

Bad times for cityfolk

[Grainy open.]

[A shot from on high.]

[The camera pans across weed choked fields, rickety wooden fences and a few crumbling stone walls, and a few tumbledown wooden shacks. Some have debris - cinderblocks, children's toys, machines so rusted out that their original design can't be determined. Others are empty, with sagging roofs and boarded up windows.]

[And someone begins to saw on an upright bass.]

"Bad times for cityfolk are comin'"

[The voice of Ned the Crow speaks, and as it does a banjo joins in.]

[One field is plowed, and near that field is an immense oak tree, with limbs the size of its trunk.]

♪ *I guess you didn't hear me when I told you for the first time* ♪

♪ *Well don't you worry, it won't be the last* ♪

♪ *All I need is a floorboard and a wooden shoe* ♪

♪ *Step aside an' let my lady through* ♪

[Pan along the wall of the shack. The black-weathered board is covered with nails, some rusted down to powder, a few still shiny.]

"You see it time and time again, you've heard it before, some prophet or seer or soothsayer starts talkin' about the nature of the human beast, and says that they're sheep, or that they're asleep..."

[Ned the Crow lies on his back on one of the huge lower limbs, big enough to support his entire body. A long blade of straw dangles from his lips, a battered trucker's cap adorned with a confederate flag shadows his face.]

"An' it makes me angrer, because people ain't asleep."

"Look at this damn angry world we live in. Black Block, The Wobblies, World Can't Wait, and that's just in this one great nation under God."

♪ *Hay foot, straw foot, low we lay 'em down* ♪

♪ *Hay foot, straw foot, up an' back around* ♪

"They know that this all ain't right."

[Cut to Jarvis Remus, several lengths of chain wrapped around his broad, broad chest as he strains against them. The chains are attached to hooks, driven into a stump, and although he's not moving forward, the wood groans.]

♪ *See the high priest he took my place* ♪

♪ *When the judge looked to me he saw his son's face* ♪

"They fight, they push, they tear each other apart, an' they truly believe that everything would be alright if everyone would just heed them, just listen for once in their ignorant little reactionary lives. They know it's broken."

"They just don't know why."

"And ain't no excuse for that. Not anymore."

[The Thresher stands in the middle of the plowed field, ankle deep in the tilled soil. His shirt flaps in the wind as he

stares at the sun, and slowly brings his arms away from his sides, palms facing up.]

“You cityfolk tear yourselves and your tall buildings apart, in the name of WAR, in the name of Terror, in the name of Faith, and you don’t pay no attention to where the pieces land or what’s underneath them.”

♪ *Not gonna join you in your Tower of Babble, boy* ♪

♪ *I’m tired of that talkin’ - sick o’ that noise* ♪

“But the soil feels it.”

[The groan of tearing wood, and Jarvis Remus stumbles and falls to his knees, the chains still wrapped around his body. The stump the chains were hooked to has ripped free from the ground, leaving a pit full of stones and clumps of loose dirt.]

“And the soil remembers”

[Jarvis kneels down at the edge of the hole, and Ned leans over his back.]

[The Thresher reaches into his pocket and takes out a handful of seeds covered in an angry reddish-brown chaff. He closes his fist, clenches it a few times, and then opens it.]

[The wind blows the chaff, leaving the bone-white seeds in The Thresher’s hand.]

“And you’ll learn that burying your transgressions...”

[The Thresher takes a knife off his belt, and grabs Ned’s arm. He flicks the tip of the knife across Ned’s palm, drawing about 3 drops of blood that land in the hole amongst the seeds.]

“Ain’t even going to absolve you of them.”

♪ *Hay foot, straw foot, low we lay ‘em down* ♪

[With a roar, Jarvis grabs the stump he pulled from the ground and slams it back in, upside down, roots up.]

[Some of the root tips are white and pale green.]

♪ *Hay foot, straw foot, all over the town* ♪

“Bad times for city folk. They’re comin’.”

The rundown

[Open to the commentary booth.]

[Angus Skaaland's mouth hangs open.]

["Downtown" Darren Keebler quickly composes himself.]

DDK:

Fans, welcome to DEFIANCE Television, episode 42! We're coming at you LIVE on Hulu Plus from the DEFIANCE ARENA-

Angus: [shaking his head]

Creepy-ass deliverance muhfuggas.

DDK:

"Bad times for cityfolk" I'm going to have to take as some sort of a threat-

Angus:

Know what? I'd prefer it if they'd just stick to Deliverance. I mean yeah, the Deliverance guys are literally after your ass, but at least you know what the fuck they want. These Sons of the Soil, I don't get it man, I really don't.

DDK:

Well, in addition to the threats from the Sons, we've got quite the lineup-

Angus:

Less of one than it used to be.

DDK:

Right. Fans, we apologize, but Dan Ryan simply did not show up for this show tonight, and so the Troy Matthews/Dan Ryan match is cancelled. But we do have a main event headed your way, and it's going to be seeing DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith, defending the World Title against Jonny Booya!

Angus:

Mo like Jonny Roidkevin. Keeps, it infuriates me on a core level that that guy got a title shot, and I intend to spend the evening sulking.

DDK:

So I can do the rundown without being interrupted with semi-relevant snark?

Angus:

Nah.

DDK:

Well, we've got the Southern Heritage Title also being defended, with Frank Holiday finally collecting that title shot he earned back at Grindhouse Homecoming, and he'll be collecting of course against Tony "Two Hands" Di Luca.

Angus:

Di Luca hasn't won a clean match yet defending that thing.

DDK:

The Legitimate Businessmen's Club has been desperately holding onto that title. After Wade Elliott of the Big Damn Heroes decided to reclaim the Southern Heritage Title for the South, the Big Damn Heroes and the Legitimate Businessmen's Club have been at loggerheads, but the LBC has held onto the belt even though they had to resort to attempted vehicular homicide to do so. But Frank Holiday is, may I say, more unpredictable than the Heroes?

Angus:

Whatever.

DDK:

We've also got Stockton Pyre taking on Rich Mahogany, in what was supposed to be punishment for Pyre going on a backstage rampage. I'm not sure why, having decided to punish him, that Pyre was booked against Mahogany, but-

Angus:

Gay.

DDK:

We've also got two other planned matches for you. We've got a trios tag match coming up, with the Crimson Dragon Clan taking on Team V.I.A.G.R.A! VIAGRA made their DEFIANCE in-ring debut last week, but this is their first match against a legitimate opponent-

Angus:

-the PAC was marginally less funny than cancer.

DDK:

Less?

Angus:

If Jonny Booya and Curtis Penn got cancer, it would be hilarious.

DDK:

Right... well, in our opening contest, Jed Whitewood, the Mississippi Squirrel, wants another crack at the Sumo God-Beast Mushigihara, and we're going to head straight into that!

Mushigihara vs. Jed Whitewood

[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 “Mach 13 Elephant Explosion”, which astute gamers may recognize from the Wii game No More Heroes, blasts through the speakers.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

And here comes Mushigihara!

Angus:

You mean, “here comes Jed Whitewood’s murderer!”

DDK:

Indeed, DEFIAfans, Jed Whitewood insisted on this rematch from DEFtv 40, and Mushigihara and Eddie Dante reluctantly accepted.

[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 Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The following contest is scheduled for one fall! INTRODUCING FIRST! Accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante, weighing in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

I love this; Whitewood got his ass handed to him by a guy who wasn’t even giving half a shit two episodes ago, and now he thinks he can stand a chance against a guy who’s probably pissed off he has to do this shit AGAIN?!

[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 video game music goes dead.]

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent...

[Through the PA of the DEFarena, a rather...uncharacteristic wrestling entrance theme begins to play. A handful of the older fans may remember the classic 1968 single from Canned Heat, but it’s apparent that ZERO people are getting amped from “Going Up the Country.”]

Angus:

THAT’S what he picked.

DDK:

Well, probably wouldn’t be my first choice...

Angus:

Or second. Or third. Or four-hundred fifty-second. What’s the matter, Jed? Was a soundtrack of farts not available in the production room?

♪I’m going up the country, babe don’t you wanna go?♪

♪I'm going up the country, babe don't you wanna go?♪
♪I'm going to some place where I've never been before.♪
♪I'm going, I'm going where the water tastes like wine.♪
♪Well, I'm going where the water tastes like wine.♪
♪We can jump in the water, stay drunk all the time.♪

[Despite the lack of jams being pumped, Jed Whitewood comes out like a dapper young fireball, throwing up his arms enthusiastically to rev up the crowd. It is failing miserably, save for the camera pan to two people in the fourth row holding up a "PRIDE OF PETAL" and "MISSISSIPPI SQUIRREL REVIVAL" signs -- most likely relatives or a set of ironic hipsters.]

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Petal, Mississippi and weighs in at one-hundred sixty pounds! THE MISS-ISSSSS-IPPPPPPPPIIIII SQUIRREL, JED WHITE-WOOOOOOOD!

DDK:

I'll say this about the youngster from south Mississippi -- he's got some pep in his step this evening and looks ready to prove the DEFIAfans that his debut was just a fluke.

Angus:

Riiiiiiight. Eugene Dewey has a better chance of clearing his acne than this countrified frat boy has of beating the God-Beast.

♪I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away.♪
♪I'm gonna leave this city, got to get away.♪
♪All this fussing and fighting, man, you know I sure can't stay.♪

[After a quick slide under the bottom rope, Whitewood rises to his feet and begins to do warm-up bounces. However, they are a little premature, as Eddie Dante has retrieved a microphone and continues to stand next to his client in the middle of the squared circle. As Whitewood's music cuts off, Dante addresses the kid across the ring.]

Eddie Dante:

Let's stop for a moment... I have a proposal to make to you, young Whitewood.

[The crowd buzzes in curiosity, with a few scattered jeers for the Ungentle Gentleman.]

DDK:

Now what could Dante be on about?

Angus:

Beats me, Keeps, but it's delaying the beatdown!

[Indeed, Dante's face seems to bear an expression not of fear or arrogance, but rather, concern.]

Eddie Dante:

As we all know, two episodes ago, Mushigihara disposed of you with relative ease. You claimed that you would provide more of a challenge to us in a rematch, but...

[Eddie lowers his gaze and shakes his head.]

Eddie Dante:

...you've done absolutely nothing to convince us that there is weight behind your words. Now, Mushigihara and myself are trying to make a case for his consideration for future championship bouts, and we gain nothing by putting on a repeat performance of episode 40. And what's more?

[Eddie cracks a half-hearted grin, with a tinge of... sadness?]

Eddie Dante:

I... may be a ruthless mind in this industry, and I may be the handler of a force of nature, but I can only control Mushigihara so much. On top of that, I'm... even capable of feelings of compassion from time to time, and I don't want my conscience to be burdened if you are broken in this ring.

[The crowd buzzes some more as Eddie opens the flap of his Chesterfield overcoat and procures an envelope, white with a unique golden emblem emblazoned on the front, and a red wax seal on the back. Without breaking his stare at Whitewood, he hands him the envelope.]

Eddie Dante:

Inside that envelope is a check for five thousand dollars, as well as the contact information for the best financial consultant on the Gulf Coast. You can take that money and call him, and he will help you invest that money into something more. You can learn a trade. Start a business. Get an education. You can take that five thousand dollars and do whatever you want.

[Dante shakes his head.]

Eddie Dante:

And all I ask in return is that you walk away. Forget this silly wrestling business, acknowledge that it's just not something that fits your abilities, and move on. Do that, and you will be spared the wrath of this God-Beast... and you'll be five thousand dollars richer. The choice is yours.

Angus:

TAKE IT, YOU DUMMY! Five grand and you could own six hundred square miles of Northwest Florida!

[Whitewood shoots the obligatory gaze into the audience, seeking their decision. A few buddies call to him to hold out for ten thousand, but most are urging him to take the money because they really couldn't possibly give a shit less about seeing him get killed again. Shrugging his shoulders, he turns back to Dante, peering down at the envelope like he's holding the Ark of the Covenant in his hands.]

DDK:

What's he going to do here?

[Without warning, Jed Whitewood tosses the envelope in the air, then rares back for what can only be described as an ULTIMATE PUNCH (see: Hot Rod the movie) to the money...]

Angus:

What a stupid idiot.

[...but misses it completely. Dante, sighing, reaches down to pick up the envelope in front of him.]

Eddie Dante:

You've only yourself to blame for what comes next, lad.

[Exiting the ring, Dante gives his client a cut-throat signal, prompting Mushigihara to rub his hands together, glaring at the ballsy greenhorn adjacent from him. Jed, meanwhile, is full of piss and vinegar, obviously very satisfied with himself as he hops from foot to foot in preparation of the bell.]

Angus:

Give me the money, Eddie! I won't wrestle him!

[And with this, Brian Slater signals the DING DING DING, and we're off.]

DDK:

And here we go with our first contest of the night! Whitewood wastes no time, obviously a little bit perturbed with Eddie Dante's offer. He comes in with a collar-and-elbow tie up. A much different approach than their last match, I must say.

Angus:

And predictably, he's thrown to his ass.

[Angus, providing us with the bracket for the opening offense, is right. Mushigihara simply shoves his much smaller adversary to the mat. Undaunted, Whitewood climbs back to his feet, attempting ANOTHER lock-up.]

Angus:

Now I know why he's called the Mississippi Squirrel. Just like those overgrown rats, he'll willingly run in front of an oncoming truck. And, he's stupid. Like Mississippi.

DDK:

This truck is an 18-wheeler at that, as the Golden Goliath effortlessly shoves Whitewood back down again! And my apologies to our fine fans in the Magnolia State for my broadcast partner's lack of tact.

Angus:

Yes, I'm sorry...that you chose to make your home in God's piss puddle.

DDK:

(sighing) Would tact be too hard for you to express for once in your life? Jed Whitewood though, now back to his feet, charges like a bat out of hell for ANOTHER attempt to wrestle with the big fellow, digging in his heels to try to get an advantage.

[Thud. Mushigihara once again shoves him to the ground. This time, Whitewood is slower to get to his feet, prompting the God-Beast to laugh.]

Angus:

And, he's back into hell. Great Meat Loaf album, by the way. The man has the voice of an angel choir.

DDK:

It looks like Whitewood would do anything to win, but Mushi won't do that.

Angus:

...ahhh-boooooooooooooo...

[Despite Darren Keebler's line, Jed Whitewood climbs to his feet and appears undaunted, once AGAIN going for a lock up. This time, however, Mushi doesn't dance around the issue, accepting the collar-and-elbow and backing the Squirrel into the corner...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[...and gives him a very light slap to the face before backing up to the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

Well, that wasn't necessarily effective, but Mushigihara looks ready to charge to bring the point home!

Angus:

He's going to Osu the Osu out of that Osu!

[The God-Beast revs the engine, and takes aim at the cornered Whitewood, running in for an avalanche splash.

However, in what might be a subtle tribute to Mike Tyson's Punch Out!, Whitewood goes for a perfectly-timed body blow, which miraculously stuns his much larger opponent.]

DDK:

Right in the breadbasket! Mushi did not see that coming!

Angus:

He just fisted his belly button! We can sell that on the Internet for three bucks a download!

DDK:

Whitewood's got an even bigger look of surprise on his face than the Golden Goliath probably does under that mask.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans now springing to life as Jed quickly hops up to the top turnbuckle, raising his arms in an early triumph.

[The Mississippi Squirrel launches himself up and over Mushigihara for a pretty top rope sunset flip, gripping the gigantic thighs of his opponent to pull him over for the pin. However, there's just one problem.]

Angus:

That front flip REALLY helped, huh?

DDK:

Not enough momentum, unfortunately, as Mushi regains his balance and just stares down to Whitewood, who is STILL trying to force him to roll.

Angus:

Like trying to chop a redwood down with a pick axe. Or trying to eat just one Ruffles. Speaking of fatty foods, this would be a perfect time to take a large dump on the chest of the Peon from Petal!

DDK:

That -- that would be a little too creative for anyone's liking.

[Mushigihara, per the orders of Eddie Dante from outside, balls up a fist and prepares to drive a nail into Whitewood's forehead. However, Jed anticipates it, scurrying quickly to his feet and...]

Angus:

HE STINKFISTED HIM!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[...delivers a strike right into the b-hole of Mushigihara.]

DDK:

Well, so much for your original plan of offense for the God-Beast, Angus.

Angus:

I don't think I'll be signing up for his mailing list anytime soon, but a few more Constipator Punches and I might come around on the Squirrel!

DDK:

Extremely appealing name for that, my friend. Whitewood now not letting up, delivering a dropkick to the glute region, which sends Mushigihara into the corner.

Angus:

Really working the rectal cave now. He must be setting up for the dreaded 'Mississippi Second Date.'

[Scurrying over to the parallel corner, the Squirrel ducks under the top rope and makes his way to the edge of the apron. As Mushi is still prone near the turnbuckle, Whitewood runs like a heat-seeking missile and delivers a quick tiger feint kick to his head.]

DDK:

Nice shot from the Pride of Petal, and he's back inside the squared circle as quickly as he was out, darting to the opposite rope. Engine full of steam, and a nicely placed dropkick to the head, which staggers the big man even further!

Angus:

But he isn't down yet, Keeps. It's gonna take a lot more than the tiny size 4 foot of Jorb Whittlewood to ground the Fat of the Land!

DDK:

Jed is unrelenting, though, and follows up with a blistering step-up roundhouse kick! Unfortunately, though, my broadcast partner is right -- somehow, Mushigihara is still on his feet!

[Shaking his head with frustration, Whitewood contemplates his next move. Like a lightbulb, however, he runs toward the ropes, springboarding off and doing a 180 in midair, wrapping his legs around Mushigihara to attempt a fancy looking victory roll! The crowd gasps with excitement, but it is short-lived.]

DDK:

What a move from Whitewood! That was some sort of springboarding wheelbarrow victory roll attempt, but AGAIN, his momentum was not enough to carry it forward!

Angus:

And look at what we've got here. A little SWING DANCING!

[Mushigihara grabs hold of the legs of the face-down Whitewood, and gives a different take on an old classic: a giant swing.]

DDK:

He's going to helicopter him out of the ring!

Angus:

Or hell if we're lucky!

[True to Darren Keebler's observation, Mushi puts the copter in motion, swinging him around for several rotations before releasing his grip, which conveniently shoots Whitewood clear underneath the bottom rope. Shaken and dizzy, Whitewood tries to roll back into a safe position on the apron, but due to his disorientation, ends up tumbling in the opposite direction and falling to the outside.]

Angus:

Ha! Wrong way, stupid! Look at that jerk!

DDK:

Jed clamoring to his feet, a little embarrassed at the situation. And look at this: Eddie Dante now almost doubled over in laughter at the development. The kid has been giving it his all and is still being shown no respect by Mushigihara's taskmaster.

Angus:

But he ROLLED out of the ring and FELL. What kind of humorless asshole wouldn't laugh at that?

DDK:

Well, Whitewood certainly doesn't find it all too amusing, as he casts a fairly menacing glare at Dante.

Angus:

Yeah. REAL menacing, if Eddie were a five year old girl and Jed drove a windowless van.

DDK:

Uh, a little uncalled for, Angus, but we'll let that slide. Like we do everything.

[Jed turns his attention up to the ring, where Mushigihara is taunting him, sitting on the middle rope and raising the top rope, inviting him back inside.]

Angus:

What a consummate gentleman! And look, Eddie Dante is even offering him a boost!

DDK:

What a slap in the face. Dante now cupping his hands and inviting Whitewood a step up. Jed doing his best to ignore it, climbing back onto the apron where Mushigihara has paced backwards...and OH LORDY!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Ha! HE FELL AGAIN!

DDK:

That was NOT a fall, but it looked as if Jed Whitewood was looking to perform a plancha-type maneuver to hit Eddie Dante, but he didn't even look back! It was some sort of a blind springboard back dive, and Dante merely STEPPED out of the way, sending Jed crashing into the guard wall!

Angus:

It's the Pointless Plunge! He just hit the wall with the Pointless Plunge!

[Indeed, it seems like Whitewood took a leap of faith for nothing. Clearly knocked for a loop, Whitewood is completely unaware that Eddie is staring at him in complete shock.]

DDK:

Eddie Dante does NOT look happy about this!

Angus:

Well, I think it's because he just realizes exactly how much of a doofus his man's opponent is!

[He's right, you know. Dante doesn't look shocked and indignant that he was targeted; he looks shocked and indignant that the other guy is a complete moron. Meanwhile, in the ring, if we could see the God-Beast's eyes, they would probably be rolled so hard he could see the inside of his own skull. He shakes his head in disgust and looks towards Eddie, audibly asking...]

Mushigihara:

Osu? (Imagine that in an exasperated tone, as if one were asking "really..." in disbelief.)

Eddie Dante:

It doesn't matter, Mushigihara, just finish him off. Please.

[Mushi just groans and lumbers out of the ring, grabbing the lifeless Mississippi Squirrel by the scruff and rolling him back into the ring, as Eddie shakes his head and mutters something about "needing a fucking drink."]

DDK:

Well, it appears that this match just went back in the ring, and Mushigihara is wasting no time here, getting the rookie up in the torture rack...

Angus:

Let's hope the torture's short and that Fatboy puts us out of this twerp's misery soon.

[Angus' prayers are answered in short order, as Mushi swings Jed's leg's out and plants him to the mat with...]

DDK:

And there's the Beast Breaker!

Angus:

Oh, thank you sweet JESUS.

[The pin is academic at this point, as Eddie Dante breathes a sigh of relief.]

DING DING DING!

[As "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" drums up again, Eddie Dante rolls into the ring, not looking triumphant alongside his charge, but like he and Mushi just wasted their time on their fallen opponent.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Your winner... MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAA!!!

[Without wasting any time, Dante and Mushi rush backstage, almost in contempt of the defeated Whitewood.]

Even The Odds

[A hallway backstage...]

[The past couple of weeks have been... rough for the Big Damn Heroes, to say the least. The Bad Dog was run down like, well, a dog in the streets...or in this case, the parking garage. Ed White sent his personal security force to keep Wade, and in practice the rest of the BDH, from doing anything untoward. "For their own good," of course. The "good" being that Lindsay Troy was still blindsided and beaten half to hell on DEFtv 41. And now Jane Katze pulled her lips off Ed's ass long enough to ban The Queen from even attending the show. "For her own good." Again. Which brings the Heroes' numbers down to two and gives the Legitimate Businessman's Club a slight numbers advantage.]

[There's no question the LBC has "ALLEGEDLY" done more than a fair bit of damage when the odds were even the past couple weeks. Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott are outnumbered, beaten, stressed, and more than a wee bit pissed off. That's just the kind of concoction that makes a man dangerous.]

[Cricket bats can also make a man dangerous.]

[The Underground Pimp marches through the hall whistling the Song of Storms, his expression devoid of the usual mischief and charm. There's no hint of a smile or smirk, making for a somewhat unsettling presentation, and a close observer would note the narrowed eyes that are somewhat dead and all too focused. Said cricket bat that Rayne procured from whoknowswhere twirls in his palm, spins up under his armpit and back down again. His arm snaps out to the side, **THWACK!**, against an adjacent door. A startled shout comes out from the other side of the wall. Rayne leans against the door sill, casually examining his fingernails as he waits. The door swings open and a red-faced gentleman with a walrus mustache shoots his head out, unable to hide his surprise at the cool, collected figure standing there. He clears his throat, jowls wobbling, to help compose himself.]

Tyler Rayne:

Have you seen them?

Walrus Mustache:

Seen who?

[A bead of sweat trickles down the man's extended forehead. Wade Elliott moves into his line of sight, arms crossed over his massive chest, tire iron clutched tight in his hand.]

Wade Elliott:

Y'know damn well who.

Walrus Mustache:

N...no.

Tyler Rayne:

Well if you do...

Walrus Mustache:

I'll come find you right away.

[The first time Tyler smiles, but it is a mirthless, frightening gesture.]

Tyler Rayne:

Much obliged.

[The gentleman makes a quick retreat, though the door closes slow and careful so as not to cause offense. It latches, an inch from Tyler's nose. He rolls off the wall with a long, exaggerated sigh.]

Tyler Rayne:

Mother fuck.

Wade Elliott:

We've been through the whole damn building. Bastards ain't here.

Tyler Rayne:

Oh, they're here. I know those rat fucks are here somewhere.

[The bat swings under his arm again, forward, backward, and up into the air. He snatches it with his left hand and drops it down onto a nearby table with a thud.]

Tyler Rayne:

WARRIORS! COME OUT TO PLAAAAAAAAAY!

[He is answered with silence. Frustrated, Tyler meanders along the corridor, whistling again, randomly smacking his bat against the wall, so involved in his pouting that he doesn't even bother with the next door on his left. Wade gives the door a quick glance, expecting more of the same disappointment, then stops. His fist tightens around the tire iron. In fact, all of the visible muscles in his upper body tense in anger.]

Wade Elliott:

Rayne.

[Tyler stops in mid stride. He turns on the ball of his left foot, swinging the other leg around and slamming it down to the ground, then plodding back toward his partner and friend. Wade doesn't look at him. Just the door. Tyler follows the gaze and, this time, a genuine smile crawls across his face.]

Tyler Rayne:

You wanna knock?

[Wade rolls his shoulders and takes a step backward. He pauses for a moment, then takes another. Tyler jaunts quick to the door, his back against the wall right beside. Wade take a deep breath, strides forward, and slams one big ass boot into the center of the nameplate bolted to the door. The door cracks right off the hinges, slamming to the ground, a bit of dirt and mud from the bootprint splashing up from the impact. Tyler rolls off the wall and into the room, cricket bat swinging up for action. Wade is quick after him, his boot slamming down once again on the name of Edward White.]

Edward White:

WHAT IN THE HELL IS--

[He looks up from a rather luxurious looking couch, with a fantastic view of the arena and the ring through floor-to-ceiling windows. The cigar drops from his hands in the instant he recognizes them. A flicker of something - fear, confusion - passes behind that well-manicured beard, but is replaced all too fast with a seething anger. Conspicuous by their absence are Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo.]

[Ed glances around the room at his Diamond Protective Services, well-paid men who do their job with just as well, moving in to surround the two intruders. They are fast. Tyler is faster, and the element of surprise makes him more so. His cricket bat is up under the chin and into the throat of the first man he sees. It moves with lightning speed, but touches his neck in a much gentler manner. Harsh, but not hard. A warning. Tyler steps forward, pressing the bat into the guard's throat, forcing him back. He guides the poor man into the wall, where he stops with a small grunt. The rest of the guards seem confused, unsure whether to attack and risk their compatriot's health. The men decide to wait, for a moment.]

Tyler Rayne:

Hey, Sully. Remember when I said I was gonna kill you last?

[The same guard from last week. He narrows his eyes, but does not answer. With the pressure on his throat, it's questionable as to if he even could. Wade's staring down two of the guards himself: another of the cronies from last week and an unrecognized fellow that seems more than a bit nervous at the sudden action.]

Ed White:

Bold, but so unimaginably stupid of you boys. You clearly see you're outnumbered. You'll never make it out of this office in one piece if I give the word.

Wade Elliott:

Wanna bet?

Tyler Rayne:

You might be right, Walt. Your boys might get me in a rush... but not before I crush his throat.

[He raises the edge of the bat a little, forcing Sully's chin up with it. Tyler turns from Ed and looks the guard straight in the eyes. He loosens the pressure on the bat just enough to let the man breathe without too much strain.]

Tyler Rayne:

You're first. Doesn't matter what happens after, I'll flatten your face like a fucking pancake. You'll never breathe, eat, see, or smell the same way again. The rest of your miserable life will be a painful existence of stumbling through your senses and vaguely remembering what it was like to be a real person.

Ed White:

Bull--

Sully:

No. He ain't bluffin'.

Tyler Rayne:

You're not as dumb as you look.

[He turns back to Ed.]

Tyler Rayne:

He'll go first. Before your boys even move. And the next one gets close to me, too. Country'll take out Alice there while the kid next to him pisses his pants. Then he'll drop soon after. Which leaves you with...

[Quick headcount.]

