

I'm All Out of Bubblegum...

"Just when they think they got the answers, I change the questions."

Rest In Peace
Rowdy Roddy Piper
April 17th 1954 - July 31st 2015

We'll miss you, Hotrod.

DEF 2 DA MAX

[And then...]

[...Lights out.]

[And four thousand Faithful buzz and murmur in the sudden darkness, as scattered cellphone screens come to life and flutter like fireflies in the Bayou.]

[And then the DEFIAtron fades up, displaying an image of the famous Hollywood sign under a night sky, the huge white letters lit up by spotlights in the hills below. Beneath the rising roar of the fans comes a subtle, rhythmic tone, imperceptible at first but getting louder, until it drowns out everything else: an urgent clanging bell, and a visceral rumble that shakes the stomach and gets the screen trembling.]

[And then the Hollywood sign **explodes** with an eardrum-shattering megaton blast, orange flames and debris spiraling out of the epicenter, as a blazing locomotive **erupts** through the wreckage like a freight train from hell.]

[And *that's* when The Heavy kicks in with those sweet jazzy horns: "How You Like Me Now?"]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[A spotlight stabs down from the ceiling to shine on the entranceway. The curtains part and unleash a column of costumed dancers who shuck and jive their way down the aisle: big cartoony beach balls bouncing to the music, palm trees waving their bright green fronds over the heads of the ringside fans, blue sharks showing off their white felt teeth and their fancy footwork.]

Angus:

What. In. The. Ever. Loving. HELL.

DDK:

C'mon, partner, chill out! It's a *party!*

[The arena lights come up again as this colorful parade makes its way down to the ring and starts to circle the ringside area. Fans are dancing and clapping along, kids are reaching out to pat the beach balls and shake fins with the sharks. Somehow, a dozen or so *actual* beach balls have materialized in the stands, and eager hands are batting them around.]

[In the middle of this ridiculous chaos, one of the sharks runs up the steps, ducks through the ropes, and starts shimmying in the middle of the ring, waving its fins back and forth like it's trying to get airborne. You wouldn't say it's anywhere as coordinated as its brethren still at ringside, and it's totally out of sync with the music, but you've got to give it props for enthusiasm.]

[Just as The Heavy's funky jam hits a crescendo, and the other dancers are whirling like dervishes down on the floor, the shark in the ring reaches inward, grabs the front of its costume in both fins and yanks to both sides. The costume tears away neatly down the middle, the shark head flung back and two foam-lined shells of blue fabric thrown smoothly away, revealing the awful dancer inside...]

["The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday!]

[As the entire Wrestle-Plex roars and cheers, Holiday turns to one side and the other, grinning brightly like a man who's rather proud of himself, and he throws the horns in the air to another tremendous ovation!]

DDK:

Frank Holiday putting on quite the show for the fans tonight!

Angus:

This is what I get for starting to *actually* respect this guy.

[During all the shenanigans, manager extraordinaire Billy Pepper had made his way down the aisle, and he now climbs up into the ring to join his client, giving him a beaming smile and a heartfelt round of applause. Frank pulls him in for a dude hug, and then he turns back to the crowd with a grin, and raises his hand over his head, and wiggles his fingers.]

[On cue, a microphone sails through the air and lands perfectly in Holiday's hand.]

Angus:

Okay, seriously now, did anybody catch who did that? I need to know who Frank's Mic Guy is!

DDK:

I think he's one of the palm trees.

Angus:

Really? Damn! I have to say, though, he's a better dancer than Frank.

[As the menagerie of beach balls, sharks, and palm trees finally make their way back up the ramp, Holiday brings the mic to his lips and addresses the crowd.]

Frank Holiday:

DEFIANCE... you know me as "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday. But today, you can also call me... THE DEFIANT GRAND PRIX CHAMPION!!

[The response: A deafening cheer! He nods as he waits for it to fade enough to continue.]

Frank Holiday:

The *best* of the *best* in this company went to war in this tournament for *weeks*. I took on some of my fiercest foes. I battled some of my best friends. I bruised, I bled, I won some and I lost some. But through it all, I had peeps just like *you* believing in me. I had my *best bros in the world* believing in me. And because *they* believed, and *you* believed, goddamn it, *I believed too!*

[Holiday slaps Billy on the back, flashes a grin to the cheering, waving fans.]

Frank Holiday:

When Curtis Penn -- the cheapest, cheatingest, most notorious Southern Heritage Champion in history -- told me I'd never beat him in the play-in match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE... what did I do? I stomped the shit out of that sanctioned weapon on his arm and *I beat him!* And true to the shitty character he is, he punked me out after that match like a sore loser. But I *still* picked myself up and got ready for the final. Because there was *one thing left to do*.

[His gaze is sober now, his expression full of intensity.]

Frank Holiday:

And when Bronson Box -- you know him: the Original DEFIANT, the man who defined the *past* of DEFIANCE, the man who wants you to believe he's also the *future*, the dude who made alliances with the most dangerous people around... When *that* guy told me I wasn't on his level, that I'd go down in flames, that he was going to make an example out of me, well...

[A hesitation. He looks down.]

Frank Holiday:

...Part of me believed him.

[Frank flicks his eyes up again.]

Frank Holiday:

Because, who the hell am I? A guy who walked off a Burbank production lot with a pink slip in my hand, and stumbled into a pro wrestling company in New Orleans full of history, legacy, larger-than-life heroes and villains? Who am I, daring to go up against *Bronson Box*?

[Another pause as he looks up with a faraway gaze.]

Frank Holiday:

And that's where I was at, right up to the moment I walked out for that tournament final. I didn't know. And then he punched me, and he knocked me down, and I saw the pure malice in his eyes.

And then?

Then I knew who the hell I was.

I knew I was the dude who wasn't gonna put up with his *bullshit* for *one. Minute. Longer.*

[His smile returns.]

Frank Holiday:

And now? *Now*, Bronson Box knows who the hell I am, too. I'm the dude who took everything he had and came back stronger. I'm the North Hollywood Zombie. I'm the Energizer Bunny. I'm the one who pinned *his* bald ass in the middle of this ring, and I'm the one they crowned **YOUR DEFIANT Grand Prix Champion!!**

[He can't help himself -- he throws the horns in the air! And the fans, they can't help themselves either -- they show the love with a mighty cheer!]

Frank Holiday:

So what's next for the "Train Wreck"? I'm feeling pretty good about myself right now, so I'm gonna be just a little audacious, ladies and gents. There's only one way to go from here. I wanna do the *impossible*. I wanna do what *nobody's* been able to do up to now. And as it happens, MUHBOITAI's lady Kelly Evans already set the wheels in motion.

Angus:

Hey! That's my line!

DDK:

Yeah, but Ty is *everyone's* boy.

Frank Holiday:

TONIGHT! There's gonna be a #1 Contender's Match for the FIST of DEFIANCE! It's me, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday. It's my brosette, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy. And it's *her* bro-in-law, "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan. And I *know* those two are steamed over how the title match went at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and they need redemption. Totes understood. But this time out, I gotta say *#sorrynotsorry*. I'm planning to keep the good times rolling. I'm winning the contendership tonight, and then I'm gonna face Bizarro Eugene Dewey, and I'm gonna be the one who finally pwns the End Boss and wins the FIST of DEFIANCE! *Game over! A winner is me!*

♪ BWAHAHAHAHAHA ♪

DDK:

Oh, speak of the devil!

Angus:

Ah well, now things are getting interesting.

DDK:

More interesting than Frank Holiday emerging from a shark?

Angus:

You say that like there's a second possible answer...

[Before any music really gets playing the FIST of DEFIANCE stomps his way out from the back onto the stage with his title belt wrapped firmly around his waist and a microphone in his hand.]

Eugene Dewey:

Cut the music!

[The fans give Eugene what for as 'Dark Lord Bowser' cuts, but the FIST is clearly pissed, and so isn't going to wait for them to die down before giving the DEF*MAX champion the piece of his mind he clearly came out to give.]

Eugene Dewey:

Frank, Frank, Frank, Frank, Frank. It's been a long time since I was down in the slums that you've miraculously managed to claw your way out of, but I don't think things have changed much. See, when you're down there, and you call out the big dogs, you don't get a response, do you? I mean, I've sat back and watched for the last few months while you and... who was it? David No-Balls? While the two of you talked and talked and talked about what you'd do to Bronson and Myself if you ever got the chance to step in the ring with us, I fell asleep. Like, I actually went night night because it was so, so, dull.

[The FIST starts on his way down the ramp, not once taking his eyes off of 'The Train Wreck' in the ring.]

Eugene Dewey:

But now... Now you're flying high. Now you're on the radar, and now you've got the attention of the big dog. You've got the attention of the 'End Boss'. You've got the attention of the single greatest wrestler DEFIANCE has ever seen. Congratulations on that. Really.

[As he speaks Eugene reaches the ringside and heads for the stairs. The dancing trees are dancing no more and part like the Red Sea for the FIST so that he can ascend to the apron.]

Eugene Dewey:

But you'd better enjoy this while it lasts, Frank. Because Grand Prix win or not, you will never, *never*, get your hands on this.

[Dewey unclips the belt from around his waist and holds it high in the air while the DEFIAfans in attendance jeer the words of the champion. Dewey leans against the top rope, making sure to keep his distance from Holiday and continues.]

Eugene Dewey:

Just look at you... Do you truly think that you embody everything DEFIANCE stands for? Because that's what the title is all about, and that's what I've been about for the last five hundred and forty eight days.

[That thought clearly annoys the FIST as he purses his lips and licks his teeth at the same time.]

Eugene Dewey:

I guess I can't really blame you for thinking you can cut it against the best and brightest DEFIANCE has to offer though, I mean, the Grand Prix was just so, so special, right? It must have been for the final to headline the pay per view. It must have been special to relegate the FIST of DEFIANCE title match, a handicap match masquerading as a triple threat for the most prestigious title DEFIANCE has ever seen, one that hasn't changed hands in over a year and a half, from its rightful place in the headlining slot.

[Frank finally cracks a smile as he realises what Eugene is getting at. He puts up his hand to stop Eugene right there.]

Frank Holiday:

Is that what you're pissy about? The fact that you didn't get to main event Maximum DEFIANCE?

[Out on the apron Dewey silently, and only ever so slightly, nods.]

Frank Holiday:

Tell you what, Eugene, I'll make a deal with you. You can main event the next pay per view when you defend that title...

[Frank points at the FIST belt in Eugene's hand.]

Frank Holiday:

Against *me*.

[Oh the fans like that, and they show just how much they like it with a huge cheer. Eugene shakes his head at that notion however.]

Eugene Dewey:

See, therein lies the problem, Frank. You're not gonna be main eventing anything, 'cause I have it on good authority that you aren't even gonna make it to tonight's match...

[Eugene lifts a leg to step through the ropes, but as soon as he he picks his foot up off of the apron, he seems to recoil as Holiday drops his mic and takes a step forward, muscles tensed and fists clenched for a fight.]

DDK:

I don't know if Eugene actually wants to throw down with Holiday or not, but Frank's definitely ready for it!

Angus:

You've got it backwards, Keebs. Dewey is baiting him, just you watch.

