

Clean & Fair

♪ "Trampled Underfoot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

[That all-too familiar clavinet intro to the Queen of the Ring's marching anthem begins and the DEFIAНCE Faithful in the Wrestle-Plex go bonkers. Cell phone flashes, pyro, the whole nine yards start up as Lindsay Troy makes her way out onto the stage.]

[But she's not alone.]

[“The Ego Buster,” Dan Ryan, is a step or two behind her. The in-laws don’t pause long on the stage before sauntering down the ramp to the ring. All business. Per usual.]

DDK:

We’re kicking things off here with a bang for sure, Angus. On DEFtv 53, Lindsay Troy was on the winning side of a triple-threat match and captured the number one contendership to the FIST of DEFIAНCE, which Eugene Dewey managed to keep ahold of the belt against Dusty Griffith in that show’s main event.

Angus:

I wonder if she knows just how she was able to get the drop on Frank Holiday in that match, though. And if she does, how she feels about it.

DDK:

What’s done is done at this point, partner. End of the day, she’ll be the one facing Eugene for the FIST at the ACTS of DEFIAНCE pay-per-view in a few weeks’ time.

[Troy and Ryan are in the ring now and LT motions for a microphone. Darren Quimbey tosses her one and she waits a few moments for the crowd to die down.]

[They don’t. A few people in the front row start chanting and it’s not long before more and more of the Faithful pick up on it.]

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

[Troy laughs a bit, shrugs, and takes a bow, which makes the crowd cheer louder. Dan Ryan smirks, amused by this as much as his sister-in-law is. She motions with her hand for the fans to settle down a bit, and when they do, she speaks.]

Lindsay Troy:

So, last show went well.

[The crowd cheers again. She smirks in response and starts a leisurely stroll along the length of the ropes closest to her.]

Lindsay Troy:

I can’t say that victory 100% makes up for the end result of the triple threat match at Maximum DEFIAНCE, because I don’t have that shiny FIST belt around my waist, but it’s...a start. Amazing what can happen when all the people you have to account for are already right around you. No Seekrit Bad Guy Society plans. No Pleasure Dome edicts that come just a little bit too late to make a difference. No ... just three *actual* competitors without *ulterior motives* beyond everyone wanting a one-on-one crack at the guy holding the top title in DEFIAНCE.

Well...guess who gets to DDR with the champ again.

[Troy looks over at Dan and tilts her head a bit.]

Lindsay Troy:

No offense though, Dan. You know how it goes.

[Ryan nods. He does. He may not like being on the losing end of anything but this, at least, wasn't personal.]

Lindsay Troy:

Not all roads to glory are made straight and unencumbered. Been at this game a long time, so I know that fact all too well. Sometimes, you're forced to take a detour. But I've got myself another prime one-on-one opportunity to beat the one who thinks he's unbeatable. Got one W already, and I'm seeing two in my future. The FIST is still the end game. And I know first-hand that the "End Boss" is fallible.

[The DEFIANCE Faithful let loose a roar of approval. The Queen tosses the microphone to the Ego Buster, who swipes it out of the air one-handed.]

Dan Ryan:

Aaaaaaaand... speaking of what Eugene Dewey throws at people, let's talk about the nature of this title reign of yours, Dewey. You know, when I have dinner parties, family get-togethers, or just hang out with my friends and the topic of DEFIANCE comes up, I'm often prone to brag about what a great place this is, and inevitably conversation turns to the amazing two million, three hundred fifty six thousand, seven hundred twenty two days, eleven hours and forty seven minutes, thirty seven.... thirty eight.... thirty nine second reign of you sir, Eugene Pascal Takahashi Dewey the THIRD. Often the follow up question is this: How is it that one man can turn away challenge after challenge for so long? What sort of man IS this? Is he a cyborg? A mutant? Is this not only his final form, but THE final form? I don't really hang with nerds, so no one asks that last one, but the others, yes. And I answer, sadly my friends, he doesn't do this at all. No, in fact, more often than not, he defends the FIST in these matches with the help of the 1925 Lex Luthor himself, the can-can dancing, bearded lady courting man of a thousand suspenders, Bronson Box. So I got to thinking...

Lindsay Troy: [off-mic]

A dangerous pastime....

Dan Ryan:

...I know. [Smirk] But I got to thinking, since I'm not challenging for the FIST of DEFIANCE at ACTS OF DEFIANCE, what better way to serve Kelly and Kountry than to volunteer my services as the special guest referee of said championship match?

Lindsay Troy: [looking impressed. or...*intrigued~!*]

What an interesting idea...

Dan Ryan:

Isn't it? Now I know this isn't gonna sit well with you. I know you're gonna throw some sort of a tantrum and get all worked up, and not only because we've all realized you look like Dwight Shrute if he got turned into a Minion. [Troy laughs; golf-claps] Thing is, Dew-drop, these games of yours have gone on long enough, and we just don't trust you to not pull some of your famous ginger-headed shenanigans. Clean and fair. No cheat codes this time, kid. It's time you nut up for real and make those numbers mean something.

[The Ego Buster tosses the mic back out to DQ, "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins hits, and we're taken to a Hulu commercial before the first match of the evening.]

Henry Keyes vs. Reinhardt Hoffman

[DEFtv 54 is back from commercial and the Faithful are being serenaded by...]

♪ "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2" by Franz Liszt ♪

[It's a bit of a mixed reaction from the crowd - the slow and dramatic introduction doesn't leave much room for crowd pops, nor do the virtuosic runs later in the piece. Approaching the ring is a handsome, large, strapping blonde German.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first - hailing from Düsseldorf, Germany, weighing in at 255 pounds...representing BRAZEN....."PANZERRRRR" REINHARDT! HOFFMANNNN!

[Hoffman calmly enters the ring and gives a calm and compact bow and wave, though there's a certain hollow look to his eyes, and he doesn't smile.]

Angus:

This should be interesting, Keebs - this is Bronson Box's sparring buddy, and the two of them met in the ring last show. Things didn't go so well for zee German.

DDK:

Box put him away pretty quickly, but remember, he's one of the BRAZEN bunch. They're looking to make an impact right here, right now.

Angus:

Right here, right now?

DDK:

...let's move on before we go full Fatboy Slim.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

[HYUUUUUUUGE pop. Red beacons of light swirl throughout the DEFArena, and the mustachioed Bell Clap Baron marches forward with his tricked out new arm brace.]

Quimbey:

And his opponent! From San Francisco, California, weighing in at 237 pounds...THE AIIIIIIIIIIIRSHIP PIRATE! HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!

[Keyes raises his questionably-bionic amalgamation of leather, metal, and human arm in the air with a wild look in his eye.]

DDK:

This is the first time we've seen Keyes in the ring since the events of the DEFMAX tournament - what are you looking out of him today, Angus?

Angus:

First of all, I want to know who in the world gave him that new brace. Second of all, I want to see if he can go five minutes in the damn ring without that left arm dangling like elderly scrote. And THIRD of all...well, you know what I'm looking for out of that man.

DDK:

It looks like referee Benny Doyle is ready to get things started!

DING! DING! DING!

[Keyes begins to circle around his larger opponent before Hoffman decides to stop in the middle of the ring and reach out his arm for a handshake. Keyes stops in his tracks and gives the situation an arched eyebrow. Hoffman gives a hollow-eyed toothy smile as he motions to Henry to shake hands in sportsmanship.]

DDK:

Mind games from the representative of BRAZEN?

Angus:

Is there a mind to play games with inside that ginger skull?

[Henry shrugs and steps forward, and gives an aggressive forearm-clasp Roman-style handshake. The smile vanishes as Hoffman pulls his arm back. Keyes, grip still firmly held, steps past Hoffman and pulls his own arm, Irish Whipping Hoffman into the ropes. Keyes throws a clothesline that Hoffman ducks. Hoffman bounces back and Keyes throws his body at Hoffman's feet, which Hoffman jumps over nimbly. On the third rebound, Hoffman leaps in the air and Thesz Presses Keyes to the ground before throwing a few efficient punches to the head region. Keyes covers up before wriggling his way out.]

DDK:

Early offense from the German!

Angus:

ZEE German, Keebs. ZEE German.

[Back to their feet, the pair lock up in a collar-and-elbow before Keyes snaps on a side headlock. Hoffman, with the edge in size and strength, attempts to push Keyes toward the corner while Keyes maintains his grip. Eventually they get to a half-jog when Keyes uses the momentum to climb up the turnbuckles, push back, and plant Hoffman with a bulldog. Keyes goes for a cover, which is escaped at one. Hoffman, a bit red-faced, is up to his feet and throws a smashing elbow that connects with Keyes's cheek. Keyes stumbles before rearing back with a straight elbow shot of his own. They trade elbows back and forth, faster and faster, until it's a whirlwind blur of elbows to faces. They both stumble back for a moment before Keyes loudly yells and hits a HUGE European Uppercut that finally sends Hoffman to his back. Keyes takes a moment to catch his breath as the German gets to a knee.]

DDK:

I think this is what most people would have expected from these two out of the gate - just some hard-hitting blunt force trauma!

Angus:

Yeah, and Keyes won that exchange - but I dunno. Hoffman's getting up and his eyes are ice cold. I don't think we're done here.

[Keyes, seeing Hoffman back to his feet, makes his way over and throws another European Uppercut, and a second. He reaches back and seems to be going for a roundhouse third before Hoffman, with surprising agility, sidesteps the forearm, slips behind Keyes, and tosses him halfway across the ring with a Release German Suplex. Hoffman, still emotionless, makes his way to Keyes with true German efficiency and positions himself behind Keyes a second time. He connects with another German Suplex, opting this time to hold on and bridge for the pin!]

[One!]

[TWO!]

[Kickout!]

[Hoffman drops a few harsh knees to the kidneys of Keyes before dragging him back up. He's once again behind Keyes, this time locking both of his arms into underhooks, setting up what looks to be a Tiger Suplex. He goes to lift once, which Keyes blocks. He goes for a second lift, which gets Keyes's feet off the ground but with not quite enough

momentum to get him over. Keyes frantically tries stomping at his opponent's feet, anything to get him out of this bind, but Hoffman to his credit is holding firm. With a final burst of energy, Keyes backpedals them both and they crash into the corner, breaking Hoffman's grip. Keyes stumbles to the center of the ring to regain his bearings, turning around just in time to see a charging Hoffman---]

[---TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER by Keyes!]

[One!]

[TWO!]

[Th-KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Signs of life from the Airship Pirate!

