

Champion's privilege

[DEFIANCE Wrestling continues in 5...]

[...4...]

[...3...]

[Cold open.]

[Kai Scott in-ring.]

Kai Scott:

So. Cancer Jiles finally earned himself a title shot. One that was not personally handed to him by Eric Dane, in a match that should never have taken place.

[Scott looks down at his title belt, and wipes an imaginary smudge off it.]

Scott:

Why are the mediocre given so many chances, while the men who truly make things happen cast aside?

[Scott paces the ring, as if waiting for the fans to answer.]

[Since he's stalling - I swear it's almost like he almost missed his cue and he's trying to make this shit up as he goes along - we zoom in on Angus and DDK at the commentation station.]

Angus:

What the fuck is he on about now, Darren?

Scott:

Angus, this is Japan. The fans are quiet when I'm speaking, and so I can hear you.

[Angus yelps.]

Scott:

Cancer Jiles shall go down in the history of Defiance as the most unworthy champion ever to wrap the title around his waist. He did not win the belt by his own power, or by anybody else's power, or even by his own schemes. He fell into his title reign in a marijuana-induced haze, much like he has fallen into, and out of, everything in his career.

[Scott adjusts the title around his waist.]

Scott:

And proving this, without Eric Dane to guide him, Cancer Jiles is a big fat pile of nothing. He stands up for himself - if you yell at him loud enough. He defends himself - if you kick him hard enough. But he barely acts as though he wants his rematch. I don't know if he's waiting for Dane to come save him, or what, but I have to state publicly that I object being forced to defend MY title against such an unworthy opponent.

[Scott waits for Cancer Jiles to respond.]

[Jiles, having gotten pretty bad about that, doesn't.]

[But, it just so happens there was someone else wanting to respond, and waiting to give Jiles the first shot, and when he didn't take it....]

[Cue "I Love It Loud" by Kiss.]

[The drum beat calls forth the arrival of Dusty Griffith, who takes it slow with his stride towards the ring, his eyes never leaving the form of DEFIANCE's World Heavyweight Champion.]

Angus:

Should have figured there was a catch to his return.

DDK:

What are you talking about?

Angus:

Mayberry is obsessed with climbing the ladder, half the reason he bailed on us the first time, remember?

DDK:

Not exactly the full story there, Angus.

[Reaching ring side, Dusty ascends the steps to the apron where he pauses to lock eyes with the champion who remains in command at the center of the ring. Before long, Dusty climbs through the ropes and approaches Kai slowly, before passing by him and calling for a mic from Darren Quimbey.]

[After receiving the mic from "DQ", Dusty checks it and returns his attention to the champion, who never let Griffith out of his sight the entire time.]

[They stand face to face for a long, silent moment, letting the tension in the building rise before Dusty raises the mic up.]

Griffith:

I couldn't help overhearing your "complaints" about Dane's "boys" and undeserved title shots.

Scott:

These Japanese fans are very polite, I agree.

Griffith:

Yeah, well... You believe you have a "legitimate" complaint, well, let me spin this at you. They say the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Title was merged with the WWA World Heavyweight Title... Right?

[Pause. Giving those playing at home a chance to piece this puzzle together.]

Griffith:

And it just so happens that when you win Summer Games, you're guaranteed a shot at the World Heavyweight Title... Now the way I see it, that twenty pounds of gold you're carrying may say DEFIANCE, but that belt is one in the same to

me.

[He steps in closer to the champion.]

Griffith:

So. You want a “deserving” challenger? Here’s your deserving challenger.

[Kai Scott looks around the arena wildly.]

Scott:

Where?!

[He then “sees” Griffith, grabs his heart and stumbles three steps back.]

Scott:

Oh. You mean YOU!

[Laugh.]

Scott:

Really, after all this time, after one failed run in Defiance already, NOW you’re wanting a shot? Who have you beaten to earn it, Dusty?

[Dusty eyes Scott, pondering the champions words.]

Griffith:

Fair enough... You tell me, who do I need run through to get your approval then?

Scott:

Hmm. I’m not entirely sure that you’ve even earned contendership, but since you did ruin Jonny’s debut for me... I’ll tell you what. You got your match against Leon Booth tonight, right? Beat him and we’ll consider opening title shot negotiations.

Griffith: [snorts, then thumbs his nose.]

Consider it done.

[The champion and his, possibly, future challenger stare each other down for a moment until Dusty backs away, leaving Kai Scott alone in the ring as he watches Griffith walk off.]

Angus:

See, I told you, Keebs...

DDK:

Yes, but Griffith certainly had a valid point, and seems more than willing to run through any roadblocks that Kai Scott will put in front of him to earn it.

Angus:

Anyway, what’s next?

DDK:

We have Jeremiah Rainwood taking on Lash Graham.

Angus:

So we have the retard versus the retarded, wannabe, alternate version of the COOL?

DDK:

In not so many words, yes.

Angus:

Well then, what're we waiting for? Lets get this Special Olympics off and running.

Lash Graham vs Jeremiah Rainwood

[Electricity crackles and the piping whine of high synth cords opens Ok Go and the Muppets with The Muppets theme, growling monster voice and all. Lash Graham dances with the armadillo down to ringside, bobbing the little stuffed animal in the air to the tune of the music and the delight of the fans.] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** Introducing first, from New Bedford, Massachusetts, he stands 6'0 and weighs in at two hundred and thirty pounds, this is Lash Graaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaham! [Lash dances the armadillo damn near on the heads of several of the fans and one young woman who happily dances with the little stuffed critter all on her own. The Uncle trails the procession, a look of long suffering annoyance on his face. Finally, Lash rolls into the ring and dances the armadillo around the ref.] **DDK:** That kid is a huge hit with the fans. **Angus:** That kid is bat-shit crazy and outta be locked up. At least he didn't dance the mite infested thing over here. **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** And his opponent, he hails from Memphis, Tennessee, standing 6'1 and weighing in at two hundred and eight pounds, he is the Laid-Back Legend, Jeremiah Rainwoodoooooooooooo! **Angus:** Great, we've got one guy that's gotta be on drugs and another who needs to be. Christ what is this place coming to. [Burning up starts to play and on the last "Oh I want you" Rainwood saunters out at a slow place, pauses for a good minut or so at the top of the ramp and then salutes the crowd with two fingers as nonchalantly as possible. After saluting, he strolls down the ramp at a very gentle pace, often hi fiving the fans and having full conversations with random members of the crowd. Once he's finally made his way to ringside, Rainwood gets up onto the apron, climbs between the top and middle rope hanging there for a second as if lying in a hammock. Once in the ring Jeremiah does on one slow dull turn, slightly bowed with his hand on temple before lazily flicking a final salute to the crowd.] **Angus:** I got a salute for him. **DDK:** Yeah, I bet. [Snatching the armadillo from Lash's arms, the Uncle gives him a shove in Rainwood's direction. Lash just grins at Rainwood and sticks out his hand, 'til the Uncle grabs him by the arm and shakes him.] **Uncle:** Disneyland, remember? Kick his ass and we can go! ["Disneylandy!" Lash yells as he leaps onto Rainwood, a quick crossbody that sends them into a corner. Lash raining punches, Rainwood blocking and punching right back. Lash with a headbutt and a stomp to Rainwood, who answers with a flurry of punches and a European uppercut. Lash staggers momentarily, before driving his feet into Rainwoods face with a standing dropkick. Rainwood goes down and Lash stomps him several times before sliding from the ring and trying to get advice from the armadillo.] **Angus:** It says stop being an idiot and fight you little retard! **DDK:** You'd better hope he don't here you, they might stop by the table for a visit, maybe bring you a gift or two for next show. **Angus:** Don't even joke about that. ["Idiot! Get your ass back in there!" the Uncle yells, shoving Lash, who turns as Rainwood launches himself over the top. Lash is sent slamming into him Uncle by a flying Lariat from Rainwood and the armadillo goes flying.] **Angus:** Get that flea ridden thing away from me! **DDK:** Calm down, Christ. [Shoving the offending armadillo off the table before Angus has a heart attack, DDK turns his attention back to the match, where Rainwood has shoved Lash back into the ring. Rainwood with a quick salute to the fans before pulling Lash to his feet and whipping him across the ring. Lash leaps onto the top turnbuckle and backflips over Rainwood, landing on his feet behind him and immediately nailing Rainwood with a German suplex that plants Rainwood near the center of the ring before Lash hits a standing moonsault and hooks the leg.] **DDK:** One and a half! **Angus:** All that flipping and flying is enough to make ya sick! [Lash looks towards the armadillo for answers and seeing it on the ground nearly rushes from the ring to get to it. His Uncle follows his gaze, sees the stuffed creatures, rolls his eyes and picks it up. "Now beat him damnit!" the uncle yells. Lash grins, yanks Rainwood up and goes to whip him into a corner, Rainwood reverses, sending Lash into the turnbuckles. Rainwood charges, Lash hangs onto the ropes, allowing Rainwood to slid out of the ring beneath him. Soon as Lash's feet touch the mat, Rainwood yanks them out from under him and Lash hits the mat face first.] **DDK:** Rainwood with great instincts, even if he does have an unorthodox style. **Angus:** If by unorthodox, you mean high as hell, then yeah, okay. **DDK:** You've got no proof of that. [Angus just shoots him a look and that's the end of that.] [Rainwood leaping up onto the ring apron, waits for Lash to get up before nailing him with a slingshot clothesline. Rainwood looking to slow Lash down a bit, goes to work on the left shoulder, stomping it several times before looking for a crossface, but Lash quick to grab the ropes and force a break. Rainwood backs off, allowing Lash to get to his feet, and this time, Lash doesn't look for

the armadillo, he goes right after Rainwood, spearing him and raining punches on his face. For a moment it almost looks like the Uncle is dancing with the Armadillo, that's how damned happy he is as he jumps up and down, urging Lash on.] **Angus:** That who damned family is nuts if you ask me. **DDK:** Can't fault the guy for being into the match. **Angus:** No, but I can fault him for acting like a fan girl at an anime convention. [Lash rolls to his feet and stomps on Rainwood's shoulder and arm before pulling him up and into an arm wringer, Rainwood counters into an arm wringer of his own, followed by a hammerlock and a quick transition into a hammerlock suplex, leaving Lash rubbing his shoulder and Rainwood again looking for the crossface. The ref is focused on the hold, so he doesn't see the Uncle put Lash's foot on the bottom rope, he just sees the foot, seconds later, and orders the break.] **DDK:** Was wondering when he'd get involved. Rainwood is at a disadvantage out here. **Angus:** I wouldn't say that. Between the uncle and Lash they still only make one competent wrestler. [Lash shook his head, confused, glancing between his Uncle and the ref. "Pin him god damn it and let's go!" His Uncle yelled, waving the armadillo by one scruffy little arm. Rainwood pulls him up, looking for an Irish whip, but Lash quickly reverses it into a tilt-a whirl head scissors right into a fujiwara armbar. The Uncle begins yelling at Rainwood to tap, and the ref gets right in Rainwood's face asking him if he wants to, but Rainwood is able to make it to the ropes and Lash is told to break. "Don't let go!" the Uncle yells, leaving Lash momentarily confused. The ref again orders the break and starts to count, reaching four before Lash finally breaks it.] **DDK:** If he's not careful, taking that kind of advice is going to get Lash disqualified. **Angus:** Like he'd know the difference. Bet Rainwood is feeling it though. [Hurry it up!] The Uncle yells, so Lash goes right back on the offensive, dropping a series of knees on Rainwood's arm before draping it over the bottom rope and dropping his weight on it. Rainwood clutches his shoulder and rolls to the outside, trying to shake off his arm with the Uncle is dogging his steps and taunting him. It's distracting, but not enough that Rainwood misses Lash launching himself over the top rope. Rainwood drops down and Lash with a slingshot summersault senton on his uncle.] **Angus:** Now that's funny. **DDK:** Rainwood with the good sense not to pay too much attention to the man on the outside, or that could have been bad news for him. [Rainwood quickly rolls back in the ring, leaving Lash to untangle himself from his Uncle. Grabbing the armadillo, who'd once again been sent flying, Lash spent several seconds trying to get answers from it before finally catching a clue as the referee yelled "eight" down at him. Dropping the Armadillo he rolled back in the ring before he could be counted out.] **Angus:** Idiot. [As soon as he gets to his feet Lash is taken down by a clothesline, Rainwood bounces off the ropes and takes Lash down with a second clothesline when he rolled to his feet again. Lash a bit more cautious the third time he climbs to his feet, but Rainwood is just leaning against the ropes, smirking and saluting the fans. "He's taunting you, get after him ya little shit!" the uncle yelled at Lash, who glares at Rainwood before they lock up. Collar and Elbow and a bit of a stalemate before Lash is able to power Rainwood back into the corner and unleash a loud chop.] **WHAP! DDK:** That got the fans' attention. [Lash firing off three more vicious chops before bringing Rainwood out of the corner with a monkey flip. Rolling to his feet, Lash is quick to hit Rainwood with a springboard summersault legdrop before hooking the leg.] **Angus:** Are we even sure Lash can count to three? **DDK:** In this case it doesn't matter, Rainwood kicked out at two. [DAMNIT!] the Uncle yells, as Lash rolls to his feet. Rainwood tries to but Lash with a kick to the side of the head, rattles Rainwood. Lash yanking Rainwood to his feet, shoots him into the ropes. Frankensteiner by Lash but Rainwood rolls through it for a pin.] **DDK:** And another two count! **Angus:** All flash and no substance, what do I keep telling you. [Both men rolling to their feet, Rainwood looking for a clothesline, Lash ducks it and leaps onto Rainwood's shoulders from behind, but Rainwood elevating him, sends him face first to the mat, then immediately locks in the arm trap crossface.] **DDK:** He's got that cinched in tight! [Lash refuses to tap. The referee in his face, asking him if he wants to give up. Lash inches along, reaching for the ropes, the Uncle right there, holding up the armadillo, urging him on. Rainwood pulling on the hold, but Lash continues to stretch towards the armadillo, and is finally able to reach the ropes and the break.] **DDK:** Lash looks to be favoring his shoulder a little bit now. **Angus:** Maybe he'll ask the Armadillo why. [Lash to his feet and Rainwood drives his head into a turnbuckle before whipping him across the ring. Rainwood charging in after him but Lash catching him, spinning him around and sitting him on the top rope before climbing up after him. Lash balances on the top rope, trying to pull Rainwood to his feet, manages, but Rainwood is struggling and Lash tries to hook an arm, bounces the ropes too much and both men are sent toppling off the top and crashing to the floor below.] **Angus:** That was brilliant! **DDK:** Cut it out Angus, they might be hurt. [The referee beginning his count while Lash's Uncle tries to rouse him. Rainwood dazed, Lash groggy, neither one moving much. The referee continues his count, but neither man looking like they are going to make it. Lash's uncle finally grabs his arm, looking to haul his nephew back into the ring, But Rainwood able to latch onto Lash's legs, preventing the Uncle from being able to roll him back in as the referees count reaches nine, and then ten. Counting both men out of the match]

United Front.

[Jimmy Rix is wrapping tape around his wrists, taping with a purpose. He's breathing deeply, controlled, calm. He's geared up for a match tonight with Aleczander of Team HOSS- punks all of them. The door to the locker room opens, the three individuals who derailed HOSS' attempt to send the 'Southern Sling' stateside early in a body cast enter: Diego De Leon, Frank Holiday, and Billy Pepper. They notice each other, Rix rising from the bench to greet them as they enter.]

Jimmie Rix:

I jus' wanna thank y'all for comin' in 'ere last show. Them HOSS boys were fixin' to put me outta commission.

Diego De Leon:

No problem.

Frank Holiday:

You don't have to thank us, dude. We already had the pleasure of meeting those, uh, charming gentlemen and we figured you could use a hand.

Jimmie Rix:

Half expectin' dem to mess with me tonight out there.

[Frank Holiday and his manager, Billy Pepper, exchange a knowing nod.]

Billy Pepper:

Jimmie, I'd put money on it.

Frank Holiday:

Damn right. Seems to be what that band of mutants was bred for, you know.

Diego De Leon:

They try anything tonight? [punches a fist into an open palm]

Frank Holiday:

What my little amigo here is trying to say is, we all got fucked with by the Agents of DOUCHE. We all know they ain't planning to stop any time soon. I also remember from grade school that tellin' an adult about bullies doesn't work -- you want to teach 'em a lesson, you have to bring it right back to 'em. So Diego and me, we've got your back, man, if you want us.

[Emphasizing his point that he's ready for action, Frank flexes, muscles bulging.]

Billy Pepper:

Me too!

[He shakes a fist in the air, then realizing he's half the size of the next-smallest man in the room, sheepishly drops his hand.]

Billy Pepper:

Maybe just in a more, uh, moral supportive kind of way.

Jimmie Rix:

Same goes for me, time we 'bout even them odds.

[The Southern Sling reaches for the locker room door to head for his match with Aleczander, breathing deeply.]

Jimmie Rix:

I'm sure we'll be seein' one anotha shortly.

Jimmie Rix vs Aleczander

DDK:

These last couple of weeks, we've been seeing one of the new trios teams, Team HOSS, wreak havoc on the roster. Two weeks ago they defeated some young locals from Team Kyoto PRO and last week, they defeated students out of Bronson Box's Conclave school. Tonight will be the first time we see Junior Keeling's Team HOSS in singles action as Aleczander takes on a longtime veteran in Jimmie Rix! It seems Keeling's group like to cause trouble backstage and that's exactly why we're having this match right now after an altercation involving Rix and HOSS.

Angus:

I hope Aleczander makes short work of that fossil! This is a young man's game. TEAM HOSS, GO!

DDK:

...Did Junior bribe you again?

Angus: (hiding stack of bills)

Who's in the what now?

[Ghost Riders in the Sky starts its guitar riff. The crowd responds favorably for the man called The Southern Sling as he makes his way to the ring, raising a taped fist for the crowd. Nothing fancy or flashy for the Texan native, but the crowd liked his hard-working ethic and a few fans were familiar with his body of work. Rix runs across the apron and raises a hand to the cheers of the crowd before he enters the ring.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! First, making his way to the ring from Stephenville, Texas...weighing in

at 215 pounds..."THE SOUTHERN SLING" JIMMIE RIX!

[The music faded out and gave way to "Does It Offend You Yeah?" by We Are Rockstars. The crowd's reaction changed to jeers as the muscleman for Team HOSS made his way out. Junior Keeling was at his side, patting the big man on the back as the British Faux-hawk sporting Aleczander flexed his muscles at the top of the stage. To make matters worse...Keeling brought out the other monsters...the rugged veteran Capital Punishment and the tremendously-sized rookie Angel Trinidad were on either side. Team HOSS at full force.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Manchester, England, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling, Capital Punishment and Angel Trinidad... weighing 268 pounds... ALECZANDER THE GREAT!

[The four men stomp towards to the ring as Junior Keeling barks orders at Aleczander to take out The Southern Sling. The Mancunian Muscle likes what he's hearing and jumps on the apron Brock Lesnar-style before climbing into the ring. He flexes his muscles one more time before referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.]

Angus:

Sorry, Rix, you're done.

DDK:

Maybe not, look!

[The crowd starts to cheer even more for the likes of the rowdy Frank Holiday, his confidant Billy Pepper, and the silent and stoic Diego Del Leon! They have also had beef with Team HOSS during several backstage altercations and promised that they have Rix's back. True to their word, they do.]

Angus:

Bah! Get these guys outta here! It was a fair fight before they got her.... ALECZANDER GO!

[Junior, Angel and Cappy look displeased with their presence but this only inspires Rix as he comes faces to face with Aleczander. The bigger man tries to get the early advantage with a Clothesline when Jimmie grabs the arm and locks in a Hammerlock. He keeps the hold locked and tries to segue it into something else only for Aleczander to use his free arm and THROW him across the ring! The landing is fairly bad for Rix, but he has come back from worse and stands up, acknowledging Aleczander's strength as the Mancunian Muscle makes his pecs dance.]

DDK:

Aleczander showing off here. I wouldn't recommend that against Rix!

[Diego, Holiday, and Pepper continue to watch for any signs of chicanery from Keeling and the HOSSes. Inside the ring The Big Brit and The Southern Sling start to circle again. They lock up a second time and Aleczander decides to try and show up Jimmie by locking in his own Hammerlock. He continues doing this until Rix runs to the nearby ropes, slips through them and back again and effectively reverses the Hammerlock sequence into one of his own! He holds it until Aleczander grabs the ropes. Rix backs off and decides to mess with him by flexing himself. An angry Aleczander charges like a bull onto to take a Drop Toe Hold sending him to the mat! He tries to segue into an STF, but Aleczander makes the ropes again to save himself!]

DDK:

And there's Rix making Aleczander pay!

Angus:

You can't match ancient old school Greco Roman dinosaur crap with Rix! That type of wrestling died out somewhere in the Cretaceous Period!

