

SQUAD GOALS

[EARLIER TODAY...]

[The scene opens with a shot of the underground parking area reserved for DEFIANCE talent, staff, and executives. Christie Zane, microphone in hand, and a cameraman stand near the doors which lead into the Wrestle-Plex. Further up the ramp, a black SUV rolls its way toward them before cutting left into a parking spot. The engine's killed and out of the passenger's side jumps Lindsay Troy. She walks around to the trunk where she's met by Dan Ryan and they take gear bags and other essentials to hand. Rather than wait for the in-laws to get to her, Christie decides to meet them in the middle.]

Christie Zane:

Dan, Lindsay, hi!

[Dan's eyes are hidden behind his trademark sunglasses, but you don't need to see them to get the full effect of his chilly glare. Troy's all business herself, but she'll at least carry the politeness torch for the both of them.]

Lindsay Troy: [nodding]

Christie.

Christie Zane:

Tonight you'll both be in action in a triple threat match for the FIST of DEFIANCE against Eugene Dewey, who interfered in both of your DEF*MAX tournament matches and made sure that Frank Holiday and Bronson Box got to the finals in your place. What was going through your minds when Kelly Evans made this match at the end of DEFIANCE TV52?

Lindsay Troy:

Besides murderous rage?

Christie Zane:

Well, yes, I suppose.

Dan Ryan: [plainly]

I don't know. I was pretty happy about it.

Christie Zane:

You.. you were?

Dan Ryan: [calmly, but with an undercurrent of anger]

Oh yeah, I was super psyched about it. Let's see. I had put myself into position to take my place in the finals. Lindsay had done the same. Then, the doublemint twins did what they always do. They did their "I helped you!", "No, I helped you!", "Well, my pee pee's bigger!", "No MY pee-pee's bigger!", "LET'S JUST BOTH TAKE OUT OUR PEE PEES AND SHOW 'EM OFF!" routine and here we are. Yeah, I loved it. I wish that happened EVERY week. OH WAIT... IT DOES. So instead we get the consolation prize, this so-called triple threat, but with absolutely no reason to expect the little bald circus performer to stay in his little sideshow tent and mind his own business, right? So what say you, Christie Zane? What's the over/under on the handlebar moustache coming out and throwing a wrench in this masterful plan that Kelly Evans cooked up on a whim? Hmm?

[Ryan glares at Zane but just stays in place, silent.]

Christie Zane:

I uh...uh..

Dan Ryan:

Right. You don't know what to say, do you? No one seems to know what to say. No one knows what to do. But it's okay, and here's a little secret for you to clue you in on why I really really fuckin' love this idea.

[Ryan motions for Zane to lean in closer. She leans her head forward a bit, so Dan does it again. She leans in a little more.]

Dan Ryan:

I --- have seen --- this movie before.

[Ryan snarls.]

Dan Ryan:

I've seen it before. That's right. All of these little kindergarten tricks that YOO-JEAN and Shiny-top Sam come out here with every week... I've seen it. This isn't my first time in the spotlight. I'm not some green under the collar geek off the street like our FIST. I know those two are up to something because it all comes right out of the playbook. So to answer your question, I'm really super HAPPY, Christie ZANE. We're prepared for whatever they have to throw at us, and ONE of us... is leaving tonight with the FIST.

[Ryan holds position, mouth slightly open in a mocking gesture. Lindsay Troy puts a hand on his shoulder and smirks ever so slightly. Ryan steps back just enough to give her some room, but then changes his mind.]

Dan Ryan:

Oh, and BRA-VOOOO on all of the "Back in the kitchen, little lady" jokes, Bronson. Turns out it's not only your wardrobe that's stuck in the 1920s. Well done on the low-hanging fruit there, you malnourished-looking travelling carny half-wit. For the record, I've always wanted to ask, what's with the stupid wrestle-suspenders anyway? Did you fall into a cave when you were a kid like Bruce Wayne, only instead of a big scary bat inspiring you to fight crime you saw a bearded lady, a strongman, and a clown playing a calliope and you were moved to fight good taste with black and white special effects, ragtime music, and a disturbing and strange desire to roll back women's rights? I guess it's a good thing there are still people like us around to teach the Scottish farmhouse-educated hack-in-tights how to function in the 21st century, eh Bron-SUHN?

[Finally, Dan steps back. Christie blinks, not even really sure if she wants to ask Troy for comment. Lucky for her, she doesn't need to.]

Lindsay Troy:

What a time to be alive, Christie, truly! [A smarmy grin.] You, and I, and Dan are here, in the year two thousand fifteen, living amongst basement-dwelling mouthbreathers who still can't bear to see the ladies get their come-up. And it's not even about the struggle. I'm over fifteen years in and wise to it, because I've learned there's always at least one guy in the room who doesn't like his dick feeling sad about a girl doing this shit better than him. I don't need to be mad about it. My track record and my talent speak enough for me that I don't need to take Bronson Box's bait and get into hair-pulling slap-fights with him. I prefer to fuck up his arm and spike his head off the canvas and have those stand as my move. Dream street. Concussion. Call it what you want, but Box can't say shit to me about our match because he didn't earn a win or a draw on DEFtv 52. Eugene gave DEF*MAX to him, and don't you think he's just a *little* bit PISSED that he couldn't do the job on his own? That he needed the Ginger Screech Powers to give him that little extra nudge over the finish line?

[That grin grows wider.]

Lindsay Troy:

That's the kicker, you know. Mister Five Hundred Day FIST of DEFIANCE didn't beat me in Round One of DEF*MAX. Bronson *couldn't* beat me in Round Five, and once they figured out their GREAT SEEKRIT PLAN had run afoul of that aforementioned wrench or two, they panicked. How convenient that Dan and I just happened to be there right at the end for this all to go down the way it did. Too bad their alliance of convenience forgot to account for Evans' penchant for making last-minute matches after seeing some fuckery go down.

Christie Zane:

But with the FIST at stake here, what happens should the match come down to the two of you? Does the pursuit of the title end up costing both of you?

Dan Ryan:

Blah blah blah.... drama baiting questions, et cetera et cetera et Peter Cetera. Don't even go there. Like I said, not my first rodeo. We've both won enough big matches in our time to not go sulk in a corner if the other wins this one. There are many things that may happen tonight, but the two of us turning on each other is definitely not one of them.

Lindsay Troy:

End of the day, Christie, so long as Eugene loses, everybody wins.

[On that final line, the Ego Buster and the Queen of the Ring move out of sight and the camera fades to black.]

chin up, shakes his head over so slightly and...]

[And a few moments later.]

[We see Bronson Box, emerging from the backstage area, with the fans going crazy. He steps in the ring and begins his attack on Dusty as well.]

[Fade. To. Black.]

Voice Over:

The darkest of days have come over DEFIANCE, lost without its leader, while evil has taken over. This has resulted in... **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE**.

[Then, quick flashes of Lindsay Troy, Bronson Box, Dan Ryan, Eugene Dewey, Curtis Penn, Frank Holiday, Mushigihara, David Noble, Samuel T. Turner, Henry Keyes.]

Voice Over:

From the ashes of AfterShock came a tournament... the DEF*MAX tournament... designed to crown the best of the best. For five weeks, ten competitors gave everything they have, until there were only three left.

[Quick flashes of Bronson Box, Curtis Penn, and Frank Holiday.]

Voice Over:

Only one of them will be known as the inaugural DEF*MAX Champion.

[Then we cut to Mushigihara and David Noble.]

Voice Over:

The classic David vs. Goliath story will take center stage at Maximum DEFIANCE in a battle for the ages. The Southern Heritage Championship will be defended in what will either be the ultimate upset or the crowning of a God-Beast.

[Then, we see Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan, and Eugene Dewey.]

Voice Over:

And for the first time, Eugene Dewey will defend his FIST Title since becoming the top superstar in DEFIANCE. He will defend it against two people who he has meddled with incessantly in the last few weeks. Will Dewey's reign finally come to an end or will the streak of 500+ days continue?

[Everything fades away.]

Voice Over:

Or will the darkness that is Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey continue to overshadow the light in DEFIANCE? Or will the light finally break free?

[An ominous tone plays over the feed.]

Voice Over:

Tonight, DEFIANCE reaches a new level... MAXIMUM! DEFIANCE! This. Is. **DEFIANCE**.

BOOM!

[A litany of fireworks explode around the Wrestle-Plex as four thousand fans are on their feet, cheering and chanting, ready for the massive event to start. Many of the fans in the arena are holding up signs, some of which read:

MUSHIGIHARA ATE MY NACHOS

EGO BUSTED!

I'M FRANK'S MIC GUY!

EUGENE DEWEY PLAYS DEAD OR ALIVE

I GOT THE BELL CLAP!

#THANKYOUBASEDMALACHI

HAIL TO THE QUEEN BABY!

I'M ONE OF DAN RYAN'S MEXICANS!

[Then, the cameras cut to our illustrious announcers.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman... WELCOME to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Oh man, a show for THE ages!

DDK:

We have three HUGE main events tonight, one of which isn't even final yet.

Angus:

No, it is not! Because in our opening match, we will see Frank Holiday, The Train Wreck himself, squaring off against that fool known as Curtis Penn.

DDK:

That's right! The DEF*MAX tournament will end tonight and we still do not have a finalist from Block B! In about thirty minutes though, we will know whether it will be Holiday or Penn.

Angus:

My money is on Holiday, because fuck Penn. It should be Holiday versus Noble, but Mushigihara screwed us out of seeing that match!

DDK:

Exactly, which has led to the Southern Heritage Championship being on the line with David Noble defending it against Mushigihara in a match that has been a LONG time in the making!

Angus:

Oh yeah, we are talking about since AfterShock and even before that, from DEFtv47!

DDK:

Got any thoughts on who will win that match?

Angus:

I quite enjoy watching Noble perform, but at the end of the day, the God Beast is going to ROLL RIGHT OR ROLL SPLINTERED.

DDK:

...

Angus:

What?!

DDK:

What did we say about saying stupid stuff?

Angus:

Sad panda.

DDK:

Before we get there though, we've got a phenomenal undercard, highlighted by Ryan Matthews vs. Troy Matthews.

Angus:

Um, I think you mean David Troy.

DDK:

I have no idea if Ryan is being truthful.Â

Angus:

Regardless, I'm looking forward to Ryan curbstomping the hell out of Troy.

DDK:

Who knows what will happen there. We've also got Jake Donovan squaring off against Kenny Freeman.

Angus:

Oh yeah! Donovan has gone to the darkside, courtesy of Malachi! Time to smack the flippy-do rookies DOWN!Â

DDK:

Talking about Malachi, he will be facing off against Harmony.

Angus:

See, I'm split. I want to see Malachi continue to rule us all, but Harmony is HAWT!

DDK:

Stop. Touching. Yourself.

Angus:

Fine MOM!

DDK:

And then, we will see Eugene Dewey DEFEND the FIST against not one opponent, but two of them! Dan Ryan! Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

So not fair. Eugene Dewey does not deserve this at all!

DDK:

I think Ryan and Troy would disagree with you because it could have been those two facing off in the finals of the DEF*MAX tournament!

Angus:

But probably not.

DDK:

So instead, we will see them get a crack at the FIST. Finally, Bronson Box, the winner of Block A--

Angus:

THE BADDEST MOTHERFU--

DDK:

WATCH YO MOUTH!

Angus:

That never gets old, does it?

DDK:

Nope.

Angus:

Anyways, Bronson Box will face off against either Curtis Penn or Frank Holiday. Regardless, Bronson Box will be our first inaugural DEF*MAX tournament winner!

DDK:

That's why we have the matches, Angus.

Angus:

We do?

DDK:

Yes, and talking about matches, let's get the night started with our first one! Frank Holiday! Curtis Penn! Take it away, DQ!

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B) Play-In Match: Curtis Penn vs. Frank Holiday

[Curtis Penn stands backstage bending the ear of a production assistant. The Surgeon of Submissions has his paw sturdily secured on the shoulder of the youth, making the guy very uncomfortable.]

Curtis Penn:

Shit's just not right, ya know whadda mean?

[By the matching color of the red and his Confederate Flag ring attire we can assume that this chat has been taking place for a fair minute.]

Curtis Penn:

I've already beaten Frank Holiday once during this tournament. I've beaten the guy who beat him and I have to wrestle a FUCKINGPLAYINMATCH! This is a travesty!

[The production assistant's face pinches as Curtis is now squeezing his shoulder subconsciously.]

Curtis Penn:

There shouldn't be a freaking tie breaker since I've already beaten Franklin. Sure I get it... it boils down to points, but it's not like the ending will change. It's very coincidental that this "PLAY-IN Match" comes only weeks after I threaten to beat Tyrone's ass.

PA:

Mr. Penn... my shoulder.

[The Doctor of Defiance realizes that his grip has tightened, he releases the P.A.'s shoulder and the P.A. releases a sigh of relief.]

PA:

Do you think that Kelly... Ms. Evans is that shallow?

[Psshaw!]

Curtis Penn:

The only thing that snake woman cares about is Eric Dane's approval and Tyrone Walker's {BEEP}. And since I'm going to take Walker to the woodshed sooner than later, she's just trying to postpone his beating by prolonging me taking this DEF*MAX Tournament.

PA:

Mr. Penn, I don't think ...

Curtis Penn:

That's right you don't get paid to think... In fact I'm wasting my time talking to you; I need to get this match cancelled so I can focus on Box.

[Curtis pushes the guy on the back pretty hard causing the P.A. to stumble out of the scene, Penn then turns and strides towards the elevators.]

Voice:

You know, if you would have answered my phone call a few days ago you could have been facing Box instead of Holiday.

[Penn stops in his tracks; he turns and is met with a smarmy glare from Jane Katze.]

Jean Katze:

But you've gotten too big since Cali to talk to lil' ol' me.

Curtis Penn:

Nah, I think you have that backwards. You did your thing with Eddy White and I was the one who was left to fight and fend for myself.

Jean Katze:

You're still the same victim that you were back in California.

Curtis Penn:

And you're still the same gold digging whore as well. It just seems you dug into the wrong pockets this time around, especially since Ed White is spending time not dropping the soap.

[Each of them pauses trying to let history stay buried.]

Curtis Penn:

Anyway I'm going up the elevator to talk to the H.B.I.C., so I don't have to waste my time wrestling Frank again. So you have a good night watching me win DEF*MAX.

[He hitches his thumb over his shoulder to point at the elevator.]

Jean Katze:

It's not going to do you any good to go up that elevator right now Curtis.

[Penn looks perplexed; obviously she knows something that he does not.]

Jean Katze:

See... that's why you need my services as your Business Manager.

Curtis Penn:

Business Manager? I've done alright by myself for all of these years...

[Jane cuts him off by holding up her hand and motions for him to listen.]

Jean Katze:

Jeez Curt doesn't that sound like Frank Holiday's entrance music?

[A blast of funky horns and jangly guitar riffs brings the crowd to attention as "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hits the airwaves.]

Curtis Penn:

Shyte!

Jean Katze:

It looks like you either need to invest in a better watch or a Business Manager.

[She hooks her fingers to shape a phone.]

Jean Katze:

Call me...

[She turns and walks away.]

Jean Katze:

Oh... and the reason that P.A. approached you was to tell you that you're next in the Guerilla Position.

Curtis Penn:

Shyte.

[Penn's face drains of color as he starts off towards the Guerilla Position.]

[Cut to ringside.]

[All eyes turns to the entranceway and a cheer is already rising as the curtain whips apart, and "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

[Ring attire for tonight: black trunks with HOLIDAY printed in white across the front in a style reminiscent of the iconic Hollywood sign, the design seemingly engulfed in blue flames that curl around both hips. He sports white elbow- and knee-pads, turquoise wrist tape trimmed in black, and black boots with turquoise kickpads. He's also wearing a black TRAIN WRECK T-shirt, but he quickly strips this off, revealing his impressively cut physique (this move earns him some bonus squeals from the ladies), whips it over his head like a helicopter blade, and tosses it into the crowd where reaching hands eagerly gobble it up.]

[His best friend and manager, Billy Pepper, walks up beside him: hair stylishly coiffed, nattily dressed in a shiny grey suit and polished leather shoes that say he's here for business and an open-collared salmon dress shirt that says he's also here to have some fun. He gives his buddy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper...
FRANK HOLIDAY!

[As Holiday approaches the ring, he goes into a sprint, hops onto the apron and ducks through the ropes. Billy Pepper remains on the floor and hovers around the corner. Holiday goes to the middle of the ring, looks out approvingly at the fans, and...]

|m/

[--throws the horns again to another ovation!]

RAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

In moments we're going to get this thing started, Angus! It's Holiday versus Penn once again, and the stakes are higher than ever this time.

Angus:

All I can say is, Holiday needs to redeem himself after their last match, because I will set this goddamn arena on fire if I have to watch Curtis Penn go on to the final!

[Enea Volare Mezzo.]

Darren Quimbey:

Now introducing weighing in at 215 lbs, standing 6'2", the self proclaimed Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of All-Time, the man of many monikers....

[Curtis Penn appears on the DEFIATron as he steps out onto the entrance ramp.]

Darren Quimbey:

"THE EGO" CURTIS PENN!

DDK:

Curtis Penn has worn some pretty interesting ring attire to every PPV that he's been apart of.

Angus:

Yeah yeah....there was the Spartan, the Druid shit, which still causes me to have diarrhea, and then there was the stuff he wore overseas that I have forgotten about. What's your point?

DDK:

Well, tonight he's wearing something that some would think was controversial. His attire resembles the Confederate Flag.

[Keebler is exactly correct in his estimation that Curtis Penn is wearing the Confederate Flag as a pair of wrestling trunks and a t-shirt that reads "GREATEST SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION of ALL-TIME" with the trio of Confederate Flags around the waist mimicking the Southern Heritage Championship..]

Angus:

It's a flag, it's history....

DDK:

It's known as a symbol of racism and hatred.

Angus:

GTF0! Maybe if you're closed minded and are looking to make the news... besides our Southern Heritage Championship has THREE Confederate Flags on them. So piss off! I'm not talking to you for the rest of the match... you have me defending Curtis Penn!

[Angus crosses his arms and turns his head away from Keebler.]

DDK:

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to make you take up for Curtis Penn. I was just saying that he's a douchebag in every sense of the word.

[Angus looks back to Keebs.]

Angus:

Okay, I can deal with that apology.

DDK:

Curtis Penn has been well spoken about the DEF*MAX Tournament and every opponent he has faced in his bracket.

Angus:

Yeah, every match we had to hear him ranting about beating whoever he's facing and going on to win this tournament. Do we have to sit through another one of those?

DDK:

No Angus... thankfully we do not. In Curtis' words this match has already been fought once and there is no reason for it to be repeated.

Angus:

Well someone up there surely believes it does.

[Angus points to the giant Pleasure Dome in the sky.]

DDK:

Well, with all of this political talk we missed Curtis Penn making it into the ring.

[Curtis is already in the ring talking trash to Holiday.]

Curtis Penn:

You see this...(pointing at his shirt.)...I'm going to get the title to match the shirt.

[Holiday, not backing down from the jaw-jacking of Penn walks up to Penn and has something to say in retort.]

Frank Holiday:

Dude, that's the closest you'll ever get to having that title back. Dave is a beast!

[Penn smiles at Frank and brings a smack across the face of Frank Holiday that echoes across the arena.]

DDK:

Whoa! Benny Doyle jumps in and breaks up the two and sends them back to the corner so he can search Penn.

Angus:

He needs to check that cast and have it considered as a foreign object.

DDK:

Yeah, but until a referee catches him using it during a match it's an advantage for him and something for Frank to be leery about.

[Benny talks to Penn about using his cast as a weapon, Penn acknowledges that it won't be, Doyle steps to the center of the ring and calls for the bell.]

DDK:

Doyle calls for the bell and we're about to witness two of the best up and comers in Professional Wrestling fight tooth and nail for the next 15 minutes in order to see who has the opportunity to face "The Original Defiant" Bronson Box in the DEF*MAX final!

[The two dance around grabbing for each other.]

DDK:

Holiday stops the toying around and is ready to get this feeling each other phase over with.

[Holiday stands in the center of the ring calling Penn to lock up.]

Angus:

Penn is the smaller of the two, but he's never been afraid to show up the bigger guys with his natural strength. Everyone in the back calls him Ox strong because he can lift with the biggest, but he is a smaller package than that of a Dan Ryan or STT.

DDK:

Wow, that sounded almost totally complimentary, Angus.

Angus:

Wait, did I say he "is" a smaller package? I meant he "has" a smaller package. Because he's a dickless bitch!

DDK:

Attaboy.

[The two men lock up in a collar and elbow tie up, Holiday uses his size to push Penn into the ropes, Penn uses his

lower center of gravity to turn Holiday around and shove him into the ropes.]

DDK:

They two men trade advantage as Curtis Penn finds himself pressed into the corner.

Angus:

Sometimes pure strength and size just makes the outcome obvious as we just saw someone with better technique end up on the losing end of that tie up.

DDK:

Doyle finds a hole and separates the two so that we can keep this match moving along. Angus, you've trained with Penn years ago and you've seen him face the likes of Nicky Corozzo and Victor Mandrake when they competed, how does Penn fare facing those who are strong and technically sound?

Angus:

I wouldn't call Nicky technically sound, but Victor Mandrake ate Curtis Penn for lunch the only time they ever wrestled back in the ol' WfWA. So Penn will probably use cheating to get the advantage and keep it.

[Curtis raises his hands to break the hold first, but reaches around Doyle and pokes Frank in the eye. Holiday clutches his eye and turns his back on Penn.]

DDK:

You mean like the ol' poke in the eye?

Angus:

Yeah, but he is normally a lil' cleaner with that, I think Doyle caught him.

[Doyle is in the face of Penn telling him that he saw Penn poke Holiday in the eye.]

DDK:

Curtis is fervently denying doing any wrong.

[Holiday stands center ring rubbing his eye trying to bring back some vision to the burning eye.]

Frank Holiday:

Gah! What the hell, dude!

Curtis Penn:

I DID NOTHING! YOU POKED HIM IN THE EYE, MY HANDS WERE BEHIND MY HEAD!

[Penn shows Doyle that his hands were in the air in the don't shoot motion.]

Curtis Penn:

CALL THE MATCH FAIR IF YOU'RE GOING TO CALL IT! YOU'RE GIVING HIM A TIME OUT!

[Curtis shoves past Benny Doyle, grabs Frank by the shoulder and spins him around, slapping him boldly across the face.]

DDK:

THAT WOKE UP FRANK!

Angus:

That's the second time tonight that Penn has bitchslapped Holiday.

[Holiday stands straight up and casts a fiery stare that causes Penn to take a step or two back.]

DDK:

Holiday reaches back and slaps Penn back.

[The open hand slap causes Penn to stumble over to the ropes]

DDK:

Penn's face is already turning red.

Angus:

Frank slapped him so hard that you can get his fingerprints off of Penn's face!

[Penn clutches his face, Holiday advances and through a wild right that connects to the jaw of Curtis Penn and Penn starts to stumble. He throws a left that lifts Penn back to his vertical position. Holiday throws another right, Penn blocks it with his forearms and kicks Holiday in the knee, ribs, and mafia kick to the chest, creating the separation that Penn needs.]

DDK:

A flurry of offense from both men that leaves both men thinking about their next move.

[Penn turns back around only to be met by a running boot that spins him right into the arms of Frank Holiday.]

DDK:

BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX INTO THE ROPES!

Angus:

Take it from someone who knows those cables aren't as bouncy as you'd think. You could do an enormous amount of damage hitting them wrong... Just like Curtis just did. Frank needs to hurry up and end this so that he can rest before facing off against Box.

DDK:

That's the definition of this match, get in and get out without causing yourself too much damage!

[Holiday reaches down and sends Penn across the ring, Penn bounces off of the ropes and eats a stiff elbow from Holiday.]

DDK:

I know Penn pays a good penny for his mouth guards, after a stiff shot like that a normal man would be needing to see a dentist.

Angus:

Well, right now Penn is seeing stars.

DDK:

Wisely Penn rolls out onto the apron.

[Holiday finishes clearing the cobwebs.]

DDK:

Holiday reaches over the top rope, hooks up Penn in a front facelock from the outside, looks like he's going to suplex him back into the ring.... NO! DROPS HIM THROAT FIRST ONTO THE TOP ROPE!!!!

[Penn violently shakes and rolls completely to the floor.]

DDK:

Holiday follows Penn to the outside, leaving him no time to catch his breath.

[Holiday reaches down and tosses Penn into the barricade and then picks him up and drives his body into the ring apron.]

Angus:

Holiday looking to hurt Penn.

DDK:

Penn is fighting back with left and rights....

[Holiday releases Penn and staggers back, Penn from the apron waits until Holiday faces him and then... only then does he drive both of his feet into the chest of Frank Holiday knocking him back first into the the barricade.]

DDK:

Holiday is clutching his back now. Curtis has now found a target to work. The Curtis Clutch targets the shoulders, neck, and lower back.

Angus:

Well, you know... this just sucks for Holiday.

[Holiday drops to all fours on the outside, Penn double stomps him to the ground.]

Angus:

My LIVER!

DDK:

Penn pulls Holiday back to his feet and SHOVES HIM FACE FIRST INTO THE STEEL POLE!

[Penn grabs the tights and uses them to forcefully drive a couple of elbows deep into the Holiday's kidneys.]

Angus:

MY KIDNEYS!

DDK:

Benny Doyle telling Penn to get back in the ring. Penn quickly rolls under the ropes and quickly back outside.

[Another kidney shot and Penn tosses Holiday back into the ring.]

DDK:

Holiday is back to his feet as Penn enters the ring, Penn ducks the lariat and Holiday eats a short uppercut, Penn grabs Holiday by the wrist and hits him with a short clothesline that drops him to the mat. Penn drops onto for the first pin attempt of the night.

Benny Doyle:

1...

DDK:

KICK OUT AT 1!

Angus:

You know this match would have been over if Penn would've used that cast instead of his left hand....And that's all I can say nice about him. He used his left hand.

[Penn stands over Holiday as he tries to gain some sense of where he his.]

DDK:

Penn goes back to his play book by stomping on Frank's fingers and knees.

[Holiday sucks on the fingers of his left hand and places his right on the mat.]

DDK:

Penn stomps and grinds the fingers on the right hand!

Angus:

Holiday has a matching set, Penn looks like he's trying to even the odds and send Holiday to the doc!

DDK:

Holiday makes for the ropes. He's trying get away from Penn and form some kind of game plan.

Angus:

Well Penn isn't going to let that happen, he's on that man like WHITE ON RICE!

[Holiday makes it to the bottom rope and Penn just boots him in the back of the head.]

DDK:

Holiday's head is just resting on the bottom rope.

[Penn smiles at the crowd as his places a knee in between Holiday's shoulder blade and wrenches up on the bottom rope.]

DDK:

DOYLE NEEDS TO BREAK THIS UP, PENN is BLATANTLY CHOKING THE GUY!

[Doyle has been letting these guys fight it out and only interjecting to keep action flowing so he just sits back and watches Penn work.]

DDK:

COME ON DOYLE HE's TURNING PURPLE!

Benny Doyle:

1...

Angus:

Are you happy he's counting?

2.....

3.....

4.....

[Doyle pulls Penn off on five, Holiday clutches his throat for a much needed breath.]

DDK:

Penn heads back over with evil intentions.

Angus:

Honestly, that's all he ever has.

[Penn reaches over the middle rope and weaves Holiday's body through the ropes.]

DDK:

Penn is applying a Full Nelson submission hold.

Angus:

I saw the BAWS use this one time back in the day, that added pressure of the top rope is turning the muscles in his back to mush... or that's what the BAWS said.

DDK:

Ok... I thought you were actually providing an inside perspective for a moment.

[The weak wrist and the strength of Holiday allows him to break the hold after a second or two.]

DDK:

A wild elbow from Holiday... And it connects!