Angus:

Looks like that brace is holding up after those powerful shots from the Panzer...I wonder if it was German-engineered?

DDK:

Do you see how many gears are on that thing? And I think I saw a flask come out of there last week...

Angus:

...Germans gotta drink too, Keebs.

[The combatants make their way to their feet and the crowd is starting to get really into this contest. They lock up, but this time, Keyes makes the first move and slips behind his opponent, wrenching in a waist lock and looking to get underneath the hulking German's arm for an Abdominal Stretch. He almost gets there before a few swinging back elbows from Hoffman connect with Keyes's nose, causing just enough separation for the blonde to slip behind Keyes. He looks over his shoulder and takes a few steps to the side with Keyes in tow, looking very carefully for the perfect position, before powerfully (some would say dangerously) chucking Keyes into the turnbuckles with a Release German Suplex!]

OHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Keyes is OUT! What a move by the newcomer! Do we have an upset on our hands??

[One!]

[TWO!]

[THRRRKICKOUT!!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

Goodness gracious, I can't believe he's kicked out of that!

Angus:

We always knew the guy was tough, Keebs. A space cadet, but tough.

DDK:

Look at that! Hoffman wasting no time here, he's locking in the STF! STF locked in on Keyes!

[Keyes's eyes are maybe the only part of his face you can see behind Hoffman's huge hands, and they are wide as dinner plates. He's scratching and clawing, digging as deep as he possibly can as the crowd frantically tries to keep their Steampunk Superstar in this thing. Each reach gets him ever - so - closer to the bottom ropes, the referee eyeing every step of the way to see if he'll submit. Hoffman's eyes are a tinge wider than normal as he tries to wrench this STF in deeply, but that's about all the emotion he's willing to betray. FINALLY, after what seems like forever, Keyes gets his hand on the bottom rope and Hoffman is forced to break the hold.]

DDK:

We're definitely seeing a TON more from Hoffman than we saw last time! He may be able to finish this thing if he can just get one more big move in.

[As Keyes slowly gets to his feet using the ropes to help him up, Hoffman pounces and throws stiff shots across his shoulder and back. Referee Benny Doyle begins his count and admonishes Hoffman for this outburst. Keyes, showing some anger, decides to charge and throw a few shots of his own, backing Hoffman into the corner before Doyle has to count and admonish HIM. They finally make their way to the middle of the ring in a lock up. Keyes whips Hoffman into the ropes and lowers down for a back body drop, lifting up - and Hoffman completes a flip to land on his feet! Hoffman quickly turns and whips Keyes into the ropes before lowering down for a back body drop of his own. Keyes stops in his tracks, throwing a hard punt-style kick to Hoffman's head/chest, stunning him. And then...]

CRRRRRRRRACK!!!

Angus:

BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP!

[One!]

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Quimbey

Theeeeeee winnerofthismatch...HENRYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEYES!

Angus:

The third thing I was looking for! It happened!

DDK:

Some impressive fight out of Hoffman out there today, but it's safe to say that Henry Keyes is BACK, and his Bell Clap is FULLY OPERATIONAL.

[Keyes raises his arms in victory, giving his left arm and its new-and-improved brace a hearty pat before rolling out of the ring and up the ramp.]

Angus:

Now he can move onto more important things.

DDK:

The SoHer? The FIST?

Angus:

I was thinking the famed Mongolian Scarab Gem, actually.

DDK:

Oy...let's take it backstage.

[Cut away.]

The Mastodon Cometh

[From ringside, we fade to...

...darkness?]

"Ah know all about what you wanna know all about."

[That voice is so Appalachian in its gruffness that it can belong to only one man. One mastodon that is. Frank Dylan James is... somewhere...]

[...deep in the bowels of the DEFplex.]

FDJ:

Ah c'n see it now. Ah jes' bet all'a you highfalutin' types think you got it all figgered out.

[The Hillbilly Jesus steps up to the screen. Eerily he is accompanied by just enough light so that you can make out every broken tooth in his grin. His eyes, wide with consternation, tell tales that nobody in their right mind could ever ask for proof of.]

FDJ:

You stupid sons-a-bitches prob'ly think ol' Frank done FER-GOT-DAMN-GOT! But yer wrong, hear me? DEAD WRONG! See I remember that night like it was last night, I see that damn spike comin' at mah face every night in mah nightmares...

[The closeup shot on Frank's face is anything but comfortable. His beard, wild and unruly as ever, almost gets in the way of his disgusting mouth as he spits when he talks. Almost. If you'd gotten used to a more refined Frank Dylan James the last time he was around, well, kiss that shit goodbye.]

FDJ:

An' lemme jes' tell ya about that damn spike. See ever'body jes' figgered it was ol' Bronson Box up ta his ol' dumb ass an' violent tricks again, but naw, it wadn't that stupid mustache-waxin' bastard what did ol' Frank in...

[Frank grits what's left of his teeth.]

FDJ:

Bronson Box ain't got the guts that God gave a lilly-lizard. So instead'a fightin' me like a man, he sent that big, bad, EYE-TALIAN sack'a shit NICKY COROZZO to do his dirty work fer him! An' he went an' gave Nicky that spike to throw the trail all wonky, an' the worst thing about all'a that horseshit is...

[He frowns, the look of disgust on his face evident even without proper lighting.]

FDJ:

It worked. Fer a while...

[The frown turns itself upside down into a mountain-sized broken-toothed grin.]

FDJ:

But ya didn't have the balls ta kill me, an' ya too got-damn stupid to cripple me an' put me outta the bid'nness, so here Ah am, boys, all patched up by the docs and ready to tear you sorry baysterds ta pieces.

An' Ah'm a'gon be comin' fer you first, Nicky.

[If possible, the smile widens.]

FDJ:

An' b'lieve me, boy, ol' Frank's daddy raised him not ta half-ass a job. When Ah catch hold'a yer silly lookin' greasy-headed ass, it's gon' be bad news for ya, an' ain't gon' be nothin' but another damn day at the damn office for Frank By-Gawd Dylan James!

[The darkness returns.]

FDJ:
HOO-AHH!

[Cut away.]

Harmony vs. Felton Bigsby

As soon as the bell rang to start the match, Bigsby made a beeline for Harmony's obvious injured and heavily taped ribs, tackling her into the corner and driving his shoulder into her ribs over and over again until Ferrari's count stops him. The rookie continued to make her injury a target, dropping her with a flapjack off the ropes then planting her with a huge elevated spinebuster before making a cover that gained a two count. He continued the assault but Harmony managed to get a little bit of momentum by ducking an attempted big boot that left Bigsby straddling the top rope. From there, the brunette hit him with a lungblower that looked to hurt her just as much as it hurt him. It took her a few seconds before she finally made the cover that Bigsby kicked out of at one, throwing her across the ring in the process. She tried to regain the momentum out of the corner, but Bigsby showed his impressive strength and drove her into the turnbuckle like she were a ragdoll. He quickly capitalised on the advantage, throwing her across the ring and planting her with a sidewalk slam to try for another cover that she denies, kicking out at two.

Bigsby continued to target in on Harmony's injury, pinning her down and driving his knee into her midsection over and over again then covering her again, but he only gets a two count before Harmony kicks out. The frustration started to show on Bigsby and he went on the feral attack, throwing strikes into her injured ribs in the corner again before throwing her into the ropes, only for Harmony to drop him with a wheelbarrow DDT! She made another cover but Bigsby kicked out at two. She attempted to gain the upper hand but she was stopped by a huge knee to the gut that doubled her over and allowed Bigsby to pull her in for a powerbomb, only for Harmony go over the top of him and pull him down into a roll up to get the three count!

DDK:

Bigsby is an absolute beast but Harmony just squeaks the win.

Angus:

I knew she would. My confidence in her never faltered.

DDK:

It definitely wasn't a five star performance due to those banged up ribs, but she made the best of it.

Angus:

She won. That's all that matters.

I'll Be Careful. YOU'LL BE DEAD!

[Frank Holiday comes stalking down the hall toward the dressing room, his bag slung over his shoulder. Billy Pepper walks next to him, eyes down to his phone as he types something on the screen. Frank turns into the dressing room and stops cold, then tosses his bag to the side.]

Frank Holiday:

Alright, brah, enough playin' nice. You and I have some business to discuss.

[Dan Ryan is standing and looking through his bags. He turns his head and catches a glimpse of Holiday, then turns back to what he was doing.]

Frank Holiday:

HEY! I'm talkin' to you.

Dan Ryan: [still with his back turned]

So you are.

Billy Pepper:

Frank...

Frank Holiday: [ignoring him]

I tried being nice and respectful to you, man. Tried being about business. But this cold shoulder thing you're working doesn't really work for me, and I don't do the whole "being a jerk just because I can" routine. So what's your deal?

[Ryan gives no reaction whatsoever. Frank's had enough, so he stalks over to Ryan and grabs him by the shoulder to spin him around. As Ryan gets turned, he sneers and bows up to Holiday, who holds his ground. Billy steps forward, not forgetting the shoulder-bump Dan threw his way at the last show but ready to pull Frank away if he needs to.]

Dan Ryan:

You wanna know my deal?

Frank Holiday:

Didn't stutter, brah.

Dan Ryan:

You think you deserve an explanation? Maybe I owe you an apology?

Frank Holiday:

Think I earned a reason of some sort.

[Ryan cuts him off.]

Dan Ryan:

That's your problem right there. You think you deserve something. You think you're owed something. You prance around the ring waving your hands to the crowd, acting like you're owed something and I don't owe you shit. You think you win one tournament and suddenly you're the king dick around here and the rest of us are just supposed to step aside while you waltz your way to glory. Well, I'm here to tell you that as long as I'M around, you ain't waltzin' your way to SHIT. I respect talent. I respect toughness. I respect hard work. Your entire presence and casual bullshit attitude OFFENDS ME.

[Holiday's eyes narrow in anger, but he says nothing.]

Dan Ryan:

You walk around here chit chatting with Lindsay and you look over at me like we're buddies, like I'm supposed to pull

you in for a big ol' hug, invite you to a barbecue and have you out to play with the kids. I'm a professional goddamn wrestler, FRANK. I hurt people for a living. Maybe you don't pay attention. You know, it's funny...

[Ryan starts to slowly stalk his way around Holiday, giving Billy Pepper a glance as he does. Pepper looks concerned. Holiday watches Ryan, follows him as he walks around.]

