet and lifting him up and over with a quick front chancery takeover, before they both roll onto their feet and have a classic "cruiserweight stand off."] **RAAAAAAHHHHHHH** **Angus:** The crowd seems to dig what these two can do, and I agree! **DDK:** Indeed, a great start to what promises to be a classic encounter! The two pace around, evenly matched, and go in for another lockup! [Diane tries for another takedown, but Eddie responds by stuffing her tackle and getting in a front facelock on his own, pulling her to the Kings' corner while Troy Matthews climbs up to the

top rope and...] **THUD! DDK:** TROY MATTHEWS with a nice sharp elbow into Diane's ribs, and she is a little stunned! **DDK:** Troy Matthews and Diane Parker are former friends, but they had a falling out over Diane's association with Kai Scott and the Truly Untouchables. **Angus:** Yeah well if Troy has a problem with that, sucks to him, before she signed with Kai she was working for 50 people at a time in Canada and now she's here in Defiance and holding gold and HOLY SHIT! **THWACK THWACK THWACK!** [Three stiff kicks to Diane's legs...] **THOOMP!** [A knee to her ribs...] **Ka-SMACK!** [And a scissor kick later, Diane is on the ground.] **Angus:** ...clearly, Diane cannot go strike for strike with Troy Matthews. [This causes Clair St. Sure to rush in, ignoring the cautions of Hector "Fishman Deluxe" Navarro, to give Troy a dose of her own "educated feet", causing all six wrestlers to rush in the ring and start a fracas.] **Angus:** Uhoh, Keebs, looks like this is gonna get real ugly, real fast! Navarro's trying to hold the broads back, but he's only one guy, and he looks pretty pained to do it! **BOOM! BUMP! Mushigihara:** OooooooooOSU!!! [That sound you heard was CSS and Lisa getting smacked down to the mat by the mighty Mushigihara, as he forces himself past his partners and towards Clair, landing on her with a heavy elbowdrop, which he lays on for a cover...] **ON...** no! **DDK:** First cover of the night broken up by Lisa Loeh, and now she's on the offensive, getting some boots into the Sumo Beast! [The monstrous Mushi slowly lumbers to his feet, enduring all of those kicks between Lisa and Clair, grunting all the way. He comes to, and lunges for them both, and gets a double Irish whip for his trouble...] **WHAMP!** [...and they get a BIG double clothesline for theirs. They flop to the ground, while Mushi lifts up CSS and gets a goozle choke around her neck...] **DDK:** Mushigihara looking for a big move here... **NO!** Diane Parker gets the knee clip, and down the Sumo Beast goes! This has been a recurring theme here for Mushi, being double-teamed. **Angus:** Well, ya gotta figure that he's at least twice the size of any of the Tres Brujas, so they know that taking him apart is the best chance they have to even the playing field, but they're gonna have to do some more if they're going to stop the big guy! [Meanwhile, Eddie Dante rushes into the ring, and plants a standing dropkick into Lisa Loeh's chest, and goes right back to Diane Parker.] **DDK:** The gentleman is back, and he's looking to engage in some ungentlemanly conduct! [Eddie gets Diane to the mat with a drop toe hold, then hops over to her head and gets a headlock in, doing another takedown, only for Diane to counter with a quick rollup.] **Angus:** Aaaah, roll up! **ONE--** Eddie kicked right out. [Dante rolls right up, signalling to Diane to "get some." She responds with a high front kick, which Eddie dodges and counters with a Captured suplex...] **THUD!** [Right onto her back.] **DDK:** THAT had to hurt, and it could get them the titles! **ONE!** **TWO--** nope! **Angus:** Make no mistake, these broads are tough as nails, especially See Ess Ess, and the Kings are gonna have to really be aggressive if they stand a shot at the champs! [While Eddie is mumbling curses to himself and rolling to his feet, he's the unwitting recipient of a Lisa Loeh Blow!] **Angus:** Well, maybe he's not so much a gentleman now, huh? [And once again, Troy and Mushi step between the ropes, with Clair St. Sure following, as Hector Navarro tries once again to restore the peace...] **DDK:** Diane to the outside... Eddie getting swept out of the ring by CSS... only to get knocked between the ropes herself! [While the two members of Tres Brujas who actually LIKE each other try to regroup over a stunned Gentleman Brawler, Lisa Loeh is going all-out on Mushigihara...] **Angus:** Man, I gotta hand it to her, she's got some ovaries to be taking on the big guy like that! [Too bad Mushi's no-selling it, and nonchalantly responds to her barrage with a hard whip into the ropes...] **Angus:** Man, I don't like the way Mushi's staring at ringside like that... [That is, ringside where the other Brujas are.] **DDK:** MUSHI'S GOT HER~ **OOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH HO-LY-SHIT! HO-LY-SHIT! HO-LY-SHIT! HO-LY-SHIT! HO-LY-SHIT!** **Angus:** I TAKE IT BACK! THAT WAS AWESOME!!! [The chants are coming from the fact that, on the rebound off the ropes, Lisa was the victim of a vicious back body drop. Over the top rope. And onto the other Brujas and Eddie Dante. All four of them are a mass of humanity now, as Mushigihara steps outside of the ring, leaving the one and only Jersey Devil alone, in the center of the ring, clapping and riling the crowd up! **DDK:** And it's not over, either! Troy Matthews is signaling for something big here, and the pile of bodies at ringside is starting to stir! What could he be up to... **Angus:** Up the ringpost, that's what. [Sure enough, Troy leaps onto the top rope, sizing the crowd of opponents and partners alike, waiting for the perfect opportunity.] [And he gets it.] [Cue flashbulbs.] **OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH DDK:** TROJAN FALL! TROY MATTHEWS HITS THAT SPINNING PLANCHA TO THE OUTSIDE, AND BOTH TEAMS ARE NOW WIPED OUT! [It's a while running, but someone starts to stir... it's Troy, who, in a daze, rolls right into the ring to break Hector Navarro's count and get his bearings. He catches his breath, until he catches sign of the MMA specialist, Clair St. Sure, and sees the others are settling their tiffs outside.] **Angus:** Ooooooh, boy, the two best fighters in this match are face-to-face, Keebs! This could be a real brawl! [They jaw off to each other a while, until Troy shrugs and grins... and assumes the Muay Thai kickboxing stance; weight on his back leg, front leg slightly bent, hands guarding the head and face.] **Angus:** OH, IT'S ON, KEEBS! [And CSS assumes a stance of her own... and they get to fighting to a roaring crowd.] **Angus:** KICKBAWXING BATTEL~! [Troy starts of by letting loose a few low roundhouses that CSS "checks" with ease, before she responds with a few roundhouse kicks of her own, followed by a hard front kick to the torso. Troy bounces back into the battle, swinging elbows and roundhouses, a few of which hit,

but not hard enough to stop Clairra. Before long, they are going at each other in a blitzkrieg of strikes, with no clearcut winner, until they get tangled up...] **DDK:** TROY with a low dropkick, getting Clairra St. Sure on one knee! Could this be it, the... [Troy gets his foot on her bent knee... but she ducks the Trendsetter, and gets a hold of his leg...] **DDK:** NO! TROY MISSES the Trendsetter, COULD IT BE... [CSS tries to get Troy in the Truly Untouchabreaker, but he wriggles free of her grip JUST in time.] **DDK:** CLOSE call, this match was almost decided right now! They go at it again... but... **SMACK!** [CSS's roundhouse to the ribs connects hard, sending Troy to the mat, and her on the offensive.] **Angus:** Now ask yourself, Keebs, how does Troy feel being man-handled by her? [GERMAN SUPLEX lands...] ONE! TWO! KICKOUT. [Troy rolls to his feet, clutching his ribs and crawling towards the ropes, and away from CSS... but meets Lisa Loeh at ringside, as she chokes the life out of him. Clairra relents a little, only to be unaware of the 6'4", 317 pound Golden Goliath entering the ring.] **DDK:** MUSHI! **THUD!** [A hard scoop slam.] **THUD!** [A discus lariat.] [CSS gets to her feet, but is staggering dangerously, leaving Mushigihara to make a "cutthroat" gesture and plant a goozle choke...] **Angus:** This doesn't look good, Keebs... [He's right. He lifts her up for a chokeslam, but in midair, swings his free arm and hits CSS in the throat with his thumb. Before we know it, Clairra is on the ground, kayo'ed right on her back.] **DDK:** WHAT A MANEUVER BY MUSHIGIHARA, I've been told he calls that the Kinboshi, and that might be it! ONE! TWO! BROKEN UP by Lisa Loeh! [Mushi gets to his feet, only to be tripped up by CSS and crotched onto the ringpost while CSS gloats outside. Enter Eddie Dante, not taking his chances on the shortest member of Tres Brujas.] **Angus:** Eddie's been on fire tonight! **DDK:** That he has, Angus, and now it's down to this... for the belts! [Lisa does a nice firewoman's carry takedown, and attempts a short arm scissors, but Eddie breaks out of it, and he eats dropkick instead. She whips him into the ropes and backbodydrops him, and on the pick up, seems ready to put him away with a big hit.] **DDK:** LISA WITH THE KENKA... [Except Eddie kicked out her ground leg as she went for the kick, causing her to fall, butt-first, on the mat. Seeing a golden opportunity, Eddie rushed right over and locked on a dragon sleeper submission. Then rolled Lisa down onto the mat, so he could mount her back with a Dragon Clutch. Lisa is screaming in agony now.] **DDK:** KICK COUNTERED INTO THAT DRAGON CLUTCH THAT EDDIE DANTE CALLS "VIRTUE'S VICE!" THE NECK AND BACK OF LISA LOEH ARE BEING STRETCHED OUT, AND THIS COULD BE IT! [Eddie leans back into the hold, REEEEEAAAALLLY trying to draw a tap... and he gets it.] **THWACK!!!** [A spinal tap, courtesy of Diane Parker. It send him rolling off of Lisa, and out of the ring to get his bearings, and Diane followed, helping Lisa out to collect herself.] [And then came CSS and Troy, yet again. Kicking, grappling, and throwing.] **Angus:** CSS has blood in her sights, Keebs! This could be over really quick! **DDK:** NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX... ROLLED INTO AN ARMBAR! TROY IS GRIMACING IN PAIN, SCREAMING AS HE LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT! [He manages fine on a rope break. Hector Navarro orders the break, and Clairra complies... before giving a hard stomp to the Jersey Devil's abdomen. In a ruthless huff, she drags Troy to his feet and delivers a hard kick to the ribs...] **Angus:** Man, I gotta give it to Troy over here, he doesn't know when to give in! [That's because Troy responded with a roundhouse kick of his own, and another. And another.] **DDK:** Clairra St. Sure is not in a good way here, and she's looking for a momentum-changer! [She reaches for it in the form of a spinning backfist.] [Troy ducked. And tripped her.] [Onto one knee.] **KA-THWACK!!!! DDK:** THE TRENDSETTER CONNECTS! THE TRENDSETTER KNOCKS CLAIRA ST. SURE OUT COLD! [And Troy covers.] ONE TWO THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!! [The other Brujas were trying to rush in, but were successfully held back by the remaining Philosopher Kings, who know roll into the ring, exhausted but victorious.] **Quimbey:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... YOUR WINNERS, and... NEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!! DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... THE PHILOSOPHER... KIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINGS!!! [They're all rounded up. Troy Matthews. Eddie Dante. Mushigihara. And Saori Kazama besides. Hecor Navarro is giving the new champs their prizes amidst a roaring crowd, with "Hand of Doom" playing in the background.] **DDK:** It's been a road with mishaps and triumphs, but Troy Matthews has FINALLY won DEFIANCE gold and carved his name in the record books! [The look on his face shows that Troy is ECSTATIC, even as his body is drained of every ounce of energy. Eddie is pleasantly surprised also, and while we can't see Mushigihara's face, one can safely assume that he's as pleased as punch, too.] **Angus:** I gotta hand it to them; they fought hard and proved that they weren't just flukes all this time. The Philosopher Kings did it, but I hope they know that there's a whole division that's now gonna be gunning for them and those belts. Now they have a whole lot MORE to prove. [Lisa has already left for the back, but Diane rolls into the ring to check on CSS, who's just gotten to her knees. Troy Matthews looks at the two of them, thinks it over, and extends a hand.] **DDK:** Troy Matthews, making a peace offering to the Brujas. **Angus:** What a homo. [Diane looks at the hand, and it almost looks like she's thinking of accepting it, when Clairra slaps the hand away.] **DDK:** Wait, what? [Still holding her head in her hands, Clairra smashes her own forehead into the mat twice, then rolls out of the ring. Usually so stoic, she SCREAMS at the top of her lungs, threatens the timekeeper out of his chair and then throws the chair down ringside, and kicks the shit out of the guardrail for good measure.] **Angus:** Houston, we have a breakdown. **DDK:** Clairra is

not taking this loss well - Diane leaves the ring to try and get her tag partner contained. [The Philosopher Kings decide to relocate their celebration to the stage. Once there, the three men raise their newly won titles above their heads. After a time Clair and the girls finally make their way backstage.] **Angus:** That's one angry bitch. **DDK:** You REALLY want her to catch you calling her that, partner? **Angus:** Truth.

What the fuck do you want from me?

DDK:

I... yes, I'm being told by the truck that Christie Zane has caught up with the FORMER Trios champs for a word just backstage.

[Backstage.]

[Christie Zane has a microphone.]

[You'll be forgiven for being disappointed that she didn't wear something extra-skimpy for the PPV, but she didn't. She's wearing a blouse and miniskirt, and she's honestly not the important part of this scene.]

[Tres Brujas, tired, sweaty, and in the case of Clair St. Sure still breathing heavily, are. Diane looks discouraged. Lisa looks bitchy. As for Clair, she looks like she's half a second away from exploding.]

Christie Zane:

I'm backstage with Tres Brujas, and ladies, I'm really sorry to bother you, but I was told to interview you about the match you just lost.

Diane Parker: [sighing]

I know. Just... ask us whatever and get this over with.

Lisa Loeh:

Ask *them* about whatever. I can't believe this...

[And Lisa stalks off down the hallway.]

Christie:

Well, I guess my first question is, what was that all about?

Diane:

I guess Lisa's just a sore loser who was never really part of the team.

[A funny sort of soft growl from Clair.]

Christie:

You already had one win over the Philosopher Kings. What went wrong this time?

[Diane looks at Clair. Clair's looking at the ground and doesn't look up.]