Angus:

Penn's nose is spouting out like a FREAKIN' FOUNTAIN!

[Holiday is not about to lose the momentum this time around, he chops Penn across the chest multiple times before launching him into the ropes.]

DDK:

Holiday levels Penn with a lariat!

Angus:

Penn pops up like a punching dummy!

[Frank turns around and levels Penn with a short armed lariat.]

DDK:

Penn pops up again, wobbly on his feet. Holiday whips Penn into the corner, drives Penn into the corner with a spear...backs up and delivers another CLOTHESLINE!

[Holiday lifts the chin of Penn and decks him right in the jaw. Penn crumbles and lays over the top rope.]

DDK:

Frank drops to the outside, takes a running start, leaps in the air to snap the neck....

Angus:

PENN SOMEHOW MANAGES TO SUPERMAN PUNCH HIM FROM HIS KNEES!

[Penn lays on the apron and Holiday is out on the floor.]

Angus:

I think they're dead.

[Penn's body just slides out of the ring and onto the floor.]

DDK:

Both men are out.

[Doyle slides out to check on both men, making sure they can continue. When he's satisfied he slides back into the ring.]

DDK:

Both men are beginning to stir.

[Holiday drives up to all fours. Penn grabs the ring apron and pulls himself to one knee.]

DDK:

Penn's face is painted with his blood. Holiday is sucking in air. Both men are near spent.

Angus:

I want to see who kills who first. I have bets on both men...

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I don't bet against Penn, but I don't like losing either.

[Holiday makes it to one knee, Penn jumps up and delivers a shining wizard to the face of Holiday.]

DDK:

OMG!! FRANK CRUMBLES!

[Penn licks his lips and taunts the crowd before he grabs Frank by the hair.]

DDK:

He slings Holiday into the ring, more damage to his lower back.

[Penn shoves him under the ropes.]

DDK:

Penn covers Holiday, thinking that all of the damage to his back and that Frank has suffered thus far is the end!

ONE!!!!!!

[Doyle slaps the canvas again.]

TWOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Doyle raises his hand again, but Frank's foot finds the ropes!]

DDK:

FRANK FINDS THE ROPES...

Angus:

At this rate neither man will be much of a challenge to Box in the MAIN EVENT!

[Penn stomps the mat in frustration!]

DDK:

Penn doesn't know what he needs to do to put this man DOWN!

[Holiday pulls himself up using the ropes. Penn comes in from behind, locks in a full nelson.]

DDK:

We saw Penn use the Full Nelson earlier in this match.

[Penn pops his hips and tosses Holiday over his back.]

DDK:

CURTIS PLEX... PENN PULLED OUT THE CURTIS PLEX!

Angus:

IT'S OVER PENN WILL BE FACING BOX LATER TONIGHT.

DDK:

Penn releases the bridge, rolls over and eyeballs Frank daring him to stand up again.

[Holiday staggers to his feet, Penn locks another Full Nelson in and dumps him on his neck/head again!]

DDK:

ANOTHER CURTIS PLEX!! HE'S HIT HIS FINISHER TWICE!

[Penn rolls up the outside leg.]

DDK:

Penn realizes the position in the ring and instead of wasting time of dragging Frank away from the ropes he makes a solid PIN!

ONE!!!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

THR!!!!!!NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

HOLIDAY GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

PENN CANNOT BELIEVE THIS!!!! I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS!!!!

[Penn drives his boots into the stomach, side, back, and any other part he can stomp.]

DDK:

BAD MOVE FOR HOLIDAY. PENN MOUNTS HIS BACK... CURTIS CLUTCH... CURTIS CLUTCH....

Angus:

BUT HOLIDAY IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE... FOR THE TOURNAMENT!!!!

DDK:

FRANK MAKES IT TO THE ROPES AGAIN!!!!

[Penn releases the hold, pulls his legs away from the ropes.]

DDK:

PENN STANDS OVER HIM AGAIN....CURTIS CLUTCH...NOOOOOOO

Angus:

SMALL PACKAGE!!! SMALL PACKAGE!!!!

ONE!!!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

KICKOUT!!!!!!

DDK:

PENN KICKS OUT!!!!

[Penn stands up and rushes Holiday and eats a big boot!]

Angus:

Penn's head is somewhere in the front row!

[Holiday reaches down and from dead weight side suplexes Penn out of his shoes... One of Penn's shitty lil' boots flies off of his foot.]

DDK:

What a turn of events, Penn who has been ahead this entire match is now laying flat on his back counting lights!

Angus:

And HOLIDAY is standing tall over the worm!

[Holiday kicks the cast of Penn. Penn doesn't move.]

Angus:

That right hand almost ended this match early on and Frank is not pleased that it's on his hand.

[Holiday bends over and stretches out the right hand.]

DDK:

HOLIDAY JUST DOUBLE STOMPED PENN'S CAST!

Angus:

THAT CAST IS SHATTERED! PENN'S WRIST IS EXPOSED! BREAK IT OFF!!!!

[After tugging the leftover gauze off of Penn's hand, Holiday pulls him up by the freshly exposed wrist, and slings him towards the ropes. Penn reverses it, Holiday reverses the reversal, and Penn eats a clothesline into the ropes, the momentum sending both men toppling outside of the ring.]

DDK:

Holiday lands on his feet, he waits on Penn who is having to use the apron to pull himself up, knees are knocking.

[Holiday shows his hops as he hitches his hands on the ring apron and plants both of his feet into the chest of Penn.]

DDK:

Holiday quickly hops onto the apron.

[Holiday looks over the crowd, pats his elbow and points at the unconscious Curtis Penn!]

DDK:

Holiday is calling for the flying elbow!

[All of Holiday's weight drives the elbow into the chest of Curtis Penn on the floor!]

DDK:

Holiday brings Penn up by the head and drives him into the ring apron. He steps back... SPEARS him against the apron! Penn taking ALL of that impact because his body had NOWHERE to go! And Holiday wastes no time throwing Penn back into the ring!

[Holiday pulls Penn into a fireman's carry.]

DDK:

If Holiday hits this it's all over for Penn. After that last spear on the outside of the ring, the TRAIN WRECK will definitely send Holiday into the Main Event.

[He pushes Penn into the air and with blinding quickness and drives Penn into the mat with a powerslam!]

DDK:

It's academic now....

Angus:

PENN'S TOO CLOSE TO THE ROPES.

ONE!!!!

TWOO!!!!

DDK:

Penn's leg reaches for the rope.....He could save himself.

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!PENN'S FOOT MISSES THE ROPE!!!!

Darren Qumibey:

YOUR WINNER of this MATCH, and the BLOCK B FINALIST in the DEF*MAX TOURNAMENT..... FRANK HOOOOOOOOLLLLIIIIIDAYYYYYYY!!!!!!

[Benny Doyle raises Frank's hand in the air. Frank pats the referee on the back, then pulls away and deliberately steps over Curtis Penn on his way to the corner of the ring. He mounts the turnbuckle and throws his hands in the air.]

DDK:

What a hard fought battle from Frank Holiday. There were so many moments in that match that I would have counted him out.

[Coming down, Holiday crosses over the body of Curtis Penn again and mounts the turnbuckle on the opposite side of the ring to celebrate with the other fans.]

DDK:

Penn is just now making it to his feet after the Train Wreck.

Angus:

Probably so he doesn't have to see Frank's ball sack again.

[Holiday jumps down and is met by Curtis Penn.]

DDK:

Penn is extending his hand?

[Holiday questions his authenticity also, but Penn is holding his right hand from injury, so he considers this gesture clean.]

DDK:

Wow!!! SHOCKINGLY PENN MEANT THE HANDSHAKE!

[Penn pulls him in closer, and has some words for Holiday.]

Curtis Penn:

Good Luck with Box!

[Quick as a viper he grabs Holiday, launches him over his shoulders and plants him on the mat with a suplex.]

DDK:

Well, I couldn't have been more wrong, could I? He's the same sore loser he ever was.

Angus:

You white hats never learn, do you... Penn is E...VEEE....EYE...ELLL!

[Penn smirks at his handy work as he drops out of the ring and heads to the back. Benny Doyle checks on Frank Holiday once Penn is far enough away from the ring.]

DDK:

Holiday is coming to after that parting shot by Penn, and Billy Pepper is in there now as well. His victory just now has earned him the right to face Bronson Box in tonight's main event. He's going to have to use the time he has between now and then to rest up and get his game face back, because Box may be the toughest opponent Holiday has faced in

his DEFIANCE career so far.

Angus:

Stop talking for a while, Keebs. I just want to bask in the afterglow of Penn getting his ass pinned.

The Only Entrance That Matters

[Cut to backstage where a Limo has juuuuust finished pulling into the underground parking lot of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. The driver hops out of his door and hurries around the back of the car to open the door for the occupant...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A sweat pant clad leg with a white tennis shoe on the end of it steps out of the limo and the FIST of DEFIANCE emerges from the car. He straightens up and adjusts his Doctor Doom tshirt and slings the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt over his shoulder. The driver, who had just disappeared from view, places Dewey's luggage at his feet and extends the handle so that Dewey can wheel his belongings into the arena.]

DDK:

There he is Angus. Our Champion. Our FIST.

Angus:

Glorious, aint he?

DDK:

For five hundred and thirteen days Eugene Dewey has reigned as the FIST. He's seen off all comers and at Aftershock he unified the FIST and the World title when he defeated Dusty Griffith. But tonight he faces Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan in a triple threat match.

Angus:

Which I maintain is totally unfair.

DDK:

How is it unfair? Dewey cost Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy spots in the DEF*MAX Tournament final, so Kelly Evans rewarded them and punished Eugene by setting up this match.

Angus:

Still a load of bull if you ask me.

DDK:

Well nobody was.

Angus:

Oh I can tell tonight's gonna be fun already...

[Eugene disappears through the door that connects the underground parking lot to the arena undisturbed, and we're good to cut to elsewhere.]

Gearing Up

[Over in the trainer's room Henry Keyes lays on his back on a table, eyes wide and wild as ever. Iris Davine sits on a rolling chair to his left and Keyes has a flask of something in his right hand.]

Iris Davine:

No wonder Kelly held you off from competing tonight. I watch the show, Henry - I know that arm of yours is still giving you problems.

Henry Keyes:

...Yeah. It is. And I hope you can fix this thing once and for all.

[Iris looks sympathetic for a brief moment before going full-professional, full-clinical; no emotion.]

Iris Davine:

Now, how long did you say you've been experiencing these symptoms in your arm when you were in here last time?

Henry Keyes:

Hell, it's hard to say - time is such a bizarre construct and all! Years, maybe? A decade? What year is it.

Iris Davine:

...2015.

Henry Keyes:

REALLY. Huh.

[Keyes leans up a bit, turns to his right a smidge, and takes a swig out of his flask.]

Iris Davine:

What've you got over there, Henry?

Henry Keyes:

Absinthe! Want some?

Iris Davine:

See, THIS is why you can't recover - you're not taking care of yourself! I'm a TRAINED PROFESSIONAL. You shouldn't drink in here.

Henry Keyes:

I hardly see what this has to do with my arm.

[He jiggles the flask and takes another swig as Iris shakes her head, sighing.]

Iris Davine:

Now, you realize something, Henry. If you're in here to get real, lasting, permanent treatment for this arm of yours, you're going to need to let me actually remove the brace and take a look at it.

[A heavy and lengthy pause.]

Henry Keyes:

...you HAVE to? You're sure about that.

Iris Davine:

Yes, I'm sure. Ice treatment didn't do enough before, and there could be something wrong structurally. If something's broken or torn or dislocated, this...contraption...of yours is simply going to be in the way.

[Henry looks to his left arm, then to Iris, then back to his arm. He gives it one last bend at the elbow and bites his lip hard to prevent himself from yelping out in pain. He nods fiercely before taking another swig out of his flask and setting his head back down on the table, staring straight into the ceiling. Iris nods back and she places her hands on the brace. She fidgets with a few straps and clasps and is having zero luck getting the damn thing detached.]

Iris Davine:

I don't suppose...could you give me like...a hand? How the hell does this thing...

[Henry takes another flask swig and lets out an exasperated grunt before he reaches over and quickly loosens several straps - two at the shoulder, four at the elbow, two at the forearm. Maybe more. He then unclasps a hulking button at the bicep and twists what might be an internal gear beneath the leatherwork? If that's possible? The cameraman strains to get a good shot over the shoulder of Iris Davine at the process, but she inadvertently keeps getting in his way. The camera lowers for a second as he repositions himself at the foot of the table Keyes is stretched upon as more sounds of straps and clasps and leather and metal come through.]

Henry Keyes:

You should be able to finish it from here. Just...before you look at the damn thing, I know. I know.

[The camera is back in focus and Iris presses something on the elbow of the brace that snaps the whole thing open, with bursts of steam shooting out of several spots. Iris peers in for a moment before recoiling. The camera zooms in on the arm.]

Henry Keyes:

Don't say I didn't tell yeh to prepare, Miss Iris.

[The arm is...well frankly, the term "discolored" doesn't seem to really describe it enough. It doesn't quite look like an arm that should belong to a man with the strength, virility, complexion, or otherwise, of Henry Keyes. Whether it's from tattoos or bruising or some other form of warping, 75% of it is some strange mix of an almost metallic gray and purple. There is a MASSIVE brown scar that runs from the top of his triceps and goes four inches past his elbow in one sweeping, almost artistic curved line. The whole thing is also noticeably smaller than his right arm. With the brace off, Keyes's arm twitches ever so slightly.]

Iris Davine:

...how the hell do you WRESTLE with this thing?

Henry Keyes:

Ol' lefty, she's been through some battles, eh?

Iris Davine: [tracing the scar without actually touching it]

How did THIS happen?

Henry Keyes:

...don't ask questions you don't want the answer to. Are we here to talk about the past, or are we here to patch up my wing so I can go out there and start BELL CLAPPING once more?

[Footsteps, and a knock on the open door. The camera pans over - it's Lindsay Troy, dressed for war. She gives Keyes a look as she stands in the doorway.]

Lindsay Troy:

Well you're certainly not someone I'd expect to see in here.

[Henry Keyes strains his neck around, looks back at the door, and gives a wide grin.]

Henry Keyes:

Miss Troy! Good to see you. Absinthe?

Lindsay Troy:

Last time I had a flask in my hand, it didn't end so well for all parties involved. Best I pass.

[She walks over to a cabinet, rummages around for a second, and grabs some athletic tape from the back of the shelf.]

Lindsay Troy: [turning around]

Forgot to throw a couple of these in my bag before I left for the airport this morn--HOLY SHIT.

[As the Queen completes her about-face, she catches a glimpse of Keyes' arm. His very mangled, fucked-up-looking, arm.]

Henry Keyes:

Heh, yeahhhhh...yeah. Miss Iris here said she needed to get a good eyeful of the thing so she could "cure" me. So doc? You ready to cure?

Iris Davine:

I don't even...I'm not sure what I expected, but it wasn't THIS.

Henry Keyes:

Boy. You two act like you've never seen an arm before.

[Henry takes another deep pull from the flask, then furrows his brow as he shakes the flask in his hand.]

Henry Keyes:

Damn! Empty.

[Iris Davine is still looking up and down at the goblin-thing lying before her, trying to figure out whether it's safe to touch with human hands.]

Lindsay Troy:

I've seen some gruesome injuries in my time but this...

[She walks closer to get a better look.]

Lindsay Troy:

Wait, is that *rust*?!

[Henry leans in to glance at a particular rust-brown spot in the middle of his scar.]

Henry Keyes:

HA! Maybe!

[He blows on it and instinctively reaches over with his right hand to try to rub it out, forgetting completely about the injuries it's sustained in the DEF*MAX tournament. He yells out and grimaces in pain before pounding himself in the head.]

Henry Keyes:

CODSWALLOP!! BLOODY MOTHER OF MERCY!!

[Satisfied that "if Henry can touch it, that means I probably can too," Iris begins applying gentle pressure starting at the shoulder.]

Iris Davine:

Tell me if this part hurts.

Henry Keyes:

GAHHH! ARE YOU A DOCTOR, OR ARE YOU A LOON?! THE WHOLE DAMN THING HURTS, YOU TART!!

[Iris jumps back in fear. Keyes takes a moment to try to collect himself, but he's clearly less happy now than he was when his flask was full and his bare arm was untouched.]

Lindsay Troy:

You need to go to a hospital. Why are you here and not there?

Henry Keyes:

The higher ups INSISTED I stop by here first, but I'm not going to any damn hospital, Miss Troy. I learned not to trust them LONG ago. They don't accept the identification of the banner upon my Airship, nor do they accept my papers - and their treatments are BRAZENLY ineffectual.

[Henry looks to Iris.]

Henry Keyes:

I'm sorry I called you a tart.

Iris Davine:

...it's ok. But I agree, a hospital might be the best place for you - they have the tools that I simply don't have in a facility like this.

Henry Keyes:

HA! "Tools." Your damn casts and your creams and your pills and your damn pointy needles can rot in a hole. Offense not meant, of course.

Lindsay Troy:

Can we just ... [she raises her index fingers into the air] ... pause for a second? That gnarled-up, barely-attached limb looks infected, and if Kelly Evans knew that's what was underneath your ramshackle excuse for a brace there's no way she would've told you to come here first. Not to mention, I'm pretty sure whatever's wrong with that is affecting whatever's going on up there.

[She points to his head.]

Henry Keyes:

I barely register on Miss Kelly's radar. And besides...

[Keyes gives a pointed look at Troy before grinning.]

Henry Keyes:

I Bell Clapped YOU, with that arm, in that brace. As long as I can keep doing THAT, I doubt she'll care about the underneath.

Lindsay Troy: [passing over the reminder of DEFtv 51]

You also just mentioned an Airship, so I'm pretty sure you've got some arm-poison swimming along in your brain pan.

Henry Keyes:

...you don't think it's just a nickname, do yeh? "The Airship Pirate?"

Lindsay Troy:

I think you're loopy and at risk for sepsis if you don't get your arm looked at and treated with something strong.

Henry Keyes: [ignoring her]

...Alright. You know what I've decided?

Lindsay Troy:

I cannot possibly imag--

Henry Keyes:

--I've decided I'm not going to get the treatment I need here. Ever. So thank you, Miss Iris - thank you, Miss Troy. I appreciate your concerns, TRULY you are shining gems in my eye.

[Keyes rises from the table and grabs the wide-open and more-complex-than-it-should-be leather brace. His left arm completely dangles at his side, a fucking spaghetti noodle.]

Henry Keyes:

Until our paths cross again.

[Keyes bows and exits the room. Lindsay and Iris watch him go, confounded and speechless. A moment passes before Iris ends the silence.]

Iris Davine:

That boy's an odd one.

Lindsay Troy:

To say the least. He didn't even know what a hand grenade was.

[The cameraman opts to leave before Iris can reply, exiting the door and going after the Bell Clap Baron. Henry is a solid 50 feet away, doing the quick haunch-strut walk typically performed in his entrance; one might wonder if his spine has also been affected by this alien-arm juju. The cameraman lightly jogs to try to catch up, but Keyes maintains a decent amount of distance between them.]

Cameraman: [to himself]

Don't make me have to---dammit.

[He breaks into a full-on run at this point, sprinting through the corridor and avoiding DEFsec guards and staffers alike. The video is wibbly wobbly and janky as shit along the way. Henry disappears around a corner, that one turn bringing him near the back entrance to the Wrestle-Plex and opening to the parking lot. The cameraman is very nearly there when...]

SHRIIIIIIEEEEEEKKKKKKKK!

[An ear-piercing wail stabs at his eardrums, which causes him to hitch in his step just a bit. Then he regains his stride and darts around the corner to find Pie Face (where the hell has she been anyway?) with her hands over her mouth and looking terrified at what's waiting for Keyes by the door.]

Henry Keyes:

Ah, FINALLY! I was HOPING you fellows would show!

[At the gaping opening to the outside, three masked figures ... *Plague Masked* figures ... stand. Keyes looks like he would hug them all if he could raise both arms, but instead he chooses to rub one Plague Doctor on the shoulder, arm-clasp-handshake the second, and heartily pat the third on the chest. One of the masked figures slowly burns a hole with his eyes into the camera. He doesn't mean to, but the cameraman jumps back a bit in shock. Pie Face darts behind him. Human shield.]

[Keyes drops the old leather brace to the ground as he drapes his good arm around one of the Plague Doctors. The Bell Clap Baron and two of the Plague Doctors exit the facility towards the open parking lot - Keyes loudly going on

and on about something or other that the camera's mic can't quite pick up, the two Plague Doctors apparently silent. The stare from the third Plague Doctor lingers on the camera for a few more seconds before he turns and follows his compatriots. Faintly and wayyyyy in the distance, a silhouette seems to break through against the dark night sky. It could be 20, or 50, or 100 feet high, it's hard to tell, but it looks like a giant boat that has an enormous round balloon roped above it, resting on the concrete of the parking lot. The Airship Pirate and his three Plague Doctors head in its immediate direction.]

[The camera lingers on the Airship Silhouette for a few final moments before cutting back to the announce table.]

Kenny Freeman vs. Jake Donovan

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall. Refereeing this match will be Brian Slater! Introducing first, in his second DEFIANCE appearance, Hailing from Las Angels California! Weighing in at 190 pounds and standing 5'11 inches tall. He is.... **KENNY FREEEEEEEEEEEEEMAN**

[“Light up the Sky” by Thousand Foot Krutch blasts from the speakers as Kenny bursts from the back, ping-ponging down the aisle as he races to each side to slap hands with the fans on his way to the ring.]

Angus:

He knows that's a waste of energy right? Someone has told him that running to the ring like a bat outta hell is just gonna wear him out sooner.

DDK:

I really don't think he cares. It looks to me like he's far more interested in interaction with the people.

Angus:

Hurmph, the people. Who needs 'em.

DDK:

A bit harsh, don't you think.

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, hailing from Mason City Iowa. He stands 6'2" and weighs in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen...here is **JAKE! DONOVAN!!**

[Flashing lights burst overhead like fireworks, wildly shifting between red and orange as “Fire it Up” by Black Label Society erupts from the arena's speakers and the booing begins. Jake steps from the darkness to the top of the ramp and basks in it all, a flaming torch in his left hand that he holds high.]

Angus:

Now if only he'd stop flip-flopping around the damn ring, he'd actually be worth watching.

DDK:

He was worth watching well before Malachi got his clutches into him. He's the only one who couldn't **see it**.

Angus: [Clearing his throat]

Uh-hmmmm?

DDK:

Fine. You and Jake were the only ones who couldn't see it.

Angus:

Thank you!

DDK:

What I want to know is what that torch is all about. He can't be proclaiming himself the new torchbearer of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

And if he is?

DDK:

Then I'm pretty sure there will be plenty of guys in the back taking offense to such a statement.

[Jake's smirk only grows as he walks down the center of the aisle, his face all painted up in red and black, his hair

dyed various shades of orange, black and red. He's wearing black cargo pants with flames and a red mesh phoenix running up the sides and an old school DEFIANCE t-shirt with Phoenix emblazoned across the front. Torchlight illuminates him, smoke trails behind him. He looks neither right nor left, just straight ahead at Kenny already standing in the ring, waiting on him.]

Angus:

Kenny had better keep in mind what happened the last time they met.

DDK:

If you don't think he learned from that, you'd better think again. Jake better be ready for a war.

Angus:

Looks to me like he welcome's one.

[Jake stands on the floor, glaring up into Kenny's eyes before yanking the torch between them and spitting fluid into the flames. The result is a fireball that sends Kenny Freeman careening backwards before he hits the mat, writhing and flailing around.]

DDK:

Holy shit! No way did he just do that.

Angus:

Sometimes a torch is a message, and sometimes a torch is just that. A torch.

[Slater drops down beside Kenny, to check on the young wrestler, while Jake just hands the torch off to a ring attendant and steps calmly into the ring. Thankfully, Kenny proves to be more stunned than hurt and is soon aided to his feet by Slater with bits of smoke still wafting around him. Kenny's hair is singed, his face has some splotchy patches that look a little raw, but his eyes are what the camera focuses in on.]

[Kenny Freeman looks PISSED!]

[There is no waiting for the bell, Kenny spears a smirking Jake Donovan and drives him out of the ring, both men spilling onto the floor in a flurry of punches. There's a lot of rolling around, punching and exchanging of position before Kenny gets the upper hands and blasts Donovan across the face with some hard elbows. With Jake stunned, Kenny hops up onto the apron, then pulls himself onto the two rope, flashbulbs popping and fans cheering as he leaps off with a frog splash!]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

I think Jake might be starting to regret riling Kenny up.

Angus:

Somehow I doubt that.

[Kenny climbs to his feet, clutching his side for a moment before yanking Jake up and shoving him into the ring beneath the bottom rope.]

Angus:

SEE! Little flippy-do ijit hurt himself.

DDK:

Looks to me like he hurt Jake worse.

[Kenny climbs up onto the ring apron, and once again perches on the top rope, waiting for Jake to stagger to his feet

[Jake rolls back into the ring with a smirk on his face, bouncing around and listening to the boos as he waits for Kenny. Slater begins his count, but Freeman able to climb up onto the apron by the count of six and Jake allowing him inside, if only to throw a roundhouse kick at Freeman's head as soon as he steps in. Kenny narrowly able to duck and avoid it and Jake looks to be laughing at him.]

Angus:

All I want to know is why Jake never bother to show this side of himself before, this is great!

[Collar and elbow tie up, with Kenny almost immediately turning into a rear waistlock and goes for a suplex, which Jake blocks by hooking the leg. Jake going to work prying one of Kenny's arms free, turns it into an armwreinger, but Kenny with a forward roll to get out of it, pops right back up to his feet only to get nailed in the back of the head with a roundhouse from Jake, that staggers him. Jake follows it up with a roundhouse to the ribs and another to the leg, before sending Kenny to the mat with a springboard dropkick.]

BOOO

[Jake immediately heads to the top rope and comes hurling off with a corkscrew moonsault and a cover]

1...

2...

Thr....

[kickout!]

RHAAAAAAA

Angus:

DAMNIT! I thought he had him there!

DDK:

I think it is going to take a lot more before Jake will have a chance of putting Kenny away tonight.

[Rolling to his feet, Jake pulls Kenny up with him, only to catch a forearm to the face, followed by a belly to back suplex.]

*LETS GO KENNY *CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP* LETS GO KENNY*

[Kenny Freeman kicking it into high gear, catches a slowly rising Jake with a running knee, then sends him back to the mat with a side suplex that elicits more cheers from the fans. Kenny to the second turnbuckle, comes off with an elbow drop, and hooks the leg.]

1...

[Kickout!]

Angus:

Did he really think he'd get the win with that?

DDK:

I think what he was hoping for, was to get in Jake's head.

[Sure enough, when Jake gets to his feet, he's furious and makes the mistake of charging Kenny for a clothesline, only to have Kenny duck and send Jake crashing back to the mat with a German suplex. The fans appreciation only grows

The Main Event Arrives

[A long black limo slowly rolls to a stop back in the motorpool. From the driver side we see emerge all seven feet of it's driver. The absolutely massive bodyguard makes his way to the back passenger door. From the back of the limo we see a long flawless pair of legs emerge. She purses her ruby red lips as she takes a long look around the parking area before stepping aside for the second passenger to emerge. Jane Katze watches with pride as her crown jewel plants his feet and hooks his thumbs in the waistcoat of his three piece suit.]

Bronson Box:

What's on the agenda, Ms. Katze?

Jane Katze:

I think they have you down for some interviews with a couple international outlets back in the press area. We can drop your bag off on our...

BZZZZZZZ

[Jane plucks her smartphone from inside her blazer. She flicks open the screen and smiles.]

[The Original DEFIANT raises an eyebrow in her direction.]

Bronson Box:

What?

[She slides her phone back into her coat.]

Jane Katze:

He won.

[Bronson seems pleased by this news.]

Bronson Box:

Well... that makes tonight so much more interesting, doesn't it?

