

Malachi vs Masato Ishimaru

[Black. Then you hear Constant Autumn by Gridlink erupt through the speakers. The black vanishes and Masato Ishimaru is on your screen, running down the ramp leading to the squared circle in the Wrestle-Plex. The house is packed tonight as they applaud the Japanese wrestler as he slides in under the bottom rope.]

DDK:

Evening, folks! You are watching another defiancewrestling.com exclusive before the start of our match. Masato Ishimaru is in the ring, thankfully without a cactus wrapped in barbwire--

Angus:

He was quickly rising to become one of my favorites around here. He dropped the ball this week.

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is one fall... introducing first, standing at 5'8" tall and hailing from Japan... **MASATO! ISHIMARU!**

[Masato walks around the ring, waiting for his opponent. Then, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Metallica pours into the Wrestle-Plex. From the back comes a man, shirtless, and wearing a pair of black wrestling tights. The bottom half of his face is covered in a dark brown beard. His hair, a dark brown as well, lands right above his neck, and his blue eyes are piercing. On the side of his wrestling tights reveals the name of this man.]

DDK:

It appears Malachi has arrived in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

That he has. This man is not small either. He easily stands at about 6'8". Masato is giving up a full foot on this guy.

DDK:

Well, this should be interesting.

Darren Quimbley:

And his opponent... standing at 6'8" tall... hailing from unknown--

DDK:

It's called heaven, DQ!

Darren Quimbley:

MALACHI!

[Malachi reaches the end of the ramp, each step he takes measured and to the point. He slowly walks up the steps and into the ring. He glares ahead at his opponent and Masato is stretching out, using the ropes.]

DDK:

Masato is going to need to use his speed here to avoid Malachi.

Angus:

Yes, and some divine intervention!

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Masato rushes at Malachi and starts pelting him with kicks to the back of his legs. The shots stun Malachi a bit before Malachi slams an elbow into Masato's face! The smaller Ishimaru stumbles away as Malachi comes up behind him, wraps his arms around his waist, and lifts him for a German Suplex! The agility of Masato though allows him to roll through it and land on his feet! Malachi turns around and is met with a roundhouse kick from the spunky Masato!]

Angus:

Well, I didn't expect this.

DDK:

It definitely looked like Malachi would start manhandling Masato there.

Angus:

Yeah. Hm... not sure what to make of this.

DDK:

You? Lost for words? It's a miracle.

[Malachi, stunned and in the ropes, is met with a fierce forearm from Masato. Masato then grabs him by the arm and tries to whip him into the ropes, but Malachi reverses this and connects with a spear that seemingly breaks Masato in half! Malachi raises to one knee, his eyes fixated upon his opponent, and grabs him by the back of the head before headbutting him! Then, he rises, brings Masato up with him, and connects with a German Suplex!]

DDK:

And slowly, the tide has turned here for Masato!

Angus:

The size difference alone here is going to make it difficult for Masato to match the strength of Malachi.

[Malachi rises up to his feet again and punts Masato in the ribs. This illicit a series of boos from the fans. Malachi looks out at them and there is such contempt in his eyes as he looks out at them. He then turns his attention back to Masato, pulls him up off the mat and whips him into the corner. As Masato stumbles out of the corner, Malachi nails him with a throat thrust! Masato drops to the mat, clutching his throat.]

Angus:

Masato needs to do something fast, because the methodical, steady nature of Malachi here is not doing him any favors.

DDK:

He needs to catch Malachi off guard and keep him off guard to have a chance here.

[Malachi bends over and peels Masato off the mat. Ishimaru starts to fight back, nailing Malachi with a kick to the midsection which he follows up with another roundhouse kick that sends Malachi to the outside! As Malachi gets back up to his feet, Masato goes for a suicide dive, but Malachi manages to catch him in mid-air. He holds him for a moment before connecting with a sitout side powerslam!]

DDK:

Oof. Masato was driven into the concrete there.

Angus:

Someone get a spatula. We need to peel Masato off the ground.

[Malachi then rolls him back into the ring and Malachi follows after him. Ishimaru is trying to get up to his feet, but Malachi comes up and nails him with a spinning crucifix toss! Malachi then grabs the legs of Ishimaru and puts him into an Argentine Leglock! Masato begins to yell in pain as the referee checks on him.]

Angus:

You really get the impression that Malachi is a master of the ring. He knows his moves, he knows how to cause pain, he is the complete package in there.

DDK:

Oh God. Are you going to start worshipping him now?

Angus:

Oh Dear God, no. I gave up on going to Heaven a long time ago.

[Masato continues to fight through the pain, inches away from the ropes. Malachi shows no emotion on his face as he exacts pain on Masato. With a little more effort though, Masato manages to grab the bottom rope. Malachi slowly breaks the hold before stomping away at Masato. The referee tells Malachi to back away and Malachi begrudgingly does so. He looks out at the fans and the contempt returns to his eyes. As he turns back, he sees Masato pulling himself back up to his feet.]

Angus:

If Masato wants a chance to get back into this match, this might be his only opportunity.

DDK:

And it looks like he is taking it as he just decked Malachi in the face with a forearm! And another one!

[Then Masato manages to take Malachi down with an armdrag takedown! Masato then bounces off the ropes as Malachi gets up to his feet. Malachi goes for a clothesline, but Masato duck it. As Malachi turns around, Masato springboards off the top rope and nails him with a hurricanrana! With the fans cheering him on, Masato feels the momentum as Malachi starts to sit up and Masato nails him with a running Knee Strike!]

DDK:

And Malachi is down! Masato is going for the cover!

1...

2...

NOOOOOO!

Angus:

Close call there for Malachi!

[Malachi slowly gets up to his feet as Masato pelts him with kicks to his legs. Malachi pushes Masato away and then drills him with Keasgiri Chop, which drops Masato onto the mat! Before Masato even has a chance to move, Malachi puts him into the Muta Lock!]

Angus:

Apparently, I'm being told that Malachi calls this Divinity.

DDK:

There is nothing divine about this at all!

[The referee checks on Masato, who after a few moments, taps out!]

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbley:

Your winner... **MALACHI!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And a convincing victory there for Malachi!

Angus:

Without question. Masato made a good showing of it, but there was just nothing he could do due to the size disadvantage.

[With the fans booing him, Malachi looks down at Masato and it is clear that he wants to make an example out of Masato. Malachi walks over, brushes the referee away, and starts laying into Masato with knee strikes to the face! Malachi then rips him up off the mat, pushes him into the corner, and drills him with fist after fist until Masato collapses into the corner. Malachi then walks over to the opposite corner, runs at him at full speed and drills both of his knees into the face of Masato.]

DDK:

Oh that was uncalled for!

Angus:

And yet, I don't think Malachi really cares! He said he is here for retribution and he is going to get his pound of flesh one way or another!

[Malachi then exits the ring and begins to walk up the ramp, satisfied with the beating he gave Masato. As he gets half way up the ramp, he turns around and sees that Masato is not only getting up to his feet, but is smiling while doing so, yelling at Malachi to come back.]

Angus:

Well Masato refuses to quit. And Malachi does not look too happy about it.

DDK:

And now Malachi is coming back!

[As Malachi slides into the ring, Masato stomps at him, but Malachi easily fights through it and drills him with another throat thrust. He stomps away at Masato before lifting him up off the mat, hoisting him onto his shoulders and nailing him with a Go 2 Sleep!]

Angus:

And Malachi with the Absolution!

DDK:

There is no need for this!

[Malachi then exits the ring, satisfied. He walks up to the top of the ramp, turns around and looks out at the fans as they boo him. His eyes then land in the center of the ring again as Masato is sitting there, a smile on his face, mocking Malachi!]

DDK:

Masato is nuts.

Angus:

And all he has done is piss off a man who thinks, who could very well be, the second coming of Jesus Christ.

[As Malachi looks down the ramp, disgust emerges on his face. He doesn't go back down to confront Masato though, as he just stands there before the scene fades out. Because it is time... to start... the show!]

The Edward White Story: Epilogue

[...]

[A few agonizing seconds of serene black silence eek by.]

[Cold open. The Wrestle-Plex is full to capacity, not to mention every bar in New Orleans has the live feed from Hulu plugged in and ready. It's been a strange couple of weeks since the last time DEFIANCE Wrestling was on the air. The crowd is hot, clapping, stomping, and beating on the covering of the guardrails.]

DE - FI - ANCE!
DE - FI - ANCE!
DE - FI - ANCE!

[They're hanging from the proverbial rafters. Eric Dane stands center-ring, no longer dressed as "The Only Star" with leather and knee-braces, but as **theBoss** of DEFIANCE, in a silver three-piece Armani suit, with raptor-skin shoes to tie it all together. To say that Eric is suited and booted would be an understatement.]

[His demeanor is that of a man who has won the war.]

[The smirk across his face is a mile wide.]

Eric Dane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to DEFIANCE Wrestling!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Angus:

That's right, **FUCK** Ed White!

DDK:

Angus! The children!

Angus:

Fuck the kids too.

[In the ring, Dane waits patiently for the crowd to bring it back down a notch. This takes entirely longer than it should.]

Eric:

Alright, alright... Brass tacks. It seems that our rich Uncle Eddy went out and did a bad thing. Or, maybe, a whole big bunch of bad things, I'm sure you've all been keeping up on TMZ and Twitter or whatever.

[That gets a laugh.]

Eric:

Well, needless to say, the minute that overblown fuck was down, I sent three busloads of lawyers in to kick him while he was there. And boy, did they.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Eric:

So, meetings were had, papers were signed, and here we are. I could go into the gory details, but, well, I actually can't. One of those signed papers was a Non-Disclosure clause. The bottom line is, the ownership of DEFIANCE Wrestling and all of its contracts and properties has legally and officially reverted to me.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Eric:

And so here I am, your once and again Proprietor of all things DEFIANT, and I'm here to introduce you to my replacement.

Angus:

Wait, what's at now?

DDK:

SHH!!!

[The cheering stops dead, replaced by an undefinable puzzlement of four-thousand people.]

Eric:

You see, I've made some mistakes in my time, and one of them was putting myself ahead of the product. For Christ's fuckin' sake, I tricked Ed White into giving me a title shot in my own promotion! And so it occurred to me, as I was having done whatever it was that was done in order to get me back here, that maybe the best thing for the future of DEFIANCE, is a future with me on the other side of the camera, in my office, pouring over contracts and advertising and all other kinds of red tape.

BOO?

Eric:

So, without any more pandering, allow me to introduce to you the new Senior Vice President of Talent Relations and Chief Innovations Officer for the DEFIANCE brand, The Matriarch and Queen Bee of all things DEFIANT...

Angus:

Aw, fuck! No. NO NO NO! Hizzell to the Nizzaw!

Eric:

KELLY EVAAAAAAAAAANS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

[The lights dim and a lone spotlight shines above the ring over the Only Star. A heartbeat later the sound of Britney Spears' electronic club beat "Work Bitch" begins to pound the airwaves as the spotlight trails down the aisle and up to the ramp.]

♪ You wanna ♪

♪ You wanna ♪

[The spotlight shines over the stage with the DEFIATron coming to life as Kelly Evans saunters out in her version of a bosses attire, wearing a fitted black leather jacket, black tube top, black spandex pants, and sky-high fire-engine red Louboutin pumps. Striking a pose, she drowns herself in the adoration of the crowd.]

♪ You wanna hot body ♪

♪ You wanna Bugatti ♪

♪ You wanna Maserati ♪

♪ You better work bitch ♪

♪ You wanna Lamborghini ♪

♪ Sip Martinis ♪

♪ Look hot in a bikini ♪

♪ You better work bitch ♪

♪ You wanna live fancy ♪

♪ Live in a big mansion ♪

♪ Party in France ♪

Angus: [retching]

Perfect, annoying music for an equally annoying...

DDK:

Careful, she's the boss now.

♪ You better work bitch ♪

♪ You better work bitch ♪

♪ You better work bitch ♪

♪ You better work bitch ♪

Angus:

Ugh!

♪ Now get to work bitch (ahhhh) ♪

♪ Now get to work bitch (ahhhh) ♪

[The music kicks it into high gear and Kelly begins the long walk down the aisle towards Eric Dane, who watches on in full amusement of his protege milking the moment. Making her way to ringside with a purposeful stride in her step, she ascends the stairs as one of the ring boys climbs up on to the apron to hold the ropes open for her. She approaches slowly, giving the kid a wink and gentle stroke of her hand under his chin that raises him up to his feet, before pushing him back and entering her ring like any man on the roster would.]

DDK:

Excuse me, I guess Ms. Evans won't be needing any assistance getting in the ring.

Angus:

Later on in the back is another story, heh.

DDK:

Funny.

Angus:

I thought so.

[Taking to the center of the ring, Evans stands triumphant before the cheering crowd, allowing the moment to drag on a little. Finally the music fades and she looks to Eric, almost as if he were not even there, as if he were Darren Quimbey and not Eric Gorram Dane, and holds her hand out for the microphone. With a smirk, Eric finally hands her the microphone.]

Kelly Evans:

Alright, alright, alright, listen the fuck up! Everybody out here knows me, [she points out to the crowd] and everybody back there knows me, [she jabs a thumb in the direction of the locker room] and you all know that just because I got a couple of perky tits instead of a couple of saggin' ass balls I'm not gonna be any less of a raging psychopath than he ever was at running this place!

[Eric gets a chuckle at this, personal experience and all.]

Kelly:

Now, I'm not here to pick sides, and I'm sure as shit not here to babysit, I'm here to point this gun in the right direction and blow red lettuce out of the Wrestling industry, you unnastannit?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Kelly:

So on to business! The Trios Champions, Team HOSS, and their new favorite contenders, the Big Damn Heroes, can't seem to get within ten feet of each other without something breaking and costing me money! That said, tonight we're gonna get some payback for DEFIANCE when Angel Trinidad and Wade Elliott go one-on-one for the first time in the history of ever, and I expect big things from these big boys tonight!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Kelly:

Next on the list, my favorite Big Bad this side of Eric Dane himself...

[The Only Star pretends to blush.]

Kelly:

...Dan Ryan. Now, he worked himself a little deal with Ed White before the old prick's "unfortunate incident," and got himself booked against Dusty Griffith for the World Title at TV47. Now, as much as I am a fan of undoing all of that old fuck's work here in DEFIANCE, I am inclined to be charitable to Mr. Ryan just this once, he did do us such a big favor with this whole fiasco after all... So, we're gonna go ahead and have the match as scheduled, and we're not gonna wait for a Pay-Per-View to get it done!

[She glances at Dane, he nods positively, it's her show now.]

Kelly:

And speaking of Pee-Pee-Vee, I know Ed White had some convoluted WarGames bullshit booked, but I've already got the Marketing Department on overtime putting together promotional materials for its replacement, and since we've had us one hell of a fuck-spllosion around here over the last few weeks I'm calling it Aftershock: The Revival! It'll be the first major event in the Kelly Evans age of DEFIANCE, and you can better believe I've got something SO HYOOJ in store for that show that it'd make Tyrone Walker's cock run away crying like a cheerleader about to get raped!

[This gets the strangest reaction ever out of a DEFIANCE audience, equal parts sheer amazement, abhorrent fear, and uncontrollable laughter.]

Kelly:

But you know me, I'm just a big ol' tease! And if you think I'm gonna give you the goods on our first night out? PSSH! Get in line sweethearts!

[She drops the mic. Like a BAWS!]

[Cue: Britney.]

[Back to the commentation station.]

DDK:

Wow! Can you believe all of that?

[Angus slumps low in his chair.]

Angus: [facepalm.jpg]

Yes. I can. Kels was always his favorite. And it makes perfect sense.

DDK:

Right, well, anyway, I'm being told that the Skybreakers are backstage, so we're gonna shoot in on back there and find out what's going on!

[Skaaland rolls his eyes.]

Angus:

Out of the frying pan, into the fire.

What's Next

[Backstage locker room.]

[In the background, Tyrone Walker is pacing about with a bag of Cheetos in one hand and a red solo cup of what could be guessed as purple drank, while the other two member of the Skybreakers, Troy Matthews and Jake Donovan sit in front of their lockers looking quite downtrodden. While Ty is concerned about seeing the corner of his Cheetos' bag the others are quite concerned over something totally different, the lackluster joke of a trios division.]

Troy Matthews:

I just don't get it... The Sons of the Soil vanish into thin air, DEFIANCE is under new management, and here we are, sitting lower than chopped liver, with rumors flying around about what's gonna happen to some of us on the roster. I got a bad feeling about this, Jake.