[If that's the plan, the FIST of DEFIANCE is putting on an Oscar-worthy performance as he grimaces at the DEF*MAX Grand Prix Champion and raises a hand, telling him to back off. Frank looks exasperated and demands to know if Eugene's going to get in the ring.]

[Then:]

[The beat of the drums brings the Faithful to a buzzing anticipation as they begin stomping their feet in unison with cadence. This also instantly brings Eugene to an *oh... fuck*. level of panic.]

Angus:

Son. of. a. bitch!

DDK:

Well, whether you like it or not, partner, looks like *somebody* has something to say about all of this here tonight.

♪"I Love It Loud" by KISS.♪

[The Faithful erupt when Dusty Griffith steps out on the stage, where he plants his hands on to his hips and scans the sold out Wrestle-plex with an appreciative grin that is plastered on his mug.]

DDK:

Talk about being happy to see someone, eh, Angus?

Angus:

Heh, sure, there's no accounting for taste apparently when it comes to the Faithful, Keebs.

[The grin fades on Dusty's face when his attention settles on Eugene, who stares back at him from the ring apron, muttering with frustration at the Wild Bronco's interruption. Dusty seems to snicker as he shakes his before reaching into his back pocket and produces a microphone. Bringing it up, he attempts to speak, but is drowned out by the fans, who give him a "Welcome Back" chant. Even Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper are clapping hands and chanting happily along. After a moment, Big Dust brings his mic holding hand up, quieting the audience.]

Dusty Griffith:

I wasn't gone *that* long, was I?

[The Faithful roar again and Dusty grins, a slight snicker overcoming him before the crowd simmers down. Turning his focus back to Euge, his former friend, now bitter rival, Dusty continues.]

Dusty Griffith:

This is funny to me, because all of this time that I've been out of commission, I've imagined *this* moment, right here, right now, when I'd finally have the chance to look you in the eye and let you know what you took from me.

[Dusty's jaw clenches, the cold fury is evident. Eugene only smirks with pride as he mouths "and I would do it again..."]

Dusty Griffith:

Two months and change, brother. That's what you and Boxer took from me, but more than that, you took the trust and respect that we had for each other and you **smashed** it all to hell, and for what?

[Griffith lets the question for a few seconds, his face twitching with barely contained anger.]

Dusty Griffith:

I'd really like to know [he starts to pace back and forth like a caged lion], because I've watched our match, obsessed over it *actually*. It was a helluva fight, brother, one that nobody will ever forget, and despite the fact that I didn't win it, I have absolutely no regrets...

[His eyes widen as he recalls what Dewey did to him after their match, when Euge turned on him and with the aid of Bronson Box, attempted to end Griffith's very existence in the sport.]

Dusty Griffith:

And then you betrayed all of us. You took that moment, your moment of triumph, the moment each and every fan in this arena should've remembered with pride and joy, and you threw it away. Nobody's going to remember what a fantastic match you had. Nobody's going to praise you for your championship reign. All anybody is going to remember is how you turned your back on the fans and your friends.

[The fans, more than agreeing with him on this, let Eugene have it. The FIST of DEFIANCE frowns and shakes his head.]

Dusty Griffith:

I sat there and listened to you rant and rave that night, and as you continued running your goddamned mouth for weeks on end, trying to justify what you did. You know what, Euge?

[He stops pacing.]

Dusty Griffith:

I don't care what your reasons are anymore, not after having to listen to you run your yap all of this time, because now? The only thing that matters to me at this point is giving you the worst beating of your life, you no good sonuvabitch!

RAAH!

[The crowd erupts with Dusty's declaration of war as he points a damning finger at the FIST. When the cheers and screams subside, he continues.]

Dusty Griffith:

Now I heard you complain about not getting to be in the main event. Do you happen to remember that little [surprise](#) the Boss Lady promised for tonight? Well, guess what? You're GOING to be in a main event... tonight!

[Eugene's brow arches, his head turning in a similar manner as when a dog tilts his head with curiosity.]

Dusty Griffith:

Oh, that wasn't all of it. Here's the best part. You're going to be *defending that title* in tonight's main event. And your opponent?

...You're lookin' at him!

[Dusty points a thumb at his chest, adding an exclamation point on to the punchline. Eugene blows a gasket in response, throwing the most epic temper tantrum as the Faithful explode with cheers for the announcement. As Dewey whips around furiously, he looks into the ring and realizes Frank is pointing and laughing uproariously at him, while Billy hypes the fans even more to cheer. Eugene shakes the ropes like a madman and bellows impotently.]

[Cut to the Commentation Station.]

DDK:

Yes! What a way to kick off the show!

Angus:

Yeah, okay *Al Michaels*. This is a travesty of injustice!

DDK:

Injustice? You mean just desserts, right? Eugene Dewey is finally going to answer for what he did at Aftershock.

Angus:

Hey man, I said what I said and I meant it! This isn't fair to our champion, just because Kelly is all mad at Eugene still, heh.

DDK:

Yes, well, as it stands Kelly *is* the boss, and pissing her off is bad for your health. Maybe Eugene should take that into account before hacking the show and trying to mod it to fit his tastes!

Angus:

Did you just make a gaming joke?

DDK:

Yes I did.

Angus:

That's it, the world is gonna end.

DDK:

Aaaaaanyhow, we've got a great show for you tonight folks! Curtis Penn is here!

[The crowd boos the name of the new Southern Heritage Champion.]

DDK:

Harmony's gonna take a shot at the God Beast!

Angus:

Jesus, Eddie Dante has got to be salivating at that, Mushi might actually just eat here.

DDK:

And we already know about the Number One Contenders Match and the FIST Title match, it's gonna be a big night tonight!

Angus:

It's gonna be something... I heard that Steampunk Simpleton Henry Keyes is here tonight in his Flying Cotton Gin...

DDK:

You never know who's gonna show up to DEFIANCE Television, Angus, but right now we know that Christie Zane has an interview lined up, so lets kick it to her back in the backstage area!

[Cut.]

Three Of Five

[We hardcut backstage to buxom blonde interviewer Christie Zane.]

Zane:

Joining me now, one of five recent signings from Eric Dane's BRAZEN wrestling project, "The Gentleman German" Reinhardt Hoffman. Reinhardt?

[The camera pans back and we get an eyeful of the tall good looking European. His striking blue eyes and chiseled good looks are the picture of aryan perfection. He stands with his hands clasped in excitement, rocking back and forth with a big smile on his face.]

Hoffman:

Christie it's a pleasure, my dear. To not only be making my in-ring debut for DEFIANCE, but to be doing it against my good friend Bronson is a true treat.

[The pretty little interviewer gives the newcomer a confused, slightly concerned look.]

Hoffman:

What have I said to concern you so, mein lieber?

Zane:

You'll have to excuse me, Reinhardt. It's just that... well...you're so nice, how are...

[Reinhardt holds up his hand with a warm smile.]

Hoffman:

How am I friends with heir Bronson?

Christie:

Well, seeing as his closest acquaintance here at "work" is our FIST of DEFIANCE and they themselves don't really refer to themselves as friends. It's just... curious, is all.

[Hoffman casually nods in agreement with Christie's assessment.]

Hoffman:

Ze' Wargod and I have been friends for a very long time, Ms. Zane. I'll put it this way, when Bronson's "walls" went up I was one of the fortunate few caught WITHIN' them.

Christie:

Fortunate?

Hoffman:

We're... how does Bronson put it? We're "mates" he and I.

[A deep, urban voice from off camera cuts Hoffman off mid sentence.]

Voice:

Oh is'at right, you punk ass sucka', he tuck you in at night too?

[A face some of the more dedicated DEFIANCE faithful might remember as a Blood Diamond henchman months ago steps into view like a giant sentient office building. When "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby squares up to Hoffman The Gentleman German simply shoots back a pleasant smile and an extended hand.]

Hoffman:

Felton! It is so good to see you, my boy. It's been far too long.

[The huge Texan looks at Reinhardt's hand, following his arm right up to his face.]

Bigsby:

I 'aint shakin' yo' hand and I DAMN sure 'aint yo' BOY... ya' heard me?

[Reinhardt chuckles and retracts his hand giving a little sniff before stepping towards the large wall-like man looming over him like a giant African American battletank.]

Hoffman:

Is there something I can do for you, my friend? When we last spoke...

Bigsby:

I told you AND your bald friend I MIGHT be back... might. I found myself a new trainer.

Hoffman:

If you think that Troy woman can offer you the same caliber of training Bronson and I offer at The Conclave, you're truly mad my boy.

[Some of that jovial attitude vanishes as he raises his clefted chin slightly, bowing up to his "BRAZEN Five" adversary. Felton bows right back, the two men pushing back and forth jockeying for space. A third man, tattooed with a quaffed mohawk saunters into the scene and places a hand on each man's chest.]

Third Man:

Fellas, fellas, fellas... be coooooool, be cool man.

[Felton and Reinhardt both turn their heads in unison to come face to smiling face with the man from the "Keep It Weird" streets of the ATX. Butcher Victorious. He chuckles to himself as the two other men take a few steps back. He continues in his cool McConaughey-like southern drawl.]

Butcher:

This 'aint how a bunch of guys in the same boat are supposed to act, man. We all got the same opportunity to shiiiiine here, gentlemen.

[Felton rears back and gives the Austin native a hard shove. Reinhardt steps between the two, giving FELTON a shove of his own. Before The German can say anything Butcher comes flying back at Bigsby. With Reinhardt caught in the middle, the interview descends into a wild brawl between all three men.]

Butcher:

NOT cool, brother! NOT cool!

Bigsby:

I'MMA SNATCH YOU BALD, BOY!

[As Christie Zane bolts from the wild scene, referee Buffalo Brian Slater, some DEFsec and a few other staffers crowd around the three men trying to separate them before any real damage is done. As Slater and a number of producers shove the massive Felton Bigsby through the doorway he yells over the din...]

Bigsby:

Watch yo' back you aryan lookin' sucka'! ALL you bitches better watch yo' backs! THERE 'AINT NO BRAZEN FIVE! THERE'S JUST ME! YOU HEAR! THERE'S JUST ME!

[Hoffman and Butcher beg off the rest of the staffers, done brawling now that Bigsby's been pulled out of the room and off down the hallway. The two men share a look and a short pause. Victorious motions towards the door, that laid back smile back on his lips.]

Butcher:

Now that yer' adrenaline is pumpin' how bout you go out there and make all the BRAZEN boys proud.

[He extends his hand, Hoffman is quick to embrace it. The two men nod at each other before Reinhardt heads off towards the gorilla position now mere moments before his DEFIANCE debut.]

DDK:

Well, Mr. Bigsby certainly has found his voice since we last saw him, hasn't he?

Angus:

He HAS been training with Lindsay Troy, I bet she has a goddamn class in pissed off shit talk. What's with the German dude? The combination of his creepy politeness and his super solid friendship with a certified sociopath that hates all living things is...

DDK:

Unsettling?

Angus:

So fucking unsettling.

DDK:

I think these BRAZEN guys will fit in juuuuust fine.

Angus:

You seriously have NO idea, man... these five yahoos are just the tip of the iceberg.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Vikings dude. Goddamn seven foot tall, murderous Vikings. Stay fuckin' tuned. The future is dark and full of terrors.

