

Edward Explains it All

[Cold open.] **Angus Skaaland:** What the hell is going on? [Cameras are on, but there's no official Defiance Music Video playing, nobody making an entrance yet. Just a bunch of ring crew types scurrying around ringside moving and adjusting devices that you the viewer most likely have no idea what they do.] **"Downtown" Darren Keebler:** I don't know. We're - Angus, are we live? **Angus:** ...SHIT yes. **DDK:** Um. [Dead air.] **DDK:** Fans, I do apologize, but it seems like we're on the air a little bit early. **Angus:** I don't get it. I mean, everything was normal, it was time to hit the music video and stuff, and then suddenly the DEFIAtron went dead and these tech guys came swarming out here and they're doing stuff and I don't know what any of the stuff is and WHY THE FUCK DOES THAT GUY HAVE A TRUMPET?! [Look up at the entrance ramp.] [Atop the stage, a black man in an impeccable white suit has walked out onto the stage. He does indeed have a trumpet with him.] [He raises the trumpet, and plays [Reveille](#).] [As he finishes, another half dozen trumpeters walk out. These men are also dressed in suits, but theirs have shoulderpads and those things that go over the collar. At first they look white, but as the men walk, they flicker in the lights. They're silver.] [The fanfare grows in complexity.] **Angus:** Why is there classical music playing in my professional wrestling? [More trumpeters walk out. Again, all of them black men in white suits with silver shoulders and lapels and waistcoats. These ones walk out all funky, juking their trumpets up and down, swag-marching and spinning in place.] **Angus:** I can't decide whether I'm pissed off or if this is awesome. [And then suddenly the music switches over into a full orchestral version of the majestic, imperious, massive "The Glory of God in Nature" by Beethoven - only souped up with an irreverent, hip-hop inspired drumbeat behind it.] [Right as this happens, a gigantic diamond logo bearing Edward White's name appears on the DEFIAtron.] **Angus:** FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~ **DDK:** On our last show, Edward White not only engineered the Blood Diamonds victory over the Truly Untouchables, but also cast his co-founder Bronson Box and the rest of the Conclave out of the Blood Diamonds, and brought in the reigning trios champions Team HOSS, as well as Truly Untouchable turncoat Jonny Booya. Clearly, this has... [A dozen or so majorettes walk out onto the stage. Except, most majorette costumes are only skimpy in a PG sort of way. These are pushing the lower boundary of PG13. Essentially, bras and thongs with sparkly tassels and very little left to be imagined. The tasseled batons they're spinning only serve to give this a veneer of professionalism.] **Angus:** HAGBLF-URKkkkh [And then, a wall of sparkling white/silver pyros erupts and "The Egobuster" Dan Ryan, clad in a black suit and sunglasses, makes his appearance. Four women clad in the very definition of the "little black dress" escort the Egobuster, climbing up onto the ring apron first and then sitting on the middle rope to grant him ease of access into the DEFIANCE ring. Ryan gives the girls a bit of a sideways glance, but enters the ring nonetheless.] **DDK:** I shudder to think what this cost... though I suspect that's a big part of the point that's being made. [Next comes Nicky Corozzo. He has two escorts dressed up like stereotypical Mafia gorillas, except these chicks are wearing pinstripe miniskirt-suits along with no shirts, just the jackets buttoned barely in time to avoid pushing this into Rated R territory, black shades and fedoras.] **Angus:** Insert your garden variety "tommy-gun" reference here. [Next is Jane Katze. She, of course, is still wearing her black "sexretary" suit ala the "Addicted to Love" music video by Robert Palmer. Vintage 80s sleaze.] [She is accompanied by two dudes with inappropriately perfect coifs and entirely too small pants. Low-rise briefs, to be specific. One white dude in black pants, one black dude in white pants. Rich Mahogany would be proud.] **Angus:** FAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~ [Jane and her boys walk to ringside. The boys step up onto the apron, reach down and hoist her from the floor straight over the ropes.] [Now two dancers come out. To be more precise, Brazilian fitness chick Carnivale type dancers. They're wearing thong bikinis and those decorative things that Carnivale dancers wear on their backs, all golden wire and ostrich feathers and tons of gaudy shit.] **Angus:** Re-boner! [Jonny Booya comes flying out of nowhere and slides on his knees. He misaims and bumps into one of the dancing girls. Closer examination will reveal that he's in a tuxedo with silver shirt fronts, only the sleeves are cut out of it to show off his biceps. He has also written BOOYA in big silver letters across his shades. Now, he can't see.] **DDK:** At the expense of impartiality, I'm beginning to question how this guy is even possible. [The two dancers look at each other, then each one takes Booya by an arm and escort him down to ringside. In the ring, Dan Ryan brings a finger up to touch his shades, as if he's questioning whether what he saw just actually happened.] [Suddenly, the arena CEILING lights up. Spotlights, flickering things, a bunch of those weird things the tech guys were messing around with at the start of the show were apparently meant for this.] [Up in the rafters, Junior Keeling, in a shiny version of his usual suit, waves like a celebrity in the back seat of an open limo. AlecZander, who's wearing the same sleeveless tux that Jonny Booya is, hits his best superhero/lat spread pose. Angel Trinidad pumps his fists like a maniac. Capital Punishment just kind of stands there trying to maintain his dignity. And of course, a bevy of 8 cheerleaders in Team HOSS logo-sporting outfits.] [The platform that Team HOSS are on is slowly lowered down into the ring.] **DDK:** This is starting to be a bit much. **Angus:** Starting? [Music fades with the assorted Blood Diamonds and eye candy filling the ring..] [Then, the music we all know. "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by the Michael Nyman orchestra.] [No, not over the PA system.] [A backdrop falls to reveal the actual Michael

Nyman Orchestra in its entirety.] **Angus:** Oh dear god how much more is he going to milk this? [Leading the way is Hector Perez. And following him, upon a litter draped with gold, ensconced upon an armchair as unto a throne, a glass of forty-six year old burgundy wine in his hand, is Edward White.] [The litter is born on the backs of four men. The trumpeteers each do another swankass spin into a salute as the litter passes. The majorettes spin their batons and go into that one knee up and baton above head pose as it passes. The litter stops at ringside. Hector Perez rolls into the ring and gets on his hands and knees. White steps from the litter onto Perez' back, and then down to the mat. He drains the last of the wine and hands the glass back to Perez.] [The music fades, and there is only one appropriate response.] **BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!**
BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!! **BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!** [It doesn't take long for plastic beer cups and other assorted trash to begin raining down into the ring. It's an absolute mess that everyone in the ring is irate over except for Edward White. As it were, Senor Perez came prepared, and quickly pops a small black umbrella up to shield the Socialite from such atrocities.] **Edward White:** Go ahead, throw your full beers and half-eaten nachos all over the place! [He pauses. They do.] **White:** Are you quite finished? [Another barrage falls, although this one noticeably lighter.] **White:** Now, since you've all paid for those concessions and promptly wasted them, I assume you'll be getting up and buying another round, putting more money in my pockets, and further demonstrating how the knowledge of simple economics puts me several thousand rungs above you all in the ladder of life! [White cackles.] **BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!**
BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!! **BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!** **White:** Moving right along, I'm well aware that it isn't the general way of professional wrestlers to pay attention to anything that isn't placed directly in front of their faces, but back when Eric Dane decided to take Defiance Wrestling on tour around the world, he pulled a bigger miracle than anyone in the business believes possible, right out of that posterior of his. You see, while the writing was on the wall, in layers, industry insiders and economic pundits the world over could see that DEFIANCE was a money-sieving, talent-wasting, three-ring-bloodbath of a circus circling around the financial drain, Eric Dane with all of his puffed up speeches and backroom deals kept this place afloat. By any funds necessary. You see, a riot in Baltimore, a referee walk-out, staff lawsuits, the rising rates of insurance, and the pure dastardly nature of that little nit Elijah Goldman had our fair promotion kicked off of television, and effectively kicked out of the United States! [White is on a role, the crowd is abuzz, they get that something is happening, they just haven't gotten what.] **White:** And yet we soldiered on. By any funds necessary. Are you listening? Do you understand yet? To keep this ship afloat, your miracle worker, your DEFIANT General on the Battlefield of proper business practice, required funding to get us to Japan, where he could siphon off the reputations of Jason Ramsey and Kazuma Fujita and others like them to keep this group of lovable psychopaths working, and his big gaudy logo on the ringsides! [He pauses again, lets it sink in.] **White:** The Only Star, in his lowest moment, needed a way to keep DEFIANCE running. By **Any Funds Necessary**. That's right! I, Edward White, the Financial Advisor to GOD HIMSELF, was the one man who could swoop in and save the poor little DEFIANT dream. [White pauses and takes a look around, smirking as the realization sets in and the boos begin anew. The ring is still buried deep enough in eye candy and bling that he can barely see the audience.] **White:** Yet, as the world tour continued, I felt a sense of growing unease. Supposedly, Eric Dane's authority was the glue that held this promotion together. But it wasn't doing its job. Clearly, Heidi Christenson had no respect for him. Bronson Box had none either, and I suppose I should acknowledge abetting him. Still. I accepted Box as an ally when the rewards to risk ratio was stacked in my favor, and when the Conclave was an asset. I watched Dane's authority erode faster than he could rebuild it - for all the talk about how he beat Heidi in the end, let us not forget that he required a partial referee, outside interference, and in the end he still couldn't get her to say 'I Quit.' And I watched, appalled, as Box finally got his hands on Kai Scott, and it turned out that everything Scott had said towards Box was true. Box couldn't beat Scott's mind with brutality, and he couldn't take the title for the Blood Diamonds. The alliance between myself, Bronson Box, Dan Ryan, and our assorted associates that you all know as the Blood Diamonds was forged out of personal and professional respect. Friendship never had a thing to do with it. Once Box reached the point that he was no longer deserving of that respect, it was time to overhaul the Blood Diamonds. [White pauses for breath.] **White:** As for the Truly Untouchables, you have to understand that I don't like distractions. I will openly admit that Kai Scott is a threat to anyone's authority. More importantly, he and the Truly Untouchables were a threat to the Blood Diamonds' authority and autonomy. Kai and I well understand each other when it comes to the value of money versus the value of pulling strings and calling in favors. Not everybody has that same understanding though, and all it took was looking at the Truly Untouchables to see who might be... susceptible... to my way of thinking. I found someone. [White gestures at Jonny Booya, and leads a round of applause.] [None of the fans join in.] [Dan Ryan only claps maybe 3 or 4 times.] [On the flip side, Alecander seems a bit... overzealously pleased with his new stablemate.] **White:** But I didn't just need one turncoat. Dan Ryan, of course, is my crown jewel, and Jonny Booya, with my mental and fiscal backing, will see the potential that is in his blood come to show.

But two men alone are not enough. I needed something to take the place of the Conclave. Something with the muscle to pull the newly reimagined Blood Diamonds like thoroughbred horses. Some kind of team... [The cheerleaders surrounding Team HOSS shake their pompoms and their... other stuff. Aleczander totally forgets to celebrate. Junior Keeling, on the other hand, begins sweating.] **White:** And to assure the proper level of success I desire, the proper level of excellence I hold all my venture capitalist endeavors at -- the Blood Diamonds, reimagined, shall lead Defiance forward in the wrestling ring as I lead it forward from the office onto the grand stage! So let this be your first, final, and only warning: DEFIANCE is EDWARD WHITE! What I say GOES! And there is nothing that you people, nothing that Kai Scott, and most assuredly nothing that Eric Dane can say or do about it! [This time, the Michael Nyman Orchestra and the trumpeteer line blast into The Great Gates of Kiev. Hector Perez drops to his hands and knees again, and White ascends to his litter. The litter makes its way backstage, slowly followed by the assorted Blood Diamonds.] **Angus:** HA HA HA OH WOW. Eric Dane is going to pop an aneurysm, I guarantee it. **DDK:** I... That is to say... I mean... **Angus:** Speechless? Hell, we should have sold out YEARS AGO if that's all it was gonna take! **DDK:** Fans... I just don't have the words... This is... Upsetting. Physically. **Angus:** To say the least. This is the worst possible thing that could happen, because unlike that idiot Elijah Goldman, EDWARD WHITE HAS A WORKING BRAIN! **DDK:**
What are you getting at?

Angus:

Seriously? He's shrewd, he's a businessman, and he's got money to burn his money to burn with! He can buy you and sell me, Keebs, you might wanna get that resume in order, homeboy, because shit just got real! **DDK:**

Wait, you mean... **Angus:**

YES THATS WHAT I MEAN JESUS KEEBLER PAY ATTENTION! **DDK:**

But, I mean come on, Eric Dane's not gonna stand for this, right? [Interesting question...]

Rage!

[Eric Dane's office.] ***CRASH*** **Kelly Evans:** ERIC! ***SMASH*** [Dane's office is in a shambles. His computer is smoking ruins lying against the wall. Potted plants have been uprooted, dirt is strewn about the floor, the shelf that holds Dane's trophies and awards has been knocked down with the trophies lying about. It's as if Hurricane Eric had descended on the office and spun out a few F5's out of rage-spite.] **Eric Dane:** That wretched bastard... [Dane takes a ragged breath.] **Dane:** I finally get the FIST division under control to the point that it isn't costing me money each and every week, and I finally get my World Champion actually wrestling when he hasn't been forced into it, and NOW, after all that, Edward White wants to take his dick out and hijack my show? [Kelly knows better than to say anything.] **Dane:** This isn't going to stand. Not even a little bit. I'm going out Kels, you're in charge. **Kelly:** I'm - what? [But the slamming of the office door is the only response she gets.] [Evans looks around at the remnants of the devastated office.] **Kelly:** Fucking fuck! [Cut.]

Tyler Rayne vs Romero Antiguas

[At ringside, the crowd is still buzzing from the Blood Diamonds' opening salvo and Eric Dane's office destruction. The camera cuts over to Keebs and Angus.]

Angus:

That was a lot of shit that just went down, and now DA BAWWS has gone for a walk! Dammit, Keebs, I don't know what kind of mess we're in for now.

DDK:

I don't know either, partner, but we're gonna get through this night one way or the other. That said, it's time to kick off a Hell of a night of in-ring action, and we're going to do it with two guys who, to be honest, love a good bit of showboating now and again.

Angus:

Unfortunately for my boy Romero Antiguas, he's going up against a guy who's been showboating and WINNING for years. Fella can't catch a break. Makes me sad.

DDK:

Tyler Rayne, as my partner alludes to, is one-third of the Big Damn Heroes. He's had success all around the world, and still loves the flash even as he gets up there in age. Romero Antiguas has been embroiled in controversy with the ACX as of late, and his win-loss record is, shall we say, not the best.

Angus:

That's okay though, steak man! He's gonna get off the schvide tonight! I've got a feeling!

Darren Quimbey:

This is the opening contest of the evening! It is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing – oh, the Hell with it, it's this guy.

[The disapproval of Darren Quimby is made apparent as "Tonight" by Enrique Iglesias hits the arena's speakers, the impossibly and irritatingly catchy pop hit heralding the arrival of Romero Antiguas. 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:

A hearty gracias to mi amigo, Senor Quimby, for finally getting with the program! And now, the greatest entrance in DEFIANCE today!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A smiling Antiguas saunters down the aisle way, winking at female fans here and there. Many shoot him back disgusted looks, but there are more than a few swoons and blushes. Hey, you can't teach six pack abs, right? Personality, maybe. Abs? No.]

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, and begins preparing himself for the battle ahead. The microphone is placed carefully on the ring apron as Antiguas stretches out.]

DDK:

He's not very popular here.

Angus:

Of course not! You have any idea how few people here will EVER pull the amount of ass that man does! His LIFE is that Wiggle song!

DDK:

Wins and losses are what matter here in DEFIANCE, and he has not a lot of the former and a growing number of the latter. I will give him credit, though – he's got the base. You can tell this guy COULD be something with some seasoning. I only wonder if his arrogant streak will allow it...

Darren Quimbey:

And, his opponent!

["Stick 'Em Up" by Quimby? Check. Cool-ass white spotlight, dead-center on stage? Check. It's only one man who saunters out backwards into the spotlight as the huge ball of fire explodes on the DEFtron, and Tyler Rayne soon spins around, looking a bit less serious than last week, screaming out to the crowd who welcome him with a huge roar.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to us from Baja, California, he stands 6'1" tall, and weighs in at 227 pounds! This is the Underground Pimp, and one third of the BIG DAMN HEROES...TYLER RAYNE!

[Rayne slaps hands with fans on his way down the aisle, throwing himself against the guardrail in front of a group of comely young lasses who waste no time in feeling up the Hero of the Day. He smirks at Antiguas in the ring, who simply shakes his head and motions for Rayne to get into the ring.]

Angus:

Oh come on, Rayne's totally biting Romero's style here!

[Tyler points at himself, as if to say "who, me?" Romero nods, and lets loose with some choice Spanish, most of which isn't fit to be reprinted here. Considering he's from Baja California, Rayne seems to understand the cut of Romero's jib as he hops up to the ring apron. The official looks at Tyler as Romero gestures to the official to ring the bell. Rayne shrugs, and nods.]

DING DING DING!

[Romero charges Tyler at the bell, but the Big Damn Hero simply springs to the top rope and leaps over the charging Antiguas, turning in mid-air to land on four points facing Antiguas. By the time Romero turns around, it is too late, Rayne charging and spinning around before CLOBBERING Antiguas on the butt of the jaw with a spectacular Roaring Elbow!]

DDK:

And Romero's not going to be biting anything for a week! Tyler Rayne just DRILLED him!

[Antiguas is down, and Rayne throws himself into a cover on the Mexican DEFIANT.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THRE—NO! KICKOUT AT 2.9!]

Angus:

Goddamnit! COME ON, ROMERO! YOU ALMOST LOST THE QUICKEST MATCH IN DEFIANCE HISTORY!

DDK:

Such ring presence by Rayne there, though, baiting Antiguas in, showing off his agility, and then showing off that he hits like a Goddamned freight train!

[Kickout or not, Antiguas has glassy eyes as Tyler Rayne pulls him back up, and gestures for the end.]

Angus:

No! Not Varga'd already! Snap out of it, kid!

[Tyler hooks a front facelock, clearly indicating that he's not paid by the hour. Antiguas suddenly, desperately, lurches upwards, throwing Rayne head-over-heels with what could charitably be called a Northern Lights suplex, before dropping down to all fours and rolling out to the floor to a chorus of jeers.]

DDK:

And I'll give the devil his due right back, that was smart beyond Romero's years. Most guys would go in and try to capitalize off the offensive move, but Antiguas' bell is still rung. He'll take the count out there and get some rest.

[Antiguas points to his head as the official begins to lay down the count on the floor. He doesn't get much past one before Antiguas turns around – right into two feet of Tyler Rayne sliding into his chest, sending Romero careening back into the guardrail, the air leaving him with a whoosh.]

Angus:

NOWHERE'S safe against a guy like Rayne though! Tyler's got the veteran instincts to know to not let a guy breathe for a SECOND!

[Rayne rolls out of the ring, only to grab Romero by the scruff of his neck and throw Antiguas back into the squared circle. Knowing he has Antiguas hurt, the Underground Pimp looks to capitalize. Antiguas backs himself into a corner, and Tyler advances, throwing a series of roundhouse kicks to the ribs as Romero turtles up, the official putting a count on Rayne, who finally ceases at the four.]

DDK:

Antiguas frantically trying to buy some time here against the onslaught of Tyler Rayne!

[Tyler charges into the corner, only for Romero to clap both hands over the ears of the Underground Pimp, stunning and disorienting Rayne long enough for Antiguas to step out of the corner and leap, pegging Rayne on the chin with a picture-perfect standing dropkick. As Rayne falls, Romero grins out to the crowd, and kisses his bicep before falling into an elbow-drop across the chest of the former PRIME 5-Star champion, holding position for an exceptionally arrogant cover.]

[ONE!]

[Rayne kicks out soon after that, as if to put a halt to any of Romero's delusions of grandeur.]

Angus:

Attaboy, Romero! You're in control! Give him that martinete thing and go back there and celebrate with the bitches!

[Romero looks around, before simply wrapping both hands around Tyler Rayne's throat, right in front of the incredulous official. The count begins, reaching three before Romero stops for about a googly of a second, before going back to his choke until a count of four.]

DDK:

Romero stooping to whatever means necessary here in our opening contest.

Angus:

Hey, this is DEFIANCE! Do what you must!

[Romero hauls Rayne to his feet, picking the similarly sized man up in a fireman's carry. Walking over to the nearest turnbuckle, Antiguas begins to RAM Rayne's head into the top buckle! Romero does it a second and a third time, mockingly counting out in Spanish.]