Diane:

Troy Matthews has a really fast enzuigiri and I guess we just weren't quick enough. But you know what? That was just this one time. We earned our way to those belts, we'll get them back in no time.

Clair St. Sure: [quietly]

Fuck that.

[Record scratch.]

Diane:

What?

[And then, the Lady in Red explodes.]

Clair:

WHAT THE HELL YOU CARE 'BOUT THE TEAM WHEN YOU NEVER DO NOTHIN' BUT INSULT LISA?!

Diane:

But... we can...

Claira:

WE PROBLY ALREADY DONE IT! OR I DONE!

[Diane doesn't say anything. But it's obvious to anyone who isn't blind that she's hurt. Claira whirls around on the interviewer.]

Claira:

Christie, you know I beaten every wrestler in that ladder war here in DEF except Python, an' I beat him back in the WfWA four years ago. But you know what? Edward White an' Cancer Jiles an' Bronson Box an' Dan Ryan an' all them are always up there 'round the titles. I lose ONCE, an it's 'get out the way for de guys who been workin for Dane since the old days.'

[Deep breath.]

Claira:

I never got a World Title shot. I been proving myself an' breaking my back since I got into DEF, and I already being forgotten even though I standing RIGHT FUCKING HERE! I BE HALF FORGOTTEN AN I NO EVEN RETIRE!

[Claira usually tries to hide her Jamaican accent. The angrier she gets, the more of it slips out.]

Claira:

I not want to earn another Trios shot or another FIST shot. I play by de rules an I get no thing to show it for!

[The fury slowly burns itself out.]

Claira:

I want to know if I'm just wasting my time here in Defiance.

[Claira looks back at the floor. Christie Zane stands well back, still hanging onto the microphone but mostly just trying to stay out of reach of angry wrestlers.]

Diane:

Is... that what's wrong?

Claira:

Ya.

Diane:

I'm sorry. I was so glad to get to wrestle that I forgot to worry about...

Claira:

No! Don't be sorry, I can't get mad at you for...

Diane:

Yeah you can. But it's alright. I'll go get Lisa, and then, we'll make something happen.

[Diane smiles.]

[Claira smiles back.]

[And then they leave in the same direction Lisa went a few minutes ago, leaving a slightly confused looking Christie Zane standing there.]

Christie:

Um... angry words from the former Trios Champions, and obviously I don't have any idea what they're going to make happen because they didn't tell me.

[Cut back to the ringside announce table.]

Angus:

So now we have Tres Brujas on the warpath? Bitches be CRAZY.

DDK:

I fear for the poor soul or souls that experience this happening from Clair and the girls.

Eric Dane vs Heidi Christenson



Quimbey: The following is the Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii QUIT

MATCH! ♪ Draw me a bloodbath o' sweet rapist eyes ♪ ♪ As all the bruised babies hum lullabies ♪ ♪ Burnt at the stake, old souls fill the skies ♪ ♪ Sacrificed for all humanity's lies ♪ [Roaring death metal styled vocals compliments of Dog Fashion Disco and "Rapist Eyes" blare out. The arena lights go out, and then the entryway flares pure bright blinding white. With fog filling the area, it looks like a tunnel up to Heaven.] **Quimbey:** Entering first... hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at 156 lbs! She is a former World Trios Champion, a former two time World Tag Team Champion and a former THREE TIME WORLD CHAMPION, including the World Championship of DEFIANCE! She... is... HEIDI... CHRRRIIISSTEENNNNNNNNN!!! **FUCK YOU HEIDI! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP FUCK YOU HEIDI! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP FUCK YOU HEIDI! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP DDK:** These fans not wasting time letting the submission siren know exactly how they feel, even before she makes it out to the ring. **Angus:** Is there some sort of ancient feud between New Orleans and Baton Rouge? Because these people are giving this home state girl ZERO love tonight. **DDK:** A lot of people blame Heidi as equally as Kai Scott for what Kai did to Tom Sawyer, partner. [Heidi appears, half shrouded by the fog. Her silhouette holds its arms out to the side, and...] **VOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHHH!!!!** [Flames erupt from the stage, turning the mist orange. The lights fade to orange, Heidi lowers her arms and looks around the arena, hatred and contempt in her eyes for the "faithful" and their noise. She snaps her gaze back to the ring and stalks towards it. Halfway down the ramp Heidi snatches away a few signs in support of Dane or Sawyer.] ♪ You've got the look that makes detectives itch ♪ ♪ A mouthful of thunder and feverish pitch ♪ ♪ A cross between Satan and a Gucci witch ♪ ♪ Your disposition would make Hitler flinch ♪ **Angus:** She's got that right. Crazy cooze. ♪ O' sweet rapist eyes ♪ ♪ Look what you've done with me ♪ ♪ You've burned down the temple ♪ ♪ Where the children were sleeping ♪ ♪ Ashes and smoke ♪ ♪ Rose up through the skies ♪ ♪ The memories bloom ♪ ♪ As the future dies ♪ [Heidi marches up the steps with a purpose. Making her way to center ring Heidi stands oblivious to the ocean of hate lapping at her feet. Her eyes are locked dead center on the entrance curtain. Darren Quimbey eyeballs Heidi suspiciously before again addressing the audience.] **Quimbey:** And her opponent... HAILING FROM NEEEEEEEEEEEEEW ORLEEEEEEEEEEEANS, LOUISIANA!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! Angus: THIS BITCH GUNNA' DIE, KEEBS! **DDK:** Just LISTEN to these people! My God what a reaction! [The fans are already on their feet chanting and stomping and raising their voices high.] ["The One You Love to Hate" by Rob Halford elicits a deafening reaction from the packed Mercedes-Benz Superdome from the very first chord. From the nosebleeds right down to the superfans pounding on the ringside barricades this audience hasn't been rowdier all night.] ♪ You may not like the future ♪ ♪ And we're not here to preach t'ya ♪ ♪ We'll take you to the killing floor. ♪ [The whole arena darkens for the opening chords, the second the lyrics kick in several spotlights hit the entrance curtain and we see the man himself. Black leather jacket, back to the audience.] **Quimbey:** Weighing in tonight at 245 pounds, he is a TWO TIME SUMMER GAMES CHAMPION, A HALL OF FAME COMPETITOR TWICE OVER, HE IS A SIX TIIIIIIIIIIIME WOOOOOOOOORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! **RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! Quimbey:** The Disposable Hero! The Hardcase! Da' BAW! The FOUNDER of DEFIANCE WRESTLING! HE IS THE ONLY STAR... ERIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIC DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE! [Dane turns around sporting a pair of dark aviators just as the song peaks.] **Angus:** I recognize those shades, Kees. **DDK:** The very same jacket and sunglasses Eric gave Tom Sawyer! A strong message from the boss, Angus. **Angus:** Yeah, don't fuck with the bosses SHIT or he'll fuckin MURDER YOU! [No fireworks, no lasers, no smoke machines. This entrance is as bare bones as hell. No amount of flashy special effects can match the volume, the reaction, the intensity of Eric fuckin' Dane in front of his hometown crowd. Much less a packed to the rafters Superdome full of screaming DEFIANCE faithful.] [The Only Star slowly removes the jacket and lays it out on the ramp. Then the sunglasses. The fans go apeshit at the small tribute to the fallen tom Sawyer. Dane doesn't flinch, his eyes never once leaving the beautiful blonde grappler who's been staring daggers at him this entire time. Dane marches past the little shrine and makes his way down

towards the ring ushered along by the powerful reaction from the faithful here in New Orleans.] **Angus:** Bronson Box not the only one flyin' the home team's colors tonight! [Dane's gear is gunmetal grey and blood red.] [Eric confidently makes his way up the steps not hesitating once stepping between the ropes, even when Heidi makes a few aggressive steps towards him. Eric Dane just stands his ground and goes about walking the perimeter of HIS ring. Heidi slowly turns, her eyes following every step Eric takes. Benny Doyle finally makes his presence felt asking both combatants to meet him center ring.] [Darren Quimbey steps up and holds the microphone out for Doyle. **Benny Doyle:** The rules of this contest are simple. First person to get the other to say I Quit, wins. Are we clear? [Dane gives the little referee a look that could cause cancer.] [Heidi's gaze hasn't left her opponent. As the two competitors takes steps towards one another the size difference becomes apparent. Chest to eyes the two jaw back and forth for a few moments, Doyle letting the pair go... the man isn't stupid. He shoos Darren Quimbey from the ring and simply calls for the opening bell. No time for ceremony, these two have murder on the mind.] **DING DING! Angus:** It's go time, son. **DDK:** The tension here is palpable. If Heidi Christenson could kill Eric Dane with a look, he'd be stroking out in the middle of the ring right now! **Angus:** Yeah, and what's he doing? [The Only Star smirks like a jackass.] **DDK:** He's laughing at her. He's got a deathwish, Angus. **Angus:** Pfft. Did you forget who you're talking about? This is the guy who caught the Lethal Roundhouse and laughed in her face. This is Eric mothereffin' Dane, the Head Nigga In Charge of this whole kit an' kaboodle. What he's doing is putting Heidi on tilt. It's called a Game Plan, Keebs, and the boss has definitely got one. He's probably got twelve. [Dane begins to circle. Heidi obliges him momentarily before stepping directly into his face. That smirk never leaves Dane's face, this ain't Eric Dane the boss of DEFIANCE in the ring, it's Eric Dane the former World Champion. He's back in a ring, doing what he loves, and doing it at the highest possible level.] **DDK:** And now Heidi's standing face to chest with The Only Star... She's got a nine inch height disadvantage here, but you couldn't tell by just looking at her. [The Sexy Submission Siren mouths off to Dane, thankfully the cameras can't pick up whatever she says. Dane's sneer stretches into a full on Cheshire grin before Heidi reaches up and pie-faces the boss.] **Angus:** WHOA~! **DDK:** Wow! **Angus:** Mistake! [Dane looks her back in the face without a hint of malice, charm turned all the way up to 11 on the dial, and invites her to do that one more time. She obliges.] **Angus:** HA! [Dane catches her hand and twists her arm down and around, straightening it out and turning the wrist backward behind her back. Heidi grimaces as Dane walks her around the ring.] **DDK:** I know that Dane likes to frustrate his opponents in order to exploit weaknesses, but I'm not sure how smart of an idea this is. Pushing Heidi's buttons hasn't ended well for anyone in DEFIANCE. **Angus:** Your lack of faith is disturbing, Darren. How many goddamned World Titles does that man have to his name? **DDK:** Six. **Angus:** And in the course of winning six World Titles, don't you think maybe that he's figured out exactly how to deal with just this sort of situation? **DDK:** I'm just saying. Look what she did to Tom Sawy- **Angus:** TOM SAWYER IS NOT A SIX TIME WORLD CHAMPION! **DDK:** Fine. [Dane releases Heidi, sending her sprawling momentarily but not for long before she catches her reflexes and spins around on the Boss again and stomps right back up to him, once again getting into his face. This time Heidi gets pie-faced for her troubles. Enraged she lunges in low at Dane's right leg.] **Angus:** Hey! Watch it, sister! [Dane jumps back like a cat, leaving Heidi with nothing but air and anger. She lunges again but Dane spins out with a practiced ease that visibly irritated Heidi beyond comprehension. The boss backs away, creating a fair amount of space for Heidi to close before they can re-engage.] **DDK:** Well I'll say this. If Dane's game-plan is to spin Heidi off into a dimension of rage the likes that we've never seen before, he's currently succeeding. **Angus:** You know what the problem is, Kee Blor, Heidi thinks she's too good to watch tape. Maybe if she had, she'd know that Everybody since God has went after Dane's legs and he's gotten pretty good at defending against it. I mean seriously, what's she think she's got that Mike Bell, Michael Lennox, Victor Mandrake, London Freemantle, Ulfric, Ryan Corey, or Jason Ramsey ain't got? **DDK:** How many of them have an arsenal of potentially match-ending submission holds numbering in the dozens, Angus? I'm not trying to sell Dane short at all, but there are very, very few professional wrestlers as good on the mat as Heidi. [Heidi comes in again, Dane sends her into the ropes and tries for an armdrag that Heidi quickly counters into a Quebrada, but Dane knew it was coming and let her spin herself all the way through without gaining any purchase on the second spin, effectively spinning herself into the turnbuckle with Dane smiling and pointing at his brain.] **Angus:** Or maybe she'd know that Dane spent a year as the Mexican Heavyweight Champion back in '99 and this ain't the first time he's fought somebody with Lucha influences! **DDK:** Combine that with the catch-style he picked up working in Europe, and Eric Dane as so far one-hundred percent squashed every little thing that Heidi's thrown at him. **Angus:** I bet she's wishing for that Aggro-Crag now... [After slapping the mat in frustration, Heidi bulls in again, this time instigating a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Dane uses his considerable leverage advantage to whip her around and force her back into the near corner. Benny Doyle jumps in and tells him to break only to get a deathglare from Dane before backing right back out of the way.] **DDK:** Doyle momentarily forgetting that he's only there to accept a submission... **Angus:** You mean he's there to hear somebody say they quit! [Dane throws Heidi's arm over the top rope and lays into her chest with a lightning quick knife-edge chop.] **FWACK!**