[Donovan looks towards his partner, sharing in his troubles, but he has a more positive attitude towards it all.]

Jake Donovan:

They haven't made any mention of dismantling the Trios Division, Troy, so I wouldn't worry too much, all that's happened is a few teams have went poof! We're still a team, White's gone thankfully, and now there is no one holding us back! Think positive for once!

Troy Matthews:

Maybe, but with the Sons and the CDC gone, the division's looking pretty anemic. That affects us... I just wonder what's next, y'know? I don't like feeling like we don't have a place here, even with Ty taking us under his wings, but I especially don't like not having a PLAN. Saori's usually good at this, but...

Voice:

Sup fellas!

[That cheery voice belongs to the one and only Curtis Penn. Jake stands tall, not liking his last run in with the SoHer Legend, and Troy follows suit.]

Troy Matthews: (mutters to Donovan)

What does this guy want?

Jake Donovan:

What ever it is, it won't be good.

[Troy brushes past Jake, holding his hand up to indicate for Curtis to stop where he's at.]

Troy Matthews:

Hold up right there pal!

[Curtis mockingly points a finger at himself and draws to a stop.]

Troy Matthews:

I don't know what you want, but whatever it is, you ain't gonna find it here.

Curtis Penn:

Whoa Chief! I'm not here for anything...Jake, can you call off the gremlin?

Jake Donovan:

No, Curtis I don't think I will. Troy's right, we've got a lot going on right now and your shenanigans are not welcomed!

[Curtis looks down right sad.]

Curtis Penn:

Look guys, I'm injured...

[He raises his cast in the sling.]

Curtis Penn:

So no shenanigans tonight, I just stopped by to see if you three could sign my get well card or help with The Curtis Penn Get Well Foundation by purchasing Curtis Penn's Greatest Matches Vol.1...

[Jake cuts in.]

Jake Donovan:

No, Curtis, get out of **OUR** lockerroom, now!

[Curtis gives a very hurtful look at Jake and Troy, gives Tyrone Walker a glance, only to return back to Troy and Jake.]

Curtis Penn:

That's alright Jake... you're not on the DVD anyway. And Troy, I've heard a rumor that you won't even have the chance to make it onto Curtis Penn's Greatest Vol. 2. I'm just sayin...

[Curtis turns his back on the tandem and walks right out of the shot. Just at the moment, with an empty bag of Cheetos in his hand, Ty Walker brings the swag.]

Tyrone Walker:

Th' hale 'at nigga goin' on about?

[Ty drapes the arm with the empty bag of Cheetos over Matthews' shoulder and the remnants of the awesome cheese powder fingers over the shoulders of Donovan.]

Troy Matthews:

He was just poking the beehive with a stick, y'know?

Tyrone Walker:

Mmm, right, right... Maybe y'all should do somethin' 'bout that?

[Troy and Jake glance at each other, but neither are given a chance to follow up as Ty backs away from them.]

Tyrone Walker:

'Sides... [he says while giving Jake a playful shove on the shoulder] We gonna be havin' some bidniss to tend to out there, padawan.

[Tyrone playfully shoves Jake out the door, all the while Jake is giving Ty a confused look, and Matthews is standing all alone as the door shuts him off from the arena wondering what is next for him.]

Jake Donovan vs Tyrone Walker

DDK:

Up next, Tyrone Walker asked for a match and Jake Donovan answered the call.

Angus:

That braindead flippydoo does get what the concept of a team is, right? I mean, not that he's been very successful thusfar at it, but still. Since when do teammates get into rasslefigths when there's not been a single drop of spilled coffee, did Ty snag one of Donovan's groupies?

DDK:

Maybe Donovan honestly wants to test himself against "the master" so to speak.

Angus:

Yawn, laaaaaaaaaaaaaame, though Ty is definitely the master, you at least got that part right.

DDK:

Sure, okay... Take it away, Dee Que!

[Adrenaline Mob's "Come On Get Up" begins to tear through the arena, bringing the large contingent of females in the audience to their feet in a panic of screams along with the cheers of the younger set. Those screams and cheers rise to a higher octave when the multi-colored fan favorite hits the stage. Throwing his hands up, he urges the crowd to get louder, which they do.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... Weighing in at TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS... He hails from MASON CITY, IOWA... This is... JAAAAAAAAAAAKE DOOOONNNNOOOOVAAAAANNN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

You can't deny how much the girls love this kid.

Angus:

Ugh, so much pandering, making me sick.

[Heading down to the ring, Jake slaps hands and bumps fists with just about everyone along the way until getting pulled in closer by some of the more rabid teenage girls. Freeing himself, Jake rushes towards the ring, diving in and rolling to his feet before ascending the nearest corner. Throwing his arms up, Jake scans the scene in front of him as the music fades.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps... The only reason for me to be here tonight...

DDK:

What about Team HOSS?

Angus:

Okay the other only reason for me to be here!

[The synthesized intro to Sevendust's "Black" dances across the airwaves until breaking into full on guitar riffs, bringing the rest of the more hardcore DEFIANCE faithful to their feet. Sauntering out on to the stage, Ty stops center stage and cocks his head back and mugs it up for the cheering crowd as he throws his arms out to the side.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now, coming to the ring... Weighing in at TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE POUNDS... He hails from JACKSONVILLE,

FLORIDA... This is TYYYYYYROOOONE WAAAALLLLLLKKKKEERRR!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Go ahead, say it...

Angus:

MUUUUUH BOOOOI TAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[Ty's grinnin' like a villain as he heads down the ramp, putting his hands out for the fans to reach and slap at. Getting about halfway down the aisle, Ty slows his steps and takes a good look at what's waiting for him in the ring. Smiling at Donovan, he nods his head and then bursts towards the ring before leaping to the apron. Getting into the ring, Ty mugs it up as his music fades.]

DDK:

I tell you what partner, Jake Donovan had a heck of a match last week against Henry Keyes, and tonight, a win here over a man such as Ty, could really send him up the ladder.

Angus:

Shhhh, don't give that painted idiot any ideas about ladders!

[Jake waits in his corner, doing his last bit of prep as Ty goes to his corner and talks to the referee, Carla Ferrari. Ty nods as he receives instructions from Carla, rolling his wrists and shaking out his knees. Going over to Jake, Carla gives him the same talking to, but his focus has since turned from the crowd to the matter at hand.]

DDK:

Certainly a lot more serious here tonight, Angus.

Angus:

He better be, and yeah, good match against Keyes, but no offense... The Bell Clap ain't the Black Jesus, dudes forgotten more about wrestling than Keyes has even thought he could learn.

[Satisfied, Ferrari signals for the bell and we're underway.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

[The crowd pops for the bell, which gets Jake and Ty to come out of their corners. A quick fist bump, before they circle until meeting in the middle with a collar and elbow, that Ty breaks with a quick knee to the gut and grabs a headlock. Jake tries to push Ty off, but Walker grabs a fistful of his hair to maintain, which gets Carla to look and see what's up when Jake yelps from the tug on his hair. Ty of course lets go of the hair before she can see it and plays it innocent, even shaking his head and saying "what?", much to the chagrin of Donovan's fans.]

Angus:

Haaaaaaaah, classic.

DDK:

Well, this could certainly become more than a friendly showdown between partners.

[Jake again tries to push off, but Ty again holds the hair. This time Carla catches Ty redhanded, he acts like it's no big deal, even wiping his hand on her shirt. This gives Jake the opening he needs to push Ty off, who comes rebounding back and ducks a clothesline from Jake. Ty comes off the rebound again and Jake leapfrogs him as he goes low, and then catches Walker with an arm drag takedown. Ty doesn't waste much time on the mat, working his way up to his feet before Jake switches up and grabs a headlock of his own.]

Angus:

HEY! HE PULLED THE HAIR!

DDK:

He did not, Angus!

[Jake wrenches down on it, which fires up a bit of panic in Ty due to his history of neck problems. Pushing Jake off, Ty stands in the pocket as Donovan comes flying back off the rebound and flattens Walker with a shoulder charge to a big pop from the girls in the crowd. Ty staggers to his feet as Jake rushes him with looping right hands, backing him up against the ropes before whipping him back across. Jake charges forward after a couple seconds, but gets smashed in the face with a Flying Forearm from Walker.]

Angus:

BOOM!

DDK:

Quick thinking there by Walker, Donovan didn't see that forearm coming!

[Ty grabs Jake and drags him to his feet, who fires a couple of punches to Ty's midsection that do little more than annoy the veteran. Jake fires another couple shots to the gut, these doing a little more than annoying Ty, who grunts in response. Jake continues blasting away until standing upright and catches Ty with a few good ones that get Walker reeling. Pushing him towards the ropes, Jake sends Ty across the ring and tries for a crossbody as Walker comes off the rebound, but Ty baseball slides under. Jake pops up and gets a pair of digits to the eyeholes.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ty remaining a step ahead here, albeit a little underhanded.

Angus:

It's a legitimate strategy, Keeps!

[Jake rubs at his eyes, his focus completely off Ty as he tries to clear his vision. Walker puts his hands up like "who... me?" while being admonished by Carla Ferrari for the dirty tricks. Walker shrugs it off before putting the boots to his young comrade, stomping down on his body and shoulder. Jake kicks blindly, missing Ty, before rolling into his legs, staggering Ty a little. Backing off a step, Ty blasts Jake with a particularly hard kick and then drags him up only to scoop and slam him down, then drops a leg across his chest and neck before going for a cover.]

ONE!... TW... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!**DDK:**

Walker getting pretty aggressive here.

Angus:

Wouldn't you after having had to try and pull the weight of three men?

DDK:

Oh geez, the Skybreakers have just had a run of bad luck, it happens.

Angus:

You stick to your story, I'll stick to mine, that has all the truth in it, mmmkay?

[Sitting Jake up, Ty steps back and then blasts Donovan with a snapping soccer kick to the spine. Donovan recoils in pain, grabs his back and tries to roll away from Ty, but Walker blasts him with another, which breaks Donovan's rebellion. Grabbing him by the hair, Ty drives a knee into Jake's back before grabbing a chin lock, causing Donovan to

holler in pain, which in turn gets his fans to scream with sympathetic agony. Ty continues to wrench back, even alternating his hand grips by grabbing on to his hair when Jake tries to find a way out. Jake claws at Ty's hands, trying ineffectively to get free, while Carla warns Ty to knock it off.]

Angus:

Hey, it's not Ty's fault that Donovan's gorram hair is all over the frakkin place!

DDK:

Or he's not trying very hard to not grab on to Jake's hair, either or.

[After a bit longer, the fans start to rally behind Jake, clapping and cheering for him to fight his way back into this thing. Ignoring Ty's attempts to keep him down, Jake rolls to his knees and fires a volley of punches into Ty's gut to loosen his hold. Getting to his feet, Jake fires a few back elbows into Ty's rib before bursting up and nailing Walker with a picture perfect dropkick to the mush. Walker stumbles back, but manages to catch himself on the ropes, only to eat another dropkick by Donovan, which floors the Negro Deity to a big cheer.]

DDK:

Donovan with a big pair of dropkicks as he feeds off the fans energy!

Angus:

These turncoat sons of so and so's! TEEMDANEAJARGORRAMITALL!

[Jake is up and lets loose a roar, which gets him a bigger pop from the excited crowd. Stomping over to Ty, he attempts to pull him up, but takes a headbutt lower than he'd like, which instantly gets Walker booed by the Donovan contingent in the audience. Ferrari admonishes Ty again, but Walker pats his gut as if to say he didn't go low, though he's grinning like the cat who ate the canary while he does this. Going back to work, Ty stalks Jake as he staggers to his feet, catching him with a running knee to the body and then grabbing a Sleeper Hold.]

DDK:

And these fans just gasped as Donovan gets locked up in a choke!

Angus:

YUSS! Night night, jackass!

[Jake desperately fights against it, which gets the fans to rally again. Walker pulls back, trying to tighten his arms around Jake's head and neck, but Donovan pulls at his arms and lurches forward. Feeling his control slipping while the crowd continues to cheer Jake on, Walker desperately shakes his head no as Jake pulls them closer to the nearest corner. Donovan uses the turnbuckles to walk up and flip over, sending him falling to the canvas on top of Ty, who never loses the hold, but finds himself pinned with Donovan on top of him.]

ONE!... TWO!... TH... NO!... BOOOOOOO-RAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

What the hell... Jake Donovan is trying to wrestle smart or something?

DDK:

And if Walker hadn't let go, he'd have just lost to one of his proteges!

[Both roll to their feet, Jake a little faster, is able to hit Ty with a standing dropkick, sending him to the mat. Jake heads into the ropes, the crowd cheering him on as he comes off with a springboard moonsault, only Ty gets the knees up and Jake ends up rolling around on the mat in pain. Ty stalks Jake and reaches down to pull him up only to get pulled into in an inside cradle, which Ty immediately kicks out of. Scrambling to their feet, they try for simultaneous dropkicks that only graze one another.]

Angus:

C'mon dude, you can't let this flippydoo idiot get into this match!

DDK:

Walker might not have a choice here, because Jake is starting to find a groove!

[Jake kips up and grabs Ty's arm as soon as he gets back to his feet, runs up the ropes and swings off with a Springboard Head Scissors, sending Ty halfway across the mat. Jake follows him and quickly hits a Somersault Leg Drop, then goes for the cover.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOO!

[Pulling Ty up, Jake whips him into the far corner. Charging in, Jake leaps at Ty in the corner and then rolls back, sending Walker flying with a Monkey Flip that lands him in the middle of the ring. Popping to his feet, Jake adjusts Walker on the mat before hitting the ropes, and on the rebound rolls forward on the mat before popping into the air with a flip and scoring the Rolling Thunder cannonball splash. Jake hooks the leg.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAH-BOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Jesus, thank gawwwd.

DDK:

Donovan's only one good shot away from scoring one of the biggest wins of his career!

[Jake is up and feeling the surge of adrenaline and excitement in the crowd, roaring to the fans again, who pop big for their painted hero. Walker meanwhile has rolled over to a corner where he clutches at his midsection after having all 215 pounds of Donovan crash on to his ribs. It's Jake's turn to stalk Ty now, following him into the corner and returning one of Ty's kicks from earlier in the match with a hellacious kick to Ty's ribs.]

Angus:

Hey ref, REF! Kicking a man while he's down, do something!

DDK:

The bounds of your hypocrisy are truly amazing, Angus, well done.

[Jake reaches down and pulls Ty to his feet, dragging him out of the corner before hooking his head and trying for a neckbreaker. Walker senses the danger and shakes himself free before shoving Jake off and into the ropes. Jake turns and springboards off them with a backflip that sends him over a charging Ty, who spins around as Jake rushes back at him.]

DDK:

Oh good lord, they just took each other out with double clotheslines!

Angus:

Blaaaaaaaaah! Come on!

[Crashing to the mat after the impact, both are down and out for as they try and remember the license plate of the truck that ran them over. Rolling away from each other, they shake the cobwebs as Carla Ferrari checks on both of them.]

Angus:

The hell...

DDK:

Huh? Oh... What?

[Angus and Keebs react as the DEFIatron comes to life with the shot of Curtis Penn in a long sleeve button up shirt, a pair of faded jeans, and pair of dusty cowboy boots while standing in front of a DEFIANCE logo backdrop. The main attraction here is the sling that is looped over his neck to hold up his broken right wrist.]

Curtis Penn:

Hi, DefiFANS, Curtis Penn here and I just wanted to take this time to tell you that I am alright and that I will be taking time from my busy recovery process to bring you all updates on how my road to recovery is progressing.

[Plastered on his face is the same smug look that defines his attitude.]

Curtis Penn:

The only reason that you have not heard anything from me since Def TV 44 is that I'm working hard on my recovery so that I can get back to doing what I do best and that is to perform for you fans and bring to you only the very best in professional wrestling, myself, Curtis Penn.

[He places his left hand on his cast, he gives it an unconcerned look, before going on.]

Curtis Penn:

I know that I cannot do this alone and that is why I need each and every one of you fans out there to send your get well wishes to CARE OF CURTIS PENN at the DEFIANCE Offices right here in New Orleans or you can tweet me @curtispenntmp and I'll make sure that I ReTweet you with a very heartfelt thank you ! And for the really concerned fans of mine you can still purchase The Very Best of Curtis Penn vol.1 for the low, Low, price of \$19.99 and reserve your copy for The Very Best of Curtis Penn vol. 2 that has the highlights from my 1st season in Defiance for only \$25.00 and for pre-ordering you'll also get an autographed picture of myself.

[He gives a polite pause before continuing on.]