Tyler Rayne:

...three men to take us down before we get to you. Now, you're a smart businessman. A right fucking cunt, but a smart businessman. I figure a smart fella like yourself doesn't take risks he doesn't need to. And three men left to take on the two of us, pissed off like we are and wielding these here weapons... that seems like an awful big risk.

[The guards look around the room at each other. Some anxious. Some frightened. All waiting for an order on what to do. Seconds seem to stretch forever.]

Ed White:

If you brigands laid a single finger on me you'll find yourselves jobless in a heartbeat. Beyond that you probably know more of these replaceable nincompoops' names than I do at this point. But just to show that I'm nothing if not magnanimous... [narrowing his gaze something sinister] what do you two gentlemen want, exactly?

Wade Elliott:

Why's everyone keep askin' like they don' fuckin' know?

Ed White:

I don't know. Even if I was inclined to tell you, I don't know where they are.

Tyler Rayne:

Neither do we.

Wade Elliott:

But we reckon you could make 'em be somewhere.

[The Bad Dog nods toward the viewing windows.]

Ed White:

For Christ sake, fine. You can have a match. The two of you versus Dentari and Rinaldi. The little fart and his goons are business associates but still very much part of this roster and we have a show to put on, don't we? Go on, rip each other apart. So long as the faithful are entertained... [grin] right?

[Wade nods. Tyler, though, wide smile and a step back, swinging the cricket bat down and away from his good friend "Sully."]

Tyler Rayne:

There. Now we can be friends again.

Wade Elliott:

Like hell.

Ed White:

You'll still be outnumbered.

Tyler Rayne:

You know, Walt...

[He slaps the bat against his palm as he backs out of the room. Wade follows slowly, reluctant to leave so many people he wants to maim.]

Tyler Rayne:

...I think we'll find a way to even the odds.

[Ed White scowls as the 'Heroes make their way out of sight. From the skybox, we go down to ringside.]

An Offer You Can But Probably Shouldn't Refuse

DDK:

So from what I understand, Team HOSS is coming out here right before a very important match-up as it pertains to their Trios Tag Titles. They've accepted the challenge of Team VIAGRA from a few weeks ago, but from what I understand, the Crimson Dragon Clan have taken issue with the fact that they were handed a shot.

Angus:

That's all well and good and I'm sure they'll talk about it, but let's talk about the REAL news last week... OUR HOSS OVERLORDS beat The DEFIANCE founder Eric Dane and the World Champion Dusty Griffith!

DDK:

In a handicap match... where Edward White had already been stirring the pot with them...

Angus:

Apples and oranges, Keebs...

[Before the two can bicker any longer, the familiar riffs of "Tag Team" by Anvil start up immediately and the crowd in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex starts to BOO like there's no fucking tomorrow! One by one, the monsters that make up DEFIANCE's World Trios Tag Champions make their arrival in grand fashion. Junior Keeling is out first in a SEQUINED green sports jacket with a white dress shirt and jeans for the occasion.]

DDK:

I try my best to remain impartial, but what in GOD'S NAME is Junior Keeling wearing?

Angus:

Green. Color of MONEY, Keebs!

[Junior steps to the side of the stage and behind him comes Capital Punishment dressed in a black business suit that makes him look more like a badass member of Secret Service. Aleczander The Great steps out second in a salmon-colored sleeveless dress shirt... okay, he cut the sleeves off to let his arms breathe.. his exact words. And right behind them...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...Comes Angel Trinidad with his belt, wearing a black t-shirt and jeans. It's what's on the shirt that offends the crowd so much. A shirt that reads "BREAKER OF THE UNBREAKABLE" on the front.]

DDK:

I knew we were going to hear about this.

Angus:

And hear it we shall! Otherwise I'm pretty sure they're gonna break your bones, dude.

[One by one, the cavalcade of colossal-sized cocksuckers enter the ring while the smug Junior Keeling boasts off-microphone to the fans like a proud dad watching his kids bully around smaller kids. All three members of Team HOSS stand front and center in the ring with their titles in tow as The Superagent turns on a wireless headset attached to his left ear. That way he could have both hands to piss people off. Before Junior could even get a good word in, the crowd started to boo them all.]

TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!
TEAM HOSS SUCKS!

[The Superagent started to rub a finger in his free ear as if he couldn't hear the crowd.]

Junior Keeling:

Pfft, suck it, haters. You many not love them, but you DAMN SURE will respect my crew! Two main events in the last two weeks – one of them against one of the most decorated tandems in the Heirs of Wrestling. The other with the FOUNDER of DEFIANCE and its World Champion. And you know how those both ended?

[Keeling tapped the shoulders of each member of Team HOSS one by one, looking smug as he probably ever has since being a part of DEFIANCE. He motioned as Cappy, Angel, and Alecander all raised their DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles in the air.]

Junior Keeling:

Like THAT! Hands raised! Victorious! None of them know what the fuck hit them! Team HOSS and winning go together like Paula Deen and the N-Word!

DDK:

Oh, my lord. I knew they were out here to gloat, but holy lord...

Angus:

Well, if you got it, flaunt it! These guys have been possibly the most dominant group ever put together in DEFIANCE. The fact that they broke the record for most successful title defenses says so.

[Junior Keeling motions to Angel Trinidad in particular as The Rookie Monster stands front and center now tugging on the new shirt that he made for himself. Junior picks up a microphone from ringside and hands it over to the Big Guy from the Bronx, allowing Angel his own free time to speak.]

Angel Trinidad:

To the people that were in attendance on the last DEFIANCE TV show, I hope you all kept your ticket stubs so you can remember the day.... You can remember the day that this kid with humble beginnings from The Bronx made himself DEFIANCE's best and brightest superstar when I kicked the head clean off the shoulders of Dusty Griffith, the DEFIANCE World Champion, and pinned him 1-2-3! The Rookie Monster died that night...

[Angel gestured to the shirt and the crowd continued to jeer the unentitled arrogance emanating from the young powerhouse.]

Angel Trinidad:

And now, this says it all. I am The Breaker of the Unbreakable! You all saw it! I – Angel Trinidad – BROKE the Unbreakable with one kick to his glass jaw! One HOSS of FIIIIYYYYYYYAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH and I gave Dusty Griffith whiplash from how hard I kicked him! It was... well, there's only one word that can really tell you how sweet that was...

DDK:

No, don't say it...

Angel Trinidad:

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

BOOO!

[Angel nodded to Junior Keeling while the raucous DEFIAns crowd continued to jeer the hell out of them.]

Junior Keeling:

We proved that we can defeat ANYBODY including Dusty Griffith and the ALMIGHTY Eric Dane... but enough about them. Now, we look to the future and we look to what brought us to this dance in the first place. That being the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions!

[Keeling paces around the ring in front of Team HOSS as Cappy, Angel and Aleczander simultaneously hold their respective championship belts over their shoulders.]

Junior Keeling:

These belts mean more now than they EVER have with any previous title holder in history! NOBODY has been as dominant as we have. NOBODY has been as amazing as we have. NOBODY has destroyed as much as we have! We've become so dominant that all these teams come out of the woodwork to challenge us. Groups from OTHER organizations want what we have. Groups like Team VIAGRA who have achieved much success as a trio want to come to DEFIANCE JUST for these belts...but even groups as good as Team VIAGRA... are not as GREAT as The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers!

[The camera focuses on Capital Punishment who nods emphatically in agreement. His own personal anti-Team VIAGRA policies seemed to have driven him lately, knowing their past history in the IWO.]

DDK:

Is there an actual point to all this since they're not in action tonight or did they just come here to pat themselves on the back?

Angus:

SHHHHHHH! You're witnessing history, Keeps! OUR HOSS OVERLORDS now rule the roost around here and there's nobody that can even touch them!

[Keeling gestures to the announce table.]

Junior Keeling:

We're here to get a good look at a match to happen in a few moments between future opponents Team VIAGRA and their opposition this evening, The Crimson Dragon Clan. I'm not blind to what goes on in this place. I saw their little interview last week on defiancewrestling.com... The Crimson Dragon Clan have taken umbrage with the fact that they think we're just handing Team VIAGRA a shot at the titles tonight and so they want to prove themselves worthy of a future challenge. Well...

[The lights fade down and red lights as well as The CDC logo pulses on the DEFITron in tune with Can't Kill Us by The Glitch Mob, The stage fills with fog and the four member's of the CDC walk out onto the stage.]

Angus:

What the hell? HOW DARE THEY INTERRUPT OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!!

DDK:

I am pretty sure that Keeling mentioning them, gave them a reason to come out here.

Serpenti

Cállate Keeling! You say we have a, how do you say, resentimiento, about being overlooked. You bet we do cabrón.

[Ryushin and Crimson Star both nod in approval of the unusually hostile tones coming from El Serpenti. Songomi smiles and lifts her mic to her lips.]

Songomi:

Mr. Keeling. Seems we keep meeting here, Perhaps you will actually grow a pair and put your team against mine, and they can face of in that ring for real.

[The crowd erupts in cheers and a "grow some balls" chant begins in the crowd. Keeling fumes in the ring as Angel Trinidad and Aleczander console there leader as Cappy stands like a statue in center of the ring, ready to make a move.]

Songomi:

Well I did not expect that at all.

Angus:

Who does that gash think she is? How dare she talk to Keeling like that!

Songomi:

You know Keeling, a wise man once said; The man on top of the mountain did not begin his journey on top of the mountain, nor does he stay there for very long. That same saying applies here. Team HOSS started at the bottom, and climbed to the top, knocking the ones that was there off. Do you honestly think you will stay on top forever? No. Take my word Keeling, you and Team HOSS will be knocked off the top.

[Junior Keeling looks annoyed with her outburst, but quickly tries to play it off with a shake of his head.]

Junior Keeling:

Well, if the CDC aren't out here to espouse wisdom on identifying Ebola symptoms... let me guess... you would like us to reconsider our challenge to Team VIAGRA, that about right?

[Tsunami nods. Keeling smiles.]

Junior Keeling:

Done.

[The crowd is taken aback by this development, but Songomi and the Crimson Dragon Clan were not born yesterday. She recognizes immediately there's another shoe waiting to drop.]

Songomi:

And you want... what in return, exactly, Mister Keeling?

[Junior Keeling looks to the other members of Team HOSS with a not-so-sly wink and then focuses back to the head of the Crimson Dragon Clan.]

Junior Keeling:

Despite their rather... unorthodox appearance... we accepted Team VIAGRA's challenge because they're a NAME. They've been around wrestling for a very long time and for Team HOSS to run them down would be yet another huge feather in our already colorful cap. However, we recognize what you say is true. We all start somewhere. We all aren't born great... except for us, but you know.

Songomi:

Get to the point.

Junior Keeling:

All business... I like that. Sometimes. But... well, prove that you're worthy. You and your cohorts are more than capable in this ring and I recognize talent. They've won some matches in DEFIANCE already. Take out Harmen, Davis, and Mayweather tonight. Beat them and that future Trios Tag Team Title match becomes yours.

[Songomi looks to her men. The deal seems almost too good to be true and quite possibly is, but... well, beating Team VIAGRA would cement them for a future shot. Even though it would be doing Team HOSS' dirty work...]

Songomi:

Mister Keeling, you have a deal. My charges will beat them tonight... and then you and your simpletons can kiss your titles goodbye.

[Keeling said nothing and nodded to his boys and they climbed out of the ring one by one. They have a very vested interest in what goes on during the next match and wanted to be front and center when they knew who they would be

facing next.]

DDK:

So that's Junior Keeling's end game, huh? He dangled the golden carrot in front of the Crimson Dragon Clan and now he's trying to have them take out Team VIAGRA?

Angus:

What are you over there bitching and moaning about? He's inspiring competition! He just turned this match into more or less a #1 Contenders match now for the Trios Tag Team Titles!

DDK:

Indeed he did. With this big stipulation now in place, which team will be the next to take on Team HOSS for the World Trios Tag Titles? Stay tuned!

Team V.I.A.G.R.A vs. Crimson Dragon Clan

[Returning from our Hulu sponsors, the CDC stands at ringside, prepared to go to war. Songomi gives last minute instructions as Team HOSS has literally taken seats at ringside.]

Jack Harmen:(O.S.)

Seriously Tony. You just made those people at home sit through a commercial. Get your shit together.

DDK:

Which advertisement did you choose? Tell us and Hulu at defiancewrestling.com/hulu!

Angus:

Someone shoot me.

Jack Harmen:(O.S.)

I bet Keeps is asking if you bought a new car. But I ask, are you saving up, for a little...

[Strobe Lights. Colored ramp way. An epileptic inducing DEFiatron of inter-spliced blue VIAGRA pills along side the words "Take the Blue Pill." Cue: Team Viagra, standing underneath an ever changing array of colors spotlight, making their stand. Harmen and Davis, back to back, fury in the Lunatic's eyes, disinterest in Davis as he plays his 3DS. Mary-Lynn kneels in front of them, arms crossed with her clipboard tucked underneath her arm pit.]

DDK:

Just before that wonderful advertisement from Hulu, Team HOSS turned this upcoming tag team match between the Crimson Dragon Clan and Team VIAGRA into a Number One Contendership match!

Angus:

Once again, our HOSS OVERLOADS are giving our fans, not what they ask for, but what they NEED.

[Mary-Lynn rose to her feet like a coach, slapping the clipboard with the palm of her hand as Davis and Harmen break for ringside.]

Mary-Lynn:

You guys never tell me anything!

[Mary shouts and gives chase. Davis and Harmen slide in under the bottom rope and start throwing hay-makers at the Dragons.]

DDK:

Wasting no time there Angus, Viagra is on the assault!

[Davis takes aim at Ryushin as Harmen throws kicks at Crimson Star's ribs. The bell finally rings. Double Irish whip, but Ryushin reverses on Davis. Davis catches El Serpenti with a clothesline on the reverse, and continues running. Harmen leaps on Ryushin's shoulders for a hurricanrana, but Ryushin's strength and size are too much for Harmen.]

Angus:

Pride betrays the most confident of men.

[Off the other side, Davis grabs Crimson by his mask from behind as they run back off the ropes, tugging the luchador down illegally like a hair grab. Davis rushes under Harmen and braces his fall from a powerbomb by catching him. Davis squat lifts Harmen and flips him on top of Ryushin, the momentum sending Ryushin down to the mat back first. Harmen let loose with a few stiff shots to the face before being reprimanded by the official.]

DDK:

Viagra has surprised the C-D-C, and taken the early lead. Is... Is Keeling taking notes?

[Keeling sits alongside Team HOSS, taking notes on leaflet paper. Meanwhile, at Songomi's request, the CDC bail the ring and regroup at her side. Mary-Lynn slides in afterward, passing Team Hoss on her way to joining the rest of VIAGRA. Our DEFIANCE crew gets in for the close up.]

Mary-Lynn:

What's Keebler Elf doing out here still?

[Harmen looks at Mary-Lynn and gives her a nod. The two of them run off the far ropes, returning with stereo dives: Harmen with a piscada, and Mary-Lynn with a twisting plancha. Both hit nothing as Songomi pulls her constituents to the side. Mary-Lynn lands with a THUD, but Harmen has the forewithal to land on his feet. He mouths "Oh Great," before the CDC pounce with kicks and punches.

*"YOU CAN DO IT!" *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP**

Davis looks around ringside. He hears the chants. He begins to circle inside the ring, fists clenched and arms shaking. In a rush of adrenaline, Davis rushes off the far side to cheers. He heads to the mess of Viagra and CDC, as the crowd anticipates a HUGE dive.

But he baseball slides out instead, and grabs El Serpenti by his mask. Davis tosses him into the ringpost. Crimson charges but eats a drop toe hold on the steps. As Davis stands, Ryushin grabs Davis by the throat and lifts him off his feet. Davis kicks, gasping out screams.]

Tony Davis: (through gasps)

You -- wouldn't hurt a guy-(cough)-who's choking -- wouldja-aaahhh!

[Ryushin FLINGS him back first into the barricade.]

Angus:

If this ends in a double countout or DQ, does that mean HOSS gets a well deserved evening of rest instead of having to defend their belts against either of these triplets?

DDK:

Maybe that is Keeling's plan right there.

Angus:

And maybe I am Santa Claus, but we both know thats not true.

[Ryushin is tapped on his shoulder from behind. He turns, and is promptly kicked in the balls by Jack Harmen. Harmen stomps on the outside of the ring, glares at the counting official in the ring who's gotten to eight, rolls in and out of the ring to break the count.]

Angus:

If Harmen just let the count go this could have been over quick.

DDK:

Viagra seems to have no problem trying to show proof they deserve the shot at Team HOSS. When either of these teams face Team HOSS, neither wants to win via Count out or Disqualification.

Angus:

Why are you worrying about hypothetical situations?

[Harmen grabs El Serpenti by his mask and tosses him in under the bottom rope. El Serpenti recovers, and charges off the other side as Harmen climbs onto the apron, jaw jacking at Songomi. Serpenti hits a dropkick, taking Harmen off the apron and causing his face to smash against it. In the ring, Mary-Lynn springboards and catches El Serpenti with a dropkick as he was rushing off the far ropes for a dive.]

Angus:

So much flippy do! Am I watching Olympic gymnastics of a damned wrestling match?

[Mary-Lynn dives on top and grabs El Serpenti with a headlock. She wrenches the hold in for a moment, before Serpenti twists around and gets to his feet. Mary Lynn however keeps the hold tight.]

Angus:

What the hell? Serpenti getting a face full of...

DDK:

ANGUS!

Angus:

What Keeps? I was just saying that Serpenti is one lucky guy; for a furry that is.

[Serpenti bridges off the mat, and then powerlifts Mayweather completely off her feet for a power slam. The incredibly tiny attorney can't react before Serpenti slams her into the mat.]

1..

[More spunk than sense, Mary kicks out quickly. Serpenti back rolls out of it and tags in Zongetsu. He stalks the floored Mary-Lynn, who begins to crawl back to her corner. Harmen climbs up and shouts.]

Jack Harmen:

Remember what I taught you. The groin's fair game!

[Mayweather back rolls to her knees, then charges, sliding underneath the lunging Ryushin. She catches El Serpenti and Crimson Star on the apron with a double dropkick, sending both off the apron.]

DDK:

What a move! Viagra are proving themselves to be the master of the surprise attack!

Angus:

Oh Good. Flippy do go splat.

[Ryushin grabs Mayweather from behind in a rear waist lock and **LAUNCHES** her over his shoulder in a german suplex. She lands halfway across the ring, flipping to a faceplant on the canvas. Mayweather is OUT.]

*"What Just Happened! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP*"*

Harmen pulls his hair out on the apron at Mary-Lynn's predicament. He starts undoing the turnbuckle pad by Viagra's corner to Hector Navarro's admonishment. Harmen stops before he can finish the deed, as Ryushin grabs Mayweather by her top and slams his forearm into the small of her back. He looks over to his corner and gets Songomi's go ahead to repeat the task, once, twice, three times, before turning his attention to Viagra's corner.]

Angus:

Why can I only think of Ray Rice?

DDK:

Really Angus? Really?

Angus:

What? Too Soon? Or is it dated? I can never tell.

[Ryushin reaches out and tags in El Serpenti. Serpenti springs into the ring, grabs and drags Mary-Lynn by her wrist

over to Viagra's corner. He extends her hand to Harmen, and nods. Harmen reaches out, tagging himself in, as Serpenti drops the limp MLM.]

DDK:

Looks like El Serpenti might want to test his mettle with the legendary lunatic. Might be a mistake in the long run, eh Angus?

Angus:

Let both those fools destroy each other at the behalf of Team HOSS!

[Davis drags Mary out under the bottom ropes and snaps his fingers in front of her face. Harmen climbs in the ring as Serpenti begins to circle. Harmen follows the path, as there's a build of anticipation. Serpenti raises his hand to the air, goading Harmen on.]

DDK:

A test of strength? With a crazy person?

[Harmen smiles, laughing and pointing at the smaller El Serpenti. Harmen edges closer, raising one hand to meet him. With the other, he quickly pokes the eyes through the mask of Serpenti.]

Angus:

They never play by the rules. That was even more Illegal than the CDC is. Come on ref, do your job!

[Harmen rolls behind Serpenti and hooks him in a schoolboy, also grabbing the tights.]

1..

2....

[Serpenti yanks his shoulder off the mat. Harmen points to his temple as he watches El Serpenti get to his feet. Serpenti tilts his head sideways and then nods. Serpenti quickly gets to his feet and charges, collar and elbow tie up. Serpenti locks Harmen in a side headlock, and nods to the crowd like 'I got this.' Harmen shoves him into the ropes, as Serpenti shakes his head 'I don't got this!' However, Crimson Star has slapped him on the back and made the blind tag. Serpenti off the other side, ducks underneath a Harmen clothesline. Harmen spins, and eats a spinning wheel kick to the jaw from the now legal Crimson Star.]

DDK:

Odd a veteran like Harmen didn't notice Star making the blind tag.

Angus:

Probably still wondering why he was in a test of strength spot in the first place. It's very disorientating. Like that time I rode blindfolded on a ship and wound up in San Pedro.

DDK:

What?

[Star back on top of Harmen, locks in a front face lock. He kicks his lower body up in the air, and as it falls back to the canvas, the torque from the move puts added pressure to Harmen's cranium and neck. Star repeats the move once more, but this time, Harmen is able to slip his head out of Star's grasp. As Star lands on the canvas, Harmen quickly drops an elbow to what would be the back of Star's head. Star rolls away, gets to his knees and quickly throws a low kick that aims for Jack's head. Jack gets a hand up to block it, but Star twists his body in such a way he turns that block of the kick into a pinning combination that resembles a mahistral cradle.]

1..

2....

[Both men get to their feet quickly, Harmen goes for a quick leg kick but Star catches it and twists his knee in a dragon screw. Harmen slides and slithers toward his corner, as Star grabs him by his boot. Harmen hops back up to his feet as Star tries to drag him closer to the center of the ring. Quick enzeguri is ducked, but Harmen lands on his feet on the other side. Star lets go, wraps Harmen in a rear waist lock. Harmen into the ropes, and Davis makes the tag. Star looks for a roll up, but Harmen hooks the ropes and remains upright. Davis slides in, and Harmen and Davis charge and kick a seated 'Star with double boots to the face. Davis dives on top and locks in a chinlock on Crimson.]

DDK:

For those that don't know, Tony Davis was this shy of being an Olympic wrestler, having a large collegiate pedigree for amateur mat grappling. Once he locks in a headlock or an arm wrench, it's very difficult to break.

Angus:

Unless you shout, 'Hey! Ice Cream Truck!'

[Davis' head perks up, almost as if he heard Angus. He lets go of the chinlock and searches around ringside. He turns back to Crimson, who's on his knees. Crimson with a few stiff shots to Davis' ribs with the palms of his hands, before he lets loose a barrage of kicks to Davis' shins, calves, ribs, ending with a STIFF hard STOMP to Tony's chest. Tony backpedals, gasping for air as he falls to his knees. Crimson with the tag to Ryushin, who enters and CHARGES, leveling the Degenerate with a vicious lariat. Ryushin grabs Davis by his athletic head gear, and lifts him in a vertical suplex. Davis begins to kick and scratch, but Zongetsu DROPS him after a brief delay in the center of the ring.]

1..

2....

[Shoulder up. Ryushin quickly tags in El Serpenti. Ryushin lifts Davis, and drops him across his knee. El Serpenti with a quick leap over the top rope and drops a leg across Davis' jaw. El Serpenti with the cover.]

1..

2....

[Harmen begins to slam his hand against the turnbuckle in his team's corner. He then starts to tear at the turnbuckle pad again, before being reprimanded by official Hector Navarro. El Serpenti walks over and begins to taunt Harmen, which causes Jack to try to rush the ring, only for Hector to stop him. Mary-Lynn Mayweather has recovered, and is pleading with Jack to calm down. Meanwhile, El Serpenti drops a knee to Davis' skull and starts fighting for position on Davis' arm.]

DDK:

I think Serpenti is trying to lock Davis in that fujiwara arm bar. And everyone knows you either tap or you lose your arm.

[Davis, having none of it, rolls on top of Serpenti. As Serpenti has Davis' right arm hooked between his legs, Davis positions his knees so they're directly putting pressure on Serpenti's far shoulder, forcing him on the mat. Serpenti kicks, and Davis reaches back with his free hand and grabs one leg for added leverage as Hector Navarro slides in for the count.]

1..

2....

[Both men recover to their feet. El Serpenti goes for a wild right, which Davis ducks. Quick kick to Serpenti's stomach, and Davis locks in a front face lock. A moment later, and El Serpenti is upside down, vertical, blood rushing to his

head.]

Ooooooooo--OOOOOoooooooo-Ooooooooo!

DDK:

And Tony Davis' patented move that makes all the girls go OOOoooooh!

Ooooooooo--OOOOOoooooooo-Ooooooooo!

Angus:

I'm pretty sure he got the inspiration from my dick.

[After another few moments, Davis falls back and hits the delayed vertical suplex to El Serpenti to a large thud.]

Ooooo-AH!!

[Davis on top for the cover, hooks the leg.]

1..

2....

[Davis grabs Serpenti and irish whips him into Viagra's corner. Mayweather extends her hand, asking for the tag, which Davis reluctantly gives. Davis with a HUGE knife edge chop leaves El Serpenti with a beet red chest. Davis grabs Mayweather by her hand, and irish whips her into the corner with STUNNING velocity, SPLASHING him between the Tiny Attorney and the buckle pads. Serpenti stumbles out, Mayweather rushes off the near ropes and grabs him by his mask from behind --]

DDK:

Stunning combination punctuated by a bulldog from the fiery red head. Mayweather to her feet, STANDING shooting star press. What agility...

Angus:

From Miss Flippy Do. [Angus makes a smacking sound with what appears to be a newspaper] Flippy don't play that.

[Mayweather grabs El Serpenti and tries to push him into Viagra's corner, but is met with resistance. El Serpenti wraps his arms around Mayweather's waist and lifts her off the feet. Stunned, she gasps and reaches out, slapping Harmen's hand as Serpenti SMOOSHES her in a modified wrestling slam. He stays on top for a cover, but when he doesn't see Hector Navarro rushing to make the count, and hears the cheering DEFiance faithful...]

DDK:

Five and a half star -- NO! El Serpenti gets off Mayweather before Harmen hits the frogsplash, but Harmen is able to land on his feet!

Angus:

That's the flippy do shit I understand.

[Harmen looks for a quick standing thrust kick, which Serpenti is able to duck underneath. With Harmen's leg above his shoulder, Serpenti rushes toward Harmen, hooking him in a head and leg clutch. Harmen fights out of it with a few elbow shots to Serpenti's skull. Stunned, Serpenti rubs his eyes through his mask.]

Jack Harmen:

All Abooooooard!

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! NO! NO! El Serpenti ducks and from behind, locks in the Serpent sleeper! He's got the hold firmly in place! Harmen's arms are flailing, he's desperate for the ropes!

Angus:

And Serp wrenches it in. The Lunatic's praying Keeps, he's on his knees now.

DDK:

Serpenti's taken the advantage of a missed risk from the Lunatic, and I think Jack Harmen may be unconscious. I can't tell from this angle Angus. It's times like this I wish we were still at ringside.

Angus:

But then we'd be smelling all these Cockroaches, and my nose can't take it anymore.

[Harmen begins edging himself toward a neutral corner. Confused, Serpenti follows his lead as Harmen crab walks. Harmen places his boot on the bottom buckle, then the second, and then BACKFLIPS off, breaking the hold and hooking El Serpenti in his OWN Dragon Sleeper: Dragon SLEEP!]

DDK:

A stunning role reversal, but Serpenti immediately grabs the middle rope to break up the submission. Harmen taking the full four count to break, I bet if he had a ten count he'd wait till 9.

Angus:

Wouldn't you? Use whatever rules you can to your advantage, right Keeps?

[Harmen reaches down to help Serpenti to his feet, lifting him by placing his shoulder under Serp's arm, positioning himself for a russian leg sweep. As he does, Jack can't react as his free arm and Serpenti's are ensnared from behind. He hears the fingers lock, and is lifted off the mat in an 'Oh Shit' moment.]

DDK:

THE DOUBLE FISTED SQUEALER!

