

Life and Times of Truly Untouchable High

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu original presentation!] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from Birmingham, England in...] [3...] [...2...] [...1] [Go!] [A familiar dirty guitar riff rips through the arena, bringing the fans to their feet and the boos roaring in.] **DDK:** And here we go. Kai Scott worked the UK indy scene for a couple years around the turn of the century, and I don't know if these fans remember him from back then, but they are loud, and they are already not happy with our World Champion! ♪ *The man takes another bullet* ♪ ♪ *He keeps them all within* ♪ ♪ *He must seek no matter how it hurts* ♪ ♪ *So don't fool again* ♪ **Angus:** Maybe they just have good taste in music and hate this goddamn song. [The first person out of the backstage area is Lisa Loeh. She's 'dressed' for the occasion in black hotpants and thigh high boots. She raises both hands over her head and struts, swinging her hips to the side.] [The second person out is Leon Maddox. His face goes from angry to angrier, his right shoulder gives a twitch.] [After that, it's COOL Jonny Booya, and he slides out on both knees, places the COOL shades on his face, and flexes his biceps, then jumps to his feet, folds his arms and flexes his shoulders.] [David Race is next. Half a laugh on his face, he surveys the arena, then follows Booya to the ring.] [Next, Diane Parker. She's very no-nonsense about this whole thing. Peculiarly, she stops at ringside and grabs a folding chair, then slides it into the ring.] ♪ *Uncross your arms* ♪ ♪ *Take and throw 'em to the cure, say* ♪ ♪ *"I do believe"* ♪ ♪ *Uncross your arms now* ♪ ♪ *Take 'em to it, say!* ♪ ♪ *"I do believe"* ♪ [Then comes Clairra St. Sure. She stops to stare down a particularly vitriolic fan, then follows Diane. Interestingly, she's in her street clothes.] [Chance Von Crank is out next, and the boos get even louder. He points, around the entire arena, slowly, then pelvic thrusts and grabs his crotch, informing them of exactly what he thinks they should all be doing right now.] [And then the World Champion appears.] [Super-duper-mega-fucking...] **BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** **BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** [Kai Scott has donned a tuxedo for this. A cummerbund is not part of it, but the World Title makes an excellent substitute. He spins at the top of the ramp like he's the Pope, pats the still grandstanding CVC on the back, and directs his posse to the ring.] ♪ *Betting on the cure* ♪ ♪ *It must get better than this* ♪ ♪ *Betting on the cure* ♪ ♪ *Yeah everyone's got to have the sickness* ♪ ♪ *Cos everyone seems to need the cure* ♪ ♪ *Precious cure* ♪ [Once inside the ring Scott taps a microphone, and the music quiets.] **Scott:** Ever since I won the World Title, I've been hearing a lot of voices, a lot of little, complaining, nattering voices, saying that I wasn't really up to the challenge of being the champion. They said there was a world of difference between beating the burned out husk that used to be Cancer Jiles and beating the man who won Summer Games, Dusty Griffith. They said that the Japanese customs and wrestling style wouldn't let me use my stable to my fullest benefit. And most importantly, they said that if it came down to actually having to fight, I wouldn't be able to do it. [Grinning, Scott looks out over the arena.] **Scott:** They'uns was wrong. **BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!** **Angus:** That sonofabitch is mocking us. **Scott:** And yeah, it turns out it's a miracle, I don't need a crutch to get around, I am not half crippled and I can go the distance. I can do a little more than that, though. [Scott gestures to the wrestlers assembled behind him.] **Scott:** If there's one thing I hate, it's slobbering. Bad guys who spit all over the place while marking out for themselves, thinking that they're so bad, and they get the attention, and it just gets to where the Truly Untouchables are an afterthought behind the Blood Diamonds, and the last thing I'm interested in doing is slobbering so that I can win bad guy of the night awards on internet forums. I speak when I have something to say, and I don't threaten. I execute. [Dramatic pause.] **Scott:** And even when I decided to execute, you won't know until the bomb goes off. Now, I have an EMPIRE! [Pan across CVC, Race and Maddox. Maddox applauds, and appears perturbed that the fans aren't joining in.] **Scott:** I am the World Champion. And since the Blood Diamonds are so heavily involved in the FIST division, I'm sending both Chance Von Crank AND Clairra St. Sure after the FIST. It's called numbers - hedging your bets - playing the odds - balancing the scales - whatever you want to call it. Yes, as far as I'm concerned Clairra has completed the penance that Eric Dane assigned her, even though he still hasn't bothered to tell her why he assigned it in the first place. And then I hear the laughter, and people saying, 'oh, but Kai, what about Tres Brujas! You forgot about your tag team!" **CLAAAAAAAANK! DDK:** WHAT THE?! [Remember how Diane brought a chair into the ring with her?] [With no warning, she slams the chair into Lisa's back.] **DDK:** Oh, come on! And from behind too?! [Diane brings the chair down across Lisa's back. Other members of the Truly Untouchables exaggeratedly recoil with the shot.] **CLAAAAAAAANK! Scott:** Well, as it so happens, Diane is demonstrating the execute instead of threaten policy as we speak! She's been asking, begging me, to get rid of Lisa Loeh from day one. And you know what? Going all 'you have failed me' and beating people up as I throw them out of the Truly Untouchables - in most circumstances that's more of that 'slobbering' I was complaining about. What point does it serve aside from making me undependable? [Diane now sets the chair up. Pulling her former tag team partner to her feet, she hooks the half nelson - and deposits her neck first on the seat of the chair!] **Scott:** But I trust Diane Parker. She's one of the smartest people I know in this entire business, right behind myself, Eric Dane and Jeff Andrews. If

she says Lisa needs to go, well then - Lisa needs to go! [Scott whispers an off-mic word or two to Diane. Diane picks Lisa up into a fireman's carry, runs to the ropes and throws her in a half-decent attempt at a press slam. Lisa hits the ringside mats hard, and barely moves.] **Scott:** That's where David Race and Leon Maddox come in. Tres Brujas are no more. Diane Parker will be leading Race and Maddox in the ring. I thought that since she was losing an armbreaker in Clairra, I'd just find her a new one. That's where Race came in. As for Maddox, I've been waiting for a chance to work with him since about the year 2006. [Maddox looks pleased with himself.] **Scott:** Now, since I don't have a title defense or an opponent lined up, I guess I can hand this show back over to Mr. Dane and let the matches get started so... oh wait. I think maybe Chance Von Crank would like to speak for himself on this matter. [The microphone is handed to CVC, the wrestling universe braces...] **DDK:** It's about to go from bad to worse! **Angus:** You can say that again! [The Shock 'N Rolla brings the mic to his lips, stops to smooth back his mullet, and exhales before doing that thing he does.] **cVc:** I crave greatness. It hits me like a pregnant broke bitch coming up on welfare. Like a fucking fiend that just has to feel that sting of a fix. I was always unstoppable but now I'm goddamned **Truly Untouchable.** Kai Scott is the World Champion. I back up the top guy in this company now. Mayberry or whatever queer shit they call themselves need to hear my fucking threats. [Crank struts across the ring.] **cVc:** Look in this ring and tell me there's a better group of athletes on this roster! I DARE YOU! Truly Untouchable. I became Truly Untouchable to further myself in this business. I am here to fuck up anyone who crosses us or even thinks about it. I'll start with the weak link and he knows who he is. I am about to reign true terror into the hearts of every uncut dick that bought a ticket tonight. Hide your children and keep your bitches locked up tight. The Harlan County Devil is real and now he's here. [Crank taunts the crowd. He continues to strut back and forth sliding his hand across the top rope.] **cVc:** There are no better example of organized chaos than the men and women standing in this ring. We are a real gang of fucking ass kickers. I stand before you now and vow to have your fucking back to the bitter end. [Crank turns around and brushes past CSS disrespectfully in nature to extend a hand to Kai.] **DDK:** Well there you have it, folks. **Angus:** There you have what? Nobody understands a thing he just said! [Scott takes the microphone back from CVC and chuckles.] **Scott:** He said he craved greatness. Did you all hear? [The smile vanishes.] **Scott:** The Truly Untouchables are so much more than that. ["The Cure" hits as the stable begins filing away from ringside.]

Training Rooks.

[Cut backstage.] [We see a man warming up in front of us that is unfamiliar to his eyes. His attire, a singlet top and long tight pants, along with his wrestling boots, is a split motif of red and blue, divided by a grey line. The man, six and a half feet tall and clearly muscular despite his body coverings, does some stretching as he breathes heavily out of his mask's mouth hole.] **DDK:** Folks, this happened moments ago. Who you see now is the man known as Stockton Pyre, who posted a relatively cryptic blog on his site, which was picked up and linked by our web gurus. **Angus:** Great, some loser using us to drive up his Google search index. **DDK:** Whatever you think of him, keep watching. Our camera crew picked this up, and this is surely not good news for the rookie Defiance wrestler. [Into the shot, standing over Pyre (who is currently stretching his groin out) is the Southern Heritage Champion himself, "The Mouthpiece" Curtis Penn. Penn is dressed in street clothes, with his bag over his shoulder.] **Penn:** Look at you. Six and a half feet of nothing but trash. This is what they let into my company? This is what scrapes the bottom of the damn barrel? Some wet behind the ears rook who probably wouldn't know a wrist lock from a hole in his ass? [Pyre gets to his full six and a half foot height. He has a height advantage over The Mouthpiece, but that doesn't stop Penn from talking up a storm.] **Penn:** Well you're in luck, because it just so happens that I'm free tonight, and I'm going to give you the wrestling lesson your poor excuse for a trainer couldn't be bothered giving you. [Pyre stares at Penn and scratches his head with his left hand.] **Pyre:** [hoarse] I'm sorry but I already have a match. **Penn:** [getting in Pyre's mask] What'd you just say to me, boy? [Penn looks him up and down for a minute, a look of anger prevalent on his face.] [Pyre stands his ground bravely (or foolishly).] **Pyre:** I have a match. [After a moment where it looked like Penn was going to kick Pyre's fucking head off, Penn's face softens, and a smirk appears.] **Penn:** All right then, have you're lil' match, I'll find someone who has a set of balls to train. [Penn reaches over and pats Pyre on the shoulder hard, very much rougher than expected. It makes Pyre lurch forward.] **Penn:** Good luck out there. [Penn turns and quickly walks off.] [We cut back to ringside.] **DDK:** Angus, you know Curits Penn. He's not going to just leave well-enough alone. This can't be a good thing for newcomer Stockton Pyre. **Angus:** [yawning] Sure, sure...can we move on? I could give a rat's piss about this masked freak.

Henry Keyes Debut Match



[Cut to the ring, with “Symphony of Destruction” by Megadeth resonating. A huge hulk of a cowboy standing 6’8” with a size 8+ black cowboy hat parts the curtains and makes his way to the ring, stern expression on his face.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from SILVERHILL, ALABAMA...weighing in at THREE hundred SEVENTY pounds...LUKE! WINDHAM!

DDK:

I have to tell you, I’m always impressed by the sheer size of the big rookie!

Angus:

What in the hell do they feed people in Alabama?

DDK:

...Food? How does ANYONE get to be this size?

[“Airship Pirate” by Abney Park blares out through the speakers as a brand-new talent steps through the curtains. He stands around 6’3” with a shock of red hair, a mustache, and a bright pair of red welding goggles strapped down over his eyes. He walks with something between a hunched-over strut and a power-walk to the ring, a wild grin on his face as he points and nods to the occasional bewildered fan. He removes his goggles and hands them to referee Mark Shields and strikes a fisticuffs pose, burning a hole in Windham’s chest with his eyes.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent...from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...HENRY! KEYES!

Angus:

The hell is this guy?

DDK:

I’ve said it before – Defiance has an aptitude for attracting some of the most eccentric and wild personalities in all of professional wrestling!

Angus:

The man looks like he belongs in a different time period...I’ll give it to him that he wants to throw down and make his mark, but against a man Luke Windham’s size?? Does this guy have a death wish?

DDK:

Henry Keyes has been highly touted by Defiance brass, and he’s certainly looking to make his mark here tonight!

[Mark Shields calls for the bell as the two men begin to circle each other. Keyes charges forward looking to lock up,

only to be shoved to his ass by Windham. Keyes bolts up and immediately charges again for a lock up, and is shoved down once again.]

DDK:

One thing Keyes sure seems to have is a motor, but it looks like he's going to need a wildly different strategy if he's going to have a chance here...

[Keyes bolts up once again and feigns an attempt at a third lock up, only to duck beneath Windham's massive arms. He whirls around and throws a series of straight elbow strikes into Windham's head and chest, briefly staggering the big man.]

Angus:

You mean like that?

DDK:

He's certainly doing his best to pick up some momentum here!

[Keyes locks Windham's arm up in an Irish Whip attempt, only to be rebuffed by the sheer size of Windham. A second attempt, Windham whiffs wildly on a short arm clothesline attempt. Keyes throws a big European Uppercut that connects, to which Windham responds with a big right hand. Another Uppercut, another big right hand. Right hand. Right hand. Windham has Keyes reeling and picks him up for a thunderous bodyslam.]

DDK:

Windham showing off his power here and here's the cover! 1...2, and a kickout by Keyes.

Angus:

Is Keyes going to seriously try to go blow-for-blow with this guy? That's a losing battle if I ever saw one...

DDK:

Windham's pulling Keyes up by the hair, and THERE'S a quick spinning back elbow by Keyes, RIGHT in the ribs! That's got Windham stunned here! A step back, another spinning back elbow! Reaching up...what was that??

Angus:

Did Keyes just slap Windham on both sides of his head at the same time?

DDK:

Some kind of bell clap here, but it's certainly effective! He's reaching back, another bell clap! Another! Boy, this is some bizarre offense – but it looks like he's got Windham dazed here!

Angus:

Keyes sure seems to like to repeat his moves a few times in a row, doesn't he?

DDK:

If it ain't broke, don't fix it! Keyes off the ropes now, misses with the clothesline! Coming back – SPINEBUSTER BY WINDHAM! That came out of NOWHERE! Here's the cover!

1!

2!

NO! Kick out by Keyes!

Angus:

This is the problem: he's a 230 pound man who thinks he's a damn 330 pound man...if you got the juice you got the juice, but if you don't, you're gonna look like a damn fool!

DDK:

Windham has Keyes up again, and he's lifted him up over his shoulder! Looks like he's going to try for another power slam here – wait! Keyes has that arm wrapped around Windham's neck!

[Windham continues to attempt to throw Keyes off him, but Keyes has him held in an elevated version of a Front Chancery. The grip gets cinched harder and harder until Keyes is finally lowered to the ground, Windham nearly falling to his knees. Keyes looks out to the crowd and lets out a raucous laugh as he drops Windham for a DDT, covering for a 2 count.]

DDK:

Keyes may be turning a corner here!

Angus:

I'll believe it when I see it.

[Keyes attempts a Full Nelson but struggles to get it securely locked in due to the sheer mass of Windham. Windham backpedals desperately and rams Keyes into the corner. Grabbing the middle ropes, he lowers down and begins to ram his shoulder repeatedly into Keyes' midsection. Windham cinches Keyes in and attempts to go for a suplex, only for Keyes to lock his legs into Windham's to block the attempt. Another suplex attempt, another block. Keyes throws a few quick elbows into Windham's ribs and attempts a suplex of his own, only for the attempt to fail due once again to Windham's 370 pound frame. Keyes throws a Bell Clap in and gives himself some breathing room.]