Dan Ryan:

I remember when you first popped up on the radar. I like to keep tabs on the new talent. I got a little notification. You were so excited that I followed you on twitter, of all things. It was big ol' fantasy for you, comin' out here and playing wrestling with the people you see on TV. I guess, oh I don't know, you figured bein' a stuntman and all, you could come out here, dance around, say hello to the fans and the ladies, and we'd all go out for dinner and a beer afterward.... just be really good pals. The problem is, you haven't proven SHIT to me, Holiday. NOT. SHIT. I don't like you. I don't respect you. You're soft as hell. I don't think you belong here, no matter what Lindsay thinks of you, and if you thought that kick to the back of the head last show was rough, you're REALLY not gonna like picking your fuckin' teeth up off the ground when I slap that fuckin' smirk off your face if you don't take a step back from me.....

[Ryan stops and stares down directly into Holiday's eyes.]

Dan Ryan:

... BRAH.

[Holiday leans forward a bit, but Billy Pepper is already there with a hand on his shoulder.]

Billy Pepper:

It's not the time, Frank...

Dan Ryan: [eyes locked with Holiday's]

Listen to Pepper, boy.

[There's a short, tense pause.]

Frank Holiday:

Yeah. He's right. Now's not the time. I'm thinking.... ACTS OF DEFIANCE... is the time.

[Ryan smiles.]

Dan Ryan: [mocking]

Oh, are you suggesting another match, Mr. Holiday?

Frank Holiday: [nodding, a stern expression on his face]

Yeah. I'm suggesting another match.

Dan Ryan: [going from mocking to serious at the speed of light]

I thought you'd never ask.... Now why don't you take a hike before something bad happens to you.

[Frank smirks back.]

Frank Holiday:

Maybe I like it here.

[Just then, Tyrone Walker steps into the doorway and looks things over.]

Ty Walker:

The hales goin' on in here?

[Ryan glances at Walker, expressionless, then back at Holiday.]

Dan Ryan:
Your funeral.

[Holiday turns and sees Walker, then looks back at Ryan, and finally Billy Pepper, who shakes his head no. Holiday looks back at Ryan one last time and nods his head. Ryan holds his gaze, staring a hole in the DEFMax winner. Holiday holds one moment longer, then heads for the door. Ty steps aside and holds a hand out as if to say "be my guest" as Holiday and Pepper exit. Ty looks back at Ryan after they go.]

Tyrone Walker:
Y'all gettin' along now?

Dan Ryan:[smirking]
Swimmingly.

Tyrone Walker:
Right on, big mayne. I just hate it when people don't get along.

[Ryan smiles, then turns back to his things.]

Nicky's Big Break

[We're upstairs in the executive wing of the multi-million dollar entertainment destination that is the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. More specifically the office of building manager and CEO of Katze & Associates talent advocacy group, the lovely Jane Katze. The woman in question is sitting behind her desk with her long beautiful legs crossed and her fingers steeped in front of her. Across from her is Nicky Corozzo, his seven foot frame awkwardly trying to adjust itself to the trendy low slung chair Ms. Katze has apparently offered him.]

Jane:

How long have we known one another, Nicky? How many years?

[The huge Italian man runs his fingers through his long black hair with an impassive shrug.]

Nicky:

I dunno', long time I guess.

[He looks to the side, avoiding her question... and her gaze. Katze breathes a long slow sigh, leaning forward, resting her forearms on her desk. Her eyes never leaving the former mob enforcer for the Tuttoro Crime Family. A factoid oft not talked about... and in her mind, one he needs to be reminded of. She flips open a folder on her desk.]

Jane:

What did Ed call your... position in the organization?

[The big man finally meets his employers gaze with a knowing little grin.]

Nicky:

"Foreign Investments Manager..."

Jane:

Which amounted to?

[Nicky just chuckles and cracks his knuckles. Sliding down in his chair a bit, finally finding a comfortable sitting position.]

Nicky:

You more than anybody should know exactly what that amounted to... boss lady.

[The two long time co-workers share a silent moment of remembrance for their former employer now rotting away in a cold dark cell somewhere up-state. The place all the old fat greedy white guys who took just a liiiiittle too much of the pie and paid the price.]

Jane:

You're bored. Aren't you?

[She asks very matter of factly. He responds quickly, his cocky grin slipping into a scowl. Obviously not enjoying this little emotional sharefest. He is Italian after all.]

Nicky:

What of it? I got a job, don't I? Better off than I was after Ed got sent up river.

[Jane Katze slowly slides the open folder towards Corozzo. He sits forward, confused, as he looks over the folder's contents.]

Jane:

What if I told you I had a project for you?

Nicky:

What's this? A fuckin' contract?

Jane:

You'll stay under my sway, you're still my bodyguard... but yes, I managed to finagle a new DEFIAНCE contract for you. It's perminence, however, riding on one little condition.

Nicky:

Condition... ?

[He's there behind him like magic, appearing in the office silently, resting his huge meaty paw on the shoulder of the man who earned the nickname "Il Giudice"... The Judge... during his time on the streets of New York working for the mob. Even with those certifiably badass credentials he jumps at the hand on the shoulder and the sound of HIS voice.]

Boxer:

I want you to dig down in yer' old bag of hitman tricks and make short work of someone for me.

[Bronson Box crouches down in front of the chair, eye level with the huge Italian.]

Boxer:

Can you still do that, lad? Or has your skillset reverted back to just standing outside doors and looking just smashing in that all black getup you're usually wearin'... I like the suit, however. Nice change... so, interested? Or should I tell Jane to return this performer's contract back to Ms. Evans' office? It took her a lot of finagling to get this for you, lad...

[Nicky can feel both sets of eyes weighing down heavy on his person. He's hesitating... Bronson leans in close.]

Boxer:

If you don't prove to me that you're an asset to what we're doing here... you can go on home to that big titted *guido* wife of yours and tell her that the checks have officially stopped coming... *again*. Your position could easily be filled by any number of monsters that roam these hallways. One phone call from Jane here to the good Mr. Dante and The God-Beast is at my disposal...

[He snaps his fingers right in Nicky's face... we can tell by his heavy breathing, the redness in his face that Bronson's words are getting to him.]

Boxer:

... just like that. Nicky, do you still have the BOLLOCKS fer' the kind of work you were just crowin' about just a few moments ago to Jane? Mr. "Foreign Investments Manager..." "Humm?"

[Nicky Corozzo rises up from the chair, quickly towering over everyone and everything else in the room. Box stands too, stepping back and giving the big man room. Corozzo plucks a pen from Jane's desk, leans forward and signs his name to the bottom of the contract. Box and Katze share a quick glance and a smile as Corozzo stands up straight, adjusting his tie.]

Nicky:

What do I gotta' do?

[The Wargod steps in with a smile, slapping the big seven footer on the back.]

Boxer:

Ever hunted... *Mastodon*... before, boy'o?

[Corozzo smiles and laughs. Again, cracking his knuckles with obvious sinister intent. Gathering exactly what

Bronson's laying down.]

Nicky:

You know? I *have*. This ONE time...

[Nicky and Box clasp hands with a pair of sinister smiles on their lips. Jane reaches over her desk, extending her hand to Nicky. He quickly accepts it.]

Jane:

Griffith wants to walk through Bronson's nightmare again? Fine. But King Arthur doesn't get any knights. Not this time.

Box:

Make that ridiculous, inbred hillbilly disappear, boy'o. Are we perfectly clear?

Nicky:

Crystal... boss.

Mushigihara vs. Levi Cole

The match started almost abruptly, with the God-Beast, clearly frustrated after his recent loss to Harmony, rushing behind Levi Cole as he made his way to the ring. After an ambush that saw Mushi deliver his signature bearhug suplex to the collegiate standout on the ringside floor, he rolled him into the ring to officially start the match. Mushi had an advantage in the beginning, flattening Cole with his size and at one point executing a fireman's carry takedown as an insult to Cole and his amateur background. After an OSU press failed to get the Duke, however, the God-Beast became visibly rattled.

A failed big boot by Mushi was swiftly countered by Cole, who briefly had the upper hand and exhibited his wrestling skills to the delight of the DEFIAENCE Faithful. Eddie Dante shouted to his client to look for an opening, and he found it when he countered Cole's attempt at a gutwrench. Looking for a quick kill, the God-Beast tossed Levi Cole into the corner and lined up for his signature corner avalanche splash out of the sumo crouch, but he stalled for too long and met an empty turnbuckle as Cole moved out of the way just in time, and rolled him up for a three-and-a-half count, Mushi kicking out just a little too late.

DDK:

Levi Cole with the upset win here, and what a feather in the cap of the BRAZEN Project!

[Levi Cole smartly gets the hell out of the ring to celebrate, while Dante rushes up to his client to let him know of the circumstances, when...]

THUD!**Angus:**

Uh oh, Keebs, Fatboy just pushed Dante to the side here... what's he doing?!

[The God-Beast goes into a fit of rage, slamming a chair against the ringside apron then tossing it in the direction of Darren Quimbey, who manages to get the hell out of the way. Mushi lumbers over to the ringside crew area and starts tossing anything not nailed down, to the jeers of the crowd at the DEFplex. Dante, for his part, tries to calm Mushigihara down, but he's not having any of it.]

Mushigihara:

OSU! OSU! OSU!

DDK:

Someone call DEFsec, Mushigihara has gone mad!

[Before they can arrive, though, Mushi stops his rampage, and storms up the aisle as we cut away.]

YORBOITAI

[The camera takes us away from ringside to the backstage area where Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy are walking down a hallway. They're talking, but it's off-mic, and they're not alone for very long. As if from nowhere, the FIST of DEFIANCE appears before the number one contender and her brother-in-Law.]

Eugene Dewey:

Well, well, well, if it isn't Navi.

[He looks towards Lindsay.]

Eugene Dewey:

And Tingle.

[Now at Dan.]

Eugene Dewey:

The annoying one that doesn't go away and the moron in a stupid outfit that shouldn't even exist in the first place. Tell me, Tingle, do you honestly believe you have any business as the special referee when I finally silence this incessant fairy at Acts of DEFIANCE?

Dan Ryan: [sighing]

Navi and Tingle? Seriously, Dewey, can you speak English? I'm not all that fluent in nerd.

Lindsay Troy:

Really, if it's not Game of Thrones-related, he's useless.

Eugene Dewey: [ignoring the remarks]

Come on Dan, if you were the referee for our upcoming title match the thing would be anything but "clean and fair," right? Are you really gonna look me in the eye and tell me you'd be impartial? How are you gonna do that?