Angus:

You invited your mom?!

DDK:

Jarvis Remus! Ned the Crow, look out!

[The bell is sounded from the time keeper's table signaling the end of the match. Ned the Crow takes a running start and leaps over the turnbuckle catching Ryushin with two knees to the chest and Crimson Star with two elbows. The CDC fall off the apron to the outside as Ned the Crow just lies across the top turnbuckle ropes, catching himself. In the other corner, the Thresher charges and spear tackles the turnbuckles of Viagra, taking Davis and Mary-Lynn off the apron. Jarvis screams as he rips at both Serpenti and Harmen's shoulders. The bell rings again three times.]

DDK:

The Sons have completely spoiled this number one contendership match!

Angus:

And Team HOSS gets a much needed vacation. Can't say they don't deserve it!

[Team HOSS take that as their cue to leave. I mean, it's not like they have to worry about facing either of these teams now. Jarvis lets go of the submission hold, the damage done as the bell sounds off three times again. In a moment of Defiance, Jarvis grabs Serpenti and tosses him to the Thresher, who drops him just as quickly in his patented Hangman's High, just as Ned the Crow leaps off the turnbuckles and lands on Jack Harmen with the Crow's murder. The time keeper decides this is now the time to give up on his job and go manage a Starbucks because nobody listens to him.]

Don't worry. We hired a new guy right away. Straight from college. Saved fifteen percent. We're passing the savings onto you. Oh no. Wait. We're passing it onto ourselves.]

DDK:

This is just a mugging now. The Sons of the Soil have no place being out here.

Angus:

Yeah. Why'd they have to make Team HOSS leave?! Without even saying goodbye!

DDK:

Would you just...

Angus:

Continue? Alright!

[The roar of the crowd signifies the emergence of the SKYBREAKERS, Tyrone Walker, Troy Matthews and Jake Donovan rushing out from the backstage area.]

Angus:

You know why feds don't have trios divisions? Cause this could be most fed's entire roster.

DDK:

It's the Skywalkers! Tyrone Walker... LIGHTS OUT ON THE THRESHER! And Ned the Crow catches the TRENDSETTER from Troy Matthews!

[Thresher slips out of the ring from Lights Out. Ned the Crow is literally taken off his feet from the Trendsetter and the momentum sends him tumbling outside. Jake Donovan is next, catching the HUGE Jarvis with a stiff kick to the gut. He swings his head under Jarvis' arm, and twists his body for the lightning spiral. Jarvis doesn't budge.]

Angus:

Ha, stupid Donovan bit off more than he can chew in Jarvis!

DDK:

Wait a minute! LIGHTS OUT! TRENDSETTER! AND FINALLY THE LIGHTNING SPIRAL! Jarvis bails, the Skywalkers have made the save!

[Troy Matthews, Jake Donovan and Tyrone Walker stand victorious in the ring. "Higher Ground" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers begins to play over the PA system. That is, until the voice of Jack Harmen, bellowing on a microphone, spitting up blood as he does, demands it to stop.]

JACK HARMEN:

Music STOP! [Pause, nothing happens.] I SAID STOP! [It cuts.] Sorry to interrupt your moment with my BLEEDING all over the place, but we were in the middle of something.

[Harmen stumbles over and hands the microphone over to Hector Navarro. As El Serpenti tries to pull himself to his feet. Harmen motions for Hector to ring the bell. Hector seems shocked, and looks at Harmen again in a "are you sure" manner. Harmen waves more enthusiastically this time, and Hector motions to the time keeper's table.]

DDK:

This match is back on!

Angus:

That was like intermission at the Opera. [Off looks.] What makes you think I'm not cultured.

DDK:

You have your pants on backwards.

Angus:

I told you that in confidence!

[El Serpenti recovers, cracking his knuckles. The eager replacement time keeper rings the bell three times. He's better than the other guy. More enthusiastic.]

DDK:

The Skywalkers have headed backstage while the Sons of the Soil have retreated through the crowd.

Angus:

And Team HOSS has said we're better than all of this, we have important places to be.

DDK:

And somehow, this match has restarted after turning into a demolition derby! Serpenti's favoring his shoulders, Harmen too, but Harmen's got a nasty cut on his lip, probably from Ned the Crow.

Angus:

Mary-Lynn looks like the prostitute my cousin may or may not have beat up.

DDK:

And yet we continue! Songomi is rallying her troops. Serpenti seems to be saying he's got this.

[Serpenti breaks from the huddle of the CDC. Harmen looks to Davis, who is actually eating an Ice Cream Bar. Davis reaches into his wrestling tights and pulls out a half melted one, holding it out to Harmen, who declines. Harmen and Serpenti circle, lock up, center of the ring, side headlock by El Serpenti, who digs into Harmen's wound on his lips with the balls of his thumbs. Harmen shoots Serpenti off the ropes, back off the other side, Serpenti looks for a clothesline but Harmen charges, ducks underneath, returns...]

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! OUT OF NOWHERE! Harmen on top! Davis and MLM break up the break up! TWO! THREE! Team Viagra have done it! They've defeated the Crimson Dragon Clan with a move from Jack Harmen that can take out just about anyone in the blink of an eye! The CDC just saw their Trios tag team title opportunity get run over by a freight train!

[Harmen has his hand raised by Hector Navarro in a seated position, before his eyes roll back in his skull and he collapses in the ring. Davis and Mayweather lift Harmen off his feet, as the trio celebrate their victory to Die Antwoord.]

DDK:

And Team HOSS better have been watching, because it just takes a moment for them to lose their World Trios Tag Team Championship.

Angus:

It takes three. Don't you know how to count?

A Giant Step For Samkind

[Just through the loading dock doors “The Redneck Recker” Sam Turner Jr. strolled in wearing his trademark overalls and John Deere trucker hat (the very same one he found in the garbage after Jeff Andrews threw it away in frustration many (many many) shows ago). He holds the empty Diet Mountain Dew bottle in his right hand up to his lip and spit the matured juices from his chaw out just as he catches sight of Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo walking towards him.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Hey y'all. Sir, ma'am, how y'all doin' this evenin'?

Jane Katze:

We'd like to talk to you a little more about the job opportunity Mr. White mentioned.

Nicky Corozzo:

An' maybe some words about the company you're keepin'. Know what I'm sayin' kid?

[Sam doesn't nod at that last bit from Corozzo... but noticeably doesn't bark back, defending his friends Ty and Jake. He just spits again in his bottle and eyeballs the big “eye-talian” before responding to Jane.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

A'ight, I got some time. Let's talk.

Jane Katze:

Come on red, lets find a nice private place to chat.

[Jane takes Sam's hand in hers with a little smile and leads him to the elevators. Nicky pushes the button and the trio all wait on the doors to open.]

Nicky Corozzo:

We'll head to one of the conference rooms, should be empty this time of day.

DING! DING!

[The elevator doors slide open with a whoosh and the three start to step on. Sam turns with as much gentlemanly gusto as he can physically muster and ushers Jane into the elevator car.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Ladies first, ma'am.

[Sam motions for Jane to enter and she does with a girlish grin on her face... once out of his view she rolls her eyes with a silent exhausted sigh. Nicky literally bites his bottom lip cutting off audible laughter. Jane scolds him with just her eyes. Sam, oblivious to this exchange steps in after the duo pretty pleased with himself.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Smooth big man, smooth.

[Just as the trio boarded the elevator Jake Donovan and Tyrone Walker exit the locker room and see Sam with Nicky and Jane just as the elevator doors slide shut.]

Jake Donovan:

Not again, will they ever stop?! Don't they ever give up, Ty?!

Tyrone Walker:

[shaking his head] Naw dawg, ain't no stoppin'em now, they on tha move.

[Jake stares a hole through the closed elevator doors.]

Jake Donovan:

Dude, this can't happen, lets follow them down and break up this party.

[Tyrone nods his head and grins widely while clenching his right fist and popping his knuckles with his left hand.]

Tyrone Walker:

Word, son, word. What'chu got in mind?

[The duo jog to the very same elevator Sam and company just utilized.]

Jake Donovan:

Follow me. Sam might not like it, but this is for his own good.

[Meanwhile Nicky opens the door to one of the big conference rooms usually reserved for meetings with TV executives and big time sponsors. Jane enters first, Sam next... the opulence of the room leaves the big redneck's eyes wandering.]

[Nicky wanders to the far end of the table, folds his arms allowing Jane to do her thing. Jane plops Sam down at the other end of the table across from Nicky. Jane herself hops up and plants her pretty little tush on the table, tantalizingly close to Sam.]

Nicky Corozzo:

See Sammy, Ed treats his people real good. He spreads his wealth because he knows what it's like to be down on your luck. I got a nice home, nice things, my family's taken care of. Same with Jane. Same with everybody in Mr. White's employ. We're all like family.

Jane Katze:

[nods with a smile] Exactly, like one big happy family... figuratively speaking of course.

[Even as she leans over ever so slightly revealing her cleavage, biting her bottom lip just so Sam looks on dumbfounded, completely confused.]

Nicky Corozzo:

[sensing Sam has no idea] Jane babe, you gotta' put it in context he understands. You're losin' the kid. Sammy, it's...it's kissin' cousins. You know what kissin' cousins are, right?

Sam Turner Jr.:

Oh yea! [it clicks with him] I've seen lots of'em in Harlan County, yes sir.

Nicky Corozzo:

[way under his breath] I bet you have. You've probably done it to, ya' freak redneck fuc... [insaudible mumble]

[Jane immediately distracts Sam by running the back of her hand down his cheek and looking deep into his eyes.]

Jane Katze:

What we're trying to say red is that we'd love to work with you... [fluttering her long lashes] I'd love to work with you. All you have...

[Just before Jane can continue the conference room doors swing open as Jake Donovan and Tyrone Walker step into the room shoulder to shoulder. Jake takes the lead, Ty lurks behind him with his lip curled into a snarl.]

Jake Donovan:

Excuse us, are we interrupting somethin' important?

Tyrone Walker:

I hope so, 'cause this nigga here needs his homies, not some big meatball mothafucka and some whooer, smellin' like Ol' Ed's asshole.

[Nicky bows up and starts towards the duo as Jane quickly steps between Sam and his (editorial note: former at this point?) allies jabbing a finger right into the chest of the approaching Jake Donovan.]

Jane Katze:

No sir, this? This doesn't concern you. This is a private meeting. And all this? [motioning to the conference room] Belongs to Mr. White so I'd advise you and that AARP eligible mentor of yours to make your way back to the elevators before Nicky and security make you.

Jake Donovan:

Yeah...like that's happening.

[Jake tries to step around Jane but the personal assistant is having none of it, giving Jake a shove. Her previously seductive red lips curling into a snarl of her own.]

Jake Donovan:

Look, I'm gonna talk ta Sam and there's nuthin' you or that gerbil faced twit can do about it.

[Nicky is about to swing into action but Jane waves him off.]

Jane Katze:

Not going to happen freak.

[Jane kicks off her high heels and squares her shoulders.]

Jake Donovan:

Look Sam, these guys are lying to you. They know you're a monstrous competitor, they know you got the skills to be a big star here just like we do! They want to feed you a line of bull and brainwash you man...

[The massive "Il Guidice" interjects.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Brainwash, really Jake-o? Do I look like Charles Manson standin' here? Does she look like Jim Jones with a freshly made cup of cyanide? We're offerin' to be the man's friend, and what are you two idiots doin' bargin' in here screamin' like lunatics, huh?

[Silence.]

Jane Katze:

So you see Jake, we don't need you nor Tyrone butting in on our business. You can both kindly leave now.

[Jake shakes his head in frustration and tries to simply push his way past Jane only to have her resist him. Nicky makes his move only to be cut off by Walker. Jane tries for a something leg related but Jake catches her calf and flips her backwards rolling over the table, through some leather office chairs and onto the floor. Her pride hurt worse than her body.]

Jake Donovan:

Damn... I mean, I told you to move, didn't I?

[Fire erupts in Sam's eyes as he bends down to help Jane up.]

Jake Donovan:

Come on Sam, you know what these people are...

[Sam jumps to his feet and gets straight into Jake's face.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Ya feel like a big man now Jake, huh?!

[Jake recoils as his friend barks insults inches from his face.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

I 'aint their muscle, I 'aint their calvary. They're offerin' me somethin' y'all don't know nothin' about. Respect.

[Jake is visibly hurt by the comment, instead of unloading on his friend he directs his anger towards Jane and Nicky with bad intentions.]

Nicky Corozzo:

[smiling, egging him on] Try it kid, toss your career down the shitter, please I'm BEGGIN' YOU.

[Tyrone steps up and pulls Jake away.]

Tyrone Walker:

Naah... Jake, not jus' yet, dude.

Jake Donovan:

[calming down] Yeah, we'll finish this later. [he gives Jane an evil eye]

[Jane, still trying to compose herself sees an opening and lunges towards Jake, Jake reacts out of instinct and strikes Katze with a stiff forearm sending Jane sprawling back into Sam's arms. We see a tiny trickle of blood coming out of the corner of Jane's mouth.]

[The fire in The Redneck Recker's eyes turn into a full blown four alarm Fire.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

[he pushes Jake into Tyrone] YOU GET CHER' ASS TO THAT RING RIGHT NOW! NOW GET, GET OUT, GO ON! Y'ALL 'AINT WELCOME HERE NO MORE!

Jane Katze:

[dabbing the blood and looking at her finger] That sounds like a splendid idea, consider it booked.

[Sam continues pushing Jake and Tyrone out the door. As Sam stopped and the two backed off a half a step Tyrone whispers to Jake. Jake nods his head.]

Jake Donovan:

Fine Sam, I tried to help you. Now can't nuthin' help you.

[No witty retort from Sam, no last word. The big mean redneck just stares his two former friends out the door.]

[Jake and Tyrone exit as Sam goes back to check on Jane.]

It's Been A While

[Backstage, in the men's locker room.]

[The words "Earlier Today" appear in the bottom right of the screen as we come to focus on DEFIANCE's resident airship pilot, Henry Keyes. He's currently in the process of getting himself geared up for the evening's activities, tinkering with his leather shoulder brace, when in from the right walks a once-familiar adversary of his.]

[Even well before the show, the red-and-blue mask of Stockton Pyre is firmly in place, but the rest of his gear (a plain black polo shirt from Nautica and a pair of Wrangler blue jeans) looks foreign from when we've seen Pyre in the past. Walking into the shot, Pyre cracks a slight smile when he sees Henry Keyes getting ready.]

Stockton Pyre:

Hello, Mr. Keyes.

[Pyre drops his gym bag down on the ground and has a seat on the bench a few feet away from Henry Keyes. Keyes cinches the last few clasps on his leather shoulder brace.]

Stockton Pyre:

It's good to see you back in DEFIANCE.

Henry Keyes:

Ah, Stockton, I was wondering when I'd see you again. Good to be back.

[Reaching into his gym bag, Stockton pulls out a brand new, on-sale-later-today red and blue half-and-half Stockton Pyre soccer-style shirt and lays it carefully on the bench next to him.]

Stockton Pyre::

I see you're picking up where you left off. It looks like Jonny Booya didn't quite know what hit him.

Henry Keyes:

Nobody ever seems to know what hit 'em when they get the Bell Clap, eh? But you know me, Stockton...once a man crosses a certain point, it's like my vision turns to red. ...I see you're a man of merchandise now.

[Keyes eyes the soccer jersey with a raised eyebrow before returning his gaze to Pyre.]

Stockton Pyre:

Oh, that?

[Stockton takes the shirt from the bench and lays in on his lap.]

Stockton Pyre: [looking at the shirt]

Well, I wish I could say that I have all the money I need to just be a professional wrestler for a living, but I could always use a bit of extra money to help with the living expenses. Plus it's kind of a special feeling to me to see our fans wearing replica masks that were sold, so I figured I'd put something out there for people that don't like putting things over their faces.

[Keyes nods and stands.]

Henry Keyes:

Well, best of luck to yeh. Cheers to your continued succ-

[Pyre holds an arm to Keyes's chest as he attempts to walk past.]

Stockton Pyre:

Hold up a second, Mr. Keyes. The show's not for a couple of hours...could I have a moment of your time?

[Keyes's jaw clenches ever-so-slightly, unaccustomed to this sort of interjection.]

Henry Keyes:

If you make it quick. Lest you forget, I have unfinished business.

[A nod from Pyre. Either the tightening of Keyes' muscles went unnoticed...or he didn't tip himself to noticing.]

Stockton Pyre:

I've had, shall we say, a problem with numbers as of late. I've seen several people in the federation gang up on me. Most in word...some in deed. Frank Holiday, Lindsay Troy and her band of merry men. I find myself standing alone and outnumbered, and could use someone I know I can trust to aid me when the situation becomes tilted in their favor. To balance the scales, so to speak. And while I know you choose to hunt alone...and I respect that...I am no fan of Mr. White or the Blood Diamonds either. I would be happy to assist you if...and perhaps, when...the odds became tilted in Mr. Booya's favor.

[Having said his piece, Stockton removes his hand from Henry Keyes' chest.]

Stockton Pyre:

What say you, sir?

[Keyes cranes his neck 90 degrees to meet the gaze of the Masked Gonzo.]

Henry Keyes:

We're men...men who've fought. Side by side, head to head. Before I was put out of commission by Jonny Booya, I could have easily considered you my closest friend in this company of thieves. I appreciate a man fighting alone and a man in plight...and don't consider this a rejection. But Stockton...I need to see a man about a horse.

[Keyes strides manfully out of the locker room. Pyre watches him go silently, and when the door closes, he looks down at his lap. And if you closely...you can see the smile tugging up on the corners of his mouth ever so slightly.]

[Cut back to ringside.]

IMPROMPTU MATCH: ??? vs. ???

[Referee Carla Ferrari stands in the ring alongside Darren Quimbey, as a pissed off red faced Sam Turner Jr. stomps to the ring. Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo are following a few footsteps behind him.]

DDK:

This is an odd sight to see coming from Sam Turner Jr.

Angus Skaaland:

I agree. No music. No video. No nothing just plain Jane vanilla.

DDK:

[laughing] I like what you did there.

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah, I even amuse myself.

[Sam jogs up the ring steps and awaits his former friend Jake Donovan. As Jane and Nicky sit in two folding chairs that were for security and one Mr. Darren Quimbey.]

["Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and there's Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. Standing behind him, letting the kid have the spotlight, is Tyrone Walker. However tonight is a much different Jake Donovan, as he heads down the aisle without the same fanfare that he usually puts up for display. Getting to the ring Jake slides in the ring and the two go nose to nose. The spittle is flying between the two as Carla steps between the two separate them.]

[On the outside, Walker stands in Jake's corner.]

Angus Skaaland:

Who do you think got more of the spit in their mouth?

DDK:

[staring at Angus as if he was nuts] Uh...

Angus Skaaland:

Do you think that's like snowballing with your chick?

DDK:

[Silence.]

Angus Skaaland:

Um, okay then, back to the match.

[Carla calls for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

[The two meet in the middle of the ring with a collar and elbow tie-up only to have Sam push Jake into the corner. Sam breaks free and chops Jake's chest.]

THWACKKK!!!

[Jake grabs his chest. Sam grabs the arm, moving it and chops him again.]

THUD!!!

DDK:

Oh Jesus H. Christ, he just put a hole in his chest, I know it.

Angus Skaaland:

More like he popped a pimple!

[Sam slaps Jake in the face and grabs under his arm and beil throws Jake halfway across the ring.]

DDK:

Sam is so strong and now pissed off...

Angus Skaaland:

You'd be pissed off too if you had to deal with Jake Donovan as a friend. That painted freak, he's hiding who he is, I bet he's a child abuser too. Kick his ass Seabass!

[Sam picks him up from the mat and hoists him up for a body slam. Jake begins to wiggle out and floats over Sam's shoulder. Jake answers with a stiff kick to the middle of Sam's back. The pain hits and you can see it on Sam's face. Jake spins Sam around and fires off leg kicks to Sam backing him up, he finished with a jumping spin kick to Sam's chest sending him into the corner.]

Angus Skaaland:

What the heck you hick? Murderdeathkill, that's how you get paid!

DDK:

Calm down Angus before you have a coronary.

Angus Skaaland:

Coronary?! Pacemaker here I come if this freak wins.

[Jake continues with the leg kicks and Sam drops to the mat. Jake stomps Sam in the chest until Carla Ferrari steps between the two. Jake backs up a step and delivers an axe kick to Sam's shoulder forcing ref Carla to physically push him back.]

Jake Donovan:

You wanted this, so man up!

[As Carla reprimands Jake. Sam makes it back to his feet. As Carla moves Sam delivers a stiff forearm to Jake's jaw. Jake does the same. Sam retaliates, as does Jake.]

DDK:

DUELING FOREARMS! This is great!

Angus Skaaland:

Dueling banjos from the film Deliverance has nothing on this. Sam has the hardest forearms in DEFIANCE and I hope he uses them to crush Jake's face.

DDK:

I don't understand why you hate Jake so much.

Angus Skaaland:

It's his dumb face paint.

[Sam fires an elbow strike straight to Jake's jaw staggering him. Roaring elbow, no, Jake ducks. He goes behind Sam await him to turn around. Judo throw, no, blocked and turned into the most awkward looking back suplex ever.]

Angus Skaaland:

I hope his necks broke!

DDK:

I've known you were rude as hell but now you're just being ASSanine.

Angus Skaaland:

Don't blame me, look at Jane and Nicky as they applaud the young redneck. They love him. They know he's the future of DEFIANCE WRESTLING.

DDK:

If you say so.

[Sam drops a knee on Jake's face and then one onto his chest close to his heart and makes the cover.]

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

NO, KICKOUT!!!

[Sam looks at Carla and then over to Jane and Nicky. Tyrone is pounding on the mat for Jake to get up.]

DDK:

That was close.

Angus Skaakand:

Close my balls, Sam was robbed.

[Angus stands up.]

Angus Skaaland:

[yelling towards the ring] Carla get the fist outta your cunt and learn to count to three, you stupid flitter licker!

DDK:

Wow, just when I thought you couldn't be more offensive to women.

Angus Skaaland:

It's not my fault the cunt went to retard classes.

DDK:

She's actually a smart lady.

Angus Skaaland:

Are you sure?

DDK:

That's what I've heard.

Angus Skaaland:

Pfft.

[Sam picks Jake up and headbutts him. Jake staggers to the ropes. Sam whips him off the ropes. HARLAN CO. LINE. No, Jake ducks under it. He comes back off the ropes with a front dropkick to Sam's chest sending him to the mat.]

Somersault leg drop across the throat and Jake covers him.]

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

NO, KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

That was close.

Angus Skaaland:

Jake can't keep Sam down, and you know this man.

[Sam gets up and makes it to a corner. Jake rushes him, he jumps.]

Angus Skaaland:

Jake's swallowing teeth now!

DDK

Sam got his boot up and caught Jake in the mouth.

[Sam stomps on Jake's back and kicks him in the ribs until Jake rolls out of the ring.]

ONE!!!

[Jake's holding his ribs.]

TWO!!!

[Sam goes to the floor. He kicks Jake in the gut doubling him over and hitting him in the back with his forearm, making Jake drop to the arena floor.]

THREE!!!

[Sam pulls him up and locks him up with a bearhug.]

Angus Skaaland:

Squeeze the face paint off of him Sam!

DDK:

You just love to hate don't you?

Angus Skaaland:

No, I live to hate, I love to screw!

DDK:

TMI Angus, T-M-I.

Angus Skaaland:

You asked.

FOUR!!!

[Sam hoists Jake up in the bearhug and runs him straight into the ring post. He drops him and Jake lays clutching his

ribs.]

FIVE!!!

[Sam rolls back in the ring.]

SIX!!!

[Sam goes to the ropes closest to Jane and Nicky begging for approval.]

SEVEN!!!

[Jake starts to get up to one knee as Tyrone cheers him on.]

EIGHT!!!

[Jake's made it to his feet leaning on the ring apron. Sam leaves Nicky and Jane and pulls Jake into the ring with his long hair.]

Angus Skaaland:

Why didn't you let him get counted out?

DDK:

He can't hear you.

Angus Skaaland:

Well he better start if he wants to hold a title here in DEFIANCE!

[Sam hits him with a hard forearm smash sending him to the mat. Sam picks him up and pushes him into the corner. Forearm strikes repeat to Jake's face, Jake bends over holding the top rope as Sam slams his forearm across Jake's shoulders dropping him to a knee.]

Carla Ferrari:

ROPE BREAK! BREAK SAM, BREAK!

[Sam backs up as Jake looks at him on one knee.]

Angus Skaaland:

Why did she break them, he had till 5.

DDK:

Sam's a good guy Angus.

Angus Skaaland:

Oh really? How many good guys have you seen do this to their friend?

DDK:

Well...

Angus Skaaland:

[cutting him off] Point proven by me!

[Sam grabs Jake and whips him into the corner. Sam runs in with a huge splash. Jake staggers from the corner and Sam slams him to the mat with a body slam. Sam leaps up and comes crashing down with an elbow drop to the heart, he makes the cover.]

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

NO, HIS SHOULDER FLIES UP!!!

Angus Skaaland:

What a slow count!

[Nicky and Jane seem highly upset and can be seen yelling at referee Carla Ferrari.]

DDK:

Nicky Corazzo and Jane Katze are giving Carla Ferrari down the road.

Angus Skaaland:

They should be!

DDK:

She's doing her job just fine.

Angus Skaaland:

You would take her side.

[Sam pulls Jake up from the mat and whips him into the turnbuckle. Sam rushes in. Jake moves. Sam's head hits the metal ring post. He staggers backwards. Jake nails him with the lightning spiral.]

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

Angus Skaaland:

What the hell! Are you serious?

DDK:

That was three. Can you believe that Jake Donovan pinned Sam Turner Jr.?

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH, JAKE DONOVVAAANNNN!

Angus Skaaland:

No, no, no, I disagree, that was a super-fast count.

DDK:

It really wasn't.

[An upset Sam holds his now bloodied head and looks to Nicky and Jane. The duo shake their heads in shame, which angers Sam.]

DDK:

What's Sam doing Angus?

Angus Skaaland:

Oh here we go, MURDERDEATHKILL TIME!

[Sam reaches his hand out to Jake and helps him up to his feet.]

Angus Skaaland:

WHAT? NO YOU BIG MOTHERFU...[he stops]

[Jake turns and walks away after they shake hands.]

Angus Skaaland:

ROARING MOTHERFUCKING FIST TO THE BACK OF JAKE'S HEAD!

[Sam rolls out of the ring to meet Nicky and Jane who are now smiling.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No Sam, no. You're better than that. No.

Angus Skaaland:

YES, HE SWERVED EVERYONE! SAM, EDWARD WHITE IS GOING TO LOVE YOU BIG MAN!

[Sam, Nicky, and Jane walk back to the back as Tyrone checks on Jake.]

Angus Skaaland:

YOU DID IT SAM; YOU BROKE OUT TONIGHT, CONGRATS!

And Now, Live With Lance Warner

[Fade in on the interview Stage where Lance Warner stands with a microphone up to his lips.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time, the FIST of DEFIANCE, EUGENE DE-

[Before Lance can finish his introductions though "Enae Volare Mezzo" by Era cut him off and a clearly pissed of Curtis Penn emerges from the back with a microphone in hand. He stomps his way over towards the interview stage and hot foots it up the steps. Lance seems taken aback by the appearance of the self proclaimed Doctor of DEFIANCE, but Penn's clearly got an agenda, and Lance is smart enough not to confront him over it.]

Curtis Penn:

Nobody wants to see Eugene Dewey, Lance!

BOOO

Curtis Penn:

Hear that? They all want to see the Doctor of DEFIANCE, the Creator of the Curtis Clutch Challenge, and they all want to see the **NEXT** FIST of DEFIANCE... Well, wait no longer, people of New Orleans... Your Savior has arrived.

BOOO

[Not that he wasn't pissed off before, but those jeers simply serve to anger Penn even more.]

Curtis Penn:

You boo me?