WOooooooooooooooooooooo!!! **Angus:** HERE WE GO! **FWACK!** WOooooooooooooooooooooo!!! [He follows the second chop up with a vicious back elbow.] **FWUMP!** Oooooooooooooooooooooo!!! [And another blistering chop.] **FWACK!** WOooooooooooooooooooooo!!! [Dane backs away, playing to the home crowd in the Super Dome.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **DDK:** I'll tell you what, Angus, if there's one weakness I've seen so far out of Dane, it's that he can't resist playing to the crowd and taunting his opponent. I'm not saying anything, but I'm just saying, a Heidi Christenson is eventually gonna break that code... **Angus:** Shut up you stupid faggot. **DDK:** ... [Dane continues the barrage, throwing a shoulder into her midsection followed up quickly by a European Uppercut, he then lines her up and delivers the mother of all chops.] **FWAAKA-THOOM!** RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! **Angus:** Christ, it's like a thunderclap going off in there! [Once again Dane pulls back to show off. He throws out both arms and throws back his head, eating up the cheers from the jam-packed DEFIANCE Faithful in the Superdome. With a roar he rushes back into the corner at his prey for a clothesline.] **DDK:** SHE MOVED! [Somehow she managed to slink her way between the top and middle rope, using the middle rope to balance on, skinned the cat just enough to send both-feet up into Dane's face, dazing him momentarily.] **Angus:** Uh-oh! [Dane rushes in again, Heidi kicks her legs up again, this time further, far enough to wrap her powerful thighs around The Only Star's head and pull him swiftly and violently over the ropes and down to the concrete floor. Dane doesn't take a particularly bad landing, but he does have to pull himself up by the guardrail as Heidi slips back into the ring and taunts down at him, pointing to her own brain this time, mocking him.] **DDK:** What'd I tell ya? **Angus:** Shut it, Keebs! [Dane takes a swipe at her from the floor but she's entirely too smart to be pulled into a ringside brawl with the likes of Eric Dane.] **Angus:** Yeah, she'd better back up! [Dane begs her to join him on the floor, Heidi vehemently refuses.] **DDK:** We can sit here all night and Heidi is never gonna follow Dane out onto the floor willingly. **Angus:** Yeah. Because she's a pussy. [Dane, resolved that he's not gonna get his brawl, makes his way up the ringsteps and back into the ring, pausing to wipe his feet on the apron before stepping through the ropes. Heidi, having finally gotten some offense in, seems to have refocused herself on the task at hand.] **CRACK! DDK:** Roundhouse kick to the thigh! **CRACK! DDK:** And another! **CRACK!** [She's got The Only Star wobbling.] **DDK:** Forearm Uppercut! **Angus:** WHAT IN SEVEN HELLS IS THIS? [Heidi reaches up and grabs Dane by the back of his head and pulls it down violently into a jumping high knee. Dane sprawls backward into the ropes and Heidi sets her feet.] **DDK:** She's coiling up for something big! **Angus:** Ah, fer fuck's sake! **DDK:** LETHAL ROU- **Angus:** HE CAUGHT IT! **DDK:** Again! **Angus:** HE WAS PLAYING POSSUM! [But he didn't catch it so much as he trapped it with his arm. Next he yanks her in tight, clasps his hands around her much smaller body, pops his hips and sends her up and over.] **FWUMP! DDK:** LEG-TRAP OVERHEAD SUPLEX! [Having taken several strong shots, The Only Star is visibly winded after dropping Heidi on her head. He slides himself back into the corner to catch his breath.] **Dane:** Ask her! [Benny Doyle dives in and asks Heidi the question, he's met with a palm to the face for his troubles. Again Doyle lets a transgression slide, figuring on the boss taking him a pound of flesh that includes payment for putting her hands on the referee.] **DDK:** She ain't gonna quit, not this early! **Angus:** Nah, but if she did it'd save us all a bunch of effort! [You can hear Keebler rolling his eyes as both grapplers pull themselves to their feet and they again meet in the center of the ring. Heidi is quick to fire off a couple of leg-kicks before firing the opposite leg into his mid-section.] **DDK:** Eric Dane is already limping, that girl's got some zip on those kicks! **Angus:** Ah, duh, she's knocked out the entire roster with those kicks. **DDK:** Yes. Well. Like I said, she's dangerous, and she's got some rage built up. [Heidi lands another shot to Dane's ribs. She throws a second kick that lands solidly, but Dane again catches it. This time expecting it, Heidi hops on one leg, grabs his head in a clinch and tries to pull him down to the mat.] **Angus:** DO. NOT. GO. TO. THE. MAT. WITH. HER~! **DDK:** I wouldn't suggest it, no. [Dane keeps his balance and knocks her loose with a knife edge chop.] **Angus:** That's more like it! [Heidi is thrown into the ropes, Dane pins her there with a forearm under the throat and just unleashes machinegun chops to the chest, and finishes up with a spinning back chop right across the MOUF.] **Angus:** DWAAAAAAAAAAAAAM! [Heidi drops to her knees and Dane scoops her up and over with a gutwrench suplex. He rolls over, elbows her in the face and grinds down with the forearm, but Heidi kicks him in the back of the head while lying on her back.] **DDK:** If you make one flexibility joke I will pay Alceo Dentari to have you shot. **Angus:** What's wrong with you, Keebs? You're being awfully un-journalistic here tonight. Somebody piss in your Wheaties this morning? [Dane stumbles back and Heidi wipes her bloodied lower lip, then paintbrushes Dane with a slap. She grabs the leg, Dane tries to block the takedown but Heidi gets him down to the mat anyway, knee drops him on the back of the leg and then jams his ankle into the mat.] **DDK:** This is where she's dangerous, Angus, this is where Dane does **not** want to be. **Angus:** Really? Ya think? [Heidi goes back on the leg, rolling snaps it over Dane's body. She grabs his head, soccer kicks him right in the back of it, then steps down his body, twists one of his legs around one of hers, rolls over, and applies another one of her "I just made this shit up on the spot" type moves.] **DDK:** And Heidi with a... [The shuffling of papers is heard.] **DDK:** I have no idea what to call that. **Angus:** Maybe if you were just a bit more prepared... **DDK:** Yeah? What do you call it?

Angus: Upside down reverse Fuck You lock! [Dane almost screams, decides he will not give her that satisfaction so early, and pulls himself to the ropes. There's no rope breaks, but he pulls himself _up_ the ropes until he has leverage to pull one of his legs loose and then stomp his way free. He hangs onto the top rope and stomps and stomps until Heidi rolls out of the ring. She grabs his leg out and bangs it into the ring apron, then gets back in the ring before he can get the outside brawl he wants.] **DDK:** And now Heidi's just tearing and ripping at that knee. She's in complete control here. **Angus:** Absolutely not! He's playing possum again. I think... maybe. **DDK:** Try not to sound so sure. [Heidi picks the leg from behind, drags Dane backwards, and then kicks him from behind on the front of the thigh, and Dane nearly faceplants.] **Angus:** I swear to Christ she has bendy legs. [Heidi hooks the ankle and rolls over into a classic heel hook. Dane, not unfamiliar with this, tries to bootscape his way out of it. Heidi sits up so he can see her face, then laughs at him. She unlaces the leg, then snaps back to the mat, jamming the ankle again. Bounding to her feet, she soccer kicks Dane on the back of the thigh twice.] **DDK:** If you want to keep to the possum metaphors Angus, and this is assuming he's actually still playing possum - he might want to get out of the road before he gets run over. **Angus:** I'm gonna tell him you said that! **DDK:** Tattle-tale. **Angus:** FAG! [Heidi sits down on one of Dane's legs and bends the other one up backwards over her shoulder. She chops Dane on the ribs until she gets hold of his arms and leans back, applying a modified surfboard that's also bending Dane's left hip joint all out of shape.] **DDK:** So, you gonna keep on trying to convince me that this is all part of Dane's master plan, or are you at least willing to admit that Heidi is just as dangerous as he is. **Angus:** I'm willing to admit that she's showing off at this point, and if I know My Friend Eric Dane the way I think I know My Friend Eric Dane, I know that he's just about to counter this into something sick! [Dane wails in agony.] **Heidi:** ASK HIM! [Benny Doyle, in position as always, is right there at the ready.] **Doyle:** You wanna give it up, Boss? [His answer comes in the form of Eric Dane spitting in his face and telling him to get the fuck outta his face.] **Angus:** Still a lot of fight in da Baws, Keebs! **DDK:** I hope so, Ang, because this thing looks like it's a long way from over. [Frustrated at Eric's lack of submission, Heidi breaks the hold, letting Dane fall flat to the mat and allowing her to quickly regain her feet. She paces around the ring, screaming at him the entire time.] **Heidi:** Get your pompous ASS UP! [And he does. Soaked in sweat, sucking air, with a bum wheel, Eric Dane pushes himself up to one knee. It doesn't last.] **KRA-KOWW!** **Angus:** Goddammit. **DDK:** That's the one! Lethal Roundhouse! [The Only Star is down, flat on his stomach, the only movement coming from his prone body being the rise and fall of his breathing.] **Angus:** She's been lookin' for that kick ever since the end of TV39, and she got it without even having to stretch to hit him in the face. I'm thinking that right now maybe My Friend Eric Dane needs to give up on the Master Plan and figure out a way to get the hell away from one Ms. Heidi Christenson. [Heidi, unwilling to relent, continues her attack, this time wrapping one of his arms between her knees and the other behind her shoulder as she pulls back on his face, claws deep in his forehead, in a wicked looking Crossface submission hold.] **DDK:** That's just uncalled for! **Heidi:** ASK HIM! [She wrenches back, digging fingernails deeper into his face in the process.] **Doyle:** You ready for me to call it? **Dane:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAH FUCK YOU! **Angus:** Gotta love the Boss's spunk. He's a real go-getter! **DDK:** Shut up. Christ. [Heidi gouges deeper, the blood flows freely, but it doesn't look like she's doing enough damage to get the submission so she lets go, Dane flops to the mat again, his hair soaked enough in blood to drip a puddle around his head. Heidi pulls him up just enough to fire off a toe-kick right in the temple, sending The Only Star's body twisting over onto his back.] **Angus:** This is starting to look like a Romero flick. [As if to drive the point home Heidi pulls Dane up to a seated position, twists his legs around hers in another ridiculous leg hold, chickenwings an arm, and reaches in and bites Dane's bleeding forehead.] [The Boss of DEFIANCE howls in pain.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! **DDK:** I can't even watch this. **Angus:** I'm choosing to believe that the blood on her face is from busting her lip earlier, and not because she just ate a piece of Eric Dane's face. SRSB. [Having had enough, finally, Benny Doyle physically interjects himself and begins working to unhook her legs from his. It takes some doing but Doyle finally gets the job done. To the shock of no one who has ever watched a DEFIANCE show she turned on the Head Referee and stalked him into the opposite corner.] **DDK:** Ah, hell. Here we go again. **Angus:** Somebody call my agent. I'm gonna need to get my Head Shots updated! [At the last second before flaying the skin from Benny Doyle's entire body, Heidi swiftly hopped through the ropes to the outside. She pulled the apron up at ringside with intent, searching for something unknown. Not finding it she quickly hopped around to the other side of the ring, never taking her eyes off of the heaving and bleeding Dane the entire time.] **DDK:** From this vantage point I can't tell what it is, but she's definitely pulled something out from underneath the ring. **Angus:** It's too small to be anything but Knucks! She's gonna put a beating on the boss! [After another second of spelunking beneath the ring she rolls back and promptly ignores Benny Doyle's threats and instructions. Instead, she goes back to Dane and pulls him up by his head again.] **DDK:** And here she goes again, she's got Dane up just enough to jam her knee into the middle of his spine and pull his arms back behind him, maybe she's finally abandoning that attack on the knees of the boss! **Angus:** I don't care what she's doing, his shoulder-blades are touching, that shit is gross. **Heidi:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAASK HIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIM! [Doyle does.] **Dane:** NO!

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back around and sweeps her feet out from under her, planting her on her back with him pinning her to the mat while she writhes furiously underneath him.] **Angus:** Ty hasn't already worked a match tonight, either, so he's definitely fresher than Heidi. He's having little to no trouble keeping her under control! You know, because Black Men > White Women! [Ty looks over to the recovering DEFsec guys, signalling them to hold her down. Once they have assumed control over Heidi, Ty turns away and assists the EMT's and other DEF staffers as they load Dane up on a stretcher before cutting off the ziptie with a box-cutter and wheeling him away. Ty stops halfway down the aisle, turns and stands guard to be sure someone stands between Heidi and Eric Dane.] **DDK:** Finally, some sort of order around here! **Angus:** Wait a tick... [Down the aisle, a commotion goes up and an EMT goes flying away from the stretcher. Walker hears and turns his attention away from the ring in time to see Eric Dane pushing another EMT out of the way and struggling to sit up on the stretcher.] **DDK:** What's going on? **Angus:** I CAN'T SEE! TOO MANY BODIES IN THE WAY! [Angus takes off his headset and promptly climbs up onto the announce desk for a better vantage point. He hops around precariously because there's still Heidi in the ring wrestling with DEFsec, Ty Walker on the ramp, and a mass of EMTs trying to calm down The Only Star.] **Angus:** [off-mic] He's trying to get up! Eric Dane is gonna continue! **DDK:** Oh, no! [Skaaland returns to his chair by plopping into it from atop the table.] **Angus:** [Kool-aid Man] OH YEAH! [Heidi suddenly leaves the ring with a springboard tope con hilo suicide dive down onto Walker. She doesn't even bother looking at Walker again, only charging Dane. Terrified medics scatter as Heidi leaps at the gurney.] **DDK:** Christ on a cracker, here we go again! [The only problem was that Dane saw her coming, and even though he was sitting on the gurney, he was able to twist, catch Heidi as she flew at him, and then roll off the back of the gurney depositing her on the top of her head with a modified inverted fisherman's suplex.] **Angus:** See. Master Plan. What'd I tell you? **DDK:** You're impossible. **Angus:** Oh, I'm possible. I'm **damn** possible! [Dane rips the cushioning off the gurney, lifts it all the way up, and then swings it down across Heidi's head and back, not even bothering to aim, just trying to make up for lost time and take advantage of the out-of-ring location that he's finally got.] **DDK:** I hate to flip-flop, but it's looking like Heidi's become her own worst enemy now by putting herself into the wrong battlefield. Outside of the ring Eric Dane is a surgeon! **Angus:** Yeah, a brain surgeon! **DDK:** [deadpan] Angus Skaaland, ladies and gentlemen, DEFIANT King of the One-Liners. [Dane twists a beam loose from the damaged gurney and swings it like a baseball bat into Heidi's ribs, then down across the back of her shoulders. Wrapping the damn thing around her neck, he begins dragging her, not towards the ring, but up the ramp. And at the top of the ramp, uses the beam around the throat to suplex her on the stage!] **Angus:** This. This right here. This is what I paid to see tonight. **DDK:** You didn't pay to see anything you dolt. YOU'RE ON THE PAYROLL! [Dane grabs a chair, deliberately turns it back-facing-Heidi, and crouches, waiting for her to get up.] **Angus:** He's lining up to knock one into the Upper Decks... **KKKEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRACK! DDK:** GREAT GOOGLEY MOOGLEY! [It's the top of her head and not her forehead that gets opened up by the chairshot, but red blood immediately starts welling out of the wound in a fairly significant amount.] **Angus:** Great God of Fuck! He scalped her with that chair! **DDK:** I do know for a fact that Heidi has been cut before during wrestling matches, once severely, but this is rarely trod territory for her. [Dane decides to focus on the head and neck. He hooks Heidi and delivers a gourdbuster. And then a piledriver onto the fully exposed ramp.] **Angus:** I think the Master Plan has been edited slightly to include maim and possibly murder. **DDK:** I think you might be right. [Dane grabs Heidi by the hair and starts pulling her back down to the ring. He gets about a third of the way down the ramp when Heidi reaches behind her and grabs his wrist. She rolls her body back and gets her legs around his arm. There's a struggle on the ramp where Heidi tries to get the omoplata hooked in on Dane. She gets the hold all the way locked in and Dane howls with pain, but she can't quite get his body positioned. He manages to break it by dropping her on the guardrail.] **Angus:** REVERSE OOMPLATA DRIIIVAAAAAAAHAH!!! **DDK:** I think that's actually the name of a different- **Angus:** SHADDAP KEEBLER! I'm on a roll! [Dane throws Heidi into the ring. Executes an arm-trap fisherman's buster. Executes an exploder. "Ask her!" The ref jabs the mic at Heidi and she tries to armbar him for his troubles. Dane prevents it and gives her a Tsuruta-style backdrop.] **DDK:** This is starting to meander its way back into uncomfortable territory... **Angus:** Jesus Farakkahn Christ, Keebler, you didn't think they were gonna take it easy on each other, did you? [Somehow, Heidi refuses to get knocked out and starts getting back up.] **DDK:** I just never thought I'd see the day where a match went this far, and neither competitor looked like they were ready to call it a night. I mean come on, Dane's got dried blood caked to his entire face except for one missing gob where Heidi took a bit out of him, it's on his chest, it's on his hands, it's all over the ring. On top of that Heidi looks like Eugene Dewey's long lost sister with that ginger mess she's got replacing her blond hair. **AND THEY ARE BOTH STILL BLEEDING!** **Angus:** Don't forget the head-drops and leglocks! [Dane Irish whips her, brings her back into a head and arm clutch and then takes her over and down on the back of her neck with a gargoyle suplex. Heidi is brought back to her feet, Dane hooks the wrist clutch and the far arm and lifts her then falls sideways and drops her on the back of her neck for like the fifteenth time in a minute.] **DDK:** Wrist-Clutch Death Valley Driver by Dane! He's taken one of the most brutal