Bronson Box vs Reinhardt Hoffman

The match began when the lights were cut and the arena was blanketed in darkness. The initial pop for the sudden change in lighting quickly descends into a rain of boos as a soft wind is heard blowing through the pitch black air. The jeers only escalate when the man in black starts to play. When the lights come back on Bronson Box stands center ring... *face to face* with his opponent, the Gentleman German Reinhardt Hoffman. After a quick discussion with referee Benny Doyle we're treated to a rare event... a handshake from The Scottish Strongman, as Boxer and Reinhardt smile and clasp hands. After circling one another for a few moments the match gets underway with some pure catch as catch can wrestling. The crowd ooh's and ahh's as the big German keeps up with the former Champion hold for hold... much to Bronson's shagrin. We can tell when the moment comes... when Bronson decides "that's enough, lad."

The Original DEFIANT moves like greased lightning, shooting forward and picking his sparring partners head like he has a thousands of times before in training. The leaping guillotine Bronson affectionately calls The Flying Strongman is locked on tight as can be before the Hoffman can offer an effective counter. After seven minutes of crisp clean back and forth grappling, Hoffman struggles valiantly in the submission hold but eventually relents under the vice like pressure of his friend and employer and has taps out. As Quimby makes the call Bronson offers a hand down to Hoffman, still clutching his aching neck. He accepts. After a quick handshake Bronson drops to the mat and makes his way up the ramp, allowing his friend a moment alone as the faithful give the newcomer a standing ovation on a match well wrestled.

DDK:

Bronson Box showing why he truly is one of the *elite* here in DEFIANCE wrestling.

Angus:

Hoffman's got the chops though, man. He went *tip for tap* with The Wargod in his debut!

DDK:

You're going to have a thing for *all* these BRAZEN call ups, aren't you?

Angus:

Hey, give me some props. Dane didn't put it all together alone, you know. BRAZEN lives and breaths thanks to the Motor Mouth of Malcontent, BABY!

DDK:

Go on, keep taking Eric's credit Mr. Motor Mouth.

Angus:

... screw you, Keebler.

The Title Is Back Where It Belongs

♪ Enae Volare Mezzo.♪

DDK:

A few nights back we held an amazing event at The Mitchell Center on the Campus of the University of South Alabama in Mobile, Alabama where we were able to donate 20 Grand to The Brain Trauma Foundation through the gate sales.

Angus:

It was a pretty decent show, we promoted our ASSES off that entire day, only to have this happen as a result of our good deeds!

[Curtis Penn steps onto the ramp carrying a new piece of hardware.]

Angus:

EXACTLY!

DDK:

As everyone can see during that show we saw Curtis Penn win back the Southern Heritage Championship off of the departing champion David Noble.

Angus:

Who turned out to be a bigger pile of shit than Curtis Penn just by him holding the Southern Heritage Championship hostage during contract negotiations...

[Curtis Penn has the Southern Heritage Championship strapped securely around his waist.]

DDK:

FINALLY, someone you hate more than Curtis Penn!

Angus:

AHHHH. NO! I will hate that muther until the last ember of Hell burns out! But, David Noble no longer exists in my universe..

[Curtis Penn struts down to ringside smiling from ear to ear.]

DDK:

No one has seen David Noble since Curtis made him tap at the Guerilla Event in Mobile, Alabama.

Angus:

I guess negotiations did not go as he planned when he was told that he was going to face Curtis Penn for the Southern Heritage Championship.

[Penn reaches the ring, jumps up to the apron, and thrusts the SoHer Championship in the air.]

DDK:

You just don't threaten the well-being of DEFIANCE and walk away unscathed.

[Curtis calls for the microphone as the music ends. He taps it to ensure that it's working before speaking.]

BOP BOP BOP

Curtis Penn:

From day one I have told each and every one of you, the men and women in the locker rooms, and the people who stream us on HULU that I am the GREATEST SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION OF ALL TIME!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Curtis Penn:

I have not only beaten every person who has held this Southern Heritage Championship since I relinquished it a few months back, but I just ran off the person who made the Southern Heritage Championship uncool in the first place!

[Curtis Penn grins from ear to ear.]

Curtis Penn:

David Noble will forever be known as a footnote in the tale of *Dominance* that I bring back to the Southern Heritage Championship.

[Curtis Penn pauses for a brief moment.]

Curtis Penn:

Now, hot on the heels of me running David Noble out of DEFIANCE, I will build on the success of the Curtis Clutch Challenge and introduce my next innovation, which is sure to be the coolest thing you swamp rats have seen all year!

[He taps his chin softly with the microphone.]

Angus:

Hey Keebler Elf, you ever hear about the Urban Legend down here in NOLA where if you say the word "cool" three times the High Chief himself will appear out of thin air?

DDK:

Angus, you can continue dreaming about a Cancer Jiles return, but no one has seen or heard from him for months.

Curtis Penn:

Ladies and Gentlemen, you are witnessing a moment of greatness by yours truly as I am proud to bring to you the **Curtis Penn Invitational!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Curtis Penn:

Now before you go and cast your two cents this is open to *all* wrestlers in the back, but as you all know the Southern Heritage Championship is the proving grounds here in DEFIANCE and I am the gatekeeper. So, not only am I going to open it up to all of those in DEFIANCE, but because Eric Dane was so nice to allow me to kick David Noble out on his ass I'm going to give his guys from BRAZEN a crack at the Southern Heritage Championship as well!

[His grin explodes from ear to ear.]

RAAAAHAHAHHHHHHH

Angus:

Curtis Penn... hasjust.... receiveda.....pop?

Curtis Penn:

I know I'm *COOL* right!

[The crowd falls to a hush.]

[The lights flicker inside of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex.]

Angus:

Keeps....hold me?

DDK:

No.

[The lights stop flickering and on the ramp that leads towards the ring is none other than....]

Angus:

CANCER JILES!!!!

DDK:

Stop believing in URBAN LEGENDS, you're making a fool out of you and me!

[Keebs shakes his head in disgust.]

DDK:

I'm sorry for my colleague folks, but you know his obsessions with certain wrestlers who haven't been seen in almost a year. Let me introduce to you....

[Curtis Penn barks over the microphone.]

Curtis Penn:

LEVI COLE! Flashy lights, cool entrance. Or maybe Kels has forgotten to pay the light bill, no matter. Either you are a very good wrestler, judging by the singlet, the ear protectors, and the mouthpiece you think that you're a very good wrestler. Or someone in the back dressed you up in an American Flag outfit to rival my Confederate Flag trunks and Southern Heritage Championship and sent you out as a guinea pig.

[Penn unstraps the Southern Heritage Championship from his waist]

Curtis Penn:None the less, if you're here to fight, let's get the **CEE-PEE-EYE** STARTED!

[Curtis Penn hands the Southern Heritage Championship over to Benny Doyle, who has been standing in the ring since the flickering lights, and tosses the microphone to the outside.]

Curtis Penn vs Levi Cole

DDK:

Since my broadcast partner has misidentified Levi Cole with the King of Cool I'm going to give you a bit of information on the young Levi Cole.

[Keeps scrambles through his pages of notes and comes up with a run sheet with some handwritten notes.]

DDK:

"The All-American" Levi Cole is from the Cornhusker State of Nebraska where not only did he wrestle for the University of Nebraska, but was an All-American. I was able to talk to the kid for a few moments after the show at South Alabama University and he really is a nice kid.

Angus:

Nice kid, boy Curtis Penn is going to eat him for lunch.

DDK:

I wouldn't bet the farm Angus, Levi knows top level competition from the collegiate levels. He might surprise us all.

Angus:

Look at him. He look too... *NICE*. He's never had to deal with a scum bucket like Curtis Penn before. This match is over before he even stepped into the ring.

[Levi ducks underneath the ropes, shakes the hand of Benny Doyle and stretches his hand out to Curtis Penn.]

DDK:

Levi does have a size advantage over Curtis Penn, but Penn have never seen size as a big deal. He's taken down Victor Mandrake and the Faces of Death when he was a rookie.

[Penn grabs the right hand of Levi Cole and shakes it firmly.]

DDK:

The two shake and step away...

Angus:

Curtis Penn is being a good sport.

DDK:

Curtis has a smile etched on his face. I think he has the measure of his opponent.

Angus:

Yeah, Big!

DING... DING... DING

DDK:

Immediately the two lock horns in a collar and elbow tie up. Penn was an All-American at Florida State University so a little technical wrestling isn't beyond the Southern Heritage Champion.

[Levi forces Penn to back pedal and is rushed into the ropes; the two jockey for position with Penn ending up in the corner and Levi using his weight to break down Penn.]

1....

DDK:

Levi is off to a good start being able to muscle Penn into the corner. Doyle is in there giving the five count.

2.....

Angus:

Lean on him Levi!

3.....

Angus:

What? It's Curtis Penn!

4.....

DDK:

Benny Doyle steps in to break the hold.

[Benny wedges himself between the two and gives Penn some separation.]

Angus:

THUMB TO THE EYE... THUMB TO THE EYE! COME ON REF!

[Levi clutches his eyes as Doyle turns back to Penn and pokes a finger in his face.]

Curtis Penn:

COME ON DOYLE! You know you're the one who hit him in the eye... CHECK ON HIM!

[Doyle turns around to check on Cole. Penn jumps up to the top turnbuckle and sits. Doyle checks on Cole and moves Cole's hand from his face.]

Angus:

Penn is about to do something dastardly.

DDK:

Penn is now standing on the top turnbuckle. Doyle has his back turned to Penn, Cole's eyes widen.

[Doyle is pushed to safety as Penn brings a double axehandle smash down on the left collar bone of Levi.]

DDK:

Cole just moved Doyle out of the way as Penn jumped.

Angus:

And now the "NICE" guy is on the mat clutching his shoulder.

[Penn circles Levi pushing him in the back of the head, slapping him on the side of the ear muffs, and dressing him down.]

DDK:

The All-American pushes Penn away with his left hand, Penn clutches it and twists. Levi stands in pain.

Curtis Penn:

DID I TELL YOU THAT YOU COULD LIFT THAT ARM! IT BELONGS TO ME NOW!

[He cranks it again and tucks it behind his back.]

DDK:

What a vicious hammerlock suplex by Penn.

Angus:

Cole is flailing about like a fish after that suplex.

DDK:

All this happened in less than a minute folks, it goes to show you that you always need to watch out for Curtis Penn.

[Penn drags Cole up by the ear muff, Levi strikes out with his right hand and Penn leans away and drives his cast into the midsection of Levi.]

DDK:

Penn swings behind the Levi on the gut punch, hooks in the full nelson and bullies him over his head with the CURTIS PLEX!

Angus:

I told you this was going to be gruesome.

[Penn drops the bridge, rolls him over on his stomach and steps over his back.]

DDK:

Penn is just standing over the body of Levi Cole.

Angus:

He is stalking Cole, I think he wants Cole awake for what is about to happen.

[Cole stirs, Penn reaches around the neck and lifts the left arm with up and slides his hand through.]

DDK:

He is methodically applying his Curtis Clutch.

Angus:

He's schooling the kid.

[And now he locks it in and wrenches back.]

DDK:

Cole immediately TAPS!

[Doyle sounds for the bell.]

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNER AND STILL SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION: CURTIS PENN!!!!!!

DDK:

Penn isn't letting go Angus!

Angus:

DOYLE DO YOUR DAMN JOB!