Romero Antiguas:

UNO! DOS! TRES!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With Rayne still on his shoulders, Antiguas saunters backwards a few steps before falling to the mat with a Samoan drop. Again, Romero opts to hold the position for a lax cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR—Rayne grabs hold of the the arms of Romero, one with his own arm, and the other with his legs, shifting the weight to roll Antiguas into a crucifix pin!]

DDK:

Rayne counters!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR—NO! SHOULDER!]

Angus:

Damnit kid, you're gonna give me a heart attack like this!

[Rayne explodes to his feet out of the near-fall, seeing an enraged Antiguas charge him. It's an easy matter for Tyler to catch him coming in with a knee to the breadbasket, before hooking on a Thai plum.]

DDK:

And this, friends, is where Tyler Rayne becomes DEADLY!

[Rayne lights up Romero with a sharp knee to the abdomen, and then throws the opposite knee to the chin. Letting go of the plum, the strike sends Romero shooting up and back into the ropes. Gritting his teeth, Tyler charges, throwing himself into a cross body block that sends both men tumbling up and over the top rope!]

Angus:

Damnit! Go cheat! Cheat on the floor! Do something! Anything!

DDK:

Tyler Rayne's gotten control of this contest back in his favor!

[The official begins to lay down the count as the crowd roars for Tyler Rayne. Rayne pushes Romero back against the guardrail, beginning to lay in kicks to the chest.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

[After taking four of five kicks, Romero manages to get a thumb to the eye of Rayne to stop his offensive. Wrapping both arms around Tyler's waist, Antiguas elevates and falls back, stun-gunning Rayne throat-first across the guardrail!]

[FOUR!]

[FIVE!]

Angus:

Attaboy! You're gonna go far with moves like that! Come on, DDK! Give the kid some props!

DDK:

I will, I will. That was a smart move. Not particularly legal, but smart.

[Romero Antiguas immediately rolls into the squared circle, seemingly content to take the count-out win if he can get it.]

[SIX!]

[SEVEN!]

Angus:

Rayne's moving, but barely! Can he make it in time?

DDK:

He HAS to! No offense to Romero, but I don't think Rayne would be able to live this one down in the Big Damn Heroes lockerroom if he loses to Antiguas!

[EIGHT!]

[NINE!]

[Just before the count of ten, Rayne manages to throw himself back into the squared circle, still clutching at his throat. Romero wastes no time, beginning to stomp away at the Underground Pimp, pressing his advantage.]

Angus:

He's learning! Slowly, but he's learning. Stomp away! Don't give him a moment's rest!

[Antiguas seems to follow Angus' advice, dragging Tyler Rayne free of the ropes. Picking Rayne up in a front facelock, he elevates Tyler, before dropping him forward across his knee with a big chestbreaker.]

DDK:

The Heart Stopper! Romero Antiguas is cruising towards victory – I can't believe I'm even saying that!

[Romero Antiguas looks down at Tyler Rayne, almost in astonishment – but that quickly gives way to cockiness, as he nudges at Rayne with the toe of his boot. He turns to each side of the ring, gesturing for his patented Martinete. All the while, though, the veteran Rayne is recovering. As Romero faces away from him, Rayne raises a finger to his lips, as if encouraging the crowd to be quiet, and then dramatically flops to his stomach, dead to the world again.]

Angus:

No! He's setting you up, Romero! Don't fall for it!

DDK:

Tyler Rayne's trying to send Romero Antiguas down the primrose path!

[As Antiguas turns around, he sees Rayne still "unconscious," and signals for the Martinete one more time. Romero sets him up for the piledriver, wrapping both arms around the waist...only for Tyler Rayne to rudely backdrop out and run the moment.]

Angus:

Romero just went ass over teakettle!

[As a stunned Antiguas staggers back to his feet, Tyler Rayne meets him with a boot to the gut. Butterflying the arms, the crowd roars, seeing what the Underground Pimp has in mind.]

DDK:

Romero's not the only one with a piledriver in his arsenal!

Angus:

This is insulting to Romero's heritage! Don't do it, Tyler! Don't you dare!

[Rayne elevates Romero vertical, and then drops down to his knees, SPIKING Romero Antiguas on the crown of his head with the Deathscythe! Antiguas lays face-first on the canvas, utterly dead to the world, much to the approval of the DEFIANCE crowd. Rayne considers a cover, but instead rolls Romero to his back, and gestures to the top rope.]

DDK:

Rayne's not done! He's going to take to the air one more time and give the people what they want!

[The Hero of the Day rises to his feet, and steps out to the ring apron. Rayne steps up to the top rope, posing up there with spread arms before leaping off the top rope, backflipping head-over-heels to land his patented Shooting Star Press. Antiguas' body shudders with the impact, and Rayne plants both hands on the chest of the self-proclaimed Master of the Martinete.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE~!]

DING DING DING!

Angus:

Goddamnit all! So close! He was so close!

DDK:

Romero Antiguas providing a bit of a test here, but Tyler Rayne able to take the win with some veteran smarts and his prodigious talents!

[The official moves to raise Rayne's hand in the air, and it's a pleased Darren Quimby who makes the announcement from ringside.]

Darren Quimby:

Your winner of this contest, at a time of eight minutes, fifteen seconds...THE UNDERGROUND PIMP, TYLER RAYNE!

[Rayne rolls free of the squared circle to go whoop it up with his people. Meanwhile, Romero Antiguas simply lays in the ring, another unsuccessful showing under his belt. The camera lingers there for a moment, then cuts backstage.]

This Wasn't Just About Money.

Alceo Dentari:

Ey!

[Did he just? No, he didn't. He wouldn't...]

Alceo Dentari:

Ey, White!

[He did.]

[Alceo Dentari, flanked by Vincent Rinaldi and the reigning Southern Heritage champion Tony Di Luca, walks quickly down the hall after the mass of people. At the center of them is Edward White, who turns around with a rather unimpressed look upon his bearded face.]

Edward White:

Ey, White?

[Dentari reaches the Socialite and stops just short of getting all up in his business.]

Edward White:

For a man that demands respect, Alceo, I'm not feeling much radiating from you right now...

[Dentari only needs to utter 2 words in response.]

Alceo Dentari:

Team HOSS?

[Of course The Socialite sees where this is going.]

Edward White:

I needed a team, Alceo, not a club. Like I said, I needed the best, I needed champions.

[To Alceo's side, Tony Di Luca clears his throat.]

Edward White:

Champions. Plural.

Alceo Dentari:

So we ain't involved in this New World Order you got goin' on? After everythin' we done for yous, all a' that with Dusty Griffith an' his White Knights, that don't mean nothin'.

[White simply shrugs.]

Edward White:

You were compensated for the work you did for me, and you were compensated well.

Alceo Dentari:

This ain't about the money, this is about us bein' replaced by some jacked up squad a' goons.

Edward White:

You're not being replaced, Alceo.

Tony Di Luca:

Well it sure as shit looks that way.

[Alceo nods as White turns his attention to the snarling Southern Heritage champion.]

Tony Di Luca

How come we weren't being lowered from the rafters on a winged horse or some shit like that?

Edward White:

I'd don't like your tone, Tony. So I feel I must remind you that you're not the only enforcer around here.

[Not that he wasn't obvious before, but Nicky Corozzo makes his presence more so as he looms over Edward's shoulder.]

Edward White:

Let's make this clear right now, I don't owe you three anything. You've received payment for everything you've done, in both cash and 'favors'. You really think matches were being altered to your benefit because you were asking for it?

No. That was me.

You think you were being allowed to run rough shot over the Southern Heritage Division because of your reputation.

Again, me.

So if you want to complain because you didn't get a little shine time earlier, and if you want to bitch and moan because you can't see the bigger picture, then go right ahead. Because the fact is, with my new army, you all need me far more than I need you.

Now, with that out of the way, I never said there wasn't work for you to do, and when it comes up I'll be in touch.

[White turns to walk away, but Dentari's voice causes him to stop.]

Alceo Dentari:

We don't need yous.

[Without turning back White laughs.]

Edward White:

Yes, Alceo, you do.

Alceo Dentari:

No, I got a plan. So as far as yous is concerned, the Legitimate Businessman's Club ain't for hire.

[White starts to walk off, still laughing, and still not looking back at the diminutive Italian.]

Edward White:

Of course, Alceo. Whatever you say...

[Dentari nods and turns to Di Luca, who shakes his head in disbelief that they could get screwed over like this.]

Alceo Dentari:

We don't need 'im, Tony. I got this.

[Cut back to the announcers.]

DDK:

Sounds like the working partnership between the LBC and The Blood Diamonds might have just been dissolved.

Angus:

Dentari had better be careful. He's toeing the line of making a very powerful enemy in Edward White.

DDK:

It doesn't sound like White has taken the news that the LBC aren't for hire too seriously though, Angus.

Angus:

I guess only time will tell on that one.

DDK:

I guess. Let's take it to DQ in the ring for our next match.

Lindsay Troy vs Troy Matthews

[The camera moves from DDK and Angus at the announce table over to DQ in the ring, microphone at the ready.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

[The lights are unceremoniously cut and an eerie, almost droning chant fills the air, as an ethereal red mist starts to coat the arena entrance, followed by an audio sample...]

"Look, I know the supernatural is something that isn't supposed to happen, but it does happen."

[GUITAR: ENGAGED.]

[FLASHY RED STROBE LIGHTS: ENGAGED.]

[CROWD: ENGAGED.]

[They know now that White Zombie's "Super-Charger Heaven" is kicking in, and that Troy Matthews, the Slayer of Giants, is on hand, and is materializing from the ether, alongside his main squeeze, the Scarlet Dragon, Saori Kazama. Both decked out in signature red-and-black getup, Troy looks upon the Tupelo crowd with fire in his eyes and an excited grin on his face, dashing down the aisle and slapping hands.]

♪ Yeeeah, Jesus lived his life in a cheap hotel ♪
♪ On the edge of Route 66 yeah ♪
♪ He lived a dark and twisted life ♪
♪ And he came right back just to do it again yeah ♪

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Saori Kazama, he hails from JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, and weighs in at one-hundred eighty-eight pounds! He is "The Jersey Devil!" TROY! MmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!!!

DDK:

A triumphant entrance for Troy Matthews, who specifically requested this match on our last episode, and he looks ready for the opportunity to topple The Queen of the Ring.

Angus:

Well, Keeps, you gotta keep in mind that ol' Troy here has a history of coming up short when the momentum starts going, so he's gonna have to watch himself here so that he doesn't fall victim to old habits. It's gonna take more than a new color scheme to stop that.

♪ An eye for and a tooth for the truth ♪
♪ I ain't never seen a demon warp dealin' ♪
♪ A ring-a-ding rhythm or a jukebox racket ♪
♪ My mind can't clutch the feeling ♪

[Saori flanks the Jersey Devil, smiling as she brandishes her signature shinai, making sure to tag a few wayward hands along the way. Troy stops just at the ring steps and look over his shoulder to her, and when she reaches ringside, he climbs up, onto the apron.]

[And just as the chorus kicks, he vaults himself over the top rope, gracefully flipping onto his back and rolling to his feet.]

♪ YEAH! DEVILMAN, DEVILMAN, calling ♪
♪ DEVILMAN, running in my head, yeah! ♪
♪ DEVILMAN, DEVILMAN, calling ♪

♪ DEVILMAN, running in my head, yeah! ♪

[Troy poses in the middle of the ring, never losing that grin.]

Darren Quimbey:

And HIS OPPONENT...

[Kill those lights, kids.]

[Cue those fans.]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

[Music up: "Trampled Underfoot" - Led Zeppelin]

[The BancorpSouth Arena crowd roars to its feet. Cell phone screens and camera flashes begin illuminating the blackness, and red, silver, and gold pyro explode like cannon fire.]

♪ Greased and slicked-down fine ♪

♪ Groovy leather trim ♪

♪ I like the way you hold the road ♪

♪ Mama, it ain't no sin ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout love ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout love ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout ... ♪

[Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out with a smirk on her face. She stops briefly at center stage for a photo op and to survey the Slayer of Giants, then marches toward the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Tampa, Florida and weighing in at 180 pounds, she is one-third of the Big Damn Heroes, The Queen of the Ring, LIIIIINDSSAAAAYYYYY TRRRROOOOOYYYYY!

DDK:

And here comes one of the most prolific wrestlers to ever set foot in DEFIANCE!

[At the bottom of the ramp she jumps onto the apron then catapults herself over the top rope. She scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air to look the Jersey Devil dead in the eyes.]

DDK:

It's worth noting that Lindsay Troy has come to the ring without her partners in the Big Damn Heroes, much like Tyler Rayne did earlier against Romero Antiguas. Given their current tiff with the Legitimate Businessmen's Club, it almost seems as if she's INVITING the LBC to come on down.

Angus:

And that could be a HUGE mistake.

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Troy Matthews is looking at Lindsay, surprised that she's come to the ring solo. He then turns to Saori and gives her a slight nod, which prompts her to lay her shinai on the ring apron and walk away from it, scouting her man and his opponent.]

Angus:

Looks like there's going to be an unspoken agreement between The Two Troys about interference here, and Saori Kazama has suggested that she will NOT interfere! I wonder why they'd shake on that.

DDK:

Well, they're both fan favorites here in DEFIANCE, and they consider themselves above such tactics against opponents they don't consider hostile. After all, I don't think Lindsay Troy is going to try to do to Troy Matthews what Eddie Dante and Mushigihara wanted to do in Canada.

Angus:

Man, you know it's going to be a colossal bitch pointing out which Troy is who, right?

[The Two Troys look at each other, sizing the other up as Carla Ferrari calls for the starting bell.]

DING, DING, DING!

[They circle each other, looking for an opening to lock in.]

DDK:

It's worth pointing out here that both competitors have a similar body type; lean and lanky, though Lindsay sports a clear height advantage, five inches over the Jersey Devil, but Matthews outweighs her by almost ten pounds. They both have a style dependent on their kickboxing background and agility, though Lindsay Troy seems to hold the edge on the mat side of things.

[Lindsay and Matthews stop their posturing game. Lindsay cracks her signature smirk, while Matthews smiles and nods, before assuming a Muay Thai stance...]

DDK:

Is he bringing out the striking game so soon?

[...which Lindsay reciprocates.]

Angus:

Uh oh! Here we go! We're gonna start 'er off with a KICKBAWXING BATTEL~!

Troy Matthews:

GO!

Ka-THWACK!**Ka-THWACKaTHWACKa!**

[Matthews starts it up with a roundhouse kick that Lindsay easily checks and responds with two of her own.]

DDK:

Lindsay gets the first hit!

[To Matthews' ribs, to be exact. Devil Red just pats the side of his abdomen that got hit, grins...]

THWACKTHWACK!

[...and fires off a one-two of a roundhouse to Lindsay's thigh and a spinning back kick to her midsection, doubling over the Queen of the Ring.]

Angus:

Jersey's got her in a rough spot to start the match, who knows where it can go from here!

[Troy Matthews Irish-whips Lindsay Troy to the ropes and catches her with a drop toe hold, then leaps over her to a grounded headlock.]

DDK:

Matthews has Lindsay on the mat now, and is grinding that headlock in... Lindsay gets her bearings quickly and rolls Matthews onto his back!

ONE!

T--

DDK:

Matthews kicks out, lunges in NO Japanese arm drag by the Queen! Matthews rolls to his feet, Lindsay tries for another... Matthews holds on, arm wringer REAR waistlockTAKEDOWN! Matthews rolls over Lindsay Troy, locks in a front clinch, KNEE TO THE HEAD!

[Lindsay is visibly rattled, but Matthews keeps the clinch in, and responds with another knee.]

Angus:

Those Matthews knees aren't pretty, but they sure are effective!

[Not effective enough to actually STOP Lindsay, as she manages to loosen Troy Matthews' grip just enough to lunge in for his legs and lands a successful takedown, which she bridges.]

ONE!

TW-- no!

DDK:

Troy Matthews has been landing some big hits tonight, but it's Lindsay Troy that has been making the moves for pin possibilities!

[While they each gather their bearings, one can see that Lindsay Troy is bleeding.]

Angus:

Well, Jersey opened Lindsay up pretty good, so he's got that going for him.

[Lindsay wipes the blood off her eyebrow and looks at her hand, before getting to her feet and going straight to the recovering Devil Red.]

DDK:

Lindsay Troy with a gutwrench... KARELIN LIFT by the Queen of the Ring, and the Jersey Devil is rattled from that one! Lindsay peels him up, follows up... BIG enzuigiri, and Matthews goes down!

Angus:

You don't think she's trying to show him up using something that looks like the Trendsetter, do ya?

[Judging by the way that LT looks down at Matthews, that is a distinct possibility. As Matthews struggles to his feet, Lindsay prepares for the next move.]

DDK:

LT's seeing red now, and I don't mean Matthews' hair! She sizes him up and wraps him up... SWINGING! Fisherman's suplex, and she locks on the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!**DDK:**

That's the first two-count of the match, but it's not enough for three! Lindsay's still bleeding, one wonder if she's starting to feel the effects...

[She is noticeably staggered, something Troy Matthews sees as he gets to his feet, and bounces off the ropes...]

DDK:

FRONT DROPKICK to Lindsay's face! She bounces back onto the ropes, and Matthews catches her, JUMPS HIGH...

BAM!!!**DDK:**

FRANKENSTEINER! Matthews doesn't hold on for the pin, but he knows he's got Lindsay in a bad way!

[At this point, Troy Matthews lumbers into the nearby corner, swinging his arms around, pumping up the crowd to a mixed reaction.]

Angus:

It's still kind of a mixed crowd here, Keebs, mostly in favor of the Queen, but I can hear a few Li'l Devils in there!

"JER-SEE DE-VIL!"

"LET'S GO LINDSAY!"

"JER-SEE DE-VIL!"

"LET'S GO LINDSAY!"

"JER-SEE DE-VIL!"

"LET'S GO LINDSAY!"

[By now, the Queen has gotten back to her feet, and closed in on the Slayer of Giants, who smiles and points to the crowd.]

"JER-SEE DE-VIL!"

"LET'S GO LINDSAY!"

"JER-SEE DE-VIL!"

"LET'S GO LINDSAY!"

"JER-SEE DE-VIL!"

"LET'S GO LINDSAY!"

[LT smirks back, and smashes an elbow into Matthews' head.]

"OOOOHHHHHHH!"

[Devil Red reels a little, but looks back at her with a grin and fires an elbow of his own right back at her.]

"OOOOHHHHHHH!"

[And back.]

"OOOOHHHHHHH!"

[And back.]

"OOOOHHHHHHH!"

[LT doesn't get to respond this time, before Matthews hits another.]

Angus:

Here comes the rally!

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!"

[And another Matthews elbow.]

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!"

[And another.]

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!"

[He doesn't even stop now, he just lays them in, forcing Lindsay Troy to a knee, which is the LAST position you want to be in when you face Troy Matthews.]

DDK:

HERE COMES THE TRENDSE---

[Nope. Lindsay Troy ducks her head just in time for Matthews to hit nothing but air, and land on his feet, but not before she reaches in and grabs his arms in an attempt to do some kind of suplex...]

DDK:

She's gonna take him down NO!

[Matthews breaks out of her grip and locks in one of his own, before bellowing out...]

Troy Matthews:

HAGE NO KACHI~!

DDK:

BACKSLIDE!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Lindsay Troy kicks out and rolls to her feet, just in time for Matthews to rush in...]

BONK!

[...and have a free meal of turnbuckle for his troubles.]

Angus:

BAD move there, Red.

[And a cobra-clutch... SWEEP!]

DDK:

Lindsay Troy has a clear cut advantage here, and the crowd is not hating that at all now.

"LINDSAY!"

"LINDSAY!"

"LINDSAY!"

"LINDSAY!"

"LINDSAY!"

"LINDSAY!"

[The Queen of the Ring smiles and makes her ascent up the ropes while Troy Matthews awkwardly tries to get to his feet.]

Angus:

She's planning something big here, I can tell, and the Jersey Devil is NOT going to like it one bit.

DDK:

ALL HAIL THE--

THUMP~!

"RAAAAAAAHB0000000!"

ONE!

TWO!

TWO-and-a-haNOPE~!

"RAAAAAAAHB0000000!"

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

DDK:

THAT WAS UNBELIEVEABLE!

[For those of you who missed it, LT had Matthews all ready for the "All Hail The Queen" dragonrana, but just as she landed her legs on Troy Matthews' shoulders, the Jersey Devil managed to leverage his way into POWERBOMBING her onto the mat, and holding her down in a seated position for the pin attempt.]