Dan Ryan:

I don't know about all that. I'm fair. I'm fair as hell. But beyond that, as far as I can tell it's none of your concern anyway.

[Eugene scoffs and adjusts the FIST belt more comfortably on his shoulder.]

Eugene Dewey:

See, that's where you're wrong. It *is* my concern because I **am** the FIST of DEFIANCE, and I'm not having my record setting title run ended by a vindictive asshat that's been bent on taking the title from me since Day 1 of 562.

Lindsay Troy:

Your super adorable streak aside, Scut Farkus, we could trot Jeff Triplett out here with a knowledge baseline of "Rasslin Rules for Dummies" and it still wouldn't stop me from taking the FIST from your Funyun-dusted fingers.

Eugene Dewey: [scowling]

Funny, I thought you were gonna take my title at Maximum DEFIANCE. Match, Tourney, Title, wasn't it? Turns out it was just... well, "Match" in the end, right?

Dan Ryan:

Actually, it was Bronson Box interfering, you almost losing anyway, Bronson interfering again...

Lindsay Troy:

Gosh, can you imagine what might've happened if Benny Doyle had more weight to throw around and could've prevented shenanigans? [sing-songy] *Someone wouldn't be cha-aaaamp....*

Eugene Dewey: [still ignoring them]

And speaking of matches, it'd be a good idea if you kept an eye on the ring, because what I'm about to do to YORBOITAI will provide a *huge* spoiler for what you can expect at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Lindsay Troy:

Pretty sure Ty-Walk's gonna handle your yellow eyes and stupid hair just fine.

[Eugene glowers and walks off.]

Dan Ryan:

I'm really starting to not like him.

Lindsay Troy:

Starting?

[And elsewhere we go...]

Where's My Reckoning?

[Cut back to the arena.]

DDK:

Well folks, before we get back to the action, Lance Warner is waiting in the wings with a special guest this evening.

Angus:

You mean someone is actually going to use that space over to the right for once?

DDK:

Yep, so lets kick it on over to our broadcast colleague, Lance Warner.

[With mic in hand, Lance Warner stands out on the DEFIANCE promo stage.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, last week this man made his official return to the ring after more than two months away, following the brutal attack he suffered at the hands of the Original DEFIANTS.

[The crowd starts to buzz with anticipation.]

Lance Warner:

Please welcome to the stage, Dusty Griffith!

♪ *I Love It Loud by KISS* ♪

[The crowd bursts with cheers at the sound of The Wild Bronco's music, stomping and clapping in rhythm with the familiar opening drum beat of the song. A moment later Dusty saunters out on to the entrance stage to another louder cheer. Planting his palms on his hips, Griffith scans the crowd a few seconds, taking in the welcoming reception before heading off to his right and joining Lance Warner on the stage opposite the commentary booth.]

DDK:

I tell you what partner, after what happened at 53, I'm guessing Big Dust has some things to say.

Angus:

Your grasp of the obvious is truly outstanding sometimes, Keebs, *really*.

[Approaching Warner, Griffith reaches out with his hand and offers the considerably smaller man a manly shake out of respect. When the music fades, Lance and Dusty wait for the crowd to follow suit before getting to business.]

Lance Warner:

Welcome to the stage, Dusty!

[Dusty nods and puts his hands back on his hips.]

Dusty Griffith:

Thanks for the time, brother.

Lance Warner:

Now then, last week you took on former friend and reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey, though that didn't nearly go how anyone expected. In fact, most people I've talked to are wondering why you didn't try to keep it in the ring?

Dusty Griffith:

I tell you what, Lance, normally that's exactly what I would have done. I would have got it into the ring, kept it in the ring and beat the brakes off of *my little brother* and **took back** my place as the number one guy in this company by taking

the FIST of DEFIAНCE for myself.

[Dusty sucks at his teeth and shakes his head.]

Dusty Griffith:

Now that's what I would have *normally* done though, brother, because I knew **damn well** that where Ol' Euge was, that no good sumbitchin' psychopath, Bronson Box wouldn't be far behind. So what's a man such as myself to do, knowing that's the score?

[Griffith pauses for a moment on that question. Warner merely waits for the answer.]

Dusty Griffith:

I settled for the one option that was under my control and that was giving **The Faithful** - these fans all around us - a show to remember when I came out here at 53 and gave Euge the sort of ass kicking that he so richly deserved.

[The Faithful cheer for the hellacious brawl that Dusty and Eugene had last week. Warner continues when they simmer down again.]

Lance Warner:

Speaking of Bronson Box, you two have had a number of, lets call them, *interactions* over the years. Now it seems to finally *really* be building up between you two, and of course, you both got into it this week on Twitter that the Big Boss called a stop to.

[Griffith nods and smiles.]

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah well, Boxer loves his Twitter machine, don't he? He loves to talk and intimidate and terrorize, but the thing he finds with me is, I don't scare easy and I'm **not** going to be run off by him... **No matter what he says or does.**

[Griffith snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty Griffith:

Far as all of those *interactions* you mentioned, Lance, that's exactly why I'm here. See, Bronson Box promised me a **reckoning** some time ago, and by god, I'm here to collect...

[Lights all over the arena start to go out one by one.]

♪ *God's Gonna Cut You Down by Johnny Cash* ♪

[Cue the man in black. As Johnny Cash croons into the inky darkness for the first few chords of the song fans all around the arena go absolutely ape shit. Boos, jeers and derision of all sorts start to rain down, even in the darkness all eyes are on the little interview stage.]

[And what they might witness when the lights come back on...]

"So it's a reckoning ye' want, boy'o... ?"

[The big overheads come flickering back to life and there he stands. Nose to nose with the man whose back he almost broke in half months ago. As Bronson Box and Dusty Griffith bump chests Lance Warner tries to bolt. Box grabs him by the shirt collar and pulls him back with little to no effort. Plucking the microphone from the lithe announcers hands then quickly shoving him off the platform, quicker than Dusty can react to assist him.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Warner lands awkwardly but seems to be okay.]

[The Original DEFIANT squares up to his adversary.]

Boxer:

And who ever said anything about scarin' you off, eh? We haven't even had any *FOOKIN' FUN* yet! If'n you got somethin' to say to me, Mr. "*number one guy*"... now's the bloody time.

[The Wargod spits the sharp words like venom from the mouth of a snake, while the Wild Bronco looks down to the floor checking to see that Warner is okay. Getting the high sign from Lance, Dusty wheels back around, his jaw tight and fists clenched. Bronson does his best to egg him on...]

Angus:

Ooooh *goodie*, here we go, Keebs.

DDK:

And Box is certainly not shying away!

Boxer:

You wanna' slug me, dontcha' sunshine? ... Do it. DO IT, HIT ME YOU BLOODY COWARD!

[Bronson spikes the microphone and pushes forward into Dusty's chest, who begins to tremble with a fury until shoving Box back. Boxer can be heard saying *That all ye' got boyo?* before he retaliates with a shove of his own and then a wicked looping punch that socks Griffith upside the head, staggering him back a step. Dusty reels back and tackles into Boxer, taking him to the floor of the stage where they proceed to roll around throwing punches.]

Angus:

World War Three, it has arrived!

DDK:

And here comes DEFsec, clearly they're not going to let this one get out of hand!

[Indeed, as well as to the displeasure of the Faithful, who boo the DEFIADE security team as they flood in around Box and Griffith. Both men struggle against the swarm of security around them, who are pulling at their arms and legs, trying to separate the two from the virtual death grip they have on each other.]

DDK:

Christ, these two are acting like absolute animals!

Angus:

I'm surprised Boxer hasn't bitten off a finger or something.

[Eventually a few of DEFsec's finest hop up on to the stage and get extremely physical, breaking them apart just enough so that Boxer can be pulled away from the scrum as he and Dusty kick, claw and yell at each other.]

Boxer:

GET OFFA ME YE' BASTARDS!

[Box tries to shake his guards, who have pulled him up to his feet. Little do they realize, with their attention focused on Box, that Griffith is up on the stage and has escaped custody AND flies off the ramp right into the pile to a huge roaring cheer from the Faithful. This causes another group of DEFsec to pour in and they are lead by Wyatt Bronson, DEFIADE's security chief. The crew help separate Boxer and Dusty once and for all.]

Dusty Griffith:

LET GO, URRRGH, LET GO!

[Leading traffic, Wyatt Bronson commands the two groups to take their respective *charges* in opposite directions. With

each man having about six or seven guys to contain them, Dusty and Boxer are forcibly removed from the arena, with Boxer going right and Dusty going left. The whole time, Boxer and Dusty hurl profanities and threats at each other while being hauled off.]

DDK:

Years of anticipation of these two finally fighting, it looks like that wait is just about over.

Angus:

Jayzuss, imagine the destruction if DEFsec hadn't shown up? I don't know about you, Keebs, but I'm not sure if a twenty by twenty will be able to contain those two lunatics.

DDK:

Given that this is DEFIAНCE, and things like *normal* rarely apply here, that might just be the safest bet that you can make, partner.

Demoralized

[An open folding chair whizzes through the air and buries itself perfectly in the plaster wall. Like a dart in a dartboard. The cause of the flying furniture is quickly revealed to be "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby. Still dressed out in his gear after his losing effort to Harmony earlier. On the bench behind the huge wall of a man sits Reinhardt Hoffman, disappointed in his loss surely, but his reaction is far more... European.]

Felton:

This is some BUUUUULLshit!

Reinhardt:

For goodness sake, Felton, calm yourself. You're acting like some sort of wild beast.

[The huge man turns his whole body towards his BRAZEN compatriot. His wide wild eyes peering down at the handsome German with the same intensity that launched that chair towards its new home in the wall across the room.]

Felton:

You throwin' down some Euro-racist shit at me now? I'm a fuckin' BEAST to you, n...

[Hoffman gets up from his seat, already showered and dressed in jeans and a German football jersey. He holds his hands out in front of him. Before any punches are thrown and the locker room door bursts open...]

"Congratulations kid! "

"What a win man, good job!"

"Dude, a win over the God-Beast, that's huge!"

"Guess this BRAZEN shit's workin' out... "

"I can't believe it, wow!"

"Warner'll want an interview for the site, for sure!"

[A cacophony of sound spilling into the room. The big All-American son of the midwest and former NCAA wrestling champion, Levi Cole rolls into the room backed by a host of crew and competitors congratulating him on his miraculous win over The God-Beast just a few short minutes ago.]

Levi:

Hey, thank you folks! Thank you!