DDK:

We appear to be at some sort of stalemate here.

Angus:

Keyes is too much of a wily freak for Windham, and Windham's just too big for Keyes! Someone's gotta show us something here, otherwise we've got a case of two losers who don't know how to finish.

DDK:

Don't count either man out here yet – they're throwing themselves at each other and both of them clearly love a good old fashioned fight!

[Keyes gets a glimmer in his eye as he sprints forward and delivers a hard European Uppercut square in Windham's jaw. He backs up, sprints forward a second time and delivers another Uppercut. This, coupled with the earlier Bell Clap, leads Windham to go on a bit of a dazed autopilot, attempting to get out of harm's way by slowly making his way up the turnbuckles. Keyes joins him, linking Windham's arm over his shoulder in a superplex attempt. Blows are traded on the top rope, with Windham throwing the decisive hamnock that sends Keyes off the ropes rolling briefly backwards, clutching his left eye for a moment. Windham appears to take a second to collect himself, breathing heavily. Keyes pops up.]

DDK:

What are we going to get here now?

Angus:

All I know is, Keyes better think again if he's just going to blindly rush into things again.

DDK:

Well, he isn't taking your advice, he's sprinting now – WAIT A MINUTE – CLOCKWORK! CLOCKWORK! Henry Keyes with a BIG TIME belly-to-belly suplex off the top rope and the ring is STILL shaking!!

Angus:

How the hell did he pull that one off?

DDK:

Here's the cover!

1!

2!

3!

[Mark Shields signals for the bell as "Airship Pirate" resonates once again through the ring. Keyes, though a little groggy and with the hint of a shiner forming over his left eye, raises his arms in triumph.]

DDK:

Bizarre or not, Henry Keyes just came in here and threw a 370 pound man from the top rope of that ring onto his BACK. A strong showing for Defiance's newest import, and I gotta say - there seems to be no quit in that man.

Angus:

It worked here, but EYE gotta say...that blind charge bullshit he went for over and over? It's going to get him into trouble some day.

Three Dudes with Attitudes? (And by that, I mean Sexually Transmitted Diseases)

[Backstage.] [Somewhere.] [Anywhere, really.] [There is a kiddie-pool. The super cheap plastic sort, with soft blue coloring. There are no luxuries such as a slide. This is a ten dollar pool. It is filled to the brim with baby oil and Rich Mahogany. Meanwhile, Dapper Don Hollywood is tanning under the yellow sun of a stolen lamp next to him, foil board held around his neck to maximize coverage. Note: The soft white light of the 45 watt energy-saver bulb is doing absolutely nothing for Don's tan.] [Knock. Knock. Knock.] [Before either man can answer. The Door Bursts open. Pete Whealdon is standing in it's frame. Sunglasses smudges, Bandana a more worn down shade of pink. His skin tight shorts grimier. His Mesh Hoodie with larger holes. His Cigarette is no longer American Spirit. In his hands, he has a fedora. Likely absconded, and sensible looking.] **Pete Whealdon:** They say when a man bails on his partner. His tag team partner, there had better be a good reason. A good damn reason. And Rich, I know I'm a man who can apologize, man to man..s [Whealdon stroked his mustache with regret] **Pete Whealdon:** Daddy, I've come to you with a hat in my hand. [Whealdon motions to the hat] **Pete Whealdon:** To tell you that, When EPW went down. I had the Clap. And Man to Men, we all know how long and hard it is to work back from the Clap. [Mr. Morning After turns the page of his Penthouse Forum magazine.] **Rich Mahogany:** Mr. Hollywood, would you tell the finely mustachioed gentleman here that the Rich-man understands, and even knows first hand that there is a cream for that. I could have let him borrow some. That thing in The Empire though, that was BAD HOODOO. [To his credit, Dapper Don is paying zero attention.] **Don Hollywood:** I'M A VOODOO CHILE YEAH! LORD KNOWS I'M A VOODOO CHILE! **Pete Whealdon:** Mr. Hollywood, would you tell Rich Man here that we're talking the ACL of Crotch Rot? It required more than cream, it required a full stint in rehab, and Daddy, While I was in rehab, in an unrelated incident, I blew my wrist out... doing some heavy lifting. [Dapper Don snores loudly. Rich dog-ears his page and looks up at his erstwhile partner in SHENANIGANZ~!] **Rich Mahogany:** Seriously? Like, SRS BSNS seriously? Ya wouldn't lie to a brother, would'ja? [Again motioning to the hat.] **Pete Whealdon:** Rich there comes a time in a man's life when he has to look long and hard at what he wants to pull out of life, and Daddy, I would never lie to the one man DP! [Rich contemplates, absently rubbing oil into his skin.] **Rich Mahogany:** I'll tell you what. [Pete's eyes perk up.] **Rich Mahogany:** You get rid of that ridiculous hat, and you find us a place to work that is dumb enough to run a trios division, and I'll put in a good word for you with Dapper Don here about getting you properly inducted into the Angel City eXpress! [The hat is launched into the hallway.] **Pete Whealdon:** Daddy, I know just the rubes! It's the great place, you'll love it, it's called DEFIANCE~! As a matter of fact, you already work there! Further still, we're on tour with them in Europe right now, AS WE SPEAK! [Rich nods, then launches his Forum into the still snoozing Don Hollywood.] **Rich Mahogany:** Hey, DON-HO! Remember how you were telling me that if we were a trio we could go after the World Trios Titles and how I should forgive Pete for that thing and give him a call and see if he wanted to hook up and win some gold while we're busy mackin' hoes? Well he's here. We're doing that. That is a thing that is happening now. [Fade]

Lessons Learned

[Backstage.]

[The Mastodon stands guard outside the private locker room of the Blood Diamonds with his meaty paws clutched around the giant chain wrapped around his neck, every so often the chains jangle when he tugs at them.]

“Hey, brother.”

[Calls the voice of the Wild Bronco.]

[Dusty Griffith approaches his old friend, Frank Dylan James, who only barely shifts his eyes to take sight of the man as he walks up.]

Dusty:

I've been meanin' to talk to you, Frank, but it looks like you got yourself some trouble with that sawed off, psycho, Bronson Box.

[FDJ bristles at the mention of his taskmaster. Griffith picks up on it.]

Dusty:

C'mon, brother, talk to me. At least tell me how deep you're in around here?

[Frank hears something behind the door, causing him to eye Dusty, as if trying to tell him to leave before more trouble comes for both of them.]

Frank:

Ah... Ah cain't.

[He looks to the door as the sound of the knob being gripped from the other side is heard. The monstrous FDJ bristles in dreadful anticipation for what's coming from behind the door. Griffith on the other hand stares at the door and then to his distressed friend and back to the door, a steeled determination washing over him.]

Dusty:

The hell with that.

“Yes, hell indeed, Mr. Griffith.”

[Enter Edward White, along with the gigantic Nicky Corozzo.]

White:

Frank, you're dismissed. We'll discuss your inability to remove undesirable transients from our door later.

[Frank sighs and makes to leave.]

Dusty:

The hell?

White:

Mr. Corozzo, would you be so kind.

[The enormous Nicky Corozzo closes in on Dusty, stopping him from further intervention which causes Frank to pause. Before Dusty knows it, he's grabbed by one of Corozzo's enormous mitts and planted against the wall behind him. Smiling, Edward White approaches while Frank watches on.]

White:

You don't seem to grasp the fine print of this situation, Mr. Griffith. Frank Dylan James is my property, he has no friends or loyalties to anyone or anything outside of the Blood Diamonds.

[White approaches closer as Dusty struggles against the strength of Corozzo's grip.]

White:

Now, this doesn't have to get uncivilized, I'm sure you're quite willing to rush into harms way to be the hero of what, I'm sure, you see as a worthy crusade.

[White sighs with a mock exasperation, holding a hand to his brow.]

White:

However, I see that as a pointless waste of all of our time. So, rather than punishing you for your insolence, I'm sure my associates could come up with some creative discipline for Frank to absorb until you learn...

[Dusty turns to see Frank's head drop as his fists clench in frustration. Dusty relents.]

Dusty:

Alright... Fine.

[Dusty lowers his head as White smiles, satisfied.]

White:

Mr. Corozzo, I believe a valuable lesson has been taught today. Let him go. Now then, it was most certainly a pleasure, Mr. Griffith, I'm sure.

[Corozzo backs off. Griffith's head rises as he backs away.]

Dusty:

Yeah, sure... But I've got a valuable lesson for you, Frank.

[Dusty looks to his old friend, who looked up to see that the steeled determination in Dusty's eyes is still blazing.]

Dusty:

You're not alone around here, brother, not anymore.

[A glimmer appears in Frank's eyes, the sounds of his chains jangling as his fists clench around them. Dusty backs away as White looks to Frank and then to Dusty, a sinister sneer contorting his face.]

White:

Very well, Mr. Griffith.

[Back to the desk.]

Angus:

Mayberry's outta his goddamn mind, Kai Scott and his army of douche patrol is one thing, but the Blood Diamonds?

DDK:

Come on Angus, Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James are old friends, they traveled the roads together.

Angus:

Yeah, but does he want to die for his friend?

DDK:

I'unno, Angus... Look what you were willing to do in the name of Cancer Jiles?

Angus:

....ahem. Uh... Yeah, okay. So what's next?

DDK: [shuffling through papers]

Well, let me see here...

Seth Stratton vs Diego De Leon



["His Name Is King (Instrumental)" by Luis Bacalov hits.]

DDK:

Ah, there it is! Diego de Leon takes on Seth Stratton.

Angus:

I can't believe they'd even book Seth after what happened at Grindhouse: Japan.

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Truth or Consequences, New Mexico... Standing six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and five pounds, he is... DIEGO... DE... LEEEEEOOOOON!

[Diego, wearing a poncho makes his way to the ring while he slaps hands with fans on the way to the ring. He enters and immediately goes to the ropes with one arm raised and a slight cheer from the crowd. He removes his poncho and bounces up and down in the ring.]

[Dokken. "Breaking the Chains".]

Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Atherton, California... Standing six feet, two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds, he is... "THE SULTAN OF SWEET" ... SETH... STRAAATTOON!

[Seth walks out onto the stage. He saunters down the aisle, with the fans reaching out hoping he'll slap their hands like Diego did. Well, in the words of Wayne Campbell: Chyeah, right.]

DDK:

Seth Stratton's lack of class never ceases to amaze me.

Angus:

The man has OCD, give him a break!

[Seth methodically climbs the ring steps and enters the ring.]

DINGDINGDING

[We begin with Seth and Diego locking up mid-ring. Seth attempts to overpower de Leon and toss him into the ropes, but Diego counters by pushing off and landing a chop to Seth's chest.]

THWACK

Angus:

That was loud.

DDK:

And Seth's feeling it, what a start!

[Seth moves a hand to his chest and angrily leers in Diego's direction. He stomps over, but Diego quickly takes him to the mat with a drop toehold.]

DDK:

Textbook start by de Leon here.

Angus:

He might have a future if he'd take advantage of a downed opponent like everyone else.

[But he doesn't. He stands waiting as Seth scurries to his feet. The two lock up again in the middle of the ring, and this time Diego turns and hooks Stratton, taking him to the mat with a Russian leg sweep. He goes for a quick pin.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[SHOULDERUP!]

DDK:

de Leon looks for a quick win, but Stratton kicks out.

Angus:

Great, now Seth's offended.

[Diego pulls Seth to his feet, and Seth tries a quick clothesline. Diego ducks underneath and lands a quick knee to the midsection, followed by a quick knee to the face.]

Angus:

No! Not the franchise!

DDK:

Please tell me Seth requested you call his face that, and it wasn't your idea.

Angus:

Uh, yes?

DDK:

Someone help me.

[Seth stays on the mat, cradling his face. Carla Ferrari walks over to check on him. Diego follows suit. She kneels down to ask Seth if he can continue. As she does this, he kicks Diego de Leon square in the testicles, then mouths "Yep, I'm good."]

Angus:

That knee shot must've temporarily obscured Seth's vision, as his patented leg kick misfires.

DDK:

I'm not even going to argue anymore.

[Diego falls to the mat grasping at his stomach, as you do. Seth, miraculously healed, leaps to his feet and viciously

kicks de Leon in the ribs, multiple times. He then finishes off the sequence by dropping a falling elbow across Diego's back. He rolls Diego over, ready to go for a pin, but then shakes his head. He instead stands up and flexes, indicating to the crowd that he intends to drop another elbow.]

Angus:

Here it comes...

[But he takes a second too long, as Diego sits up and Seth crashes to the mat.]

DDK:

... And there it goes!

[Diego waits for Seth to climb to his feet, then gets him in a quick clinch. He begins landing rapid fire knees to Seth's sides, to the delight of the crowd. After the sequence is complete, he quickly turns and hits a spinning back kick to Seth's face. Seth drops to the mat and Diego quickly goes for the cover, hooking the leg.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

DDK:

Diego going for the upset!

[THREENO!]

Angus:

Please.

[Diego quickly lifts Seth, trying to keep momentum. He begins peppering Seth with a series of thigh kicks, each causing Stratton to yelp and step back. Seth eventually lands in the corner, and Diego steps back to launch another knee strike. Seth moves his hands to his midsection to block it, but it's a fake. Diego instead lands a spinning elbow to Seth's now unprotected head.]

DDK:

Fantastic combination by de Leon! Seth's rocked!

Angus:

Is that even legal? I thought this guy had scruples!

DDK:

Yes, it's legal and yes, he does. Stop it.

[The force of the blow sends Seth into the ropes. He bounces off and Diego catches him and hooks his arm, hitting a forceful wrist clutch suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a move!

[He quickly goes for a cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREEEEEE-]

[...]

[-NO!]

DDK:

Diego de Leon was a millisecond away!

Angus:

Pft, you have a stop watch or something?

[Diego rises, and Carla Ferrari holds up her hands up next to each other to illustrate how close it was. Diego gives her a friendly wave and nod.]

DDK:

If that happened to Seth he'd be clawing at Carla Ferrari's eyes right now. It's refreshing to have a talent in defiance who understands the rulebook.

Angus:

Right, but I imagine human eyes fetch a pretty penny on the black market. Another point for Seth.

[Diego takes a moment to catch his breath, and then jogs over to the corner. Seth is still down in the center of the ring, sucking wind. Diego carefully climbs to the top rope as the energy in the arena starts to slowly build. He then quickly leaps and lands a textbook frog splash on Seth.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

DDK:

That should do it!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[ORWASIT?NO!]

Angus:

Never doubt Seth Stratton's resiliency, Keebs. Never.

DDK:

The man is a cockroach.

[Diego rolls off, his own tender ribs hurt from the move. He climbs to his feet and so does Seth, albeit at a slower pace. When they're both up, Diego walks over to Seth, ready to resume. Seth quickly falls to one knee. Diego stops and motions to Carla Ferrari. She swoops in to check on Seth, and he again uses the distraction to his advantage by quickly turning and sending an elbow into Diego's midsection. Ferrari loudly warns Seth, and he responds with his own

friendly wave and nod: a nice middle finger.]

DDK:

Once again, Diego de Leon's sportsmanship comes back to haunt him because Seth Stratton is a terrible person.

Angus:

Terribly effective.

[Seth goes on the offensive, attempting a running clothesline on de Leon...

... Which he promptly ducks under, landing a picture perfect standing dropkick that Sends Seth toppling out of the ring.]