beatings I've ever seen him take, but now he's back on offense and he's trying to make up for lost time. Heidi Christenson has a light flexible frame and it helps to absorb some of the shock of those suplexes, and somehow she's STILL trying to get back to her feet! [Not very well, she's clearly got some motor control issues going on, like legs and arms not going in the proper directions. Dane signals for the Stardriver.] **Angus:** Looks like to me she's just too stupid to stay down. **STAR-DRI-VER! STAR-DRI-VER! STAR-DRI-VER!** [Dane pulls Heidi to her feet. She falls. He pulls her back up, hooks the arm, lifts..] **BLAAAAAM!** [Stardriver connects.] [Heidi sits up, then keels over sideways.] **Dane:** Ask her! **Heidi:** **incoherent mumble** [Dane steps back as Heidi makes another attempt to get up, this time making it to one knee.] **Angus:** SHINING STAR! OH EM GEES! **DDK:** Dane just stepped off and drove that knee-brace straight into Heidi's face! [Blood sprays.] **Dane:** Ask her! **Heidi:** *glorp* [That wasn't a quit.] [Dane slaps her face twice until her eyes focus just a little bit, then he takes a knee next to her, keeping himself at an angle where any kicks won't land well.] **Dane:** IF YOU DON'T QUIT I WILL FUCKING SWEAR TO GOD KILL YOU! [Dane holds the mic in her face himself.] **Heidi:** ...do it, faggot. [Dane spikes the microphone, pulls Heidi up by the arms, and hits a Tiger Driver '98.] **Angus:** OK, this match is actually starting to get kind of scary. [Dane throws Heidi into the turnbuckle and sets her up on the top turnbuckle, then climbs up with her. Setting up the Stardriver II. As he lifts Heidi, she throws a knee into his face. Dane is stunned. Heidi somehow gets him up...] **DDK:** Oh FOR THE LOVE OF- [Schwein off the top rope!] [Heidi really only has one suplex, but she gets enough mileage out of it.] [DRAGON SUPLEX] **Angus:** I can't believe she got him up and over for that! JESUS CRAP ON A CRACKER! [Dane takes it on the back of his neck. Heidi's dragon suplex isn't the bridging kind. She picks him back up in another full nelson and hits another dragon suplex. She applies the nelson, then changes her mind at the last second and instead applies the leg nelson submission hold, torturing Dane's neck and shoulders. She reaches to his forehead and sinks her fingernails into his face again, just ripping like she's a cat and not a wrestler. When that doesn't cause Dane to quit, she switches to his EAR, dragging her fingernails across it, raking holes in Dane's skin.] **Angus:** Fucking Christ, somebody give that lady a scratching post! [Dane breaks it by managing to roll all the way backwards over her body. Even though Heidi tries not to drop the hold, Dane face stomps her until he's free, then falls down. He checks his face. That move did some damage.] **DDK:** She's not going to stop just because he bulled his way out of one submission... **Angus:** Somebody forgot to install an off-switch on that maniac! [Heidi picks Dane up and applies the full nelson again, looking for moar dragon suplex. Dane tries to fight out, dropping his weight. Heidi can't quite get the leverage to take him up high enough to bridge back.] **DDK:** She's not gonna make it! **Angus:** Damn right she's not! [Then Dane counters.] [He brings his knee up, grabs it with his arms, powers out of the full nelson trapping one of Heidi's arms under his own, applies a wristlock to the trapped arm, spins behind her, hooks the other arm, trips her to her front and the fans go fucking nuts as Dane starts rolling over.] **Angus:** HOLY FUCKING WORLD OF SPORT BATMAN! DANE JUST GOT THE TERRORLOCK! TERRORLOCK! BARBECUE SAUCE BAH GAWD! **DDK:** Heidi's struggles with this hold are... well documented. [Heidi screams in equal amounts pain and world consuming fury.] [Dane hangs onto the hold as best he can.] **Dane:** ASK HER! [A microphone is offered to Heidi.] **Heidi:** AAAAAHHHHIIGGHH! ILLFUCKINGKILLYOU! [Heidi gets one knee under her. Then the other.] **DDK:** Heidi does know the counter for this hold. The question is, after this match, does she have the strength to... [Heidi pushes with her feet and unsets Dane just enough that she can tuck her head and roll through.] **Angus:** FUCK! NO! FUCK! [Dane remembers how she countered the Terror Lock into the Twisted Triangle and does not give her a chance to do that, but Heidi dives on him before he can do anything else. She hooks the front face lock, knees him twice, then hits a go-behind and starts reaching for Dane's arms. She gets one across his neck in a cutthroat and...] **DDK:** This is bad for Eric Dane... **Angus:** This is bad for DEFIANCE! [For maybe the first time ever, even if it's only for a few seconds, Dane _panics_] **Angus:** Ohshitohshitohshitohshit she's trying for Beautiful Dreamer. [Dane scrabbles for the ropes.] [Problem is, while Heidi may not be good at outside the ring brawls, she's gotten damn good at using the ropes to enhance submission attempts. And what she does is gets her legs wrapped around the bottom and middle ropes, putting her weight more squarely on Dane's back and keeping him from moving the hold around. Dane turtles his free arm as best he can, knowing that if she gets hold of it, he's 95% of the way to losing the match. He also curls his legs up, turtling.] **DDK:** I'm not sure what Dane's doing here. **Angus:** British stuff Keebs, he's trying to not give her anything to work with, defending his arm with his legs. And maybe not just that, maybe it's more MASTER PLAN~! [Dane all of a sudden has a fork in his hand, produced from his boot, and he rolls to the side and drives that fork into the side of Heidi's knee.] **DDK:** Dane's not giving up, and that's damn dangerous for Heidi! If he gets in there too deep with that fork, he could end up doing damage to her tendons, inflict a permanent injury! **Angus:** That's what they gotta do! That's what she's TRYING to do with fucking Beautiful Dreamer! You think she'd just let go of it even if he quit? [Dane stabs and twists. Heidi screams. She doesn't quite have Beautiful Dreamer sunk in enough to hurt enough, and reluctantly, she lets go and rolls to the outside before checking the damage. Blood is trickling down the side of her leg. Which is ok. It matches the blood pouring down her forehead. She's now a redhead, by the way,

and doesn't even seem to notice or care.] [Dane, stumbling around, gets to his feet, and instead of moving right back in on Heidi, runs to the far side of the ropes, turns a cartwheel, and...] **Angus:** SPACE! DRIVING! TIGER! FLOP! [Dane clears the top rope with a backflip by millimeters and crashes down on his unsuspecting and much lighter opponent with a dangerous and shaky moonsault. His own head glances off the ring apron and he sprawls, but Heidi was simply flattened by someone outweighing her by 100 lbs when she wasn't paying attention.] **DDK:** ARE YOU SERIOUS? My eyes have to be playing tricks on me! Did I just see our boss, who HAETS flippy-doo wrestling, cut a flip over the top rope and to the floor? **Angus:** There was a time when Eric Dane had two functional knees, you know, even if Cito goddamn Conarri's the only person old enough to actually remember it! At a time like this you gotta get in the wayback machine and figure out what she ain't lookin' for and throw it at her with reckless abandon! [Dane retrieves the fork, throws Heidi into the ring and stabs her in the forehead. Heidi says fuck no I won't quit. Dane tries raking it and it still doesn't work.] **DDK:** This match is never going to end. WE HAVE TWO MORE MATCHES YOU KNOW! **Angus:** Calm down, Keebs, keep it kayfabe, son. [Dane sticks the fork in her mouth. Heidi makes a fucking indescribable noise, but one that is clearly NOT 'I quit'. And even though she can't use her arms, she jerks forward just enough to BITE Dane on the hand. She grinds her teeth on his fingers like they're spareribs. Dane can't help but scream. But he takes the fork in his other hand, turns it upside down, and pushes the tines into the lower edge of her eye socket.] [Dane's actually turning pale, but he yells for a mic.] **Dane:** I SWEAR TO YOU I'LL TAKE THIS EYE IF YOU DON'T QUIT GODDAMMIT! [Heidi howls. She does NOT let go of Dane's fingers with her teeth. It's one of the most unearthly and stomach-turning goddamn sounds you've ever heard. Benny Doyle just kind of stands there in slack-jawed disbelief.] [And then someone leaps the guardrail and a brightly colored object lands in the ring.] **Angus:** This had better not be that "large fan" again! **DDK:** I don't think so, scooter, that kid got sent all the way back to whatever happens before Developmental! [It's a towel, and one half is green, and the other half is yellow.] **Angus:** WHAT IN THE GOD DAMNED MOTHER OF FUCK IS HE DOING HERE, NOW, AND- **DDK:** He... threw in the towel, Angus. [The King Emeritus of the Bittermen has returned.] **DING! DING! DING!** **Angus:** You can't fucking end an I Quit match with a towel throw, can you? [Whether you can or not, Benny Doyle just did, and furthermore, he runs himself and the hastily applied bandage over where Heidi tried to pull his eye out backstage before another single thing can start to happen.] [Dane falls sideways. Heidi somehow lets go of her bite on his fingers and, some-fucking-how, starts trying to STAND UP.] [Meanwhile, Jeff Andrews steps into the ring, looking down at Dane and Heidi. He's wearing street clothes. Heidi grabs a handful of jeans and pulls herself up to her knees as Dane just sits there staring.] **Angus:** I... I'm not entirely sure I'm not going to be sick, Keebs. We're going to have to have janitors come out and clean up the entire ringside area, and replace the canvas before we can do the ladder match! And that's if Jeff doesn't do anything! [Heidi is on her feet, just barely. She has to hang onto Jeff to keep them.] **DDK:** Jeff should be ashamed. The only other person to put Heidi in this kind of condition is himself. **Angus:** FUCK THAT BALD FUCK HE CAN GO BACK TO WEST VIRGINIA AND GET RUN OVER BY A COMBINE HARVESTER. [Heidi growls.] **Heidi:** YOU FUCKING ROBBED ME! [With everything she has left, Heidi takes a step back and throws a Lethal Roundhouse at Jeff's head.] [He dodges it easily enough, Heidi is spent even though she won't admit it.] [Heidi is scooped up as though for a Kinniku Buster, and then instead of going over backwards, Andrews drops her forward in what he once called the Andrews Driver V. With the Queen finally comatose, Andrews drops to both knees and carefully folds her arms over her chest, then turns to look at Dane.] **DDK:** This could be an explosive situation here. **Angus:** As opposed to the last forty-five minutes of honorable combat between respectful colleagues? [Dane call for a microphone, still sitting in the corner, and has one delivered to him by Benny Doyle. This is the same microphone he's been using all night to try and catch a submission with.] **Dane:** Is this thing done for tonight? [He stares at Jeff. Andrews nods to the affirmative.] **Dane:** Good. I don't know if these bones can take much more punishment for another couple of years. [The boss, bloodied and battered, pulls himself to his feet by the ropes in the turnbuckle. He is slow, and he is wobbly, he's lost a lot of blood. You can tell because most of it has either dried to his face or puddled into the mat.] [Getting restless, the fans who've been standing for the past twenty minutes begin voicing their displeasure at the site of the Cross-Wired Time Bomb.] **FUCK YOU JEFF! FUCK YOU JEFF** **Dane:** Nah... **FUCK YOU JEFF! FUCK YOU JEFF!** **Dane:** Jeff Andrews earned his spot at the table, just like everybody else here... [They switch their jeers to focus on the fallen Heidi.] **FUCK YOU HEI-DI! FUCK YOU HEI-DI!** **Dane:** Don't start with her, either... She didn't have to come out here tonight and go through a forty-five minute meat grinder tonight, she could have sat home. She came out here and performed, just like I did... **FOR YOU PEOPLE!** [It takes a second, almost looks like the crowd might turn on him, but evens itself all out and eventually leads to a round of appreciative applause.] **Dane:** Now... I know I'm probably delirious from blood loss, I'm positive I've got a concussion, and if I don't end up with staples over this I'll eat my leather jacket, but if you all don't mind I've got something to say... [Jeff nods, the crowd quiets down.] **Dane:** Now I know you people know that DEFIANCE has been through hell over the past several months. And that means that EYE have been through hell over the past several

months too... We've had riots, I'm facin' criminal charges in Baltimore, the company's been thrown off of TV and as of the end of tonight, our Pay Per View contract is at an end and we have yet to be offered a renewal. All of these things... Everything. And here I am. After all, the show must **always** go on. Me and Heidi, we just tried to kill each other because of a bunch of shit that either didn't really happen or happened to someone else or whatever, but we performed... We gave it everything we had, for you... The DEFIANCE Faithful.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!! [He pushes bloody hair out of his face.] **Dane:**