Curtis Penn:

And for all of my devastated lady fans *wink* you can still go to my AMAZON Wishlist and buy some of the more higher dollar items and know that you helped take the pain away that much quicker.

[He nods, grins and the DEFIatron goes black.]

Angus:

The fuck was that bullshit?

DDK:

Did Curtis Penn really just interrupt a match to give us all a status update on his well being?

Angus:

Somehow he manages to find a way to master a new level of douchebaggery and then surpasses it every. single. time. It's truly the only admirable thing about him.

[After the song and dance with Curtis Penn comes to a close, we cut back to the ring where Ty is up to a knee and rubbing his neck after the jarring impact. Jake is also up to his knees, still trying to unring his bell, but when he sees Ty getting up, he suddenly pops up and rushes over. Seeing his young apprentice coming in, Ty pops up suddenly and takes Jake down with a Small Package.]

ONE!... TWO!... THR!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[They scramble and Jake catches Ty coming in with a clothesline, catches his arm and takes him down with a Crucifix Hold.]

ONE!... TWO!... T!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[They scramble again, this time Ty catches Jake with a boot to the gut before hooking his arms, twisting around and taking Donovan down with a Back Slide.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Jake kicks his feet frantically and it's enough to roll him off his shoulders. Scrambling, Donovan rushes Walker from the side and cradles him with an Oklahoma Roll.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Ty escapes and Jake is up quickly, but Ty dodges a kick to his head before tripping Donovan up and then scrambling into position to tie him up with a La Magistral Cradle.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Jake again escapes, but this time Ty rushes back at him, only for Donovan to reach in with a double leg that puts Ty on the mat. Holding his legs, Donovan flips forward with a cradle.]

ONE!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Ty counters, pushing his legs forward and putting Donovan on his shoulders as he rolls to a seated position like that of a Sunset Flip.]

ONE!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Jake rolls back quickly to escape as Ty rolls away to the floor to break the momentum.]

RAAH!

Angus:

JAAAAAAAAAY-ZUSS KEEERYRYYYSTE!

DDK:

What a display of athleticism there from these two!

Angus:

I'm blown up just from watching it!

DDK:

And these fans are blowing the roof off of this place for it!

[Ty is hunched over as heaves in deep breaths, meanwhile Donovan tries to locate Walker. Seeing him out on the floor, Donovan is up and bounces himself off the ropes and goes flying at Walker with a Plancha over the top rope to the floor, crashing on to Walker which gets a big pop. Getting to his feet, Donovan pulls Walker up and rolls him back into the ring.]

DDK:

Donovan is in full control here, his youth starting to become an advantage.

Angus:

C'mon Ty, yous mah booooooooooah, mang!

[Back in the ring, Jake scoops Ty up and then drops him with a forward Powerslam, positioning him near the corner. Pointing up top, Jake gets his "roll on" signifying he's looking to take flight. Climbing the ropes, Jake steadies himself and then takes the leap, looking for the Shooting Star Press, but Ty moves out of the way before Jake can land on

him.]

Angus:

HA HA! Less hamming it for these tweens you fool!

[Ty is up at the same time as Jake pops up, but when Ty looks for the Blackout Bomb, Jake is amazingly quick witted and counters with a Frankensteiner. The drunkenly scramble and Jake swings for the fences only for Ty to duck his clothesline and try for the Black Thunder, but again Donovan is able to counter out with another Frankensteiner. Ty is up and disoriented as he staggers about, but when he sees Jake dashing towards a corner, he follows only to get taken down by a Corkscrew Moonsault.]

ONE!... TWO!... THRE?!... NO!... KICKOUT! RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

DDK:

Oh my god that was so close!

[Jake is up and again, hamming it up for the fans while Walker crawls away. After a bit, Jake eyes Walker and breaks himself away from the adulation of the fans. Picking Ty up, he drops him back down with a front style Backbreaker. Positioning Ty's prone body just so, Jake once again ascends to the top rope, steadying himself, he leaps back with a twist into a Phoenix Splash.]

Angus:

HE MOVES!

[Jake has the body control to adjust in mid-air so that he avoids crashing to the mat.]

DDK:

And Donovan somehow avoids disaster by landing on his feet!

[Jake stumbles forward after landing, so he loses sight of Walker, who has since scrambled to his feet and is coming off a rebound from the ropes just as Jake turns around and...]

Angus:

LIGHTS OUT! He got all of it, Keeps!

DDK:

Walker with that dashing knee kick, but somehow Jake is back to his feet!

[Albeit staggering and completely on dream street from the knee to the head, he's helpless to defend himself as Ty comes rushing back and scores a second Blackout. This time, Jake is done as he looks up at the lights, the engines running but no one's at the wheel. Getting to his feet, Ty doesn't hesitate to rip Donovan off the mat, hook him for the Textbook Suplex, lift, twist and drive Donovan down on to his head.]

Angus:

OL' DIRTY BUSTER!

DDK:

That's gotta be it right there!

[Walker reaches for a leg, pulls and locks his hands together for the pin.]

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

RAAH!

Angus:

YUSS! TEEEEEMDANEJAR!

DDK:

A tough fight there out of Donovan, but the old man's still got the almighty "it."

Angus:

You gorram right he does, Keebs!

[Pushing himself up, Ty comes up with a self assured grin as he lets out a big exhale while looking out to the cheering crowd. Popping up to his feet, Ty stomps around, hamming it up for the crowd for a moment before he going back to Jake, who begins to sit himself up. Offering a hand, Ty pulls Jake up and the two show it's all water under the bridge, with Ty letting Jake know that he "almost" had him. Jake smiles and nods, letting Ty know "one day" before bailing from the ring.]

DDK:

Classy as ever, a tough loss, a close one at that, but Jake Donovan's leaving the ring with his head held high.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, moar talk about how Ty is awesome, MOAR! Because WINNAR!

[Cut elsewhere.]

New Boss, Same Plan.

[Cut to the Skybox.]

[The newly installed Matriarch of DEFIANCE is taking inventory of her lair and the belongings of her predecessor. With her is a couple of staffers, whom she randomly selected on her way back to the office, both of whom are there to do her bidding, mostly grunt work.]

[They wait for their orders.]

Kelly Evans:

Alright, Minions. It's time to do something about *this*.

[She sneers at the gaudy, over the top decor chosen by the now former B0\$\$ of DEFIANCE and current resident of your nearest white collar, club-fed prison. She points to some ugly looking bust that is carved out of marble, that appears to have been taken straight off the set of a Roman Empire inspired movie, only the bust is of White himself.]

Kelly Evans:

Ugh, toss.

[The first staffer, who is lugging around one of those big trash bins on wheels, grabs the stone likeness of White and unceremoniously drops it into the depths of the bin. It makes a final thudding sound. Kelly is already on to the next thing, which perks up the other staffers attention. She points to a painting of the Blood Diamonds standing tall over the rest of DEFIANCE after a presumed victory at the WarGames that is never happening.]

Kelly Evans:

Hah! Good luck with *that*, fucko! Ah, what the hell, keep it. Actually, can we send that to White in pound-me-up-the-ass prison?

[The two staffers look to each other and then back at Kelly, shrugging in response. She frowns a little at the lack of knowledge of her minions, but then grins devilishly, possibly considering the idea of White being sodomized.]

"A title to one of your *allegeded* movies, *Boss*?"

[Enter Dan Ryan. He takes a look at the painting and snickers, mostly at the ridiculousness of the "piece," because it features White at the forefront with his foot stepping down on the skull of Eric Dane, as if he were the one who was winning the now cancelled WarGames.]

Dan Ryan:

Ah, Eddie, you were always too confident... *and* a little bit too careless.

[Kelly's grin contorts into a knowing smile as she turns on her designer heels and greets Dan Ryan.]

Kelly Evans:

Funny. And yes, he was. Now he's out of here, thanks to you.

Dan Ryan:

Always willing to do my part for king and country.

[Kelly smirks.]

Kelly Evans:

Of course you are.

[Ryan shrugs a bit.]

Dan Ryan:

In fact, my interest in the matter was entirely self-serving, but that doesn't mean I can't be benevolent when it suits me. A smart man always has an exit strategy.

Kelly Evans:

Indeed.

[A knock on the door.]

Kelly Evans:

Come on in.

[The door swings open and Dusty Griffith walks in. Dan Ryan looks at him intently.]

Dan Ryan:

Evenin' champ.

[The door swings shut as Dusty stops in his tracks. The room falls silent as he and Ryan lock gazes in a staredown. Meanwhile, it doesn't take much for this to get boring for the new Boss, who has since moved to the front of the desk where she leans against it, while the acrylic nails of her left hand click against the top of the mahogany desk.]

Kelly Evans: [mockingly]

Ooooooh, errrrrr, grrrrrr, me big, me strong, me better rassleman than you are... [rolling of eyes ensues] *Yawn*. Do you need something, Champ, or are you just here to take something to remember Eduardo by?

[An audible "heh" comes from Dusty as he snorts and thumbs his nose.]

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah actually, there is. I heard what you said out there, but the way I see it? Now that this guys ability to power play me isn't an issue anymore, I want to fight him... Tonight!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK: [v/o]

Oh boy, this could be shaping up to be one helluva night on Kelly's first night in charge!

Angus: [v/o]

And we don't even know what that crazy broads got in mind for later, such a tease.

[Kelly considers this, her right hand coming up so that her fingers caress her chin, the index finger tapping lightly.]

Kelly Evans:

Your lack of hearing what I already just said aside, I like it, and normally, I would be inclined to do just that, but...

[She looks to Dan Ryan, he snickers and shakes his head "no."]

Kelly Evans:

...I'll be deferring to your challenger's judgement on this one.

[Dusty's eyes go wide with confusion, then "what the fuck?" as he turns to address Evans.]

Dusty Griffith:

What?! What the hell for?

Kelly Evans:

First, because I said so. Secondly, [points to Ryan] he's the one responsible for getting White outta *my* chair. So again, I'm deferring to his judgement and *thirdly*, because I said so.

[Dusty grinds his teeth, Kelly shrugs, Ryan continues looking pleased.]

Dusty Griffith:

Wait... [Shaking off confusion at this last comment] He's responsible for... what exactly?

Dan Ryan:

I'm responsible for keeping you from doing something really stupid, champ. You're not ready. Don't try to deny it.

Dusty Griffith:

I said it before and I'll say it again. I beat Eric Dane. I can beat you.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah well, I heard you the first time and I hear you now. But, I think your ego is just getting a little bit bigger than the reality, and I'm gonna do something about that, but I'm gonna do it on my schedule, not yours. You've talked down to me enough, but you don't call the shots around here, CHAMP. DEFtv47 is the date. Get used to it.

[Dusty looks at Kelly Evans, who just smiles slightly.]

Dusty Griffith:

And you're backing him up on this? After all the time he spent working for Ed?

Kelly Evans:

[Regaining a serious expression.] I think it's for the best.

[Dusty looks first to Dan Ryan, then back at Kelly Evans, then harrumphs and walks out. Once the door shuts, Ryan stands to his feet as well, slapping the arms of the chair dramatically as he does so.]

Dan Ryan:

Well -- I believe that's my cue as well. Good luck to you, Miss Evans.

[Kelly just watches. Ryan crosses the room, pausing near the trash bin where the marble bust was tossed, chipping off several pieces in the process.]

Dan Ryan:

I like what you've done with the place already.

[Ryan exits, leaving Kelly Evans to lean back in her chair. She smiles.]

[Cut away, Lance Turner is chasing someone down in the back.]

In Samuel We Fear

Lance Warner:

Sam...Sam wait up!

[Lance Warner chases after Samuel T. Turner II as he entered through the loading dock doors. Dressed in his ring gear and a jacket he stops and turns toward Lance.]

Lance Warner:

Thanks for stopping Sam, I really wanted to ask you...

Samuel T. Turner II:

Sam?

[Samuel puts his hand on Lance's shoulder and squeezes a little.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

My name is Samuel T. Turner II. Don't forget it again.

[Samuel releases his grip from Lance's shoulder.]

Lance Warner:

Yea...yea...sure, I'm sorry Samuel.

[Lance rolls his shoulder gently back and forth.]

Lance Warner:

Samuel, what was the deal with the assault on Rich Mahogany on DEFtv 44? Were you trying to injure him for good?

[Samuel stands tall proud of his accomplishment, if you can call it that.]

Samuel T. Turner II: [a sly smirk overtakes his face]

Do you know Rich Mahogany, Lance? I mean do you really know him, seriously?

[Lance shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head no gently.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Well I thought I knew him back when DEFIANCE started traveling overseas, back when I _was_ getting booked as the loveable retard. He and Don Hollywood got me to fund their trips, nights out in the club, happy ending massages, and the late night runs to the Asian restaurants where they served \$500 dollar human platters. They tried to ruin me.

[Samuel snarls up his lip.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Even though I destroyed them in the ring, that just wasn't enough in the terms of vengeance for me. So I did what I had to do to Rich and I'll continue to do what I want until I'm holding DEFIANCE gold.

Lance Warner:

So you just want gold here in DEFIANCE, nothing else?

Samuel T. Turner II: [he smirks]

Of course I am, now. I just wanted to get paid, to show what I could do in a match, well...

[Pause.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

You know Lance, I was known as the “Redneck Wrecker” or for those fans in the deep south [using a southern drawl] “Tha Rednek Reker”. As Sam Turner Jr. what did I wreck besides the English language? Nothing, that’s what I wrecked. Edward White gave me an opportunity to better myself, he sent me to a speech class to help kick phrases like ‘Whatcha gon’ do ‘bout ‘at?’ and “If’n ya won’t ta.” Now I’m elegant, I’ve moved on from the farm and I am the best Samuel Tiberius Turner II that I can be.

[Lance stands there listening carefully so Samuel doesn’t put his hands on him again.]

Lance Warner:

So what’s next after Don Hollywood? I mean are you going for gold or is there another person you want to face?

[Samuel rubs his chin with his thumb and his index finger as he mulls over the question.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

I’m going to start at the bottom of the Southern Heritage Title race, and I’ll win it. Then I’ll head to the FIST of DEFIANCE Title, I’ll win it. Finally I’ll rule DEFIANCE as the World Champion.

Lance Warner:

That’s a big goal there Samuel...

Samuel T. Turner II:

Maybe for some, but all I have to do is beat a few weaklings. I mean who’s a real challenge in the Southern Heritage Title race?

[Just then Henry Keyes exits the locker room minding his own business, bright red goggles strapped down over his eyes.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Do you think a guy like Henry Keyes could challenge me? I mean really, think about it Lance, look at him he’s got tattoos of the gears to a clock. How many sane people do that?

[Keyes stops in his tracks after hearing his name being trashed by Samuel. He turns around and approaches Samuel and Lance.]

Henry Keyes:

Let’s give you a second chance there, Sammy. What do you have to say about me? Think I’m crazy, do yeh?

[Lance stands between the two large men feeling nervous to the fact that this could blow up into explosive battle of two titans.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

With all those...

[Samuel points to Henry’s tattoos.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

...stupid gears you’ve tattooed on yourself, of course I do. Do you really expect me or anyone for that matter can take you serious with those tattoos?

[Keyes looks down at his arm and then back to Samuel.]

Henry Keyes:

These aren’t just any gears, big man - they’re the gears of the _universe_, and I hear them clinking together - tick, tick, tick. Sealing mankind’s fate. Ready to snap off a future-shattering Bell Clap at a moment’s notice - especially if a certain mouthy wannabe-hard-man decides to really test if he’s got the bite to match that newfound bark of his. So

what do you say, Sammy? Care to test it one more time?

[Samuel's eyes feel with rage as Keyes is already sporting a psychotic smile.]

Lance Warner:

Okay guys, we don't need this now.

[The two both snarl their faces.]

[Cut to black.]

Angus Skaaland:

What the hell?

[Angus slaps his monitor.]

DDK:

I don't know, maybe the camera died?

Angus Skaaland:

This early in the show, you must have that same moron gene that Sam Turner Jr. had for the first few years of his career.

[Angus slaps his monitor again.]

DDK:

I'm sure that's really helping.

[Angus whacks the monitor once more.]

DDK:

You really do have anger issues.

[Angus just flips him the bird.]

Samuel T. Turner Jr vs Don Hollywood

[Moments pass. Cut back to ringside.]

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" blares through the DEF Arena.]