BOOO
OOOOO

Curtis Penn:

You should be honored that I'm even here tonight after how you people treated me last week. I came out here to entertain you. I gave ya'll the chance to have a shining beacon of light illuminate your otherwise bleak and dreary lives, and what did you do?

You Stole from me.

RAHH

DDK:

Curtis is obviously referring to the incident after the Curtis Clutch Challenge last week.

Angus:

Probably the best thing Dewey has ever or will ever do.

Curtis Penn:

You and that nerdy fuck you call a FIST stole my money and I want it back!

[Penn hops down from the stage and hurries over to the crowd, who are pushed up against the barricade, all taunting the former Southern Heritage Champion.]

Curtis Penn:

I'm gonna give you the opportunity right now to take out your wallets and your purses, and hand me my money back! Otherwise I'll drag each and every one of you over this barrier, choke you all the fuck out, and take whatever you've got on you. I don't care, Phone, keys, wallets, watches, I don't give a shit. Either way I'm getting my money back

tonight!

BOOO

Angus:

He's seriously threatening to mug every member of the audience?

DDK:

Well... we knew Penn wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer...

[After waiting a few seconds for nobody to start handing him their cash Penn starts walking along the row of DEFIANCE fans before him.]

Curtis Penn:

Nobody wants to get us started? Alright, I'll do it. You... you right there with the Saints jersey and that gay ass neck tattoo... yeah, you, you pussy... where's my money?

[...]

Curtis Penn:

I don't give a fuck if you were here or not, you look like you've stolen something from someone....

[Datheavenlychoir.jpg]

RAHH

[Curtis' attention immediately turns from the audience to the entrance way where the FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey, emerges. He's got the FIST belt wrapped around his waist and carries a microphone in one hand. In his other he holds a fan of singles, which he uses to cool his face down as he heads towards the interview stage.]

Eugene Dewey:

Oooh boy is it hot in here.

RAHH

Eugene Dewey:

Sorry, Curtis, did you wanna borrow this? I bet you're boiling what with how hot you must be under your colar...

[A few of the fans laugh as Penn heads back to the Interview stage. He doesn't bother with the steps though and simply heaves himself up one of the edges.]

Eugene Dewey:

You can leave them alone now, Penn... It's me you've got the problem with.

Curtis Penn:

You're lucky you're still conscious, Dewey. I'd be well within my right to knock you the fuck out right now and take back every penny you stole from me!

[Eugene smiles back at Penn. Lance warner meanwhile takes a step back, knowing that he doesn't want to get caught between these two in any way, shape or form.]

Eugene Dewey:

I thought that money was for the winner of the Curtis Clutch Challenge, Curtis? Or was that part, just like the rules, complete bullshit?

True Bromance

“Bro, this is a pretty sweet space!”

[From the interview stage with Lance Warner, Eugene Dewey and Curtis Penn, we cut over to a beaming Frank Holiday. “The Train Wreck” stands with his hands on his hips, surveying the room. It’s a nice set-up - oak desk, high-back leather chair, decent artwork on the walls, potted plants... one of which Billy Pepper is centering on its stand.]

[The Bromanger has, somehow, wrangled himself a private office space in the Wrestle-Plex -- either because he’s the kind of guy you have a hard time saying no to when he asks nicely for something (likely) or because Ed White just wants to keep Frank away from the general populace (ding ding ding).]

Billy Pepper:

Thanks. I wish Mister White had been paying better attention when I mentioned having some plants in here. I wanted philodendron, not golden pothos.

Frank Holiday: [blinks]

Philopotha-wha?!

Billy Pepper: [sighs]

Never mind.

Frank Holiday:

Hey, I like the official plate outside the door, too. “Pepper Management Group.” Snazzy! It feels so Hollywood.

[Satisfied with his decor, Billy plunks himself down in his chair, leans back comfortably, and steeple his fingers in front of him. He’s smiling the smile of a guy who’s feeling pretty pleased with himself about having an office with his name on the door and a desk to sit behind.]

Billy Pepper:

This agency is here to serve your needs, Frank. And a talent like you has a lot of needs. Did anyone offer you a drink? Here’s my card, by the way.

[He reaches across the desk and slides a glossy silver business card from a small card holder, offering it. Frank shakes his head, scoffing as he takes a seat in a leather guest chair.]

Frank Holiday:

Smooth moves, big shot. You get yourself a smokin’ hot secretary, and you’ll have it made in the shade.

Billy Pepper:

Yeah, not so much. Apparently an assistant’s salary comes out of my pay, so we’ll keep this a lean, streamlined operation for now. But still. [Grins, looks around] Huh? Right?

[Frank thumps his hand on the desk and gives his friend a pistol point.]

Frank Holiday:

Proud of you, dude! And don’t worry about anything. I’m about to become the next Southern Heritage Champion. When I do, first thing I’m gonna do is hire you the assistant of your dreams. Picture one of those “desperately seeking American boyfriend” pop-up ads, only sitting outside this door, waiting to fulfill your every wish.

Billy Pepper:

I’d settle for someone who can do paperwork.

Voice (off-camera)

C’mon, now, Pep, everyone knows you always take the hot secretary.

[Billy tilts his head to look around Frank, while Frank turns his body toward the door. Standing there are Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott, minus the cricket bat and the tire iron. Tyler's got a mischievous grin on his face. Wade looks surly per usual.]

Frank Holiday:

Thank you. And hey! What's up, Heroes?

Billy Pepper:

I invited them up. Tyler, Wade! Welcome to the new digs. Really sorry to hear about Lindsay, though.

[Wade grunts, the hint of a snarl forming on his mouth. Tyler's grin diminishes just a bit.]

Tyler Rayne:

Thanks. We're none too pleased ourselves. Uni's not usually one to fall in line with the company directive, but given the circumstances she's ... shall we say ... biding her time.

[Frank nods firmly.]

Frank Holiday:

All of us are pretty tight by now, so believe me, it sucked as much for me and Billy to see it happen. And you guys probably know I got my ass kicked by the LBC before, too. So, been there. Those people are bad frickin' news.

Billy Pepper:

Seeing as you've been dealing with Sicily's finest citizens lately, and since Frank's about to get in the line of fire again tonight with Tony Di Luca, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to compare notes.

Wade Elliott: [snorts]

They're a bunch'a chickenshit Yanks, and they ain't gonna be revelin' in what they did fer much longer.

Tyler Rayne:

Not sure if ya heard the news earlier, but Walt's gone and done somethin' that makes a bit of sense. Me an' Country versus the two goons you don't have to fight tonight.

Billy Pepper:

Walt? You mean White?

Frank Holiday:

Come on, Billy. Edward White. Walter White. Breaking Bad. Walt. EPIC.

[Tyler points his index finger at Frank and winks in a "You got it" gesture.]

Tyler Rayne:

I was going to go for Heisenberg, but Uni didn't think anyone would get the reference.

Wade Elliott:

I sure as hell don't.

Tyler Rayne:

Never do.

[Billy shrugs good-naturedly.]

Billy Pepper:

Guess it was one degree of separation too much for me.

Frank Holiday: [aside to Tyler, thumb at Billy]

This guy. Know what I mean? He still gets confused half the time when I talk about "Lego Head."

Billy Pepper:

I'm sitting right here, Frank. I can hear every word.

Tyler Rayne:

Not sure I'm buyin' the whole nice guy act. But figure neither are you.

[Frank and Billy exchange a glance. Or rather, Billy is glaring at Frank while Frank blows it off with a dismissive shrug.]

Billy Pepper:

I think Stockton Pyre was trying to go along with the agreement he made with Frank, until Frank let his mouth run away on him.

Frank Holiday: [turns to Billy]

That's such horseshit, dude. You never stop defending that guy. Do you really think Pyre was trying to be a good guy when he got in David Noble's head and turned him into a Frank hater? [Turns to Tyler] I try to give people the benefit of the doubt, even if they're only sorta "acting as if," but... well, actions speak louder than words.

Billy Pepper:

Except for your words, or should I say Stockton's words, in his notebook, that you weren't supposed to say.

[Frank throws his arms out and tips his head back in exasperation.]

Frank Holiday:

I'M SORRRRRYYYYYYY, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

Billy Pepper:

Better be, buddy.

Wade Elliott:

Y'can't trust a man that'd say shit in a notebook that he won't say t'ya face.

Tyler Rayne:

Country's right. [Blinks.] Wow. Country's right. Not often I admit that. And just wait'll Uni hears the profound eloquence you just uttered.

[Wade rolls his eyes.]

Wade Elliott:

Ain't no philosopher, but I have my moments. Ass.

[Billy can't help chuckling.]

Billy Pepper:

I think we can all drink to that. And if I had a hot secretary, I'd call her in right now and pour some drinks. But I guess we'll have to take a raincheck on that.

Frank Holiday:

Until after the SoHer Title match tonight. Look, guys, the LBC have been screwing you all over and it's the worst. But their forces are being split between us and you two, and the way I figure it, we've got as good a shot tonight as we're going to get to put the Goodfeathers in their place. Whatever happens, I want you to know I got your back, brahs.

Tyler Rayne: [nods]

Shiny. Save some of Di Luca for us to have a bit of fun with, eh, Doc? Time this is over, losing that belt'll be the least of his worries.

[Cut.]

[Wait.]

Billy Pepper:

"Shiny." That's Battlestar Galactica, right?

Frank Holiday: [sighs]

You see what I have to deal with?

[Cut for reals this time.]

Stockton Pyre vs. Rich Mahogany

Darren Quimbley:

This contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! First, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at two hundred sixty-six pounds, this is The Gonzo Goliath STOCKTON PYRE!

[“Morphine Child” by Savatage hits, and in from the back walks Stockton Pyre. He doesn’t stop, doesn’t clap, he just walks to the ring and ignores the fans around him as he rolls under the ring ropes and pops up under the ring. He takes his new soccer-style jersey off and hands it to an attendant before stretching, getting ready for this match.]

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Darren Quimbley:

And his opponent...from Austin, TX and weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds...this is RICH MAHOGANY!

Angus:

Certified momma’s boy.

[Cue “Love Man” by Otis Redding. You would think that such an embarrassing revelation would have the Rich man focused on the task at hand, but as he walks out from the back and walks down the aisle, he’s his same old self, flirting with any pair of tits that he happens to see on the way down to the ring. After a minute or two, Rich reaches the ring and climbs in it, and makes a show of taking off his bow-tie and handing it to the attendant.]

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Benny Doyle calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[Stockton wastes no time, charging Rich, but the Rich-man dodges the grasping hands of Stockton Pyre and lays a HUGE slap to the back of the head.]

OOOOHHHHHHH!

[Annoyed, Pyre charges again, and this time not only does Mahogany duck out of the way, but he kicks Pyre square in the ass.]

OOOOHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Pyre looks livid, the color in what we can see of his face is turning red.

Angus:

Rich is really playing with fire here.

DDK:

Har har.

Angus:

Thank you, I’ll be here all show.

[Slowly Stockton begins to stalk Mahogany, cutting off more and more of the ring to the mobility of Mahogany. Rich tries to escape to the left, but Pyre grabs him by the chest and throws him back into the corner. Rich then tries to fake left and go right, but Pyre’s not biting, and he once again tosses Mahogany back to the corner.]

DDK:

Mahogany is in a whole heap of trouble if he gets stuck in that corner.

[Rich tries to baseball slide under the legs of Stockton Pyre, but Pyre catches him by the neck, deadlifts him into the air, and tosses him back into the corner, where he follows up with a shoulder thrust to the abs of the Love Man.]

DDK:

And he's now caught.

Angus:

I don't know if I like Stockton's tactics. Shoulder blocking Rich's abs is like shoulder blocking a concrete wall.

[Everyone no-sells the comment as Stockton continues to bury his shoulder into the abdomen of Mr. Mahogany, while Benny Doyle counts to get out of the corner. At four, Stockton pulls Rich out of the corner and picks him up for a body slam, but Rich goes behind Stockton and lands on his feet. Stockton is quick to turn around, but walks right into an arm drag.]

DDK:

Nice deep arm drag there by the Rich man.

Angus:

If anyone knows deep, you know it's Rich Mahogany.

[Stockton is up quick, but he walks back into another *ahem* deep arm drag. Both men get up, and Rich nails him a standing dropkick, sending the bigger Pyre stumbling backwards, falling between the middle and top ropes and out of the ring to the cheers of the fans.]

DDK:

Hot start by the Rich man.

Angus:

He better pace himself, or he's gonna be the victim of premature offense...

[Here, a focused, determined, and severely out-weighted wrestler might do some kind of dive-y thing, or go outside and follow-up. But being that this Rich Mahogany, he does some kind of pose where he shows off his six-pack abs to the crowd by running his hand over them and pointing to them. The women cheer, and the men, generally disliking Stockton Pyre, also choose to cheer.]

DDK:

Well, this is one way to pace yourself, but he should also be following up too.

Angus:

I think he's about to.

[As Stockton gets his bearings and climbs to the apron, Rich turns to him and says something the mics don't pick up...but he punctuates it with a point at Stockton's crotch and his thumb and forefinger being about an inch apart.]

DDK:

Is he really baiting a guy with documented anger issues?

Angus:

Why not? It could be great strategy to get Stockton off of his game.

DDK:

It could get him killed.

[Stockton's jaw drops a second, and then he grits his teeth and quickly climbs through the ropes. Stockton charges at Rich, who backs up to the opposite ropes and then, at the last possible second, pulls down the ropes and sends Stockton BACK outside the ring over the top rope.]

RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

Not that time it didn't.

[Mahogany hops to the middle rope and raises his arms to cheers. After a few moments, he hops down and climbs out of the ring and to the floor, where Stockton is recovering. Mahogany clubs Pyre in the back with the double ax-handle, sending him back down to hands and knees, before talking with one of the nearby female fans in attendance.]

DDK:

Classic Rich Mahogany. Taking a break to set up the hook up for the evening.

Angus:

Alex Rodriguez has nothing on ol' Rich when it comes to gettin' some ass from the local rats.

[But all of this talking and flirting has the side effect of allowing Stockton to get to his feet again. Keeping his shoulder lowered, Stockton bulls Rich towards the ring and SLAMS his back into the ring post. Not letting go, Pyre takes a couple of steps back and runs Rich into the ringpost a second time before dropping him to the ground.]

DDK:

AGAIN into that ring post. It's still pretty early in the match, but Rich is in a heap of trouble.

[Pyre peels Rich off of the ground and rolls him into the ring. Following Rich in, Pyre covers.]

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

[Pyre glances up at Benny Doyle, who holds up two fingers, but Stockton doesn't really linger on the potential argument, instead pulling Rich back to his feet. Going behind the Ladies Man, Stockton hooks him in an abdominal stretch, wrenching Rich Mahogany into the hold.]

Angus:

And here Stockton is trying to go after Rich's perfect abs...I'm not sure if he thinks he's embarrassing Rich by going after the abs, or if he's just not thought this through, but there's nothing Stockton can do to stretch those things out more than New Orleans' finest femms has already tried to do.

DDK:

But the Abdominal Stretch also bends the back at an awkward angle, and that's what Pyre hurt on the outside earlier.

[Rich howls. Pyre wrenches it in. Benny Doyle asks, but Rich shakes his head. Rich tries to power out with a hip toss, but Pyre dead-weights and Rich isn't strong enough to move him from this position. Rich then uses his free arm to elbow the leg of Pyre rapid fire several times until Pyre is forced to release the hold, pushing Rich face-down to the canvas. Pyre moves to pick up Rich, but Rich reaches up and twists the mask of Pyre. Pyre stumbles backwards trying to fix his mask, which elicits a cheer from the fans. Rich creeps up onto his knees near the edge of the ring.]

Angus:

Pyre having trouble catching a break, huh?

DDK:

Even when he fights relatively clean, which he has over the course of the last few weeks, he still ends up getting cheered when he's the victim of an underhanded deed.

[Having fixed his mask, Pyre comes back at Rich to inflict more punishment, but Rich grabs the tights and sends Pyre outside to the apron, but Pyre grabs the middle rope and stays on the apron. Rich crawls to his feet, with Pyre doing the same on the apron. Rich reaches over the ropes and grabs for Stockton's head, but Stockton with a shoulder block doubles Rich over. Pyre preps himself and leaps CLEAR over Rich, coming down with a grip on each of Rich's legs.]

Angus:

Wow! What a leap by Stockton Pyre!

DDK:

Sunset flip attempt, but Rich has a death grip on that top rope, he's not going anywhere...

[As DDK was talking, Rich set his feet with the help of the top rope and regained his balance and, while Stockton continued to try to do his Sunset Flip, Rich gave the crowd...and him...a little hip gyration, Rick Rude style, which got the fans cheering.]

DDK:

...he didn't just do that, did he?

Angus:

He sure did.

[Pyre lays stunned for a second, his jaw agape, before he rolls out from under the gyrating Ladies Man. Rich turns back to Stockton and makes that one-inch thumb and forefinger gesture, pointing at Stockton once again. Once again, Stockton charges at Rich, but Rich grabs Pyre by the back of the mask and leverage-tosses him out over the top rope yet again, and back down to the floor.]

RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

RRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

We're having a really hard time keeping this one in the ring today, aren't we?

DDK:

Rich's strategy for this one seems to revolve around embarrassing Stockton by tossing him out of the ring as many times as possible.

[Rich, of course, takes some time to show off his abs once again to the cheering fans.]

DDK:

If he'd follow up, he may have a good strategy.

[It takes a moment for Rich to stop showing off and go back to the match mode. He goes towards the edge of the ring, expecting to climb out of his own power, but all the showboating has allowed Pyre to recover on the outside, and he grabs Rich by the ankles and drags him out to the floor. Rich ducks a clothesline, then hops onto the stairs and leaps back at Stockton, open hand at the ready. However, Pyre is ready, and before Rich can strike, Pyre winds up and hits Rich HARD with Enlightenment, sending Rich into a 360 spin that lands him face-first on the concrete.]

OOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Angus:

HAVE MERCY, PERCY!

DDK::

What an elbow smash from Stockton Pyre! Rich got turned inside out.

Angus:

Don't worry, Rich, mommy will take you to the dentist to get that smile fixed up.

[Pyre, all business, wastes no time in pulling Rich up. Rich doesn't move, so Pyre bends down and deadlifts Rich, placing him on the apron and shoving his body, causing it to roll into the ring. Pyre then climbs back into the ring and, as he slips between the ropes, Rich tries to push himself to his feet. Pyre assists him to his feet by the hair, but then quickly scoops him up and DRILLS him to the mat with a Northern Lights Bomb.]

DDK:

Paradise Lost by Stockton Pyre! Rich is in serious trouble.

[Pyre with the cover.]

One

Two

Thre-shoulder up!

Angus:

Wow, was that close.

[Pyre, the picture of efficiency when compared to Rich, scoops Rich up and has him over the shoulder. Pyre runs to the corner and rams Rich's back into the buckle, before turning and leveling Rich with a running powerslam. Pyre sticks the landing and calls for Benny Doyle to make the count, which he does.]

One

Two

Thre-shoulder up!

DDK:

Pyre staying on Rich, trying to win the match. Stark contrast between Pyre's no-nonsense approach and Rich's showboating isn't it?

[Pyre picks up Rich and tosses Rich back out to the ringside area.]

Angus:

And now Pyre throws Rich out of the ring? This match just CAN NOT BE CONTAINED!

DDK:

Sarcasm aside, folks, this match is spending an awful lot of time on the outside.

[Pyre follows Rich right out and grabs him in a bear hug grip. Running forward, he once again RAMS Rich's back into the ringpost, causing the Ladies Man to yelp in pain before collapsing to the ground. Scooping him back off the ground, he tosses Rich back in the ring and covers Rich when he gets back in.]

One

Two

Thre-shoulder up!

DDK:

Another close count. Rich needs to turn this around quick or he's going to be on the losing end real quick.

[Undeterred, Stockton sits Rich up and locks him in a bow-and-arrow with a knee in the back. Rich howls, but does not submit. Rich fights his way back to his feet and tries to turn the hold around on Pyre, but Stockton's too big and strong, and he ain't having it. Rich swings his foot back, looking for something of Pyre, and gets his shin, which causes Pyre to break the hold. Rich takes off running and hits the ropes, but he runs right into the arms of Pyre, who belly to belly suplexes Mahogany over his head.]

Angus:

Another bone-jarring impact to the back of Rich-man. Momma's gonna have to bring him breakfast in bed if this keeps up, because Rich won't be able to walk.

DDK:

Pyre with another cover.

One

Two

Thre-shoulder up!

[Pyre gets back up again, and kicks Rich right in the head, sending him back down. Pyre then goes to the nearby ropes and ascends to the middle turnbuckle as Rich gets back to his feet slowly.]

DDK:

We don't see Pyre go up very often, but Rich, to his credit, has been very resilient, so perhaps Pyre's looking for that extra edge to finish Rich off.

[As Rich is leaned over, Pyre leaps with a double ax-handle, but Rich was playing a bit of possum, and he is able to shift his body in such a way that he brings Pyre into an inverted atomic drop, stunning the bigger man.]

Angus:

Momma's boy's got some life left in him!

[Rich hits the ropes again, and this time he dives at Pyre, launching his body at the big man. Both men go down, and Rich rolls off of Pyre, both men now laying on the canvas.]

DDK:

And now both men are down! This match has turned around very quickly!

[Benny Doyle counts. Pyre is up at 7, Rich at 7 and a half. Pyre goes for a punch, but he's blocked and Rich fires back with a right, left, right, left, and he punctuates it with a standing dropkick that sends Pyre down.]

DDK:

Mahogany getting back on a roll.

Angus:

Yeah, but look at him struggle to get back up. No way he can keep landing on his back and keep this up.

[Indeed Rich does struggle to get back up. As Pyre gets up, Rich runs at him and hits a leaping forearm, taking care

to land on his feet. Pyre's back up, and he gets another running forearm. Pyre gets up one more time, and this time Rich...stomps right down on his right foot, causing Stockton to hop on his left foot while holding his right. This gives Rich the perfect opportunity to run off, hit the ropes, and springboard back in, connecting with a picture-perfect...]

Angus:

Springboard bitchslap!

[Pyre being on one foot, this is enough to upend his balance and take him down to the canvas. Rich grabs both legs and lifts them into a wishbone.]

DDK:

Uh oh...this can't be good for Pyre's future siring prospects.

[It's here that Rich tries to resume the practice of gyrating, but his back flares up, and he arches his head up in pain instead of gyrating.]

Angus:

If you mean he's gonna hit him in the junk...

[It's here that Rich leaps and comes right down on the *ahem*nether regions of the Gonzo Goliath with a headbutt, causing Pyre to roll over and hold his crotch in pain.]

Angus:

...then you're absolutely right.

[Rich is slow to get up, but when he does, he poses as best as he can for the ladies with his ailing spine, then signals that it's all over.]

DDK:

The Sex Plex? I'm not sure that's a good idea right now...

Angus:

Ladies don't dream of Rhodes Scholars, do they?

[And Keeps is right. Rich hooks up Pyre in the fisherman's suplex grip, but he can't even bend forward and lock the hands without recoiling in back pain. Stockton takes advantage, grabbing Rich from behind and drilling him with a German Suplex, holding for the bridge.]

DDK:

Pyre bridges! This could be over!

One

Two

Thre-shoulder up!

Angus:

It almost was!

[Pyre is the first to get back up, and he pulls Rich back up to his feet. Pyre Irish-whips Mahogany across the ring. Mahogany ducks a clothesline and comes back at Stockton with another flying body attack that sends both men through the ropes and tumbling to the outside.]

DDK:

Rich just throwing his body at Stockton Pyre, and in some cases it's been with great effect.

[Benny begins the count as both men are down on the mats. The count is up to 8 when Rich gets to his feet and attempts to get back in the ring, but a forearm to the back of Rich by Stockton Pyre stops him cold. Pyre then grabs Rich by the waistband and locks of hair, throwing him back-first into the guardrail.]

DING DING DING!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Darren Quimbley:

Ladies and gentlemen, this match has been ruled a DOUBLE COUNTOUT!

Angus:

...and we solved nothing here. Rich is gonna get grounded for nothing.

[Pyre leans on the apron for a moment, breathing a bit heavy. But after that moment ends, he decides he's not quite done with Rich, and he comes back over and grabs Rich by the hair.]

DDK:

It looks like Stockton isn't through with Rich just because the bell rung.

[Throwing Rich into the ring, Stockton gets back in, but before he can do anything, Rich jumps on him and starts laying the heavy lumber, trying to prevent Pyre from getting up. It doesn't work, but the constant barrage of fists has Pyre remaining on his knees and firing punches at Mahogany as well, as the two trade fists in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

And Rich ain't through just yet! If you're gonna break curfew, you better make sure it's worth the time served, know what I mean?

[But it isn't long before DEFSec runs out to gain control of the situation. With both competitors on their knees slugging it out, it's easy for the DEFSec goons to tackle each one and pin them down to the mat. Rich struggles a bit trying to get at Pyre, but Stockton seems to relent easier.]

DDK:

Well, like my partner said, we've settled nothing other than these two's dislike for each other. And with DEFSec on the scene, it's clear that the ring couldn't contain these two...literally. Let's head backstage and see what's brewing there right now.

A Wrench in the Gears

[Edward White doesn't allow even most of his own lackeys into his private skybox. Only his secretary and bodyguard. When necessity requires that he interact with the other Blood Diamonds, he descends from on high and enters the spacious locker room he set aside for their personal use.]

[Right now, Jonny Booya is sans shades, and using a jumprope.]

[Edward White, along with Jane and Nicky, are watching him.]

Edward White:

Jonny... don't stop warming up, just listen son.

[Jonny Booya nods. For the record, stupid though he may be, he's a big fit dude who can actually wrestle pretty well. The biggest pinfall he's earned to date in his wrestling career was actually over White himself, in a Truly Untouchables vs Blood Diamonds trios match.]

Edward White:

You may be stronger than Dusty Griffith, but don't underestimate either him, or his leverage advantage. You've got strength, reach, and even speed - use them. I will, of course, leverage all my assets in order to increase your advantage, but you need to keep your eyes open and take advantage of the opportunities as they afford themselves. This is a very important match, do you understand? You need to concentrate.

[Jonny nods. The jump rope snags on his foot, and he stops.]

Edward White:

Now, don't expect to see Dan Ryan at ringside for this, but if you see Team HOSS come out, you need... to....

[White trails off, looking at something offscreen.]

[Jonny, Jane and Nicky also turn around.]

[Red goggles are standing there. And a red mustache.]

Henry Keyes:

Jonny boy. Before you enjoy that world title shot you didn't actually EARN, remember that we've got some unfinished business.

Jonny Booya:

WHAT'CHU-

[Edward White holds up his hand, and even Jonny's smart enough to stfu.]

Edward White:

Unfinished business with Jonny Booya? I believe that it was settled last week, actually. Diamond Protective Services made my position on any business between the two of you very clear.

Henry Keyes:

Made it clear? All it's made clear, White, is you're scared of anyone touching your golden child here. That I'm getting a little too CLOSE to making a damn impact for the Dee Pee Ess to handle.

[White majestically ignores Henry Keyes.]

Edward White:

Jon, do you remember what your old boss did to the last kid we had in DEFIANCE that tried to be a hero? What was

his name, Tom... Saunders? Sindler? It's irrelevant, really. He tried so very, very hard to be a hero, and he ended up with a broken neck at the hands of someone he wasn't even specifically at odds with.

[White nods sagely. Jonny knows better than to look confused (which he is... usually), so he just stamps a scowl on his face and meanmugs in Keyes' direction.]

Edward White:

This pattern will of course repeat itself. As you can see, as I ignore him, Keyes becomes more irate by the second, and then...

[Keyes storms a few steps forward... and abruptly the path between him, and White&Co, is filled by white suited DPS goons.]

Edward White:

He suddenly finds himself surrounded by far more trouble than he expected, and he's thwarted without ever having gotten to... well, whatever you heroes think you can accomplish in situations like this.

[With the kind of self-satisfaction in his smirk that only a zillionaire could demonstrate, White turns to Keyes.]

