

DARK MATCH: Henry Keyes vs. Suicidal Youth

[The motherfucking pre-show. Black. As the screen opens, flashing red spotlights and the whirring helicopter wing introduction of "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park blares from the speakers. The crowd erupts - a small pocket of fans starts a new form of cheer by widely clapping on the 2 and 4 beats of the soundtrack to DEFIANCE's certified steampunk goggled whirlybird, Henry Keyes. It is TBD whether or not these crowd-claps will eventually spread.]

DDK:

Welcome folks, to another defiancewrestling.com exclusive! Darren Keebler here, and as always, I'm here with my partner in crime, Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

Don't word it like that. That's weird, Keeps.

DDK:

Fair enough! Anyway, we have a really great matchup lined up here on the pre-show, and it's definitive proof that everything DEFIANCE does is appointment viewing!

[Henry Keyes's red goggles are down over his eyes and a crazy man's smile flashes wide beneath his equally red mustache. In a march that is uniquely Keyesian, his back is hunched forward and his arms sway just slightly farther than you'd expect with every step. Already in the ring is a bouncing-up-and-down Suicidal Youth, eyeing the ramp with a degree of caution.]

Darren Quimbey:

Now entering the ring...from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA! Weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY SEVEN POUUUUUNDS...HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

RAHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Now Keeps, I've had an itch over the last several weeks. You know why? Because HENRY KEYES HASN'T BELL CLAPPED A FUCKER IN FOREVER! And listen...you hear about those folks who have that S.A.D., Seasonal Affective Disorder, where they become big pussies whenever it becomes winter?

DDK:

...Yes?

Angus:

I have B.A.D., BELL-CLAP AFFECTIVE DISORDER, and if this gingery bastard doesn't throw one, I'm going to be in a bad mood for the REST of the show!

[During Keyes's walk to the ramp, a picture-in-picture window appears...Samuel Tiberius Turner II stands in front of a DEFIANCE logo dressed in a black suit, white shirt and black tie with gold dollar signs splattered all over it. His face holds a scowl as his blue eyes are piercing through the screen.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

Henry Keyes, you reject from a clock tower, you thought you were cute last week coming out and bell clapping the air during my match.

[His facial expression begins to change.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

I'll give you respect where respect is due, but I didn't respect a damn thing you did. You sir disrespected me by not allowing me to execute Don Hollywood from this company. That cum guzzling whore deserved my Lariato right across

his windpipe once again.

[The corner of his top lip begins to quiver.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

Henry, just wait. I'm going to make sure you know what it feels like to be hit with the Lariato across your windpipe.

[He nods.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II:

I'll see you in just a few minutes Henry, carpe diem.

[Black]

[/PIP]

DDK:

Those are some fighting words from the newer, more sinister Samuel Turner II...of course, Henry didn't hear those words and he looks intensely focused on the man standing across from him, Suicidal Youth. It looks like referee Benny Doyle is ready to get this thing started!

DING! DING! DING!

[Keyes tosses his goggles to the ground and he and Youth circle around each other for a moment before locking in a collar-and-elbow tie up. Keyes quickly transitions into a side headlock, which he cinches in tightly before throwing a few hard rights into the scalp of Youth. He releases and charges forward with a stiff elbow strike which backs Youth into the corner. More straight elbow strikes to the mush follow, and Benny Doyle gets to a count of three before Keyes backs off.]

DDK:

Strike-heavy offense in the early going by Keyes.

Angus:

Whatever it takes for Keyes here in the early-going, I guess - Suicidal Youth needs to take his alias to heart, because you know what I'm going to say.

DDK:

...He's a...what is it, "flippy-doo"?

Angus:

HE'S A FLIPPY-DOO. The only flips I want to see are after some damn clotheslines...

[As if on cue, Keyes charges hard towards Youth in the corner with a sprinting clothesline which sends Youth over the top rope and crashing to the ground. Keyes claps his hands together as the crowd shows their appreciation. Keyes then steps through the ropes, but Youth is up and begins to run around the ring away from Keyes. Keyes gets to a jog, and quickly Youth has sprung into the ring and is charging towards the opposite ropes, bouncing back in time to hit a baseball slide squarely into Keyes! Keyes stumbles back-first into the barricade.]

DDK:

Maybe an early opening here for Suicidal Youth! Look here, he's charging back, building momentum off the ropes, HE LEAPS - OHHHHHHH GOD!

Angus:

OH HELL YEAH!!

DDK:

SUICIDAL YOUTH JUST LEVELED WITH THAT UPPERCUT BY KEYES! He leapt over the top rope and looked to wipe out the Gearshift Grappler with a high risk move, but Keyes countered BIG TIME! Keyes is dragging Youth off the ground now, rolling him back into the ring - going for the cover here!! aaaaaand a two count!

Angus:

Someone should check to see if Suicidal Youth has all his teeth after that shot! Not right now, or anything...later. Much later. After Keyes is done working him over. And maybe after Keyes gets another shot or two like that in on him.

[Keyes pulls Youth up by the hair, and in a moment of adrenaline and instinct, Youth pushes Henry away and throws a sharp kick to Keyes's gut before throwing an enzuigiri that connects! Keyes drops to the ground and gets covered, but kicks out at one. Youth shakes the cobwebs out some more and goes for a hurricanrana that sends Keyes flying across the ring! Another cover, another quick kickout. Both men up, Youth tries to throw an open hand slap and it gets blocked - Keyes retaliates with a BIG uppercut! Another! And another! Youth is nearly out on his feet as Keyes Irish Whips him into the ropes, hitting a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker on the rebound which Youth kicks out of at 2.7. When suddenly...]

Angus:

Holy sheep shit on a shingle!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Look at the entrance.

[Samuel Tiberius Turner II steps out onto the entrance way wearing a dapper black suit jacket, black pants and a white shirt. He holds a microphone in his left hand and stands there looking at the ring with daggers in his eyes. Keyes immediately takes notice and rises to his feet, staring steam-powered lasers into the eyes of the much larger redhead at the top of the ramp. Samuel grins as he drags a battered and bruised Don Hollywood from the back by his hair.]

DDK:

What's goin on here?

Angus:

No idea, maybe he's trying to one up Keyes from the last show.

[Samuel holds a kneeling Don by his hair and swings him back and swings him back and forth.]

DDK:

He is, I think he's taunting Keyes like he did with the bell claps on the last show.

Angus:

Is this shit really needed?

DDK:

I'm guessing so.

[Keyes looks like he could spit chunks of hot coal if he wanted. He shouts up the ramp a mix of epithets that, unfortunately, cannot be clearly picked up by the crew at ringside.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II

You can't save anyone Keyes!

[Samuel pulls Don up to his feet.]

Samuel Tiberius Turner II

You did this gearhead, it's all your fault!

[Samuel takes two steps towards a wobbly Don and delivers a devilish lariat flattening Don and leaving him in a crumpled up mess.]

[Suicidal Youth goes for a flash rollup!!]

1!

2!!

...NO! Keyes kicks out and BOLTS TO HIS FEET IN A FIT OF RAGE~~

CRACKKKKKKKKK!!!

Angus:

...BELL CLAP!!!! YESSSSSS! BELL CLAP BELL CLAP BELL CLAP! KEEBS!!! DID YOU SEE IT?!

DDK:

Yes, I saw it, good lord man! And HEARD it - I still don't understand how it's so LOUD when he does that! Oh wow - Suicidal Youth is KNOCKED OUT! Keyes is covering!

1!

2!!

3!!!

DING! DING! DING!

["Airship Pirates" begins to play once again as Angus nearly jizzes himself in jubilation. The referee tries to go over to Henry Keyes to raise his arms in victory, but Henry has already rolled out of the ring and is marching up the ramp!]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match - HENRYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Angus:

Oh man, Keeps...was that clap as good for you as it was for me?

DDK:

Not to derail your "train of thought", but I don't think Henry's looking to bask in a win here!

[Samuel lifts Don up to deliver another lariat, possibly his third or fourth at this point, but Keyes gives chase up the ramp after him. Samuel grabs Don's neck and tosses him down the ramp in Keyes's direction, literally rolling the limp semi-carcass forward.]

DDK:

What is going on?

[Samuel leaves to the back as Keyes completely ignores and literally hurdles over Don as he gives chase to the back.

As Keyes finally makes it to the curtain, he frantically darts his eyes across the Guerilla and connecting hallways - but Samuel has given him the slip. Henry lets out a guttural YAWWWWWP before slamming a fist into a nearby water cooler, causing it to shimmy and rattle for several seconds and nearly crash to the ground before settling back on its table, though there is a noticeable dent in the plastic.]

Angus:

These two will kill each other or someone else before it's all said and done - and I am in SUCH A BETTER MOOD NOW THAN I COULD HAVE BEEN OTHERWISE. No promises that I'll be nice all show. Just understand - I would have WRECKED this television broadcast without that Bell Clap.

DDK:

I couldn't agree with you more about that first point - these mind games have been going on for a few weeks now, and it's GOTTA come to a head soon! Lets figure the rest out and get on with the show...maybe someone can get you a towel.

[And now, let's start DEFtv off proper...]

A Modest Redesign

EARLIER TODAY.....

[Edward White had a good idea when he built the Skybox/Office overlooking the DEFplex arena. What better way to Lord over all things DEFIANT, after all? The one thing he hadn't had in mind when he built it, however, was that less than a month in and he'd be ousted from his position of power, to be replaced by someone who used to actively tout the moniker of Whore Next Door.]

[Gone is the mahogany office desk and crushed leather executive chair. These have been replaced with a futuristic-looking glass desk and a custom black and purple Eurotech chair. Kelly's brought in new couches to match the colors of her office chair and has also contracted two chiseled man-slaves of questionable sexual orientation to fan her with palm branches and feed her lightly chilled grapes. A portable wet bar has been set up off to one side, complete with another chiseled Adonis-looking bartender, and on the other side an *itame* is preparing fresh sushi behind a mobile sushi bar.]

[Over by the door, Jamie Stanley lifts his finger to the wireless receptor in his ear, nods, and looks over to Kelly.]

Jamie Stanley:

Sam says she's on her way up.

Kelly Evans:

Goody. This is either gonna go really well or I'm gonna have to chuck her through the window behind me and have her pay the cost of damages.

[The chiseled gay men continue fanning Kelly and feeding her grapes while the Matriarch of DEFIANCE admires her manicure for lack of anything better to do. A few minutes pass before Jamie moves toward the door, presumably hearing footsteps on the other side of the wall, and turns the handle.]