♪Clean shirt, new shoes♪
♪And I don't know where I'm goin' to♪
♪Silk suit, black tie♪
♪I don't need a reason why♪
♪They come runnin' just as fast as they can♪
♪Cause every girl crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man♪
♪Gold watch, diamond ring♪
♪I ain't missin' not a single thing♪
♪And cufflinks, stick pins♪
♪When I step out, I'm gonna do you in♪

[Out struts Samuel T. Turner II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[His shiny black boots gleam from the DEF Arena's high powered lights. He's wearing black knee pads with a hint of gold on the outside of each. His black briefs have the same hint of gold on each hip.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to us from Caballo Estates in Harlan, KY, SAMUEELLL T. TURNERR THE SECONDD!

[Samuel steps into the ring and stares down the entranceway awaiting Don Hollywood.]

Angus:

Samuel looks ready to kill.

DDK:

Did you see the stare down between he and Henry Keyes backstage? That was just over a few spoken words and no action.

Angus:

Oh there WILL be ginger blood all over the place.

DDK

What color is ginger blood?

Angus:

No idea, but if it smells like gingerbread I'm going to ringside for a taste test!

[Big Bad Wolf by Duck Sauce blares through the DEF Arena.]

Angus:

It's Don Hollywood! Finally, he came back to DEFIANCE

DDK:

He's here to avenge Rich Mahogany's defeat.

Angus:

Defeat? Don't you mean murder!

DDK:

Well he's not dead yet, but he was beaten to a pulp.

[Don steps out and his neon lime green jacket shines like a new diamond.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent coming to us by way of West Hollywood, California, "DAPPER" DON HOLLYYYYWOOOOOODDDDDDD!

[Don gets in the ring and slings off his jacket.]

Angus:

Don's ready to go!

DDK:

We'll see just how ready he really is.

Angus:

It's go time!

DING! DING! DING!

[The bell sounds and the two lock up. Samuel pushes Don into the ropes and hold him there.]

1...

2...

3...

[Samuel releases the lock up and chops him across the chest. Then delivers a forearm across Don's back dropping him to his knees. Samuel pulls him up and delivers an elbow to the top of his head knocking him back down to the mat.]

DDK:

What an elbow, I bet Don's on dream street.

Angus:

He just scrambled his brains like eggs with grits.

[Samuel pulls him up and stiffly kicks him in the gut dropping him back to the mat.]

Angus:

Jesus, he may've just broke his rib.

DDK:

Possibly or he just kicked his heart out of his back.

Angus:

That would've been a cool fatality spot!

[Samuel pulls him from the mat and put him in a headlock. He turns from the referee and punches Don in the throat sending back to the mat. He kicks him in the ribs and continuously stomps the ribs of Don until he rolls out of the ring.]

DDK:

Those were some brutal stomps.

Angus:

I guess Samuel likes BBQ ribs, huh?

DDK:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, Angus do you see that on the rampway? It's...

[The camera pans around and catches a glimpse of a large red haired man standing on the ramp.]

Angus:

Holy Christ it's Henry Keyes!

DDK:

I'm guessing these two aren't done with their conversation backstage, I wonder if he's taking mental notes or trying to cost Samuel the match?

Angus:

God, I hope they just brawl like two giant grizzly bears. Who cares, just fight! I NEED DAT BELL CLAP!

1...

[Samuel catches a glimpse of Keyes on the rampway. He stares a hole through him as if he had Superman's heat vision laser eyes.]

2...

[Keyes begins to clap on the rampway.]

3...

[Keyes claps a little harder as Samuel still stares at him.]

4...

[Keyes claps get louder and wider.]

5...

[Keyes claps get louder, wider, and more violent to the point he's Bell Clapping the air. The claps are extremely resonant, and Keyes hides the wince of pain that shoots up his arm with each successive Bell Clap by keeping those goggles down and smiling like a lunatic.]

DDK:

Keyes has him off his game right now. There's something really scary about this, Ang!

Angus:

Yea, I've never seen anyone do this to Turner, Keyes is like Professor X right now. Just a thought though, but is there a ginger superhero?

DDK:

Eugene Dewey?

Angus:

...so you're saying it's a no.

6...

[Turner notices Don's on the apron, he hits him and locks up for a suplex...the lift...no, Don reverses it. Don locks on the Sunset Boulevard neckbreaker...he drops down...no, Samuel grabs the top rope.]

DDK:

Wow, I thought Don had it.

Angus:

Yeah, I did too. I thought Keyes had psyched Samuel out just enough.

[Samuel stops Don from getting up and kicks him in the chest then delivers a hard elbow drop to his ribs. He goes for the pin.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

Wow, Don just missed Mark Shields three count.

Angus:

Don can take the pain, he's into that whips and chains kinda stuff.

DDK: [looking out of the corner of his eye]

Ok, so back to the match.

[Samuel picks up Don and delivers a knee lift into his ribs. He looks towards Keyes's direction and then back to Don. Another knee lift to the ribs and Don hits the mat.]

DDK:

Those ribs have to be so tender now.

Angus:

Or too tough to eat.

DDK:

Yeah.

[Samuel stomps on Don's ribs a little more inflicting more pain. He reaches down and pulls Don up.]

DDK:

Oh not, this isn't going to be good.

Angus:

BUCKLE BOMB!

DDK:

That's the setup for...

Angus:

LARIIIIIIAAAAAATTTTTTOOOOOO!!! He just decapitated Don, oh my god.

[Samuel covers Don but looks at Keyes the entire time, seething.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Angus:

Christ, where does he get that power?

DDK:

No idea, but it looks like he's going to give Don the same treatment he gave Rich.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match, via pinfall, SAMUEELLL T. TUNERR THE SECONNDD!

[Samuel, still looking at Keyes, begins to pick Don up. Keyes rushes to the ring. Samuel slides out as Keyes slides in with their eyes locked on each other.]

DDK:

Keyes just saved Don from further torture.

Angus: [standing up and yelling in Turner's direction]

Get in the ring you big bitch and fight Keyes!

[Turner backs up the rampway, still eyes locked on Keyes.]

Angus:

This will be a crazy match when these two finally get it on. Bell Claps for DAYS, Keeps, I need my FIX!

DDK:

No doubt, it'll be explosive! We all know that Keyes has a hairpin trigger for this sort of thing - these battle lines seem to be IMMEDIATELY drawn.

Angus:

Look DDK, I'm getting word that we're going to the backstage for a bit while the doctors check on Don Hollywood.

What You Know

[From the staredown between the Henry Keyes, Master of the BELL CLAP~!, and Samuel T. Turner the Second, the best dressed man from the Bluegrass State, we're taken backstage where David Noble and Mary-Lynn Mayweather are walking and having a conversation. David's non-title match against Frank Holiday is imminent and, like a good neighbor, Mary-Lynn is there.]

[You've got the State Farm jingle stuck in your head now, don't you?]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

So, time for a serious question.

David Noble:

Go for it.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Are we going to Coachella this year or what? You've been promising me that for years!

[David chuckles and shrugs his shoulders.]

David Noble:

We shall see.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Listen, you're taking me to see The Weeknd and that's that! And if you tell me it's because of that damn Fifty Shades of Grey movie again...

[Footsteps from down the hall give Mary-Lynn pause from finishing that thought. Lindsay Troy approaches, spinning a set of car keys around her finger and typing something on her phone in her other hand. It's clear she's not paying much attention to where she's going as she hasn't noticed who is up ahead of her.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: [to Troy]

Hey! Listen, I know people like to talk about texting and driving as being dangerous, but walking and texting is just as dangerous.

[Troy looks away from her phone, glances at Mary-Lynn, then at David, then back to Mary-Lynn.]

Lindsay Troy: [smirks]

I'm sorry, counselor, but I don't think there's a law against that.

[She slips her phone into her back pocket.]

Lindsay Troy:

But if you're looking to craft a legit Public Service Announcement, maybe you can do one up for Eddie White since he's stuck in Folsom Prison.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Is that a real place? I think I saw it in a movie once.

David Noble:

Damn good movie at that.

Lindsay Troy: [ignores him.]

Mare, I may not be the 'Hero who knows the entire catalog of country music frontways and back, but even I know

that's a real place from a real song that a real concert was held at.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Huh. Guess I'll need to have Wade bring me up to speed.

Lindsay Troy:

Might have to wait 'til after the show, what with Kelly booking him against Trinidad as a result of that brawl last week.

[A sly smile creeps along Mary-Lynn's face.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Which you started.

Lindsay Troy: [Nods a bit triumphantly]

Which I started. Anyway, I need a moment.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Oh. Uh, alright. David, I guess I'll catch...

Lindsay Troy:

Not with you.

[Now she acknowledges Noble's existence with a nod of her head.]

Lindsay Troy:

With him.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: [Blinks]

With....wait, why?

[Troy gives her a very pointed, this isn't something you want to fight me on, look. David whistles softly.]

David Noble:

Well, this seems like it's going to be a blast. Just know, I don't intend to do any Johnny Cash concerts for big Ed while he's in the slammer.

[Mary-Lynn looks to her friend (David) and then back to her friend/mentor/big sister of sorts (Lindsay) and sighs.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Alright. I'll meet you by the Guerilla Position, David. [She looks at Troy] We'll talk later?

Lindsay Troy:

Of course.

[Mary-Lynn walks away before turning around and mouthing, "Good Luck" to Noble.]

David Noble:

So. What's up, doc?

Lindsay Troy:

Hopefully not your blood alcohol content.

[A chuckle escapes David's lips as he holds his hand up to his mouth and breathes.]

David Noble:

Nope, don't got any of that on my breath. Want me to do a field sobriety test for you? Touch my nose with fingers? Say the alphabet backwards? I must have missed the moment when you became my probation officer. Or are you auditioning to be my life coach?

[David holds his arms out as to say, "Am I free to go now?"]

Lindsay Troy:

The way Mary-Lynn tells it, you've missed a bunch of moments over the years thanks to being a barely-functioning alcoholic. While she was trying to keep it together for the both of you, plus babysit Jack and Tony, she ran herself so damn ragged that it's a wonder how she even managed to make it to training, keep her booking obligations, and function herself.

[Noble laughed, derisively.]

David Noble:

You don't know a damn thing about me, or about my life, and if I were you I would stay out of it. You couldn't be bothered back then to come by and have a "chat" with me so I don't know why this is all of a sudden a "thing" for you.

[David motions that he is going to walk away, but he puts those plans on hold when Lindsay side-steps and cuts him off.]

Lindsay Troy:

I know what Mary-Lynn knows and not because I went asking. While you were off drowning yourself in a bottle and doing things that broke her to bits, I was helping her pick up the pieces since she didn't have anyone else to go to. Her words, straight up. And I was more than willing because she's too damn smart and too damn talented to have spent as much energy as she did on you when you couldn't even give a damn about yourself to better yourself.

[David's expression is one of pure anger. Troy doesn't look too pleased herself.]

Lindsay Troy:

You aren't the only one who cares about her and if I have to inconvenience you now to give you that reminder, so be it.

[David's eyes lower as his breathing becomes very shallow. The words wash over him and the line between words and fists become more and more blurred with each passing second.]

David Noble:

Truth is you weren't there to see it first hand. I fucked up at times, I won't deny that. She was there for me when I needed it the most, though. So if you were smart, Lindsay, you wouldn't talk about things you know nothing about.

[Noble then steps away from Troy, brushing her with his shoulder as he walks by.]

[MEANWHILE.....]

A-Ticket, A-Tasket II

[The men's locker room is surprisingly quiet this time of the evening, but that could be because nobody really wants to be around or bothering Wade Elliott when he's preparing for a fight.]

[A HOSS fight, no less.]

[The Bad Dog's warming up and getting a light sweat going by jabbing heavy, taped hands through the air. To the left of the shot is Tyler Rayne, wearing strike pads on his hands and letting the 'Bama Bruiser get his arms loose.]

Tyler Rayne:

Gotta hand it to ya, Country, even your old ass still has plenty of pop behind these punches.

Wade Elliott: [half-grins, punches harder]

Yer one t'talk.

Tyler Rayne:

Damn shame only one of us gets to tussle with the champs tonight but I figure with all of us out there, only a matter of time before we can't play nice anymore.

[The sound of the door swinging open is heard off-camera and a rustling is heard as well. Wade gives the noise a side-eye glance and is about to throw another punch when he does a double-take instead.]

Wade Elliott:

The hell's that?

[Tyler Rayne also looks off in the same direction and lowers his hands. He tilts his head, amused.]

Tyler Rayne:

I always heard the Welcome Wagon was late in giving gifts, but I never expected it'd take a year to get here...

[The camera pans over and captures a man walking toward Rayne and Elliott with a large gift basket in his hands. A clipboard is pinned between the basket and his chest, and if you're thinking you might've read something like this before you'd be right.]

[Guerilla Grindhouse 11, bitches. Get at it.]

Delivery Man:

Hey guys! Whew. That's a long walk from the loading dock to here. Doesn't look it given the maps that are posted all over the place.

[He plops the basket on top of a bench and grabs the clipboard before it falls to the floor.]

Delivery Man:

Are either one of you Tyler or Wade? Some of the workers said most of the guys set up shop here, and since you're the only ones around right now I'm guessing that's the case?

Tyler Rayne:

Accurate assessment. So who's it from?

Delivery Man: [shrugs]

Oh, I dunno. They don't tell me these things. They just say, "Harold, go bring this thing over to that place and don't forget to get a signature." Pfft. Like, hello, this is not my first time at the Courier Rodeo.

[He points to the **Goulding Gifts and Deliveries** logo on his shirt. Wade's looking at the kid and the basket with more

than a little skepticism.]

Tyler Rayne:

A charmed life you lead indeed.

Harold: [smiles]

You're darn tootin'! So, wouldja mind signing so I can scoot on home? Just moved here from the Great White North and...

Tyler Rayne:

Boy are your arms tired?

Harold:

Haha! No, i was gonna say I've got a lot of boxes left to go through. But I guess that could still be true!

Tyler Rayne:

Right.

[He takes the pen and the clipboard, scribbles a signature, and hands them back.]

Harold:

Well then, hope you enjoy! Gotta say, cherry soda and bourbon aren't my drinks of choice but whatever floats your boat!

Tyler Rayne:

Cherry wha--?

[He looks at the basket as Harold walks away. Inside is a handle of Wild Turkey and bottles of Code Red Mountain Dew.]

Tyler Rayne:

Sweet!

Wade Elliott:

Rayne....

Tyler Rayne:

Best Welcome Wagon gi--what?

Wade Elliott:

Who'n th'hell's gonna give us a basket?

[Tyler tempers his excitement, pauses, and thinks.]

Tyler Rayne:

Besides Uni?

Wade Elliott:

Who'd hand it to us herself an' not git someone t'bring it.

Tyler Rayne:

I mean...okay. Fine. But since when do we look gift horses in the mouth? And since when did you turn into Dick Tracy? And since when do you think logically?!

Wade Elliott:

New Years' Resolution.

Tyler Rayne: [laughs]

The hell it is.

Wade Elliott:

Alright. Fine. It's not. But I'm jus' sayin'....somethin' don't smell right 'bout this.

Tyler Rayne:

Look, let's not worry about the "whos" and the "whys" right now. We got free shit. For all we know, it's a "Ding, Dong, Ed White's Dead, Time to Celebrate" or whatever basket. Eat, drink, and be merry, Country, right?

[Wade still looks skeptical.]

Tyler Rayne:

Code Red's my fave, man. Don't wreck this for me.

[Wade sighs. Ain't no dealing with Tyler Rayne sometimes.]

[Most of the time.]

[Elsewhere...]

Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is

[Backstage.]

[Would you believe it, there's a smile on the face of the FIST of DEFIANCE.]

Eugene Dewey:

Hey man, how you doing?

[There's a scene that hasn't happened in a long time. The nameless backstage worker smiles back at Dewey and nods as he continues down the hall. The news of Edward White's arrest was quite welcome amongst the majority of those backstage, but clearly not to many more than the FIST who even starts whistling a tune straight from the Green Hill Zone levels of Sonic The Hedgehog.]

???:

Yo, Dewey!

[The FIST ceases his whistling, stops in his tracks, and turns around. If it weren't got the towering figures of Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca and 'Big' Vinny Rinaldi he might have, quite understandably, overlooked the man that called his name.]

Alceo Dentari:

I gotta bone to pick wit' yous!

[The Legitimate Businessman's Club catch up with Dewey and all three square up to him. Dewey however doesn't flinch. He simply stands there and looks each LBC member up and down before fixing his stare onto The Littlest Mobster.]

Eugene Dewey:

Pick away.

[Dentari straightens up as much as possible so as to reduce the obvious height difference between he and his opponent later tonight.]

Alceo Dentari:

Yous a fightin' champ, ain't yous?

[Dewey pulls a face that screams "I'd like to think so" and nods.]