DDK:

The Cretaceous Period?

Angus:

Uh... YEAH. Where this mat crap died out with dinosaurs. Read a damn book, Keebler!

[Rix starts to stand again and peppers Aleczander with some solid right hands. He tries for a whip when Aleczander reverses the move. The Brit tries for a Back Body Drop but ducks too early and eats a quick DDT for his troubles! ONE! TWO! THR.. NO!]

[The crowd is behind Rix as he leads Aleczander to his feet before landing a couple of good shots to his chest of the Knife-Edge variety. He tries to charge at Aleczander who tries to take him over the ropes with a Back Body Drop of his own only to have Rix land on the apron. Junior Keeling tries to interfere but the Texan sees what the pesky manager has planned and kicks Junior away. But the distraction is enough for Aleczander to charge and BLAST Rix off the ring apron with a European Uppercut that sends him to the floor!]

DDK:

A lot of sting in that uppercut there! Aleczander is probably the most well-rounded of Team HOSS.

[Aleczander follows on the outside and the situation becomes tense as all sides – Team HOSS along with Pepper, Diego, and Frank each watch carefully. Aleczander just forces Rix hard into the barricade and then follows with a big Clubbing Shot that lands him on the mat! Jimmie gasps for air now while Aleczander raises a fist to a jeering Japanese crowd.]

Angus:

See, told you! Don't matter how many numbers he has out here! They can't wrestle FOR Rix!

DDK:

Team HOSS have utilized their strength and their numbers in past matches and fights, but Aleczander's faring well for himself... OOOH! Rix just got tossed into the apron! He's hurting now!

[Simple and effective offense from Aleczander. The Big Brit grabs Rix and he gets rolled back inside the ring. Aleczander picks him up and forces him into the corner with a big Corner Clothesline! When Rix stumbles out of the corner Aleczander comes charging off the opposite side and FLOORS him with a Running Shoulder Tackle...]

DDK:

SHOT AT LOVE! AND THE COVER... ONE... TWO... NO! SO CLOSE BUT RIX WITH THE SHOULDER!

Angus:

If he breaks Rix's hip our insurance premiums are gonna go up! Get that bum outta the ring!

[Frank Holliday, De Leon, and Pepper begin hitting the mat to get some energy and motivation back to a slumped Rix. Aleczander now edging the ropes as he leans down mouthing words to the members of Team HOSS at ring side. Rix is able to get back to his feet, slightly hunched over. He lifts his head up, only to be met by a charging boot to the face.]

DDK:

Monstrous Running Big Boot by Aleczander that leaves Rix down by the ropes....and now Aleczander choking Rix with that second rope!

Angus:

Put that fossil where he belongs!

DDK:

Against the second rope?

Angus:

No you tool, six feet under!

[The referee makes his 4th count and Aleczander lets go of the back of Rix's neck approaching the referee . A common distraction, as the referee turns his back to the "Southern Sling" he allows Capital Punishment to grab Rix by the head and continue choking him from the outside.]

DDK:

It looks like Diego De Leon has seen enough from Team HOSS at ringside and is running across to help Rix!

Angus:

Squash that cockroach!

[De Leon takes off without any hesitation, while he does Aleczander begins to point out De Leon to the referee. The loud yelling can be heard, a plea to remove De Leon from ringside as he is a distraction. Rix begins to use the ropes for leverage as the referee yells down at De Leon to leave ringside.]

DDK:

And the referee has told Diego De Leon to exit the ringside area! I can't believe this, Capital Punishment was just illegally choking Jimmie Rix and the second a person tries to stop it they're ejected!

Angus:

Pfft! He's not wrestling, be gone shrimp!

DDK:

Neither is the rest of Team HOSS.

Angus:

Don't be bias! You get outta here you disrupting little prick! Let these guys do their jobs since all you Mexicans take 'em all!

[A frustrated De Leon begins to exit to the backstage area as Capital Punishment and the rest of Team HOSS laugh at the situation. The one laughing the most is Aleczander who has Rix pinned again to the corner. The Brit punches Rix in the corner a few times before Irish Whipping him to the opposite turnbuckle. Rix bounces out like a rag doll taking a Belly to Belly Suplex on his exit.]

DDK:

Cover by Aleczander 1.....2.....3....no! Kick out by Jimmy Rix!

[Aleczander stands up as Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper begin their slapping of the ring apron to get Rix back up. The member of Team HOSS yells across to them to shut up as he grabs the trunks of Rix to set up for a Standing Suplex. The Brit lifts, but can't, the veteran Texan has hooked his ankle around Aleczander's leg to prevent the throw. A second attempt, now a third.]

Angus:

Slam that loser down!

DDK:

Aleczander trying to force, Rix to the air with a Suplex but "The Southern Sling" has his foot locked in....small package by Jimmy Rix!!!!

One.....Two!

And an easy kick out by Aleczander but a crafty veteran move by the newcomer Jimmie Rix.

Angus:

So crafty he only got a two count from it.

[The momentum of the rolling small package brings a wobbly Rix to his feet, Aleczander pops up, fresh and takes a hard swing at Rix. Rix blocks and a returned right hand! Another shot by the arrogant Brit...another block and another connection! Now another hooking right, left jab! Forearm! Aleczander is now against the ropes, Rix running opposite, to bounce off the other ropes.]

DDK:

Jimmie Rix on the return! And he gets his foot snagged by Junior Keeling!

Angus:

More important is that fact he just face planted in front of all these people!

[Rix begins to come up, but is met by a rattled and angry Aleczander who sends Rix back down with a knee smash. Frank Holiday now begins his trot towards the ringside members of Team HOSS only to be told by the referee that if he causes trouble he will be tossed just like De Leon.]

Angus:

You don't barge after the dude when the ref is looking! Everyone knows that!

DDK:

I don't blame him! These three chumps are making a joke of this match!

Angus:

This match IS a joke, Keeb.

[Aleczander looks down at Holiday and Pepper, the words being exchanged hardly appropriate or friendly. Aleczander taunting Holiday to get in the ring with him if he wants to end up like Rix.]

DDK:

How unsportsmanlike! The mouth of Aleczander needs to be shut, and now Aleczander has just spit down at Frank Holiday!

[Holiday infuriated jumps on the apron to grab Aleczander. The referee immediately jumps between them, telling Holiday to get down and get backstage immediately. The Big Brit takes this time to pick up Rix and send him to the nearest corner by Team HOSS.]

DDK:

And now Holiday and Billy Pepper are being ejected from ringside!

Angus:

Good! Maybe that'll stop the distractions so Aleczander can get this match over with!

[Aleczander grins distracting the referee who is still telling Holiday and Pepper to leave the side of the ring. Leave no second to waste, Trinidad and Capital Punishment have ahold of Rix, one each leg, they yank sending him face down and legs spread with the ring post in between. With no hesitation the take off racking Rix into the buckle. Junior Keeling jumps in grabbing the vet by the ankle and sending his knee to the post.]

"Oooooooooohhhhhh!"

DDK:

Team HOSS now just picking Jimmie Rix apart at ringside. This is why they should ban it all together, they need to set rules and enforce them. Look at this, Diego De Leon and Frank Holiday with Billy Pepper were sent backstage! Jimmie Rix is stuck here with these goons!

Angus:

Because they planned this all along like geniuses! I love these guys already!

[Aleczaider walks over to Rix with a cocky grin as the referee is still pointing up the ramp where Holiday and Peppers are being forced to walk. He grabs the battered Rix and sets him up for something major...]

DDK:

Isn't this enough!?

Angus:

It's about to be!

[Aleczaider picks up the Withered Warrior and slams him down with every bit of power he has, right down into a STIFF Thrust Spinebuster! Rix shook upon impact and fell into a limp mess. The crowd winces from the impact of the move as Aleczaider covers.]

Angus:

Aleczaider Wins The Match!

DDK:

He just might.

Angus:

No, that's his finisher's name, dumbass!

DDK:

ONE.....TWO.....THREE!

[DING DING DING! The match is over and Aleczaider has his arms raised by the referee! Junior Keeling, Capital Punishment and Angel Trinidad flood the ring and celebrate with their cohort!]

DDK:

Frank Holiday and Diego de Leon had good intentions out here, but Junior and Team HOSS manipulated events on the outside! Rix gave Aleczaider all that he could handle, but Junior and his group proved they're a lot more than just muscle!

A Devil's Ambition

"I'm sorry, Troy."

[Eddie Dante sat at the locker room bench in casual garb, hanging his head and gazing down at his shoes. Three feet away, one of his tag team partners, Troy Matthews, was adjusting his kickpads, leg by leg while Saori Kazama looked on, one hand clutching her signature shinai, the other clutching the OLW World Trios Tag Team Championship belt slung over her shoulder.]

TROY MATTHEWS:

There's nothing to be sorry about, Eddie. Ty Walker's lost a step or two, but he's still one of the best wrestlers in the world. No shame losing to him. Besides, whenever the chips are down?

[Troy finishes with his pads, takes the belt from Saori, and wraps it around his waist before putting on his signature green vest.]

TROY MATTHEWS:

That's my specialty. Besides, this isn't about just winning to me.

[Eddie perks an eyebrow, and tilts his head.]

TROY MATTHEWS:

It's personal. I'm not going out there just to defeat Ryan Matthews. I'm not going out there just to break his bones, or even his ego.

[Troy looks over to Saori, her face practically ice.]

TROY MATTHEWS:

I'm going out there to crush his spirit. He wants to insult our team like he did? He wants to insult Saori like that? I want to insult him in the best way possible; by beating his ass clean in that ring, so that he has NOTHING to use as an excuse, and just mumbles on and stew in his own bitterness like an impotent little SHIT. I want him SPECIFICALLY to feel like... I want THE WORLD to feel like Ryan Matthews is the WEAK LINK of that team. I want him to look PATHETIC in that ring, and if there's anything that I do better than anyone else, it's DISPOSE of people like Ryan Matthews and leave them in MY _DUST_.

[Troy snaps a glance at Eddie once again.]

TROY MATTHEWS:

I want Sam Horry to be shaking in his boots when he face Mushi later on. I want him to think, "if that little guy can put Ryan in his place, I'm SCREWED against this big guy." You talk to me a lot about psychological warfare, and getting what we came for. Well, Ed, I'm coming for wounded pride and fractured egos. And no one in HNB can stop me.

[Troy grins and extends his arm, wrapping it around Saori's waist.]

TROY MATTHEWS:

C'mon, babe. Let's emasculate this jerk.

[They leave the scene, leaving Eddie to himself, looking out the locker room door with a smile on his face.]

#WWERD

[Last show it was the Super Mario Bros. theme, this time round we're headed for a rival manufacturer (at the time) as the Emerald Hill Zone theme from Sonic The Hedgehog 2 blasts out around the arena.]

DDK:

Well, we were expecting Eugene Dewey...

Angus:

Is this his thing now? Just coming out week after week to different music in an attempt to pander to these fans?

DDK:

I love it. Eugene's coming out here to iconic themes from some of the biggest Japanese video games ever made, and-

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOOORED!

[And that's exactly what he does. Eugene Dewey makes his way out through the curtain and down the ramp, waving to the fans as he goes. But his hands aren't empty.]

DDK:

Now this is new, Eugene has a microphone.

Angus:

Jesus, you got any ear plugs? I don't think I can stand to listen to his 'I'm at the ass end of puberty' voice.

DDK:

He's not 15 you know...

Angus:

Then why does his face remind me of the moon when looked at through the hubble telescope?

[The music begins to die down as Eugene steps through the ropes. He waves to the fans once more.]

Eugene Dewey:

Konbanwa!

[Clearly the fans in attendance appreciate Eugene's attempt at their native tongue, even if his pronunciation is a little off.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'm sorry guys, I really don't know much Japanese. I mean, I can say 'Our princess is in another castle.' But that's about it...

[In a Venn Diagram of 'people who speak english', 'people who get that reference', and 'people in attendance tonight' the middle section would be pretty small. Even so a fair portion of the audience applauds the joke, even if they didn't understand it.]

Eugene Dewey:

I've gotta say, I'm absolutely loving being out here in Japan! It's-

[Another round of applause from the crowd forces Eugene to stop talking and wait for everything to die down again.]

Eugene Dewey:

It's been an absolute blast! I've been to Pokemon World, I've climbed snow capped mountains, I've sung karaoke at

2am in a bar full of strangers, I've drunk Sake and eaten sushi... but that was all on the other side of these ropes.

[Pointing down at the canvas Eugene's voice has a sudden solemn undertone to it.]

Eugene Dewey:

Being in Japan is the greatest, but being in a ring in Japan...

[Never one to keep his emotions bottled up, Eugene forces himself you take a couple of seconds to compose himself.]

Eugene Dewey:

I don't know how many of you know this, but one of my trainers was Japan's own Kengroro Sugamoto, and he once told me 'wrestling in Japan is an experience like no other.' and he was right... kind of.

[Pointing at the entrance way Eugene continues.]

Eugene Dewey:

I say 'kind of' because he was half right. The feelings you get when you walk through that curtain are so different to those you feel in the States. The energy is so different, the sounds, the smells, the sights... they're all different... but the action... What actually happens between those bells...

[Unable to hide his disappointment much longer Eugene hangs his head.]

Eugene Dewey:

I guess I was expecting certain people to get swept up in your overflowing honor and respect, but it wasn't to be, as I found out to my detriment after a hard fought match against Diego De Leon.

[Some of the audience obviously caught that match somehow. Maybe it had been bootlegged or something, who knows. But a small handful applauded the mention of the bout from two shows back.]

Eugene Dewey:

See, Seth Stratton challenged me to a rematch of our Ascension bout, and I accepted. Now I'm not the smartest guy in the world, and neither am I some sort of naive child, but I'll admit I was expecting Seth Stratton to fight that match cleanly and fairly.

[Duhhh.]

Eugene Dewey:

But that didn't happen. No, I had Seth Stratton tap tap tapping away in the middle of this very ring, but thanks to a plan he'd hatched with Wayne Dewey, my younger brother, the referee didn't see it.

Angus:

Is this nerd out here to give us all a history lecture?

Eugene Dewey:

And then, one show later, Wayne comes to me and suggests he manage me again?

[Struggling to contain a laugh Eugene continues.]

Eugene Dewey:

Some of you may remember Wayne managing me when I first came to DEFIANCE. Now I'm not going to bore you with the specifics, but suffice to say Wayne and I didn't exactly end our working relationship on the best of terms. And it's based on my previous experiences with Wayne as my manager why I said an emphatic 'no' to the little rat. But in saying no it seems I-

Wayne Dewey:

It seems you signed yourself up for a hard time!

[To no fanfare, no cheers and no boos Wayne Dewey made his way through the curtain to the top of the ramp. Close behind him followed Seth Stratton, who carried with him an Anime Body Pillow.]

Wayne Dewey:

I warned you, Eugene. I warned you that life could get very difficult if you said no, and what did you do? You went ahead and you said no. Right then and there. I was shocked, needless to say, and Seth here? Well Seth was distraught!

[At Wayne's side Seth pouts and nods.]

Wayne Dewey:

See? Seth was so looking forward to having you on our side he went out and he bought you Yuki as a gift!

Seth Stratton:

Don't worry Buddy, I've broken her in for you.

[With one arm wrapped around it Seth strokes the pillow with his free hand, his fingertips lingering over the chest area of the printed character for a millisecond too long to feel truly comfortable.]

Wayne Dewey:

Uhhhh, yeah... Anyway, we were so heartbroken about your refusal that we almost threw her away! But we realised we couldn't just give up on you like that. We thought maybe you were confused by what I meant when I said 'difficult', so we came down during your match with Chance Von Crank and we gave you a free demo of just what we meant.

Eugene Dewey:

Oh I knew exactly what you meant, Wayne.

Wayne Dewey:

See, why don't I believe you? Oh, that's right, because I know you. Did you forget that, Eugene? Did you forget that I've known you my whole life? Did you forget that I know you hate, hate, hate to lose?

[Together the three of them, Wayne, Seth and Yuki walk their way down the ramp and climb the steps to the ring apron.]

Wayne Dewey:

You did, didn't you? You forgot that I know what bothers you most in this world... but you're remembering now, aren't you Eugene?

Wayne Dewey:

Yeah, you're remembering. And now you're thinking "Oh man, maybe I made a mistake in brushing Wayne off so quickly. Maybe I should have sided with him after all. I mean, Wayne led me to victories time and time again in DEF 1.0 and in the Masters of Wrestling tournament... If I had him manage me again I could be beating former champions again in no time rather than losing to inbred rednecks."

[As Seth and Wayne step into the ring Eugene pulls his fists back ready to fight, but Wayne puts his hands up and orders Seth to follow suit.]

Wayne Dewey:

Sorry, Eugene, I know that was a little below the belt, but you need to hear this. Please believe me when I say we're not here to fight. We're not here to jump you or cause you any sort of pain... We're here to offer our help... we're here to offer support... we're here to extend an olive branch.

[Taking a step forwards Seth holds out the pillow and offers it to Eugene with a smile.]

Wayne Dewey:

If you don't believe us check the tag.

[Wayne turns to Seth.]

Wayne Dewey:

You did write the tag, didn't you?

[Seth nods.]

Wayne Dewey:

And you of all people should know that these things aren't cheap... Yuki's yours to do with as you please.

Angus:

I dread to think what he could do with that...

Wayne Dewey:

Please believe me, Eugene, we didn't want to do what we did last week, but you left us with no choice. Look, no hard feelings, OK? The offer placed before you last week is still wide open.

[Eugene laughs as he asks 'Are you kidding?' off of the microphone before raising it to his lips. He goes to speak, but Wayne cuts him off almost instantly.]

Wayne Dewey:

No, no, no. Don't answer now. Please, take Yuki, head to the back and find a monitor, because Seth and I are going to put on a spectacle that I'm sure will convince you...

[Seth sits on the middle rope and holds it open for Eugene to exit.]

Wayne Dewey:

We'll convince you that the best place for you is with us.

[Refusing to turn his back to Seth or Wayne, Eugene opts to exit the ring on the other side. He heads around the apron as Wayne watches him go, clearly disappointed that his brother didn't accept Seth's assistance.]

Wayne Dewey:

Seth, come on over...

[Seth saunters over, shrugging off Eugene's gesture.]

Wayne Dewey:

Last week, the powers that be failed you. They failed everyone. This week though, we're going to do it right.. This week, Seth, you're going to have a real opponent. An opponent from right here in Japan!

[Mild applause from the fans.]

Wayne Dewey:

I've personally scouted this guy all week, and he's the real deal. He has single-handedly dominated all the best competition Japan has to offer.

[Seth acts like he's impressed with some light nodding.]

Wayne Dewey:

This man is a true match for the talents of Seth Stratton. Dare I say, an equal? Japan, put your hands together for the

best competitor this country has to offer, he is the one, the only, KOBE BEEF!

[A hard driving guitar track begins to wail. Two large, well muscled Japanese men in matching white tights make their way down the aisle. One wears a blue headband, the other red. Wayne Dewey's eyes widen. Seth continues working the crowd with his back turned. Wayne furiously taps Seth on the shoulder.]

DDK:

Oh please, let this be happening.

Angus:

I might just be really drunk, but that looks like two guys.

DDK:

Nothing gets by you, partner.

[Seth turns, surprised to see two men coming to the ring. Him and Wayne begin to have a heated, yet oddly composed discussion, as if trying to keep up the appearance that everything is fine. Wayne turns to the crowd.]

Wayne Dewey:

Uh, that's right! Kobe Beef, one of Japan's premier tag teams! Because no one man can compete with Seth Stratton!

[Wayne shoots Seth a look that says 'Nice save, right?' Seth shoots Wayne a look that says 'You've gotta be shitting me.' The two members of Kobe Beef slide into the ring and begin maniacally chopping each other as a warmup. Seth looks ready to drop a load in his pants.]

(Cut back to ringside.)

Seth Stratton vs some japanese scrub

[The bell rings. Seth and the member of Kobe Beef with the blue headband begin circling. Blue comes charging in for a clothesline, but Seth ducks underneath it and slides out of the ring in one motion. He scurries over to Wayne and the boom mic mildly picks up part of their conversation.]

All I saw was the name Kobe, I thought it was one guy!

Why would you think that?

I don't know, Kobe Bryant?

[Seth looks at him murderously. Wayne pats him on the back and mouths 'You got this.' Seth tentatively slides back into the ring.]

Angus:

Just getting their game plan finalized, I'm sure.

DDK:

I'm surprised the plan wasn't 'run'.

[Seth reaches a hand out for the classic test of strength. Blue accepts, and immediately gains a significant advantage over Seth. However, before Seth falls to the mat he uses his free hand to punch Blue in the face, temporarily staggering him.]

Angus:

Advantage, Stratton.

DDK:

Seth wasting no time with his antics tonight.