So you know what, ESEN can take it's primetime timeslot and they can shove it up their sorry asses! We're not like CSWA, where they get more mileage out of empty promises and big name no-shows than anybody this side of nineteen ninety-seven! We're not NFW where low men like Craig Miles and Eddie Mayfield and JJ Deville take the livelihoods of men they don't understand and dangle them over the fires of forgetfulness by shoving a bunch of boring, fifteen year old tripe down everyone's throat instead of giving the fans something to tune in for... Nah, we ain't no Corporate machine. DEFIANCE is about making a mark... DEFIANCE is about standing up and saying FUCK YOU to all of the non-believers and naysayers around you, and putting out the best product possible on a weekly goddamned basis! DEFIANCE is about standing up and taking what is yours, proving that you belong at the adults table and beating the life out of anybody that says otherwise! So to answer the big question on everybody's lips tonight... Is the DEFIANCE's last event? Well the answer is a simple, yet resounding... [The crowd joins in. Middle fingers go up en masse.] FUCK YOU! **Dane:** You wanna call us Renegades? Fine. You wanna ban us from your arenas and keep us off of your boring bland little networks, THAT'S FINE TOO! We don't give a fuck. As a matter of fact we're gonna take this show on the road and play whatever VFW Hall or Indian Casino I can manage to pay off until something better comes along! And on top of that, we're **going to Japan** just as soon as I can get the dates sorted. I've been on the phone with Tatsumichi Akamatsu, Jason Ramsey, Kazuma Fujita, and everybody else with a promoters license in the Orient ever since this little "thing" with ESEN went down the way it did. DEFIANCE is going International! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH! **Dane:** One thing I can tell you is that as long as there are men and women in that locker room willing to follow me around the world and do things the way I like to do 'em, I'll keep booking shows, and we'll keep tearing shit up! And as far as the people who aren't with us tonight... The people who didn't show up, for whatever reason... And this goes for anybody in the back who might have a mind to agree with those people about my way of doing things... Do us all a favor, just get the fuck out. I'll give you Lee Best's home phone number. I'll write you a bullshit letter of recommendation to whoever's running NFW this week. I'll get you on the waiting list for CSWA's next cancelled show... but the one thing I ain't got the time or temperament to put up with anymore... I ain't gonna babysit anymore adults, ever. If violence is how you ply your trade and DEFIANCE is where you want to set up shop, then get on the fuckin' bandwagon and let's go, but if you've got anything to say about how I do things, or if you don't trust me to lead this company into the future through thick and thin... Well, kick rocks motherfucker, I got no use for you here. [With that, he's done. He tosses the microphone and drops back down to one knee before rolling out of the ring. One last cursory glance at Jeff and Heidi inside the ring is all he gives before staggering his way back down the ramp toward a cold, cold shower.] **DDK:** Well. That was- **Angus:** [interrupting] I've got a raging hard-on. **DDK:** You are the lowest of all forms of filth. **Angus:** You're welcome. [Jeff Andrews rolls out of the ring, carefully pulls Heidi over to him, and lifts her in his arms bridal carry style. Instead of going back by way of the ramp, he goes beside it, and the former Untouchables disappear into the tech area.] **DDK:** Well, next up we've got two more people who want to kill each other... **Angus:** Yeah, but this time it's for the FIST of DEFIANCE! [Cut.]

What Needs to Be Done

[Dan Ryan is backstage in his dressing room taping up his wrists and preparing for the match. Sensing a presence behind him, he pauses and turns slowly. The camera pans with him and the Superdome crowd pops big time when we find...]

Python:

Hey, bud. Just wanted to check in and make sure everything's cool, you know?

Dan Ryan:

I'm focused. I'm ready -- all set to take care of business. Why do you ask?

[Still dressed in his street clothes, Python shrugs and leans casually against a wall, carefully fixing his gaze on a poster hanging on the other side of the room.]

Python:

I don't know, man. I just... you know, I heard some of the stuff you said the other day, and I wanted to make sure you were just blowing off steam or whatever.

Dan Ryan:

What do you think?

[A pause. Python was never one for beating around the bush, but he knows when to tread carefully.]

Python:

I... I think that there's a place inside every one of us that we should never set foot in, even when it seems like there's nowhere else to go. And I think you're standing in it

Dan Ryan:

So -- you're telling me to go easy on Bronson Box, is that it? Going easy on this guy? You know him better even than I do. Why should I do anything less than what needs to be done?

Python:

You're a great fighter and a great man, Dan. A better one you think you are, I've seen it. You can be whichever one you choose, but it's up to you. Remember that, my friend.

Dan Ryan:

Look -- [Ryan puts a hand on Python's shoulder] -- I appreciate what you're doing, I really do. It might not come to that. I hope it doesn't. But this is bigger than just another wrestling match. I have to make sure Bronson Box understands that this isn't a joke. I'm not some scared shitless kid who's gonna run away when things get messy. I have to do this my way.

[Dan Ryan turns his back on the young high flyer and moves to return to taping up, now turning to his knees as he sits down.]

Python:

Hey!

[The Ego Buster pauses. Looks back over his shoulder at Python, who's ditched the feigned nonchalance and is now standing straight up and facing him directly. A loaded silence, before...]

Python:

Kick some ass out there, huh?

[Ryan looks up as Python holds out his fist. Ryan raises an eyebrow, hesitating, then smirks and bumps his fist against

Python's. Python returns the smirk, then turns and leaves. Ryan finishes with his knees, then gets up and heads to the door, ready to head down the hall to the gorilla position. As he steps out, just to his left, The Ace of Heels Kai Scott is leaning against the wall.]

Scott:

He's wrong, you know.

[Dan's head snaps to the left, daggers in his eyes.]

Scott:

This is DEFIANCE, Dan. Things don't work just right around here. You gotta do what you got to do. Ask Heidi. Hell, ask your opponent tonight.

[Kai smiles.]

Scott:

Good luck out there champ. Just remember, things HAPPEN around here when you MAKE them happen.

[Before Ryan can reply, Kai stands straight and walks off down the hall, leaving Ryan looking in his direction quizzically.]

Bronson Box vs Dan Ryan (c)

Angus: Goddamnit Kai Scott can be creepy as fuck. **DDK:** He's a master manipulator, that much can't be denied. **Angus:** He definitely earns that fucking nickname. **Quimbey:** Our next match, is a Dog-Collar match for the FIST of DEFIANCE! RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! **Quimbey:** In this match the competitors will be chained together around the neck via dog collars. There will be no disqualifications, no submissions, and the only way to win is to pin your opponent for the count of three. **DDK:** This match has been highly anticipated by almost everyone, be they out here, at home, or even backstage. **Angus:** There's no chance of this being a technical encounter, Keebs. This is bound to be a knockdown slugfest from start to finish. **DDK:** No doubt about that, Angus. I



don't think we're going to be calling a wrestling match here. This is going to be a fight.



and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He is the FIST of DEFIANCE! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!! [The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of Zero by Smashing Pumpkins plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch the fans erupt to their feet with a surprisingly mixed reaction. The video shows clips from the FIST's career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christensen] ♪ *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:** A very mixed reaction for Dan Ryan, who defeated Clairra St. Sure for the FIST of DEFIANCE back at Untouchable and has been lording it over Bronson Box ever since. **Angus:** But he's also been fucking with Boxer every opportunity. Don't forget, Box isn't in the Ladder War because of Dan Ryan. **DDK:** But he has got a shot at the FIST, and you've got to believe that means a hell of a lot to the man known by many as The Original Defiant, Bronson Box. [The fans continue to react for a good few seconds, but the stage remains empty. The lights come back up and the audio cuts as everyone looks around themselves, all of them wondering 'Where's Dan Ryan?'] **DDK:** Dan Ryan should be out here... I... I don't quite know why he's not. **Angus:** Probably cold feet. **Quimbey:** Ladies and Gentlemen... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!! [The lights go out again and a dual-spotlight makes another encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of Zero by Smashing Pumpkins plays. Again an even number of fans cheer and boo, but they mainly turn to boos as the lights come back up and the audio cuts off again.] **Angus:** I told you, Keebs. Dan Ryan is running scared! FIST my ass. **DDK:** ... **Angus:** No, wait... I wish to retract that last statement. **DDK:** What? **Angus:** I said I don't want anything put in my ass! Even if it is one of your little girly hands. **DDK:** I'm not talking to you- **Angus:** Impossible. **DDK:** Folks I'm getting word that there's something going down backstage... we're trying to get a camera there, but... [Just at that moment we cut to a view of a corridor, bobbing up and down. We round corner and then another.] **Angus:** How come you're getting all the info and I'm getting jack shit? **DDK:** Is that really important right now? **Angus:** I'm just sayin' is all. [Finally we round a final corner and see a chain come down and wrap across the shoulder blades of a large, well toned man. The chain comes down again and wraps around the man's midsection this time. The fans all boo in unison as he turns his head to confirm that it is indeed Dan Ryan, and next to him are a pair of ragged, old, matte black boots...] **DDK:** That's not... [Pan up and it

[illegible]

what's going on right now. [Frank plants another few stomps to the head of Dan Ryan before pulling him up and pushing him between the bottom and middle ropes. Frank reaches through between the top and middle ropes, wraps the slack of the chain around Dan's throat again and pulls back. All throughout Bronson Box shouts in Dan Ryan's bloodied face.] **Bronson Box:** You got the stones, Dan!? You got the stones ye bloody sod!? [Bronson adds adds injury to the insult by slapping Ryan across the face. Bronson then waves Frank away, and he relaxes the chain. Maybe the slap awakened Dan, because he tries to grab out at Box, but he's tired and Box sees it coming from a mile off. FDJ grabs Ryan's ankle and drags him back into the ring where he drops an elbow down across the back of his neck and quashes the fight back before it even started.] **DDK:** Bronson Box should be in that ring and chained to Dan Ryan, I don't remember anything in the rules saying he could use a substitute. **Angus:** I don't remember hearing a ring bell, Keebs. I'm not sure this match has even officially started. But even still, it's no disqualification. This would all be legal even if the match had started. **DDK:** There's legal and then there's immoral. I thought these guys were the Moral Majority. **Angus:** Not anymore, Keebs. [Frank Dylan James grabs a hold of Dan Ryan's arms and pulls them both to his back where he wraps the chain around his wrists. He then reaches back, hooks Dan's legs and pulls them in as well, effectively hog tying the FIST. Frank can't really stand up as he's used a lot of the chain to tie up champ, so stays on his knees and hammers down a couple of forearm shots to the back of Dan's head.] **Angus:** If there's one person I wouldn't want to be hog tied by it's Frank Dylan James. **DDK:** I'll agree wholeheartedly with that. [Frank abandons the forearms and lands a headbutt right into the crook of Dan Ryan's neck. He pushes Dan's head to the side and continues headbutting away, each one hard enough to give multiple people multiple concussions, but they're all delivered to the same spot on the same man. Frank unties Ryan's legs and hands before pulling him up and headbutting him again and again until the FIST tumbles to the outside though the ropes.] **DDK:** Bronson's barking at Frank, telling him to stay on him, but I thought this had all been orchestrated by Virginia Quell... **Angus:** I seems that way, but maybe Bronson has simply taken over. It's hard to tell seeing as he hasn't even looked at the redhead since he came out here. [Frank exits the ring under the bottom rope and grabs a hold of Dan Ryan, pulling him back up. On Bronson's orders Frank grabs Dan's head and goes to slam it into the ring apron, but Dan puts a foot out and blocks it. Ryan swings an elbow out and connects with the midsection of the hillbilly before driving his face into the apron. Dan goes to slam it again, but he's cut off by a lariat to the side of the head from Bronson Box!] **DDK:** Out of absolutely nowhere Bronson Box comes in and almost takes Dan Ryan's head off! [Bronson checks on Frank, but only to make sure he can hoist Dan's carcass. Frank does so, and then rolls back in, making sure to exit the ring and come right back in to unwrap the chain from the ropes. Frank then lifts Dan under the arms and pushes him back into the corner, draping his arms over the ropes to keep the FIST standing.] **DDK:** I don't like where this is going. [Frank gabs the slack of the chain again and wraps it lengthways around his forearm, palm to elbow. He opens up the side of Dan Ryan's neck that he was headbutting moments ago and drives his metal clad elbow into the very same spot over and over and over and over again.] **Angus:** I feel like Frank needs a nickname. Something like The Hellbilly or something, you know, because he's so fucking scary with that chain. **DDK:** It's not pretty, it's not innovative, but my god is it effective. [Frank continues to hammer in elbows until Bronson Box finally jumps up on the apron and calls a halt to the proceedings. Frank takes a step back and drops the chain as Bronson Box climbs through the ropes and into the ring.] **DDK:** Bronson Box is finally in the ring, but Dan Ryan looks to be out on his feet. **Angus:** Bronson Box is going to win the FIST and he's barely lifted a finger! [Bronson whispers something to Frank and points to the top rope. Frank nods and pulls Ryan out of the corner and throws him to Box. Dan would hit the mat but he's propped up by The Wargod, who pushes his head back, holds his eyelids open and makes damn sure Dan sees the man about to finish him off.] **DDK:** This man is twisted. **Angus:** You say it like we didn't already know. [While Frank Dylan James climbs to the top rope it doesn't take Box any effort to bend Ryan over and place his head between his thighs.] **DDK:** You don't think he's... **Angus:** He's going to finish Dan Ryan with his own Humility Bomb! Bronson Box is going to bust the ego of the Egobuster! [Bronson bends and wraps his arms around Ryan and...] **DDK:** BACKDROP! [Dan Ryan stands tall and backdrops Bronson Box! Frank Dylan James has barely had time to steady himself on the top rope and stares at Ryan, utterly shocked. Dan grabs a hold of the chain, gathers as much as he can and yanks Frank off of the top rope sending him tumbling to the outside, only FDJ's feet don't quite hit the floor.] **DDK:** Dan Ryan has Frank Dylan James hanging by his neck! Jesus Christ I didn't think this could get any more brutal than it already was! **Angus:** Is this your first day on the fucking job or something? [Ryan pulls on the chain to keep James' feet from touching the mat. Virginia Quell runs around the ring and grabs hold of Franks leg to try and support some of his weight but it's not enough. Behind his gnarled, grizzly beard Frank's face soon turns red, then purple, as the 305lb mountain of adrenaline pulls back on the chain.] **Angus:** He's going to kill him! **DDK:** Good! Maybe then we'll get a one on one match! [Finally Dan releases the chain, but not by choice. He drops it because Bronson Box is back to his feet and Ryan delivers a superkick to the chin of the challenger. FDJ meanwhile hits the floor with a thud and is tended to by Virginia Quell who almost instantly removes Frank's dog collar to allow him to breathe.] **Angus:** Hey, Virginia, is

Frank OK? [Dan quickly notices that Frank's collar has been removed and pulls the chain into the ring. Virginia almost immediately recognises her mistake, but can't grab the collar in time to stop Dan retrieving it. Ryan uses the chain to whip Box across the chest, arms, shoulders, back, ass and pretty much anywhere else he can make the steel land.] **DDK:** Finally Dan Ryan is giving as good as he got before he even came out here!