Angus:

Man, this could be the upset of a lifetime for Red, and you know he'll never shut up about it if he gets it!

DDK:

This is not looking good for Lindsay Troy, and she's still trying to shake off that powerbomb... uh oh, she's on a kne--

[Don't worry, Keeps, Matthews already knows.]

Angus:

TRENDSE--

THUMP!

DDK:

COUNTER! COUNTER! COUNTER!

[To be precise, Lindsay Troy had somehow scouted the Trendsetter well enough to, at the last possible second, reach past Matthews' leg and onto his head, to SPIKE him face-first onto the mat. It resulted in a pretty cool-looking flop by the Jersey Devil, his legs flipping over his head. The kids these days call that a "scorpion."]

Angus:

Red's in a bad way...

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT!

[And sure enough, Lindsay Troy manages to complete the counterattack with her own finisher, the Divine Right. Legs slung over Lindsay's arms, which are wrapped around Matthews' throat, the Jersey Devil is in the unenviable position of being strangled in the middle of the ring. Or the enviable position of being between the Queen of the Ring's legs. Your pick.]

DDK:

Can Matthews find a way out and try to get the upset?!

[The camera gets a good shot of Matthews struggling to break the hold however possible; grabbing a rope that's well out of his reach, trying to find physical power he doesn't have, maybe getting the manager he indicated wouldn't interfere to come in and cane the Queen... but as his eyes start to roll into the back of his head, he lets out a disappointed groan...]

Angus:

HE TAPS! THAT'S IT!

[...and taps.]

DING! DING! DING!

[And sure enough, Lindsay Troy breaks the hold, while Darren Quimbey makes the announcement we already know.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner by submission, LINDSAY! TROY!

[As "Trampled Underfoot" starts playing again, Lindsay gets to her knees and soaks in the moment of victory, while some barely audible swearing can be heard as Troy Matthews recovers.]

Angus:

I'm not gonna lie, Keeps, that was one hell of a match.

DDK:

Indeed, both competitors gave it as good as they got, but in the end the more experienced and seasoned Lindsay Troy was just too much for Troy Matthews.

[Lindsay sees Troy Matthews, finally getting to his feet...]

DDK:

What's this?

[...and extends her hand to him.]

Angus:

Aww, come on, a match like that getting ruined by "sportsmanship?" Makes me sick.

[Matthews ponders it for a second... then shakes her hand to a nice reception.]

DDK:

Great sportsmanship here by two of DEFIANCE's premier athletes...

[Meanwhile, Troy Matthews holds a hand up to Lindsay, and puts two fingers up... and then a third, while mouthing "best two out of three?"]

[And Lindsay nods.]

DDK:

And it looks like we may have another encounter between these two in the future!

[Matthews rolls out of the ring and is met by Saori. He gives an "oh well" shrug of his shoulders and starts heading up the ramp. Saori looks back toward the ring and gives Lindsay a nod of her own, which the Queen returns.]

[Troy brings her hand up to her face to check on the still-bleeding cut above her eye. She laughs, looks out to the crowd, and throws a fist in the air. The fans respond with a roar in kind. Troy climbs out of the ring, heads up the ramp, and walks through the curtain.]

The LBC is Expanding.

[Backstage.]

[Gorilla position to be exact.]

[Lindsay Troy's through the curtain where she nods to the nearby stagehand as he throws her a towel to stem the flow of blood from above her eyebrow. He congratulates on her on her victory, which brings a smile to her face, but it's not long before that's wiped off as three familiar faces approach her.]

Lindsay Troy:

And I was having such a good night...

[Troy readies herself for a brawl, but the man in the middle of the three laughs and puts his hands up to show he has no intention of starting anything.]

Alceo Dentari

Woah, woah, woah, Lindsay, we ain't here to fight... We wanna talk.

Lindsay Troy:

How nice for you. Too bad I have nothing to say.

[Unfazed by the presence of Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi, Troy pushes her way past the Legitimate Businessman's Club. They let her by, but then follow her down the steps and further backstage.]

Alceo Dentari:

Ey, if you don't wanna talk that's fine, all you gotta do is listen.

[Troy does her best to ignore the diminutive Italian, but his little legs carry him surprisingly fast, so she can't quite shake him off.]

Alceo Dentari:

See, I got a business proposition I wanna offer you...

Lindsay Troy:

Not interested.

Alceo Dentari:

Woah now, don't be so hasty, Lindsay... You ain't heard what it is yet.

[Troy stops in her tracks. She sighs in annoyance then turns to face her pursuers.]

Lindsay Troy:

Fine, you've got thirty second to dazzle me. Go.

Alceo Dentari:

Well as you may know The Legitimate Businessman's Club is goin' through a... transitional period.

[Troy looks down at her imaginary watch.]

Alceo Dentari:

An' durin' this time we've evaluated the structure of the organization an'... made available a new position within it, capiché?

[Lindsay looks up from her 'watch' with a quizzical look on her face.]

Lindsay Troy:

So the Dos Equis pitchman dumps you and now you're offering me a place in the LBC?

[Tony Di Luca scowls at the reference to Edward White's earlier dismissal. Alceo, though, keeps right on going.]

Alceo Dentari:

We all know your talents are wasted every time you step in the ring with Wade Elliott an' Tyler Rayne... An' after that showin' yous put in against Vinny over here last week... well, who better to take the place a' our new Capo?

Lindsay Troy:

I'm flattered...

[She doesn't sound it.]

Alceo Dentari:

Look, you don't hafta answer now, we're reasonable guys... take your time, think about it.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, I don't think I'll be able to stop thinking about it.

Alceo Dentari:

Atta girl.

[Dentari beckons his associates to follow him, and they do so, leaving Lindsay Troy to mull the offer over. At first her answer seems immediately obvious, however after a few seconds she seems to second guess her initial reaction as we return to ringside.]

DDK:

Do you think that's Dentari's plan? Strengthen his ranks with one of DEFIANCE's brightest up and coming stars?

Angus:

Why do you always ask such stupid questions?

DDK:

Do you always have to be such an ass?

Angus:

Yep, says so in my contract.

A Fear No Mask Can Hide

[We're taken away from the Queen of the Ring and are now looking at a locker room bench, where two familiar figures are seated; the one on the left, dressed to the nines, his golden blond hair slicked back, his blue eyes staring daggers into the camera lens as his hands cradle the handle of a black wooden cane. On the right, we see the slumped, masked, black-and-gold-clad form of DEFIANCE's own God-Beast, Mushigihara. On the left, Eddie Dante begins his spiel.] **Eddie Dante:** They all wear masks; be they made of cloth, of grease paint, or of the facades they make for themselves to hide their sinister intents. [Eddie grins as Mushigihara rises to his feet.] **Eddie Dante:** But no mask will hide the fear etched on the faces of those who look upon the God-Beast. **Mushigihara:** OSU. **Eddie Dante:** The rumblings have gone around as to what the main motive of getting every masked man in DEFIANCE in one ring at the same time might be, that there is more at stake than a twenty-thousand dollar purse. But it matters not, because as the old poem goes, the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry. And no amount of scheming can undo the very fury of nature itself... and Mushigihara here is nothing short of a *force of nature*. Sure, he can be survived, but never overpowered. And everyone who is in his sights, from Roger Stevens playing dress-up with his tag team partner's leftover costumes, to whomever touches toes in this company by way of South of the Border or the other side of the Pacific, will TREMBLE at the might of the God-Beast. **Mushigihara:** OSU! [Eddie grins, and he himself rises.] **Eddie Dante:** The twenty-thousand dollars is just mere icing on this cake; the true prize will be piles of crumpled bodies, masks carried off like scalps. Enjoy the brief moments before Mushigihara turns all of your collective worlds upside down. [With a somber chuckle, Eddie exits stage left, and the Golden Goliath follows suit.] [Cut elsewhere.]

The Curtis Clutch Challenge

DDK: [sarcasm] Angus, coming up next is your favorite segment from your favorite wrestler that is not named Jonny Booya! **Angus:** Yeah well... Coming up next is the fried catfish sammich that I had for lunch if it's the Curtis Clutch Challenge. [And not missing a cue Curtis Penn steps out onto the ramp sans music and without an introduction.] **Angus:** Well...well ...well looks like someone has finally taken his favorite toy away from him. **DDK:** Curtis is lucky that the microphone is the only thing that was taken away from him, if it wasn't for Defiance Legal and them finding the Hold Harmless Agreement he could have very well been without a job. **Angus:** The only negative thing about him not having his job is that we would have lost ours too! **DDK:** Needless to say Curtis is in a very foul mood as he climbs onto the apron. [Curtis stomps to the far side of the ring and calls on the timekeeper for a microphone.] **Angus:** Well we all knew the silence would not last! [Curtis stomps back towards the center of the ring.] **Curtis Penn:** AND THIS IS HOW I AM TREATED!? [He pauses as the crowd jeers his presence.] **Curtis Penn:** Week after week I come out here and throw money at people under one little condition, that they break the Curtis Clutch! THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO! [He pinches the bridge of his nose and takes in a deep breath.] **Curtis Penn:** And for all of my efforts I make to do good for you people all I'm getting in return is heat from everyone backstage! There has never been a time that anyone in the back has come out here and offered you money. They always talk about how you guys put food in our mouths and without you we'd all be out of a job! Well here I am and I'm trying to do the opposite and I'm the bad guy here? [He snorts.] **Curtis Penn:** And there is one guy in particular that has been giving me shit since lil' Bobby's mishap two weeks ago. He's ranted and complained to everyone and anyone backstage that will listen to him. He's blogged about how I should have been fined, suspended, and fired because I'm trying to help you guys out! [DDK looks over at Angus and gives him a curious look.] **Angus:** Don't look at me, no one ever listens to me. **Curtis Penn:** And now he's trying to sabotage me. [He cuts a vicious grin.] **Curtis Penn:** And what pisses me off the most is that I've never have went to the cowardly levels that he has in order to demean my character. I would have simply have strolled down here to the ring, called for a microphone and said... [He pauses for a second.] **Curtis Penn:** Jake Donnelly get your ass down here NOW! **Angus:** Jake...Donnelly? Who the hell is Jake Donnelly? **DDK:** You know Jake... the sound guy... in the truck [Angus gives DDK a hollow stare.] **DDK:** The guy that you hear in your ear telling you it's time for the show to start, commercials, and what matches are coming up. **Angus:** OH...Yeah that guy. I've never seen him before. **DDK:** Uh... um... he's coming down the ramp now. [Jake Donnelly and all of his 170lbs steps out onto the ramp and his first time in front of a Defiance Crowd.] **Curtis Penn:** That's right, get your narrow ass down here you're the next participant for the CURTIS CLUTCH CHALLENGE! [Curtis walks to the ropes and parts them for the Defiance Sound Technician. The brown haired man steps into the ring and pulls out a microphone of his own to defend him with.] **Jake Donnelly:** Now Curtis... **Curtis Penn:** You don't get to talk during my segment. You've harassed me, you've publicly tried to humiliate me, and you've denied me my entrance music. That's not even the worse part the Hold Harmless Agreement has been posted numerous times for the Defiance Fans to understand and read by the legal department and you and your tech savvy friends have deleted it every time. [Jake turns around and makes a throat slashing motion to the back.] **Curtis Penn:** [mouthing words but nothing is coming out.] Don't you dare cut my mic off.... [Jake smiles as he turns back around to the red faced Curtis Penn.] **Angus:** I love this kid, in one swift move he silenced Curtis Penn. [Curtis smiles at the man and pats him on his shoulder enjoying the joke. Then his smile turns into a scowl as he clobbers this kid with a short forearm.] **DDK:** Not a smart move by Jake. **Angus:** Nope, if I were him I would have jumped the ropes and ran for the border after witnessing what Curtis has done over the past several weeks. [Curtis stands over Jake and grabs him by his collar and slaps him across this face. He retrieves the microphone that is lying at Jake's feet.] **Curtis Penn:** You want to try and humiliate me... you want to undermine me...Curtis Penn, the master of the Curtis Clutch, the Greatest Wrestler Alive, the Epitome of Excellence, and the Pinnacle of Perfection. Welcome to the Curtis Clutch Challenge. [Curtis steps over Jake, as he is trying to slide out of the ring, and pulls him back to the center of the ring by a handful of hair. He rolls him over face first to the mat, straddles his back and in one swift move applies the Curtis Clutch.] **DDK:** Curtis isn't playing around, he feels that he was personally attacked by Jake and a group within Defiance who is trying to sabotage him. **Angus:** Eric Dane or Ed White or whoever is in charge of this place this week can go ahead and place the job description up at the company website, because Curtis is about to snap Jake in half. [With Jake's face turning a dark shade of purple Curtis releases the hold and you hear a sick thud as Jake's face hits the mat.] **Curtis Penn:** Sadly Jake, you did not defeat the Curtis Clutch Challenge, good luck to you in your next career. [Curtis tosses the mic down beside Jake and the Defiance Doctor's as he exits the ring.] **DDK:** Curtis is becoming more ruthless each and every week. **Angus:** Yeah, well who is going to stop him? [The boing crowd turns to thunderous cheers as a whirlwind of paint and colors races down to ringside to confront Curtis Penn, a microphone clutched his hand.] **Jake Donovan:** You coward! [Huge crowd pop] **Jake Donovan:** You call that a challenge? Punishing fans and sound guys? You're a bully, Curtis. A loud mouthed liar and a cheat to boot. You want a real challenge for that hold, then I dare you to put it on me. But we

all know you won't because you know, deep down, that the only people it works on is people who don't have a clue what to do when you put them in it! [Penn, disgusted, turns his attention on Jake Donovan.] **Curtis Penn:** And who are you again? I keep forgetting. Your facepaint keeps changing and I keep not bothering to write down your name on my "list of people who matter" google document. [BOO-URNS!] **Jake Donovan** You know exactly who I am, Penn, and you know that I've accepted your challenge twice now, and twice you've ducked me. Well I'm standing right here, and I'm challenging you again. Next week, Curtis Clutch Challenge. You put that lock on me and I swear to the world I'll break it! **Curtis Penn:** Listen here, I really can't be bothered with giving away free wrestling lessons, kid, I'm already trying to give away ten-thousand dollars! Why don't you go find Kai Scott, I hear tell he's in need of a few good... "men..." as it were, since his Tee-Yoo-Tees got the bone from Ed White last week. Meanwhile I'mma go find somebody worth meeting the Curtis Clutch Challenge next week! Run along now... [Penn's smirk is full of snark and dissidence.] **Jake Donovan** Don't make me hunt you down Penn. I've tried to be nice, but even nice wears out! [With one last glare at Penn, Donovan turns and stalks away, the fans cheering him all the way to the back. Angus and Keebler are at the commentation station.]

Angus:

Goddamn that Jake Donovan.

DDK:

What now?

Angus:

He's making it waaaaaaaaay too easy to fall into the habit of cheering for Curtis Penn.

[Before Angus' head explodes at the thought, we go elsewhere.]

Crossing Paths

[We're taken from the aftermath of the Curtis Clutch Challenge to a stairwell. Like one of the many millions of stairwells around the world. This one in particular is used for service access to and from the backstage area. The sound of heavy footsteps coming down the upper stairs announces someones incoming presence.]

[As the steps get closer, Dan Ryan comes into view from the opposite direction, having stepped into the stairwell to head upstairs. Ryan looks up, but keeps walking, saying nothing as Dusty Griffith comes around the "bend" and the two titans of pro wrestling pass each other peacefully.]

Dusty Griffith:

You know...

[Griffith says as he slows his pace down the steps, turning slightly to address the Egobuster.]

Dusty Griffith:

Once all of this is sorted, I'm looking forward to getting a shot at you, one on one.

[The words halt Ryan's progress up the stairs. Turning, he looks down at Griffith.]

Dan Ryan:

Yeah. I've heard you looked up to me. Well...

[Ryan looks Dusty over as his voice trails off to allow the impregnation of a pause. Dusty's brow raises ever so slightly, his attention completely attuned to Ryan's next words.]

Dan Ryan:

Everyone wants a chance to get in the ring with me. Get in line.

[Without another word, Ryan dismissively turns and walks away. Griffith looks on as Ryan disappears up the stairs, his face twitches and he snorts and thumbs his nose before turning back around and heading down the stairs.]

[Cut to elsewhere.]

Out!

[Kelly Evans is working.]

[So are Samuel Grant and Jamie Stanley.]

[Kelly is typing frantically at her laptop while the two security guards work at getting the place cleaned up. Samuel is trying to sort through Dane's pile of spilled trophies. Jamie is sweeping uselessly at the dirty carpet with a broom.]

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Kelly Evans:

I'm busy! Go away! All of tonight's meetings are CANCELLED!

[Distressed is maybe not quite erratic enough of a word to describe what Kelly is. She's been left in charge, but of what? And where the boss go? And who is knocking at the goddamned door?]

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Kelly:

Get the FUCK OUT AND-

V.O Edward White:

Nicky, if you'd please-

CRUNCH

[The door is ripped off its hinges and falls to the floor. Stanley just barely jumps back in time to avoid it.]

[Sensing trouble, Kelly sits behind her desk as Edward White and Jane Katze walk around the immense form of Nicky Corozzo and into the room. White looks down at the dirty carpet, withdraws a handkerchief from his pocket and rubs a spot on his shoe.]

White:

All this is going to have to go.

Kelly:

Excuse me? This is my office, and-

White:

This office belongs to the person who is running the show. That person is me.

Kelly:

You're under contract to Defiance as a wrestler. I am your boss. Sam, give him the taser.

White:

Sam, if you, as she says, 'give me the taser,' you're both in breach of your contract, and on the way to the hospital once my man is finished with you. Let me assure you, we in DEFIANCE do not pay the medical bills of former employees.

[Sam looks at Kelly and shrugs.]

Sam:

If he signs the paychecks, he's the boss.

White:

Smart man. Now all of you, out.

[Sam leaves. Jamie stops in the doorway and looks guilty, but he doesn't have a taser, does have a house he doesn't want to lose, and he's smaller than Nicky Corozzo, so he leaves too.]

Kelly:

This isn't going to-

White:

Jane, please, be a dear and take out the trash, would you?

Jane:

Efficiently or entertainingly?

[White pauses to think.]

White:

Efficient, I think. I've got a lot of work to do getting this ship righted. There'll be time for fun later.

[Jane frowns, but steps forward, grabs Kelly by the hair and drags her over the desk. She cuts Kelly's furious shrieking off by wrapping an arm around her throat and covering her mouth, then, using a modified kati-hijame, drags Kelly out of the office and twists, throwing her to the ground.]

[White has already sat down behind Eric Dane's desk.]

White:

How in the world did he ever get anything done behind such a ludicrously small desk?

[The new "Bo\$\$" begins rummaging through drawers.]

White:

There's nothing here but whiskey and receipts! And...

[White withdraws a green and yellow John Deere hat, crushed and whiskey stained. He holds it gingerly between two fingers.]

White:

Dispose of this, and be sure to wash your hands afterwards.

[He comes to the bottom desk drawer. The locked one.]

White:

Ah-ha! Contracts! Nicky, a crowbar, if you please?

[And we fade out, Lord only knows what Edward White is going to do once he gets his hands on the contracts of DEFIANCE.]

Sit down an' shut up, the Champ's about ta speak!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Tony Di Luca:

Now I'm sure you're all aware a' what's been goin' on tonight with the Blood Diamonds an' us... well, just in' case none a' you been payin' attention, the workin' partnership between The Legitimate Businessman's Club an' Edward White has been severed.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Tony Di Luca:

But If you think that means we're headin' down to the bottom a' the tank with the rest a' them bottom feeders then eh, fuhgeddaboutit. The Legitimate Businessman's Club ain't no two bit organization. We got our own plans, an' we got our own people... we don't need Edward White to be successful... An' with our ranks soon to be strengthened beyond where they are right now, you can bet your bottom dollar we ain't gonna take no back seats... The Legitimate Businessman's Club is just what it says on the tin... Legitimate.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Tony Di Luca:

So, in order to prove just how Legitimate we are, I, Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, will defend my Southern Heritage title right here tonight!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Tony Di Luca:

An' tonight, my challenger is a man who ain't never had a shot at gold before... Last time you saw him he was standin' toe to toe with one a' the toughest broads in DEFIANCE an' lived to tell the tale... Barely... Ladies an' Gentlemen, please welcome... ROD FANTASTICO!

[To little to no fanfare Rod Fantastico emerges from the back and walks slowly down to the ring. His facial expressions are a mixture of fear and... well, no... his facial expressions aren't a mixture at all. He's showing pretty much nothing but fear as he heads to the ring where the LBC all stand.]

