

Pre-Show "Warpath"

[A flush.] [The bathroom is brightly lit. The tiles are cleaned white, grey, and black. Diego de Leon checks his mask in the mirror as he washes his hands in soap and water. He looks the same as he always does, head completely covered save the mouth. Diego is tense in the way he carries himself. His movements are crisp, lips tight.] **Diego:** Five minutes until showtime and I'm so angry... [He stops the water, gently tears away at the paper towel. He puffs out a frustrated breath of air. His jaw and lips tighten. He crumples up the towel and puts it beside the trash bin.] **Diego:** I just don't care anymore! [Diego makes a line for the door and opens. When he sees another person standing on the other side of the door, he politely holds his hand up and walks forward, chin up and chest out. Diego continues to walk, quietly mouthing out 'scuse mes and sorrys, finally he comes across a hapless lone ink pen sitting on a desolate table.] **Diego:** Grr, angry! [Diego uncaps the pen, chucks the cap in a far off direction while setting the pen back on the table. He continues his stroll.] **Diego:** What the heck was his problem?! And to cost me the title to boot! [Diego sees a row of cupcakes with a big sign that says: "Take one, Please!" Diego stops, and takes two without even looking back or breaking stride. He takes exactly one bite out of each cupcake and places them in the recycling bin. There's an area marked off that says; "**DO NOT CROSS**", and guess what?] **Diego:** GRRR! [He crosses...] [Diego stops and looks back, admiring his own handiwork. The place manages to somehow look a little cleaner than when he originally passed through.] **Diego:** I need to settle this before I get fined by Kelly for this warpath. I'm going to the ring to take this on head on before anyone else! [A man with headset walks through Diego's periphery. Diego reaches out.] **Diego:** Excuse me... do you think you can help me out for a moment? I need help getting someone to get my music ready. [The Production Assistant makes a call on his super-fancy blue-toothed smart dialing device, but before anything else can happen we fade...] **Diego:** Yes sir, right after the run-down. [Down, down.] [...]

Show Opening / Like Men

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...] [...a Hulu Plus original presentation!] [The Guerrilla Grindhouse World Tour continues live from in...] [3...] [...2...] [...1!] [Go.] ♪ *Be my one would you take my son* ♪ ♪ *Would you tell someone whether we had fun* ♪ ♪ *With your heroes double zeroes goin' in circles 'round your fear* ♪ ♪ *Then I'm never ever falling again* ♪ ♪ *Would you take my grace, look into my face* ♪ ♪ *With your limp handshake and your smile thats fake* ♪ ♪ *Would you back my fight, say you're down for right* ♪ ♪ *See its easy to say when you weren't doin' nothing* ♪ [The Defiance theme song blasts over the PA system as the camera pans around the the arena. Red and silver spotlights whirl around the Brandt Center.] ♪ *Maker makes me long for a better way* ♪ ♪ *You fear my strength if we're backed into a cage* ♪ [The stage and ramp are made of burnished steel. However, most curiously, the left half of the stage is covered in a blue plastic tarp.] ♪ *Because I* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ ♪ *I defy* ♪ [Zoom in.] **Angus:** HELLO DEFIANS! TONIGHT WE ARE STREAMING LIVE FROM REGINA, IN A HARD TO PRONOUNCE CANADIAN PROVINCE NAME! **DDK:** It's Saskatchewan, Angus. We're in Regina, Saskatchewan! **Angus:** WHO CARES?! And do WE have a lineup tonight or what?! **DDK:** That's right Angus, tonight Romero Antiguas makes his official DEFIANCE debut! **Angus:** After that we've got my pals, my buddies, my friendswhoinnowayarestillpayingmeanything... The Nation of STRONG soldiers. TEAM HOSS's own; Aleczander the Great and Angel Trinidad versus Cheap HEAT! **DDK:** And for the uneducated, that's Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews! You have to wonder how badly Matthews and Horry want to get their hands on Aleczander and Angel Trinidad! What a match that'll shape up to be! **Angus:** The match after that is a sad, sad tale. We have Heidi Christenson, this time in a match where she'll be fully clothed against Rich Mahogany! Much to the chagrin of men everywhere! **DDK:** For weeks, we've seen Kelly Evans play mind-games with Heidi. It looks like a powder keg on the cusp of exploding. Last week she humiliated Heidi in front of everyone Angus. I don't know how long you can remain indifferent to this- **Angus:** I saw her ta-tas! Woohoo! **DDK:** -but you have to wonder what the Eric Dane will say about this when he gets back. **Angus:** We have two members of The Big Damn Heroes take on two members of The Conclave. After weeks of attacks and all out brawls, Kelly sanctioned a tag match! This match could shape the landscape of the Trios division! **DDK:** Can Bronson's men function as a unit? We saw cracks in their team last week but what will happen tonight when they collide with the Heroes? How will the Heroes function as a unit their first night in DEFIANCE? **Angus:** I don't know but I can't wait to find out! **DDK:** And then we have a match of strange bedfellows as Curt Penn with Alceo Dentari takes on Stockton Pyre and Sam Turner Jr. **Angus:** How will last weeks match with Pyre and Turner come into play? Does Pyre really believe Turner tripped because of a bad back? **DDK:** Don't forget Wayne Dewey, where Pyre goes, Dewey is sure to follow! And then the main event. We have the match that was supposed to go down last week but didn't. **Angus:** You have to wonder how the ball got dropped but THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, BRONSON BOX takes on Clara St. Sure! **DDK:** Don't forget the DEFIANCE World Championship, the ***most*** coveted prize in our sport! And Bronson stole it from Kai Scott! And where Kai goes? The Truly Untouchables go! **Angus:** And if that's not enough, what the hell's with that tarp up there? Did DEFtech not get the thing finished in time? **DDK:**

If you hadn't gotten here only about 5 minutes ago, you'd know that the DEFtech guys pulled that tarp up into the air so we couldn't see what they were doing behind it, and then when they were finished building whatever they dropped the tarp down on top. [Zoom in on the tarp. There's a square lump in the middle, raised and then with a concave middle.] **Angus:**

What the hell is that? ["His Name is King (instrumental)" by Luis Bacalov plays.] RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH **DDK:** That's Diego de Leon's music! **Angus:** Looks like that little furry worked himself into a full-frontal fuzzy fury! [Diego De Leon struts to the ring with purpose and hand slaps with the DEFIANS. He walks up the ramp, slips in the ring through the middle rope, microphone in hand. He's already in his ring gear. He lifts an arm up into the air and and sucks in the cheers.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH [Diego speaks when the crowd finally settles down and his music fades.] **Diego:** DEFIANS! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH [He waits for their silence.] **Diego:** You know me, I ain't one for talking. Jonny Booya, you said you'd break me?! I want to see you try it right now with me READY for you! Let's settle this right now in the ring, **like men!** # OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! # ["Funky Shit" by Prodigy plays.] [Jonny Booya swaggerstruts out of the back. He drops to one knee and flexes both biceps.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Angus:** God... Two weeks in a row and I'm rooting for the furry! [Booya swaggers to the ring, pausing only to flex his bicep for a less-than-impressed female fan. He hops up the ring apron and doesn't enter.] [Diego stares at Jonny.] [Jonny stares at Diego.] **Angus:** Wonder if the roaring elbow would even work on that big chinned fuck. That being said, sure would like to see it happen, even if it's a damn furry doing it. [The crowd begins to rumble in anticipation of the conflict. Apparently, they agree with Angus and would love to see Booya get his comeuppance for months and months of douchebaggery.] **DDK:** We're on the cusp of a rumble here! Our crowd is on

the edge of their seats! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH [Jonny half-steps into the ring, but pauses.] **Angus:** I'm going to have to wash my mouth after this match but KICK HIS FUCKING FACE IN DIEGO! [Diego motions with both hands.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH **DDK:** He's telling him to bring it! **Angus:** C'mon Foolya, man up! [Booya steps out of the ring.] [Booya hops down.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO** [Grinning, Booya calls for a microphone.] **Booya:** Aw, wut, you thinkin' ah'm stoopid, furtard? Ah know you want ta embrace your Mexi-can heritayj an let me powerbomb you flat like a tortilla, but we got the paper-view for that, don't we boai? [Diego puts his hands on his thighs watching Booya's every move.] **Booya:** Furries don't settle shit like men. Don't pur-tend like you do. Ah for one don't go in for these kinda back door shee-nanigans. **Angus:** I can't believe he said a four syllable word. Even though he said it wrong. **Booya:** So seein as Ah ain't the only Truly Untouchable who got some aggression issues on the mind, for tonight, Ah'm gonna hand this whole thing off to a girl. She ain't a furry, but we all know furries don't like women, so she's gonna be just fine Ah reckon. [Gravelly guitar riffs.] **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO** ["Curl of the Burl" by Mastodon plays.] **Angus:** Oh no, here comes the Baroness. This doesn't look good for the furry. [Out walks Diane Parker in her 'Rainbow in the Dark' themed ring gear with Carla Ferrari trailing behind. Diego meanwhile continues to stare at Booya, who returns a glare so intense it can't be dimmed through the SHADES~!] ♪ *I killed a man cos he killed my goat* ♪ ♪ *I put my hands around his throat* ♪ ♪ *He tried to reason with the sky and the clouds* ♪ ♪ *But it didn't matter, cos they can't hear a sound* ♪ ♪ *Oh, oh-ohh* ♪ ♪ *Oh, oh-oh-ohh* ♪ **DDK:** What's she doing out here? She's not scheduled to be here! [Diane Parker walks up and stands next to Booya, the two begin talking. Booya smiles and points to the ring, where Diego is still staring holes at him. Diane stands on the apron and enters the ring.] **DDK:** I'm not sure why Diane Parker would offer to take this match in Booya's place. She's the second-in-command of the Truly Untouchables and not his lackey, and she has a trios team to lead - although come to think of it seems she may have lost interest in that after they failed to take the titles off HNB. **Angus:** Really? Ya think? She learned how to screech about fucking everything and forgot how to wrestle or be smart about things. She's alright, but she better get her head on straight soon if she wants to stay relevant. [Booya heads to the commentary booth.] **Angus:** Wait, no. He's not coming over here is he? No. NO! FUCK! DAMMITALLTOHELL! **Booya:** Ayngus, ifn you don't stawppit with that screamin', you ain't never gonna be COOL I tell you what. **Angus:** You'll... you'll... Keebs, what did he just say?

on the ropes, Diane goes on the offensive again. This time her rage is shrieking-induced, blind fury where she grabs Diego by the "hair" of his mask, and starts paintbrushing him. The slaps, taunting at first, get steadily more vicious.] Diane: You think you can treat me like I'm not a real opponent, huh? [Slap~!] **Diane:** Just makes it easier for me to beat your fucking head in! [Punch~!] **Diane:** And when I'm done with you I'll get Clair in here, and she'll put you in the goddamn hospital! [Slap~!] **Diane:** Or find someone to tell Heidi! She'll just rip your limbs off your body and laugh while you bleed out! [Diego pushes her off of him.] **Diego:** No matter how dumb I look right now... Is not cool to hit women- [She interrupts his train of thought with a kick to the head. Diego covers his head up protectively afterwards, she pulls him down into a pin. And somewhere, backstage, even Alceo Dentari is nodding approval for the form in that kick.] **One...Two.... ...T-kickout!... DDK:** You know, I really hate to say this, but in this day and age, playing the chivalry card isn't a very good idea. We have women as world champions and as I've always seen it, even if you treat them like women elsewhere, if they sign as intergender wrestlers, its' more disrespectful to treat them like half opponents. **Booya:** You done said 'xactly what I was thinkin, cept, all smart-like. Nerd. **Angus:** Makes you wonder if Booya here knew Diego was going to act this way. Wait, no it doesn't, he doesn't know anything. **Booya:** YOU TALKIN TO ME BOAI? **Angus:** No, to the other Jonny Booya. **Booya:** Oh. Aight. [Meanwhile, Diego groggily stands up with the aid of the ropes. Diane goes for a takedown attempt, Diego fights back using his arms, the pair tossle around in the ring as Diego tries to prevent her. Instead he inadvertently hits her in the head with a knee. She falls hard and limp.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH [Diego stands up aware of what just happened. He has both his hands on his cheeks, mouth wide open, shaking his head. Mouthing out: Whathaveldoneomg?! He goes over to check on Diane.] [Diane is prone on the matt, Carla Ferrari is even checking up on her. Diego is talking with Carla.] **Diego:** I didn't mean to! Oh god I hope she's alright~! [Diane wraps Diego up in a small package.] **One...Two.... ...Three!... [And she's out of the ring before Carla can raise her hand. Diego is shocked in the middle of the ring.] BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO DQ:** The winner of this match as a result of pinfall....DIIIIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNEEEEEEE PAAAAAAAAARKEEEEEER!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **Booya:** BWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! **DDK:** I suppose this is why my runsheet says that Leon Maddox was planned to be the opponent until about 36 hours ago, and his name is crossed out with Diane's written. **Booya:** Dee-yaygo De Lionfag ain't got NUTTHIN! [With that said, Booya takes off his headset and heads to the ring. Diego is looking shaken up by the fact that he lost, but doesn't appear to be injured. Booya laughs from the ringside.] **Angus** I'm so glad that douche is gone. [Diego spots Booya ringside, he stands up. He's usually not a high flying type cruiserweight, but he was angry enough earlier to throw an entire pen cap across a room, so...] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH **DDK:** SUICIDE DIVE! Diving elbow between the ropes, rather, Diego hits Booya and Booya goes down! [Diego grabs Booya and drags him into the ring. Booya stands up a little stunned from the attack.] **Angus:** I hope he kills him. [Diego doesn't let Booya recover before he throws out a-] **DDK:** ROARING ELBOW! [But Diego isn't finished, he stands up Booya again.] RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH **Angus:** And another! [Diego attempts to stand him up again but is held back as a swarm of DEFSEC converge on him while he's trying to get ahold of Booya. Booya slips through the ropes and is swag-staggering away from the ring.] **Angus:** I wish Diego would've aimed a little higher.

Bikini-a-Go-Go

[Backstage.] [You know where.] [The Office of The Boss Bitch.] [Kelly Evans, a very accomplished grin twisted across her lips, sits behind Eric Dane's desk smugly as she tries to ignore everything out of Heidi's mouth.] [Also, Heidi is here. This may or may not end well.] [Syke. There's no fucking way this is ending well.] **Kelly:** It seems that you haven't been getting the message very well, Princess. I booked you against Diane so that you two could give the Defiance fans a show, not so that you could screw up my meeting with HULU. **Heidi:** YOU screwed up that meeting. They said so to your face. **Kelly:** Well, that's not how I remember it, and since I'm the boss, I guess that's all that matters, right? Anyway, let's talk about this match you've got against Rich Mahogany, alright? Because let me be clear - I know the fans want to see you. I intend to make sure that happens. [Heidi looks at Kelly. It's only those two DEFsec goons keeping Kelly alive right now. But that's more than good enough for the Whore Next Door Gone Corporate.] **Kelly:** Now, let's see. I was thinking that since you seem so ridiculously steadfast in your refusal to be the Matriarch of DEFIANCE's divas division, and since I hate everything that is you and have made it something of a hobby to make sure that you stay a miserable wretch for the entirety of your run here, that your little "mixed gender" match with Rich Mahogany could use a little... how should I put it... enhancement. [Heidi blinks.] **Heidi:** What the FUCK are you talking about? **Kelly:** Here's the thing, Heidi. Nobody wants to see Divas wrestle normal matches. They want to see them in specialty matches. Evening gown matches, pillow fights, jello wrestling, and so forth. Watching you fight guys and win the World Title was a cute little novelty, but let's be honest, if Defiance hadn't been about to close, Eric would've never let you near it. Now let's get serious and get you booked in a proper, suitable match. **Heidi:** I'm not fighting another woman. I'm fighting Rich Mahogany. **Kelly:** Right. Well, I was thinking. Since Rich has such a fondness for covering himself in baby oil... [Heidi's teeth grind together.] **Kelly:** I think we'll just cover a tarp with oil and let you two wrestle that way. [Heidi is silent, although there is a faint 'hnnnnnnngggg' from Angus out in the arena.] **Heidi:** ...you have got to be joking. **Kelly:** Actually I had the idea a few days ago. There's an oil pit set up and everything. Rich already knows, he's come prepared. Oh, and one other thing. [Heidi has passed the point of coherent response. She just stares.] **Kelly:** I'm not having you mess up your company-provided ring attire in an oil pit, so I've provided alternate. [Something that looks like... an off-white piece of rope or twine or something, is placed on the desk.] **Kelly:** Here. **Heidi:** You do realize I am not doing this, right? **Kelly:** You do realize that you do this match or you get fired, blackballed, and sued for breach of contract, right? Nothing in your contract says I can't make you wear a bikini and wrestle a guy in a pit of oil, and so that's exactly what I'm doing. If you don't like it, tough, because you're doing it anyway. Or you can quit, but you'd have to buy your contract out. So what I'm saying is, do the match, get sued, or pay me a few hundred thousand dollars. Your choice, princess. [Heidi again has absolutely no words.] [Kelly smiles like a cat with a mouse and puts a bottle of stuff on the table.] **Kelly:** Here. Borrow my fabric glue. We don't want any nip-slips now, do we? [Fade out as Heidi silently counts backward from a zillion.]

Romero Antiguas makes his DEF debut!



Darren Quimby: The following contest is

scheduled for one fall! Currently in the ring at this time, he stands 6'0" and weighs in at 206 lbs! Ladies and gentlemen, from Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, this is "Lord" Byron Belmont! [The young Canadian receives a respectful audience from his hometown fans, raising an arm in the air to acknowledge them.] **DDK:** Lord Belmont here is a local making the rounds in Canadian independents, looking for his first big break. **Angus:** If what we hear about his opponent is true, he might still be looking when this night is over. **Darren Quimby:** And, his opponent! ["Tonight" by Enrique Iglesias hits the arena's speakers, the impossibly and irritatingly catchy pop hit heralding the arrival of the newest DEFIANT to DEFIANCE Wrestling. The man who emerges from the back wears traditional trunks in the Mexican tricolor. He sports abdominal muscles that make women the world over swoon. And, perhaps most forebodingly for the future, he comes bearing a microphone, and he's not afraid to use it.] **Romero Antiguas::** *Callate!* [The single Spanish word, meaning roughly "be quiet," catches the attention of one Darren Quimby, who does as requested.] **Romero Antiguas::** Thank you. I am fully capable of handling things from here. Let's take this from the top, shall we? Sound guys, my music, please? [Romero gestures towards the back, and waits a few moments, tapping his toes impatiently. Finally, though, the Enrique Iglesias hit begins playing once more, and a much happier Antiguas begins to slowly saunter down the aisle, throwing glances at nearby female fans.] **Romero Antiguas::** I come to you all from San Diego, California, by way of the greatest city on this planet, Monterrey, Mexico! I stand five feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh in at 225 lbs, but let's face it, ladies, the only measurement that really matters to you is what I've got in my trunks, now isn't it? [A cascade of jeers follows, but sharp-eared listeners can pick out the approving shrieks amongst the boos.] **Romero Antiguas::** *Soy misterioso, peligroso, y delicioso..hombres y mujeres, I AM ROMERO ANTIGUAS!* [With a smirk on his face, the Mexican DEFIANT rolls into the squared circle, ready to begin his first contest as a member of the roster. The microphone is placed carefully on the ring apron as Antiguas stretches out, shooting a dismissive look at Byron Belmont.] **DDK:** Well, here we go, it's time for Mr. Antiguas' debut, so let's see what the kid's got, shall we? [Mark Shields nods to both men, and promptly calls for the bell.] **Angus:** Indeed. [Belmont and Antiguas lock up at the bell in an aggressive collar-and-elbow tie-up. Romero seizes the advantage, pushing Byron back into the corner. Mark Shields is there to request the clean break, and Romero complies...for all of about a second, before slapping Belmont across the face.] **DDK:** Everything we have on Romero Antiguas says this is one cocky son of a gun. **Angus:** Indeed, but everything we have on him ALSO says that this guy has the skills to back it up. He's trained by his uncle, a veteran of rings the world over, Juan Antiguas. **DDK:** Juan was banned from Mexico for his love of the piledriver, or martinete, and he has apparently passed his execution of the move on to his nephew. [Belmont surges out of the corner, offended by Romero's blatant disrespect. He throws a jab that catches Romero Antiguas flush on the nose, snapping Antiguas' head back. Romero reaches up, in astonishment, running his fingers under his nose to see if there's any blood. He finds none, but the look on his face soon shifts from arrogance to anger.] **DDK:** Uh-oh... [Antiguas launches himself forward, tackling Belmont to the canvas. Any pretense of skill and technique is gone as he wildly wings punches at Byron's grill. The Canadian does his best to cover up, but the enraged Romero merely stands up and begins stomping away, letting out a bellicose roar as the flat of his foot drives itself into sternum and chin alike.] **Angus:** Not in the face! Romero's too pretty to be hit in the face, and Byron Belmont is paying the price for it as we speak. [With Belmont on the canvas in pain, Antiguas' demeanor changes, a smirk lighting his face. Making a muscle, he leans down to kiss his right bicep, before dropping to the canvas to drive the elbow into the chest of Byron. With his other hand, he beckons Mark Shields forward, as he holds the elbowdrop for a lazy cover.] ONE! ...KICKOUT! [To the surprise of probably no one, the poor cover doesn't even get a two count. Romero Antiguas shakes his head dismissively at both official and opponent, grabbing Belmont by the hair to lift him back to a vertical base.] **DDK:** I can't say that there's no wasted motion, because, well, this guy's arrogant and likes to preen a bit when he wrestles, but when he finally decides to execute something, EVERYTHING's crisp. Pinpoint, even. [Antiguas flicks some sweat off his chest onto Byron, moving to bury a knee in the stomach of Belmont. As Belmont doubles over, Antiguas throws a pair of clubbing forearms,