Edward White:

You are not getting a match against Jonny Booya, Henry. Not now. Not any time soon. If I was a betting man I'd possibly bank heavily on **never**. Bit out of your league after tonight. You're only just setting foot back in DEFIANCE and you have to, frankly, learn your place and climb the ranks. Now if you'll please excuse us, Jonny Booya has a World Title shot to prepare for.

[Keyes audibly grumbles as he's hauled out of the room by White's security team, jaw tightly clenched.]

Something Wicked This Way Comes

[Suddenly the beginning to "Engineered to Destroy" by Sluggo comes roaring out of the DEFIArena loudspeakers. The crowd, not yet used to the pulsing music, are on their feet in an instant with all attention focused toward the curtain at the top of the ramp. The tempo dies down for a moment, and we hear almost the only two spoken lines of the song.]

♪Engineered to Destroy♪

♪Engineered to Destroy♪

[And with that final word the bass drops, the music kicks it into high gear and the curtain is ripped open. Here we get our first look at "the Motor City Destroyer" Oli Maddox; dressed in a pair of black standard wrestling boots, distressed and well fitting black denim jeans with both knees exposed with rips, a well worn coffin-black leather motorcycle jacket that's unzipped, revealing a black T-shirt with an inelible graphic font on the front. His pitch black medium length faux/mohawk is cropped and unstyled, hanging partly in his face, which is dotted with silver piercings; septum, nostrils, snakebites. He cocks his head to the side and gazes out over the audience, each of them taking measure of one another. He lets out a tiny grin for only a moment and then begins his stalk down to the ring, snarling to himself and snorting with disgust as fans reach out and try to touch him. He makes the ring and stomps his way up the steps, walking the apron he wipes his feet before sliding through the middle and bottom rope, curious enough. He picks up the microphone that's been laid in the middle of the ring.]

Oli Maddox:

I look out in to the crowd tonight, I look at all of you sitting out there.

[He pauses and slowly looks from the left to the right, taking in the crowd.]

Oli Maddox:

Sitting with your families, holding hands and holding hearts.. love and memories being made in the passing moments before and between us.

[He extends his right arm toward the crowd and slowly begins turning, his arm falling over the crowd like a physical silence as he turns. These fans have no idea what to think of this guy.]

Oli Maddox:

And as the world spins and time passes... THESE are the times we will remember. Firmly embraced by the warmth that is the bond of love, the feeling of elation. We float like feathers in our fairy-tale stories, betting on that happy ending, we are.

[Complete silence. The crowd is either firmly in his grasp, or they could care less and have fallen asleep. He continues his tirade anyway.]

Oli Maddox:

And these precious moments, these hopeful forever.. they aren't going to last.

[The crowd slowly breaks the silence with boos, like a wave it swelled; ever growing louder.]

Oli Maddox:

And they make me sick.

[He spits the last word with complete venom and drops the mic. He makes his way to the outside by slowly rolling under the bottom rope. The chorus of boos is as loud as ever now as Oli makes his way up the ramp and to the curtain. His only exit music being that wall of heavy jeering, and it continues until he disappears behind the curtain.]

[Cut to somewhere else backstage.]

Pound of Flesh

[Rage.]

[It is the only feeling coursing through David Noble's body as he walks through the backstage area. Wearing a black short-sleeved t-shirt and a pair of dark blue jeans, Noble is a man on a mission as he passes by aide after aide on his way to finding one man and one man only. With each step that he takes, there is a noticeable limp and a quick look at his left knee shows a black knee brace around it as a result of the injury suffered from his match the previous show against Frank Holiday.]

[As he stops, his eyes fixated on the door dead ahead, bears the name of the very man he wrestled with most recently.]

[Noble walks up to the door, slams his right hand on the door as hard as he can three times.]

David Noble:

Get out here, Frank! Get out here, right now!

[David takes a few steps back, waiting for Holiday to come out. After a moment, the door swings inward and in the frame stands the "Train Wreck" himself, his unshaven face splitting into a smile of recognition.]

Frank Holiday:

Dave! How's the knee, dude?

David Noble:

My knee? **Look** at my fucking knee! How does it look to you?

[Obligingly, Frank looks down.]

Frank Holiday:

Well, I guess it doesn't look... great. What can I say though, you were a tough customer. I give you mad props and mad respect, like I said last week.

David Noble:

I was a 'tough customer'? That's what a hooker tells her john after it takes him 65 minutes to nut!

[Noble takes a step towards Holiday.]

David Noble:

The docs say I am lucky that the injury wasn't worse. Though they did tell me that you focusing on my knee didn't help. Told me I can't wrestle tonight, but should be back in action next week. Did you not hear a single fucking word that I said last week? Did it just go in one ear and out the other like some dense moron?

[David takes one more step towards Holiday.]

David Noble:

You are supposed to be one of the good guys. A good fucking guy! And you decide to go after my injured knee? For a victory? Is that how you justify it to yourself?

[Holiday's smile has long faded in the face of Noble's intensity.]

Frank Holiday:

Alright, brah, that's just about enough of that. I didn't walk into your locker room and judge your ass when you were stinkin' the place up with your whiskey fumes. I didn't engage when you threw my friendly welcome back in my face like a shit cream pie. Every match I've ever had, win or lose, I come back here and I hurt. But I don't whine about it like you're doing. That's because I'm in this game to compete. I'm here to win. If you ain't here to do that, then maybe you,

and your knee, and your paper bag with whatever gas station hooch you got in it, should move the fuck along, okay dude? I tried to be nice, but I'm not Mr. Rogers. So either you lower your tone and take me at face value, or step off.

[He spreads his arms and juts out his chin, giving Noble the floor.]

David Noble:

You talk a big game, Frank. You go out there, you play to the fans, but at the end of the day, you're just full of shit. You are no better than a Stockton Pyre or Edward White. You'll do whatever it takes, however you wish to do, to get yourself over at the end of the day. You would sell out your principles, the trust of the fans, for what? Just like you decided to spill the salient little details of Stockton's journal?

[Frank looks sheepish.]

Frank Holiday:

Heh. That, uh, you got me there. That was a slip of the tongue. Billy whipped the crap out of me for that one.

[Noble glares at Holiday, his tone lowering.]

David Noble:

Bullshit. I see your true colors, Frank. Yellow. Like the very coward that you are. Because a bigger man, a better man, he would be able to discern between what's right and what's easy, and you, you don't have it in you. You make me sick.

Frank Holiday:

Believe me, Dave, nothing around here is easy. Now I'm sorry about your knee, but you're gonna be back in action soon. And if you're still pissed at me, okay, I get it. You got yourself a rematch any time you want it. Not tonight, obviously. [Grin] But hey, depending how tonight goes, you and me could have ourselves a big match lined up down the road, right?

[David chuckles.]

David Noble:

See, I'm not looking for a rematch for sometime down the road.

[David then presses both of his hands on Holiday's chest and pushes him back into the wall.]

David Noble:

I'm looking for my pound of flesh, right here, right now.

[Frank Holiday shoves him back, his expression hardening and muscles tightening for a fight. Out of frame, a clearly frustrated Henry Keyes turns a corner, head lowered, muttering to himself. He nearly crashes into Holiday and Noble bodily before catching himself, adjusting his arm brace, and furrowing his brow.]

Henry Keyes:

The hell is all this?

[Noble doesn't even look at Keyes, his eyes still focused on Holiday.]

David Noble:

Not your fucking business. Move along.

Henry Keyes:

Well listen here, boy-o. I don't appreciate your tone. Lest you youngin's forget, there are bigger problems in this damn company than whatever this little spat is all about. So how's about we all shake hands, kiss, hug, make up, and get on with it?

[Frank rolls his eyes.]

Frank Holiday

Exactly what I've been trying to tell this guy.

[David then turns towards Keyes and his eyes narrow.]

David Noble:

Let's not... and not say we ever fucking did? And I could give two shits less if you appreciate my tone or not, because like I already mentioned, this is none of your fucking business. This is between Frank the Hypocrite and myself because he decided to sell out his scruples.

Frank Holiday:

Name calling, that's mature.

David Noble:

Yeah, because stealing someone's diary isn't a throwback to middle school.

[Henry turns to Frank and raises his left eyebrow just about as high as it goes before turning back to David and taking a step forward.]

Henry Keyes:

My career is on the damn line from what the damn Blood Diamonds are willing to do to me, and now here I stand, before you two mongrels who are pissed about damn diaries and Gods know what else. If you want to get a fight from a man like me, frankly, you're a twat's hair away from it, because before just now I was just bloody mad and it had nothin' to do with you and your whining and complaining and your uppity hoo-hah. And now? Now you've given me all the excuse I need.

David Noble:

Have I? Well, I'm so sorry to have hurt your feelings. Because I'm pretty certain, nay, very certain that you interrupted what was going on here and not the other way around. Now, if you don't mind, I'd prefer to start punching Holiday in the face for what he did to my knee, though I'm not really picky right about now.

Frank Holiday:

Whatever, dude. While I'd love to tenderize you just a little bit for harshing my buzz just now, Dave, I truly and honestly have more important things to do at this moment, eye-ee, getting ready for a title match tonight. So tell you what, Judge Judy, why don't you go judge the rest of the locker room for a while and we'll continue this little tete-a-tete another time, aight?

[He throws a contemptuous look at Noble, give Keyes a comradely nod, and then walks off.]

David Noble:

Frank--

[Noble attempts to go after Holiday, but Keyes is in the way. Noble shoulders him roughly to get past him, but the Airship Pirate is planted like a telephone pole. Keyes eyes Noble for a moment, before swinging both arms at Noble's head...

...

BELL CLAP!!!]

David Noble:

Fucking--

[Noble then comes back at Keyes, throwing a wild left swing at Keyes, but missing significantly due to being

discombobulated from the Bell Clap. Keyes connects with another jab, with Noble fighting right back as he gets his bearings somewhat back. The two continue to trade punches until DEFsec comes rushing to the area and starts to pull the apart, focusing heavily, and unfairly, on Keyes. Keyes roars out in anger as he's dragged away from the fracas.]

David Noble:

Damnit!

[He then grabs his head, still feeling the effects from the Bell Clap. His eyes are still full of rage as he glances down the hall and sees one last fleeting image of Henry Keyes, who is bristling with anger but helpless at the hands of DEFsec.]

IMPROMPTU MATCH: Curtis Penn vs. ???

DDK:

Alright Angus, next up is Natural Selection Challenge that was issued by Edward White to determine the stipulation between Curtis Penn and The FIST Champion, Eugene Dewey at Defiance's PPV: Executive Decision!

[Angus is feverishly chewing on the end of an ink pen pretty much ignoring Keebs' lead in to the match.]

DDK:

Yeah Angus, that's right whoever wins their match the quickest is free to choose the stipulation going into their match at Executive Decision.

[Angus begins to play a drum solo with is one pen as Darren's dreadful summary of the upcoming match comes to an end.]

DDK:

You just don't care do you...

[Angus looks up and stares at Keeb's.]

Angus

NOPE, emphasis on the NO part.

[Just as Angus goes back into his drum solo the haunting chants from Era's, "Enae Volare Mezzo " drift over the arena.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring weighting 215 lbs, standing 6'2", is the Longest Reigning Southern Heritage Champion, the Southern Submission Machine, the Creator of the Curtis Clutch, and the Director of the Destruction of Eugene Dewey...

[Penn makes his way to the steps of the ring and removes his shirt, he hands it off to one of his security team before making his way up the steps. They check and make sure his mouth guard is in place before he stomps up the steps.]

Quimbey:

Curtis Penn!

[At the sound of his name he wipes his feet on the top step before ducking underneath the top rope. His, cold, blue eyes stare through his competition.]

Angus

Another hyped up entrance for the What Have I Done For You Lately Curtis Penn.

[Curtis bounces on the balls of his feet, waving for his opponent come out to the ring.]

Angus

Did Doctor Doolittle tell you who he was choosing to be his champion.

DDK:

Eugene has kept it under wraps after his interview with Lance Warner. But I'm sure we are about to find out.

["Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent blows through the DEFIAfans in the Wrestle-Plex and out steps the 6'7" and 320lbs of fuck you framed up and named Frank Dylan James.]

Angus

I didn't expect this...Sam Turner Jr., Dusty Griffith, or some other guy from the back, but ... He must really want Penn to die tonight.

[Curtis face goes white with shock and his oh so cocky smile is ripped from his face and the look of I just shit my pants evolves as FDJ steps into the ring.]

DING DING BITCHES!

DDK:

FDJ rushes Penn, he's trying to end this early for his friend Eugene!

[Penn drops down to the canvas and rolls to the outside.]

Curtis Penn:

You big dumb bastard, do you really think that you're gonna beat me! You're ignorant fucking hillbilly! Back the hell up!

[The ref is trying to back FDJ away from the ropes so that Penn can enter the ring.]

DDK:

He's standing outside of the ring taunting FDJ.

Angus

Meanwhile the douchebag is forgetting that he's trying to set a time for Eugene to beat.

[He climbs the apron and tentatively ducks back into the ring. FDJ breaks loose from the ref and tries to attack Penn before he makes it into the ring.]

Curtis Penn:

Hey hey HEY!

DDK:

Curtis is calling for the ref to pull back FDJ.

[FDJ reaches over the ref and slaps Penn square across the face.]

Angus

AGAIN AGAIN AGAIN SLAP HIS BITCH ASS!

[Penn rubs his jaw, then spits in the face of Frank Dylan James. The Mountain of Redneck smiles and snatches Penn around the throat with both hands and brings him into the ring the hard way.]

DDK:

Penn scrambles through the legs of the ref and backs himself into the corner.

[FDJ gives chase to Penn who instinctively reaches up to protect his face. Frank drives his grungy boot into Curtis gut.]

Angus

AGAIN!

[And as if Angus is controlling the actions of FDJ, he drives another boot or three into the rib and gut area of the local douchebag.]

Angus

Now that's HOW YOU DO IT! **PUNISH HIM!**

DDK:

FDJ reaches down and pulls up the former Southern Heritage Champion by the beard, hooks him up and drops him with one of the ugliest suplexs I've ever seen!

[The suplex might have been ugly, but it doubled over Curtis Penn and sent him into a fetal position.]

DDK:

FDJ isn't slowing down Angus.

Angus

If the half-wit keeps this up we might not have to see Crater Face Eugene Dewey inside this ring tonight.

[FDJ bounces off of the far ropes and drops a knee into the lower back of Penn. He pulls Curtis up by the skull, he reaches back to throw a large right hand at Penn, but Curtis quickly rakes the face of FDJ giving him enough separation to roll out of the ring.]

DDK:

Penn is in complete shock as he scampers away and falls against the barricade.

Angus

I think Curtis needs to change his diaper because I think he just shit himself!

DDK:

Frank drops out of the ring to continue the assault on Penn and the ref start to count as both men are out on the floor!

1.....

Angus

See that's how you win, you don't cower in the corner, you beat people's ass until they are nothing more than a bloody pool under your boot!

2.....

DDK:

Penn is trying to pull himself to his feet by using the barricade.

[FDJ lines Penn up for a big boot, Penn rolls out of the way and FDJ straddles the barricade]

3.....

Angus

QUICKLY SOMEONE GET HIM A BAG OF FROZEN PEAS!

[Curtis hooks FDJ underneath the jaw and helps him off of the barricade with a neck breaker.]

4....

DDK:

Penn doesn't stop with the neck breaker, he quickly follows it up with a couple of well target stomps to the back of the neck and shoulder area. Angus, I think he's trying to weaken up FDJ for the Curtis Clutch.

5....

Angus

It'll never happen, FDJ just shrugged Penn's stomps off and is already up on one knee.

[Penn spins on his toes and a large crack rings across the Wrestle-Plex as Curtis connects with a large spin kick to Franks head.]

6....

DDK:

Curtis makes it back into the ring! This one could be over, FDJ isn't moving!

7....

Angus

COME ON FRANK YOU CAN NOOTT LET HIM WIN! GET UP!

DDK:

Angus, you're pleading!

Angus

Look it's WORKING! Frank has already pulled himself to the apron!

8.....

DDK:

Frank has his knees on the apron....

9.....

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHA

Angus

HE made IT IN! He made it in!

[Angus grabs DDK by the collar and shakes him! Keebs adjusts his headset.]

DDK:

Yes, Angus... the match will continue.

[Penn slaps the turnbuckle in frustration, but only wastes a moment before he hits FDJ with a baseball slide that sends him back to the outside. FDJ's body rolls and hits the ring barricade, his head hits hard against the barricade. FDJ clutches it.]

1....

DDK:

That's the first time I've seen FDJ show any signs of real pain in this match. Penn steps out onto the ring apron and double stomps the fallen Frank Dylan James.

2...

3.....

[Curtis places another boots neck of Frank before helping him to his feet. Curtis drives his shoulder into Frank's abdomen and then lifts FDJ up, spins him face first towards the crowd and drives him across the barrier with a flapjack. Penn grabs him by his greasy hair and introduces him into the ring post.]

4...

[Curtis wipes his hands of the situation.]

Curtis Penn:

That's IT!

[Penn pulls himself into the ring, squats and smiles for a job well done.]

5....

[That smile fades away when Frank's hand wraps around the ring post.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHA

DDK:

Frank pulls himself up onto the apron and Curtis cannot believe what he is seeing.

[Curtis taks a swing at FDJ and connects.]

DDK:

The Mountain Man doesn't even flinch from the right hand from Penn. Penn loads up again and it's **BLOCKED!** Frank pulls him in and delivers a punishing headbutt to Penn driving him backwards.

[FDJ steps into the ring, bounces off the rope and flattens Penn with a big boot to the jaw piece.]

DDK:

The crowd is behind Frank Dylan James tonight!

Angus

Hell, I just put a 10 spot on FDJ to murderize the bum!

DDK:

FDJ doesn't stop, he falls on Penn with a knee, and start pummeling him with those big meaty hams that he calls hands!

Angus

Penn is going to be ground beef after this is said and done.

DDK:

The ref steps in to pull Frank off, Frank backs down as the ref asks Penn if he wants the match to stop. Frank shoves the ref out of the way and lifts Penn to his feet.

[FDJ shoots Penn off the far ropes, catches him on the rebound and delivers another sloppy body slam.]

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHA

DDK:

FDJ makes it to the top rope, looks like he is going for the finish ANGUS!

[Frank stands on the top turnbuckle and looks towards the crowd, who is urging him to jump. He looks back down at the beaten Curtis Penn and...]

[His feet slip off the top rope, and he lands crotch first on the metal turnbuckle bolt.]

Angus:

JONNY GORRAM BOOYA!

[Not only is it Jonny Booya, but it's Jonny Booya from the far side of the ring behind Carla Ferrari's back, giving the ropes a massive yank. FDJ freezes in pain, and Penn, ever the opportunist, climbs up to the top rope, hooks a front face lock, and drops back.]

DDK:

AVALANCHE DDT!

[Penn rolls into a cover.]

1...

...2...

.....3!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Your winner, via pinfall in **7 min 10 seconds: CURTIS! PENN!**

[Booya slides in. Penn, self-preservation overcoming desire to showboat, slides out.]

[And as soon as he does, Booya is on FDJ laying punch after punch into FDJ's already fallen body.]

Booya:

DON'TCHU EVER, **EVER, EVER** TOUCH MAH SHADES 'GAIN BOAI!!!

[Carla doesn't even bother trying to stop Booya herself, she just screams for security. And soon enough, a swarm of DEFsec lead by Wyatt Bronson charges to ringside. Bronson himself tackles Booya away from FDJ.]

Bronson:

THAT'S ENOUGH! Put it away, Booya!

Booya:

S'all good chief, he done learnt his lesson.

[Because Booya is cooperative, DEFsec only begins leading him away from the ring. As they reach the ropes...]

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

[...FDJ does his best impression of an Undertaker sit-up.]

[Grinning through bloodied lips, he pushes hair out of his face, surges to his feet.]

FDJ:

HOOOOOOAAARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!

[DEFsec doesn't have time to do a damn thing about it as FDJ plows through the generic goons like a train through a herd of sheep, bashing Booya on the head.]

[Bronson and a couple of the bigger DEFsec guys run to hold FDJ back while the rest try to keep Booya moving back away from the ring. And it almost works. But Booya decides to stop just as he gets to the ropes, and whip out the COOL shades.]

[He places the shades on his face.]

Booya:

DEAL WITH IT.

[And FDJ does the only way he knows how. By taking a grab at Booya's face.]

[Jonny leans back, and FDJ misses his face.]

[But he does NOT miss the shades.]

Angus:

AAAAAAA-HAHAHAHAHA!!

[Jonny claps a hand to his face in horror.]

Booya:

GIMME DEM SHAYDES BOAI!

[Suddenly, things are reversed, with Booya straining to get at FDJ and FDJ backing up, holding the shades in the air. He looks at them, light bouncing off the lenses, the shades shining and flickering and...]

CHOMP

[Everything goes quiet as Frank Dylan James, literally, **eats** the COOL shades.]

Booya:

AAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIGGGGGGHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRBBBBLLLLLLLL

[Booya falls to his knees as FDJ is pushed out of the ring. The COOL shades, minus one big bite taken out of the right eye, are dropped on the mat in front of him. Jonny Booya kneels there.]

Angus:

This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen in this damn promotion. And we've lived through a pizza incident, Cancer Jiles dropping the N-bomb in Baltimore, Tom Sawyer existing, Bronson Box kidnapping, Heidi eating faces, Jeff Andrews and his magnet obsession, Elijah Goldman trying to push Adrien Cochrane as the next big thing, Eugene Dewey beating Dan Ryan, Dooky Spoom on the roster, two ladder matches that ended without someone in the actual match climbing a ladder, and...

DDK:

Angus, do you think maybe you're exaggerating?

Angus:

Look at Jonny Booya. LOOK AT HIM. He hasn't. MOVED.

[Jonny Booya is still on his knees, cradling the half-eaten COOL shades.]

Angus:

Maybe we better go to commercial, this is getting awkward...

Quimbey:

And his opponent-

Curtis Penn:

Woah woah woah, wait a second there, Darren!

BOOO

Angus:

He had the chance to leave in silence...

Curtis Penn:

Please, allow me... And his opponent, from Brooklyn, New York!

["The End" by The Doors.]

DDK:

We should have known!

Curtis Penn:

Weighing in at THREE

Three is a PRIME Number

[As David Noble sits on the bench and adjusts his knee brace, one knee brace that is courtesy of Frank Holiday, he can still feel the rage and venom racing through his veins. Sitting in a locker room, he is furious of his own limitations, both physically and mentally. While he has fought valiantly in each of his matches thus far, he has come up short, and his recent knee injury would only set him back further.]

BAM!

[Before Noble even has a chance to respond to the gunshot-like kicking in of the door to his locker room, a woman just a tad over five feet tall blasts into his locker room. David goes to open his mouth, but instead, the red-headed ball of fire strides across the room and teaches Noble what the five fingers said to the face.]

SLAP!

[The shot rocks David as his head nearly spins around on its neck.]

David Noble:

Well, hello--

[Those are all of the words he can get out of his mouth as he starts to move his head to its normal position before Mary-Lynn Mayweather rocks David with shot to Noble's face, this time with a closed fist. It takes a moment for the feeling to come back to Noble's face.]

David Noble:

Okay, Red, I've never seen you this angry, can you--

[Mayweather goes for swift kick to the gut, but Noble catches this one and gives her a look, one that says that will be enough.]

David Noble:

Enough. Alright?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Let go. You aren't allowed to touch me anymore.

[The ferocity in her voice chills Noble's spine. David lets go of Mary-Lynn's red laced boots as Mayweather takes a step away. She walks back to his locker room door and SLAMS it behind her, leaving a confused David Noble behind, bewildered.]

David Noble:

That was weirder than weird.

[His locker room door bursts back open, leaving the imprint of the door handle in the dry wall. Mary-Lynn Mayweather, the Tiny attorney, storms back in.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You've been back here for three shows now--**THREE SHOWS**-- and you haven't had the decency to say HELLO? C'mon David, I know we left things awkwardly weird, but I thought we were still friends. It's not like I've been sitting around, pining away for David Noble to come back into my life, drawing little hearts with our initials inside 'em on my legal ledger, legs kicked up on a tiny twin mattress telling my best friend 'He's dreamy,' but c'mon David! Some decency, some respect I'm warranted, don't you think? After all I did for you, and everything **you** did to me, you don't even have the decency to track me down and go 'I was a dick. Sorry.' Did I really mean nothing to you?

[Noble's eyes shoot downwards as he clears his throat.]

David Noble:

Hey Mary-Lynn, long time no see--

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Do **not** be cute with me! Not only have you been--

[She then takes a step forward and snaps her fingers. Noble blinks rapidly as she garners his attention.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Look at me when I berate you!

[Noble glances up at Mary-Lynn, who is fuming at this point.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

How fucked up are you?

David Noble:

A Lot?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

God David. I left for a lot of reasons, and it was selfish, SURE, but I couldn't keep watching you kill yourself. Becoming a shell of the man you are, slowly fading away. Yet here you are, still clinging like Marty McFly in Back to the Future to a photograph of memories long gone. You sit back here alone, wallowing in your sorrow, drowning in your bourbon or rum or whisky or whatever poison you're killing your liver with this week, and I can't even recognize you anymore. I'd understand if you pulled yourself together and didn't want to be around me because of the temptations of the past, but I will not stand idly by while a good friend of mine WASTES his life and his body and his health to fermented hops.

[David opens his mouth to speak, as Mary-Lynn flips her hair behind her right shoulder. As he looks at her, memories come flooding back as if the levee broke without a single ounce of warning.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You are so much better than this. Get your shit together.

[Mary-Lynn then moves towards David and her eyes land on a blue duffel bag that is behind him. David notices her eyes catch the gym bag, and he instinctively goes to put himself between Mary-Lynn and it. She moves around him to the side, and David tries to stand to block her, but his knee slows him and the booze disorientates him as he tumbles back to the backstage bench.]

David Noble:

Mary-Lynn, stop--

[There is no stopping her though as she kneels down and opens up the bag. As she does though, her eyes grow large. Shock is etched into her face.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

.... Fuck tits....

[It is kind of a muted anger that leaves her lips and David takes a deep breathe in. He laughs.]

David Noble:

You never let me before...

[MLM's nostrils flare. Before things can progress any further though, the door to Noble's locker room explodes open

again. Noble's head snaps in that direction as he watches two men walk into the room. Two men that David is quite familiar with; Jack Harmen and Tony Davis, the other â...rds of Team VIAGRA. There's a hint of recollection that crosses Harmen's face as he stares down a tired looking David Noble. Both members of Viagra wear their Defiance brand "Take the Blue Pill" shirts. Davis is wearing his Nintendo 3DS around his neck as if it were his gold chain.]

Jack Harmen:

Hey, I remember you! You and my protege dated! Team VIAGRA 2.0. Nice. Welcome to the fold fucka! By-the-by, have you seen that fiery red haired ball of flames burn through here? You know, the one you diddled for about a year? Crazy lawyer chick? Cause we've got a match and she's freaking out like a twelve year old. I think she's worried you're going to show all the boys the nudey pics you two did, which if you do, I will murder you with your own urine. [Notices Mary in the back of the room.] Mary! There you are!

[Mary-Lynn turns to Harmen with her jaw agape. Harmen tilts his head to the side.]

Jack Harmen:

Not even five minutes and you're already Ms. Deep Throat. What would Ken have to say about that?

David Noble:

Ken?

Tony Davis:

You got replaced boy-yo! Mary's slip and sliding on another gear shift these days.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Remind me to unpay all of your parking tickets.

Jack Harmen:

No time for blow jobs Mary. We got violence to attend to. You stay aristocratic my drunkard friend!

David Noble:

Tonight is really not my night.

[David takes a deep breathe in, somewhat happy for the intrusion.]

David Noble:

Anyways, none of that was happening. We were just having a...friendly conversation. Catching up on the past for shits and giggles. You know how those things go?

[Noble swings around on the bench towards his blue duffle bag and Mary-Lynn Mayweather, who is still by the duffle bag with what appears to be a hurt look on her face, and takes the bag from her. He digs inside of it and pulls out what can only be described as a small plush toy.]

David Noble:

And since we are all the best of friends...