[Nicky Corozzo cracks his knuckles with a deep barrel chested chortle.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Sure does, boss.

[The Wargod slaps his chest and breathes deep, taking a good look around the parking area.]

Bronson Box:

What say before those interviews we find where my boy Eugene's gone and build his blanket fort for the night. I think we have some strategy that takes precedence.

[Jane smiles and motions towards the elevators.]

Jane Katze:

Shall we?

[As Boxer and co. head off we cut back to the commentary station.]

DDK:

"Strategy" ... right.

Angus:

What are you implying, Darren?

DDK:

Moving on...

The Common Denominator

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen the next match has all the makings of a bloodbath and I can only say if you have small children you might want to put them to bed or at least avert their eyes for the moment until it's all over.

Angus:

It's going to be great! Troy Matthews is about to send that jagoff Ryan Matthews back to whatever hole he crawled from for good Keebs!

DDK:

However, before it all begins, we go back to the back where Christie Zane is standing by with Ryan Matthews.

[Indeed we cut to the back just outside the locker room area in a brightly lit hallway where Christie Zane stands with Ryan Matthews, who is dressed in black from head to toe, most notably a black sleeveless shirt with #TheWorldNeedsAVillain across it in white lettering.]

Christie Zane:

Thanks guys as you mentioned I'm here with Ryan Matthews who tonight is going into a match to regain a spot on the DEFIANCE roster against one Troy Matthews and Ryan I understand you had to go through some legal proceedings to get this match to even happen as of a couple days ago, would you care to tell us about that?

Ryan Matthews:

Well Christie, all I can really say about it is that no matter what happens out there I'm not legally allowed to sue DEFIANCE or its investors, no matter who they should be, should I be injured during the course of this match. I had to agree to that much, making this a non-sanctioned match.

Christie Zane:

In a sense, wasn't that what you wanted in the first place Ryan?

Ryan Matthews:

In a way yes Christie, because now David Troy has no excuses when I lay waste to him, nor does Kelly Evans because when she demanded that stipulation and it became a non-sanctioned match it basically means that all the referee is really there for is to count a pinfall, listen for a submission or make sure that someone is physically able to continue. I also won a stipulation of my own in the proceedings though, because any and all members of DEFIANCE, be they on the active roster or in an office anywhere, are banned from interfering this this match. If anyone does, I get my spot in DEFIANCE just as if I'd have won the match.

Christie Zane:

But with it basically being a no disqualification match...

Ryan Matthews:

Semantics Christie, let's get beyond them. I played the game and while Kelly Evans thinks she got one over on me, as usual I'm going to get the last laugh one way or another. See tonight David Troy finds out what pain really feels like, pain of loss, pain inflicted by another, and more importantly the pain of failure. A lot of people have their hopes, dreams, and even careers riding on your very narrow shoulders, Dave, and they are all going to be sorely disappointed when I leave you laying in a broken mass in the center of the ring and step over you on my journey to them...a journey which will continue when I get my hands on--

[Matthews suddenly stops and again looks off camera to the right. The camera pans over and we see none other than "The Black Jesus" his own self, Tyrone Walker. Matthews squares up to him, moving so Christie can get her mic between the two.]

Ryan Matthews:

Ears burning much, Ty?

Tyrone Walker:

Nah bruh, just wanted to wish you luck an' talk to you about somethin' right quick.

Matthews:

Talk? You and I have nothing to talk about.

[With that, Matthews turns to go but Ty grabs his arm to stop him. Matthews turns back and looks at Ty, then the hand around his arm, then back at Ty.]

Ryan Matthews:

You must not wanna keep that hand too badly because if it doesn't get removed from me, I'm about 5 seconds from removing it from you.

Tyrone Walker:

The FUCK is your problem, mayne? You been throwin' some serious threats around here like you 'bout to do somethin', to Troy, to e'erbody an' you been talkin' a lot of shit to Kelly, now do we gotta a problem or're ya just blowin' smoke like always?

[Matthews eyes light up for a moment as Walker releases his arm, then he takes a step back and looks Ty directly in the eyes.]

Ryan Matthews:

I'll let you know...

[That said, Matthews exits stage left, leaving Walker glaring after him as we cut back into the arena.]

Troy Matthews vs. Ryan Matthews

[The usual three chimes of the bell herald the appearance of Darren "DQ" Quimbey at center ring.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is a non-sanctioned, no holds barred match. The only ways to win are by pinfall, submission, or if your opponent is unable to continue...

[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 decked out in signature red-and-black getup, Troy looks upon the crowd with fire in his eyes and an excited grin on his face, dashing down the aisle and slapping hands.]

♪ Yeeeeah, 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, he hails from JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, and weighs in at one-hundred eighty-eight pounds! He is "The Jersey Devil!" TROY! MmmmmmmmmmmmmMATTHEWS!!!

DDK:

Troy's got a look of determination mixed with his usual good cheer. Seems like he knows he's in for a fight tonight and he's loving it.

Angus:

I just hope he kicks that jagoff Ryan Matthews' head in. Especially after that episode with muhboiTAI earlier. Disrespectful prick.

DDK:

You really don't like Ryan Matthews do you? I mean what did he do to you?

Angus:

Aside from being the dead weight on a team that Ty was on, he's a dickhead.

♪ An eye for and 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 ♪

[Troy stops just at the ring steps for a moment and looks to the crowd, pumping his arms up and down to get them fired up for a moment before 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.]

♪ YEEEEAAAAAAH! ♪
♪ 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.]

[The lights come back on for a moment but slowly cut back out and suddenly we hear the chime of a bell...then another. Then a voice, with a chime of the bell on every third number...]

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...and it is 10. Sway to and fro, sway...

[The drums and guitar of "Charisma" by W.A.S.P. kick in and a spotlight kicks on to a spot just outside the entrance and standing in the center of the circle of light is a figure dressed in a black sleeveless hooded sweatshirt and black BDU style pants, hands taped all the way to mid forearm with red tape, on his feet are a pair of black combat style boots.]

♪ I've a breath in minds of men ♪
♪ With the lies I breathe ♪
♪ No man's ever ruled the world ♪
♪ Not knowin' the curse of me ♪
♪ I'm some of the seven sins ♪
♪ Vanity in the lust of men ♪
♪ I'm the Alpha, Omega man ♪
♪ I'll show you, who I am ♪

[As the camera gets close he tilts his head, which is covered by the hood, back and to the side slightly and we see the face of Ryan Matthews from within the hood for a moment before he puts his head back down and starts a slow stroll to the ring.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

His opponent, from Cleveland Ohio standing 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighing in at 242 pounds, making his return to DEFIANCE, he is known as "All Killer, No Filter" Ryaaannnnnnnnn Maaaaaatheeeeewwwwssss!

♪ Ohh Hypnotic charm, mesmerizin' face ♪
♪ My soul has a dark embrace ♪
♪ A magic tongue, I'll seduce you all ♪
♪ Till I'm your king ♪
♪ Till ya know my ♪

♪ Charisma, do you know my name ♪
♪ I'm the God that you pray ♪
♪ Ohh When you worship my name ♪
♪ Charisma, are you idolizing me? ♪
♪ I'm a dangerous thing ♪
♪ And your, your new Messiah's me ♪

DDK:

It's been quite a few months since we've seen Ryan Matthews in a DEFIANCE ring Angus...

Angus:

And he doesn't seem in a hurry to get in there again, maybe because he knows he's about to get his head kicked in by Troy Matthews.

DDK:

Or maybe this is another mind game in the toolbox of Ryan Matthews, make Troy Matthews wait and get him thinking, get in his head...

Angus:

Keebs, stick to play by play, the entire psychoanalysis gig isn't for you. Mostly because this jagoff isn't that smart.

[When Ryan Matthews gets to the end of the aisle he tilts his head back and up again, this time focusing from beneath the hood on Troy Matthews, standing center ring. He slowly brings both hands up and pulls the hood back off his head, a huge smile on his face as he does.]

♪I'm a liar blindin' your vision♪
♪Vatican man♪
♪Preachin' fear and usin' religion♪
♪With the Bible and Koran♪

♪I wrap myself in the American flag♪
♪And tell people I'm for which it stands♪
♪I'm comin' back till you know I'm God♪
♪Till you believe♪
♪Till you know my♪

♪Charisma, do you know my name♪
♪I'm the God that you pray♪
♪When you worship my name♪
♪Charisma, are you idolizing me?♪
♪I'm a dangerous thing♪
♪And your, your new Messiah's me...♪

[After a moment Ryan Matthews slowly removes the hoodie and tosses it to the ringside attendant before ascending the ring steps and stepping between the top and middle rope. He immediately makes his way to Troy Matthews and gets in his face, and referee Carla Ferrari is forced to separate the two.]

DDK:

Carla is gonna have her hands full in there, these two look set to tear each other apart. I guess now might be a good time to remind the fans watching at home that Ryan Matthews bartered a stipulation in the contract that if any member of DEFIANCE interferes in this match in any way, that Ryan Matthews, win or lose, gets his spot in DEFIANCE. If he should lose fair and square, however, not only is his bid for being in DEFIANCE over, he will be forced to retire from the wrestling business altogether.

Angus:

And what a happy day that will be, second only to when Harmony comes around and I get her in the sack.

DDK:

And just like Ryan Matthews might say, in your dreams Angus...

Angus:

Ideas and dreams will be all he has left when this is over.

[In ring, Carla Ferrari is finishing checking Ryan Matthews for any foreign objects after having checked Troy Matthews previously. She signals for the bell to ring, and when it does, Troy Matthews storms across the ring only to have Ryan Matthews drop down and roll out of the ring. Troy gets to the ropes close to his larger opponent and takes a swipe at him, only to have Ryan Matthews back away, then make the motion for Carla Ferrari to back Troy off to the other side

of the ring.]

DDK:

Ryan Matthews with a little bit more of the mind games going on here early.

Angus:

Or the yellow streak on his back just got more pronounced...

[Ferrari attempts to coax Ryan Matthews back into the ring, leaning over the ropes, only to have Troy Matthews bounce off the far ropes and baseball slide to the outside between her legs then catch Ryan Matthews around the neck and spin through in a beautiful head scissor takeover, causing the crowd to jump off their seats and roar their approval.]

DDK:

Troy Matthews with some innovative offense there, almost using Carla Ferrari as a screen of sorts as he carried out his plan of attack.

Angus:

It's all legal, I love Troy's plan of attack, it's simply to attack. Stay on him Troy!

[Indeed Troy gets back to his feet and picks his larger foe up and leads him to the nearby ringpost, bouncing his head off it with an irish whip before following up with a triple jump dropkick, sending Ryan Matthews to the floor again. Troy Matthews stays on the offensive and picks Ryan up again before slinging him into the ring and hopping up to the ring apron. He then slingshots himself over the top rope, but meets nothign but mat on the other side of what he intended to be a legdrop.]

DDK:

OOoh no water in the pool there for Troy!

[Ryan Matthews rises to his feet and performs a running soccer kick aimed at Troy's chest, which Troy avoids by flattening out backward before going for a school boy rollup.]

DDK:

School boy!

1...

2...

Kickout!

[Ryan Matthews kicks away from the pin attempt and rolls back to his feet, only to be met by a standing Troy Matthews who sinks in a deep arm drag and takes the larger man over, then a second one before he takes to cranking on Ryan Matthews' arm.]

DDK:

WOW! Troy Matthews has come out on fire here in the early going and seems like he has the bigger man, Ryan Matthews, flustered a bit.

Angus:

Go Troy! Get it done and get him out of my ring and off my screen!

[Ryan Matthews, undaunted and seeming to get a tad angry at what's going on, rolls back away from the pressure of the arm wringer before using his larger wingspan to pieface Troy and shove him across the ring, the smaller man rolls back to his feet quickly and sprints back across the ring and fires off a series of Muay Thai style kicks to the legs and

eventually to the ribs of Ryan Matthews, who catches the last one headed for his ribcage and taunts Troy for a moment before the smaller man executes a beautiful flying triangle choke using the trapped leg as a stepping stone of sorts.]

DDK:

Troy with a triangle choke and it looks like he's got it sunk in DEEP, Ryan Matthews may have no choice but to tap out or pass out here!

Angus:

Put that jerkweed to sleep Troy! Do us all a favor!

[Indeed, Ryan Matthews appears to be fading for a moment as Carla Ferrari checks on him, dropping his hand once...]

1!

[then a second time...]

2!

[And raises it a third time, but this time the hand goes nowhere, but Ryan Matthews foot does, he manages to hold Troy in place and quickly work his way around to place a foot on Troy's throat and press down with crushing force, causing the smaller man to release the hold or have his windpipe crushed. As Troy rubs his throat with his hand, he stands back up and barely has enough time to realize what's about to happen as Ryan Matthews barrels across the ring and hits a huge lariat, turning Troy inside out and sending him crashing to the mat.]

DDK:

First Ryan Matthews escapes the Triangle, then about takes Troy's head off with that lariat!

Angus:

NOOOO! He was so close too!

DDK:

It's not over yet Angus...

[In the ring, Ryan Matthews stands over Troy Matthews as the smaller man tries to shake the cobwebs out and mentally count how many teeth he has left. He's quickly met with a bone rattling soccer kick to the rib cage which causes him to roll toward the corner clutching at his ribs. As Ryan Matthews stalks toward his downed opponent we catch what he's saying...]

Ryan Matthews:

That was your chance kiddo, you won't get another...

[Ryan Matthews stops just short of Troy and squats down as Troy pulls himself to a seated position in the corner and turns to see him, then makes the gesture of "come at me". Troy responds in a way most wouldn't expect and spins himself around and slides out of the ring, to which Ryan Matthews responds with a laugh then shakes his head. The larger man stands back to full height and walks back to the center of the ring, then takes a seat cross-legged at center ring, much to the disdain of the crowd.]

BOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

The fans voicing their displeasure that Ryan Matthews chose not to pursue Troy outside.

Angus:

Probably knows Troy would whip him on the outside just like he was inside the ring.

[Ryan Matthews shakes his head and wags a finger at the crowd from his position on the mat before he turns his attention to Troy, pointing at him, then gesturing for Troy to come at him and tapping his wrist as if there was a watch there.]

[Troy Matthews responds by sliding back into the ring and immediately going for the same soccer kick Ryan Matthews attempted earlier only to have his feet swept from under him and the larger man spin and attempt a fist drop, only to hit mat where Troy was seconds before.]

DDK:

Troy using his speed to his advantage here, keeping Ryan Matthews guessing!

Angus:

Abusive and elusive I think is the term Keebs!

DDK:

Like you would know about that?

Angus:

Let's not bring my personal life into this...

[Indeed Troy Matthews comes rebounding off the near ropes with a flying leg lariat, which knocks Ryan Matthews to the mat but he's right back up only to be met by a second leg lariat, and back up again and on the attempt of the third leg lariat he steps back away from the move, causing Troy Matthews to crash to the mat unceremoniously, seeing his opening the larger man grabs Troy off the mat before slinging him out to arm's length and nearly taking his head off with a shortarm clothesline.]

DDK:

Troy with a series of attacks there, but they only seem to have angered Ryan Matthews at this point...

[Ryan Matthews quickly follows up, peeling Troy off the mat and pushing him to the near ropes before shooting him off, then catching him as he comes back with a flapjack, causing the smaller man to squirm in pain, clutching at his chest. Ryan Matthews grabs him and rolls him over and covers with a forearm over Troy's face...]

1...

2...

WHAT?!

[Ryan Matthews smiles and pulls one of Troy's arms off the canvas, breaking the count. When Carla Ferrari says something, he simply replies...]

Ryan Matthews:

Oh no, I'm not done yet. I'm gonna enjoy this...

[He picks Troy off the mat and then up off his feet and drives Troy down onto the point of his knee, spine first. Ryan Matthews then pushes down on Troy's chin and knees, attempting to bend the smaller man in half over his knee.]

DDK:

Ryan Matthews looking to punish Troy here, slowing the pace down and causing damage slowly but surely.

Angus:

Does anybody else see this as a bad thing?

[Ryan Matthews continues to stretch Troy over his knee as Carla Ferrari checks with Troy, who refuses to quit. Troy manages to cause some disruption of the move by bringing a knee up to meet Ryan's face a couple times, the bigger

man responds by dumping Troy off his knee to the mat, then dropping a quick Powerdrive elbow to the spot on Troy's spine he was previously working on before slowly getting back to his feet.]

DDK:

This is starting turn a bit ugly, it's not like Ryan Matthews wants to pin Troy, it's almost if he wants to hurt him for daring to step in the ring against him.

Angus:

Come on Troy! I mean I know I don't like you but you damn well better win this!

DDK:

Rooting interest for a reason there partner?

Angus:

Keebs, next time you ever call me partner I'll...

[Back in the ring, Angus is cut off by Ryan Matthews hooking Troy and dropping him on the back of his head with an old school backdrop suplex, causing an OOOOOH from the crowd. Ryan rolls Troy over, arm over his face again and goes for the cover...]

1...

2...

OH COME ON!

[Ryan Matthews pulls one of Troy's arms up yet again, this time getting a warning from Carla Ferrari, who he simply shrugs off because after all, this is a No DQ match. Ryan pulls Troy back to his feet slowly and then slings him into the corner before moving to the far corner himself. Ryan Matthews shakes his head, then turns and runs with a full head of steam to the near corner only to have Troy Matthews slither between the top and middle rope to the outside and avoid contact. Troy then leaps to the top rope and then off, catching the larger man in a frankensteiner from the top rope.]

DDK:

What a move by Troy there avoiding the contact and getting in some offense!

Angus:

Cover! YES!

1...

2...

3NO!

[Ryan Matthews pulls his shoulder off the mat at the last second and sits up, shaking the cobwebs himself. Troy Matthews follows up with a kick to the chest, followed by a running, jumping senton and another cover.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

[Carla Ferrari signals to Troy and the crowd that it was only a 2 count. Troy seems to be starting to get frustrated but moves to quickly follow up, picking Ryan Matthews up and hitting a front chancery DDT before backing up to a neary

corner.]

DDK:

Here it comes! Looks like Troy is setting up for the Trendsetter!

Angus:

And finally an end to that jagoff's career! DO IT TROY DO IT FOR ALL OF US!

[As Ryan Matthews comes to a knee, Troy Matthews moves to strike, launching himself off Ryan's knee, and as he spins through for the Shining Enziguiri, Ryan Matthews catches him on one shoulder and drives him to the mat with a modified sit out powerbomb.]

DDK:

Ryan Matthews countered the Trendsetter!

Angus:

NNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Easy there Vader! Cover!

1....

2....

3NO!

[The crowd roars as Troy Matthews kicks out at the barest of last seconds. Ryan Matthews, now fully angered, roars and grabs Troy up and whips him to the near corner before following him in, Troy Matthews drops to the seat of his pants and whips himself through the legs of the larger man as he charges, tripping Ryan Matthews and causing him to bang his forehead against the top turnbuckle before his head comes to rest on the middle one like a pillow. Troy Matthews rolls away and sees the position his opponent is in, then scrambles to the opposite side of the ring.]

DDK:

I don't know if I like what Troy seems to be thinking right now...

Angus:

Shut it Keebs! Kill him NOW TROY!

[A defiant sneer on his face, Troy rushes across the ring and launches himself skyward, coming down with both feet to the back of Ryan Matthews' head, sandwiching it between his feet and the turnbuckle in a hesitation drop kick.]

Angus:

YES! COVER HIM IT'S OVER!

[Troy pulls Ryan away from the corner and rolls him over and hooks the leg and holds on for dear life...]

1...

2...

3FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[Troy Matthews jumps up and seems relieved for a moment before Carla Ferrari waves off and shows him that it was only a 2 count due to the foot on the ropes. Troy rolls over to his back, frustrated and exhausted before he seems to

get another wind and gets back to his feet, pulling Ryan Matthews to his feet as well. He delivers a kick to one of Ryan Matthews' knees before rushing to the near side ropes, then launching himself off Ryan's knee but before the Trendsetter connects Ryan catches him on a shoulder again and this time dumps Troy head first to the outside of the ring.]

DDK:

My God! Ryan Matthews just powerbombed Troy Matthews to the outside! Somebody needs to check and make sure the kid is alright!

[Carla Ferrari, as if on cue, slides out of the ring and drops to a knee near Troy Matthews as Ryan Matthews gains his bearings in the ring. After a moment, the larger man slides out of the ring as well and gets ahold of Troy Matthews again, the smaller man not even sure where he is as Ryan Matthews picks him up and holds him horizontally and mashes him spine first at high speed into the nearby corner post.]

DDK:

Oh come on! Troy Matthews is obviously defenseless at this point! What does this prove?

Angus:

If it doesn't further prove that Ryan Matthews is a heartless asshole I don't know what does.

[Ryan Matthews laughs at the destruction he's caused as Carla Ferrari checks Troy, then signals for training staff to come from the back. Before they can, however, Ryan Matthews pulls up some of the mats from the ringside area and as he does the Wrestle-Plex erupts with boos again, knowing what he has planned, or thinking they do.]

DDK:

He's had ENOUGH! Somebody get in there and stop this!

Angus:

It's never enough with Ryan Matthews...you should know that by now Keebs.

[Ryan Matthews separates Ferrari from Troy Matthews and picks the smaller man up and bends him over before hooking both arms from inside out, hoisting him up and driving him into the concrete with one of his signature moves, the Character Assassination. Ferrari waves off the match and calls for medics and they finally make their way to the ring, followed by Kelly Evans as Ryan Matthews slides back in the ring.]

DDK:

Finally we have medical staff tending to Troy Matthews, I hope he's alright.

Angus:

And the boss is out here...let's hope she does the right thing and has that freak in the ring arrested for what he just did.

[Indeed, Kelly Evans is in the ring, but there's no mic there to greet her, as Ryan Matthews has it already.]

Ryan Matthews:

Now Kelly, I know you're out here to congratulate me on my dominant victory and beg forgiveness for ever leaving me out in the cold with no job to speak of but you didn't really have to just on my account. Really.

[Kelly rather looks like she could kill him rather than congratulate him. She sticks her hand out toward him, as if demanding the mic and as we get in closer we can hear that's exactly what she wants. Matthews hands her the mic, then crosses his arms across his chest and waits....]

Kelly Evans:

Victory? You've won nothing...I didn't hear an official announcement saying the match was even over...

[The crowd gives a mixed reaction, not sure about what is about to happen.]

Kelly Evans:

And as such, seeing as you didn't win...security, get this piece of garbage out of my ring, out of my building and out of the wrestling business.

[As DEFSEC goes to remove him, Ryan Matthews raises a hand and laughs, quickly taking the mic back from Kelly Evans.]

Ryan Matthews:

Kelly Kelly Kelly....you seem to have forgotten one thing. If ANY MEMBER of DEFIANCE gets involved in this match in any way, I get my spot, win or lose. Remember that little stipulation?

[The crowd boos at the technicality...]

Ryan Matthews:

Right now though, nobody has...yet. But let's face it, there's no way your man can continue so why not stop this bullshit and....

[The mic thuds to the ground as Troy Matthews, somehow miraculously recovered from the damage inflicted outside comes flying off the top with a dropkick to Ryan Matthews back. Kelly Evans and DEFSEC quickly vacate the ring as Carla Ferrari slides back in. Troy waits for Ryan to turn and kicks him in the gut before launching himself off Ryan's knee and connecting with the Trendsetter. He gets into the cover as quickly as he can and hooks the leg...]

DDK:

AMAZING! TROY MATTHEWS WITH THE TRENDSETTER!

Angus:

YES! YES YES!

1...

2...

Thr...NO! KICKOUT!

[Troy Matthews looks at Carla Ferrari in astonishment as she shakes her head and indicates a two count. He falls to his back, then rolls up on his knees and punches the mat in frustration. As Ryan Matthews stirs Troy slides to the outside and gets a chair from under the ring before sliding back in. He quickly works to wedge it between the top and middle ropes then sets up to irish whip Ryan Matthews into it, but the bigger man sees this coming and reverses it, whipping Troy with enough force to send him sidelong into the chair. Ryan Matthews quickly grabs the chair and puts it at center ring, then scoops Troy up and takes him to center ring before leaning him over again and delivering a second Character Assassination, this time to the chair.]

DDK:

My God, Character Assassination on the chair, this has got to be over....

Angus:

NOOOOO! It can't be.

[Ryan Matthews covers Troy and hooks the leg, leaving an arm over his face as Carla Ferrari drops to the mat and counts...]

1...

2...

3....!

DING! DING! DING!

[A somewhat exasperated Ryan Matthews rolls away and to his knees, shaking his head at Troy Matthews as Carla Ferrari raises his hand.]

Darren “DQ” Quimbey:

Here is your winner..."All Killer, No Filter" Ryan Matthews!

[The crowd gives a mixed reaction, some happy to have seen the match end, others pissed that Ryan Matthews won...as he exits the ring and medics rush back to the ring to check on Troy Matthews, Matthews is heard by a nearby camera to say “Jesus that kid was superhuman”]

[As Ryan Matthews exits the arena through the curtain we cut back to the locker room.]

Preparation Is Key

[You know those name plates that the little cubby holes in the locker rooms have? Well we're currently focusing on one in particular that says 'Eugene Dewey'. Zoom out from it slightly and we can see the man himself, the FIST of DEFIANCE, stretching.]

[No, you're not seeing things.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But of course Eugene Dewey is tucked away safely behind many, many walls to hear the reaction from the crowd.]

???

Ay, Laddie, I need a word with you.

[That, however, he does hear and turns around to greet his... Friend? Partner? Associate? Yeah, let's go with that last one. It's immediately clear though that Bronson Box isn't here for just a social call.]

Eugene Dewey:

You *need* a word with me? Well unless it's 'Thankyou' I'm not sure I'm interested, because I sure haven't heard any gratitude from you since TV52 ended.

[Box looks slightly surprised at the FIST's brash response to a phrase that would have left him trembling in his boots this time last year, but he allows it to slide... for now.]

Bronson Box:

Thankyou?

Eugene Dewey:

See, I heard the word, but there was definitely an upward inflection in there. Like, it wasn't so much an expression of graciousness and more of a question?

Bronson Box:

What the hell do I have to thank you for, lad?

Eugene Dewey:

Oh I don't know, maybe because you're in the DEF*MAX Tournament final tonight rather than sitting back here with your thumb up your ass?

[That definitely doesn't sit with with the Wargod, but Eugene doesn't seem to care. In fact, he just continues.]

Eugene Dewey:

Of course, I didn't do it for you. There was absolutely no way I was gonna let Lindsay win that tournament, and you making the final was, as Bob Ross would say, 'a happy little accident'.

[Box can't take much more and squares up to the FIST. For the first time Eugene's eyes widen as he realises that his words might not have been the wisest ones he could have chosen.]

Bronson Box:

Let's get one thing straight, Lad. Me being in the tournament final isn't some 'Happy little accident'. Don't forget, I pinned your shoulders to the mat two shows back. And as for Lindsay Troy, she never stood a chance of making the final whether you were there or not, do you understand?

[Eugene swallows the lump in his throat and nods, trying to do it at a pace that doesn't quite give away just how nervous he's feeling having Bronson Box's moustache brush against his chin.]

Bronson Box:

Now, the reason I came in here was to make sure you knew just how important tonight is for us.

[Box takes a step back from Eugene and allows the FIST to relax ever so slightly.]

Eugene Dewey:

Of course I do.

Bronson Box:

Because by the end of the night I'm gonna be the winner of the DEF*MAX tournament, and you're gonna be the FIST of DEFIANCE, right?

Eugene Dewey:

Right.

Bronson Box:

And if one of those things doesn't happen...

[Bronson Box trails off, but that's fine, because Eugene really doesn't want to hear what might happen if he doesn't walk out tonight with the belt around his waist, or if Bronson Box doesn't end the night with his hand raised in victory.]

Eugene Dewey:

I understand, Bronson.