[Levi Cole's body has gone limp. And Penn drops him with a thud.]

DDK:

Penn snatches his title away from Doyle. Doyle drops down and tries to wake Levi up.

[Penn places his title gently on the mat, looks over his carnage and grabs Levi by the left arm.]

DDK:

Penn is dragging Levi away from Benny Doyle, Doyle is just looking on in confusion.

[Penn takes the arm between his legs and drops to the mat, locking and holding an armbar.]

DDK:

Levi's eyes pop open in pain as the arm bar is locked!

Angus:

SOMEONE COME OUT HERE AND HELP BEFORE PENN ENDS THIS KID'S CAREER!?

[On cue, the lights flicker. The temperature arena wide drops ten degrees. Magic, and pomp, and circumstance begin to fill the air. The euphoria is tangible, and just when things couldn't get any crazier... a somewhat familiar guitar riff begins to bellow throughout the Wreslte-Plex.]

Angus:

....

DDK:

What was that?

♪ I'm the one your momma warned you about ♪

Angus:

It isn't.

♪ When you see me, I will leave you no doubt ♪

DDK:

It can't be.

♪ I'm the COOLEST man, that's ever walked this Earth ♪

Angus:

It wouldn't be.

♪ I've been the COOLest since the day of my birth ♪

DDK:

And he's going after Curtis Penn!

[Jiles takes off like somebody stepped on his shoes towards the ring. Penn stands in the center waiting calmly for a sandwich until Jiles slides under the bottom rope. Then, with ants in his pants, he hits the canvas and rolls out of the ring. Jiles turns around and dares him to come back into the ring.]

Curtis Penn: (Holding up the Southern Heritage Championship)
Maybe next week!

[Jiles drops down to one knee, and places a hand on Levi's chest telling him to hold still.]

DDK:
Penn and Jiles lock eyes as Penn backs up the ramp as the DEFIANCE Medical Staff rushes to the ring.

[Cut to a commercial.]

Point Made

[The locker room door opens with a loud bang, the handle causing some plaster to crumble off the wall when he slams into it. The Bombastic Bronson Box looks up casually, unphased by the giant furious ginger haired FIST of DEFIANCE barreling towards him with nothing but anger, contempt and frustration in his eyes.]

Eugene:

What the SHIT, man...

[The Wargod quickly upwraps the athletic tape from around his wrist and stands up from the bench he was seated on, cleaning up after his match earlier in the night again his friend and up and coming DEFIANCE superstar Reinhardt Hoffman.]

Eugene:

Where were you earlier? HUH? You left me to get TEABAGGED like a goddam noob, Bronson! I swear on the glorious immortal soul of Shigeru Miyamoto, if you EVER...

[That's all she wrote. In a matter of moments Bronson is doing his best to forehead the champ back a few steps and doing a damn fine job of it. Dewey immediately realizes he pushed it way to far but doesn't back down. Just as Eugene opens his mouth, Bronson interrupts...]

Boxer:

Did I win the DEF*MAX tournament, boy'o... ?

[The FIST raises a confused eyebrow, as though to wordlessly say "... huh, what now?"]

Boxer:

Was I victorious over that deranged little snot Frank Holiday in the tournament? Did I win?

[Eugene Dewey breaths a deep annoyed sigh, realizing what his "partner" is getting at. He crosses his arms above the FIST; the title strapped tightly around his pudgy waist. He just shakes his head no and remains silent.]

Boxer:

Ahhh... okay then. And at any point do you remember the two of us discussing a certain amount of GIVE AND TAKE when we made our little arrangement. You remember, the one that left you Dusty Griffith-free for months on end. The arrangement that buried the World title underneath the belt I MADE FAMOUS... this one, right here. The arrangement that's allowed you... how many days as champion, again? We're approaching six hundred, are we not?

[Bronson steps even further into Eugene Dewey's personal space. Eugene stands his ground.]

Eugene:

So is this over? Are we back to clawing each others eyes out in a big unproductive circle again, or what?

[Bronson shakes his head softly, his shoulders loose their tension... slightly. He places a big meaty hand on Eugene's shoulder.]

Boxer:

No, my boy... but we do need to figure out a way to even the scales, you and I. Do you understand me? You disappointed me, Eugene. You're embarrassing little scene at the top of the show? That's a *start*.

[Bronson gives Dewey a strangely genuine look.]

Boxer:

I want what I'm OWED, Eugene... that's all.

[The champion relents, finally convinced.]

Eugene:

Shit... okay, you're right. I can't be blamed for fuckin' Griffith's BULLshit but... I guess I see your point. What's the plan, then? How do we "even shit up"... ?

[Bronson just smiles wide, leading Eugene back towards the locker rooms long line of benches.]

Boxer:

Come. Let's talk about JUST that, boy'o... JUST that.

Mushigihara vs Harmony

[The arena is plunged into darkness, save for a few scant golden lights as the Terminator-esque cadence of industrial drums and shattering glass of fills the air, causing the Faithful to boo wildly.]

♪ Masafumi Takada's "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" ♪

DDK:

And here comes the God-Beast! As you know, fans, Mushigihara had a rough night at Maximum DEFIANCE, losing his bid for the Southern Heritage Championship; Eddie Dante has said that the loss was a minor setback, and that his focus with him is getting him back into title competition.

Angus:

It was pretty sad for the big guy, but Fatboy's got the right tools to make it back in the picture; power, rage, and an ass-kicking theme song.

[Amidst the golden smog and lights, the dapper, debonaire, and dashing Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare, Eddie Dante, materializes, surveying the scenery and absorbing the jeers of the crowd.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen-minute time limit! INTRODUCING FIRST! 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! HAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[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, while Mushi's expressionless face quivers in hate. Mushi makes it to the ring, bouncing off the ropes on either side and having a staring contest with the entire arena as the music goes dead.]

Angus:

He's got something to prove, Keebs, which doesn't bode well for Harmony tonight!

♪ "Just A Girl" by No Doubt ♪

[The opening guitar strains of the song echo through the Wrestle-Plex 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.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent, from London, England and now residing in Manhattan, New York, weighing in at one hundred fifty pounds, THIS! IS! HAAAAAARRRRRRRRMONYYYYY!

[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.]

DDK:

This will certainly be a challenge for Harmony, but not impossible. She has the right skills to work around Mushigihara's raw power, but... wait, he seems to be pre-occupied...

DING DING DING!!!

[Harmony bounces out of her corner, ready to do battle, but Mushigihara seems hesitant, calling Eddie Dante up on

the apron and having words with him...]

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Eddie Dante:

Well, there's nothing I can do, Mushi, the rules don't forbid a woman wrestling a man, Lindsay Troy or not. Just go out there and make short work of her, alright?

[He shakes his head and stares at Harmony, before shaking his head and expressing disgust.]

Mushigihara:

Osu...

[He rushes in for the lockup, and with a mighty heave he shoves Harmony onto the mat; she rolls back to her feet and snaps a glance at the hulking God-Beast, who just raises his arms and calls out again...]

Mushigihara:

OSU.

[Harmony grits her teeth and rushes towards Mushi and darts a drop kick into his chest, only to bounce off and plop on the mat.]

DDK:

Mushigihara seems to be brushing off Harmony, but she's as game as ever to show she deserves a place among the more elite DEFIANTS here.

Angus:

Well, she ain't Lindsay Troy, Keeps.

DDK:

Be that as it may, Mushigihara seems to have a dismissive attitude towards Harmony as a woman, and that could potentially cost him! Japan isn't exactly well known for its enlightened attitude towards women.

[Harmony tries again, this time connecting with a high cross-body, but...]

DDK:

Mushi catches Harm!

SLAM!

DDK:

BIG SLAM TO THE MAT BY THE GOD-BEAST! Mushi bounces off the ropes, rebounds, and LANDS THE SENTON! All of his weight bears down on the ribs of the British Vixen, and he hangs on for the cover!

[Referee Carla Ferrari rushes in for the count, and an audible chuckle comes from Mushi's masked face.]

ONE!

TW--

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Mushi rises to his feet, and arrogantly saunters over to his corner, pointing at Eddie Dante, who can only shake his head and waves both hands at his client.]

Angus:

Jeez... you think Fatboy is brushing Harms off like she's nothing?

[Harm is starting to roll to her feet, visibly rattled, but alert, as the crowd chants her name in support.]

DDK:

Well, the crowd is certainly letting their opinions of Mushi's dismissive attitude be known, and Harmony could take advantage of this if she can get an opening...

[Harmony dusts herself off and lunges in for another lockup as when the bell rang. Mushi shoves her back again, like before, but when she rolls up to her feet and rushes back in...]

DDK:

Harmony nails Mushigihara in the face with an elbow, and the monster is staggered!

[He stumbles towards the near corner, which leaves him open prey for...]

THUD!**Angus:**

OOF... Harmony's REALLY laying it in heavy, she's on a warpath!

[As the God-Beast stumbles out of the corner, Harmony bounces off the ropes and nails a bulldog headlock that drives his face into the mat!]

DDK:

Harmony hits her first big move of the night, and goes for the cover!

[As Harmony lies down with the lateral press, Carla Ferrari goes for the count, but before she can even count one...]

Angus:

JESUS, KEEBS!

[Angus is freaking out, not because Mushigihara kicked out of the pin in quick fashion, but because instead of doing so, he literally pressed Harmony up, like a barbell, while laying down, almost like he were bench-pressing her.]

DDK:

What a dominating display of strength!

[Mushi drops Harmony off to the side and rises back to his feet, before raising Harmony up in his arms AGAIN!]

DDK:

This could be the OSU Press!

[And sure enough, Harmony is lowered onto the mammoth shoulders of the God-Beast before being raised up and down, again and again...]

Mushigihara:

OSU! OSU! OSU!

THUD!**Angus:**

HE TOSSED HER LIKE YESTERDAY'S TRASH!

DDK:

Indeed, Angus, and now the extremely confident God-Beast seems primed for the kill!

[Carla Ferrari starts delivering the customary knock-down count on Harmony, who is slowly stirring near the corner as Mushi nods towards Dante.]

DDK:

It looks like this could be the end, Mushi is signalling for the Beast Breaker!

Angus:

So much for Harmony getting her comeuppance, huh?

[As Harmony rises to her feet, the God-Beast is stalking her, waiting for the right moment to finish the kill. He heaves her up in the Torture Rack...]

DDK:

What's going on... he's got her racked across his shoulders, but he's not trying to drop her...

[Indeed, the God-Beast is guffawing and chuckling as he walks about the ring, pacing about and showing his victim off like a trophy kill.]

Angus:

Look, he's just parading with her like she's a lion in Zimbabwe!

DDK:

...wow, Angus, that's sick, even for you... what's this?

[Harmony is wailing on Mushi's cranium with some elbows; at first it doesn't seem to faze him, but he starts to stagger and loosen his grip...]

DDK:

Harmony is breaking free, escaping the Beast Breaker after Mushigihara wasted too much time! She can capitalize here! She's right behind him and... **ROLL UP!**

[The British Vixen managed to get Mushi down on the mat, and Carla Ferrari goes for the count!]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Mushigihara **JUST** makes it out, and Harmony's back on the offensive! She rushes in...

[Mushi grabs her just in time and hoists her for a back body drop, **BUT** Harmony manages to get herself over his shoulders and hooks her legs around his arms!]