Angus:

Rod should have worn his brown tights tonight.

DDK:

We haven't seen Rod Fantastico since he almost had his head kicked off by Heidi Christenson back in Canada.

Angus:

And now he's got a chance at the Southern Heritage title? Do I smell lawyers?

DDK:

I doubt it. Rod's a professional. He knew going into the match against Heidi that he stood a slim chance at best. And, judging by the look on his face right now, he's aware that that's the case again.

Angus:

I guess he'd have to be pretty damn stupid to lawyer up and go after Tony Di Luca...

Tony Di Luca:

Come on, Roddy. In you get.

[Rod hesitates at the bottom of the steps.]

Tony Di Luca:

I'm sorry, Rod, what am I thinkin'? Vinny, go help Mr. Fantastico out would you?

[Vinny heads over to the corner of the ring where Rod flinches and takes a step back towards the guard rail.]

Angus:

Oh come on, Vinny's only holding the ropes open for you! Get in there!

[Rod seems to realise how unnecessary his flinch was and starts to climb the stairs. He finally make it to the apron and steps through the ropes like a mouse inching its way past a sleeping cat.]

Tony Di Luca:

Thanks for that, Vinny. Now, if you'd be so kind...

[Di Luca motions to the outside and Vinny exits the ring. Alceo makes his way out as well, making a point of walking right in front of Fantastico, who shuts his eyes tightly and braces himself for a right hand that never comes.]

Tony Di Luca:

There ain't no need to be scared, Rod. We ain't gonna hurt ya.

DDK:

Much.

Tony Di Luca:

You can trust us, Rod...

DDK:

I wouldn't trust anyone in the LBC as far as I could throw them.

Tony Di Luca:

Now, like we always say, may the best man win.

DDK:

When? When have they ever said that?

[Tony extends a hand to Rod asking for a handshake. Fantastico contemplates not shaking it for a moment, but then decides the disrespect shown by not doing so may lead to many, many more problems in the future.]

Angus:

See, they're not bad guys.

BOOO

DDK:

You were saying?

[After Rod accepts the handshake Tony pulls him in and plants a boot right into Rod's midsection. Fantastico doubles over, but Tony forces him up straight and knocks him down to the mat with a right hand.]

DDK:

I hope Lindsay Troy is watching this. Would she really want to be associated with these people?

Angus:

Who wouldn't? Tony's a champion, Alceo should be champion. Vinny's... well, he's Vinny.

DDK:

They're despicable!

[Tony mounts Fantastico and rains well placed right hands down into his temple. Mark Shields allows a few shots to find their home before trying half heartedly to interject himself into the mix, but Tony ignores him and continues to hammer away with right hands to the head of Fantastico.]

DDK:

This match hasn't even started yet! Come on Mark, get Di Luca off of him!

Angus:

They were both in the ring, together, alone. It's not Tony's fault the bell didn't ring.

[Di Luca finally relents with his punches and gets to his feet. Shields pushes him back into the corner of the ring, where he tells him to stay until Rod Fantastico can get back to his feet.]

DDK:

Rod's looking worse for wear already.

Angus:

He looked like that when he came out here.

[Shields heads across the ring to check on Fantastico who, despite gripping at the side of his head, nods to say that he wants to go ahead with the match.]

Angus:

Probably the worst move of his career right there.

DING DING DING

[No sooner than Shields calls for the bell does Di Luca charge across the ring and throw himself at Fantastico, sandwiching him in the corner. Tony unleashes with a wild flurry of rights, lefts, forearms and elbows that all find their mark on some part of Rod's anatomy.]

DDK:

Di Luca's like a man possessed!

Angus:

His title's on the line, did you think he was gonna go easy on the challenger?

[Tony lifts a knee into the midsection of Fantastico and leans into him. Rod tries to push the Southern Heritage champion away, but Tony simply laughs him off and drives home another knee. A third knee finds its mark for good measure before Tony pulls Rod from the corner and throws him across the ring by his ears.]

DDK:

Di Luca's clearly enjoying himself at Rod's expense. He's stalking his way across the ring, waiting for Rod to get to his feet.

[Rod doesn't get to his feet though, he uses the ropes to pull himself up. Before he can get up though Di Luca places a knee across his shoulders and pushes his throat down across the middle rope.]

DDK:

Shields with the count... and Di Luca breaks on 4, but you've got to believe that Di Luca isn't going to care about getting disqualified, what with the champions advantage and all that.

Angus:

But disqualification wins usually lead to some bullshit stipulation where he'd lose the title via DQ in a rematch. Tony doesn't want that. Tony doesn't need that. He's got this one in the bag.

DDK:

After the ACX's upset win over Team HOSS last week I don't think anyone can guarantee that.

[Tony grabs a hold of the rope and slings Rod back into the ring with it. Again he stalks his way over to Fantastico and stands at his side, pushing the sole of his boot into the side of Rod's head.]

Angus:

Why does this look familiar?

DDK:

Uhh... The Red Viper?

Angus:

The What?

DDK:

Versus The Mountain?

Angus:

Huh?

DDK:

Game Of Thrones?

Angus:

I have no idea what you're talking about?

DDK:

You don't watch it?

Angus:

Should I?

[Tony pushes Fantastico with his foot one more, but as I'm sure you're all expecting, Rod reaches up and pulls Di Luca down into a small package!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Di Luca kicks out!]

DDK:

THREE-No! I thought he had him!

Angus:

The only thing Fantastico's done there is piss Tony off... Royally...

[Both men get to their feet but Di Luca is the first to lunge with a clothesline that flips Fantastico over backwards. Tony quickly rolls Rod over and wraps both hands around his throat to choke him until the four count.]

DDK:

Again Di Luca breaks just in time.

[Wide eyed and bare toothed Di Luca grabs one of Rod's hands and slams it into the canvas. He holds it in place and stomps down on the finger tips. Di Luca doesn't let up on Rod, who tries to shake the pain out of his hands, by grabbing the same hand and twisting the previously stomped on fingers.]

DDK:

Mark's got to do something more than count all of these infringements.

Angus:

What more can he do? Di Luca's breaking when he has to...

aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhHHHHHHHHHHHH**DDK:**

Speaking of breaking...

[Di Luca flourishes as he releases Fantastico's fingers, causing Rod to scream in pain.]

DDK:

Di Luca could have just broken Rod's fingers with that! Come on Mark, that's got to be a disqualification!

Angus:

Look, he's moving them. They're not broken.

DDK:

They could be though, and Di Luca doesn't care!

[Tony grabs a hold of Rod's head with one hand and lifts a knee into his midsection. He stuffs Fantastico's head between his legs and drives him into the mat with a pulling piledriver! Tony covers Rod for the fall!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE-Tony pulls Rod's shoulders up off of the mat!]

BOOO

Angus:

He kicked out! Rod kicked out!

DDK:

He didn't kick out, Tony pulled him out of the cover to prolong the agony! And listen to the fans. They don't like that one bit.

[Despite Fantastico's legs looking like they've got the consistency of unset jell-o Tony pulls Rod up to his feet. He hooks his arms up and...]

DDK:

Shallow Grave... Tony hits the wholly unnecessary Shallow Grave...

Angus:

DDK:

THE LAST LAMENT! TROY DUCKS AND TYLER RAYNE COMES SAILING OVER HER, CONNECTING WITH THAT DOUBLE FLYING KNEE TO THE CHEST OF VINNY!

Angus: [pounding the announcers table]

No no no no no no no! It wasn't supposed to be like this!

[Vinny hits the mat as Wade Elliott gets back to his feet. He grabs a hold of Tony Di Luca and pulls him upright. Elliott lifts Di Luca over his shoulder and walks him into the middle of the ring while Troy and Rayne work together to roll Rinaldi out of the ring.]

DDK:

Elliott's looking for The Rebel Yell!

[Before Elliott can drive Di Luca back down, Alceo Dentari slides back into the ring and grabs the Southern Heritage champion by the arms. He pulls Di Luca off of Elliott's shoulder and scrambles to get him outside. Elliott, Troy and Rayne all try to stop him, but the Italians slip under the bottom rope just in the nick of time.]

Angus:

Thank God for Dentari!

DDK:

God damn him more like! Di Luca was about to get some immediate payback for what he's done to Rod Fantastico!

Angus:

What? He got blindsided by that... that...

DDK:

Big Damn Hero, Lindsay Troy?

Angus:

Yeah, her!

DDK:

I think it's clear where Lindsay's allegiances lie, and I think it's even clearer what she thinks the LBC can do with their job offer.

[The LBC regroup at the bottom of the ramp and start to back away from the ring, each of them holding different parts of their bodies. Vinny gasps for breath, Tony holds his head, and Alceo holds his back, having landed on it after being sent over the top and then possibly tweaking it as he helped Di Luca escape Elliott's grasp. In the ring the Big Damn Heroes gather together to throw verbal insults towards the LBC.]

Angus:

You can bet your bottom dollar there's gonna be hell to pay for this!

DDK:

Something tells me that the Big Damn Heroes wouldn't want it any other way.

[Backstage we go.]

Worldbreaking News?

[The Locker Rooms.]

“-AT NO GOOD SUMBITCH!”

CRRRAAASSSHH!

[Specifically those that are occupied by the “White Knights”, namely the enraged Frank Dylan James who, if you can’t tell, has done a number on a few of the fixtures in the room. Lockers dented and kicked in, chairs thrown about. The Mastodon continues to stomp and spittle as the door opens, which pushes against random debris that has piled up on the floor.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Why, hello Dusty Griffith!]

[The Wild Bronco steps into the room and immediately surveys the damage, it doesn’t take much in the way of evidence to solve the Great Locker Room Destroyer Caper. In fact, Dusty looks to his best friend, still stomping, still cussing, still spraying spit every which a way.]

Dusty Griffith:

I take it you’ve heard the great news!

[Frank stops and turns to Dusty, he snarls at his amigos jest. Dusty responds by kicking more of the random debris out of his way as he steps further into the lair of the beast.]

Frank Dylan James:

We cain’t let dat baysterd git away wi’this sheeyat!.

[Dusty nods.]

Dusty Griffith:

Agreed, and... We won’t, understand me, Frank?

[Dusty looks around the room and notes the absence of Sam Turner Jr. and Eugene Dewey.]

Frank Dylan James:

Ya mean we leave th’ kids outta this, an we do what’s got ta be done.

Dusty Griffith:

More for us, right?

[Big Frank grins, Dusty matches it.]

Dusty Griffith:

Speaking of Euge and Sam, where are they anyway?

[Frank shrugs his massive shoulders.]

Frank Dylan James:

They hightailed it outta here when the chairs done started t’ fly.

Dusty Griffith:

Heard.

[Dusty snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty Griffith:

Well, I'm going to go see how we can be of service to our new boss.

Frank Dylan James:

Yew plannin' t' do any heavy liftin'?

Dusty Griffith:

Not just yet.

Frank Dylan James:

Ah'ight, I thank Ah'm gonna go watch dat battle rumble, see iff'n it's worth stickin' mah nose in, if ya foller my meanin'...

Dusty Griffith:

Sounds good, but hey... Things are going to be escalating a goddamn hurry around here, so keep your head on a swivel, Frank.

Frank Dylan James:

Head on a shovel. Got it!

[Dusty cracks a smile and nods before the two make for the door.]

[Back to the arena.]

Masked Wrestlers Open Invitational Battle Royal

DDK:

Fans, we're about to get started with the open invitational battle royal.

Angus:

Wasn't there supposed to be a press conference to this? And a little more buildup? Something?

DDK:

Well, you know, sometimes there's things and then they happen...

Angus:

Clusterfuck?

DDK:

Yeah. Anyway, if you'll notice we've got the whole refereeing crew out here, Benny Doyle in the ring and Carla, Shields, BBS and Hector at the four sides, so as to make sure no eliminations go unnoticed. I've also been informed that if a wrestler tries to fake being eliminated, the referees are instructed to alert the other wrestlers, to avoid a repeat of the S02E01 battle royal.

[For you DEF history buffs, that was the one where Jeff Andrews and Kazuma Fujita went to war, with Andrews winning, only for Cancer Jiles to kick Andrews from behind and steal the win.]

DDK:

And now, let's turn things over to Darren Quimbey.

Quimbey:

The following contest is a battle royale! Eliminations are via pinfall, knockout, submission, disqualification, and exiting the ring over the top rope! It is single entrance, single elimination! Introducing first! Hailing from Mason City, Iowa, and weighing in at 212 pounds! JAKE! DONOVAN!

♪ I heard you took one in your FACE ♪

♪ IN YOUR FACE! ♪

[The blue and green blur known as Jake Donovan bolts to the ring as "Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob plays.. He jumps to the middle rope, throws up the suicide pose, then backflips into the ring.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Waterbury, Vermont, and weighing in at 228 lbs! "RADICAL"! ROGER! STEEEVENS!

♪ Where're we going? ♪

♪ Just walking in dinosaur shadows ♪

♪ No way of knowing ♪

♪ How much longer we'll all be surviving ♪

["Pray for the Dead" by Loudness brings Roger STEVENS, in his usual baggy shorts but with Yoshikazu YAZ's blue trim mask on his head, storming out to the ring.]

Angus:

He was bored, so he did something about it. Don't get me wrong Keebs, TEEMDANJAR and so I'm pulling for Ty, but seeing as they can't both win, I now have feels.

[Donovan offers a hand, Stevens slaps it. Friendly, not angry.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Tie-up! Stevens overpowers Donovan, Donovan back bridges, breaks the knuckle lock-

[Donovan moves way too fast for DDK to keep up. He breaks one of the knuckle locks, converts the other to a wristlock, jumps, bounces his feet off the top rope, backflips and arm mares Stevens to the mat. Stevens is up into a dropkick, up into Donovan charging him. Stevens sidesteps, Donovan hops to the middle rope, corner jumps to the other ropes, and catches Stevens with a crossbody moonsault! Clapping his hands to get the fans behind him, Donovan runs the ropes, and Stevens drives himself to his feet and cuts Donovan down with a cross chop!]

DDK:

An impressive start to this! Roger Stevens is so well known for his chops it's easy to forget how good he actually is in the ring. Donovan is so fast, so light on his feet.

Angus:

I hope Stevens chops him so hard we see if his blood's green and purple too.

[Stevens wrenches the arm and pulls Donovan towards him, but Donovan ducks the chop attempt. Thrust kick to the ribs, rolling judo arm throw, and Donovan rolls through the judo throw right into a standing moonsault!]

ONE...! TWO...! Shoulder up.

[Donovan pulls Stevens up and hits a hook kick to the back of the head. Stevens staggers, Donovan runs the ropes to build up speed, and Stevens steps forward to catch him. Donovan intercepts the arm, tries to counter with an armdrag, but Stevens ducks, uses the arm to pull Donovan up onto his shoulders and drop him with the Deemed Unrighteous!]

[Music.]

[No lyrics, just gravelly Industrial guitars, punctuated occasionally by breaking glass.]

Angus:

THE SUMO BEAST COMETH!

[Mushigihara, flanked by Eddie Dante, makes his way to the ring. Stevens turns his back on the fallen Donovan, waiting on Mushi to enter.]

DDK:

Unless we're going to have any surprise entrants that haven't been revealed yet, Mushi is by far the biggest man going into this match. Stevens is biding his time as Mushi - no wait, he isn't.

[Stevens rushes in and lays a brutal knife edge chop across Mushi's chest.]

THWAAAAACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

I'll be damned, he actually felt that!

[Stevens hammers chop after chop into Mushi's chest. Dante, not unfamiliar with Stevens, shouts advice in Japanese to the big sumo as Donovan pulls himself up. Donovan grabs Stevens' shoulder and turns him around, and Stevens brings back his chopping arm - but Donovan points at Mushi and Stevens redirects the chop back at Mushi.]

[Double team Irish whip, double dropkick sends Mushi bouncing back to the ropes, but Mushi rebounds with a rope-a-dope and double clothesline!]

DDK:

Frightening power by the sumo beast!

[Seeing as Donovan's a bit more banged up, Mushi turns on Stevens, wrapping both hands around his throat and lifting him into the air. Stevens kicks and flails, but Mushi throws him into the corner. He turns on Donovan and lifts him straight up, but Donovan kicks off his chest, backflips, and lands on his feet!]

[Jumping kick to the back of the head takes Mushi down to one knee!]

♪ Voices call ♪
♪ They call out my name ♪
♪ My name, my name ♪

Angus:

BLACKACONDA! TEEMDANJAR!

[Ty Walker, with a bandana pulled up over the lower half of his face, begins his run to the ring.]

DDK:

I'm not sure why Walker's in this match. At least Stevens borrowed a mask.

Angus:

SHUT UP!

[Ty hits the ropes and springboards, taking the kneeling Mushi to the mat with a DDT! He turns, boots Stevens, Donovan walks over, they both send Stevens off the ropes and catch him with a double flapjack press. Stevens takes it on his belly, climbs to his knees, Donovan hits a sliding front dropkick to knock him onto his back and Ty follows up with a flipping legdrop.]

DDK:

I don't really know the story behind it, but Ty's taken some sort of interest in Donovan. Donovan was a promising youngster in DEF1.0, but his transformation into The Phoenix resulted in a burnout.

[With Stevens down, Ty and Donovan turn on Mushi again. A double dropkick to each knee drops the big man flat on his face, and they bring him up, hook him for a double team vertical suplex... but with a roar of OSU, Mushi blocks, and starts bringing both his opponents up...]

♪ I lost my place in lives ♪
♪ Even in the morning ♪
♪ I see the sun goes down ♪
♪ Whatever you say "I leave the dream here right now" ♪

[Mach Hawke, seeing an opening, bolts to the ring and plows shoulder first into the back of Mushi's knee. The end result is that Mushi gets the double team suplex on Ty and Donovan, but lands clutching his leg. Hawk bolts at Stevens and takes him over with a rolling neck snap.]

DDK:

Mach Hawke of the Osaka Street Cutters just hit the ring like a bomb, and right now he's the only man standing!

[Hawke singles out Ty. Thinking he might get a quick elimination he hooks Ty for the Mach Driver, but Ty flips out the back and lands on his feet! Ty scoops up Hawke now for a Black Thunder Bomb, but this time it's Hawke that escapes and lands on his feet. Hawke boots Walker, hops to the middle rope, and comes off with a flying leg DDT!]

Angus:

My Cock across the back of Tyrone Walker's head! ...that REALLY didn't sound right.

[Unfortunately for Hawke, Mushi's up.]

DDK:

Mushi wraps that meathook of a hand around Hawke's head and throws him over the top rope!

[Hawke hangs on with one hand. Before Mushi can follow up, Stevens dropkicks him on the back. Hawke rolls back into the ring, but into some stomps from Donovan.]

♪ There's a thief on a summer's night ♪
♪ Across an ocean ♪
♪ Who sees another's life fading away ♪

[Boos go up as Stockton Pyre makes his way to the ring. He ignores the reaching fans and slides in under the bottom rope. He catches Hawke in a front carry, runs him across the ring and into the turnbuckle, and then tosses him backwards in a back drop!]

DDK:

Modified version of the old Oklahoma Stampede! Pyre is, again barring any unexpected entries, the second biggest man in the match at just under 270. That's closer to Mushi's weight than some of the smaller cruiserweights in this one are to his.

[Pyre clotheslines Donovan. He runs forward and clobbers Stevens with a double axehandle.]

DDK:

And Pyre's striking style may also serve him well in this match, seeing as he won't need to utilize the ropes and can stay near the middle of the ring.

[Pyre turns on Mushi and hammers him with another running double axehandle. Mushi bellows and sends Pyre stumbling backwards with a palm strike! And a chop! Pyre fights back to his feet, grabs Mushi's head and hits a jumping knee. The big man stumbles into the corner and Pyre grabs the ropes for leverage, then starts burying shoulders into Mushi's midsection.]

[Meanwhile, Walker tries to pin Donovan with an outlaw roll. Donovan's out in two. Ty tries taking him over with a victory roll, but Donovan rolls through the hold, hops up onto Walker's shoulders, then twists and slides down his back with the sunset flip! ONE...! TWO...! ...Kickout.]

DDK:

A sportsmanlike exchange between Walker and Donovan, contrasted with-

[Angus has seen in the ring, Stevens holding up his finger to shush the crowd. He puts his hand over DDK's mouth.]

Stevens:

CHOP!

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

WWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Angus:

FUCK YES!

[Mach Hawke, the recipient, goes down clutching his chest.]