Angus: I wouldn't be sure it's as good as he got, the guy's got to be exhausted. He's had seven shades of fuck beaten out of him by Frank Dylan James for Gawd's sake. [Over and over Dan whips Box. Chasing him around the ring until Box tries to slip under the bottom rope and escape to the outside, but Dan catches him and wraps the chain around Box's neck to pull him back into the center of the ring. Ryan wraps the chain around his hand and mounts his opponent, laying well measured shots into the forehead of the challenger until he finally sorts the chain out and wraps the collar around the dazed Box's neck.] **DING DING DING**

RAHHH DDK: Finally this match is officially underway! **Angus:** Bronson Box might be dazed and confused right now, but Dan Ryan is running on pure adrenaline right now after being beaten from pillar to post by Frank Dylan James, and he's going to have to come crashing down soon. **DDK:** And don't forget, it looks like Dan Ryan's nose was re-broken early on, and it's still leaking blood. **Angus:** Ryan's face is a mess, but not as much as I fear Bronson Box's is about to be! [Slowly Box tries to get to his feet while Ryan again wraps the chain around his hand. As soon as Box gets up he's sent right back down with a precise right hand. Ryan taunts Box up, then gives the chain a little tug to encourage him even further. Box barely makes it to one knee when Ryan lands another shot that takes him down to his back.] **DDK:** We weren't expecting anything pretty.

Angus: Except maybe Virginia Quell... but that eye makeup right now... Girl looks like a very sad panda. [Bronson refuses to stay down and gets back up to one knee, Dan Ryan places a hand on his forehead and really measures the next shot, but Box clenches his hands together and lifts them up between Ryan's legs. Box tugs on the chain, taking Dan off balance and sends him through the top and middle ropes to the outside.] **DDK:** A low blow from Box, and I can't say I'm surprised. Dan Ryan was really rallying and he needed to do something desperate to stop it. [Bronson slides under the bottom rope to the outside and drives a forearm into the lower back of the FIST. He turns Ryan around and drives him back first into the apron before pulling him off and ramming him right back into it. Box gives the Chain a tug and tightens it, pulling Dan's Collar up and towards the middle rope. Box gathers up the chain and leans down, pulling it with all his weight behind it, choking the champion as he does so.] **DDK:** Box just doesn't have the weight behind him to hang Ryan like Dan did to FDJ. **Angus:** He's doing damage though, and that's what matters.

DDK: Maybe he's not doing enough though... [Dan Ryan lifts a foot and brings it down on Bronson Box. He stomps again and again and finally breaks Box's grip on the chain, forcing it to loosen and gives himself the chance to breathe again. Dan quickly scrambles up onto the apron and climbs back into the ring, untangling the chain from the ropes, but then he slides out of the ring on the other side of the ring post. Ryan gathers up the chain and waits for Box to get to his feet, whereupon he charges forwards, jerking Box's neck and pulling him face first into the ring post!] **THUD! DDK:** Did you hear that collision!? **Angus:** Box wasn't expecting that! [Bronson tries to pull away from the post but Dan pulls him right back into it. He even wraps the chain around his elbows and pulls the chain tight, forcing Box's face to push up against the steel post. Virginia Quell meanwhile runs around and tries to break Dan's grip on the chain, but she's anything but successful. With one foot Dan pushes her to the side and sends her sprawling to the floor. Finally, after a few more seconds of pressure, Dan relaxes the chain and rolls back into the ring before reaching under the ropes where he grabs Box by the collar and drags him back in as well.] **Angus:** I don't know how Ryan has still got the strength to pull Box around like he is and fight back Virginia Quell. **DDK:** He's running on emotion and spirit right now. [Ryan pulls Box up to his feet and hooks in a full nelson. He quickly lifts Box and slams him into the ground, almost folding Box up like an accordion!] One more time! One more time! One more time! One more time! [Dan holds up one finger to the crowd and yells out.] **Dan Ryan:** ONE MORE MOTHERFUCKING TIME!

RAHHH Angus: These people don't care who they're cheering for, they're just happy seeing a fight right now. [Dan picks Box up again and full nelson slams him again. Still he doesn't go for the cover, instead opting to drag Box into the corner of the ring by his collar and sit him up against the bottom turnbuckle. Dan pushes his huge foot into the face and throat of the challenger, pushing his head as far out of the ring as it will go. Bronson scratches and claws at Dan's boot, but there's no way to get him off until Dan decides he's had enough and backs out from the corner.] **DDK:** Ryan putting some separation between the two of them... and here he comes! [Dan charges in, but Box springs to his feet and takes Ryan off of his feet and down to the mat with a one armed side slam!] **Angus:** That may have taken the fight out of Dan Ryan. [Both men lay on the canvas gasping for air until Bronson Box finally starts to stir and crawls his way over to the FIST. He grabs Ryan by his ears and lifts his head slightly off the mat, only to slam it right back down. The back of Dan Ryan's head collides with the canvas with a sickening-] **Thud!** [Bronson slams the back of Dan's head into the mat again and lets out a blood curdling scream right next to his ear. Dan tries to roll away, but Box gets up to his knees, grabs a hold of Dan's collar with one hand and

raises the other to the sky!]

DDK: GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND!

[Bronson grips onto Dan Ryan's forehead and digs those long, sharp nails in as he screams out again. On the outside of the ring Virginia Quell lets out a loud, long cackle as she cheers on Bronson.]

DDK: Box has God's Fiery Right Hand applied, but remember, there's no submission in this match.

Angus: He doesn't care, he just wants to punish Dan Ryan and inflict as much pain and suffering as possible.

[Dan thrashes from side to side, trying to break the claw hold, but Box has a tight, tight grip of both Dan's collar and his forehead. Fortunately for Ryan his hands are free and grabs at Box's hand and he pushes at Box's face, trying to cause some degree of separation with his greater reach. It doesn't work though, and Dan resorts to the only thing he can do to possibly break the hold, an eye rake. Only the first one doesn't do it, neither does the second as Box refuses to let go of the hold. Finally, after a third eye rake, Bronson can't hold on any longer and releases the claw, but the damage has been done.]

DDK: As if that broken nose wasn't enough Dan Ryan is now bleeding from multiple points following that claw.

[The blood is indeed flowing, but only slightly from the nail marks left by Box's right hand. Dan rolls over and over trying to get some separation from his opponent, but he's tethered with the chain, so can't go too far. Plus Box is back to his feet and is stalking Ryan across the ring. Dan makes it to the corner and pulls himself up with the ropes where he thrusts a kick forwards and connects with the midsection of Box. Dan grabs him and spins him into the corner where he unleashes a barrage of rights and lefts that take Box down to his ass. Ryan doesn't make the mistake of giving Box any time again and grabs him by the ankles. Box reaches up and clutches onto the top rope as Ryan pulls him from the corner and throws him up, but he whips Box's legs down right at the peak of the throw and Bronson lands on his feet. Miliseconds later Dan Ryan has his arms wrapped around Box and throws him with an overhead belly to belly suplex!]

DDK: Dan Ryan is getting pumped up again!

[Ryan looks at Box across the ring and signals for the end. He closes the gap and pulls Box up, placing his head between his thighs, but before Ryan can reach down Box digs deep, removes his head and in desperation sweeps both legs out from under the FIST. Box gets into a full mount on Ryan and hammers down headbutts to the forehead of Dan, opening up one of the nail cuts ever so slightly, forcing the blood to flow a little more freely. Dan Ryan tries to cover up, but Box is relentless with the headbutts until he finally turns Ryan over and sits down on his back, locking in The Massacre!]

Angus: Box just reversed what looked certain to be a Humility Bomb into The Massacre! He's got Ryan locked in that Camel Clutch and he's got him locked in it tight!

DDK: But there's still no submission, Angus.

Angus: He's not looking to make him tap, Keebs. He's looking to make him pass out from the pain!

[Angus might be right as Box transitions the camel clutch into a seated full nelson! Only...]

DDK: Box can't link his hands!

Angus: Ryan's fighting this to the bitter end!

[Slowly Dan Ryan forces Box's hands further and further away from each other and throws his head back, connecting with the jaw of Bronson Box. Ryan powers his way up, hoisting Box up on his back and throws himself backwards, crashing down to the mat with all of his weight on his challenger!]

DDK: What a reversal from Dan Ryan!

Angus: Box might have made a mistake in trying to transition The Massacre there, the relief of the pressure gave Dan Ryan enough time to bust out that heroic lift!

[Dan Ryan doesn't waste any time in taunting Box as he pulls him up and double underhooks his arms. Ryan lifts Box and drops him with a rapid Double Underhook Piledriver! The fans go wild as Dan Ryan pounds the mat and screams at the top of his lungs!]

RAHHH
RAHHH
RAHHH

DDK: THIS TIME!

[Ryan pulls the limp body of Bronson Box up and sticks his head between his thighs. There's no take down, no back drop, nothing to stop Dan Ryan from lifting Bronson Box up into position for the...]

DDK: HUMILITY BOMB!

Angus: NO!

[Virginia Quell has jumped up on the apron and reached into the ring to grab a hold of Bronson Box's ankle. She pulls enough to unbalance Dan Ryan and force him to drop Box to the side. Ryan turns around and fixes Quell with the angriest stare you ever did see. Virginia freezes on the apron for a second before backing away along it while Ryan closes in on her!]

DDK: Look out Dan!

[From the side comes Frank Dylan James, back into the ring. Ryan spots him out of the corner of his eye and places a boot right into his midsection. He wastes no time at all in humility bombing the ever loving piss out of the Hillbilly, but before he can turn his attention anywhere else Bronson Box lifts a stiff forearm up between his legs!]

DDK: NO!

[Bronson Box grabs a handful of tights and pulls Ryan down into a school boy. He pulls on the tights even more and puts as much weight as he can across Dan's legs!]

[ONE!] [TWO!!] [THREE!!!]

DDK: Not like this!

BEEEEEEWWWWWWW FIST OF DEFIANCE!
BRONSOOOOOWWWWWW BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!!!!!!!!!!!! [Bronson rolls under the bottom rope and leans back against the announce table grabbing his prize from the hands of ring announcer Darren Quimbey. Frank Dylan James follows him in short order clutching his aching back. Preening and posturing to the announcers and fans at ringside The Wargod is completely oblivious to what's going on across the ring.]

DDK: He's not... is he?

Angus: Look at those veins in his neck dude, I'm not sure he even knows where he is right now.

[About halfway up the ramp we see what Keebler and Skaaland are talking about. A frightened Virginia Quell backing away from the hulking rage beast that is Dan Ryan. Gin reaches into her shirt and tries to produce her brass knuckles but Ryan

violently grabs her wrist away. By this point Box has just now noticed the scene.] **Angus:** Oh snap... [Dan wrenches Virginia around, takes her up on his shoulders.] [A troupe of DEF security and a couple producers emerge from backstage but they're far far too late to do anything about the assault about to take place.] **DDK:** HEADLINER! DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN A BURNING HAMMER ON THE RAMPWAY TO VIRGINIA QUELL! HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT! **Angus:** ... I think I'm gunna' throw up. [DEFsec swarm Ryan and form a human wall across the end of the ramp. Impeccable timing seeing as the new FIST of DEFIANCE is off like a rocket once what just happened across the ring sinks in. Bronson and Frank both hit the squad of security goons like a train, causing the whole mass of humanity to jolt backwards. Raucous chants of holy shit slowly die out as the the fans in attendance realize Virginia Quell has yet to move.] **DDK:** This scene is becoming FAR too familiar around here. [Que the stretcher as Dan Ryan is pulled screaming like some sort of enraged beast back down to the side of the stage. Bronson has pushed through the crowd once the security goons realize his focus isn't on Ryan... but on Quell. The Wargod has left his new prize behind somewhere at ringside, he drops to his knees beside his former companion. As a handheld camera pushes through alongside the stretcher we see Virginia mouth "I'm so sorry Hollis" before being gingerly loaded onto the backboard with a neckbrace and then lifted onto the cot by the EMT's.] [The producers follow the EMT's back through the entrance curtain.] [All that's left is Bronson Box standing on the ramp with lifeless cold eyes looking down at Dan Ryan on the floor to the right of the stage area being dragged away like a wild animal.] **Angus:** Jesus, Viking warlord Dan Ryan reporting for duty. [We notice Box's fists are clenched so tight blood is actually trickling from between his fingers. Ryan screams a guttural war cry before seeming to calm down some, the look behind his eyes becoming that of almost... emptiness.... hollow. He's dragged through the curtain by no less than eight full grown men in yellow DEFsec polos, but no longer offers any resistance whatsoever.] **DDK:** Look at the way Bronson Box is looking at Dan Ryan, Angus. Something tells me this blood feud just got far far more serious. **Angus:** Ya' think? **DDK:** You know, normally we'd go into some sort of banter here to get us to the next match, but I think we need a minute or two to process what just happened. Under the circumstances... I mean... I don't really know. I don't know what to say. **Angus:** I do know this... the impact that Virginia Quell's neck made on the ramp was sickening. I saw her lips moving when she mouthed a few words to Bronson Box on the way out but I didn't see movement anywhere else. I have a really bad feeling about this one. **DDK:** I'm hearing something in my ear about some footage backstage just now, so let's take a quick peek at what's going on... [Cut to the main hallway into and out of the arena where a good portion of the roster is gathered along the walls and in the foyer to the wrestlers' entrance. Seconds into the footage Dan Ryan comes walking into frame, face bloodied, blood on his chest and arms, and the same distant look in his eyes. His gaze stays straight ahead and doesn't waver.] [Some crew in his path move to the side and let him through. The assembled members of the staff and roster all murmur to each other as Ryan passes them by. He approaches Tyrone Walker, whom Ryan gives the same empty gaze, so he just moves out of the way. Ryan turns the corner and runs headlong into Cancer Jiles who uncharacteristically steps back without remark as the former FIST strides by.] [Finally, just by the exit Ryan approaches Python standing by the door with a dumbfounded look on his face. He tries to stammer out some sort of comment but Ryan brushes right through and past him and out of the arena, the door slamming behind him.] [We cut back to ringside where Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland sit in stunned silence for a few beats before carrying on with the show.] **Angus:** Dan Ryan just lost his smile... and his fuckin' SANITY here tonight, man. **DDK:** Moving on best we can here folks, more on Miss Quell's condition and this story as we get it.