Angus:

What could this be?!

THUD!

DDK:

YOSHI TONIC! HARMONY JUST SNAPPED HER WEIGHT FORWARD AND PLANTED MUSHIGIHARA WITH A

MODIFIED SUNSET FLIP POWERBOMB! She holds on!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING!!!

[As "I'm Just A Girl" fires up again, Harmony celebrates as Carla Ferrari raises her arm, but notices that her fallen opponent is starting to realize just what is going on, and wisely escapes the ring.]

DDK:

Mushigihara underestimated Harmony's prowess in the ring, and rightly paid for it in the form of a sudden defeat!

[As the God-Beast looks around and sees a celebrating Harmony, he SLAMS his fists into the mat, while Eddie Dante rushes in and tries to talk him off the proverbial ledge.]

Angus:

Ooooooh, Mushi ain't gonna be happy for the next few days, better keep DEFsec on alert, because the God-Beast was just beaten by a girl!

[Mushi blows off his manager and darts out of the ring, stampeding up the aisle and through the curtain.]

DDK:

We'll be right back, folks.

Old World Curiosity

[An arm. The camera follows some wildly complicated leatherwork and brass inlay all the way up to a man's shoulder. The crowd pops before the elbow... they know exactly who this is. When the ruddy visage of The Airship Pirate Henry Keyes finally graces the big screen the faithful only pop louder for easily the most mysterious DEFIANT in the entire locker room. Keyes goes about tightening a strap here and twisting an unseen dial there, lost in thought as he tinkers with his intricate arm adornment. This new brace appears to be the absolute latest in Steampunk technology and fashion.]

[Henry quietly mumbles to himself as he pulls a small copper screwdriver from a leather pouch packed with similarly tiny tools and gadgets of all shapes and conceivable purposes. He goes about adjusting something beneath a buckle on his forearm.]

Keyes:

...aaaaaand there. Done. Wait - confound it! ...REAL bang-up job those fellows did with the anterior rotors, gods damn it...

[His back to the open locker room door, he doesn't hear him approach and lean in the doorjam. A curious smile on his mustachioed face. The reaction from the crowd out in the arena is loud enough for Keyes to raise an eyebrow and stop his work.]

Keyes:

Whomever's there, this work is quite delicate...

[The Bombastic Bronson Box takes a few meandering steps into the room. Keyes breathes a big sigh, tidies up his tools and turns to greet The Wargod. The entire time, Box standing quietly watching the "steampunk superstar" and his every move. The two similarly styled gentlemen share an icy moment before Bronson slowly holds up his hands...]

Boxer:

Believe it or not, lad, I come in peace.

[Looking utterly unconvinced, Keyes remains silent. Bronson chuckles, hooking his thumbs in the vest of his usual brown and grey three piece suit. His smile, however, melts away into a rare look of calm... sincerity?]

Boxer:

Listen...

[Bronson takes a small non-threatening step forward.]

Boxer:

I know you're a bit... muddled, a bit different... come te' think of it the same's been said about me time and again. And everyone around here might be pretendin' they didn't see what they know they saw up above the arena that night.

[Another little step.]

Boxer:

But ol' Bronson's eyes work just fine. And I know what I saw...

[Henry responds without missing a beat, cool as a cucumber with wide bright eyes.]

Keyes:

Bully for you! And what did you see?

[The Original DEFIANT is definitely well inside Henry's personal space at this point. We get another one of those

shared moments of icy silence. Box takes a few moments and looks Henry up and down.]

Boxer:

Who the hell are you, lad? Moreover...

[His eyes shifting back to the intricate leather and brass of Keyes' brace.]

Boxer:

...WHAT are you?

[The Airship Pirate raises an eyebrow, looking genuinely confused.]

Keyes:

...

[Keyes just stares at Box blankly for a few moments. A single exaggerated blink.]

Boxer:

SAY SOMETHING YOU TWIT!

Keyes:

...what are YOU.

[Box pokes an especially aggressive index finger into Henry's shoulder, right above where the brace ends and the man begins. Keyes' expression darkens as he swats Bronson's hand away. The two stand in silence for a few moments, Box again eyeballing Henry's thick leather-and-brass brace with all its intricate details, all its secrets...]

Boxer:

You might have this small minded lot snookered, Henry...

[The Wargod steps right into Henry Keyes' personal space, looking up into the much taller grappler's eyes.]

Boxer:

But not me. No... as a man with quite a few secrets of my own, I know what a fellow burdened by his past looks like. I 'aint yer' enemy, boy'o... 'least I don't wanna' be. You're a fascinatin' fellow, Henry. I hope in time you'll come to trust me enough that I might take a walk...

[Bronson attempts to casually tap the side of Henry's head only to have his hand once again brushed away with a frown. With of course makes Bronson's satisfied grin only grow in size.]

Boxer:

... through that long dark hallway of closed doors you call yer' head. I bet you have the absolute BEST secrets.

[Henry has a look of genuine annoyance, confusion, and a hint of anger on his lips. But still he remains silent. As Boxer just shakes his head, turns on his heels and heads for the locker room door. At the last second, just as Bronson is about to pass through the doorframe The Airship Pirate perks up. He presses a black button on the brace's forearm beneath the buckle he was working on before, and with a burst of steam, a small two-ish ounce leather flask pops up. Keyes uncorks it and swigs down its contents with a belligerent gulp before calling out sternly.]

Keyes:

...is this about the famed Mongolian Scarab Gem? Because you can't have it!

[The Original DEFIANT looks back over his shoulder...he fights hard to portray a convincingly silent, knowing look. Keyes raises a defensive eyebrow, analyzing the strongman as much as Box seems to want to analyze him. Bronson just chuckles and starts off down the hallway.]

Boxer:

Goodnight, Mr. Keyes.

Good Luck

[Backstage in the hallways leading to the curtain. Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy are standing together. Ryan is loosening up his shoulders while Troy is leaning back and forth from left to right getting herself mentally prepared. Neither speaks. Both are getting set to head out to the ring.]

[Breaking into their tense silence, Frank Holiday strides up the corridor, rubbing his hands together eagerly. Billy Pepper brings up the rear, tucking his phone into the inside jacket of his blazer.]

Frank Holiday: [coming up just next to Lindsay Troy]

Hey, brosette, seconds to go, right? I'm amped up too. I just wanted to wish you good luck out there.

[Troy turns her head and smirks at Frank. Dan Ryan rolls his eyes, but Holiday isn't looking in his direction. Billy Pepper notices though. He frowns, but says nothing.]

Lindsay Troy:

What a very nice gesture of sportsmanship, Mister DEF*MAX. I'll remember it while watching you eat that "sorrynotsorry" hashtag.

Frank Holiday: [smiling.]

Hey, just trying to be a nice guy. You know me. The hashtag stands though.

Lindsay Troy:

'Course it does.

[Holiday looks in Dan Ryan's direction.]

Frank Holiday:

Same goes for you, man. Looking forward to it.

[Dan Ryan refuses to acknowledge this in any way whatsoever, and instead adjusts the elbow pad on his left arm.]

Frank Holiday:

Hey, what's your problem, dude? I'm trying to be gracious here.

[Dan Ryan looks at him for a VERY brief moment, then looks at Lindsay Troy and widens his eyes like "give me a break."]

Dan Ryan: [to Troy, completely ignoring Frank.]

I'm gonna go on ahead. When you're done with Amy Shumer over there, maybe we can have a match.

[Ryan gives a curt glance toward Holiday and Pepper, then walks off to gorilla.]

Frank Holiday:

What's up with Grumpy Cat?

Lindsay Troy:

Dan doesn't purchase stock in pleasantries. [Nods her head in the Ego Buster's direction.] I wouldn't pay that any mind.

Frank Holiday:

If you say so. S'all business once the bell rings anyhow.

Billy Pepper:

And no beach dance party during the match like we talked about, right Frank?

Frank Holiday:

...

Billy Pepper:

Frank?

Frank Holiday:

...

Billy Pepper:

Frank.

Frank Holiday:

...Fine. [mumbles] Even though we got 'em for the whole night and everything...

Lindsay Troy:

We can party with Left Shark later after you get those dance shoes warmed up.

[She pats the "Train Wreck" on the arm.]

Lindsay Troy:

See you two in a couple.

[Troy turns and follows the same path Dan Ryan took. Billy steps up next to Frank.]

Billy Pepper:

Listen, Frank, I know you're riding high tonight--

Frank Holiday: [warily]

Shhh! Not in front of the cameras, dude.

Billy Pepper: [sighs]

You know what I mean. Just don't get cocky out there. These are elite level veterans you're about to compete with. They're two-thirds of the World Trios Champions, Ryan's held the FIST before, and they've known each other longer than your whole career to date. What I'm saying is, you can't take this lightly. Stay focused. Rise to the occasion. You can *do* this, buddy.

Frank Holiday:

Thanks Billy. Don't worry -- I got this.

[They exchange a fistbump and then head for the curtain.]

#1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE: Frank Holiday vs. Dan Ryan vs. Lindsay Troy

[One smooth segue from the tension near the Guerilla Position and we've got eyes on "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland.]

DDK:

A frosty exchange back there between Dan Ryan and Frank Holiday, wouldn't you say Angus?

Angus:

I like to say a lot of things. Right now, I'd like to say that I'm disappointed that we're getting Frank out here instead of Amy Schumer. She can catch my dick whenever she wants.

DDK:

I don't know why I bother sometimes.

Angus:

Hey, me too!

DDK: [sighing]

Anyway, the shenanigans during the FIST of DEFIANCE match at the Maximum DEFIANCE pay-per-view are still fresh on everyone's mind and the Ego Buster's looking to right a wrong here. Troy also.

Angus:

Well, the Queen's going to have her work cut out for her. She and Ryan might've been on the same page with their decree of "anybody but Dewey" at MaxDEF but here? If she's smart, she'll have all bets off.

DDK:

Holiday's also riding that wave of momentum from being the inaugural winner of the DEF*MAX Grand Prix. It's anybody's ballgame. Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

[The camera cuts over to DQ who adjusts his tie, grins, and gets the introductions underway.]

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is a triple-threat match for the FIST of DEFIANCE number one contendership!

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

[The crowd cheers, the lights are cut, and 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 out to the audience.]

Quimbey:

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

[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.]

[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.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan looking out into the crowd here, and it's clear he's all business.

Angus:

It seems to me that even when he's doesn't seem to be all business, he's still all business. I wouldn't want to place any bets that he isn't.

DDK:

We know all about the family connections between he and Lindsay Troy, but it's also pretty obvious he's decided that he just doesn't like Frank Holiday.

Angus:

I don't know why. He's an absolute DELIGHT.

DDK:

I'm sensing sarcasm.

Angus:

Nobody gets one over on you.

[The Ego Buster's music is cut and the buzz from the fans fill the Wrestle-Plex for a few seconds. It's not long before the all-too familiar clavinet intro to the Queen of the Ring's marching anthem begins.]

♪ "Trampled Underfoot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

[If there was any DEFIAn fan 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.]

[Robert Plant serenades the DEFIANCE faithful with the first verse and chorus before Lindsay Troy makes her appearance. She throws the curtain aside and strides out to the platform amidst the pyro blasts. Her long legs carry her across the stage as she marches 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" LIIIIIIINNNNDDDDSSSSSSAAAYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYY!