[Some mexican music plays and El Serpenti comes running to the ring. He climbs to the apron, then the ropes, and missile dropkicks Stevens!]

DDK:

El Serpenti took a loss to Stevens' tag partner Yoshikazu YAZ the other week, which may be why he targeted Stevens. Now he's going for-

Angus:

One of those goofy Mexican submissions. It's some sort of deathlock... and octopus stretch and arm thingy.

[And in a battle royal, nobody's going to break it up, probably, because every elimination puts them closer to winning.]

[Stevens gets help from an unexpected source. Mushi stops Pyre's shoulder drives with a knee, applies the bearhug, then spins and lofts him across the ring with a suplex! Pyre lands on Serpenti almost like he'd executed a deliberate moonsault, and Serpenti loses the hold.]

[And on the Donovan/Walker front, Walker rolled out of the sunset flip and on top of Donovan, Donovan escaped the pin and tried a jackknife cradle, Walker unbalanced him and rolled him through, and instead of just hanging on rolled over twice and then wrapped one of Donovan's legs around the back of his head. ONE...! TWO...! THREE!!!]

Quimbey:

Jake Donovan has been eliminated!

Angus:

MUH BOY TY!

[Walker, instead of rubbing it in, decides to say something sportsmanlike to Donovan, and Hawke, noticing the distraction, rolls him up from behind in a schoolboy! ONE...! TWO...! THREE!!!]

Quimbey:

Tyrone Walker has been eliminated!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~

[Hawke rises to one knee and throws his hands up.]

[And eats a Radical Overlord from Stevens!]

[To the resounding sounds of FINISH YOUR FUCKING BIO, Crimson Star comes running out to the ring.]

[As he runs past Pyre, Pyre turns and grabs his arm. Star is pulled back into a Rainmaker! ONE! TWO...! THREE!!!]

Quimbey:

Crimson Star has been eliminated!

[A second later, there's a bustle, and then cheers and leaping fans.]

DDK:

Frank Holiday has just made his way out of the back, and he's standing at the top of the ramp!

[Pyre and Stevens turn to each other as Pyre gets up from his pinfall and Stevens gets up from delivering his shining savate kick. Pyre weathers a boot, grabs Stevens in a tie-up and muscles him into the cutthroat, but turns to look at Holiday for a second, and Stevens ducks the bullhammer elbow attempt and counters with a savate kick to the back of the head!]

[Pyre stumbles, and Stevens grabs the pumphandle-]

DDK:

BUSTED TO THE MAT! Stevens lands his finisher!

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

Quimbey:

Stockton Pyre has been eliminated!

Angus:

Radical Roger Stevens for the win!

DDK:

We're down to four! Roger Stevens, El Serpenti, Mach Hawke and Mushigihara!

[Stevens and Serpenti look at each other. Serpenti leaps at Hawke and takes him down to the mat with a swinging headscissor. Stevens, on the other hand, boots the tired Mushi and tries to get him up for the T-Bone DDT. But he hasn't quite got the strength. Mushi slips out, lifts him in a bear hug, Stevens bell claps, Mushi drops him- and goes flying backwards as someone flies into him.]

Angus:

WHAT THE?!

DDK:

It's The Thresher! The Thresher just speared Roger STEVENS in half!

Angus:

DAMN HIM!

DDK:

Is he in this match? Does that bandana across his face count as a mask?

[The Thresher turns around and starts throwing some nasty punches into Mushigihara's ribs and stomach. Eddie Dante climbs up on the ring apron with the intention of helping his charge - and that's what Jarvis Remus was waiting for.]

DDK:

Remus yanks Dante from the apron! Into the ring, and he and Thresher are dragging Mushi to the mat!

[Ned the Crow appears on top of the turnbuckle. Not even sure where he appeared from. But with Jarvis holding Mushi's legs and Thresher holding his arms, Mushi is spreadeagled and held in place for Ned's top rope move.]

DDK:

630 Senton from Ned the Crow!

[Thresher now turns back on Stevens, brings him up, and DOWN in the falling crucifix powerbomb that Ned referred to last week as the Hangman's High.]

[Mushi is brought to his feet.]

[The Thresher delivers another spear! Mushi doesn't get folded in half like a smaller opponent would, but he's knocked backwards into the turnbuckle. And Jarvis Remus follows up by squashing Mushi with a rolling cannonball splash!]

[As suddenly as they arrived, the Sons of the Soil abandon the ring.]

Angus:

Those guys just don't care who they're attacking, do they?

[Mach Hawke slings Serpenti out of the ring and quickly covers Roger STEVENS. Benny Doyle, not sure how to handle this, sighs and counts.]

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

Quimbey:

Roger Stevens has been eliminated!

[It takes a bit of effort to pull Mushi out of the corner, but Hawk drags him away from the ropes and covers him as well. ONE..! TWO...! THREE!!!]

Quimbey:

Mushigihara has been eliminated!

Angus:

Heh.

DDK:

Mach Hawke cleaning up after the Sons of the Soil, and now it's down to two men! Hawke and El Serpenti!

Angus:

I HOPE HE KILLS THAT FLIPPYDOO.

[But Serpenti's quicker to the attack with a spinning inferno kick that connects under Hawke's jaw and knocks him into the ropes. Serpenti wrenches the arm, jumps to the top rope, and then flips backwards while holding onto the arm. Hawke is driven face first into the mat with a DDT-like maneuver.]

Angus:

See? Why couldn't he just use a NORMAL MOVE?

DDK:

Your pointless rage aside, these two have heat with each other, but Hawke's been in there a LOT longer than Serpenti. In other words, Advantage: Flippydoo.

Angus:

NOOOO!!!

[Serpenti arranges Hawke perpendicular to the turnbuckle and comes off with a moonsault press! ONE...! TWO...! KICKOUT!]

[Undiscouraged, Serpenti claps his hands to the fans, getting them on their feet. He runs past Hawke, leaps to the turnbuckle behind him - and is pushed from behind sending him sailing over the ropes and out of the ring!]

Quimbey:

El Serpenti has been eliminated!

[The man who pushed Serpenti rushes into the ring and grabs Hawke from behind around the waist.]

Angus:

That's - that's that Ryushin Zongetsu guy who's been attacking the Osaka Street Cutters. GERMAN SUPUREXU!

DING! DING! DING!

[Benny Doyle, possibly hating his career, makes the count. ONE...! TWO...! THREE!!]

DDK:

Wait, the bell rang before the count- Brian Slater's near the timekeeper's.

[Brian Slater and Benny Doyle are having animated conversation.]

DDK:

I don't know if Ryushin Zongetsu was even in this match, but if he was, he just won it - and if he wasn't, he just won it for his enemy Mach Hawke!

[Zongetsu rolls out of the ring and jumps into the stands.]

Angus:

This was every bit the clusterfuck I knew it was going to be.

The Train Wreck Talks

[Cut to the interview stage, where Lance Warner stands with mic in hand. Joining him in the spotlight is Frank Holiday, in street clothes and a "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, flanked as usual by his manager and BFF Billy Pepper, rocking a tailored suit with an open collared dress shirt.] **Lance Warner:** Ladies and gentlemen, we're here to get a few words with Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper. Guys, thanks for your time. **Frank Holiday:** No probs, dude. **Billy Pepper:** You're welcome, Lance, but you'll be lucky if you only get a few words from Frank. I hope we're not up against a hard break here. **Frank Holiday:** What the--? What are you saying, Billy, I talk a lot? **Billy Pepper:** I'm saying even Fidel Castro thinks you're a little long-winded. **Frank Holiday:** That's ridiculous, and I'm going to list 25 reasons why. Number one, I don't even speak Spanish. Number two, everyone knows they don't have internet in Cuba. Number-- [Billy puffs out his cheeks and gives Lance a wide-eyed stare, silently begging him to jump in.] **Lance Warner:** Frank, if you don't mind, I have some questions about your recent activities since Defiance returned to the United States. **Frank Holiday:** [To Billy] Excuse me. We'll get to numbers 3 to 25 later. [To Lance] That's what I'm here for, brah. You got questions, I got answers. **Lance Warner:** Thank you. Now, two weeks ago you appeared on this program and you announced you were going to pursue the Southern Heritage Title currently held by Tony Di Luca of the Legitimate Businessmen's Club. That happened during an interview I was conducting with Stockton Pyre, who is also looking for another shot at the belt. What surprised myself and many others was how quickly that confrontation turned hostile between you and Pyre. Obviously it escalated once again last week when you and Pyre were booked into an impromptu tag team match apparently against your will, and your mutual dislike caused the match to fall apart pretty quickly. And tonight, you distracted Pyre during the invitational battle royale, which led to his being eliminated. What's the story here? Is it professional competition? **Frank Holiday:** Lance, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a competitive person. You don't get into this line of work if you're just gonna float around. Too risky. Injuries. Physical toll. Not much upside getting in the ring week in, week out, unless-- unless, dude --you've got your end goal in mind. I've been pretty clear about what I want, and right now that is to take on the SoHer Champ for the title. **Lance Warner:** What was it about Stockton Pyre, though? By all accounts, that moment two weeks ago was the first time you and he had ever crossed paths in Defiance, and yet the hostility seemed to go off the charts in a matter of seconds. **Billy Pepper:** And that was only what the camera saw. Frank went all Carrie back in the locker room. **Frank Holiday:** Dude, I did not go all Carrie. Besides, if I could set things on fire with my brain, I would've started with Pyre. Hey! Make a pyre out of Pyre! See what I did there? **Billy Pepper:** Good one. **Frank Holiday:** Yeah. Screw that guy. **Lance Warner:** Frank, if you could, tell me where this attitude comes from where Stockton Pyre is concerned. **Frank Holiday:** Sorry, dude. I know you keep asking that. My jerkhole friend here-- [Thumb to Billy] --keeps distracting me. [Billy mimes zipping his mouth shut.] **Frank Holiday:** I want to explain something here. I watch this show, okay? I have Hulu. It's awesome. And I don't just skip forward to my own shenanigans, although they are compelling. I watch the whole thing, every time. So just 'cuz I'm not physically present in every segment, doesn't mean I'm not aware of what goes on. We've got cameras all over the place. There's one in front of us right now. They catch everything, and it all goes on the show. Everybody knows that. And I watch the show so I'll know what's going on. It's called being informed, brah. [He taps his finger against his temple and nods.] **Frank Holiday:** My point is this. Two weeks ago might've been the first time Creep Show Bastard and I occupied the same space. Sure. But I've been seeing his tie-dyed ass on this show ever since he walked into Defiance. I've watched his antics in the ring. I've watched him act all nicey-nice with other dudes backstage. I saw him make a one-eighty and go along with known asswipe Wayne Dewey and his blatant cheating -- cheating, by the way, he benefited from. And every time the camera caught him spying on somebody, guess what? We all saw it too. So by the time I walked into your interview, Lance my friend, I already knew everything he'd done, and I already hated every blue and red molecule in Pyre's body. **Lance Warner:** Why hate? Why so personal? **Frank Holiday:** Because Stockton Pyre is a duplicitous, two-faced phony. Because he represents everything I hate. The Masked Blogger? Hah! When was the last time you saw that guy publish a blog? So I think we can rule that out as a legitimate excuse for sneaking around venues and taking notes on people from hiding places. So what's the information gathering for, then? Tell me that! [Frank is starting to get worked up, breathing heavily. Billy Pepper gently pats him on the shoulder.] **Lance Warner:** Stockton Pyre's habit of, as you say, "spying" on other Defiants seems to be a major issue for you. We saw how angry you got last week when you caught him watching you and the LBC. Which, if I recall, could actually be the first time anyone has outed him in the act. **Billy Pepper:** I told you, Lance. Carrie. **Frank Holiday:** [Mutters] I wish. **Lance Warner:** Why did that make you so upset, Frank, if you already knew that was Pyre's M.O.? Why was that so outrageous to you in spite of the fact there are also cameras around here, watching you all the time? **Frank Holiday:** I'm cool with the cameras around here 'cuz I signed a contract that says I'm gonna be filmed for a TV show. I consented, okay? That's the crucial thing. You need my goddamn permission. There's already a ton of surveillance going on that I -- that nobody --

consented to, and I wake up every day trying to protect my freedom of privacy. You ever see “Enemy of the State”, Lance? You ever see “The Net”? “Johnny English”? **Lance Warner:** Er... movies? **Frank Holiday:** Movies about reality, brah. We’re all being watched by someone we don’t know, and we don’t know it, and we never said they could. Even freaking Batman. “The Dark Knight”. That growly-voiced bastard. I’m talking satellites, Lance. Cell phones. Internet. Google. Facebook. Homeland Security. Patriot Act. CCTV. TMZ. CIA. FBI. IRS. NSA. [Lance Warner looks shell-shocked. Billy Pepper mouths, “I told you so.”] **Frank Holiday:** Shady, anonymous, voyeuristic entities who spit on your rights and invade your privacy from dark places. And Stockton Pyre, with his masked identity, and his secret agenda, is the personification of the whole alphabet soup. [Holiday looks directly into the camera now, brow furrowed intently.] **Frank Holiday:** Pyre -- if that is your real name, which I’m, like, 99% sure it’s not -- listen to me, as if you’re not already. I’ve got three more letters of the alphabet for you. [He draws them in the air, one by one.] **Frank Holiday:** I. C. U. [Eyebrow raised.] **Frank Holiday:** Get it, Lego Head? I see you. I see you for who you really are. I see through your disguise, and I’m not fooled by you. Call me paranoid all you want, but it’s not paranoia if I’m right. And I’ll tell you this: If I ever catch you watching me again, I’m gonna send you straight to the ICU. Intensive care unit. That’s a promise, brah. [Billy waves his hand in front of Lance Warner’s face, trying to wake the poor journalist out of his catatonia.] **Billy Pepper:** Lance, did you get enough words out of Frank? **Lance Warner:** [Shakes his head fuzzily] Uh... yeah. Thanks, gentlemen. **Frank Holiday:** Anytime, dude. [He throws the devil’s horns at the camera with a toothy grin.] **Frank Holiday:** HOLIDAY... OUT! [As Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper move out of frame, Lance Warner blinks once or twice in an effort to re-orient his headspace back to planet Earth, before we go back to DDK and Angus.]

Welcome to DEFIANCE, Ryushin

DDK: I'm being told that the Osaka Street Cutters have commandeered a camera backstage. After what just happened in the ring, clearly they have something to say. **Angus:** With My Cock being denied yet again, I can imagine they're not happy. I know I never am. [The feed cuts to the back, where Kaz Araki, still wearing his sunglasses, stands staring at the camera, shaking his head. He is flanked to his left by an unhappy looking Azuma, while a sweaty, angry Mach Hawke paces in the background.] **Kaz:** Ryushin Zongetsu. Heh. [The corner of Kaz's mouth turns up in a smile.] **Kaz:** You know, you had us going there for a while. None of us had any idea who you were. What kind of guy would have the balls to keep coming down to the ring, week after week, ruining our business here in Defiance? [He taps the side of his head with his forefinger.] **Kaz:** It was that mask. Didn't recognize you in that mask. But, then again, after what went down last year, I guess I wouldn't want to show my face either. [Chuckling, he looks to his left and right, nodding at both of his teammates, though neither seem keen to join in his laughter. He shakes his head again and returns his gaze to the camera.] **Kaz:** So you're here to take care of unfinished business? Great. At least you've finally shown you're willing to set foot in that ring. Why don't we just take that one step further? [Kaz slaps a hand across the chest of Azuma standing next to him.] **Kaz:** Next week: Grindhouse 16. You versus Azuma. You've got a score to settle? Then just go ahead and try. We're not running away. Azuma here, he just can't wait to see you again. [Azuma makes a visible display of cracking his knuckles, before baring his teeth at the camera] **Kaz:** We'll be waiting for you. Please don't disappoint us. [Kaz smiles and waves at the camera before the feed cuts back to Angus and Keebler at ringside.] **DDK:** There's clearly more at play here than meets the eye. At any rate, the Street Cutters seem to be tired of being hounded by Ryushin Zongestu. After three straight weeks of run-ins, they've issued a challenge. They're looking to confront him directly in the ring next week. **Angus:** To be honest, I'll be surprised if he shows. Hasn't fought a fair fight yet. Can't see him starting now. **DDK:** He showed plenty of promise in the ring tonight and next week he'll have his chance to confront them face to face. There'll be no surprises on Grindhouse 16. **Angus:** Don't be too sure about that. There's always surprises where My Cock is involved. **DDK:** ...

As Close As You're Gonna Get!

Angus:

So what's next?

DDK:

Right now, we have Christie Zane who is with Tyr...

Angus:

MUH BOI TAI!

DDK:

Yes, we know... Christie's in the back...

Angus:

Uhm-chicka-chicka, uhm-chicka-chicka...

DDK:

Yeah, not going to happen.

Angus:

Are you sure? I seen many a movies that started just like this... Bow chicka wow wow...

DDK:

Ugh, just go... go now!

[Cut backstage before that drags on any longer.]

[For Darren's sanity.]

[Christie Zane stands off center in front of a monitor and large black DEFIANCE banner with the red Fist of DEFIANCE logo emblazoned on it's center.]

Christie Zane:

Please welcome, Tyrone Walker...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The fans erupt as Blackimus Prime makes with the arrival on the scene, sauntering into frame as if he's the Black John Wayne, seriously, the swagger is undeniable. Fresh off his participation in the battle royale a little bit ago, Ty's still dressed in his ring gear and working up a sweat. He gives a Christie a head nod and gets right to it.]

Tyrone Walker:

The shits gettin' real upp'in' here, Boxers on the outs, Scott's down half his crew, and ol' Eddie Moneybags is bulkin' up faster than Joey Chestnut at a hotdog eating contest.

Christie Zane:

And your issues with Team HOSS appear to be far from over. Last week you cost them a match against Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon.

[He backs up a step, hands up all like "who, me?". It's all accompanied by a grin that tells the tale of his complete guilt in the matter.]

Tyrone Walker:

Hey, I never said nothin' was over, that was all that lil' punk ass Keelin's talk about shit ever bein' over... I might not have a team at this present time and place, but in the meantime? In the meantime, I'mma keep on makin' things

interestin' for him and his boys.

Christie Zane:

The two of you have sparred verbally on twitter ever since Team HOSS took the trios titles from Hookers and Blow.

[Ty nods.]

Tyrone Walker:

An' like I done did said, I'mma do whatever needs to be done, whatever kinda pain I gots to endure, whatever it's gonna take... I'mma do all'a that if it means I can get my hands on him.

Christie Zane:

Junior Keeling?

Tyrone Walker:

.....

"The one and only..."

[Off screen the sound of the super agent of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions alerts the world to his presence.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[His very appearance and the loud jeering of the crowd marks his arrival.]

Angus (V/O):

NOOO! I CAN'T TAKE THIS! WHY CAN'T MY HERO AND BESTIE JUST LOVE EACH OTHER LIKE I DO?!

DDK (V/O):

Because, history?

[Sure enough, the spokesman, manager, advocate, fanboy, gofer... well, needless to say the voice belonging to the man who wears many hats for his clients, Team HOSS, appears. Oddly enough, it's just him and looks pretty confident. Perhaps having the backing of the new owner of DEFIANCE will do that for you.]

Junior Keeling:

Mister Walker... pleasure to see you out and about with your homies, Hookers and B... wait...

[Junior condescendingly scans the vicinity. Walker looks ready to choke a bitch with his tie, but said bitch turns back to him and does everything short of stick his nose out at him... okay, he sticks his nose out.]

Junior Keeling:

Oh, wait. As you so eloquently put it, it's just you now, Ty. You know, if you had just kept your fucking nose out of my business after Canada, then we wouldn't have had any more problems. My boys got what we wanted and now they're each about fifteen pounds heavier now because of the gold that you no longer hold. But you want to keep running around, poking the bears, don't you?

[Keeling balls up his fist and shakes his head with disgust.]

Junior Keeling:

Well, because you've TWICE now put your filthy degenerate hands on me, what happens to the ACX earlier tonight is ALL on your head. And what happens to you NOW... Christie, you aren't going to want to be around for this next part.

[Blackimus Prime looks around and sees Christie Zane slowly back away. Unfortunately for the fans, the

disappearance of the beautiful woman gives way to three ugly - sorry, two ugly beasts and a big, vapid Brit who prides himself on his looks - now surround the former Trios Champion. Still, even with Team HOSS surrounding him, Walker shoots Junior a look so serious, if it could kill, Junior would spontaneously combust.]

Tyrone Walker:

Imma fuck you up, Keeling.

Junior Keeling:

Not before YOU end up that way.