[The Queen of the Ring, gear bag over her shoulder and rental keys still in hand, walks on through. She looks rather exasperated, and who could blame her...she's the only 'Hero left standing.]

Lindsay Troy:

Sam Grant caught me in the parking lot, said you wanted to see me.

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, about your boys getting suspended...

Lindsay Troy:

Look, I'm not gonna fight you on policy, or stamp my feet and bemoan the circumstances...as shady as I happen to find them, and I think you do too. What I really need to know is if I gotta fight the three HOSSholes by myself or if you're gonna let me find a couple other guys to team with for the title match tonight.

Kelly Evans:

Well, look at you. Not even gonna make with the quips and the snark. This a first?

Lindsay Troy: [smirks]

I'm not figuring that's gonna get me far, given what I gotta deal with tonight.

Kelly Evans:

Bra-vo. [Sarcastically claps] She can be taught. Since you're gonna play nicey-nice, I'll let you find some partners for the trios match. If you can't, try not to die in my main event.

"Ah-hem-hmmm."

[That would be the sound of Tyrone Walker chiming in. Kelly tilts her head over to acknowledge him. Troy scans the

room trying to locate the sound of the voice, finding Walker in his designated corner to the right of the office door. He's sitting down on an enormous, purple bean bag chair with a small pile of comics and a mountain of cholesterol in the form of Taco Bell goodness, and continues to ignore the goings-on as he reads the latest edition of Mile Morales: The Ultimate Spiderman.]

Kelly Evans:

Right, you being allowed to find yourself a couple new partners, that was his idea. Happy?

[Ty doesn't respond, just continues about his day.]

Lindsay Troy: [shrugs]

Alright then. Walker, you available?

Kelly Evans:

He's not. Sorry. You're not taking the easy way out here. Go actually *look* to find some partners you can stand being around longer than five minutes. Besides, I've scheduled some big black dick time for the main event and Ty's gotta fill that role.

[Walker lowers the comic book from his face and gives Kelly a *look*. Troy laughs once and shakes her head. At this point, everything about the situation is laughable...and offensive.]

Lindsay Troy:

You all have fun with that, then.

[She walks out of the room. Kelly grins at Ty triumphantly. Ty looks only half-amused.]

Kelly Evans:

Pfft... Like you're gonna complain.

[Meanwhile, at the announce table...]

Welcome to the Show - The Rundown

[We drop in with a wide shot of the commentary stage that closes in, getting a look in on the the Left and Right Brain of DEFIANCE as "Downtown" Darren Keebler and the "Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland are ready to welcome us to the show.]

DDK:

Hello everybody and welcome to DEFIANCE Wrestling, exclusively on Hulu Plus!

Angus:

Ugh...

DDK:

Problem, partner?

Angus:

hashtagbarf.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I'm just sayin', Keebs, ain't nobody needing to know about Kelly's extracurricular activities for the [retches], ugh... Gross!

DDK:

Well, how about we change the subject to something you would want to know about?

Angus:

Iunno if anything can wash the stain of this knowledge from my brain, Keebs! I mean, because of her, I can't see MUHBOITAL rasslefight tonight.

DDK:

Speaking of that, we have a big night tonight, because one way or the other, Team HOSS will be in action tonight and their iron fisted grip on the World Trios Tag Team Titles will be put to the test.

Angus:

Wow, you do know me! The only test that will be taken tonight will be how fast OUR HOSS OVERLORDS send Lindsay Troy to the nearest halfway house for battered women!

DDK:

So you don't think anyone will join her tonight to face Team HOSS? There's an awful lot of people who would like to take a shot at them.

Angus:

Psssh, who's going to want to team with that insufferable wench except her husband and some drunk redneck?

DDK:

Well, something tells me if the *circumstances* were different, "your boy Ty" would be on that list.

Angus:

Ugh don't remind me, heh... Okay fine, she has all night to find two suckers at the last minute to fight Team HOSS? Let's just say that, even if she does, this isn't the Hunger Games, the odds are definitely not in her favor!

DDK:

Perhaps, but before we get to the main event, we have a grudge match later tonight, a match that was made after Mushigihara laid out Team V.I.A.G.R.A's Tony Davis last week after an unprovoked attack.

Angus:

I don't know about unprovoked, he was there when Mushi was all assmad about stuff. That's about as guilty as you can be.

DDK:

Thank goodness that you're not a judge of any court in this great country of ours!

Angus:

Yeah, well, your mother is a judge.

DDK:

Great comeback... Before we take it to the ring, we have words from the DEFIANCE's newest monster, Malachi.

[Roll the tape...]

[Cut.]

On The First Day...

[As we cut away from the announce table, a man stands in the center of the ring. With his long hair tied up in a ponytail and his bearded face, the fans are booing him with a passion. As he struts around the ring, microphone in his hand, the fans start up a rather loud chant.]

F! U! MALACHI! F! U! MALACHI!

[A slight grin appears on his face. He lifts the microphone to his lips and lowers his eyes.]

Malachi:

Your chant is the perfect example of why my Father is upset with you all.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malachi:

Boo me all you want! Degrade me with your words, none of it will matter! Because you are already doomed, sentenced, to your fate! You have **failed** horribly and you deserve what is coming to you. Much like my opponent will get what is coming to him. Your transgressions, your sins, will all be paid in full with the destruction of Jake Donovan.

[Malachi continues to walk around the ring, his eyes looking out at the crowd as he does so while they continue to boo him.]

Malachi:

Before we get there though, I think I need to address the actions and decisions of one Masato Ishimaru.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHAH!

Malachi:

You should have taken your judgment and paid for your sins. Instead, you decided to keep getting up, to defy a **GOD!** Not only do you defy me, to defy the divine will of my Father, but then you mock me. You mimic me. Do you think that was entertaining? Do you think that was well received?

YEAH!

Malachi:

NO! It was **NOT!** It was disgusting. It was repulsive. It was... *expected*. Oh yes, expected because it is so clear how you all have no class. Masato represents everything that is wrong with this society and you people, you inbreds. You are why He is angry and you are why He has sent me here to enact upon you His will and His retribution. So Masato, you think it wise to mock God? Fine. Then your punishment will be just that much worse. I will make an example of you, one that all will do well to heed.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malachi:

Much like Jake Donovan will experience tonight. So Jake, come out here. Feel what the wrath of a God truly is.

[He then drops the mic as he soaks in the boos from the fans.]

DDK:

Well, some harsh words there from Malachi.

Angus:

Don't mock him! Don't you dare.

DDK:

We've got Darren Quimbey standing by to make the introductions for this match. Take it away DQ.

Malachi vs. Jake Donovan

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is one fall... introducing first, weighing in at 245 pounds... **MALACHI!**

[With Malachi already being in the ring, he just stands there, stretching out his arms while the fans boo him.]

DDK:

The fans showing their displeasures with Malachi after the scathing promo he just delivered!

Angus:

Well, he wasn't very nice. Still, I wouldn't boo him just to save myself from his wrath.

Darren Quimbley:

And his opponent!

["Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and there's Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in green and purple, his hair sporting streaks of green, purple and blue. He's got on black cargo pants with purple streaks running down the side, a purple mesh vest top and a green mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo. He slaps hands with the people, hugs the little kids, fist bumps the guys and hugs the girls on his way to the ring. Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a summersault and landing in the ring.]

Darren Quimbley:

Weighing in at 215 pounds... **JAKE! DONOVAN!**

DDK:

And the fans showing their love for Jake.

Angus:

Ugh.

[Before both men know it...]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the start of the bell, Malachi meets Donovan in the middle of the ring and starts blasting away with fist after fist! Malachi then grabs Jake by the arm, whips him across the ring, and goes for a discus back elbow only for Donovan to duck underneath it. Malachi then turns around, only to be met by a springboard crossbody!]

DDK:

And the agility and speed of Jake comes into play right there!

Angus:

Listen, don't go talking to me about how awesome that flippy-bullshit is. I don't want to hear it tonight!

DDK:

Well, in this instance it did the job.

[Both men scramble to their feet. Jake is a bit faster and gets to his feet first, leaping onto Malachi's shoulders as he stands, and takes him back down to the mat with a flying headscissors! The fans go crazy for Jake as both men climb back to their feet once again. Jake is the first one up again and nails Malachi with a dropkick. Donovan then runs into the ropes goes for a springboard moonsault, but Malachi manages to move and Donovan crashes to the mat.]

Angus:

OH YEAH! CRASH AND BURN, BABY!

DDK:

You are far too happy about this.

Angus:

IN! YOUR! FACE!

DDK:

Stop. Dancing. Like. A. Fool.

[Malachi climbs to his feet first while Donovan struggles to get to his. Jake turns towards Malachi and is met with a boot to the midsection. Malachi then plants Donovan with a hammerlock suplex. With Donovan down on the ground, Malachi mounts him and starts blasting away with a series of fists. The referee counts to four before Malachi gets off of Jake. Malachi then starts to bring Jake up to his feet when he is met with a knee to the midsection from his opponent.]

DDK:

And Donovan keeps fighting through the pain. Each time Malachi starts to build up some offense, Jake stops him dead in his tracks.

Angus:

You can't stop the Messiah.

DDK:

You don't really believe this guy, do you?

Angus:

I figured I should at least hedge my bets, ya know?

[As Malachi tries to get up to his feet after the knee, Donovan connects with a roundhouse kick, and a second one. With Malachi stunned, Jake lifts him up off his knees and hip tosses Malachi to the mat. Malachi sits up slowly, aching from the attack, and Donovan drills him with a stiff kick to the spine, which causes Malachi to arch his back from the shot. Jake then climbs to the top turnbuckle as Malachi struggles back to his feet. Donovan wastes no time before connecting with a missile dropkick from the top rope.]

JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE!

Angus:

Oh come on. Don't cheer for this flipping monkey!

DDK:

Hey, the fans love him.

Angus:

No, they don't. They like watching monkeys flip around.

DDK:

Which pays your salary.

Angus:

Touche.

[Jake quickly climbs back to his feet, bounces off the ropes, and goes for a springboard elbow drop, yet Malachi moves out of the way! As Jake stumbles to his feet, clutching his elbow, Malachi connects with a throat thrust which he follows up with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex! The referee then slides into position for the count.]

1..

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

The Holy One almost pulled off the victory there!