DDK:

This guy is all heart, and Seth Stratton has no answer! It's been all Diego de Leon tonight!

Angus:

Jesus, start a fan club already.

DDK:

Oh, you're one to talk! You have more man crushes than a teenage girl!

[Seth slowly climbs to his feet, and stands outside the ring with his hands on his hips. Instead of climbing back in, he turns and scans the crowd, reaching out and grabbing a beer from a fan. He wipes the rim of the cup with his tights and takes a sip. He grimaces and yells.]

"THIS BEER TASTES LIKE PISS! WARM PISS!"

[He takes a second sip and throws the beer deep into the crowd, splashing it on multiple fans.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

How endearing.

Angus:

He gets em' wet, Keeps. That can't be denied.

[Seth then turns and climbs into the ring. Diego allows it, and the two square off in the center. Diego launches a kick at Seth's ribs, but Seth catches it and lands a big right hand. With Diego dazed, Seth hit's a few more big rights, and then strategically whips him harshly into Carla Ferrari. Diego manages to stop his momentum to avoid any real damage, but the two fall to the mat.]

DDK:

He did that on purpose!

Angus:

Objection! Assumes facts not in evidence!

[Diego quickly climbs to his feet and helps Ferrari up, with her back turned. Seth reaches out and grabs Diego by the shoulder, spinning him around...

... and spitting a mist of beer right in his face.]

DDK:

Oh, I should've known! Not this way!

Angus:

I didn't see anything, and neither did Carla Ferrari.

DDK:

Of course she didn't! Seth Stratton is like an evil, cheating savant!

Angus:

That almost sounds like a complement!

DDK:

IT'S NOT!

[With Diego temporarily blinded, Seth lands a boot to the midsection, hooks both his arms, and lifts...]

[MIND ERASER.]

Angus:

BOOM!

[Cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[... THREE!]

DINGDINGDING

Quimbey:

The winner of this match... SETH... STRAAAAAATTOOOOOOOOON!

DDK:

What an effort by Diego de Leon. Seth didn't deserve this.

Angus:

Scoreboard.

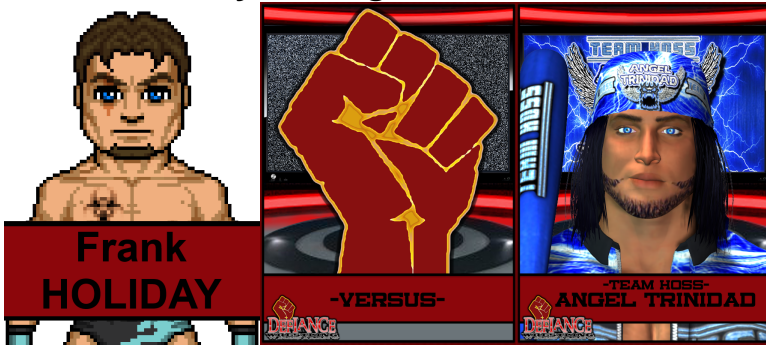
[Seth climbs out of the ring, slowly backing up the ramp with his arms raised in victory and a confident smile on his face..]

A Bonebreaking Work of Swaggering Genius

[Diego pauses in the ring and shakes his head in disappointment. He stands up and groggily prepares to leave the ring.] ***CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAP*** [The world's slowest, most sarcastic clap halts Diego De Leon.] **V/O:** Whoa there Diego... That was quite a performance there kiddo! You people *do* work extra don't you? ["Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold plays over the the P/A system. As Diego watches with hands on his hips, the curtain spreads and a malevolent foursome step out onto the ramp: Junior Keeling and the giants of Team HOSS: Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment, and Aleczander the Great. The ponytailed manager continues his slow, mocking applause, smirk etched on his face, until finally he grabs the microphone tucked under his arm and brings it to his face.] **Keeling:** You know what I like about you, Mex? You never give up. Oh, you get beat. A lot. But damn it, you just keep on coming back for more, dontcha? [Diego stares daggers directly at Junior Keeling, then at the rest of Team HOSS with his hands on his waist. Junior leads his men in a casual march down the raised ramp. Diego warily backs into a far corner as first Keeling, then Angel, Cappy and Aleczander, climb into the ring.] **Keeling:** That's what makes it so much fun for my boys to keep pounding you into the canvas. Especially since you left us so... unsatisfied in Tokyo. Am I right, Cappy? **Cappy:** Extremely. [Sensing an impending brawl, Diego tenses up.] **Keeling:** It'd be too easy for us to make an example out of you and I- [Before he can continue, he's cut off as "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy pounds over the P/A system. All of Team HOSS, and Diego, turn their attention to the ramp, where Billy Pepper is now standing in front of the curtain, flanked on either side by Frank Holiday and "The Southern Sling" Jimmie Rix. They head for the ring as Billy raises a mic.] **Pepper:** Wow, where have we seen this scene before? Four assholes ganging up on one guy? You HOSSes never change your tune, do you? [Junior Keeling rolls his eyes as Billy Pepper, Frank Holiday and Jimmie Rix enter the ring to join their compadre.] **Pepper:** Did I hear you right, Junior? We left you unsatisfied in Tokyo? First of all, you had a whole country full of fetish to take care of that for ya, and second of all, exactly which match were you watching? Because from my vantage point, you people were only too happy to throw that fight out the window as soon as it started going south for you. **Keeling:** Now do I detect a hint of... hostility there Pepper? You didn't let me finish. [Junior looks to Diego then back to Pepper.] **Keeling:** What I was about to say, before you so rudely interrupted me, is: It would be too easy to make an example out of just Diego here. We want to make an example out of the whole loser lot of you. If you had even an ounce of honesty in that weaselly face of yours, Pepper, you'd stand up and admit your team was this close to tasting defeat. That you were saved by the proverbial bell when the match got thrown out. And I think even you, even you will agree that this business isn't finished. **Pepper:** You're damn right it's not. [Junior sneers at Billy Pepper and the members of TexMex Holiday.] **Keeling:** Good. Then tell TexChexMix to sack up, get in this ring with the greatest team in wrestling history -- Team HOSS -- right now, and lose like men! [Aleczander, Cappy and Angel roar their approval, beating their chests, pointing across the ring at Frank, Diego and Jimmie. TexMex Holiday return the show of aggression in kind. Pepper holds his hand up and calls for attention.] **Pepper:** Easy, easy, fellas. You know there's nothing my guys would love more than humbling your gigantic douchebags, right here, right now, Junior. But you're a promoter, my hipster friend! Why rush straight to the showdown so soon? Why don't we make this... interesting? [For once, Keeling hesitates, looks intrigued.] **Keeling:** You've got something to say, Pepper? Well, let's hear it. **Pepper:** What we've got in mind is this: We do the trios rematch at the Supercard in four weeks. But in the meantime, we have ourselves a best-of-three series. Three one-on-one matches between TexMex Holiday and Team HOSS. Whichever side wins the most matches, gets to pick the stipulations for the big, bad blowoff. A little something to up the ante -- of course, if you're not afraid of us! [Junior turns to confer with Team HOSS. The mood seems unanimously positive. Keeling turns back to Pepper with an almost disbelieving grin.] **Keeling:** Jesus. And here I was, thinking it was just Diego over there who was a sucker for punishment. Are you actually offering to let us beat the shit out of each one of you guys individually, then let us pick the stips for the trios match, so we can beat the shit out of you collectively, again, on pay-per-view? Well, hell, let's do it! You got yourself a deal, Pepper! Worst deal you ever made! You'd just better make sure that no matter what happens in the best-of series, your team shows up! [Feeling mighty confident, Junior Keeling thrusts his hand out to shake on it. Billy Pepper takes it, gripping Junior's hand with a satisfied smile.] **Pepper:** Oh, you don't have to worry about that, Junior. TexMex Holiday is ready to roll. You just focus on keeping your giants on the winning track, since we've already seen in Japan that they're not so invincible when they're not bullying some schmuck three-on-one. [Diego De Leon crosses his arms over his chest, and Frank Holiday cracks a smile and raises a thumbs-up at Angel and Cappy, who look unimpressed.] **Keeling:** It's called a tactical advantage, Pepper, you should look it up sometime. But I assure you, each member of my team is a formidable specimen, perfectly capable of dominating on his own. Ask your boy Jimmie there about it. [At Keeling's rear, Aleczander grins and adopts a flexing pose. Behind Billy Pepper, Jimmie Rix fumes silently.] **Pepper:** If you're so sure of that, let's make a gentlemen's agreement -- and I cannot believe I'm using that word with you. It's been a goddamn powder keg every time we come out here. Utter

insanity. So for each of the best-of series, say we send the rest of both teams to the back. Keep it nice and simple, and save the fireworks for the end of the road. **Keeling:** Fine! Whatever makes you feel better about it when the beatings start. Now are we going to stand here and blabber all night, or are we going to have a fight? **Pepper:** Absolutely. Talking is done. This series starts right now! **Keeling:** Then shut the hell up, Pepper, and send your best friend Frankie in here. Your powerhouse is taking on the giant, the enormous, the Rookie Monster: Angel Trinidad! **Pepper:** It's on! Just remember: the bigger they are, Junior...!

Frank Holiday vs Angel Trinidad



DDK: After that tense confrontation between Junior Keeling and Team HOSS against Billy Pepper and TexMex Holiday, we're going to have a series of matches over the next couple of weeks starting with this one! Frank Holiday is going one-on-one against the heavy hitter of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad! **Angus:** All Billy Pepper and Team TexMexRex did was sign their own collective death warrants! [Per what was stipulated for the gentlemen's agreement from Pepper and Keeling, all parties have vacated ringside and standing in their respective corners is "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad with Junior Keeling. On the other side of the ring, Frank Holiday is looking to Billy Pepper for last-minute advice on how to take down this big brute.] **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** Frank has a lot of power in his frame and while on paper Angel Trinidad could be the favorite here, Frank has defeated Chance Von Crank! Not a lot of people can claim a victory over the former Southern Heritage Champ. **Angus:** Frank's about a dozen eggs short of... well, a whole fucking dozen. This goof is gonna get mollywhopped! [When the bell rings, the Rookie Monster tries to strike in the corner by charging, but Frank quickly moves and sends the big man sailing right into the corner. Frank goes on the attack and the fans in the O2 start cheering as the mentally unbalanced Frank tees off on him with a volley of right hands to stagger Trinidad in the corner.] [Trinidad blocks a shot and piefaces Holiday as he pushes him away from the corner to create some distance. This doesn't stop the Train Wreck as he comes right back and continues to fire of a second series of right hands into the Rookie Monster's face. The 6'10" Bronx native shoves him back a second time. Angel comes running and connects with a clubbing blow to the side of his head that stuns Frank. The Train Wreck goes sailing into the corner and Angel follows him in a big barrage of back elbows to the head. While Frank is doubled over in the corner, Angel walks over and high-fives Junior Keeling from the outside of the ring.] **Angus:** See? They're gonna wrap this series up by beating them individually, then they're going to beat TexMex Holiday for good! **DDK:** Don't count Holiday out yet! [Trinidad grabs Frank and tries to go back on the attack when Holiday catches him with a headbutt of all things to stop The Rookie Monster. He pushes Angel into the ropes and tries for an Irish Whip but Angel reverses that. He ducks down for a Back Body Drop when Frank jumps over him with a leapfrog. As Angel twists around to catch him off the rebound, he eats a Running Jumping Big Boot from Holiday instead that puts the giant on his back!] **Angus:** No! Cheating! He can't knock down a HOSSman like that! **DDK:** He just did! And now what's he doing... WHOA! Frank Holiday has Angel Trinidad in his grip! Fallaway Slam! It was low to the ground, but that's some damn impressive strength! [Holiday gets enough of the big power move and crawls over to go for the first cover of the match. ONE! TW... NO! Barely a two-count. Angel just kicks out and shoves Frank Holiday away from him. Pepper slaps the ring apron on the outside as Holiday quickly starts to climb the ring apron. He heads up top and starts waiting for Angel Trinidad to stand and when he does, he pays for it with a big Flying Body Press! He goes for another cover!] [ONE! TWO! THR... NO!] **DDK:** Another kickout by The Rookie Monster! He's fighting as best he can and Frank Holiday has to keep hitting and running against the big man. **Angus:** He needs to stay down and just take his beating like a man. [Frank holds up two fingers to the referee before grabbing two handfuls of Angel Trinidad's hair, but Angel jabs him in the throat with a good punch that makes Frank double over. Trinidad stands up and leans against the ropes as a brief reprieve, but The Train Wreck doesn't stop and keeps on coming. He continues to charge at Trinidad when Angel back body drops him... Frank lands on the apron! He turns and elbows Trinidad in the face once.] **DDK:** Now what the hell is Junior Keeling doing? [Keeling approaches Holiday and tries to grab his leg, but Billy Pepper is already there to keep him from trying any funny business. However, it's only a couple of seconds before Frank turns around and eats a BIG Boot to the face that sends him flying off the apron and crashing to the floor!] **Angus:** Haha! Holiday wants to fly? Now he's gonna! **DDK:** Team HOSS and Junior Keeling aren't above cheating and taking advantage of opportunities despite all the physical power they possess. That makes them completely dangerous. [Angel laughs at Frank's plight as he tries to recover from his bad landing. Junior laughs along with him as Trinidad climbs out. The Rookie Monster quickly picks up The Train Wreck off the ground before he powers him up and RAMS him back-first into the ring post! Holiday shouts out in pain as he collapses on the ground.