[The huge corn fed grappler nods and shakes hands as he, very politely mind you, excuses himself finally closing the locker room door behind him. He turns towards the awkward scene in progress... both the Gentleman German and Houston Strong looking at Cole in disbelief.]

Felton:

You got' damn WON?!

[Reinhardt takes the distraction, sitting back down and continuing to put on his sneakers. Bigsby makes a B-line directly for the University of Nebraska grad. Cole, to his credit, doesn't flinch. Even when Bigsby bumps chests Levi keeps his cool, the victorious smile not leaving his face for even a moment.]

Hoffman:

Congratulations.

[Reinhardt delivers the line about as robotically as possible. "Insert nicety here." Never looking up as he meticulously packs away his gear. Cole just smiles, oblivious to Reinhardt's cold, bored tone. Responding politely to his colleague like his mother taught him.]

Levi:

Gosh, thanks Mr. Hoffman. What a start to my career, that big ol' Japanese fella's somethin' else. I mean...

[Houston Strong makes his presence felt again.]

Felton:

I 'aint congratulatin' SHIT. Both y'all blond ass crackas can...

[Levi, in a moment of either pure ballsiness or total fly-over state well manneredness, claps Felton Bigsby on the shoulder. The big man's head snapping to the side as Cole continues to smile.]

Levi:

Listen, your mad 'cause you lost to a girl, I understand bud. But chin up, okay? Things will get better from here, I promi...

[How he even got that much out is a miracle. As soon as Levi's hand made touch down on Bigsby's shoulder that big vein on the side of Houston Strong's head started throbbing. He lands a hard right to the side of Cole's head, luckily Levi's headgear was still on. Felton's knuckles make an audible crack as they bounce off the hard plastic ear guard.]

Felton:

FUCK, GOT' DAMNIT!

Levi:

Now, hold on now, we don't need to be brawling in the damn dressing room...

[It's too late, Bigsby tackles Cole back against the locker room door with a shove of one of his gigantic, meaty shoulders. The impact shaking the lockers, echoing down the hallway outside. As the two men roll around on the floor, the locker room is almost instantly filled with DEFsec meatheads trying to separate the two. We hear head of security Wyatt Bronson's booming voice above the din of the scrap.]

Wyatt:

THE HELL IS GOIN' ON IN HERE?! Goddamn greenhorns goin' at it like goddamn cats, shit...

[As the big barrel chested man dives into the fray Reinhardt Hoffman loops his bag over his shoulder, rolls his eyes and does his best to avoid the brawl as he makes his way along the wall towards the dressing room door. Once safely in the door frame he's joined by fellow "BRAZEN boy" the cosmically laid back Austinite, Texas born Butcher Victorious.]

Butcher:

Daaaaaaamn, what the hell IS goin' on in here, man...

[Victorious chuckles to himself and nothing in particular as he sizes up the fight from a safe distance out in the hallway.]

Reinhardt:

Mr. Bigsby is upset about losing to the attractive English female earlier. Mr. Cole mindlessly came into the locker room and very politely started gloating about his upset win over Mushigihara.

[The odd German looks towards Butcher.]

Reinhardt:

And you know what an asshole Felton is generally. Now lets go, I believe you requested my services as a personal

trainer, yes?

[The Austin native eyes Hoffman up and down warily.]

Butcher:

Umm, well yeah man. I'll be makin' my debut soon, I wanna' be in... tip top shape for the *faithful*, know what I mean, man?

[Still distracted by the brawl within the locker room, Reinhardt places a hand on his shoulder.]

Reinhardt:

Don't use the term faithful, I'm fairly confident herr Bronson would take offence. Now. Come then, let us make haste to the gymnasium.

[As Hoffman leads Butcher away from the now trashed locker room we fade back to the commentary station.]

DDK:

Houston Strong's got a bit of a temper, doesn't he?

Angus:

Yeah. I remember this one BRAZEN show a few months ago, in this bar in the absolute most racist corner of Arkansas. Felton called this one huge fat white lady a "*big ol' smelly assed cracka' ass bitch...*"

[Angus snorts and shakes his head.]

Angus:

I don't know what happened between his little dalliance with the Blood Diamonds and now, but that kid's got a future around here, lemme tell ya'. Kid just kills me... [snort]

DDK:

God you're awful. You're just... you're just *awful*.

Eugene Dewey vs. Tyrone Walker

Quimbey:

The following contest is a non-title match scheduled for one fall...

♪ *Dark Lord Bowser* ♪

[The arena plunges into darkness as all the lights shut off, save for that single spotlight focused on the center of the stage where our FIST already stands. Usually he'd be a pillar of calm, but today he's already jawjacking with the fans around him and pointing to the strap around his waist.]

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Buffalo, Wyoming, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds, he is the reigning, undisputed FIST of DEFIAНCE... He is EEEEUGEEEEEEENEЕЕЕ DEEEEEEWEEEEEY!

[The fans let their feelings for the FIST be heard as Dewey sets off on his way down the ramp. Eugene continues to argue with a select few, but ever breaks his gate until he reaches the stairs and ascends them to climb into the ring. Dewey unclips the title belt from around his waist and climbs the turnbuckle to hold it high, almost as if to rub the fact that he's still the champion into the face of all those in front of him.]

DDK:

And for the first time in a long time Eugene Dewey has actually entered the ring before his scheduled match starts.

Angus:

Why wouldn't he?

DDK:

Why would he have avoided stepping in the squared circle with Dan and Lindsay at Maximum DEFIAНCE? Why did he refuse to step in the ring with Dusty last time out?

Angus:

Because he's actually excited, and understandably so, about stepping in the ring with-

♪ *"Black" by Sevendust* ♪

Angus:

MAHBOITAI!

[The lights begin to flash in rhythm with the songs synthesized opening, which brings the crowd to their feet.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now, his opponent! Hailing from JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA... He weighs in at Two Hundred and Five Pounds!.. This is "THE BLACK JESUS"... TYYYYYRRRROOOONNNNNNE WAAAALLLLKERRRRR!

[The crowd pops as Blackimus Prime strides out on to the stage with the soulful voice of Lejon Witherspoon's calls him to battle. He riles the fans up a bit before making his way to the ring.]

DDK:

This should be one heck of a match, fans. These two are long-standing members of this company with very different wrestling styles. And as an added bonus, they have never been in the ring together. A DEFIAНCE first here tonight!

Angus:

Yeah yeah, blah blah, who cares? MAHBOITAI's about to take the FIST down a peg or two.

[Walker's in the ring now. As he removes his shirt and tosses it over the top rope to the outside, Eugene Dewey charges in and delivers an axehandle to the back of his head. The strike knocks Ty forwards into the corner of the ring

and Mark Shields calls for the bell.]

Ding Ding Ding!

[The fans let Eugene know what they think about his sneak attack as he begins a barrage of rights and lefts that connect with Ty's temples. Walker tries to cover up, but Dewey switches to body blows before nailing him with a European uppercut that knocks Tyrone down to his butt in the corner. Eugene sticks a boot into Ty's face to push him through the ropes and then adjusts its position into Walker's throat so that he can choke The Blackaconda.]

DDK:

And finally Mark Shields steps in to pull Dewey away from Walker and give him a chance to get into this match after being jumped from behind.

Angus:

I'm so conflicted. On one hand you've got Eugene in there and he's grown a set, and I like that, but on the other hand...

DDK:

Your boy Ty?

Angus:

MAHBOITAI!

[Mark wraps his arms around Eugene to pull him away and orders Eugene to let Tyrone get to his feet. Dewey obliges but instantly charges in with a splash to the corner, sandwiching Walker against the turnbuckles. Tyrone drops right back down to his ass as Dewey takes off running across the ring and comes back with a butt bump to Ty's head. Dewey grabs Walker's foot and drags him from the corner to cover him for a two count.]

DDK:

Eugene's not wasting any time in trying to get the win.

Angus:

Do you think that's what he meant by a spoiler? A quick victory? I hope so. I don't think my heart could take a violent confrontation between these two.

[Eugene grabs two handfuls of Ty's hair and pulls him up to his feet, all the while talking trash to Blackimus Prime. He pulls Walker's head back and yells 'This is what you get' in his face before scooping him up and placing him on his shoulder. He doesn't get much further in whatever he was planning though as Ty kicks out and lands on his feet behind Eugene. Dewey turns and takes a straight kick to the midsection which Ty follows up with a series of kicks to the legs of the FIST. Ty delivers another kick to the gut of Eugene and then sticks out a palm right into the mouth of the champion while he's doubling over. Before Eugene can fall back Ty grabs Dewey's head and pulls him into a jumping knee strike.]

DDK:

What impact! Dewey's rocked from that one!

[Walker turns and hits the ropes, but Eugene gathers enough barings to throw a clothesline as Ty comes back at him. Walker ducks the attempt and comes off the opposite side. His speed is too much for the FIST and he catches the champ with a flying leg lariat as he comes back. Both men get back to their feet, and it's Eugene the throws the first shot as he swings with a wild right hand, but Walker ducks that as well. Dewey's momentum swings him around and gives Ty his back, allowing Blackimus Prime to duck under his arm, lift Dewey and drive him into the canvas with the Black Thunder! Ty pins Dewey's shoulders down with his feet for a two count!]

DDK:

A near fall for Tyrone Walker there and he seems to have stunned Eugene! I'm sure this isn't what the FIST thought would happen when he came out here a few moments ago.

[Both men get back to their feet, Ty being the quicker of the two. He's pumped up and clenches his fists as he waits for Eugene to get to his feet. Dewey does so, and Ty grabs him in position for a backbreaker. He lifts Eugene off of his feet, but Dewey throws a forearm that connects with the back of Walker's head, forcing Black Jesus to drop the champ. Eugene wraps his leg around Ty's and whips him back with a Russian Leg Sweep.]

DDK:

Oh and *now* Eugene runs.

Angus:

He's just clearing the cobwebs. He took Black Thunder like the champ that his is, and we all know just how devastating that is.

DDK:

It's strange to hear you being so positive about both competitors in the ring.

Angus:

I know, right?

[As Dewey shakes his head and rubs his head on the outside Ty gets back to his feet and tries to follow him out. Mark Shield stops that though and tells Walker to get back to his corner. The fans at ringside voice their displeasure as Dewey passes them as he makes his way around the ring. Mark leans through the ropes to tell Dewey to get back into the ring, but Eugene waves him off and doubles over as though out of breath. Again Ty tries to advance on Dewey, but Mark warns him off and sends him back to his corner for a second time.]

DDK:

Aww, does our champion need a water break?