DDK:

Caught Donovan off guard and almost put him away, but Donovan refuses to be put away.

Angus:

I wish I could do something like that. Put him down like Old Yeller.

DDK:

You are so unbelievably ridiculous.

[As Donovan fights to get back up this feet, he runs right into a discus back elbow from Malachi! Donovan grabs his face in pain as he starts to get back up to his knees, but Malachi is ready for him as he starts pelting him with a fury of kicks, looking to weaken the base of the high flyer. He then grabs Jake by the legs and puts him into a figure-four leglock in the center of the ring!]

DDK:

And Malachi, using his strength and technical skills, has got Donovan right where he wants him.

Angus:

Oh yeah he does. Tap, baby, tap!

DDK:

And wait, who has just showed up here at ringside? That's Masato Ishimaru!

Angus:

Really?! Come on!

[Masato walks down to the ringside, mocking Malachi as he does by pretending he is praying and receiving absolution. Malachi sees him out of the corner of his eye and breaks the hold. He gets back up to his feet and walks over to Masato, yelling and pointing at him in the process as Masato starts to mimic him to great approval from the audience.]

Angus:

Lightning is going to strike down at any moment.

DDK:

I highly doubt that.

Angus:

You want to take that risk?

DDK:

No. Not really.

[With Malachi focused on Masato, Donovan sneaks up behind him and nails him with a forearm to the back of the head! This pushes Malachi into the nearby corner. Jake mounts Malachi in the corner and starts blasting away with fist after fist, wearing down Malachi! He then hops down, knees Malachi in the midsection, and nails him with a springboard headscissors! Malachi slowly gets up to his feet, narrowly missing a kick to the face from Donovan.]

Malachi takes the opening, headbutts Jake, spins him around, and connects with a release Tiger Suplex.]

DDK:

Oof. That hurt.

Angus:

Don't mess with the Messiah! Just like you don't mess with a bull.

DDK:

He is not the Messiah.

Angus:

Okay, you keep thinking that.

[Malachi slowly gets back up to his feet and starts stomping away at Donovan's knees! Jake grimaces in pain as Malachi then grabs him and moves him to the center of the ring again. Before Donovan knows it, Malachi has him in an Argentine Leglock! Donovan yells out in pain as Malachi locks it in tight, his eyes focused on Masato who is still mocking and mimicking him.]

Angus:

Masato is just going to upset Malachi if he doesn't stop.

DDK:

Something tells me that Masato is not exactly scared of that.

Angus:

Well, he should be.

[With the move locked in, Jake struggles mightily to get to the ropes, but it is beginning to become no use. Malachi keeps cinching it, his eyes focused upon Masato. Masato then mimics that he is Jesus Christ on the stake and this further enrages Malachi as he breaks the hold and storms over to Masato! He is about to exit the ring when the referee stops him! Malachi turns around after a few moments, only to be met with a kick to the midsection from Donovan, which is followed up with a Lightning Spiral!]

Angus:

WHAT?! NO!

DDK:

It looks like this is the end of the road for Malachi!

Angus:

Thanks to that idiot, Masato!

[Donovan then goes for the cover!]

1...

2...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbley:

Your winner... **JAKE! DONOVAN!**

[Jake climbs one of the turnbuckles, celebrating his victory before he exits the ring, the victory that he needed to get back on the right path. Meanwhile, Malachi sits up, not looking pleased in the least bit.]

DDK:

Great victory there from Donovan!

Angus:

Thanks to Masato! What is he doing down here, sticking his nose into Malachi's business?

DDK:

Well, for tonight, it was enough to throw him off his game. We're gonna take a quick Hulu-sponsored commercial break and then we'll be back with more DEFIANCE action from the Wrestle-Plex!

[Malachi yells at Masato who is still on the outside, mocking him. Malachi climbs to his feet, still yelling, as Masato heads up to the top of the ramp, mocking Malachi as he does.]

[Cue those commercials, kids!]

Wanna Sign my Cast?

[Woo! We're back from commercial and have conveniently found ourselves in the men's locker room with the Skybreakers.]

[We're greeted by Jake Donovan, who appears to be digging into his gym bag aimlessly, while Troy Matthews idly walks on-camera, seemingly staring into space. Jake fishes in and pulls out a towel, wiping the paint off his face with it. As Troy notices the paint coming off, he recoils slightly in shock.]

Troy Matthews:

Gah! I'm still not used to seeing you without paint, dude, you look like you're scared with your face like that!

Jake Donovan:

Ha! Look who's talking, Troy, you've been sailing along the rings of Saturn for weeks now! I should be asking what's wrong with you!

[Troy shrugs it off and shakes his head.]

Troy Matthews:

Nothing that I really want to talk about, you know?

Jake Donovan:

Yeah, I getcha, but sometimes it's good to get stuff off your chest.

[There is a long silence between the two teammates, that is broken by an even longer sigh that escapes Matthews.]

Troy Matthews:

It's just...uh...

[Jake is totally not paying an ounce of attention to Troy.]

Troy Matthews:

Last week you had a match with Ty and just now you had another awesome match while I just sat back here like a bum!

[Jake slowly turns to Troy while he is digging in his ear with a red paint covered towel.]

Jake Donovan:

Don't sweat it, dude, we're just in a rough patch while DEFIANCE gets its sea legs back, and before you know it you'll be ready to show this company what you're made of.

[Troy chuckles a little before shrugging.]

Troy Matthews:

Yeah... you're right. Just give it time, I guess.

Voice:

Jake...wanna sign my cast?

[Troy and Jake suddenly snap out of their conversation and look to the doorway, where Curtis Penn is standing, grinning like a jackal and, of course, favoring his casted arm.]

Curtis Penn:

Don't get so shocked, boys, just thought I'd drop in and get some goodwill from you guys, and maybe have a little reminder of the old days... right, Troy?

[Troy freezes a little, not breaking his stare.]

Curtis Penn:

Even if the rumors weren't buzzing around about you not being long for this company, if my wrist were healed, I'd make you leave in shame... or injury. Hell, even with my bad wrist, I could probably wax you.

[Penn shrugs, while Troy continues to simply look non-plussed.]

Curtis Penn:

Not that we need to find the answer to that right now, of course, but in due time. Well, gotta run! Therapy, soliciting donations for the Get Well Curtis Foundation, you know how it is. Bye!

[Without a moment's hesitation, Penn turns tail and gets out of dodge, leaving a stunned Jake Donovan and Troy Matthews in view.]

Troy Matthews:

...WOW.

Jake Donovan:

So, yeah.

Troy Matthews:

Wanna take bets on which one of us can shut him up first?

[Jake chuckles and nods.]

Jake Donovan:

Sure, I could go for a free dinner...

Troy Matthews:

Hahahaha, you mad, Jake... you mad.

[The two walk off-screen as we cut away.]

Not My Idea

[Elsewhere backstage, DEFIANCE's resident meathead is strutting his stuff through the hallways of the Wrestle-Plex. The COOL shades on his face obscure his eyes, but you can just tell he's looking the female members of staff that pass him up and down. How? Well he's practically nodding whenever he passes a member of the fairer sex and biting his bottom lip in a kind of...]

Jonny Booya:

MmmmMmmmMMM.

[Way.]

Jonny Booya:

Hay gurl, ya like what ya see?

[Jonny flexes for the nearest girl, who scoffs as she rolls her eyes and walks away quickly. Maybe to do her job some more, probably to end the uncomfortableness.]

Jonny Booya:

Your loss!

[Happy with his pick up techniques Jonny continues on down the hallway. The next group of people he bumps into aren't members of the opposite sex though, they're members of a particularly exclusive club.]

Alceo Dentari:

Booya!

Angus: [V/O]

Out like a light!

[Blocking the hallway are Alceo Dentari, Tony Di Luca and Vincent Rinaldi of the Legitimate Businessmen's Club. Surprising, considering how the main event ended last time out, Dentari doesn't look ready for a fight. He's got his jacket on, he's got his hands in his pockets, and he's got a smile on his face. Di Luca and Rinaldi look a touch more surly, but then that's just their normal faces.]

Alceo Dentari:

We need a word with yous.

Angus: [V/O]

Oh sweet Jesus, this thing is gonna be hard to follow.

Jonny Booya:

Yew need a word wit' me? If it ain't sorry then ah ain't interested in hearin' it, boah!

[Booya goes to walk through the wall of Italians in front of him, but Di Luca and Rinaldi both put out their arms and prevent him from advancing. Jonny bats their hands from his chest before looking side to side at them and snarls.]

Alceo Dentari:

Sorry. Jonny, but yous is gonna hear what I gotta say. See, I was this close-[Dentari pinches the air.]-to winnin' the FIST a' DEFIANCE last week when yous came out an' ruined the whole damned thing.

DDK: [V/O]

That's not now I remember it...

Angus: [V/O]

Shhhh.

Alceo Dentari:

Now I get it, yous wanna be the one that ends that fat nerd's title run, but here's the thing... Yous ain't gonna be doin' that, 'cause that's my job, Capiché?

[A broad grin spreads across Jonny's face.]

Jonny Booya:

Your job? Boah ah was hand picked by Edward White ta be the next FIST. Yew was hand picked ta help make that happen. Ah told him then an' ah'll tell yew now, I don't need no help, I'm gonna beat Eugene Dewey an' become Big King FIST all by mahself!

[Jonny puffs out his chest and looks pretty proud of himself. Dentari meanwhile smiles ever so slightly and shakes his head slowly.]

Alceo Dentari:

Oh Jonny, yous need a lotta help, an' I ain't just talkin' 'bout in the ring. There ain't nobody more deservin' a' that FIST than me. I been waitin' for my chance to take that title ever since it was introduced to DEFIANCE. I finally got my shot last week an' yous ruined it. Now yous is lucky me an' my boys ain't beatin' them shades offa that cinderblock yous call a head right now, but yous keep disrespectin' us like yous is an' we're gonna be havin' more than words, capiché?

[Jonny capichés alright, but he doesn't afraid of anyone. He whips the shade off his his face and fixes Dentari with a wide eyed stare.]

Jonny Booya:

YEW THREAT'NIN' ME, BOAH!?

Alceo Dentari:

What if I am!?

Jonny Booya:

I'LL BEAT THE CRAP OUTTA ALL Y'ALL!

[Jonny takes a step forward.]

Alceo Dentari:

TRY IT MEATHEAD!