[Walker turns around and goes right after the closest HOSS he can find - that being Aleczander - and jabs a thumb right into the big man's eye! Aleczander winces in pain, but not before Capital Punishment pulls him away and starts to bury right hands into his chest! Angel Trinidad jumps in and The Rookie Monster and the gruff veteran continue to dole out more punishment! Soon, Aleczander joins in on the fun and BLASTS him with a wicked right cross that brings Walker down to a knee!]

Angus (V/O):

MUH BOI TAI! NO! WAIT, HOSS, SMASH HIM! ...fuck!

[The three-on-one beatdown continues while Junior Keeling is laughing the whole way like a maniac. Walker STILL fights back, though, throwing right hands at anything that moved in his vicinity, even cracking Cappy with an elbow to the face, but Aleczander finally stops him with more gut punches. They turn him around and launch him right at Angel Trinidad who runs right at him and BLASTS Walker with a vicious and vile Pump Kick to the jaw! His new HOSS of Fire finisher that had been using in the last few weeks claims another victim as Team HOSS's Rookie Monster stands over Walker's nearly unconscious body.]

Angel Trinidad:

That's the LAST time you're gonna screw with Mr. Keeling!

Junior Keeling:

PULL HIM UP! DO IT NOW!

Aleczander:

Aye, aye, bossman! Cappy, help me get this wanker up!

[Cappy silently nods and the two beasts pull up the halfway unconscious Walker. Junior grabs Walker by the jaw and holds him close while Angel hovers right behind him.]

Angel Trinidad:

THIS is as close to Mr. Keeling as you're gonna get!

Junior Keeling:

Let's go. We need to show the world what the Blood Diamond-endorsed Team HOSS is capable of.

[The three monsters walk off with their titles in tow now, but not before Angel glares at the fallen Walker. Just to be an asshole, Angel winds up and PUNTS him right in the rib cage, knocking him over onto his back! Angel takes his belt and big HOSSzilla walks off with Keeling right behind him as trainers arrive on the scene to help out Walker.]

[Back to the arena!]

pained Aleczander, but they largely ignore him in favor of high-fiving themselves like idiotic frat boys. Pete slaps on another Headlock while Trinidad tries to get back up, but he finds himself getting picked up and tossed away. He clings onto the ropes and starts to give Aleczander the bird. Aleczander The Great charges but Whealdon does a little rope-a-dope and pulls the ropes down, effectively sending the dope crashing to the floor! He goes for a tumble as the crowd cheers, but Whealdon has another plan in mind. He bounces off one set of the ropes...] **DDK:** SUICIDE SLEAZE! The crowd is loving this! [The blow takes Aleczander down and stuns him against the table while Don Hollywood is on the ring apron getting ready to do something himself. He starts to run halfway across the ring apron...] **Angus:** THOR'S HAMMER! Good GOD, the ACX are here to win some titles! Titles mean more tits than a toilet seat. **DDK:** And now Don and Pete are bringing Aleczander back into the ring. Pete tags out to Don and now goes for the cover. [ONE! TWO! NO!] [The Mancunian Muscle shoves him off and looks pissed that the Angel City eXXXpress have actually been running things. Don pulls up Aleczander by his fauxhawk, which just sets him off. Aleczander buries a fist into his gut and whips him off the ropes. When The Dapper One comes back, Alec goes for a big Body Slam only for Don to slip free and land on his feet. He ducks under a Clothesline from Aleczander and tags into Angel...] **DDK:** Blind tag there! **Angus:** Well, this can't be good. [Don just barely manages to move, but Aleczander comes back and lands a stiff Knee Lift to Don Hollywood...] **Angus:** HOSSPLOSION! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY, HE NEARLY KILLED HOLLYWOOD! **DDK:** Angel Trinidad has just been coming into his own in the last few weeks! Not that any of Team HOSS aren't dangerous, but the young kid has just flipped a switch lately. He's getting much more aggressive in the ring. [The crowd gasped from the impact of the move, but Angel nailed it! Now Rich and Pete are beside themselves as Don gets picked up and forced into the corner by The Rookie Monster. He lands a series of reckless and effective headbutts to the chest and head of Hollywood, dropping The Dapper One and slumping him over in the corner. Trinidad reaches out and the tag is made to Capital Punishment. The gruff veteran climbs in between the ropes and drops a flurry of boots into the chest of Don, making him suck in air.] **DDK:** Nowhere for Hollywood to go! He's in the bad part of town and that's for a guy who he and his friends... well, usually, they're in the bad part of town. **Angus:** They don't go into any establishment with three or less XXXs, Keebs. Oh, boy, this is a mugging. [The former prison guard roughs him up in the corner before Navarro orders Cappy to back off. One third of the Trios Tag Team Champions puts Don back on his feet and shoves him back into the ropes only to land a stiff Back Elbow that puts him on the mat. Cappy stands over him and drops a big Elbow Drop right into his heart followed shortly by a second one. He then put his fist out and dropped a STIFF Falling Haymaker to the jaw! The crowd boos Capital Punishment but The IWO Legend ignores him as he goes for a cover.] [ONE! TWO! TH... NO!] **DDK:** Close one there! Normally, these guys have been creamed, but after last week's win these guys could do it! **Angus:** Yeah, if they win, they do it and they find some chicks and DO IT. [Cappy plays dirty some more and fishhooks Don by the nose, ruining his good looks in the process. Hollywood is forced to his feet and doubled over with a succession of knees from Cappy before he sets him up and starts to hold him up in a Delayed Vertical Suplex position. There's still lots of strength in the old bones of Cappy as the IWO Legend goes to the corner to tag to Aleczander The Great.] **Angus:** Man, I hope I'm that strong when I'm Cappy's age... and your age, Keebs. **DDK:** Really? But on the subject of Capital Punishment, that's some strength... and LOOK! [Cappy more or less hands Hollywood over Aleczander The Great while he's still held up in the Suplex position... passing one Delayed Suplex for another! Aleczander STILL holds him with some freaky strength as the crowd has no choice but to be impressed. Angel may be a rising star and Cappy was vicious, but Aleczander had the most pure power in the group, holding Hollywood for nearly thirty seconds. HE then drops him on the top rope...] **DDK:** MANCUNIAN MUSCLE-PLEX! **Angus:** You know how me and Edward White get along like cats and Chinese people, but he did a good thing picking these guys up! [Aleczander with the cover...] [ONE! TWO! THR... NO!] **DDK:** Hollywood still kicks out, but that was amazing teamwork! [You know shit is getting serious on the other side while Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon haven't oiled themselves up... as much as they previously have. This was their big moment to be something more than the typical buttmonkeys for everybody else walking into DEFIANCE. They had the chance to become Trios Tag Team Champions, but Team HOSS were now in control. Aleczander The Great elbowed Don in the back of the head with several nasty shots before tagging to The Rookie Monster.] [Angel Trinidad climbed into the ring and they set up another double-team as Aleczander CRUSHED Don Hollywood in the corner with a Running Shoulder Tackle! He then whipped him right into a hard Side Slam from HOSSzilla! Trinidad crushed him and hooked the leg back as he went for the cover...] [ONE! TWO! THR... NO!] **DDK:** Close one there! Team HOSS are picking off Don Hollywood and he'll need to make the tag out very soon otherwise this match will be over shortly. **Angus:** I'm surprised they've lasted this long... ALL HAIL THE HOSS OVERLORDS... even if they're with White now... Ugh, I need some Tylenol. Even I forget who the fuck I'm supposed to root for. [The Rookie Monster scoops up Don Hollywood and the Dapper One tries to escape by clawing at the eyes of Trinidad! It works and he slips out the back as he tries to run for the corner, but is shocked when Angel is already there, grabbing him by his bandana! He rips the thing off the neck of Don and holds him up on

his shoulders again before SLAMMING him with a nothing-fancy Delayed Scoop Slam! Angel waves to the booing crowd and The Rookie Monster does it one more time, planting Hollywood into the mat yet again!] **Junior Keeling:** ONE MORE TIME, ANGEL, ONE MORE TIME! **Angel:** You got it, boss! [He does indeed go for a third one and runs towards the corner, this time looking for a Snake Eyes-like move of some sort only for Don to grab him by the head...] **DDK:** THE NAPSACK! THE SLEEPER HOLD IS LOCKED IN! [Don Hollywood is aching all over, but now he has the Sleeperhold locked in tightly! Angel starts to walk around the ring, trying to shake off the sleazy West Hollywood native! Pete and Rich are both shouting words of encouragement towards their friend as he had the Napsack applied perfectly. He slowly starts to slump over to a knee as the crowd starts to chant...] **Crowd:** AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! **DDK:** Tulepo is firmly on the side of the ACX and if Team HOSS have a chance to lose their titles here, this is ACX's opportunity to do it! That Sleeperhold is still in! **Angus:** Uh-oh! [Trinidad suddenly surges to life again and RUNS backwards towards the HOSS corner, crushing Don Hollywood in turnbuckle! He finally releases his pit-bull like hold before Capital Punishment tags in again. He goes out to the corner and a big Right-Armed Lariat knocks him over with a good shot! Hollywood has been knocked back to the ground and he's hurt. Capital Punishment goes for the cover once again!] [ONE! TWO! THR... SAVED BY RICH MAHOGANY! Mahogany drops an elbow to the back of the head of Cappy before rolling back to his corner. He wants in, the crowd want him in there and they want to see the ACX pull off the upset!] **DDK:** That was a close one! Junior is beside himself on the outside and is freaking out, telling Hector Navarro to count faster! I hope that Walker can somehow get his hands on Junior Keeling! **Angus:** Fat chance of that happening. HOSS are Blood Diamonds now and as dangerous as they were before... even MUH BOY TAI could be going down a dark road he doesn't want to come back from. [Junior orders him to finish things and Cappy nods before he sets up The Dapper one for a Powerbomb. He gets him up but at the apex, he slips out and tries a big Sunset Flip. He can't quite get the big man over so he jumps in the air for a Leg Drop... MISSED!] **Angus:** In and out! Good thing ACX have all that practice outside the ring, huh? **DDK:** That's an image that's gonna follow me around for a while... but back to the action! The crowd is hot now, Rich has his hands out... [Rich is almost over to his corner while Junior Keeling is barking orders at Capital Punishment telling him to back off. When he's about to get to his corner, a frantic Mahogany was ready to strike... he reaches out and the crowd goes wild for Mahogany! It's the Twilight Zone!] **DDK:** Rich is finally in there and it looks like he's been itching for a chance to fight! **Angus:** Nice! Top Rope Axehandle! [Junior Keeling is shitting bricks at ringside watching one of his men fall victim to a big move that manages to stun him. across the face! Cappy is sent stumbling around as Rich pops back to his feet and starts to let loose a series of jabs to the face. Capital Punishment swings only for Rich to duck and come back with two more shots. He even lands a couple of elbows to the face that rock the champion into the ropes. His attempt at an Irish Whip is reversed by the big man, but Rich goes to the ropes...] **Angus:** SPRINGBOARD BITCHSLAP! [Rich comes right back off the ropes and lands his signature Flying Five Across the Face to Cappy, stunning the monster some more! Cappy walks around stunned when Rich takes out the leg from under him with a Dropkick! The IWO Legend tries to get back up as Rich grabs him by the neck and DRIVES him down with a Snap DDT! Rich goes for the cover and the Trios Tag Team Titles!] **DDK:** MAHOGANY FOR THE WIN! ONE! TWO! THR- ANGEL MAKES THE SAVE NOW! **Angus:** Hot damn! [The crowd is loving this, but Angel comes into the ring and gets attacked by Pete Whealdon. Angel elbows him in the jaw and goes to throw him over the ropes to the floor, but now Pete and Rich went to throw him over the ropes and out to the floor. Pete Whealdon is on the ring apron and runs off, hitting a Running Dropkick off the apron onto Angel to the outside!] **Angus:** ACX be all up everybody's shit tonight! They want the belts! **Crowd:** AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! AYE-SEE-EX! [Whealdon tries to get back into the ring when he gets the UCK-FAY kicked out of him with a Big Boot, courtesy of Capital Punishment! He barely has any time to react when Rich sneaks him from behind him and goes for the roll-up! He has the tights!] **DDK:** RICH HAS CAPPY THERE! [ONE! TWO! FEET ON THE ROPES BY RICH... NO! Aleczander pushes Rich's feet off the ropes and simultaneously breaks up the cover in the process, deflating the crowd in Tulepo. Aleczander The Great saves the titles for his crew and laughs as Rich flips him the bird.] **DDK:** That's one of the few times I can endorse any kind of cheating! Rich almost had it there! [Rich has his sights set on Capital Punishment and kicks him in the knee before he looks to set the big man up for the Sex-Plex. He tries for the same move that had won him the match for his team last week when his attention is diverted elsewhere. Mainly, the scantily-clad buxom blonde with a nearly see-through top with tassles that barely cover anything. She gets some cat calls from the crowd as he giggles. Rich is standing at full attention now... and unfortunately, not focused on the match at all.] **Rich:** Hey, baby, you want some of this D? **DDK:** Who's that? Is this some sort of game by Keeling? **Angus:** Not really, it looks like Junior's trying to get with all that. [While Junior starts to saunter over to the woman himself gesturing to how rich he is by showing off a watch he got from a dead relative, Rich gets turned around and CLUBBED with a WICKED Lariat from Cappy! Capital Punishment pulls him back to his feet and with no hesitation whatsoever, he DRILLS him with the Death Penalty! After

the wicked Uranage Suplex, he hooks the leg emphatically.] [ONE! TWO! THREE!] [Junior snaps out of it and turns around, finally seeing his boys have won the match! Junior jumps for joy and runs back into the ring, hugging Cappy! Angel just got through THROWING Don Hollywood against the steel steps during a skirmish on the outside. He climbed into the ring and Alecander The Great joined him. All members of Team HOSS were in the ring holding their Trios Titles high in the air!] **Darren Quimbey:** Here are your winners of the match and STILL the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles... **TEAM HOSS! DDK:** Damn it! Now this woman... whoever that is... she's heading back up the ramp now. ACX hung in there for a while, but Team HOSS have retained their titles again! **Angus:** Hasn't this place had enough mystery women traipsing about? But now, we can look at the HOSS OVERLORDS HOLDING THEIR BELTS! [While the members of ACX were trying to pick themselves up, the newest members of the Blood Diamonds celebrated their victory in the ring by holding their Tag Team Titles in the air. First, they had dealt with Ty Walker and now, avenged their loss to the ACX from last week by retaining their gold.] **DDK:** The Angel City eXXXpress gave them one hell of a fight tonight! These guys proved that they're no jokes, but Team HOSS are just on another level entirely. Edward White has picked himself some winners here. [After shaking off the cobwebs, Pete Whealdon, a nasty scowl on his face, bolts toward the back. In tow is Don Hollywood, leaving Rich dangerously close to the Trios World Champions, shrugging and second-guessing himself.] **Angus:** Well it looks like Pete Whealdon is on a mission, though Christ knows to what end... **DDK:** If I had to guess, I'd say he's chasing down that "mystery woman" that just cost the ACX the Tag Titles! **Angus:** Fair assessment... [Rich finally takes off in the same direction as Junior Keeling and Team HOSS continue mugging it up for the crowd.] **DDK:** Well, there's only one way to find out! **Angus:** SEND IT TO THE BACK!

How to Treat a Woman.

[And to the back we go.]

[Specifically, just around the first set of corners past the Gorilla Position. A door somewhere off in the distance slams shut.]

Pete Whealdon:

YOU THERE! YOUNG WOMAN!

[He clears his throat.]

Pete:

I SAID HEY YOU WITH THE TITS!

[The Suite Corporate Dolphin breaks into a jog, coming to a stop at the very same door that had slammed only seconds ago. He bangs on the door.]

Pete:

Get out here, HOMEWRECKER!

[He continues to pound on the door. There is no answer from inside. The keen listener might just detect a hint of hushed laughter through the door.]

Don Hollywood: [gasping for breath]

What the hell, bro? Who are you screaming at?

Pete:

The harlot that just almost got Rich killed, and cost us the titles! She went in here! [he turns back to the door] I CAN HEAR YOU IN THERE~!

[Rich Mahogany finally manages to catch up, he's not in great shape.]

Rich Mahogany:

What, what now?

Pete:

I hope you're happy!

Rich: [defensive]

What'd I do?

Pete:

YOU LET YOUR DICK COST US THE WORLD TRIOS TAG TITLES!

[There is an awkward pause.]

Rich:

Isn't that our gimmick?

[Don-Ho chimes in.]

Don:

I mean, he's not wrong...

[Pete twists his mustache as if to contemplate. It's about now that Heidi Christenson walks by, doing her best to not

make physical contact with any of the ACX boys.]

Heidi:

What are you three idiots doing clumped around Romero's dressing room?

[This is where Pete Whealdon loses his mind.]

Pete:

GODDAMMIT ROMERO I KNEW IT WAS YOU~! This crap is coming to an end, VATO! Me and you, next week, BE THERE!

[Whealdon storms off.]

Heidi:

Well, that was uncomfortable.

Don:

Shutup, wench! You think you're hot bananas, how about EYE take on YEW next week?! HUH WHADDAYA SAY TO THAT SWEET TITS!?

[She feins a lunge.]

Heidi:

Boo!

[Don screams like a girl and runs away.]

Heidi:

I'll see you soon, Donny-boy! [her eyes land on Rich] And what about you? Anything cute to say?

[Mahogany remembers the last time he stood this close to Heidi. It was painful. He also remembers Lindsay Troy. For once, he thinks better of himself.]

Rich:

You know what... Nah... I'm good.

[Heidi laughs openly in his face as she shoulders past him and walks away, leaving Rich to stare a hole into Romero Antiguas's dressing room door.]

[Cut.]

Honorable Discharge

[A searing, distorted guitar leads into a song only the oldest of old school CAL fans will remember. It is "I Don't Envy You" by Prime STH.]

[And it means Kai Scott is headed to the ring.]

♪ Accident ♪
♪ I promise you I did not mean to ♪
♪ Always the same ♪
♪ I'm just the kind that never learns ♪

[The World Champion is... very solemn.]

[Dressed in his ring attire, the World Title still belted around his waist, he doesn't stop to pose with the belt, to spin like the Pope, to argue with the fans, not even to look over his back. He just walks steadily towards the ring.]

♪ Everything I touch ♪
♪ Breaks and turns to dust ♪
♪ Everything I try to grow ♪
♪ Just decays ♪

[Scott climbs up the stairs and steps under the middle rope.]

♪ I know that it's true ♪
♪ I know that it's not you ♪
♪ I know that it's me ♪
♪ And I don't envy you ♪

[With a shake of his head, Scott raises a microphone to his mouth and the song fades out.]

Scott:

If any of you are laughing at the thought of the Ace of Heels being out maneuvered for once, or are amusing yourself by trying to guess what I may be thinking after Edward White's coup de etat... don't be.

It's been thirteen years since I abandoned my white hat. I've done this often enough to know that nothing lasts forever. No stable, no empire. I prefer to be the one bringing the empires to an end to being the one being ended, but I never expected to retire as champion.

Then again, I never actually expected to be champion...

[Kai Scott takes a deep breath.]

Scott:

You know, one of the times, it was none other than Heidi Christenson that brought me down. Late period CAL. Bosslady named Angelina Bishop. I didn't like Angie. I started a union. I overthrew Bishop, then tried to sell the CAL to Primetime Central. Heidi kicked me in the head so hard that I honestly don't remember anything that happened that night. I've watched it on the TV, I've seen it. I just don't remember being there. My union ended. Ten wrestlers put on a great match celebrating their love of pro wrestling and how the spirit of the business conquers all, and I sat in a bar and drank whiskey and watched the last half hour of my show on pay per view.

The point is, I knew that sooner or later, it was going to happen again.

No, I didn't know the details. I'm not omniscient, and I've always openly admitted that I'm not, even if I've tried to insinuate that I actually am. But I tell no lies.

And I can read the writing on the wall.

I could play legal games over whether the Truly Untouchables need to respect the stipulation of a match after a betrayal from within, but frankly, the writing's been on the walls almost since day one. Leon Booth didn't work out. David Race didn't work out. And the less said about Chance Von Crank the better. In retrospect, I should never have let Diane kick Lisa Loeh out of the Truly Untouchables.

But what's done is done.

And before I move on, to my last three - Diane, Leon Maddox, and of course, Clair St. Sure - I don't know where you are, or even if you're in the building tonight, but I want you to listen.

[The fans are being respectfully quiet.]

Scott:

Leon. When I said I'd been wanting to work with you for six years, I was telling the absolute truth. A long time ago, and in a promotion far far away, there was a guy who had this catchphrase. Know your role and shut your mouth, I believe it was. And since that promotion was about the sports entertainment, he was dead wrong.