Angus:

He's just waiting for Ty give him some space. See, here he goes.

[Eugene does indeed move towards the ring, but as soon as Walker takes a step towards him he drops back down and backs away. Walker, much like the fans, doesn't like that, but he's placed to do something about it and so charges across the ring where he dives through the ropes right at the Champion. Dewey sees Tyrone coming though and lifts a European Uppercut into the jaw and chest of The Black Jesus, knocking him out of the air and down to the arena floor!]

DDK:

Dewey knew exactly what he was doing there, Angus. He nailed Ty right on the button with that European Uppercut and now he's in control.

[Eugene doesn't appear to capitalise on the advantage he's made for himself as he hops up onto the apron, but when Ty makes it back to his feet it's clear what he had planned as he sprints along the apron and cannonballs off of it into Blackimus Prime!]

Angus:

Everybody in the pool!

[Eugene pops back up to his feet and rolls into the ring where he demands Mark Shields start counting faster.]

DDK:

And would you look at that? Dewey's now trying to get Ty counted out.

[Eugene practically screams at Mark to speed up his count, but Ty starts to stir around the five mark and is back to his feet at seven. Ty beats the count at eight, but as he's rolling into the ring Eugene runs at him and lands with a senton to his back. Eugene gets up to his feet to a very negative reaction from the crowd, who then start willing Walker back

up. Ty does manage to push himself up to all fours, but that only allows Eugene to wrap and arm around his waist and pull him the rest of the way up. Dewey ducks under Walker's arm this time and lifts him so that he can drop The Blackaconda with a high angle belly to back suplex! Eugene shoots the half and rolls Ty over for a two count!]

DDK:

Another close fall, and Eugene's getting some momentum behind himself now.

[Ty starts to get back to his feet but Eugene grabs a handful of hair and arm to control him back into the ropes. With a whip Eugene sends Blackimus Prime across the ring and he himself sprints into the adjacent side.]

Angus:

PAPAPA-

DDK:

NO!

[Eugene comes off the ropes looking to tackle Tyrone Walker into the bleachers, but Ty drops to his front in the middle of the ring and Eugene has to think quickly to jump over him or risk being tripped. Dewey comes off the opposite side and back at Ty, who's now stood up and kicks out at the FIST's midsection. One swift lift later and Ty's driving Eugene into the canvas with the Blackimus Driver! Ty scoots forwards, sits on Eugene's chest and hooks a leg for a long two count!]

DDK:

How in the hell did Dewey kick out of that?

Angus:

He's always had those reserves that others don't. Plus He's the champ.

DDK:

I'm not sure he'll be able to kick out of what Ty's got lined up for him next...

[Walker pops back up to his feet, charged and pumped up. He's shaking his fists and roaring to the crowd who roar right back at him. Walker grabs Eugene and heaves the FIST up to his feet where he hooks him up.]

DDK:

Are we gonna see the Ol' Dirty Buster!?

[Ty grabs a handful of Eugene's waistband and tries to lift the FIST, but Dewey hooks a leg between Walker's and blocks the attempt. A second try at the lift has much the same outcome, and there isn't a third as Dewey uses his free hand to grab the arm Ty has wrapped around his neck and starts to pull it away.]

Angus:

Eugene knows he's got to get of this. If Ty hits it then it's gonna be all over.

DDK:

And what a shame that would be.

[After creating some degree of separation Eugene unhooks his other hand from around Ty's neck and jams his thumb into The Black Jesus' eye. The fans don't like that one bit, but Eugene doesn't care as he hits the ropes and comes back with a Biotic Charge!]

Angus:

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPOUUUUUUNCE!

[The force of the shoulder tackle sends Tyrone into the ropes where he gets caught up and Eugene lays flat out in the

middle of the ring. Both men start to stir, but with the help of the ropes Ty is the first one to his feet. He's a little unsteady on them, but he's still able to head back towards Eugene, who's only managed to get to one knee.]

Eugene Dewey:
SHORYUKEN!

[The fans erupt in a chorus of boos as the rising uppercut from the FIST catches Walker square on the jaw! He falls back like Brad Pitt in Snatch and hits the canvas before Dewey crawls over to cover him for the one, two, thr-No! Dewey grabs Ty's hair and pulls him off the mat to another round of jeers.]

DDK:
Oh come on!

[Eugene shakes his head as Mark Shields asks him what he's doing. The FIST ignores the official though and and soaks in the reaction from the DEFIAfans in attendance. After a couple of seconds Dewey points to the corner of the ring and smiles.]

DDK:
You don't think...

[Dewey pulls Ty to his feet, but before he can maneuver The Blackaconda, Ty pushes Dewey away and into the ropes. Eugene bounces back and into Walker's arms, who lifts him for the Blackout Bomb! Except Eugene reverses it and falls down, hooking Ty's head in the process to drop him with a DDT! Clearly infuriated by the attempted comeback, Eugene grabs Ty by the arm and leg and drags him into place at the foot of the turnbuckles and wastes no time in climbing to the top rope. As Dewey stands on top he closes each nostril one by one and blows the contents down at the prone Walker.]

DDK:
That's just disgusting.

[And then leaps from the top, dropping down onto Walker's chest with the Senton! Dewey rolls over and covers Ty for the One! Two! Three!]

Ding Ding Ding!

Quimbey:
Here is your winner, the FIST of DEFIA, Eugene Dewey!

[Dark Lord Bowser plays out around the arena again as Dewey gets to his feet and Mark Shields raises his hand. Eugene pulls his arm away from the official though and rushes back over to Tyrone Walker, who takes a stomp to chest before Dewey grabs two handfuls of hair.]

DDK:
Oh come on! You won the match, what's he proving here?

Angus:
It's the spoiler, Keebs. I just wish it didn't have to happen to The Blackaconda...

[With total disregard for the orders of Mark Shields, Eugene pulls Tyrone up to his feet and drives him right back down to the canvas with a Google-Plex! The fans let Eugene know exactly how they feel about the assault, but that doesn't stop the FIST from leaving the ring to go and grab a steel chair from the time keeper's area.]

DDK:
NO! Come on! What's he gonna do with that, Angus?

Angus:

Don't do it, Eugene! Think of the people that deserve this kind of treatment! Ty's not one of them!

[Dewey moves Ty back into position and places the chair on his chest before turning back to the turnbuckle to ascend to the top rope again.]

Angus:

Oh god, please don't do it...

DDK:

NONONONONONONO!

♪ “Trampled Underfoot” by Led Zeppelin ♪

[Dewey's eyes widen and the fans erupt as Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan come sprinting down the ramp and slide into the ring. Eugene knows immediately that the numbers aren't in his favour right now and hops down from the turnbuckle to the apron then drops to the outside. Dan heads straight for his fallen partner and tosses the chair off him as the Queen traces Dewey stomping 'round the ring. Eventually he reaches Mark Shields, who holds the FIST belt, which Dewey snatches from his hands and holds it high above his head, all the while locking eyes with the number one contender.]

Eugene Dewey:

That'll be you! That'll be you, Lindsay!

[Troy's got a few words of her own for Euge as he backs up the ramp repeating himself. Dan Ryan meanwhile helps Ty sit up while burning a hole through Dewey with his eyes at the same time.]

DDK:

There's a lot of hatred towards Eugene Dewey in that ring right now, and it's all very much deserved.

Angus:

Can you imagine if he'd hit that Senton? I'd have to have reconsidered my opinion towards our FIST.

DDK:

Well, regardless of how we might feel about it or what we just saw following the bell, the FIST just picked up the victory and surely must have sent a message to his opponent at Acts of DEFIANCE in a few short weeks.

Angus:

Oh, I'm sure Troy got the message. I'm just glad I'm not Eugene Dewey right now. Can you imagine the response she's gonna have?

DDK:

I'm sure we'll find out soon enough.

[Cut over to Lance Warner, standing by with another interview guest...]

Guess Who's Back?

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen my guest at this time, making his return to DEFIANCE after a sojourn to the land of MMA; one of the most eclectic athletes in DEFIANCE history, former co-holder of the Trios Championship, formerly "The Ronin" Sam Horry. Sam, welcome back.

Sam:

Thanks, Lance. Good to be back. It seems like it's taken forever to get here, but it's done. I am back, and there really isn't much for me to say except that I'm comin' with a brand new focus, a brand new fire. When I left DEFIANCE, it was to get my head clear, nah'mean? I had this pull to compete in Mixed Martial Arts, and it was naggin' and naggin' at me, until finally, I manned up and did it. Steppin' away from DEFIANCE was difficult, especially leavin' my cousin. But I went on to dominate the MMA world. I was the World Champ, and it took crooked judges to take those belts from me.

Lance Warner:

That controversy surrounding your last MMA fight was well documented, a source of much talk and debate on the internet that still goes on today.

Sam:

The funny thing is that while I was away, I kept watchin' DEFIANCE. I watched the rise of Lindsay Troy--all hail the Queen--

Lance Warner:

Had to get that in there.

Sam:

Of course. But I watched the Eugene Deweys, the Frank Holidays, and my homegirl, Harmony really take DEFIANCE to another level. As a fan I'm like "this is dope," but as a competitor, that predator instinct starts to take over nah'mean? I knew it would be a matter of time before I was back in DEFIANCE, and now I am. Like I said before, it's a whole new Sam y'all 'bout to see. Just like DEFIANCE is on another level, I'm bringin' that next-level ish, each and every time I step through those ropes. I'ma show everybody I'm the baddest muthayouknowwhat in any sport!

Lance Warner:

So what's in your immediate forecast, Sam?

Sam:

Gold, Lance. Pure and Simple. The last time I had any around my waist, or on my shoulder, it was handed--HANDED, Lance-- to somebody undeserving of it. Well I'm still hungry, and while I respect all of y'all here in DEFIANCE, I won't hesitate use everything in my arsenal to get the job done. In fact I—

[Sam's interrupted by Jake Donovan walking up to Lance Warner]

Jake:

Didn't you get enough of boring the hell out of these people the last time you were here? I wouldn't worry about not being the same guy the fans are used to, 'cause after your shit performance last time you were here, I doubt those people even REMEMBER you. If you want, I can send around a couple postcards, i've got some awesome ones of you sleeping on a trios belt. You're a joke, Sam; always have been.

Sam:

This comin' from somebody who needed a cult leader to convince him he had any self worth? Homie, I ain't no Kenny Freeman, I promise you. Gettin' in my face is only gonna get you hurt, and there ain't gonna be no cult leader to put you back together again, when I'm done!