[Spotlights follow the Queen's path and 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 DEF*MAX Champion.]

DDK:

It'll be interesting to see what Troy's strategy is here. There's no mutual antagonist in this match like there was at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Angus:

No church in the wild, Keeps. Everyone for themselves.

♪ "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy. ♪

[The blast of funky horns and jangly guitar riffs brings the crowd to attention as all eyes turns to the entranceway. A cheer rises as the curtain whips apart, and "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. His best friend and manager, Billy Pepper, walks up beside him. He gives his buddy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.]

Quimbey:

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

the winner of the inaugural DEF*MAX GRAND PRIX TOURNAMENT....."THE TRAIN WRECK"
FRAAAAANNNNNNKKKKKKK HOLLLLLLIIIIIIIDDDDDAAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

[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!]

DDK:

If anybody has the advantage of momentum here, it would have to be Holiday, coming off the biggest win of his life at Maximum DEFIANCE. And he's made his intentions crystal clear, that he wants to be the one to bump Eugene Dewey off his pedestal. But you can't overlook what he's giving up in terms of experience compared to Troy and Ryan.

Angus:

Not to mention that those two are probably even *more* motivated to get the next crack at Dewey than he is.

DDK:

After that extremely suspect finish in the title match at the PPV? I'd say so. With that said, it'd be unwise for Ryan or Troy not to take Holiday seriously here, considering what he's been able to accomplish up to now.

Angus:

Well, if this goes south for him, he's always got a future as a Disneyland mascot.

[Holiday's music fades out and he turns around to look at both Troy and Ryan. The grin hasn't left his face. Troy's got the makings of one to match but Ryan looks focused. Focused...with a hint of disgust.]

[Benny Doyle calls for the bell...]

DING! DING! DING!

[...and Troy immediately bum-rushes Frank. She's so quick, and this so unexpected, that it takes him a second or two to react. By that time, he's already being swarmed by stiff forearms and stiff kicks.]

Angus:

So much for that focus Pepper wanted him to have.

[Troy's worked Holiday back into a corner, then she grabs him by the wrist and shoves him across the ring toward the opposite side. Holiday hits the turnbuckles hard and then gets rocked by a handspring back elbow to the temple. Ryan looks on as Troy makes it to her feet and makes a facial expression and a shrug as if to say, "not bad." Holiday starts to rise up in the corner, but Ryan charges in with a yell and crushes him against the turnbuckle with a thunderous clothesline. Holiday just drops face first onto the mat, and Ryan gestures toward him while looking at Troy.]

Dan Ryan:

There you go.

DDK:

Dan Ryan trying to show his sister-in-law how it's done.

Angus:

I feel like this is what get-togethers are like in that family.

[She smirks, makes a move towards Holiday, then fires off a thrust-kick to Dan's knees. The Ego Buster grimaces and

she fires off another kick. Dan roars back, looking for a clothesline, which Troy ducks and leaves her feet for a dropkick attempt. Ryan's ready, though, and swats her away. The Queen falls to the mat and he moves in, but gets clubbed by a double ax-handle from a recovered Frank Holiday. The Trainwreck steps in close but Ryan fires off a hard right hand. Frank shakes it off and throws a fist of his own. Ryan with a punch, Holiday with a punch, Ryan with a punch and a knee to the breadbasket. Frank staggers back into the ropes and bounces back with a hard forearm shot that sends Ryan back a few steps. Holiday goes for a running clothesline, but Ryan ducks it and Holiday hits the ropes. He comes off into a big powerslam from Dan Ryan.]

DDK:

Ryan with the quick cover!

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

DDK:

And a kickout right at two! It's a little early for that yet, I'd say.

Angus:

But it only takes one surprise move to end a match, Keebs.

[Ryan starts to get to his feet but Troy lands a boot to the side of his head, which brings him back down to a knee. She then places her foot on the top of his thigh and whips her other leg around to connect with an enzuigiri. Holiday's to his feet and he grabs her by the back of the head and tosses her over the top rope to the outside near the ramp. She lands shoulder first and rolls through and Frank moves toward Dan, but Ryan's ready and staggers him with a knife-edge chop. He tries for an Irish whip but Frank reverses and sends Ryan across the ring. Dan hits the opposite ropes and on the rebound he's brought down to the canvas with a spear from Holiday.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Kickout!]

[Billy Pepper slaps the edge of the ring and encourages Frank to stay on Dan. The Trainwreck gets to his feet but has his back facing the entrance and doesn't see Troy slip underneath the bottom rope. She grabs his arm, whirls him around, and drives her foot into his stomach. Frank's doubled-over and she takes the opportunity to connect with a jawbreaker. Ryan's also to his feet and as Troy stands up he takes her down with a clothesline. Ryan gives her a little shove with his boot and she rolls to the outside again. Ryan turns his gaze back toward Holiday and pulls him up quickly. He throws a hard high knee strike to his right side. Frank tries to cover up, but Ryan throws another to the opposite side then rises with one to the point of the chin. Holiday staggers backward into the ropes, bounces off and into a huge belly to belly suplex from Dan Ryan that sends him flying nearly completely across the ring.]

DDK:

Holiday goes flying into the ropes and Dan Ryan has put together a nice string of offense here.

[Ryan quickly paces over the Holiday. He sees Troy stirring out of the corner of his eye, and pulls Holiday back up. He whips him across the ring to the ropes. Holiday comes off and Dan Ryan lifts him high in the air into a gorilla press position. Ryan uses the momentum to walk him to the ropes and tosses him out toward Lindsay Troy. Troy sees this, however and ducks, causing Holiday to hit the floor hard behind her. She looks back at him, then back around at Dan Ryan, who is standing in the ring smirking at her.]

Angus:

See that's the thing about Dan Ryan. You might get beat up. You might get used as a lawn dart.

[Troy slides in under the ring and Ryan steps back to give her a little space. Troy looks back once more and sees Holiday not quite ready to get to his feet yet, then turns back to the issue at hand. Ryan starts to circle her a bit, the smirk disappearing and his expression becoming serious. Troy gives a little nod herself and take the opposite pace. Ryan goes to meet her in the center of the ring and she ducks into a go-behind. Ryan uses his size advantage to force her back toward the corner but she easily slips out and he falls back into the turnbuckle. Troy fires three kick strikes to his upper torso in quick succession, then drops into a dropkick to his knee. Ryan drops to that knee as she swings her left knee up and strikes him on the side of the head.]

DDK:

There's the quickness of Lindsay Troy. Needless to say, that's her biggest advantage while in there with her brother-in-law.

[Troy steps back, and with a big leap, springs off the top rope and cracks Ryan in the back of the head with one more kick. He grabs at the back of his neck and stumbles forward into the ring. She hits the ropes and dives into a football tackle to the knee. Ryan goes down face first and Troy is on top of his legs quickly and bends the left leg backward into an ankle submission. Ryan recovers quickly though and scampers forward to the ropes. Troy breaks the hold and Ryan rolls to the floor to recover. About this time, Frank Holiday climbs up onto the apron. Troy sees him and turns to swing a high kick at him, but he ducks and reaches over with a hard right hand as she tries to regain her balance from the kick. She steps back and Holiday slingshots himself over the top rope and hits her with a clothesline.]

DDK:

Ryan to the floor now after Lindsay Troy had hold of his ankle, and now Frank Holiday is taking control.

Angus:

He better do something soon. The in-laws have been having their way with him so far.

[Holiday pulls her back up and shoves her roughly into the corner. He steps back and runs in with a high knee. He wraps his arms around her head and tries for a bulldog, but she shoves him off. He turns around and Troy jumps up onto his shoulders, spins around and falls back into a reverse hurricanrana. Holiday hits the mat hard, and Troy aggressively prepares for the Final Judgment, but...]

DDK:

Troy's ready to finish this but WATCH OUT!

[...she doesn't see Dan Ryan right behind her. He hits the ropes, and as she prepares to drop Holiday, Ryan hits her with a running big boot that knocks her flat on her back. Ryan drops to cover Holiday.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THR...KICKOUT!]

DDK:

So close!

Angus:

He tried to take advantage, but the boy scout kicked out.

[Ryan turns his attention away from Holiday and drops a leg across the throat of Lindsay Troy. He pulls her up quickly, locks up from behind and sends her over with a German suplex. He holds on, pulls back up, hooks the arms and this time sends her over with a release dragon suplex. He floats over and covers.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[TH...KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Another near fall. Dan Ryan is a man on a mission!

Angus:

Billy Pepper warned Frank Holiday not to mess around, but maybe he should've warned Lindsay Troy instead.

[Ryan looks at Doyle but gets a clear indication that it was only a two count. Ryan looks back down at Troy, then over at Holiday, who's pulling himself up by the ropes. Ryan stalks over behind him and start pummeling him with lefts and rights to the ribs. Holiday covers up, but can offer very little defense and starts to slump. Ryan pulls him back up and shoves him into the ropes, laying in more rights and lefts as Frank bounces off. Ryan steps back and yells out, "DAMMIT, FIGHT!"]

DDK:

Dan Ryan has shown Frank Holiday no respect throughout the past few weeks and he's not showing him any right here either.

[Ryan hits him with another right and repeats his challenge. He throws another right, but this time Frank blocks it. Holiday fires a right of his own. Another. Another. Ryan staggers back. Holiday charges in and attempts a lariat, but Ryan ducks. Holiday sprints through into the opposite ropes and bounces back off with a flying lariat that connects with a yell.]

DDK:

And now Frank Holiday is fired up!

[Holiday lets out another scream toward the crowd, who cheer loudly in response. Ryan is back up, wiping at his lip with the back of his hand and sneers as he charges in. Ryan fires a right hand to the midsection of Holiday, which Holiday tries to block but the force of the blow breaks through his defense. Ryan stuns him with a hard roundhouse kick to the ribs, then gets in tight and drives through him with a headbutt. Holiday staggers back into the ropes and falls forward, where Ryan hooks up into a double underhook position. He looks briefly in the direction of Lindsay Troy, who's starting to stir, then hits a big double underhook piledriver.]

Angus:

Nasty. Just absolutely nasty!

[Ryan goes for the cover, but before he can even get a one count, Troy is back up and heading his way. He sneers and rises to face her, but she steps up onto the middle rope and leaps into a straight kick to the jaw that snaps his head back and sends him backward, causing him to trip over Holiday. Holiday somehow has his wits about him enough to wrap Ryan up as he hits the mat and goes for the cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[KICKOUT!]

DDK:

I'm not even sure how Holiday had the sense to go for that cover, but he almost snuck in there and got the win.

[Troy gets to Holiday just as Ryan kicks out and pulls him up. She strikes him hard with a vicious forearm, and he stumbles, glassy eyed. Troy slams her forearm into Frank's face again as he stumbles into the ropes and holds onto the top cable. She drags him off the ropes and connects with a stiff uppercut, then glances over her shoulder to the

rising Dan Ryan. Troy turns on a dime and rushes toward him, leaving her feet and throwing her legs forward to connect with a lariat. The Ego Buster has the wherewithal to catch her, though, and he heaves her up and over his head.]

DDK:

Watch out!