Alceo Dentari:

An' we got a match tonight, right?

[Now Eugene can see where Alceo's going with this, and as though to make a point, he adjusts the FIST of DEFIANCE belt that's draped over his shoulder.]

Eugene Dewey:

So you wante-

Alceo Dentari:*[Interrupting]*

I ain't finished.

[Eugene stifles a laugh and zips up his lips. He locks them shut before swallowing the key; an act that Tony Di Luca clearly finds quite implausible.]

Alceo Dentari:

So how 'bout you prove yous a fightin' champ by puttin' that belt on the line against me tonight?

[Dewey stands there staring at Dentari without saying a word.]

[...]

Alceo Dentari:

Well!?

Eugene Dewey:

Oh, I'm sorry, were you finished that time?

[Slowly but surely Dentari's blood starts to boil, evident by the fact that his little rat-like face gets redder and redder with every passing second.]

Eugene Dewey:

I thought Edward White said you weren't getting a shot at the FIST this week?

[Dewey fights hard to hold back the laughter as Dentari just about snorts steam from his nostrils.]

Alceo Dentari:

Yeah, an' Edward White ain't around no more, or ain't yous got that memo?

Eugene Dewey:

You don't need to remind me that White's not here anymore, Alceo, I know it. I can see it... I can feel it...

[Dewey inhales deeply.]

Eugene Dewey:

Hell, I can smell it. It's like that earthy smell after the rain...

Tony Di Luca:

Nah, that's Vinny.

[With a surprised yet impressed look on his face Dewey looks towards the big man.]

Tony Di Luca:

Yeah, he might be dumb as sand but he take pride in his self.

Eugene Dewey:

Well you learn something new every day... What brand of Deod-

Alceo Dentari:

What the fuck is wrong wit' yous? We're talkin' 'bout me an' yous for that...

[Dentari points to the FIST still hanging over Dewey's shoulder.]

Alceo Dentari:

Edward White ain't got no say in what happens in DEFIANCE no more. So if yous is anythin' like the man yous claim to be, you'll put your money where your mouth is an' you'll put that title on the line against me tonight.

[Eugene rubs his chin and ponders for a second.]

Eugene Dewey:

...Alright, Alceo... you're on!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Finally the rat-like face of Alceo Dentari cracks into a smile.]

Eugene Dewey:

Just know though, Edward White couldn't pry this title out of my hands... So I dunno what you hope to achieve with those little things.

[Dentari's blood boils right back up and he lashes out at Eugene, but before he can reach the FIST Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi each grab an arm and restrain the new number one contender. Eugene chuckles to himself and shakes his head as he turns to continue his way down the hall.]

Alceo Dentari:

Let me at 'im damnit. Let me go! Let me at 'im!

[Fade away from Scrappy Doo and back to ringside.]

DDK:

Well, there you have it, our main event tonight, the last match Edward White will ever book for DEFIANCE, is now going to be for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Finally we've got a contender for the FIST that I can get behind.

DDK:

Do you think Dentari can wrestle the title away from Eugene? I mean, earlier this week he celebrated a year as the FIST of DEFIANCE. It takes something special to hold onto a belt for 365 days.

Angus:

I'm not saying it'll be a cake walk, but he's got Di Luca and Rinaldi backing him up. I wouldn't be surprised if we saw a new FIST later on tonight.

DDK:

Well, time will tell.

Angus:

Captain Cliche, reporting for duty!

[Cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring.]

David Noble vs Frank Holiday

[There is a buzz in the air as Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring. The fans know what is coming up next and have been eagerly anticipating it.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall...

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

What the hell? Are they really that excited over Darren Quimbey?

DDK:

I don't think they're excited over Darren.

Angus:

I mean, I know he is kind of cute in the bear community.

DDK:

What the...

Angus:

In that 'Totally shouldn't sleep with him' way.

DDK:

Please. Stop. Now.

Angus:

Wait. Is my mic on?

DDK:

I really just want to curl up and die right now.

Angus:

This is really awkward right now. Because, those were your lines.

[Silence.]

DDK:

Let me see that?!?! I am NOT a King Bear! What the hell is that?! I demand a rewrite on this script!

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

♪ *Since I know how low to go* ♪

♪ *I won't let it show* ♪

♪ *Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go* ♪

♪ *And now I stand, and I peel for more* ♪

♪ *Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 245 pounds, hailing from Albany, NY... *DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVIIIIID! NOOOOOOOOOOOOBBLE!*

[Noble, wearing a pair of blue jeans and a white short-sleeved t-shirt, begins to make his way down to the ring. His pace is measured, not too fast and not too slow, as he looks down at the ring, ready for his upcoming fight.]

DDK:

After the tense moment Noble just had with Troy, you can bet he wants to get some of his frustrations out right now.

Angus:

Yeah, though I mean, who hasn't been in an abusive relationship where alcohol is involved.

DDK:

Um, most people.

Angus:

Oh, okay. Don't judge then!

♪ Yes I've finally found a reason ♪

♪ I don't need an excuse ♪

♪ I've got this time on my hands ♪

♪ You are the one to abuse ♪

[Noble then slides in under the bottom rope and jumps up and down, the energy coursing through his body.]

DDK:

You have to imagine that Noble is beyond pumped right now! This is his chance under the spotlight.

Angus:

He's going to have to actually, you know... win a match first?

DDK:

He did win a match though. Last week.

Angus:

No, that was-- and I shudder to say this-- Frank Holiday getting the victory. You know, the pin fall?

DDK:

Noble could have gotten the pin though.

Angus:

Yeah, just like he could have gotten the pinfall on Henry Keyes? Or Stockton Pyre? Or heck, even the first time he faced Frank Holiday! Listen, don't get me wrong, I like the kid. He knows how to drink. He knows how to compete. He still hasn't proven he belongs in that ring as a true competitor.

DDK:

Then maybe tonight will be his night to prove you wrong.

Angus:

Oh trust me, no one would be happier to see that happen than me.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds... Accompanied by Billy Pepper... He is the REIGNING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! FFFRRRRRRRRANK HOOOOLIIIIIDAAAAAAAAY!

[On cue, the funky horns and jangly guitar riffs of "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hit the airwaves. All eyes turns to the entranceway and a wild cheer is in full force as the curtain whips apart. With bro-nager extraordinaire Billy Pepper at his side, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns.]

Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

[He is clad in his usual ring gear and "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, but it's the gleaming gold plate of the Southern Heritage Championship belt around his waist that really catches the eye.]

[Frank Holiday takes a moment to shine that plate up with his wrist and admire the blingy golden glow. Then he gives Billy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring. As they reach ringside, Frank breaks into a sprint and vaults up onto the apron in one strong leap. He ducks through the ropes, and his eyes are firmly planted on Noble, who is in the corner, stretching.]

DDK:

And Holiday looks just as ready as he ever does.

Angus:

Yeah, he looked ready last week when he answered the phone and the Great Bee-atch was on the other line.

DDK:

Well, yeah, that was embarrassing.

Angus:

Oh, let me tell you something. Having your pants fall off of you in the middle of a supermarket where Boy Scouts are trying to sell you popcorn is embarrassing. What happened last week was downright horrifying. I mean, I'm surprised Frank didn't disappear to like Africa--

DDK:

Okay now, this is getting a bit sil--

Angus:

Get ebola and fake his death--

DDK:

Oh come on now--

Angus:

Go to the world's best plastic surgeon--

DDK:

Are you serious?

Angus:

And become a WOMAN!

DDK:

Just... go to the ring.

[As Frank circles the ring, receiving the adoration from the fans, he unclasps his belt and holds it in his hands. He holds it up high for Noble to see and David slowly nods his head. He understands it perfectly. This match is for that. A shot at that, which at this point, is all he could ask for. He knows he doesn't deserve much more than that.]

Frank Holiday:

Let's do this, Dave!

[David can only smile. Frank extends his fist and Noble bumps it as the referee takes the title and hands it to the timekeeper. Then, before they know it...]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sounds of the bell, David explodes out of the corner and Holiday looks to go for a simple lock-up, but Noble blows right past that and starts with fist after fist to the face of the SoHer champ!]

DDK:

Whoa! Noble came out firing there!

Angus:

Definitely took Holiday by surprise there!

[Noble connects with one last punch, stunning Holiday. David then bounces off the ropes and connects with a flying crossbody! Noble rolls off of him, climbing to his feet in a hurry. Holiday does the same thing, trying to get his bearings, and turns towards Noble only for David to kick him in the midsection and connects with a swinging neckbreaker. Noble, wasting no time, exits through the ropes, standing on the apron as Holiday fights back to his feet while clutching his neck. Frank turns, looking for Noble, and then David leaps onto the top rope and nails him with a springboard flying headscissors! The velocity of the move sends Frank rolling through the ropes and out of the ring!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHH!

Angus:

Well, there's no question that Noble came to fight.

DDK:

Not only did he come out to fight, but he has taken the fight right to Frank, not giving him a moment's rest here!

Angus:

Heck, maybe the kid can do it after all.

DDK:

Well, he's got the fans behind him cheering him on!

[Frank, sitting on the floor, isn't quite certain what exactly has happened in the opening moments of this match. He shakes his head, pulls himself back up to his feet, and turns back towards the ring only to see Noble flying over the top rope with a senton plancha! Both men land on the ground hard, but Noble, with adrenaline coursing through him, bounces back up to his feet.]

DDK:

Noble is flying high right now! He got some serious air on that plancha!

Angus:

Come on now... Noble is always high!

DDK:

We don't know that!

Angus:

Um, yes we do. Do you not watch the show every week?

[Noble grabs Frank by the back of the head and rolls him into the ring. David slides in after him, but Frank is already up to his knees and starts pummeling Noble with forearm shots to the back. David keeps trying to fight through the blows, but Holiday is only gaining momentum as he nails David in the face with a forearm shot that staggers David into the corner. Instead of letting up, Frank nails forearm shot after forearm shot, taking the aggression right back at Noble.]

DDK:

These two men walked into this ring as friends, but they've completely put that aside for the sake of the fight, Angus!

Angus:

And now the tables have turned, but in the wrong way for Noble.

DDK:

Considering the tables were already turn the right way for Noble, wouldn't turning them at all be a negative?

Angus:

I hate you.

[The pounding continues from Holiday as he has taken to smashing shoulder after shoulder into the abdomen and ribs of Noble! Finally, the referee has Frank take a step back, breaking the hold. Noble stumbles out of the corner, clearly dazed and in pain, while Holiday moves in behind him and wraps his arms around him. Frank tries to go for a German Suplex, but David blocks it. Holiday tries to lift again, but Noble fires back with an elbow to the side of Frank's head that breaks the hold. David then runs off the ropes and comes flying back at Frank, but Holiday is ready for him as he nearly puts him through the mat with a devastating spinebuster!]

DDK:

Ouch. Just... ouch.

Angus:

Yeah, Noble won't be able to walk straight for a week after that. Funny story, one time, after a long night--

DDK:

Okay, no. I'm going to stop you right there.

Angus:

You're no fun!

[Holiday gets back to his feet while Noble is rolling on the canvas, clutching his back from the thunderous move. Slowly, he gets back up to his feet and turns to find Holiday heading right towards him. Noble manages to leap frog at the last possible second and turns in the nick of time to connect with a hip toss on Frank! Frank arches his back in pain while Noble wastes no time and connects with a front flip leg drop across Holiday's throat!]

Angus:

Noble managing to shake off the pain and take it right back to Holiday.

DDK:

I'm surprised you're not calling him out for flippity-floppity stuff.

Angus:

Yeah, but he's facing Frank. Trust me, I'm caught between a rock and a hard place.

DDK:

I bet. It's interesting that these two are essentially the same size, but they have such different styles. Frank with the more power based game while Noble seems to be reverting back to his usual high flying self.

Angus:

Well, Noble will need to get to the 'winning' style if he wants to get that title shot.

[Noble then hops onto the top rope and looks at the prone Holiday. The fans are on their feet as Noble stands and then leaps, going for a Frog Splash... that he misses!]

DDK:

That is NOT good for Noble as Holiday just moved right out of the way there at the last possible second!

Angus:

And this is why you don't do that flippity-floppity crap!

DDK:

Well, Noble just learned that the hard way.

[Holiday gets back up to his feet and brings Noble up with him. Frank nails him with a closed fist to the jaw. Instead of going down, David fights back with a shot of his own. This only infuriates Holiday who blasts him in the face with a forearm shot. And then another one. And then another! He then spins Noble around and goes for a German Suplex, but David manages to block it once again. Frank clubs him in the back of the head, wraps his arms around Noble's midsection once again, and connects with a release German Suplex that ends with the back of Noble's head crashing into the top turnbuckle.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

Oh Jesus. I'm not a religious person at all, but oh man. That is not pretty.

DDK:

The referee is now checking on Noble who is barely moving and Holiday definitely looks as if he did not intend for that to happen. I think his frustrations just took over and, let's be honest, he is a strong guy who can probably fling more than his fair share of men around the ring.

Angus:

Yeah, but tonight, that guy was David Noble.

DDK:

The good sign is that the referee is not calling for medical attention or the end of this match.

Angus:

I'm certain Noble told him if he ended the match, he would kill the referee himself.

[The referee moves away and gives Holiday the all clear sign. Down at ringside, Billy Pepper has his hand over his mouth and is watching with a look of concern. Somewhat leery, Frank moves over to Noble, who is showing some signs of life. Frank can clearly remember the last time he was in the ring with Noble and David sustained a minor injury to his knee. Still, gauging that Noble's resilience is not to be underestimated, Holiday grabs Noble by the arm and pulls him up to his feet. He nails him with an uppercut that pushes David into the ropes. Frank then whips Noble across the ring and plants him with a sidewalk slam!]

DDK:

And Frank keeps taking the fight to Noble here.

Angus:

The only movement we have seen is Noble's limbs flailing around and they pulled that off in Weekend at Bernie's.

DDK:

You do know that was a movie? With a real live actor, right?

Angus:

Ha, yeah. You just keep telling yourself that.

[Frank, back on his feet, plants his boot into the left knee of Noble. He keeps this action up, his pace quickening, as Noble clutches as his knee in pain. Holiday shakes his head as he pulls Noble up to his feet once again and nails him

with a knife-edge chop! David grimaces in pain as Holiday connects with it again. Noble fires back with a fist of his own in retaliation, the first sign of fight he has given in a few moments. Noble then bounces off the ropes, but Holiday is the fresher of the two and drills him with a short-range spear!]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

Angus:

This might just be over now.

DDK:

Holiday is in complete control of this match now.

Angus:

He might have this match wrapped up as he goes for the pin, looking to put Noble out of his misery.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

And it looks like the fight in Noble isn't done yet.

Angus:

As I've said before, this kid has more balls than brains.

DDK:

You've got to in order to compete around here.

Angus:

I swear, you've said some stupid stuff, but that might take the cake.

[Holiday climbs back up to his feet, bounces off the ropes, and plants an elbow across Noble's sternum! He then places Noble's left leg on the bottom rope, jumps up, and puts all of his weight onto Noble's left knee. David rolls around in pain as Frank does it once again.]

DDK:

And the strategy of Frank is very clear here. Take out Noble's legs and he won't be able to take to the air.

Angus:

A smart plan from Holiday. I didn't think he had it in him.

[Frank then grabs Noble by the back of the neck and hoists him up to his feet. He kicks him in the midsection and plants him in the center of the ring with a powerbomb! He goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

And Noble refuses to give up!

Angus:

Which only means he is going to take more punishment. Does he not understand that I don't like Holiday? Jesus.

DDK:

And you can see that Holiday is slightly frustrated at Noble's resilience.

Angus:

He's had to watch a few of his matches. Heck, he's been in the ring with him. This kid refuses to quit!

[Holiday pulls Noble back up to his feet, puts him in a front facelock, and then connects with the sitout suplex! He flips David over, hooks the leg, and the referee slides into place.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Holiday is just toying with the kid now. Hit him with the Train Wreck and call it a day already.

DDK:

Noble has shown the very minimum amounts of life in the last few moments. He might not be able to stop a Train Wreck if Frank goes for it.

Angus:

You've got to admire the kid. He's got spunk. He just can't put together a full match for a victory.

DDK:

Well, it's not over yet.

[Frank grabs Noble by the back of the head again, whips him into the ropes, and connects with a thudding lariat that sends Noble inside out! David tries to climb up to his feet, but only manages to make it to his knees before being kicked in the back of the head by Frank. He then rips him up off the mat, puts him in a front facelock again, and lifts him up for a jackhammer! Holiday shows off his strength as he holds Noble up there for what feels like an eternity. Frank walks around the ring before bringing David down, HARD, and then hooking the leg for the cover in one smooth motion.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

I have no idea where this kid gets it from. He just keeps fighting.