[Jake stepped to Sam, making Lance visibly uncomfortable.]

Jake:

I will torch you in that ring, and piss on your ashes.

Sam:

You're certainly welcome to try.

Jake:

Like I need your permission, the only thing I need is time and opportunity. You get your ass in the ring, and I'll do the rest. Just do me a favor Sam, don't off yourself when I send you packing outta here the same way you ran cryin' outta MMA. I'd hate ta have that shit on my conscious.

Sam:

Ring?! How bout we do this right here, Jake?! Watch me stick this fist through your conscious!

[Not bothering with words, Jake hauled off with a vicious punch to Sam in his mouth, staggering Sam, who then tackled Donovan to the ground.]

Lance Warner:

Get some help down here!!!! Now!!!!

[The pair began throwing wild punches as they rolled around, neither athlete getting the upperhand before being swarmed by DEFsec who yanked them apart.]

Lance Warner:

We're gonna get this sorted out, let's get back to the ring for more DEFIANCE action!

Curtis Penn Invitational

[Cut to the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

I just wanted to let all of you know that after my regaining of the Southern Heritage Championship....

[He rubs the face plate of the title that rests around his waist.]

Curtis Penn:

That my DVD sales are at an all-time HIGH! The booth that I had set up last week sold out right after I announced that I was going to hold the Curtis Penn Invitational.

[He nods his head arrogantly.]

Curtis Penn:

So my business partner and I thought we could triple our money if we offered a special limited time offer of 39.99 for all three Volumes of Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches and included on the third disk is the night I drove David Noble from DEFIADE. OH YES... BOYS AND GIRLS DAVID NOBLE IS STANDING IN LINE AT THE SOUP KITCHEN BECAUSE OF ME!

[He reaches behind his shoulders and pats himself on the back. He reaches behind his waist and removes the belt and brings it up to his face.]

Curtis Penn:

That's right baby, you're back where you belong.

[Without a moment's hesitation he plants a giant kiss on the plate.]

Curtis Penn:

However I can't just sit back and let Kelly and company make my defenses for the Southern Heritage Championship... I mean we all know that she would set up every defense for HERBOITIA until I beat him into a depression and he started having anxiety attacks at the mention of my name.

[He draws a long take of air and releases it slowly.]

Curtis Penn:

So for the reputation of the Southern Heritage Championship and all of you Team Danger loving clowns out there I decided to take a better approach and offer an opportunity for everyone in the back a shot at taking the Southern Heritage Championship from me.

[He walks over to the ropes and uses them to support his weight.]

Curtis Penn:

So let's get this show on the road... who will it be tonight? Henry Keyes...Jake Donovan... Frank Holiday... who in the back wants a chance at holding the Southern Heritage Championship?

[The crowd starts to buzz as the people near the ramp see motion.]

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

[Curtis Penn pushes himself off of the ropes and grins as the music plays.]

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

[The customary T1000 Terminator Skull Fucker Edition Shades materialize from out of nowhere unto Jiles' clean

kempt face. Yes, the frame of the T-Shades is still colored jet black, and they have those lens' with that mirror tint you could snort cocaine off of.]]

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

[If the shades and the song weren't a dead giveaway, you could smell the pot smoke clinging to his silk button down. As per, the collar is popped and it is only half buttoned]

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

I.
AM.
THE.
COOL

[Curtis Penn rolls his eyes and give a polite golf clap as KING COOL remains at the top of the Entrance Ramp.]

Curtis Penn:
EVERYBODY!! CANCER JILES!

[Curtis Penn points up to the ramp at the Superman of COOLopolis and the crowd cheers!]

RAHHHHHHHHHH!

[The Master and Commander of COOL drops a humble, but gaping wide smile for the raucous crowd. Also, his baby blonde hair begins to glow from the cheering.]

[No, he's not about to turn into a Super Sayan.]

[That's next show.]

Curtis Penn:
Cancer...Cancer... Don't listen to them Cancer, it's a conditioned response! Watch.

Curtis Penn:
CANCER JILES EVERYBODY!

RAHHHHHHHHHH!

Curtis Penn:
MYBOITAI

RAHHHHHHHHHH!

Curtis Penn:
POPSICLES!

RAHHHHHHHHHH!

Curtis Penn:
CURTIS PENN!

BOOOOOOOOO!

[Cancer's eyebrows arch over the COOL Shades.]

Curtis Penn:

See, they cheer for everything I say and do. I'm their Southern Heritage Champion and they absolutely love me for taking the Southern heritage Championship away from the David Noble's and Frank Holiday's that tarnished everything that this belt has stood for in the past.

[Penn releases a disgusted breath.]

Curtis Penn:

And here you are...standing on that ramp, wanting to beat me for the Southern Heritage Championship so that you can take this history and heritage and flush it right back down the toilet. So I'm going to say NO!

[Patiently, Cancer paces back and forth a top of the ramp.]

Curtis Penn:

NO, Cancer Jiles you might be *COOL* but you're just not going to waltz in here and cut in line. HELL NO! Go back to where it was that you came from, or whatever rock it was you crawled back out from underneath of. Your time has passed. My TIME. Curtis Penn's time -- is now.

[There is a pause.]

[A long one.]

[Call it, a momentum builder.]

[With all eyes upon him, the Philly native gazes down at the ring with an inquisitive look covering his face.]

CCJ:

Curt, are you done?

[Before Penn can wisely retort, a quick quipping Jiles cuts him off.]

CCJ:

Put a pin in it, *MONGO*. King *COOL* is doing the talking, and frankly-- I've heard just about enough of what you and your horrible haircut have to say.

[Penn wears a shocked look across his face. How could anyone have had their fill of what he has to say. Sheer blasphemy.]

CCJ:

For now, all I want you to do is simply stand there in MY ring, while I allow that pit in your stomach to grow.

[Angus is the loudest among the masses to lash out in hysteria and good fortune. For good reason-- it's Cancer Jiles talky time.]

Curtis Penn:

You are just like all the rest aren't you?

[A collective sad face swoons over the audience.]

Curtis Penn:

You try to talk big and bold, trying to make people think that you're all new and shiny because you returned, but the sad thing is that you're the exactly same.

[*COOL* Cancer Jiles raises his microphone back to his lips.]

Curtis Penn:

NO! HOLD UP! The last time you were in this ring you were laying flat on your back and having your shit snatched! You didn't look too *COOL* when your shades were being ripped off of your face, in fact you looked pathetic in your Tommy Bahama shirt and your spray on tan running.

[A hushed silence has fallen over the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex.]

CCJ:

For your sake, I'll forgive your ignorance. However, what I can not forgive is your idiocy. Spray on tan? Tommy Bahama? *MONGO* please. I have style. I have class. I have dignity. I, unlike you, have not been plucked from the pages of douchebag magazine.

[Penn scowls.]

CCJ:

I, unlike you, know how it feels to be considered a respectable champion. Not a place holder. Not a crumb on the history list. But a man, worthy of the crown he wears.

[Cheering noises.]

Curtis Penn:

The only thing you know Mr. Fool is how to choke on it. Even I know worthy and Cancer Jiles have no rhyme or reason being mentioned in the same anything.

CCJ:

Ha. Ha..... Ha. You know what, Couytus. I was planning on coming out here, ripping you apart verbally, making up with my faithful -- all four thousand of them -- and then calling it a night. But now, after you mock the shirt and my incredible complexion, after you decide to insult a former cornerstone of the company WE work for... Well, I've decided to make that their Southern Heritage Championship of yours... *COOL*. Get ready for some egg on your face.

[POP!]

[If anyone could walk back in the door and have his first match back be for championship gold, it's the man heading towards the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

Stop... STOP RIGHT THERE! You're saying that you want to participate in the Curtis Penn Invitational?

CCJ:

I want to erase Curtis Penn from the all that there is, so yes, sign me up.

[Curtis smiles and nods.]

Curtis Penn:

COOL, but uh... there is one itsy weensy issue. You see it's an open invitation to the guys and girls in the back who have busted their asses for the entire time that you spent licking your wounds. You think that I'm going to allow this title to be defended against someone who can't handle a loss. Cancer, my boy, you need a mark in the win column before you come stepping up to the plate.

It's an invitational, not charity.

[By now Cancer has made it into the ring and is now nose to nose with Penn.]

CCJ:

You're scared Pennis, I can see it in your eyes.

[Ironic.]

[COOL shades FTW.]

Curtis Penn:

You're trying make a statement, I get it. You want to take out the big man on the block and you think that you might be able to take me down because you have the crowd behind you. Because you have Angus behind you, that you were **ONCE** Eric Dane's boy, but allow me to shed some light on the situation for ya. Ya, not going to get a shot at me or this title because of what you used to be.

BBBBB0000000000

Curtis Penn:

I'ma make you earn it Cancer, something that you didn't have to do before.

[Curtis takes a step back from Jiles and gestures to the backstage area.]

Curtis Penn:

When I saw you backstage at DEFtv: 53 I thought nothing of it. Hell I tried to ruin your stupid lil comeback by giving it away. Then you when you tried to ruin the first match in the Curtis Penn Invitational I decided to be proactive, in case you decided that your value remained the same. Which, I'm sorry to say you just don't carry the same weight as you did before.

[Curtis grins from ear to ear.]

Curtis Penn:

So I made a phone call right after I finished showing that BRAZEN curtain jerker what the big leagues were like.

[He passes by Cancer Jiles and leans in, closely to his ear.]

Curtis Penn:

You're going to like this. Pay attention.

Here's the deal!

[He turns around on his heels and looks into Cancer's trolling eyes.]

Curtis Penn:

If you can beat this guy, right here, right now, I'll give you a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. Not because you have earned it, but because you've earned your way back onto the DEFIANCE Roster and it's an open invitation for the DEFIANCE Roster and not a get rich quick scheme.

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

[Funky Shit by Prodigy.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... THE CHALLENGER!... Weighing in at 284 pounds... He hails from CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA... He is the self-proclaimed BEST FLEX IN WRESTLING... Ladies and Gentlemen... BIG KING COOL.... JONNNNNNNNNY BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOYA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[The man with the blonde flat-top, now reduced to wearing his old Terminator shades, saunters out from behind the curtains, the end of Quimbey's calling of his name being drowned out by the sheer magnitude of boos coming from the audience. Booya, of course doesn't mind, in fact he seems to revel in the negative adulation, strutting his stuff to the edge of the stage before falling to a knee and hitting the Best Flex in Wrestling, a double bicep curl and gleaming toothy grin as he mugs it up for the "nerds" in the crowd. At the apex of the flex, he belts out an "OH YEAH!" and jumps back up to his feet.]