delivered right across the neck of the Canadian talent.] **Angus:** Yeah. He's obviously well-trained, even if he does look a little like a male stripper. Speaking of, you think this guy's a long lost member of the Angel City eXpress? [Romero hooks a front facelock. After blowing a kiss to a particularly comely young lady in the front row, Antiguas drops to the canvas, snapping Belmont down with a picture-perfect DDT. This time, the cover that ensues is better, with Romero rolling Belmont to his back, and actually bothering to cinch a leg for a cover.] ONE! ...TWO... ...THR--ROMERO PULLS BELMONT UP! **DDK:** Whoa, whoa, what's with that? That's never a good idea, folks! [Antiguas shakes his head and waves a finger at the crowd, as if mocking them for their expectation that he was finished.] **Angus:** Ordinarily, yes, but I think this Belmont kid is out of his league, and Antiguas knows it! [Byron Belmont is largely dead weight as Romero pulls him back up. Carefully, Antiguas wraps a leg around one of Belmont's, and moves to secure the neck and shoulder. What follows is utterly basic, the time-honored Russian legsweep, executed with all the torque Romero Antiguas can muster.] **DDK:** He calls that being Swept Off Your Feet, and after watching him execute it, it's hard to argue! [Antiguas rises from the move, only to pause, bowing to each side of the ring. With the ritual finished, he turns back towards the downed Byron Belmont, who, to his credit, is trying his best to scrape himself up off the canvas. Romero's response is simple, the time-honored gesture signalling for perhaps the most devastating of wrestling's well-known maneuvers.] **Angus:** Antiguas is calling for it! It's a move banned in territories the world over! To Americans, it is the piledriver, but Romero Antiguas is very insistent that we call it by the name he knows it as: la martinete. [As Belmont crawls closer, Romero moves quickly to secure the position. Soon, Byron Belmont's head is secured with a standing headscissor, and both of Antiguas' arms are wrapped around his midsection.] **DDK:** Here we go, folks! [Romero inverts his opposition, making sure to lift Belmont to perfectly level before snapping down to the canvas, driving the skull of the Canadian into the mat with a picture perfect piledriver. Byron's body falls to the side, spasming and twitching from impact for several seconds.] **Angus:** He got all of it! Jesus, look at Belmont! I don't think I've seen someone react like that to a piledriver in years. **DDK:** Only when it's done right. This kid may be young in the sport, but he's got two decades of experience with the Martinete on his side in the form of his uncle. [Even Mark Shields, heartless bastard that he is, considers waving the bout off, but Romero Antiguas has already moved to roll Belmont onto his back. Kneeling alongside the downed Canadian, Antiguas places the tip of his pinky on the chest of the fallen young wrestler, and nods at Mark Shields to count.] **Angus:** Insult to injury! ONE! ...TWO...THREE! [As the bell sounds, Mark Shields moves to raise the arm of Romero Antiguas. Romero accepts the gesture gladly, and then breaks away to spread his arms wide, as if to soak in the adoration of the crowd. There's not much of it, but he'll soak up any and all of it he can.] **DDK:** That's an impressive debut for Romero Antiguas, by any measure, ladies and gentlemen. **Angus:** And I don't think it's over yet, either! [Indeed, Antiguas doesn't seem to care that the match is over, and he begins to stomp away at the downed Belmont. When Shields moves in to try and do his job, Romero shakes his head furiously.] **Antiguas:** He hit my face! MY FACE! [The clearly enraged Antiguas rolls out to the floor. Finding the timekeeper, Romero demands the chair - and it is given up. Romero rolls back into the squared circle with his prize, placing it down mid-ring...and gestures for the piledriver again!] **DDK:** He's trying to cripple this kid! And for what? **Angus:** He got hit in the face! You can't bust a dude in his moneymaker and expect him to take it easy on you. That's rule #57, Keebs, I thought you knew these things! [Romero Antiguas drags his hapless foe over to the steel chair. As he does, though, it becomes clear that someone will not stand for this treatment. A blur of brilliant color rushes from the back, streaking down the aisle like a green and blue tornado. Long strands of tri-colored hair stream behind a face painted in emerald and gray hues. With a leap he lands on the ring apron and vaults over the top rope to the stunned amazement of the crowd. He wastes no time before tacking Romero, raining punches on the back of his head and shoulders before Romero is able to scramble free and scurry away. For a moment the painted figure just watches him go, before slowly climbing to his feet and looking out at the crowd.] **Angus:** Who the...oh hell no, not this guy again! [Recognition spreads through the crowd like wildfire, bringing with it a huge wave of cheers from the fans] **DDK:** IT'S JAKE DONOVAN! JAKE DONOVAN IS BACK IN DEFIANCE! RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! *Jake! Jake! Jake! Jake!* [Inside the ring, Jake Donovan paces, eyes on the ramp where Romero had disappeared but once he was sure the other man wouldn't return, he helped the ref haul Romero's battered opponent to his feet and held the ropes open so they could climb out of the ring, all while the fans kept chanting.] *Welcome back! Welcome back! Welcome back!* [Jake leapt up on the top turnbuckle and waved at the fans, backflipped off the top then motioned for a mic.] **Jake Donovan:** Hey Romero, you sniveling coward that's not how we do shit 'round here!" [Huge crowd pop] **Jake Donovan:** You wanna fight, you find someone who can give you a fair one, you don't take advantage of some poor bastard you already beat down. That don't make you a man, just makes you a pathetic coward. RRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! **Jake Donovan:** I dare you to prove me wrong Romero. I dare you to prove that ain't a yellow streak a mile wide runnin' down you're back but it sure as hell looked like one as you were running away, so here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna offer you a chance to erase what they just witnessed, a

chance at a real fight, and if you ain't got the guts for it, then I'm gonna hunt you down and show you exactly what we do to cowards around here. *Jake! Jake! Jake! Jake!* [With a bright smile on his painted face, Jake dropped the mic, vaulted over the ropes and started slapping hands with the people, hugging little kids and kissing any woman who'd let him as he made his way to the back.] **Angus:** For Christ's sake. **DDK:** What now? **Angus:** This guy, Jake dontcallmephoenix Donovan. **DDK:** What about him? **Angus:** Iunno. I just don't like him. Goody-Two-Shoes little kid. Where's his eight uncles, anyway? **DDK:** Oh will you shut up? [Cut away.]

Equal Treatment

[Cut to Backstage, right outside the door to the LBC's locker room door. Curtis Penn and his furious expression don't bother knocking. He simply turns the handle and barges straight in. The door barely even moves before Penn launches into a verbal tirade.]

Curtis Penn:

What's the deal guys? You're supposed to be watching my back, not letting my winning streak get broken because of that square headed moron Jonny Booya! I mean, what the hell?

[Not one to take such an interruption sitting down, Alceo Dentari rises to his feet.]

Alceo Dentari:

Ay, yo, wassamatterwitchu? Comin' in here like this. You better realise who you're talkin' to real quick.

[Dentari's face quickly turns as red as Curtis Penn's, who isn't looking like he's going to calm down any time soon.]

Curtis Penn:

I know who I'm talking to. I'm talking to the guys who I thought were supposed to have my back, but instead decided they'd rather spend the evening pandering to Edward White!

[Through gritted teeth Alceo responds.]

Alceo Dentari:

I'm only gonna say this once. Leave this room right fuckin' now, knock on that fuckin' door and we'll pretend like this ain't started like this, capiché?

[But Curtis doesn't budge. Slowly Dentari's face gets redder and redder until finally Tony Di Luca stands up and interjects himself between the two hotheads.]

Tony Di Luca:

Alceo! Please, Curtis here is obviously quite upset about what happened in Edmonton. He deserves an explanation as to what happened.

[Dentari snarls. Di Luca ignores.]

Tony Di Luca:

Curtis, if you remember, our deal was that you would remain Southern Heritage Champion. Now if I ain't mistaken that belt you're wearing looks like it's got a confederate flag on it, has it not?

[Di Luca tilts his head to get a better look at the Southern Heritage title around Curtis' waist.]

Tony Di Luca:

Were you to be standing here without said title belt, then I believe you'd have a grievance. But as we have no reason to give two shits about your winning streak I think you can go ahead and calm the fuck down.

[Big Vinny walks up behind Curtis, very, very close to the champion. So close in fact that Penn gets bumped from behind by his gut. Curtis looks back and up at the towering 'Big' man before swallowing the lump in his throat.]

Tony Di Luca:

We were ready and waiting, just in case we were needed. Turns out we weren't. Now if you wanna be mad about losing that winning streak maybe you should be bursting a blood vessel in front of Jonny Booya right now instead of us.

[Tony turns and heads back to his seat, but not before eyeing up Alceo as though to say 'sit down'. Reluctantly Dentari takes his seat and sends the same look over to Big Vinny, who takes a couple of steps back from Penn, giving the

Southern Heritage champion some breathing room.]

Curtis Penn:

That's all you've got to say? Jonny Booya did the work for you? Jesus Christ... I'm not even paying you guys and I'm still not getting my moneys worth!

[Tony pauses for a second before finally sitting back down. He shares a look with Dentari as he gently shake his head, which leads to Dentari un-balling his fists and taking a deep breath.]

Tony Di Luca:

That's right, Curtis. You're not paying us.

Curtis Penn:

No, Edward White is. But Edward White isn't the Southern Heritage champion. I AM! I should be the one getting the preferential treatment, not The Blood Diamonds! How do I know Dentari isn't gonna rush backstage during our match tonight to go do some other job for Edward White and leave me to face Sam Turner Jr. and Stockton Pyre all by myself?

[Silence falls over the room as Tony leans in to Alceo and whispers in his ear. Dentari listens carefully, not taking his eyes off of Curtis Penn for one second.]

Curtis Penn:

WOULD YOU TWO STOP FUCKING WHISPERING AND TALK TO ME!?

[Tony turns from Alceo and raises his eyebrows. Again Big Vinny steps in, but he's waved off by Dentari.]

Alceo Dentari:

You want us to talk to you? Ok, we'll talk. We said in Calgary that you needed our help, well tonight you is gonna get our help.

Tony Di Luca:

You wanna be treated like Edward White? Well then that's what we're gonna do.

Alceo Dentari:

Consider yourself subbed tonight, Curtis. Tony over here an' Vinny over there, they's gonna take your place.

Tony Di Luca:

How does that sound? Still think we ain't doing nothing for you?

[Penn smiles.]

Curtis Penn:

That sounds perfect, but how are you gonna do it? I mean-

Alceo Dentari:

You leave them details to us. Now, if you don't mind we got some other business we need to attend to...

[Dentari motions towards the door, which Vinny opens up for Curtis. Penn backs out of the room, making sure to keep an eye on all members of the Club until he's on the other side of the door and it clicks shut.]

[Alceo heaves a heavy sigh.]

Alceo Dentari:

This had better be worth the hassle, Tony.

[Di Luca smiles back at the littlest mobster.]

Tony Di Luca:

It will be... It will be.

Kelly Evans:

Really. So I've come to put a stop to it.

[Eugene can't help but laugh, which instantly annoys the Boss Bitch.]

Kelly Evans:

Did I say something funny?

Eugene Dewey:

Actually, yeah. The fact that you think you can stop me from getting my title belt back is kinda funny. See, Dan Ryan took my belt. I want my belt. Ergo, I need to find Dan Ryan to get my belt back... See where I'm going with this?

Kelly Evans:

The only place you're going with this is home.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[That stuns the FIST for a moment. He considers laughing at Kelly's remark, but just as quickly decides that might not be the wisest plan of action.]

Kelly Evans:

If I recall correctly, you've left an arena by your own accord once this calendar year, and if you continue your search for Dan Ryan I'm sure that figure will not increase.

Eugene Dewey:

Dan Ryan has my title belt.

Kelly Evans:

I know, you've told me that several times already.

Eugene Dewey:

And I-

[Kelly rolls her eyes.]

Kelly Evans:

You want it back, I know that as well. But that's not gonna happen tonight.

[Several members of DEFSec fill the scene and surround Eugene. They don't restrain him like they might a Bronson Box or a Heidi Christenson though. They simply make their presence known by being there.]

Kelly Evans:

What you're gonna do is go home, let those lungs, or ribs, or whateveritis you've bruised, heal and then you're gonna walk into GRINDHOUSE: CANADA and defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Dan Ryan, because I'm sick of seeing you two bicker about who the 'real' FIST is.

[Eugene looks conflicted. On the one hand he's got a chance to get his belt back, on the other he's got to wait for it.]

Kelly Evans:

We're gonna have one undeniable champion by the time we leave Canada. I don't care who it is, as long as this shit gets sorted, OK? Now if you wouldn't mind...

[One of the DEFSec guard places a hand on Eugene's arm, which immediately gets shrugged off. Eugene stares at Kelly, who simply stares right back.]

Eugene Dewey:

I promise you... It'll get sorted.

[With that Eugene turns and starts off down the hall, closely followed by DEFSec. Kelly turns to her personal guards.]

Kelly Evans: Well, that's one less problem to worry about. **Voice Behind Evans:** It is, isn't it? [Kelly Evans turns and looks up at the massive Dan Ryan as he turns a corner and comes into view behind her. He stops, keeps no expression, and crosses his arms across his chest.] **Kelly Evans:** Eavesdropping on private conversations isn't at all polite. **Dan Ryan:** Well, who could argue with that? [Ryan takes a few more steps in her direction. DEFSec moves to get in between them, but Ryan spots them and stops where he is, a smile creeping over his face as he looks them over.] ...No need to worry, fellas. Simply... [Ryan turns his head slightly to one side and fixes his back on Miss Evans] ...I'd like to discuss that 'one less problem' of ours. [Cut back to the announcers.] **DDK:** How about that, Partner? Eugene Dewey vs. Dan Ryan for the FIST is set for GRINDHOUSE: CANADA! **Angus:** I'm surprised Eugene refused to leave. I'd have thought he was itching to get out of here and play the new Metal Gear. **DDK:** I'm sure he's had a spare 10 minutes to complete it by now, Angus. Besides, Can you blame him for wanting to find Dan Ryan and get his title back? **Angus:** Of course I can't blame him, but Dan Ryan has laid Eugene out week after week after week. Eugene should be grateful he's not going to be wheeled out of Edmonton like he has been everywhere else this year. **DDK:** He just wants returned what is rightfully his in the first place. You can't just grab something and call it yours -- not around here. **Angus:** Speaking of the self-proclaimed FIST, I'm curious what he wanted to talk to Kelly Evans about. [Keebler holds a hand up to one of his ears.] **DDK:** Well, ask and ye shall receive it seems. I'm told Lance Warner is at Dan Ryan's dressing room looking to get a word with him.... we'll check in with him right after our next match.

The Devil You Know...

[Backstage.] [Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama are standing backstage with Christie Zane, looking pensive and apprehensive, which clearly makes Christie slightly uncomfortable.] **Christie:** Christie Zane here with the former Philosopher King Troy Matthews and Saori Kazama, after a considerable absence. Troy, going into your Last Man Standing match against your former partner Mushigihara, Eddie Dante has made repeated statements that he and Mushigihara plan to end your career. **Troy:** As have many other people in similar situations. 'Bout as surprising as telling me water's wet and fire's hot. The fact is, Mushi hasn't had much of a career before he strolled into the D-E-F with Eddie, so I know practically everything about him. And Eddie? [Troy shakes his head and rolls his eyes.] **Troy Matthews:** Eddie Dante is a sad man who fills his head with pathetic revenge fantasies. The world saw how sad he was when I beat him to a pulp in Germany. He can raise hell all he wants, but he knows after I put Mushi out for the count, he's next. **Christie Zane:** And what about the rumor going around that the Philosopher Kings are re-uniting tonight? [This REALLY catches the Jersey Devil by surprise, as he can only look at Zane incredulously.] **Troy Matthews:** ...what? **Christie Zane:** Yeah, it's been buzzing around that you, Mushi, and Eddie were going to challenge HNB for a rematch for the Trios Tag Titles. **Saori Kazama:** That's impossible. Eddie's in no shape to wrestle, and Troy's obviously not with the Kings anymore. Unless... [She gasps and snaps a glance at her man.] **Saori Kazama:** ...he wouldn't, would he? [A beat.] [It clicks with Troy.] **Troy Matthews:** THAT MOTHERFU-- [Without a moment's hesitation, he dashes offscreen, and Saori Kazama follows suit, leaving Christie Zane looking into the camera in shock and confusion.]

Cheap Heat vs Aleczer/Angel Trinidad



Angus: Can we get to the HOSS FIGHT already? **DDK:** Well... yeah, I was just about to get to that. We've got Angel Trinidad and Aleczer taking up the mantle for Team HOSS. And they're going to fight against the collective of Sam Horry and Ryan Matthews also known as Cheap Heat. **Angus:** And Ty's not in this match, yeah? **DDK:** ...He is not.

Angus: HOSSSSSSSSSSOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEE! **DDK:** That out of the way now, after HNB got laid out after Horry's loss to Aleczer The Great, Walker and company demanded that Kelly Evans make the Trios Title match official for Grindhouse: Canada and Team HOSS have got it. But one team is going to try and get that last shot in this war between two of the top teams in DEFIANCE right before Grindhouse. Who's going to take this match tonight? Let's go Darren Quimbey. [Inside the ring now, one Darren "DQ" Quimbey is about to earn his paycheck by doing the ring announcing. Let's all listen, shall we?] **Darren "DQ" Quimbey:** The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! ["Hail To The King" by Avenged Sevenfold plays right away as the lights begin to pulsate in shades of blue and gold. The crowd starts to jeer and scream at the two tall figures standing at the top of the ramp and the smaller man in between them in the oversized suit with a Team HOSS Clipboard. He adjusts his glasses as the music continues to blare...] **Keeling:** LET'S DO THIS, BOYS! [Angel Trinidad and Aleczer The Great look at one another and exchange a nod before they pose for the crowd. Angel Trinidad raises his arms and lets out a loud yell that cracks a little bit while Aleczer flexes his guns for the crowd. The ramp shoot several big pillars of smoke into the air before they head to the ring.] **DQ:** First, being accompanied to the ring by Junior Keeling, they are representatives of The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers, Team HOSS... at a combined weight of 571 pounds... ALECZER THE GREAT AND "THE ROOKIE MONSTER" ANGEL TRINIDAD! [Trinidad steps over the ropes to get into the ring while right behind him, Aleczer poses on the second rope as the two men flex and yell at the crowd simultaneously. The Rookie Monster and The Mancunian Muscle climb into the ring while Keeling claps for his big charges. They are looking to finish what they started last week with Hookers N' Blow any way they can.] **DDK:** Team HOSS and Junior Keeling are a bunch of scumbags for what they did last week! They cheated to help Aleczer beat Sam Horry, they've bullied everybody in their path and Keeling just runs his mouth. **Angus:** Mad respect for that! He doesn't even need to pay me that much anymore to like him! ["Stroke Me" by Mickey Avalon plays next and the reaction turns into complete CHEERS from the fans in the Brandt Center! Normally, the two men collectively known by the name of Cheap Heat would be all smiles, playing up for the crowd and trying to have a good time with them...] **DDK:** INCOMING! [This is not one of those times.] **DQ:** And their opponents, making their way to the ring, at a combined weight... [Quimbey doesn't get to finish that statement. Ryan Matthews and Sam Horry were downright PISSED over the treatment they'd received last week from the members of Team HOSS and they look like they're ready to take their pound of flesh.... PIER SIX!] **Angus:** Cheap Heat are pissed! They got punked out last week and now they want to take it out on the HOSSSES! **DDK:** I can't believe this! Horry is taking it to Aleczer! Matthews is now left with Angel Trinidad on the other side of the ring now! HNB want some of Team HOSS and they aren't going to wait for Grindhouse: Canada! [The bell officially rings as referee Benny Doyle is in the middle trying to get some order restored between the two men as they go to fight. Aleczer The Great is getting lit up by Sam Horry in a series of chops in one corner while Trinidad is taking the fight back to Ryan Matthews with a flurry of his own right hands. The crowd loves every second of the two teams going at it in the center of the ring.] **DDK:** Doyle is giving them a lot of leeway right now! Nobody's even been in the ring to make any sort of tags! [Matthews tries to fight off against the bigger Trinidad, but the 24-year-old giant pushes him away to the ropes. He charges at him with a Big Boot only for Matthews to duck and stop him by pulling the ropes down, hitting him right there on the ropes! Matthews runs off the opposite side only to connect with a big Clothesline that sends the giant tumbling over the ropes and out to

the floor!] **Angus:** Damn! I thought this would be going the opposite way! I gotta give props to Matthews and Horry because they're bringing it! [Aleczander is backed off the ropes by Horry and both men double-team him with some good shots before they throw him to the ropes and dump him outside right next to Angel Trinidad on the floor! Trinidad and Aleczander are now left at the feet of a panicked Junior Keeling! He stomps and yells for his men to fight back as inside the ring, Horry and Matthews nod. Matthews runs the ropes and uses Horry as a launching pad to jump over the ropes to crash right down onto Angel as he tries to get up!] **DDK:** We normally only see Ty Walker fly like that, but Horry and Matthews are pulling out all the stops here tonight against these two! [Indeed that's the case, but inside the ring, Aleczander takes advantage of the chaos going on during the outside and CLOBBERS Sam Horry from behind with a big shot to the head! Sam goes down and now Aleczander starts to fight as the referee starts the match. He pushes Horry into a neutral corner and unleashes a series of Shoulder Thrusts! Horry has the wind knocked out of him before Aleczander whips him off the ropes. With some quick thinking, Horry rolls around and rolls up the big man!] [ONE!] [TWO!] [THR- NO!] **DDK:** That was a close one right off the bat! [Matthes and Angel Trinidad are STILL going at it on the outside now as Matthews tries to whip Trinidad into the barricade only for him to reverse it and send him crashing into it! Horry is inside the ring and doubles the Mancunian Muscle over with a kick to the chest followed by some jabs to the face. He runs off the ropes but unfortunately comes into a big Shoulder Tackle! He goes flying of the ropes and crashes at his feet as Angel Trinidad goes back to his corner to avoid getting his team completely disqualified. Keeling is now on the outside slapping the ring apron as Matthews tries to get back up on the outside and limps to his corner.] **Keeling:** DON'T WASTE ANY FUCKING TIME! FINISH THEM OFF NOW! [Aleczander nods and picks up Horry before blasting him under the chin with a European Uppercut! A second one follows before he pushes Horry into the corner to tag in The Rookie Monster. Six-foot ten and three-hundred three pounds of bad news enters the ring as Aleczander runs forward and BLASTS him with a Running Shoulder Thrust in the corner! Things go from bad to worse when Angel comes in and blasts him not once... not twice... but THREE times with the trifecta of Running Corner Clotheslines...] **Angus:** THE HOLY TRINIDAD! Horry's ass better get to praying for some sort of miracle now! **DDK:** Team HOSS are back in control and Angel just ragdolls Horry out of the corner! He's not a small mat at six-one and two thirty-four but he just got thrown on the ground. [Angel moves in for the kill and goes for a rather lazy cover.] [ONE!] [TWO!] [THR- NO!] [Matthews is still feeling the effects of when he was tossed into the barricade a bit ago, but he still claps and yells words of encouragement to his best friend and fellow Trios Champion. Angel scoops Horry up off the ground and tries to finish him off early but Horry slips out the back and ducks under a swing of the right hand before he jumps over and tags Matthews!] **DDK:** And now the Anathema is in the ring! He's going right back to the fight with Angel! I don't believe this! **Angus:** HNB are just pissed off that they're facing bigger, better, stronger men in Team HOSS!... 'cept my boy Ty! You know, he's as good as any of these guys! [Angel Trinidad swings and lands a series of fists to the head of the big man before running the ropes. He stuns him with a Clothesline, but The Rookie Monster still stands. Ryan says nuts to this and runs to the ropes again and a second Clothesline yields the same result. He then runs a third time and when Angel swings, Matthews ducks and the Anathema comes back with a HARD Front Leg Dropkick to finally get him down!] **Angus:** TIMMMMMMMBEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR! **DDK:** And now Matthews is going up to the second rope... Guillotine Leg Drop! And the cover! [ONE!] [TWO!] [THRE--- NO!] [Angel powers out, but Aleczander comes into the ring and drops a big boot to the back of his skull! He's had enough of sitting on the sidelines! Once again, all four men are in the ring and STILL trying to kill one another so Benny Doyle did what he had to do...] **DING DING DING!** **DDK:** Looks like he's going to throw this one out! [Capital Punishment comes out from the back as the skirmish continues to fester into an all-out war inside the ring! He tries to get involved, but right behind him, Ty Walker is now picking a fight with the Elder HOSS!] **Angus:** MUH BOI TAI!!!!!!!!!! **DDK:** DOYLE'S HEADING FOR HIGHER GROUND NOW! THIS IS INSANE THE WAY THESE TWO TEAMS ARE JUST TEARING AT ONE ANOTHER! THINGS HAVE GOTTEN PERSONAL NOW! [Angel and Ryan Matthews are STILL continue their war on one side of the ring now! Aleczander has just launched Horry over the ropes and out to the floor where he follows him, only to eat a big right hand to the side of the head. Ty Walker and Cappy are duking it out on the outside of the ring and the brawl continues!] **DDK:** They're taking this fight into the crowd now! And Junior Keeling is trying to keep up with all of this! **Angus:** LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT! [The fights between all six men continue to pour out to the crowd in various directions as Benny Doyle is left to scratch his head while the fight continues pouring out. While security follows them up the steps, the camera goes elsewhere.]

Setting the Steel Stage

[Lance Warner backstage near a door which appears to be your average ordinary dressing room door, though no nameplate is visible.] **Lance Warner:** Guys, I'm backstage and I've been told that Dan Ryan passed by here just a moment ago following his conversation with Kelly Evans, which was just around the corner from where I'm standing. If I can, I'll try and find out what... **Dan Ryan:** LANCE WARNER!! [Warner nearly jumps out of his skin as Dan Ryan saunters up to him and claps a huge hand down on Warner's shoulder] **Lance Warner:** [grasping at his now-sore shoulder] Jesus Christ!! [Ryan holds up a finger on his right hand.] **Dan Ryan:** No, but close! Now Lance Warner.... [Ryan squints at Warner with a mock-suspicious expression.] Have you been following me? **Lance Warner:** No. Well, I mean... I was wondering... **Dan Ryan:** [leaning menacingly down into Warner's face and whispering coolly] You were wondering whether or not I'm about to pound you into a nasty blood splatter on that little wall over there? [Warner, momentarily frozen in fear, manages to stammer a few words... meanwhile, Ryan just stares.] **Lance Warner:** No! I mean...uh....no. I was just... [Ryan stands straight up, his demeanor more calm and jovial suddenly.] **Ryan:** I see. Well then, by all means, continue. [Warner struggles to regain his train of thought, but manages to compose himself.] **Lance Warner:** Um.. I uh... Well, I understand you just got through speaking with Kelly Evans and that it had something to do with this situation between you and Eugene Dewey over the FIST. I was hoping you'd let us know what that was all about. **Dan Ryan:** As a matter of fact, Lance Warner, I think I will do exactly that. Eugene Dewey, as we all know, is a sniveling spineless cowardly poindexter of a man in horn-rimmed glasses and sensible shoes and is in no way qualified to represent this company as the FIST. These, sir are facts and are not in dispute. **Lance Warner:** Well... **Dan Ryan:** [holding a finger up] Uh uh uh... **Lance Warner:** Well he... **Dan Ryan:** [finger still raised] Not.... in dispute. [Lance Warner's mouth opens but closes as he sees Ryan's countenance change to something less than... pleasing.] **Dan Ryan:** As I said, they are not in dispute. Now, to add on to the fact that he is woefully inadequate and unqualified to make the claim to the FIST, it was by his own words that the new order was established in which he who holds the FIST, IS THE FIST. Therefore, I simply took it upon myself to prove Mr. Dewey a man of his word and became, one more time, the FIST of DEFIANCE. Now, since Mr. Dewey has established for himself a well-chronicled history of cowardice and inability to stand up like a man and take what he wants, I have decided to set the stage for him. **Lance Warner:** And what does that mean, exactly? **Dan Ryan:** Some people think I'm avoiding Eugene Dewey. I'm avoiding nothing. Simply put, if something is worth doing, it's worth doing right. It's worth doing big. Kelly Evans has determined that we will face each other at Grindhouse Canada in order to settle matters. I myself am fine with this. However, to further illuminate the difference between the poor, passive Eugene Dewey and myself, I suggested we take things one step further. If we are to settle matters, I suggested we settle matters once more... in a steel cage. Now, Kelly Evans was not easy to convince, let me tell you. However, I provided a fairly well-reasoned argument, that being Eugene Dewey wants us to believe that down in the basement where he sleeps and his mother folds his delicates for him, he has managed to develop more guts than he's ever shown us before. That and, you know.... I just kinda LIKE steel cage matches. So, do you know what she said? **Lance Warner:** I'm guessing... **Dan Ryan:** You guessed right! At Grindhouse Canada it will be Eugene Dewey and I in the steel cage one more time, except this time there will be no one else. It will just be he and I, and we will finish this once and for all. I've heard the talk, and I've heard the whispers that I'm nothing more than a schoolyard bully in this situation. Well, I'm providing poor little Eugene Dewey a service that no other bully ever gave him. I'm giving him the chance to stand up and face me, one on one, for what he believes belongs to him. I'm giving him the chance to be a MAN. Is that not what he always wanted? [Ryan smiles, then claps his hand on Warner's shoulder one more time, the smile gone, then stares him down as he walks away.]

Introducing... the Meatheads!

DDK:

We now take you backstage, where Lance Warner is waiting with... Jonny Booya? Angus, did Lance do something to make the boss angry?

Angus:

Goddammit I hate Jonny Booya.

[Backstage, Lance Warner is looking sharp in a beige suit. Jonny Booya is looking COOL with the T-shades and his black jeans and black tank top and his blonde hair in a perfect flattop. He's currently grinning a grin probably intended to be badass but that falls somewhere between 'obnoxious' and 'creepazoid', and working the side bicep pose.]

Lance Warner:

Folks, I'm here with Truly Untouchables member Jonny Booya. Booya is one of the many people in the hunt for the Southern Heritage Title currently held by Curtis Penn, but unlike most of them he has yet to actually receive a title shot. Instead, he challenged Diego De Leon to a match at Grindhouse:CANADA and cost DDL a match against his stablemate Diane Parker. Jonny, I have to ask, what's on your mind right now? Why Diego?

[Jonny Booya ignores Lance and continues dat flexing.]

[This is probably the most apropos thing Booya has ever 'said.']

Lance:

Jonny?

Booya:

Huh?

Lance:

What about Diego?

Booya:

Who?

[Warner sighs.]

Lance:

With apologies to Mr. De Leon in advance. Jonny, what about "Dee-aygo?"

[In a flash, Booya goes from 'normalish' to 'redfaced and screaming.']

Booya:

AH DON'T GIVE A GOOD GAWDDAMN 'BOUT ALL THAT LANCE BUT AH TELL YOU WUT, SITTIN' BACK HERE KNOWIN' THAT LIONMASK GOT HISSELF A TITLE SHAWT AN AH DI'N'T MAKES ME PRETTY GAWDDAMN AYNGREH!!

[Booya and the COOL shades stare right into the camera. Then suddenly he calms down]

Booya:

But'chu see Lance, Dee-aygo's just gonna be an eckzampul of what's gon' happen whenever anybody crosses BIG King Cool. Ah tell you what, anyone says someone's cooler n' me, they done BOTH crossed me. Kelly said Dee-aygo's cooler n' me, an so they're both gettin' Booya Chopped th' split second Ah get a damn chance. It ain't true Lance, Ah swear ta gawd anyone can say it is cos Ah'm COOL on a level beyond they comprehension. Either that or they jelly. But hey - everyone jelly. Ain't mah fault.

[Booya cranks that flex again.]

Booya:

You know somethin, we got Dayn Raahn an Yougeen Dewey goin' back an' forth over who deserves to be a champeen, an' we got Brawnsun Bawx an' th' Bo sayin the same bout the Wurd Tatl, and I'mon get into this game too, cos Ah don't like Curtus Pinn but ain't no gawddamn way Ah'm gonna sit back an' let Dee-yay-go touch gold.

Lance:

I see. Mr. Booya, I'm sorry I have to ask this question but management did order me to, so - you are aware that there are multiple definitions of 'cool' and that the one that people are applying to Diego is not the one that applies to you?

Booya:

Wut?

[Booya shakes his head.]

Booya:

Thas stupid. Lance why're you sayin things that're stupid?

[Pause.]

Booya:

Wait, na, Ah gawt it. Kelly's makin' you do it! Whorebitch ain't know what ta do with th' books so she's makin' you ask me stupid questions, amirite? Nah, don't answer that Lance, Ah don't care. Ah got more important things to talk about tonight than the furry, Lance. Th' Bo has a bigtime speech he's gon make later. As for me, man, Ah know when Ah step out there it might not sound like it, but COOL Jonny Booya's the fastest rising property in all of Defiance, you hear me?

[Lance gives the camera a 'wtf' look. Booya doesn't notice.]

Booya:

An so I'm givin somethin back to my fans. Now hey, hang on jussa sec. HEY! MISSY! LOLA! C'MON OUT HERE.

[At Booya's call, two women appear. They look like the kind of women who model workout gear that isn't actually practical for anything other than getting an all-over tan in those so-called muscle & fitness magazines that teach you how to injure your rotator cuff and not much else. One's blonde. One's latina. I'm not telling you which name goes with which girl, figure it out for yourself.]

Booya:

I'm releasin' up some MERCHADAIS, Lance!

[The blonde is wearing a vest made out of black denim. It has no sleeves. The arm cuffs have been carefully frayed to make it look like the sleeves were ripped out.]

Booya:

People been sayin that my look's just a little bland, and I needed a vest or something. So I designed one! Give us a spin, little lady, let's see the back of that bad boy.

[The model spins.]

[The logo on the back of the vest is a big chrome skull with a pair of flexing arms coming out of the sides.]

[It's the most retarded thing you've seen since Dooky.]

Booya:

An' if Ah'm gonna have me a fanbase, my fanbase needs a name. An as y'all should know, the only people who think that 'meathead' is an insult are those people who don't even lift. Fuckin' dweebs. MAH FANS... know that MEATHEAD is a cawmpliment! An if you wanna show that you're smarter than all them nerds, cos if nerds were smart they'd stop bein nerds an go to the gym, then show the world in STAHL.

[Jonny Booya produces, from somewhere, a piece of foam shaped and colored like a T-Bone steak.]

[And he puts it on the girl's head.]

Booya:

Your OH-FISHUL MEATHEAD HAT! AND THAT AIN'T ALL!

[Booya takes from his pocket a pair of sunglasses.]

Booya:

Now, only ME can be BIG KING COOL. But if you wanna try real hard and maybe be like, Ah dunno, the Earl of COOL, then buy yourself a pair of OH-FISHUL JONNY BOOYA KING COOL SHADES!

[The shades are put on the latina. She smiles. Presumably her eyes look dead behind them.]

[They look... kinda like shades, really.]

Booya:

But if that ain't enough, you can go for the extra cool and get yourself a pair of SIGNED shades.

[Jonny places a pair of shades with 'BOOYA' written in looping letters right across the front on the blonde's face. Underneath the meathead hat.]

[Forget everything that's happened between Kelly and Heidi, this shit's abusive.]

Booya:

What'chu think, Lance?

[Lance Warner looks at the woman in a sleeveless vest, T-shades with 'Booya' written on them, and a foam hat shaped like a steak.]

Booya:

Lost for words, aint'chu? Yup, Jonny Gawddamn Booya is goin STRAIT to the TAWP, an on the way-

[And with that, Booya suddenly lunges forward!]

[A shriek, a yelp, and the camera swings around wildly as a body slams into the floor. The two models shriek and run off, the meathead hat coming off the one's head as she flees.]

Lance:

Oh my god! What are you doing?!

[Suddenly, Booya sounds like a normal person.]

Booya:

Calm down, Lance, it's not a real cameraman, it's just Cancer Jiles.

Lance:

...what?

[Booya steadies the camera so it's focused down on the man lying on the floor. He looks like an unusually fit member of DEFtech - jeans and a black Defiance T.]

Booya:

Cancer Jiles has been disguising himself to ambush me, as you know, but I'm too cool for that shit to work more than once. Look.

[Booya rips the DEFtech guy's nose off, and then rips his hair off.]

Lance:

Wow.

[It really WAS Cancer Jiles, disguised via face putty and a wig.]

Booya:

C'mon Lance, as a pro wrestler I'll recognize another pro wrestler's fizzy-que, specially when I'm paying attention. 'Scuse me one second.

[Booya drops to one knee and starts unloading fist after fist after fist into Cancer Jiles' face. Once Jiles is no longer fighting back, Booya pulls him up.]

Booya:

OH YEAH!

[And drops him splat on the concrete with a Booya Bomb!]

Booya:

An' that's wut happens when you fuck with th' COOL, jackleg!

[Booya kicks Jiles' inert body in the ribs.]

Booya:

But I ain't all bad. Check it, Lance, I got Mistah Jiles a parting gift.

[Booya unbuttons his jeans and reaches inside them, and for a horrible minute it looks like he's about to take his dick out.]

[But instead, he takes out... a bottle of shampoo?]

Booya:

Suave Scalp Solutions, brudda. It's known to help prevent... **FLAKING!**

[Booya unscrews the shampoo and pours it all over Jiles' head, then struts away.]

[We cut back to Angus and DDK at ringside.]

Angus:

.....

[DDK waves his hand in front of Angus' face. No response.]

DDK:

I think we may have seen the last of Cancer Jiles, and my broadcast colleague is appropriately non-responsive. Fans don't go away, because we'll be right back with more Defiance action!

Any Last Words?

Angus:

So what's next?

DDK:

Christie Zane is backstage with Dusty Griffith and Edward White.

Angus:

At the same time?

DDK:

Yep.

Angus:

Oh, oh this should be good.

[The locker rooms.]

[Christie Zane stands in the middle of Dusty Griffith and Edward White. Griffith is wearing a black and red DEFIANCE hoodie and a pair old, worn blue jeans with his hands planted on his hips and a determined glare etched on his face. White is dressed all fancy in a nice, crisp, fresh, custom tailored suit, his hands gripping the lapels of his jacket as he wears a confident smirk upon his face.]

[DEFsec stands in the background, not even trying to be inconspicuous with their presence. Then again, given White and Griffith's recent history, why bother with the pretense that this might not end up in a wild brawl that sees Christie Zane get trampled in the process? Or it could be that standing behind Griffith is Frank Dylan James, Sam Turner Jr, and the legend Mike Bell, while White has the entire Legitimate Businessmen's Club standing behind him.]

Christie:

We're a week away from Grindhouse: Canada, where these two gentlemen will attempt to settle their differences in a lumberjack match!

[White grabs Zane's wrist and positions the mic so he can speak. He looks at her with no fucks given to her indignation that he both interrupted and grabbed her like he did.]