[David swings back around and tosses the plush toy over towards Jack who catches it. He looks at it and cracks a laugh.]

Jack Harmen:

A **BABY DUSK DOLL**?!?! I thought they stopped making these.

David Noble:

Found it a few years back. Figured it was yours.

Jack Harmen:

I've been looking for this thing for **YEARS!** It is a huge hit on the collector's market. It's 'buy a boat' valuable.

[Noble offers the smallest of chuckles.]

David Noble:

Well there you go. Now, I think Jack mentioned you lot have a match to get ready for. You should probably get going.

[His words fall squarely on Mary-Lynn who looks at Noble, hurt. She stands up, her eyes focused intently on David.]

Jack Harmen:

Alright Viagra... ROLL OUT!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Don't think this is over you degenerate.

David Noble:

You can imagine my surprise.

[Mary-Lynn turns and exits with VIAGRA. Davis, off screen, shouting.]

Tony Davis:

Hey! That's my nickname!

[Leaving David Noble behind, alone in his locker room. He picks up the duffel bag and looks inside of it before zipping it closed and placing it back on the ground. David slowly stands up and walks towards the back of the room before throwing his right fist into the cold metal that makes up a locker. He then presses his back against the wall and slumps down to the ground before burying his head into his hands.]

David Noble:

Well, that went great.

♪ How lucky can one guy be?♪
♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪
♪ Like a fella once said ♪
♪ Ain't that a kick in the head ♪

[From the back emerges Tony Di Luca, with the Southern Heritage title wrapped around his waist and a smile on his face. At his sides as always are Alceo Dentari and Big Vinny.]

Quimbey:

He is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage champion, TONY 'TWO HAAAANDS' DIIIIIII LUUUUUUCAAAAAAA!

BOOO

[Tony doesn't acknowledge any of the jeers as he struts his way down to the ring, laughing and joking with Rinaldi and Dentari as he goes. A few of the fans along the entrance way reach in trying to touch the champ, more than likely to do him harm, but they don't get anywhere near him as they're blocked off by his associates.]

DDK:

Tony doesn't look too concerned about Frank Holiday's challenge tonight.

Angus:

Why should he be?

DDK:

How long have you got? Di Luca should have defended that title the last 2 shows and wormed his way out of them.

Angus:

One match ended, mercifully, via countout after his opponent got hit by a car, the second was called off because his opponent's wife was viciously attacked backstage.

DDK:

Very convenient, don't you think?

Angus:

Not really. I like watching Tony in the ring, crushing skulls and breaking fingers. Whomever was to blame for the car or the head through the wall things should feel very bad about disrupting two SoHer title matches.

DDK:

Hmmm... and do you suppose something might happen tonight to call this match off?

Angus:

What are you insinuating?

DDK:

We know who was behind Elliott getting run down and Troy being assaulted, and you're looking at them climbing into the ring right now.

Angus:

You lack a little thing called 'Proof' there, Keebs. Have you seen who was driving the car? Did you see anyone attacking Lindsay?

DDK:

The guy in the track suit had 'VR' embroidered on the chest!

Angus:

That could have Vladimir Remek for all you know.

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

He's an astronaut.

DDK:

I literally can't even...

[Tony Di Luca breaks formation with his entourage and climbs up the ringsteps to the apron before ducking through the ropes. He shoots Frank Holiday a dismissive look on his way to the middle of the ring, then unstraps the Southern Heritage Title from around his waist and holds it over his head.]

BOOO

DDK:

The fans are not exactly in the champ's corner.

Angus:

I can't understand why. He's the best SoHer Champion we've had since that douchewad Curtis Penn.

DDK:

He's the only SoHer Champion we've had since Penn, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, but still.

[Tony sneers at the crowd's disdain and he lowers the belt. Benny Doyle moves into position to accept the strap from Di Luca, but Tony ignores him. Instead, he turns toward Frank Holiday, who is standing in his corner, psyching himself up. Di Luca walks up to him and holds the gleaming plate up in his face.]

Tony Di Luca:

You want this thing bad, dontcha? I told you before! You ain't never gettin' this away from me!

Frank Holiday: [smirks]

You sure about that, Tony Di Tiger?

Angus:

Hah! THATS GRRRRRRRRRRRRREAT!

[Tony scoffs and backsteps away from the challenger. He hands off the title to Doyle and shrugs off his jacket, tossing it toward his corner.]

DDK:

I'm surprised to hear you react that positively to something Frank Holiday said.

Angus:

Because he wised up and showed Tony some respect by complimenting him. He likened him to a ferocious predator.

DDK:

Actually, I think he insulted Tony by comparing him to a cartoon.

Angus:

To-MAY-to, to-MAH-to.

[Benny Doyle holds the Southern Heritage Title over his head for the DEFIAns to see, then goes to the side of the ring and passes it to an official.]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And we're off!

[Di Luca gives Holiday a "come at me" gesture and Frank obliges, storming out of his corner and getting right up in Tony's grill. They're jawjacking at each other for a moment before Tony puts his hand up and unceremoniously piefaces Frank back a few steps. Frank comes back with a collar-and-elbow lockup, and both men strain at each other briefly until Holiday forcefully shoves the champ away, making Di Luca stumble to get his footing.]

DDK:

The raw strength of Frank Holiday on display.

Angus:

That and a headshot will get you a job waiting tables in Beverly Hills. It takes more than that to succeed in this sport.

[Holiday grins at Di Luca's irritated expression, and wags the devil horns at him. Tony mutters a "You son of a--" and charges in for another lockup. They both plant their feet, flex muscle, twist and shove like bucks grappling for dominance -- and once again, Holiday gets the upper hand, hurling Di Luca toward the turnbuckles. The Legitimate Businessman staggers clumsily before grabbing the ropes to steady himself, and he fixes a murderous look at Holiday.]

[In the Holiday corner, Billy Pepper is cheering his man on. In the LBC corner, Alceo Dentari is jabbering peevishly at Di Luca while Big Vinny stands with arms folded, glaring.]

[Frank smirks and imitates Tony's "come at me" gesture.]

Angus:

That's it, Holiday, sign your own death warrant.

DDK:

Frank does have a history of letting his overconfidence get in his way. But you can't blame the man for wanting to give back just a piece of the kind of taunting he's gotten from the LBC.

[Irritably, Di Luca storms at Holiday and throws a wild right hand that Frank deflects with a forearm, the "Train Wreck" returning the favor with a right hand of his own. Holiday follows up with a combination of punches, backing Di Luca into the ropes, then goes for a whip, but Tony spoils his plans with a blatant rake to the eyes. Benny Doyle protests this, but Tony ignores him and starts landing nasty rights and lefts in the face of Frank Holiday.]

DDK:

Typically dirty offense from Tony Di Luca there.

Angus:

He's doing whatever he has to do, Keebs. And he couldn't care less if the referee doesn't like it, because he knows if Doyle disqualifies him, he still retains the belt!

DDK:

That's a good point, Angus. It's his match to lose, which means Holiday has to be on his game.

[Tony Two-Hands continues his barrage as Frank tries to cover up. Finally Holiday ducks low and rams his shoulder

into Di Luca's midsection, charging him backward into the turnbuckles. The impact briefly knocks the wind out of the champ, but as Frank gets upright, Tony goes for the eyes again. Frank shrugs his hands away and hurls a forearm at Tony's head once, twice, but doesn't get a third because Di Luca drives a knee hard into Holiday's abdomen. Taking advantage of Holiday's momentary pain, Di Luca shoves Frank throat-first on the top rope and pushes his weight down on him, choking him as the crowd howls their disapproval. Benny Doyle gets in close and angrily starts a five-count on Tony.]

DDK:

Tony Two-Hands is once again blatantly breaking the rules right in front of the referee!

Angus:

Yeah, but like I said, he can do whatever he wants! You don't think Tony would take a DQ just so he could retain the title?

Angus: [mutters]

They've certainly done worse so far.

[Just as Doyle is about to hit five, Tony Di Luca releases his hold on Holiday and gives the referee a sneer.]

Tony Di Luca:

Hey, yo, you better watch yourself around me or OWW!

[The end of that warning becomes a groan as Frank Holiday buries an elbow right in his solar plexus. Di Luca stumbles backward a step, clutching his chest, and Holiday throws a right hand that catches him flush in the jaw. Tony is now instinctively pulling his arms up for defense, but Holiday surprises him by scooping him up -- WAY up -- and hurling him to the canvas with a high-angle bodyslam. The impact shakes the ropes, and Tony's momentum actually makes him roll through into a seated position, looking stunned.]

DDK:

That's one way to turn the tables! You flip the table right over!

Angus:

Unfair, Di Luca was distracted by the referee!

[Holiday uses the moment of separation to gingerly rub the red splotch on his throat where it had been ground against the top rope. Tony Di Luca starts to get back to his feet when Holiday gets a head of steam and charges at him. Frank cuts him down with a running lariat, hits the ropes, comes back with an elbowdrop -- but Tony rolls clear and Holiday gets nothing but canvas. Di Luca is first to his feet, and he wastes no time in putting the boots to Holiday, trying to keep him downed. As Holiday fights his way off the mat, Di Luca grabs his head and puts him in a front facelock, which leaves Frank in prime position for a series of knees to the chest and clubbing forearms to the back.]

DDK:

The champion is firmly in control now.

Angus:

When was he not?

[As Tony Two-Hands batters down on the exposed back of Frank Holiday, Holiday drops down to one knee. Di Luca smirks, confidence building on the champion's face. But then Holiday gets his foot under him, strains, and lifts Tony Di Luca off his feet! Frank growls as he straightens up, then heaves Tony up and over in an effortful back body drop. Tony hits the canvas but is quick to recover, rolling to his feet -- but Frank turns to meet him and throws a big boot flat to Di Luca's schnoz, sending Di Luca flopping against the ropes!]

Angus:

Talk about dirty moves! Tony may never be able to smell his mama's home cooking again!

DDK:

Holiday is starting to build some momentum here.

[As Billy Pepper slaps the mat and cheers him on, Frank makes a beeline for Tony Di Luca who is half leaned on the top rope, gingerly checking his nose for damage. Holiday scores with a right hand, and a second, and a third, before winding up for a clothesline -- but Tony grabs the near arm and drops himself down, this move having the effect of pulling Holiday neck-first on the top rope again! Holiday staggers backward, choking hoarsely, and Di Luca takes advantage of the situation to grab a handful of hair, run Holiday to the side of the ring and eject him to the outside!]

DDK:

And Holiday goes flying -- right into LBC territory!

Angus:

It was only a matter of time!

DDK:

Benny Doyle wants to start a ten count on Holiday, but Tony Two-Hands is getting in his way. Surely not to give Frank more time to recover, I'll bet...

[Sure enough, as soon as the referee is nicely distracted, Big Vinny rams a big knee into the side of Frank Holiday's head! At the other end of the ring, Billy Pepper is shouting to get Doyle's attention, but to no avail, as Tony Di Luca is keeping the poor ref occupied with some kind of bullshit.]

Angus:

That's what you call teamwork, Keeps. Something Holiday wouldn't know anything about, considering his total lack of success in any kind of team so far!

DDK:

That's what I call cheating, Angus!

[As Holiday tries to get up, Vinny stomps him in the neck and brings a double axhandle down across his back to flatten him down again. At this point, Di Luca breaks off from Benny Doyle and climbs out of the ring, motioning Vinny to make room. Tony grabs Holiday by the head, hauls him off the floor, and rams the beleaguered challenger head-first into the barricade at rampside with a cringe-worthy BONK. As Holiday recoils, hand going to his forehead with a grimace, Tony once again thrusts him down, throat against the unforgiving railing, and leans his weight across Holiday's back, throttling him.]

DDK:

Tony Di Luca has had a singleminded goal here, Angus, and that is to weaken Frank Holiday by any means necessary.

Angus:

It's a winning strategy so far, because that headcase has hardly gotten any foothold since the opening bell.

DDK:

Benny Doyle is very unhappy about what he's seeing, and he's threatening to throw the match out -- but again, Tony giving absolutely no care about that, because he knows he won't lose the belt that way!

Angus:

Smart guy, that Tony.

DDK:

Big Vinny and Alceo Dentari certainly do approve of this... but here comes another unhappy customer in the form of Billy Pepper!

[Indeed, in a move that is astonishing and daring, Holiday's manager has made his way toward the scene of the action, loudly protesting at Tony. He suddenly goes mute as all three of the LBC look toward him, and the looks on their faces are enough to make him rethink this approach.]

DDK:

If Billy isn't careful, he could be the next one getting choked out.

Angus:

They sure grow 'em dumb down in Cali, don't they?

DDK:

I don't know about that, but that distraction is giving Frank Holiday an opening!

[With the pressure having been lightened on him, Holiday is jackhammering his elbow into Tony Di Luca's ribs hard enough to leave a crater. Tony stumbles back, holding his side. Holiday, gripping the barricade for leverage, throws a mule kick backward, burying his foot in Di Luca's stomach, and the Legitimate Businessman doubles over.]

DDK:

Frank Holiday is fighting for his life!

Angus:

Thanks to his interfering manager, I should point out!

DDK:

You're going to say that after what Big Vinny did earlier?

Angus:

I didn't see nothin'.

[Frank Holiday takes a moment to suck in air, as the fans on the other side of the railing scream and wave devil horns in his face. Then he grabs the ailing Di Luca by the head, runs him along ringside, and tosses him ass over teakettle into the ringsteps, sending human and aluminum crashing all over the floor!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Tony Di Luca sprawled on the floor in pain! Frank Holiday is not joking around now!

Angus:

Why hasn't the ref counted him out yet?

DDK:

Really?

[The answer to that question is that Benny Doyle has moved to the corner of the ring to get closer to where Frank is standing (and Tony is groaning), warning them again about getting back in the ring. Holiday nods at him half-heartedly, but his attention is on Di Luca. He stoops down to grab Tony by the arm and head, dragging him up off the floor, then scoops him up horizontally in his arms. As Tony begins to kick and struggle, Frank surveys his surroundings, then makes a decision, and turns to face the crowd.]

Frank Holiday:

That's one spicy meat-a-ball!

[Then he throws himself backward, hurling Tony Di Luca over his head--]

KRONNNNNG!

DDK:

FALLAWAY SLAM INTO THE RINGPOST! Tony Two-Hands got bent in half in a way nature never intended!

Angus:

Somebody call a chiropractor!

DDK:

That was a tremendous move by Holiday, and Di Luca actually got hit with a one-two punch from that -- impacting the post and then dropping down to the floor! Di Luca is not moving!

Angus:

What did he ever do to deserve that?!

[Without wasting time, Frank Holiday physically hauls the inert form of Tony Di Luca off the floor and shoves him onto the apron, then rolls him under the bottom rope, breaking Benny Doyle's count. Doyle kneels down to check on Tony Two-Hands -- and it's at this point that Big Vinny's big boot smashes against Holiday's cheek, knocking him to one knee, half draped on the apron. Vinny grabs Holiday by the back of his trunks and stuffs him back in the ring. From off by the corner comes Alceo Dentari's cackling laughter.]

DDK:

Got a comment about that, Angus?

Angus:

I don't know what you're talking about.

DDK: [sighs loudly]

Of course you don't. Holiday can't forget that even when he's got the upper hand, there are two more LBC members lurking around, waiting to strike without notice -- which is exactly what just happened.

Angus:

Says you.

[Kneeling up, Holiday shakes his head blurrily and throws an angry look outside at Dentari and Vinny, who are wearing their most faux-innocent faces. Frank's body language seems like he'd love to attack the smirking pair, but Billy Pepper's voice rings out to him.]

Billy Pepper:

Frank! Leave 'em! Get Tony!

[Holiday blinks, glances back at his manager, then looks down at Di Luca's stirring form, and he gets control of himself. He covers Tony for the pin.]

1...

Kickout!

DDK:

Kickout at two. That shot from Big Vinny no doubt helped give Di Luca some much needed time.

Angus:

As if Tony Di Luca could be beaten so easily, Keeps. I scoff at the very idea!

[Opting not to give Di Luca any more time, Holiday rolls the SoHer Champion onto his front and then straddles his

back, pulling Tony's arms over Frank's knees and then lacing his hands together under Tony's jaw.]

DDK:

Camel clutch applied! Frank Holiday isn't known for his technical prowess per se, but that's a good, effective hold for him to capitalize on the damage he's already inflicted on Tony Di Luca's back.

Angus:

C'mon, Tony! Embrace your inner tiger and fight!

[Holiday wrenches back on the clutch, squeezing a groan of agony out of Di Luca. Tony claws at Holiday's hands, trying to loosen the grip, but that only makes Frank crank on it harder. In the LBC corner, Big Vinny is glaring stoically while Alceo Dentari slaps the canvas and curses out loud. On the diagonally opposite end of the ring, Billy Pepper is shouting encouragement.]

DDK:

With Holiday putting his considerable power behind that hold, Tony must be seeing the Southern Heritage Title slipping out of his grasp.

Angus:

He sees no such thing. He already told Frank he's never getting that belt away from him, and when has Tony Di Luca ever lied? Unlike Frank!

DDK:

Are you still harping on that?

[Despite the deadly pressure being exerted on his spine, Tony Di Luca manages to work one knee forward, then under him. Holiday senses something shifting below him, but he can't quite work out a way to stop it now that his leverage has weakened and Di Luca is starting to fight the hold.]

Angus:

Damn straight. I don't trust Frank, and neither should anybody else.

DDK:

That's your opinion, Angus, and I doubt too many people agree with you, but more to the point is that Di Luca may be finding his way out of Holiday's submission hold here.

[Di Luca has now gotten both knees under him, forcing Holiday into a half-crouch while still trying to maintain the chinlock. Having gotten this far, Tony gets one foot on the canvas, then the other, and pushes them both upright... then he reaches up for Holiday's head and drops him with a jawbreaker.]

DDK:

Impressive escape by Tony Two-Hands!

Angus:

I told you, Keeps.

[Holiday gets back to his feet, shaking the cobwebs out. Tony Di Luca stands up, snatches Frank's arm, plants his feet, and whips Holiday hard into the turnbuckles, shaking the ropes. Muttering aloud, Di Luca charges over to him, mounts the bottom ropes, and starts pounding away at Frank's already battered face.]

DDK:

Tony's got the crazy eyes up there, Angus.

Angus:

Spend enough time around Holiday, and that's what happens.

DDK:

All I know is, Di Luca is trying to beat the challenger into submission, and with that kind of rabid anger fueling those blows, he just might.

[Tony's fists rain down on Holiday so fast and ferociously that Frank can hardly defend against them. Instead, he puts his hands against Di Luca's chest and shoves him away. It's only a temporary reprieve, because Tony comes right back, gets on that bottom rope and continues the assault. This time, though, Holiday gets an arm between Di Luca's legs, shrugs him up with his powerful shoulder, and suddenly Tony finds himself about to be put in the fireman's carry position.]

DDK:

WAIT! Holiday's setting up the Train Wreck!

Angus:

Get outta there Tony!

DDK:

Di Luca just realized his predicament too! He's squirming in Frank's grip -- he slips down behind Frank and escapes!

[Holiday stumbles forward, momentarily unsure where Di Luca had vanished to. Then Di Luca lunges at him from behind, flattening Holiday with a lariat to the back of the head.]

DDK:

Tony with the offensive move and he goes for the pin!

1...

2-Kickout!

DDK:

Two count for Di Luca, but all those blows to the head are starting to show their effect on Frank Holiday at this point.

Angus:

For a guy who's not right in the head to begin with, that's saying something.

[Holiday rolls onto his hands and knees, again shaking his head and seeming unfocused for the moment. Di Luca gets a vile grin on his face, looks over at his comrades and gives a "Watch this" gesture. Then he backs off a few steps, before dashing in at speed and walloping Holiday in the head with a vicious knee strike! Holiday goes limp on the canvas!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The fans absolutely pouring the hate onto Tony Di Luca, and referee Benny Doyle is right up in his face after that shot.

Angus:

Oh, get over yourself, Doyle! That's not illegal!

DDK:

Debatable, but Tony isn't wasting his breath arguing -- he covers Holiday for another pin!

1...

2...

Kickout!

Angus:
Goddammit!

DDK:
Something in Frank Holiday just won't give up!

Angus:
Don't you worry, Keebs, Tony is going to find that thing and curb stomp the shit out of it. Just watch.

[With Billy Pepper yelling frantically from ringside, Frank Holiday tries to sit up, but ends up leaned on one elbow, head drooping. Benny Doyle gets down on the canvas to ask him if he can continue, but Holiday doesn't get a chance to answer. Di Luca comes up behind Holiday and slaps him in the head, before clutching a handful of Holiday's hair and pulling him up off his ass. As Holiday is halfway to his feet, Tony clamps one hand behind his head and wraps the other around his neck...]

DDK:
REAR NAKED CHOKE! After all the punishment he's inflicted, Tony Di Luca is going to finish Holiday off with this vicious hold!

Angus:
It was a noble effort by Holiday, but come on -- this was always going to be the end result!

[With the choke locked in, Di Luca drops his weight down, bringing Holiday to the mat with him.]

DDK:
Billy Pepper is going out of his mind at ringside... And Tony is looking determined to end this match once and for all.

Angus:
The best thing about this is, Frank Holiday, that wrestling fool, has no defense against this. Watch for the tap, Keebs!

[Holiday is scrabbling wildly on the canvas, clawing at Tony's ring attire, his arms, the mat. His hand hovers over Tony's elbow, shuddering, as though about to tap... But something instinctive makes him reach up for the arms with purpose, gripping with strong fingers, pulling at the joints. Tony Di Luca wrenches hard on the choke as Holiday's face goes beet red, but Holiday's muscles bulge with the physical exertion as he forces Tony's arm to release the pressure behind the head... pulls the arm up and over... tugs the other arm away from the neck--]

Angus:
Oh shit!

DDK:
No technique! Just raw power! And Holiday breaks that deadly hold!

[Still holding Di Luca's arms in his iron grip, Holiday tilts his head forward -- then throws it back, right into Tony's mouth! And again! And a third time!]

DDK:
Jeebus, I think I saw a tooth go flying!

Angus:
The LBC are so going to send Frank the dentist bill for that!

DDK:
A series of headbutts in retaliation for that rear naked choke that came this close to ending this match... but you have

to wonder who got the worst of it, because Holiday was already suffering from the hundred or so shots to the head from Di Luca tonight.

Angus:

Then all he did was soften himself up for the kill, Keeps.

[As both men struggle to get up, it's clear that they've both been rattled severely. Di Luca has a stream of blood running down the corner of his mouth; Holiday has a slightly dizzy look to his posture. Holiday gets in the first move, though, grabbing Di Luca's arm and whipping him across the ring into the corner. Just as Tony recoils from the impact, Holiday rushes in and buries a running knee deep in the gut, forcing all the air out of the Southern Heritage Champion. Holiday lets Di Luca stumble out of the corner and drop to his knees. Frank backs himself against the turnbuckles, hoists himself up to the middle rope, and raises his hands over his head, fingers laced together. As Di Luca shakily gets back to his feet and turns to look for his foe, Holiday leaps -- and SMASHES Tony with a flying axhandle to the forehead!]

DDK:

Huge move by Holiday! Di Luca is flat on his back... And there's the cover!

1...

2...

Kickout!

Angus:

Okay Tony, ha ha, enough playing possum, finish this moron already!

DDK:

That's not playing possum, that's Tony Di Luca fighting a losing battle!

[Frank Holiday pulls himself to his feet with an effort, blinking bleary eyes. He reaches down to drag Tony Di Luca off the canvas--]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

DID YOU SEE THAT LOW BLOW! Di Luca split the goalposts and Holiday is doubled over in horrible pain!

Angus:

Well, the referee sure didn't see it! Benny Doyle was out of position, and he can see the results, but he can't say he saw it happen!

DDK:

Doyle is beside himself, but you're right that he-- wait!

[Di Luca desperately reaches across Holiday's back, grabs two handfuls of his trunks, and--]

WHAMMMMMM

DDK:

Pulling piledriver by Tony Di Luca! He's digging deep now, Angus! That move was born out of trying anything to stay alive in this match, and Holiday is down, and Di Luca has flopped over on the canvas! Can he capitalize on that move?

Angus:

He's going for the pin!

1...

2...

...KICKOUT!

Angus:
WHAAAAAAAT

DDK:
Frank Holiday is still in it!

[Tony Di Luca runs his fingers through his hair and stares at the referee for a few moments, gaping incredulously. Cut to the LBC corner, where Big Vinny has his arms folded so tight and is gritting his teeth so hard, he's practically sweating diamonds. Alceo Dentari is halfway under the bottom rope and screaming at Di Luca to finish the bastard.]

[Cut to Billy Pepper, similarly pulling at his hair with an anguished look as he stares at Frank Holiday.]

HOL-I-DAY!
HOL-I-DAY!
HOL-I-DAY!

DDK:
The crowd is rallying behind their favorite, Angus!

Angus:
They can scream and yell and chant all they want! They'll only increase the disappointment when their hero inevitably falls!

DDK:
Tony Di Luca, the Southern Heritage Champion, getting back on his feet, and he's giving the signal now -- he wants to end this match with the Shallow Grave!

[Ignoring the chants of the fans, Di Luca stoops down and lifts Frank Holiday off the canvas, goes behind and gets him in the full nelson position.]

DDK:
Here he goes! Wait! Holiday fighting!

[Frank struggles in the hold, manages to get one arm free, and throws it backward into Di Luca's face. Di Luca recoils, and Holiday goes for the counter!]

DDK:
Holiday with a belly-to-back suplex, countering the Shallow Grave!

Angus:
But...!

[As Di Luca grabs his head and tries to sit up, Holiday gets to his feet, leaps vertically, and drops his leg guillotine-style across the champ's face!]

DDK:
And the legdrop! Frank Holiday scrambling Tony Di Luca's brains! Di Luca is floundering on the canvas like he doesn't know where he is... and Holiday is up and surveying the crowd!

Angus:

Does he know where he is?

[Frank Holiday's eyes are clearer now than before, as he saunters across the ring to the opposite corner, taking in the sight of the rolling, raucous fans. He nods in acknowledgement, and then turns back to look at Di Luca... and goes into a familiar three-point stance.]

Angus:

Ohhh shit.

DDK:

You know what's next!

Angus:

Tony! Look out!

[An utterly oblivious Di Luca makes his unsteady way to a standing position, and takes a step forward -- which is just the trigger Holiday needs.]

WHAMMMMMMMM!

DDK:

SPEAR! SPEAR! The spear connects and Tony Di Luca is OUT!

Angus:

This can't be happening!

DDK:

But Alceo and Vinny have had enough! They're in the ring!

[Benny Doyle barely has time to get clear before Dentari and Big Vinny converge on Frank Holiday. But Holiday is fired up at this point: he meets Alceo with a boot to the face that sends the littlest mobster rolling out of the ring; he avoids a big clothesline from Vinny, then rushes the ropes and comes back to land a SECOND spear to the massive gut of the big man, knocking him to the canvas! Vinny retreats to the outside and Holiday leans over the ropes, warning them to stay out of his way.]

DDK:

Frank Holiday singlehandedly chasing off the LBC-- WAIT! Di Luca from behind!

WHAMMMMMMMM!

Angus:

Yessss! Sweet justice!

DDK:

SHALLOW GRAVE from Di Luca, taking advantage of the distraction caused by his partners! And Holiday is down! That's got to be it!

1...

2...

....

....

...KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Angus:

ARGHLEBARGLEBLAH

DDK:

What language was that? Never mind! Frank Holiday just kicked out after the Shallow Grave and this place has gone ballistic!

Angus:

One more, Tony! One more!

DDK:

Looks like the LBC aren't leaving this to chance anymore, because they're storming the ring again!

[Alceo Dentari and Big Vinny slip through the ropes and join Tony Di Luca, the three of them surrounding Holiday like vultures readying to feed. Benny Doyle, bless his Irish heart, is scolding them to leave as if they had any intention to listen.]

[And then...]

DDK:

COMING DOWN THE RAMP! TYLER RAYNE AND WADE ELLIOTT! And they look PISSED!

Angus:

Oh god, what now?!