[Dentari steps forward and goes nose to chest with Big King COOL!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK: [V/O]

Awww here we go!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Just as it was getting good DEFsec swarm the scene and put themselves between the two linguistically challenged DEFIANTS. Both struggle to break free from their restrainers, but DEFsec have clearly been working out.]

Jonny Booya:

YEW WANNA GO SOME BOAH?! AH'LL TAKE ANY A' Y'ALL TONIGHT!

Mushigihara vs. Tony Davis

[The Wrestle-Plex is plunged into darkness, save for a few scant golden lights as the Terminator-esque cadence of industrial drums and shattering glass of "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion," which astute gamers may recognize from the Wii game No More Heroes, blasts through the speakers.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

And now it's time for the God-Beast to make another impression on the DEFIANCE rankings! As you'll recall, fans, on our last episode, he levelled the man waiting for him in the ring right now, Team VIAGRA's Tony Davis, who's looking for revenge!

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

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The following contest is scheduled for one fall! INTRODUCING FIRST! Accompanied to the ring by "The Curator of Chaos," Eddie Dante, he hails from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan and weighs in tonight at three hundred seventeen pounds... this is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

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

Angus:

Well, I hope Tony Davis packed a lunch, because he's in for a loooooong night, Keebs.

DDK:

Indeed, Davis seems to be quite distracted in the face of the God-Beast.

[We're able to pick up a bit of conversation in-ring, as Davis calls out to Mushi.]

Davis:

Hey, thanks for not breaking my 3DS! I beat my game!

[Mushi, for his part, looks as perplexed as one can behind a mask, tilting his head to one side and uttering a confused...]

Mushigihara:

...osu?

DING DING DING!

[And the opening bell is all it takes for Mushi to stop caring about what Davis is trying to tell him, and focus on ripping him to shreds. Like a shot, he rushes out his corner and into Tony's, greeting him with a CRUSHING corner splash.]

OHHHHHH!!!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[With a loud growl, the monster whips the hapless Davis to the opposite corner, and follows up with a SECOND corner splash! Davis staggers out of the corner and plops to the mat, as Mushi paces around the ring, playing to the jeering crowd.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

The crowd's not taking too well to the God-Beast, but he's just ABSORBING their hate!

DDK:

This match was scheduled as the result of Mushigihara's backstage assault on Tony Davis, and the mammoth seems to be taking this as a step in his campaign for a shot at DEFIANCE gold! And this isn't going well for Davis, that's for sure!

[The God-Beast is already at work getting Davis to his feet, and Davis already looks visibly rattled. Mushigihara looks over to Eddie Dante at ringside, who shouts words of strategy to his charge, swinging his cane towards the ring ropes.]

DDK:

Could Dante be signalling Mushigihara to take the match outside the ring?

[Mushi nods and grabs Tony by the scruff, and proceeds to chuck him out through the ropes, to the outside, and he follows.]

Eddie Dante:

Hahahaha, yes! Lay him to waste, Mushigihara!

[No sooner is Mushi on the ground than Tony Davis staggers to his feet, flailing blindly as Mushi approaches him, and WALLOPS him with a haymaker, and locks him up in a tight bearhug.]

DDK:

Uh-oh, Mushigihara's been using that bearhug to transition into a nasty belly-to-belly suplex, could he be looking to bury Davis with that move now?

[Davis manages to lock onto Mushi's skull just long enough to hammer some elbows into his temple, which hurts him just enough to make him release the hold.]

DDK:

No! And Davis might be on the beginnings of a comeback here, as he LAYS forearms into the God-Beast's face!

[Now it's Mushi's turn to stagger, as Tony finally reaches full cognizance and plays up to the crowd himself.]

RAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Angus:

Awww, man, Keebs, I really don't like these fans letting this dipshit hear their love!

DDK:

Well, Tony Davis is a part of the beloved Team VIAGRA...

Angus:

I know! Let's not give this guy the satisfaction!

[Davis takes a step or two back and grabs the God-Beast's arm, and pulls him right in, only for Mushigihara to duck behind him, and push him from behind and into the nearby ringpost.]

CLANG!

Mushigihara:
Hahaha... OSU!

[Davis turns around and stumbles RIGHT where Mushi wants him; right into his bearhug.]

Angus:
Ooooooh, this ain't gonna be pretty, Keeps! I love it!

DDK:
Yes, indeed. Mushigihara has some sinister intentions here, and it doesn't look good for Davis...

CLANG!

DDK:
...who's just been slammed back-first into that post! Mushi's hanging on...

Mushigihara:
OSU!

THUD!!!!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:
AND HE SUPLEXES TONY DAVIS ONTO THE ARENA FLOOR! DAVIS IS FOLDED UP LIKE AN ACCORDION, AND EDDIE DANTE IS PRACTICALLY BESIDE HIMSELF WITH GLEE!

[Keebler's right; Eddie is cackling in delight, while Mushi gets to his feet, roaring in power as Tony Davis simply... writhes.]

Angus:
Well, that shut the crowd up a little, I think, seeing their heroic peabrain get slammed in the dirt like that.

[Mushi looks over to Dante, and without making any gesture, goes right back to Davis, rolling him back into the ring, and posing for the crowd yet again.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:
Mushigihara taking a moment to taunt the New Orleans crowd before going back to work, and he scoops Davis up... he's going behind, could he be setting up the...

[And sure enough, Mushigihara heaves Tony Davis across his shoulders, slowly walking around the ring in a display of dominance, before bellowing out a massive...]

Mushigihara:
OSU!!!

THUD!!!

DDK:

BEAST BREAKER CONNECTS, AND TONY DAVIS IS IN A HEAP! Mushi with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[And cue “Mach 13 Elephant Explosion,” along with Mushigihara rising to his feet, as Dante enters the ring to raise his client’s hand in victory.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner, MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRAAAAAAAAA!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[As the music bangs on, the camera closes in on the duo’s position by the ropes, prompting Eddie Dante to address it.]

Eddie Dante:

I hope you’re paying attention, Kelly... it’s time to do what’s right and let Mushigihara vie for the gold. Do what’s right, Kelly...

Angus:

Yeah, I’d say it’s time for Fatboy to get a title shot. I can probably count the number of people he wouldn’t steamroll flat in DEFIANCE on one hand, Keeps.

DDK:

Well, whether Kelly Evans responds to Dante’s pleas or not remains to be seen. In any case, we’ll be back shortly, DEFIAfans, so stay tuned!

[More Hulu commercials time!]

Take Your Bae to Work Day

[Aaaand, we're back!]

[Cutteth us to the illustrious office of Pepper Management Group -- also known as the modest, but nicely decorated, office in the Wrestle-Plex business complex that Billy Pepper somehow finagled out of Edward White... back before the law dropped its Mjolnir-like hammer on White's expensively coiffed head. Billy got to keep the office under the new administration because Kelly Evans didn't really care one way or the other, as long as Billy kept making his rent payments.]

[The Director and CEO of Pepper Management Group is now sitting back comfortably in his leather chair, clad in a natty grey suit with an open-collared dress shirt, playing host for his favorite client, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday, and a very special visitor. Frank, dressed casually in a track suit and a Lakers jacket, is waving proudly about the office.]

Frank Holiday:

...Can you believe this, babe? *Look* at this! He's got framed artwork. Exotic potted plants. He's even got business cards. *Super* professional. Billy has freakin' *made it!*

[Billy does the best regal bow possible from a seated position.]

Billy Pepper:

Thank you, thank you. My voicemail message also sounds like Elizabeth Hurley, so, yeah. Classy.

[Frank's "babe" forces a smile onto her ruby red lips that doesn't quite banish the boredom from the rest of her face. DEFIANCE, meet the always thoughtful and charming Lexi Rubin.]

Lexi Rubin:

Uh, good for you, Billy.

[She flicks her blonde hair and shifts her hazel eyes here and there, either taking in her surroundings or doing a stealth eye-roll. Maybe both. Lexi is wearing a black Valentino pantsuit and red Louis Vuitton stilettos. She is restlessly fingering a Versace clutch. Not since Kurt Russell made Goldie Hawn his personal slave in "Overboard" has a woman looked or felt more out of place than Lexi does at this very moment, here in the Wrestle-Plex.]

Lexi Rubin:

So, uh, are we done here, Frank?

Frank Holiday:

Naw, babe, we're just getting started! You haven't seen the arena yet. It's breathtaking with a packed crowd. Come on, let's leave Billy to his business and take a stroll.

Lexi Rubin: [Sighs]

...Fine.

[Frank bids his bro-nager adieu and leads his reluctant girlfriend through the office complex.]

Lexi Rubin:

"Pepper Management Group"? Aren't you his only client?

Frank Holiday:

I'm his *first* client, babe. First of many to come, I'm sure. Dude like that is destined for success.

[As they walk along, she glances through windows into various offices and the business-attired men and women who

inhabit them, clacking away at keyboards or murmuring into telephones.]

Lexi Rubin: [Unimpressed]

Yeah, right.

Frank Holiday:

Listen, I really, really appreciate you coming to visit where I work. I know it's not your scene, and it's not super swank or anything, but they're great people, and I really love what I'm doing. Actually, I'm super happy with the success I'm having so far. I'm the Southern Heritage Champion now, and things can only get better from here. Huh?

Lexi Rubin:

So what is that, like the top championship?

Frank Holiday:

Well, no, but it makes me *third* from the top. It's actually pretty damn prestigious.

Lexi Rubin:

Oh, okay.

[They pause in front of the elevators and Frank punches the down button. The door slides open and they get in. Frank takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, trying not to let his frustration show. It had taken a shameful combination of begging, ass-kissing, and an offer to pay her airfare to finally coax Lexi away from L.A. to come to New Orleans. He'd convinced himself that if she could just catch a glimpse of his world, she would understand his passion for this life, understand what kept him away from home, and from her, for all those stretches of time.]

[So far, it hasn't been going well.]

[She'd found the climate in Louisiana uncomfortable and humid. The culturally-rich, historical neighborhoods looked ramshackle and old to her compared to the gleaming, modern, high society she frequented. When the taxi had pulled up to the entrance of the brand-new Wrestle-Plex venue, her first reaction had been: "I thought it'd be bigger."]

[Yes, that's what she said. Hiyo!]

[The elevator opens again on the ground floor and Holiday grins, graciously gesturing for Lexi to disembark first.]

Frank Holiday:

After you, babe. Down here is where the *real* action takes place...

Voice:

Frank!