Angel Trinidad now has the advantage as he still carries Frank in his arms and rolls him underneath the bottom rope. Once inside, Angel goes for a cover now on The Train Wreck.] [ONE... TWO.... NO!] **Angus:** Ugh, this idiot needs to just go away. Just stay down, Frankie! [Keeling is in agreement on the outside and slaps the apron.] **Keeling:** Stay down, Frankie! **Angus:** See, Keebler? [Trinidad stands up and takes Frank Holiday up with him as he drops him with a quick Scoop Slam. Seeing that he's not done, Angel holds up a finger for the crowd and picks him up before violently dropping him down a second time.] **DDK:** Rudimentary, but effective! That's Trinidad in a nutshell! **Angus:** Yes! One more slam, Angel! Scoop Slam that little prick into oblivion! [Angel asks the England crowd if they want to see one more and they respond with a loud chorus of booing. He yells "OKAY!" and drops him with a Delayed Scoop Slam this time! Holiday is hurt, but what comes next is even worse. Angel runs off the ropes and picks up speed several times before he jumps high in the air...] **Angus:** SUPER MEGATON ANGEL BOMB! **DDK:** That Running Splash had a lot of oomph behind it! Angel Trinidad is a big, strong kid that doesn't even know how good he is yet! Angel with the cover again! [ONE... TWO... THR... KICK OUT!] [Both Junior Keeling and Angel Trinidad protest with the referee as Holiday gets his shoulder up. When Angel tries to hold him up in a bearhug, Frank quickly boxes his ears with a trio of shots to either side of his head until the Rookie Monster is forced to let go.] **Pepper:** Stay on him, Frank, you got this! [Holiday lets out a roar to the fans and they respond with cheers of their own as he continues to fight back. He tries for another big shot and tries for the Fireman's Carry, but Angel quickly plants a couple of elbows into the top of his head before rushing him back into the corner. Frank tries to get his arms up when Angel fires back with a big right. Another charge and a Corner Clothesline. And another. And another!] **DDK:** He calls that The Holy Trinidad! Maybe if Angel put his... ahem... creativity to good use other than following this greedy Keeling guy blindly, he could be something! **Angus:** He is something! A winner! Or have you not been hearing Keeling all these weeks! [The trio of Corner Clotheslines brings Frank to his knees and Angel Trinidad yells "BOOM!" as he swings his arm in an exaggerated fashion. When Frank tries to stand, Angel Trinidad runs off the ropes and connects with a running kick to the temple that puts him back down. Angel kneels over and hooks the far leg of Holiday this time, sure he's won.] **DDK:** And another one... ONE! TWO! THR... NO! How'd Frank kick out? **Angus:** This moron can't actually feel pain at first. But in two minutes, the cumulative effect will drop him dead. Just you watch! [Angel keeps on paintbrushing Frank in the back of the head as he tries to stand in the corner. He's getting pissed with the show of disrespect by Angel and forcefully slaps a hand away. Frank tries to get back up when he's stopped in his tracks by a big knee. Trinidad runs off to the other side of the ring and shouts another "BOOM!" before he comes running... kick to the face by Frank!] **DDK:** Frank's still alive in this one! He has a fighting chance! **Angus:** When will he stay down?! [He fires back at Angel Trinidad with two well-placed rights before he bounces off the ropes and connects with a shoulder block that briefly stuns Angel on his feet. Seeing what he has to do, he charges a second time and this yields the same result with Trinidad still rocking back and forth on his feet!] **DDK:** Angel is the biggest member of Team HOSS! Can Frank get him down for a second time in this contest? [Angel Trinidad tries his best to stand but this time, Frank has him back in the corner with a third shoulder tackle. Frank is fired up ready to fight again now as he heads to one side of the ring before charging right back with a running knee in the corner! The blow hits the breadbasket of The Rookie Monster and when he comes staggering out of the corner, Holiday hits the ropes again... **Angus:** Spear! Oh, damn it to hell! **DDK:** He got him! Can Holiday do this now? ONE! TWO! THR... NO! SO CLOSE! He almost got him off the ropes with that massive Spear! [Frank doesn't look at all surprised, but instead he's energized by the crowd that's cheering him on now. He starts to slap the canvas in a rhythmic fashion to get the crowd clapping and they respond as he starts heading to the top turnbuckle. Junior Keeling bites his fingernails as The Train Wreck heads up top again and lands a BIG-TIME FLYING ELBOW DROP to the heart of The Rookie Monster!] [ONE! TWO! THREE.... NO!] **Angus:** Yes! Fight back, Angel! You can triumph over adversity and all that other Hallmark bullshit! **DDK:** Frank Holiday's got this thing wrapped up now and he's got Angel up. He's trying to hoist the dead weight up... Yes! Going for the Train Wreck! [With amazing strength, Frank has him up for his finish, but he drops Angel down when he sees Capital Punishment and Aleczander had looped around through the crowd instead of going back to the locker room!] **DDK:** Who would actually THINK that Junior Keeling would honor his agreement? Cappy and Aleczander are out there harassing Billy Pepper! [Aleczander pokes at Billy Pepper like a kid messing around with somebody on the playground. Cappy pushes him, but Frank rolls out of the ring to protect his friend. He swings at them as Cappy and Aleczander back away, sure not to hit him or get Angel disqualified where the referee can see what transpires.] **Frank:** Back off, Agents of DOUCHE! NOW! [He fights to make sure Pepper is fine before he returns to the ring. However when he does, Angel is back up and kicks the rope right into the eye of Holiday as he climbs between the ropes!] **Angus:** Ha! One of the oldest tricks in the book! Cappy probably taught him that one! [Sure enough, he did because Angel points at Cappy and mouths a thank you to his mentor. He lifts up Frank in his grip and powers him up before he SPIKES him hard into the canvas with a Sitout Swinging Side Slam!] **Angus:** THE MONSTER MASH! HAAAA! HE DROPPED THAT BRAIN-DAMAGED RUBE! **DDK:** Damn it, off the distraction!

[ONE... TWO... THREE! **DING DING DING!** **DQ:** Here is your winner of the match and the first fall of the series... "The Rookie Monster" Angel Trinidad! [Angel Trinidad and the other members of Team HOSS now flood the ring! Alecander pats Trinidad on the shoulder while Junior Keeling jumps into the big man's arms to celebrate like he won the match instead. Cappy just stares down, stone-faced at the fallen Frank Holiday who gave it all he had, but Team HOSS pulled a fast one over the TexMex Holiday members and scored the first win of their three-match series here tonight. Diego de Leon and Jimmie Rix return to the scene to help Frank outside of the ring and protect Billy Pepper from whatever comes next.] **DDK:** Frank had this match won and would've done it had it not been for Team HOSS sticking their noses where it didn't belong. **Angus:** It's called moral support! They gave Angel the strength to overcome that bully, Frank Holiday!

Legitimate Business Concerns

[Cut to elsewhere.]

[Dusty Griffith approaches the locker room door and enters.]

[The door clicks shut behind Dusty as he absentmindedly goes about his business. I guess that explains why he didn't notice the two men sat either side of his bags, nor the absolute mountain of a man that slid in from the side to block the only exit.]

Alceo Dentari:

Dusty...

[Stopping in his tracks, Dusty looks up from the floor and takes a step back, right into the man mountain, Vincent Rinaldi.]

Tony Di Luca:

Woah, Dusty, sorry! We ain't meanin' to scare you none.

Alceo Dentari:

We just came by for a talk.

Tony Di Luca:

An' yous weren't here.

Alceo Dentari:

So we thought we'd make ourselves comfortable an' wait.

[Not wanting to spend too much time between a rock and two hard places, Dusty circles around the room until he has the three Italians in front of him, making sure to keep his guard up to let his visitors know he's prepared for whatever they might have come for.]

Alceo Dentari:

Please, Dusty, we ain't here to fight.

Tony Di Luca:

Didn't yous hear? We only wanna talk.

Dusty Griffith:

Don't have the slightest clue what we'd ever have to talk about.

[Leaning back against a wall as his arms cross over his chest, Dusty's eyes flit between the Legitimate Businessmen before him, his guard never dropping.]

Alceo Dentari:

On the contrary.

Tony Di Luca:

There's more than enough for us to talk about.

Alceo Dentari:

Like TV...

Tony Di Luca:

Yeah, how 'bout that Walkin' Dead midseason finale, huh?

[Griffith looks to Di Luca quizzically, certainly what's hot on television isn't the matter these three "made men" have come calling upon Dusty for.]

Tony Di Luca:

You don't like TV? Then how about music...

Alceo Dentari:

I hear the new Lady Gaga album's sellin' well.

[If they could, Dusty's eyebrows would be lifting off of his forehead.]

Alceo Dentari:

Not a music fan either? Well I know somethin' you gotta have an opinion on. See there's this guy that ain't been relevant for the last half a decade, an' he walks his way into somewhere he ain't never been before, whereupon he starts actin' like the proverbial big cheese.

Tony Di Luca:

That guy sounds like an' asshole, Alceo.

Alceo Dentari:

He sure sounds like a guy that's gonna be makin' more enemies than friends, Tony.

[As Alceo reaches into his pocket Dusty prepares himself for a fight. All three of the Legitimate Businessmen chuckle as Dentari pulls a cigar from his pants and points it towards the Old School Shooter.]

Alceo Dentari:

You oughta' be careful, Dusty.

Tony Di Luca:

Real careful.

Alceo Dentari:

'Cause them waves yous makin', they're startin' to rock some boats, capiché?

Tony Di Luca:

Plenty a' guys 'round these parts wanna see your head on a spike...

Alceo Dentari:

But see, that's where we come in.

[With a big smile Alceo take a step forward and opens his arms wide.]

Alceo Dentari:

We can offer yous all the protection yous need.

[From his jacket pocket Tony Di Luca pulls a business card. Yes, that's bone, and the lettering is something called 'Silian Rail'. They were probably picked up from the printers yesterday. He places the business card into the opening of Dusty's case.]

Tony Di Luca:

You give us a call whenever you feel like.

[Dentari and Di Luca head for the door, but not before stopping right in front of Dusty Griffith, who Dentari give a light slap on the cheek.]

Alceo Dentari:

As they say in jolly ol' England, yous know it makes sense.

[And with that the the double Ds... probably won't be keeping that nickname... beckon the huge V... definitely not keeping that one... out of the door, leaving Dusty by himself to head over to his luggage and pick up the card.]

Dusty Griffith:

...

[Without a word and with one hand Dusty crunches the card up and throws it to the floor as he cut back to Angus and Darren Keebler.]

Angus:

HE THREW IT ON THE GROUND.

DDK:

Looks like Dusty doesn't need no handouts.

Angus:

He's an adult.

Stockton Pyre debuts against... who now?

[Back to ringside.] [First up, we see a man walking out from behind the curtain to no music and no special effects.

This man is Stockton Pyre. He recoils for a moment, shielding his eye shields from the excessive light, before he continues to move forward.] **Angus:** This is what happens when you don't set a profile, you don't get any goddamned music. **DDK:** One day the 4th wall is going to shatter *you*, and I'm just gonna laugh... [Looking around at the fans below him on the rampway, Pyre seems taken aback by the people looking up at him. He walks relatively quickly to the apron, where he wipes his boots off and steps into the ring between the ropes. Raising an open hand to the crowd, he waves at all the fans, who give him a polite cheer.] [And then.] ["Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era.] [As the music cranks over the system, Curtis Penn wastes no time coming out to the stage area, wrestling gear and Southern Heritage title on and microphone in his hand.] **Curtis Penn:** Cut my fuckin' music. [The music cuts.] **Penn:** You know, after you told me you had a match, I did you a favor and had a word with your opponent, and let's just say he's taking that long ride of shame and getting fitted for a neck brace. **DDK:** What did I tell you? When Penn wants something, he stops at nothing. **Angus:** Yeah, yeah. This Pyre guy was supposed to beat up some chump, but looks like Penn stepped in and saved us the wasted time. **Penn:** So with your opponent gone for the evening, I guess that makes you the winner of a first-class wrestling lesson, doesn't it? Don't worry. When you tell this story to your mom and dad back in North Bumblefuck, USA from a hospital bed, you can tell them that you got your vertebrae rearranged by the man who IS the Southern Heritage Champion. [Mic drops to the stage with a bounce. Southern Heritage title follows it to the ground (and both are scooped up off the stage before any rowdy fan can reach up and grab them. And Penn makes his way to the ring, hopping over the top rope and, as soon as his feet lands, he makes a beeline for



Stockton Pyre.] **DING DING DING!**

DDK: And

here we go again, with the inmates running the asylum. An impromptu match between Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn and newcomer Stockton Pyre, of whom we have no idea what to expect. [Pyre steps out of the way and the two circle around the ring. Pyre moves in for a lockup, but Penn ducks and slips a knee into Pyre's abdomen. Penn drives an elbow to the back of Pyre's head, which causes Pyre to walk back into the corner. Penn follows in with some kicks to the ribs before he whips Pyre across the ring. Pyre comes back out from the turnbuckle and Penn follows in with a Superman punch that causes Pyre to slump down in the corner.] **Angus:** And, to the surprise of no one, Penn is taking control early. [Penn pulls Pyre up from the ground and slaps him in the mask/cheek area. Pyre recoils, but stays on his feet. Penn slaps Pyre again, but this time, Pyre responds with a palm strike to the side of Penn's head that stuns him and spins him around. Pyre quickly locks the waistlock and takes him over with a German Suplex.] **DDK:** The Opening Statement! Stockton Pyre showing some life! [Both Penn and Pyre scramble to their feet at about the same time. Penn charges in, but Pyre winds up and LEVELS him with a roundhouse right hand, causing Penn to roll out of the ring amongst the fans as they politely cheer the flurry of offense from the newcomer. Penn slaps the apron in frustration as Stockton Pyre claps his hands and pumps his fists.] **Angus:** Well he's not a *complete* waste of oxygen. **DDK:** Stockton laying Penn out with a monster right hand, that one had a lot of force behind it. [After a count of five (two of those seconds which were used to tell someone to never touch him again unless he'd like to get knocked the fuck out), Penn rolls back into the ring. Pyre goes to lock up again, and Penn tries the knee again. But Pyre caught the knee, and walked himself away from Penn till he was holding the ankle instead of the knee. Penn tries an ensugiri, but Pyre ducks, and Penn lands stomach-first. Pyre goes for an elbow drop, but Penn moves out of the way. Scrambling to his feet, Penn tries his own elbow drop, but Pyre scrambles out of the way. Both men get to their feet, and Penn charges, but Pyre takes Penn over with an STO, followed by a cover that gets only one.] **Angus:** Fundamentals are all well and good, but you ain't beating Curtis Penn like that. [Pyre scrambles to his feet and backs Penn into a corner. Pyre throws a couple of shoulder thrusts in the corner before whipping Penn across the ring. Penn comes back out, and Pyre waits for a back body drop, but Penn counters with a kick to the sternum of Stockton Pyre. Penn stumbles back, and Penn goes for another roundhouse kick, but Pyre ducks. Pyre