Edward:

Oh I'm sorry, were you not finished? I was simply growing tired of the prospect of you rattling on for any longer. Now then, do what you do best and hold the mic for the real talent in this company.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[He turns towards and points a damning finger at Dusty.]

Edward:

Besides, this is between me and this overgrown brute and his pitiful band of crusaders. Yes, you all look quite mean and serious, but behind me is the best group of lumberjacks that money can buy! The LBC is certainly more than enough to handle the likes of a savage hillbilly, a dimwitted ginger, or a hasbeen trading on nostalgia.

[The LBC preen and posture with confidence and mean looks as White relinquishes Zane's wrist. Dusty shakes his head with disgust for White's behavior, turning to Griffith, Zane holds the mic up for him.]

Dusty:

The best that money can buy, huh? That might be true, Ace and his boys are doing what they're paid to do and that's what they're good for. But, with me is a group of men who fight for something greater. They're standing up for me out of loyalty and respect, which is something far more powerful than what you're offering them.

[Frank pats Dusty on the shoulder with one of his big sasquatch paws. Dusty turns his head and nods at Frank, whose stare bores a hole right into the head of Edward White.]

Dusty: [smirking back at White]

Well, Frank here, might be in this thing for something a little less noble.

[White sneers with disdain and yanks Zane's arm back to him and takes the mic from her hand.]

Edward:

I am going to end you, Dusty Griffith.

[The LBC all nod and smile in agreement with White.]

Edward:

You have been nothing but a constant thorn in our side since your arrival and I am going to rid this company of you once and for all... By ANY Funds Necessary!

[Dusty stares, he snorts and thumbs his nose. Reaching over, he snatches the mic from White's hand.]

Dusty:

Big words from a man who picked this fight and has ran at every opportunity to do exactly that... Well now you got to fight me, brother, and you won't have anywhere to run, anywhere to hide, or anymore schemes to keep me from getting my hands on you.

[White steps in closer to Griffith, who drops the mic and welcomes him to get even closer. The two exchange some rather unpleasant comments, muffled through gritted teeth as they get nose to nose.]

Angus:

Clusterfuck in 5... 4... 3...

DDK:

And DEFsec already moving into position.

[Wyatt Bronson attempts to separate the two snarling rivals. Dusty acquiesces to the Head of DEFIANCE Securities' commands, Edward White however, takes the cheap shot as Dusty backs off.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What a coward!

Angus:

Oooh man... White just split Mayberry's face with a headbutt, Samoan style!

[Instantly Dusty's hands come up to his face as White and his associates laugh and attempt to leave...]

Dusty:

You dirty, son-of-a-!

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps!

[Dusty's hands fall from his face, showing a trickle of blood coming from his nose and a sudden surge of anger in his eyes as he rushes at White.]

Angus:

NOOO! DON'T GET IN THE WAY!

[Much to Angus' dismay, that was DEFsec's cue to immediately smother this fire before it has any chance to really get going. Half of Wyatt Bronson's forces pushing back Griffith and his team, while the other pushing White and the LBC out the door. The whole time, Griffith and White shouting at each other.]

[Back to the action!]

No Promises

[Backstage.] [Just outside of Heidi Christenson's dressing room.] [A road agent has only just knocked on the door and given her the two minute warning to head to the Gorilla Position for her match. He turns to head back in the direction he came but stops short. Sitting on a stack of folding tables, legs crossed, waiting patiently, is "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy.] [Close your mouth, it's not gonna be that kind of segment.] [Troy's not dressed to wrestle tonight, since it's the fellas of the Big Damn Heroes who have a match and not her. Instead she's wearing jeans, sneakers, and a B STRONG t-shirt in remembrance of last year's Boston Marathon tragedy. She locks eyes with the employee and motions with her hand for him to continue on his way. He hustles off down the hall. After a moment, the door explodes outward with a **CRASH** and Heidi emerges clad in a white bathrobe sort of thing.] [Heidi notices Troy sitting there and violence flashes in her eyes. Troy, having no intention of starting a fight [*SHOCK!*], lifts up a hand in a non-threatening gesture.] **Lindsay Troy:** Not here to make with the HA! and the HI-YAA! and the KICKING! **Heid Christenson:** What do you want, then? [A tense moment passes.] **Lindsay Troy:** I could give you the "we're both ladies in a man's business" spiel, but you and I are beyond that at this point in our careers, I'd like to think. And I know Vegas is already taking bets on how much time will pass before the two of us tear into each other ... [The Queen of the Ring versus the Sexy Submission Siren, c'mon it sells itself!] **Lindsay Troy:** ... however, I'm trying this new thing where I don't automatically murderdeathkill every female roster member whose path I cross like I've got a point to prove. Jane Katze aside, that is. **Heid Christenson:** [nods] Thank God you said that. New girls come to DEFIANCE and make cat eyes at me like that's all they need to do, and it gets old faster than listening to the Blood Diamonds say words. Anyway though. If we're not going to fight just because we're both girls, why show up outside my locker room? **Lindsay Troy:** I have a small request. You might even call it a favor. [Heidi cocks an eyebrow.] **Heid Christenson:** Excuse me? **Lindsay Troy:** I know you have every intention of tearing Rich Mahogany to pieces out there tonight, bikini or no bikini. I don't blame you. But I've got a little beef with that oiled-up nimrod myself, which is a tad more personal than "Kelly thought it'd be funny", if you know what I mean. All I'm asking is, if you can, leave me a little something so I can kill him in the face for having the nerve to even breathe. [Christenson thinks for a second.] **Heid Christenson:** I'll see what I can do. No promises though. When I see red, I see red. [shrug] It is what it is. **Lindsay Troy:** 'Course. I know how it goes. But if you're able, I'll make sure to repay the favor. [Heidi nods and resumes her path toward the "ring" and her "match" with Rich Mahogany. Before she gets very far she stops and looks back over her shoulder. Lindsay Troy hasn't moved an inch.] **Heid Christenson:** Be careful how much you pick at Kelly. You see what she's capable of. **Lindsay Troy:** I'll keep it in mind. No promises though. [Heidi chuckles before resuming her trek. As she goes off in one direction, Troy hops down off the tables and walks away in the other. The camera follows her as she approaches a hallway intersection and catches Junior Keeling running past her, screaming, with Sam Horry hot on his heels.] [Before the rest of Hookers 'n Blow and Team HOSS enter the fray, we go to ringside.]

Heidi Christenson vs Rich Mahogany



[Pan over to next to the entrance ramp, where the thing we now know is an oil pit is still covered by a blue tarp.]

Angus:

Keeps, man, I don't know, I just don't know. You dream of days like this for years, and they don't happen, and they don't happen, and they don't happen, and then they do, and it's just like....

DDK:

Angus, the least you could do is show some sympathy for Heidi Christenson. She's a tremendous athlete, a legend in this sport and justifiably so, and if Kelly's actions last week crossed a line, then her actions this week burned the line to the ground and salted it.

[Hector Navarro is out. He probably got this job based on the fact that he's the only referee who's likely to keep his mind on the match. Because even though Fishman Deluxe was a character, Navarro is actually gay and Rich Mahogany isn't remotely his type. He's wearing a normal ref shirt over black shorts, and black rubber waders.]

Angus:

Point. Counterpoint. Did you see that bikini Kelly put on her desk? And we're going to see Heidi in it!

DDK:

Juxtaposed with an exceptionally oily Rich Mahogany.

Angus:

It's true, it's true, I'd so have rather Kelly booked Diane Parker in this match. Or that jobber chick Heidi wrestled a couple weeks back. Or, y'know, herself for that matter. But I'll take this even if I have to hire a guy with Adobe AfterEffects to edit Rich out of this. Besides, you know how hard that guy worked for this shot?

DDK:

Not really no, and please don't tell me. As a professional, I'm worried about how I'm even going to call this match in the first place, let alone...

["Love Man" by Otis Redding.]

[Rich Mahogany is out. Luckily, someone had the sense to forbid him from wearing a thong, so he's in his usual wrestling gear. This does not prevent it from being obvious that he's totally looking forward to this match. He's got backup in the form of Don Hollywood and Pete Whealdon - although they're probably more interested in a front row seat than anything else.]

[Don and Pete each grab a corner of that blue tarp, and pull it to the side, revealing the oil pit in all its "glory."]

[Rich belly flops into it, rolls around a couple times, and then gets into the olympic style 'down' position.]

[Otis Redding fades.]

[Then, "Spookshow Baby" by Rob Zombie hits.]

[It's even Heidi's oldest theme song from back like in 1999 or something, so she can't exactly complain so much.]

[Heidi is wearing a white terrycloth bathrobe, and holding a microphone.]

Heidi Christenson:

Cut the music.

[The music cuts. Heidi looks at Rich. Rich nods eagerly., begging her to get this started with.]

Heidi Christenson:

So, Rich. I don't know you, I've never had any particular reason to go after you, and I'll be honest, I'm not really up for this match. I have a sense of shame, maybe you wouldn't understand, but... get the fuck away from me.

[That latter bit was spoken to Don Hollywood, who was encroaching.]

Heidi Christenson:

So here's the thing Rich. I know when Kelly told you about this match, it sounded like a lot of fun, but let me remind you what happens to people who get on my bad side.

Tom Sawyer went face first through a car windshield. He had his motorcycle destroyed. He ended up getting his neck broken.

Python would've gotten the same if the OLW fans hadn't saved him.

Eric Dane may have won that I Quit match, but he got a concussion, staples in his head, ligament damage in his knees, he can't close his right fist anymore because I nearly bit his fingers off, and you can still see the place I bit an entire part of his forehead off.

Now ask yourself, Rich.

Is it going to be worth it?

[The Love Machine pops up, at least to his knees. He smoothes his moustache with baby oil as he considers all of these terrible, terrible things. He isn't mic'd up, but the camera is close enough to pick it up.]

Rich:

Listen here, HYE-DEE, My main squeeze Lindsay Tee might not be out here to make this a serious business real deal Three-Way Dance, but we got us an open relationship, ya see? And don't let these bulging muscles and this glorious grin fool ya none, ol' Richie-Rich the Richmeister ain't got nothin' against a little old fashioned Say-Doe-Masochism, ya diggit?

[...]

Rich:

What I mean to say is, bring it on sweet-cheeks, I wanna get this done before the oil starts to crust!

[Even Don Hollywood and Pete Whealdon wince.]

Heidi Christenson:

How about this, Rich? If you haven't got the sense to be afraid of me, think about this. I've got a boyfriend. He's from West Virginia. He has a shotgun, a tractor, and friends with no front teeth. Do you really, really want to risk that on this match?

[Even for just a few seconds, Rich hesitates. But the thought of potential boobies in the future is too much for him to handle.]

Heidi Christenson:

Well, if that's how it has to be, then I just have apologize to all my fans who aren't interested in seeing me in butt-floss. Regardless of what I'm wearing, Rich Mahogany simply has to **die**.

[Heidi unbelts the bathrobe and carefully slips her arms out of the sleeves so that the robe doesn't slip out of place. Then, dramatically, she throws the robe off to the side and behind her. It hits Hector Navarro.]

[You are now looking at Heidi Christenson wearing nothing but a white V-sling.]

[Enjoy it for about 5 seconds.]

[As soon as she deems that Rich Mahogany is suitably hypnotized, Heidi drives a brutal roundhouse kick into his head. Rich's eyes move in opposite directions as he keels over into the oil.]

[Heidi jumps lightly down into the pit, nearly falls, but keeps her balance, and she kicks Rich as hard as she can again. Rich ends up falling against the side of the pit, where there isn't even a place for his head to recoil, and that's why instead of the usual 'THWACK' sound, the Lethal Roundhouse makes a sickening...]

KTHUWMP!

Angus:

SHE DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE BELL!!

DDK:

How can you be thinking about things like that at a time like this?

[Heidi throws Rich towards the middle of the ring and puts one foot on his chest. Clearly, she's trying to make this whole experience as un-enjoyable for Rich as possible. Hector Navarro, his face pained, makes the count on his leg.]

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[Heidi goes back for another roundhouse, but now Don Hollywood decides to get involved. He's the smartest of the three Angel City eXXXpress guys, and although he'd have taken this match happily had it been offered to him, he recognizes that Rich Mahogany is in serious danger here.]

[Remember that time Heidi kicked that Niklas Kiri guy in the head so hard she broke his jaw and half his teeth and he never wrestled again? Don knows that could happen to Rich.]

DDK:

Don Hollywood puts himself between Rich and Heidi - no, he's not trying to turn it into a handicap match, he's begging her not to kill Rich!

[Both of Don's hands are facing Heidi, palms up.]

[Pete Whealdon comes over and starts pulling Rich out of the pit.]

[It almost looks like Don's going to get Heidi calmed down, and this won't be as horrible as we were afraid it would.]

[But if Rich had any sense to begin with, one of those kicks probably knocked it loose, and so once he's on the edge of the pool, he leapfrogs over Don's shoulders, swan dives over Heidi and takes her down into the pit with a sunset flip!]

[Hector Navarro takes a few seconds to realize he has to count. ONE... TWO... and Heidi slides out of it.]

[Or rather, she slips free, rolls backwards to her feet, and catches Rich with a knee right to the bridge of the nose.]

[With a howl, Rich clutches his busted face as Heidi shoots in on the arm, cranking it up into - nothing because she can't get a really good grip on it. Rich can't get her all the way off him, but Heidi can't seem to do anything with the arm.]

[Finally, Rich stands up.]

[Now, Heidi's in a position where she can't win no matter what happens. But the worst possible outcome would be if she were to lose the actual match.]

Angus:

GHLKHNNNGGGrffffp pptt

[There is a thump as Angus falls out of his chair.]

DDK:

Heidi couldn't get traction to apply an armlock, but she has attempted a triangle choke, and it does appear to be effective... I have to say, I think the pressure from the triangle choke is making his bloody nose worse.

[Rich makes a noise like he's being strangled to death, possibly because he is.]

[Pete Whealdon grabs Rich's fallen handkerchief and throws it into the pit.]

[Hector Navarro quickly calls for the bell.]

[Heidi ignores the bell. Instead she rolls over on her side, twisting her legs into a figure 4 to apply her Twisted Triangle.]

DDK:

Fans, for starters I apologize wholeheartedly for everything that has happened within the last 10 minutes. But if you have any question as to why Heidi Christenson is so dangerous, a multi-time World Champion, and frankly, why putting her in 'specialty matches' is a horrible idea, look at Rich Mahogany's face.

[Navarro pleads with Heidi to let go. Don and Pete are smart enough to stay well out of the way. Just when it looks like there might be a real crisis, Heidi drops the hold and stands up. Navarro hands her the bathrobe, and then raises her hand.]

[You're going to have to ask Heidi later why she did this, but instead of putting the bathrobe back on, Heidi spins it around over her head and goes for a catwalk strut across the stage. She even does a little shimmy before disappearing backstage.]

DDK:

I've called a lot of different things in my nearly 20 years as a wrestling commentator. I honestly have no idea how to call that. Heidi's a tremendous talent, Kelly Evans has mostly done a good job running Defiance in Dane's absence, but there's a viciousness in the way women hate each other that gives me the shivers.

[There's a funny scuffling noise, and then.]

Angus:

Where's the match, Darren?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I blacked out. What'd I miss?

[DDK, in his 20 years, is renowned for his professionalism. But sometimes you just can't resist...]

DDK:

Heidi went backstage without incident. Then Cancer Jiles came out.

Angus:

HE IS THE COOL~!

DDK:

And then he got in the oil pit and made out with Hector Navarro.

Angus:

BAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!

DDK:

And that wasn't all that happened, either.

Angus:

NOOOOOO

DDK:

So many dicks...

Angus:

ADOIAGHOUHSOGUDGKADGJLLK!!!

DDK:

I'm kidding, Angus.

Angus:

AHFNDHFFOMDGHDDH!!! FHFJNDYHNRFIFNDGSH!!!

Trust Issues

“...It’s just a shame Curtis Penn isn’t gonna be out there anymore....”

[Standing backstage is Wayne Dewey and Stockton Pyre. Pyre, in his ring gear, is stretching his arm out across his chest, Dewey is talking. They are in a locker room with the door closed.]

Wayne Dewey:

...I was really looking forward to seeing you knock him on his ass. One decent shot and he’d have gone whimpering back to his corner to hide behind Dentari.

[A grunt of force from Stockton as he lets his arm free from his grip.]

Stockton Pyre:

But now?

Wayne Dewey:

Now The Legitimate Businessman’s Club have managed to substitute Penn for both Di Luca and Rinaldi. Subbing Penn for Rinaldi I could probably get behind, what with the similar IQs and everything, but throwing ‘Two Hands’ in there as well? That’s just being partial against Pyre®.

[Right before he can pin his other arm in front of his chest in a stretch, Stockton stops mid-motion, lets his arms fall to a more natural position, and turns to Wayne. He opens his mouth to speak, but he’s interrupted by a rapping on the locker room door.]

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

[The knocker doesn’t wait for a response before entering the room, revealing himself to be Pyre’s partner for the evening, Sam Turner Jr. who’s closely followed by ‘The Mastodon’ Frank Dylan James and Dusty Griffith.]

Stockton Pyre:

Ahh, Sam... Glad you could make it.

[Wayne Dewey immediately turns to avoid eye contact with the man he cheated last time out. Sam on the other hand doesn’t take his eyes off of the rat, and neither does Dusty.]

Dusty Griffith:

How goes it, brother?

[Dusty says as he nods at a certain chair swinging Gonzo Goliath who had come to his rescue a few weeks ago when the LBC had effectively cancelled their scheduled match. Pyre smiles slightly and nods.]

Stockton Pyre:

Well, thank you. Yourself?

[Dusty nods in response as well.]

Dusty Griffith:

Solid.

[Dusty turns to Wayne, a sneer simmering to the surface of his face.]

Dusty Griffith:

Wayne.

[The word sends a visible shiver down Wayne's spine. Meanwhile, Sam turns to Stockton.]

Sam Turner Jr.

What'cha wantin' Stockton? I's had ta stop ma warm up ta come down 'ere.

Stockton Pyre:

We need to talk. I'm sure you've heard the Legitimate Businessman's Club have altered our scheduled match tonight.

Sam Turner Jr.

Yessum's, I has.

Stockton Pyre:

And I'm sure you know what happened last week when that same trick was pulled against your friends Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey.

[Dusty responds with an unsubtle "hmph" as his jaw clenches.]

Dusty Griffith:

A card ol' Ed, isn't going to be playing in Toronto, that's for sure.

[Sam nods.]

Sam Turner Jr.

Yup, I do.

[Wayne Dewey slowly and silently slips into Stockton's shadow in an attempt to not draw too much attention to himself before opening his mouth.]

Wayne Dewey:

It's just as well I've been to see Kelly Evans then.

[Despite the fact that he's hiding behind Stockton Pyre, Wayne's shit eating grin is still plain to see.]

Wayne Dewey:

I told her. I told her that the LBC couldn't just change the match. I told her Stockton had prepared for Curtis Penn and Alceo Dentari. Not Vincent Rinaldi or Tony Di Luca.

Stockton Pyre:

I think I-

[But Stockton's words fall on deaf ears as Wayne continues.]

Wayne Dewey:

And no offense Sam, but you're not exactly my brother or Dusty Griffith.

[Sam takes a step towards Wayne, forcing the rat to let out a little squeal as he ducks further behind Stockton Pyre who, to his credit, also steps to one side in an attempt to bring Wayne out into the open slightly more.]

Sam Turner Jr.

No, I's ain't Eugene an' I's ain't Dusty, I's Sam Turner Junior durn it an' I's gonna kick yer butt if'n ya says anythin' like 'at again in front a' me.

[Wayne swallows the lump in his throat, straightens his tie and brushes his jackets down in an attempt to mask the embarrassment from the yelp.]

Wayne Dewey:

Noted. Anyway, as I was saying, So that we...

[Wayne makes a point of placing a hand on Stockton's biceps and his own chest.]

Wayne Dewey:

...don't get caught out like Dusty and Eugene, I've managed to get Kelly to agree to make this a trios match. So now it'll be the LBC versus Stockton Pyre...

[Wayne moves his hand up onto Stockton's shoulder. The moves it over to gesture to the farmhand, making sure not to put it so close that he actually loses it.]

Wayne Dewey:

Sam Turner Jr... and-

Sam Turner Jr.

-An' Frank Dylan James.