[Dentari and Vinny turn around just in time to see Rayne and Elliott dive into the ring, and what ensues is just a plain old brawl: punches, kicks, grappling, as two-thirds of the Big Damn Heroes unload on two-thirds of the Legitimate Businessmen's Club.]

DDK:

Those four men are supposed to meet in a tag match later tonight, but they're mixing it up right now instead! Watching Holiday's back just like he promised to watch theirs!

Angus:

Tony Di Luca wisely staying out of the way of it though, since there's certainly no reason for any aggression between him and the Heroes.

DDK:

No, in fact, he's back to stalking Holiday, who is trying to get back on his feet...

[As the slobberknocker between Rayne, Elliott, Dentari, and Vinny spills to the outside, Benny Doyle follows them out and tries his best to order all four from ringside, though it's doubtful if any of them are listening. Meanwhile, Di Luca prowls behind Holiday, waiting for the right moment to strike...]

DDK:

Di Luca is looking for that Shallow Grave again, Angus, and if he hits it once more, this match will be over and done with.

Angus:

With the right man as champion.

DDK:

Hold on -- Stockton Pyre is here! He just jumped out of the crowd and he's diving in the ring! He's got a bead on Frank Holiday... rushes him with the Enlightenment!

WHAMMMMMMMMMMM!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Holiday ducked it and Pyre hit Di Luca with that charging elbow! That was vengeance meant for Frank and Tony Two-Hands just ate the full impact!

Angus:

Stockton, you idiot! You had ONE JOB.

[With Di Luca flattened and Pyre briefly hesitating after the botch, Holiday grabs the Gonzo Goliath from behind and whirls him around. He runs Pyre to the side of the ring and ejects him over the top rope to the floor!]

Frank Holiday:

Taste the fuckin' rainbow, bitch!

[Pyre hits the mats outside the ring with a thump and he lands sitting against the guardrail, holding his head and glaring up at the ring.]

DDK:

Frank Holiday with some, uh, colorful words for Stockton Pyre there... but once again he's alone in the ring with Tony Di Luca, and Benny Doyle is back!

Angus:

This is not happening.

DDK:

Di Luca is starting to stir after that hellacious elbow from Pyre, and Holiday has him in his sights!

[Frank Holiday raises one arm. Extends the index finger and pinky.]

|m/

RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

This is not happening.

DDK:

Holiday hoists Di Luca off the canvas! Tony struggling as though he knows what's about to happen! Frank gets him up across the shoulders! Aaaaand--

WHAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

DDK:

TRAAAAN WREEEECK!

Angus:

thisisnothappeningthisisnothappeningthisisnothappening

DDK:

Oh, it's happening! Holiday with the cover!

1.....

2.....

.....3!

DING DING DING!

[The PA comes alive with The Heavy's "How You Like Me Now" and this crowd loses its shit.]

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... and NEW! Southern Heritage Champion... FRAAAAAANK! HOLIDAAAAAY!

[The man whose name was just announced sits on the canvas for long seconds, just staring blankly, not even able to process the moment. Billy Pepper dives into the ring and shakes Holiday's shoulders. The referee is trying to offer him the belt. Tony Di Luca has left the ring and is making his way up the ramp to find his comrades.]

[And then everything seems to snap into focus, and Frank Holiday gets to his feet, and he takes the Southern Heritage Title in his hands. And grins from ear to ear.]

DDK:

The new champ finally seems to understand what's just happened.

Angus:

Great start to a title reign, that little piece of confusion.

DDK:

You can be as negative as you want, Angus, but Holiday did exactly what he set out to do tonight! He conquered the odds, he redeemed himself for his earlier loss to Tony Di Luca... and now he can call himself champion!

[The new champ is running around the ring now, the gleaming plate of the Southern Heritage Title draped over his shoulder, as he goes to each corner in turn to celebrate with the crowd.]

[Until.]

[Stockton Pyre is back in the ring.]

DDK:

Well, you could maybe kind of see this coming.

Angus:

If anything is going to improve my mood at this point, this has gotta be it.

[Pyre stands like a furious statue in the middle of the ring, watching Holiday's antics disdainfully. Holiday finally notices the masked man, and unhesitatingly he marches right up to him, practically nose to nose. Without taking his eyes from Pyre's, Frank extends his right arm to the side and wiggles his fingers.]

[On cue, someone tosses a mic that lands perfectly in his hand.]

Angus:

God, I hate this guy.

DDK:

I thought it was pretty smooth.

[Frank Holiday brings the mic to his face and glares.]

Frank Holiday:

Why am I not surprised to see you here, Lego Head? Why, oh why, in the back of my head, did I just know I couldn't get through the most important match of my life without your two-faced face butting in on it? And here you are, regular like clockwork, trying to fuck up my title match. What's your goddamn excuse this time?

[Pyre snarls, fists clenched.]

Stockton Pyre:

Do not play coy with me, Frank! You know perfectly well what you did! We had an agreement -- you looked in my eyes, and you subjected me to your ridiculous pinky swear, and then you could hardly wait to break your word!

Frank Holiday:

What, the notebook?

Stockton Pyre:

YES! The notebook! Whose contents you specifically promised never to reveal! And yet I now have a new mortal enemy in the form of Rich Mahogany. He would have no business with me if he did not know what was written in the book, and now he does. And it's your fault, you deceptive hypocrite!

[Holiday's nostrils flare with anger.]

Frank Holiday:

Oh, okay, fine, brah, let's go ahead and throw out the 'H' word. Like you're so fuckin' upstanding. You think nobody noticed when you promised to [sarcastically] "turn a new leaf", and then the first thing you did was trash-talk to David Noble about me and pass him information to help him fight me? That's bad goddamn karma, dude, and you did it first. So as far as I'm concerned, if anybody tarnished the sanctity of the ancient tradition of the pinky swear, it's the asshole behind the two-tone mask standing right in front of me!

[Holiday shoves at Pyre's chest. Pyre, incensed, shoves back, harder. Holiday shrugs the SoHer Title belt off his shoulder, letting it hang from his hand, ready to go to blows. Pyre's hands have been quivering for battle the whole time.]

Jane Lays Down The Law

"GENTLEMEN!"

[A booming voice from backstage stops both men in their tracks. From backstage struts Edward White... 's seven foot tall bought and paid for former mob enforcer, "Il Guidice" Nicky Corozzo. The huge man struts out onto the stage area staring daggers down at Holiday and Pyre still standing toe to toe down in the ring. The faithful let Corozzo know just how appreciated his presence is.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Nicky Corozzo:

You two pukes shut your traps and listen up.

[Nicky looks up.]

[The now familiar hum of the skybox windows opening draw even bigger boos from the fans, even bigger still when they see who's standing all by her lonesome sans the star power of the Socialite. Jane Katze, looking lovely but stern in her usual secretarial hotness looks down at the now very confused men still standing in the ring. Stockton doesn't really move, he just peers up at Jane with cold unflinching eyes. Frank seems to find the whole situation hilarious and promptly interrupts Katze before she can even get a word out.]

Frank Holiday:

Hey, brosette! Love the skybox lair, but, uh... Wow, we don't even rank an appearance from the man himself? We get the B-team? Where's Ed, swimming in a giant building sized vault of gold coins?

[Jane's good humor vanishes.]

Jane Katze:

You just don't know when to stop being so damned **cute**... do you, Frank? You keep letting that adorably whimsical attitude of yours get you into so much trouble. You just achieved your greatest success to date, but there Stockton Pyre stands just ruining your big moment. You have yourself to blame for that Frank, you know that.

[Frank hops up on the skybox adjacent turnbuckle and interrupts Miss Katze one more time.]

Frank Holiday:

What he does ain't my fault, no matter what Mike and/or Ike over here tells you. But I guess it's just part of the game, right? So, did you and the shitty fourth Legitimate Businessman actually have something to add? Or can the whitest luchador on earth and I continue getting into a scuffle over here?

[Jane's nose crinkles in frustration. She looks down at Corozzo who snaps his fingers towards the curtain. A horde of meat shields in Diamonds Security polos pour from behind the curtain and line up in single file lines down the ramp and across the stage. Pyre shakes his head and slinks back, putting his back to one of the far corners. Frank doesn't move from his perch on the turnbuckle, he's visibly on edge now. Levity over.]

Jane Katze:

You will have the shortest title reign in DEFIANCE history if you don't shut your mouth and let me conduct my business. Is that clear?

[An audible "ooooooh" can be heard from some corners of the faithful, Frank flips the microphone around in his hand and gives Katze a somewhat sarcastic little bow.]

Jane Katze:

And don't think I don't see you back there, Stockton. Please do rejoin the conversation. This concerns you both. I'm not Kelly Evans... [aside, but audible] thank God. Where she would probably storm out here and yell and scream like the ridiculous dancing skeleton she is, getting absolutely nothing accomplished in the process, I choose to be more

proactive and harness your ridiculous animosity and give you two a chance to turn some heads. Tell me, are you two feeling sporting?

[Jane smiles a deep red lipped smile. Frank's eyebrows perk up. Stockton stalks forward out of the corner giving Jane his obvious attention.]

Jane Katze:

If you two weird loners can actually each scrape together two people who can stand being around you to actually be your partners and get involved in this weird rivalry of yours; how about a little trios tag team match next week, *hum*? A chance to let loose some of this aggression you two seem to be carrying around for one another?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

[The faithful like that idea. Holiday is off the turnbuckle like a shot, we're right back where we started with the two men in the ring nose to nose, toe to toe.]

Jane Katze:

Don't go mugging for the cameras just yet. boys. We still have the issue of that... [exhausted sigh] stupid notebook. Edward told me personally to settle this issue, to put it to bed once and for all because he is quite simply sick and tired of hearing about it, you two, and the headaches it continually causes everyone that works day to day in the backstage area. If one more makeup station, lighting rig, dressing room or catering area gets ruined because of that stupid notebook well... let's just say Mr. White's solution will be far less diplomatic.

Angus:

I usually think Katze is sort of a stuck up twat but I'm totes on board with this right here. Those two dickheads rolled over my bag one day and crushed a perfectly good baggie of... ummm... "back medication."

[Katze lets all that sink in for a moment before continuing.]

Jane Katze:

So at the pay per view, gentlemen? You're going to fight for that damned notebook. Winner is the legal owner of the stupid thing and can do ANYTHING they please with it. And Stockton, if that happens to be him... [she leans over the skybox railing for emphasis] if you so much as cough in his direction in regards to that book you'll find yourself dealing with Mr. White. Personally.

[Jane turns, as though to leave but turns back with a little apologetic smile.]

Jane Katze:

Oh, and Frank? Just for fun how about we also put your new acquisition on the line too? Holiday versus Pyre, winner takes all! The notebook AND the Southern Heritage title!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

Two huge blockbuster matches there, partner! Trios action from these two next week and a huge showdown at the PPV!

Angus:

The title match is all well and good, where exactly are these two unlikable yahoos going to find tag team partners? Half the roster would rather razor blade their sacks than deal with these two raisin cakes.

[Business done. Nicky and the Diamond shirts make their exit. Jane walks back into the skybox as the windows slide shut with a thud leaving the NEW Southern Heritage Champion to stare down Stockton Pyre as we cut back to the announce booth.]

All This Needs is Yakety Sax

[Aleco Dentari is one fast so and so. He can run literal circles around men (and women) in the ring. Man is quick. And right now, at this moment, he is using that special talent to run as fast as fucking possible from the Big Damn Heroes and their looming revenge. A handful of strides behind him is Tony Di Luca, still a bit shaken from his match, but balanced out by the fact he just lost a dozen or so pounds of gold that would have weighed him down. And speaking of weighed down, lagging behind the two smaller members of the LBC, huffing and puffing his about-to-explode heart out, is Big Vinny.]

[The three of them rush through the backstage area, overturning tables and knocking down crates, whatever is within reach to slow their pursuers. Most of the DEFIANCE staff can hear the commotion and are quick to dive out of the way. *Most*. Not *all*. One woman up ahead is wearing some big ol' headphones over her ears, dancing a little as she places a plate of sausages from the in-house kitchen upstairs on one of the catering tables set up near the communal locker rooms.]

Aleco Dentari:

MOVE!

[Of course, she doesn't hear him. Dentari sprints past her, blonde ponytail bouncing in his wake. She gasps and turns, plate still in hand, as Di Luca is catching up. Tony Two-Hands uses both of them to smack the tray out of her hand, and avoid crashing into it, as he races by.]

Tony Di Luca:

BITCH!

[The woman, still confused, stumbles toward the center of the hall, staring at the trail of the two men. She still cannot hear the thundering feet of Rinaldi until it's too late. He barrels into her, pushing her to the side, face first into a pumpkin pie.]

Vinny Rinaldi:

GET OUT DA WAY!

[She staggers back to her feet, half chasing the LBC as she tries to wipe pumpkin filling out of her eyes.]

Pie Face:

Hey! Get back here!

Tyler Rayne:

On your left!

[*Whoosh*. The Golden Boy races by her, leaping over a trash can Rinaldi knocked over and speeding around the corner to catch up. Not but a second or two behind, Wade Elliott rushes by the woman on the right, careful not to knock her over. He kicks the trash can out of his way and follows after Rayne.]

Pie Face:

I hate this job.

[Further down the hall, Dentari looks over his shoulder to see the other two trailing behind, with Rayne and Wade closing in fast. Ahead of him is the exit. He speeds up, slamming into the door with his shoulder and throwing it open. The door clicks shut just as Di Luca hits it, throwing it back open. He pauses inside the parking garage and looks back as the door closes. Tony looks around, but Dentari is nowhere to be seen. He looks back at the door as it closes once again. He paces, waiting for Rinaldi to open the door, for Dentari to...]

[Screeching tires get his attention, and Tony turns toward a black Lincoln Town Car zooming down the ramp in

reverse. Its rear bumper comes to a stop just inches from him. Di Luca runs to the side of the car as the arena door bursts open and Rinaldi stumbles out, his chest heaving. He staggers and stops, hands on his knees. He looks back and sees Tyler Rayne sliding through the door before it closes. Rinaldi lunges at the door, pushing it with both hands and sandwiching Rayne. The Underground Pimp groans and slumps.]

Aleco Dentari:

Come on!

[Rinaldi lumbers down toward the car, stumbling as fast as he's able. Wade slams through the arena door without even looking at Rayne and thunders down toward the car. Di Luca crawls over the console and pops open the back door. Rinaldi reaches for it just as Elliott is reaching for him, but loses his balance and half falls, half dives into the back seat. Wade's fingers slip through the air where Rinaldi just was and the car races off.]

Tyler Rayne:

FUCK!

[Slumped against the metal bar between the double doors, Tyler kicks the door open again, watching the tail lights of the town car turn the corner and disappear.]

[Back at ringside...]

Getting A Rise Out Of Someone

[To the locker room area we go! The camera pans to that very location I just mentioned and catches a glimpse down the hall of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions Team HOSS and their manager, Junior Keeling. A plan to possibly turn teams against each other in bloodshed backfired horrendously when Team VIAGRA defeated The Crimson Dragon Clan to become the #1 Contenders to the titles. The camera caught the tail end of their conversation.]

Aleczonder:

Can't believe them wankers won!

Angel Trinidad:

They got lucky!

Capital Punishment:

Good. Hope they're happy. I look forward to breaking their fucking heads open.

[Aleczonder was a tough man, but he not-so-subtly shifted to walk closer to Angel and Junior Keeling with that particularly violent outburst from Cappy. Junior Keeling waved a hand dismissively.]

Junior Keeling:

We will deal with them soon enough, Aleczonder. They'll...

???:

Excuse me?

[The collective heads of Team HOSS turned and they watched the gorgeous figure of Christie Zane approach them in a low-cut purple blouse with microphone in hand. It didn't take a genius to figure out exactly what Christie was wanting from them. As she approached the foursome, Aleczonder approached her and turned on the old British charm.]

Aleczonder:

Oh, we don't need a microphone, love, we're not in the ring anymore... though if you wanna speak into MY mic...

[It didn't take a genius... but Aleczonder maybe had less IQ points than anybody on the roster with probably the exception of Jonny Booya. Christy ignored Aleczonder's advance to ask Junior Keeling her questions.]

Christie Zane:

Can I get a quick word about what happened earlier tonight, Junior?

Junior Keeling:

Make it a quick word. We have business to attend to.

[Christy nodded.]

Christie Zane:

Team VIAGRA beat The CDC to get another title shot against you. It didn't seem like you guys really wanted to wrestle against them. You know, like you guys wanted to fight them before, but now not so much. Are you mad about that?

[One can almost see the vein throbbing on the forehead of Junior Keeling with that question being asked, but as he did earlier to Songomi Tsunami... he shakes his head and laughs off his uneasy feeling.]

Junior Keeling:

[Aleczander then started to walk off, but not before darting his eyes around quickly. With nobody around, he snatched up a handful of the pills and pocketed them before finally leaving the scene.]

Jonny Booya vs. Dusty Griffith

[To the Booth!]

[We get a wide shot of the hosts of DEFtv, who are preparing to call tonight's main event. As the shot closes in, we see Angus with an excited grin as he anxiously fiddles with something in his lap... No, do not go there. Heathens.]

DDK:

Well partner, it's about that time, isn't it?

Angus:

Sure is, Keeps, I can't wait for this one.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Absolutely! Aren't you looking forward to this?!

DDK:

Of course, I am, but... You do understand that this is a main event featuring Dusty Griffith and Jonny Booya, right?

Angus:

Exactly why I am so excited for this one, Keeps! Tonight will be a great night, because we'll see the end of Jonny Booya...

DDK:

And what about Mayberry as you call him?

[Angus pulls up a shirt from his lap, showing off the black and silver horse head tron logo of Dusty Griffith. Pulling it on over his head, Angus stands and straightens it out.]

DDK:

What are you doing, sit down!

Angus:

I'm telling you, Mayberry is gonna break that flat-topped morons back and we'll, but mostly me, will finally be rid of the scourge that is the raging redneck King of Douche Mountain!

DDK:

Ooooookay then, well I...

Angus:

And his shades are STUPID!... And...

[Incoherent rabble, rabble, rabble, as Angus rants on for a bit, losing an semblance of control of the English language. No worries, it mostly equates to him saying Jonny Booya sucks, you know, same old story, different night.]

DDK:

Shoot me now... and take it away, DQ!

Angus:

DATS MAH LION!

DDK:

Will you just sit down already!

[We shoot it down to the ring where the voice of DEFIANCE, Darren "DQ" Quimbey, who takes to the center of the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

[Funky Shit by Prodigy.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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 BOOOOOOOOOOOOOYA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[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.]

Angus:

Alright, alright, hurry it the fuck up already! GAWD, please let Mayberry forego the whole instant classic wrestling gimmick and just come out, break this [Kevin]'s back and be done with it... I'll totes love him long time if he does that.

DDK:

Uuuuh... I'm sure that's going to factor into the champion's gameplan tonight.

Angus:

It better, nobody wants to see Jonny Booya...

DDK:

Aleczauder seems to...

Angus:

HUSH, YOU!

[Booya rises up to his feet and the smile that his own biceps brought to his face fades, replaced by a scowl as he views the arena through a pair of shades that is less COOL than the other pair of shades he had that were so rudely taken from him.]

DDK:

Earlier tonight, Jonny Booya attacked Frank Dylan James, costing him a match with Curtis Penn, in retaliation for FDJ having touched the COOL shades Booya appropriated from Cancer Jiles. However, FDJ got his hands on the shades during a pull apart, and then actually ate them.

Angus:

It was hilarious. And Booya cried for like 15 minutes.

DDK:

Well, he did go catatonic for a bit.

[His face full of scowl, Booya stomps down to ringside, pausing only to inform some random fans he passes that he's in better shape, has better biceps, and is in generally far less nerdy than they are.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya, Public Relations Master.

Angus:

Please let tonight be the night... I'll even stop saying [kevin] every other word.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Absolutely... Maybe.

[Booya climbs into the ring where he struts his way to the middle of the mat and drops to a knee to strike the Official Jonny Booya Pose again, where a single spotlight shines down upon him. If you're wondering, it's the exact same pose he does at the top of the ramp, but it's in the ring. Can't mess with perfection, am I right... right?]

[Prodigy begins to fade as Booya gets to his feet, stomping around the ring as he hollers insults and points at random fans who do the same to him. Meanwhile, Darren Quimbey returns to the center of the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Cue those drums that signal the coming storm of war.]

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 290 pounds... He hails from the BOISE, IDAHO!... He is the REIGNING and DEFENDING... DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!... DUUUSSTY GRRRRRIFFFFFIFITH!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The place erupts as Dusty Griffith slowly, confidently, strides out from behind the curtains and out on to the stage. Stepping to the edge of the stage, he pulls open his ring jacket, revealing the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship that is wrapped snugly around his waist. Reaching down, he hooks his thumbs into the belt as he looks down and then back up at the crowd with a knowing smile as he preens a little, basking in the moment.]

Angus:

I gotta admit, Keeps, the belt does look good on him.

DDK:

That it does, partner, that. it. does.

Angus:

Even if it is holding on for dear life around his wide body, hah.

DDK:

Just couldn't resist, huh.

Angus:

Nope, it had to be done.

[The preening comes to an end as Dusty's gaze finds the ring and he locks his eyes on Jonny Booya, who stands near the ropes, being as obnoxious as he can be. Reaching back, Griffith undoes the belt and raises it high for all to see, earning himself another explosive roar from the audience. This only causes Booya to holler and spittle everywhere as he hurls insults and threats, which is answered by the champion, who begins the long walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya wanted his shot and he's about to get it.

Angus:

He's gonna get something, hopefully it involves his stupid face becoming a stain on the mat.

[Halfway down the aisle, Griffith suddenly rushes towards the ring before diving in under the bottom rope as Booya clears out. Scrambling to his feet as he leaves the belt on the mat, he begins shooting himself off the ropes, rebounding back and forth several times.]

CRRRAAASSSHHH!

DDK:

Booya just laid out the champion!

[What happened was, Booya quickly slid back into the ring and caught Griffith out of nowhere with a clothesline that turned the Wild Bronco inside out... The lights come up to see Booya up and putting the boots to Dusty, which of course the fans are not at all happy to see.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Goddamnit, Mayberry, head on a swivel!

[Booya continues to lay in the boots with the kick-stomps as Griffith struggles to even stay on his hands and knees, trying to groggily crawl his way to the ropes. While this assault takes place, referee Mark Shields simply stands in a corner doing nothing resembling officiating of a professional wrestling match.]

DDK:

Come on, Shields, do your damn job!

Angus:

Come on, Mayberry, do your damn job!

[As Griffith gets to the ropes, Booya lets up on the kick-stomps in favor of pressing down on Dusty's back and thus choking him with the middle rope, causing the champion to flail around as he struggles underneath Booya's weight. Meanwhile, Mark Shields continues to let this all go on and still hasn't bothered to even call for the bell.]

DDK:

Can we get another official out here? Clearly Mark Shields has no interest in refereeing this match!

Angus:

Well, uhm, to be fair, Keebs, has he ever really been all that invested in doing his job?

DDK:

Fair point, partner, but this is ridiculous!

[Booya lets up momentarily, mostly so he can shoot himself off of the ropes and on the rebound comes crashing down on the back of Griffith's neck and shoulders, while still draped over the middle rope. Being so impressed with his handiwork, Booya backs off from the champion in order to strike the Official Jonny Booya Pose in the middle of the ring.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Booya certainly proud of his handiwork.

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Anything else to add, Angus?

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Booya finally gets back to the action, finding Griffith pulling himself up off the mat in the nearest corner. Booya rushes at the champion, hitting him with a double axe to the back and hammers away with a few clubs to the back and shoulders before turning him around. Backing off a step, Booya finds his range and begins pumping a jab into Dusty's face, saying "nerd" after every blow.]

Jonny Booya:

Nerd. [jab] NERD. [jab] NEEERRRRD!! [jab]

Angus:

Douche. [jab] Douche. [jab] Douche. [jab]

[Finding a rhythm, Booya opens up like he's Muhammad Ali, dancing around and pumping the jab, saying "nerd" with punch. Meanwhile, Mark Shields continues to merely observe and still hasn't bothered to call for the bell, occasionally taking a sideways glance at the skybox that overlooks the arena. Booya however doesn't need a referee to get him to stop, deciding he's so impressed with his work, that he just needs to strut and flex... again.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jonny Booya has the champion right where he wants him and he's taking the time to showboat again, doesn't he know the magnitude of the opportunity he has been given?

Angus:

Seriously? This is Jonny Booya we're talking about, you expect him to know anything?

[While Booya gets his flex on, Dusty staggers out of the corner, trying to shake the cobwebs. Noticing this, Booya grunts with seeming disappointment that his flex time is being interrupted by this whole World Heavyweight Title Match thing that is going on. Turning to face the champion, Booya approaches and drops Dusty to a knee with a Booya Chop to the crown of his skull. Shaking out an arm, Booya raises and flexes it, seemingly signaling for something.]

DDK:

Booya timing his shot here.

[As Griffith starts to get back to his feet, Booya shoots himself towards the ropes. Bringing his arm out, Booya goes for the Axe Bomber, but Griffith telegraphs it and tosses Booya with a huge Belly to Belly Suplex, tossing Booya overhead with it.]

RAAH!

DDK:

And the champion comes to life!

Angus:

About goddamn time!

[Booya and Dusty get to their feet, though Booya a little quicker than the still groggy champion. Scoring with a knee lift, Booya opens up with a combo, hitting a Jab, Gut Punch, and a Calf Kick to the back of Dusty's head and neck. Dusty doesn't fall, but staggers away and this time, Booya stays on top of him, driving him back into the corner. Going back to the jabs, Booya hits a few in quick succession before rearing back and going for a haymaker.]

DDK:

NO! DUSTY BLOCKS IT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Getting his arm up, Dusty blocks the huge, looping punch and then blasts Booya right in the jaw with an elbow that rocks Big King Cool. Booya tries again and gets blocked and blasted with another elbow, and then a third and fourth elbow as the champion storms out of the corner and drives his challenger across the ring into the opposite corner.]

Angus:

DEM CLUBBIN' BLOWS!

DDK:

The champion opening up a can on Jonny Booya and this place is going crazy for it!

[Indeed they are, the whole place is one loud roar as Griffith hammers away at Booya with a seemingly endless combo of right and left forearms to the side of Booya's head and neck. Mark Shields though finally acts like an official, but only so much that he merely suggests Griffith back off his opponent.]

Angus:

Seriously, dude? Now he's trying to earn his paycheck?

DDK:

Certainly odd timing to say the least, but even now, he's not going to risk his neck by getting in Dusty's way.

[Dusty turns his head and glares at Shields for a moment that stops any intentions Shields may have even been contemplating. Whipping Booya across the ring, Dusty follows up with a body splash in the corner, crushing Booya against the turnbuckles.]

KEEERRRRRAACCCK! WHOOOOO!

[The sound of a chop cracking against Booya's chest echoes throughout the arena. Dusty holds him in the corner and lights him up with another one.]

Angus:

Nerd!

[Chop!]

Angus:

Nerd!

[Chop!]

Angus:

Nerd!

NERD!

[Chop!]

[Starting a trend, Angus leads the crowd in a “NERD!” chant with every chop that Dusty uses to blister Booya’s chest with. Each one causing Booya to comically “over sell” as his feet come off the mat and he teeters on the top rope after every chop makes a sickening sound upon impact.]

NERD!

[Chop!]

NERD!

[Chop!]

NERD!

[Chop!]

NERD!

[Chop!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

[Mark Shields finally grows some balls and intervenes, getting a resounding chorus of boos from the crowd for interrupting their fun at Jonny Booya’s expense.]

Angus:

Now he decides to be a referee? And he STILL hasn’t rang the damn bell!

DDK:

And Jonny Booya’s no fool, I mean, he usually, most definitely is a fool, but he’s taking advantage of the situation and bailing to the floor.

Angus:

The sun shines on a broken clocks ass twice a day, Keeps, it was bound to happen sooner or later.