Bronson Box:

Good, so long as we're on the same page.

Eugene Dewey:

Nobody can stop us.

Bronson Box:

Too right. Go get 'em, lad.

[Eugene screws up his nose in a determined manner and makes for the door while Box watches him leave. And with that we fade back to ringside.]

Malachi vs. Harmony

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall! Introducing first...

[The opening guitar strains of Just A Girl echo through the arena as the arena darkens and a purple hue surrounds the stage. A spotlight appears at the entranceway and as Gwen Stefani begins to sing, Harmony trots out onto the staging with a huge smile and pauses at the top, looking out at the fans before the song kicking in full force prompts an explosion of silver sparkling pyro either side of Harmony, who throws a hand up to the sky.

She strides down the ramp, taking a little time to make contact with the fans before she hops onto the apron on one knee and stands up, launching herself over the top rope with both hands. She leaps onto the middle rope and poses to the fans, blowing a kiss out to them before jumping down and staying loose.]

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from London, England and now residing in Manhattan, New York, weighing 137lbs, this is Harmony!

DDK:

And back to action we go, as Harmony will make her DEFIANCE PPV debut!

Angus:

That she will. She also made her debut 'Angus PPV Dream'.

DDK:

I really don't want to know what is, do I?

Angus:

Oh trust me you do.

DDK:

Anyways, you sick fuck, this match is going to see two individuals that could not be ANYMORE different!

Angus:

That's for sure. Malachi, no boobs. Harmony, nice boobs!

DDK:

I really don't get you.

Angus:

So what's new?

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...

[“For Whom the Bell Tolls” by Metallica rips through the Wrestle-Plex. From the back steps Malachi, wearing a pair of black pants with Malachi written down the sides of them and on the back of them it says “He Has Risen”. Behind him are his Malachites, wearing black and white singlets with black boots and black and white masks. On the back of each one of their masks though is a designation of sorts. More specifically, a roman numeral. The one on the far left has a I, the one in the middle has a II, and obviously, the one on the far right has a III.]

Angus:

The Church of Malachi is in DA HOUSE!

DDK:

After offering Harmony a spot in The Church of Malachi, much like he did to Jake Donovan, and being turned down, Malachi decided to step in.

Angus:

Smartest decision Donovan has EVER made.

DDK:

Debatable, though he did get the victory earlier in the show.

Angus:

Exactly. Smartest decision ever.

[On the other side of Malachi stands Abigail, one of the newest converts to the Church of Malachi. Her boyfriend, Joseph, is nowhere to be seen. As Malachi, Abigail, and the three men walk down the ramp, he hears the boos and jeers from the fans and he laughs at them. The bottom half of his face is covered in a dark brown beard. His hair, a dark brown as well, lands right above his neck, and his blue eyes are piercing.]

Angus:

Looks like Joseph got the boot!

DDK:

I'm surprised you even remember his name.

Angus:

Needed that to put the bounty hit on him.

DDK:

How far will you stoop?

Angus:

That is a really good question.

[Malachi then entered the ring, his eyes firmly upon Harmony, as the other Malachites remained outside of the ring. Harmony looked around the ring, her eyes locking eyes with each one of the Malachites.]

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 245 pounds... **MALACHI!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And you have to wonder how Malachi is going to handle this match.

Angus:

The sheer size difference... that is going to be far too much for Harmony to overcome.

DDK:

That very well might be true. We are going to get a good idea of the heart that Harmony has tonight.

Angus:

See, this is your problem. Looking further than skin deep. Do you NOT notice the boobs in front of her heart?!

DDK:

I'm going to need a LOT more money in my next contract.

DING! DING! DING!

[With the sound of the bell, Malachi makes his way to the corner as Harmony is bouncing on the balls of her feet, ready

for a fight. From the look in her eyes, there is not a single ounce of fear there. Instead, she is ITCHING to get this started. Harmony motions for Malachi to 'come on', but Malachi shakes his head. Instead he extends his arm.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

WHOA! And Malachi is once again giving her a chance to join the Church of Malachi!

DDK:

Harmony doesn't seem too happy about that either.

Angus:

If she was smart, she would just accept and avoid the beating that is waiting for her. Come on, Harmony! Do the smart thing! Make me happy!

DDK:

She still doesn't know your name, does she?

Angus:

...no.

[Harmony walks over to Malachi and shakes her head.]

Harmony:

Are you serious?!

[Malachi keeps his hand extended, which prompts Harmony to connect with a STIFF slap!]

CRACK!

[Malachi keeps his head to the side for a little bit, the sting still present. Malachi takes a deep breathe in and sighs as he looks back at Harmony.]

DDK:

Damn.

Angus:

Not a smart decision at all.

DDK:

I don't think Harmony cares.

Angus:

I know. Which makes me sad.

[Malachi then walks around the ring for a moment while Harmony stands in the center of the ring, ready for a match, pleading with Malachi to get going here.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Malachi then exits the ring and stands on the ring apron.]

Angus:

Is he going to not even have this match?!

Angus:

Not at all.

[Harmony struggles mightily against the imposing figure of Malachi, but to no avail. The sheer size of Malachi makes this difficult. As she screams out in pain and squirms, Malachi continues to hush her, wanting to end this sooner rather than later. It is clear that Malachi doesn't want this to last longer than it has to, but Harmony keeps fighting against Malachi's restraint. Malachi digs the knee into Harmony's back, worsening the pain for Harmony.]

DDK:

And Malachi is playing this cool and collected.

Angus:

Have you seen him ever act any differently? This man is a master in that ring!

DDK:

He's only lost once--

Angus:

That does NOT count!

[With Malachi not letting up, Harmony realizes she must do something and do it fast as Hector asks her if she wants to give up. She quickly says no as uses her agility to leap onto Malachi's neck and connects with a flying headscissors to her opponent! Harmony rubs her neck in pain as Malachi starts to get back up to his knees. Harmony wastes no time as she rushes over and starts pelting him with a series of kicks to the abdomen, desperate to do anything to keep her larger opponent down on the mat.]

Angus:

And Harmony is FEARLESS!

DDK:

That she is, using her agility to her advantage and now doing everything she can to keep Malachi grounded.

Angus:

Yeah, but stiff kicks to his abdomen is not going to do the trick.

DDK:

Yeah, she's not going to win any strength or physicality contests against Malachi.

[On the outside, Abigail watches with keen interest, though showing no emotion on her face. As Harmony goes for another kick, Malachi grabs her leg and nails her with a single leg takedown. Harmony starts to push her off of the mat when Malachi comes over and slams his boot across her jaw!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh COME on!

Angus:

There was nothing illegal about that!

DDK:

I thought you loved this girl!

Angus:

Right now is a classic example of man vs. self, Keebs.

DDK:

How compassionate was that from Malachi?!

Angus:

Do you not listen to him?! He is here for RETRIBUTION! He gave Harmony a chance out of this, as much as it pains me to think that.

DDK:

So she brought this upon herself?

Angus:

...yes.

[Malachi makes his way back to his feet and begins to stomp away at Harmony. Harmony tries her best to cover up, but Malachi's sheer size advantage over her negates this! The intensity only worsens with each shot as Malachi's blue eyes are firmly planted upon Harmony, with not an ounce of compassion coming from them. Malachi then grabs her by the back of her neck and pushes her into the corner before nailing her with a series of elbow smashes!]

Angus:

Oh come on! Not the face! Not the chest!

DDK:

You are the sickest person I've ever met.

Angus:

Three years running!

DDK:

I'm surprised it's not been longer, frankly.

[Malachi sizes Harmony up before whipping her across the ring to the opposite corner! Harmony though uses the corner to her advantage as she hops onto the second turnbuckle and connects with a crossbody on an approaching Malachi! Malachi rolls through it though and rises to his feet, Harmony in his arms, and connects with a fallaway slam!]

Angus:

Sheer power from Malachi there!

DDK:

It looked like Harmony would finally be able to put some momentum together, but just as quickly as she tried to cease it, Malachi snuffed it out.

Angus:

This was a lose-lose for Harmony the moment she came out of here. She has no hopes of competing with Malachi.

DDK:

She hasn't given up yet. She's showing heart and determination.

[Malachi continues his attack on Harmony, stomping away her, and then dropping a few knees across her sternum once again. The fans let him hear it and as Malachi looks out at them, he slowly shakes his head at them. He then grabs Harmony and brings her up to her feet, to which Harmony starts drilling Malachi with a series of fists!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Harmony is starting to fight back!

Angus:

With some fists? That is NOT a sound decision if you ask me.

[With Malachi slightly stunned, Harmony connects with an uppercut, sending the larger man stumbling backwards. Harmony then bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to the left leg of the stunned Malachi! Malachi drops to one knee and as he does, Harmony bounces off the ropes again only for Malachi to nail her with a devastating spinebuster that SHAKES the ring!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And just as quickly as she gets some offense going, is as quick as Malachi puts him back on the ground!

DDK:

Harmony going about this all the wrong way if we look at it logically. The fists, the uppercut, that's only going to do so much. She was going the right way about it with the dropkick to the knee, but she can't give him too much space.

Angus:

Malachi is superior athletically to her. This is no contest.

DDK:

Have you given up the idea of sleeping with her? Because if not, this commentary will make sure she never wants you.

Angus:

Bros before Hoes, Keebs!

[Malachi grabs Harmony and proceeds to slam his knee into her face! Harmony falls onto the mat, grabbing her face in the process. Malachi grabs her and brings her into the center of the ring before putting her into a figure-four leglock! Harmony sits up and screams out in pain as the massive legs of Malachi applies immense pressure upon her. Immediately, the fans start to cheer her on.]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

DDK:

And the fans trying to will her back to life here!

Angus:

This is it. Call the bell, Hector!

[Harmony tries to fight out of it, but is unable to reach Malachi. Harmony leans back, in pain, which immediately starts a count from Hector!]

1--

[But Harmony immediately sits up. She looks at Hector, pleading to him with her eyes, but Hector is one that is going to call it right down the middle. The immense pain takes over her again as she lays down again, screaming out in pain while Hector starts to count again.]

1...

2...

[And then she sits up again!]

DDK:

Harmony has to be really careful here because Hector is keeping a close eye on those shoulders.

Angus:

I knew he was going to try and steal my girl away from me. Stay away from her Hector! I saw her first!

DDK:

You are serious an idiot.

Angus:

That's the nicest thing you've said about me in quite some time.

[Harmony looks over at Malachi, who is cool, calm, and collected. She tries to make her way over to the ropes, but continues to have issues due to the weight and size of Malachi, which slows her down.]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

[Harmony is determined though, with the fans firmly behind her as she keeps fighting her way to the ropes. Abigail moves so she is squarely in front of Harmony, showing no emotion with her arms folder across her chest. Harmony glares at Abigail as it gives her the fire she needs to grit through the pain and makes one final push to grab the bottom rope.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Hector immediately orders Malachi to break the hold. Malachi is slow to do so, but immediately gets back up to his feet and grabs Harmony's leg only to be greeted with a boot to the jaw for his troubles! Malachi stumbles away, grabbing his jaw in the process, and as he turns back to Harmony, he is met with a Pele Kick! Malachi drops down to one knee, dazed, as Harmony wastes no time, grabs his head, and connects with a Shiranui! With Malachi down on the mat, Harmony finally connects with a standing moonsault.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And just like that, Harmony has found herself firmly back into this match!

Angus:

She needed to do something and fast or else Malachi was going to turn her into a bug that flew into a windshield.

DDK:

You have no game whatsoever.

Angus:

More game than you!

[Harmony is slow to her feet, favoring her left knee a little bit. She then bounces off the ropes and connects with a legdrop across the chest of Malachi! Her opponent then rolls onto his knees, trying to will himself back up, but Harmony shakes her head, grabbing the back of his head in the process and smashes it into the mat!]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

[She then bounces off the ropes and nails a handstand legdrop across the back of Malachi's neck. Harmony then flips Malachi over and goes for the cover as Hector slides into position.]

1...

2...--

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And a nearfall there for Harmony!

Angus:

Nowhere close.

DDK:

That was a two count!

Angus:

I fail to see your point.

DDK:

Of course you do.

[Malachi starts to fight back up to his feet, but Harmony slams her boot repeatedly into the back of his skull. The fans continue to cheer her on as she continues to fight through the pain and makes her way over to the nearby corner. She hops onto the second turnbuckle and connects with a missile dropkick on Malachi, keeping her large opponent grounded in the process.]

Angus:

And Harmony is in full control here!

DDK:

You were ready to give up on her for good a few moments ago.

Angus:

Oh, I don't like it. Because, you know, we should all worship at the altar of Malachi.

DDK:

STOP TELLING PEOPLE THAT!

[Harmony then looks at Malachi continues to fight back up to his knees. Harmony curses under her breath as she hops onto the second turnbuckle again, watching Malachi as he makes his way up to his feet. As he turns towards her, Harmony connects with a tornado DDT that plants Malachi in the middle of the ring!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans in the Wrestle-Plex can sense that Malachi's time is growing near!

Angus:

HA! If you people think that, you're fools.

DDK:

Well, I guess we will just have to wait and see.

Angus:

You keep doing that then.

[Malachi slowly makes his way up to his feet and Harmony proceeds to hop over the top rope as Malachi makes his way towards her. She then plants him with a kick to the back of the head as he gets close to her before springboarding and connecting with a Quebrada! The fans go nuts as Malachi rolls out of the ring. Harmony doesn't let this slide

though as she exits the ring after him and nails him with a knife-edge chop on her opponent! Malachi looks out at the crowd in pain as Harmony keeps the attack going with a knee to the midsection and then a knee smash to the face!]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

DDK:

And Harmony is taking it STRAIGHT to Malachi!

Angus:

That she is and the fans are being disgusting about it. Do not mock Malachi! You are just asking for trouble!

DDK:

No they're not. Do not listen to him.

Angus:

Oh I can't wait until he smites you.

[With Malachi struggling to get back up this feet, the Malachites make their way over to Harmony! Harmony turns and faces them, pointing a finger at them in the process.]

Harmony:

Stay the FUCK away!

[She then snaps her boot across Malachi's face, putting the church leader back on the mat. Harmony then grabs Malachi and rolls him into the ring. Harmony then follows after him, but as she gets up to her feet, Malachi greets her with a spear that halts all of the momentum she's been building up. Malachi then yanks her up off the mat and connects with a Tiger Suplex! Harmony collides with the mat hard as Malachi then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And a NEAR fall there for Malachi!

Angus:

Told you he wasn't done!

DDK:

He was against the ropes!

Angus:

And then he put her on her back. Which makes me jealous now.

DDK:

You just keep dreaming over there.

[Malachi then gets back up to his feet and brings Harmony up with him before pushing her into the corner. He starts wailing away at her, fist after fist, until Hector forces him away from her! Malachi pushes Hector to the ground HARD and Hector lands HARD. He's not moving much as Malachi turns his attention back towards Harmony, who explodes out of the corner and connects with both knees to his chest!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Ouch. Do not piss Harmony off is what I just learned there.

DDK:

Exactly, but Malachi just took the referee out of commission there.

Angus:

Yeah, Hector was stupid there.

DDK:

Um, no. Just no.

[Harmony then gets back up to her feet only for Malachi to greet her with a clothesline that flips her inside out! Meanwhile, Hector is still on the mat. Malachi drops back to his knees, making his way over to the corner and lowering his head as he tries to get his strength back.]

DDK:

And you can see both competitors completely out of it now!

Angus:

That you can!

DDK:

And it is going to come down to a gut ch-- wait a minute! What is Abigail doing?!

[Sure enough, Abigail slides into the ring with a pair of brass knuckles wrapped around her left hand! Harmony rises to her feet and Abigail goes for a punch with the knuckles, only for Harmony to duck. Instead, Abigail connects with a stiff punch to the jaw of a turning Malachi! Malachi collapses to the mat as Abigail is tossed out of the ring by Harmony.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

NO! NO! NO! NO!

DDK:

Malachi has NO idea what just hit him!

Angus:

This is so unfair! I can't believe that just happened!

[Harmony then shakes Hector, who starts coming to. Harmony then goes for the cover as the referee starts the three count.]

1...

2...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Harmony picks up the victory!

Angus:

A tainted victory at that!

DDK:

That wasn't Harmony's fault! That was a Malachite in the ring!

Angus:

I fail to see your point.

[In the ring, Harmony is up on her feet as Hector raises her hand.]

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... **HARMONY!**

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Harmony then exits the ring as quickly as she can as the Malachites enter the ring! Abigail is beside herself as she looks on at Malachi, who is just coming to. She walks over to Malachi, looking to help him up, but he pushes her away. He then grabs the ropes and pulls himself up, looking at Abigail in the process.]

DDK-

And Malachi looks PISSED!

Angus:

As he should! He would have won this match if it wasn't for them interfering for no reason! He didn't need their help!

[Abigail tries to plead her case as Malachi looks on and then up the ramp to see Harmony celebrating with the fans as she heads to the back! Malachi then looks at Abigail, shaking his head in the process before sliding out of the ring, alone.]

Angus:

If I was the Malachites, I would make sure to pray EXTRA long tonight.

DDK-

Oh geez! Let's cut to the back as we've got something happening back there!

Time to Get Physical

[The tension in the Wrestle-Plex is only growing as the fans are very much aware of the importance of the next three matches: David Noble vs. Mushigihara for the Southern Heritage Championship, Eugene Dewey vs. Dan Ryan vs. Lindsay Troy for the FIST, and finally, Frank Holiday vs. Bronson Box in the finals of the DEF*MAX Finals. Needless to say, the fans knew they were in for a treat over the final third of this magnificent PPV.]

We see Lance Warner standing backstage, microphone in hand, and head firmly attached to shoulders, though Samuel T. Turner was certain to change that as soon as he possibly could.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen... the **Southern Heritage Champion**--

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance Warner:

David! Noble!

[Into the frame appears David Noble. The look in his eyes is one that tells the world he is all about business tonight. Wearing a black t-shirt and the Southern Heritage Championship draped across his right shoulder, he looks like a man on a mission. That mission? Destruction.]

Lance Warner:

Tonight--

[Before Lance can continue though, Noble raises his hand, silencing Warner in the process. Noble just stands there, his eyes narrowing as the fans start chanting his name.]

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

[Noble continues to stand there, the cheers continuing in the Wrestle-Plex. David takes the microphone away from Lance and pats him on the back. Warner takes the hint and walks away as David looks into the camera.]

David Noble:

I already know everything that Lance is going to ask me. Right now, this moment is between myself and these fans. Before I get to the sushi roll himself, let's focus on my boy, the NEXT DEF*MAX winner... Frank. Holiday.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The fans make it known of their love for Holiday as well. Noble doesn't flinch.]

David Noble:

Tonight, Bronson Box is going to FULLY understand the words that I have been speaking for months now; that the future of DEF has arrived. You doubt me? You saw the match at DEFtv50 between us two. You know what I took away from that match, beside some bruises and pain? How hungry we both were. No matter how much we put one another through, we kept fighting back. So just imagine, Bronson, what's going to happen tonight as Frank is in that ring with you. I don't have to imagine it, because I already know it. He is going to walk away with the victory and you looking on, confused.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David Noble:

Confused! Baffled! Dazed! Uncertain! Bewildered! Astonished! Disoriented! Confounded! Befuddled! Take your pick of words, you will be it. Because, and I can promise you this, you are not going to know what hit you when The Train

Wreck runs right over you.

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

[David then clears his throat.]

David Noble:

Now, I didn't come out here to focus on Frank. He's going to handle his business tonight. No, you see, up next, we are going to see not a match, but a fight. Not a contest, but a battle. War will be waged in the Wrestle-Plex tonight, because for the first time, I will stand in the ring and square off against Mushigihara.

MUSHI! THE! SUSHI! BITCH! MUSHI! THE! SUSHI! BITCH!

David Noble:

Exactly. For months now, he has been a thorn in my side. He attacked me after I won the title at AfterShock. Attacked me again before my match with Samuel T. Turner. Came down during DEFtv50 and took me out once again. Then, at DEFtv52, came out and cost me a chance at a play-in match to be in tonight's finals and stole an opportunity for these fans to watch Frank and I do battle for the fifth time.

[Noble grows silent.]

David Noble:

No more. Tonight, it all ends. Tonight, Mushigihara, you have to actually stand in the ring and fight like a man. I know that might be difficult for you. You have been so used to your sneak attacks and being a general coward. Not tonight. No more. You will have to stand in the ring with me and finally get what has been coming to you for a long time. Your problem, Mushi? It's not the fact that thousands of fans will be chanting my name tonight.

DAY-VIP! DAY-VIP! DAY-VIP! DAY-VIP! DAY-VIP!

David Noble:

No, no. Its not the fact that at DEFtv48, a REVOLUTION began. Because, you see, the future of DEFIANCE is here and you are simply not on that boat, Mushigihara. You can't possibly be on it, because after tonight, you will be broken and a friendly reminder as to what happens when you don't square up and fight like a man. You will be remembered in the history books as the BEAST who couldn't roar when it mattered the most.

[Noble shakes his head.]

David Noble:

Mushi, I do not care that you are a beast. I do not care that you are almost two of me. I simply couldn't give a damn. The fact of the matter is, in that ring, I will give it my all tonight and you will see the HEART of a champion come to life. You will think you have put me down, but I will keep rising from the depths of hell and when it is all said and done, you will learn the truth as it pertains to David Noble. I. Will. Not. Quit.

David Noble:

A classic story, a tale as old as time, David versus Goliath. We're going to tack on a new version of that story though, one where Goliath is left broken and battered on the mat, embarrassed for the whole world to see. Hope you're ready Mushi, because it's time to get physical.

[Noble then drops the microphone and walks away as the fans are on their feet, chanting his name. We then cut to the ring, as it is time for the Southern Heritage Championship match!]

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by "The Curator of Chaos," Eddie Dante, he hails from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan and weighs in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... this is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAA!

Boooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

DDK:

And the fans are letting Mushigihara have it!

Angus:

Yeah, because they are foolish and can't recognize the beauty that is the God Beast.

DDK:

...are you hot for him?

Angus:

WHAT?! NO!

[As the crowd rains their hatred down on the arena, the God-Beast fully emerges, slowly stalking his way to the ring, lead on by his manager. Dante is grinning like a shark seeing blood. Mushi makes it to the ring, bouncing off the ropes on either side and having a staring contest with the entire arena as the video game music goes dead.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

DDK:

And everything in the Wrestle-Plex is deafening!

Angus:

We do this every show he appears!

DDK:

It's a good bit!

Angus:

It's not. It's really not!

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the **SOUTHERN! HERITAGE! CHAMPION! ... DAVID! NOBLE!**

[The lights then dim as the DEFIATron comes to life. Against the black screen, big bold white letters pop up. **DAVID NOBLE**. Then guitars and drums are heard over the speakers in the DEFArena as "Touch Peel and Stand" by Days of the New erupts into the arena. As the first words come out, David Noble appears from the back, determination on his face as he stares into the ring.]

Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

DDK:

This man would have been squaring off against Frank Holiday earlier this evening in the DEF*MAX Block B Play-In match if it wasn't for Mushigihara! He could have been facing Bronson Box in the finals tonight!

Angus:

Maybe. Possibly. I much prefer him having been in that Frank Holiday match then Curtis Penn. One because those two tear it down every single time they step in the ring and two because I hate Curtis Penn.

DDK:

Truth. Except Mushigihara got involved.

Angus:

In a fine display of self-preservation.

♪ Since I know how low to go ♪
♪ I wont let it show ♪
♪ Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go ♪
♪ And now I stand, and I peel for more ♪
♪ Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go ♪

[Noble, wearing a pair of blue jeans and a white short-sleeved t-shirt, begins to make his way down to the ring. Even with all of the pain he's been put through in recent weeks, his adrenaline is pouring through his veins to the point that it looks like he is as fresh as ever. The Southern Heritage Championship, hanging from his shoulder, is displayed proudly as he walked into the ring, his eyes focused on Mushigihara.]

♪ Yes I've finally found a reason ♪
♪ I don't need an excuse ♪
♪ I've got this time on my hands ♪
♪ You are the one to abuse ♪

[Noble hands over his championship and sheds the shirt as there are a few bruises from the continued attacks he's received from Mushigihara. Still Noble, looks ready to do battle as does Mushigihara.]

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

DDK:

You can FEEL the tension radiating from both of these men's bodies.

Angus:

Why are you checking out their bodies?!

DDK:

Shut your mouth or I will shut it for you.

Angus:

I'd like to see you t--

THWACK!

Angus:

OW!

[There is no smile on Noble's face as he walks back and forth in the ring, rolling his shoulders, and letting the chant from the fans fill his head. There is no question he is ready for the fight of his lifetime. Across from him, Mushigihara is in a corner, focused solely upon Noble, and finally taking the Southern Heritage Championship away from him.]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

And we are OFF!

DDK:

Folks... expect a BRUTAL battle between these two!

[The moment the bell rings, Noble rushes and jumps on top of Mushi, drilling him with fist after fist after fist!]

THWACK!**THWACK!****THWACK!****THWACK!****THWACK!****DDK:**

And Noble is coming out of the gates HOT!

Angus:

Yeah, with the LEAST sound attack plan ever! Those fists will never be FELT by Mushigihara!

[Sure enough, Mushi pushes Noble off of him, with Noble landing on his back and rolling through it. He is right back up on his feet and rushes right back at Mushigihara and does the exact same thing!]

THWACK!**THWACK!****THWACK!****THWACK!****THWACK!**

[This time, Mushigihara slams his massive head against Noble's. David looks stunned, but fights through the pain and connects with a few more fists to the jaw of Mushigihara only to be met with a few more headbutts for his trouble!]

THUMP!**THUMP!****THUMP!****Angus:**

And Mushigihara SHOWING his strength there! He doesn't even look fazed after cracking his skull into Noble's there a few times!

DDK:

Noble though looks like he has been slammed in the head a few times with a steel chair.

Angus:

Noble needs to come up with another game plan and fast.

[Noble stumbles back towards Mushi. Mushi goes for a stiff fist, but Noble ducks underneath it. Mushi turns towards Noble and is met with a stiff knife-edge chop across the chest!]

once again. He proceeds to grab the back of Noble's head and starts smashing his forearm into the face of Noble repeatedly. By placing his hand behind Noble's head, it prevents Noble from falling down or getting away from the massive giant. With David sufficiently dazed, Mushi wraps his arms around Noble in a bear hug!]

David Noble:

AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

And Noble yelling out in pain from the bear hug!

Angus:

You consider there is about eighty extra pounds of muscle in those arms then what Noble has and the state of his body, it will take a miracle for Noble not to pass out from this hold.

DDK:

Never going to happen.

Angus:

Just watch.

[Noble looks like he is in absolute pain as Mushi's arms crush the life out of him! He tries his best to fight out of it, but Mushi keeps wrenching it, squeezing the life out of him. David grunts in pain, but as Brian Slater asks if he wants to give up, Noble shakes his head while the sweat pours out of his head. Noble then smashes his elbow across Mushi's jaw to no effect. Instead, Mushi tightens his grip while tossing Noble around!]

Angus:

Just give up, David!

DDK:

He is NOT going to do that.

Angus:

He needs to. Or else he is going to walk out of here with broken bones, lacerated organs, and possibly never walking out of that ring again.

DDK:

He's not going to give up.

[Noble looks to be in absolute horror as he puts his hands in Mushi's face and tries to push off, but to no avail. David grits his teeth as he stretches his arms out and connects with a BELL CLAP on Mushi!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

BELL! *CLAP*!

BELL! *CLAP*!

BELL! *CLAP*!

DDK:

And Noble taking a page out of Henry Keyes book there! As he connected with a series of Bell Claps, with the fans CHEERING him on!

Angus:

YES! BELL CLAP A MOFO!

DDK:

He's been on the receiving end of a few of those before!

Angus:

And this was more than enough to break the hold that Mushi had on him!