grabs Penn for a Belly-to-belly suplex, but Pyre rakes the eyes, and then hits a nasty looking push kick to Pyre, taking him down to the canvas. Penn covers, but only gets two.] **DDK:** Penn looking to take the upper [Penn hooks Pyre immediately in a clinch from a standing position and drives a knee into the head of Pyre. The microphone picks up the words coming out of Penn's mouth.] **Penn:** This is what we call a clinch, and if you hold your opponent here, you can hit him! [Another knee to the head of Stockton Pyre.] **Penn:** And this! [Knee] **Penn:** Is! [Knee] **Penn:** How! [Knee] **Penn:** You! [Knee] **Penn:** Throw! [Knee] **Penn:** A *KNEE!* [One last knee, and Stockton Pyre is on spaghetti legs.] **DDK:** This is not good. At what point does Carla step in and say this guy can't defend himself? **Angus:** How about never? God, what a pussy thing to say! [Penn waits for Pyre to turn around...belly to belly suplex! And a cover! But only gets two.] [Penn pulls Pyre up and locks him down into a guillotine choke.] **Penn:** No pain, no gain! [Pyre holds his hand out with one finger up, indicating no surrender. Pyre fights the choke, clawing at Penn's arm, but eventually the free hand falls. The referee raises it once...no good.] **Penn:** Do us all a favor and give up, sackless wonder! [Twice, no good.] [Three times...hand stays up, one finger in the air.] [Pyre struggles, but he eventually pulls himself to his feet with Penn on his neck. Penn tries to shift his grip, but Pyre is one step ahead, and swings Penn down with a standing urange!] **DDK:** A big time move, if not a desperation one from Stockton Pyre! And now the question is which man can capitalize? [Pyre collapses to his knees, spent from the effort. Carla Ferrera's count is on, and it reaches seven before Pyre makes it to one knee and Penn to his feet. Penn swings an ax kick, dodged by Pyre, who runs the opposite ropes. Penn turns around, and eats a running double ax-handle to the chest. Penn gets up, and meets another! And one more time, for good measure! Pyre sets Penn up against the ropes and whips him across. Penn comes back, but hits the canvas after a BIG back body drop. Penn is up again, and he's whipped across again, but this time caught in a rotating power slam! Pyre holds for the cover, but only gets two.] [Pyre grabs Penn again, but Penn has the sense of mind to rake the face of Pyre, drawing boos from the crowd. Penn goes for a waist lock, presumably into a takedown, but Pyre manages to roll out and drop toe hold Penn, taking him to the mat face-first, and then applying an ankle lock.] **DDK:** Purgatory! Penn's stuck in Purgatory! [Penn is in pain, but has enough sense about him to crawl to the ropes and force the referee break. Using the moment of breathing room, Penn rolls out under the bottom rope and starts to walk back up the ramp, waving off the match to the biggest heat of the match so far.] **Penn:** Class dismissed! Be happy I didn't snap you in half, boy! [Carla begins the countout procedure, but Stockton Pyre interrupts her. Carla pushes Pyre back away from the ropes. And it's when both of them are distracted, arguing about what's going on right now, THAT'S when Penn makes his move, sprinting back to the ring, climbing between the ropes behind Stockton Pyre, and clipping his leg out from under him.] *BOOOOOOOOO!* **DDK:** Penn with a cheap shot! [Curtis wastes no time, and he locks Stockton Pyre in the Curtis Clutch! Pyre tries to rip at the arm, but Penn won't let go.] **Penn:** It's all over but the shouting, bitch! [And this time? He's right. Stockton Pyre relents with a tapout.] *DING DING DING!* **DQ:** Here is your winner...Curtis...PENN! [Penn beckons for his Southern Heritage title, which is brought out to him from the back by one of the stagehands. Once Penn gets it, that's when the fun begins.] [And by fun, I mean stomps to Stockton Pyre, who's still down.] **DDK:** Come on, really? Haven't you proved your point? **Angus:** I guess not. This will be the quickest Defiance tenure since AntiHero! [Stomps turn to kicks turn back to stomps. Penn then mounts the face-down Pyre and locks in a Waitagame armbar, which has Stockton screaming in pain. Carla Ferrera tries to pry Penn from his grip, but she cannot. Penn voluntarily releases, however, and rolling off of Stockton Pyre, grabs the Southern Heritage championship belt and stands up.] **DDK:** Uh oh.... [Penn lays down the title in the center of the ring faceplate-up, then drags Pyre over to the belt. Placing him face down on top of the belt, Penn begins to rub and grind Pyre's face into the SoHer Title Belt.] **Penn:** This is as close as you'll ever get to a title belt, boy! [After a few seconds of that (and seeing security making its way down to the ring, Penn quickly springs to his feet, leaps straight up, and comes down HARD on the back of Pyre's head, sending him rolling around the ring in pain, covering his face.) **DDK:** Finally the DefSec team out here to make order from chaos. [Penn picks up his Southern Heritage title from the ground. He raises it to a chorus of boos as the Security steps between him and Stockton Pyre. Penn exits the ring with a smirk on his face as "Enae Volare Mezzo," plays once more.] **DDK:** And what did Curtis Penn prove here with all this? **Angus:** That he's superior? That no one's safe? That Stockton Pyre is not prepared? You got a buffet table of messages that were just sent and you're asking me which one to pick? [With Penn backstage, security helps Pyre to his feet, to a polite applause. He appears to be favoring his upper body, particularly his neck and face as security walks him backstage.] **DDK:** A win with a cheapshot in a match where Stockton Pyre at the least held his own and at the best had Penn on the ropes, followed by an unnecessary beatdown is hardly a dominant messages. **Angus:** You could have stopped at "win", Keeps.

Taking exception

[Backstage.] [Moments later.] [Curtis Penn, Southern Heritage Championship dangling around his waist. Brutally smug grin on his face.] [Wildly hard shove from hands coming off camera.] **Penn:** The hell is your problem? [In steps Henry Keyes, fuming. Eyes ready to devour the man before him.] **Keyes:** You gonna do a man like that? You gonna walk off after you curbstomp Stockton Pyre like you don't have a care in the world, like you own the damn place? **Penn:** Yeah. I am. You know why? **Keyes:** Enlighten me. **Penn:** This. [Penn pats his belt.] **Penn:** This is the proof that not only am I the greatest Southern Heritage Champion there ever was, but that I'm the goddamn best WRESTLER there ever was. And if a no-talent, two-bit rookie scrub like Stockton Pyre thinks he can make a name off of a man like ME?? [Immediately, Keyes aggressively reaches for the back of Penn's head to bring him in, only for Penn to brush the arm off and shove Keyes back.] **Keyes:** Watch what you say, boy. **Penn:** "Boy"?? Watch who you're touching, rook. Don't forget, you're no better than that ass Stockton Pyre. And guess what? Free lessons for you rookies is OVER. [Penn walks past Keyes, bumping shoulders hard. Keyes grimaces in a display of mass restraint, deciding not to clock Penn in the back of the head. He notices Pyre sitting in a dimly lit back corner of the room, large icepack strapped to the side of his mask, attempting to take notes the entire time.] **Keyes:** Stand up for yourself, Stockton. I'm not always gonna be there to do it for you. [Keyes and Pyre exchange a knowing glance before Keyes makes his way in the opposite direction of Penn. Penn jots a few notes down before holding his hand up to his wounded head.] [Cut.]

It's Supposed to Be a Celebration... Bitches!

[HOOKERS AND BLOOOOOOWWWW!]

[Ah yes, the typical entrance of the trio that are all your mom's bedroom heroes...Sam Horry, Tyrone Walker and the always affable Ryan Matthews. And as usual they are accompanied by their mostly-silent magic boombox carrying cohort, Pinis 2000. All three are brandishing their newly won DEFIANCE Trios title belts and are chatting about something, when Ryan Matthews, in the front, finally brings up the question of the hour...]

Matthews:

Okay seriously, we're here now, are you guys 100 percent SURE you want me to be the one to give the victory speech?

[Sam Horry, to be honest, looks a tad worried when Tyrone Walker speaks up.]

Walker:

Sure mang, it is what it is. What's the worst that could happen right?

[Horry looks at his cousin like he has two heads...]

Horry:

What's the worst that could happen cuz? Remind me to tell you about the time this asshole nearly got me ritually castrated by a group of Brazilian tribesmen.

Matthews:

You're still bringing that shit up? All I said to them was that Sam would deflower all their daughters...apparently. I was trying out my Portugese...

Walker:

Wait, they don't speak Spanish down there mang?

Matthews:

No.

Walker:

Son of a...and here I just bought that fucking Rosetta Stone app for my phone to learn Spanish for if we go down to Brazil.

Horry:

Looks like you got played, cuz.

Walker:

Fuck me...

Matthews:

First off, pause, and second, before Ty throws a shitfit about it, let's go get this trainwreck in motion shall we gentlemen?

[And it's at that point that, rather than them heading to the arena proper, Christie Zane just happens to magically appear in front of Ryan Matthews as he turns to walk, startling him.]

Matthews:

Dammit Christie, do NOT do that shit again!

Horry: [chuckling]

Ryan got scared by a girl...

[Matthews takes a swift step backward and without looking and quite on purpose, slams the heel of his foot straight into the shin of Sam's left leg, causing his long time tag team partner to hop on one foot holding his shin.]

Matthews:

And now that we're done with that, back to what's important. Christie, you're obviously here for a reason, and we all know what it is, but kindly inform the camera what's going on so whoever's watching this later will know...

Zane: [Looks bewildered at the exchange for a moment, then collects herself]

Alright, I'm here with the DEFIANCE Trios champions, Sam Horry, Tyrone Walker, and Ryan Matthews, collectively known as...

[At this point, the three grab the mic and point it in their direction and yell out.]

HNB:

HOOKERS AND BLOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!

Zane:

And Gentlemen, now that you're the Trios champions, you have to know everyone who has or is thinking of making a team is going to be gunning for you. How do you want to respond to that?

Matthews: [Looks to Ty and Sam]

You guys sure you want me to take this?

[Ty shrugs, Sam shakes his head definitively no...but Ryan continues anyway.]

Matthews:

Christie, the long and short of it is that before you, and the rest of DEFIANCE, stands the single greatest collection of Trios talent the world has to offer. Sure we come from diverse backgrounds and places in life, but when the challenge was presented to us, we stepped up, looked it square in the eye, and my man Ty here dropped the bomb of two knees to the chest followed by a combination that nobody gets up from, the Total Elimination. Props to our man Angus for giving it a name too, The Rube Goldberg Machine.

[Ryan points to the camera and gives a thumbs up, cheesy grin and single pistol to the camera.]

Matthews:

And by the way to Angus, I know you may not be the biggest fans of Sam and I, but hey, I hope that little peace offering of the 6 pack of Heineken and the meal we sent you on our dime shows that there are no hard feelings. But back to the question at hand, how are we going to respond to the other teams looking to come get us? We welcome it. Right now we're at the top of the mountain where the trios division is concerned, top of the food chain. You come to us, and there's nowhere for you to go but down.

Horry:

Heh, HIYO!

Zane:

On another point, aside from against the members of other trios teams, when can we again expect to see any of you in the ring in singles competition?

Matthews:

Hold your horses there Christie, right now, this team, this TRIO of awesome amazingness as my dude Nick Swisher would put it, is focused solely on the main reason we came to DEFIANCE in the first place...Okay well really the SECOND reason we came to DEFIANCE, the first being to WIN the titles. And now we're going to make THESE titles

THE most relevant thing in DEFIANCE. When I first personally appeared on DEFIANCE TV, before we were thrown off the air and all, I told all of you there would be a day when these belts would be the standard bearer in DEFIANCE, that they would be THE top of the mountain. That day is fast approaching, as the best thing ever to happen to Trios wrestling in DEFIANCE already HAS the belt in our possession...now time for us to show the world that this aspect of the business isn't dead.

Zane:

Well that's all well and good but there are some who would look to derail you and....AAAAHHHH!!!!

[Zane screams as three figures, Diane Parker, David Race, and Leon Maddox rush in from off screen and immediately a donnybrook begins between the members of the Truly Untouchables and Hookers and Blow commence to scrapping with each other. It doesn't take long before DEFIANCE Security and other officials are on the scene trying to pull the combatants apart and trying to restore order. After a moment, Matthews gets back to Zane and practically grabs the mic from her. He points off screen, a look of murder in his eyes and yells at the members of the Truly Untouchables who are being pulled away off screen.]

Matthews:

Now...NOW it's on, tonight was supposed to be the celebration marking the beginning of a new era. Guess it's time for us to put that era into full swing already. You lot just put your names squarely on the top of our shit list. It's already time for the hunted to become the hunters. Get ready for hell, you motherfuckers.

[With that, the three members of Hookers and Blow and Pinis 2000 walk away from the scene, ushered away by some DEFIANCE Security and officials.]

Tres Brujas vs Philosopher Kings

Angus:

So here's the deal. The match between the Truly Untouchables and the Philosopher Kings took place. However, there was some sort of screwup with the television equipment, and so we'll have to tell you all what happened recap style instead of showing the actual match.

DDK:

Angus, we aren't actually on tv right now.

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST KEEBS WORK WITH ME HERE.

DDK:

Oh, right. Anyway, this was booked as Tres Brujas and the Philosopher Kings, but at the top of the card, Lisa Loeh was evicted from the T-UTs and the tag team was redesigned with Diane Parker as the field general and David Race and Leon Maddox as the armbreakers.

[The Truly Untouchables make their entrance to boos and stuff.]

DDK:

The Philosopher Kings, off their title loss, were out next. You could tell by watching the entrance that there was some sort of... something going on between Troy Matthews and Eddie Dante.

Angus:

This is a picture of me not caring.

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST ANGUS WORK WITH ME HERE.

Angus:

...do I really sound like that?

DDK:

In all seriousness, the match started with Race and Dante in the ring. Race is one of those new school technicians, he's got a very wide array of holds and a lot of skill at applying them, but his grappling fundamentals are a tad behind that. On the other hand, Dante, the self-styled Gentleman Brawler, has that dangerous combination of practical and professional, but sometimes he lacks a little bit of flair.

Angus:

Also he was dragging. I think he might've twisted something in the match on Grindhouse Japan.

DDK:

Tags were exchanged to Mushigihara and Leon Maddox. Maddox is a talented armbreaker in a more old school style and a heavy hitter for his size, but at a 120 pound weight disadvantage, it didn't do him much good. Mushi took control of the match for the Philosopher Kings. Right up until he missed a splash and Maddox hit him with a calf banding to the elbow joint.

Angus:

Race and Maddox worked over Mushi's left arm for a while, keeping the big man down on the mat. This one time, he countered some arm move or other by Race with a short arm same arm clothesline, but before he could make the tag Diane ran around the ring and yanked Dante off the apron, which started a fight, and then Troy went after her and Mushi didn't have anyone to tag out!

DDK:

Eventually Mushi managed to hit Maddox with a mountain bomb and tag out to Matthews. Matthews dropkicked Race

off the apron and threw Diane into the ring.

Angus:

I've gone on record about not really caring what happened in Old Line four years ago and who banged who and who's biffle turned into a bitch or whatever, but Troy Matthews was real, real goddamn unhappy with Diane, and he expressed that unhappiness via kicks. He even hit the Trendsetter.

DDK:

But Eddie and Mushi didn't stop Maddox and Race from breaking up the pin.

Angus:

Maddox and Race did this move, I don't know what it was. They both got an overhand wristlock on Matthews while standing back to back with him, and then they dropped. It was like a neckbreaker, except to the elbow instead of the neck, and both elbows at the same time.

DDK:

Diane recovered and waited on Matthews getting up, and when he did she ran at him, went for a headscissor takedown and from there hooked the Christo! Matthews was facing his own corner while trapped in the hold, and so he got to see Eddie and Mushi stand there and do nothing!

Angus:

Then he tapped.

DDK:

Diane Parker won it for the Truly Untouchables via submission with the Christo. I suppose it goes without saying that she didn't want to let go and Hector Navarro had to pry her loose. The T-UTs celebrated while Matthews tried to get up. Eddie motioned for Mushi to follow him, and they walked out, leaving Matthews down in the ring.

Angus:

That was what happened. And now back to your regularly scheduled show.