Angus:

DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Troy clears the top rope as Ryan watches on. She tries to land on the apron but she's too far away and ends up crashing to the mats instead. The landing isn't pretty this go-around and several fans in the front row grimace. Billy Pepper had been standing nearby and steps closer to check on Troy.]

Angus:

Bah. Always a gentleman. Barf.

[Meanwhile, Frank's recovered and has his sights set on Dan. As the Ego Buster turns back to the center of the ring, he makes with the quick kick to double him over and hoists the big man onto his shoulders. He staggers and it takes him a couple steps to get his footing. Once he does, he wastes no time in planting Dan with the Trainwreck and the impact is so forceful that Ryan actually bounces off the mat a bit.]

DDK:

Holy cow! Frank hit him with everything he had there.

Angus:

He'd better get him out of the ropes and fast.

[The fans are going wild, cheering Holiday on. He looks out to the crowd, grins, and spins around in a circle with arms outstretched to soak in the applause. Troy's pulling herself up with the help of the barricade and Billy Pepper. She has her back to the ring and doesn't see Frank's showboating routine. Billy does out of the corner of his eye...and also sees the mask of rage falling over Dan Ryan's face.]

[There's no time to call out, no time to warn Frank. The Ego Buster storms to his feet and barrels full-speed at Holiday. He levels him with a superkick to the back of his head and Frank stumbles chest-first into the corner turnbuckle. The impact is enough to take the wind out of Holiday for a moment and he gasps for oxygen. His face contorts in anger at the cheap shot and when he finds his breath he whirls around to have back at Ryan, who is rolling his eyes at Doyle's attempt at scolding him.]

[Outside the ring, Troy has missed everything. She sees Billy glaring at the men in the ring but doesn't think anything of it. All she sees is an opportunity. Frank has his back turned and seems to have forgotten about her. The opening is there for the taking.]

[Two steps and she's sliding head-first under the bottom rope, then scrambling to her feet. Holiday and Ryan are nearly face to face and Dan's a millisecond away from clocking Frank in the jaw. She gets there first, grabs Frank's wrist, and pulls him toward her.]

[Kick to the gut.]

[Arms butterflied.]

[Jump up and back and...]

DDK:

Final Judgment! Troy with the Final Judgment on Frank Holiday! Hook of the leg!

Angus:

Ryan's not moving! Wait...Ryan's not moving?

[Doyle drops to the canvas for the cover while Ryan backs away to a nearby corner, a big ol' shit-eating smirk on his face.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

The winner of this match, and the Number One Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE...LIIIIINNNDDSSAAAYYYYYY TRRROOOOYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Holiday should've listened to his friend Billy Pepper. He's a cool dude...and, also, not an idiot.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy has earned herself the right to face either Eugene Dewey or Dusty Griffith for the FIST of DEFIANCE. After the way DEF*MAX and the triple-threat match at Maximum DEFIANCE ended for her, you have to figure this makes up for it a bit.

Angus:

Maybe, but I want to know why Ryan was so content to hang back and not take the W for himself.

DDK:

Doesn't look like we're going to get that answer tonight.

[Troy's hand is lifted into the air in victory while the fans cheer. Dan Ryan steps out of the ring, onto the apron, and hops to the floor. He saunters toward the ramp looking mighty pleased with himself and, as he passes Billy Pepper, he unintentionally-intentionally bumps shoulders with the smaller man.]

DDK:

Hey now, that was uncalled for!

Angus:

Billy was clearly blocking Dan's way there, Keeps.

DDK:

Get a grip. That was very much on purpose.

Angus:

You'll never build a case with that Swiss-cheese logic.

[Billy glares after Dan but makes no other move toward him. Holiday's managed to get himself up to a seated position in the ring. Troy watches Ryan head toward the ramp, mildly confused that he just upped and left, and the Ego Buster looks back to her with a little wink. She shrugs her shoulders, opting to take the gesture as a sign of congratulations.]

DDK:

Questionable decisions by Dan Ryan aside, this match is in the books. Let's take it backstage where Christie Zane is standing by.

[Cut away.]

The Wake of Defeat

[We're backstage in front of a huge DEFIANCE logo with Christie Zane holding a microphone and looking hot as all hell, as she usually does.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Harmony.

[A rather unkempt looking Harmony appears next to Christie, still in her ring gear and with a bag of ice on her shoulder, her chocolate curls scrapped back as the sweat on her brow glistens under the lights.]

Harmony:

Hi Christie. Excuse the bag of ice.

Christie Zane:

Not a problem. We saw you beat Malachi at Maximum DEFIANCE and now you've just beaten Mushigihara, which is impressive in itself. Your first few matches in DEFIANCE have been quite the debut.

Harmony:

Thanks, Christie. I came to DEFIANCE because I want to work against the best and I've not been disappointed so far.

Christie Zane:

Well beating Mushigihara is a real credit to your resume so far an-

[Christie doesn't get to finish her sentence, screaming and diving out of the way as the cameraman is sent sprawling to the floor by Mushigihara crashing the interview in a rage. The cameraman manages to straighten up and focus on the action as Mushigihara drags Harmony up by her hair and viciously throws her into the interview area set, sending Harmony crashing through the material and pulling the set down. The brunette tries to get to her feet, but she doesn't get a chance as Mushigihara stamps down angrily on her back, making her cry out in pain.]

DDK:

Oh come on! This is too much.

Angus:

As long as he doesn't damage her face, I'm good.

DDK:

How the hell can you be okay with him kicking the snot out of her because he lost?!

Angus:

She should have known her place, simple as.

[Mushigihara grabs hold of Harmony by the hair again and drags her back up again, picking her up and holding her high over his head before throwing her full force into the wall behind her! She slumps to the floor from the impact, clutching at her ribs as she tries to sit herself up. Harmony just about manages to get herself vertical as Mushigihara charges at her again, driving his knee into the side of her head! DEFIANCE officials flood the scene, trying to stop Mushigihara from continuing his attack, but he ignores their pleas and picks Harmony up yet again, pulling her up to her feet with fists full of hair and looking like he's leading her away from the wall, only to pull her back in and throw her into the wall by her hair again!]

Mushigihara:

Osu...

DDK:

Jesus christ.

Angus:

She's paying the price for angering the God Beast.

DDK:

There's going to be nothing left of her at this rate.

[Finally the attack stops and Mushigihara stands over Harmony, watching her lie on the floor as officials flood around him and to her, trying to create a barrier between the two to back Mushigihara away. Harmony starts to stir, which enrages Mushigihara even more and he barges the officials out of the way like a man possessed then drags her up to her feet again before picking her up and planting her with the Beast Breaker on the concrete floor! The remaining officials try again to back Mushigihara away from the lifeless woman on the floor as the EMTs arrive on scene with even more officials.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[Dante appears and begins to guide Mushigihara away from the scene as the EMTs begin to check on Harmony and the officials that were caught in the crossfire.]

DDK:

An absolutely disgraceful display from Mushigihara here. Talk about throwing a temper tantrum.

Angus:

I better go backstage, she might need mouth to mouth!

DDK:

Sit down, pervert.

FIST of DEFIANCE Title Match: Eugene Dewey (c) vs. Dusty Griffith

[We cut to the ring for tonight's main event, where the Voice of DEFIANCE, Darren Quimbey, has taken the floor to make the introductions.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs, Mayberry's about to remember why he lost to the *real champ*, Eugene Dewey! So much for the *big hero's* return, eh?

DDK:

Or Dusty Griffith is about to take revenge for the heinous actions of our *illustrious champion* after one of the best matches of the year at Aftershock.

Darren Quimbey:

It is now time for the Main Event of the EVENING! Set for one fall, it is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

[The Faithful pops for Quimbey's proclamation as they are ready to see this long awaited rematch between former friends, now bitter rivals.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, the challenger! Hailing from Boise, Idaho, he weighs in tonight at two hundred and seventy eight pounds... DUSTY GRIFFITH!

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

[The lights go out followed by the familiar opening percussion of the song, which causes the Faithful to stomp their feet and clap their hands in rhythm with the beat. As the song begins to kick it into gear, the lights swirl around the arena before Dusty Griffith comes charging out from behind the curtain to a huge ovation. Dusty doesn't waste much time with posing and other such theatrics, jogging straight to the ring and diving in under the bottom rope.]

Angus:

Certainly not wasting much time, is he?

DDK:

After being put out of action for two months and change, you have to believe that Big Dust is spoiling for a fight.

[Griffith is quick to his feet and bounds off the ropes, running back and forth laps across the ring a few times before coming to a bouncing stop in the middle of the ring. The lights come up and the crowd roars again for DEFIANCE's *Unbreakable Pillar*, who bounces back and forth on the balls of his feet. A simple look in any direction towards the crowd earns the former World Champion a cheer as he awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now, hailing from Buffalo Wyoming, he weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty pounds... He is the reigning, defending and undisputed FIST OF DEFIANCE... EUGENE DEWEY!

♪ Dark Lord Bowser ♪

[All of the lights in the area die once more, except for the single spotlight focused on the top of the stage. It takes a little longer than usual, but eventually that spotlight is filled by the ginger jewfro'd FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey. Dewey stares down the ramp towards the darkened ring where his opponent, and challenger for the title belt wrapped around his waist, paces impatiently.]

DDK:

And Dewey seems to be taking it in the exact opposite direction as he takes his sweet time coming down to the ring.

Angus:

Hey, if the fans are shouting derogatory things at him then he's well within his rights to say something back. He's their champion. They should be showing him some respect.

DDK:

He won't be much longer if Dusty has his way.

[Dewey is making his way down to the ring, but he's stopping to argue with pretty much every fan on the way, including some who are a few rows back from the front. In the ring Dusty continues to pace like a caged tiger, just waiting for one of the two men that put him out of action for over two months.]

DDK:

Look at Dusty, Angus, he's getting more and more frustrated as the seconds tick by. On any other night Dewey would have been in the ring already.

Angus:

He's making Mayberry wait. Get him all riled up and he's more likely to make a mistake. Dewey knows who he's up against, Keeps.

DDK:

Of course he does, these two were best of friends not three months ago, and now look at them. Dusty looks about ready to tear Eugene's spine out through his mouth.

Angus:

Not gonna lie, that would be cool to see.

[Finally Eugene turns to the ring and fixes Dusty with a stare, and then flashes a smile at the challenger before turning back to the fans to argue with them some more. That's when Griffith loses it. Dusty sheds his jacket in the middle of the ring and rushes the ropes. He slides out to ringside and charges up the ramp towards Eugene, who spots the challenger coming a moment too late. Dusty drives a shoulder into Eugene's midsection and hooks both his thighs to force the champion to the steel with a double leg takedown before instantly mounting him and raining down right and left elbows to the head and face of the Champion.]

DDK:

Here we go, Angus! Dusty's done waiting for Dewey and is taking the fight to the FIST!

Angus:

Mayberry should be ashamed! Jumping the guy in the dark like that!

[The lights comes back up as Dusty grabs Eugene by the hair and drags him up to his feet. He slings Eugene into the guardrail down the side of the ramp and hammers away with a few right hands before sending him across to the other side. Eugene collides spine first with the steel and stumbles forwards into an awaiting Dusty Griffith's grasp, who lifts him on his shoulders and drops the FIST on the steel with a Samoan Drop!]

DDK:

Holy moly! Dusty's not taking any prisoners tonight!