[As soon as he's done speaking Sam slaps his hand onto Frank's shoulder. Wayne's mouth falls open as he shakes his head.]

Wayne Dewey:

Wha- no... that's not-

Sam Turner Jr.

I reckon it's a'ight. Frank's gon' be out 'ere anyways. Ain't no ways I's goin' out 'ere alone wiff 'at lil' rat runnin' around.

[Dusty grins and nods in agreement with his big ginger pal as Wayne starts cutting at his neck in an attempt to get Sam, who is now pointing at Dewey, to stop talking. Stockton looks back at his new manager, who immediately scratches his neck and looks nonchalantly towards the ceiling. Pyre then turns back to Sam, meaning Wayne can continue cutting at his neck.]

Stockton Pyre:

What do you mean by 'rat'?

Sam Turner Jr.

I means-

Wayne Dewey:

UUUUUHHHnothing! He doesn't mean anything by it, Stockton...

[Wayne shoots evils over at Sam and Dusty, who both smile knowingly back at the diminutive Dewey. Wayne steps out from behind Pyre and into the open. He speaks through gritted teeth to Sam.]

Wayne Dewey:

That's a fantastic idea.

[In the background Frank Dylan James cracks his knuckles while Dusty slaps Frank on the back of his shoulder, pumping him up and Sam claps Wayne hard on the shoulder almost causing Dewey's legs to buckle underneath him.]

Sam Turner Jr.

I gots ma eye on ya, ya lil' rat... an' Stockton... We'll see ya out 'ere.

[Sam, Dusty, and Frank all turn to the door and leave Stockton and Wayne alone.]

Stockton Pyre:

Why does he keep calling you a rat?

Wayne Dewey:

What? Oh... nothing...

[Now would be the point where Pyre would raise an eyebrow, but he's got a mask on, so he just stares silently at Dewey.]

Wayne Dewey:

Seriously, it's nothing. The guy's not all there. I heard a hay bale fell on his head when he was two. Never been all there since. Don't worry about it.

[After that Wayne makes himself busy to avoid further questions. Stockton stares at Wayne with the same silent stare for a moment that seems to last an eternity. When Wayne doesn't respond, Stockton resumes his stretching routine, grabbing his arm and pulling it in front of his chest.]

[Cut back to ringside.]

...Than the Devil You Don't.

[A familiar bass riff begins to gently rustle the foundation of the Brandt Center, giving us a tune not heard in a DEFIANCE arena since Brighton, England.] [Black Sabbath.] ["Hand of Doom."] **Angus:** The Philosopher Kings?! *↪What'cha gonna do? ↪Time's caught up with you ↪Now you wait your turn ↪You know there's no return* [A bright, golden spotlight beams down on the arena entrance, revealing a group of familiar faces who have made themselves scant in recent weeks.] *↪TAKE YOUR WRITTEN RULES!* [Eddie Dante saunters his way to the ring with panache, his cane swinging defiantly. The man seriously looks a top hat away from being a spokesman for Johnnie Walker scotch.] *↪YOU JOIN THE OTHER FOOLS!* [Mushigihara flanks him, looking as stoic as you would expect from a big masked man.] *↪TURN TO SOMETHING KNEW!* [Troy Matthews, green hair spiked up and slicked back, grinning like the cat that caught the canary.] *↪NOW IT'S KILLING YOU!* [Wait a second...] **DDK:** ...that's not Troy Matthews. It looks like Troy Matthews, but... that's not him. [Keebler is right. There's something off about the green-haired man we see here; aside from the lack of tattoos that the real Troy has practically made his signature, his features are considerably softer than Troy's angular look. This guy has a similarly lean and sinewy physique, and wears his hair like Troy used to before he dyed it red, but the similarities end there.] *↪First it was the bomb ↪Vietnam napalm ↪Disillusioning ↪You push the needle in* [Dante is the first on the apron, gingerly climbing the ring steps as he favors his injured knee, while Mushi lumbers into the ring under the bottom rope, leaving "Troy" to mug for the crowd and slither in the ring. The crowd is already voicing their disapproval.] *"BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!" "BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!" "BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!"* [Eddie Dante stands in the center of the ring with a cocky grin as he procures a microphone from inside his suit jacket and addresses the rowdy Regina crowd.] **Eddie Dante:** I can assure you that this is not "bullshit," friends. This is a true, honest reunion of the Philosopher Kings and our statement that the DEFIANCE Trios Tag Team Titles will not be gone from us much longer. Myself... Mushigihara... and... [Dante snaps a glance at the Jersey Devil Dupe, and smiles ear-to-ear.] **Eddie Dante:** The man who, after the Canadian tour finale, will be the one and only "Jersey Devil" Troy Matthews, will stand as one, and stake our claim as the next in line for those championships. Of course, until then, this young man is simply in training, waiting for the moment when his predecessor is eradicated from the wrestling business, so that HE may fully assume the deed and title of the green hair dye, and take the name "Troy Matthews" to heights it has never seen! *"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"* ["Troy" just shrugs and mugs some more.] **Angus:** Man, this fake Troy is... something. *"BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!" "BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!" "BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!" "BUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLL-SHIT!"* [Dante shakes his head.] **Eddie Dante:** You jeer now, but when has the man currently known as Troy Matthews ever connected with you... and not let you down? [The bile of the crowd seems to calm down a little.] **Eddie Dante:** When has Troy Matthews ever made a big step in his career, and become a name in DEFIANCE Wrestling, only to plummet back to earth in a few scant months? Hell, Troy Matthews isn't his real name! If ANYONE in this business is an imposter, it's HIM! [His eyes span the crowd surrounding him, while Mushigihara lets out a brief, restrained...] **Mushigihara:** ...Osu. **Eddie Dante:** And what the Grindhouse finale, when the OLD Troy Matthews takes his final plunge back to Earth, and Mushigihara buries him deep in the ground, NEVER to see the light of day again... THIS MAN... [A finger flies out into the chest of the green-haired phoney.] **Eddie Dante:** ...will take his rightful place in the history books! THIS MAN, the REAL Troy Matthews, will SOAR in ways that will make EACH and EVERY ONE OF YOUR TINY LITTLE PIN HEADS SPIN! *"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"* [Eddie soaks in the jeers, as if he's made his point, before turning to "Troy" and addressing him.] **Eddie Dante:** Troy, if you will? [He presses the microphone to his charge's face, as "Troy" smiles and accepts. He puts the microphone to his lips...] **Ka-THWACK!** [...before a wayward leg rises up and crashes into the back of his head.] **Angus:** TROY! **DDK:** The REAL Troy! *"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"* [The one and only Troy Matthews grabs his staggered doppelganger by the hair and holds his head up, while Dante and Mushi, almost on reflex, escape the ring.] **DDK:** And Eddie Dante is so low that he'd leave his "new Troy" to be beaten! [Eddie already has second thoughts, though, and tries to edge back into the ring, only for a scowling Troy to stare at him... and contemptuously throw the green-haired doppelganger between the ropes and into Eddie's arms.] **Angus:** Maybe Eddie's just acting on reflex? **DDK:** Still, it's a compromised position for someone so sure of his plans to "eradicate" Troy Matthews once and for all! [Eddie helps his fake Troy to his feet and helps him along the aisle backstage, while Mushi holds the frontline and looks at the red-haired Slayer of Giants. Troy, in kind, stares daggers at the Sumo Beast, mumbling something about "settling this shit."]

Welcome to Brawl-O-Rama #1

DDK:

I'm hearing that the riot between Hookers and Blow and Team H.O.S.S. has spilled out on to the concourse.

Angus:

Whooo! Moar riot, cuz moar!

[Cutting to the action.]

CRRRRRAAAAAASSSSHHHHH!

[The sound of a set of double doors exploding open is followed by Ty Walker being hurled into the scene with random pedestrians scattering about as he's followed by Capitol Punishment. Following those two is the brawling mass of Ryan Matthews and Alecander and Sam Horry and Angel Trinidad.]

Angus:

Out of the ways fools!

DDK:

This is insane and that's saying something.

Angus:

Look at these people scatter like roaches in a New York apartment.

[The angry old man of Team HOSS stalks a crawling Walker, who nears one of the merch tables that are set up with all manner of DEFIANCE action figures and replica title belts. Meanwhile Matthews is getting his face smashed against the nearby wall by Alecander. Down on the floor, Horry and Angel roll around wildly swinging after a judo-style hiptoss by Horry.]

Random Fan:

Yeah, kick his ass, Cap! Kick his ass with his own ass!

[Grabbing up a still sealed blister package with the likeness of Tyrone Walker in action figure form, Cap turns Ty around and blasts him right in the face with it like it were a shaving cream pie. Ty responds by swinging a haymaker shot with replica version of the Southern Heritage Title. The shot doesn't phase Cap though, who grabs Ty around the neck with both hands, lifts and then drives him right through the table.]

CRRRRRRUUUNNNNNNCH!

[This causes most of the action figures and title belts to fly out in all directions while Ty groans in agony as the fans erupt with cheers for the whirlwind of violence that is all around them.]

"YEEEEAAAAHHHHH!"

[In an instant, some of the more daring fans dart in close to the action and try to get their hands on some of the scattered merchandise.]

Angus:

HAY! YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR THOSE!

DDK:

Great, our fans aren't just lunatics, they're kleptomaniacs to boot.

Angus:

Opportunists is more like it.

[Cap admires his work as he stands over Walker in the heap of debris that was a merch table. Behind him, Matthews manages to slip Alec, sidestepping a charge that causes Alec to crash hard into the wall, a little trickle of blood coming from his nose as a result. Down on the floor Horry, uses his superior grappling skill to flip Trinidad off of him and hard on to his back against the unforgiving floor. Getting up, Matthews and Horry look to each other and nod.]

Angus:

Look out, Cap! Behind you!

DDK:

Pick a side!

Angus:

I did! Until something else changes my mind again!

[Cap turns to see Matthews charging at him, but doesn't see Horry rushing him from the opposite side as he hits him with a flying knee. This gives Matthews the opening to score with an elbow as Cap stumbles towards him. Cheap Heat continue to pound away while Walker emerges from the wreckage of broken table, crushed action figure packages, and bent replica title belts.]

Angus:

YUSS! THE BLACK JESUS RISES!

DDK:

Well, at least you're consistent.

[Ty cracks his neck and jumps on to the growing pile on top of Capitol Punishment along with Matthews and Horry. The three on one doesn't last long as Cap's rage grows and he rears up and hurls all three off of him. Backing off, Walker, Matthews and Horry group up, but before they can make a move, Alec and Angel rush past Cap and charge HNB, causing another whirling dervish of swinging fists that blows it way through the next set of doors.]

Angus:

This is HOSSOME!

DDK:

It sure is, but up next...

Angus:

WHAT? I want more brawl-o-rama!

Public Relations

[Whistles, hoots, and hollers rise from the audience as the camera fades in to the beautiful Christie Zane, stunning and bubbly as always. She smiles wide, microphone at the ready.]

Christie Zane:

Helllooo Defiants! Christie Zane here! Backstage at the Brandt Centre with questions for DEFIANCE's newest sensation, The Big Damn Heroes!

[The hoots and hollers morph into a solid pop as the camera zooms out to reveal the trio of Tyler Rayne, Lindsay Troy, and Wade Elliott. "The Golden Boy" stands closest to Zane on her left side, wearing that perma-five o'clock shadow and a smug grin. Christie can't help it; she blushes a bit. "The Bad Dog" stands to Rayne's left, arms across his chest and looking less amused with a furled brow and lips curled back behind his bushy goatee. "The Queen of the Ring" stands to Christie's right, with a smug smile to match her husband's.]

Christie Zane:

So, you three have already stirred things up quite a bit, and it's only been a couple of shows! You all had amazing careers in PRIME before it closed, but here are the questions that's on everyone's mind: Why DEFIANCE? And what are you doing here?

Tyler Rayne:

We're here to chew bubblegum and kick ass. And we're all out of bubblegum.

Christie Zane:

...excuse me?

Tyler Rayne:

George Nada? Roddy Piper? "They Live"...?

[Christie's got nothing.]

Tyler Rayne:

No? Nothing? They Live! It's a fucking classic of... [Turns to Wade] Gods dammit, Country. What is with the kids these days?

Wade Elliott:

Don't lookit me, I don't know what the hell yer talkin' 'bout half the time neither.

Tyler Rayne:

[sighing heavily] You're kidding me?! It has the best blue collar fight scene... You know, I just need to lend you my action blu-rays. Have you even SEEN Total Recall? Let's start with Total Recall, you're gonna love...

Lindsay Troy:

[coughing deliberately] Ty. The interview.

Tyler Rayne:

Right. That. [Back to Christie] Let's not worry about the "why" or the "what." We're here, we're already kicking serious ass-hat ass, and we're only just getting started.

Christie Zane:

Speaking of which ... The Conclave, a part of Bronson Box's Blood Diamonds, look like the first group you have an issue with. Why them?

Tyler Rayne:

[shrugs] Wrong place, wrong time, dollface.

Lindsay Troy:

Catching our eye is never a good thing.

Wade Elliott:

Just so happened they were actin' like chicken-shits on the very night we decided t'make ourselves seen.

Tyler Rayne:

And seen we were! I think. Did you see that Fastball Special? Fucking glorious. No one wants to talk about it and it's driving me insane. You didn't catch They Live so I know you've got nothing for the Fastball. That was when I ran really fast and Country chucked me like a missile. Who even does that? Us, that's who.

Christie Zane:

I did see that. [She smiles at Rayne] That was SO impressive.

Tyler Rayne:

[Beaming] You're gods damn right it was.

[Troy shakes her head - encouraging Tyler isn't helping. Wade's scowl grows deeper.]

Christie Zane:

But the Conclave aren't the only ones wanting a piece of The Big Damn Heroes. What are your thoughts on the Angel City eXXXpress?

[She looks at Troy.]

Christie Zane:

You had a conversation with Heidi Christenson about one of their members, Rich Mahogany, already tonight. Care to go into more ...

[A holler and a crash cuts Christie off and distracts the group. They all look over their shoulders, and the camera changes angle, zooming in to find the collectives of Team HOSS and Hookers n' Blow brawling onto the scene. The group is a flurry of fists and grappling, knocking over garbage cans and hapless interns. Junior Keeling, ever the slug, dances around the mayhem, shouting out helpful "tips" to Team HOSS. Eventually they clamber through a doorway and the sounds of the brawl fade away. Rayne turns to Wade, pointing a thumb where the brawl was.]

Tyler Rayne:

Did seven dudes just beat the shit out of each other through our gorram interview?

Wade Elliott:

Looks like.

Christie Zane:

Well, anyway, back to ...

[Before Christie can continue, Wade gets visibly frustrated and interrupts, snatching the microphone from her hand.]

Wade Elliott:

We ain't back t'nothin'. There's too much talkin' an' talkin' makes my ass itch. Here's the god-damn story. The Big Damn Heroes are here an' here t'stay, and we're here t'do just a coupl've things: show up, beat the shit out've assholes talkin' too much, then drink the god-damn bar dry. An' if I ain't mistaken, we showed up to this arena a while ago, so we oughta be kickin' somebody's ass pretty damn quick. We'll see The Conclave in the god-damn ring.

[The Bad Dog shoves the mic back into Christie's hand, who can only stand there and blink. Wade stomps away out of view of the camera, leaving the remaining three quiet for a moment.]

Lindsay Troy:

Don't mind Wade, he's an ornery sort of fellow. And interviews aren't exactly his job.

Christie Zane:

Uh, okay. What exactly is his job?

[Troy and Rayne look at each other, then back to Zane.]

Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne:

[In unison] Public relations.

[Get on down to ringside!]

Tyler Rayne/Wade Elliott vs Jacob Cassidy/Felton Bigsby



DDK:

Fans, we're about to see two thirds of the Big Damn Heroes take on two thirds of The Conclave - that is to say, Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott against Jacob Cassidy and Felton Bigsby.

Angus:

Speedy flippydoo'ers versus two HOSSEs who'd fit in well with my boys Junior Keeling and crew. I'm sure you can tell which part I'm most excited about!

DDK:

If nothing else, it'll be interesting to see how Jacob and Felton function as a tandem. The hostility between Cassidy and Jane Katze seems to be driving this team to implosion.

Angus:

You have to figure Box has told Jacob that the mark of a good leader is the ability to get all your moving parts aligned, even if one is reluctant to fall in. Whether it's gonna happen, I don't know.

DDK:

What we do know from Christie Zane is the Big Damn Heroes are ready for this match. If Jane will be out here with Jacob and Felton, you know Lindsay Troy will be out here with Rayne and Elliott. The Queen's been busy tonight already. Will Jane keep it that way?

[Angus doesn't get a chance to reply, because "Brutal Planet" by Alice Cooper blasts through the speakers.]

♪ We're spinnin' round on this ball of hate ♪
 ♪ There's no parole there's no great escape ♪
 ♪ We're sentenced here until the end of days ♪
 ♪ And then, my brother, there's a price to pay ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is a standard rules tag team match, set for one fall and with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first, representing the Blood Diamonds! Accompanied to the ring by Jane Lora Katze! From Houston, Texas and Waterbury, Vermont, at a combined weight of 524 pounds "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and Jacob Cassidy THE CONNNNNNNNCLAAAAAAAAVE!

[Cassidy is out first. He does almost nothing aside from glance around the arena and then stand there stoically. Bigsby is out second. He pounds his chest with a fist and bellows, then stands next to Cassidy atop the ramp.]

[Jane is out third. She's not dressed to wrestle. She's wearing a suit with miniskirt, nylons and heels. She says something to Cassidy; he grimaces in annoyance and says something back, then starts to the ring.]

DDK:

The tension between Jacob Cassidy and Jane Katze is already palpable as The Conclave heads to the ring.

Angus:

Keeps, I'm not really sold on any of these guys. You know, Jack's been a career underachiever since 2004 and he's showed more fire than usual, I'll give him that, but there were guys switching to their full names back in 1994. It doesn't mean he's going to get better.

[Jane enters the ring very slowly over the middle rope. Cassidy climbs to the middle rope from the outside and raises one fist.]

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Fans don't like the Blood Diamonds, and that extends down to these n00bs.

DDK:

Jacob Cassidy is a ten year veteran of the sport, Angus, and Jane's been around for over five herself.

Angus:

Yeah and the Big Damn Heroes have been around for like ever. And they get along with each other. And anyway, no matter how you stack it, Bigsby is absolutely green.

[Brutal Planet fades out.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents...

♪ We were born to ri-iiise.... ♪

[Cue the fans.]

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

♪ We were born to ri-iiise.... ♪

["Born to Rise" by Redlight King blasts over the speakers and the DEFIANCE-faithful rise to their feet. The curtain's thrown aside and the Big Damn Heroes make their way out one by one. Tyler Rayne is first, and he stalks across the stage with a smirk on his face. He jabs his index finger toward Jacob in the ring and stops just toward the left of the ramp. Next is Lindsay Troy. She follows in Rayne's wake, keeping her eyes trained toward all three Conclave members. While Rayne is motioning for the crowd to kick up the volume she stops at center stage. Wade Elliott is the last 'Hero out and he doesn't bother stopping to pose. He keeps right on walking. Troy falls into step with him and Rayne jogs down the ramp to join the other two.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Lindsay Troy...from Baja, California and Pine Ridge, Alabama, at a combined weight of 484 pounds, they are "The Bad Dog" Wade Elliott and "The Underground Pimp" Tyler Rayne...The BIG. DAMN. HEEEEEROOOOOEEEEES!

♪ We are the ones who were born to riiiise! ♪

♪ We are the ones with the fire insiiiiide!! ♪

♪ I go to war with the brothers I trust, ♪

♪ and there ain't no stoppin' us! ♪

♪ There ain't no stoppin us! ♪

[The 'Heroes hit the ring. Wade stomps up the steps, Rayne and Troy jump in unison onto the apron and catapult themselves over the top rope. Wade climbs inside the ring and he and Tyler take to ascending the turnbuckles. Bigsby

makes a motion like he's going to go after Wade but Hector Navarro jumps in his path. Troy slides over in front of Jacob and Jane to cut them off in case they had the same idea.]

DDK:

The Big Damn Heroes may enjoy playing to the fans, but they're no fools - notice how Lindsay Troy cut off the ring to prevent a sneak attack from the Conclave.