[Noble is down on both knees while Mushigihara is walking around the ring, rubbing his head from the vicious shots. Eddie meanwhile is yelling at Mushi to get back into the match! Mushi comes back over to David, who greets him with a series of forearms across the jaw of Mushi! With each shot, Mushi's head turns just a little bit, but the ferocity of the shots from Noble just show how much frustration Noble has been holding onto.]

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

Angus:

No! No! No!

DDK:

Noble going back to just wanting to beat the HELL out of Mushigihara!

Angus:

That is NEVER going to work!

DDK:

Something tells me that Noble does NOT care!

[The forearms only work to further infuriate Mushigihara as he slams his head into Noble's before grabbing him by the back of the head and throwing him over the top rope! Mushi walks away, the forearms having broken through his thick armor, while Noble grabs the top rope and dangles there before skinning the cat and getting back into the ring! Mushi turns around only to be met with a dropkick to his right knee by Noble!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Noble finally taking out the base of Mushigihara!

Angus:

FINALLY! You want to beat the God Beast? You have to start there!

DDK:

You sound so conflicted.

Angus:

Oh, don't get me wrong. I like Noble, but Mushi is walking out of here the champ. Still, Noble needs to go smarter on this.

[With Mushi down on one knee, Noble runs full speed at Mushi only for the God Beast to use his pure strength to slam Noble to the mat with a powerbomb that nearly breaks Noble in half! Mushi pushes Noble away from him while David rolls around on the mat, in pure agony as Brian Slater checks on him to make sure he can still continue. Mushi then goes for the cover, with Brian Slater sliding into position.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

RAAAAAAA

Angus:

WE ALMOST HAD A NEW CHAMPION THERE!

DDK:

Almost is not for sure. Noble is NOT done yet and he just showed it to Mushi right then and there!

Angus:

Which may have been foolish. Mushi is only going to inflict more damage to Noble.

DDK:

We are going to learn just how much damage Noble can take.

Angus:

Or how much Mushi can truly dish out.

[With Mushi unable to get the pinfall, fury washes over Mushigihara as he looks at Brian Slater who confirms the two count. He then wraps his hands around Noble's throat, choking the life out of him! Noble immediately starts flailing while Brian Slater starts counting!]

1!

2!

3!

4!

[At the four count, Mushi breaks the hold while Noble rolls away from him, grabbing at his throat as he can feel the air rushing back to his lungs.]

Angus:

Mushi has to be careful not to let his emotions get the best of him!

DDK:

That is for sure as Eddie is yelling at him to keep it in check.

Angus:

Truth be told, I would not be yelling at Mushi.

DDK:

He scares you that much?

Angus:

As if he doesn't scare you!

[Mushi then starts to bring Noble up to his feet, only for David to connect with an uppercut to the God Beast! Mushi stumbles backwards from the unexpected shot, which gives Noble all of the space he needs as he follows that up with an enziguri! The shot only drops Mushi down to one knee as Noble then connects with a springboard Shining Wizard to the challenger, sending both men to the ground!]

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex is going NUTS after that springboard Shining Wizard!

Angus:

That's the most offense that Noble has been able to put together all night and the first time Mushi has been on his back!

DDK:

Could the tide be changing?

Angus:

Too early to tell. You need a LOT to keep the God Beast down.

DDK:

It's not like he can't be beaten.

Angus:

Except now, the title is on the line. That takes things to a WHOLE new level.

[With the fans getting back into the match, Eddie yells at Mushi to get back up to his feet. The God Beast does exactly that while Noble makes barely a move. As Mushi stands up, Noble kips up behind Mushigihara as the fans ROAR in approval! Mushigihara then turns around only for Noble to greet him with a kick to the midsection and then a high knee to the face, sending The God Beast stumbling into the nearby corner!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans have COME to life!

Angus:

That they have and Noble needs to harness them quickly to keep him going.

DDK:

At the very least the adrenaline is going to keep the pain away.

Angus:

Which is going to be a BITCH when it wears off.

[With Mushi in the corner, Noble rushes over to him and starts drilling his knee repeatedly into the right leg of his challenger! The fans go crazy as they see pain appear on Mushi's face while Noble keeps it going. David then grabs Mushi and pushes him into the ropes before whipping him across the ring. Noble goes for and connects with a roundhouse kick, but Mushi refuses to go down. Noble then bounces off the ropes and connects with a flying forearm that sends the big man down to the mat!]

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

Angus:

And the Wrestle-Plex is deafening right now!

DDK:

It's just about six weeks shy of when Noble made his debut and in that time, the fans have LOVED this man!

Angus:

That much is evident and it will be sincerely heartbreakingly to watch as Noble loses in the end.

DDK:

I love how delusional you are at times.

[Noble then bounces back up on his feet and runs off the ropes before springboarding off the second rope and connecting with a springboard moonsault on Mushi! Noble bounces off of his opponent and onto his feet while the fans are on their feet, yelling in appreciation. David then bounces off the ropes again and nails a running shooting star press on Mushi!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Noble is picking up the pace here, which only spells disaster for Mushi!

Angus:

It very well could, but this match is not done yet.

DDK:

Well, the Wrestle-Plex is rocking, which is keeping Noble going.

Angus:

Just wait for some kind of impact move on Noble. The air will go out of this building so fast.

[With Mushi trying his best to get back up to his feet, David starts stomping away at the God Beast! Mushigihara continues to fight through the shots though until he is standing tall and Noble is rocking him with a series of fists!]

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

[The shots stun Mushigihara as Noble then takes a few steps back and connects with a superkick that sends Mushi over the top rope and to the outside!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And with each shot that Noble lands, the momentum in this place keeps on building!

Angus:

How in the hell does Noble keep doing it?!

DDK:

He refuses to quit!

Angus:

Well, he better keep it going!

[As Mushi makes his way back up to his feet on the outside, Noble bounces off of the ropes and soars over the top rope, connecting with a plancha on Mushi! Both men go down to the ground hard, but Noble hops back up to his feet, slapping hands with a few of the fans in the process. Noble then climbs onto the ring apron and watches as Mushi

slowly gets back up to his feet. As Mushi turns back towards Noble, David runs full speed off the ring apron and connects with a hurricanrana on the God Beast!]

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

Angus:

Well, that's a gameplan that will work.

DDK:

Noble is taking it right to Mushi, flying all over the place, and keeping Mushi off balance!

Angus:

This is exactly what he NEEDED to avoid here and is not doing a good job whatsoever of doing so.

DDK:

Not at all and judging by the look on Eddie's face, he is worried now.

[Noble then grabs Mushi by the back of the head and slowly rolls him into the ring. Noble then hops onto the ring apron before connecting with a shooting star press on his opponent! Not wasting any time, Noble goes for the cover!]

1...

2-NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And as Brian Slater's hand hit the mat for the second time, Mushi launched Noble off of him!]

Angus:

What sheer strength being displayed by Mushi right there!

DDK:

Definitely sent a message to Noble that he's not done yet.

Angus:

Noble is going to need to throw in the kitchen sink to make this victory happen.

DDK:

For all we know, Noble might just do that!

[As Mushi starts to sit up, Noble then bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to the back of Mushi's skull!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Noble makes his way to his knees and looks out at the fans, who are on their feet, cheering him on. He grabs the rope and hoists himself back up. He walks over to the nearby corner and climbs to the top. He watches as Mushi makes his way back up to his feet and then as Mushi turns towards him, he leaps off the top rope only for Mushi to grab him in midair and sends him crashing to the mat with a powerbomb.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And JUST like that! Mushi is BACK in control!

DDK:

That was the worst possible outcome right there for Noble!

[He then lifts Noble up into the air and drops him chest first across the railing! Noble stumbles away, agony written on his face while Mushi comes up behind and slams him face first into the ring post!]

BOOO!

DDK:

This is getting ugly, fast!

Angus:

Without question. Brian Slater is trying to get both men back in the ring, but Mushi has no intention of doing so.

DDK:

Noble may have a concussion after that shot to the steel.

Angus:

Just like most girls when I smack them with my d--

DDK:

Shut it.

[Mushi then goes to whip Noble into the steel steps, but Noble manages to leap over them. As he turns around, Mushi is running full speed at him and Noble springboards off the stairs and slams both of his knees into the chest of Mushi, which illicits a pop from the crowd! Noble then mounts Mushi and starts blasting him with a series of fists!]

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

SERIOUSLY?!

DDK:

You can NEVER count Noble out and Mushi is learning that the HARD way!

Angus:

No, I mean, you won't let me talk about my dick-slapping techniques?!

DDK:

That line would work if every hooker in New Orleans hadn't already laughed at the minuscule size of your penis.

Angus:

You cut me deep, Keebs!

[Noble then rolls back into the ring, breaking the count Brian Slater had started, and then climbs to the top rope. He watches as Mushi gets back up to his feet and then connects with a moonsault to the outside on the rising Mushi! The fans are going nuts as they watch Noble get back up to his feet and rolls Mushi into the ring. Noble slides in after him and goes for the count.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Mushi JUST got his shoulder up there!

Angus:

Could Noble actually do it?!

DDK:

If you have to ask, then you're an idiot.

Angus:

I'm going to stab you one of these days.

[Noble, exhausted, reaches down onto the mat and forces himself up to his feet. His body is drained and it is evident by the look in his face. With each movement he makes, his body aches, but it doesn't stop him from unleashing a series of brutal knee strikes to the face of Mushigihara!]

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

[With the fans cheering him on, Noble makes his way over to the nearest corner before climbing to the top and connecting with a moonsault legdrop! The fans go crazy as Noble goes for the cover once again!]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

ALMOST! Once again, Mushigihara is NOT done yet!

DDK:

Yeah, but Noble is in the driver seat now and taking it right to Mushi!

Angus:

Just wait. Just you wait.

DDK:

Yeah, okay.

[Noble makes his way back up to his feet once again, dragging Mushi off the ground in the process. He then goes for a reverse DDT on Mushi, but Mushi manages to block the Equalizer! Mushi then wraps his arms around Noble's waist and reverses it into a devastating slam into the mat! Noble rolls around, grabbing his back while Mushi takes a moment to gather himself.]

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OOF! Mushi getting out of the pinfall once again!

DDK:

Mushi can't keep Noble down at this point as the two are going back and forth!

Angus:

Takes a LOT more than that to keep the God Beast down.

DDK:

We shall see.

[Noble is slow to his feet, but as he makes his way back up he manages to connect with an elbow across the sternum of Mushi! Noble then makes his way over to the closest corner and climbs to the top! He then goes for the Corkscrew Shooting Star Press, only for Mushi to move out of the way, sending Noble crashing into the mat!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And that's why you can't always be doing flippity-flop shit!

DDK:

Noble crashed and burned right there when he could have put the match away!

Angus:

And just like that, we have witnessed the moment when Noble lost the Southern Heritage Championship.

DDK:

Not so fast.

[As Noble stumbles back to his feet, Mushi comes up behind him and nails the Hercules Cutter!]

DDK:

Beast Breaker!

Angus:

It's ALL over!

[Mushi then looks out at the fans, his chest heaving, as he knows he has put their beloved hero away. He then goes for the cover!]

1...

...

2...

...

3...--- *NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

You wake me when we have gotten to that point.

[Noble then starts climbing the top rope and it is very clear he is looking for the Leap of Faith. As he stands up there though, Eddie Dante hops onto the ring apron, distracting Noble in the process. Noble hops off the top rope and walks over to Dante before grabbing him by the neck. Brian Slater comes over to break them up and as he pushes Noble away, Dante slams his thumb into Noble's right eye!]

BOOO!

DDK:

Are you kidding me?!

Angus:

I have no idea what you are talking about.

DDK:

Of course you don't!

[Eddie hops off the ring apron as Brian Slater checks on Noble. David brushes Brian Slater off as Noble exits the ring and starts going over Dante! Eddie's eyes get big as Noble runs after him and catches up with the devlish manager. Noble looks like he is about to cause some serious damage to Dante when Mushigihara exits the ring and clubs Noble in the back!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Should have focused on Mushi!

DDK:

He was trying to when Eddie got involved!

Angus:

That is tenuous at best!

DDK:

It really isn't.

[David retaliates with a series of elbow smashes to the face of Mushigihara. Noble, with his back still to Mushigihara, wraps his arm around Mushi's neck and nails him with a bulldog that sees Noble soar over the barricade and Mushi's throat crash into the top of the barricade!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And I think Noble has SNAPPED!

Angus:

Um, yeah. Everyone, LOOK OUT!

[Noble flips Mushi over so his shoulders are on the barricade and starts slamming his forearm repeatedly across the chest and sternum of The God Beast! Noble then rips Mushi's mask off and proceeds to choke Mushi with it! The God Beast flails before Noble releases him. Mushi stumbles away as Noble connects with a springboard dropkick that sends Mushi crashing into the ring posts!]

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

Angus:

And Noble is going straight HAM!

DDK:

Straight *what*!?

Angus:

Catch up with us cool kids.

DDK:

I am pretty certain you are nowhere close to being cool.

[Noble then rolls Mushi back into the ring. As Noble tries to enter the ring after Mushi, Eddie grabs Noble only to be met with a superkick for his troubles! This gets a HUGE pop from the crowd as Noble rolls into the ring and hooks the leg for the cover.]

1...

...

2...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Mushi is not done yet!?

Angus:

NOPE! This is the GOD BEAST!

DDK:

And Noble has to figure out some way to stop him!

[Noble sits up and shakes his head as he looks over at Mushi. David then hops onto his feet and climbs to the top rope, looking for the Leap of Faith, but misses as Mushi rolls out of the way! Mushi is quick to his feet as he lifts Noble high into the air and connects with the Hercules Cutter!]

DDK:

BEAST BREAKER!

Angus:

Good night.

[Mushi then goes for the cover!]

1...

...

2...

...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAH!

Angus:

NO WAY!

DDK:

Noble isn't done YET!

Angus:

This is impossible!

DDK:

Well, not, not really.

[Mushi looks at Noble and Brian Slater. Mushigihara makes his way to his feet and grabs Brian Slater by the neck, looking to wreck him, but he looks over and sees Noble trying to make his way back up to his feet. He walks over to Noble, lifts him up again for the Hercules Cutter, but Noble manages to land behind him and plants him with a reverse DDT!]

*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAH!

DDK:

EQUALIZER!

Angus:

I can't even watch anymore.

[Noble then slowly climbs to his feet and to the top rope before connecting with the Leap of Faith!]

*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAH!

[And then he goes for the cover.]

1...

...

2...

...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner... AND STILL **SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!** DAAAAAAA*VIIIIIIIIID!*
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAAA*RAAAAAAA*AAAAAH!

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex has EXPLODED!

Angus:

I don't know how he did it, but he has DEFEATED Mushigihara!

DDK:

Never say never!

Angus:

Ugh, this kid dug down WAY deep.

DDK:

That he did.

[Noble's arm is hoisted high in the air as he is handed his Southern Heritage Championship. He lifts it high in the air as the fans chant his name. He scales one of the corner turnbuckles and lifts the title up.]

DDK:

You have to wonder what is next for David!

Angus:

Who knows?! He's had some impressive matches and has gone a long way to making that title respectable once again.

[David then looks down as Mushigihara has rolled out of the ring with Eddie helping him to the back. Both look beaten while Noble definitely looks hurt, but the elation is getting the best of him right now.]

DDK:

And to think... we still have TWO huge matches left to go!

Angus:

Oh yeah. We are JUST getting started fans!

[Back to backstage we go.]

Words and Doors

"I talk a lot of shit, I know."

[From the SoHer title match, the camera finds Lindsay Troy standing alone in the dimly lit DEFgym. There's a towel draped over her shoulder and her gaze is down and away from the camera. She winds the tape she took from Iris Davine's office around her forearm, careful to complete this last step of prep before she leaves for the dance.]

Lindsay Troy:

I talk a lot of shit because that's what keeps the door wedged open when someone tries to slam it in my face.

[A smirk.]

Lindsay Troy:

I've got this nasty little habit of being right more times than I'm wrong, and that makes people want to keep the door open to see how it all unfolds. I speak and heads nod in agreement, or feathers get ruffled, or I get a target slapped on my back. Those doormen start to wonder, "Who's gonna be the one to make the Queen eat her words? And what's she gonna do after it happens?"

I said earlier my track record and my talent speak enough for me, but the reality is my big, brash, fuckless and fancy free mouth is the beacon that lights the way for all the rest to be possible. The words open doors and the talent takes me the rest of the way. All the wins. All the titles. All the moments. All the glory is because nobody's been able to put me down long enough where I've got nothing left to say and nothing else to prove.

[The tape runs off the end of the roll and Troy tosses the cardboard cylinder off-camera.]

Lindsay Troy:

DEF*MAX didn't go the way I planned because Eugene Dewey thought he saw his shot and he took it. He made "Match. Tourney. Title." null and void after I fired the bullet that had *Crowning Glory* written on it. I took the W in our match, but he wasn't gonna let me have the whole tourney. Desperate men will do anything to save face after embarrassment, won't they?

Mister FIST forgot about the end-game, though.

[Now she looks at the camera.]

Lindsay Troy:

This match tonight isn't a consolation prize. It's not a Participant's Ribbon that everybody gets just for showing up. The FIST of DEFIANCE was always the last stop on this journey, whether I ran the tables in DEF*MAX, or if I played from behind, or if I even made it to the finals. I'm just getting my crack at it sooner than I figured, and I'm not one to let an opportunity like this float by me on the current.

You should've saved your swerve for when Kelly couldn't do anything about it, Eugene.

The reign of the Dark Lord is at its end.

[Cut.]

The First Time is the Best Time

[The time had come for Eugene Dewey as he makes his way to the Guerilla area. Time had come for his date with destiny, to remind the world why he is the greatest champion DEFIANCE had ever seen. The past few months, defeat was on his lips thanks to Lindsay Troy and Bronson Box. Defeat wasn't something foreign to Eugene, but doing so after becoming the top man in DEFIANCE wasn't the way Dewey wanted to start his reign.]

[Being one of the only champions in DEFIANCE had awarded Eugene a number of privileges. With each step he takes towards the Guerilla, the thoughts of what he would do to Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy races through his mind. Tonight, he would remind the world of why he's the greatest in the world.]

DEW-EY SUCKS! DEW-EY SUCKS! DEW-EY SUCKS! DEW-EY SUCKS!

[As he enters the Guerilla area, he ran into a man, the only man, who knew what it was like to be a champion in DEFIANCE.

Enter: David Noble.]

[Both men immediately lock eyes. For months, the only two single champions in DEFIANCE couldn't have been on a more different path, or so they thought. Both were trying to usher in a new era of DEFIANCE and while doing so, had taken pot shots at one another; especially David.]

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

[Gravity pushes both men towards one another, David fresh off his victory against Mushigihara, and Dewey ready for his upcoming match. Their eyes lock onto one another as every single fan in the Wrestle-Plex watch with bated breath. The two men in DEFIANCE with the two biggest titles were squaring off and fireworks could happen at any moment.

The tension builds between the two as they measure one another. Noble looks at the Southern Heritage Championship and pats it with his open palm before looking back at Dewey. Eugene, as stoic as ever, raises the FIST high in the air. The tension drags them closer to one another, to the point they are nose-to-nose.]

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

[It looks like both men are going to give them exactly that when Dewey cracks a smile, takes a step backwards, and spreads his arms before shrugging his shoulders. He then brushes shoulders with Noble, making his way towards the ring, ready for his dance with destiny, and leaving Noble alone. David looks over his shoulder as Dewey walks away, before he walks away, proudly displaying the Southern Heritage Championship.]

FIST Title Match: Eugene Dewey (c) vs. Lindsay Troy vs. Dan Ryan

[Cut-to: Angus and Keebs at the announce table by the stage.]

DDK:

Alright partner, it's time for the FIST of DEFIANCE to face the music.

Angus:

And by face the music, get punished because Kels' was mad that he ruined her tournament?

DDK:

Something along those lines, though I wouldn't say he *ruined* the tournament.

Angus:

That's true, DEF*MAX has been pretty awesome.

DDK:

Actual praise for the Boss, huh?

Angus:

Yeah, never let it be said that I wasn't able to acknowledge that Kelly Evans was able to do something right. Now excuse me, I think I'm gonna be sick...

DDK:

Sure. A little dramatic, but sure. That said, Eugene Dewey is responsible for, essentially gerrymandering the tournament, having cost both Dan Ryan AND Lindsay Troy critical matches that left them on the outside looking in for the Finals of the DEF*MAX tournament.

Angus:

And just to prove that you don't mess with the Boss' things, she put him in a three way with in-laws who don't like him at all. It's very Eric Danian of her... Excuse me, sick again...

DDK:

It's certainly going to be an upward climb for the FIST, but the question is... What happens when Ryan or Troy try to actually win?

Angus:

Well Keebs, only one person can walk outta here with the FIST, which might be the only advantage Euge has. In-Laws or not, Ryan and Troy want revenge, but I'm willing to bet they want the FIST of DEFIANCE even more than that!

DDK:

Well, there's only one way to find out how this is going to play out, so lets send it on down to the ring.

Angus:

Take it away, DEE QUE!

Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall and is a triple-threat match for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

[And suddenly....darkness.]

[“Zero” - Smashing Pumpkins]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[A dual-spotlight circles the entrance area as the opening riff blasts through the speakers. When the riff kicks it up a

notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Houston, Texas, weighing in at three hundred and five pounds.... "THE EGO BUSTER" DAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNN RYYYYYYAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN!

[Pyro booms all around the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE as Ryan heads down the aisle. The video on the DEFIATron shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, super-kicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.]

♪ *My reflection, dirty mirror.* ♪
♪ *There's no connection to myself.* ♪
♪ *I'm your lover, I'm your zero.* ♪
♪ *I'm the face in your dreams of glass.* ♪

♪ *So save your prayers* ♪
♪ *For when we're really gonna need 'em.* ♪
♪ *Throw out your cares and fly.* ♪
♪ *Wanna go for a ride?* ♪

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd. His music is cut and the buzz from the fans fill the Wrestle-Plex for a few seconds before...]

[“Trampled Underfoot” - Led Zeppelin]

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[That all-too familiar clavinet intro blasts through the PA system and if there was any DEFIAfan left sitting after Dan Ryan's entrance, they rise to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and red, silver, and gold pyro explode from the stage 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, strides out to the platform, and marches across the stage and down the ramp.]

Quimbey:

Making her way down the aisle, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and eighty pounds.... "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" LIIIIIIINNNNNDDDDSSSSSSAAYYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYYY!

[Spotlights follow Troy's path to the ring and the smirk on her face matches that of her brother-in-law's in the ring. Once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she hops onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off to wait for the last participant in this little dance.]

Quimbey:

And their opponent!

[“Dark Lord Bowser”]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[One spotlight focuses itself on the center of the stage. Slowly a very distinct, very familiar figure walks into the light, which bounces off of the golden strap fixed tightly around his waist.]

Quimbey:

From Buffalo, Wyoming, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds...

[The FIST of DEFIANCE stays standing at the top of the ramp and looking down towards the darkened ring where his opponents wait for him. He takes his time in making his next step, but eventually he proceeds down the ramp towards the squared circle.]

Quimber:

He is the reigning, defending, FIST of DEFIANCE...

[The spotlight follows the FIST until he stops at the bottom of the ramp. He holds his hands by his sides, but keeps them balled up in fists just in case one of his opponents decides to bring the fight to him. Neither of them do, but they stand in the middle of the ring, both clearly ready to start this off.]

Quimbey:

Here is EEEEEEEEEEUGEEEEEEENEEEEEEE DEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Still without moving, Dewey soaks in the jeers from the crowd as the lights come back up and his music fades out. A box of popcorn comes sailing from deep in the crowd and narrowly misses the FIST's head, but nothing will take his attention off of Dan Ryan, who stands tall in the ring, or Lindsay Troy next to him, who is crouched slightly, ready to spring into action at a moment's notice.]

DDK:

Looks like a cautious start for Dewey here.

Angus:

Cautious? It's smart is what it is. He knows what waits for him between those ropes, and it's not a playdate with a puppy.

[Mark Shields leans through the ropes and tries to encourage Eugene to join them in the ring, but Dewey waves him off and takes a step back up the ramp. Obviously that doesn't go over well with the in-laws, who shake their heads and look out into the crowd in disbelief.]

DDK:

Well, there's our champion, Ladies and Gents. The supposed lifeblood of DEFIANCE and the flag bearer for this company, refusing to step in the ring with Lindsay and Dan.

Angus:

Shields needs to get them in their own corners. It's like they're on the same side in this or something.

DDK:

They're two of the Trios champions. Of course they're on the same side, and that's the side of people screwed out of the DEF*MAX tournament by our “champion.”

Angus:

Why do you always have to emphasise “Champion” like that? He is the champ like it or not, Keebs.

This is probably the strangest start to a title match I've ever seen. What the hell is Mark Shields doing starting the match without Dewey in the ring?

DDK:

He's quite clearly refused to step in there with the challengers, so he's pretty much forced Mark's hand. He doesn't have to be in there in order to lose the belt.

[Troy and Ryan seem quite happy to get the match under way and circle each other in the middle of the ring. They snap fingertips as a sign of friendship before tying up with a collar and elbow. Dan's height advantage gives him the upper hand and enables him to wrench the arm of his sister-in-law. He goes behind the Queen and applies a hammerlock. She tries to reach behind her, but she can't quite get hold of any part of Dan as he ducks and weaves from her grasp.]

DDK:

Ryan avoids Troy's clutches and adjusts into the side headlock.

Angus:

I just realised how much hair there is in this match and how none of it is on Dan Ryan's head...

[Dan wrenches on the side headlock, confident that Troy can't lift him off of his feet to reverse the hold. She does, however, grab hold of Ryan's wrist and twists out of the hold before locking Dan in a hammerlock in return. Ryan has the reach to grab her, but she avoids the contact with the hand, only to take a back elbow as she dodges out of the way. Dan turns out of the hammerlock and goes behind her with a waistlock and lifts her off of her feet!]

DDK:

German suplex!... Blocked!

[Troy puts on the brakes and rolls forwards, taking Ryan with her in a rollup!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[*-NO! Dan Ryan kicks out!*]

DDK:

Lindsay Troy surprises Dan Ryan there with the roll up, and now she's back to her feet-

WHAM!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

And gets waylaid by Eugene Dewey!

[As soon as the Queen rolled up the Ego Buster, Eugene Dewey sprang from his seat and hopped over the barricade. He slid under the bottom rope just as Dan kicked out and caught the back of Troy's head with a rushing forearm strike. She hits the canvas like a sack of potatoes, clutching at the soft spot just above her neck while Ryan gets back to his feet. Dewey doesn't allow him any thinking time, though, and rushes over, delivering a running fist to the midsection when he arrives.]

DDK:

Oh NOW Dewey want to get in there and mix it up!

Angus:

Well, Troy was about one second away from taking his title, he had to do something.

DDK:

He waited for the first opportunity when they couldn't do anything about his entrance to the match and exploited it to the maximum.

Angus:

Potato Tomato.

[Eugene controls Dan's head as he pushes him back into the corner and delivers a series of forearms and elbow smashes to the Ego Buster while he has nowhere to go. A final forearm strike rocks Dan for long enough for Eugene to turn back to Troy and charge at her, this time connecting with a knee trembler to the side of the head!]

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHH

Angus:

What a knee from the champ! And check out how wobbly the Queen's legs have gone.

DDK:

That's why they call it a knee trembler.

[Dewey can't take advantage of the now prone Troy, though, as Dan Ryan takes a step out of the corner. Eugene runs back over to him and drives a shoulder into his midsection, forcing him back against the turnbuckle where he delivers a few more shoulders to the Ego Buster's gut.]

Angus:

Dewey's fighting fires right now, he's gotta try and wear down both LT and Ryan at the same time, all the while making sure neither can mount any kind of an offense against him, because if they do it'll be curtains on the five hundred plus day reign of the FIST.

DDK:

One can only hope.

Angus:

Hey, you're supposed to be unbiased.