[As they exit into the hallway, they're met by the Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy. Troy's already in her ring gear and looking a little frazzled while taping up her arms.]

Frank Holiday: [Waving cheerfully]

Hey, brosette! Great timing, I'm showing my girlfriend around the Plex. This lovely lady is Lexi -- Lexi, meet Lindsay Troy!

[Lexi looks the much taller, more muscular, and kinda-pretty-but-totally-NOT-as-pretty-as-her Lindsay up and down and her nose scrunches in annoyance. Or jealousy. It's hard to tell.]

Lexi Rubin:

Pleasure.

Lindsay Troy: [barely pays Lexi any attention]

Yeah...hi. Look, Frank, I gotta wrangle a couple partners tonight for the trios match since Ty and Wade can't be in the building until we get the bullshit sorted with the drug tests. Figure I did you a favor for the **#STALKTONPYRE** business, you can get me back here. You in?

Frank Holiday:

Oh shit, yeah, I heard about that nonsense about them getting suspended. How are mah bros doin'?

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not giving *certain people* the *satisfaction* of knowing how they're doing, if you're picking up what I'm putting down.

Lexi Rubin:

Pssh. You didn't even *drop* anything. Gawd...

[Lindsay stares at Lexi, thinks about a snarky comeback, and decides Frank's girlfriend isn't worth her oxygen. Frank puts a hand on Lexi's shoulder and tips his head.]

Frank Holiday:

It's cool, babe. I know what -- and who -- she's talking about.

Lexi Rubin:

Oh, okay, Frank. [Smirks] You two seem to be pretty close, her running to you for help, you having your own little code words between you. *That's* nice.

Frank Holiday:

Yeah, we're good friends, babe. We've been to war together and all that. Work shit.

Lexi Rubin:

Oh yeah, no, yeah. I'm saying it's *nice*, you and her, that's all.

Lindsay Troy: [discreetly rolls her eyes]

So that's a yes to the trios match, Frank?

Frank Holiday:

Absolutely, brosette. You can count me in. Who else you got for this?

Lindsay Troy:

Gonna go grab 'em now. I'll find you later.

[She looks at Lexi, puts her hands on her thighs, and bends down so the two women are at eye level.]

Lindsay Troy:

And then maybe, after the show, we can go out for drinks and I can show you the suuuuuuuuper pretty sparkly wedding band my husband gave me. You might not know what one looks like, and God help Frank if I ever find out he slips one on *your* finger.

[Troy gives Frank's girl her *very best* simpering smile before striding off camera. Lexi immediately whirls on the poor guy with **The Look**.]

Lexi Rubin: [stamps her foot]

Now isn't *that* interesting. I can't get you to meet me on date night, but *she* says jump and you fucking *hurl* yourself off a bridge for her. And you're sure you're not after her goods?

Frank Holiday:

Jesus Christ, babe, gimme a break. She's *married*, and this is about *work*. You're reading *waaaaay* too much into this.

Lexi Rubin:

I'll bet.

[The Train Wreck chews his lip and counts backward from one hundred, thinking how even the biblical Job would've snapped by now. No, not the guy from Arrested Development. But he would've snapped too.]

Tyrone Walker:

Ayyyyyyyye, Frankie, whatup mah nigga?

[Says the approaching leader of the Negrobots, Blackimus Prime. Frank turns his head with a smile developing for the eldest of statesmen in DEFIANCE.]

Frank Holiday:

My man Ty! Come on over here! I want you to meet someone! [Turns to Lexi] Babe, this is one of the coolest guys around and a great friend of mine. You're gonna love him. Ty, this is my girlfriend Lexi!

[Ty stops and slaps hands with Frank, each shedding a little skin in appreciation for the other. Ty steps back and looks at Lexi, immediately the old dog is smelling some new bones to chew on.]

Tyrone Walker:

Dag, this yo bitch, Frank?

[Lexi grimaces as if she'd just been slapped in the face. Ty sees this and looks at Frank, shrugging with a complete "what?" expression.]

Lexi Rubin:

Excuse me, what did you just say to me?

Frank Holiday: [Chuckling nervously]

Nah, babe, he wasn't calling you anything. That's just how Ty rolls. He's cool.

Tyrone Walker:

Man, whatever. I'm jus' sayin', I can see why yo ass been holdin' out on us, Frank, keepin' this fine piece all to yo-*damn*-self.

[Frank is nodding proudly until he realizes Lexi is staring with mouth agape, turning her incredulous gaze from Ty Walker to Frank himself. That's when he realizes she needs a Blackimus-to-English translation.]

Frank Holiday:

What he's saying is you're stunning, babe. That was a compliment.

Lexi Rubin:

Uh, I heard *this person* just fine, Frank. [Extra disdain pouring from those two words] Is this how you talk about me when I'm not here? I'm "yo bitch" and you keep "this fine piece all to yo-damn-self"? What am I, your *property*?

[Frank's face contorts involuntarily into a pained expression. This thing has gotten wildly out of hand and he can't figure out how to get it back on track. With an apologetic glance at Ty, he turns to Lexi and spreads his hands pleadingly.]

Frank Holiday:

Of course not. What the hell, babe? Ty's trying to be sociable here.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeh, tryin' to be all inhospital uppinn' here wit'cha an' shit... Dag, nuttin' but cranky white bread bitches runnin' aroun' this mothafucka tonight.

[The blonde haughtily sticks a palm in Ty's face and turns her head in disgust.]

Lexi Rubin:

Do *not* talk to me anymore. Frank, why the *fuck* is this man harassing me like this? These are your *friends*?

Frank Holiday:

Yeah, this *is* my friend, as a matter of fact. Don't be rude!

[Hearing the word "harassing" instinctively gets Ty to put his hands up in surrender.]

Lexi Rubin: [Aghast]

I'm being rude? Did you not just *hear* what this person said to me?

[She points at Ty with an accusing finger that makes Ty's eyes go wide with thoughts of angry rednecks wanting to get "old school" on him.]

Tyrone Walker:

Whoah, whoah...

[Lexi pauses her rage fueled diatribe with an exasperated scoff.]

Tyrone Walker:

Got-damn, you one of them uppity, sheltered bitches, with all the sticks up yo ass, huh? [Turns to Frank] Yo mang, good to see yas an' shit, but I think a nigga might needa watch his neck here an' bounce, less he gets brought up on some dubious charges of the [mocks Lexi's voice, badly] "scary black man, officer" [/mocking] variety.

Frank Holiday: [Deflated]

Alright man, catch you later.

Tyrone Walker:

Yo, when you get tired of the hassle, come see me an' I'll hook you up wit' a real good *bitch*. Holla!

[And with that, the blackest man in DEFIANCE exits stage left, leaving Frank holding the bag after SuperStorm Ty blew through. Lexi, arms folded, is glaring at the wall with a gaze as icy as the Arctic Circle, her cheeks flushed nearly as red as her lipstick.]

Lexi Rubin:

I have *never*. Been subjected to *this*. Kind of humiliation in my *life*.

[You know that feeling of futility when you spent all that time raking the leaves into a neat pile on the front lawn, only to watch as a gust of wind blows the whole thing up? That's how Frank is feeling right now. Shoulders slumped, he's more or less going through the motions at this point.]

Frank Holiday:

Look, I'm sorry about that, babe. But seriously, he meant well. You just have to know how to talk to a guy like Ty.

Lexi Rubin:

Yeah? Well, you let me know when he learns how to speak like a *civilized human being*.

["Let it go," Frank mutters to himself.]

Frank Holiday:

Anyway, there's still a lot I wanted to show you...

Lexi Rubin: [Coldly]

You know what, I think I'm good, Frank.

Frank Holiday:

Fine. Uh, well, it looks like I've got a match tonight, so I'll call you a cab.

[He leads the way toward the entrance to the arena, Lexi's high heels click-clicking along behind him, machine-like. Frank can't help marveling at how dramatically and disastrously this whole endeavor has veered away from his best case scenario. How on earth do other dudes get their significant others to stand by them in this business?]

[An idea strikes.]

Frank Holiday:

You know, babe, I had a thought. Billy's usually my cornerman when I'm out there, but... I've got a major title defense at the Pay-Per-View in a few weeks, and if you're up for it, maybe you could come out and cheer me on. It'd be, you know, good quality time. Or something.

[A long silence. And then:]

Lexi Rubin:

Frank, you and I both know this isn't really a place for me.

Frank Holiday:

Yeah, right. I get it. [Pause] Well, you should at least watch my match at Aftershock. Knowing you're out there rooting for me, that'd be awesome. What do you think?

Lexi Rubin: [Impatiently]

I don't know, Frank! Maybe, okay? Can I just get out of here?

[He shakes his head.]

Frank Holiday: [Growling]

Yeah, let's get you outta here.

[Cut elsewhere...]

Old Friends, New Enemies

[From Lexi and Frank, we've found ourselves an Ego Buster.]

[Dan Ryan is backstage near the main training center entrance, coming out and headed down toward the dressing room area. He turns the corner and almost runs into Team HOSS as a group, whose arms are crossed and whom are blocking the entire hallways. All that's missing is one holding a staff screaming "YOU SHALL NOT PASS!" I almost wrote that.]

Dan Ryan:

[Looking from one "HOSS" to the next and back] Is this the welcoming committee?

[In between the members of Team HOSS is none other than the spokesman of the group and Superagent Junior Keeling.]

Junior Keeling:

You know DAMN well what this is, you big fucking turncoat!

Dan Ryan:

Subtlety isn't your strong point, is it Junior? I thought you were supposed to be the mouthpiece for these guys, and you're dropping the f-bomb in the very first sentence? How uncouth.

[Trinidad and Aleczander roll their eyes simultaneously while Cappy said nothing, simply hoping that The Ego Buster makes a wrong move so they can get right to the fisticuffs. Keeling continues to be all sorts of not amused.]

Junior Keeling:

I'm glad that you think you're a comedian, Mister Ryan, but I don't honestly think that you understand the gravity of the situation you're in. You took away our - and YOUR - lifeline around here for, what? A title shot? A title shot that YOU may not even get to implement now because of your selfish actions.

[Aleczander stepped up to the Ego Buster.]

Aleczander:

I guess we should've expected this from Lindsay Troy's fuckin' brother-in-law. You fucked up, mate... you fucked up BAD.

[And now it was Angel's turn to say his piece.]