[Wade and Tyler climb down from their perches and turn to face Jacob, Jane, and Felton. Redlight King cuts out and Hector instructs everyone to take to their corners. Problem is, no one's budging. Everyone's making with the death stares and the jaw-jacking.]

[Hector's "instructions" turn into Hector laying down the damn law and all the participants move to opposite corners. Jane and Lindsay drop out of the ring and down to the floor.]

DING DING DING

DDK:

Looks like Jacob Cassidy and Tyler Rayne will be starting things off.

[Jacob and Tyler circle the ring, sizing each other up. Cassidy moves forward with a collar and elbow tie-up but gains no advantage and Rayne pushes him away. Cassidy tries for another one and Rayne side-steps him with a chuckle. What the Golden Boy doesn't account for is Cassidy using his quickness to whirl around and tackle him to the mat. Cassidy lays down some right hands, stands up, then hits a standing moonsault. He goes for the quick cover.]

ONE!

TW-Kickout!

[Jacob's back to his feet. He runs against the ropes and tries to put down an elbow but Rayne rolls out of the way. They're vertical at nearly the same time and Rayne charges in with some knees to the sternum which sends Cassidy backwards into a neutral corner. Rayne follows up with a hard clothesline to keep Jacob dazed. He lands a few strategic punches to Cassidy's ribs then grabs him by the arm and shoots him across the ring with an Irish whip. Jacob bounces off the turnbuckles. As he turns around, Rayne flies in with an Inazuma leg lariat. He goes for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

[Rayne walks over to his corner and tags in Elliott. The Bad Dog stomps into the ring and starts to put the boots to Cassidy. Jacob rolls out of the way and tags in Bigsby.]

Angus:

Time for the big boys to brawl!

[Wade turns his attention to Bigsby, taking a couple cocky steps backward with a grin behind his bushy goatee, cracking his knuckles. Felton beats on his chest as he enters the ring, and wastes no time bull-rushing The Bad Dog. The crowd booms as Felton lowers a shoulder into Wade's mid-section. The 'Bama Bruiser is ready, however, over-hooking Felton's shoulders and pivoting around a boot, sending his back into the ring post. The Blue Collar Brawler gets to work laying a few big right hands into the side of Bigsby's head, followed by a vicious gut stomp. Gripping the ropes, Wade continues his assault via steel-toed boot, burying it into Felton's belly over and over again until Houston Strong slumps down to a seated position, arms on the ropes.]

DDK:

The Bad Dog putting those fists and feet to work early on Felton Bigsby! Cassidy is not happy about it!

[Indeed, Jacob Cassidy barks and hollers at his downed teammate. Elliott, much to the crowd's enjoyment, continues stomping a hole in Bigsby's stomach, then earns a huge pop from the arena as he turns to the yapping Cassidy with a middle finger and bellows "shut yer god-damn mouth!" Cassidy seethes, eyes locked momentarily with Wade's vicious blues before The Son of a Bitch finishes his display with a straight boot across Felton's jaw.]

Angus:

HE BE STOMPIN, KEEBS! STOMPIN A MUDHOLE AND WALKIN IT DRY!

DDK:

There is nothing subtle about Wade Elliott's wrestling style.

[Wade relents a moment, allowing the now-dazed and angry Bigsby to shake the stars out of his eyes and work toward his feet. Troy hollers for Wade to stay on Felton. The 'Bama Bruiser lands another couple kicks to Bigsby, but the Houston native catches one of Elliott's big ol' boots and lands a punch square to his solar plexus. Wade doubles over. Felton grabs his arm and shoots him into the ropes, then plants him to the mat with a powerslam. He covers.]

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

[Bigsby drags Wade a little closer toward his corner and tags Jacob back in. Cassidy grabs the top rope, launches himself over it, and connects with a legdrop onto Wade's chest. He covers.]

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Cassidy with a chance for some retaliation, but not enough after a quick legdrop.

[Cassidy is just as quick to stay on the downed Bad Dog, following up with a quick knee-drop to the face and rolling away. He keeps the flow going immediately with a standing moonsault, holding for the pin.]

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Angus:

Gonna take more than that!

[In the far corner, Tyler Rayne starts clapping for his partner in trouble, and gestures for the crowd to join in.]

clap clap clapclapclap

[Cassidy scoffs at the crowd, guiding the dazed Wade to his feet. He delivers a stiff knee to the chest, followed by a backhand chop, then darts to the ropes, bounding off them and barreling at the prone Elliott. The 'Bama Bruiser ducks down, forcing Jacob to vault over him and bounce off the opposite ropes. Wade regains his bearings, planting his right

boot and pivoting hard, finding Cassidy on the return and turning him inside-out with a massive clothesline.]

OOOOOOHHH!!

DDK:

And Wade putting an end to the assault with a little Southern Hospitality!

Angus:

That one took a few more hairs off Cassidy's head!

[Cassidy lies face down, holding the back of his head and stirring on the mat after Wade's surprising big right arm. The Bad Dog stares him down a moment before grabbing him by the scruff of the neck and yanking him to his feet. Wade crashes a few stiff forearms down on Jacob's back before hoisting him onto his broad shoulder and dropping him heavily onto his knee with a shoulderbreaker. Cassidy lies on his back, and Wade looks to his corner, where Rayne has already read his mind, balanced on top of the ringpost.. Elliott reaches over and tags in The Golden Boy, who takes a moment to lift his arms over and over again, riling up the crowd. Then, with a smirk, Rayne leaps skyward, flipping gainer-style and splashing down on Cassidy.]

DDK:

Shooting Star Press from Rayne!

[The crowd roars for the aging high flyer, who remains on top of Cassidy for the cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...NO!

Angus:

Katze just yanked on Rayne's foot!

[Jane Katze quite sneakily zipped around and pulled hard on Rayne's foot, breaking up the count. Katze's smug grin is short-lived, however, as Troy cares not for such intrusions. She rounds the corner, but Jane is quick to back-pedal to the other side of the ring, keeping The Queen at bay. Back in the ring, Cassidy has rolled away from The Golden Boy and tagged in Felton Bigsby, who clambers through the ropes, Rayne popping back to his feet to get ready.]

[Felton charges, swinging wildly with an attempted clothesline, which Rayne ducks underneath. He turns around at the same time as Felton and lands a hard right kick to the big man's ribs. He kicks Felton again, and again, then switches to his left leg. Bigsby does his best to try and block the shots. Rayne runs toward the ropes, but just before he's about to propel himself back toward the Houston native, Jacob Cassidy kicks him between the shoulder blades. The Golden Boy stops in his tracks, whirls around, and lunges toward the Conclave member, but Cassidy smartly drops off the apron out of Tyler's reach. Rayne swipes at him anyway, which gives Felton enough time to recover. He runs at Rayne and clotheslines him over the top rope, effectively planting him at Cassidy's feet.]

[This brings Wade Elliott into the ring as the legal man under these swanky DEFIANCE-followed lucha tag rules.]

[Wade clobbers Felton with a forearm. Felton turns and lands a punch to Wade's jaw. Back and forth they trade fists. Rayne's to his feet but Cassidy tosses him against the apron and starts landing some punches and kicks of his own. The girls move closer to the action on the outside of the ring.]

Angus:

CATFIIIIIIIGHT!

DDK:

Unlikely Angus. We've got a better chance of seeing a roundhouse kick exchange from those two.

[Cassidy slashes a finger across his throat and hooks Rayne in vertical suplex position. He brings him up looking for the Facewaster, but Rayne kicks his legs forward and manages to wrap his arms around Jacob's head, countering with a neckbreaker!]

DDK:

If Jacob and Tyler were the legal men, this might be over.

[Back in the ring, Bigbsy shoots Elliott into the corner and crashes into him with a slingshot corner splash. Wade stumbles away from the turnbuckles and Felton scoops him up and brings him to the mat with a sidewalk slam!]

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

[Felton pounds the mat in frustration. He gets to his feet and pulls Wade up alongside him. On the outside of the ring, Rayne and Cassidy are back to tearing into one another while Jane and Lindsay keep eyes on them and on each other. Felton rocks Wade with two more right hands and then stomps over to the opposite corner.]

Angus:

What's Bigsby going to do here?

[Felton wipes his feet on the mat and assumes a three-point stance. He waits for Wade to shake the cobwebs away and turn around. When he senses the moment is right, he sprints full-speed toward the Bad Dog, looking to connect with a tackle. At the last moment, Wade side-steps him and Bigsby hits the ring post shoulder first.]

Angus:

I feel the earth. move. under my feet ...

DDK:

Bigsby yelling in pain! He could've separated a shoulder!

[Tyler and Jacob have made their way over to the timekeeper's station. Jacob tries to plant Rayne's head against the table, but Tyler blocks it. He elbows Jacob and succeeds where Cassidy could not. In the ring, Felton's extricated himself from the corner and Wade moves in like a flash. He lifts Bigsby up over his shoulder, careful to keep balance under the heavy Houston native's weight. He takes one more big breath, and heaves forward, pendulum-swinging him into the mat with a heavy BOOM!]

DDK:

Rebel Yell from Elliott!

[Wade, catching another breath after lifting the large Bigsby, drops down and covers him.]

ONE...!

[Cassidy sees this and dives for the ring. Rayne grabs him by the ankles, pulling him back.]

...TWO...!

[Jane makes a move towards possibly doing something. Troy darts around the corner and makes a beeline for her. Jane shuts it down before anything else can happen.]

.....THREE!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Your winners of this match....Tyler Rayne, Wade Elliott ... the BIG DAMN HEROES!

[“Born to Rise” cues up again. Troy and Rayne slide into the ring as Wade’s getting to his feet. Hector Navarro grabs Wade’s and Tyler’s wrists and lifts their arms into the air. Jane’s shaking her head and talking rather sternly to Jacob, who isn’t listening to her because he’s too busy storming over to where Quimbey is sitting.]

DDK:

What’s Jacob going to do here?

Angus:

I’d put money on ‘whining about losing.’

[Jacob snatches the microphone away from Darren. Before he can say anything, BDH’s music is cut off and replaced with “The Bad Touch” by the Bloodhound Gang.]

Angus:

MY HOMIES!

DDK:

Oh good, I was just thinking that’s what we needed out here.

Angus:

You know it, Keeps!

[Pete Whealdon steps out first, followed by Don Hollywood, both of whom stop to hold open the curtains for their partner.]

Angus:

Poor Rich, dude looks like he’s been through a car wreck that was ran over by a train.

DDK:

Oh, come on! Heidi didn’t do that much damage!

[Stepping into the light, Rich Mahogany sports a neck brace, heavy bandages over the top of his head, a Rip Hamilton-esque nose guard, and an eye patch. He’s hobbled a bit in his walk. There is a real bandage over what looks like a broken nose and both of his eyes are blacked.]

DDK:

And the Academy Award for Best in Bullcr-

Angus:

Hush, you! This man is a survivor! A survivor, I say!

[The boys from Angel City make their way to the foot of the ramp and a moment later their music fades. Wade Elliott folds his arms across his chest and glares at Don, Rich, and Pete with a “you jagoffs again?” look. Troy and Rayne can’t help but smirk with glee at Rich’s sorry state of affairs. Felton Bigsby, by this point, has rolled out of the ring to stand with the rest of the Conclave.]

DDK:

I don’t think the ‘Heroes are either impressed or concerned with his survival, partner.

Angus:

Yeah, well, who cares about them? Not me, though their trolling Kelly is amusing, and Lindsay Troy is pretty hot, but nothing else about them!

DDK:

Not the fact that Troy and Heidi had a conversation about Rich earlier?

Angus:

OK, that's relevant, BUT NOTHING ELSE.

DDK:

Whatever you say, Angus.

[Rich looks out into the ring, taking note of Lindsay Troy's smirk. He's of course reading this entirely wrong. Smiling back with a wink, he reaches down into his trunks and holds his hand there a little too long, but eventually pulls his hand back out with a microphone secured in his grasp.]

Angus:

Totally didn't see that coming, Keebs, I just thought he was real happy to see Lindsay after the ordeal he went through earlier tonight.

DDK:

Somebody in the back better remember to burn that microphone so nobody else ends up using it.

[Rich brings said crotch funk scented mic up to his face.]

Rich Mahogany:

Baby, don't cry, the Richmeister is here! I'm a little rough around the edges at the moment, but don't you worry, because I'll be back in fighting... and loving shape in no time, yeah!

[Troy rolls her eyes and looks over her shoulder to find where Darren Quimbey is standing. She motions for another microphone. While Quimbey fetches a second one to hand her, the Conclave have begun moving toward the ramp, surrounding the 'Heroes and also getting a better angle for an attack on the ACX should one be needed.]

Lindsay Troy:

Rich. I see you've managed to find a way to still breathe.

[She gives him a thin-lipped smile.]

Lindsay Troy:

How unfortunate for you.

[Don and Pete pat Rich on the shoulders, giving him props because "she totally digs you, Richie!" Rich nods and smirks confidently. Everyone else that is in or around the ring roll their eyes.]

Rich Mahogany:

Listen here, toots, maybe this ain't the best time for the Richmeister to be out here, what with being covered from head to toe with the stink of another woman, and also some baby oil I haven't all the way washed off yet, but I'm gettin' a li'l jealous over here!

[Rich takes the time to separately mean-mug everyone in and around the ringside area. Except for Jane Katze. He winks at her and flashes her a "3" sign with his fingers. Jane engages her DEATH GLARE~! while Rich looks back at Troy.]

Rich Mahogany:

Now you listen here, next ex-Mrs. Mahogany, I can't have you out here cavorting with like fourteen dudes and a tranny! Exactly what kind of an open relationship do you think this is?

Lindsay Troy:

The kind that doesn't occur on a plane of existence I like to call "reality" sounds about right.

Rich Mahogany:

Right. So you're with me. Good. HERE IS WHAT I PROPOSE. Next week (or, you know, whenever), at GRINDHOUSE: Canada, you bring your two cuckolds, I'll bring my two bang brothers, and just as sure as Jane Katz has dick-holes in her boy-shorts I'm sure Jackie Cassidy'll bring fat-tits and usta-girl, and we'll all get together and do it the old fashioned way...

[A sly, slight pause.]

Rich Mahogany:

You know... whoever gets fucked... gets **fucked!**

Jacob Cassidy:

Holy hell, will you both just shut up already?!

[Jacob's outburst interrupts the "domestic squabble" and nudges everyones attention towards him.]

Jacob Cassidy:

Y'know what, Rich? **Fuck straight off.** None of this has EVER been any of your business, and it's not like you've done a damn thing in DEFIANCE anyway. You got your face flattened by Heidi tonight, and that's the only thing you've ever done that has mattered. You lose every time you actually bother to show up and wrestle. You're a never-was who only has a job here because Eric Dane likes laughing at you.

Angus:

HOW DARE HE! That is a categorically FALSE statement. Everyone knows DEFIANCE trends high in the Nielsen Cougar Demographics because of Rich, Don, and Pete!

DDK:

That's not an actual thing, partner.

Angus:

What, Cougars?

DDK:

No, that categ--- you know what, nevermind.

[Jacob turns his attention to the Big Damn Heroes in the ring.]

Jacob Cassidy:

Last week, I said I was sick of dealing with your meddling. But by now, things have gone a little bit further than that. So, 'Queenie', if you want to settle this on Grindhouse CANADA, I'm more than willing, Felton's more than willing -

[Cassidy punctuates this with a slap across Felton's broad back. The big man nods and cracks his neck.]

Jacob Cassidy:

And if Jane's not willing it doesn't really matter since she's out-voted. She can maybe keep the Baby Oil Brigade occupied while the real wrestlers settle things.

[Wade's looking more riled up by the minute. Tyler, for his part, regards the Conclave's "leader" with a laugh. His

lady's got the mic - she can handle him. Troy drifts toward the ropes closest to where Jacob's standing.]

Lindsay Troy:

You asking me if I want to dance, Cass? 'Cause I've been spoiling for somethin' ever since I spiked Jane's dome off the canvas a couple shows ago. Not like that wasn't enough to get the adrenaline going, mind you, but it wasn't much of a challenge either. None of you [she motions to the Conclave and the ACX] have proven to be much of anything, really. And that's fine. Every place needs a few stepping stones to get to where the big fish like to swim. Got my eye on a few of 'em. Some you might even be familiar with.

Jacob Cassidy:

Well, it's not my fault that Jane isn't a challenge. And if you think you're gonna overlook anyone here, I'll be more than happy to prove what a mistake that is. The Angel City Asshats can even show up if they want to, since that's about the only way they'll ever shut up.

Lindsay Troy:

Good luck with all that, kid. [Smirk]. See you in Toronto.

[Cassidy sneers, then drops the mic with a thump, signals to Bigsby, and the two Conclave men head up the ramp. They make sure to bump shoulders with Pete and Don as they walk past. Jane rolls her eyes and follows them several paces back, being sure to walk a wide circle around the ACX guys. A staredown ensues between the remaining teams. Rich points his index finger between himself and Troy in a "you and I later?" gesture. She tosses him a bird in reply.]

DDK:

We are SET for a tremendous battle at the go-home show! The Conclave, the Angel City eXXXpress, and the Big Damn Heroes are gonna go at it! Hopefully not in the way Rich Mahogany intends it, either.

Angus:

Stop being jealous of the man, Keebs. He can't help that all the ladies love him!

DDK:

That's a highly debatable point. We'll be right back after these sponsorship messages!

[Cue the commercials for shit you probably won't buy before the camera goes backstage.]

You know what they say about "former" champions

[As we fade up, Kai Scott is marching down the ramp, not enjoying himself, not playing to the fans or spinning in place or pretending he has to limp. He rolls into the ring and stands.]

Scott:

Yet again, Bronson Box proves himself a hypocrite. The man who claims to be the only pure warrior in the sport remaining is a thief and a coward.

[Almost all of the aura of almost supernatural confidence that Scott usually exudes is gone. In its place is a frustrated, seething man stuck in a position he's devoted most of his career to making sure that he's never in.]

Scott:

I know that Eric Dane has indulged Box in the fantasy world where he actually means something to Defiance, as opposed to being a novelty act to amuse the section of fans who would buy everything Defiance produces anyway. But Dane isn't here, Jeff isn't here, Kelly Evans is making Dane and Jeff both look like calm, reasonable, rational individuals, and Grovner Boxer McAllister does not need to be indulged any further.

[Scott swallows hard.]

Scott:

Box. Get out here, give me my belt back, and then get out of my sight before I have you hunted down and quartered.

RAAAAHHHHBOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[As usual, the fans, not having a 'good guy' to root for, are split in their support of Box or Scott.]

Scott:

Box, don't test my patience. Do you realize that I'm actually playing NICE so that Eric doesn't have to get into it with me like he did with Jeff and Heidi? If you think that I'm not willing to go to war with the Blood Diamonds and destroy them utterly because you've got three hosses in your group, you're a fool.

[Ragtime music starts playing.]

[It's not the usual The Entertainer though, it's the Gladiolus Rag, and if you thought the Entertainer was ill-fitting and a little bit disturbing for Box's entrance, well then...]

Scott:

DO NOT waste my time, Boxer.

RRRAAAAHHHHH!!!!

[Some of the fans were cheering Scott on. Others were cheering seeing him on the receiving end of his 'stall during the entrance' trick for once.]

[Box is wearing that priest's robe he used to wear around during his days as, well, Defiance World Champion. The World Title belt is belted around his waist. He smooths his mustache and almost smiles, looking up at the man in the ring.]

Scott:

You smug sonofabitch...

[Box doesn't answer yet.]

Scott:

You know something? Whenever anyone says anything bad about my record-setting reign as Defiance World Champion, it makes me angry. Not so much because they're complaining, but because I keep getting compared to you.

[Scott paces.]

Scott:

I keep getting compared to a flash in the pan POSER.

[Box raises an eyebrow and points to himself as if to say "Moi? Surely you jest."]

Scott:

Yes, Box, you and I are both fond of having associates to watch our backs. However, I call it what it is - playing the battlefield, arranging the pieces. Bronson Box would have people believe that he's an ethical warrior. Instead, he's below me. People work for me because they know that I rehabilitate careers and make superstars out of also-rans. You kiss up to the people who already beat you and beg them to do your dirty work. And somehow, YOU have credibility as a fighter?

[Seethe.]

Scott:

You did everything you could to turn Boston Bancroft into your perfect foe, and he made you submit. You argued with Edward White, only to glue your lips to his rear end afterwards! You let Dan Ryan injure your girlfriend, and then glued your lips to his too! You're a coward, Box, you're a coward, you're a fake, you're a phony, you're a fraud...