[Blue looks to return the shot, but Seth ducks underneath it and hits the ropes. He comes running back and leaps at Blue, taking him down with a full body press. Both men scurry up, and Blue again pursues Seth. This time, Seth catches him with a drop toehold. HeY takes advantage by applying a reverse armbar, but Blue quickly grabs the bottom rope...

... Which would matter, if he was facing a man with scruples.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton refusing to let go of the arm.

Angus:

Oh c'mon, he's got until five.

[As Benny Doyle reaches the end of the five count, Wayne Dewey jumps on the apron and begins to complain. With Doyle's attention elsewhere, Seth really wrenches Blue's arm, causing Red to step into the ring. Red takes a few steps toward the action and Doyle turns around, shouting at Stratton. Seth finally relinquishes the hold and Red returns to his corner. Blue sits up, massaging his shoulder.]

DDK:

Is it even really a handicap match with Wayne Dewey involved?

Angus:

That five count was quick, Keebler. We both saw it, and so did Wayne.

[Seth lifts Blue to his feet, but is surprised by a knee to the midsection. Blue hooks Seth and lifts him into the air for a delayed vertical suplex. Seth kicks his feet and gains the momentum, reversing the move into a monster DDT, and a quick cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!]

DDK:

And he manages to get the shoulder up!

[Seth kneels down again to apply another armbar, but Blue rolls out of the way. He scrambles to his feet and charges at Stratton this time taking him down with a clothesline. Seth gets up immediately, only to be taken down with a second clothesline. Blue then walks to the corner and tags in Red.]

Angus:

Go ahead, run! Run from Seth!

[As Red climbs into the ring, Wayne jumps on the apron again and demands Benny Doyle's attention. Red walks up to Seth to take advantage of Blue's success, but instead Seth rises up and hits a massive low blow. He falls to the mat, writhing in pain. Wayne jumps off the apron, satisfied with his success. Seth then takes the opportunity to work Red's ribs with a series of lightning quick kicks.]

DDK:

Of course.

Angus:

What power! Who but Seth Stratton can bring a man down with nothing but a forearm strike to the hamstring?

[Tired of kicking, Seth drops a quick elbow to Red's ribs, then turns him over for a pin...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

After the kickout, an angry Seth lifts Red to his feet. Red, however, takes quick advantage by lifting Seth onto his shoulders and dropping him with a devastating Death Valley Driver. There's mild applause from the Japanese fans. Red goes for the cover.]

DDK:

WHOA! WHAT A MOVE, AND I THINK SETH IS OUT!

[ONE! TWO! THREE-

KICKOUT.]

Angus:

HA! MAYBE OUT OF PATIENCE FOR WEAK SAUCE LIKE THAT!

[Seth may have kicked out, but he's still down. Red takes this opportunity to climb to the top rope, motioning to the fans.]

DDK:

He's going to the top rope? Anything that big should have a flight attendant!

Angus:

That joke... the lameness... it envelops me.

[Red leaps, landing a top rope body splash...

... Right on Seth Stratton's raised knees, which dig into Red's already sore ribcage. Red rolls onto his back in pain, holding his ribs. Now it's Seth's turn to take the top rope, and he leaps, landing a picture perfect moonsault.]

Angus:

Even you have to admit, that was pretty.

DDK:

It was, but why can't he use his powers for good?

[Seth hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-

-EEE-

-KICKOUT!]

Angus:

Boooo!

DDK:

That was less than a second from ending the match!

[Seth rises to his knees, throwing a few choice words at Benny Doyle for what he perceives was a slow count. He tries for another cover...

ONE! TWO! THREE-NO!]

DDK:

Nothing doing!

Angus:

I had three on my stopwatch both times!

[Seth decides on another course of action, lifting a hobbled Red to his feet and whipping him into the ropes. Red manages to reverse the whip though, and catches Seth coming back with a vicious power slam, sending both men to the mat. Seth grabs the bottom rope, trying to get up. Red slowly crawls towards his corner. Blue is leaning as far as he can into the ring, hand outstretched. He tags Blue in as Seth appears to be digging for something in his tights.]

DDK:

Crucial tag there, but what's Stratton doing?

Angus:

Jock itch is a serious problem.

[Blue nears, but Stratton turns around in time. He ducks a clothesline from Blue and takes him down with one of his own. While on the mat, he and Wayne Dewey share a glance.]

DDK:

What's Wayne Dewey doing? Why is he picking up a steel chair?

Angus:

He probably wants to move it closer to the ring, get a nice front row seat.

[Benny Doyle eyes Dewey suspiciously, but a small commotion breaks out in the ring which requires his attention. Seth leaps to his feet holding a pair of brass knuckles and frantically pointing at Blue.]

Angus:

I knew it! A handicap match wasn't enough, these two are cheaters!

DDK:

Oh please, those are Seth's! He just planted them on his opponent while they were down!

[Doyle tries to calm Seth, while Blue pleads his case. For the time being, Doyle grabs the brass knuckles and throws them out of the ring. Seth and Blue continue to argue. However, while all this is happening...]

DDK:

Watch out!

THWACK

[... Wayne Dewey sneaks behind Red and levels him with a chairshot. He falls off the apron and Dewey quickly drops the chair. Doyle turns, but at this point there's nothing to see. Doyle walks over to investigate.]

DDK:

This is chaos! Benny Doyle walks to the apron to- OH! LOW BLOW BY STRATTON!

Angus:

Stop calling it that, it's the hamstring hammer!

[With Doyle at the ropes checking on Red, Seth takes advantage by hitting a low blow from behind on Blue. He falls to one knee, and Seth hit's the ropes...]

DDK:

Match Point!

[Dewey motions Doyle to turn around, and he does in time to see Stratton go for the cover...]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-

-EE-

-EE-

-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!]

DINGDINGDING

Angus:

Seth's done it! Two for the price of one!

DDK:

With more than a little help from Wayne Dewey.

Angus:

The perks of top flight representation!

[Wayne slides into the ring and raises Seth's arm, as Kobe Beef lie collectively out cold, one inside the ring and one out. He slaps Seth on the back, then holds the ropes open for him. Both guys walk backwards up the ramp with their arms raised as the feed cuts to backstage.]

Introducing the REAL Ryan Matthews

[Lights...check.]

[Camera...check.]

[Action...we'll get back to you on that.]

[HOOKERS N BLOOOOOWWWWW!!!!!!]

[We fade up on a simple scene, chair, someone sitting in it, the little stuff showing the camera status in the corners and sides of the picture, yes, this is a low-budget production where it's being filmed on a camcorder, fuck off if you don't like it.]

[That someone just happens to be one Ryan Matthews, one third of the soon to be DEFIANCE Trios champions, and lately a man who caused a bit of controversy, at least where a certain other team and their somewhat female looking associate are concerned. Of course, he's clad in a simple pair of sweatpants, Cleveland Browns nightgame ballcap, and a black sleeveless shirt. He takes a drink from a two liter of RC Cola before replacing the cap, placing the bottle on the floor next to the chair, and then leaning back to one side with an elbow propped up on the back of the chair.]

Ryan: (sighs, then snickers)

Name stealing limpdick huh? Kiddo if that's the best you got you better not even bother showing up. You obviously haven't bothered to look into my background at all before opening your trap. So let's get a little history lesson going. My name, both in and OUT of the ring, is RYAN MATTHEWS. Nice to meet you, sir. I was born with a name good enough to make it count in the world of wrestling, I don't have to hide behind some gimmick name and my talent has gotten me by to the level where I can pretty much call myself whatever the hell I want and I STILL choose to use the name I was given by my mother the day I was born. By the way to get real for a second, how's the knee? And to ask another question, who's the bitch, and the "name stealing limpdick" now, DAVE?

[Oh yeah, he went there, kayfabe broken. He smirks, shakes his head, then continues.]

Ryan:

That should prove to you alone that you're in over your head kid. I dug into your background a little bit. Nice influences, a little bit of the rudo-style mixed with punk rock and a vegetarian too? Not the most original, but who am I to judge? All I am, or all my AGE has reduced me to is somebody who only knows one way, I don't try to go around people, dodge people, or show off with fancy flippity floppity bullshit that wows the little 12 and under crowd that may for some reason have gotten in on their parent's dime, I go through people. And that includes little shitbags like you that seem to think you're somehow superior to someone who's been cheered and booed in more arenas than you even knew existed. From little shitholes in back alleys in Moscow to soccer stadiums in New Zealand and all the way back to the U.S.-fucking-A in a little place called the Hammerstein Ballroom...I've been there kid, been to hell and back, got scars and injuries to prove it, and yet I'm still going.

[Ryan smiles the grin of a cheshire cat, he's read up a little bit on Troy...]

[He reaches down, picks up the bottle again, removes the cap and takes another long swig, then replaces the cap but this time he simply sets the bottle on the ground in front of him before clasping his hands together and resting his elbows on his knees, getting a little more up close and personal with the camera.]

Ryan:

Now I can hear you already before you say what you want to say... "and that means WHAT to me?" What it means is that I'm a SURVIVOR, someone who's persevered despite all the shit that has been thrown at or put in front of me time and again, I've given blood, sweat and tears in buckets more than what you could ever hope to. And most of all I live by the adage that a winner is somebody who gets up one more time than their opponent can knock them down. You've

basically stepped up and volunteered to try, and try as you might, you will fail. And let that hermaphrodite looking thing you hang around with know that if he, she or it wants to try any funny business, just because I can't tell what he/she/it is, I will default to treating her as I would a man. Step into my ring and I'll lay you out as if you were another competitor looking to get into my business.

[With that, Ryan Matthews stands up to full height and steps back so he's in full view of the camera.]

Ryan:

And with that, the time for talk is done, time to go to work.

[Fade to black...]

Super Train Wreck

[The door to Chance Von Crank's locker room creaks inward slowly, moved by a tentative hand from outside. A head of messy brown hair pokes through the space and two blue eyes squint in as if afraid of what they'll peep.]

"Shout if you're getting your rocks off, okay dude? No? Then we're coming in!"

[Confident he's not walking in on some kind of sexual act, the speaker shoves the door wide and steps into the locker room: Frank Holiday, accompanied by Billy Pepper. cVc looks up at the uninvited guests and gives them a foul look.]

cVc:

What the fuck rookie? This is the grown ups locker room, daycare is down the hall shit head! So.. now I have to look at that fucking nightmare you call a face more than once tonight?

Billy Pepper:

Can't tell you how often I've said that to him. Kidding!

Frank Holiday:

[Sneering at Billy] Asshole. [Smiling at cVc] Sorry to interrupt you, man. I just wanted to talk to you straight up. I know you and me mixed it up a bit on the old Twitter machine, and that's cool. Busting balls and all that. Me and Billy do it all the time.

Billy Pepper:

Oh sure. I burn him about his girlfriend, and he burns me about my, uh, lack of one.

cVc:

How about we roll this right the fuck along? I feel like you two suck each other's dicks when no one is around and its honestly starting to fuck with me. Spit it out.

Frank Holiday:

Anyway, I want you to know that you got my respect as an ass kicker out there. I'm new here, but I've seen the tapes. You're crazy good, dude. Also just plain crazy. But also effin' good. So for me, facing Chance Von Crank on my first tour in Defiance, that's the shit. It's the Powerball. So I'm one hundred percent stoked to lock up with you tonight.

cVc:

I am one hundred percent sure you won't win. So smile at me and wonder how I got this mullet looking so fly, I know the hate burns deep that you are not me. I know you feel so inadequate... I know you look at me and see what you will never be. I am The Reason They All Came... Every Slant Eyed Fuck Out There... This story doesn't have a happy ending, Generic New Guy.

Frank Holiday:

Uh, wow. So you actually do talk like this in real life.

[The smile has faded from his face. Frank arches an eyebrow and shakes his head.]

Frank Holiday:

Listen, dude, I said everything I wanted to say. There's a ton of negative vibes coming off you right now, so I'm gonna walk out of here and we'll continue this in the ring, alright?

cVc:

So you think you say when shits done around here? I Don't. Not yet.

[cVc slaps Holiday's chest with both hands three times shouting, "Thump" with each open handed slap.]

cVc:

Thump! Thump! Thump! That's your heart telling your knees you just don't have it.

[This only further angers Holiday as the two men are nearly nose to nose now.]

cVc:

Oh we got us a fucking tough guy. I like a little fight in a bitch before I take what I want.

Frank Holiday:

Bitch, huh? Fuck you, Chance.

[Holiday chest-shoves him, glaring into the former Southern Heritage Champion's eyes.]

Frank Holiday:

I see what you're about. You're the big dog here. You've held gold. You've beaten awesome competition. Yeah, I get it. Compared to you, I'm a nobody. I don't have a record. I've got everything to prove. That's the story of my goddamn life. You took a look at this dude and you figured he's just another pretty face for you to stomp your shit-caked boots on. And you may well do that. Wouldn't be the first time for me. Literally. Long story. Not going into it right now. Point is this: I don't know if I can beat you, but that won't stop me from trying. Rocky Balboa didn't beat Apollo Creed the first time out. But he surprised him. Impressed him. So if I can at least do that, I'm ahead of the fuckin' game, brah.

[Chance yawns at Holiday, not impressed. He slicks his mullet back and slings the excess oil in Holiday's direction while rocking back and forth taunting Holiday every chance he gets. Chance turns away from Frank and rips his poster off the wall. "Mean: The Chance Von Crank Story" starring Danny McBride that comes out later this year. He rips the top of his sharpie off with his mouth and spits the lid at a disgusted, Pepper. He signs his name across it, and drops the sharpie as he turns back to face Holiday. He pushes the signed poster into Holiday's chest with his signature grin across his face.]

cVc:

You like movies? They make movies about cVc. All that inspiring shit you just think you said will make you feel even more foolish when they rush what's left of you to the hospital later tonight. I've taken shits that drew more than you can. This moment... Right Now... You get your shot to beat the best this place has fucking got and that includes businessmen fag club or not, The Best This Place Has Got. ME, CVC. There is no fucking way you get your hand raised this night. There are twenty five shitheaded Frank Holiday's wandering around back here. There is only one Chance Von Crank. They got a name for what you two are right now. Star Struck. Don't be fooled by shitty booking around here and think I am not what I say I am. I don't kiss the right ass, I am a problem handler, and fucking proud of it. I am not the status quo, I am CUSTOM MADE FROM HEAD TO TOE and here you are bucking against what's paying you. I'll make you cry in front of all those people when you realize I've torn shit they can't fix back.

Frank Holiday:

Nice speech, Kanye West. Here's what I think of your horseshit.

[Frank rips the poster right down the middle. He crumples up the torn paper in his hands and slams it into cVc's chest.]

Frank Holiday:

You got a lot to say about what you're gonna do to me. Well, here's what I'm gonna do to you. I'm gonna tear off that godforsaken hockey mullet. I'm gonna pluck out every whisker of that Ron Jeremy pedostache. I'm gonna throttle you with that reclaimed tablecloth you call a robe. You think burying me to my face is gonna break my spirit? Naw, man, you're a SodaStream full of inspiration and you're fizin' me the hell up.

[cVc grabs Holiday with both hands and pulls Frank to him.]

cVc:

I Smell A Pussy.

Frank Holiday:

I did too, when I walked in here. Pussy.

[Crank pushes Holiday away from him as the men nearly come to blows. Frank backs up a step, flanked by a frowning Billy Pepper.]

Frank Holiday:

Just remember, dude, I came in peace. But now, you got yourself a war.

[Abruptly he throws the devil's horns in Chance's startled face.]

Frank Holiday:

Holiday... OUT!

[Frank and Billy turn and file out the locker room door, Pepper pausing momentarily to look back.]

Billy Pepper:

I don't have a catchphrase, so I'm just gonna go.

[Chance palms Pepper's face pushing him out of the locker room the rest of the way.]

cVc:

You bitches don't have a prayer tonight either.

[Chance slams the door in Peppers face.]

Ryan Matthews vs Troy Matthews

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

[The intro to “Tank” by the Seatbelts begins to play over the loudspeakers as the lights dim and Troy Matthews, along with Saori Kazama, enter the arena. Troy seems to try, and fail, to talk reason into an incensed Scarlet Dragon, but she’s hearing none of it, constantly rolling her eyes and gritting her teeth.]

DDK:

You know, after what Ryan Matthews apparently said backstage and in that earlier bit from him, it’s no surprise that Saori has murder in her eyes right now...

Angus:

I’m less worried about what’s in her eyes than what’s between her thighs...

DDK:

Are you implying that Ryan Matthews might be onto something?

Angus:

Hell no, Keebler, that is ALL woman right there, I should know.

DDK:

Because you’re such an expert...

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Saori Kazama, from Jersey City, New Jersey, standing 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighing in at 186 pounds. He is one third of the DEFIANCE Trios Champions, the self-proclaimed Slayer of Giants, Troy Matthews!

[Indeed, as Troy enters the ring under the bottom rope and makes his way to the far corner, Saori makes her way around the ring as well and stands on the floor behind her man in the corner with her arms crossed, eyes intently staring down the aisle as the referee checks Troy for foreign objects.]

Angus:

You know, that look she’s giving could probably melt steel. I have a steel belt buckle on right now...

DDK:

Would you stop?!

[Troy's music slowly fades and is replaced by the strains of "Short Change Hero" by The Heavy as Ryan Matthews parts the curtain and makes his way down the aisle slowly.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

His opponent, from Cleveland, Ohio, standing 6 feet 5 inches tall and weighing 240 pounds. He is one third of the team known as Hookers and Blow. Ryan Matthews!

[Ryan seems to be all business, never taking his eyes off Troy as he stalks down the aisle before ascending the stairs to the ring and stepping between the top and middle rope. He quickly eschews his entrance attire and lets the referee check for foreign objects as he did Troy previously. The entire time, Saori's eyes have never left him, and evil intent is behind those eyes.]

DDK:

Ryan Matthews making his singles debut here in DEFIANCE, a former WWA World Champion himself. He definitely has both the size and experience edge here.

Angus:

Not from where I'm sitting...

DDK:

What?

Angus:

If you mean between everybody out here, I have far more experience.

DDK:

In the ring?

Angus:

You didn't specify.

[As the bell rings, Ryan and Troy slowly circle the ring, and as Ryan gets near Troy's corner, he suddenly spins away and out closer to the center of the ring, pointing at Saori at ringside and mentioning to the ref that she tried to grab his foot as he passed.]

Angus:

What is he doing? Seriously you think that Saori is going to make herself known in this match?

DDK:

Ryan did say that if she did he would treat her as he does any other competitor.

Angus:

And if he does watch how fast these uptight dillholes turn on him, even IF she deserves it.

DDK:

No man should EVER hit a woman, EVER.

Angus:

Sometimes they deserve it Keebler.

[The referee takes a moment and walks over to where Saori is outside and kneels down, making sure to warn her sternly not to interfere in the match in any way. She protests, pointing out that she didn't even move from where she was. The referee takes no chances and issues his warning to her again.]

DDK:

Saori setting out to prove a point with the official and getting nowhere with that.

[After that is settled, Ryan and Troy circle each other again for a moment before meeting at center ring and locking up. Ryan quickly snatches Troy's wrist and steps under and twists for an arm wringer, causing the smaller man to drop to a knee for a moment before rolling forward, then flipping himself over to escape the hold before reversing it into an arm wringer of his own. His triumph is only momentary as Ryan pulls Troy toward himself and ends up narrowly missing an elbow smash aimed to knock Troy unconscious.]

DDK:

Nice exchange there as Troy hits the far ropes and....

[Troy bounces off the far ropes and vaults onto Ryan's shoulders for a moment before going for a Victory Roll, trying to end the match early...]

1! 2! KICKOUT!

Angus:

No way does that get the duke this early, the bigger man is still too strong for that.

[Ryan manages to kick out and Troy immediately lands a sharp kick to his ribs. This serves to infuriate the larger man slightly and when Troy tries again as Ryan stands, he finds his foot caught and then Ryan twisting into a Mandala Hineri, wrenching Troy's knee in an awkward angle as he spins out. Troy crashes to the mat and immediately comes up clutching his knee.]

DDK:

A little bit of trickeration and a nod to the Japanese fanbase with that Mandala Hineri there, a staple move of the great Jinsei Shinzaki, whom Matthews claims as a mentor...

Angus:

Which one?

DDK:

Which one what?

Angus:

Which Matthews claims him as a mentor?

DDK:

Ryan, why?

Angus:

Now you realize the dilemma out here, you can't just say Matthews and expect us to know which one you're talking about since there's TWO of them in the ring. I wonder if they're from the same family...

[Ryan collects himself for a moment before walking over and pulling Troy to his feet. He quickly laces one of Troy's arms over his head and snaps him over in a quick vertical suplex before rolling into a cover, making sure to place his forearm down across Troy's face and press down hard.]

DDK:

If he expects to get Troy with that, he's sadly mistaken I think.

1! 2! Kickout!

Angus:

Good call Keebs, you got one right for once.