The thing you need to do more than anything else, is forget your role, and then open your mouth and tell someone about it.

Vanilla midget is as vanilla midget does, and there's a fine but distinct line between serious business pro wrestler and bland pro wrestler.

As far as I know, you're still under Defiance contract, and I don't know if you're planning to sit it out or quit and wait out the no-compete or what, but if you're still around. Walk out. I don't care who you interrupt. And punch them. Quit thinking that associating with big names alone is going to make you matter. Make yourself matter.

[Scott nods.]

Scott:

Diane.

I'm going to tell you this straight up. You've got the smarts to become every bit the mastermind that I was. You can watch a match and pick out weaknesses better than I can, and I've been doing that for years.

But you saw what just happened to me. And like Cole Christenson said, he came back to keep you and Clair safe, not for my sake. There won't always be someone to do that.

I'm not going to lie. Heidi Christenson is an anomaly, a few dozen small factors came together to create a person who's so good that men twice her size are literally scared to get in the ring with her. Very few women are good enough to compete with the men twice their size at the top level and those that do usually end up borrowing her wrestling style. If you want to keep shooting for the top, especially if you want to keep to your personal commitment of not becoming another Heidi clone, it's going to be a long, tough road.

But you're smart enough to find a way.

The only other thing I'd tell you is about running people's minds.

It turns back on you, sooner rather than later. And you, Baroness - you're not too far in to come back out. The only person you've truly done wrong by is someone who you hated way before the two of you came together in my Truly Untouchables. It would take some doing, but you aren't past the point of forgiveness yet, even so far as Tyrone Walker's concerned.

It's your choice. And you could make do with either.

[Another pause.]

Scott:
Claira.

[The fans give off a small cheer at the mention of her name.]

Scott:
You've always been my crown jewel, but I don't have as much to say to you, because the truth is, I've been holding you back. I've been putting words in your mouth and in your brain, and your loyalty, your loyalty to ME, is the thing that's held you back from regaining the FIST, or finally getting that shot at the World Title that you've been deserving of.

You're something different in the world of professional wrestling.

And it's time to cut the ties. You don't need me anymore.

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jonny Booya:
WELL AIN'T THIS JUS REAL FUCKIN SPECIAL THEN!

[Jonny Booya swaggers out of the back. He's still wearing that retarded sleeveless silver tux he had on earlier during Ed White's announcement.]

Booya:
It's funny, Bo, it's real funny, cos Ah was just sittin' back there, an Ah know you ain't gonna b'lieve this, but Ah were THINKIN'

Ah were thinkin' bout how, when we started this whole Truly Untouchables thang and it weren't no one but you managin' an' me and Cole wrestlin' an for the first time in my career, people was takin' me surrious.

And then we jump to DEF, an suddenly it's all 'bout Claira, an I got somethin' I'm gone say real quick... Bo, Ah am sick and gawddamn tired of hearin' you talk bout how that fucking dyke is so gawddayumn spaashul.

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Kai Scott licks his lips.]

[One thing you have to know by now is that the guy is real good at controlling his temper when he needs to be. And while he would happily skin Jonny Booya alive right now...]

Scott:
As Jonny has so helpfully demonstrated, the writing has been on the wall. For those of you wondering what comes

[Ryan's smile leaves.]

Ryan:

Now, me? I've been at this an awfully long time, champ. I've seen them all come and go and I've seen all manner of manipulations, machinations.... really, all the -ations. Bronson Box was a smart man. He was a legend and an icon. His shoulders were the foundations that DEFIANCE as we know it were built on.

Bronson Box is no longer here.

He's not gone because of you, Kai. He's gone because of me. Bronson Box is gone because he lost control. You don't lose control around me, Mr. Scott. When you lose control around me, I seize control.

I couldn't help but notice that your speech tonight? It sounds an awful lot like a farewell speech. Is that what it was, Kai? Was it a farewell speech? Or are you just starting.... to lose control?

[Ryan glares daggers into Kai Scott. Scott returns the favor. Booya hops around like an idiot.]

Scott:

Maybe you'd like to find out.

[Scott takes a step forward, causing a murmuring to go through the crowd. Ryan smirks, this time more of a devious smirk, but stays put.]

Ryan:

Maybe I would.

[A few silent moments pass, both men glaring at each other. Ryan's serious demeanor breaks and he smiles, turning to Jonny Booya.]

Ryan:

You know.... I've got Meat Head Deluxe here, just BEGGING.... to get his hands on you. Tell me, where's your star pupil? Where is... Clairra, Kai? Why isn't Clairra in the ring? Because you know what, Kai? I think this would be a wonderful opportunity to test whether you're really still in control or not. Why not bring Clairra to the ring and we have ourselves a little impromptu match? Come on, champ.

[Ryan turns back to Kai and cocks his head slightly to the left.]

Ryan:

Show me who's in control.

[Jonny Booya breaks off admiring his own forearm muscles for a second. He takes the microphone. Dan Ryan's demeanor is an even mix of disgust and irritation, with just a smidgin of amusement.]

Booya:

Hey, hey, know what Ah'm thinkin? HE CAIN'T DO THAT! Truly Untouchables broke up, he ain't 'loud to team with Clairra! Shee-it son, all that work for nothing. Egobosster, Ah'monna say what I done said to Cayncer "If you can't hang in DEF fuck off to High Octane" Jaals. YOU AINT GOT NO GAWDDAMYUM FRIENDS BOAI!

[Kai Scott smiles.]

Booya:

Whats so funny? AH TELL YOU WHAT AH THINKS FUNNY, BO! All this shit you done man, Untouchables an Truly Untouchables an all that shit, you ain't got shit to show for it! Ah'm th' one with friends now, maing, an ain't no one gonna let her uppity ass get away with tellin' me to shutthfuckup lak she done th' other week.

[Claira St. Sure has stepped out of the back. She stands about ten paces behind the completely oblivious Booya, murder on her face.]

Booya:

AINITNOGODAM PEELTELLMEA GODDAMTHING ORIMONNA...!

[St. Sure, breaking into a run, leaps and crashes knee first into the back of Jonny Booya's head!]

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

[Completely ignoring both Ryan and Scott, St. Sure twists Booya's arm behind his head where he can't use it and then drives every punch she can throw directly into his face.]

[Dan Ryan picks up the microphone, more or less unperturbed by the scene in front of him.]

Ryan:

Jon, as I'm sure you'll learn if you pay attention, what you can do has very little to do with what you're allowed to do.

[He reaches out and grabs Claira by the back of the neck, then throws her down the ramp towards the ring.]

Ryan:

The match is happening.

The Last Stand of the Truly Untouchables

[Carla Ferrari comes running down to ringside, pulling her referee's shirt over her head as she jogs.]

Angus:

Is this really happening?

[Claira looks at Scott. Scott beckons her to join him in the ring.]

DDK:

I think it is.

[Ryan leaves Booya to collect himself and walks to the ring. He grabs the top rope and pulls himself up onto the apron, then climbs over the ropes. Booya, clutching his nose, wobbles and staggers down the ramp.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Claira steps to the ring apron as the reigning World Champ looks at the fourteen time World Champ, and the fourteen time World Champ looks back at the reigning World Champ.]

[They go face to face.]

[And then Kai Scott reaches out with one hand and paintbrushes Dan Ryan across the face.]

[The shot wasn't intended to hurt. It doesn't. Ryan strokes the red mark that it left, and asks Scott if he's got anything else.]

DDK:

Both men right now are trying to prove that they're not impressed by each other, but I guarantee you both Ryan and Scott are fully aware of each other's caliber. I wouldn't expect to see temper flares this early.

[Jonny Booya is on the apron going ballistic, demanding he be tagged in so he can kick Claira's ass. Ryan ignores him.]

DDK:

Ryan squaring himself off with Scott - and shoves the World Champ backwards!

[It's a pretty simple statement - "I outweigh you by 70 lbs, what are you going to do about it?" - and because it's Dan Ryan he shoved him into the turnbuckle so Scott couldn't rope-a-dope back at him.]

[What he doesn't expect - or hell, maybe he did - is for Claira to reach out, tag herself in, and jump into the ring.]

Angus:

I get this weird feeling like she's angrier about all this than Scott is.

[Claira runs in, leading with her foot.]

[Ryan catches it.]

[But Claira's SO fast and quick, and she jumps, kangaroo kicks Ryan, flips off his body, lands on her feet, drives a kick into the back of his knee, and narrowly misses with the axe kick as Ryan leans back. But Claira was ready for Ryan to dodge, and so she just plants that foot and brings the other forward in a roundhouse kick.]

DDK:

Shot to the head by CSS!

[Ryan brings his arms up to guard against another one, and so CSS turns and back kicks him right on the forehead.]

[Ryan drops and rolls to the ropes, and so Carla makes CSS back off. Scott leads the fans in a round of applause.]

Angus:

And Dan Ryan just doesn't give a crap. That's the difference between your average wrestler and the Egobuster. He doesn't sweat the small stuff.

[Tag out to Jonny Booya.]

[Booya jumps over the ropes and stomps, HARD, on the mat, and so he isn't ready when Clairra runs at him, steps up onto the middle rope and drives a knee into his face! She tries to northern lights suplex him, but Booya's pretty heavy and he hangs onto the ropes anyway. CSS kicks his arm loose and tries again, but Booya again uses inertia to counter.]

[Then he yanks her towards him.]

[CSS ducks the telegraphed clothesline, jumps to the middle rope and then off with an enzuigiri! Booya falls to one knee, Clairra runs the ropes and dropkicks him in the back of the head, then tags out to Scott.]

Angus:

This shit's gone be good son.

[Booya looks up and sees he's in the ring with his former "bo," and you can see it in his face - for the first time ever, he has begun to question whether what he did was the smart thing to do.]

[He doesn't get much of a chance for that, though. And because he's Jonny Booya he'd have thought the wrong things anyway.]

Angus:

KAWADA KIKUSU!

[Scott grabs Booya by the flattop and kicks him in the oversized jaw. Hard enough to hurt the oversized jaw. A good dozen times. With Booya doubled over, Scott yanks Booya's arm between his legs and takes him up and over backwards with a pumphandle suplex!]

[Booya tries to beg off. He gets a spinning back kick to the face for his troubles, then gets brought up to his feet. Scott cutthroats both of his overly-biceps arms.]

DDK:

Pyramid Suplex!

[Scott kicks Booya's flatlining body hard, then brings him back up, spins him around, grabs the leg...]

DDK:

Reverse cradle backdrop!

[Scott wheels around and throws a dropkick at Ryan, knocking him off the apron. Booya seizes the chance to try and escape the ring, but Scott grabs him by the ankles as he crawls. Hanging over the apron, Booya starts to try and pull himself out of the ring, then suddenly feels the air change as a body flies at his head...]

DDK:

Flying knee from the top rope to the outside by Clairra!

[Scott drags Booya back into the ring, deadlifts him around the waist to get him back up - bridging german suplex!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....Broken up!

[Dan Ryan kicks Scott in the ribs and tries to drag Booya to his corner. Carla Ferrari tells him not to, and with that distraction, Scott gets behind Ryan and throws him under the middle rope, then turns back to Booya. Booya is sent across the ring into the Truly Untouchables corner.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan commented that Kai Scott sounded like he'd given up. And it's strange, Scott has always had this melancholic streak I guess you'd call it, it seemed to have faded when he won the World Title, but it was certainly back tonight. And I think maybe it's one of his various psychological games.

Angus:

I know, right? I mean, Booya's no small guy and much as I hate him, he's no slouch in the ring either. Scott's just killing him.

[Actually, Scott's tagging out.]

Angus:

Or giving Clair a chance to kill him. Either's good.

[St. Sure grabs the clinch and knees Booya in the face thrice, then swings and turns the clinch into a neckbreaker. Then she rolls over his body and turns it into a very tight arm triangle choke. Jonny Booya is now being strangled by his own bicept.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan looks frustrated.

Angus:

Jonny Booya is a fucktard and furthermore he has dropped ALL the balls tonight.

[Booya gets a leg on the ropes. St. Sure drops the arm triangle and stomps the knee of the leg that was on the ropes.]

Angus:

Sloppy rookie mistake.

DDK:

He's coming up on his tenth anniversary in the business.

Angus:

He played funnyman for his cousins for five years, let Cole Christenson carry him to a tag team title, was over for two and a half seconds in DEF 2.0 and now he FUCKING SUCKS.

[St. Sure grabs the leg, but Booya brings his legs under him and kicks back. St. Sure goes flying across the ring - and within reach of Dan Ryan.]

[Ryan catches her incoming by the neck, and from his spot on the ring apron simply chokeslams her!]

[His proverbial engine spluttering and spewing black smoke, Booya lurches across the ring, makes the tag to Ryan,

and faceplants right there in the ring.]

[Ryan ignores him. He's in the ring, with an opponent half his size. St. Sure hates him, she still remembers losing the FIST, and Dan Ryan would rather it be Kai Scott down at his feet, but he'll be sure to enjoy this.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan pushes St. Sure into the neutral corner.

SWAAAACK!

[Ryan backhand chops St. Sure. She slumps forward. Ryan hits an underhand strike to send her flying back into the turnbuckle, then another brutal backhand chop. With St. Sure unable to catch the breath he just knocked out of her, Ryan lifts her out of the corner and plants her with a brainbuster! St. Sure actually sits up, but it's reflexive or something. Nobody's home.]

[Ryan kicks her over onto her back, grabs her arm and applies the fujiwara armbar.]

Angus:

You know, Clair's one of like five babyfaces ever who I actually kind of like, and I'm all for letting the ladies jump in with the guys if they're feeling froggy. But look at that. His legs are the size of her torso, he could rip her arm off if he was really wanting to.

[But Ryan doesn't want to. He doesn't even really crank back. Instead he sort of scissor locks the arm to keep Clair from escaping, then puts his head in the palm of his hand, rolls over, and says something to Kai Scott.]

[Scott starts to get into the ring. Then he collects himself.]

DDK:

Scott's refusing to play Ryan's game, and

[Ryan yelps and lets go of the hold.]

DDK:

I think she bit him.

[Carla does indeed shake her finger in CSS's face reminding her that biting isn't legal, but Ryan audibly tells her he doesn't give a damn. St. Sure is lifted to her feet by one arm and then knocked flat again by a superkick! With St. Sure down, Ryan looks at Booya, who is back to begging for the tag. With a bit of reluctance, Ryan lets Booya back into the match.]

[But Booya's settled down from the beginning, remembered where he is and what he's doing. He steps in quietly and waits on Clair to crawl to her hands and knees. As soon as she stands, he leaps with a shoulder tackle that knocks her for a loop. But he does take time to flex getting up.]

STERRRR-ROIDS! STERRRR-ROIDS! STERRRR-ROIDS!

Angus:

As much as I hate taking the same side as that Kevin, I guarantee you none of the four in the ring aren't on steroids. That chant is bullshit.

DDK:

Even Clair? Her voice hasn't dropped or-

Angus:

They got steroids that aren't fucking rhinoceros strength like whatever Booya's on.

[Booya now pushes Clairra into one of the neutral corners.]

Booya:

YOU STILL THINK YOAR BETTER N' ME?! HAH?!

[Snap jab.]

Booya:

HAH?!

[Forearm club, snap jab, forearm club, snap jab.]

Angus:

He reminds me of someone, I can't quite think who...

[Booya whips St. Sure off the ropes, plucks her up and spins, spins, spinsspinsspins before dropping her with a backbreaker. He calls this the Thunder Down Below, if you recall. He picks her up and underhooks the arms, then turns to Scott.]

Booya:

YOU STILL THINK THE ONLY PROBLEM WE GOT IS AH'M JELLY?!

[Booya rolls backwards.]

DDK:

Trapped under ice!

[The rolling butterfly stretch is fairly well applied, but St. Sure's limber.]

DDK:

Knee to the back of the head!

[Clairra has the flexibility to hit Booya in the back of the head with her knee. One shot, two shots, and his grip on her arms slips. St. Sure begins crawling in the direction of her corner. Booya realizes what's up, grabs her ankle, and St. Sure rolls over on her back and axe kicks him on the head from there! Booya drops her, and St. Sure crabwalks backwards and tags out to Kai Scott!]

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

[Scott comes flying in with a crescent kick and wipes out Booya. Another crescent kick drops Booya, and Ryan steps down off the apron.]

DDK:

Where's he going?

[Scott underhooks Booya's arms, spins and drops him on his head with the Kryptonite! Carla makes the count as Scott covers!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....**CLANK!**

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[The Egobuster drops the chair he just clobbered Scott on the back with. Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan decided that doing some damage was more important than actually winning!

Angus:

Either that or he just couldn't tolerate Booya's fail anymore. Besides it's like he told Kai earlier. What you're supposed to do has almost nothing to do with what you can do.

[Ryan slaps Booya across the face twice, waking him up, then stomps St. Sure several times. She was still slumped in the corner, having not made it out of the ring after tagging out. Booya pulls Scott to his feet, and following instructions, pushes him into the ropes and clotheslines him! Scott almost goes over, but instead falls back, his arms trapped between the middle and the top rope.]

DDK:

The Blood Diamonds are setting something up...

[Ryan slaps Scott across the face, steps out of range of his useless kicks. Scott struggles to pull his arms free from the ropes. Ryan smirks, picks CSS up, applies the standing headscissor and stalls, making sure Scott knows exactly what's about to happen.]

DDK:

Humility Bomb on Clair St. Sure!

[The former crown jewel of the Truly Untouchables bounces off the mat and doesn't move.]

DDK:

He's trying - he's trying to hurt St. Sure to get at Scott!

Angus:

HA! It's so working!

[Indeed, Scott strains to pull his arms free from the ropes. His eyes are wide, his mouth is screaming threats that Dan Ryan ignores.]

DDK:

Another Humility Bomb!

[Jonny Booya wants some of this too.]

DDK:

And a Booya Bomb!

[Carla Ferrari makes a judgment call. Trying to help Clair herself wouldn't do any good, and security may well be being held back by act of Ed White. So she tries to pry the ropes off Kai Scott.]

[What it gets her is a boot and a Booya Bomb from Booya!]

DDK:

Oh come on!

[Jonny Booya grabs the chair that Ryan hit Scott with, and sets it up so the seat is facing away from Dan Ryan, the back towards him.]

DDK:

They wouldn't... even Dan Ryan wouldn't go this far, would he?

Angus:

I think you know the answer to that.

[Scott strains to get free of the ropes and save his protege, and Dan Ryan, smiling sadistically, sets Clairra up for yet another Humility Bomb.]

[If you haven't put the picture together yet, the chair is set up so that St. Sure will come down directly across the back of it.]

[Ryan lifts CSS up above his head.]

[And someone slides into the ring.]

DDK:

DUSTY GRIFFITH IS HERE!

[Griffith kicks the chair out of the way, and then jams a chair of his own into Ryan's ribs. CSS falls off Ryan's shoulders and lands in a heap, but not back first across the edge of a chair.]

CLOOOONK!!

[Dan Ryan turns and takes the chair across his back. He drops with the shot and rolls out of the ring. Jonny Booya has taken enough of a beating tonight, he doesn't even bother trying to stand up to Griffith.]

DDK:

Dusty Griffith just saved Clairra St. Sure from an unspeakable attack by the Blood Diamonds, but why?

[Griffith pulls the ropes off Scott's arms. Scott doesn't even bother saying anything to Griffith, he just runs to St. Sure and drops to one knee next to her. Griffith turns to face the entryway, points the chair at the retreating Ryan and Booya.]

[Dusty scowls at the two Blood Diamonds members as they disappear behind the curtain. He looks down at Scott tending to Clairra, out to the fans, over to Angus and Keeps.]

[In these moments, the anger on his face grows exponentially. And he decides he's going to do something about it.]

[The Wild Bronco drops the chair, drops out of the ring, and full-on books it up the ramp.]

DDK:

Crisis averted, and Dusty's looking mighty pissed off.

Angus:

Where the hell is he going?!

DDK:

No idea. Nowhere good, by the looks of it.

Angus:

WHERE THE HELL IS ERIC DANE?!

DDK:

I'm getting word that we've got something going on backstage!

[Cut there now!]

Keep em, Dump 'em.

[Back to the office.]

[You know, Dane's office.]

[Erm... Kelly's office?]

[Fuck. Ed White's office, Gorrammit.]

[Nicky Corozzo stands sentinel by the door, Jane Katz sits boredly across the office from The Socialite, and the "new bo\$\$" chortles happily behind Eric Dane's desk.]

Ed White:

Nope, dump 'em.