Angus:

Where the hell is Slater? Shouldn't he be, y'know, officiating this?

[Brian Slater is indeed there, and he's trying to talk some sense into Dusty, who is peeling Eugene up off of the ramp and grabbing him by the waist for what looks like a German suplex. Slater interjects and tries to break Dusty's grip to give Eugene a chance in this thing before getting dropped on his head on the steel ramp, but Dusty refuses to let go. He's pretty much forced to though as Eugene lifts his calf up between the challengers legs and plants it squarely in his perineum.]

DDK:

Oh come on! Eugene Dewey with the low blow!

Angus:

Desperate times, Keebs!

[Dewey gets a degree of separation between himself and his challenger and starts crawling towards the ring. The FIST gets to his feet and turns back to Dusty, who is down on one knee after the low blow, before leaning back against the ring apron where he can hold his back and try to recover from the samoan drop.]

Angus:

I hope Eugene's OK.

DDK:

You're worried about Eugene?

Angus:

Well yeah, he could have a slipped disc or something. Worst case scenario for Mayberry is there won't be any Mayberry juniors running around in the near future, and that's actually best case scenario for me.

[Dewey unclips the title belt from his waist and drops it to the floor as Dusty gets back to his feet and charges in again. Eugene sees him coming this time and ducks a clothesline attempt to go behind on the challenger. Dusty turns quickly, but Eugene is a hiccup faster and lands a European uppercut to the chest and chin of his opponent. The strike stuns Dusty long enough for Dewey to bury his shoulder into his midsection and drive him backwards, forcing Griffith's lower back to collide with the apron.]

Angus:

See how Mayberry likes it!

[Eugene pulls Dusty from the apron and drives him back into it a second time before pulling him away again to bodyslam the challenger onto the arena floor.]

DDK:

It's a good job those mats are there to protect... I think I spoke too soon.

[No sooner than Darren had said 'protect' Eugene Dewey was pulling up the mats to expose the concrete floor beneath them. The FIST grabs Dusty by the hair and drags him up to his feet before jamming his head between his thighs. Eugene wraps his arms around Dusty's midsection and lifts...]

DDK:

Is he looking for a piledriver!?

Angus:

Mayberry goin' bye-bye!

[Eugene almost gets Dusty vertical, but the challenger kicks out and drops back to his feet. He straightens up and backdrops Eugene onto the arena floor, much to the fans approval!]

DDK:

Dusty Griffith might have saved this match, and possibly his career with that counter!

Angus:

What match? I haven't heard a bell yet, Keebs!

[Eugene clutches at his back again, but doesn't stay down for long as he crawls away from his landing site and

towards the guardrail. Dusty turns around to see Eugene pulling himself up and rushes in with a clothesline that sends Eugene into the front row!]

Angus:

Awesome, it's a Mongolian Clusterfuck and we don't even have a bell yet!

[Eugene attempts to crawl away, but Dusty is on him with a couple clubbing shots to the back before lifting him up and then whipping him back into the guardrail. Walking over, Griffith climbs back over the rail and then turns Dewey around so that he can hook him with a front facelock and then bring him back over the rail with a textbook suplex.]

DDK:

Something tells me this is more about punishing Eugene to Dusty, than actual title.

Angus:

Hence, why he will always be a moron.

[Dusty is up quick and brings Eugene with him before shoving the FIST against the ringpost, where he lights him up with a number of knife edge chops to the chest. Griffith then backs up against the rails and then charges forward for a big body splash, but Dewey ducks away and lets Griffith eat the steel. Thinking fast, the FIST grabs Dusty and scores with a side Russian leg sweep, slamming Griffith to the floor.]

Angus:

Hah, looks like the Champ is the one bringing the pain to Mayberry, so far so good.

DDK:

And Dewey is up to something here, Angus.

[Having gotten up, Eugene puts a few hard boots to Dusty's ribs and then stalks over to the timekeeper's table, demanding he give up his chair. When the timekeeper doesn't react fast enough, Dewey yanks him by the collar of his jacket and dumps him on the floor, drawing the ire of the Faithful with a shower of boos.]

DDK:

Oh, come on! That is completely unnecessary!

Angus:

Yeah, our fans need to get thicker skin and stop disrespecting our champion!

[Euge stomps back over to lay waste to Dusty with the chair, but is cut off by referee Brian Slater, who grabs the chair before Dewey could bring the chair down upon Griffith's back. Euge and Slater start a tug-o-war over the chair, meanwhile Dusty begins to roll around on the floor. Getting up to a knee, Griffith sees the tug-o-war and scrambles up behind Dewey, grabbing a rear waistlock and taking him to the mat with a big backdrop suplex on the floor.]

Angus:

Way to go, Brian Slater, stupid referee getting in the way.

DDK:

And by getting in the way, you mean doing his job? Because that's what he's doing.

[The fans roar when Dusty rises up and gives the crowd a simple look. Before he can follow up, Slater calls for Griffith to get it back in the ring as he tosses away the chair. Nodding his acknowledgment of Slater's orders and gabbing Euge by his ginger fro, Dusty rolls him into the ring and then follows right behind. Griffith lifts Dewey up, and the FIST weakly tries to throw punches at his midsection, but eats a knee for his trouble.]

DDK:

Oh great, what does he want?

[The fans jeer with the lumbering arrival of the lumbering Nicky Corozzo, who climbs up on to the apron and then over the top rope.]

Angus:

To protect the FIST from getting railroaded, clearly.

[Unaware of Corozzo's presence, Griffith reacts too late when Nicky charges, blasting him with a running boot to the skull. Corozzo stares down at Griffith with disdain for a moment, completely ignoring the roaring boos of the Faithful before he turns his attention to the downed FIST of DEFIANCE. However when Nicky does turn his back, Dusty rolls to a knee, shaking his head and rubs the spot where Corozzo's massive boot smashed his cranium.]

DDK:

Here we go again.

Angus:

You didn't think the Original DEFIANTS weren't going to have a game plan, did you?

[Griffith snarls before he sweeps up behind the massive sentry, latching on with a rear waistlock that causes Nicky's eyes to go wide with a sudden surprise. Dusty pops his hips and with one big burst of power, German suplexes Nicky Corozzo, dumping him like a four hundred pound sack of bricks right on top of his neck and shoulders.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss-Christ! Why does Mayberry have to be such an insufferable prick that I can't like when he does awesome things like that?! FUUUUUUUU~!!

DDK:

You could always just, you know, not dislike him for whatever purely... Uhm...

Angus:

Because REASONS, Keeps!

[Dusty is back up, having a conniption as he stomps around, barking at the fans who scream and cheer back at him. Meanwhile, Nicky rolls out of the ring after the hellacious impact he just absorbed. Griffith finally recovers his wits after a brief moment of excitement, turning his focus back to Dewey, who tries to climb off the mat in one of the corners. However, before Griffith can turn his attention to Eugene, a new player emerges from the woodwork.]

DDK:

Oh great, here we go again...

Angus:

Looks like that reckoning Mayberry wants is about to come his way!

[Yes indeed, Bronson Box charges down to the ring and takes aim at Dusty, before he can do anymore damage to his fellow Original DEFIANT. He slides in and tosses Griffith back and away from Dewey. Down on the mat, Griffith growls as he gets back to his feet and looks for the man who just attacked him.]

Angus:

Oh... my... god, Keeps... This is about to finally happen!

[Dusty stands up.]

DDK:

And this crowd is about to explode.

[Boxer turns to face him.]

Bronson Box:

Fook you, Boyo, you'll only be the FIST of DEFIANCE over my... *dead...* body!

[Boxer says as he and Griffith stare down inside of a twenty by twenty squared circle for the first time ever in DEFIANCE. Boxer smirks maniacally as Griffith practically shakes with a barely contained fury. The crowd explodes when Boxer and Dusty make to rush towards each other, but the suddenly, Griffith is cut off by the returning FIST!]

Angus:

PUH-PUH-PUH-POOOOOOOUUUUUUNNNNNNSSSSUUUUUHHHHHH!

[The Biotic Charge out of fucking nowhere takes Dusty right off his feet as Eugene crashes into him with everything he has. Immediately, the Original DEFIANTS swarm the Bad Man from Boise with the aid of a returning Nicky Corozzo, making it a three on one beating of the former DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion.]

DDK:

It's Aftershock all over again!

Angus:

Oh my god, just the thought gets me soooo hard!

DDK:

You're positively disgusting, Angus Skaaland!

[Nicky, Eugene, and Box stomp a proverbial - and nearly literal - mudhole into Griffith. This continues until...]

♪ "Stranglehold" by The Nuge! ♪

[The shredding riffs from the DEFplex's sound system call forth the resurrection of the biggest, bestest, bastardest, beer drinkingest, MASTODON. The crowd roars for the arrival of Frank Dylan James, who comes tear assing out with a big goddamn chain in his equally big, meaty fist.]

Angus:

EVERYBODY WATCH THE HELL OUT!

[Big Ol' Frank also happens to be SWINGING that chain around overhead and doesn't seem to have the slightest fuck to give if he were to hit somebody with it... In fact... He might prefer it just because *FUCK YOU, HIPPIE!* When Frank hits the ring, neither of the Original DEFIANTS or Nicky Corozzo are crazy enough to stay in the ring with FDJ swinging that chain around and actually aiming to hit them as they find the quickest exit possible.]

DDK:

Look at 'em, they're scattering like roaches!

[The O-DEFs stand outside the ring barking at Big Frank who dares them to charge at him. When any of them do, he whips the chain at them like a Redneck version of Scorpion from Mortal Kombat. They finally relent and back away up the ramp. Keeping his eyes on them, Frank goes to check on Dusty, who is up on his knees rubbing his head. Frank reaches down with his non-chain-wielding hand and pulls Dusty up to his feet and dusts him off.]

Angus:

THIS SUCKS! Mayberry was on the verge of being destroyed.

[Dusty smiles at his big buddy, still holding his head with one hand, the whole time the crowd is going bonkers for the reunited, world-breaking tandem.]

DDK:

Calm down, Angus, Jesus.

Angus:

No! NO! This is horrible!

DDK:

Angus Skaaland, I am warning you.

Angus:

I want to not have to suffer with Mayberry being a thi--

[Dusty and Frank continue to get rowdy with the crowd and an irate trio of Euge, Boxer and Nicky, a clunking sound can be heard and then the sound of what can only be a body hitting a table. A quick cut shot to the commentary booth shows Angus Skaaland is slumped over the table, half of a broken coconut near his skull. Keebler sits there politely and would be innocently if not for the *other* half of the broken coconut in his hand.]

DDK:

That one's for you, Hot Rod!

[The shot cuts back to the ring where the Dusty Griffith is barking at Bronson Box about wanting the "reckoning" Boxer has promised him in the past. The War God bellows back at the Wild Bronco with threats and taunts.]

DDK:

Well, that's our show fans, thanks for tuning in. I'm Darren Keebler and as always, my partner in crime, the currently sleeping on the job Angus Skaaland, Good Night Now!

[The final shot as the credit begin to roll is of Dusty standing on the turnbuckles, still spoiling for a fight. Meanwhile Big Frank stomping around the ring, swinging his chain as he hoots and hollers, whipping the fans into a further frenzy.]

[Credits.]

[Out.]