Wasn't Meant To Be.

[Backstage.]

"Fuck. Off."

[Trainers are trying to work on DA BAWs, but Eric Dane, with his head wrapped in heavy bandages that are already being soaked through is being uncooperative at best with the people trying to patch him up.]

"You paid these guys, let 'em do their job."

[Of course, friend, business partner, and perhaps on this night the man's own personal savior, Tyrone Walker attempts to talk some sense into him. For his own part, Walker's shirt and hands are also covered in a layer of the Only Star's blood.]

Dane:

Whatever.

[Dane shoves the people in front of him out of his way, sliding himself off of an equipment crate and stands on momentarily wobbly feet. A staffer moves in to help steady him, but gets the evil eye and thinks twice. For Ty's part, he merely shrugs at those staff members who look to him to intervene on their behalf.]

Walker:

Right. Who needs common sense?

Dane:

It's worked for us so far.

Walker:

More or less, yeah.

[At this point the two lifers are pretty much left to their own devices. Ty's clothes are gross, covered in bits of Dane's brain and whatnot, and Dane is an absolute mess. He's still got layers of congealed blood stuck to his face, his hand is wrapped from where Heidi tried to bite off a finger, his grayish-blond hair is still orange and red with blood... It's like the end of a Horror movie.]

Dane:

Anything on Light yet?

Walker:

Nah, Kelly's been on the phone with everybody's he's ever met. Nobody knows nuthin' nowhere. It's like he just up an' ghosted on us.

[The Boss pulls a glob of what looks like red lettuce off of his face.]

Dane:

What about you? You good with this?

Walker:

Not really, but what the hell, if the bitch ain't happened more than 10 years after the shit went down, maybe it just ain't meant to go down. I just wanted to get it over with, so he'd get over it

Dane:

Well, he's over it now, whether he likes it or not.

Walker:

Yeah? What'sat mean, anyhow.

[Eric mulls it over.]

Dane:

It means what it means. He's useless to me until he gets whatever his shit happens to be, together. Like I said earlier, I don't have the patience to babysit anyone, anymore.

Walker:

Word. So yeah, Jeffro, huh?

[Dane nods. Walker walks. They continue on down the hallway.]

[Back to the booth.]

Dentari vs Python vs White vs Scott vs Jiles (c)

[A short commercial for DEFIANCE Shop dot com airs, several new shirts are featured. Chance Von Crank's new adults only t-shirt, Bronson Box's #ORIGINALDEFIANT shirt, Cancer Jiles' tacky yellow "I AM THE COOL" shirt with the DEF belt screen printed over the shoulder. The spot lasts maybe two minutes. When we cut back to the arena the stage, ramp and ringside are have been transformed in to a hardcore wrestling paradise.] [The stage and entrance ramp are littered with ladders of all shapes and sizes.] [One huge fifteen footer stands between the ramp and ringside towering above it all.] **Quimbey:** Introducing first! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! [The opening guitars of "A National Acrobat" by Black Sabbath begin, and the fans erupt with boos.] ♪ *I am the world that hides the universal secret of all time* ♪ ♪ *Destruction of the empty spaces is my one and only crime* ♪ **Quimbey:** He is the sole surviving Untouchable, and a former Defiance Trios Tag Champion! He is the man they call



the Ace of Heels! HE! IS! KAAAAI...SCCCOOOOOTTTTT!!!! ♪ *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* ♪ **DDK:** No sign of Kai Scott yet although he's been announced. Angus, we saw earlier that Heidi Christenson, not content with kicking him in the head to destroy the Untouchables, kicked him in the head again over his interference in her ongoing feud with Tom Sawyer. **Angus:** Yeah, look. Sucks to the Untouchables, Heidi's been dealt with, Kai Scott's just gotta walk tall and... but after that shit earlier? I don't think he can do it. ♪ *When little worlds collide I crept inside my embryonic shell* ♪ ♪ *And blackened memories are cast into the never-ending well* ♪ ♪ *The name that scorns the face* ♪ ♪ *The child that never sees the form of man* ♪ ♪ *The deathly darkness that* ♪ ♪ *Belies the fate of those that never ran* ♪ [Still no sign of Kai Scott, and the fans erupt into a fresh wave of boos.] **Angus:** See? Told you he'd- [And just as he spoke, Kai Scott appeared.] [The Ace of Heels has white medical tape wrapped around his waist and up his torso. No trench coat, no crutch, no title and no backup. He throws his arms out wide in his usual gesture, but brings them down halfway through his pope spin.] **DDK:** Scott looking more than a bit under the weather here, and he's got his ribs taped up. **Angus:** Heidi kicks like a mule, man. Remember that guy back in the early days of DEF whose catchphrase was "kicks be strong"? That guy sucked but her kicks be damn strong. [Scott walks to the ring and climbs the stairs to get to the apron.] ♪ *You gotta believe me!* ♪ ♪ *I'm talkin' to you!* ♪ ♪ *Well I know it's hard for you to know the reason why* ♪ ♪ *And I know you'll understand a-when it's time to die* ♪ ♪ *Don't believe the life you had will be the only one* ♪ ♪ *You'll have to let your body sleep to let your soul live on* ♪ [As the music fades, Scott doesn't even bother posing. He moves to the corner of the ring and waits. The crowd is incensed, Kai just smiles as the faithful serenade him with their beautiful music.] **ACE OF FAGGOTS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* ACE OF FAGGOTS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* ACE OF FAGGOTS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP* ACE OF FAGGOTS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*** [The entire arena switches over from chants to cheers 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 cheering crowd.]



♪ *How'd you know to find me here?* ♪ ♪ *Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires* ♪ ♪ *And insider information* ♪ [The Superdome 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. Then he points towards the ring, towards The Ace of Heels.] **Quimbey:** Hailing from Newark, New Jersey, and weighing in at 178 lbs! He is a former World Wrestling Alliance World Champion! HE! IS! PYYYYYTHON! ♪ *This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me* ♪ ♪ *An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the dullest minds* ♪ [The wicked green and black snake tattooed around Python's entire right arm glows brightly under the lights as he takes off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach before sliding into the ring.] [Kai steps right up to Python as the snake man gets to his feet. The two jaw back and forth for a few moments, we clearly see Python say "this ones for Tom" before backing up into a free corner to wait for the rest of the combatants.] **DDK:** These two men are VERY familiar with one another from their time in OLW. And Python has been ready to wring Kai's neck due to Scott's career ending assault on Tom Sawyer. **Angus:** Old Line representin' tonight, no doubt. Hopefully one of these boys can bring it home seeing as Heidi decided gettin' murder stomped by the boss was a better plan of action than traipsin' around some foam gimmick with ol' Tommy boy. **DDK:** That was a mutual murderstomping and we have a brand new canvas in the ring to prove it. CAA-CHING TRSSSSSSPF [Cash Registers open and close, coins clink as they're exchanged and receipts are ripped from their rolls. The most famous bass line of all time because to ooze out from the PA system, followed by the tremolo laden



guitar strike.] ♪ MOOOOOOONEEEEEEEEEEEY ♪ ♪ *Get Away* ♪ ♪ *Get a good job with more pay* ♪ ♪ *And you're okay* ♪ **Quimbey:**

Introducing next! He is also a former World Wrestling Alliance World Champion, as well as a former DEFIANCE World Tag Champion AND FIST of DEFIANCE! He is The Sophisticate! EDWARD! WHIIIIIIITE!!!! [The lights in the arena had turned green, then gold, back to green and back to gold, hopefully causing a few fans to have a seizure. Edward White emerges from the back, his wrists taped in white, boots black with 24K gold inlay, even his jet black wrestling tights managed to have gold lace hemmed around the outside. Sparring a luxurious entry, the dollar bills did not flutter down from the rafters.] ♪ MOOOOOOOOONEEEEEEEEEEEY ♪ ♪ *It's a gas* ♪ ♪ *Grab that cash with both hands* ♪ ♪ *And make a stash* ♪ [Edward White stood at the top of the ramp way, as if waiting for someone to come out.] **Angus:** That coward, he can't even come out to the ring alone. **DDK:** I dunno if anyone is actually back there. Bronson Box has gone through hell tonight and -- [And the fireworks begin going off, streaming and screaming their way down the aisle to rafters above. Gold and Silver sparks begin to rain down from the top of the screen down on "The Socialite" who basks in the moment as if the heavens opened up.] ♪ *New car, caviar, four star daydream* ♪ ♪ *Think I'll buy me a football team* ♪ [The Billionaire walks down the ramp with a giant smile, despite the hiss and jeers of the crowd, he's on cloud nine.] **Angus:** I don't know why he's smiling like that, Count COOL is going to kick his face in. Mark my words Keebs -- face_kicked_in. [Ed saunters down the isle, eyeballing the two men already in the ring. He takes his time with the ringsteps. Once between the ropes he confidently walks between Kai and Python and takes his place in one of the two empty corners.] **DDK:** White knows his opponents here, Angus. **Angus:** Overconfident prick. **DDK:** He knows Kai won't attack him before the bell, to much common ground. And unprovoked attacks just aren't Python's style. DA-NA-NA, DA-NA-NA, DA-NA-NA NA [Dean Martin begins to croon and the fans boo in Pavlovian response.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! ♪ *How lucky can one guy be?* ♪ ♪ *I kissed her and she kissed me* ♪ ♪ *Like a fellow once said* ♪ ♪ *"Ain't that a kick in the head"* ♪



♪ I go to sleep and keep... grinning ♪ ♪ If this is just the be...ginning ♪ ♪ My life's gonna be ♪ ♪ Beeeee-youtiful ♪

DDK: I think he can use a ladder. **Angus:** ...Keeps... just... wow dude. [Dentari rounds the ring and slides into the

about 🎵 **Angus:** HERE HE COMES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THE

doubt ♪ ♪ I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth ♪ ♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM BOOM!!~! THE ENTIRE SUPERDOME



YEAEDSFSGWRDAFGSFGSSSSSSSSSSSS. GAWDD DAMMET THIS IS SO MAGICAL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Italian down to the canvas. Intuitively Dentari cracks his elbow across Jiles' head on his way down.] [Not wanting to

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shoves it under the bottom rope to Ed. Dentari suddenly, like lightning, dropkicks the ladder directly into the chest of Kai Scott violently sending him back first against the steel guardrail.] **Angus:** That's GOTTA smart... [Ed clubs Dentari across the back then quickly hoists the little Italian up onto his shoulders in one fluid motion.] **DDK:** STOCK MARKET DROP ON DENTARI! [Dentari rolls around the ring like he just got shot. Ed wastes zero time gloating, he simply goes about setting up the aforementioned tables. One fully opened up center ring the other getting propped up in the corner. Ed laying a couple boots to Dentari's face between the two gimmicks.] [Out of nowhere Python launches himself off the top rope behind Ed White, uses Ed White's beefy head and shoulders as a pedestal and proceeds to VIOLENTLY missile dropkick the still groggy Dentari back first into the opposite corner. Having faced his fair share of flashy high flyers Ed is unimpressed, leveling Python across the back of the head with a short arm lariat.] [The Socialite backs up a little winded and goads the fans a little before grabbing Scott's ladder still teetering under the bottom rope. He quickly sets up the ladder and makes motion to climb the thing but is cut off by...] **Angus:** MONGOOOOOOOOOOOOO CHAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWP! [Cancer comes screaming from the top rope behind Ed and CHAWPS his former tag team partner right in the back of the skull sending Ed's face cracking against one of the ladders steel steps.] **DDK:** It might not be the COOLTanium plated hand but a Mongo Chop is a Mongo Chop, right partner? **Angus:** You better believe it! CLIMB CANCER!!! CLIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIMB YOU GOLDEN GOD!!! [Clutching his wounded wing Cancer grabs the first rung with his good hand and slowly pulls himself upward.] LETS GO CANCER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** LETS GO CANCER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** LETS GO CANCER! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** [Feet are stomped, guardrails are rattled and voices ring out all around the massive arena as Cancer Jiles desperately inch by inch claws his way upward towards his DEFIANCE World Heavyweight title belt. Jiles fingers just barely touch leather and gold before Ed while pops up between the Champs legs and in one terrifying moment...] **Angus:** FFFFFFFFFFUUU... **DDK:** POWERBOMB OFF THE LADDER THROUGH THE TABLE IN THE CORNER! Cancer Jiles is DOWN ladies and gentlemen! Edward White... **Angus:** EDWARD WHITE IS A GODDAMN SON OF A BITCH IS WHAT HE IS! [The table Ed had propped in the corner is in splinters around Cancer's broken lifeless body. His hair is the color of the DEFIANCE logo as more and more blood pours from Cancer's broken skull and into his hair of spun gold. Miraculously and quite impressively Dentari is back up with weaponry in hand.] **DDK:** Edward White receiving a ladder straight to the lower back! **Angus:** Serves him fuckin' RIGHT! [Dentari turns around and is met with a dropkick right to the ladder from a primed and ready Python. Dentari rebounds off the ropes however and lands a SICK crossbody on the snake man, sandwiching the ladder between them. Both men fall to the mat in a heap of pain and steel. Alceo is the first to stir, clutching his innards but still finding the gumption to set up that second ladder right next to the first.] **DDK:** Two ladders standing tall in the center of the ring! Dentari is going up! Is this it?! [Dentari hobbles up one of the ladders.] [The fans reaction speaks volumes about how they feel about Alceo walking away with the gold.] FUCK NO GREASE BALL! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK NO GREASE BALL! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** FUCK NO GREASE BALL! **CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP** [Dentari has the belt within reach when out of absolutely nowhere Kai Scott scampers up the ladder beside him, the two trading blows side by side. Their struggle is cut short by Python who springboards off the top rope and lands on the opposite side of the ladders, one foot on each rung just short of the very top. For a moment Alceo and Kai stop and just stare, confused at Python towering above them. The snake man then leaps over both men, landing facing the opposite direction a few rungs below them.] **DDK:** DOUBLE POWERBOMB FROM PYTHON OFF BOTH LADDERS! SCOTT AND DENTARI ARE BOTH REELING, ANGUS! [Kai rolls to ringside like the wily veteran he is. Dentari lands right in the pile of blonde hair, blood and broken table that still contains Cancer Jiles... somewhere. With Kai at ringside and Dentari splashing around in Cancer soup Python finally gets a chance to climb towards glory. The fans erupt as Python starts scaling one of the ladders. On the other side of the ladders however Edward White seems to have similar intentions.] **DDK:** Who's going to get to the belt first, Angus! **Angus:** IS SOMEONE GOING TO CHECK ON CANCER?! GODDAMNIT... [We hear the familiar rustle and clung of headphones being removed and dropped.] **DDK:** WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! [Angus Skaaland sprints across ringside to the corner Cancer Jiles is quietly bleeding in and shoves Alceo Dentari's twitching body off the viking king of COOLhalla and tries his best to revive the fallen champion. Kai Scott, never the biggest fan of the obnoxious little announcer spins him around, rips open the front of his shirt and lays in a couple crisp open hand chops to Angus' chest before he collapses into the fetal position and starts to cry openly. Kai then lands a few sharp elbows across the faces of Cancer Jiles and Alceo Dentari all for good measure.] **DDK:** GET UP YOU BIG BABY! Well, guess I've called pay per views alone before... [Back in the ring Edward White and Python are battling atop the two ladders. Python managing to get the better of the much bigger White. Between blocking blows from Python, Ed manages to pull a red silk hanky from his tights and waves it towards the entrance area.] [After a few moments we hear a diesel motor start backstage...] **DDK:** WHAT IN THE HELL?! [From backstage comes Edward White's