[Fully expecting Troy to have enough left to kick out, Ryan stands and again pulls Troy back to his feet. He then backs Troy into the corner and catches him with an elbow smash to the side of the smaller man's head, followed up by a second, and a third. When Ryan goes to wind up for a knockout blow, Troy avoids it by swinging himself between the top and middle rope to the outside, and when Ryan is in the corner, Troy grabs the back of his head and slams his head into the turnbuckle, dazing him for a moment. Troy takes the opportunity to vault in over the top rope and he quickly opens up with a series of fists and feet to Ryan in the corner.]

DDK:

Ryan was starting to take control but now Troy is opening up with some real fire here after that nice counter! He's really laying into Ryan with abandon here!

Angus:

It won't last Keebs. Just watch.

[Sensing now may be time for the kill, Troy bounces off the far ropes, intending to hit the Trendsetter in the corner, but he is cut off on the return trip, meeting a powerslam from Ryan at center ring. Ryan hooks the leg immediately, a scowl on his face as he does.]

1! 2! 3NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

See? I can do the prognostication thing too.

DDK:

Good for you Angus, you want a cookie?

Angus:

Hell no, a beer would be better.

[Troy having kicked out again seems to be fueling Ryan's fury slightly, and as he pulls the smaller man to his feet and sets him for a piledriver, he points at Saori and nods. Troy takes this chance and hits Ryan in his knee, causing him to stumble slightly. Troy runs the ropes and is vaulted skyward by Ryan, who intends to powerbomb him through the mat, only to be caught with a hurricanrana which sends him crashing to the mat and sliding out to the outside.]

DDK:

Slick counter there by Troy! And here he comes with another round!

[Troy immediately runs the far ropes and as Ryan comes up, he meets a sliding set of feet to the mush, sending him to the feet of the audience in the front row. Troy takes a moment to pump himself up and get the crowd going as well before turning back to Ryan. He lays in a few shots to Ryan as he gets up before grabbing him by the back of the head and pointing to the near ringpost.]

Angus:

Looks like Troy is about to do some damage and maybe set Ryan up for Saori on the outside to get some payback and...OH MY GOD!

[Troy's plans, however, take a nasty turn quickly as he goes to sling Ryan into the post, is reversed and quickly finds himself flying through the air shotput style before impacting the post back first, several feet off the ground. Ryan drops to a knee for a moment to collect himself as Troy clutches at his back and the back of his head on the mats.]

DDK:

My thoughts exactly Angus, Troy has to be in his own world of pain right now after getting reversed into that post.

[Saori approaches to check on Troy and is quickly yelled at by Ryan, who stomps toward her for a second, causing her to scurry away, an evil scowl on her face. She immediately begins searching under the ring for something as the action continues on the far side of the ring. Ryan picks Troy up and places him on the ring apron, then spins him so his head and chest are hanging off the apron before getting a slight running start and bringing his knee up into the back of Troy's head while bringing the point of his elbow slamming down onto Troy's upper chest at the same instant. Troy reacts as if shot with a gun, writhing around in agony clutching his chest and the back of his head as he rolls into the ring under the bottom rope.]

DDK:

It may just be a matter of time now, and what was Ryan thinking threatening a defenseless woman?!

Angus:

He wanted to make sure she doesn't interfere, if she did, it would constitute that whole "deserving it" thing Keebs, try and keep up.

DDK:

Enough!

[Ryan slides in under the bottom rope and slowly stalks Troy for a moment before snapping off a Spinning Neck Breaker as Troy barely makes it to his feet, sending him crashing onto the back of his head and neck again. Ryan slides into the cover and hooks the leg.]

1! 2! NO KICKOUT!

DDK:

Troy with an amazing display of heart there! This kid is amazing!

Angus:

Heart can only take you so far Keebs, then it gets you hurt or killed. And the way RYAN Matthews is going, it might be the latter for this kid.

DDK:

I don't believe that for a second!

[Ryan shakes his head almost in disbelief, but after a moment he presses the attack, once again picking Troy up, only to be met with a shot to the gut, then as he dropped to a knee Troy sprung off the knee skyward and connected with the Trendsetter, but Troy, exhausted crashes to the mat as well and lays motionless for a few moments.]

DDK:

TRENDSETTER OUT OF NOWHERE! All Troy has to do is cover him and this is academic!

Angus:

But he doesn't even have enough left in the tank right now to do THAT!

[Finally Troy manages to move and rolls Ryan over slowly before covering him with an arm.]

1! 2! 3NO KICKOUT!

[The crowd erupts as Ryan throws a shoulder up, throwing Troy's arm off of him in that instant.]

DDK:

Ryan Matthews just kicked out after a Trendsetter! Unbelievable!

Angus:

Troy took too much time in getting that cover! No chance to win now Keebs, Ryan has taken Troy's best shot and he survived.

[Saori, at ringside is beside herself, and she gives the referee an earful as both men slowly stir. Troy is the first back to his feet and he shoves Ryan to the corner before sliding outside and mounting the turnbuckle, hooking Ryan's head. Ryan realizes what's about to happen, however, and commences to lift Troy by his underarms and slings him out to center ring over his head, sending him crashing to the mat. The referee, seeing the force of the impact, immediately moves to check on Troy as Ryan turns toward Saori outside and says SOMETHING that the camera doesn't pick up, but which causes her eyes to go wide in anger for a moment before...]

TTTTTHHHHHWWWWWWWWAAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!!

DDK:

SAORI JUST LAID RYAN MATTHEWS OUT WITH THE KENDO STICK TO THE HEAD!

Angus:

Where's the ref?! Disqualification much?!

[The sound of the cracking of a kendo stick resounds through the arena and Ryan slumps to the ground, Saori, a smile of triumph on her face, quickly discards the shinai under the ring and begins pounding on the mat to make Troy aware of the situation. Troy slowly stirs, assuring the referee he is fit to continue, but what he sees before him gives him a momentary pause. He looks at Saori, then at Matthews and points to her then to him as if to question if she did it. She screams for Troy to pin Ryan, which he hesitates a moment longer before pulling Ryan away from the ropes and hooking the leg...]

DDK:

No! Troy can NOT take the win like this!

1...2...3!

Angus:

Oh yes he can Keebs, but what kinda man HAS to have a woman do his fighting for him?!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Your winner of the match! Troy Matthews!

Angus:

Finally, here comes the cavalry!

[At that particular moment, it begins to break loose, as Tyrone Walker and Sam Horry rush the ring and slide in under the bottom rope, the two of them taking a very threatening posture toward Troy as he stands between them and their comrade, who has just now begun to stir. moments later, Eddie Dante and Mushigihara enter the ring, Eddie under the bottom rope and Mushi over the top rope. They and their partner face down the two members of Hookers and Blow that are standing, only to have Ryan Matthews behind them, a hand to his forehead which as he turns to the camera we can see is busted open from the kendo stick shot. He looks at the hand, which is now bloody, and his gaze slowly turns toward Saori on the outside.]

DDK:

Ryan Matthews right now has murder on his mind after Saori just cost him this match! Look at the blood pouring from that cut on his forehead!

Angus:

And he's off! AND IT'S ON!

[Given the look that could kill that she is receiving, Saori decides to bolt and Ryan Matthews slides out of the ring giving chase, only to be cut off by Troy Matthews flying over the top rope in a suicide dive. The two of them brawl on the outside and it breaks down in the ring as Walker and Dante square off trading fists and Horry and Mushigihara trade a few blows as well. DEFIANCE officials are quickly on the scene and begin to separate the two trios as quickly as they are able.]

DDK:

It's broken down between the champions and the #1 contenders for the Trios titles! We need to get some order back in here!

Angus:

NO! Let them go! We've been waiting for this to break down and now it has!

Protection Is My Business

[We cut away to the backstage area.]

[Chance Von Crank, clad in his usual purple robe is strutting his way down the corridor looking mightily pleased with himself.]

DDK:

Tonight Chance Von Crank looks to continue his winning ways as he takes on DEFIANCE up and comer Frank Holiday.

Angus:

Chance has been on a roll recently whether it's beating chumps in the ring or offending people out of it.

DDK:

That's right, Angus. In fact, in a moment you yourself agreed was hard to watch, Chance Von Crank sold his wife Charlene into supposed slavery.

Angus:

And holy fuck were people up in arms about it.

DDK:

I think some still are.

[At that moment Chance is swamped by three men. One wrapped in a dark blue shell suit, one donning a well fitting leather jacket and the last rocking a fine Italian crafted three piece suit. The two bigger men place themselves either side of Chance while the third stands right in front of him.]

Alceo Dentari:

Chance...

cVc

Alceo...

Tony Di Luca

Chance...

cVc

Tony...

Vinny Rinaldi:

...

cVc

Vinny...

Vinny Rinaldi:

...

[A few moments of uncomfortable silence follow as Chance's eyes flit between the three members of the Legitimate Businessman's Club until he finally summons up the courage to speak.]

cVc

What the fuck is this? You looking for something?

Tony Di Luca:

Not something.

Alceo Dentari:

Someone.

Tony Di Luca:

An' we found 'im.

[Chance smiles nervously and tries to back away slightly, but his progress is halted as Tony Di Luca wraps an arm around his shoulders.]

Tony Di Luca:

See Chance, bein' the well meanin', kind hearted people that we are, we're a little concerned about you over here.

cVc:

Concerned? About me? The guy that skull fucked Dewey and Python on taped Chink TV? Ha.

Tony Di Luca:

Oh but we are.. See, we saw what happened last week, an' we was worried you was gettin' in with some... dangerous people.

[Chance laughs nervously and tries to slide out from under Di Luca's ever tightening arm, but Vincent Rinaldi is right there to place a hand on the back of his neck.]

Tony Di Luca:

I mean, them organised crime syndicates... that's what they're called, right...? Them organized crime syndicates can get kinda... funny... you know?

cVc:

Funny Haha? Or funny queer like all you cum stains?

[While obviously unhappy with being called such a thing, Di Luca continues unabated.]

Tony Di Luca:

Well, there's several things that can get to 'em you see. Territory's a big thing. See, there's this thing called encroachment. That's people operatin' on other people's turf. Now these syndicates, they don't tend to like encroachment. Then some a' 'em have been known to call upon those they've previously dealt with at unexpected times, capiché?

[Quickly and quietly Chance nods.]

Tony Di Luca:

An' durin' these unexpected calls these syndicates expect some other kinda... dealin's with the party bein' called upon.

cVc:

So you're saying...

Tony Di Luca:

I'm sayin', Chance, these guys yous been makin' deals with might be here tonight to call upon you to broker another deal... an' as far as I can tell yous ain't got no more deals to broker, capiché?

[Again Chance nods, clearly trying to hold back a smile.]

Tony Di Luca:

But today's your lucky day, see, bein' the Legitimate Businessmen that we are, we can't sit around an' watch as one of

our colleagues goes an' gets himself in deep with no two bit criminals...

[And it's about this time that Chance loses it.]

cVc:

What 'Legitimate Business' are you guys in? Comedy? You really think I'm scared of a couple of yellow fucks coming after me? I've got bitches hanging off of my elbows wherever I go, so if those rice eyes want to hit me up for more business, let them.

[Chance finally breaks free from the grasps of Di Luca and Rinaldi. He makes sure to put some distance between himself and The LBC before turning back to them.]

cVc:

Because I'm the SHOCK N ROLLA! **HERE TO SHOW YA!** Cocked Back And Fucking LOADED... **CHANCE VON CRANK.**

[Chance turns his back to the LBC and struts his way down the corridor.]

Alceo Dentari:

Great plan, Tony. Yous wanna lead this team an' yous can't even strongarm that asshole?

[Dentari shakes his head at his partner before exiting on his own, leaving his partner to ponder just where he went wrong.]

A Dragon's Temper

[Hard cut another area backstage, the camera crew just arriving on the scene.]

“AND WHAT THE HELL WAS _THAT_?!”

[Troy Matthews' voice rang through the hall as he trailed Saori Kazama, who was striding full-speed-ahead, shinai in her hand and murder in her eyes. She stopped dead in her tracks, made a swift 180, and stared her beau dead in the eye without the slightest flinch.]

Saori Kazama:

Ryan Matthews getting WHAT HE DESERVED, _THAT'S_ WHAT.

[The former Scarlet Dragon raised her shinai to her shoulder, not moving her gaze one bit, as if to suggest that braining her man wasn't out of the question.]

Saori Kazama:

He had the gall to insult my womanhood personally, THEN he threatened to beat me the same way HE WOULD HAVE BEATEN YOU... but the last straw was when he acted like a BABY and tried to tell on me for doing something I. DIDN'T. DO.

[A pregnant pause, while Troy's face contorts in response to Saori's alleged insult towards his performance tonight.]

Saori Kazama:

So I did it out of spite.

CRACK!!!

[That's the sound of Saori's shinai slamming from her shoulder, down onto the palm of her free hand, and her glower turned into a grin.]

Troy Matthews:

Spite? Spite?! Fuck you, Saori, you don't know spite. Spite would have been me hitting him with a SECOND Trendsetter because the first one didn't put him down. Spite would have been knocking him out without him having something to use as a crutch, saying I didn't beat him clean.

[Troy leans in very closely, staring emerald daggers into Saori's chocolate brown eyes.]

Troy Matthews:

Spite would have been ME beating HIM clean, and rubbing it in his stupid fucking FACE between now and the next time I do the same thing again, and again, and again. Not counting on someone who STILL can't over the fact that

she'll NEVER be the next Heidi, or even the next Clair St. Sure, to clock someone in the face with a piece of BAMBOO.

[And now it's Saori's turn to act insulted. Her eyes dialate, her lower lip starts to quiver, and her teeth flash.]

Saori Kazama: [whispering]

..._what_ did you say?

Troy Matthews:

I. Didn't. Stutter.

Saori Kazama:

I swear to you, Troy, keep that up and Ryan won't be the only Matthews who gets caned tonight.

[She's playing angry, but she looks more hurt than anything.]

[Meanwhile, Eddie Dante pops up from the background.]

Eddie Dante:

Look, you two...

[Troy and Saori simultaneously snap glances at the Gentleman Brawler and yell.]

Troy & Saori:

YOU STAY OUT OF THIS.

[And Mushi follows the leader.]

Mushigihara:

Osu...?

Troy & Saori:

YOU TOO.

[The big man slouches forward, responding softly.]

Mushigihara:

...OSU.

Eddie Dante:

Well, once your lover's quarrel is settled, come back to the locker room. Mushi is fighting Sam Horry next show, and we need to be on constant alert for... [cringes as he says the name...] Hookers 'n Blow. Ugh. Settle your differences, then come see us.

Mushigihara:

Osu.

[Dante and Mushi split, leaving Troy and Saori alone, staring hate at each other.]

Curtis Penn vs Tucker G. Alston (c)

DDK:

Welcome back!

Angus:

Bitches be trippin', Darren.

DDK:

Tucker G. Alston will put his Southern Heritage Championship on the line against Curtis Penn and that starts now.

[“Enae Volare Mezzo” by Era hits the PA. Curtis Penn walks out on the stage. He walks toward the ring with a look of determination across his face.]

Angus:

This guy has a mean streak, and its a mile long.

Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship. Introducing first, weighing in at 250 pounds and hailing from Pensacola, Florida... The Mouth Piece, CURTIS PENN!

[Penn slips between the ropes and stands in the middle of the ring waiting for Alston. He balls both his fists up and just stares at the entrance way.]

Angus:

He looks like he's about to go all psycho.

[Tucker G. Alston walks out on the stage with his SoHer Championship around his waist. He walks to the ring all business straight up the steps and through the ropes.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Summit, New Jersey and weighing in at 233 pounds, The DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! TUCKER G ALSTTTTTOON!

[Tucker hands the belt to the referee, Benny Doyle. He holds the title up in the center of the ring and calls for the bell. Alston makes the first move using a russian leg sweep to take Penn off his feet. Alston reaches down to pick up Penn and gets poked in his eye just out of sight of Doyle. Alston rubs his eye while Penn pushes him to the corner turnbuckle. Penn starts smashing him in the corner with elbow after elbow to the face. Benny Doyle rushes in to break

them up and warns Penn. He backs up holding his hands up proclaiming innocence. Then he rushes Alston again with two more vicious elbows in the corner. Tucker falls flat on the mat and Penn follows applying a rear naked choke.]

Angus:

He's gonna tap!

DDK:

Alston is struggling to reach the bottom rope. He extends his hand closer.... closer... GOT IT!

Angus:

So Close. Benny Doyle breaks the hold.

[Both men are back to their feet. Alston positions himself around Penn for a snap suplex! Penn is back to his feet, another snap suplex! Penn gets back to his feet once more quickly and Tucker goes for a clothesline but Penn ducks it and applies his Kimura Arm Bar. Tucker reaches frantically again for the ropes this time succeeding the first time. The referee attempts to break the hold, but Penn continues to apply pressure as the referee begins his count continuing to warn Penn as he counts.]

DDK:

He just doesn't care if he gets disqualified does he?

Angus:

He wants to hurt Alston, dumbass.

DDK:

Alston hits a back body drop on Penn! He rolls him up!

Angus:

Kick Out!

[Penn kicks out at one, and Alston gets to his feet quickly and applies an ankle lock. Penn flops around attempting to get to the ropes. Frantically he reaches for them and Tucker pulls him back to the middle of the ring. Penn rolls around on the mat using his free foot to kick Tucker in the face. Tucker falls flat on his bottom shaking his head as Penn pounces on top of him. He uses his knees to pin Tucker down as rains punches down on Alston. Doyle breaks them up and Penn gets a last kick in before the break.]

Angus:

Penn has been viciously using those elbows.

DDK:

They have been very effective so far.

[Alston hip tosses Penn to the mat. He gets back to his feet and Tucker whips him into the ropes hitting the opposite side himself and bouncing back into Penn with a flying forearm!]

DDK:

Tucker mounting some offense now! Here comes the SoHer Champion!

[Penn staggers to his feet and charges after Tucker. The tie up and Alston gets the upper hand with a kick to the gut and hits The Sanctuary!!!]

Angus:

One...

DDK:

Two...

Angus:

NO! Kickout by Penn at two and a half!

[Penn gets his arm up at the last possible second and Alston is in shock. He holds up two fingers to the referee and Doyle assures him. Penn still on the mat rolls Alston up for a quick pin and he kicks out immediately. Penn rolls out of the ring to catch his breath.]

DDK:

Penn appears to be frustrated.

Angus:

He needs to gather his strategy is all. Penn is doing whatever he has to leave here tonight with Alston's championship belt.

[Alston feet first slides at Penn on the outside but misses and the Mouth Piece uses his momentum to throw Alston into the security barrier on the outside. He stomps on Alston while he rolls around on the outside. He continues to stomp as the referee gives his last warning to Penn. He picks Alston up by the hair of his head and rolls throws him head first into the steps. He rolls him in the ring soon after with the referee in hot pursuit. Penn slides in the ring and Alston catches him on the mat in a front headlock. Penn tangles his legs up in the ropes behind him and Doyle breaks the hold.]

Angus:

Alston is constantly catching Penn when he least expects it.

DDK:

I felt him hit those steps from here. His forehead is bleeding now.

Angus:

Scared of little blood? Pussy. This is Japan.

[They both get to their feet and Penn notices Tucker's forehead bleeding. He balls up both fists and begins hammering Alston's forehead beating him back in the corner attempting to isolate him completely. Sharp kicks to Alston's ribs as The Mouth Piece corners him mixing up the blows.]

Angus:

Penn is moving in for the kill, he has got him cornered.

DDK:

Alston strikes back! He braces against the turnbuckle and forces his way out!

[Tucker gets out of the corner and Penn turns right into a swinging neck breaker! Alston hits the ropes, Leg Drop! Penn spins around on his back sweeping Alston's legs out from under him. He falls flat on his belly and Penn hooks him around the throat and applies the DRAGON CLUTCH!]

DDK:

He it locked on in the middle of the ring!!!!

Angus:

Dead center, Alston swings wildly for the ropes.

[Alston reaches with all he's got as Penn just applies more pressure. Alston finally taps the mat with his free hand three times acknowledging defeat. He continues to hold even after the referee has called for the bell. He releases the hold as Doyle hands him the Southern Heritage Championship.]

Angus:

The Mouth Piece, Curtis Penn has done it! He is your new DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!

DDK:

That dragon clutch looks nasty, the way he was twisting Alston around he had no choice but to tap. Penn has just gotten singles gold and without Mike Sloan he done so.

Angus:

He had him bent like a pretzel, he just didn't have a prayer after that.

Interview

[Backstage.]

[Christie Zane has a sparkling smile on her face, and her boobs sparkle with glitter. Tres Brujas do not appear to be impressed.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm backstage with Tres Brujas. Clairra, Diane, Lisa, last week you took on the newly named Legitimate Businessmen's Club, and I have to say, that match got completely out of hand! What exactly...