[Scott trails off at the inexplicably un-angry Bronson Box.]

[In fact, Box is clapping, encouraging the fans to applaud Scott.]

Box:

Wise words, lad.

[Scott hangs onto the top rope, one foot on the bottom, seemingly considering actually leaving the ring and doing something.]

Box:

Wise, but irrelevant. You've a way with speech, Mr. Scott, and things you say are often well worth listening to. And one of my favorites was when you spoke of things that were and weren't worth listening to. So if you wonder why I can stand here and turn the other cheek to your venom, lad, it's because it's not worth listening to.

[Scott snarls.]

Box:

Now, next time, try listening to other people. I told YOU that deeds make the man. You didn't listen to me, and yet, here we are. The World Title around my waist, and you in the ring raging against the heavens. And your words are hollow, boyo. As you yourself have said time and time again...

[Box allows himself a smile.]

Box:

FORMER champions aren't entitled to rematches.

[Dead.]

[Silence.]

Angus:

BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA-HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!11!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

[The cheers weren't just for Box.]

[They were because Kai Scott just lost his shit.]

[Storming around the ring, Scott kicks the bottom rope, shouting off-mic. He drops the mic and clutches his head with both hands, then kicks the turnbuckle.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

[Scott grabs the mic, fumbles it, tries again and grabs it. His voice shakes as he speaks.]

Scott:

And I told you, 'boyo', that displays of brute force are meaningless. You gloat that the Truly Untouchables can't stand against the Blood Diamonds in a straight fight, but that's not how we operate anyway. If you want to go to war, Boxer, the Diamonds won't make it back to America in one piece! By the time Clair's done with you in the main event, you'll have four elbow joints on each arm! YOU CAN'T HAVE A TITLE SHOT NOT NOW NOT EVER YOU ABSOLUTE MOTHERFUCKER NOW GIVE ME MY BELT BACK RIGHT NOW BEFORE I HAVE YOU SKINNED ALIVE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAMN RING!

[Box raises his microphone to his lips and speaks...]

[And we don't hear it.]

[The mics have been cut.]

[Then, cue Mary J. Blige's "The One"]

[And Bronson Box falls over, twitching.]

[The Boss Bitch of Defiance, the Whore Next Door Gone Corporate, Kelly Evans, is out.]

[She's wearing something slutty of course. She's also got those two guys she's been using as anti-Heidi cavalry, Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley, flanking her.]

[Samuel has his taser at draw.]

[Jamie picks the World Title up from where Box dropped it.]

Kelly:

Right then boys. I don't really like either of you and I've tried to be hands-off about this whole thing between you two. But I don't care if these shows are called the Guerrilla Grindhouse, you're not going to tear my backstage apart with guerrilla warfare against each other.

[Scott tries to speak into his microphone. No sound.]

Kelly:

Ah-ah, mommy's talking. Now, on one hand, I don't like blustering, not-as-hard-as-they-think-they-are louts like Bronson Box. On the other hand, I don't like lazy bastard champions like Kai Scott. So here's what we're going to do.

First, we're changing up the main event. If the Truly Untouchables and Blood Diamonds want to fight, they can do it in the ring. Instead of Box vs Clair St. Sure singles, it's going to be Box teaming with Edward White and Dan Ryan against Kai Scott, Clair St. Sure and Jonny Fuckhead I mean Booya.

And second, we're not having a pay per view without a World Title defense, so guess what Scott? You're defending against Box after all!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!
BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!
RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

Kelly:

And until then, to make sure you boys BOTH play right, I'll just be holding onto the actual belt until the Title Defense. If EITHER of you want to actually touch this belt again, you'll conduct yourself like model fucking employees.

[Not... really the best time to throw an F-bomb in there, Kels.]

[Still, point made.]

Kelly:

And now, Boxer, Sam and Jamie will escort you backstage. Scott, you go straight to your locker room, and STAY THERE until it's time to wrestle. Or else.

["The One" hits as Sam and Jamie escort Box from the ring and Scott stands there, still fuming.]

DDK:

How about that! Bronson Box is going to collect on a World Title Shot after all, and he's going to do it at Grindhouse: CANADA! And what about the alteration to the main event?

Angus:

Keeps, I LOVE it when those self-important mastermindey types get outsmarted. They lose their minds and it's fucking hilarious.

DDK:

But really, Box or Scott?

Angus:

I really don't know man. I mean, Box just proved he's smarter than we think, and Scott's proved a half dozen times he's more of a badass than he brags about. And the DEFIAfans don't love either of them, so it'll be two dudes just beating the fuck out of each other instead of 'psychology' and 'pacing' and all that other shit.

DDK:

We've got more coming up in a bit!

Return to Brawl-O-Rama #2

DDK:

I'm just now getting word that the brawl between Hookers and Blow and Team HOSS is still going on in the back, fans.

Angus:

YES! Moar destruction!

DDK:

Is that all you can say tonight?

Angus:

Because...moar?

[If this were a Looney Tunes cartoon, you would likely see three separate dust clouds with fists, feet and body parts flying every which way, however, it isn't, and unfortunately for Ryan Matthews, or at least for the guy on the other side of the counter. That means pain, in the form of Matthews being sent flying over said counter by Angel Trinidad and crashing into said man on the other side of the counter.]

Angel:

HOSS TOSSED, BITACH! YEAH!

[He looks around to high-five one of his compatriots only to be met by no one since his HOSSmates are currently all strewn about in their respective fights. Trinidad looks around to make sure nobody's looking - except the camera, of course - and high-fives himself.]

Angel:

Like I said... HOSS tossed...

DDK:

I'm certain that's going to leave a mark.

Angus:

Channeling Schiavone again Keebs?

DDK:

That wasn't her name.

Angus:

I know that wasn't...wait what?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

What the hell did you just say?

DDK:

At any rate fans it doesn't look like this is stopping anytime soon...

[Just then Ryan Matthews manages to grab Alecander from over the counter and slams his head into said counter before grabbing a hot dog off the roller apparatus that is heating it. He then jams it into the face of Alecander, who grabs his wrists and holds the offending sausage back from being jammed into one of his orifices... The two struggle, with Trinidad eventually reestablishing his vertical base before turning the hot dog toward Matthews, who slowly loses ground before taking a bite out of the hot dog and spitting it at Alecander, who ducks to the side, shifting his weight just enough so Matthews can hip toss him into the concourse.]

[Meanwhile, Ty Walker stops himself just short of slamming into another counter nearby, followed quickly by Capital Punishment stopping short, only to turn and get a napkin holder across the forehead from Ty, who uses the counter as a springboard and gets on Cap's back, pounding away with fists to the forehead, stumbling the bigger man, who takes a moment to recover before throwing Ty backward into the slushie machine nearby. Ryan Matthews joins him soon after as does Sam Horry.]

Matthews:

Ty, Sam. You know what they say at times like this right?

Walker:

When in Rome...

Horry:

GO DUTCH!

[With that, the three of them turn to the slushie machine and each sticks their head under a different flavor of slushie and pulls the lever, causing the icy goodness to flow forth. When Team HOSS step forward and pull them from the machines they each get a face full of slushie flavored mist to the eyes for their trouble. Each member of HNB grabs their respective "dance partner" and shove their faces under the slushie stream. The crowd gathered nearby ready with Youtube just an upload away see and hear each of them yell in unison.]

Hookers and Blow:

IT'S TIME TO WHEEZE THE JUICE!

Vendor #1:

No Wheezing the Ju-uice!

Horry:

Kashmir, Raj you two need to chill, we're working here.

Vendor #2:

No buts chill, no wheezing the juice!

Matthews:

These two haven't changed since you worked for them at 7-11 back in the day have they Sam?

[Even still HNB manages to hold the three members of Team HOSS under the stream long enough to cause significant rapid cooling of the cranial region resulting in extreme pain...read, brain freeze. After a moment of agony, the three refocus and break free, each pairing off with a member of HNB as they continue to brawl down the hallway.]

[As he turns to receive the applause from his associates and the boos of the rest of the audience), Frank rolls out of the ring. And since we operate in Lucha rules for trios, that's as good as a tag, and in this case, Stockton Pyre is in far quicker than anyone could have anticipated. As Alceo goes to turn around and face his opponent's corner, he only gets about halfway around before he gets BLASTED in the side of the head with a Stockton Pyre double ax-handle.]

Angus: Woah! **DDK:** Dentari needs to keep his head in the game. [At ringside, lots of action fires up now. The Asian lady at ringside says something to her companion in a language that is not English, and he adjusted his camera accordingly. Wayne starts slapping the mat, cheering Stockton Pyre on as the crowd's reaction, previously split down team lines, is rather loudly mixed here. Meanwhile, in the ring, Alceo Dentari barely hits the mat before Stockton is on him again, attempting a classic Greco-Roman rear-mount-and-punch-your-head-in, but Dentari manages to wriggle free.] [Now with a face full of anger and redness, Dentari tries to throw a punch of his own, but Pyre rolls him over on the canvas. Now, with Pyre in the more traditional front-mount, the two men are throwing bombs at each other on the ground, but Pyre's massive reach advantage meant that Dentari had trouble reaching Pyre's face. Undeterred, Dentari bucks his hips, giving him enough cushion to slip out from under the mount. As Stockton turns, Dentari meets him with a chop to the throat, which causes Pyre to cough and sputter a bit, Dentari gets to his feet and reaches for the tag, but Pyre grabs a big handful of hair, pulls Dentari back, waist locks him, and launches him over in a German Suplex that folds up the head man of the LBC. Not allowing Dentari to get back to his feet, Stockton charges in again with a reckless-looking running knee smash that sends Dentari between the ropes and to the outside, where he quickly follows.] **DDK:** I don't think we've seen this from Stockton Pyre before. He's he's like a rabid dog not letting Dentari get away! **Angus:** Wayne Dewey's teachings must be starting to sink in. [Two men out means two more men in. Sam Turner Jr is next in for his team, as is Tony Two-Hands, but just because they renew their fistifcuffs doesn't mean action stops on the outside. As Tony rakes the face of Sam Turner Jr, Pyre grabs Dentari and flings him to the nearest barricade, nearly bowling over the Asian camera guy in the process. The camera guy and the woman get up, grab their chairs, and scurry away from the impending action, with Pyre staring them down the whole way around. Wayne yells from around the corner for Stockton to "Watch out!" but it's all for naught as Vinny comes around and attacks Stockton with a massive forearm to the back of the head. This allows Dentari to retreat to his corner, while Frank Dylan James comes around to meet Big Vinny for a brawl around the ringside area.] [Meanwhile, in the ring, Tony has Sam Turner down to one knee with a combination of ruthlessness, guile, and cheating. Eye rake, throat chop, right hands, you name it, Two-hands throws it. Tony hooks Sam's head and drops him with a DDT. He shoots the half and rolls Sam over for the cover!] [ONE!] [TW-Sam kicks out again!] [Tony sits Sam up and digs a knee into his back while applying a chin lock.] **DDK:** Hey, get away from here! [Back on the outside Vinny and Frank's brawl rolls them across the announcers table.] **Angus:** Hey, thats my beer! [Vinny scoops up Angus' beverage and nails Frank in the head with it. Cols suds shower the desk, announcers and front few rows as Vinny bends Frank back over the table and tries to pour the beer directly into FDJ's eye.] **Angus:** I was gonna drink that... **DDK:** Oh relax, you've got an entire cooler full of them under there. [Frank sticks out a big paw and manages to push Vinny away before he can be blinded by the beer, but Vinny comes right back and clothesline Frank, sending him tumbling over the table. The Big man leaves the drenched mountain man to return to his corner and hop up on the apron next to Alceo.] **Angus:** Don't you dare touch by beers, Frank. FRANK? Do you hear me? Hands off the cooler! [Back in the ring, Tony Two-Hands is gripping Sam with all his might to try and apply the chin lock, while Sam is trying to fight back to his feet. As Sam gets to his hands and knees, Di Luca reaches a foot back for Dentari to tag. Having tagged the foot, Dentari enters the ring, throws a me ne frega towards Stockton Pyre recovering on the apron, and then hits a seated dropkick into the face of Sam Turner Jr. Dentari shoots the half and goes for the cover!] [ONE!] [T-!] **DDK:** Stockton Pyre dives it to make the save! [Pyre rolls Sam to the outside before turning his attention back to Dentari. Alceo throws a right hand that connects with Pyres cheek, but Stockton responds with a Bionic Elbow that turns Alceo's legs to jelly!] **Angus:** Thank God... the cooler survived. [On the outside, Frank emerges from beneath the table and pushes his way past DDK. In the ring Tony runs up behind Pyre and nails him with a clothesline to the back of the head, knocking him down to one knee. Tony grabs the masked man a side headlock. He manages to hold Pyre until Dentari gets to his feet so that he can land a few rights to the kidneys of the masked man. Frank grabs the ankles of Big Vinny and pulls him off the apron. Vinny lands on his feet, but he's still caught off guard, so Frank is able to shove him face first into the ring post. Vinny drops to one knee on the outside as FDJ rolls into the ring and charges at Dentari.] **DDK:** I think your beer powered him up, Angus. **Angus:** Of course it did, it's PBR. [Frank windmills his way through the diminutive mobster knocking him down and to the outside right next to the recovering Sam Turner Jr. before turning his attention to Tony, who discards Stockton to one side. Tony throws a right that Frank blocks and retaliates with a right of his own. That one shot is enough to rock Di Luca and allows Frank to scoop him off of his feet. He spins around and slams Tony in the middle of the ring.] **DDK:** Shields has lost total control of this one. **Angus:** And he's not gonna regain it if he keeps leaning back having a smoke. [And thus begins the stomping.] [Frank just stomps on

LBC from finally getting Di Luca to drop him with a Shallow Grave!] [Dentari yells at Tony to hold Sam's head up, which he does so. Dentari hits the ropes and comes back at Sam...] **DDK:** NO! [Only to immediately bail out of the ring as Dusty Griffith and Mike Bell come charging through the curtain, almost knocking Pyre and Dewey down as the storm past them!] **DDK:** YES! Finally the cavalry! [Di Luca and Rinaldi both bail from the ring as well, satisfied with their work. They regroup at the foot of the ramp and back up it as Bell and Griffith check on their friends.] **Angus:** This whole match was one ultra-violent train wreck, and I think that was part of the LBC's plan all along. **DDK:** Absolutely. They took an angry Curtis Penn wanting them to "do something" and turned it into a huge opportunity to weaken some of Dusty's supporting cast on behalf of Ed White.

To the Streets, Brawl-O-Rama #3

DDK:

What?! You're kidding me?! We gotta cut backstage, the war between Team HOSS and the HNB is still ongoing!

Angus:

Can I start the 'This-is-HOSS-ome' chant, now?

[The shot that greets us backstage is a live one: Aleczander getting dropkicked through the glass doors of the entrance to the arena, courtesy of Sam's 'John Woo Dropkick'.]

DDK:

The boss is not gonna be happy one bit when he's footed the bill on this one!

[Capital Punishment and Ty Walker brawled their way outside the arena as well, trading haymakers that would've made Rocky Balboa and Ivan Drago blush. Ryan staggered outside courtesy of an uppercut from Angel Trinidad, Team HOSS' resident rookie monster. Sam, wiping a bit of blood away from his lip from an right hand Aleczander threw earlier, scored a roundhouse kick to the lower back of Capital Punishment. In a touching display of togetherness, the two cousins began double teaming Capital Punishment.]

Angus:

Nothing says family more, than helping your cousin kick somebody's ass. Matter of fact, a screenshot of this should be sent to everybody with the tagline: DEFIANCE Wrestling: Bringing Families Together.

DDK:

Looks like somebody should help Ryan...

[Angel, had both of his hands wrapped around Matthews' neck, squeezing the air from his body.]

Matthews:

Little...help.....here!

Horry:

I dunno man, he's kinda huge

Matthews:

GET THE HELL OVER HERE NOW, SAM!

[Turning his attention to his Cheap Heat teammate, Sam went to help, but was tripped by Aleczander, having recovered from the dropkick. In a weird series of events, Aleczander tripping Sam caused Sam to fall headfirst, butting heads with Angel Trinidad whose grip on Ryan relaxed. Ryan spun out from the choke, and unloaded on Angel with fists, Aleczander caught Sam with a boot that put him on the concrete.]

Aleczander:

Just stay down and die, ya wanker!

[He continues to drill Sam on the concrete as the fighter tries his best to keep the big Mancunian Muscle from throwing more damage.]

DDK:

Looks like the tide has turned in this donnybrook!

Angus:

I'm begging you, please get some more corny wrestling cliches to use.

[Capital Punishment raked Ty's eyes and laid into him with elbows. They were trading shots with each other, until

Aleczander smashed a knee into Ty's kidneys. Aleczander then held Ty's arms behind Ty's back allowing for Capital Punishment to score with open and unprotected fists to Ty's face. Angel Trinidad gathered his bearings meanwhile and went to resume his slugfest with Ryan Matthews who was helping Horry to his feet. Trinidad took a huge swing at Matthews who ducked and Trinidad instead clocked Horry.]

Angus:

That's gotta be like picking up one part of a 7/10 split.

DDK:

A what?

Angus:

7/10 split....bowling....aw come on. Get some culture in you for crying out loud. Are you even freakin' American?

[With Horry essentially out on his feet now, Ryan went on the offense. He'd score with with some body blows to Trinidad, and when Trinidad went to retaliate, Ryan would put Sam's nearly unconscious body between he and the sledgehammer blows of Trinidad.]

Angus:

This is turning into a...wait for it....HOSS-tile environment for the HNB!

DDK:

Is Ryan using Sam as a shield?

Angus:

Now THIS is teamwork. Sam is willingly absorbing punishment to protect the well-being of his teammate and close friend Ryan Matthews. If it ever came down to it partner, I'd let you get your face smashed in all on account of protecting me, you know.

DDK:

But who would protect me?

Angus:

Protect you?! Don't be selfish, dude.

Matthews:

That all you got Trinidad?

Angel:

Nope. Just getting started, you peckerhead!

[Trinidad loaded up with a hard overhand right, that struck Sam with such force, Sam staggered into the running Yakuza Kick Capital Punishment was looking to land on Ty Walker. With Sam on the ground, Walker slammed the back of his head into Aleczander's nose, but before the two members of HNB could continue against Team HOSS sirens blared. Soon the two teams were separated by the boys in blue.]

DDK:

Local law enforcement on the scene to break up the action...

Angus:

HAHAHAHA!!!! Did you see the cops go after Tyrone Walker first?! Always gotta get the brotha'.

[Aleczander goes away quietly with two cops... unfortunately for him, this is not his first run-in with the five-oh and I'll tell you how that story goes when you're all older. Capital Punishment is among the first to speak up against the boys in blue. When one of the cops - a kid that couldn't have been more than his early twenties - tries to pat down to check

for weapons, Cappy lets out an annoyed sigh.]

Cappy:

That's not the way your mom does it, junior.

[Angel is now cuffed as well and it seems that they're having a hard time trying to get the six-foot ten Trinidad into the back of another car with no luck. Trinidad shakes his head and mouths off with another cop.]

Angel:

Um... GIANT, dude. GIANT. Say it with me. GI-ANT!

[With the cops having put all six men in handcuffs, Sam Horry finally came to.]

Horry: (groggily)

What....what just happened?

Matthews:

We were in fight with Team HOSS, Sam. You were awesome.

DDK:

Let's get back to the ring.