Angel Trinidad:

Yeah... dude, we liked Mister White. He scratched our backs and we helped him take care of business. He was always good to us so even though he's not here, we think that we owe him one. You know how I've been dubbed "The Breaker of the Unbreakable" because I pinned Dusty Griffith? Well... maybe... JUST MAYBE... I'd like to add "The Buster of the Ego Buster" to my kick-ass list of nicknames. Maybe I should be the one that gets that title shot because unlike you, I've actually beaten him. What do you think, DAN?

Dan Ryan:

[Leaning in mockingly to Angel.] I think like, dude, that like... you guys must not be used to handling business on your own like I am, and are much more comfortable having Ed White's fingers up your asses like a trio of wrestling finger puppets. I also think that if you think it's just about a title shot, you should work on finding a NEW Ed White to do the thinking for you, because your skills of deduction could stand some fine tuning.

[Angel steps forward, almost nose to nose.]

Dan Ryan:

Although, if you really feel like taking a step up, Angel, it looks like I'm right here, you're right here... so I don't really see what's stopping you.

[Both hold their ground, until the tension is broken by another voice as a hand puts itself between the two men.]

Dusty Griffith:

What you need to do [he says while addressing Angel] is find another bone to chew on, because this one [he says as he points a thumb at Ryan] is all mine.

[Dan Ryan's looks sideways at Griffith as he positions himself between Ryan and Team HOSS, facing down the trios champions.]

Dusty Griffith:

That said, you're all gonna have to cut this party short. See, we have a big match next week and I can't have you boys muddying up the waters, so to speak.

[Griffith turns and looks at Ryan over his shoulder.]

Dusty Griffith:

Need you to keep you well rested and ready, brother.

[Griffith winks, to which Dan Ryan, never one to miss an obvious reference, narrows his eyes menacingly. Angel growls, wanting to turn this into a much larger fiasco, but Junior Keeling motions to Cap and Alecz, who pull him back while he tries to shrug them off.]

Angel Trinidad:

C'mon let me go, Cap!

Junior Keeling:

Not now, Angel, we can do *this* another time...

[Ryan smirks, Angel finally shrugs away from Cap and Alecz' grip, but only gives off a mean look to Griffith and Ryan before turning away in a huff.]

Junior Keeling:

...and believe me, Dan Ryan, there *will* be another time.

Dan Ryan: [smirking]

I'm sure.

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah, yeah, move it along.

[Keeling turns on his heel and follows his men back the way they came, leaving Griffith and Ryan alone as they watch them disappear. Once they've gone, Dusty snorts and thumbs his nose, then slaps his hands together as if he were dusting them off with a satisfied smile on his face.]

Dusty Griffith:

Well, looks like my work is done here.

Dan Ryan:

Funny. I don't recall asking for you help, *brother*.

[Ryan's annoyance shows through with that comment, while Griffith modestly continues to smile at his "job well done".]

Dusty Griffith:

Turnabout's fair play, you want me to be at my best for next week? Well, the same goes for you... Oh yeah, and you're welcome.

[The two part ways, Dusty backing away, while Ryan walks off in the opposite direction.]

[Cut to the ring.]

Jonny Booya vs. Vinny Rinaldi

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

[Funky Shit by Prodigy.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Earlier tonight we saw Jonny Booya get into it with the Legitimate Businessman's Club, which has set up this match right now.

Angus:

But who's Booya gonna be facing? He was pretty clear he didn't care who he had to wrestle, but he's still none the wiser.

DDK:

All we know is it's gonna be a member of the LBC.

Angus:

I really hope it's all of them.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Angus:

I really hope...

[Booya slowly makes his way down the ramp climbs into the ring where he struts his way to the middle of the mat and drops to a knee to strike the Official Jonny Booya Pose again, where a single spotlight shines down upon him. If you're wondering, it's the exact same pose he does at the top of the ramp, but it's in the ring. Can't mess with perfection, am I right... right?]

[The Funky Shit fades out to be replaced by something far less... well, funky.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ 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?" ♪

Angus:

One of us was supposed to swear less, I can't remember who it was.

[Jonny drags Vinny off of the ropes and, probably the only man suitable for the job of refereeing this thing, Brian Slater calls for the bell.]

Ding Ding Ding!

[Jonny drives Vinny back into the corner of the ring and delivers a back elbow to the side of his head. Vinny tries to cover up but Jonny simply uses the opportunity to throw a hand right hand into Vinny's midsection. A few more strikes are thrown before Jonny whips Vinny across the ring and into the opposite turnbuckle. Rinaldi hits the corner hard and staggers out into Booya's arms as Big King COOL scoops the big man off of his feet!]

DDK:

Woah!

CRASH!

[But Jonny can't quite complete what he was going for as he collapses under Vinny's weight. Rinaldi falls on top of Booya in a cover!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!...]

[Jonny kicks out!]

DDK:

We've seen Jonny Booya perform some feats of strength in his time, but I think scooping Rinaldi up and slamming him at this stage of the match might be a touch ambitious.

Angus:

You can't blame him for not considering that though. There's a greater number of corners to that ring than there are IQ points within it right now.

DDK:

What about-

Angus:

Oh yes, the whole Jonny is smarter than he makes out to be thing. Sure. That really exists.

DDK:

Sarcasm?

Angus:

Let's just say I'm rolling my eyes.

[Rinaldi pushes himself up to his feet and he's closely followed by Booya. Jonny lashes out with a right hand that connects with Rinaldi's jaw, Vinny tries to shake the cobwebs off and throws a while ham hock of his own that connects with Booya's chin. Jonny throws another and soon the two are trading blows in the middle of the ring. Booya jabs at Rinaldi but Vinny blocks the shot and lifts a knee into his midsection which gives Rinaldi enough time to wind up a haymaker. Jonny is rocked by the shot and stumbles back into the ropes. He bounces back at Rinaldi who elevates Booya and drops him to the mat with a flapjack.]

DDK:

It looked like Jonny was going to make sort work of Rinaldi for a moment there, but getting squashed under Rinaldi's weight seems to have taken all of the wind out of his sails. Vinny needs to take advantage of that.

Angus:

You think Rinaldi is that smart though?

DDK:

No, but Tony and Alceo are, and they're telling him to get on Booya right now.

[Vinny does waste a little time looking over at his associates, but only enough for Booya to get up to his knees. Vinny grabs Jonny by the hair and pulls him all the way up before scooping him up onto his shoulder. Vinny walks him into the corner and drops him face first across the turnbuckle. Jonny turns to face out of the corner only to get chopped across the chest by the big man!]

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Jonny's knees go wobbly at the force of a second chop, so Rinaldi pulls him from the corner and hip tosses him into the middle of the ring. Jonny tries to get back up, but Vinny heads over to him and drops an elbow down across his chest!]

DDK:

That elbow had to have driven all of the air out of Booya's lungs right there.

Angus:

He's still full of hot air.

DDK:

I set them up, you knock them out of the park.

[Vinny stays laid across Booya for another cover!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!...]

[Booya kicks out again!]

[This time thought Vinny doesn't need any prompting from Denati and Di Luca to stay on Jonny. He pulls Big King COOL up to his feet and lifts him for an inverted atomic drop. With Jonny clutching at his perineum Vinny levels him with a clothesline that knocks Booya down to the mat. Rinaldi hits the ropes and comes back with a big splash!]

Angus:

Look for the grease spot!

[But Booya rolls out of the way and Rinaldi connects with nothing but the canvas!]

Angus:

Ahh damnit!

[Jonny rolls over and over until he gets to the ropes so that he can pull himself up. Rinaldi meanwhile gets slowly to his feet and straightens up to see Big King COOL running at him. Booya connects with an axe bomber, but Rinaldi stays on his feet. Booya backs up into the ropes again and charge in for a second time with another axe bomber. Rinaldi wobbles, but he still doesn't go down. Jonny hits the ropes a third time and comes back only to get caught!]

Angus:

FAT HOLE SLAAAAAAAAAAM!

DDK:

Rinaldi caught Booya when he was looking for a third Axe Bomber and just drove him into the mat with the Fat Hole Slam. He's been knocked senseless from those first two axe bombers though and just can't gather his bearings.

DDK:

I think those forearm clotheslines from Booya might have just nudged Rinaldi into genuine retardation. He doesn't seem to know where he is right now. That fat hole slam was just instinct.

[Rinaldi stirs on the mat and rolls over to try and cover Jonny Booya, but Booya has rolled away from the Big man and onto his front. Vinny pushes himself up to all fours and then to his feet as Jonny starts to stir.]

DDK:

You can hear Dentari out there shouting at Rinaldi to stay on Booya, but Vinny's brains have been scrambled.

Angus:

And with Booya moving around already I don't think he'd get the pin if he went for the cover now anyway.

[Rinaldi really tries to shake the cobwebs out of his head before he tries to pick Jonny up, but Booya springs to life and jabs at Rinaldi's face. He follows up with a punch to the midsection and then nails a jumping calf kick to the back of Rinaldi's head!]

DDK:

Where did that come from!?

Angus:

I have no idea, Keeps, but Booya's far from out of this thing... unfortunately.

[Jonny shoots the half on Rinaldi and goes for a cover of his own!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!...]

[...TH-Rinaldi kicks out!]

[This time it's Jonny who doesn't waste any time in pulling Rinaldi up and lifts an elbow uppercut into his chin. Another elbow knocks Rinaldi back into the ropes and Jonny whips Vinny across the ring. Rinaldi comes back at Big King COOL to get lifted off of the ground and powerslammed back down to the canvas! Jonny sticks the landing and hooks the leg!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!...]

[THR-Rinaldi kicks out!]

DDK:

What power on display from Jonny Booya!

Angus:

That took a lot out of Rinaldi you can bet, but the effort Booya had to put into that it must have taken something out of him as well.

[Booya grabs Rinaldi by what hair he has left and nails him with a headbutt. Over and over again Booya butts heads with Rinaldi until Vinny's eyes roll back into his skull. Jonny sits Rinaldi up and hits the ropes. He comes back with a running boot to Rinaldi's face that knocks the Big man right back down to the canvas. Instead of going for the cover though Jonny pulls Rinaldi up and scoops him up!]

DDK:

He's holding him up this time! Looks like Jonny's going for a fall away slam!

Angus:

He's just showing off right now. It's like he's telling us he can hold Rinaldi up and to forget about what happened at the start of the match.