Bronson's Championship FISTivities

[After a few moments of silence "O Fortuna" rips through the arena sound system harkening the arrival of none other than The Blood Diamonds. Out first is the muscle, Nicky Corozzo and the indentured servant Frank Dylan James. Nicky in his usual black business casual and Frank in his gear, a few lengths of chain draped around his neck. Next out is Edward White dressed in his usual personally tailored finery. One on stage the three men turn and await the arrival of the last member of their faction.] [The arena grows dim as "O Fortuna" fades to absolute silence.] [The man in black cues up over the PA system.] ♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪ [After a few beats the Original DEFIANT saunters out onto the stage dressed for battle flying the DEF red and black on his ring robe. The European fans actually pop pretty hard for the current reigning two time FIST of DEFIANCE. Bronson Box unties his rope revealing the gold on red leather FIST title belt strapped tight around his waist.] **Angus:** These Eurotrash freaks loves them some Wargod. **DDK:** Bronson competed for a number of years in the UK and mainland Europe before he signed with DEFIANCE, partner. To them he's a bit of a homegrown favorite. **Angus:** Do they not watch the product in this inbred backwater country? PAY ATTENTION TO THE PRODUCT, FOLKS! **DDK:** Well, I did a little digging and found some of the old footage from Box's run here in Europe and believe it or not he wasn't EXACTLY a heel the last time he wrestled on his home soil. **Angus:** Bronson Box was a goddamn babyface? Well twist my nipples... **DDK:** Well, I didn't say that. Lets just say he wasn't kidnapping children and beating up ladies backstage. [Bronson joins his compatriots in marching towards the ring. Frank and Nicky step between the ropes and take their places, their heads on a swivel. The Socialite walks across the ramp and plops down on the middle rope, opening it wider for his friend and tag team partner. Bronson wipes his feet on the ring apron before stepping through into the ring with a little spin and a big overindulgent bow.] [A loud mixed reaction develops.] FUCK YOU EDWARD! LETS GO BRONSON! FUCK YOU EDWARD! LETS GO BRONSON! FUCK YOU EDWARD! LETS GO BRONSON! **Angus:** Europe is so goddamn weird. THEY'RE BEST FRIENDS, ASSHOLES! **DDK:** You okay partner? **Angus:** Gah, just fuck all these jerks. Fuck everybody... *sigh* I need to get high. [Edward White retrieves microphones, handing one to Bronson before bringing his own to his lips to address the European crowd.] Edward White: Oh don't you dare patronize our champion. Your feeble pathetic attempts to "claim" him as your own makes us all collectively sick to our stomachs. He cut his teeth here, he bled here, he trained here, he became the warrior we all know and admire here but don't presume he owes you disgusting inbred cretins any allegiance. None whatsoever... [Bronson nods in agreement.] Bronson Box: From London town to Munich to the Eastern bloc to Moscow to Athens to Turkey and on and on and on and on. Tour after tour I paid my bloody dues in this business.. [pause] right here. I was forged in armories, pubs, bingo halls and bloody circus tents from one end of this continent to the cold reaches out west and I did it because I KNEW I had a destiny, a destiny to be the GREATEST fighter walkin' the skin of the earth. This cruel twisted business for all its faults, for all its insipid fans coming out here and proving night after night that I am the single greatest attraction is ALL of sports and entertainment FUELS me. [Bronson shakes his head.] **Bronson:** In the states I'm universally reviled. Sure there's a few pockets of neckbeards and black t-shirts that cheer me out of some ironic detachment but generally working the fans into a frothy hate filled stew of ire and disappointment gives me a thrill like no other blessed thing on earth. But here I come, triumphant in the far east, walking into my second tour as the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE and what do I hear as I step off the plane... cheers. [Edward laughs derisively with a little snort.] **Bronson:** I see signs and posters with my face emblazoned on them. I get programs shoved in my face for autographs. I see people DRESSED as me, sheared heads and waxed mustaches on all sides. Why? Because I'm from here? Because I'm European? Ladies and gentlemen you can take your cheers and your little posters and your bloody halloween costumes and sod off... [grimacing] I am not Cancer Jiles. I'm not Eugene Dewey. I'm not some cartoon and I'm damned sure not some hometown hero. I am Bronson Box, the Original DEFIANT! I raked the bloody skin from a man to claim this title belt for the SECOND time! DO YOU HEAR ME? I RAKES HIS DAMNED SKIN OFF AND TURNED HIM INTO A PINCUSHION! [a little lopsided grin, almost to himself].. I still have his blood underneath my fingernails. You pathetic lot of dimwits honestly need another reminder so soon of who the true monster of DEFIANCE is? [Bronson glares out over the crowd as they promptly ignore his derision and continue chanting.] BRONSON BOX! FUCK YOU ED! BRONSON BOX! FUCK YOU ED! BRONSON BOX! FUCK YOU ED! [Boxers face slowly gets redder and redder. He slips out of his ring robe balling it up and throwing it down onto the mat] **Bronson:** FUCK HIM, EH?! FUCK HIM?! EDWARD WHITE IS TEN TIMES THE MAN YOU BLOODY LOT... [Edward places a calm steady hand on his tag team partners shoulder. With his jaw clenched tighter than a vice the FIST of DEFIANCE recoils.] **Edward:** Boxer, calm down friend. These peasants aren't worth your fury. Let them

cheer like lemmings, our dominance is no less absolute. You showed the world that that beast Ryan is nothing more than a liar. You exposed his hat was more grey than white as he claimed it to be. A hero no more where has Dan Ryan been since embarrassing himself in Tokyo? Where has The Ego Buster been since you ripped him to pieces in that brutal death match? Nowhere. You WON, Bronson. Revel in it my friend. [After a few beats Bronson slowly brings the microphone to his lips.] **Bronson:** As usual the sage advice of my dear friend rings true. You lot and your posters and your misplaced admiration are inconsequential. I wear the DEFIANCE brand with pride. I don't do it for you people, I don't do it for "the boys" in the back and I damn sure don't do it for the likes of our illustrious fighting World champion or our bumbling shortsighted CEO. I'm the TRUE champion of this company. The FIST stands for everything DEFIANCE stands for. Brutality. Carnage. Limitless violence. But most notably it stands for competition. So that being said... [Bronson turns towards the entrance ramp, unsnaps the FIST from around his waist and lays it down on the canvas.] **Bronson:** An open challenge. To anyone who hasn't previously held a title in this company. The opportunity of a lifetime for some wretched soul in the back looking to make his or her mark. **Angus:** Wow, someone else is getting a shot before Ryan gets his rematch? Something tells me wherever The Ego buster is right now there's probably some broken furniture of busted locker doors in the immediate vicinity. **DDK:** Indeed. **Bronson:** This opportunity is a one night only proposition boys. Do any of you have the bollocks to... [Boxer is cut off by a little Hank Jr.] ♪ The preacher man says it's the end of time ♪ ♪ And the Mississippi River she's a goin' dry ♪ ♪ The interest is up and the Stock Markets down ♪ ♪ And you only get mugged ♪ ♪ If you go down town ♪ ["A Country Boy Can Survive" rumbles through the PA system as none other than the Kentucky boy himself, Sam Turner Jr. saunters out onto the stage area. He pushes his trucker cap up a little with his thumb and eyes the foursome in the ring for a few beats before producing a microphone from his overall pocket.] **STJ:** Dang ya fellas sure does talk a lot. I was in the back an hear'ed ya two flappin' ya gums. Norm'y I jus let'cha bull wander in one ear an out the other but darn it if'n ya ain't say somethin' bout a title shot. Now 'ats somethin' I'd like ta have a go at. [Boxer and Edward talk off mic for a moment, grins on their faces.] **Edward:** Really? This is the best the DEFIANCE locker room can produce? The ginger halfwit? [Bronson reaches down and plucks his title belt from the canvas and leans on the top rope, dangling the belt over ringside.] **Bronson:** One moment Ed. How long have you been here Sam Turner? DEFIANCE was the first major promotion you set foot in, wasn't it? You've been here for several years if memory serves. And what have you accomplished, son? What have you accomplished? Second fiddle to lesser men. Christian Light, Tom Sawyer, Eugene Dewey, now Dusty Griffith? Like some big dumb best buddy always there to lend a hand and get your face kicked in for the common good. **Edward:** Pathetic. **Bronson:** But honestly I'm impressed, boy'o. [Edward shoots Boxer a sideways glance.] **STJ:** Ya is? Well dust my britches wiff a minin belt, Brons'n Box is impre's'd wiff ole Sam Turner Jr. [Bronson smiles again licking his lips at the sarcastic jab from the normally affable Redneck Reker.] **Bronson:** Oh yes. Steppin' out here all on your own with fire in your eyes. Shows gumption, lad. But before you walk down here you tell me you're doing this for you and not that presumptuous prat Dusty Griffith. You tell me YOU want this title belt. YOU want to be the one to kick my teeth in and shut me up... go on, tell me boy. Or stop wasting our precious time. [Sam doesn't bat an eye.] **STJ:** Don talk likes ya knows me, Boxer. Cause I'm doin 'is fer me... jus cause I was raised up right ta respect folks don mean I can't walk 'is here ramp, climb in 'at ring and toss y round like a dang sack of tators an bust ya open like a melon! [The crowd is slowly getting behind Turner, the reactions growing louder and louder for the Redneck Reker after each statement.] **Bronson:** Well come on down and meet your maker then, lad. [With that Sam drops the microphone makes a beeline directly towards the ring. Box hands the FIST to Edward who directs Frank and Nicky to ringside. Ed orders the two huge men to clear him an area to stand.] **Angus:** The Diamonds are staying at ringside? I figured with no ringside barriers White would scoot to the back. He hates being this close to "the rabble."

Open Challenge for the FIST

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! [The fans go nuts for Turner's ballsiness, stepping OVER the top rope and getting nose to nose with the Wargod. The two jaw back and forth for a few moments whilst referee Buffalo Brian Slater makes his way down the ramp and into the ring immediately calling for the opening bell.] **DING DING!**



DDK: And we're underway with this impromptu match for the FIST of DEFIANCE! **Angus:** Big opportunity for STJ. **DDK:** Indeed. And as you folks know the rules in these FIST matches are always a little loosey goosey. **Angus:** By loosey goosey you mean non existent, don't you? **DDK:** In the end it's in the hands of the referee, Angus. His orders from the office are to simply keep these FIST title matches... competitive. [The two men jaw back and forth for a few moments before...] **DDK:** Cheap shot from Box! [Bronson waffles the big Kentucky boy with a stiff closed fist shot right across the bridge of the nose. Blood immediately starts to flow down the lower half of his face. STJ wipes the blood away with the back of his hand. With a scowl and a guttural war whoop The Redneck Reker promptly reminds everyone just how dangerous an old Kentucky boy can be. Sam takes Bronson down with a double leg trip and simply rains lefts and rights down across the Wargod's still tender face.] **Angus:** Bronson CAN'T be healed completely from that beating Ryan gave him. No way. **DDK:** The stitches across his cheek can't take a whole lot more of this, that's for sure. [Bronson reaches back and pulls at Sam's leg, pulling the big man off balance and quickly ripping and tearing and twisting at at his ankle buying himself some time to get to his feet and collect himself. As STJ clutches at his foot Bronson yanks STJ to his feet and nearly suplexes him out of his boots with a crisp German that leaves Turner sprawled out in the corner.] **DDK:** Bronson's mat game is just too strong for the big southern fried big man. **Angus:** Oh, look at him now screamin' at the fans. Good job genius, ignore the giant you just floored. **DDK:** Not a smart move. **Angus:** Arrogant prick. [The Original DEFIANT preens for a moment, finally drawing the ire from these fans. Edward and Nicky clap approvingly. Frank still has his back turned to the ring, his eyes scanning the crowd.] **Angus:** Don't count the big man out though, Keeps! [Turner tenderly gets to his feet and crouches down primed in the corner. Bronson turns around and Turner takes off on his good foot and running tackles Boxer nearly out of his boots.] **DDK:** OH MY GOD, TURNER WITH THE SPEAR! **Angus:** DAMNIT! **DDK:** What? I thought you hated Bronson? **Angus:** I do. I just couldn't get my camera phone out in time... [Sam smartly goes for the cover. Buffalo Brian Slater is johnny on the spot with the three count.] 1... 2... 3... BOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** NO! His shoulder was DOWN are you KIDDING ME! **DDK:** Referee Brian Slater says Bronson kicked out at the last second partner! [STJ slaps the canvas in frustration, pulling Bronson up with himself to their collective feet. Sam rears back to unleach a hard right but the wiley FIST champion ducks and swings around behind the massive ginger popping off yet another German... or at least he tries to. **DDK:** Sam Turner blocks Bronson's suplex attempt! [Turner whips an elbow back behind him trying to clip the Wargod but misses as Boxer dodges out of the way. Turner quickly locks back onto Bronson's scent when suddenly...] **Angus:** Holy shit, SCREW YOU MONEY BAGS! [Nicky and Frank do their best to keep the teeming masses at bay as Edward sheepishly accepts a reprimand from Brian Slater for reaching in and tripping up the big Kentuckian. The little distraction is all it takes to halt STJ's momentum. Bronson pounces doubling the big man over with a kick to the guts and tucking his head and locking the arms.] **DDK:** PACKAGE PILEDRIVER FROM BOX! BOOOOOOOOOO! **Angus:** Did you see the angle Tuner caught that shit? [Boxer rolls through into the cover. It's right at that moment referee Brian Slater turns around from his thorough tongue lashing of The Socialite to catch the pin attempt and drops down for the three count.] 1... 2... **Angus:** This thing is over. 3... RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! **DDK:** WHAT IN THE WORLD?! **Angus:** Someone explain the physics of that fat tub moving that fast, anybody? [Eugene Dewey at the LAST possible second slides under the bottom rope and breaks up the count. Vibrating with anger Bronson slowly gets to his feet and looks back over his shoulder at the nuisance that just slid under the bottom rope.] **Angus:** Run fatso! **DDK:** Eugene's on his feet. [Dewey doesn't even have a chance to even plant his feet before getting the FIST of DEFIANCE blasted across the back of his head. A small smudge of blood is wiped away by a scowling Edward White. The Sophisticate is immediately set upon by a somewhat recovered Sam Turner Jr., the huge

man eventually tossing The Socialite title belt and all over the top rope and directly into Nicky Corozzo and Frank Dylan James still standing at ringside. All three men land in a pile and disappear from view as the excited fans try and close in around them.] **Angus:** Europe is WAY more hardcore than I ever dreamed. **DDK:** It's a madhouse out here! [Back in the ring Bronson Box is now painfully aware of how alone in the ring he is as the big Kentucky boy Sam Turner Jr. helps his good friend Eugene Dewey to his feet. The two stalwart white hats take battle positions across the ring from the Wargod. Bronson simply gets into an old school grapplers stance... and smiles.] **Bronson:** [caught on camera mic] WELL COME ON THEN YE' WEE BASTARDS! **DDK:** OH MY GOD! **Angus:** SWEET CRAP! BOOOOOOOOOO! [It all happens in a flash.] [It happens just like with Eugene, we didn't see it happen until it happened. The chair shots were quick and dirty right on the dome. Bronson didn't ask one question, he just joined the fray blasting STJ in the skull with a double axe handle. Once the carnage was wrought Bronson turned around and came face to face with his chair wielding savior.] [With Dan Ryan.] **DDK:** What is going on here?! **Angus:** I think Dan Ryan just happened. [The tension could be cut with the edge of a fork it was so juicy. Bronson is visibly tense, this wasn't some calvary call. Boxer genuinely doesn't know what Ryan's play is here. Ryan doesn't move towards Box. He just looks down at the bloody white shirt collar of Eugene Dewey balled up in his fist then over at the dented steel chair still in his other.] **DDK:** Ladies and gentlemen Dan Ryan just appeared and assaulted Eugene Dewey with a steel chair! **Angus:** And Box laid out the big ginger. What's the deal here? [In one swift wild movement Dan drops Eugene and rips and grips his steel chair and swings it within inches of Dusty Griffiths head right behind Bronson leaping through the ropes to make the save. The chair comes inches from Dusty's skull. He ducks and falls back on his ass, scrambling to collect his fallen comrades.] [Ryan doesn't move as Dusty urges Sam and Eugene out onto the ramp.] **DDK:** Dan Ryan of all people stands tall here tonight in this non decision for the FIST of DEFIANCE. **Angus:** Dan Ryan just chased like three former World Champions from the ring with just a CHAIR. [The Blood Diamonds are long gone, disappearing through the crowd and then to the backstage. Ryan is next to bail, he heads for the opposite side of the ring but takes a second to look back over his shoulder and eyeballing Eugene Dewey with that same cold dead stare from earlier.] [He drops the chair and hops through the ropes to ringside. He violently jumps the guardrail before vanishing into the dark venue full of spectators.] **Angus:** Dan Ryan exiting stage left lookin' like the fuckin' PUNISHER! Jesus! **DDK:** I think Dan Ryan just SCARED the pants off Bronson Box and company! **Angus:** And apparently has it out for Eugene? Did we fall into bizarro world? [All parties involved have vanished into various stages of backstage, the crew starts prep for the main event as Angus and Darren carry on for a few minutes.] **DDK:** I'm getting word that we have some words from... Dan Ryan. **Angus:** Oh, this should be fantastic.