[Diane Parker raises her hand, and Christie shuts up. Then Diane takes the microphone, and gently pushes Christie in an off-camera direction. Christie takes the hint and makes herself scarce. Clairra St. Sure clenches her hands into fists at her side and puts on a thousand yard stare. Lisa Loeh looks faintly bored.]

Diane Parker:

You know, Clairra and I both tried being nice from pretty much the day we got into Defiance. Lame first run not withstanding. Clairra complains about getting overlooked, and everyone overlooks her complaint! Clairra and I reunite the Truly Untouchables with Kai Scott, and people overlook HER contribution to it! Clairra knocked out the entire Defiance Main Event Roster with the World Title belt!

But no one wanted to pay attention to that either?

Well, we decided to make an example of the Legitimate Businessmen. But you know what, I'll admit it, we overlooked Dentari and his boys. I mean, it's easy enough to do, since you pretty much have to look down at your feet in order to not overlook Dentari, but whatever.

That's not going to happen again, let me tell you that!

I happen to know that Clairra's got something important planned for next week, so I'm afraid she won't be available to mess around with the Legitimate Boys Whatever, but you know something, since I humiliated Eddy Whisky so badly on his debut that he left Defiance with his tail between his legs, maybe I'll have something to do with it.

Hey, Tony!

Since you want to be more than just a gorilla, why don't you step up a little? The girls and I have a couple of prettyboy manfaggots and a retarded hick to beat up, but next week, how about you and me, singles? Just - do me a favor and watch this match, will you? I want to make sure you have the nerve after you watch us beat ACE and STJ!

[Diane hands the mic to Clairra.]

[Clairra looks at the mic in confusion, then passes it off to Lisa.]

Lisa Loeh:

Don't go away, we'll be right back!

[She blows a kiss at the camera and hands the mic to an off-screen Christie.]

Dusty Runs Into An Old Friend...

[Hard cut to massive chains hanging around a hairy unkempt neck. As the camera pans back we see Frank Dylan James standing with his arms cross leaning back against a wall lost in thought. He's half dressed in a pair of ratty jeans and no shoes. We see beyond Frank, down the hallway, The Bad Man from Boise Dusty Griffith take notice of his former tag team partner. Dusty strides over with a smile on his face.] **Dusty:** Frank! Frank, damn it's been way too damn long old man. [Frank barely acknowledges his old friend.] **Dusty:** Frank? [A recognizable voice from behind the locker room door Frank was guarding answers the question.] **Voice:** He 'aint in a place to answer ye' fella'... [Bronson Box steps into the hallway already dressed for his match against Python later in the night.] **Dusty:** Is that right? **Bronson:** You betcha' lad... you see, Francis here is mine. Thanks to my dear friend Edward White I own his contract, I own the pathetic little house his wife and children live in, I even own the land it sits on. I own his soul. It's mine to do with as I see fit. You two were... friends? Correct? **Dusty:** We are. [Boxer smiles at the verbage. Frank hangs his head. Boxer leans in a little closer to Griffith.] **Bronson:** You WERE. Francis' only friends are me and mine, is that clear? As for you Mr. Griffith somethin' tells me fate might throw you and I together sooner rather than later. You bein' such a "big star" and all... my how Eric Dane loves his "big stars." [Griffith doesn't move an inch. He doesn't flinch. He just silently stares down The Wargod.] **Bronson:** [eyes still locked on Griffith] Just keep eyeballin' me, lad. Keep it up. While you're at it eyeball my match later, new blood... get an education in what it means to cross Bronson Box here in DEFIANCE Wrestling. [Box shoulders past Dusty who gives Frank one last look of desperate friendship.] **Bronson:** Come along Francis. [Frank just hangs his head and follows Bronson dejectedly down the hallway leaving Dusty Griffith alone and obviously quite bothered at this reunion with his old pal Frank Dylan James.]

Tres Brujas vs Angel City Express & Sam Turner, Jr.

DDK: Frank really is in a bad way with The Blood Diamonds, this can't be legal. **Angus:** Edward White, dude. Edward White. [The Angel City boys are the first out with Sam Turner Jr. following close behind. The big man seems slightly less enthused to be fighting alongside his cohorts Rich and Don. The two sleaze bags are quite noticeably buttering up their giant meal ticket.] **DDK:** The story here folks, poor Sam Turner has gotten bamboozled by these two hangers on, Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany, to get their feet in the door here in DEFIANCE. These two will do ANYTHING to make a place for themselves here in DEF folks. Including taking advantage of a good hearted guy like Sam Turner Jr. Just despicable. **Angus:** Bamboozled? That shit sounds racist as hell man. [Their conversation carries on into the ring but is cut short by the arrival of the trio of deadly sirens, Tres Brujas. Clair St. Sure, Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh march out onto the stage like soldiers in formation.] **Angus:** Kai Scott's personal PMS hit squad in full effect. [Once all competitors were in place, Don Hollywood and Diane Parker started for their teams.] **DDK:** An interesting mix of talent here, and a huge opportunity for Hollywood, Mahogany and Turner. [The Brujas girls just brutalize Hollywood, keeping the LA sleaze ball trapped in their corner with quick tags between Parker and Loeh. The second banana Brujas trade spots before Clair sticks her hand out with the smallest hint of a grin forming at the corner of her mouth.] **Angus:** Poor bastard. [St. Sure steps in the ring and toys with Hollywood a bit with some sharp kicks to the ribs. Hollywood looks in dire straights before raking St. Sure's eyes and scrambling over to his corner and tagging in the big Kentucky boy Sam Turner Jr.] **DDK:** Here comes Sam! [The tide of the match starts to turn in STJ and the ACX's favor as Sam clashes with the submission siren Clair St. Sure. Sam's power game is almost too much for Clair, the big man tossing the much smaller grappler around like he's got something to prove. The bulk of the match happens right here between these two top tier DEF veterans.] **Angus:** Man, when was the last time someone handled Clair like this? **DDK:** Sam Turner has all the potential in the world, partner. All the more reason he needs to shake Hollywood and Mahogany. Those two are nothing but trouble. **Angus:** Great to party with though, that Mahogany is one dirty birdy man lemme tell ya'... **DDK:** Please God don't. [The momentum has swung completely in Turner's direction. Clair is on spaghetti legs after some forearm shots in the corner and a devastating headbutt. STJ backs up a few paces as St. Sure slowly turns around...] **Angus:** Oh shit, here comes that nasty lariat of his... **DDK:** HARLAN COUNTY LIN... NO! What the hell? [Rich Mahogany reaches in and blind tags Turner, hopping over the top rope and bounding into the ring. STJ is absolutely speechless as referee Hector Navarro politely backs him out of the ring. Rich taps the side of his head looking pretty pleased with himself. He slowly turns to meet what he assumes is his opponent still out of it, ready to accept his killer his offence.] **WHAM! WHAP! CRACK! BOOT! CRUNCH!** [Backfist right to Rich's mush, spinning backfist for good measure, enzuigiri, thrust kick to the knee and finally, mercifully an axe kick to top of head and Rich Mahogany is down and out. The cover is textbook at this point. Before referee Hector Navarro even counts to three Sam Turner is off the apron and making his way towards the ramp looking utterly frustrated with the whole situation.] 1... 2... 3... **DING DING DING!** **Quimbey:** And your winners, Tres Brujas via St. Sure's unnamed killer combo on Rich Mahogany!

Here Come Lashman and Uncin

[Camera cuts to a backstage locker room, Jeremiah sits laid back in one of his rickety “Fridge” Deck chairs still in ring gear with a white towel tossed over his shoulder, beer cracked open next to him. Eye closed he looks up to see a shadow loom over him.]

Uncle Graham:

Having a fun time there Rainforest?

[Jerry’s eyes flicker open and he sits up in his chair.]

Rainwood:

If it isn’t the Lashman and his trusty sidekick Uncin! Nice to see you fellas! Some brilliant moves out there tonight Lash-a-tron, had me bring my A game. You can see why Dane has us opening the show week on week. Can I get you boys a beer? I’m just having a post match siesta, recouping some energy.

[Rainwood pulls out 2 cold and frostie’s out from under his chair and extends his arm towards the two men in front of him. Lash takes a step forward is about to grab one but is immediately brought back by his uncle, who hasn’t taken his eyes off of Rainwood. In response Rainwood drops the beers down and gets up.]

Uncle Graham:

We’re not here for any of your crap Rainwood, we’re here to talk about the bullshit stunt you pulled this evening. You get in the ring with my boy, promising to give us a “decider” then, through pure cowardice and a complete lack of aggression drag my boy to outside the ropes and then keep him there to steal his victory. My boy had this match won, my boy was destroying you...

Rainwood:

Hold up, Mr. Graham, I think you think I wanted a count out? No one won here tonight. I said I’d give “your boy” a final match and I did that didn’t I Lashizzle.

Lash Graham:

Ye..

Uncle Graham:

Quit leading the boy, you think cause he’s a little slow you can manipulate him, you think you can use him. Well I’m here to put a stop to people like you manipulating my boy. So here’s what’s going to happen, you’re going get in the ring with my boy next week. You’re going to stay in that ring with him for a No DQ, No Count out, No bullshit escapologist acts match. You’re going to fight him. You’re going to lose, more than that you’re going to be destroyed, and you’re only going to be remembered as my boy’s first step to glory in Defiance.

Rainwood:

See no can do Uncky, as much as I’d love to have one more dance with Lashley, I already gots a match next week against a fella named Cobra. This whole vibes getting stale now, you see, I haven’t had a single match without some kind of Lash Graham involvement since I got here, and there’s one great big roster full of wrestlers who want to tangle with yours truly. How the hell could I deny them that pleasure? We’ve had our deciding match, and it seems to me that Lashers and I just can’t separated in that ring, we’re both just too damn good. And besides, this whole obsession you have with me being destroyed thang, ain’t no fun for anyone.

So we’re going to leave this whole business right now, and I’m going to wish you on your merry way. I should have hit the showers a while ago anyway, I am starting to sti-ink. I’ll see you two fine gentlemen around.

[Rainwood extends the fist bump and once again Lash goes to accept before being dragged away by his uncle who has not ceased to give Rainwood daggers throughout the exchange. Grabbing his beer Rainwood takes off, Leaving Uncle Graham fuming.]

Come Join Us, Dewey

[If there were more than two people in the room then there'd surely be a 'chug, chug, chug' chant going on. As it is Seth Stratton pounds the final remnants of his sake bottle before discarding it to one side where it smashes against the wall of his locker room. Meanwhile Wayne Dewey plugs his free ear with a finger as he speaks into his iPhone.]

Wayne Dewey:

No, I don't care what it takes, my client wants... no, demands a shot at the DEFIANCE World Title...

[Cracking open another bottle of Japan's second cheapest Sake, Seth toasts himself and chugs away. Wayne's beaming, confident smile fades slightly as he listens to his conversational partner's response.]

Wayne Dewey:

Didn't you see the handicap match earlier? Seth Stratton defeated two competitors at the same time! If that doesn't earn him a shot at the World Ti-

[Whomever Wayne is talking to must have cut him off, and that speculation is based purely off of the fact that he looks so incredibly frustrated.]

Wayne Dewey:

Ok, I hear what you're saying. If we can't do the World Title then how about the FIST? Surely he's proved himself enough for a shot at the FIST?

[Obviously Wayne isn't happy with the answer he receives, but he's not going to give up on getting his client a shot at some form of gold.]

Wayne Dewey:

Southern Heritage?

[Finally Wayne's smile returns, albeit a slightly disappointed one.]

Wayne Dewey:

That's all I ask! Thank you, sir. Yes, I'll be on this number... I look forward to it... Yes, thank you again.

[Pressing the 'End Call' button on his screen Wayne turns to Seth Stratton and puts on a big, fake smile.]

Wayne Dewey:

Guess what, Sethy Baby!

[Seth pulls the now half empty Sake bottle away from his mouth just long enough to utter one word.]

Seth Stratton:

hic What?

[Ok, a hiccup and one word.]

Wayne Dewey:

You've got a shot against the Southern Heritage champion on the next show...

Seth Stratton:

Southern Heritage? Really?

Wayne Dewey:

Well, maybe... I'm waiting to hear back from some people...

[Seth shrugs and returns to chugging his sake.]

Wayne Dewey:

Just picture it though, Seth Stratton, Southern Heritage Champion... That's got a real ring to it, don't you think?

[Seth doesn't stop drinking but does nod, much to Wayne's relief.]

Wayne Dewey:

Good. Now, let's get this party started!

[Despite a slight struggle over the sake bottle Wayne manages to pull it from the grip of Seth Stratton. He wipes the around the neck and goes to take a sip, but nothing comes out.]

Wayne Dewey:

It's empty...

[Seth lets out a loud moist belch, the kind that comes just moments before chunder, as though to say 'what were you expecting'.]

Wayne Dewey:

But that's OK, we're celebrating your monster win afterall... I think there's another bottle in my bag.

[Wayne drops the bottle to the floor and heads over to his black duffel bag where he pulls out another bottle of cheap booze. He turns around just as door to the locker room swings open to allow his big brother, Eugene Dewey, entry. Seth flings his arms open wide and beams.]

Seth Stratton:

EUGENE! *hic* You frumpy assed, googly-eyed son of a bitch! What's the haps? You here to drink with us? HEY WAYNE, EUGENE IS HERE TO DRINK WITH US!

[Completely ignoring the slurred ramblings of the inebriated Seth Stratton, Eugene makes his way across the room, swiftly backing Wayne into the corner.]

Wayne Dewey:

Woah, woah, woah, woah woah! I mean... Hey Bro, come to help us celebrate?

[Wayne tries to play it cool, but he's clearly intimidated by the much larger, and now much stronger, Dewey brother.]

Eugene Dewey:

No, I've not come to help you celebrate.

Wayne Dewey:

Oh, well, I guess you've come to accept our offer to join us, right.

[Slowly Eugene shakes his head.]

Eugene Dewey:

No, Wayne, I haven't.

Wayne Dewey:

Well... then...

[Wayne clicks his fingers to get Seth's attention, but Stratton is far too busy trying to lick the very last drops of the the sake bottle Wayne had placed on the floor moments before.]

Eugene Dewey:

I've come to make sure that you pay attention to what's coming up, because I'm going to prove I don't need your help to defeat a former champion.

[Eugene turns on his heel and walks towards the door. With every inch of distance created, Wayne Dewey's confidence goes up until his face is a road map of arrogance and rage.]

Wayne Dewey:

You're making a big mistake, Euge. A big mistake.

[Wayne spreads his arms wide, as if presenting the trappings of his success.]

Wayne Dewey:

This could all be yours, Eugene. All of it.

[Almost on cue, Seth staggers over to Wayne.]

Seth Stratton:

THIS COULD ALL BE YOU-*BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH*

[Also seemingly on cue, Seth lets out a torrent of vomit and collapses on the floor, laughing.]

Wayne Dewey:

Oh for fu...

Eugene Dewey:

I don't need you, Wayne.

[Eugene turns on his heel and heads for the door, stopping only momentarily to look down on the still giggling Seth Stratton.]

Eugene Dewey:

Looks like I won't need to worry about him later on, eh?

[Wayne chuckles nervously as Eugene exits the locker room, leaving the younger Dewey brother to check on his client.]

Frank Holiday vs Chance Von Crank

DDK:

Our next match of the evening will feature Chance Von Crank taking on Frank Holiday. These two had a heated exchange in Crank's locker room.

Angus:

That sounds so gay when you say it like that.

DDK:

Ugh, Angus.

[“How You Like Me Now” by the Heavy blasts as Frank Holiday emerges from behind the curtain wearing a Python t-shirt, arms raised, giving the devil's horns to the Japanese crowd. His manager Billy Pepper strides out behind him, clapping his hands.]

DDK:

Holiday is clearly taunting Crank with that t-shirt.

Angus:

Balls, he has balls if no sense at all.

Quimbey:

This matchup is set for one fall! Introducing first hailing from Los Angeles, California and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds..... FRANK HOLIDAY!

[Holiday walks down the ramp proudly showing off the shirt to the fans. He walks up the steps and climbs in the ring as Pepper takes his place at ringside.]

DDK:

Holiday appears to be confident and ready to go here.

[The arena goes completely dark then suddenly purple and orange laser lights go off in every direction on the stage. A loud cocking noise followed by a shotgun blast explodes over the PA.]

Shock N Rolla...

Here 2 Show Ya...

Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded...

Chance... Von... Crank!

[Pyro's explode across the stage to the right then back across to the left as Chance Von Crank emerges from the smoke on the stage. Holiday still standing in the ring now looks like a deer caught in headlights.]

Angus:

He did look confident.

[Crank continues his way down the stage attempting to interact with the crowd to no avail. He stops suddenly and claps his hands together three times in front of a fan on the security fencing.]

cVc:

Snap out of it, Monkey! Are all you fucking chinks goddamn brain dead? Get Fucking Excited, Chance Von Crank is here!

[Chance continues his way towards the ring after verbally assaulting a the young man. He walks up the steps and locks eyes with Holiday. He gets in the ring and charges at Holiday who flinches slightly at a now pointing and laughing cVc. He takes off his robe and tosses it to the side as Holiday does the same with his Python shirt. He turns around and Crank is right in his face as the bell rings.]

DDK:

This could be very interesting.

Angus:

Wake me up when Crank is done.

[Crank pushes Holiday and he charges back with a shove of his own. Crank whips him into the ropes and catches him with a knee to the gut on the return causing him to flip. Chance walks away from him after stomping him two more times to taunt the crowd. He turns back around and is met by Holiday who belly to belly suplexes him across the ring. Holiday hits the ropes and catches Crank on one knee with a big boot to the face!]

Angus:

GODDAAAYUUM WHAT A FUCKIN' LICK!

DDK:

So you're awake now!

[Holiday goes for the pin and Crank kicks out at two. Holiday gets back to his feet quickly and grabs cVc by the back of his neck. Crank elbows him in the gut as he gets to his feet. Holiday bends as Crank whips him into the ropes following close behind to hammer him over the ropes. Holiday crashes to the outside directly in front of Angus and DDK.]

DDK:

Crank has gotten him out of the ring to catch his breath.

Angus:

Crank is back in control is what he is trying to say, Ladies and Gentlemen!

[Holiday gets to his feet using the table. Crank still in the ring looks at Holiday then back at the ropes behind him. He hits the ropes behind him and charges toward the other side of the ring. Holiday looks up as Crank leaps head first over the top rope and into him on the outside! Holiday bounces across the announce table from the violent collision as Darren and Angus scatter to avoid him.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHH

DDK:

Crank showing his athletic ability here tonight!

Angus:

How did he get his big ass to catch air like that?

[Crank gets to his feet and slicks back his mullet. Angus gives him the thumbs up that it looks fine. He walks around the table slowly stalking Holiday. Crank eases around the table to find Frank is not longer there. He turns around frantically and is met with a hammering fist to the forehead. Crank pushes Holiday into the ring apron against his back. Crank pushes him in the ring and slides in breaking the referee's count.]

Angus:

Crank has him back on his feet in the ring! Suplex!

DDK:

REVERSED! Holiday reversed it on him!

Angus:

Who's that!? Uh Oh.

[Team HOSS walk out on the stage. Holiday notices them almost immediately as Crank twists grabbing his back on the mat. Holiday stands up and walks to the ropes facing them as they walk slowly to the ring. Trinidad, Capital Punishment and Aleczander surround the ring on the outside as Holiday watches them, Billy Pepper hastening to one side of the ring to get out of their way. Crank gets to his feet to realize what is happening around him. He yells, "Aye Rookie". Holiday turns and he shoves him with all he's got toward the corner turnbuckle and the referee. The ref hits the mat, and Holiday struggles to help him after the collision. Holiday turns back to Crank who has a sly grin across his face mutters, "Your Fucked". Crank steps across the fallen referee and gives Holiday a huge back handed chop! He chops him again and again until he is in the corner turnbuckle. Trinidad jumps on the apron and holds Frank's arms while Capital Punishment and Aleczander hold his feet apart on the outside of the ring as he struggles to get free. Crank chops him again and again across the chest laughing while doing so. He swiftly kicks Frank between the legs, and then again even harder causing him to fall on to his knees in front of Crank.]

DDK:

We need a referee out here! That damn Crank done that on purpose, Angus!

Angus:

Clearly that was accidental. I think we all can agree always jumping to conclusions and shit, Darren. Goddamn, it was an accident.

DDK:

That was an accident? Are you kidding me?

[Jimmie Rix and Diego De Leon run charge down the stage running towards the ring. Capital Punishment and Rix go to blows as Holiday continues to be stomped in the corner by cVc. Angel Trinidad gets his legs swept out from under him off the apron by Diego!]

Angus:

There are people fighting all over the place, WHAT A CLUSTERFUCK THIS IS!

DDK:

Crank has never stopped his assault on Holiday during all of this.

[Crank gets Holiday back to his feet and hooks him in the center of the ring.]

Angus:

RazzleDazzler! Over.

DDK:

Not quite....