DDK:

I'm pretty certain that Frank has the same thought running through his mind right now.

Angus:

Not going to lie, it is impressive. Stupid, but impressive.

[Holiday shakes his head and then climbs on top of Noble before pummeling away at him, each shot heavier than the last until Frank's arms are just too tired to continue. The referee has a few words with him and Frank holds his hands

DDK:

And these fans are going crazy. They are cheering on both men right now, split right down the middle.

[Billy Pepper is calling out to go for the pin. Holiday slowly rolls over and drapes an arm across David's chest.]

1...

2...

3-- *NOOO! KICKOUT!***YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!****Angus:**

HOW?!

DDK:

WHAT THE?!

NO-BLE! NO-BLE! NO-BLE! NO-BLE!**FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!**

[Frank rolls onto his back and the dueling chants fill the Wrestle-Plex. As he hitches himself up on one elbow and glances at the broiling fans, and exchanges a glance with his manager, he knows he is going to have to literally destroy Noble to put him down for good. Holiday climbs up to his feet and looks down at the seemingly lifeless body of Noble. Frank heads for the corner and begins to ascend the turnbuckles.]

DDK:

Holiday seems to be taking a page out of Noble's playbook here.

Angus:

Holiday is getting desperate. This could pay off for him, but there's always an even chance he crashes and burns when he tries this...

[Billy Pepper is gripping the apron with white-knuckled fingers as he watches Holiday climb. Perched on the top turnbuckle, Holiday looks down at David, measuring him up. Then he stands vertical and leaps... landing his signature elbowdrop across the chest of Noble!]

DDK:

And he hits the target! That has to be it. Right?

Angus:

The uncertainty in your voice gives away your lack of confidence on this right now.

DDK:

No kidding.

[Frank gets up to his feet, the adrenaline coursing through his veins. He walks around Noble's body before lifting him up off the mat and hoisting him onto his shoulders.]

Angus:

Here we go. It's Train Wreck time!

DDK:

Angus:

This place is buzzing so loud right now, it is absolutely ridiculous!

[Stunned from the move, Noble slowly pins Holiday and hooks the leg.]

1...

2...

3!

...

...

NOOOOOOOOOO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

WHAT?!

ANGUS:

WHAT?!

DEFIAFans:

WHAT?!

[Noble rolls off of Holiday, exhausted, and in shock. He clutches his head, staring. He thought he had the victory in hand, yet once again it was taken from his grasp. Just like all of the other times.]

DDK:

I think every person in this building thought that was over, and nobody more so than David Noble!

Angus:

Much as I hate to admit it, Holiday's proven he's a tough nut to crack. He's like one-third cockroach.

[The fans are roaring with energy from the dramatic competition they've seen so far. Billy Pepper wipes sweat off his brow and shouts encouragement as Holiday lies flat, chest heaving.]

DDK:

Keep in mind what's at stake here, Angus. For Holiday this is a non-title match, but for Noble it's his shot -- maybe his *only* shot -- at breaking his losing streak and winning a chance to compete for Frank's Southern Heritage Title! This means everything to him!

[David slowly climbs to his feet, grabbing at his left knee. The pain had been there all along, but he had been able to block it out for the most part. Not now. The adrenaline was gone. As he leans over and grabs Holiday by the back of the neck, he is shocked when Frank's forearm meets his abdomen. Without any notice whatsoever, Holiday takes the legs out from Noble and he flips David over, putting him into the Boston Crab in the center of the ring!]

DDK:

Frank has got it locked in and from the look on his face, he has no intention of letting go!

Angus:

You have to imagine, with the exhaustion in Noble's body and him grabbing at his knee a moment ago, the pain coursing through his body right now is unbearable.

DDK:

You would have to imagine he is going to tap.

Angus:

Poor kid.

[Noble claws at the mat, wanting desperately to get to the ropes. The referee checks on him and Noble shakes his head at the thought of giving up. The victory was in grasp and he would have to be knocked out for it to be taken away from him.]

Frank Holiday:

Just tap, Dave! You fought bravely! Just tap!

[David ignores him as he keeps trying to fight through the pain. He uses his arms and starts to claw towards the ropes, no easy feat with a 250 pound stuntman sitting on his lower back. With each second that passes, David finds himself that much closer to the bottom rope.]

DDK:

Can he reach the ropes?

Angus:

No way. The threshold for pain will overtake him before that happens.

DDK:

Don't be so certain.

Angus:

Oh, I am.

[Noble continues to claw, the fans chanting his name in the background, though he can barely make it out as he is so focused on grabbing that rope. Each movement exacts an equal amount of pain, but he tries to block it out as Holiday keeps wrenching back. Noble is able to put his finger tips on the bottom rope, but can't hold onto it. The referee keeps checking in on Noble, who continues to refuse though his body is screaming for him to do so. Holiday, realizing how close Noble is, releases a bit of the pressure, yanks him away from the ropes and puts the move back on him again!]

DDK:

Oh man! Noble was right there! Holiday using his knowledge of the ring to his advantage there.

Angus:

Just tap, David. You fought hard. Just give it up.

DDK:

If he doesn't, he's going to have serious damage to his legs and specifically that knee.

[Noble yells out in pain, his face buried into the mat. The fans, still chanting his name, but those cheers might as well be a million miles away. The referee checks on him, imploring him to just tap out, but Noble refuses.]

Frank Holiday:

Come on, dude! I don't want to hurt you!

[Noble ignores him and starts clawing once again, but the exhaustion begins to set in. He looks at the bottom rope and just knows it is too far. He holds his hand up, looking like he is going to tap.]

DDK:

This is it. He can't hang on any longer.

Angus:

I don't blame him. He fought a hard match.

[Noble keeps shaking his head, not wanting to give up and he manages to move a few inches closer to the rope and once again, he can touch the ropes. Yet, he has nothing left to give up. He closes his eyes, the pain starting to cause him to black out.]

DDK:

Call the match, ref. Just call it.

Angus:

He might be ou-- what the hell?!

[From the backstage area, down the ramp, comes a fireball of speed! As the person gets closer to the ring, it becomes obvious that it is Mary-Lynn Mayweather as she reaches the side of the ring and slaps her hands on the mat.]

Angus:

What is she doing down here?!

DDK:

Well, there has been some kind of... relationship I guess you would call it between the two. She is out here supporting him, willing him!

[Noble looks up and sees Mary-Lynn there and the pain is so evident in his eyes.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You've got this. Just a little bit closer. You can do it, David. I know you can!

[She claps her hands as the cheers from the fans grow a little bit stronger. He musters all of the strength he has and wills himself another inch forward. Just enough for him to grab the bottom rope.]

YEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You've got this, David! Come on!

[The referee motions for Holiday to break the hold, which he does immediately. He looks over at Noble and then at Mary-Lynn, not happy with her intrusion into this match. Pepper watches warily, unsure what to make of this development.]

DDK:

Thanks to Mary-Lynn Mayweather, somehow Noble was able to dig down deep.

Angus:

Yeah, and by somehow, you mean the prospect of getting some ass.

DDK:

Do you always have to be so crass?

Angus:

Have you not met me before?

[Noble starts to pull himself up using the ropes. Holiday comes up from behind, but Noble senses him and elbows him in the jaw. Frank turns around, stunned by the shot, and Noble takes his chance as he rolls up Holiday from behind. Frank is bucking like a mule but David leans all his weight into it!]

HOSS Gon' Give It To Ya...

[To the backstage area we go! And at said backstage area is none other than Lance Werner.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, in just moments, we will be seeing members of both Team HOSS and The Big Damn Heroes in singles action following a physical skirmish on our interview stage a few short weeks ago. The BDH tonight will be represented by Wade Elliott. And his opponent will be one-third of the Trios Tag Champions Angel Trinidad. Please welcome Mr. Trinidad along with the other members of Team HOSS... Capital Punishment, Aleczander and their manager Junior Keeling!

[The camera pans backwards and one by one, the members of the Trios Tag Team Champions Team HOSS step into view. Aleczander wears his belt around his neck like a large piece of bling, Cappy has his over his shoulder and Angel Trinidad keep his in his left hand. Junior Keeling steps in front of them and not a single damn HOSS looks particularly happy right now, given what has happen to their leader, Edward White. Warner looks a little bit uncomfortable but presses on.]

Lance Warner:

Mister Keeling and Team HOSS, thank you for your time.

Junior Keeling:

You're not welcome, Warner.

Lance Warner:

Erm... well, before we get to Angel Trinidad's match, can we talk about the Edward White sit...

[Keeling grabs him by his shirt and his face goes from zero to beet red in two seconds.]

Junior Keeling:

YOU NEED TO STOP POKING YOUR NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG, YOU MOTHERF...

Capital Punishment:

Junior, calm down. You don't want this little tool to tattle on you just because a mean old wrestler hurts his little feelers, do you? You should be fucking grateful that White GAVE you that watch, you little bum.

Aleczander:

Yeah, ya little cheap-ass wanker!

[Warner hides the watch that he received as a settlement against the earlier issue of Dan Ryan threatening harm to him several weeks back. Keeling takes a deep breath and composes himself before he blows a gasket.]

Junior Keeling:

It's cool, it's cool... I know that you're a sorry little peon just doing his job, but we WILL say this... SOMEBODY leaked photos they had no business taking of Edward White. White, our great savior who groomed myself and my boys as the successful Trios Champions they are... well, mostly me, but he and his finances had a MINOR hand in all of that development. The very SECOND that we get our hands on that big, ugly, Ego Busting bastard... let's just say that he will be dealt with swiftly, severely... and VIOLENTLY.

[Warner is smart enough to realize this is a bad road he's heading down, so he decides to veer the car back to a less sensitive line of questioning.]

Lance Warner:

Well, then, let's talk about the match that Angel Trinidad will be having with Wade Elliott in just a few moments. You called out the BDH on a few occasions and they rose to your challenge, ending in a physical scuffle. What are your thoughts about this match?

[Angel took the microphone and popped the bones in his neck.]

Angel Trinidad:

Wade Elliott and The Big Damn Heroes bit off way more than they could chew when they stepped to us. White or no White, Cappy, Alec and I have been the most DOMINANT champions that this organization has seen! No one gives a shit about that fat nerd, Eugene Dewey and how many times he can FIST himself... that's just gross. Team HOSS have used Frank Holiday for target practice once upon a time and we'd take his Southern Heritage belt if we ever went for it. And need I remind you about a certain DEFIANCE World Champion whose name rhymes with "Musty Briffith?"

[Trinidad gestures to his signature Team HOSS "BREAKER OF THE UNBREAKABLE" shirt.]

Angel Trinidad:

You know what stops a Big Dog, guys?

[The other members of Team HOSS look towards Trinidad waiting for an answer to his not-so-rhetorical question.]

Angel Trinidad:

A BIGGER HOSS.

[The Trios Champions all take their happy selves off the set and leave Lance Warner alone, but not before Keeling.]

Junior Keeling:

You know we're just playing with you, right, bud? You're our buddy... as long as you don't ask any STUPID questions.

[Keeling gives Warner the stink-eye before the team leaves and the camera goes elsewhere.]

Press X to Not Die

[The disinterested and disillusioned member of Team VIAGRA yawns backstage near a catering table. The former collegiate wrestler and incredibly shitty 90s rapper Tony Davis is sitting on the edge of the catering table, ass planted on a chocolate frosted cake. He's focused for once, but of course, it's on his Tri-Force themed Nintendo 3DS. He quickly presses a few buttons on his 3DS.]

Tony Davis:

Default, Default, DEFAULT MOTHER FUCKERS!

[Davis blinks.]

Tony Davis:

Well. Now I'm bored. Stop attacking me! Why doesn't this defend better! Why am I talking out loud?

[The camera PANS out, to reveal MUSHIGIHARA staring down the Original Degenerate. Davis tilts his head to the side, and squints.]

Tony Davis:

Do I know you?

Mushigihara:

Osu...

[A pregnant pause before...]

BONK!

[Mushi chucks Davis into a nearby wall, causing him to drop his beloved 3DS, which the God-Beast haphazardly moves aside with his foot. He is audibly chuckling as Tony tries to get his bearings, only to get grabbed again.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[Grabbing him by the jaw, Mushigihara launches Tony Davis head-first once again into the wall, this time clearly busting him open.]

DDK:

Mushigihara is on the rampage again, this time at the expense of one-third of Team VIAGRA!

Angus:

To be fair, that big doofus is long overdue for an ass-kicking.

CRASH**BANG****BOOM****SHATTER**

[Keeping his grip on Davis' head, he tosses him onto the catering table, knocking over the half-eaten spread. Like a shark hunting prey, he waits for Davis to come to, then lifts him up in a tight bearhug.]

DDK:

Uh oh, we've seen this before...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

KA-CRUNCH!

DDK:

DAVIS THROUGH THE TABLE! DAVIS HAS BEEN SUPLEXED THROUGH THE CATERING TABLE, AND MUSHIGIHARA HAS LEVELLED HIM! THE RAMPAGE OF THE GOD-BEAST CONTINUES!

[Rising to his feet, and satisfied at the carnage he has caused, the God-Beast looks down at one of the unbroken catering tables and grabs a sandwich with each hand, chuckling to himself as he stomps away.]

DDK:

Eddie Dante warned that a rampage would happen if Mushi was denied a shot at gold, but one wonders what it will take for this to end! Stay tuned, fans!

[The camera pans downward, among the wreckage the God-Beast left behind, revealing that Tony Davis' prized 3DS is arm's length from his battered corpse. The tinny music continues to play from the speakers as Tony's arm, seemingly separate from his consciousness (or lack thereof), gravitates towards it, allowing a single finger to tap one of the buttons.]

[Cue the tinny game-speaker sound of clashing swords.]

Angel Trinidad vs Wade Elliott

[At the announce table...]

DDK:

Only two words are going to define the singles match coming up between Angel Trinidad and Wade Elliott. SLUG. FEST.

Angus:

SOMEBODY GON' GET GOT, KEEBS! Much as I don't like Elliott sometimes, THERE'S ABOUT TO BE A FIGHT! SOME TEETHIS GONNA FLY!

DDK:

The Big Damn Heroes have been gunning for the Trios Tag Titles and now they have a shot here tonight. The BDH are more than credible enough to challenge for the titles, but a win here tonight is going to go a long way for proving their case.

Angus:

Don't know if Wade's gonna do it, though. He's a tough man and I can't take that away from him, but Angel Trinidad is on a whole other level lately! Need I remind you about Breaker of the Unbreakable?

DDK:

If the first thousand reminders don't clue you in on what Angel Trinidad thinks of himself, you're either deaf or you've never watched DEFIANCE before. Now let's kick it off to ringside for this singles match!

DQ:

The following contest is a singles match and this is scheduled for one fall!

[“Still Unbroken” Lynyrd Skynyrd. The loud, countrified licks of Lynyrd Skynyrd hit the speakers hard, and the arena is soaked in a bath of red, white and blue flash bulbs, pulsing with the music. Out strolls “The Bad Dog,” receiving another pop from the crowd. Elliott is completely business, shirtless with steel-toed boots and jeans, the stars and bars bright on his left pec. He starts down the ramp, Troy and Rayne flanking him from behind, thunder in the eyes of the ‘Bama Bruiser.]

♪ Broken Bones, broken hearts, stripped down and torn apart, ♪

♪ a li'l bit of rust, I'm still runnin'... ♪

DQ:

Standing Six feet, four inches tall and weighing in at 257 pounds and being accompanied by Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne... representing the Big Damn Heroes...

[A proud confederate flag waves on the big screen as the music slows, light show dimming a touch.]

DDK:

Wade and the other members of the BDH mean business tonight! They want a shot at the Trios Tag Team Titles.

Angus:

They're sending in the heavy hitter of the team and that's exactly what they need.

[The ‘Heroes reach the ring, all three climbing to the apron. Wade alone steps through the ropes as the music lifts.]

DQ:

THE BAD DOG...WAAAAAAAADDEEEEE EEEEEELLLLLLLIOOOOOTTTTTT!!!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

[Skynyrd continues to hammer the crowd, light show pulsing wildly over the crowd while Wade climbs a ring post and throws a heavy fist in the air. Eventually the music begins to dim, and the Blue Collar Brawler takes his place in his corner. Troy and Rayne stand behind him outside the ropes, not offering words or advice. All three just stare up at the entrance ramp.]