[Jonny looks set to throw Rinaldi over his head when Vinny throws a left that connects with the back of Jonny's head. Jonny drops Rinaldi's legs and now it's Vinny's turn to scoop Booya up. Rinaldi doesn't waste any time unlike his opponent and throws Booya overhead with a fall away slam of his own!]

Angus:

Too much time wasting there, Jonny!

DDK:

Wait... what's Vinny doing now?

[The fall away slam sent Jonny towards the corner of the ring, and has left Jonny in what many might consider the perfect position for a move from the top rope. Of course, Rinaldi wouldn't head up top... would he?]

DDK:

Oh jesus he's going up ther!

Angus:

If Vinny hits... well, anything from up there he's going to kill Booya.

[Vinny slowly climbs the turkbuckles one foot on one rope at a time, all the while facing out of the ring. On the outside Dentari and Di Luca plead with him to head back down, but Rinaldi seems to know what he's doing and ignores them. With both feet on the middle rope Rinaldi straightens up and steadies himself.]

DDK:

Look out!

[Jonny Booya comes back to life and places his head between Rinaldi's legs. He pulls Vinny from the ropes, walks him into the middle of the ring and drives him down with a vicious powerbomb!]

DDK:

BOOYA BOMB! Jonny Booya hits the Booya Bomb on Big Vinny!

[Jonny turns to look Dentari dead in the eye and flexes for the littlest mobster, which draws him up onto the apron. Booya seems to expect that reaction though and charges him down, nailing him with an axe bomber and knocks him down into the arm of Tony Di Luca, wiping both of Rinaldi's associates. Jonny then hurries back over to Vinny and covers him!]

[ONE!...]

[...TWO!...]

[...THREE!]

DING DING DING!

BOOO!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner... JONNY BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOYAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Jonny Booya did it! He's defeated Big Vinny!

Angus:

Maybe Jonny is smarter than I give him credit for. He drew Dentari in at the right moment and knew exactly how to deal with him.

DDK:

I can't believe he actually powerbombed the Big man.

Angus:

I can't believe Jonny's asking for a microphone...

[Booya leans through the ropes and demands a mic from Quimbey. Darren has no choice but to oblige and Jonny heads back to the center of the ring.]

Jonny Booya:

Eugene!

[Booya kicks at Rinaldi to get him out of the middle of the ring.]

Jonny Booya:

EUGENE DEWEY!

RAHH!

Jonny Booya:

Yew git yo' ass out here now, boah!

DDK:

Jonny Booya is calling out the FIST of DEFIANCE!

[Jonny paces around the ring for a moment not taking his eyes off of the entrance way.]

Jonny Booya:

Don't make me come back there, Eugene! Yew git out here raht naow and watch Big King COOL beat the crap outta ya!

Angus:

There's an invitation that's difficult to reject...

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg]

He's Gonna Kick Yo' Ass

[Before we get to the ever important matter of the Trios Championships being on the line, there's just one (or two) more stops that we have to make first. One of those involves the big screen in the WrestlePlex (or your TV, if you're at home) fading to black, as images of all sorts of deathtraps in the wrestling industry begin to show themselves - as voices begin to narrate over the carnage.]

???:

Wait, that guy's still alive? Jesus Christ, I thought he'd be dead by now.

[A barbed wire steel cage, designed in the shape of a pyramid, with...something dripping from the barbs. It's the Poisoned Pyramid Deathmatch - one of many innovations made by the lunatic happily stabbing his opponent in the head with a protractor. A gigantic red afro makes the scarred stabber easily identifiable.]

Greg Parker:

The HIT is the most insane competitor in the history of wrestling. I'm amazed he's not in jail. Calling his matches took years off my career, and I sat next to JT and Meygon for that long with fewer ill effects.

[Mr. Parker was a commentor for the once vaunted Internet Wrestling Organization, the first site of the Trapezoid's wars with a man named Samuel Potright, in matches called "Trick or Treat" that set the industry back to the days of iron maidens and drawing and quartering. Some clips from the match play, and they're so bad that EVEN DEFIANCE has to censor them a tiny bit.]

Jeff Marx:

I don't know how he hasn't killed anyone or himself yet. He once threatened to kill a guy named Tim Walden in about seventeen different ways with a melon baller. He's coming back to wrestling? What place would be crazy enough to hire him?

[Marx was lead play by play man for Primetime Championship Wrestling, and duly clips of the HIT's runs in Mall Brawls and all manner of other hardcore battles play. These are less censored, but still horrific.]

Nick Stuart:

I saw Karina Wolfenden break his neck and he was back in like two months. He literally doesn't care about hurting himself if it means he gets to hurt you. If you're against him? My advice is don't show up. Getting fired is better than having to deal with that nutcase.

[Stuart did play by play for PRIME, and like magic, images of the Trapezoid's wars in a Mexican prison and against the best PRIME had to offer play, in black and white, but no amount of doctoring can hide the sheer amounts of blood on display.

And as these scenes finally, mercifully begin to fade away, all that we're left with are the promises of a madman, of a lunatic who disappeared from the national spotlight in 2006 or so, but has been keeping his protractor sharp on the indies for nearly a *decade*, just waiting for one more chance at the brass ring.]

The HIT:

I'm an old man now. I don't know how much time I've got left, but if High friggin' Flyer and Tony friggin' Davis can compete in the year of our lord 2015, I sure as Hell can do it too. Those guys got world titles. Me? I've never been the top guy, ever. No matter how many tables I've broken or blood I've spilled, I've never been the man. And before I hang it up for good? I WILL.

[The Hardcore Isosceles Trapezoid smiles, a wicked, malevolent, gap-toothed grin.]

The HIT:

And I will maim anyone who's foolish enough to stand in my way. DEFIANCE? It's real simple. I'M GONNA BEAT YOU

DOWN! RIGHT INTO THE GRASS! I'M GONNA SMACK YOU 'ROUND! I'M GONNA KICK YO' ASS!

[And as the ancient, awful catchphrase rolls off his tongue, the camera pans to reveal the lunatic is holding a barbed-wire baseball bat.]

[Moments later, the scene on the screen and on your TVs is nothing but static.]

I've Got 99 Problems and, Oddly Enough, a Bitch is One

[From the HIT's promo video, we're taken to another part of the Wrestle-Plex.]

[With the end of another show quickly creeping upon him, David sits on the floor in one of the hallways that feeds into the Guerilla Position. Why is he sitting there? No idea. Why is he dressed as if he is ready to wrestle? That isn't clear either. What is clear is that David is sitting on the floor in the hallway dressed in his wrestling gear and isn't that all that really matters? As he sits there though, he starts to hear footsteps come down the hallway. Noble turns his neck ever so slightly to see his new-found good buddy Frank Holiday, the Southern Heritage Champion, coming towards him with a look of displeasure etched upon his face. Behind him trails his ever trusty buddy, Billy Pepper.]

David Noble:

Hey, Frank. How's it going?

Frank Holiday:

Dude, don't even ask. I just put Lexi in a cab to take her to the airport, and I'm still all weirded out from her vibes.

David Noble:

Not a great visit then, huh?

Frank Holiday:

Horrible. It was like frog-marching a prisoner of war to the firing squad, man. She fuckin' hated everything.

Billy Pepper:

She even hated the Blackaconda, if you can believe that.

[Holiday leans against the wall to Noble's right, folds his arms, and gives a deep sigh.]

Frank Holiday:

Listen, Dave, I gotta tell you something. Bro to bro, serious business here. I know you've been cozy with Mary-Lynn lately, and she's been buffing you up a bit. Take it from me, though. Don't get trapped into relying on her for confidence and support and shit. You think she's doing it for you, but she's not. She's doing it for herself. She'll keep telling you what to do and how to be, and you'll do it 'cuz you think she's trying to help you, but one day you're gonna realize your whole fuckin' life isn't even about you anymore. Take my advice: cut your losses, don't let it happen to you. Or she's just gonna hold you back in the end.

[The comments are more than enough to get David off the ground and staring straight at Frank, not with a smile on his face, but with a look of caution. A look that says that Frank should pump the brakes and pump them fast.]

David Noble:

Look, I get that your experience with Lexi wasn't the best. Hell, I wish I could have met her so I could ensure she received the grade Bitch rating I would have given her. Because at the end of the day, Frank, that's what she is. She embarrassed you on national television. You bring her around and basically insults you to your pals, your friends, your colleagues.

[David shakes his head.]

David Noble:

This has nothing do with Mary-Lynn and everything to do with your girl. Because at the end of the day, Mary-Lynn has been there for me through thick and thin. She has been my rock, my support, my one and only constant in a sea of utter bullshit. You can try and project your relationship onto me and try to tell me why I can't trust her, but at the end of the day, you don't know shit when it comes to this.

[Frank puts up his hands in a peace gesture, but the miserable frown is still on his face.]

Frank Holiday:

I'm not trying to insult you, brah. I'm looking out for you. Don't get me wrong, I don't mind Mary-Lynn. She seems nice enough. Just take care of you, that's all I'm saying, man. 'Cuz sometimes you can't tell how deep you're in it till you're in too deep.

[David takes a step backwards and holds up his hands.]

David Noble:

Sorry. Mary-Lynn is a sore subject with me. I know you're looking out for me and making sure I don't get myself hurt in all of this nonsense. At the end of the day though, you are just wrong on this subject. I know who she is and I know she's there for me.

[The two then bump fists, solidifying their brohood. As they do, more footsteps are heard coming down the hall. As they both turn and look, they see the Queen of the Ring herself, Lindsay Troy, marching down the hall with a purpose.]

Lindsay Troy:

Frank, we gotta go. Time to kill some HOSSholes in the goddamn face.

Frank Holiday: [Slams his fist into his open palm]

Can't wait!

[Noble stands there, looking back at Troy and then at Holiday. He looks around, not seeing anyone else there. He then clears his throat and looks at Lindsay.]

David Noble:

So, who is your other partner? *Dan*?

Lindsay Troy: [glares at David]

My other *partner* isn't any of your *business*. Dan's issue with HOSS isn't the same as mine and I don't make it a habit of mixing priorities and crossing streams with him.

David Noble:

That's good and all, but at the end of the day, you've got a match in a few minutes and you're still short one person. So, who's your other partner?

Lindsay Troy:

It ain't you, so don't worry about it. Frank... [she motions toward the curtain] ...*vamos*.

[David then claps his hands.]

David Noble:

Listen, you clearly need a third partner. And let's see what we all have in common around here. [points at Frank] You hate Team HOSS. [points at Troy] You hate Team HOSS. [points at himself] I hate Team HOSS. So, you know, we've got some common interests going on here.