[While Booya recoups, mostly rubbing his now beet red chest after the barrage of chops it took, Dusty breaks away

from Shields as he pulls his jacket off and throws it down on the mat while barking at Shields to “pull your head out of White’s ass!” which gets a cheer from the crowd. Turning around he sees Booya out on the floor and the two eye each other, but when Dusty starts to mock Booya’s strut, Big King Cool forgets all about his burning chest as he’s overcome with outrage, which of course gets a round of cheers from the fans.]

DDK:

Dusty getting into Booya’s head here!

Angus:

There’s certainly enough room in there, what with there being no brain and all to take up space.

[Oh but that’s not all. As Dusty finishes his strut, he drops to a knee and does the unthinkable.]

Angus:

BWWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHA!

FLASH BULBS POPPING ALL OVER THE ARENA!

[Dusty Griffith strikes THE Official Jonny Booya Pose right in the center of the ring.]

[Angus laughs. The fans laugh. Even Keeps can’t hold back a chuckle. Jonny Booya is irate, red with embarrassment as he gawks at that fat nerd Dusty Griffith mocking the BEST FLEX IN WRESTLING!]

Angus:

Look at him, Keeps, LOOK! His head is about to ass’plode!

DDK:

I see him, Angus! Big King Cool is anything but cool right now as this entire crowd is laughing at his expense!

[Booya hops up on to the apron and begins pointing and barking at Griffith, who approaches, but Booya drops back to the floor, not willing to engage. Dusty goes to the ropes, sitting on the middle rope and inviting Booya to return to the ring. As Booya paces back and forth with frustration, barking at Dusty to back off, barking at Shields to back Dusty off, barking at fans to shutup, Dusty obliges, but then something stirs in the crowd.]

Angus:

Wait, what was that?

[At first it was one a small pocket of fans. Dusty turns on his heels, looking for where the sound came from, Booya doesn’t seem to notice yet.]

DDK:

What? What now?!

Angus:

Listen... I think... I think they’re saying...

”Jelly... Booya...

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

”Jelly... Booya...

[That small pocket begins to spread and one by one a new chant rises from the crowd.]

JELLY BOOYA! *clap clap clapclapclap*

JELLY BOOYA! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Now Jonny hears it and if you thought he was irate before, now he's broken right into that incoherent redneck speak that he does when he's lost his damn mind. Ranting and raving, Booya is incensed as he kicks and stomps around with a fury as the fans continue to chant. Meanwhile, in the ring, Dusty shakes his head and begins clapping for the fans as he chuckles at Booya's expense, which only enrages Big King Cool even more.]

DDK:

And Jonny Booya is absolutely beside himself.

Angus:

If only there was a way for him to vent his frustrations.

[With his back turned to the ring, Booya continues jawing with the fans in the front row, which doesn't allow him to see Dusty coming up to the ropes.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Reaching down through the ropes, Dusty grabs Booya by an ear and as much of a fistful of his blonde flat-top as he can get a grip on. Pulling Booya up on to the apron with both hands, gives Booya the opportunity he needs to reach in and go to the eyes. Booya is quick to follow up, grabbing Dusty's head and then dropping to the floor, snapping Griffith's neck across the top rope.]

Angus:

Damnit Mayberry!

DDK:

Your disappointment is noted, I'm sure.

Angus:

It better be, I want to see Jonny Booya die tonight.

DDK:

You know, you might want to get that psychosis of your's looked at.

Angus:

Yeah, well, you know... AAAHHH GAWWDAMNIT!

[While Angus rages, Booya has scrambled up from the floor to the top rope and measures the champion before diving off and drilling Griffith with a flying shoulder tackle. Then suddenly, Mark Shields does his job for a moment, signaling to ring the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Oh sure, now he calls for the bell... JAY-ZUSS FRAKKIN' KEY-RYSTE!

DDK:

Edward White certainly getting his money's worth here tonight.

Angus:

Naaah, White may have put that lazy fuckstick in the match, but even White's not getting what he paid for with this move.

[Booya is up and stalks the champion, throwing a few kick-stomps on Dusty's back to keep him down. A flexing elbow drop makes sure he stays down before rolling Dusty over to go for the cover. Dusty kicks out quickly at just barely a one count, undeterred by the kickout, Booya drags the champ up before hooking him and taking him up and over with a Gutwrench Suplex. Positioning himself just so, Booya grips Dusty's body and MUSCLES his 290 pound frame up from the mat and into a body slam like position across his own body as he stands up.]

DDK:

Good lord, just how strong is Jonny Booya?

Angus:

I'unno, how many shots of horse roids did he stick in his ass before the match started?

DDK:

Psssh, Angus...

Angus:

Oh, right, Jonny Booya being a roided up douche monkey is suddenly a newsflash.

[Booya turns to every side of the ring, showing off the strength of Big King Cool, while also hurling taunts at the fans who hurl taunts and insults back at him. Booya laughs and the hunches forward a bit before whipping back and tossing Dusty up and over with a Fall Away Slam, the impact making a loud thundering sound that echoes all over the arena.]

DDK:

You know, Griffith has been in the ring with 'em all, but as hard as it is for me to say, Jonny Booya might actually be the strongest man the champion has ever stepped in the ring with.

Angus:

The best that modern medicine can buy!

DDK:

Some might have differing opinions, of course.

[Booya casually gets to his feet, grinning like an idiot as he sees Griffith struggling on the mat from the impact of the Fall Away Slam. So impressed is he, Booya takes the opportunity to give the crowd little bit more of the Best Flex in Wrestling.]

DDK:

And again, Booya is so impressed with his handiwork, he's just got to flex some more.

Angus:

Keep it up, moron, the more time he wastes, the more time Mayberry has to get his shit together.

[Booya finally gets back on track as Griffith turns himself over on to his hands and knees, trying to push himself up off the mat. Stalking over to the champion, Booya grabs him by the long, dark mane of hair on his head, but suddenly Griffith comes to life, rolling Booya up in a small package.]

ONE!... TWO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jonny's height may have just saved the match for him, it's not easy trapping someone who is 6 foot 7 with a small package like that.

Angus:

Oooh, good. I thought it was almost over there.

DDK:

Wait.. what? I thought you wanted Dusty to win?

Angus:

I do, but who wins with an inside cradle anymore? That's lame, get on with the breaking of backs and the making of humbles, Mayberry!

[The breaking of backs and making of humbles will have to wait, because Jonny Booya is up quickly and throwing down the kicks and stomps. After a bit, Griffith attempts to crawl away, getting close to a nearby corner before Booya drags him up and shoves him into the corner. Grabbing Dusty by the hair again, Booya bellows his incoherent rabble as he slaps the champ with his free hand.]

DDK:

Well, Booya's not concerned with flexing anymore, that's for sure.

Angus:

Heh, it's Jonny Booya, he's got the attention span of a jellyfish. Besides, let him keep smacking Mayberry like a ho, we'll see where that gets him in about a minute.

[Booya smacks Dusty a few more times before the champion gets his hands up and shoves his attacker away. Undeterred, Booya marches right back into the corner and goes to wail on Griffith, but after a few shots, Griffith again shoves him off. Booya is up again and blasts Dusty with a barrage of shots before sending him across the ring and following him into the corner with a charge.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dusty just exploded out of the corner with a Rushing Elbow...

Angus:

Hah! Take that, you blockheaded idiot!

DDK:

...But somehow Booya is still standing!

[With the audience exploding with cheers, Dusty hits the ropes and comes flying back with another elbow, but Booya still refuses to fall. Dusty hits the ropes again and again, Booya is on dream street, but his body simply will not topple over. Dusty goes to the ropes once again, but this time, Booya gets a big boot up, connecting with Dusty's mush. As Griffith staggers back, Booya suddenly explodes forward.]

Angus:

LAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRYAAAAAATTTTTTOOOOOOHHH!

DDK:

Jonny Booya just scored huge... COVER!

ONE!... TWO!... THRE... NO!... KICKOUT!

BOOOOOOO-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Booya is up, he glares at Shields' who throws up the "two" sign as Booya slaps his hands, as if demanding a faster count.]

Angus:

I feel so dirty.

DDK:

What, why?

Angus:

I marked out for a lariat from Jonny Booya.

DDK:

Well, I mean, it was an Axe Bomber, which is a clothesline where you...

Angus:

Gaawwd, you are such a nerd...

DDK:

You know, Jonny also likes to say nerd...

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~!

[Booya drags Dusty up, hammering him with forearm clubs along his back and shoulders before standing him up and whipping him to the ropes. Booya swings with a clothesline and Dusty ducks it, on the rebound Booya ducks low and Griffith stops short and crashes a double axe across Booya's shoulder blades.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Dusty going for the Powerbomb here...

Angus:

YUSS!! DOOO EEIT!!

[Stuffing Jonny's head between his legs, Dusty makes the gesture for the Atomic Powerbomb. Booya is surprisingly quick with the thinking and simply rears his 6 foot 7 frame up and tosses the champion over with a back body drop. Dusty is back up just as quick as Booya tries to turn his shoulders after getting blasted with the double axe. Crashing into the challenger, Dusty wails away with clubbing forearms before shooting himself off the ropes and comes flying back with leaping charge.]

Angus:

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

DDK:

JONNY BOOYA OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A POWERSLAM!

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO!... KICKOUT!

BOOOOOOOO-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Booya gets up and Mark Shields backs off, getting a smirking glare from Big King Cool who shoves him aside so that he may have more room to flex over the downed world champion, or more to the point, kneels down over Dusty so that his shin goes over his throat as he flexes like a goddamn boss. This of course gets him more boos, but Jonny Booya can't hear any of it over the sound of how awesome he believes himself to be.]

Angus:

Thank GAWD this fool is an idiot of the highest order, because nobody wants to see Jonny Booya, World Champion.

DDK:

I'm sure there's...

Angus:

Noooooobody, Keebs, means nobody... Not even Jonny's own mother wants that, even if she does... she doesn't.

DDK:

That doesn't make any sense whatsoever, what you just said.

Angus:

And neither does DEFIANCE Wrestling World Heavyweight Champion, Jonny Booya, the Big King Douche.

[Booya's latest flare up of flexitis clears long enough for him to remember he's in kind of a big match right now. Pulling Dusty up with two fistfuls of hair, he doubles him over with a knee to the gut and then stuffs his head between his legs.]

DDK:

Could this be it?

Angus:

Goddamnit, Mayberry is doing this on purpose.

DDK:

Doing what?

Angus:

Getting his ass kicked by that muscled up moron, probably because I don't blow him like you do.

DDK:

Yes, I'm sure that's exactly what's happening right now.

[Booya would be going for the Booya Bomb, if he weren't preoccupied with getting just a little more flexing and running his mouth.]

Jonny Booya:

OH YEAH! BIG KING COOL! KILLER OF FAT NERDS! BEST FLEX IN WRES-WAAAHH!!

[The Champion has other ideas, rearing up and dumping Booya over head with a back body drop of his own.]

Angus:

Waaaaa-AAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

CRRRRRRRAASSSHHH!

Jonny Booya:

BLARGHURRRKffftt....

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Turn about is fair play tonight, partner!

Angus:

Now stop screwing around and kick this guys ass already!

[Booya's legs kick in random directions as his brain is deprived of even more oxygen than usual. Having dropped to a knee, Dusty shakes his head, trying to loosen up the grogginess that clouds his brain. Booya rolls away as he reaches for his back, but is up first and charges at Dusty as he gets to his feet. Sensing this, Dusty steps in and throws Booya with an over head Belly to Belly Suplex.]

Angus:

YUSS! DO IT AGAIN!

DDK:

Something tells me you're about to be obliged.

[Booya and Griffith scramble to their feet and it's Booya who fires first, missing with a wild, looping shot that Dusty ducks before grabbing a rear waistlock and sending Jonny for a ride with a big time German Suplex.]

Angus:

Normally I'd say that's gotta hurt, getting dumped on your skull like that, but it's Jonny Booya, so fuck that guy! DO IT AGAIN, MAYBERRY! Keep suplexing this fool until he can't ever flex again!

DDK:

Don't let anyone tell you that you don't know how to hold grudge there, Angus.

[The impact of the suplex, along with Booya's size, managed to roll him back to his feet with the inertia. Falling back against the ropes, Booya gets a bit of momentum and charges at Griffith, who ducks another clothesline from the challenger. Booya keeps going and rebounds off the ropes again, Dusty turns and dodges a running big boot and when Booya turns, Dusty steps in and hooks him for another suplex.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Gooood god, Dusty Griffith just drilled Jonny Booya on his neck and shoulders with a Sambo Suplex!

Angus:

Are you hard, Keeps, because I am...

DDK:

What?... What are you... Don't you even... KEEP YOUR DAMN PANTS ZIPPED! What the hell is wrong with you?!

[While that public display of indecency happens in the booth, Griffith is up and feeling the surge of adrenaline course through his veins, releasing an explosion of energy as he roars to the crowd, who somehow pop louder for their hero and champion.]

"FUCK EM UP, DUSTY, FUCK EM UP!"

"FUCK EM UP, DUSTY, FUCK EM UP!"

"FUCK EM UP, DUSTY, FUCK EM UP!"

Angus:

Never have I agreed with our fans more than at this very moment, Keeps.

DDK:

Yeah, whatever, just as long as you keep your damn pants on!

[Dusty stops and looks at the crowd as they chant what they want to see. Hearing the words, Dusty grins and nods before snorting his nose, which gets another loud cheer from the crowd. However, the crowd's cheers damper just a bit as Dusty turns to see Jonny Booya getting to his feet. Granted he's struggling to do so, but by god, Big King Cool is getting back up.]

Angus:

Jay-zuss, what does Mayberry need, a shotgun?

DDK:

Don't you get any ideas!

[As Booya gets to his feet, it's clear he's out of it as he randomly swings his fists at nothing. Dusty bull rushes him, driving him back to the nearest corner where he waylays him with a few big clubs and then sends him crashing into the corner off an Irish Whip.]

Angus:

INCOMING!

[Rushing in behind Booya, Dusty crushes him with a running body splash in the corner, hitting the first part of the Stampede. Grabbing Booya's wrist, Griffith pulls him out of the corner and whips him back across before crashing into him with reckless abandon on a second body splash in the corner. Dusty backs off a few steps as he turns and flexes his arms from pure excitement as he roars a loud "YEEAAHH!" that gets an even louder roar from the crowd.]

DDK:

C'mon, Big Dust, you can do it!

Angus:

I hope Mayberry breaks his big stupid spine!

[Dusty turns to see Booya half staggering, half strutting his way out of the corner, completely punch drunk after the barrage of suplexes and the Stampede. Raising his arms, he clasps his hands together and makes the up and down motion for the Atomic Powerbomb, eliciting another wave of cheers from the raucous crowd. Taking a step in, Dusty plants a boot into Booya's gut and then readies him for the Powerbomb.]

Angus:

YUSS!! BREAK THE HUMBLE!! MAKE THE BACK!!

DDK:

Or something like that...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Wait.. what? Have our fans decided to...

DDK:

And here comes the cavalry!

Angus:

NOOOOO!

[The commotion that has caused a sharp turn from the crowd is the arrival of Team HOSS, who charge down towards the ring. Back near the commentary booth, Angus is up on his feet and yelling at his heroes, lead by his bestie, Junior Keeling.]

Angus:

Come back and kill Mayberry LAAAATTTTEEEERRRR!

DDK:

Should have known it wouldn't be this easy.

[Back in the ring, Dusty sees the charging three and a half-some coming and drops Booya so that he can take on the intruders. The first one up on the apron is the ever eager "Rookie Monster" who scored the pinfall on the champion last week. Dusty clobbers Angel with an elbow that lands squarely on his face, sending him flying back at the other two Strong Soldiers, Cap and Alecz.]

Angus:

Seriously guys, just wait for Mayberry to powerbomb Booya into oblivion and then jump him!

DDK:

I don't think they're taking what you want under advisement, partner.

Angus:

I know... and it sucks!... But it's Team HOSS! So... YAY!

DDK:

You are a highly conflicted man, Angus Skaaland.

[Dusty stands back, ready for the next man to try his luck as Cap, Alecz and Angel untangle themselves and rise to their feet, seeing a very DEFIANT World Champion looking to fight all three of them. Meanwhile, Junior Keeling has gotten himself "lost" in the shuffle as he's made his way over to the other side of the ring where he's attending to Jonny Booya.]

DDK:

Somebody keep an eye on Keeling...

Angus:

I don't appreciate your besmirching of Junior's good name, Keebler!

DDK:

Look! He's clearly trying to hand him something!

Angus:

All I see is Junior being an absolute saint, helping the developmentally challenged, like Jonny Booya!

[Back on their feet, Team HOSS stare down with Dusty Griffith, Cap being the more reserved of the three as Angel barks his juvenile trash talk and Alecz acts like the English Jonny Booya that he is. Griffith puts his hand out and beckons them to come forth, Angel is all too eager to rush forward, but is stopped by Cap, who clearly makes the point to his young comrade that there are THREE of them and only ONE of him. Angel nods and grins as the point sinks in and all three of Team HOSS climb on the apron.]

DDK:

Is Mark Shields going to do **anything** about this?

Angus:

It's Mark Shields, I'm surprised he hasn't already packed it in and went home by now.

[As all three of Team HOSS get on to the apron, Dusty rushes them, clubbing Alecz with a forearm, then spinning and hitting Cap with a back elbow. However, the charge doesn't end up boding well for the champion as all three of them begin brawling with him over the top rope. This three on one doesn't last lang as a very big, cantankerous addition to the party rushes out to help.]

RAAH!

Angus:

Speaking of developmentally challenged, here comes EFF DEE JAY!

DDK:

Finally some help for the good guys!

[Big Frank is down the aisle in a flash of wild and crazy as he grabs for all of the members of Team HOSS. Yanking Cap and Alecz down first, they turn their attention Frank, who manages to keep them occupied one on two by the sheer force of his being the craziest bastard in DEFIANCE. This leaves Dusty and Angel, who continue throwing shots at each other over the top rope while Mark Shields, half-assedly, attempts to separate them.]

DDK:

I might need glasses, but is Mark Shields actually trying?

Angus:

Trying might be too strong of an adjective for what he's doing.

[A combination of Shields getting in between Dusty and Angel, and Angel getting knocked into from behind by the calamitous, three man tornado of violence that is FDJ, Cap and Alecz fighting directly behind him, is enough to give Dusty an opening to clobber him with a big elbow to the head.]

DDK:

What a shot by the champion!

Angus:

And Angel just tumbled from the ring and right on top of those three guys!

[Shields drops to the outside to try and direct traffic. While all of this clusterfuckness was going on, Junior Keeling did indeed give Jonny Booya an International Object, that Booya stuffed into one of his gloves. When Dusty turns his attention back to the ring, he goes for Booya, who hits him right on the chin with an uppercut.]

DDK:

See, I told you! Jonny Booya just... C'mon, not like this!

Angus:

Oh god, my nightmare is about to come true! Jonny Booya Worl... waaaaaaaaaaaaah!

[Dusty crumbles in a heap on the mat and Booya goes to make the cover while Junior Keeling rushes around to get Shields' attention. Seeing a pinfall to be counted, Shields slides into the ring before diving over to make the count.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

ONE!... TWO!... THR.....?

RAAAH!

[Just as Mark Shields is about to make the three count, a chair wielding Eric Dane hits the scene just in the nick of time as he drops the chair and reaches in to grab Shields by an ankle, pulling him out of the ring before he can finish the count.]

Angus:

THE BAWS!!

DDK:

Finally, some law and order in this match!

[Dane sneers at a bewildered Mark Shields, who looks to say something, but opts to get out of Dane's personal space as he sees him reaching down for the chair. Booya looks up to see no referee and then looks out to the floor, seeing

Eric Dane pulls Shields out to the floor and go for the chair.]

DDK:

Looks like Eric is about to play some Homerun Derby here with that chair.

[Booya is up, completely abandoning Dusty, who rolls away to a corner where he shakes his head after taking the loaded punch to the chin. Back out on the floor, Dane turns his attention to Team HOSS and Frank Dylan James, where HOSS's numbers have got Frank pinned down and going to work on him, Dane brings the chair up and...]

WHHHAAACCCK!

[Capitol Punishment takes a shot across the back, dropping him to his knees.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

WHHHAAACCCK!

[Before he can turn to see what happened, Dane cracks Aleczander in the forehead with a bolt of lightning.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Angel turns

WHHHAAACCCK!

[Capitol Punishment takes a shot across the back, dropping him to his knees.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Angel turns and tries to get a handle on Dane, but gets the top edge of the chair jabbed into his gut, allowing Dane to back away and...]

WHHHAAACCCK!

[Down goes Angel Trinidad.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And just like that, Eric Dane has handled business like only he can!

Angus:

But why's he gotta do that to my guys?

DDK:

Because they were there?

Angus:

Trufax, you has them.

[Keeling sensing now is the time to go, gathers his troops before Dane could give him some of the Only Star's brand of medicine as well. Dane turns back to Shields, completely derping at the scene in front of him, gets a growl from the BAWs who tells him "do you gorram job!" Shields doesn't say anything and quickly scurries back to the ring, while at the same Jonny Booya escapes to the floor.]

DDK:

What is he doing?

Angus:

I think he wants to have a word with Da Baws?

[Sure enough, Booya marches right over to Dane, who is standing over Frank. Putting one of his mitts on Dane's shoulder, he spins him around and gets in his face.]

Jonny Booya:

WHAT'CHU THINK YEW DOIN GETTIN ALL UP IN MAH BIDNISS, BOOAAHH?!

[Dane doesn't respond to Booya's ranting, looking down at his shoulder and then back at Booya, a devilishly amused smirk spreads wide across his face as Booya continues bellowing in his thick, incoherent, rage induced drawl. Meanwhile, in the ring Dusty has begun to shake off that cheap shot from Booya as he pushes Shields aside and gets himself up to a knee.]

Angus:

This is awesome, the more Eric ignores Booya, the more incoherent the idiot ramble that comes out of his dick licker gets.

DDK:

Angus Skaaland, wordsmith extraordinaire and...

[Possibly having gotten tired of his own babbling voice, or even maybe Eric Dane's smirking back at him, Jonny Booya brought one of his big mitts up high and straight piefaced the Baws like a chump.]

WHHHOOOAAAHHH?!?

Angus:

Ooooh shit, did he really just do that?

[Backing Dane off, who is momentarily stunned by what just happened, is left hanging out on the floor as Booya rolls himself back into the ring. Bringing a hand up to his face, Dane wipes his nose and looks at his hand, that mocking smirk quickly being stripped away and replaced with a cold, emotionless stare.]

DDK:

Jonny Booya might have just signed his life away right there.

[Back in the ring, a none the wiser Jonny Booya tromps over to the champion and takes a shot to the gut and then a second and a third as Booya tries to grab hold of the champion. That third shot gives Dusty the opening to get to his feet and the two begin wildly swinging at each other. Back out on the floor, Dane looks into the ring and the down at his other hand that still holds the chair he used to back off Team HOSS.]

Angus:

Sh'yeah, that goddamned fool is about to die... and it's going to be awesome!

DDK:

It's going to be something, that's for sure...

[Turning on his heel, Dane heads right to the steps and calmly walks up to the apron and enters the ring. With his back to him, Booya doesn't seem the spectre of death behind him, but Mark Shields does and he holds up a hand as if to warn Dane not to do what he's thinking. As this happens, Dusty shoves Booya back, allowing him to see what Shields is doing, and his eyes goes wide as Dane brings the chair up.]

KKKKKEEEEERRRRRAAAAACCCCKKKKK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Eric Dane just whacked Booya on the back of the head with that chair!

Angus:

Down goes Booya, down goes Booya, YUUUSSS!

[And of course, Mark Shields chooses now to use his discretion by doing his job, calling for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

You have got to be kidding me, seriously, Mark Shields? You chose now to call for a disqualification? What about when Team HOSS came down here and got involved in the first place?

Angus:

Technically speaking, Mayberry is the one who started it... I mean, Team HOSS could have been out here to uh... Yeah.

[With the chair dangling in his hand, Dane stands over Booya as the fallen Big King Cool rolls out of the way with both hands clutching his skull after having rung by the Baws. Dusty, however, is absolutely flabbergasted as he throws his arms out in the universal sign for WHAT THE FUCK, DUDE?! Dane hears Dusty's distress, he senses it, but his eyes track Booya as he rolls into the ropes before looking up at Dusty and shrugs. Back out on the floor, the Mastodon has reappeared after recovering enough from the three on one drubbing he sustained from Team HOSS, climbing up on to the apron as Darren Quimbey readies to call the winner of the match.]

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnnnnnnnd YOUR WINNER... By Disqualification... JOOONNNNNY BOOOOOOOYA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The moment of shock passes and Dusty stomps over to Dane and shoves him, seething with anger. Dane looks back at Dusty, the same remorseless expression etched on his face. Dane shakes the arm that holds the chair and Dusty notices it and continues to stand DEFIANTLY before Dane, not caring that the man is wielding a weapon. The crowd falls to a hushed buzz as the two stare down.]

Angus:

I dunno man, this could be the greatest thing, or it could be the worst thing.

DDK:

Neither man appears ready to give an inch!

Angus:

DADDY DON'T DO IT!?

DDK:

Wait just a minute, what is Jonny Booya doing...?

[Just as Quimbey was handed the World Title, and was about to turn and hand it to the disqualified but still crowned Champion, Dusty Griffith, Big King Cool grabs the big gold belt in one big stupid hand and yanks it away so hard that it sends Quimbey tumbling to the mat.]

Angus:
WHAT IN THE-

[Booya drops to his knees, holds the title above his head, bellows incoherently, then drops the title and flexes like he's trying to make his own biceps explode.]

Angus:
...does that [kevin]hat actually think he's won the World Title?

[Dusty Griffith is too lost for words to offer any offense against Booya or defense against his belt. Eric Dane's face visibly pales. He may well be visualizing disastrous PR endeavors and plummeting ticket sales with "JONNY BOOYA: WORLD CHAMPION" written in the margins.]

[And Jonny Booya leans back and howls.]

Jonny Booya:
OHHHHHHHHHHH YEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH~~~!!!!11~12

[Even FDJ, just recovering from his earlier fight with the the Trios Champions, manages to look appalled.]

[Booya jumps to his feet and gets his face up in Griffith's face.]

Jonny Booya:
WHAT NOW, NERRRRRRRRRD?!?!?! YEEEEAAAHHHHH!

[With the belt over one shoulder, Jonny Booya does the worst thing ever. Swagger-step-flexes his way across the ring, each step resulting in an alternate arm side bicep pose. At the end of his strut, he spins around with an...]

Jonny Booya:
OHHHH Y-

CLAAAAAANK!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Eric Dane, his face set in a stony scowl, holds a dented chair that dangles from his hand for a few seconds before he lets it slip from his grasp, clanking against the mat. Blood begins to trickle downwards from Booya's flat top as the belt flops off his shoulder and lands across his face. The crowds cheers fall to a hush as Dane and Dusty divert their eyes to the mat, with neither man paying mind to the other with their attention locked on the twenty pounds of jewel encrusted gold and leather.]

DDK:
That right there is what it's all about, the world championship. Eric Dane can allude to teaching lessons all he wants, but the bottom line is you KNOW that in his mind he thinks he could do more damage from the roster with the World Title around HIS waist as opposed to anybody else's!

Angus:
You really think the boss'd do that to ol' Mayberry?

DDK:
Do you really think he wouldn't?

Angus:
Good point. I just...

[Angus trails off from finishing that thought as suddenly, Dane and Dusty reach down towards the belt, with the Baws' hand snatching the prize before the Champion's could get there. Pulling back, Dusty brings his head up and watches as Dane pulls the belt in closer, a momentary lapse defies the bosses feelings toward the belt.]

DDK:

That twenty pounds of gold will do strange things to a man...

[Dane's eyes track back to Griffith, a painful second passes and he tosses the title back to its rightful owner. Stretching an arm out, Dusty snatches it out of the air and pulls it in before briefly giving it a reassuring look now that it was back in his possession. His eyes return to Dane as the two stand locked in place, their eyes focused on each other as the credits begin to roll on the bottom of the screen.]

[See you "next week".]

[Same DEF time, same DEF channel.]

[Fin.]