[He shuffles a packet of papers from in front of him into one of two other piles on the desk.]

Ed White:

Keep 'em... Keep 'em...

[More papers get shuffled into the other stack.]

Ed White:

Absolutely not! All three of them! DONEZO!

[If you couldn't tell, or are stupid, Edward White had gotten his hands on Eric Dane's DEFIANCE contracts, and is apparently in the beginning stages of a bit of Spring Cleaning.]

[There comes a gentle rapping, tapping at the office door, which was put back in place by DEF's backstage personnel.]

!BANG BANG BANG!

[Corozzo stifles a grin. Mr. White does not stifle an incredulous face full of hatred.]

Ed White:

Who on God's green-

!BANG BANG BANG!

Dusty Griffith: (V/O)

Alright then, back up...

[Jane gets up to open the door, but before she can even get there, it bursts open as Dusty Griffith, having run right here from the ring, rams his shoulder into and through the door to open it himself. Jane jumps in shock, narrowly dodging the arrival of the Wild Bronco. Corozzo tenses but is called off by the merest gesture from White.]

Ed White:

Well then, Mr. Griffith. How can I help you? Other than billing you for that door, that is?

Dusty Griffith:

Figured I get acquainted with the new management... though I think your stay is going to be shorter than the fancy pants spectacle you all put on display out there.

Ed White:

Do you now. Say, as short as your first stay in DEFIANCE? Or as short as one of your reigns as World Champion?

[BOOOOOOOO-URNS!]

[Dusty lets it slide, though the man has a point. Still, he steps forward, taking more of the floor between he and White. Corozzo plants himself squarely in the middle of them.]

Ed White:

Anything you've got to say to me, Mr. Griffith, you can say from right over there. Otherwise I have to pay Mr. Corozzo his playtime bonus, and that has to come from somewhere, and your check is looking mighty ripe for the pickings. I expect you understand?

[Dusty looks up at the hulking Italian guardian and smiles.]

Dusty Griffith:

You wanna play, Nicky? It didn't go so well for you the last time you wanted to play with me.

[Dusty's eyes turn as he sees Jane furiously diddling her phone. He ponders this for a moment, but his answer comes speeding through the doorway.]

Junior Keeling:

What's the emergency?! We were just about to run the four way train on-

[Junior notices Dusty and Nicky and quickly sizes up the situation.]

Junior Keeling:

Oh, okay, it's that kind of party. Boys?

[Capital Punishment, Angel Trinidad, and Aleczander step around Junior and very tightly into what was left of Dusty Griffith's personal space. Griffith instantly adds up the situation, not that one would need to be Einstein to solve this equation, and realizes that he probably should have thought better of this. At the very least he should have probably let Frank come along.]

[Not that his face tells that story. He clicks his teeth and smiles menacingly.]

Ed White:

Gentlemen, gentlemen... This office is much too small for all of that! And it's already been destroyed once tonight, so please, for the love of not having to replace the drywall, why don't you just leave, Mr. Griffith? Good God, man, for your own physical well being, you really ought to quit trying to be such a big damned hero all the time for Christ's sakes!

[Another voice, higher pitched, is heard from behind the mass of bodies.]

Lindsay Troy: (V/O)

Well, I do declare...I believe I heard someone callin' our name.

[All bodies turn toward the door where, like magic (or coincidence), the Big Damn Heroes are assembled. Lindsay Troy, Wade Elliott, and Tyler Rayne had been all set to head out for the evening. Bags in hand and everything, with an extra accessory for Troy in the form of a butterfly bandage above her eyebrow. But then Ed White had to go and open his mouth.]

[You probably don't want to give these three an opening like that.]

Lindsay Troy:

How is it possible that all these egos seem to squeeze themselves inside this teeny little room? Way I'm thinking, some

people need to go.

Wade Elliott:

...who?

[The Queen looks over her shoulder at The Bad Dog, confused.]

Wade Elliott:

What? Looks like a whole god-damn room've assholes t'me.

Lindsay Troy:

True. [She turns back to Ed White's posse and Dusty Griffith] But I figure we'd start with the ones with the pretty hardware...

[She points to each member of Team HOSS.]

Lindsay Troy:

And then, for the hell of it, I maim Miss Jane like I probably should've done in Toronto. Damn my pesky need for revenge on Rich taking precedence.

[The Son of a Bitch grumbles, chucking his duffle bag to the ground.]

Wade Elliott:

An' here I was 'bout to grab me a few shots.

Tyler Rayne:

Always time for that, Country.

[He tosses his bag aside too.]

Tyler Rayne:

Bars don't close 'til we say they do.

Wade Elliott:

Don't I know it.

[Dusty readies himself for a brawl. The Big Damn Heroes ready themselves. Team HOSS readies themselves. EVERYONE READIES THEMSELVES FOR BATTLE!]

ANNOYINGLY PAINFUL WHISTLING SOUND!

[Everyone freezes in place. Jane smiles at another job well done.]

Ed White:

Thank you, Ms. Katze. Now, I know that under Eric Dane's management you people are all more than used to breaking things and beating each other up and all in all wasting everyone's time and the company's money. However, as you can plainly tell, I AM NOT ERIC DANE, and we are NOT going to do things that way! Now, as I said, Mr. Griffith was just leaving, weren't you, Mr. Griffith?

[Dusty looks around for a moment, even he knows he's getting off clean from this, as such a he looks to the "BAW\$" and nods.]

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah, I think I'm done here.

[Dusty backs off a step and turns, eyeing everyone. When his focus falls on to Lindsay Troy, Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne, he nods to them in a such a way that acknowledges that the Big Damn Heroes just saved his ass. Within the next heartbeat, he's down the hallway. His leaving gives Junior Keeling a better angle to get at the 'Heroes.]

Junior Keeling:

You'd better watch where you point that finger, missy.

Tyler Rayne:

Nah, you better watch out. She's awfully crafty with that finger.

Lindsay Troy:

Might even show your boys a thing or two, before grabbing those belts for ourselves.

Alecander: [flexing his muscles]

Not bloody likely.

Wade Elliott:

Best get used to it, big fella. We're the good guys an' all.

[Wade and Tyler yank their bags off the ground and stomp down the hall. It takes Troy a moment to follow after her guys.]

[Her gaze flicks over to the Socialite. When Troy's sure she's got Ed's attention, she gives him a smirk before leaving.]

[Meanwhile...]

And then This Happened

Angus: ... **DDK:** Trouble. **Angus:**

What? No... I mean, was that really Mayberry standing up for DEFIANCE? **DDK:** Yes sir, and he better be careful, or you might actually begin to like him because of it. **Angus:** You shut your mouth, Keebs! That will *never* happen.

DDK: Whatever you say, partner, whatever you say. [Lets go to the back.] "Mrrrrrr..." [Backstage.] [Mushigihara is clutching his head in frustration, while Eddie Dante paces in front of him, almost independently of his cane, which he swings at his side in a fit of bluster.] **Eddie Dante:** Our guard was let down, and we got played for fools!

Unbelievable that in a battle goddamn royal that we had to expect THAT degree of unexpected... those DAMN Sons of the Soil! Oh, well... [The Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare turns to his charge and looks him dead in his mesh-covered eyes.] **Eddie Dante:** It wasn't your fault, Mushi. No one could have guessed there would have been

something like that. We'll just gather our bearings and make the next move. This promotion WILL be ours if we dedicate ourselves to this, and no one will stand in our way! [The door explodes inward.] "What'n the GAL-DANG hell is yew goin' on an' on about in hurr?" [The door explosion followed by that thiiiiick West Virginia accent can only mean one thing. That's right, the Mastodon of the Mountains is on the scene!] **Frank Dylan James:** I dun heard you lettin' yer little city-slicker manager type there run off at th' mouf about how yer s'posed to be some kind o' force'a nature, an I let that slide... [The masked monster stands up from his bench and goes nose to nose with the Hillbilly Jesus.] **Mushigihara** Osu... [As opposed to his usual explosive bellow, Mushi's signature word slips out coldly and venomously, like that of a snake's rattle as it waits to strike.] **FDJ:** Then I figgered I'd give'at big battle rumble a look-

see, find out of they's anybody out there worth slingin' an' bangin' with, an' I see you with yer fat body an' yer stupid mask gettin whipped on by a bunch'a skinny little FAYGITS in a GAT-DAMN face-paintin' contest! **Eddie:** Now you see here- [Frank silences Dante with a bushy-browed glare.] **FDJ:** Now you lis'sen, and you lis'sen good, fatboy,

you wanna let this little turd run all over creation and preach ta the high heavens about the glory that is yer big fat ass, ya better gat-dang find somebody what knows how ta throw ham-hocks, and ya might oughtta try an' actually whip his ass... [Frank snorts.] **FDJ:** You pickin' up what I'm puttin' down, fatboy? [The God-Beast doesn't drop his stare into

FDJ, but he nods slightly, and lets out an assertive hum, as if he was acknowledging the speech he just heard without saying any audible words.] [Then he points his left index finger towards FDJ.] **FDJ:** What're you try'n ta- **CRACK!**

[...and then pops his RIGHT fist into FDJ's jaw. Frank grins in bloody, yellow-toothed agreement. Eddie's eyes go wide as the West Virginia Whack-Job smashes a headbutt into Mushi's mask and the two men fall over the bench, flailing wild lefts and rights.] [Meanwhile Eddie Dante seems to softly mutter something among the lines of "oh, God dammit..."] **Angus:** FRANK AND MUSHI! OH MY GAWD! MUSHI AND FRANK! **DDK:** Somebody call the Brute Squad! **Angus:** THEY ARE THE BRUTE SQUAD! **DDK:** Well then somebody call in an AIR-STRIKE!

[Seconds pass before DEFSec floods the room.]

[Minutes more pass before any semblance of control can be regained.]

[We can't stay on the melee, though, when we've got a Main Event to get to!]

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[We can't stay on the melee, though, when we've got a Main Event to get to!]

DDK:

Doyle doing his job there.

Angus:

For a change.

DDK:

I think you're thinking of Mark... or Carla...

Angus:

Oh right.

[Despite Benny pushing him back, Eugene comes right back at YAZ, who slips his legs to the apron and leans back, see sawing on the ropes to bring his feet up and connects with a kick to the head of Dewey. Eugene stumbles back, giving YAZ space and time to slide the rest of himself out to the apron and climb the ropes.]

DDK:

YAZ is perched on top... what's he going for here?

Angus:

Don't you read bios?

[YAZ leaps from the top and connects with a missile dropkick to the chest of Dewey that knocks him to the mat. YAZ scrambles over for the cover but Eugene rolls just as quickly to the outside.]

Angus:

Dewey's running away!

[Not wanting Eugene to gather any of his barings, YAZ rolls right out after him. He grabs Eugene by the head, but before he can push him back into the ring Eugene turns and lands a right hand into the midsection of the challenger. A second right breaks YAZ's grip and a punch to the face knocks him down to the arena floor. Eugene takes a step back and rests against the post for a moment while YAZ gets to his feet...]

DDK:

Clothesline! Dewey takes YAZ down with a clothesline!

Angus:

Dewey had better keep his eye on Lisa Loeh and Rogers Stevens.

DDK:

They're not doing anything, Angus.

Angus:

Not yet, but they will do, mark my words.

[Eugene hops up onto the apron and waits for YAZ to get back to his feet. He charges along the apron, but YAZ lunges forwards and sweeps one of Dewey's legs out from under him. Eugene hits the apron back first before falling down to the arena floor.]

DDK:

YAZ seems to have Eugene well scouted. He's been pulling a cannonball out of the bag recently, and I think YAZ may have just prevented him from pulling it out just then!

[Grabbing Eugene by the head YAZ drags the champion to his feet and rolls him back into the ring. The challenger

hops up onto the apron and launches himself into the ring, dropping a leg down across the back of Eugene's head! YAZ rolls Dewey over for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Dewey kicks out!]

[YAZ sits Eugene up and clamps on a Trapezius claw. Dewey fights against the nerve hold, but YAZ grips on tightly with both hands.]

Angus:

This is a painful, painful hold, Keeps. YAZ is pinching on the Brachial Plexus and that's gonna sap all the strength out of Dewey's arm.

DDK:

...The Brachial Plexus?

Angus:

What? That's a thing.

DDK:

Are you a doctor now?

Angus:

No, I'm better than that, I'm a wrestler. My years in the ring have taught me names of body parts that most people don't even know exist.

DDK:

Like 'shoulder'?

Angus:

No, not 'like shoulder'. More like the gnathion, which by the way is the lowest point of the chin.

[A relevant point as Eugene fights against the nerve hold and three quarter locks YAZ's head. He manages to force his way up before dropping into a stunner to break the hold. Both competitors take a moment to get the feeling back into their affected body parts, and both get back to their feet. YAZ is up first and lifts a kick into the midsection of Eugene before he can attack with anything of his own. YAZ then pushes Dewey back into the ropes and whips him across the ring.]

DDK:

Every time Eugene gets a move in YAZ is right there to prevent a second one.

Angus:

You say it like that speaks volumes for YAZ, while in reality Dewey's simply not smart enough to string together any kind of offence.

[YAZ throws a lariat as Dewey comes back off of the ropes but Dewey ducks it. He hits the ropes on the opposite side and comes back at YAZ who attempts a back elbow. Dewey ducks the elbow and turns, grabbing the arm as he does and nails YAZ with an armbreaker! YAZ instinctively rolls towards the ropes, but Eugene opts to catch his breath instead of going for the pin.]

Angus:

See? Dumb. Eugene hits a move and lets YAZ put distance between them instantly.

DDK:

I'm not sure how much of a choice Dewey had in the matter.

[Dewey crawls over to YAZ and grabs the same arm to pull him up while also getting to his feet at the same time. Dewey wrings the arm and shakes it out before bringing an elbow down into the shoulder.]

DDK:

You think Eugene's not smart, Angus? He's going after the Shotei arm right now.

Angus:

You give him too much credit, Keebs. I doubt Eugene's even aware that YAZ uses the Shotei.

[He is indeed. YAZ paws at Eugene's face in an attempt to get him off of the arm, but Eugene responds by wringing the arm again. He uses it to control YAZ into the corner of the ring and pushes him back against the turnbuckles. He wraps YAZ's arm around the top rope and wrenches on it, breaking when Doyle gets to a three count.]

DDK:

Eugene unwraps YAZ's arm from the top rope and sends him hard across the ring!

[The force of the whip doesn't give YAZ time to turn and he collides shoulder first with the opposite turnbuckle. He stumbles out of the corner right into the FIST, who scoops him up and drops him with a shoulder breaker! Dewey keeps hold of YAZ and drops him to the canvas for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-YAZ gets the shoulder up!]

DDK:

Nearfall for Eugene!

Angus:

Keebler captioning the obvious!

[Dewey stretches YAZ's arm out to the side and drops a knee into his shoulder. Another knee, then a third follow, all into the same location before Eugene sits YAZ up and applies an armbar.]

DDK:

It doesn't look like Eugene's got that armbar in quite right from here...

Angus:

I'm not sure I've ever seen Dewey use a submission move before.

DDK:

Submission isn't usually a focal point for the FIST, he's much more of a... well... do whatever works kinda guy...

Angus:

He spent too much time around those douches at the Faces of Death temple.

DDK:

Are we allowed to mention them these days?

Angus:

Iunno...

[Despite his ground game leaving a lot to be desired, YAZ works his way out of the armbar with relative ease and pushes his way up to his feet, all the while keeping Eugene from trying to re-apply the sloppy hold.]

Angus:

I know what's going on here. Dewey's practicing. He's practicing his holds because he knows, if he wins here tonight, he's gonna have to deal with Heidi somewhere down the road, and that's gonna take place on the mat and nowhere else.

DDK:

You know, I think you might be right there, Angus.

Angus:

Of course I am! I'm always right!

[YAZ rolls out of the armbar and gets right back up, he turns and throws a roundhouse kick at Eugene's head, but Eugene ducks it and YAZ ends up spinning on the spot. Dewey grabs him from behind and fights to lock him into an abdominal stretch!]

Angus:

Eugene needs to place that foot of his on the other side of YAZ's leg or...

[YAZ hip tosses Eugene out of the stretch and down to the mat.]

Angus:

That's gonna happen.

[Eugene gets back to his feet again, but this time he is caught by the roundhouse kick from YAZ. It doesn't knock him down though, it simply spins him around so that YAZ can nail him with a German Suplex! YAZ bridges for the pin!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Dewey kicks out!]

DDK:

That's a big man YAZ just suplexed!

[Again YAZ pulls Dewey up and chops him back into the corner. He sends Eugene across the ring and follows in with a back elbow to the chest. Dewey stumbles out of the corner as YAZ sprints back across the ring, hits the ropes and returns with a-]

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[He doesn't have much weight behind it, but the speed coupled with the length of his arm sure leads to an effective clothesline. YAZ covers Eugene again!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Dewey's getting a head of steam now!

[Eugene waits for YAZ to get start getting to his feet before running at the ropes. He comes back with a-]

Angus:

POUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

[That sends YAZ rolling under the bottom rope!]

DDK:

YAZ falls to the outside!

Angus:

Dewey's going out after him though!

[Eugene grabs a hold of YAZ and pulls him up before rolling him into the ring. Eugene follows the challenger in and rolls him over for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-YAZ gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Getting knocked to the outside might have just kept YAZ in this match!

Angus:

I don't think there's any might about it, Keeps.

[With signs of frustration starting to show, Eugene pulls YAZ up and sets him up for a Russian Leg Sweep. Before Dewey can take the challenger down though, YAZ elbows him hard in the chest. Another elbow causes separation and YAZ turns quickly and raps Dewey on the chest with the back of his hand!]

DDK:

Knuckle-Lash!

[YAZ pulls his hand back and thrusts it into Dewey's face!]

[But Dewey ducks it!]

DDK:

Eugene ducks the Shotei!

[Dewey goes behind YAZ and crouches down!]

DDK:

Don't turn around, YAZ!

[But he does.]

SHORYUKEN!

[Dewey connects with the uppercut right to YAZ's gnathion. The challenger crumples to the mat and Dewey gets the

Your Reward, Sir.

[Backstage, by the loading docks.]

[Who knows how long after the show this is. The transportation trucks are roaring, stadium workers with their yellow lighted vehicles are buzzing around, techies are hustling, and in the middle of this sits Kai Scott, Defiance World Title over his shoulder and a crutch across his knees.]

[Dusty Griffith walks up out of the darkness. He's ready to go home, dressed in a pair of the usual, broken in blue jeans and a grey mechanics shirt representing a local autoshop in Tupelo.]

[Scott looks as Griffith approaches, then slides over a bit. Griffith takes a seat next to him on the crate.]

Griffith:

How's Clairra doing?

Scott:

She's just fine. Thanks to you.

[Dusty bobs his head into a nod and shrugs.]

Griffith:

I wasn't going to watch something like that go down. The only reason it was me making the save and not Euge was because I ran faster.

[Scott nods and the two men sit in silence as a semi pulls out of the arena lot with a roar.]

Scott:

I guess I figured sooner or later someone would think of going after the girls to get to me. I tried to play it like it wasn't that big a deal, but I'm not surprised Dan Ryan saw through it.

Griffith:

Yeah. He's got a wife who he doesn't let anywhere near the game. He probably saw through it because he can relate.

[Now it's Scott's turn to shrug.]

Scott:

So, do I owe you anything for making that save?

[Griffith eyes him for a split second and then turns his head "no".]

Griffith:

Me? No. You don't owe me anything. You and I've had our issues, but I can't stand back and watch what was about to happen and not do anything about it, I just can't... I won't.

Scott:

Yeah. Well then. Do you want anything?

[Griffith's face twitches ever so slightly before he snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Griffith:

Yeah.

[Using his thumb, Griffith points sideways at the title belt over Scott's shoulder.]

Scott:

So that's it... heh.

[He takes a deep breath.]

Scott:

Fair enough. Here's the deal. Grindhouse: MURICA or whatever they're going to call the payperview. Defiance rules. No bullshit on my end. Promise. But...

[Griffith's brow arches as he straightens up a little at the sound of an incoming caveat.]

Scott:

...If I win, that's it, this will be your last shot for a long damn time as long as I'm holding the belt.

[Griffith's eyes narrow and he contemplates the words for all but a few fleeting seconds before nodding his acceptance of the champions terms.]

Griffith:

Heard.

[Dusty raises his hand, offering to shake on the deal they have just struck, which Scott accepts. Dusty turns his head and sees members of his crew approaching, looking to Scott once more he nods before pushing himself off of the crate and heading over to his comrades.]

[Credits.]