Angus:

cVc goes for the pin!

[Crank hooks his leg grinning ear to ear. He looks behind him to see the referee still down and gets up and walks over to the referee. He begins shaking him. The referee begins to come to finally. Chance shakes him over and and finally he gets to his feet. The referee immediately notices all the fighting going on the outside and immediately orders everyone out!]

DDK:

Mark Shields is throwing them all out of here!

[Shields orders they all leave ringside as Doyle and other refs rush in to get them out. Jimmie Rix and Diego De Leon on one side, and Team HOSS on the other, are shoving and reaching for each other through the human barricade of uniformed officials as all five men are herded roughly up the ramp by a contingent of referees and security. Crank watches this and grins at Shields. He then turns his attention back to Holiday who catches him solid in the mouth with a right fist. He busts the former Southern Heritage Champion's lip open. Reeling, Chance wipes his mouth and notices blood on his hand. The sight of it fires him up, and he swings wildly, clobbering Holiday across the face. Holiday stumbles back then he hits Chance right back causing him to stumble back as the two continue to swap blows in the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

The are going at it now! BACK AND FORTH!

Angus:

Crank throws him in the ropes!

DDK:

Running LARIAT!!

[Holiday flattens Crank with a thunderous lariat out of nowhere that puts both men on the canvas. They each get back to their feet, and Holiday makes the first move: he grabs Chance by the head and hooks him for a piledriver. Chance is kicking his feet to block it, but Holiday strains through it, gets Chance off his feet, and drives him hard head-first.]

DDK:

He goes for the cover! One... TWO... NO! Chance kicks out!

Angus:

That's the closest Holiday's gonna get to putting cVc away!

[As Holiday stands up, Pepper is shouting from ringside for Frank to stay on him. Chance staggers back to his feet holding his head. Holiday goes to grapple the former SoHer champ but gets an elbow to the jaw instead. Chance rushes him with a clothesline, but Holiday ducks it and whips cVc toward the ropes. Chance rebounds, and Holiday drops his shoulder, suddenly hoisting him up into a fireman's carry!]

Angus:

Wait a minute!

DDK

Chance is up in the air! Holiday...

WHAMMM!

DDK:

Hits the TRAIN WRECK!

Angus:

What the fuck!

DDK:

That's his finish! Holiday hooks his leg, Shields counts one.....TWO..... THREE!! Can you believe this?! Frank Holiday has beaten Chance Von Crank!

[Shield holds up Holiday's hand as Chance is still on his back looking up. Holiday kneels down towards him.]

Holiday:

Mullet doesn't look so fucking fly now. Holiday, Out!

[Holiday holds his hands high as he exits the ring and staggers away from the violent match up. Billy Pepper is practically dancing for joy beside him. Frank turns as he gets to the top of the ramp soaking in what he has just done.]

DDK:

Against all odds, Frank Holiday rose to the challenge here tonight.

Angus:

That was a fluke! That did not just happen to Chance Von Fucking Crank!

STJ Makes A New Friend.

[We cut away from Angus' tantrum to the backstage locker room area where we find Sam Turner Jr. in quite a state.

He kicks a nearby road crate, throws his cap onto the ground and lets out a frustrated yell. After a few moments of

intense heavy breathing a large hand pats the big Kentucky boy on the shoulder.] **STJ:** Ya two boys betta get tha heck offa'... [Sam turns around and is face to face with Japanese gaijin star Dusty Griffith.] **Dusty:** Hey, I like that fire man. **STJ:** Dangit, I's sorry. 'Em two rascals I been workin' wiff have worked ma last nerve raw. **Dusty:** Listen Sam, to hell with those two never was sleaze balls. You're a hell of a talent, you had one of DEF's most dangerous and capable competitors on the ropes out there. From where I'm sittin' if you'd have taken Clair's head off with that lariat the end of that match would have looked a lot different. **STJ:** Or maybe if'n I'd had a couple 'em partners worth a durn, 'em two squirly Angel City boys 'aint worth tha ink on 'ere plane tickets 'at got'em here I tells ya what. [Dusty pauses for a second thinking about what Sam just said, smiling and extending his hand in friendship.] **Dusty:** It's good to finally make your acquaintance Sam Turner. [The two men shake on it, Sam looking in slightly better spirits now after the chat.] **STJ:** Ya too Mr. Griffith. Ya too.

Eugene Dewey vs Edward White

[We cut to a crowd shot of the arena.]

[For the second time tonight the Emerald Hill Zone theme plays out around the arena as Eugene Dewey stomps his way down to the ring with a determined look upon his face.]

DDK:

Take a look at that kissar.

Angus:

Alright calm down, Magilla...

DDK:

What?

Angus:

YOU CAN'T FIRE ME! I WONT GO!

Darren 'DQ' Quimbey:

Our next match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from Buffalo, Wyoming, weighing 260 pounds, EUGEEEEENEEEEEE DEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Eugene climbs the stairs and steps into the ring. Usually he'd wave to the fans, but today he bounces against the ropes and even does a little bit of warming up. He's not got long to do so though as "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman replaces the frantic 16-bit iconic wonderment.]

DDK:

I know you hear about a lot of firsts in wrestling, but this is genuinely the first time Eugene and Edward White will have faced off one on one.

Angus:

And you've got to believe Bronson Box had a word in his partner's ear before coming out here. Probably told him not to go lightly on the nerd.

Darren 'DQ' Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Louisville, Kentucky. He weighs in at 231 pounds, 'The Sophisticate' EDWAAAAAARD WHIIIIIIIIITE!

[Edward White strolls down the aisle with little to no fuss and slides into the ring under the bottom rope. No posing, no

nothing, the bell sounds and we are underway!]

Ding Ding Ding

[Neither man is quick to go for the other, instead opting to circle each other for a moment. Eugene looks for a collar and elbow tie up, but White sidesteps the attempt and goes behind. He's unable to grab the ginger one though and the two return to circling.]

DDK:

White doesn't want to get caught bu Eugene, the guy outweighs him by about 30lbs.

Angus:

Come on, you and I both know that's only blubber.

[Again Eugene looks to tie up and again Edward uses his, albeit very unusual unto him, speed advantage to avoid the attempt. White taunts Eugene to try again, this time accepting the tie up, but instead of jockeying for position he stamps down on Dewey's toes before pushing his head down hard to the mat. White drops into a side headlock, but Eugene powers right back up and pushes White against the ropes. Edward bounces off and releases the headlock. He comes back off the ropes and ducks a clothesline from Dewey before baseball sliding his way to the outside.]

DDK:

That's the experience of Edward White showing through there.

Angus:

And Dewey's assumption that people won't cheat because we're in Japan. I mean, seriously, who's he kidding with that?

[White hops up onto the apron and steps back between the ropes, making sure to keep his distance from Eugene as he does so. However Dewey's eagerness to get this match really going means Eugene closes the gap quickly and carelessly. White sticks a hand out and puts a thumb directly into Dewey's eye which stuns the gamer momentarily, but those few milliseconds are all White needs to drop Dewey with a jawbreaker and follow up with a fireman's carry takedown before locking in another side headlock.]

DDK:

Eugene needs to calm it down. He's in there with a former FIST champion.

Angus:

And ol' Steady Eddie didn't win that title by telling people to have a nice day.

[Eugene fights the hold and manages to reach back and grab White's head. He takes Edward over with a snapmare and gets back to his feet, but White rolls through the take down and right back up to his. Before Eugene can straighten up White charges in, grabs a handfull of afro and drives Eugene face first into the mat with a modified bulldog. White rolls Eugene over and covers him quickly.]

[ONE!]

[Dewey gets the shoulder up!]

DDK:

Only a one for White.

Angus:

It might be more next time if Dewey doesn't do something.

[White slaps on a rear chinlock to Dewey as the ginger one sits up and digs his knee into his back for good measure.]

Eugene can't reach White's head again to break the hold and so tries to rock side to side in an attempt to get White's leg out of his spine. Eugene finally manages it but White transitions into a front facelock, that Eugene manages to power up through. He lifts White off of his feet and throws him off, giving White a good seven foot fall to experience. Eugene drops a quick elbow across the small of White's back and looks like he's trying to lock in a crossface of some description immediately after, but White scrambles to the ropes and forces a break.]

Angus:

Was Eugene Dewey looking for a submission move?

DDK:

You know, that might not be such a bad idea. White's not exactly well versed in technical wrestling.

Angus:

And Dewey's not exactly versed in submission moves.

DDK:

Ok, that's probably where the idea falls down a bit...

[Both men get to their feet. Dewey charges in looking to clothesline White, but Edward ducks and low bridges Dewey. The ginger one tumbles to the outside and hits the floor hard as White slides under the bottom rope to follow him out. White lays some boots into the downed Dewey before pulling him up and driving him spine first into the ring apron. White pulls Eugene back and slams him into the apron again, and then a third time, before discarding him to one side. White rolls into the ring, then rolls right back out again to break Mark Sheilds' count.]

DDK:

Eugene looks hurt. White could have probably won this by count out.

Angus:

He's not taking the chance. He wants to stay on Dewey as much as possible.

[Eugene tries to crawl away around the ring post but White is right there on top of him, stomping down across his shoulders. Edward measures him up for another stomp and then pulls him up and drives him back first into the ring post. Eugene howls in pain and White rolls him into the ring and follows him in. Edward tucks Eugene's arms in and cover him.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Eugene pushes a shoulder up and breaks the fall!]

[White grabs a hold of Eugene's arm and pulls him into the corner. He sits him up against the bottom turnbuckle and pushes a foot into Eugene's throat. White breaks on Mark's count of four and takes off running, hitting the ropes and comes back with a facewash that almost knocks Eugene out of the ring and to the outside. White grabs a hold of Dewey's pants to prevent the tumble and pulls him back in for another pinfall.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR- Eugene gets his shoulder up again.]

Angus:

There's a lot of fight in Dewey, but White's probably got just as much.

DDK:

You sure about that?

Angus:

Wait, aren't I the one supposed to be breaking the fourth wall?

[White pulls Eugene up and headbutts him back into the corner. Edward whips Dewey across the ring and follows him in, Eugene however sticks up a foot and catches White on the butt of the jaw. The boot stuns White long enough for Eugene to gather his bearings and charge out of the corner. He catches White with an STO and takes him to the mat with a thud. Eugene covers quickly.]

[ONE!]

[White gets a shoulder up easily.]

[Eugene pulls White to his feet and hooks him up for a suplex. Dewey pops his hips and lifts White, but Edward floats over and lands on his feet behind Eugene. Dewey turns and blocks a right from White and retaliates with a right of his own. Another right, then a left, then a kick to the midsection winds White before Eugene throws a European uppercut that knocks him back into the corner of the ring. Eugene runs in with a shoulder to White's midsection and whips him across the ring. White collides with the turnbuckles and then gets sandwiched between them and Eugene's hulking great frame. White drops to his ass in the corner as Eugene turns and hits the ropes. Dewey comes back and squashes Edward again with a butt bump to the seated socialite.]

DDK:

Eugene's building momentum!

Angus:

He's finally had a chance to throw that weight around. And I'll admit, I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of one of those ass thumps.

[Dewey pulls White out of the corner and locks in an abdominal stretch, but White manages to hip toss him straight out of it. White tries to drop a leg across Eugene's throat but hits nothing but mat as Dewey rolls out of the way. Both men get to their feet, White throws a right hand that Dewey ducks. Edward's momentum swings him around allowing Eugene to lift him and drop him with a high angle bell to back suplex. Eugene covers and hooks a leg for good measure.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Edward White kicks out just after two!]

[Eugene rolls away from The Sophisticate and pushes himself up to his feet. He looks at White who's gasping for air on the mat and then to the corner of the ring.]

DDK:

Stay on him, Eugene!

Angus:

Hey, where's he going?

[Eugene heads for the corner and steps through the ropes. He gingerly climbs the turnbuckles and places one foot on the top rope. Eugene pays far too much attention to his footing though and neglects to watch Edward White as he gets back to his feet. Eugene finally stands with both feet on the top rope just as Edward White throws himself at the ropes. The ropes wobble and they wobble causing Eugene to lose balance and get crotched on the top turnbuckle!]

Angus:

Eugene had no business being up there, and Edward White just showed him why!

DDK:

Why was he up there?

Angus:

Maybe he was trying to prove a point. A point that'll go completely missed by the whole world now.

[Edward White shakes the cobwebs out of his head and grabs a hold of Eugene. He moves Dewey's legs into the ring and pulls him from the corner draped over his shoulders!]

DDK:

STOCK MARKET DROP!

Angus:

The whole ring just shook!

[White wastes no time in covering Eugene!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

Ding Ding Ding**Darren 'DQ' Quimbey:**

Here is your winner, EDWAAAAAAAAARD WHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITE!

["Chasing Sheep Is Best Left To Shepherds" plays out again as White's hand is raised in victory. Edward rolls out of the ring quickly and makes his way up the to a mild applause from the fans. Sure enough it doesn't take Eugene long enough to come round in the ring and realise just what the music playing meant.]

DDK:

Look at the look on Eugene's face.

Angus:

HAHA! It's priceless!

DDK:

Priceless? The kid was so determined to prove he didn't need anyone to help him get it done against a top name, look at how disappointed he is.

Angus:

Well, maybe he shouldn't have taken the risk of going to the top rope. As soon as you make a mistake like that in DEFIANCE, **BAM**, your opponent's going to capitalise.

[Eugene rolls over onto his front and pushes himself up to his knees. He looks down at the mat and breathes in heavily, clearly still winded from the crotching and almost immediate Stock Market Drop. Edward White's music fades out, but the fans applause for Eugene's determination does not.]

DDK:

That's got to help. These fans know Eugene gave a heck of a lot in there against a tough opponent.

[Eugene finally gets to his feet and bows in thanks to the fans before turning to the entrance to leave, but he stops dead in his tracks when he sees just who's at the top of the ramp.]

Angus:

Hey, it's Wayne!

[It is indeed. Wayne Dewey stands at the top of the ramp, looking down the aisle at his brother. Slowly Wayne starts clapping, but not in the same way as the fans.]

DDK:

Could he be any more sarcastic?

Angus:

I'm sure he's just out here to congratulate his brother on a job well done.

DDK:

Please! Look at that shit eating grin of his! You're not telling me he's out here to do anything other than gloat!

Angus:

Ok, maybe he is gloating a bit.

DDK:

A bit!?

Angus:

Fine, a lot, whatever!

Bouncing Off of Jupiter

[HARD ass cut to the backstage area.]

[Ty. Rone. WALKING!]

[The senior-est member of Hookers and Blow is doing just that. Walking, while also having his eyes focused on the Galaxy S4 in his right hand.]

[And we're walking... walking... walking...]

[And not paying attention either to the planet-sized human on the horizon.]

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUD!

[Ty rebounds off the immense girth of Jupiter Jones, the 7 foot plus, 400 plus pound man-sized mountain from Harlem, New York. Looking down and then up, Ty takes in the sight of the real life giant that stands before him, a peculiar look crosses his face.]

Ty:

Jay-zuss, where in the HALE did you come from?

[Like I said, oblivious to his surroundings. Walker tucks his phone away, now giving his full attention to the young man in front of him.]

Jupiter: [grinning]

The real question is ... how'd you miss ME?

Ty:

It's like... you just materialized... or something, eh... Star Trek... Yeah.

Jupiter:

Scotty's always beamin' my ass down in the wrong spot.

Ty:

Right on, dude. Anyway, my bad, homie.

[Ty extends a hand out to Jupiter.]

Ty:

Names, Ty.

[Jupiter meets the handshake halfway.]

Jupiter:

Isaiah ... my boys call me Jupiter.

[Jupiter shakes his head.]

Jupiter:

Man, I've had so many people introducin' themselves n' shit that the names are startin' to blur together. It's like ball all over - everybody wantin' somethin'. It's crazy.

Ty: [nodding.]

No doubt. Big dude like yourself? Lots of peoples gonna have ideas for you. Thing is, just be lookin' out for the ones tryin' to hustle you, so you know who're the ones bein' straight with you.

Jupiter:

I hear that. Ever since I could dunk the rock, people been tryin' to pull me this way or that. Thing I figured was sometimes these dudes tryin' to use you are offerin' the world. It's hard as hell to know when the risk ain't worth the reward.

Ty:

Sounds like the wrestling bid'ness, homie. Just be sure that when you're the one riskin' your neck out there, that you're gettin' your's up front.

Jupiter:

'preciate the advice, Ty.

Ty:

Anytime, homie.

[A slap of hands and a bro hug later, this multigenerational summit of black wrestlers convenes.]

Leon Booth vs Dusty Griffith

Angus: 'Aint that cute how they just know how to shake hands like that?

DDK:

ahem Several years ago, these next two fought in Wrestle Coast: Cascadia, when Dusty Griffith defended the Pacific Northwest Championship against a younger, less experienced Leon Booth.

Angus::

Less experienced? Wasn't Griffith barely out of Ramsey's dojo himself? Hardly what I'd call a gap in experience there, Keebs.

DDK:

True, but Griffith did already have a year or two of experience on Booth at the time.

Angus::

So what's your point?

DDK:

You have to think, beyond the events of last week, this match has some extra special meaning for Booth... wanting to show how he's advanced in the years since their first encounter.

Angus::

Yeah, okay, whatever you say there, dude.

[The lights dim as "Remember to Feel Real" by Armor for Sleep begins to sonically blast the Asukaru Satte.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now... Coming to the ring, from ROSWELL, GEORGIA... He is accompanied to the ring by SAWYER REED... Standing at 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighing in at 252 pounds... This is... LEEEEEEEEEEEEEEON "THE LIIIIIOOOOONNN" BOOOOOOOOOOOOOTH!!

[Booth, along with his companion, Sawyer Reed, step out on to the stage. Booth's eyes lock on to the ring in the center of the venue, his focus evident as he and Reed begin striding towards the ring.]

DDK:

Leon Booth is certainly looking to be all business here tonight.

Angus:

Well, like you said, Keebs... Booth got his ass whooped by Mayberry a while back, and he lost to him again last week during that tag, he's bound to have his game face on.

[Reaching the ringside area, Booth shares a few words with Reed before ascending to the ring apron and climbing through the ropes. He walks a lap around the ring before taking up position in his corner where he awaits his opponent.]

DDK:

Last week, this man made his surprising return, coming to aide the outnumbered, Cancer Jiles, and in the process put himself on everyone's radar, especially that of World Champion, Kai Scott.

Angus::

I still don't like him.

DDK:

You were all for him last week, are you siding with one of Scott's soldiers tonight?

Angus::

Exactly. Last week. When he was doing something COOL, but let's not forget this guy bailed on DEFIANCE when things didn't go his way. That doesn't mean I won't enjoy watching one of Kai's douche patrol get broken in half here tonight.

[The arena dims as the light begin to flash along with the drum beat of KISS' "I Loud It Loud" pounds the ear drums.]

Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!

Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!

Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And now... coming to the ring from BOISE, IDAHO... Standing at 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighing in at 290 pounds... Making his return to DEFIANCE! He is the WILD BRONCO... DUSSSSSSSSSSSSTY
GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIFFFFFFFFFFH!!

[Before long, the crowd begins cheering as Dusty Griffith comes jogging out to the ring clad in his trademark black and silver windbreaker.]

Stand up, you don't have to be afraid.

Get down, love is like a hurricane.

Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it.

[As he reaches ringside, he dives into the ring under the ropes, sliding in a couple feet before rising to his feet and bouncing himself off of the ropes.]

Guilty till I'm proven innocent.

Whiplash, heavy metal accident.

Rock on, I wanna be the president, 'cos.

[After a few laps, Dusty bounces to a stop in the center of the ring, then takes to the nearest corner. Climbing up, he thrusts his arms out toward the audience, his hands clenched in fists.]

I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes.

LOUD! I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise.

[As the lights come back, Leon Booth rushes an unaware Griffith, catching him as he climbs down from the turnbuckles before reaching up to grab a fist full of Dusty's jacket and slamming him down from the ropes.]

DDK:

Come on, now, Leon Booth taking the low road here, attacking Griffith before he was even ready.

Angus::

It's like... he's an underhanded asshole, go figure.

DING!! DING!! DING!!

[While the referee calls for the bell to start the match, Booth lays the wood, stomping away at Griffith's back and ribs, while the Bad Man from Boise struggles to reach the ropes. Reaching them, Dusty begins to pull himself up, as Booth continues to rain down upon him, now with some old fashion clubberin' forearm blows to the back and shoulders.]

DDK:

Booth is just relentlessly savaging, Griffith.

Angus::

Relentlessly savaging? I think he's just kicking the fuck outta him.

[As Griffith manages to get to his feet, Booth lets up with his assault momentarily, waistlocking Dusty from behind and pulling him away from the ropes before tossing him with a German Suplex.]

DDK:

An impressive display of strength there by Booth.

Angus::

Yeah, but... I think that might have had some unintended consequences...