DQ:

And their opponents...

["Beast Mode" by B.o.B. The crowd booed and hollered as the tallest and youngest member of Team HOSS as he steps out from the back with his third of the Trios Tag Titles in his possession. Not far behind him is Junior Keeling, patting the big man on the back as The Rookie Monster raised his title at the top of the stage with the other members of Team HOSS, Aleczander and Capital Punishment...]

DQ:

Being accompanied to the ring by Capital Punishment, Aleczander, and Junior Keeling... representing Team HOSS, he is one third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions...

[The crowd boos for Trinidad as he raises his title again for all to see, patting the faceplate with his name on it. While the title isn't on the line tonight for obvious reasons, it means a lot to The Rookie Monster as he entered the ring. Junior Keeling took his spot at ringside with the other HOSSes as Angel Trinidad grinned...]

DQ:

"THE BREAKER OF THE UNBREAKABLE" AAAAAANNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGEEEEELLLLLLLL
TTTTTRRRRRRIIIIIINNNNNNNIIIIIIIDDDDDDDDDAAAAAADDDDDDDDD!

[Angel and Wade come nose to nose in the middle of the ring. Trinidad jaw-jacks with Wade off-mic, but the 'Bama Bruiser says nothing and just eyeballs his taller, younger opponent. The Big Man from the Bronx backs off as referee Brian Slater calls for the bell...]

DING DING DING!

[AND WADE GOES ON THE ATTACK! The Blue-Collar Brawler goes right at The Rookie Monster and starts wailing on him with a series of big rights to the head. The other members of the BDH watch on while Junior's eyes grow wide. Angel fights back and soon the two men are exchanging fists to the head, battling it out with one another to try and get the early advantage.]

DDK:

Look at both of them go! Wade Elliott is full of fight, but Angel Trinidad has been really coming into his own in the last couple of months!

Angus:

The HOSS is strong in this one, Keebs.

[The blows continue coming and The 'Bama Bruiser continues to slug it out with the larger Trinidad, backing him up against the ropes. He runs his forearm across the face of The Big Man from the Bronx and continues to work him over with a series of body shots. Trinidad suddenly surges to life and grabs him in a headlock to keep him restrained... only to run towards the nearest corner and SPIKE Wade's head into the top turnbuckle, bulldog-style!]

DDK:

Did I just see Angel Trinidad INVENT a move?

Angus:

One that was enough to stun Wade Elliott!

[Elliott finds himself disoriented from Angel's move and that allows The Rookie Monster the time to go back on the offensive, running him down in the middle of the ring with a series of hard elbows to the top of his head. Angel does the old "boot to the throat" trick and starts choking the life out of Wade Elliott in the corner, pressing his foot in deep.]

[Troy and Rayne start cheering for their friend and teammate as he tries to get himself free from the grip of The Breaker of the Unbreakable, but he doesn't go anywhere until Brian Slater starts to make a five-count, warning him or him getting disqualified. Angel steps away from the corner to shoot a glance right at Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne...]

Angel Trinidad:

HOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Angel really endearing himself to the crowd as he has the early advantage. He best not let it slip away from him....

Angus:

Too late...

[Indeedy, Angus is right. The second that Angel turns, he EATS a particularly nasty right from Wade Elliott with some extra stank on it! The crowd rallies behind the BDHer as he continues to drill Angel with rights so hard that he actually backs him from one side of the ring to the other. A pair of vicious uppercuts find their mark across the chin of Trinidad and now The 'Bama Bruiser is in control.]

[With all the strength that he can muster, he manages to maneuver Angel Trinidad out of the corner and sends him flying all the way back cross-corner. Wade charges at him looking for something big, but amazingly Angel moves out of the corner with the quickness sending Wade crashing into the canvas. When he comes stumbling out, Angel runs off the ropes and nearly TAKES Wade's head clean off with a somewhat sloppy, but effective spin kick to the head!]

Angus:

I don't know where Angel has been hiding this shit, but I like it! The 'Bama Bruiser's head just got kicked right back to 'Bama!

DDK:

And Angel with the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

[Despite how cool the kick may or may not have looked, it only nets Angel a two-count. He goes back to work on Wade and drops more elbows after bringing him up to a seated position. Despite the blows, the stubborn Southerner tries to stand. When The Southern Sparkplug is about back on his feet, a wicked trio of headbutts puts him back down on the ground. Angel shakes the cobwebs out of his own head after the impact while Junior Keeling continues to shout game-winning tips that would make Vince Lombardi blush.]

Junior Keeling:

FINISH THAT STUPID REDNECK!

[Said redneck is STILL going as Angel tries to pull him back up by his neck only to get stopped in his tracks with something of a really crude, but effective jawbreaker that stuns the monster. Angel is left wide open for Wade Elliott to sneak up behind him to MUSCLE him up and drop the three-hundred pounder on the mat with a wicked back suplex!]

DDK:

Wade has an opening now!

Angus:

Shut the door, Angel, shut the door!

[The HOSS OVERLORDS at ringside continue to play cheerleader with their large teammate as The Bad Dog starts to go vertical again. He gets a run off the ropes and barrels right into Angel Trinidad with a big shoulder tackle, sending the large Bronx native stumbling backwards into the corner. He tries to get something going again as he reels back and charges at Angel a second time... this time, Trinidad sees it coming and manages to catch the 'Bama Bruiser in his arms before he drops him across his knee with a rib breaker! Angel holds onto The Blue-Collar Brawler and SLAMS him down a second time across the knee. Trinidad holds him in place and simply THROWS him haphazardly, making Wade land in a bad way!]

DDK:

Normally, we're in awe of Alec Alexander's physical strength in that ring, but Angel is no slouch! Some have called him the diamond in the rough for Team HOSS and it would be hard to argue.

Angus:

You got that shit right! And this kid is only 24 and look at all he's done in DEFIANCE so far with Team HOSS. And he's about to go for a cover on Wade!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

So close, but not enough! We've seen Wade take some SERIOUS punishment in the past during the BDH's wars with The LBC. He got HIT by a car and tried to wrestle a match with Tony Di Luca.

[A furious Angel shoots a look of disgust at Brian Slater before he turns over to try and finish off Wade as The Blue-Collar Brawler starts to get up again. A kick in the gut is the prelude to trying for a front powerslam, but The Bad Dog has plenty of fight in him and slips out the back. Trinidad catches him in the side of the face with a back elbow, but when he turns around to follow up, Wade catches HIM in the chest with a big boot that nearly caves his stomach in!]

[Troy and Rayne continue to watch and cheer on The 'Bama Bruiser as the crowd starts to come alive for the BDH. Wade goes for some nothing-fancy tackle and muscles the large Bronx native back to the corner where he unloads with a series of shoulder thrusts to the chest. After knocking the wind out of him, he starts going crazy with stomps...]

DDK:

Wade is just lighting up The Rookie Monster now! Trinidad has surprised us, but what's no surprise is the amount of fight in Elliott.

Angus:

You tell 'em, Mr. Cliche! Why don't you throw him a participation trophy while you're at it?

[After Wade has had his fun stomping the proverbial mudhole in the largest member of Team HOSS in the corner, he helps him back to his feet only to bring him down with a rather ugly version of a German-ish suplex that dumps Angel on his back! Wade rolls over and goes for the cover now.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Junior is beside himself and starts pacing a hole in the area that Team HOSS occupy on the outside. Meanwhile, the other side that the other BDHers take up seems much more positive as Wade continues to follow up the punishment on Angel Trinidad. As The Big Man from the Bronx gets back upwards, Wade tries to pull him up by the legs...]

DDK:

Looks like Wade's thinking the Rebel Yell!

Angus:

Looks like Angel's thinking, "Get outta here with that shit!"

[Angus isn't wrong. Wade manages to get the big man upwards, but Angel elbows the back of his head frantically until Elliott is forced to let go. He gets behind Elliott and shoves him off to the ropes and when The 'Bama Bruiser returns, a DROPKICK of all things from Trinidad is what waits for him!]

Angus:

I'll say it... DUB-TEE-EFF, KEEBS! That was pretty slick!

DDK:

Angel's clearly been working on some new tricks! He's not content with being a rookie monster anymore.

[Wade is down and Angel gets back up to his feet only to head off the ropes, connecting with a HUGE Running Splash that drives the wind right out of The Bad Dog's lungs!]

Angus:

I got this one... SUPER MEGATON ANGEL BOMB!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

[The shoulder goes up yet again and Angel nearly blows a gasket! Junior Keeling and Alecander both take turns yelling at the referee from the outside while Capital Punishment remains stone-faced, but it's clear that he's getting a little troubled now. A slow smile starts to form on the face of LT while Rayne pounds a fist on the apron, rooting for The 'Bama Bruiser.]

DDK:

I thought he had him right there, but all this and Wade is STILL in this match! The BDH want this win tonight!

[Trinidad is signaling for the end now and watches patiently as Wade starts using the nearby ropes to force himself upwards. Angel has him right in his line of sight and the crowd in the Wrestle-Plex start to jeer as he stomps a foot down on the ground...]

Angel Trinidad:

HOSS! HOSS! HOSS! HOSS! HOSS!

Angus:

The HOSS of Fire is coming up, Keeps! If he hits this, Wade ain't getting up! Angel has put down several people with that Bicycle Kick, Dusty Griffith included!

DDK:

If I remember right, a baton shot from Cappy had a hand in that, too...

[The boo birds are out in full force as Angel comes running. The 'Bama Bruiser turns around, but now he manages to move and Angel catches his leg on the top rope! He has an opening now after Trinidad's unfortunate accident...]

DDK:

There goes Angel's social life for the evening...

Angus:

Damn it, no!

[Wade Elliott clubs him in the back of the head and turns him around again. He's going for broke and manages to get Angel over his shoulder again, trying for The Rebel Yell a second time...]

DDK:

BOOT TO THE FACE FROM CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

DING DING DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[With the fucking quickness, Brian Slater calls for the bell! The other members of Team HOSS have seen enough and hit the ring like a pack of hungry wolves, gunning right for Wade Elliott! Aleczander is already on him, but Rayne and Troy are not going to sit idly by and watch Wade take a beating.]

DDK:

And things have just broken down! Wade's gonna win this match via a disqualification, but Team HOSS don't care about that!

Angus:

The Heroes are already fighting back!

[Tyler Rayne hits the ring and tries to pull Aleczander off of his ally while Lindsay Troy hits the ropes and manages to catch Cappy in the chest with an incredibly-timed springboard missile dropkick! The Queen pops back to her feet after the incredible aerial move and goes right for Cappy in the corner. Just like on the last episode of DEFtv, things between the Big Damn Heroes and Team HOSS have degenerated into an all-out brawl!]

[On one side of the ring, Aleczander is trying to fight off the smaller Rayne, but his deadly feet are playing the part of an equalizer to his size. Capital Punishment shoves Troy down out of another corner when Wade Elliott comes to her defense and throws a hard kick of his own as a receipt for Cappy's earlier big boot. Angel is in the fray and the fights continue to break out until a swarm of DEFsec head to the ring to break up the fights!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Just let them fight! OUR HOSS OVERLORDS DEMAND ANOTHER SACRIFICE!

DDK:

It's not gonna happen tonight! Looks like this earned them the attention of Kelly Evans!

[The SVP of Talent Relations and Chief Innovation Officer of DEFIANCE is shown in the skybox and she does not look happy about the fights that have poured out all over the ring.]

Kelly Evans: [on a house mic]

Enough! Cut the shit now or I'm gonna start handing out suspensions like it's going out of style!

[DEFsec have their collective hands full with trying to restrain several large men and one of wrestling's feistiest

women, but they take Kelly's warning to heart and now all eyes are on her.]

Kelly Evans:

If the six of you want to settle this shit, then you're going to bring in some paying customers and bring in some ratings while you do it! BDH, you want a shot a Team HOSS? Team HOSS, you want to be rid of the BDH? Fine! NEXT WEEK...

[She points a finger collectively at Team HOSS.]

Kelly Evans:

YOU, Team HOSS, will be defending the World Trios Tag Championships against...

[Now at Troy and company.]

Kelly Evans:

The Big Damn Heroes!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Troy and Rayne look pleased at this turn of events while Wade looks like he wants to keep hitting someone. Junior Keeling? Not so much with the happiness. Angel and Cappy yell off-mic and want a fight while Aleczander shakes his head with disgust before the two sides get escorted to the back.]

DDK:

They aren't waiting for a Pay-Per-View! We're going to have Team HOSS defending the Trios Titles against The Big Damn Heroes! Both sides want it and Kelly Evans just gave it to them!

Angus:

The only thing the BDH are going to get are matching toe tags when OUR HOSS OVERLORDS are done with them!

[Cut.]

A Bosses Work is Never Done...

[Back to Kelly. She's barely turned away from the closing window of the Corporate Skybox where she'd only just seconds ago made a title match between the Big Damn Heroes and champions Team HOSS for next week. She runs a hand through strawberry blond hair and takes a calming breath, unable to even return to her chair before a knock comes to the office door.]

knockknockknock

[It's a quick, rapping knock. Kelly takes her seat behind Ed White's giganto-desk, one which shan't be remaining in this office any longer than it takes to get something better moved in, and answers as the rapping comes again.]

knockknockknock

Kelly Evans:

Fuck's sake, COME IN!

[Jane Katze steps into the room with as much grace as she can muster. The smile on her face is obviously forced, as though she already knows this isn't going to go well. Kelly leans back in Ed's huge leather wing back chair and kicks her high heels up on the desk.]

Kelly Evans:

Oh, you. Really?

Jane Katze:

Miss Evans.

[Jane walks across the room and stands with her arms folded in front of her, Kelly takes a few moments to look Ed White's former girl Friday up and down and let her sweat. Sharp navy blue business suit, short pencil skirt, her brown hair in a loose bun and as always her trademark red lipstick and heels. Kelly gives the girl a disappointed shake of her head.]

Kelly Evans:

The sexy secretary gimmick is so played out, don't you think?

Jane Katze:

Listen, I...

[Kelly leans forward, resting her arms on the desk.]

Kelly Evans:

You what? Want a job? What do you want to do Jane? Wrestle? Balance our books? I know you're playing nicey nice with the feds and that's greaaaaaaat but from what I hear you're just as guilty of all the awful shit Ed's being put away for. Or are you just that stupid that you can do all the accounting for that tool and NOT realize he's a fucking thief?

Jane Katze:

I both expected and probably deserve that. I'm not here to beg. I know my value.

[Kelly gives a vaguely surprised little look and leans back in her chair again.]

Kelly Evans:

And what exactly is your VALUE, Jane?

[Jane plucks a folder we hadn't noticed out from under her arm and pushes it across the desk towards Kelly.]

Kelly Evans:

And this is supposed to be what, exactly?

[Kelly sits forward and flips open the folder. It only takes a few beats for Kelly's sceptical look to fade into genuine interest.]

Jane Katze:

I'm not an idiot. I have good ideas.

[Kelly quickly scans the documents.]

Kelly Evans:

[mumbling under her breath] Shit, this is solid.

Jane Katze:

And I can be very convincing.

[Kelly's eyes visibly stop reading. She looks up slowly.]

Kelly Evans:

This bit here. Really?

[Jane takes a step forward and casually rests her fingertips on the desk.]

Jane Katze:

Really.

[Kelly closes the folder, leans back and folds her fingers.]

Jane Katze:

Well?

Kelly Evans:

I'm thinking.

Jane Katze:

I told you I'm not here to beg.

[Kelly gets to her feet and plucks the folder from Ed's desk.]

Kelly Evans:

I'm not going to make you beg, legs. But I can't make [gesturing with the folder] this decision without running it under Eric's nose, you know this.

Jane Katze:

I do.

Kelly Evans:

You can go. Eric will probably want to discuss this idea of yours so keep your pert little ass handy, clear?

Jane Katze:

Crystal.

[Jane turns on her heels and makes her way out of the office. Once the door closes Kelly spreads the folder out in front of her, looking over its contents with a smile.]

Kelly Evans:

Clever little kitty...

[Fade back to the boys in the booth.]

Angus:

So what the fuck was that all about?

DDK:

Obviously Miss Katze piqued Kelly's interest with whatever's in that folder.

Angus:

Probably her résumé, she's already got the wardrobe for ACTUAL secretarial work.

DDK:

Would you stop? Moving on. The FIST of DEFIANCE is up next for tonight's main event!

FIST OF DEFIANCE: Eugene Dewey (c) vs Alceo Dentari

[We cut the ring where the Voice of DEFIANCE is ready to make the call for tonight's main event.]

Quimbey:

It is now time for our main event of the evening!