Curtis Penn:

Cancer you remember Jon Andrews, better known as Jonny BOOOOOOYA. I like to think of him as the guy who stole the *COOL* from Cancer Jiles.

[Jonny Booya climbs up on the turnbuckle and gives a tremendous double pec pose right before he hops down to the canvas with a thud!]

Curtis Penn:

So what do you say Cancer? Jiles vs Booya, if you win you get to face me at anytime of your choosing, but I caution you if you lose you'll have to win twice as much as you lose before you get to face me for the Southern Heritage Championship.

CCJ:

I'm going to cut this *MONGO* in half, Penn. And then I'm coming for you.

[Penn turns to Jonny Booya.]

Curtis Penn:

Jonny, thoughts?

[Jonny thrusts out a meaty finger in the direction of Cancer Jiles.]

Jonny Booya:

I ALWAYS WAS BETTER'N YOU NERD! YOU AIN'T GOIN NOWHERE NEAR DAT TITLE!

[Curtis' smile shows no intentions of wavering.]

Curtis Penn:

Aight, all we need is a ref?

[Upon cue Mark Shields slides into the ring and Penn ducks out onto the padded floor.]

Cool Cancer Jiles vs. [Redacted]

[Before the bell, Jiles somehow manages to change into his ring gear without anyone noticing. Yeah, he's *COOL* like that.]

DING....

DING....

DING.....

[Booya and Jiles circle each other in the ring. Once, twice around they go, until Jiles charges in and takes a hold of Jonny by the noggin. Lord *COOL* wrenches down, trying to squeeze Jonny's eyeballs together.]

Angus:

Well, like the idiot you are -- DARREN. Last show you said it was months since The One and Only High Chief of all things *COOL* was inside of our wrestling ring. WHEN, in actuality, it's been over a year and four months since we last saw him.

[Give or take.]

[And not that Angus was marking it off on a calendar or anything.]

DDK:

Well, I guess I just missed him so much that I made a mistake.

[Yup, Darren even rolled them eyes of his. He's just dripping with enthusiasm over Cancer's return.]

Angus:

The tone of your voice just then makes me want to gouge out your eyeballs. Never speak in such a way about him again. He's back now, *MONGO*. He's standing in the ring. He's about to *MONGO* chawp his past all the way to China, and then take that belt from Curtis Pennyworth!

DDK:

We'll see about that.

[After trying unsuccessfully to turn his old foe into a cyclops, Jiles whips Jonny into the ropes and tries to end it quickly with a thunderous *MONGO* Chawp. However, Booya sidesteps the attack and counters with a clothesline across the back of Jiles.]

DDK:

You were saying?

Angus:

He slipped.

DDK:

Sure he did.

[Booya lays the boots to Jiles, repeatedly kicking him while he is down. To add insult to injury, he slaps him in the head a few times and even goes as far as to mock Jiles haircut.]

Angus:

I can't believe this. This match should be over. Lord *COOL* should be champion, and all in the world would be right.

DDK:

How would he??? Nevermind.

[After a strut and a flex about the ring, Jonny refocuses his attention on Jiles, who has now managed to get back up to a knee. With a grin across his face, Jonny drops a massive forearm smash across Jiles' back, sending the *COOL* one crashing face first into the canvas yet again.]

DDK:

This is going from bad to worse for your miracle man.

Angus:

I'm not concerned. If there's one thing Mr. *COOL* can do, that's take an ass kicking. Booya would need to hit him with a hundred more shivers to even get a two count.

DDK:

We're about to find out!

[Jonny drops down, and casually covers Jiles for a pin. Referee Mark Shields slides in, and before his hand can count two, Booya pulls Jiles up and breaks the count himself.]

Angus:

The arrogance! He would have kicked out on his own! But, like I said, not even a two count.

[Booya jerks Jiles to his feet and drives him into the corner with a couple of bruising forearms. Booya flexes in the face of Jiles to the chorus of boos. He grabs the wrist of Jiles and pulls him out into a thunderous clothesline. Booya looks around and kisses his bicep prior to dropping the same elbow onto Jiles.]

DDK:

Was that almost chain wrestling?

Angus:

That's shit is what that was.

DDK:

Booya for the cover.

[Before the ref even is in position for the count, Jiles' arm shoots off of the mat.]

[Booya slides off and steps back, never missing a moment to pose, allows Jiles to sit up. Booya presses his knee into the spinal column of the KING of *COOL*, pulls his chin up before crushing Jiles' chest with his tree trunk sized forearm.]

DDK:

Jonny follows up that blow by slamming Cancer's head into the mat.

Angus:

DON'T MESS UP THE HAIR!

[Angus' girlish scream causes Booya to pause and check his own hair before following up with a stomp to Cancer's head.]

DDK:

Even though Booya hasn't changed much in the pose and flex category, he does seem like he figured out how to maintain some sort of offence.

Angus:

I don't like it Keebs. I also don't like that smirk that is permanently etched on Curtis' face. I just want to rip it off and wipe my sweaty balls with it.

DDK:

Angus, what are your true feelings?

[Meanwhile, Jiles and Booya are trading forearms until Booya gets the upperhand and sends Jiles into the ropes, on the return Jiles ducks under Booya's arm and catches himself on the far ropes.]

DDK:

Booya charges in....

Angus:

AND HIS WORSHIPNESS CATCHES THE INFIDEL IN THE GRILL WITH HIS ROYAL BOOT!

[Jiles comes off the rope and Booya recovers and catches Jiles in a tilt a whirl backbreaker.]

DDK:

Booya with another pin.

[Shields is a little quicker to get in position and actually slaps the mat for a one count, Booya slides to the side and locks in a sleeper.]

DDK:

This is a different Jonny Booya than when he was apart of the Untouchables!

Angus:

He needs to get his sweaty body off of CANCER JILES!

DDK:

Jiles is fighting to his feet, Booya looks surprised!

Angus:

HIT HIM IN THE DICK!

[Jiles drives a few elbows into the 24 pack of Jonny Booya.]

DDK:

Jonny flexes his abs as Jiles tosses one more forearm into the abs of Booya.

[Jonny pushes Jiles away with one hand that lands Cancer into the near corner. Jonny follows it up with a chop.]

DDK:

Look at JILES shrugs off the chop and stands nose to nose with Booya.

[Jiles reaches back and lands a hard right on the ear of Booya. Booya's head whips back only to receive another for his effort.]

DDK:

Jiles grabs Booya by the wrist and sends him

[Booya reverses...]

DDK:

JILES WITH URINAGI SLAM INTO THE TURNBUCKLE.

[JILES rushes to the other side of the ring only to turn around to use Booya's face as a landing pad for his two feet.]

DDK:

Jiles pops up and he's feeling the KINGDOM OF *COOL* rise!

Angus:

KILL THE MONGO!

[Jiles scoops up Booya, the veins in his neck popping with the struggle of Booya's dead weight, only to slam him back down with authority!]

DDK:

COOL Cancer Jiles mounts the middle rope and drives both of his feet into the chest of Jonny Booya!

[Booya flops around on the mat.]

DDK:

Jiles with the quick cover!

Shields:

ONE!

TWO!!!

[Penn, who has stayed out of the match thus far, reaches inside of the ring and pulls KING *COOL* off of Booya!]

Angus:

THAT CHEAT HAS DEFILED HIGH CHIEF OF *COOL*!

DDK:

Shields is leaning over the rope giving Curtis a few choice words.

[Jiles turns away from Penn and Shields and plants a running knee into the grill of Jonny Booya, loosening a few teeth in the process. The knee lands Booya with his feet closer to the ropes.]

DDK:

Jiles with another cover!

Angus:

SHIELDS NEEDS A BETTER VIEW!

DDK:

Penn sneaks over by the fallen BOOYA.

Shields:

ONE!!!!

Angus:

LOOK AT CURTIS MARK!!!! LOOK AT CURTIS!!!!

Shields:

TWWO!!!!!!

THRRRRR.....

[Penn tosses Booya's boot on the bottom rope and backs away with his hands in the air.]

DDK:

Now Cancer is finger wagging at Penn, Penn slowly mounts the ring steps and steps onto the apron. Shields quickly steps between the two, wanting exactly what the fans want, a clear and clean winner!

[Penn holds up his hands in innocence. He drops down quickly as he notices Booya loading up a lariat for Jiles. Penn points behind Cancer as Jonny drives in for the kill. Jiles with his cat-like reflexes ducks underneath the big arm, Cancer flexes on Booya after the miss, hooks him up for a belly to belly and dumps him on his head.]

[CCJ steps over the back of Booya and motions for the title belt.]

DDK:

Jiles antagonizes Penn by signinally for the Southern Heritage Championship.

[Penn hops back onto the apron.]

Angus:

Oh Boy, this is gonna be good!

[Penn places his head and neck under the ropes and Jiles charges Penn, but Penn has moves of his own and drops down laughing at Jiles.]

Angus:

NONOO NONONONONO!

[Booya stands up, pops his neck, rolls his large shoulders, spins Jiles around, snatches him up like a doll and rests him on his shoulders and marches around the ring.]

Angus:

NONONONONONONONONONONO!

[Penn's smile widens as Booya drops Jiles into the mat with a crash.]

DDK:

Booya with the cover!

Shields:

1.....

[Angus begins to naw on his fingernails!]

Shields:

2.....

[Penn slowly walks up the ring steps again.]

Shields:

THREEEE!!!!!!

[Penn ducks under the ropes as Mark Shields raises Jonny Booya's arm in the air.]

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNNER VIA PIN FALL**JONNNY BOOOOYYAAA!**

[Penn walks over to the prone body of the King of COOL! He drops the Southern Heritage Championship underneath the chin of Cancer Jiles. Stands over Cancer Jiles, drops down and locks in the CURTIS CLUTCH.]

DDK:

BOOYA is holding Shields back by holding his arm in the air with his.

[Finally Booya drops Shields' arm as Penn slams Cancer's face into the Confederate Faceplate of the Southern Heritage Championship. Penn stoops over and collects his title as Shields is protecting Cancer with his body.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn has no integrity! No morals! He's... he's....

[Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya look at their handy work, decide that it's time to clock out. Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya duck under the second rope, take a quick glance back and then head up the ramp.]

Angus:

EEEEKKKK... CANCER!

[Angus' eyes fill with tears.]

[The credits roll with the lasting image of Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya standing tall to end the show.]