[Hitting the mat, Griffith rolled back with impact, the momentum lifting him up to his feet. Bouncing against the ropes and with an awakened look of fury in his eyes, Dusty charges at Booth who was only just turning around and eats a full force diving shoulder block that sends him tumbling to the mat. Booth scrambles to his feet, but as he gets up he's met by Griffith who sends him toppling over the top rope with a clothesline.]

DDK:

And just like that, Griffith has turned the tables around in this match.

Angus::

Jay-zuss, Hurricane Mayberry, hitting the sandy shores of the Isle of Booth.

[Stomping around the ring, Griffith removes his jacket and tosses it aside. The whole time he eyes Leon Booth, who makes it up the apron around the count of six from the referee. Dusty marches over, but Booth proves to be playing a bit of possum, as he drives a knee into Griffith's gut before snapping his head off the top rope, which sends the larger man reeling back.]

DDK:

Booth showing some cleverness.

Angus::

Some good ol' fashion, trickeration, as they call it.

DDK:

Who says that?

Angus::

Iunno, some crap I heard on ESEN once.

[Getting back into the ring, Booth doesn't waste time, quickly renewing his attack with a barrage of punches before leaning Griffith up against the ropes. Booth fires Griffith across the ring, but misses with a clothesline that Dusty ducked under, stopped and pivoted around before absolutely clobbering Booth with an elbow shot to the head.]

DDK:

What a shot by, Griffith!

Angus::

I'll say, he just knocked him on his ass.

[Feeling a surge of emotion, Dusty raises the same arm that blasted Booth as he looks to the crowd, some of whom, applaud the blow he delivered. Booth, feeling a bit red assed, hurries back up and attacks Griffith with an elbow of his own, that the big Idahoan seems to shrug off before retaliating with one of his own. Booth fires back with another, which is responded to in kind by Griffith.]

DDK:

Booth might want to be careful getting into one of these exchanges with Griffith, he may also be big and strong, but this is Dusty's proverbial wheelhouse.

Angus::

Screw that, KNOBBERSLOCKER TIME!

[A couple more rounds are fired, until Dusty switches gears, opening up with a barrage of right and left head slaps, backing Booth up to the other side of the ring. Dusty goes for the Irish whip, but Booth counters into a One Arm DDT, impacting Griffith's historically bad shoulder, causing the former Summer Games winner to bellow in pain as he clutches his shoulder.]

DDK:

Nice heads up counter from Booth.

Angus::

That shoulder is about as bad as Dane's knees, it "heals" up, but it's an easy target.

[Booth dives on Griffith for a pin, but only gets a two. Getting back up, Booth resumes stomping away, this time focusing his attack on the arm and shoulder. The pain courses through Griffith who responds by fighting his way back up again, but as he does, Booth grabs hold of Dusty's wrist and applies an arm wringer before dragging him back down with Fujiwara Armbar.]

[Grunting in pain, Griffith remains calm in spite of Booth's death grip and constant torquing of his arm and shoulder. Looking for an escape, Dusty's efforts continually get halted when Booth digs in on the armbar. Before long the crowd starts to get behind Griffith, encouraging him to fight through the predicament.]

DDK:

These fans are really rallying behind, Griffith.

Angus::

It only works if you believe in it.

[Shifting around, Dusty slides closer to the ropes so that he can hook a foot over the bottom rope, but Booth counters by scooting forward and pulling Griffith with him while still maintaining the armbar. Growling his frustration, Griffith surges as the audiences support strengthens, sliding around and easing the pressure on his arm until he breaks the hold.]

DDK:

Yeah, well it looks like Dusty Griffith believes...

[Booth returns to stomping Dusty, but Griffith ignores the blows as he rises up to his feet. Booth stays on the attack, eventually shoving Griffith into a corner and continues to fire away, until Griffith explodes with a flurry before grabbing Booth and tossing him into the corner where he unloads with alternating head and body shots.]

Angus::

CLUBBIN' BLOWS!

DDK:

Dusty storming Booth with those vicious hammers he calls hands.

[Rights and lefts, high and low, Griffith batters Booth with several shots before whipping him across the ring to the opposite corner and charges in, crashing into Booth with an Avalanche splash in the corner. Griffith whips Booth back across and charges again...]

DDK:

Griffith looking for the Stampede!

Angus::

Booth is out on his feet, look at 'em.

[Griffith crashes into Booth for a second time and then hits the ropes, looking for the Rushin' Elbow as Booth stumbles out of the corner, only he somehow has the sense to catch Griffith with a Powerslam.]

Angus::

Or not.

DDK:

What a battle, Dusty Griffith always seems to be on the verge of taking control of the match, but every time he gets on a roll, Leon Booth comes up with a momentum breaker.

[Booth rolls off of Griffith on to his back without making a cover, simply laying there while he and Griffith both suck in heavy breaths. A few brief moments pass and both get up, but it's Booth who goes to the eyes before hooking Griffith up and planting him with an outstanding display of strength, which earns Booth some applause from the audience.]

DDK:

TIGER DRIVER!!

Angus::

Is the dude on roids? I've never seen anyone muscle Mayberry up like that!

[The referee dives in for the cover.]

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!

THRRRRRR-KICKOUT!!

[Not wasting time with arguing the count, Booth drags Griffith up before hooking a Full Nelson and yet again, showing the depths of his strength, lifts Griffith up and then drills him with another big slam.]

Angus::

Seriously, roids, much?

DDK:

Booth driving Griffith down with a sitout Full Nelson Slam!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-KICKOUT!!

[Booth looks to the ref that time, half in shock it wasn't a three, half that Griffith kicked out so quick that time. Booth lifts himself up off of the mat and calls for the "finish" before he drags Griffith up again, setting up for a textbook suplex.]

DDK:

Booth looking for the Southern Comfort here?

Angus::

If Mayberry wants any chance of winning this thing, he better wake the hell up and be quick about it.

[Booth attempts to lift Griffith up, but Dusty fights it, blocking the suplex. Booth releases and clobbers Griffith a few times and tries again, but Griffith refuses to play along, going deadweight. Finally Booth drives a couple of knees into Griffith's midsection and tries yet again, raising him up, but Griffith fights it mid-lift and drops back to his feet. Breaking free, Dusty surges again with elbows that backs Booth up against the ropes.]

DDK:

Try as he might, Booth can't seem to figure out how to keep Griffith down.

[Griffith tries to Irish Whip Booth, but Booth reverses and tries for a Short-Arm Clothesline only for Dusty to duck under and grab a rear waistlock before throwing him with a German Suplex.]

Angus::

BAW GAWD!!

DDK:

Griffith finally avoiding a counter.

Angus::

He just CHUCKED Booth across the ring.

[Booth scrambles up only to get sent on another ride, this time with a Bearhug Suplex. They scramble again, this time Booth swinging wildly with a clothesline that Griffith avoids before sending Booth to the mat with a Backdrop Suplex. Going purely on instinct and momentum, Booth keeps getting back to his feet and yet again, Dusty throws him with another suplex, lifting and twisting before planting him again.]

DDK:

SAMBO SUPLEX!

Angus::

What the hells a Sambo? Is that Simba's retarded cousin or something?

[Dusty holds on for the cover.]

ONNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWO!!

THRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEE-NO-KICKOUT!!

DDK:

What a barrage of suplexes on Griffith's part.

Angus::

How in the world do you survive that?

DDK:

Booth showing he has just as much heart as strength.

[Getting up, Griffith looks down upon the prone form of Leon Booth and then calls for the Powerbomb by claspings his hands together and bringing his arms up and down in the same motion of a Powerbomb. The declaration gets a big response from the Japanese audience who are quite familiar with Griffith's "perfected" Powerbomb.]

Angus::

But does he enough heart to survive this? Mayberry hit Booya with it last week and I heard he couldn't remember who he was for a minute. Of course, if I was Jonny Booya, I'd want to forget everything about myself too.

[Peeling Booth off the mat, Dusty doubles him over and readies to deliver the kill shot, but Booth fights it, desperately trying to avoid what's about to happen. Dusty tries again and again, but Booth drops to a knee and shoots an arm up into Griffith's groin, immediately breaking the Wild Bronco's grip.]

DDK:

Oh come on, what a cheap shot by Booth!

[Exploding up from his knees, Booth lifts Griffith and slams him to the mat with a ring shaking Spinebuster.]

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!

THHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-NOOO-KICKOUT!!

[Griffith and Booth lay upon the mat, again, both exhausted, heaving oxygen as their chests rise and fall. Before long Griffith and Booth have crawled away from each other, each going to opposite corners where they pull themselves up with the ropes. Booth turns and immediately blasts from his corner, charging at Griffith.]

Angus::

INCOMING!!

[Booth rushes in and Griffith dodges away and lets Booth car crash himself against the turnbuckles. Griffith backs away and then charges in, hitting another Avalanche Splash in the corner, crushing Booth. Griffith whips him across the ring and hits another Avalanche Splash, letting Booth stumble out of the corner before Griffith comes flying off of the ropes and obliterating Booth with a Rushin' Elbow.]

DDK:

STAMPEDE!!

[Dusty roars with fury before he grabs a fistful of Booth's blonde mane and sets him up for the Powerbomb. With a flash, Dusty hoists Booth in an instant and then with as much speed as he can put behind the whip, slams Booth down on his shoulders, head and neck, at the same time rolling him up with the impact for the cover.]

DDK:

ATOMIC POWERBOMB!

Angus::

Christ... that is so violent, it's disgusting.

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!!

TWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWO!!

THREE!!

DING!! DING!! DING!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Your winner, by PINFALL... DUSSSSSSSSSSSSSTY GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIFFITH!!

DDK:

What a return debut for Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

I still don't trust him... yet. One win does not make a comeback.

DDK:

So not impressed.

Angus:

I didn't say that, Mayberry's skill in a wrestling ring is unquestionable, it's his loyalty to DEFIANCE that is. He needs to earn it.

DDK:

Fair enough.

An Angel City Interlude

DDK: I'm told we're going backstage for a... **Voice Over:** SILENCE! Silly announcer man, HEY... eyes over here, jerk. [We cut backstage to the lantern jawed bottle blond "Dapper" Don Hollywood and his Angel City eXXXpress tag team partner the freshly lubed up Rich Mahogany. The boys are dressed in their street clothes, Dapper Don a tacky pink and charcoal check suit and Ravishing Rich... well, mostly chest hair and baby oil.] **Dapper Don:** This message goes out to the big red retard we got to pay for our tickets over here... **Rich:** I didn't know they stacked stupid that high. **Dapper Don:** ... Sam, my boy. Thanks for the ride, thanks for the dough and thanks for helping get our foot in the door. We're DONE with you, clown shoes. Time for these two handsome future DEFIANCE superstars to take our act onward and upward! All the way to PAY PER VIEW BABY! **Rich:** I've been on pay per view before. **Dapper Don:** Lord knows you have, hung like a horse this one. But as I was saying. Big dumb and ugly. Sam Turner Jr. I'm challenging you to a two on one handicap match ya' big hayseed. If you've got the hay stacks. [Don hikes his belt, and gives a little sniff, flicking his nose with his thumb.] **Rich:** Get ready for a beatdown from the two most sexable members of the DEFIANCE roster. **Dapper Don:** The Angel City eXXXpress have arrived ladies and gentlemen! [Rich squirts a little more oil onto his hand and rubs it deep into his awful chest hair.] **Dapper Don:** Gird your loins, nerds. This shit is about to get sleazy as hell. [Cut back to ringside.]

Python vs Bronson Box

[Cut to an arena crowd shot.] **Angus:** This is going to be awful, my prediction. **DDK:** It's not going to be pretty, on that I can agree. [The entire arena applauds politely as the vigorous piano intro to "Broadcast Quality" by The Receiving End of Sirens blasts through the speakers and a dizzying array of strobe lights dance through the ring and out into the crowd.] ♪ How'd you know to find me here? ♪ ♪ Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires ♪ ♪ And insider information ♪ [The arena rocks with music and crowd waits happily as Python bursts through the curtain.] **Angus:** Dead man walkin'.... [He bounds out onto the entrance ramp, slamming his chest with both hands and pointing out to the fans, completely electrified. A few of the closer fans get in on it, but by and large it's more polite clapping and whatnot. Python is not affected one bit.] **DDK:** This isn't some scrub Angus, this is Python we're talking about here. Bronson Box is going to have his hands full here tonight. ♪ 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 bright under the lights as he takes off toward the ring, tearing down the ramp and slapping every hand within reach. In seconds flat, he's inside and across the ring, taking a turn on each turnbuckle with an arm raised to the response of camera flashes from the Japanese wrestling media at ringside.] **Angus:** They do love their cameras, don't they? **DDK:** A delightful tradition here in Japan, the plethora of ringside wrestling cameramen... **Angus:** Wonder if anyone told 'em about how Box normally conducts himself? **DDK:** Well, I... **Angus:** If'n they had they'd be running like he was goddamn Godzilla, Darren. Goddamn Godzilla. **Bronson Box:** (voiceover) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Savages and God fearin' white folk alike. I know later on you'll be treated to two blond haired poofers slappin' each other about but right now? Yer' about to witness the memories that'll stick with ye' after this show's over and done. [From backstage with all the confidence one human body can possibly contain walks the Wargod himself. Microphone in hand Bronson strides to the top of the ramp and looks down at a pacing Python slipping back and forth across the ring like his reptilian namesake with a sneering twitch of his mustache.] **Bronson:** Long after thoughts of Cancer Jiles and Kai Scott pushin' and shovin' have faded from your minds eye... [pointing towards the ring] the image of me crackin' that poor bastards skull are goin' to be BURNED into your minds eye. [Boxer stars down the rampway towards ringside.] **Bronson:** I've had some criticism levied my way that I don't seem to "care" less about the fact my concubine Virginia is near paralyzed and more about the fact... to quote one critic that one of my "playthings" was taken from me. Cut me to the quick. Mostly because I thought you people knew old Boxer better than this. What did you all want me to do? Cry? Weep openly in the ring and deride Ryan for his actions? [He reaches ringside and looks up at Python knowing full well the lithe grappler could come soaring over the top rope at any moment.] **Bronson:** I'm Bronson bloody Box. I loved that girl, she meant a lot to me... but so did a lot of people over the years. More than I can count. This is war ladies and gentlemen, plain and simple. It's not all victories and gold. Sometimes its loss and pain. I want to burn Dan Ryan's skin off because he's a presumptuous self absorbed prick that believes his own bloody hype! He marches in here pretendin' like some bloody child THAT HE'S NOT ROTTEN TO THE BONE... no sir, not here. [Up the ring steps he goes.] **Bronson:** This company is more than an opportunity for some hasbeen that wishes he was HALF THE VILLAIN BRONSON BOX IS to use as some steppin' stone to bigger and better things as "Mr. Nice Guy"... so I pushed him. I ripped into him like you people expect me to. Like Eric bloody Dane himself expects me to. I push til' I get what I want and what I want, what I've always wanted TO BE THE ABSOLUTE BEST THIS COMPANY HAS TO OFFER! Is my blood boilin' that that halfwit broke Virginia's back? YOU BLOODY BET I AM... simply more fuel for the fire, lads. It's as simple as tit for tat, he takes from me? I take from him. [On the apron.] **Bronson:** Which brings me to you, Python... [Bronson takes a few steps towards the snake man, referee Benny Doyle stepping between them best he can. Keeping the peace before the bell.] **Angus:** Yeah, that'll keep 'em apart. **DDK:** Shhh. [Boxer brings the microphone to his lips to speak, but he just smiles.] CRACK! [Frank Dylan James is in the ring like magic, dented chair in hand. Python crumples forward into Bronson's waiting arms. The referee gets shoved out of the ring as Python is hoisted up into a devastating double sit out powerbomb from Boxer and The Mastodon.] **DDK:** OH COME ON! **Angus:** Holy shit man, look... [From backstage comes a group of large private security agents in plain black polo shirts. A host of them take their places up the ramp

and dot ringside, arms folded all looking out at the crowd.] **Angus:** Edward White's hired goons, has to be. [Nicky Corozzo stands at the top of the ramp, giving Boxer a polite nod before he himself takes position eyes locked on the entrance curtain.] **DDK:** Spot on call, partner. What the hell is going on here? **Angus:** My guess? Box didn't want any interruptions during this fuckin' execution. **DDK:** Their surrounding the ring! [DEFsec and agents immediately start pouring out onto the stage, clashing with the Socialite funded private security force. Boxer picks Python up by the hair, sandwiching his right knee in Frank's folding chair. He pushes Frank and points to the nearest turnbuckle.] **DDK:** Oh no, come on now, not this! **Angus:** MOUNTAIN TOP KNEE DROP! This is going to be NASTY. **DDK:** This could end Python's career! [Frank looks slightly apprehensive... Box cures that with a hard open hand across the face and a few terse words. Frank finally acquiesces, exiting the ring out onto the apron and starts heaving his massive frame up onto the top turnbuckle.] [As Frank again hesitates Boxer picks back up the microphone.] **Bronson:** YOU BIG USELESS BASTARD! DO IT! CRUSH THAT BOYS KNEE, NOW! DO IT! DO IT! I... [Box drops the microphone as he notices emerging from out of the crowd, Dan Ryan and Dusty Griffith! The two big men waffle the approaching private security their eyes locked on the situation in the ring. Boxer growls one last word to his West Virginian weapon still perched atop the turnbuckle and in one breathless moment...] **DDK:** TOP ROPE SUICIDE DIVE FROM FRANK DYLAN JAMES INTO THE CROWD! OH MY HOLY CHRIST! Dan Ryan and Dusty Griffith are both DOWN! [The subdued Japanese fans in the front row have already more or less scattered to the high hills at the sight of Ryan and Griffith brawling with White's security force in the isle so Frank's landing was a hard uncushioned and utterly brutal affair, landing a crossbody on both men. All three massive bodies tumbling to the concrete with a sickening bone deep thud.] **Angus:** Well that's one for the highlight reel, holy shit! [Box smiles at the chaotic scene, slowly turning his attention back towards Python who's just now getting to one knee after the sickening chair shot at the devastating sit out powerbomb. Box reaches down and grabs another handful of hair and in one swift movement nearly headbutting the eyeballs out the back of Python's already damaged skull.] **Angus:** When this crazy bastard makes a plan he sees it though, doesn't he? **DDK:** Python is NOT in a good way here, Angus! [With his free hand Box grabs hold of the pad on turnbuckle Frank just launched himself off of and gives one Herculean yank, the laces giving away exposing the raw steel nut fastening the ropes to the steel post. Even the normally reserved Japanese fans know what this means, the quiet crowd starting to murmur a little louder.] **Angus:** Goddamn is he strong. **DDK:** Jesus Christ someone get out here! **Angus:** We've seen this shit before! Boxer's old tag partner walks with a CANE because of this spot! [Boxer gets Python into position for the calamitous BOMBASTO Bomb, everyone holds their collective breath as the Wargod takes Python up and...] **DDK:** DAN RYAN WITH THE SAVE! [Ryan slides into the ring at the very last second and chop blocks the back of Bronson's knee forcing him to drop Python down and away from the exposed turnbuckle.] **DDK:** Dusty obviously caught most of Frank's desperate suicide dive! Ryan saved his pal just in the nick of time! **Angus:** Well goodie goodie gumdrops. [Ryan is on Box like white on rice, the two men rolling around on the mat looking less like wrestlers and more like two men desperate to end the others career. The ring is immediately flooded with both the private security force and DEFsec trying to separate the two.] **Angus:** Ahhh... feels a little like the old days, don't it Darren? **DDK:** Indeed partner, indeed. Nobody does a ring clearing brawl like DEFIANCE. [After a chaotic hard to follow scene full of pushing and shoving we end up with Python, Dusty Griffith and Dan Ryan perched atop the ramp looking down at Boxer and The Mastodon down in the ring. Ryan's stitches on the back of his head have split open, blood pouring down his back. The two factions separated by a sea of security. Blood is also pouring down the face of Frank Dylan James where his forehead met concrete, looking more than a little worse for ware.] **DDK:** Something tells me Bronson feels the scales are still "uneven" when it comes to one Dan Ryan. [Bronson is furiously pacing the ropes, his eyes locked on the trio atop the stage.] **Angus:** They might be standin' tall now but somethin' tells me Ryan and his little friend are in for a world of hurt in the very near future. **DDK:** And Dusty Griffith just aquired... **Angus:** Dusty Griffith should have kept his damn nose out of it! Fuckin' dumb sack of what have you stirrin' up trouble with Bronson Box? How quickly does this mook wanna find his head split open? Does he even WATCH this show? Jesus. **DDK:** Dusty obviously just wants to help his friend Frank, Angus. **Angus:** Yeah well poor him and his friend, in the meantime Bronson looks like he wants to rip his dick off, so grats on the keen play there big Dust. Smart. Maybe you and Dan can split a double room at the hospital when all this is over and done. I'm sure Dan'll pick up the tab, he seems to like doin' that. **DDK:** Do you even know who you're rooting for anymore? **Angus:** Bah. I fuckin' hate everybody who isn't named Cancer, you know that. If all these angry assholes would spark up a spliff and let Cancer into their heart they'd see the light and save everybody a world of hurt. [DEFsec escort Ryan, Dusty and Python to the backstage area, after a few moments Boxer has his private security goons collect Frank Dylan James and they finally make their exit from the arena.] **Angus:** Dude Box looks pissed. **DDK:** If I were Python I'd sleep with one eye open, that's for sure.