Hector Perez riding a huge scissor lift. Hector is behind the wheel while Nicky stands atop the vehicle in the basket holding what looks to be a huge plank of wood.] WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK? **DDK:** Only Edward White and only in DEFIANCE, folks! [The distraction allows The Socialite to clock Python and shove him from atop the ladder, back into the same corner full of broken table and twisted steel Cancer Jiles and Alceo dentari WERE just starting to stir from. All three men go sprawling back into the bloody wreckage. Kai Scott jumps back avoiding the splatter of blood and splinters. He watches begrudgingly as Edward's henchmen drive the giant scissor lift directly to ringside and up up up goes Nicky Corozzo.] [The Ace of Heels is obviously not all that pleased with this decidedly unsubtle development from Edward White and company. With the scissor lift extended all the way Nicky Corozzo props the plank of wood between the floor of the lift and the top of the ladders making a wide scaffold above the ring.] **DDK:** THIS IS MADNESS! WHAT... oh, hey. How you feeling? **Angus:** I... I'm pretty sure some fat broad in the third row has my left nipple. Is Cancer okay? The fuck is that thing?! [Ed White strolls confidently out onto the bridge, the fans going completely apeshit. The sound in the arena is deafening. Casual fans, new fans, old fans, faithful fans. The sight of The Socialite nearly twenty feet in the air pretentiously preening with Nicky Corozzo sends them into a complete uproar.] [We suddenly see a bloody hand grasp the railing of the basket.] **DDK:** IT'S DENTARI, HE'S SCALED THE SCISSOR LIFT! [The tiny mobster boots Corozzo in the guts and snaps off a sick Shining Wizard before Ed even has a chance to gather his thoughts. Ed turns around just in time to see Alceo pop his forearm into the crook of his elbow before thrust kicking Nicky off the platform like some sort of midget Spartan king.] HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! [Hector Perez quickly abandons the lift controls, rolls into the ring and check on Corozzo.The Socialite's eyes are wide as saucers, he drops to his knees trying desperately to beg off Dentari "please, come on, lets not be hasty here" his cries go completely ignored as he goes for another Shining Wizard, Ed telegraphs it an explodes into motion and spears the gutsy little grappler. He acts quickly setting Dentari up for the...] **DDK:** MARKET FAILURE ONTO THE WOOD PLATFORM! [The plank has a lot of give, bouncing up and down and swaying along with the scissor lift. Edward stands over the fallen Dentari, booting him over the edge of the platform. Alceo rolls off and lands DIRECTLY through the table Edward had set up earlier in the match. Forgotten and avoided this whole time. Ed stands tall all alone atop the structure... or does he.] **DDK:** LOOK! [His right arm hanging limply at his side, his hair and face a complete Evil Dead blood soaked mess we see slowly, carefully the current DEFIANCE World Champion step carefully out onto the platform and slowly point towards Edward White who is just now turning around and realizing who's in front of him.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! **Angus:** CANCER LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVES! THERE IS A GOD! DO IT CANCER, DO IT DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII! LETS GO CANCER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP LETS GO CANCER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP LETS GO CANCER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP LETS GO CANCER! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP [Cancer smiles at Ed as he slowly reaches beside him where the belt dangles even with his face standing on top of Ed's bridge... a plan that is now soundly biting him in the ass. Before White can even take a step, an equally bloody Python reaches up from a few rungs down the ladder and pulls Cancer's feet out from under him. The belt AGAIN wrenched from Jiles' grasp.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** They're booin' Python now? Fickle fucks. **DDK:** It's every man for himself, partner! When it comes down to it there's no faces and heels, just five men who DESPERATELY want to be quite possibly the LAST DEFIANCE World Champion! [Python starts to crawl up onto the platform but with one last gasp of strength Jiles kicks the snake man directly in the face causing him to lose his grip thanks to a set of bloody mits and tumble ass over end backwards off the ladder and crash into the mat next to Dentari who still hasn't moved since his tumble into a table.] **Angus:** Goddamnit would someone PLEASE do that to White?! Also where the fuck is Kai Scott?! **DDK:** Where IS Kai Scott? [Ed kicks Cancer off the platform and down the face of the ladders, Jiles using every ounce of strength he has left to grasp onto a couple of the rungs and avoid Python and Alceo's fate. Edward again looks around again like he's the master and the commander, completely unaware of Cancer's lifesaving last gasp a couple rungs down.] [Ed reaches out to grab the belt, a huge smile on his face...] **Angus:** HE'S STILL ALIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE! CANCER'S ALIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE! [Jiles taps into his reserve tank, sprints up the ladders and tackles White right off the platform.] **Angus:** FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **DDK:** OH MY DEAR LORD! HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT! [Cancer and White land hard on the canvas Ed first right smack between Dentari's pile of broken table and the agonizing Python. All four men down for the count...] **Angus:** Oh come on, no... **DDK:** He's the last man left standing! [We cut to ringside where we find Kai Scott screaming at some stagehands to hurry as they back the, lets be honest here, VERY dangerous piece of heavy

construction equipment away from ringside. Kai Scott obviously doesn't want to risk life and limb on some makeshift scaffold. The basket is lowered and the plank falls safely down to the canvas. With the gimmicks cleared Kai rolls confidently into the ring. The Ace of Heels walks past his agonizing competition, looking up towards what he surely must consider already HIS World Heavyweight title.] **DDK:** This is it! All his plotting, all his planning, everything that IS Kai Scott has led to this final moment, one final moment before he's crowned the NEW DEFIANCE World Champion! **Angus:** FUCK THIS SHIT SO HARD! [All of a sudden...] ♪ *What'chu got, what'chu got, what'chu got, what'chu got* ♪ ♪ *You better buck-buck-buckle up and prepare for this impact* ♪ ♪ *Car crash, whiplash, BAM, snap your neck back* ♪ ♪ *In half! Why can't I just be realistic?* ♪ ♪ *Give 'em what they want and make the biddies go ballistic* ♪ [That unfamiliar song is "What You Got" by Reveille, but the person making her way to the ring - looks unfamiliar in street clothes, but the blonde dreadlocks and girl-abs make the person unmistakably Clair St. Sure.] **Angus:** Jesus Christ, what now? I know she flipped out after losing the tag titles, but what the hell is she doing out here and now? [Clair storms to the ring. Almost an afterthought, Diane Parker comes running out following her. Lisa Loeh behind them.] **DDK:** What could Clair and her girls POSSIBLY want? There's no love lost between her and Kai Scott, but is it enough to drive her to screw The Ace of Heels out of his chance at glory? **Angus:** Dude, by the looks on those three chicks faces I'd say the answer to that question is soundly yes... [Clair slides right into the ring. Kai cautiously backs away from the ladder. Diane and Lisa head to opposite sides of the ring.] **DDK:** You have GOT to be kidding me... **Angus:** HE'S A GOLDEN GOD, KEEBS! A GOLDEN FUCKIN' GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOD! [Only the sight of Cancer Jules slowly getting to his completely blood soaked feet could draw Kai's gaze from the fuming young woman with a look of pure killer frustration etched onto her face. Clair steps forward, Scott, pleading for his life, takes a step back, when suddenly a titanium reinforced hand claps down on his shoulder.] [Scott spins, yelps, and falls to his knees, so perfectly set up for a Mongo Chop.] **Angus:** MAAWWNNNGGOOO NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! **DDK:** SPINNING BACKFIST! CSS JUST LEVELED CANCER JILES! [Clair unleashes a combo from Hell on Jules. Another backfist, another spinning backfist, a ghetto-blasta style enzuigiri, and an axe kick to the crown of the head. Jules faceplants. Diane pulls Python out of the ring and runs him head first into the steel steps. Lisa hooks Dentari's arms and folds him up with a high angle tiger suplex. White is saved for last, and he catches a straight up old school beatdown. Reminiscent of the classic last scene in Quentin Tarantino's Death Proof, the Brujas go medieval on the already decimated DEFIANCE superstars.] **Angus:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH, WHY?! WHY WHY WHY?!~ [Once the foursome are sufficiently dealt with all three of the Brujas turn towards Kai Scott. Parker and Loeh swat Kai in his injured ribs, Lisa digging her foot into Kai's taped up midsection as the former Untouchable screams out in agony.] **DDK:** Clair St. Sure is... climbing the ladder?! **Angus:** What the FUCK is going on here?! THAT BELT BELONGS TO CANCER JILES YOU TWAT! [CSS confidently scales the ladder, reaches up and pulls down the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight title, dropping down off the ladder right at the feet of Kai Scott.] **DDK:** This does NOT bode well for The Ace of Heels. **Angus:** So is Clair champ? What the fuck? **DDK:** I... I'm not sure WHAT this means, partner. [The Jamaican submission siren holds the belt with both hands...] [Python hits the ring first, Clair telegraphs his groggy attack and levels him with the belt.] [Next Alceo Dentari has a turn and meets the same fate. The grapplers just too exhausted to put up a proper fight. Ed White has rolled to ringside to nurse his obviously quite injured back. As for the CURRENT World Champion... he has yet to move. Having lost what must be pint upon pint of blood over the course of the match. St. Sure turns back to Kai feigning several attacks with the belt. Kai drops from Parker and Loeh's grasp down onto his knees, begging and pleading with Clair for his well being.] **Angus:** What a fuckin' coward. **DDK:** Well, he can't... WAIT! [Kai lunges for Clair, she gets into a fighting stance, the two grapplers look to come to blows...] **DDK:** What the hell?! **Angus:** Oh FUCK this... FUCK this all over... [And then they lock up.] [No, not like that.] [Kai Scott and Clair St. Sure hug each other.]
BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
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BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **Angus:** Oh. OH FUCK NO... NO! FUCK NO! FUCKING... NO! [Kai steps back, a HUGE grin spreading across his, Clair and both Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh's faces. Clair again folds in the straps and holds the title belt with two hands... and holds it out for Kai Scott.] **DDK:** Not like this! Not like this! **Angus:** This is BULLSHIT! [Scott grabs the leather and gold and hoists it up over his head.] **DING DING DING! Quimbey:** Ladies and gentlemen... [The fans don't even let the ring announcer finish before letting their opinion be known.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! **Quimbey:** Your...
NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW DEFIANCE WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLD
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, THE ACE OF HEELS... KAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
SCOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTT! [The fans start littering the ring with garbage. Beer cups both empty and near full, bags of popcorn, wadded up signs. Lisa Loeh helps Kai unwrap his ribs then takes the belt and assists in

fastening it around the waist of the new DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion.] **DDK:** His goddamn ribs are fine?! **Angus:** Oh Jesus, what a dick... [Cancer Jiles, Alceo Dentari and Python all bleeding out on the canvas. Edward White in similar state at ringside. Diane and Clairia step up and raise Kai's hands high. Covered in four other men's blood and gore, garbage raining down all around him, the ring littered with broken tables, bloody ladders, a huge fuck off plank of wood The Ace and his Angels grab the nearest camera.] Kai Scott: THAT RIGHT THERE? THAT? THAT... WAS TRULY UNTOUCHABLE! [The Ace of Heels lives up to his name.] [New DEFIANCE World Champion Kai Scott and Tres Brujas stand tall amidst the chaos as confetti starts to rain down from the rafters of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome.] Kai Scott: DIDN'T I WARN YOU ALL TO BRING KRYPTONITE?! [Pulling the belt back off off his perfectly fine ribs Scott kisses his prize, drops to his knees and holds it as high above his head as he can manage.] **DDK:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN I AM SPEECHLESS! THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED! That man just won his first World Title in his career, and what an awful way for him to win it! **Angus:** FUCK YOUR CONFETTI, FUCK THOSE THREE WHORES, FUCK ALL THIS SHIT I'M OUT... [Angus removes his head phones and leaves the announce desk.] **DDK:** Folks, I'm not quite sure what's next for this company! I'm not even sure if I'll have a JOB tomorrow! I... WE'RE OUT OF TIME! CHECK BACK WITH DEFIANCE WRESTLING DOT COM FOR ALL THE LATEST ON THIS AND... [DEF logo.]