DDK:

So are you.

Angus:

I am, I just think it's unfair for Eugene to have to defend his title against two thirds of the trios champions.

DDK:

Yeah, YourBoiTai should be in there as well, shouldn't he?

Angus:

Well we all know who I'd be rooting for in that scenario...

[With a huge whip, Dewey sends Ryan across the ring and follows him in with a running splash, squashing him between two hundred and sixty pounds of FIST and the turnbuckle. Dan drops to his butt as Eugene sprints out of the corner right towards the still downed Troy, who receives a running senton for her troubles. Dewey gets back to his feet and bounces off the ropes to come back at Dan with a butt bump, crushing his head against the padding this time. Dewey grabs a leg of the Ego Buster and pulls him from the corner for the cover!]

and suspending him from the top rope. Lindsay bounces on the balls of her feet for a second before hitting the ropes and comes back, leaping over her brother-in-law's head and lands down across the small of Eugene's back!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Did you see the vertical leap of Lindsay Troy right there? Dan Ryan is six foot seven, and Lindsay just leapfrogged him like he was Alceo Dentari!

Angus:

Whatever happened to him?

DDK:

Aren't you usually the one that would know the answer to a question like that?

Angus:

Why would I?

DDK:

...

[Troy grabs Dewey and pulls him off the ropes and throws him towards Ryan. Dan grabs the FIST to stop him from collapsing to the canvas and wraps his arms around the champ's waist.]

DDK:

Uh oh...

[Dan moves Eugene into position so that Lindsay can hit the ropes and come back with a spinning heel kick to his face just as Dan throws the FIST over his head with a release German Suplex! Dewey crashes down hard into the mat, folded up like an accordion!]

DDK:

And here goes Troy, looking for the cover!

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-No! Dan Ryan grabs her by the shoulder and pulls her off of Eugene.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOH

DDK:

Oh my, Lindsay almost had Eugene there, but Dan Ryan just broke up the fall.

Angus:

YES! Dissention!

DDK:

I'm not so sure, Angus. I mean, they're staring at each other, but I think they're both in agreement that neither one will let the other walk out of here as champion *that* easily.

Angus:

Shut up with your storytelling. DISSENTION!

Angus:

Of course not, we can only have one winner.

[Troy and Ryan both get to their feet and stand nose to nose. They don't argue, but there's definitely some form of heated discussion going on between the two. While they jaw jack, Eugene takes the opportunity to slowly roll to the outside of the ring to catch a breather, but the challengers are too preoccupied with each other to notice.]

Angus:

Now we've got it! Now we've got the dissention!

DDK:

They've not come to blows yet though...

[He had to say it, didn't he? Because the second Keebler stops talking, both challengers take a step back, load the figurative bullets into the chamber, and have at it. They both throw right hands that connect with the other's head over and over until Dan Ryan starts to get the better of the exchange. He backs Troy up to the ropes and whips her across the ring, but she reverses the whip and sends him across instead. Ryan comes back and jumps over LT as she drops down, then bounces off the other side and catches the Queen as she goes for a leapfrog! Ryan drives Troy into the mat with a spinebuster and moves across her for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-Lindsay kicks out!]

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs, the partnership is breaking down! That title is just too tempting to them!

DDK:

I'm sure they knew it would come to this, Angus. Maybe your view on things could have merit if one had attacked the other from behind, but they were face to face when they started going at it. I think your perceived 'dissent' is nothing more than two athletes showing tremendous sportsmanship towards the other.

[Ryan doesn't waste any motion and actually picks Troy up from the floor as though he's going for a fall away slam, but he swings her feet underneath her and grabs her in a waist lock. The look on Troy's face says it all. She knows what's coming and starts hammering away with rapid-fire elbows to break free from Ryan's grip, but the Ego Buster throws her overheard with the release belly to belly suplex!]

DDK-

Ryan's not holding back on his sister-in-law!

Angus:

Title on the line, yadda yadda yadda.

[Troy doesn't want to stay on the mat for too long and scrambles over to the corner of the ring to use the ropes to pull herself up. Dan charges in and crushes her against the turnbuckles with a clothesline, but doesn't let her drop to the mat as he lifts her up onto the top rope. Dan starts to follow Troy up, but she throws a right hand that lands deep in Ryan's breadbasket. Dan's stunned for a moment, but he hooks Lindsay's arm up anyway.]

DDK-

Is Dan looking for a superplex?

[Ryan covers Lindsay and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-No! Lindsay gets a shoulder up again!]

DDK:

How is she doing that?

Angus:

I have no idea, Keebs. She got spiked on her head and still managed to kick out.

[Instinctively, Troy rolls over onto her front to prevent any further pin attempts as Ryan gets to his feet. He grabs her by the hair and hauls her up, jamming her head between his thighs once more.]

DDK:

Could it be...

[Ryan wraps his arms around Troy's waist and heaves her up for the Humility bomb, but she comes to life and hammers away at Ryan's face with right hands. The strikes knock the Ego Buster off balance and he stumbles backwards before falling over. Troy lands on top of Dan with a seated senton and hammers a couple of fists down into his forehead before standing up. Ryan sits up but eats a thrust kick to the chest for his trouble that knocks him right back down. Troy hits the ropes and comes back with a somersault leg drop across his chest.]

DDK:

Lindsay's trying to build some momentum now, but she's still looking woozy after that piledriver.

Angus:

Her equilibrium is bound to be off right now, Keebs, and flipping all over the ring like she does isn't gonna help that recovery one bit.

DDK:

I may have to agree with you there, Angus. She should be focusing on getting her bearings back before she starts hitting those acrobatic moves she's so well known for.

Angus:

Case in point, that leg drop.

[Troy shakes the cobwebs off as best as she can as she gets back to her feet and meets Dan Ryan as he gets back to his. She nails Ryan with a couple of left crosses that drive him back into the corner of the ring so that she can whip him across the the opposite corner. Troy follows the Ego Buster, but Dan ducks and elevates the Queen over the top and to the outside, however Troy grabs onto the top rope and lands on her feet on the apron.]

DDK:

Don't turn around, Dan!

[But he does, and eats a forearm strike from the Queen that sends him staggering towards the middle of the ring. With the space between them, Troy ascends the ropes and perches on the top while she waits for Dan Ryan to turn around.]

DDK:

Really don't turn around this time!

[But he does, and Troy somersaults off of the top rope!]

DDK:

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN!

[She lands on Dan's shoulders and leans, back, but Ryan stays on his feet and heaves her back up.]

Angus:

NO! NO!

[The Ego Buster does a 180 and drives Troy down to the mat with the Humility Bomb!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And as soon as Ryan releases her, Eugene Dewey comes charging in with a Biotic Charge that knocks him back into the turnbuckles!]

Angus:

YES! YES! PA-PA-PA-POUNCE MUTHAFUCKA!

DDK:

Where the hell did Eugene come from? He just appeared out of nowhere!

Angus:

He's saving his title! Cover Lindsay, Eugene! Cover her!

[Eugene scrambles over to Troy, but they don't call her the Queen of the Ring for nothing, and her veteran instincts take over as she rolls to the outside. Eugene chases after her on his knees, lunging to grab her every couple of 'steps' but he misses her each and every time.]

Angus:

Damnit!

DDK:

Easy there, Bauer.

Angus:

Oh shut up. Get out there after her, Eugene!

[Dewey starts to slide out under the bottom rope, but his progress is stopped by Dan Ryan who has a handful of his waistband.]

DDK:

You don't wanna touch that, Dan...

[Ryan pulls Dewey back into the ring and grabs him with a waist lock to pull him up to his feet. Eugene throws a back elbow though that connects with Ryan's jaw and allows the FIST to go behind on the challenger. Eugene ducks a head under Ryan's arm and lifts with all his might to take Dan over with a back suplex!]

Angus:

What strength from the FIST!

DDK:

OK, I'll give him that one. Dan Ryan isn't some cruiserweight. That was impressive.

[Dewey grabs Ryan's arm and drags him towards the corner of the ring where he sits the Ego Buster up against the bottom turnbuckle. He sticks a foot in Dan's face and scrapes it across his eyes and nose before sticking the sole of his shoe into his throat.]

DDK:

That? Not so much.

Angus:

He's got to wear down the big guy, and it doesn't matter how big or how tough you are, if you can't breathe, you can't fight.

[Dewey lets up on the choke and pulls Dan up to his feet to whip him across the ring. He follows him in and crushes him against the turnbuckles with an avalanche splash. Ryan drops to the mat ass first as Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with a running butt bump, squashing Dan's head between Nerd Ass and Turnbuckle. He grabs a leg of Ryan's and pulls him from the corner to cover him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Dan Ryan kicks out!]

DDK:

Eugene's bringing out the big guns now!

Angus:

He's got to. He's gotta try and take out Ryan before Troy recovers and makes it back into the ring.

DDK:

And she's still down at ringside.

Angus:

Maybe I should go and check on her... maybe she needs mouth to mouth... or chest compressions...

DDK:

You stay right where you are if you want to live.

[Eugene peels Dan up off of the mat again and scoops him up before slamming him in the middle of the ring. He then hits the ropes and comes back with a running leg drop, which he delivers to the face of the Ego Buster. That's when Eugene signals for something....]

Angus:

Hey Keebs, what do you call a one followed by a metric fuckton of zeroes?

[Dan Ryan starts to stand up as Dewey positions himself behind the ever moving target.]

DDK:

What?

[Eugene ducks under Dan's arm-]

Angus:

It's a GOOGLE-PLEX!

[And he nails the Ego Buster with the Olympic/Angle slam! Eugene goes for the cover!]

[Ryan slowly crawls to the corner of the ring as Troy pulls Eugene up and bends him backwards. She drops the FIST with a reverse underhook DDT and covers him again!]

[ONE!] 

[TWO!!]

[T-Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

Not as emphatic that time, but he still got the shoulder up!

Angus:

All that matters, Keebs.

[Lindsay doesn't waste any time and pulls Eugene up to his feet before unleashing a series of quick kicks, punches, forearms, elbows, knees, and pretty much any other strike that she can flow together that forces Eugene back into the corner. Troy takes a step back and runs at the FIST before stepping onto the middle rope and jumps into a enziguri that connects with the back of Eugene's head. Dewey stumbles out of the corner as Troy quickly pops back up to her feet and gets a kick to the midsection before she hooks him up for a fisherman's suplex. Milliseconds later, she is lifting and spinning the FIST down to the canvas! She holds onto the champ for the pin!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-NO! Dan Ryan breaks up the pin!]

DDK:

So close for Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

I've not been so grateful to see Dan Ryan in such a long time!

[Troy rolls out of the way as Dan Ryan and Eugene Dewey both get back to their feet. Dewey seems unsteady as he gets up and stumbles back into the ropes, and that works to Dan Ryan's advantage as he charges the FIST and catches him with a clothesline that takes both men over the top rope and to the outside!]

DDK:

We should have known the ring couldn't hold this match.

Angus:

Yeah, like right at the start when not everyone was even in the ring when the bell rang.

[Lindsay gets back to her feet and looks over the top to her two opponents on the floor and measures them up. She grips onto the top rope tightly and waits for Dewey and Ryan to get back to their feet before launching herself over the top and to the outside with a corkscrew body press! She collides with both men and pops back to her feet to a huge reaction from the fans.]

[Not wasting any time, she reaches down and grabs Eugene by the head. She pulls the FIST up and rolls him up onto the apron, but before she can slide into the ring with him, Dan Ryan reaches out and grabs the cuff of her pants. She turns back to Dan with a look of, "WTF are you doing?" on her face and kicks her brother-in-law's hand away, but that's bought Eugene enough time to pull himself up with the ropes. He backs up along the apron and waits for Dan

Ryan to get up, all while Troy is still asking him what he was doing. Dan spots Eugene charging in first, and points it out to Lindsay, but it's too late as Dewey cannonballs off of the apron into both of his opponents!]

Angus:

Everybody in the pool!

DDK:

Dewey saw his opportunity and he took it!

[It's a crash-landing for all parties, but Eugene is able to get back up to his feet first, albeit a bit wobbly. He snatches Troy by the hair and neck, tosses her back into the ring, and scrambles under the bottom rope himself. He crawls over to Troy, hooks the leg, and puts as much weight as he can over her shoulders.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR--NOOOO KICKOUT!]

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy is not done yet!

Angus:

Neither is Ryan by the looks of it.

[Dewey gets back to his feet and brings Troy up with him. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan has re-entered the ring and is making a beeline for Eugene. He wraps the FIST up in a waistlock and is about to toss him up and over with a German suplex while Troy charges in. She leaves her feet but Dewey is able to wriggle out of the waistlock and duck out of the way to avoid the spinning heel kick.]

[The Ego Buster isn't so lucky.]

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Holy cow! Dan Ryan caught that kick full-on in the face!

Angus:

Big tree fall hard!

[Troy flips her hair out of her face to assess the damage and sees that she missed Dewey as intended and took out Dan instead. Ryan didn't quite go all the way to the canvas, but he did drop to a knee and is now trying to get himself upright. Eugene has slinked around behind his two opponents and measures them both.]

Angus:

Be vewwy, vewwy quiet...Nerd Rage is hunting wabbits.

DDK:

Look out!

[Dan's vertical now and he turns around to see Eugene barreling toward him. He avoids the bull in the china shop but, because he was blocking Troy's view, she has absolutely no way to react or dodge or anything.]

Angus:

PA-PA-PA-POOOOUUUUNNNNNNCCCEEEEEEEEEE~!

DDK:

Biotic Charge! Dewey connects with the Biotic Charge and Troy is sent flying between the ropes to the outside of the ring!

Angus:

Love the air time. The French judge gives it 10 out of 10.

[LT hits the outside mats hard. Eugene's lips twist into a sick grin as he admires his handiwork. He gets to his feet, turns around, and is greeted with a big boot right to the midsection.]

DDK:

Eugene is about to take that ride! Dan Ryan lifts him sky high!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

...and DOWN to the mat with the Humility Bomb!

Angus:

We're gonna be feeling aftershocks after that one!

DDK:

Ryan covers him! This could be it!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[...]

[...]

[Mark Shields is pulled from the ring by his feet thanks to Bronson Box.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh you have got to be FREAKING KIDDING ME. Where did he come from?!

Angus:

When whores and politicians look up and shout, "Can't we have nice things?" Bronson Box will look down and whisper, "No."

DDK:

Now look at him. Slinking away as quick as he appeared. What a coward.

Angus:

Watch yourself. He'll probably be waiting for you in your hotel room with a machete and a cardboard box to put your head in.

[Dan Ryan storms to his feet and glares twisted, poison-tipped daggers at Bronson Box, who is backing up the ramp looking infinitely pleased with himself. The Ego Buster has half a mind to go after him, but he feels himself falling

SHORYUKEN!

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

DDK:

Ryan's down! Dewey covers! Dammit, not like this!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

Ding Ding Ding!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Quimbey:

The winner of this match, and STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

Kels tried to get him with the numbers game and the FIST of DEFIANCE was able to overcome it.

DDK:

You know as well as I do that Bronson Box had everything to do with how the last five minutes of how this match played out and it's a damn travesty that it had to come to this.

Angus:

Someone caught some feelings there from someplace.

[Eugene allows his hand to be raised then snatches the FIST title belt out of Mark Shields' grasp. He hops out between the ropes just as Dan Ryan sits up in the center of the ring and glowers at Box on the outside. Troy, who has her back to the ramp, has managed to pull herself to a seated position with the aid of the cables. The look she gives Dan is one of puzzlement, but he motions with his chin for her glance over her shoulder. When she does, she levies Bronson with a gorgon's glare.]

[Box looks pleased as Dewey makes his way over to him but his smirk drops just a bit when Eugene quips, "Did my part. Now do yours," with all the smugness of a conquering commander.]

DDK:

Troy and Ryan's chances of getting to the DEF*MAX were ruined by Dewey. The FIST of DEFIANCE title match now ruined by Box. If this is going to be the pattern now, then someone's got to....

[“Work Bitch” - Britney Spears]

Angus:

Ugh. You were saying, Keebs?

[Box and Dewey cast their eyes up to the Pleasure Dome, but when the skybox's windows don't open as they did on DEFtv 52 they look off the the side and back to the entrance way.]

[And there's Kelly, hand on one hip, microphone in the other, and about ready to murderdeathkill a dude. Her music cuts off.]

Kelly Evans:

Getting *real* tired of your shit, Carl.

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kelly Evans:

For the third time in the last two shows, one of you has managed to completely torpedo what was otherwise a classic in the making because...I dunno...REASONS. And if you thought that maaaaaybe I was only *slightly* close to being fed up with your fuckery last time, I am ALL THE WAY DONE and OVER IT tonight.

DDK:

Well thank God for that.

Angus:

She hasn't been able to stop them now. And they know it.

[Indeed, as both Bronson and Eugene share a chortle at Kelly's anger, which goes over about as well as you can imagine. In the ring, Ryan's up to his feet and helping Troy up as well.]

Kelly Evans:

Let me make something very clear to you [points to Eugene] and you [points to Bronson] and everyone else who is breathing the oxygen inside this place. If anyone...**ANY. ONE....** interferes in the DEF*MAX finals, they will be FIRED on the SPOT, regardless of job title, stature, CHAMPION, or JANITOR.

[She casts a very, very pointed look at Eugene.]

Kelly Evans:

I am done with both of your trifling-ass bitchery, but go ahead, push me just a little bit more... I dare you.

[Brit Brit cues up again and Kelly walks back behind the curtain.]

[Cut away.]

The Wargod Cometh

[Christie Zane is looking off camera, obviously not pleased with taking part in this particular segment.]

Christie Zane:

... no! This is nonsense, Terry. I don't care what KELLY said, I'm not doing it. He's a basketcase! The last time I interviewed that psyc... what? What you do mean he'd remind me? What... he's *BEHIND* me?

[Ms. Zane feels a *tap, tap, tap* on her shoulder.]

[As the camera pulls back we first get a glimpse of the svelte leggy frame of Jane Katze. Behind her a step, the Wargod, fresh from the ring and his interference in the FIST of DEFIANCE match. He just stands there like a human fireplug. His huge arms folded across his massive pectorals. He and Jane both eyeball the young woman up and down.]

Jane Katze:

Hello Christie, dear.

[The diminutive little blonde has to look up at Jane, she bites her lip to stop it from quivering.]

Jane Katze:

Do you feel *stupid* for saying such *cruel* things about my client?

[The tiny little interviewer gives a silent shaky nod.]

Jane Katze:

Now be a good microphone stand, my client has something to say.

[Jane steps aside allowing Bronson Box to slowly step up to deliver his address. The Wargod's gaze forces Christie to shrink down several inches as she slinks in the opposite direction. He lightly clasps her shoulder, drawing her back. He smiles at Christie with a mocking tone.]

Bronson Box:

Now now, lass. Aaaaaaaaall you have to do for ol' Boxer...

[Drawing the microphone in her hand up to mouth level.]

Bronson Box:

... is stand right there like a good girl and hold this here microphone. Can you do that dearie?

[He drops the pandering tone, not waiting for a response. He silently turns his hard gaze towards "us."]

Bronson Box:

I'm going to keep this short and sweet, partly because I don't have much te' say... partly because I'm pretty sure if I bloody fart Ms. Zane over here might wet herself. 'Aint that right Christie?

[As Box talks, Jane silently walks behind them, her eyes trained on Christie. Zane looking about as comfortable as a ten point buck at the local gun show.]

Bronson Box:

You follow my Twitter account, don'cha Christie? You're a pretty young thing, you've just got to have a little smart phone tucked away in yer' wee purse somewhere. Are ye' on the Twitter Christie?

[Box and Jane each edge just a liiiiitle bit closer to the terrified interviewer. It becomes obvious this is a rhetorical, one sided conversation. Christie does as she's told and stands silently holding the microphone for the Wargod.]

Bronson Box:

I know I don't seem the type but I bloody love that Twitter shite, I'm not gunna' lie. There's a few of us that trade barbs on that infernal thing but there's NOBODY better to spar with than my opponent tonight and that poor *waterhead* friend of his David Noble. Those two lads alone have helped my...

[He looks over Christie's shoulder at Jane.]

Bronson Box:

Whas'at bloody thing you keep talkin' about? Social what-s-it?

[Jane's narrowed gaze doesn't leave Christie Zane.]

Jane Katze:

Social media score. It's a number between one and one hundred that represents your influence in the social media landscape. The more influential you are, the higher your score.

Bronson Box:

Aye, that. Those two morons just can't seem to quit HASH TAGGIN' and TWEETIN' their little TWATS about ol' Bronson Box. Apparently between them yakkin' endlessly about me and my... well, lets just say *my adventures* elsewhere... the world's absolutely *buzzin'* about the Original DEFIANT! Are ye' hearin' me Christie?! I'M A BONAFIDE WORLDWIDE SUPERSTAR!

[Bronson's wild insincere smile and wide bloodshot eyes stare white hot daggers into Christie Zane's face. She tries to back up but bumps square into the taut chest of Jane Katze.]

Bronson Box:

Frank Holiday has convinced himself that he's...

[Box chuckles at the mere thought.]

Bronson Box:

That's he's some sort of FUTURE... of Defiance? MY Defiance?! No. No Christie, no amount of jibber jabber and whinin' and pissin' and moanin' on the *BLOODY* interweb with his little *life partner* is gunna' change that! The very IDEA Frank Holiday is going to walk out to that ring after already takin' part in a competitive matchup against a fine young athlete like Curtis Penn and best... ME... is bloody *laughable*, Christie.

[Jane bites her lip with a scowl and *bumps* Christie ever so slightly.]

Bronson Box:

Frank Holiday has painted himself into a bit of a corner. You see, he's walking into a pay per view main event with a quarter of a tank against BRONSON *FOOKIN'* BOX AT THE TAIL END OF THE MONTH OF HIS BLOODY CAREER, CHRISTIE ZANE!

[His teeth clenched, close enough that he's literally breathing down Zane's neck.]

Bronson Box:

Frank and wee David keep crowin' about *match* of the year this and *match* of the year that...

[He looks up at the camera.]

Bronson Box:

Keep watchin' boys... Just keep watchin'.

[With that he vacates the scene in a blur of viciousness and mustache wax. Jane Katze however lingers, she gets riiiiight into the face of "the microphone stand." Jane lets silence and bad intentions fill what little space remains

between the two. In one quick movement, grabbing Christie HARD by the chin, Jane draws Christie's face towards hers.]

Jane Katze:

Maybe, sweetie, you'd be on television more if you'd quit being a spoiled little TWAT, grew a set of BALLS and do your damn job. When the company hands you an interview with the headliner... SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT.

[Jane lets go of Zane's chin and just as quickly pops her across the cheek before turning on her red high heels and following after her client, mumbling to herself as she goes...]

Jane Katze:

Unprofessional little twit...

[Jane brushes back a strand of hair and exits the interview set, leaving poor Christie clutching her reddened cheek as we cut back to Angus and Darren at the commentary station.]

DDK:

Yikes.

Angus:

Daaaaaaayum... that slap gave me half chub, Keebs.

DDK:

You're *truly* disgusting, have I told you that lately? Moving on...

Do It

[The minutes, no, seconds were counting down to the start of the DEF*MAX tournament final match that would pit Frank Holiday and Bronson Box in the ring, squaring off against one another. One of those two men was waiting in the guerrilla area, a man that elicits a phenomenal response from the fans.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[See? That man is none other than Frank Holiday. Standing to the right of him, facing him, is his manager and confidant, Billy Pepper. Behind him, to his left, is the Southern Heritage Champion, David Noble.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Yeah, he's pretty liked as well. Anyway, Frank is hopping up and down, loosening his muscles after the brutal match with Curtis Penn. Where Frank's dynamic energy is restrained and focused, though, Billy is so animated as he speaks to Frank that he's actually working up a sweat.]

Billy Pepper:

Frank, this is your big moment, the chance to shine, the opportunity to stick it into the craw of every man, woman, and child who ever doubted you. You have a shot to SHOCK the world and SHOW them that you're the man. Because you know what, Frank? You *are* the man. You're the guy who's going to go out there and beat Bronson Box and show *everyone* that even an Original DEFIANT couldn't stop you. Because, Frank, you are their hero, their savior, their true champion. And the hopes and dreams of *all of them* are resting on *your* shoulders.

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

[Holiday continues to stretch out his muscles, while looking at Billy.]

Frank Holiday:

Damn, Billy. No pressure, right?

Billy Pepper: [blinks]

What? Oh. No, that's not what I--

[But Frank gives him a good-natured slap on the shoulder and a mischievous grin.]

Frank Holiday:

Just kidding, I knew what you meant. That was one good pep talk, brah.

[Frank turns to Noble and stops stretching his muscles. A proud smile appears on his face as he pats his friend on the back.]

Frank Holiday:

And you man, my brah from another mah, you did it, didn't you? Took down the beached whale known as Mushigihara! *Oh yeah!* Man! Congratulations!

[Noble looks over at his Southern Heritage Championship and then back at Holiday, a smile appearing on his face in the process.]

David Noble:

I made a promise Frank, where I said I would take down the God Beast and I did just that. That was just the first step on my mission. Tonight though, Frank, it is time to fulfill your destiny when you defeat that 1920's, mustache twirling, straight out the pages of a bad romance novel, Bronson Box. Now it's time for you to take the DEF*MAX and just as Billy said, show the world who the real man in DEFIANCE is.

[For the first time, Frank looks a tad-bit apprehensive. He scratches his head and looks at the wall.]

Frank Holiday:

Yeah, I know. But... I don't know. These are the highest stakes I've ever fought for.

David Noble:

Listen, I believe in you, Billy believes in you, these fans believe in you. Bronson, he was one of the Original DEFIANTS, a man these fans loved. Then he shows back up and he decides to rip their heart out and stomp all over it like the fool he is. Since he's returned, no man or woman has been able to put him down for the count. That all changes tonight, Frank. This fraction of a man has spent MONTHS avoiding us, hiding us, ducking us. No more. This is YOUR chance to show him the Future has Arrived.

[Holiday turns and studies him. Noble makes a vague wave of the hand.]

David Noble:

This isn't about me, Frank. This isn't about yourself, it's not about Billy. It's about RETRIBUTION for these fans who witnessed Bronson STABBING them in the back. These fans deserve to see this Dudley Do-Right looking villain to get his comeuppance and now you get that chance. You have a chance to take back the heart of DEFIANCE from the man who tried to destroy it. So own it.

[As David and Billy stare at him, Frank sees the support, the genuine sentiment in each of them. He feels their faith fill him up like a high-performance fuel.]

Frank Holiday:

Billy. Dave. I've been a washout and a disappointment at times in my life. I've squandered my potential in the past. But not here, in DEFIANCE. And not now, behind this curtain, waiting for my cue. I've got two of the best goddamn friends in the world who've got my back, and I've got all of *them*-- [waving toward the entranceway and the arena beyond] --who never stop showing the love,

[Worth a pop? Damn right!]

AAAH!!

Frank Holiday: [grinning]

Am I gonna get this far, beat the odds I've beaten, make it to the edge of greatness -- where *you guys* helped me get -- and *not go all the way*? HELL. TO. THE. NO. I will NOT wash out. I will NOT disappoint the faithful who got me here. I will EMBRACE my potential. When my music hits, I'm gonna walk out there, I'm gonna look Bronson Box in his beady little eyes, and I'm gonna *show* him -- show *everybody* -- what it *really* means to be DEFIANT!

[Billy claps his hands together with a satisfied smile.]

Billy Pepper:

That's the Frank I wanted to see.

[Frank returns the smile before turning to Noble. The two men bump fists as Noble pats his title.]

David Noble:

This might be mine, but you go take what belongs to you. Just do me a favor and knock that sicko into the next century.

[Frank Holiday grins, determination etched across his face.]

Frank Holiday:

Just watch me.

[Cut.]

DEF*MAX Tournament Finals: Bronson Box vs. Frank Holiday

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match... is the DEF*MAX TOURNAMENT FINAL!

RAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

[The Heavy. "How You Like Me Now".]

RAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

[At the top of the entranceway, Frank Holiday flings aside the curtains and strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns, brimming with confidence. As ever, his manager Billy Pepper brings up the rear. He gives his buddy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper... "THE TRAIN WRECK"! FRAAAAAAAANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAY!!

[As Holiday approaches the ring, he goes into a sprint, hops onto the apron and ducks through the ropes. Billy Pepper remains on the floor and hovers around the corner. Holiday goes to the middle of the ring, looks out approvingly at the fans, and...]

/m/

[--throws the horns again to another ovation!]

RAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAANAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

After that physically grueling battle with Curtis Penn earlier tonight, we wondered how Holiday would look in his second match of the night... Well, he's rested up since then and right now he looks fresh and ready to go!

Angus:

He'd better be, because Bronson Box doesn't care if he's facing a rested opponent or a tired one. He wants to win this tournament, and he'll do whatever he has to do!

DDK:

Let's not gloss over the incredible wars Holiday fought to get here: he went toe-to-toe with the vicious Sam Turner II, took part in an EPIC ladder match with the SoHer Champion David Noble that leads the pack for Match of the Year so far, *and* he defeated "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan. That plus two bouts with Curtis Penn makes for an unbelievable string of challenges, and now he's here: one of the rising stars they're calling the future of DEFIANCE, standing on the precipice of becoming the *first-ever DEF*MAX Champion*. You know he won't settle for less.

Angus:

We'll see.

[The music cuts. As Holiday stands in the middle of the ring, hopping from foot to foot and gazing intently up the ramp, DQ raises his mic once again.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

[Lights aaaaall around the arena start clicking off until the entire Wrestle-Plex is bathed in darkness. After a few moments a whistling wind is heard. The thrumming acoustic guitar and the driving beat of the drums is followed out of the inky darkness by the voice of ring announcer Darren Quimbey.]

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, he is the seeeeelf proclaimed, greatest attraction in aaaaaaall of sports and entertainment...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

THE WARGOD! THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOX!

[The arena is alight with a galaxy of lights as fans wave cellphones in the air. In the middle of it all, the ring and its occupants are a deep black hole.]

DDK:

Over the last weeks and months, we've heard Bronson Box declare his intentions to tear DEFIANCE down, remake it in his image, and rule over it all like a conquering warlord. He's fought his way through a field of challengers including the likes of Henry Keyes, Mushigihara, Lindsay Troy, and Eugene Dewey to get here, and one thing's for sure: Bronson Box has *no intention* of leaving tonight as anything other than the DEF*MAX Champion!

Angus:

And the smart money is on him, Keebs. Not only does he have *years* more experience, not to mention titles under his belt, but he *also* has two aces in the hole: his unlikely alliance with Eugene Dewey, and the backing of Jane Katze, probably the smartest woman in the game, who came up under the tutelage of Edward White himself. With all that going for him, only a fool would bet against Bronson Box tonight.

[The lights snap back on with a pop as the man in black continues his tune. DQ and Holiday are still staring up the ramp, but there is nobody in sight.]

DDK:

HE'S IN THE RING!

[The Original DEFIANT is standing behind Frank Holiday, arms folded, a malicious sneer gleaming under his handlebar moustache. Before anybody can react, he wraps his arms around Holiday and LAUNCHES him with a release German suplex!]

WHAM!

Angus:

OH SHIT!

DDK:

Under cover of darkness, Bronson Box got behind Frank Holiday and LEVELED him!

[Darren Quimbey scuttles out of the ring and Carla Ferrari calls for the bell as Bronson Box lays boots to the fallen Holiday.]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

That was a hellacious shot fired before the match even began, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, but it was damn sure effective. Box *always* has a plan.

[Disoriented from the suplex and the avalanche of stomps coming down on his back and head, Holiday crawls for the ropes and tries to drag himself off the canvas. Box doesn't let him get that far. Bronson laces thick fingers through Holiday's messy hair and pulls his head back, before ramming his own concrete-like skull against Holiday's temple: once, twice, three times, each one rocking the "Train Wreck" like a battering ram.]

DDK:

With an early advantage, Box is going right for the head, and this is bad for Holiday because, by his own admission, he's had a history of head injuries.

Angus:

One round in the ring with Box and he's going to have tapioca pudding coming out of his ears.

[Box shoves the beleaguered Holiday into the corner, pushes Frank's chin up, then winds up and CLOBBERS him in the face with a European uppercut. Spittle sprays out of Frank's mouth as his head snaps back. Box winds up again... hits ANOTHER European uppercut that nearly spins Holiday around. And he lands a THIRD one! Holiday's face is a grimace of pain and frustration as he shoves Box hard with both hands, making the Bombastic One back off a couple of steps, and then he LUNGES out of the corner with a wild clothesline--]

DDK:

Holiday fighting back now and-- NO! Box ducks the lariat!

WHAM!

DDK:

Another release German suplex by Bronson Box, flattening Frank Holiday!

Angus:

You're gonna have to do a LOT better than that, Frankie.

[Shaking his head to try and clear his thoughts, Holiday pushes up on hands and knees and tries to reach the ropes. Box marches over and sits his full weight down on Holiday's back, again grabbing a handful of hair and swinging punches down into Frank's face.]

Bronson Box:

Where's your quick wit now, eh, boy'o? Where's your bloody *TWEETS*!

DDK:

Obviously referring to the many, many exchanges of words he's had on social media with Holiday as well as David Noble.

Angus:

Yeah, and I'm with Bronson on this one. How many times do you get to serve up real-world consequences to some hater on Twitter? You don't think Holiday had this coming after the way he taunted Box?

DDK:

Oh, like Box didn't have just as nasty things to say?

Angus:

He's not the one getting his head tenderized right now, is he?

[Those hammer-like shots are taking their toll, but Holiday manages to drag himself to the side of the ring, getting his hands on the bottom and middle ropes in an attempt to haul himself out from under Box. Carla Ferrari steps in and puts her hands in front of Box, ordering him to back off. Bronson just sneers as he stands up, barely giving Holiday a

second before he reaches out to yank Holiday's head back once again. Frank doesn't take this lying down: he lashes out with elbows, burying a couple of them deep into Bronson's thick abdomen, and the shots are enough to drive back the Original DEFIANT a few steps.]

DDK:

Holiday is trying to create some separation here.

[Dragging himself the rest of the way upright, Holiday grips the top rope and thrusts his foot out, nailing Box in the gut. He backs himself into the ropes and hurls himself forward, swinging a wild right hand that hits its mark to Bronson's jaw!]

DDK:

And he's mounting his first real offense since this match began! Holiday following up with left and right combinations! Box is reeling!

Angus:

DQ him, Carla! I'm pretty sure that was an illegal closed fist!

DDK:

After all the hair-pulling, *that* was illegal? Hold on! Bronson putting an end to that with a double-leg takedown and now Box is on top of Holiday, hammering fists down on him as Holiday tries in vain to cover up. What do you think of *those* closed hands, Angus?

Angus:

Got no issues, mang.

DDK:

Figures.

[Some of those closed hands are hitting the mark in spite of Holiday's attempt to block them. Box smirks with satisfaction, until Holiday scissors him with his legs and rolls him over, reversing the mount, and starts giving him a taste of his own medicine. He only gets a few punches in before Box reverses the mount again, but he can't throw any hands this time -- Holiday is going with the roll, clutching Bronson close, and as they both try to get the upper hand, they both roll like a two-headed log under the bottom rope and right off the apron to the floor.]

DDK:

Oh man, this thing is already going to the outside.

Angus:

Look, both of these guys have egos the size of planets, did you really think the ring could contain them?

DDK:

You're right about that, Angus. Regardless, hitting the floor made them break it up for the moment.

[Carla Ferrari looks down from the ring at the two men lying on the floor, and starts a count.]

1...

[Bronson Box is the first to get back to his feet. He charges up to Frank Holiday, who is on hands and knees, and hoofs him mercilessly in the ribs. Holiday groans and kneels up, clutching his side, which is all the opening Box needs to grab him by the hair, bodily drag him up to his feet, and then ricochet Frank's face against the ring apron.]

2...

Angus:

This was likely a huge mistake by Holiday to leave the ring, because Box is just as much at home out there as he is inside the ropes.

DDK:

No matter where you are, Box is a menace.

[As Holiday leans on the apron, gingerly touching his cheek, Box grabs him in a front facelock, snatches a fistful of trunks, and uses brute strength to swing Holiday sideways off his feet, smashing back-first into the guardrail as ringside fans look on with wide eyes and gaping faces.]

3...

[Box grabs the railing in both hands, standing over the fallen form of the “Train Wreck”, and proceeds to lay into Holiday with vicious stomps. Ignoring the screaming of furious fans in his face, he presses the heel of his boot against Frank’s cheek and griiiiinds it in.]

4...

DDK:

Absolutely *merciless* punishment by Bronson Box here.

Angus:

Holiday is now finding out exactly how big a fight he picked when he called out the Original DEFIANT.

5...

[Groaning under Bronson’s boot, Holiday lashes out and knocks his leg away. Box steps back and stoops down to drag his opponent off the floor. He grabs Holiday in a waistlock, and shoulder-rams his spine again into the unforgiving metal bars of the guardrail. Just as Holiday is arching his back in agony, Box whips him by the arm into the ring apron, Frank’s already-knotted-up lower back suffering yet another impact.]

6...

Angus:

This guy’s getting picked apart.

DDK:

Bronson is at the top of his game here, Angus, and he hasn’t let Frank keep the momentum for any length of time.

7...

[Finally, Box shoves Holiday into the ring and slides in after him. Nursing his battered back, Holiday doesn’t put up much fight when Box goes for the pin.]

1...

...2-No!

DDK:

First pinfall attempt and Holiday kicked out at two.

Angus:

It won’t be long now, at this rate!

[And Bronson Box seems to be feeling the same way. He stands over Holiday, hands on his hips, and looks out at the

jeering crowd before he lowers his gaze down to Frank again, his lips spreading in a mirthless sneer. He stoops down and grabs two handfuls of hair, ignoring Carla Ferrari's admonitions to knock that shit off, and peels Holiday off the canvas. Locking on a front facelock, Box hoists Holiday up in the air, holding him vertically as effortlessly as if he was holding an umbrella.]

DDK:

A delayed vertical suplex by Box on the *bigger, heavier* Holiday, Angus, and WHAT a display of sheer power by the Bombastic One!

Angus:

Damn right it is! People underestimate how strong Box is because of his size, but this guy is a solid cylinder of muscle! He's basically a walking, talking phallic symbol and he's here to fuck everybody up!

DDK:

That's gross, dude.

[Box is absolutely soaking in the negative energy from the crowd as he does a slow circle in the ring, holding Holiday aloft. He gives a sarcastic smirk, brings his hand down to eye level, and gives a handsign:]

/m/

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

That's Holiday's signature sign! Box is outright mocking the man!

Angus:

He's been doing that for weeks, what's changed?

DDK:

Aaaaaand he drops him!

WHAM!

DDK:

All 250 pounds of Frank Holiday laid out flat on the canvas after the suplex, and Box floats over for the cover!

1...

...2... Kickout!

[Despite escaping the pinhold, Holiday is still badly hurting: he rolls onto his front side and kneads at his back muscles. At ringside, Billy Pepper is shouting encouragement to his boy. Frank crawls to the ropes and once again starts to haul himself off the canvas, but Box is on him relentlessly, smashing him in the temple with a headbutt that stops his upward progress. Box shoves Holiday against the ropes and clobbers him with one... two... three European uppercuts (ah ah ah), each one snapping the "Train Wreck"'s head back. After the third, Holiday sags on the top rope with a blank-eyed expression.]

DDK:

The longer this goes on, the worse it looks for Holiday.

Angus:

I could've told you that. Box is freaking unstoppable.

DDK:

Box now going for a whip -- but Holiday has his arm hooked on the top rope, and he's not going anywhere. Box planting his feet, and he yanks Holiday's arm with force--

THUMMMMP!

OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

WHOA! Holiday NAILING him with the Whipshot Lariat! He used Box's own strength to supercharge that clothesline! And both men are down!

Angus:

How'd he do that?!

DDK:

Must be survival instinct.

[After the beating he's suffered up to now, Frank Holiday is none too quick to make a move, and he stays on elbows and knees, sucking in big gulps of breath. On the other hand, Bronson Box despite having been overwhelmingly in control up to now, is flat on his back and counting the lights, momentarily stunned by that last thunderous blow. Carla Ferrari inspects the scene and starts to issue a double count, but both men choose that moment to stir and start to pick themselves up.]

DDK:

One good move was enough to bring this fight back to more or less a level playing field, Angus. Holiday's brute strength is nothing to sneeze at, even for a tough bastard like Bronson Box.

Angus:

Dammit, Keebs, one lucky shot doesn't put Holiday on the same level as Box!

DDK:

Maybe, but it *could* spell the difference between victory and defeat for either of these men.

[They both fight to their feet. Despite getting in the last shot, Holiday is still having problems getting in gear: back muscles stinging, head throbbing, eyes blinking in an effort to clear the fog. And that's how Box is able to make his move first -- he buries a knee into Holiday's midsection, then quickly grabs him in a waistlock, pops his hips, and flings him across the ring with a belly-to-belly suplex. As Holiday hits the canvas his momentum flips him sideways onto his hands and knees, head drooped. Box backs himself off a few steps, staring laser-like at his target, and then runs at him, aiming a football punt right at Frank's head!]

DDK:

Punt kick! No! He whiffs, Holiday dodged at the last moment! WHOA! Frank reaches up from behind and rolls him up into a pin!

1...

--Kickout!

DDK:

Only a count of one. But I think Box was surprised by that.

Angus:

Box isn't surprised by anything, Keebs. Box knows all. He is the WARGOD. That's like *twice* as good as a measly everyday god. He knew that was coming and he played along with it for appearances' sake!

DDK:

Are you off your meds again?

Angus:

I missed one dose so I doubled up on the next one, why?

[In fact, the truth might be somewhere in between, because as both men get back to their feet, Bronson Box seems almost amused at the moxie he's seeing so far. He eyes Holiday with a smirk and gives him a slow, sarcastic clap.]

Bronson Box:

So yer' not just a bag of wind after all? Got some *mooooves* there, boy'o...

Angus:

Looks like Holiday showed just enough talent in there to impress him.

DDK:

Yeah, that sounded *really* genuine.

[Holiday knows when he's being mocked, and he's not in the mood for it. Glaring back at the Original DEFIANT, Holiday slams his two palms into Box's chest and gives him a HARD shove. Box's eyes go wide, and he steps in with a HUGE European uppercut knocking Frank back a step. Frank, though, returns with a stiff right hand of his own, and suddenly it's a gloves-off fistfight right there in the middle of the ring!]

DDK:

They're throwing bombs like Rocky and Apollo in there!

Angus:

So what, after Box *graciously* complimented him on his wrestling ability, Frank just throws it back in his face?

DDK:

Yeah, no, there was *nothing* gracious about any of that, Angus. And nothing gracious about this either! Lefts and rights flying, these guys have stopped caring! And if my eyes don't deceive, Holiday is starting to get the better of this fight!

[Indeed, Holiday's reach, height and strength are proving to be vital factors at the moment as he lands one good punch after another into the cranium and face of Bronson Box, pushing him back toward the ropes. One more hard right buckles the knees of Box, and he's left half-draped on the top rope, rubbing his battered face. Holiday backs off to the middle of the ring, winds up his arm, and bull-charges at him with a lariat, looking to send Box's head into the lower bowl section--]

DDK:

LARIAT! NO! Box rolled to one side and Holiday got nothing but air! Box goes behind--

WHAM!

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX! That's the third or fourth one so far in this match, and each one has put Holiday right on the back of his neck! Box really capitalizing on his counter, and now he's going for the pinfall...

1...

...2...

...Kickout!

DDK:

And Holiday *somehow* able to get the shoulder up here.

Angus:

Yeah, but it was a looong two. You can tell this offense is taking its toll. Bronson Box is determined to tear this man to pieces.

[Holiday is nursing his neck as Box drags him by the hair toward the corner of the ring. Bronson stuffs Frank's head into a standing headscissor, then wraps his arms around his waist and heaves the "Train Wreck" up into a powerbomb position!]

DDK:

HERE WE GO! BOMBASTO BOMB!

Angus:

NO! Holiday just dove over his head!

DDK:

Right into a sunset flip for the pin!

1...

...Kickout!

Angus:

Where the fuck did he learn how to do this stuff, Keebs?

DDK:

You mean *basic wrestling moves*? I'm pretty sure everybody in the back knows how to do those. You could say Frank is putting the "fun" in "fundamentals"!

Angus:

I'm about to put "my thumb" in "your eye".

[Somewhat less amused this time around, Box glowers as he burrushes Holiday, forcing him into a corner where he throws headbutts, knees, elbows -- everything he's got, no technique behind it, just pure aggression. Holiday manages to get his knee up into the abdomen, briefly putting a pause on this torrent of attacks, and then he grabs Box and tries to reverse their position. Box plants his feet, though, refusing to budge, and he clamps his right hand on Frank's face, using his left hand for added pressure on the clawhold, leaning his weight into it. Frank screams and claws ineffectually at Box's powerful hands.]

Frank Holiday:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!! FUUUUUUUUUU--!!

DDK:

THAT'S GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND! He's got it clamped on TIGHT and Holiday is in a WORLD of pain!

Angus:

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET, FRANK!

[A ringside camera gets a perfect shot of Box grinning, like some hellish demon, as his fingernails dig into Holiday's scalp, puncturing skin, beads of crimson blood welling up from the wounds. Carla Ferrari is warning Box to let go, but Box doesn't even register her presence. She shouts a five count in his ear as Holiday howls and writhes against the turnbuckle like a tortured animal.]

Carla Ferrari:

One! Two! Three! Let him go, Box! **Four! Five!**

[Microseconds away from disqualification, Bronson backs away a few steps, a sadistic grin on his mustachioed face. He holds his hands up, and the fingers of his right hand are coated in thick red gore.]

[In the corner, Holiday is slumped in a half-crouch, gasping, rubbing at the oozing gouges in his scalp. He only succeeds in smearing his own blood around his face.]

DDK:

This is like a scene out of a horror movie, Angus. If it wasn't for the risk of losing the match by DQ, who knows how far Box would've gone? Would Frank still have a *face*? This man is sick in the goddamn head.

Angus:

No, Keebs, you know who's sick in the head? Frank Holiday, that's who! He's sick for thinking he could talk about Box the way he did with no consequences! He's sick for believing he's "the future of DEFIANCE" or some bullshit like that! This, right here? This is a lesson he's had coming for *far too long*!

DDK:

You'd make a terrible parent.

[Half-blinded and staggering around the ring, Frank Holiday wipes uselessly at the blood streaming down his face. So he's wide open as Box marches up and grabs him from behind, and drags his face across the top rope, leaving blood streaks all along the cord. As Holiday flinches and again rubs at his forehead, Box spins him around, and thrusts him shoulder-first through the turnbuckles, right into the ringpost!]

THUNK!

DDK:

WHAT a brutal assault! Holiday is barely aware of what's going on, but he knows one thing: he's in SERIOUS trouble here.

[Draped awkwardly through the ropes, Holiday scrabbles at the smooth steel of the ringpost but he is not the man who gravity forgot, and he topples head-first down to the floor below. Bronson Box rubs his hands together like a hungry diner at a buffet.]

Angus:

He's fixing to finish this kid off now.

[Box steps through the ropes to the apron and gazes down at Holiday, who is valiantly trying to get his wobbling feet underneath him while also kneading at bruised shoulder muscles. Box clasps his hands together, raises them up in the air as if calling on the forces of nature, and he leaps down, bringing the double-axhandle squarely down into the shoulderblades of the "Train Wreck", flattening Holiday to the floor. Holiday kneels up and reaches out, trying to feel out where he is. Box grabs him by the back of the head, hauls him upright, and bounces his face off the ringpost.]

THWUNK!

Angus:

Sweet Christ, did you hear that?

[Bronson pulls Holiday's face away from the ringpost, the Train Wreck moniker never *looking* so appropriate as the blood flows freely now from numerous cuts and contusions all over Frank's face and head. Bronson hesitates a moment, his eyes slowly drawn to the corner of the guardrail. A sadistic, almost excited smiles crawls across the Wargod's face.]

DDK:

He's not... wait... wait, no...

[With a fistfull of Frank's blood soaked hair Bronson literally *drags* him towards the corner at ringside, KICKING the ringsteps free from their mount with one swift boot. The huge steel steps clatter back towards the entrance ramp. Standing right where the steps *were* Bronson tucks Holiday's head between his massive treetrunk sized thighs and points at the guardrail. He runs a quick thumb across his throat before HOISTING Holiday up and onto his shoulders, then dropping him down across the corner of the barrier.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB ACROSS THE GUARDRAIL! OH! MY! GOD!

[He didn't get all of it, there just wasn't enough room. But the maneuver looked absolutely brutal. Frank bounced off the guardrail and tumbled back into the first row in a bleeding heap. The faithful go ahead and let everyone within the sound of their voices know exactly how they feel. Billy Pepper immediately hops the guardrail to check on his friend and client.]

HOLY FUCK! HOLY FUCK! HOLY FUCK!
HOLY FUCK! HOLY FUCK! HOLY FUCK!
HOLY FUCK! HOLY FUCK! HOLY FUCK!

Angus:

We're earning that "Mature" rating tonight, Keebs!

[Bronson casually rolls under the bottom rope, shouldering past Carla Ferrari ignoring every word she bravely screams two inches from his mustachioed face. The Original DEFIANT walks across to the nearest corner and leans back against the second turnbuckle. His eyes locked on his opponent, still bleeding motionlessly on the wrong side of the guardrail. Throwing one more dirty glare back at Box, Carla reluctantly restarts her count.]

1...

Billy Pepper:

GET UUUUUP, FRANK! YOU HAVE TO GET UP! LISTEN TO 'EM FRANK! JUST LISTEN!

[Pepper is on his knees absolutely *pleading* for Frank to budge, to blink an eye, to do *anything*.]

2...

LET'S GO FRA-ANK, LET'S GO!
LET'S GO FRA-ANK, LET'S GO!
LET'S GO FRA-ANK, LET'S GO!

DDK:

JUST LISTEN TO THIS CROWD! COME ON FRANK, YOU CAN DO IT!

3...

[Miraculously Frank starts to... well, twitch is probably the best word to describe it.]

Angus:

You and "this crowd" is going to get that poor nincompoop *killed*, Darren... LOOK at Box!

[The previously loopy expression on Frank's bloodied face changes suddenly to a look of pure determination. Still on spaghetti legs, Frank locks eyes with Box and takes ahold of the second rope... pulling himself, *willing* himself upward. With a strange look that speaks of disgust and... maybe a little respect?]

DDK:

The resilience of this young man is absolutely unmatched!

9...

Angus:

I... don't even know what to say.

DDK:

This is a moment of truth for Frank Holiday.

[As Holiday hoists himself up onto the apron, and stands up, he glares into Bronson Box's face and snarls.]

Frank Holiday:

I got something to show ya, brah. A dude comin' back from the dead.

[And he ducks through the ropes, and lunges for Box's throat!]

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

AND HOLIDAY IS BACK!

[Like heavyweight prizefighters, Holiday and Box lob mighty right hooks at each other, throwing all technique out the window in an effort to plain and simply damage the other. Box, having given himself a good, long breather while he sat and watched from the ring, is putting more vigor behind his punches, and landing them harder, and Holiday, for all the willpower fueling him right now, is already flagging, being driven back. That is, until he ducks a right cross and grabs Box by the legs, heaves him up off his feet, and PLANTS him in the canvas with a shuddering spinebuster!]

DDK:

Box has been taken down, and Holiday is ALL OVER him now, going Donkey Kong on his face!

Angus:

Cover up, Bronson! Don't let him hit ya!

[The intensity of Holiday's attack is getting through whatever defense Box can put up, enough so that Carla Ferrari is now admonishing *Holiday* to back it off this time. Holiday gets up off of the Original DEFIANT, grabs him by the arm, and roughly pulls him off the canvas. Holiday goes for a whip toward the corner, but Box has the wherewithal to plant his feet and counter it, shooting Holiday into the turnbuckles back-first, the impact re-aggravating the damage that's already been done up to now. Glaring, Box storms into the corner, wielding his gory red hand with its razor-sharp nails!]

DDK:

Dammit! Box wants to tear his face off! NO! Holiday grabs his arm, keeping those nails at bay!

Angus:

I don't even want to *think* about what's festering under those fingernails of his...

[Box adds his left hand to the right to double the leverage, pushing his hand closer to Frank's already bloodstained face... but Holiday ducks his shoulder and boosts Box up into a fireman's carry!]

DDK:

HERE IT COMES! TRAIN WRECK!

Angus:

NO! Box is ramming elbows into his head!

[Staggered by the shots to the head, Holiday lets Box slide down off his shoulders, over the top rope to the apron, and he stumbles out of the corner. Box manages to get his footing on the apron just as Holiday turns around, and he greets the "Train Wreck" with a looping punch over the top rope to the jaw. Holiday's head snaps to one side, but he turns back with a look of fury, and gives it RIGHT BACK to Box with some extra cheese! Box flails backward a moment, only staying on his perch by gripping the top rope. Holiday follows up with an elbowsmash to the moustache, and Box drops down to one knee, hanging on for dear life as he gingerly checks his mouth for loose teeth.]

[And then Holiday is charging into the opposite ropes like a bat out of hell.]

DDK:

INCOMING!

WHAM!**DDK:**

SPEAR! SPEAR FROM HOLIDAY!

[Both men go tumbling through the ropes, Holiday having the wherewithal to reach back and grab the middle rope. As Frank finds his feet up on the apron, Bronson crashes HARD, back first into the guardrail, landing with an unceremonious whump to the ringside mats.]

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

Angus:

Where is this kid finding it? I... I'm goddamn speechless.

DDK:

Somehow I doubt that.

[Holiday drops down to his butt, sitting on the apron for just a moment to catch his breath. He shakes his head with an exhausted sigh as he plants his feet and makes his way over to where his opponent lay, clutching his back. Carla Ferrari starts another count...]

1...

[A hand on his temple, Box is on one knee trying desperately to shake the cobwebs from his sheared noggin. He barely has time to grunt before he finds himself eating a knee right to the mush, his head rebounding off the hard metal guardrail. His bell sufficiently rung, Box slumps down the guardrail with a glazed look in his eyes. Frank wasting zero time, hoisting Bronson up by the ears and picking him up in a hiiiiii angle body press.]

2...

*THWUD!**ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooHHHHHHHHHHHH!*

[Frank drops the Wargod with a skeleton wracking bodyslam at ringside.]

3...

[Holiday is quick to pick the legs and *catapult* Boxer back into the ringpost. His face careens off the steel ringpost with a sickening crack. Frank walks over and once again hauls Bronson up by the ears. As we get a better view of the mess that *was* the dapper face of Bronson Box, blood now pouring from his mouth, his bottom lips and chin a hopelessly busted mess.]

4...

[Frank looks out at the faithful, pulling Bronson up to wobbly legs.]

Frank Holiday:

ARE YOU FOLKS AS TIRED OF THIS DOUCHEBAG AS I AM?!

YEEEEEEAAAHHHHHHHHH!

[The fans are on their feet, waving, fistpumping, raising the roof, each and every one of them united in their hatred of the Original DEFIANT. Holiday nods at them with a roguish grin.]

4...

Frank Holiday:

THEN I'MMA TAG YOU GUYS IN!

Angus:

What in the blue hell is he talking about?

[Holiday leans down, presses Bronson Box up in the air with a mighty grunt, then he turns to the roiling fans... and passes the unconscious Wargod up onto their outstretched hands. Very quickly, Box is being passed from one set of hands to the next, his unsuspecting form making a serpentine path eight feet in the air all over the floor section.]