Heritage: Aftermath

[Cut to the backstage locker room area.] [The spankin' new Southern Heritage champion barrels down the hallway, a strange and knowing sneer plastered across his face. He comes across a caterer who is in a deep conversation with his mother, father, boss... who knows, Curtis Penn does not speak Japanese. He snatches the phone from the caterer's hand and pie faces him to the ground.] **Penn:** [into the speaker] He'll call you back. [He slides his finger over the screen and spins it around.] **Penn:** Direct to YouTube, Daily Motion, or Tumblr...Tucker, when you wake up from getting choked out in the middle of the ring, do me the favor of telling me how it feels to get played like a high-school prom date, right out of those flimsy little panties and onto your back. [He stares down into the phone as a drop of sweat hits the screen.] **Penn:** Alston, I played you like a freaking drum. I worked you all up, I played on that little white hat, blue collar, work horse sense of nobility that you have and I got just exactly what I wanted out of you. [He pats the Stars and Bars covered plate on the belt and grins.] **Penn:** I got you so worked up that you forgot how to wrestle, in front of a packed house, and as a result this Southern Heritage championship is MINE! [Snort.] **Penn:** Not yours...MINE! IT BELONGS TO ME! [He leans in closer to the screen.] **Penn:** Tucker, you were a pawn... you were my opening move for the Southern Heritage Championship. I used you and your ambitions to be the good guy and your disgust of Chance Van Gogh as an opening to peel the title off of him like an old scab so that I wouldn't have to go anywhere near that festering cesspool of foul language and bad life decisions. I swear, it's got it's own gravity, and I'm not being sucked into that Trailer Park if it's the last thing I do. [He pulls the screen away from his face.] **Penn:** Then what did I do, I threw our first match so that you would get confident, like all men in this game your ego blinded you. You were itching for another round with me after I tore down your precious honor in front of that live crowd. [Pause.] **Penn:** After those three steps were completed... yes three steps, you weren't that complicated, I broke you down and I made you scream... begged the referee to stop me from breaking your neck. I left you out there, in front of that live crowd, beaten and broken. [Smirk.] **Penn:** And ten pounds lighter. [Curtis tosses the phone back to the guy on the ground and is filmed from the ground as he walks away, strapping the title belt around his waist.] **Penn:** DEFIANCE wanted a more ruthless, vicious version of Curtis Penn. One who could put asses in seats and assholes in hospitals. Well... [He lets out a chuckle.] **Penn:** I hope you people are ready for what comes next. [Cut.]

Cancer Jiles vs Kai Scott (c)

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

DDK:

And it is main event time here tonight, ladies and gentlemen! On his way to the ring is the challenger, the former champion, the man known as COOL Cancer Jiles!

[Cancer Jiles appears at the top of the ramp and adjusts his shades. Dusty Griffith steps out beside him, claps him on the shoulder and folds his arms. Jiles then heads down to the ring, Griffith following him at a respectful distance.]

♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

DDK:

I've rarely seen Cancer Jiles this focused. As you see, Dusty Griffith has chosen to second Jiles in this match.

Angus:

Well Keebs, y'know, Jiles is usually rather, shall we say, 'rudo' in his demeanor. He's not used to being on the receiving end of contendership stunts like the ones Scott's put him through! And considering what Scott gets up to, he may need that seconding.

[Jiles takes a lap around the ring, slapping hands, and then deposits his shades on the announce table in front of Angus Skaaland.]

CCJ:

If I don't make it back tonight - take care of them for me.

Angus:

I WILL SIR.

[CCJ rolls into the ring as his music fades to be replaced by the Boondock Saints.]

♪ I know there's something happening here ♪
♪ I know there's something happening here ♪
♪ Do my eyes... deceive my ears? ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪

♪ (I sure as hell can) ♪
♪ Can you feel that, man? ♪

[First, out comes a stream of press photographers.]

[Then come Jonny Booya and Leon Booth, both in Truly Untouchables T-shirts over their ring gear.]

[Then come Diane Parker and Lisa Loeh, also in Truly Untouchables T-shirts (Lisa's is knotted to show off her belly, Diane's is worn normally).]

[Then comes Clair St. Sure. She's dressed in an all-black version of her regular wrestling gear.]

[And finally, comes the champion.]

[Kai Scott.]

♪ Two thousand years I've reigned ♪
♪ As the King of Man ♪
♪ And every morning you felt my guiding hand ♪
♪ What'd you do to deserve me? ♪

[The champ is decked out in a glittering black robe with white trim, worn loose across his shoulders and open in front to show the Defiance World Title belted around his waist.]

Angus:

Motheroffuck, I swear he's stalling on his entrance just to put the match off longer.

DDK:

On one hand, this sort of entrance is traditional in Japan, and I understand we're doing this Japan-style, which is why Quimbey isn't doing any ring announcing yet. On the other hand, Kai Scott's been desperate to avoid actually wrestling, and he may be stalling for time, or trying to frustrate Jiles, or both.

[With his stable forming a single file line down to the ring, Jonny Booya leading the way, Kai Scott slowly makes his way to the ring. Diane and Clair step up onto the ring apron and sit on the ropes, holding them apart for Scott to enter the ring.]

♪ I spread my wings and my minions sing ♪
♪ I know you heard it, man ♪
♪ Yet my sun still shines on your backs ♪
♪ Your mountains, your sins ♪

[Scott does enter. His music fades. After looking his stable over, he points at Diane and beckons her into the ring with him.]

[Wyatt Bronson, as current head road agent and acting BAWs in Eric Dane's absence, is there too, and he demands the World Title from Scott. Scott is very, VERY reluctant to hand the belt over. He almost seems to try and hang onto the belt, but the much larger Bronson snatches it away from him.]

[And then we pose for the camera. Bronson and the referee in the middle with the title, Scott and Jiles next to them, and Diane and Griffith next to Scott and Jiles respectively.]

[Then Bronson and the corner people leave the ring and Scott and Jiles are sent to corners.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 30 minute time limit, and it is for the Defiance World Heavyweight

Championship! Introducing first, in the corner to my left, the challenger! Accompanied to the ring by Dusty Griffith!
Hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at 222 lbs! HE IS COOOOOOOL! CANCER!
JJJJJJJJJJLLLLLEEEESSSS!!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Yellow and black streamers flood the ring!]

[Jiles takes two steps forward and makes a “belt around my waist” gesture at Scott.]

Quimbey:

And, in the corner to my right his opponent! Accompanied to the ring by Diane Parker and the rest of the Truly Untouchables! Hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing in at 232 lbs! He is your reigning Defiance World Heavyweight Champion! KAAAAIIIII... SCCOOOOTTTTTTTT!!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[This time, the banners are black and white. Scott throws his arms out, spins around like the pope, and drops to one knee. Some generic ringside types start pulling the streamers out, Brian Slater helps kick a few out, and then calls for the bell!]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

What the fuck why did these idiots cheer for Kai?

DDK:

We're in Japan, Angus, they cheer to show respect for the performer.

Angus:

I KNOW THAT! I want to know why fans who are supposed to care about respect bothered to show any to the guy who hasn't got any respect for the business!

DDK:

I'd love to indulge you in a discussion about the intricacies of being a douchebag versus failing to respect the business, but we have a match to call, and the champ and challenger are circling!

Angus:

Because we need to start with a slow grappling sequence, am I right?

[Yes, Angus, you are.]

[Scott finally offers up a knuckle lock. Jiles slowly inches forward, accepts. The men slowly join their other hands to complete the tie-up and go chest to chest. Neither being power wrestlers it's an even battle, but Scott uses his slight weight and height advantage to push Jiles backwards to the mat. Jiles bridges on his neck as Scott tries to flatten him to the mat, then slowly he fights back to vertical and suddenly twists Scott's arm with an armwringer, flips him to the mat, and applies a lateral press!]

ONE!

[Scott's got his shoulder off the mat before the two. He back-rolls to his feet, snaps the arm-wringer, applies one of his own, throws a crescent kick that Jiles barely ducks, Jiles fires off an early attempt at the Terminal Cancer but Scott walks backwards out of the way tapping himself on the head.]

DDK:

Scott telling Jiles that he saw the superkick coming from a mile away, but Jiles isn't going to be baited here.

Angus:

Yeah, and is that a good strategy? I don't think it is! Scott's a planner, and so Jiles should be wanting to get some damage done before Scott springs the plan! Force his hand and all that.

[Jiles walks after Scott, his mouth running. Cameras don't pick it up, but Jiles says something, Scott pie-faces him, and Jiles boots him and it's on!]

DDK:

The challenger laying into the champion with both fists, Scott covering up, no, he's all the way out of the ring into the safety of the Truly Untouchables but Jiles is on the move SUICIDE DIVE! TOPE CON HILO FROM JILES ONTO THE TRULY UNTOUCHABLES!

[The strength in numbers game that Scott was counting on worked against him when he couldn't get out of the way of the dive, and with Bronson and Griffith and Slater watching, none of the T-UTs have a chance to do anything. Jiles pulls Scott to his feet, whips him down the aisle and smack into the barrier! He takes a running start and plows into Scott with a clothesline, sending them both over the guardrail!]

DDK:

Brian Slater's starting the count, which I've been told is twenty rather than the usual ten.

[Jiles flapjacks Scott across the guardrail so that he falls into the ringside area. He backs off, motions for the fans to give him some room, takes a run and leaps over the barricade with a cross chop, dropping the champ!]

Angus:

New version of the Mongo Chop right there!

DDK:

The title's on the line, Jiles is bringing everything he's got, we'll probably see some new stuff out of both these guys before the night is out.

[Scott is thrown back into the ring. Jiles climbs the top rope.]

DDK:

Missile dropkick connects, and Jiles with the cover!

ONE!

...TWO...kickout!

[Scott tries to back off, but Jiles pulls him up and lays into him with a knife edge chop.]

SWAAACK!

SWAAAACK!

[Scott ends up in the turnbuckle and Jiles draws from Eric Dane's playbook and delivers some COOL-tanium enhanced machine gun chops, then a spinning backhand chop! Scott steps forward, then collapses back into the turnbuckle. Jiles backs off, then runs at him and drives a knee into his head!]

DDK:

Cool Runnings from the challenger! For the most part this one's been all Cancer Jiles.

Angus:

And this is a surprise? Kai Scott has wrestled one singles match in his Defiance career, he got one move in, it was a cheat, and he still lost the match!

DDK:

Right, but that match was against Christian Light, and Light is currently not in Defiance. Scott gets results even when it looks like he isn't.

[Jiles raises his hand high over his head, ready to unleash a Mongo CHAWP, as Scott staggers.]

[The chop whistles down towards his head...]

[And Scott turns his body, deflecting the chop with the side of his body, and places a precisely aimed sole butt right into Jiles' midsection. The challenger doubles over, Scott spins back around in the same motion, hoists him up and drives him DOWN with a kneeling style powerbomb!]

ONE!

...TWO!

.....THRICKOUT!

DDK:

Kai Scott avoids the Mongo Chop. That powerbomb he just used is a perfect example of his wrestling style, getting as much mileage as he can out of a relatively simple maneuver.

Angus:

Credit where it's due, he smoked him.

[Reaction shot of Diane and Lisa, who are both cheering.]

DDK:

Scott's taken a lot more punishment than Jiles

[Scott pulls Jiles up to a seated position, blasts him with three spinal taps, then spins and sole butts him on the forehead, knocking Jiles flat to the mat. He drops down for a lackadaisical cover.]

ONE!

...TWO KICKOUT!

[Jiles tries to regain his vertical base, but Scott takes him over with a quick fireman's carry into a wristlock. Jiles rocks to build momentum, kips up to his feet - and right into a roundhouse kick to the chest.]

THWAACK!!

[Jiles is stunned, Scott delivers two jabs, a tomahawk chop, and another roundhouse kick, and Jiles is back on the mat. Circling and taking his time, Scott waits until Jiles is regaining his feet, then hooks him in a waistlock and takes him over with a release German suplex! Scott continues to stalk Jiles, walking around behind him and hitting another spinal tap.]

DDK:

The champ is now in the driver's seat in this match. Curiously, we haven't seen much dickery out of Scott this match.

Angus:

Yeah, we know from experience he's perfectly willing to pretend to be a good guy. Wait and see what he does when he has to.

[As if on cue, we get a reaction shot of Griffith. He yells some advice that doesn't quite get picked up amidst the background noise.]

[Again Jiles is pulled up to his feet. Scott Irish whips him, short-arms and brings him back to set up a cobra clutch. Jiles counters with an elbow! He spins around with a chop and drops Scott to the mat with a dropkick. Scott rolls into the corner and starts picking himself up, Jiles launches himself with a splash, Scott dodges, Jiles hits the turnbuckle with his chest, and Scott grabs him around the waist and plants him with a backdrop pin!]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Very close fall there!

[Scott pulls Jiles up for a standing headscissor, looking to get the arms hooked for the Kryptonite. Jiles fights, trying to keep Scott from grabbing the arms, Scott punches him on the back until an arm slips loose. Underhooking it, Scott repeats the process for the second arm, finally getting it. He lifts - but Jiles blocks! Jiles blocks again! And digging deep, Jiles counters out of the Kryptonite attempt with a back body drop!]

[As Scott gets up, Jiles is ready with the chop! Two chops land, Jiles ducks a wild swing from Scott, boots him and DDT"s him.]

DDK:

Jiles scores with two good shots back to back, he's got to find a way to get the momentum back on his side but he really seems to be struggling with Scott's careful planning.

Angus:

I'm going to blame this on Jiles being too high without being high enough. Much too high to focus much too low to see.

[Jiles pounds his fist on the mat getting the fans clapping. He pulls himself to his feet, runs off the ropes and jumps and catches Scott with a neckbreaker....]

[...and Scott sneaks in a back to back mule kick so quickly that Slater doesn't even see it!]

[To keep up the illusion, he falls over backwards and sells the neckbreaker that Jiles didn't actually deliver.]

Angus:

That sonofabitch...

DDK:

He played it much cleaner than I expected, but Scott finally went for the cheap shot, and now he's got some time to set something up.

[Scott, uncharacteristically, runs the ropes, but you'd better expect he isn't going to run into a counter.]

KA-THWAAAACK!

DDK:

Jumping crescent kick from the champion, and now Kai Scott's back in control!

[Scott pulls Booya up to his feet, and starts applying the mustard.]

DDK:

Scott using his martial arts training to its fullest extent! Roundhouse kicks to the chest, kick to the leg and Jiles is down to one knee, and a corkscrew enzuigiri!

[Jiles faceplants. Scott goes for a cover.]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE...KICKOUT!

Angus:

At no point should Cancer Jiles ever come that close to losing his belt.

[Scott pulls Jiles to his knees and drills him with another kick to the chest. And another one. And then a kick to the head, and Jiles goes leaning back on his knees. Scott runs off the ropes straight towards Jiles, jumps for a crescent kick, and Jiles...]

[Lunges forward and punches Scott right in the balls before the kick connects!]

Angus:

DING!

DDK:

Jiles risking a disqualification right there, but after everything he's been through I think he's as interested in hurting Kai Scott as he is in regaining his title!

[Jiles pulls Scott to his feet and whips him into the corner. Scott runs a little funny, still feeling the effects, but Jiles doesn't care. He runs, turns a cartwheel, and leaps for a jumping corner splash...]

[Scott moves!]

[...and Jiles lands on his feet standing on the middle turnbuckle!]

[And as Scott turns around, smiling smugly, Jiles jumps off the middle buckle with a front missile dropkick and wipes the smug right the fuck off his face and knocks him head over heels for good measure!]

Angus:

I've been waiting to see that all. damn. match.

DDK:

Jiles just faked Scott out, he was prepared to catch himself the whole time. Back on the attack, he brings Scott to his feet, open hand slaps, spinning back elbow, DDT!

Angus

Again on the head, and the COOL's headed up top!

[Jiles leaps off, soars through the air, and lands on Scott's chest head first.]

Angus:

It's not a tumor! It's not, Keebs!

DDK:

Jiles just connected with the diving headbutt, and he's ready, he's looking for Terminal Cancer!

[Jiles backs to the corner as Scott slowly, laboriously, gets to his feet. Jiles throws the superkick - only he doesn't, he trips instead.]

DDK:

Diane grabbed the ankle! And now Dusty Griffith's heading around to the Truly Untouchables side of the ring!

[Diane backs off as Leon Booth and Jonny Booya block the way. Griffith plows into them, fists are flying, but he can't force his way past both of them at once.]

[Buffalo Brian Slater yells at them to get it back in order, and while he does that, Lisa Loeh quickly grabs the World Title and slides it into the ring. Scott grabs it just as Jiles finally gets his foot away from Diane. On the far side of the ring Clair St. Sure's up on the apron.]

DDK:

This is the hallmark of The Untouchables and any of their spinoffs - chaos and too many people in too many places for the referee to follow!

Angus:

It's bullshit!

[Clair was never after Jiles. She runs down the apron to where Griffith is fighting with Booya and Booth, and jumps off with a flying busaiku knee that connects with the back of Griffith's head!]

DDK:

Griffith is down! Scott's got the belt ready to swing, but Jiles sees it coming! And so does Slater!

[The massive head referee grabs the belt from Scott's arms and yanks it away. And Scott...]

[Just lets it go.]

[Jiles' eyes follow the belt, and Scott takes that instant to deliver a thrust sidekick right into the solar plexus of the challenger. Jiles is knocked backwards and he crumples up.]

DDK:

Cheap shot by Scott - cheap but completely legal!

Angus:

Clever bastard...

DDK:

Scott's bringing Jiles up and I think this is going to be it, vertical suplex position, Jiles is up AND DOWN WITH ZER SOZE! ZER SOZE CONNECTS!

ONE!

...TWO!

.....THREE!!!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

blubber

Quimbey:

Your winner of the bout, at a time of 14 minutes and 23 seconds, and STILL Defiance World Heavyweight Champion...
KAI! SCOTT!

[Scott wipes some blood from his lip and takes the title. He yanks his arm out of Brian Slater's hand and raises the belt above his head, then falls to his knees. Diane and Clairra join him in the ring (Diane practically glomps him) and the two girls assist their fallen overlord to his feet.]

DDK:

The Ace of Heels had plenty of help, but in the end he's standing triumphant. That Zer Soze of his is a devastating maneuver. And... I believe he's calling for a microphone.

[That's exactly what he's doing.]

Scott:

I told you before you ever got this shot, Cancer, that you weren't entitled to a rematch. And I have less than no intention of continuing to indulge you. I know what happens next! I know you complain to Eric Dane and get a rematch, and another rematch, and hover around like a mosquito in my ear until you cost me this belt through distraction if you can't take it from me in the ring!

[This is where the fans would boo if they weren't Japanese.]

Scott:

Well, I'm not having it. Jonny?

[Jonny Booya vertical jumps from the floor to the ring apron.]

Scott:

Solve the Cancer Jiles problem for me. Permanently.

[Jonny Booya salutes.]

[With Jiles still prone on the mat, he gets him in a gutwrench, deadlifts him onto his shoulders and then drops him back to the mat with the Fire in the Hole!]

Angus:

What! NO LEAVE HIM ALONE! You won Scott, isn't that enough?!

[Scott smiles and shakes his head as Booya presses Jiles overhead and down to the ringside mats.]

DDK:

Scott just ordered Booya to lay a post match assault on Jiles, and the challenger has nothing left in the tank to fight a fresh opponent with! We need some help for Jiles out here, fast!

[Jonny Booya advances on the announce table. And the camera angle somehow picks up how Booya's gaze falls

straight on the COOL shades that were entrusted to Angus.]

Angus:

What're you... NO! NO! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!

[Angus grabs the shades, but isn't quick enough to run. Booya wraps one bicep-tastic arm around Angus' neck and frees the shades, then flings Angus in the general direction of the ring post.]

[Standing over the prone form of Jiles, Booya slowly, and with great pomp, dons the COOL shades.]

[Then he pulls Jiles up one last time, straightjackets the arms...]

THUNKRUNCH!!

[And Booya Bombs him right through the announce table!]

[In the ring, Lisa belts the World Title around Scott's waist, and stays on one knee by his leg. Diane steps up to his right. Clair next to her, and she puts her fists up. Leon Booth steps to Kai's left shoulder, and Booya slides into the ring, rises to one knee, and flexes.]

[Fade as the Truly Untouchables pose in the middle of the ring.]