RAHH!

Quimbey:

And it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

TATLEMATCHPOPRAHHH!

Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger...

♪ How lucky can one guy be? ♪
♪ I kissed her and she kissed me ♪
♪ Like a fellow once said ♪
♪ "Ain't that a kick in the head?" ♪

Quimbey:

From Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds!

DDK:

Did Dentari put on weight?

Angus:

Probably all that time spent on the sidelines.

Quimbey:

Here is ALCEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO DEEEEEENTAAAAAARIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

BOOO!

[Flanked by his associated, Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi, The littlest mobster emerges from the back and walks confidently down to the ring. He takes the stairs up onto the apron and pauses to look out into the jeering crowd.]

DDK:

It's been a long time since we last saw Dentari in singles action. In fact, I think his last singles match was against Dusty Griffith back at Grindhouse GERMANY, the very event wher his opponent tonight won the FIST.

Angus:

But he's not coming alone, just look at the muscle he's got backing him up! The former Southern Hertiage champion Tony Di Luca, and they don't call that man 'Big' Vinny Rinaldi for nothing.

DDK:

Is it because he's big?

Angus:

It's because he's big.

DDK:

Oh. I thought... nevermind.

[Dentari doesn't stay on the floor for long and punches the apron as he gets back up. He turns to Rinaldi as well and berates him for not catching him before tentatively getting one knee on the apron to pull himself up. Eugene Dewey advances towards the challenger, but Dentari drops right back down to the arena floor.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Eugene looks to exit the ring, but Mark Shields gets in his way and tells him to back off. Dentari meanwhile huddles up with his associates, presumably to formulate a game plan.]

DDK:

Dewey's not having any of this nonsense!

[Eugene exits the ring on a different side and heads around the turnbuckle to get to Dentari. Di Luca spots the FIST coming though and warns the other Legitimate Businessmen. They break their huddle instantly and Rinaldi charges at Dewey with a clothesline. Dewey ducks it and charges at Dentari, who hightails it away and puts Tony Two Hands between himself and his opponent. Tony throws a right hand that Eugene blocks and the FIST retaliates with a right hand of his own that knocks Di Luca down to the arena floor. Before Eugene can chase after Dentari again though Rinaldi grabs the FIST by the arm and swings him around. He winds up a punch and throws it, but seeing as Rinaldi is so big and slow, Dewey has plenty of time to avoid the punch and go behind Rinaldi. He runs him forward and bounces Rinaldi's head off of the ring post before giving chase to Dentari.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Eugene looks totally fired up tonight, and who can blame him? This is probably the best he's felt in months!

Angus:

And that altered mindset definitely helps. He's not got that fear of 'what's next' anymore and he can just focus on the job at hand. It's just too bad for him that the job at hand is the LBC.

DDK:

He seems to be coping right now.

Angus:

Give it time, Keebs.

[Dentari runs around the ring with Dewey in hot pursuit. Both avoid the steel steps and round the ring post. Another side down and Dewey's not giving up the chase. Dentari grabs hold of the steel post and swing around the corner. He yells at Tony Di Luca, who has just gotten back to his feet, to get Dewey. Dentari slides into the ring and gets to his feet, but Dewey is still right behind him. Dewey slides in under the bottom rope as well, but he can't get to his feet as Tony Di Luca throws himself at the FIST and grabs his legs. Alceo Dentari meanwhile plants his size irrelevant shoe into the back of Dewey's head over and over again!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Time, Gentlemen, Please!

DDK:

I know officials are under orders to let quite a lot slide when it comes to the FIST, but there's no way Mark can let this go on. This is a one on one match, not a handicap bout.

[While Darren might be right, Mark Shields is still Mark Shield and as such he pretty much ignores DI Luca laying

across Dewey's calves for the first few stomps from Dentari. It's only when Di Luca tries to pull Dewey back out of the ring that the official steps in a requests Di Luca leave the FIST alone.]

Angus:

Dewey pretty much deserved that though. He put his hands on Tony and Vinny over there is still down after getting his face bounced off of the steel.

DDK:

Di Luca and Rinaldi have no busin... no reason to be out here.

Angus:

You ruined my next line.

DDK:

Good.

[Dentari puts a couple more boots into Dewey's head before dropping an axehandle down across his shoulder blades. Dewey tries to ignore the blows that rain down from Dentari and attempts to get to his feet but Dentari is relentless and knocks him down across the bottom rope. Dentari steps on Dewey's back with both feet between his shoulder blades and pushes his throat down across the bottom rope. He stays in place right up until Mark Shields' lackadaisical count finally reaches four before hopping off. While Mark gives Dentari a talking to though, Tony Di Luca uses one of his two hands to land a punch right onto the butt of Dewey's jaw!]

BOOO!

DDK:

I know Mark Shields couldn't give two shits about much, but he's got to keep an eye on Di Luca out there.

Angus:

He ain't doin' nothin'!

DDK:

He just leveled the FIST with a right hand! How isn't that doing something?

Angus:

HE AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN'!

[After Mark finishes admonishing Dentari he lets the diminutive Italian back at Dewey. Alceo grabs the FIST by the leg and pulls him off of the bottom rope before rolling him over and covers him!]

[ONE!..]

[...TWO!...]

[...TH-Dewey powers out of the cover and sends Dentari over the second rope and to the apron!]

RAHH!

DDK:

No way has Dentari done enough to put down the FIST yet!

[Both men get to their feet, Dentari is slightly quicker to do so though and throws a right hand between the top and middle ropes that connects with the side of Dewey's head. Alceo grabs two handfuls of hair and pulls Eugene closer to the ropes before pulling his head through to the outside. Dentari lifts a knee into Dewey's chest and then cranks his head around so that he can drop the FIST down across the middle rope with a neckbreaker! Dewey bounces back into

the ring while Alceo sits on the apron, smiles to the fans at ringside and points to his head.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Well that certainly a unique maneuver.

Angus:

People tend to think Dentari can't wrestle because of his size, but he knows exactly what he can and can't do in that ring and what he can do, he does well.

[Dentari lays back on the apron and rolls under the bottom rope back into the ring. He straightens up, grabbing Dewey's hair again as he does so and maneuvers Dewey towards the corner of the ring. He lifts a knee into Dewey's midsection, which actually looks awfully low, before ascending the ropes to bring some punches down into Dewey's temple!]

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!...

[Dentari pauses to mock some of the crowd members before binging the tenth shot down, but Dewey comes to life, grabs Dentari's legs and charges out of the corner. He sprints across the ring still holding Alceo up and drives him into the opposite turnbuckle back first! Dewey turns and hits the ropes before coming back with a huge splash that crushes the challenger in the corner!]

DDK:

Dentari drops to his ass! You know what's coming now! Here comes that butt bump!

Angus:

That's the last thing I'd want to take from Dewey. That huge, unwashed ass coming at my face trying to crush it against the turnbuckle? No thanks.

[Dewey hits the ropes again but he's tripped by Tony Di Luca! Di Luca tries to put some distance between the two of them, just to lessen the suspicion upon himself, but Dewey's no idiot and he knows exactly what happened. The FIST turns back and steps out to the apron and lines Di Luca up. He waits for the former Southern Heritage champion to turn around before...]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Everybody in the pool!

Angus:

What the hell is he doing cannonballing into Di Luca like that? Tony's just an innocent bystander out there!

DDK:

Innocent? He just tripped the FIST up just as he was building some momentum!

Angus:

No, he was cleaning something out of the ring and Dewey's foot got in the way!

DDK:

That's the most bullshit story I've ever heard.

Angus:

Nu-uh!

DDK:

Great, we're onto childish comebacks now, are we? You're so immature sometimes.

Angus:

I know you are, but what am I?

[Eugene pops back up to his feet and looks to re-enter the ring, but Vincent Rinaldi injects himself back into proceedings as he grabs Dewey by the ankle and pulls him back to the arena floor. Mark Shields sees that action though and is quick to cut Rinaldi off. He even exits the ring to put himself between the big man and the FIST and orders Rinaldi to back off. Eugene obliges and backs away from Rinaldi, towards Alceo Dentari who has rolled to the outside and stalked around the ring!]

DDK:

Look out, Eugene!

[Dentari produces a slapjack from seemingly nowhere and clocks Dentari around the back of the head with it!]

BOOO!

Angus:

Even with those coke bottle glasses Dewey didn't see Dentari coming!

[Just as quickly as it appeared the slapjack vanishes into Dentari's pocket, but the damage is done as Dewey drops to the arena floor. Dentari follows up with a knee to the back of Dewey's head, just for good measure, before he tries to hoist the FIST up to get him back into the ring.]

DDK:

Now here's the struggle! He's got to try and get the two sixty pound Eugene Dewey back into the ring!

Angus:

Come on, Rinaldi! Help your boss out!

DDK:

I think Mark Shields is keeping an eye on them now just to make sure that doesn't happen, Angus.

[Dentari strains to pull Dewey up, but he can barely lift the dead weight of the FIST. He ends up having to drag Eugene across the floor and towards the steel steps, which he actually manages to pull Dewey up half way.]

DDK:

Look at how red Dentari is, Angus. You can see the effort he's having to put in to move the FIST around.

Angus:

I'm surprised he's got that baby elephant that far.

[Dentari takes a moment to catch his breath and stands over Dewey, who is laid face down on the stairs. Dentari reaches down and hooks both of Eugenes arms to continue pulling him up, but Dewey suddenly comes to life and backdrops Dentari off the stairs and down to the arena floor!]

RAHH!

[Dentari hits the floor with a thud and Dewey collapses off of the stairs and sits himself up against the steel, trying to regain some composure. Rinaldi and Di Luca meanwhile hatch a plan between them, Di Luca takes off around the ring which draws the attention of Mark Shields, who keeps an eye on the former Southern Heritage champion. While Mark's focus is elsewhere, Rinaldi charges in on Dewey and looks to crush him between his knee and the steel steps!]

DDK:
NO!!!!

Angus
YES!!!!

CRASH!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Dewey moves at the very last second and Rinaldi's knee collides with nothing but steel as he goes tumbling over the steps!]

DDK:
Well that plan didn't work!

[The sound the Big Vinny hitting the steel steps draws Mark Shield's attention away from the distraction and back to the vicinity of Dewey, Dentari and Rinaldi, who are all laid out on the arena floor holding their neck, back and knee respectively. Mark has absolutely no idea what to do, so he simply takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket and lights it up while he waits for the competitors to make a move.]

Angus:
There's the Mark Shields we know and love.

[Dewey seems to be the first to move and starts crawling his way back to the ring. Dentari also shows signs of life, but he's moving in the direction of Vincent Rinaldi, who in turn is trying to get back to Tony Di Luca.]

Angus:
This reminds me of The Human Centipede a little bit...

DDK:
Oh Christ please don't remind me of that film...

[Dewey hoists himself up with the help of the ropes and rolls into the ring. Meanwhile the LBC all regroup in one corner and Di Luca helps the two fallen Businessmen to their feet. After a little bit of a pep talk Di Luca gives Dentari a little encouraging shove back towards the ring and Alceo re-enters himself.]

DDK:
I think Dewey's still seeing double after the shot from that slapjack.

Angus:
I think that's what Di Luca was just saying, Keeps. Dentati needs to get in there and get on him!

[Dentari wastes little time in going after Eugene as he charges at the FIST, who is sat in the corner of the ring trying unscramble his brain after the blow to the back of the head. Dentari tries to drive a foot into Dewey's face, but Eugene comes to life and catches Dentari's foot over his shoulder! He stands up and picks Dentari up with him before driving him down into the mat with a sloppy powerbomb! Dewey crawls forwards and drapes an arm across the chest of Dentari for the cover!]

[...]

[But before Mark Shields can start counting Di Luca hops up onto the apron and draws the official's attention towards himself.]

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

That's some smart thinking from Di Luca there!

[Shields orders Di Luca to get down from the apron, but Di Luca keeps the distraction up until Dewey pushes himself to his feet and heads over. Dewey moves Shields out of the way with one arm and Di Luca throws a right hand that Dewey catches. Dewey winds back a punch and lets Di Luca think about it, which sends the former Southern Heritage champion into a panic.]

DDK:

Eugene had better keep an eye on Dentari! He's getting back up to his feet!

[Dentari charges in from behind Dewey and lashes out at his opponents, but Dewey seems to sense it coming and lets go of Di Luca. He steps out of the way and Dentari collides with Di Luca, knocking him off of the apron and into Rinaldi! Dentari looks down at his associates, a distraction that Dewey immediately takes advantage of and rolls Dentari up with a school boy!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!...]

[...THRE-DENTARI KICKS OUT!]

DDK:

Ahhhhh, I thought for sure he had him there!

[Dewey and Dentari both get to their feet. Dewey starts running and takes Dentari down with a clothesline. He hits the ropes and comes right back at Alceo, who practically bounces back to his feet and knocks him down again. Dewey hits the ropes again...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And tumbles to the outside as Vincent Rinaldi pulls down the top rope!]

DDK:

That was right in front of Mark Shields!

Angus:

Well, we knew that guy wasn't too bright...

[Mark Shields immediately jumps out of the ring and points to Rinaldi and Di Luca before dramatically pointing to the back!]

RAHH!

DDK:

Finally!

Angus:

Oh come on, it was an accident!

DDK:

Throughout this match Dewey hasn't been able to mount any kind of offence because of those two gorillas! Finally Mark Shields has done something that doesn't involve sitting back and watching it happen!

DDK:

I think he will be if Eugene has his way though!

[Dewey pulls Dentari up and hooks him up for a suplex. He lifts the little mobster off of the floor and holds him up... and holds him... and holds him...]

RAHH!

DDK:

All the blood's rushing to Dentari's head right now!

Angus:

Alceo needs to chunk up so guys can't do this sorta stuff to him.

[Dewey falls back and drops Dentari into the middle of the ring with the suplex! He gets back to his feet and backs up to the ropes...]

Angus:

Ok, this I want to see.

DDK:

Could it be?

Angus:

Man, Dentari's gonna get sent into the bleachers!

[Alceo slowly gets to his feet as Dewey primes himself. He waits for the right moment and...]

Angus:

POUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

DDK:

Dewey nails the biotic charge and Dentari is sent sailing across the ring!

Angus:

I didn't know Italians could fly...

[They can't Angus, and that's pretty much proved as Dentari gets caught up in the ropes and tumbles to the canvas.]

DDK:

And that can only mean one thing is coming now!

Angus:

He's gonna take his head off.

[Dewey heads over and grabs Dentari. He pull him up and steadies the littlest mobster...]

THWACK!

BOOO!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

What the-

DDK:

What the hell is he doing out here!?

[That he in question? Jonny Booya. As for what he's doing out here, he just nailed Eugene Dewey in the back of the head with an Axe Bomber!]

BOO!

[Dentari can barely support his own weight and slumps to the canvas, but Jonny pays no attention to his as all of his attention is focused on Dewey right now. Booya pulls the FIST up to his feet aaand...]

DDK:

Booya Bomb! Jonny Booya just drove the FIST of DEFIANCE into the mat with that straightjacket powerbomb!

Angus:

He did that like Dewey weighed nothing!

DDK:

What the hell is Jonny Booya out here though, Angus?

Angus:

I dunno, I didn't think he worked here anymore...

DDK:

Why would you think that?

Angus:

You know... The Edward White stuff?

DDK:

Oh.

Angus:

No other reason...

[Shifty eyes...]

[Alceo Dentari starts to stir and reaches out to Jonny Booya. He grabs a handful of the Meathead's pants and starts to pull himself up. Jonny looks down at the diminutive Italian before helping him up... But instead of embracing like one might expect, Booya pulls Dentari in and drives him right back down to the mat with a Booya Bomb as well!]

DDK:

Booya Bomb to Dentari!

Angus:

Dammit, I knew that guy was a moron!

DDK:

Jonny Booya has just ruined the ending to this FIST of DEFIANCE championship match!

Angus:

Fuckin' meathead!

DDK:

Why though, Angus? Why has Jonny Booya just come out here and Booya Bombed Dewey and Dentari!?

Angus:

Why does that moron do anything, Keeps? That would be the better question.

[Jonny heads for the corner of the ring and climbs the turnbuckles to flex for the fans. They respond in the only way they can.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Booya flexes a bit more as the fans jeer him, but he doesn't care. He looks pretty damn good and he knows it.]

DDK:

What? Folks, I'm being told in my ear we're running out of time!

Angus:

Awww, dammit.

DDK:

But you'd better believe we'll be back next time. Know why? 'Cause DEFIANCE ain't goin' anywhere!