Dan Ryan has Left the Building

[Darren Keebler was right.] [Dan Ryan is sitting on a bench in his dressing room, adrenaline pumping, leather trenchcoat hanging open, a bag over his shoulder and dark glasses over his eyes. He looks pretty much straight down at the floor.] **Dan Ryan:** I found something, Bronson. I took my hand, wrapped it in broken glass and pieces of your flesh and I found something. Back home where I made my bones in this business, where I first got the taste for what was to come, we got into that ring, went to war and I felt... alive. I looked at you bleed and I wanted more. I felt the blood trickling down my face and I wanted more. More. And now, you come out on tour in Europe and you make a call for a worthy challenger to try and take the FIST from you. Well, I tell you that I AM THE FIST. The FIST is not that golden trinket. The FIST is me. Sam Turner, Jr. or Eugene Dewey don't get to waltz out here, Sam with his aw shucks country boy accent and Eugene Dewey with his Lenny petting the bunny charm. Oh no. I am the FIST, no matter what you think. They aren't worthy to hold that title, and if I can't have it, no one will. [Ryan looks up, removing the glasses.] **Dan Ryan:** Do you understand what I am saying to you, Bronson? If I can't have it, no one can. You said you wanted to prove that my soul wasn't as white as I was letting on, that it was more of a gray. There are parts of me that are even darker than you imagined, my friend. I've found it, Bronson Box. You don't have to ask anymore. I've found it -- [Smile.] [Beat.] [Ryan's face twists into a sneer and he cold cocks the camera, killing the feed instantly.]

Dusty Griffith vs Chance Von Crank

[Clips from the final Japan show come into focus. The epic showdown between Kai Scott and Dusty Griffith. Crank rushes the ring suddenly to aid Dusty at first. In slow motion across the screen Crank double crosses Dusty. The battle that ensues including Griffith and Crank going at it on the outside of the ring.]

[Back to the desk.]

DDK:

Alright folks, it's time for the main event. Dusty Griffith may have to work his way back into contention from the bottom, as Kai Scott declared after defeating the Bad Man from Boise.

Angus:

Yeah, and there's nothing that says he can start by picking a fight with the guy who jumped ship to the Totally Untouchables and used Mayberry as a springboard to do it.

DDK:

Yes, Chance Von Crank, the Trailer Park Prodigy... Wait a minute... I'm being told something is happening in the back.

[Cut backstage.]

Lance Warner:

I am joined at this time by the Shock N Rolla, Chance Von Crank.

[Crank comes into focus with his robe shining bright and mullet slicked back.]

Lance:

Now Chance... We just showed the clip from the final show in Japan and you double crossed Dusty and now you face him here tonight.

cVc:

That clip will live on forever in wrestling history. I become Truly Untouchable that night and every little kid that bought a ticket to see Dusty win went home crying like a bitch. [Laughs]

Lance:

Chance...

[Crank mocks Lance Warner in his face.]

cVc:

"Chance"...Ask the real question Lance... The question they all want the answer to. I seen all the marks on twitter and they can all get fucked.

Lance:

The real question... Why did you do it? Why did you screw him over the way you did?

cVc:

I find nothing more rewarding in this life than being the thief of ones biggest dream. This man will hate me for the rest of his life and that fuels the Trailer Park Prodigy. The rage this man feels inside grows every day and the bitter taste of what could have been will be on his tongue for years to come.

Lance Warner:

Don't you think you should issue an apology to Griffith?

[Crank twists around Lance Warner after this question to where the two are facing each other in opposite directions.]

“Pussy” utters Crank before Godbooking Warner to the concrete floor. He stands up quickly spitting on Lance as he does so and then his eyes lock on the camera lens.]

cVc:

You Just Got GodBooked, Faggot. Now look at me Europe in all my glory. I have my eye on the next prize already.

[Crank balls up his fist holding it up and admiring it obviously alluding to the FIST Championship..]

cVc:

I am coming for it. Oh Yeah. But... Tonight... I finish what I started at the PPV. ceeVeeeee didn't come here to wrestle tonight. I came to fucking fight. I don't think that Mayberry shit is cute and I'm Gonna Hurt 'Cha.

[A sly grin crosses Cranks face as he wanders away from the camera. The cameraman follows after him as he continues his verbal assault.]

cVc:

I waited too long already to fuck this guy up.

[Chance walks up to locker room door and begins to knock.]

Knock!* *Knock!

cVc:

I'm not leaving this fucking arena until they pack him off and Dane cries because Chance Von Crank finished off another asshole who doesn't have it.

[The door swings open and Dusty Griffith comes face to face with Chance Von Crank, instantly, he snarls at the presence of the Harlan County Devil.]

cVc:

The Grim Reaper's here for you, motherfucker!

[Before anything can happen, cVc is swarmed by security, but Dusty Griffith lunges forward. The immediately fighting each other and the security team members that are attempting to separate them.]

[Cut back to the arena.]

DDK:

Good lord, will they even make it to the ring?

Angus:

Oh, this gon' be good, Keebs.

[Cut backstage.]

[The body of Dusty Griffith comes tumbling into view from the left, crashing against the wall near the curtains. Chance Von Crank charges into view and is met by Griffith who rebounded off the wall and clashes with Crank as the two continue brawling and tossing the remainder of the security team off of them.]

DDK:

Seriously? Four guys can't control two?

Angus:

Whatever those guys are getting paid to work security, they're clearly being overpaid.

[Bursting through the curtain, Dusty Griffith emerges with a fistful of CVC's mullet as he drags the Harlan County Devil behind him, who is also throwing rabbit punches at Dusty's back and side. Reaching the aisle, Dusty hurls Crank into the guardrails, where he peppers him with a elbows to the head before pulling down Crank's robe around his arms and begins lighting up his exposed chest.]

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

Angus:

We can hear those chops all the way over here!

DDK:

And Crank's chest is already turning red.

[A couple more well placed chops and Crank manages to free himself, getting his robe to fall to the floor and putting himself back into the fight. Throwing a knee into Dusty's gut halts the Wild Bronco's attack, a second gets him to back off a bit, Crank plants a boot into Griffith's midsection and then drives him back into the guardrails on the opposite side.]

DDK:

What a mess this has turned into and they haven't even gotten to the ring yet.

Angus:

I like it, shows Mayberry's got the guts to do something other than be Mr. Serious Business Wrestler Guy. Sometimes you just gotta fight dirty.

[Crank fires away at Dusty's midsection with punches before turning him around and choking him over the top of the guardrail. Before long, referee Brian Slater rushes over, which gets Crank to let up on the choke, but doesn't bring an end to his assault. Dragging Griffith by his hair over to the ring, he tries to slam Dusty's head against the ring apron.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, Mayberry getting his face smashed in.

DDK:

Is Brian Slater even trying to get this thing on track?

Angus:

The match hasn't even started, Keebs, there isn't anything to "get on track".

DDK:

Now the DEFSEC guys, they probably could be doing something about this.

Angus:

If they didn't decide to suck tonight.

[Crank tries to ram Dusty's skull against the ring again, but this time Dusty blocks and throws an elbow into Crank's ribs and then a second and a third before grabbing a fistful of Crank's glorious mullet and smashing the Trailer Park Prodigies face into the ring. Pulling Crank's head back, Griffith goes for seconds, but Crank goes to the eyes.]

DDK:

What a cheap shot!

Angus:

Really? Mayberry tugging on that glorious mullet has been nothing but cheap.

[With Dusty's momentary blindness, Crank assumes control with a couple of well placed kicks to the gut and a barrage of clubbing shots to the back and shoulders before he hurls Griffith into the steel.]

CLLAANNG!

[Brian Slater once again tries to intervene, but Crank laughs him off as he proceeds to put the boots to Griffith, who tries crawling away between every kick and stomp. Having had enough, Slater grabs Crank and pulls him away and the two start to jaw at each other. With Crank finally distracted, Griffith uses the opportunity to gather his senses while pulling himself up to his feet.]

DDK:

Finally some semblance of authority rearing it's head.

Angus:

Or not...

[Crank pushes past Slater, returning to Griffith. Grabbing him by his hair, Crank points to the ring post, but as he tries to run Dusty face first into it, Griffith gets a foot up, stopping the attack before throwing a vicious elbow into Crank's chest and neck and then smashing his face into the ring post. Falling to the floor, Crank clutches at his face.]

Angus:

And now Mayberry's gettin' a talkin' to.

[Slater once again gets between the two, but his words fall on deaf ears as Griffith completely ghosts him and gets back to work.]

Angus:

Wow, Mayberry just straight up, no sold Slater's existence.

DDK:

Seriously?

[Griffith pulls Crank up, the whole time Brian Slater barks orders at both of them, until finally Dusty rolls Crank into the ring. Deciding it was good enough, Slater calls for the bell before getting into the ring himself.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!



DDK:

We might finally get an actual wrestling match out of tonight's main event.

[Sliding in under the ropes, Griffith gets back to work as he yanks Crank up by the mullet and hurls him into the nearest corner where he starts laying the wood with chops, each one ringing out with a loud cracking sound.]

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

[The stinging blows waking him from the stupor, Crank hurls profanities and then straight punches, backing Dusty up. Charging, Crank collides with a clothesline that doesn't move Griffith even a little, Crank hits the ropes and crashes into Griffith again with a clothesline, getting nothing out of the Bad Man from Boise. Going to the eyes again, Crank hits the ropes once more and finally levels Griffith with a clothesline.]

DDK:

Took a few tries, but Crank finally topples Griffith with a helluva clothesline.

Angus:

Yeah, but it didn't keep him down, Keeps...

[Popping back up, Griffith is swarmed by a wildly swinging Crank, hitting and missing as he backs Dusty up into a corner. Lighting him up, Crank returns the favor with a barrage of stinging chops to Griffith's chest.]

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

KEERRAACCK!

[Crank puts a hand across Dusty's throat, pushing his head back as he spews profanities while choking him. Slater intervenes with a count, getting to four, Crank looks him dead in the eye as he continues to choke Dusty.]

DDK:

Crank's teetering on the edge of being disqualified if he doesn't let go of that choke.

Angus:

Something tells me he doesn't give many fucks, Keeps.

[Slater gives him one last warning, Crank holds the choke, but breaks just as Slater was about to call for the bell and hurls a few profanity laced insults at Slater, questioning his sexual orientation. Not at all amused, Slater shoves Crank back, barking at the Shock N' Rolla about following the commands of DEFIANCE officials.]

DDK:

The man's a lunatic, look at him.

Angus:

Hey, keep it quiet or he might bring his crazy over here, do you want that?

DDK:

Speaking of crazy...

[Having had time to recover, Dusty stares into the center of the ring where Crank and Slater continue their one sided conversation. With every second, Dusty seethes as his eyes glimmer with a fury as he explodes from the corner. Tackling Crank to the mat, Griffith paid absolutely no mind to the fact that referee Brian Slater was there, though as he shoved him to the side before tackling Crank caused the leader of DEFSEC to tumble over on to his backside.]

DDK:

Griffith is just as out of his mind as Crank is it seems.

Angus:

I'll say it again, it's nice to see Mayberry is actually human and not just Mr. I-Must-Be-Champion Robo-Wrestler Guy.

[Rolling around on the mat, Crank and Griffith wildly swing punches at each other. Meanwhile, Brian Slater has gotten back to his feet and is absolutely not amused by the conduct of the participants of this "wrestling" match he was supposed to be officiating. He continues to observe as they slowly make their way to their feet, the entire time swinging away. Once up on their feet, they both grab each other by the back of the head and continue blasting away with hockey punches until Brian Slater once again tries to break them apart.]

DDK:

Oh great, this is going to help...

Angus:

What?.. Oh... damn...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Kai Scott and his army of Truly Untouchables begin their march towards the ring amidst the storm of jeers from the audience. Back inside the ring, Slater's efforts to break Dusty and Crank apart gets him shoved back by both of them, ultimately getting knocked back on to his ass for a second time.]

DING!* *DING!**DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And that's it, referee Brian Slater has had enough.

Angus:

Enough? It looks like he's about to get more than he can handle...

[As soon as the bell rings, Kai Scott calls out commands as he, Jonny Booya and Clair St. Sure make their way into the ring, leaving David Race, Leon Lennox and Diane Parker out on the floor.]

Angus:

Here we go again, Keeps.

DDK:

You said it, partner.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

OR NOT!!

DDK:

Like you said, here we go again...

[Before the Truly Untouchables could even get started, the new thorns in their side, Tyrone Walker, Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry are rushing to the ring. The DEFIANCE World Trios Champions blow right past Race, Lennox and Parker who were caught off guard. Diving into the ring, Walker, Horry and Matthews take up sides with Dusty, who has since been separated from Crank, who now stands with his Truly Untouchable comrades. This leaving Brian Slater in the middle of an eight man powder keg.]

BOP!* *BOP!* *BOP!

[The sound of a hand testing the working end of a microphone turns everyone's attention towards the curtains at the back of the aisle.]

"Alright. That is enough!"

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Uh oh, daddy's here.

DDK:

Daddy? Eh, nevermind... The Boss is here and he is **not** happy.

[Eric Dane looks down towards the ring, a cold scowl adorning his face. Waiting for the cheers to subside, he raises the mic.]

Dane:

Now, I don't know what in blue hell any of you think you're doing to **my** show, but since you're so goddamned determined to ruin the scheduled main event of the evening... Well then, I'll just give these people a new one, right here, right now!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dane:

Since you seem so set on fighting each other as soon as possible, then so be it. Tonight's new main event. Dusty Griffith and Hookers & Blow will team up and fight the Totally Untouchables team of...

[Dane scans the collection of Totally Untouchables in and around the ring.]

Dane:

The hell with it, since you're already in the ring, it'll be Kai Scott, Chance Von Crank, Clair St. Sure and Jonny Booya! Now you assholes had better give these people a show, because I'm not in the mood for any more of any your shit. Now ring the fucking bell!

DING! DING! DING!



Angus:
OH SHIT they're going everywhere!

[Dusty roars forward and clotheslines CVC over the top rope and out of the ring. Walker's only a step behind him, dropkicking Booya right in between the pecs. Booya also tumbles out of the ring, lands on his feet, flails, and falls down again.]

Angus:
Fuck yeah! Kill that no chinned fuck, Ty!

DDK:
And Ryan Matthews is going after the World Champ!

WHAM!

DDK:
HEAVY elbow smash sends the champ ass over teakettle, and Kai Scott is straight up bailing! Matthews follows up and we've got Sam Horry in the ring alone with Clair St. Sure.

[Sam immediately drills Clairra with a thrust kick, knocking her back into the ringpost. He follows up, clotheslines her in the corner and takes her out with a big overhead belly to belly suplex.]

DDK:

Angus, do you suppose Clairra's recovered from the head injury that was bothering her on Grindhouse Japan?

Angus:

Let Sam kick her in the head. If she goes unconscious, she's fine. If she dies, she's still messed up but it won't matter.