A Return to the Principals Office

[You know where we be.] [Backstage.] [Just outside the Office of the BAWs.] [Heels click on linoleum as the HBIC makes her way back from her conversation with Kai Scott a few minutes ago out in the arena. Kelly Evans wears the kind of satisfied smirk on her face that would send Angus Skaaland into convulsions full of dick jokes.] **Kelly Evans:** Who in the fu- [She turns the knob, it is locked.] **Kelly Evans:** Oh, somebody has got some balls. [She yanks on the door, it doesn't budge. Exasperated, Kelly is about to walk off and find the biggest DEFsec goon she can to break the damnable thing down. That's when an audible click comes from the door's locking mechanism.] **Kelly Evans:** I. Swear. To. Fuck... [Evans pushes the door open, steps across the threshold and cusses again.] **Kelly Evans:** And who in the fuck turned off my light? [She switches it on.] "That would have been me." [Kelly's eyes go wide. Abject horror is a thing, it is stuck on her face.] **Kelly Evans:** What're **you** doing here? **Eric Dane:** Last I checked, my name was on everything. And just exactly where the fuck have you been? You left your little dick-measuring contest with Kai Scott twenty minutes ago. I've been sitting here in the dark for nineteen minutes longer than is necessary without some kind of happy ending. [Kelly cocks her head, raises an eyebrow and defaults into duckface mode.] **Kelly Evans:** So. Like I said. Fuck are you doing here? You left me in charge for Canada. [Dane nods.] **Eric Dane:** Yeah, and how's that working out for you, Kels? [...] **Kelly Evans:** Well. I mean... that is to say... ratings are- **Eric Dane:** [interrupting] Down. And early numbers out of Toronto say we might not even sell out for Grindhouse: CANADA. Nevermind all'a that, you've spent the whole time being a crazy grudge-holding bitch who pays no attention to the bottom line and spends all of her time straddling the fence of what I told you not to do in the first goddamned place. [Ms. Evans looks uncomfortable, shifting her weight from one side to the other.] **Eric Dane:** Sit down, Kels. [She does.] **Kelly Evans:** But, I haven't even seen Mike Bell. He comes and goes as he pleases! **Eric Dane:** Exactly. No management. I didn't tell you to ignore his existence, I told you not to push his buttons. And to be honest I was more talking about Heidi than I was anything else. **Kelly Evans:** You didn't- **Eric Dane:** I did. **Kelly Evans:** But you said- **Eric Dane:** I did not. **Kelly Evans:** [sighing] Fine. What do you want me to do? [He shrugs.] **Eric Dane:** What've you got in mind? **Kelly Evans:** Well, I've got feelers out to Meisha Tate and that crazy Cyborg bitch. I was gonna see if I could get one of them to take a payday to come in here and break that bitch hardway. Er, I mean... her... not "that bitch." **Eric Dane:** Yeah. No. She's a bitch, that's not the issue. The issue is she's our bitch. She needs to be controlled, channeled, **not** crushed of spirit and cast aside. Are you fucking retarded? Do you know that between her and Clair, and now Lindsay Troy, we've got the highest ratings in the female demographic in the business? **Kelly Evans:** I... But... I mean... the Divas division... **Eric Dane:** CHICKS DON'T TUNE IN TO SEE CHICKS HUMILIATING OTHER CHICKS! **Kelly Evans:** OKAY FINE WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?! [A tense moment passes.] **Eric Dane:** How about that flight, ya know, the one you didn't fine or suspend anybody about. I practically had to double Keebler's salary to keep him from quitting on the spot. Heidi got into it with Clair, right? Some kind of crazy "My Kung-Fu is better than your Kung-Fu" bullshit? **Kelly Evans:** Yeah, so? **Eric Dane:** IT'S NOT KUNG-FU IT'S GRAPPLING! FUCK! [The Baws takes a moment to compose himself.] **Eric Dane:** You know, submission wrestling? **Kelly Evans:** And so... we should... **Eric Dane:** Put them in a Submissions Match on Pay-Per-Fucking-View. Are you really this slow? **Kelly Evans:** A submission match? What's that supposed to do? **Eric Dane:** I dunno, pop buyrates, SELL TICKETS? Are you even familiar with our product here? **Kelly:** B- **Eric Dane:** Don't answer that, so help me God if you answer that I'm gonna have to fire you. Now do yourself a favor, do me a favor, get to the truck and get to work on graphics for the Pay-Per-View. I'll handle things here for the duration of the show. [Did Kelly just get demoted?] **Kelly:** [meekly] Yeah, sure thing Eri- I mean Mr. Dane... [Quietly, she exits the office.] **Eric Dane:** Fucking bitches, man. Fuck. [Back to ringside.]

Bronson Box vs Clair St. Sure



[Theatric chanting.]

[Lights to the darkest navy blue you can imagine.]

DDK:

It's main event time here in Regina, and the Blood Diamonds are on their way out to the ring!

♪ O Fortuna ♪
♪ Velut luna ♪
♪ Statu variabilis ♪

[Sparkling white pyros like an explosion of diamonds erupt as Bronson Box enters front and center. To his right is the behemoth Dan Ryan, a title belt that he does not own strapped around his waist. To his left, Edward White, smoking a pre-match cigar. A shadowy figure behind them that dwarfs even Ryan is probably Nicky Corozzo.]

Angus:

It's main event time and like you said, that means we're getting the first real shots of this war between the Blood Diamonds and the Truly Untouchables.

[The Blood Diamonds enter the ring.]

♪ The man takes another bullet ♪
♪ He keeps them all within ♪
♪ He must seek no matter how it hurts ♪
♪ So don't fool again ♪

[Kai Scott walks out of the back. He doesn't smirk or spin or stall. With fury on his face, he makes a beeline for the ring. Clair St. Sure follows in his wake, her robe left in the dressing room. Jonny Booya slides out of the back on one knee, flexes, realizes he's being left behind, and sprints to catch up.]

[Benny Doyle knows from experience when to lay down the rules and when to get the fuck out of the way. He signals from the bell and bails as Scott and CSS slide into the ring.]

DDK:

And here we go! Scott and Box! White and St. Sure! Oh and Dan Ryan settles both those fights in the Blood Diamond's favor, and here's Booya!

[Booya gives up about 25 lbs to Ryan, which isn't that much in the grand scheme of things, plus he has that boxing training. He circles Ryan, peppering him with snap jabs and then a right hook that sends the Egobuster staggering to the ropes. CSS, given breathing room, catches an incoming stomp from White and single legs him to the mat. Booya

rushes Ryan and clotheslines him out of the ring.]

DDK:

Box and Scott in the middle of the ring! The Ace of Heels! The Wargod! Jabs from Scott, haymakers from Box! Scott with a spinning back kick, Irish whip, reversed by Box, tilt-a-whirl and Scott lands on his feet! Double clothesline!

[The champ and the challenger collide, hit the mat.]

DDK:

AND BOX JUST ROLLS OVER AND CONTINUES THE ASSAULT!

[Box lays into Scott with every punch he can throw. Scott kicks his legs and tries to wiggle out from underneath, but Box is snarling and slobbering and feeling nothing.]

PLONK!**DDK:**

Ed White throws CSS into the stairs outside! I don't know where Ryan dumped Booya, but the Blood Diamonds are in the ring.

[White almost has to pull Box off of Scott. Scott is whipped into the turnbuckle. White throws Box in after him, Box slams him with a running chest press, then overhead belly to belly suplexes him out of the corner and into the middle of the ring. Dan Ryan jumps and lands on the champion back first with a senton.]

Angus:

OH MAN thirteen time World Champ just squished the one time World Champ!

[Ryan pulls Scott up to his feet and slaps the champ with an underhand shot. Scott falls to one knee. Ryan pushes him into the Blood Diamonds corner and tags out to White. White starts throwing bombs into Scott's ribs. Scott fights out with an eye rake, but Ryan clotheslines him on the back of the head and White back drops him.]

Angus:

So obviously the Blood Diamonds are focusing on the champ.

DDK:

Well, the more damage to Scott that they do, the easier time of it Box is going to have on Grindhouse: CANADA. That goes in reverse too, so watch to see what the T-UTs do when they regain control of this match.

Angus:

You mean IF, Darren. The Blood Diamonds are all World Champions times over! Scott just hires nobodies who'll do what he tells them!

[White drops for a cover, even puts his forearm into Scot's face, but Scott's out in one anyway. White grabs the chinlock. Scott battles to his feet, elbows White to loosen his grip, and then with some almost indescribably fancy footwork, steps over White's arm and enzuigiries him. Scott crawls to his corner and slaps CSS's hand.]

[CSS is in like a flash of lightning, easily ducks White's swing, hits the ropes and comes back with a front dropkick that takes the Socialite to the mat.]

Angus:

I don't think we're ever going to get a good reason for where the hell Clairra was on Grindhouse 11, but she's here now and she's going after White like she's got something to prove. Which she kinda does actually. Though not against White though. This is her first time in the ring against Dan Ryan since she dropped the FIST to him.

[Claira peppers White with roundhouse kicks to the ribs and chest. When White doubles over after a kick lands on a floater rib, she hooks a front chancery and switches over to knee strikes. White tries to back drop his way out of the predicament, but CSS hangs on, rolls him over and into a seated guillotine.]

[Box kicks her on the back to break the hold. White, nursing his head, starts dragging CSS to the Blood Diamonds corner, but before he can make the tag, CSS finds her bearings and rolls him into a legbar.]

DDK:

I don't think it's fair to say that Scott only hires nobodies when St Sure's only losses have been to guys twice her size and to Troy Matthews on one of those occasional Good Days he has. She's a former FIST, she won War Games, she's made White tap out before!

[Instead of going for the ropes, White grits his teeth and pulls himself towards his corner. CSS notices what he's doing too late to get back to her feet when he tags out to Ryan.]

Angus:

Former FIST huh? Let's see what she makes of the current FIST. Oh wait we already know, humility bomb!

[Ryan double choke lifts Claira straight into the air, but she lashes out with both feet, kicks him in the face and flips back to land on her feet! Kick after kick after kick lands on the back of Ryan's right thigh, and soon he has to grab the top rope to help for balance. CSS jumps the top rope, hangs on and hits a rope assist enzuigiri from the apron.]

DDK:

That shot wobbled the big man! And now springboard NO Ryan just plucked her out of the air with a powerslam! Cover!

ONE! ...TWO...

[St. Sure bridges out from underneath him and back kicks him in the face. Ryan leans back to avoid a buzzsaw kick, can't avoid a second one, and has to flop and roll to avoid the axe kick to the top of his head.]

DDK:

Ryan's such a smart wrestler. He's so big that he's often underestimated as dumb muscle by people who-

Angus:

People who can't figure out why he's a 17 time World Champ and that big guy who used to hang out with the Truly Untouchables, what was his name, wasn't?

DDK:

...If you insist.

[Ryan tags out to Box.]

[Box points at Scott in the corner.]

[CSS refuses to make the tag, continuing to stare down Box.]

DDK:

It's worth mentioning that Box and Claira have actually never met in the ring - this is actually the first time they've been in the same match.

[Box lunges at CSS, gets her in a tie-up and runs her to the ropes, attempting to throw her out of the ring. CSS drops and rolls at the last second, and Box is tripped onto the middle rope. CSS jumps on his back, grabs the top rope, swings into the air and then facewash-style dropkicks him on the back of the head, sliding out of the ring!]

[Scott slaps Jonny Booya on the shoulder and orders him into the ring.]

BBBBBB0000000000000000!!!!

DDK:

And with four of the most diabolical wrestlers ever to wrestle in Defiance, you know which one the fans hate the most? Jonny Booya.

Angus:

In their defense, fuck that dude.

[Booya grabs Box where he was hanging over the ropes and lifts him high, SO HIGH, up into the air, and then down in front with an atomic drop! He runs the ropes and then knocks Box for a 360 with a leaping shoulder tackle. On his knees, he hits the double bi pose.]

Booya:

OH YEAH!

Angus:

FUCK THAT DUDE

[Booya jumps up to his feet and backs Box into a neutral corner, then delivers a series of shoulder barges. He sets Box on the top rope, then climbs to the middle rope himself and superplexes Box back into the ring! Instead of going for a cover, he flexes again.]

DDK:

Booya's a very impressive power wrestler when he focuses on wrestling, but, well, he's always loved to hotdog in the ring and he's getting worse about it ever since he stole Cancer Jiles' shades at the end of our Japan tour.

[Booya pulls Box back up, double underhooks him and suplexes him. This time he actually makes a cover. ONE...! TWO...! Kickout. With a shrug, Booya tags out to Scott. Booya abdominal wrenches Box, and Scott enters the ring by kicking him in the ribs. Scott throws a trio of roundhouse kicks into Box's chest, the third one knocking him to the mat.]

[Just like at the beginning of the match, only with the roles switched, Scott dives on top of Box and begins hammering him with punches.]

Scott:

YOU'RE A FAKE BOXER! FAKE! FAKE! FAAAAKE!!

[Bringing Box up to his feet, Scott sets up Kryptonite, but Box, seeing it coming, manages to spear Scott back into the Blood Diamonds corner - only for Scott to sidestep at the last second and toss him out of the ring! Ryan throws a lariat from the apron, Scott ducks it and hits Ryan in the back of the head with a crescent kick! He knocks White off the apron and climbs to the top rope - and Nicky Corozzo shoves him off!]

DDK:

And the Truly Untouchables on the wrong side of the numbers game for once, and it's breaking down!

[Booya goes after White. With Ryan down, St. Sure tries to keep up the advantage on Box, hitting him with a leg lariat that sends them both out of the ring. This leaves Scott crotched on the top rope and Ryan recovering.]

DDK:

I don't know what Ryan's planning but he's already got Scott set up. Looks like it's going to be a - Ryan's setting up a vertical suplex from the apron!

[Ryan brings Scott up off the ropes and up overhead.]

Angus:

He's gonna suplex the champ on the stairs!

[Scott sees it coming. He kicks his legs, slips Ryan's grip, and-]

Angus:

OH FUCK

DDK:

DDT on the ring apron! Scott blocked the vertical suplex with a DDT right onto the hard wooden frame of the ring apron!

Angus:

Ring's empty!

[Benny Doyle starts the ten-count.]

ONE! TWO! THREE!

FOUR! FIVE! SIX!

SEVEN! EIGHT!

[CSS rolls White into the ring, breaking the count.]

DDK:

CSS has a chance to put this match away for the Truly Untouchables. Springboard double stomp!

[CSS's feet land across White's ribs.]

DDK:

She's looking for the omo-plata on White! No, White had it scouted!

[White hoists CSS onto his shoulders and instead of doing anything fancy, just leans forward and slams her onto the mat.]

Angus:

Never underestimate what Edward White can do in the ring when he's motivated to do things in the ring.

[White picks CSS back up onto his shoulders. He yells, calling for the Stock Market Drop - and Scott's in the ring with a thrust kick under the chin! White goes over backwards hard and CSS hangs on for the crucifix pin! ONE... TWO... broken up by Box!]

[Box and Scott are again on each other like rabid dogs until Scott stops Box with a jab to the eye, a spinning back kick and a corkscrew enzuigiri that Box ducks! Box hangs onto Scott's other leg and yanks him back into almost a short-leg clothesline! Box rolls Scott out of the ring.]

DDK:

I don't think Bronson Box cares about the match anymore, he's just trying to hurt the champion!

[Box takes a running start and throws Scott like a lawn dart into the guardrail! The champion goes upside down, almost flips over it, but then lands on his back at the edge of the ringside mats.]

Angus:

Well come on Keebs, it's almost a given that in a 3 on 3 Box is going to ignore the actual match and fight all over the place with the guy he hates most. He does it every time. I'm surprised Scott didn't have a better plan ready.

DDK:

And in the ring it's still White and St. Sure!

[White gets his bearings back faster than St. Sure, and hits a piledriver.]

Angus:

Right on the top of the head!

[Outside the ring, we don't even see exactly what Box had set up, only that Scott back drops him over the guardrail and into the stands.]

DDK:

Box and Scott fighting away from ringside, and wait-

[Dan Ryan shoves the timekeeper away and grabs the FIST of Defiance.]

DDK:

Ryan's going to get himself disqualified!

Angus:

I'm pretty sure he doesn't care dude.

[Ryan climbs into the ring. Benny Doyle warns him not to swing that title. Ryan laughs, and pushes Doyle aside with ease. As White holds CSS, Ryan lines up with the title-]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!

[And Eugene Dewey doesn't let him swing it!]

DDK:

SHORYUKEN!

[Ryan stays on his feet just long enough to tumble over the top rope. He bounces off the ring apron and lands at ringside. The FIST bounces across the ring. Dewey steps to the ring apron, and as Ryan slowly stumbles to his feet, launches himself ass over gutbucket with a cannonball splash]

DDK:

Eugene Dewey is grabbing himself some payback the hard way, and-

[Backfist!]

DDK:

CSS escapes! Backfist! Spinning backfist! Enzuigiri! White down to one knee, AND THERE'S THE CROWN AXE KICK! White's out!

[Nicky Corozzo was about to come to Dan Ryan's rescue when he sees his boss in even more trouble. He doesn't really care if the match ends on a DQ, so he heads into the ring with full intent, right in Benny Doyle's line of sight-]

[-and Jonny Booya flings Clair St. Sure at him, interrupting the pin!]

Angus:

What the hell is Jonny Booya doing?! Did he turn on the Truly Untouchables? No, he's - goddammit Keeps he's stealing Clair's pin!

DDK:

Booya Bomb on White!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

The Truly Untouchables win, but Jonny Booya steals the glory from Clair St. Sure! And Nicky Corozzo's not going to take this lying down!

[Running big boot turns Booya, who's no small man, for a loop.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan's down, Dewey's being pulled away by security, I don't know where the FIST title is right now, and Corozzo's trying to make sure that whatever glory Booya got off that pinfall is fleeting! Irish whip - sky high spinebuster!

[Corozzo takes a grab at St. Sure, who avoids him.]

Angus:

Where's she going? Where's Nicky going? What the fuck is going on here I need more camera angles to call this~!

DDK:

Clair's not worried about Jonny Booya now, she's - she's going after Bronson Box!

Angus:

Saving her boss!

[Clair leaps with a flying knee and crashes into Box's back where he and Scott were fighting. Box had taken advantage, but he falls over Scott and ends up hanging from the guardrail. Clair drops to her knees to check on her boss, who is sporting a bloody lip.]

Angus:

Champ's showin' color! And OH SHIT SON ITS THE CONCLAVE!

[Jacob Cassidy and Felton Bigsby throw themselves into the fray. Bigsby clotheslines the World Champ down, then throws him back into the ring, while Cassidy knocks CSS for a loop with a superkick. Jane Katze is less aggressive, she heads to the ring and the aid of Edward White rather than Bronson Box.]

DDK:

It's breaking down all over ringside! Ryan's trying to get to his feet! St. Sure brawling with Cassidy! Scott in the ring with Bigsby, Jane and White! Box hanging from the guardrail! Corozzo smashing everything he can catch! And here comes the rest of the Truly Untouchables - and Leon Maddox has a chair!

CLANK!

Angus:

HE WAFFLED HIM RIGHT IN THE MUSH, DARREN!

DDK:

Corozzo to one knee! And another chair shot and he's down! David Race in the ring, but he doesn't have a chair and he's leary of facing a guy the size of Bigsby without one!

[CSS rolls Cassidy into the ring. Whatever caused the advantage to flip was caught off camera. Bigsby is distracted, and that's all the time Race needs to leap up and land on his back with a sleeper. Maddox rolls into the ring with the chair, but Jane kicks it! Maddox does, however, duck, and so the chair doesn't hit him. Jane jumps on him, trying to apply a guillotine choke, but Maddox runs them both into the corner and tries to fight out with body shots.]

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

We're trying to regain order here in the ring! Dan Ryan wants nothing but a piece of Eugene Dewey! The Blood Diamonds and the Truly Untouchables are fighting all over ringside! Box still trying to get his hands on Scott, and Scott not backing down at all! They don't even have a title to fight over because Kelly Evans took the belt, they just want blood!

Angus:

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! I don't even care who wins as long as everybody keeps kicking everyone else's ass!

*THIS IS AWESOME! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*THIS IS AWESOME! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

DDK:

Ever since Kai Scott won the World Title, the question on everyone's mind has been which stable rules the roost - the Blood Diamonds or the Truly Untouchables? This fight doesn't seem to be answering the question, but the fans have wanted to see this happen for months!

Angus:

Defiance ALWAYS delivers! We're just like Anonymous!

[Booya pounds away at Bigsby with fists. CSS tries to take White down to the mat, succeeds but barely and can't get anything other than a few clumsy punches to land. Cassidy attacks Maddox from behind, saving Jane, but Jane shoves him away and continues to attack Maddox herself. And Diane Parker finally gets involved, coming off the top rope with a flying bulldog on the unsuspecting Cassidy.]

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Box and Scott exchanging jabs and roundhouse kicks respectively! The Blood Diamonds and the Truly Untouchables are intent on tearing each other apart! Fans, we are out of time!

Angus:

Tune into Grindhouse: CANADA, bitches! No, seriously, buy our shit or we'll sick the BDs and TUTs on you!

[Fade to black.]

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Why are they still ringing the bell? Shit *never* helps....