5...

DDK:

Okay, Angus, I'm about to say something that has NEVER been said before.

Angus:

Just don't, Keebs.

DDK:

Oh, I'm going to. *Bronson Box is CROWD SURFING!*

Angus:

I TOLD YOU NOT TO SAY IT. Besides, what's happening right now is a *violation* of Bronson Box's rights! He is NOT a willing participant!

6...

[Yes, Carla Ferrari *is* still counting, but she can't hide an enormous grin as she watches Box get carried around like driftwood on a sea of hands.]

[As for Frank Holiday? Billy Pepper is with him now, and they're taking selfies with the fans sitting ringside. Frank is trying to angle the cellphone up high to catch a glimpse of a certain groggy, bleeding, mustachioed strongman floating around in the background.]

Angus:

This is *fucking ridiculous*. FRANK HOLIDAY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

DDK:

Hahaha, ahhh, this is great stuff.

Angus:

I can't look at you right now.

7...

[Holiday seems to realize at this point that the referee's count is still going on. He turns to the crowd, jumping up and down and waving frantically to get their attention.]

Frank Holiday:

YO! I NEED HIM BACK NOW! HURRY!

[Like a well-oiled machine, the faithful send Box back toward the ring area. He has come to his senses by now, and the Wargod is, to say the least, *extremely* perturbed about his little "trip" aloft the first few rows. But as much as he thrashes his arms and legs, the fans don't drop him until he reaches the barricade -- and *then* he gets unceremoniously dumped over the railing to the floor.]

DDK:

I wonder how many AirMiles he earned just now?

Angus:

SHUT UP. NOT FUNNY.

8...

[Once Box gets to his feet, he grips the guardrail and screams in the faces of the fans, overcome by a crimson rage at the manhandling he's just survived.]

Bronson Box:

GET YER' FOOKIN' HANDS OFF ME! GODDAMN DIRTY ANIMALS!

[Spittle flies from the Wargod's lips as he berates the rabid fans who'd all just passed him around like a beachball at Bonnaroo. He rattles the guardrails liked some sort of caged beast. His bloodshot eyes whip around like a cornered animal at the sound of his opponent's voice...]

Frank Holiday:

Not a good traveler, are ya, brah? Get airsick? Yeeeah, I bet you get airsick...

[Holiday grabs Box from behind, whips him around, and quickly tosses him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Bronson is quick to his feet, reminding everyone just what's meant when they say he has... "a bit of a temper." Boxer stalks around the perimeter of the ropes gnashing his teeth at the faithful... absolutely *seething* as they continue to laugh.]

Angus:

I hope each and every one of those idiots gets Bombasto Bombed onto their goddamn grandmothers...

DDK:

Yeah, probably not going to happen. Box sure looks *pissed* though! And after subjecting him to *all that*, Frank Holiday is getting *back* in the ring to face Bronson Box!

[Box doesn't even wait for Holiday to step through the ropes: he's already swinging fists while Frank is ducking between the middle and top ropes. Bronson takes a handful of Frank's bloody hair and yanks him fully into the ring before unleashing a flurry of fists and elbows on him. Holiday gives it back as good as he gets, though, returning a right for a right, a forearm for an elbow, and wields his size advantage to good use, forcing Box to go on defense. Holiday snatches Bronson's wrist, plants his feet, and HURLS him into a corner, where Box's momentum sends his chest smack into the top turnbuckle, driving all the air out of him. Bronson stumbles backward...]

WHAM!

DDK:

RUNNING BOOT BY HOLIDAY! He caught him RIGHT in the back of the head, and Box is down! There's the cover!

1...

...2...

...Kickout!

[Bronson kicking out on pure instinct.]

Angus:

Too close for comfort!

DDK:

You've got to think Box is running on autopilot at this point, because that looked like a hellacious kick to the head.

[Not wanting to waste his hard-won advantage, Holiday leans down and pulls Box off the canvas, straining battered and bruised muscles to lift Box's dead weight. He manages to maneuver the Wargod into a corner, then boosts him up to a seated position on the top rope.]

DDK:

I think we're about to see a superplex here, if Holiday can-- hold on, Box has got other ideas!

[Seemingly regaining a sense of awareness, Box instinctively kicks at Holiday, trying to create separation. Frank stumbles backward, holding his head, as Box unsteadily rises to stand up on the middle rope. He clasps his hands together in a double axhandle and leaps to strike this irreverent fool to hell!]

[But Holiday catches him out of the air on his shoulders!]

WHAMMM!

DDK:

TRAIN WRECK! HE NAILED IT! IT'S OVER!

1...

...2...

...Th-NOOOOOOO!

Angus:

HE KICKED OUT! BRONSON BOX IS STILL ALIIIIIIIVE!

[The DEFIAfans are stunned, buzzing about the display of resilience they're witnessing. Frank Holiday kneels up, his face a sopping mix of blood and sweat, and he looks at Carla Ferrari in disbelief, holding up three fingers. She shakes

her head and tells him it was two. Outside the ring, Billy Pepper has his hands on his head, shock evident on his face.]

DDK:

Not even Holiday can believe that wasn't it.

Angus:

He's didn't earn his place as the standard bearer around here sittin' on his ass, Keebler. Regardless of the drivel this one here and his butt buddy Noble say on goddamn *Twitter*...

[Even as Holiday gets up to collect himself, Bronson Box is dragging his way to the side of the ring, a thin trail of blood left in his wake from his mashed-up mouth. He reaches up for the ropes and closes his hands around them, willing his own exhausted muscles to pull himself off the mat. Holiday comes at him, but Box is ready: he hurls a European uppercut to the face, staggering the "Train Wreck", and he quickly follows it with a side slam, flattening him on the canvas!]

Angus:

See, there's still a TON of fight left in this man! Like when you use a knife to scrape the bottom of the Nutella jar!

DDK:

Use a what to do what?

[Box rattles off a few quick boots to the side of Holiday's skull before dropping down and locking on his signature camel clutch.]

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE! Box is just *wrenching* back on Holiday's neck here folks!

Angus:

This is going to do it, I can FEEL it! After all the punishment to the neck and back, THIS is the final nail in the coffin for Frank Holiday!

[As the roar of 4,000 voices fills the air, Holiday claws and scratches at the canvas, desperately trying to get to the ropes, but Box's whole weight is on his back and his powerful hands clasped under Frank's chin have no give to them. Billy Pepper is slapping the apron frantically, shouting at his friend.]

Billy Pepper:

GO FRANK! YOU CAN DO IT! DOOOO IIIIIITTT!

[Somehow, some way, despite having to drag nearly 500 pounds combined, Holiday inches his way forward, reaching for the ropes. Box snarls, and unclasps his hands long enough to hook the fingers of both hands in the corners of Frank's mouth.]

DDK:

Talk about dirty! He's got Holiday *fishhooked* like a damned animal! Every move Frank makes is causing him *unimaginable* pain!

[Seeing this illegal move, Carla gets in Bronson's face to let go. Box just curses at her and dares her to issue a five count. Holiday is moaning inarticulately through split, bloody, overextended lips as he keeps moving forward, inch by excruciating inch.]

Angus:

Box is going to milk this for as long as he can, Keebs.

DDK:

Yes he is, but Frank is NOT giving up!

[Holiday reaches out one last time -- he grips the bottom rope! Ferrari again ordering Box to release the hold, and Bronson does -- but only long enough to grab Holiday by the legs and drag him back to the middle of the ring. Then he sits himself down on Frank's back again and starts to apply a full nelson!]

DDK:

He's going for the Boston Massacre again, version two-- but Holiday is fighting it!

[As Box tries to hook Frank's arms, Holiday is mustering all his strength to get his knee under him... then he gets up on one knee... then a foot! Bronson scissors him around the waist to try and maintain his leverage, and succeeds in getting a half nelson applied. But Holiday is up on both feet now, teeth gritted from the exertion. He takes a quick, wild-eyed look around, and then he runs himself backward as hard as he can... SANDWICHING Box into the turnbuckles with all his weight!]

DDK:

AND THE HOLD IS BROKEN!

Angus:

HOW DID HE SURVIVE THAT?

DDK:

He had to dig down deep, Angus! Box is slumped in the corner, Holiday's trying to catch his breath... WHOA! Frank sees his opening! Gets him in a fireman's carry! Train Wreck coming--

[But before Frank can complete the move, Bronson reaches across and rakes his gory fingernails in Holiday's face, leaving ugly red tracks. Holiday cries out and drops Box, hands immediately pressed to his eyes.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

And that Fiery Right Hand saves him again! Frank may be blinded here!

Angus:

Carla Ferrari is pitching a fit in there, she didn't see the face rake but she definitely can do the math.

DDK:

And Bronson Box is about to take full advantage!

[The Original DEFIANT hoofs Holiday in the breadbasket, sets him up... and POWERBOMBS him neck-first into the top turnbuckle!]

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT! BOX WITH THE COVER!

1.....

.....2.....

.....3-NO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Bronson Box is giving Carla Ferrari eyes of death and an incredulous grimace. She waves two fingers at him.]

DDK:

He didn't want to believe it, but it's a damn fact! HOLIDAY KICKED OUT!

Angus:

We are through the looking glass now, Keebs. I got nothing.

[If steam could actually pour out of a man's ears, that's what Bronson Box would be doing now. Red-faced and seized by a mix of fury and frustration, he stands up and steps over the prone, groggy form of Frank Holiday, and goes to the same corner he'd just used as an offensive weapon. Like a man possessed, he sinks his fingers into the top turnbuckle and wrenches at it violently to tear it away. Carla Ferrari, who's already had to reprimand Box eleventy-five times tonight, actually throws her hands in the air and goes "Jesus Christ!" before she moves in and issues warning number eleventy-six.]

Angus:

Shit, this is NOT gonna be pretty.

DDK:

Yeah, he's determined to END Frank Holiday, and I think we can all guess WHY he's exposing that turnbuckle! And Carla is basically white noise to Bronson Box at this point for all he cares about her warnings.

[Tossing the shredded-up pile of fabric and padding that used to be a turnbuckle pad over the top rope, Box turns away from the exposed bolt, paying zero attention to Carla, and he leans down to peel Holiday off the canvas.]

DDK:

HOLY SMOKE! FRANK WITH A SMALL PACKAGE!

1...

...2...

...Kickout!

DDK:

How close was that?!

Angus:

Frank is doing every damn thing he can to put off the inevitable!

DDK:

Box looks maniacal!

[Wearing an almost demented expression, Bronson Box roughly wrestles Frank Holiday's limp body off the canvas, kicks him HARD in the gut, and sets him up in a standing headscissor in front of that exposed turnbuckle.]

Angus:

BOMBASTO BOMB COMING UP!

DDK:

If he hits this one, it's over!

[Drawing a thumb across his throat, Box bends down to wrap his arms around Frank's waist. He tries to lift Holiday up for the powerbomb, but Frank drops to one knee, seemingly drained of all strength. Box snarls, flexes back muscles, tries to lift him again -- but Frank's dead weight and the force of gravity are giving him a fight.]

[And then Holiday shoots an arm between Box's legs, and he plants his feet, and suddenly it's Bronson Box being thrown in the air atop the bulging shoulders of Frank Holiday!]

DDK:

HOLIDAY'S GOT HIM UP!

Angus:

WHAAAAAT?!

DDK:

BOX IS KICKING! TO NO AVAIL! HOLIDAY WITH THE--

WHAAAMMM!!

DDK:

SHARKNADOOOOOO!

Angus:

NONONONO!

DDK:

HOLIDAY IS TOTALLY SPENT! BOX IS OUT! FRANK GETS AN ARM ON HIM!

1.....

.....2.....

.....3!

DING DING DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

[The two combatants just lie there in a puddle of sweat and blood, chests heaving, as ring announcer extraordinaire Darren Quimbey does his thing...]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... and the DEF*MAX TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONNNNN... **FRAAAAANK!!**

HOLIDAAAAAYYY!!

[The Heavy blasts over the P.A. system, but you'd be hard pressed to hear anything over the riotous cheers echoing throughout the Wrestle-Plex. The fans are too pumped to organize themselves just yet, so there are at least two overlapping chants going on at the same time:]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

THAT WAS AWESOME! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

THAT WAS AWESOME! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

[Billy Pepper scoots into the ring and kneels down next to his best friend, shaking his shoulder, trying to rouse him. Holiday slowly hitches himself up on one elbow and stares blankly at his manager for a moment, as if he hasn't quite grasped the situation. He wipes his eyes and sits up, and then leaning heavily on Billy's shoulder he makes his way to his feet. Holiday looks out at the masses of the faithful screaming his name, and he finally gets it.]

[He marches to the nearest corner, gets up on the middle rope, and throws the horns to the cheering crowd, grinning through a blood-smeared face.]

/m/

Frank Holiday:

YEAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

That man has done the impossible tonight, Angus! He defied every critic -- namely YOU -- who said he couldn't reach the pinnacle and go toe-to-toe with one of the very best in DEFIANCE. Tonight, Frank Holiday survived a *war* and his prize is to be able to call himself the DEF*MAX CHAMPION!

Angus:

I don't appreciate the judgmental tone, Keebs. But you're right, I *didn't* think Frank had it in him. And I'm a big enough man to admit I was proven wrong.

[Having rejoined his manager in the ring, Frank Holiday lets Billy Pepper raise his hand in victory. Billy is beaming ear to ear, just proud to death of his friend. In spite of the pain, the punishment, the blood loss, Holiday grins and lets the moment soak in.]

[While Boxer and Euge proceed to lay waste to Holiday, Billy Pepper, who had scattered when Dewey smashed Holiday with the FIST of DEFIANCE, watches helplessly, though he appears to be trying to talk himself into... something, looking at the FIST of DEFIANCE title laying on the mat.]

Angus:

What is that idiot doing?

[Gaining the courage from within, Billy sneaks over and grabs the FIST, which earns him a cheer when he looks to the crowd and then to the exposed blindside of Eugene Dewey.]

DDK:

Oh good lord, don't do it, Billy! I know why you want to, but--

[With a wild yell, Billy Pepper takes matters into his hands and charges at the Original DEFIANTS. With the FIST title belt cocked, Billy smashes it into the back of Eugene Dewey, which doesn't even make so much as a dent.]

Angus:

Oh god, he's gonna die, Keebs!

[Turning around as if Billy were only a mosquito, annoyingly buzzing around him, Dewey stares daggers at the smallest man in the ring. Billy instantly realizes he's about to pay when a slow roar builds throughout the audience, until finally bursting with the arrival of...]

DDK:

DAN RYAN IS HERE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

And boy, does he look pissed!

DDK:

If anyone in DEFIANCE has a bone to pick with these two, it would be him!

[The legendary Ego Buster charges to the ring, giving absolutely NO FUCKS, sliding in under the bottom rope and immediately gets swarmed by Euge, who tosses Billy Pepper aside and calls to Boxer, who abandons Holiday to help sort out this new problem.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Damnit!

Angus:

Well, I mean, c'mon Keebs, you don't dive headfir--

[Dan Ryan fights through the barrage of kicks and stomps from Boxer and Euge, eventually getting to his feet. Swinging back, he cracks Euge with an elbow to the head, causing him to stumble back. Ryan then flashes forward, smashing another into Boxer's dome as well and then hitting Boxer with a high front kick to the chest that staggers him back.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

YES!

Angus:

I stand correc--

[Unfortunately for the Ego Buster, the numbers game proves to be too strong. After catching Dewey with the elbow, the FIST came charging back at Dan Ryan, who turns around...]

Angus:

PPPPPOOOOOOOUUUUNNNNNNNCCCCCE!

DDK:

BIOTIC CHARGE! BUT THE EGO BUSTER IS STILL STANDING!

[Not for long as he staggers back from the full body charge that Dewey crashed into him with, Boxer stumbled back towards the ropes as well and came off with an absolutely smashing Pendulum Lariat that finally puts Dan Ryan on the mat.]

BOOOOOOOOO-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

THE QUEEN IS HERE!

Angus:

Oh crap!

[As Dan Ryan was getting the doubled up on, Lindsay Troy was in the process of rushing to the ring herself. Leaping from the floor to the apron, she immediately springs herself to the top rope and catches Eugene with a springboard missile dropkick to the back of the FIST's shoulders.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dewey stumbles across the ring and Troy tries to get to her feet, but her initial attack left her wide open to a Bronson Box assault. Boxer attempts to subdue this latest invader but the Queen is game to fight, throwing bombs with the Scottish Nightmare and looking for retribution for the part he played in the FIST of DEFIANCE match.]

DDK:

Get him, LINDSAY TROY!

Angus:

Yeah, but here comes Euge!

[Indeed, the FIST may have been staggered, but he wasn't put out of the fight. Having recovered, Euge turns around and charges, making it a two on one fight as he tackles Troy to the mat. Boxer joins his comrade and he and Eugene proceed to kick-stomp Troy without mercy.]

DDK:

Is there no one else?!

Angus:

Are you kidding? Why would anyone want to risk their neck at this point? There's nobody lef--

[Suddenly the lights drop.]

"WHHHHOOOOOOOAAAAAAHHHHH?!"

[The fans begin to buzz.]

A SMATTERING OF FLASHBULBS POPPING~!

[In the ring, Dewey and Box can be seen through the light of the popping flashbulbs looking around for what's going on.]

DDK:

Oh christ, NOW what?!

Angus:

Ah hell, did Kels forget to pay the electric bill? This is what happens when you let a wom--

[The DEFIATron comes to life with static as the sound of a radio interference is heard. A few seconds later an ominous quote materializes through the static.]

"For all evils there are two remedies - time and silence."

Angus:

What the... Isn't this what's been getting posted anonymously on the website for weeks?

[The quote fades, the sound of radio interference continues, until yet another of the quotes materializes on screen.]

*He just stares at the world
Planning his vengeance
that he will soon unfurl*

DDK:

I... I think so, Angus, but why or what or who?

[The quote fades, soon replaced by another.]

"We should forgive our enemies, but not before they are hanged"

Angus:

Well, that's not terrifying or anything.

*So you think that it's over?
So you think that it's done?
The fields of unforgiveness never die, they've just begun*

DDK:

For those who don't know, somebody has been supplying independent beat writer, Dave Felcher with quotes, but the identity is unknown who sent them.

[The intensity of the radio static blips and bleeps with random voices cutting in, followed by another quote.]

*The hurt inside is fading
This shit's gone way too far.
All this time I've been waiting
No I cannot grieve anymore.*

[The lights begin to flash with that familiar drum beat, instantly drawing a huge pop that also causes the Faithful to start stomping and clapping in unison.]

AN EVEN BIGGER WAVE OF FLASH BULBS POPPING~!

DDK:

Oh my god, could it be?!

Angus:

Ohoh fuck, I knew it had to be too good to be true!

♪ HEY, AYE-AYE-AYE, AYE-YEAH! ♪
♪ HEY, AYE-AYE-AYE, AYE-YEAH! ♪
♪ HEY, AYE-AYE-AYE, AYE-YEAH! ♪
♪ HEY, AYE-AYE-AYE, AYE-YEAH! ♪

[“I LOVE IT LOUD” by KISS]

[The lights come back up, flooding the Wrestle-plex and revealing the one man, who above all, has the biggest bone to pick with the Original DEFIANTS.]

SUPERDUPER-OHMYGOD-ITSREALLYHIM-HESBACK-POSPLOSION!

DDK:

DUSTY GRIFFITH IS BAAAAAAAAAAACK!

Angus:

WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING OVER THESE FANS, KEEBS!

[Standing at the top of the ramp in a black tee shirt with #FTE emblazoned on the chest in red and silver, blue jeans, and black boots, Griffith's long mane of hair is pulled back into a number of Viking style braids. He doesn't even acknowledge the fans, despite all of their fury and excitement, his focus is entirely deadlocked on the two men who tried to end him at AFTERSHOCK. In the ring however, neither Box, nor Dewey are shaken and are in fact INVITING Dusty to charge.]

DDK:

LOOK, LOOK!

Angus:

I SEE IT, KEEBS!

[His eyes wide and intense, jaw clenched, while his arms shake and hands clench into fists... Until suddenly he EXPLODES towards the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

What does he think he's going to do rushing in there?!

DDK:

I don't think he really cares about the odds, Angus!

[It takes him only a few seconds to reach ringside, diving in under the bottom rope where he gets swarmed by both Euge and Boxer. Dusty weathers the storm, getting to his feet while also throwing wild, looping haymakers in every direction. Boxer and Euge manage to push him back towards the ropes and then whip him across the ring.]

DDK:

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[Dusty ducks the clothesline and bounces off the ropes again and comes FLYING back at Eugene and Bronson with a

FLYING SHOULDER TACKLE.]

Angus:

HOLY SHITE! HE JUST BLEW THEM BOTH UP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty is up quick, while Boxer and Euge scramble around, suddenly not so confident in their advantage. A flood of emotion and excitement overcome him as he pulls his shirt off and roars to the crowd, tossing the shirt into the front rows.]

Dusty Griffith:

YEEEEEEAAAAAAAHH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Dusty's outburst subsides when he locks eyes with Eugene Dewey, who begins shouting and pointing at Griffith in a rage.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs!

DDK:

We've waited to see what happens when these two stood in the same ring!

[The two step towards each other, barking at one another for only a brief moment before they start smashing away at each other with elbows and forearms. Getting back into the action, Bronson Box looks to jump Dusty, but is then suddenly cut off...]

DDK:

FRANK HOLIDAY IS BACK IN THE FIGHT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Frank tackles into Boxer, driving him against the ropes, where the two of them start blasting away at each other. Troy marches over and lends a hand laying boots to The Wargod, whilst Ryan eagerly jumps into the fray shoulder to shoulder with the returning Dusty Griffith grinding the reigning defending FIST into the mat.]

Angus:

IT'S FOUR ON TWO, THIS 'AINT GODDAMN FAIR!

DDK:

THE ORIGINAL DEFIANTS ARE ON THE ROPES HERE, FANS!

Angus:

THIS IS HORSESHIT!

[The absolutely exhausted Bronson Box is the first one to succumb after a series of brutal forearms to his already rattled skull from the fresh Lindsay Troy. All it takes is one last swift kick from the new DEF*MAX champion right to the mush and the Scottish Strongman tumbles between the ropes and lands at ringside with a loud thud.]

DDK:

There are currently FOUR PAIRS of eyes all trained on the FIST of DEFIANCE, Angus!

Angus:

This is a goddamn MUGGING!

[Dusty and Ryan yank Eugene to his feet and shove him towards center ring... the FIST now quite literally surrounded on all sides. Ryan, Troy, Holiday and the returning Dusty Griffith all with their own personal bone to pick with the "Dark Lord" of DEFIANCE. Eugene laughs nervously, holding his hands out in front of him trying desperately to find a way out of the assbeating most assuredly coming his way.]

Eugene Dewey:

Guys... come on... it... IT WASN'T PERSONAL!

DDK:

What?!

[Frank, Dan, Dusty and Ms. Troy all exchange glances, shrugging and absolutely LAY WASTE the the reigning defending FIST of DEFIANCE. Ryan pulls Eugene up by his fluffy red fro and launches him back to his feet. Dusty Griffith grabs the neck of Eugene's black t-shirt and with one quick yank rips Doctor Doom's metallic face from his fleshy torso.]

Angus:

MAYBERRY, THAT WAS A VINTAGE T-SHIRT FROM 1982 YOU GODDAMN MONSTER!

[Frank and Lindsay both grin, and taking turns to LIGHT Eugene's chest up with knife edge chop after knife edge chop. The camera catches a glimpse of Bronson Box juuuust coming around at ringside, standing at the foot of the ramp.]

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[When the two are done they look towards the one man Viking warband Dusty Griffith, who steps back towards the ropes as he motions with his hands for them to send Euge his way. Doing as requested, Troy and Ryan send Euge to Dusty, who sets up to receive and then dumps Euge UP AND OVER the top rope with a Belly to Belly Suplex.]

Angus:

OH GOD! BRONSON, MOVE!

[Eugene's landing is softened... if you can call it that... as he comes crashing down into the unprepared arms of his associate, the Bombastic Bronson Box. The associates go tumbling backwards towards the foot of the ramp in a heap of sweaty red afro and gross waxy mustache. As nasty as the spill looked both men are on their feet and absolutely FUMING.]

DDK:

THE ORIGINAL DEFIANTS ARE ON THE RUN!

[Frank Holiday leans down across the second rope with an exhausted smile, Ryan and Troy each take a turnbuckle and the returning Dusty Griffith leans waaaaaaaay out over the top rope... his eyes locked on the retreating DEFIANTS. The whole arena notices the way Bronson turns and shoulders past Eugene once the duo reaches the stage, disappearing through the curtain.]

DDK:

Uh oh, is the “honeymoon” all over for the Boxer and Eugene?

Angus:

Shut your whore mouth, Darren!

[As the excitement subsides Dan Ryan dismounts the turnbuckle and surveys the scene before him, giving the celebrating Frank Holiday an unimpressed look that says “yeah, whatever.” Frank stares back at Ryan and shrugs, a look that also says “yeah, whatever.”]

Angus:

Well, that's certainly... cold.

DDK:

Well, it could definitely be said that Frank Holiday got the spot over Dan Ryan because of Eugene Dewey's shenanigans.

[Lindsay Troy also dismounts, following Dan Ryan, after she congratulates Frank with a fist-bump and an “attaboy, Frank!” With the Inner Circle departing, that leaves only two men left in the ring.]

DDK:

Well, isn't this intriguing?

Angus:

Sickening is more like it.

[Dusty backs away from the ropes and accidentally bumps into Frank. Spinning around, he sees Frank, who stares back at Dusty with a little caution. Standing there, both are still, not sure what to do or say as the crowd buzzes with absolute anticipation.]

Angus:

SOMEBODY START PUNCHING SOMEBODY!

DDK:

You're incorrigible, Angus Skaaland.

[Both Dusty and Frank glance around the arena to the crowd, who's anticipation continues to build for whatever is going to happen. Then finally, Frank sticks his hand out and Dusty accepts, shaking hands and then raising Frank Holiday's arm as the victor.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

There we go!

Angus:

Ugh, honor and blah blah blah.

[Dusty lets and nods to Frank before he takes his leave, allowing Holiday to have the ring to himself. Frank stands there for a moment, watching as Dusty goes to climb out of the ring and then rushes over, instantly bringing the crowd to another hush.]

Angus:

SWERVE!?!?

[Nope.]

[Dusty gives Frank a confused look, who appears to be asking him to return to the middle of the ring, where he begins stomp around the ring, clapping and encouraging the fans to chant...]

"WELCOME BACK!" "WELCOME BACK!" "WELCOME BACK!" "WELCOME BACK!"

Angus:

Laaaaaame, he could have walloped Mayberry for trying to steal his thunder, just like Eugene did! Which would have been a thousand and one times MOAR cool.

DDK:

And this is why nobody cares what you think.

[Dusty actually appears to blush as he nods to the fans, a symbolic tip of the cap to them. Frank walks back up to him, Dusty smiles appreciatively, giving him a similar nod and another shake of the hand, telling him "enjoy it, brother." Then finally takes his leave, climbing out of the ring as he slaps hands with fans along the way before disappearing back up the ramp and then out of the arena... Leaving the floor to the first ever DEFIANT Grand Prix Champion to celebrate.]

DDK:

What a night folks.

Angus:

That's one way of putting it.

DDK:

Well, there's not much more to say. I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, as always, my partner is Angus Skaaland, and thanks for watching DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Angus:

GOOOOODNIGHTNAAAAAAOOOOOO!

[As we pan out, Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper reunite in the middle of the ring, hands in the air, as the entire Wrestle-Plex chants the name of the DEF*MAX Champion.]

FRANKIE! FRANKIE! FRANKIE! FRANKIE!

/m/

[Credits Roll as "How Do You Like Me Now?" by the Heavy plays us out.]

[F2B]