[Sam hooks a front face lock on the grounded Clairra and slams his knee into the top of her head. Clairra reacts. She grabs Sam's arm and starts twisting to her side, using leverage to break the lock. A quick attempt at an omo-plata does nothing, Sam knows the move. Both wrestlers are back to their feet, Sam jukes out of range of a backfist, Clairra ducks a roundhouse kick...]

[But things are breaking down all over the ringside area, and Scott has just managed to reverse an Irish whip and send Matthews shoulder first into the ringpost. Leaving the former WWA World Champ to collect himself, Scott prowls around ringside and interjects himself into the Ty/Booya fight, elbowing Ty in the back of the head and pushing Booya away, up onto the ring apron.]

DDK:

Scott's trying to get order here, I'm a little surprised but with the trios unit sent to the back by Dane and Slater, he wants all the pieces where he can see them.

Angus:

Yeah, well, I don't think he's getting control of Griffith and Von Crank! They're up in the bleachers!

DDK:

...Oh lord, this is going to get worse before it gets better.

[CVC is sprawled on the stairs. Griffith stands over him, pounding away with his right hand, pulping CVC's mustache into his teeth - but CVC brings his knee up between Griffith's legs! The Bad Man from Boise slumps forward, landing on top of CVC who pushes him off to the side.]

[His upper lip bleeding, CVC shakes his head out and lays the stomps into Griffith, stuffing him down in between two rows on the bleachers. Tiring of the stomps, he grabs Griffith by the hair, pulling him out and up to his feet, and points down the stairs. But Griffith, seeing what's coming, grabs hold of the bleachers to block the throw.]

DDK:

Someone get them off of there before someone gets hurt! A fall from that height could break a neck!

[CVC clobbers. Griffith clings... and shoots a back elbow! CVC stumbles... catches himself at the last minute - only to catch a spinning elbow from Griffith that sends both men tumbling down to floor level!]

[Meanwhile in the ring.]

[Horry Irish whips CSS, she plants her feet and tries to reverse, Horry's too heavy and brings her back, CSS ducks the clothesline attempt, hits the ropes, spinning heel kick misses, CSS hits the ropes and is bounced right back onto her feet, then knocked flat by a discus palm strike.]

Angus:

It's physics, Keeps, when two wrestlers work the same damn style in the ring and one's 80 pounds heavier than the other, yeah.

[Horry tries a cover. Clairra bridges out and hook kicks him in the back of the head, jumps, spins, and enzuigiris him

right in the same back of the head! She stalks to her corner and slaps the hand of Jonny Booya.]

DDK:

In comes the big man for the T-UTs.

[Booya gets his hands all over Horry's face and backs him across the ring into a neutral corner. Slater angrily starts the count on Booya, who backs off and flexes - and reaches over Slater's shoulders to jab Horry in the face. Leading him by the chin, Booya pulls Horry out of the corner, sends him flying with an Irish whip, scoops him up for the tilt-a-whirl - Horry lands on his feet and knocks Booya down with a wheel kick! On the apron Walker yells and jumps on the bottom rope, and Horry tags in the Black Jesus.]

DDK:

And now in comes Tyrone Walker, and after that beating Booya put on my broadcast partner here two cards back, Ty's wanted a piece of flesh. And now he's collecting!

[Springboard missile dropkick!]

[Booya reels backwards, tries to catch his balance, doesn't, and falls. Walker mounts up, driving punches into Booya's head with both hands. Booya bridges him off, but Walker wipes him back out with a leg lariat! Slashing his finger across his throat Walker gets behind Booya, tries to lift him - Booya grabs a headlock and hits a short punch to the face. Walker staggers back, Booya hooks the full nelson and lifts Walker. But he gets too much mustard behind the lift, Walker slips out the back and hits a neckbreaker! Running to the apron, Walker springboards in with a somersault senton, rolls through it and hits a standing moonsault!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....Broken up by Scott himself!

DDK:

First blood in this 8 man goes to Griffith and HnB with that two count, but now the reigning World Champ is in the ring.

[Scott roundhouse kicks Walker in the breadbasket. He hooks both arms, Walker fights one arm free, Scott pulls him into a short arm lariat, Walker ducks that, but Scott anticipates the spinning heel kick, catches Walker out of the air and hits him with a backbreaker. With a disdainful look down at his opponent, he slaps CSS on the shoulder and leaves the ring.]

Angus:

Scott's heading over to the fight between Griffith and CVC I think.

[It's been solid fisticuffs ever since they came down off the bleachers. Griffith's got a purple mark under one eye, CVC has a bloody lip, and Griffith Irish whips CVC face first into a set of bleachers that wasn't unfolded. The whole thing shakes as CVC spins away holding his face and then faceplants. Scott walks up quietly behind them and hits Griffith with a crescent kick to the back of the head.]

DDK:

Scott settling the fight between CVC and Griffith in CVC's favor, he plays the entire field, but he tagged Clair St. Sure into the match and he's got her working over Walker's arm, keeping things moving a little slower while he does business.

[CSS has applied the wakigatame. Walker grits his teeth against the pain, looking for the soft spot, as CVC braces her legs and wrenches back as hard as she can.]

Angus:

Gonna be worth seeing if she's lost a step against the top level guys after spending a few months in the tag division.

[Walker manages to get some leverage and roll out, but CSS is just better at this mat thing than he is. A short enzuigiri puts Walker back on his back, and then CSS gets one leg around behind his neck to trap one arm, then hooks a keylock on the other.]

DDK:

Wait, go back to Griffith and CVC!

[A second after we see Matthews enter the ring, cut away to where CVC and Scott are double teaming Griffith. A PILE OF CHAIRS has been created, and CVC sets Griffith up in the pumphandle... Scott helps lift him... RAZZLE DAZZLER ON THE CHAIRS!]

DDK:

Oh my God!

Angus:

MAYBERRY NOOOOOOO

[With this, Scott grabs CVC by the wrist and pulls him in the direction of the ring.]

[In the ring, everyone's all fighting and shit. Matthews broke up CSS's submission on Walker with a running front dropkick. Now with the T-UTs down 3-2, Walker is laying in shots to Booya's musclebound ribs while Horry holds his arms behind his back in a crank. Matthews DDTs Clairra hard, then hooks the vertical suplex, sets her on the top rope...]

Angus:

One Minute To Midnight coming up!

[Except that Scott slides into the ring directly underneath CSS, and hits Matthews with a double arm chop to the breadbasket. Matthews doubles over, CSS catches herself on Scott's shoulders and as he helps her up, CVC enters the ring.]

DDK:

Uranage! Urange from CVC to Ryan!

[The big head and arm slam connects, and CVC postures. He throws his arms out to the side, then jumps up and flips off Horry. So it's Scott and CSS who end up saving Booya. CSS with a dropkick to the back of Walker's knee, and Scott with a crescent kick to Horry's face. Scott collects the T-UTs and directs them to the apron, leaving CVC in the ring.]

DDK:

CVC, not quite as big as Booya, but he's a lead-handed southern style brawler with enough variation in his moveset to be unpredictable in the ring. He's taking over on Matthews here.

[Matthews is knocked into the corner with a knife edge chop, and CVC follows up with some soupbone lefts and rights. He backs up a few steps, Matthews gets his feet up and kicks CVC backwards - but the second time he tries it CVC grabs his ankles and yanks him out of the corner in almost a modified powerbomb! A knee drop to the face, and then CVC climbs to the middle rope and falls off backwards with an elbow drop.]

DDK:

CVC now taking control of the match for the Truly Untouchables. Dragging Matthews over to his own corner, and he tags in his boss.

[Scott climbs to the top rope, CVC hooks Matthews in a vertical suplex, and Scott comes off with the cross body as CVC dumps him!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Angus:

Wut. Why are they cheering... oh it's Mayberry.

[Dusty Griffith is crawling in the direction of the ring. Eager DefiaFans are pounding him on the back, clapping, doing everything they can to will the big man back in the direction of the ring.]

DDK:

Dusty Griffith may not be out of this one yet!

Angus:

He can't even stand up, dude. He's out of it.

[Scott delivers three jabs to the face of Matthews, then drops him with a kesagiri chop. Making the universal IMDACHAMP gesture at the HNB corner - which predictably causes Walker and Horry to try and force their way into the ring and Slater to stop them - he turns and tags out to CSS. A backbreaker is delivered, and CSS comes off the top rope with a guillotine legdrop across Matthews' neck while he's still bent back across Scott's knee!]

[Booya yells 'HEY REF' and Slater runs to make the count as Clair covers.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Not quite enough, but now CSS is warming up.

[Matthews is moved to a seated position. CSS delivers three stiff spinal taps, runs the ropes and hits a sliding knee to the forehead. She tags out to Booya.]

DDK:

Quick tags being exchanged by the Truly Untouchables. Griffith's dragging himself towards his corner.

[CSS points this out to Scott. Scott nods, says something. Booya slugs Matthews in the gut, hits an elbow uppercut, and then a jumping calf kick to the back of the head.]

DDK:

I must admit it's impressive to see a guy the size of Jonny Booya with a vertical leap like that.

[Booya isn't done. He whips Matthews off the ropes, scoops him up onto his shoulders, spin, spins, spins... and Matthews lands on his feet, alternating elbow shots to the chin, snap kick to the gut and a piledriver!]

Angus:

He isn't dead!

[Matthews, shaking his head violently, begins army crawling towards his own corner. Booya sits up, but with his vision

probably double, he blunders in the wrong direction - and Matthews makes the tag to Horry!]

[Horry flies at Booya foot first, knocking him clear of the ring. CVC is in next, Horry doubles him over with a roundhouse to the ribs and an axe kick across the back of the head. CSS is in after that, a push kick sends her into the ropes so hard she rebounds like she was Irish whipped, and Horry takes her out with the release northern lights! Clapping his hands, he points at the World Champ - and then hip tosses Scott over the top rope and into the ring!]

Angus:

Can he do that? Wait, who cares?! He just did!

[Scott staggers away from Horry as fast as he can, but Walker's on to this shit. As Scott tries to step out of the ring, Walker cuts him off with a dropkick from the apron! Scott is knocked back into a waistlock by Horry, and Horry takes him over with a bridging German!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRICKOUT!

DDK:

Sam Horry came about half a second away from a big upset, and that was enough for the T-UTs, I can see from up here Diane Parker leading Race and Maddox back out.

[Actually, Race and Maddox are leading the way, elbowing a path through the crowd. These filthy Englishmen must not lay a finger upon the Baroness of the Truly Untouchables. Maddox jumps the guardrail, Race jumps the guardrail, and as Horry hits the ropes for momentum, Race grabs the ankle. Horry trips and face plants.]

[Walker isn't about to tolerate this.]

Angus:

BLACKAKONDA PLANCHA!

[Ty Walker jumps to the top rope and comes flying off with a cross body that gets most of Race and a bit of Maddox. A split second later, Horry lands at ringside as Scott clotheslines him out of the ring. Scott runs the ropes himself, and-]

DDK:

Springboard cross body from the champ!

[Scott hits Walker perfectly on the chest and sends him crashing to the floor. Diane, who stepped out of the way of all this, grabs Maddox, slaps his face to wake him up, and throws him into the ring. Slater is right there, ignoring Maddox but shouting at Diane to keep her people out of the match. He knows who the right target is, but - Jonny Booya knows his role too, and Slater is clotheslined from behind! BBS hits the floor hard, knocked out by the unexpected trip and landing.]

Angus:

And here we go. Scott's got people all over the place, yet again - how does this even keep happening?

[Maddox, who's more or less fresh, just unloads on Matthews with punches. He Irish whips Matthews, brings him back, hooks him for the Best DDT in the Universe, slashes a thumb across his throat - and Matthews, sensing the danger, starts fighting back! Shots to the ribs knock Maddox's grip loose, a heavy elbow smash stuns him, and Race clobbers him on the back! Maddox hits the single arm DDT, they roll Matthews back to his feet, both apply overhead wristlocks and drop to the mat with modified armbreakers!]

DDK:

I don't know what to call that double team maneuver, but Race and Maddox just took out both of Matthews' arms with one double team maneuver. Diane's heading to the top rope, telling the guys to set him up for the Miranette - AND HERE COMES SAM TURNER JUNIOR!

[STJ comes rumbling out of the back one fist up over his head. Diane quickly jumps down from the top rope and gets the hell out of the danger zone as Race and Maddox both cut STJ off. STJ's a much bigger, stronger hitter than a cruiserweight like Maddox or a light heavyweight technician like Race, but two on one it's just about even.]

DDK:

STJ trying to even out the numbers game a bit, but here's Jonny Booya getting involved! We've got Ty and Sam down on the outside, Matthews down in the ring nursing both arms!

[While all this was happening, CVC had grabbed Horry by the ankles and pulled him groin first into the ring post. Now he pulls Horry the rest of the way out of the ring and throws him into the ringside barricade. Scott rolls into the ring to get a better view of what's going on as Race and Booya hold Matthews in position for Diane to climb the turnbuckle and come off with the Miranette.]

DDK:

The numbers game is just too much! They're dragging Griffith back into the ring - No, Griffith's fighting back!

[Griffith is swinging wildly, fighting for his life. He knocks Maddox down, he knocks Booya stumbling back. He takes a swing at Diane, who ducks and backs off. CVC leaves off talking shit to Walker on the outside and rolls into the ring. He grabs CSS and points her towards Walker, then runs over to help beat down on Griffith.]

[Then, suddenly, Frank Dylan James is in the ring!]

Angus:

What's he doing out here - he's going after the Truly Untouchables!

[FDJ grabs Race, spins him around and drops him with a headbutt. He knocks Maddox to the mat with a sloppy clothesline, and he knocks CVC and Booya's heads together! He pulls Griffith up to his feet, and the two of them knock Booya clear of the ring with a double clothesline! Diane yelps and tries to get out of the way, but this time she isn't quite quick enough - FDJ reaches out with one long arm and grabs her by the head with one big gross hand and reels her in.]

Angus:

Oh HELL yes I've been waiting to see this all night!

[Quick cut outside the ring. CSS did not follow CVC's instruction to watch Walker, she went after Horry instead. To her credit, she's got Horry well neutralized - he's on his knees and she's alternating roundhouse kicks and back kicks into his face. A quarter way around the ring, though, Walker is assisting Brian Slater to his feet, and he quietly rolls into the ring behind Kai Scott.]

DDK:

Wait a sec Angus, Walker in position!

[Scott, distracted by the situation with Griffith and FDJ, isn't paying attention to his own back for once.]

DDK:

Schoolboy! Schoolboy! Walker with the schoolboy!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Tyrone Walker has.....

[Keeps is cut off as Angus hops up on top of the announce desk, somehow his headset not coming off as he jumps up and down.]

Angus:

HE DID IT!! HE DID IT!! WHOOOO BOOOOYYYYYYYYEEEEEE HE DID IT!!

DDK:

Angus what the... calm down!

Angus:

NOO WHURL CHAMPAIGN!!

DDK:

Wait... what?

Angus:

TY'S THE NEW WORLD CHAMPION!!

DDK:

Angus... Angus... ANGUS!!

Angus:

WHAT!?! THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE UNTIL THE NEXT GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE!!

DDK:

Angus, the champion doesn't lose the title in an impromptu eight-man tag match, even if he's pinned. Even if it's by Tyrone Walker. No matter how much you wish for it before bedtime.

Angus: [crying]

AHFNDHFFOMDGHDDH!!! FHFJNDYHNRFFIFNDGSH!!!

[Credits.]

[Black.]