Lindsay Troy:

That's *great*. And maybe later, we can drink some wine, paint our nails, and read each others' natal charts.

[Frank Holiday nudges Billy Pepper.]

Frank Holiday:

I know how this ends. Third act, he's racing to the airport to tell LT he loves her.

Billy Pepper:

Yeaaaah, I don't think so, Frank.

Lindsay Troy:

You've done such a fine job of wailing on the HOSSholes all by your lonesome thus far, so you can jump right on out of my shit, here, David. If I wanted you as my partner, I would've asked you already. The fact that I *didn't* should tell you something.

[The fury builds in David's face, the memory of his last encounter with Lindsay fresh in his mind.]

David Noble:

You know what, Lindsay, let me tell *you* someth--

[Before he can share his thoughts with her, though, the click clack of heels is heard in the background. David turns around and is greeted by the Tiny Attorney herself, Mary-Lynn Mayweather. Jack Harmen is there also, as is Tony Davis. Tony's barely upright, thanks to the punishment he took against Mushigihara, but still manages to lean against the wall and play his 3DS.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You know, your voices really carry in this hallway. I heard your entire conversation and what Billy was having for lunch yesterday. [She glances over at Billy and gives him a sweet smile.] It was roast beef, for the record.

Billy Pepper: [To Frank]

She's a savant!

[Mary-Lynn then turns to Lindsay.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Look, Lindz, at the end of the day, you need a partner.

Lindsay Troy: [in a low voice]

It was *supposed* to be you, but someone *clearly* didn't check their phone.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

I did. I ignored the text.

[Troy throws her hands into the air with a "WTF, really?" expression on her face.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Listen, I *know* you aren't David's biggest champion or fan or hell, a fan of him breathing, but he's got his head going in the right direction. You want someone to punch Team HOSS in the face? He's gonna do it. His intentions, the reason why he wants to do it, is in the right place. Much like yours.

Lindsay Troy:

So are Jack's and, quite frankly, if I had to pick between the two I'd rather have the jackass I know a bit about than the jackass I can't be bothered with at all.

[David goes to open his mouth, but Mary-Lynn quickly shoots him a look and he closes it immediately.]

Jack Harmen: [beaming]

That might be the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't get used to it, Jackey, we'll be back to sniping and needling each other before you know it.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Jack is a great choice, don't get me wrong. He's just not the right choice in this matter.

[She looks over at Jack.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Jack, he needs this chance, this moment. I need him to have this chance, this moment.

[Jack looks over at David and disappointedly nods his head. Mary-Lynn smiles before looking back over at Lindsay.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You've asked me why I stick by him after all of the things he's put me through. At the end of the day, I trust him just as much as I trust you, and Jack, and Tony. I trust him to protect me. I trust him to try and do the right thing. Does he always succeed? No.

David Noble:

Don't think that's helping my case, here.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Right, sorry. Lindz, you want to know why he's the right choice? Because I say he is. And that should carry enough weight. Plus, you know, he's kind of dressed to wrestle for some weird reason.

[David steps forward and looks at Lindsay.]

David Noble:

I've screwed up a lot in my life. You might not care about me, but I want to prove to you that I'm worth knowing, worth trusting, and ultimately, worth being in Mary-Lynn's life. Give me this chance and I won't let you down.

[He then extends his hand towards Lindsay. Troy stares at the gesture, then glances over at Mary-Lynn, who has a look of anticipation that her mentor will listen to her reasoning. She looks at Jack, who is waving his arms and pointing to himself with a "Pick me! Pick me!" motion behind Mary-Lynn's back.]

Lindsay Troy: [grumbling]

Fine. Whatever.

[She pauses.]

Lindsay Troy:

You're already dressed anyway.

[Troy turns and stomps off toward the curtain. Noble looks down at his hand, pulls it back in, and then looks over at Mary-Lynn.]

David Noble:

Thanks.

[She smiles at him.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Anytime. I've got your back. Always and Forever.

[Noble then looks over at Holiday. Frank is smiling, happy for his friend to join the team.]

David Noble:

Let's do this.

[He then turns and follows after Lindsay. Frank slaps Billy on the shoulder.]

Frank Holiday:

Once more into the HOSS fray. Ready, Billy?

Billy Pepper:

Ready as always, good buddy.

[They head after their teammates, but Mary-Lynn interrupts.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Um, one second?

[Frank pauses and looks back.]

Frank Holiday:

'Sup, Mary-Lynn?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

When I said I heard everything, I meant I heard *everything*. Including your comments in regards to me. Listen, I know things aren't going great with, um, Lexi? So, I wanted you to have this.

[Mary-Lynn then hands over a small box. Frank cautiously takes it and opens it. For a brief moment, he looks at it, before he closes it.]

Frank Holiday:

Uh, thanks, I guess. What is this for?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Just a reminder that we're not all bad, that we actually do care about the people we are with and their friends and what they do.

Frank Holiday:

Listen, Mary-Lynn, I don't have anything against you personally. I only have my own experience to go on, you know? You and Dave got a long history. He's putting his faith and trust in you, knowing he's hurt you and hurt himself before. I gotta know, why *are* you letting him lean on you? What's in it for you?

[Mary-Lynn drops her head, her eyes focused on the ground, and puts her hands behind her back as she pivots her right foot ever so slightly. She then looks back up at Frank.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Putting him back together is everything to me. Love can't exist without respect and I respect him. I respect him a lot.

[With that, she walks away from Frank, after David. Holiday watches her go, then glances down at the box in his hand. A moment passes in deep thought. Then he looks at Billy.]

Frank Holiday:

Come on, dude, they're waiting for us.

[Cut to DDK and Angus...]

♪ *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:

David definitely is looking ready for his battle tonight.

Angus:

Gotta give it up to the kid. He showed that in the face of adversity, any great man come overcome it... as long as the potential for ass is right in his face.

DDK:

Oh great.

Darren Quimbey:

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

[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 walks over to Noble and the two bump fists.]

Angus:

This is so strange to me.

DDK:

These two just battled on the last show and it was a battle and a half. Yet, the respect between the two remains and they look good to go tonight.

Angus:

Yep. Strange.

Darren Quimbey:

And their partner...

♪ *We were born to ri-iiiiiiise...* ♪

♪ *We were born to ri-iiiiiiise...* ♪

["Born to Rise" by Redlight King cues up and the remaining Big Damn Hero strides out to the stage. It's fitting that Lindsay Troy would still use BDH's theme tonight even though Tyler and Wade aren't permitted in the Wrestle-Plex. For better or worse, Troy has always marched to the beat of her own drum and those bold enough to stand in her way, more times than not, get stomped on and snuffed out.]

[Team HOSS are gonna wind up on that list, one way or another.]

♪ *So whatcha know about sacrifice when the lights go out?* ♪

♪ *The price you pay when you're digging down?* ♪

♪ *The skin of your teeth and the blade in your back,* ♪

♪ *Whatcha know about hope? Whatcha know about that?* ♪

[Troy defiantly walks to the ring with her chin in the air and her eyes fixed on her teammates. Frank gives her a subtle nod while Mary-Lynn smiles at her mentor. Noble's expression is neutral; he just wants to wail on HOSS, by any means necessary and even if he's gotta tag with Troy to get the chance.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Tampa, Florida and weighing in at 180 pounds, she is one-third of the Big Damn Heroes, The Queen of the Ring, LIIIIINDSSAAAAYYYYY TRRRROOOOOYYYYYY!

Angus:

She might be one third of the Big Damn Heroes but her partners are a couple of cheaters and druggies.

DDK:

Oh shut it.

[At the bottom of the ramp, Troy jumps flat-footed onto the apron then catapults herself over the top rope to face Frank and David.]

DDK:

You can feel the tension between Troy and Noble. She made it clear that she doesn't want him in this match with her.

Angus:

Welp, maybe if her dumbass husband and dumbass friend listened to Jamie Lee Curtis and made good choices then she wouldn't have to deal with these two new dumbasses in the ring right now.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

["Tag Team" by Anvil]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd is jeering to all heck. One by one, the brutal monsters flank the stage, each holding one of three World Trios Tag Team Titles! The lights started to flash rapidly in shades of red and white throughout the arena while the monsters stand with their belts. Junior Keeling appears to the side of them and smirks proudly. He wears his bright shiny blue sequined jacket and shades as he approaches the ring, talking a whole mess of shit to the camera.]

DDK:

Worst. Outfit. Ever.

Angus:

I heard he got Marc Jacobs to custom-make that for him.

DDK:

I'm sure Marc Jacobs has better things to do than deal with Junior Keeling.

Angus:

How the hell would you know, Keeps?

[Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment walks out with his poker face on. The three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. One by one, the monsters start their march to the ring as Junior Keeling takes the lead.]

DDK:

What the... What does Aleczander have on his ring gear?

Angus:

I don't....wait....

[ZOOM IN TIGHT: On Alecz's attire for the evening, and the camera shot is far closer than any sane human being feels comfortable with. Rather than the gaudy pink and teal attire he normally dons, including his logo with biceps flexing, Alecz's color scheme for the evening is black with red trim...and a very familiar-looking redhead spray-painted strategically on the front of his gear.

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHA, OH GAWD, MARY-LYNN MAYWEATHER NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD!

DDK:

This is downright embarrassing, folks, I really don't even know what else to say here.

Angus:

Oh shit...I'm sorry....Aleczander is my goddamn hero.

[As Team HOSS enters the ring, Hector Navarro gets in between them to ensure things don't get hot and heavy before the bell rings. Mary-Lynn Mayweather looks super flustered after noticing Alecz's tights. Billy Pepper looks embarrassed for her. David Noble's ready to murder the big Brit. Frank and Lindsay don't rightly care which HOSS member they get their hands on, and the whole of Team HOSS have smarmy-as-fuck expressions on their faces.]

[Capital Punishment stands in his corner, receiving some last minute words from Junior Keeling. On the opposite side of the ring, Frank Holiday, the Southern Heritage Champion, is the first in while Troy and Noble stand on the outside. Troy is still visibly annoyed with both Noble and this entire situation. Holiday receives his last minute instructions from Billy Pepper.]

Billy Pepper:

Sock him in the mouth. Hard!

Frank Holiday:

Thanks, brah, 'cause I didn't know to do that before.

[Navarro brings both men to the center of the ring, knowing that this is going to be a war, not a battle and wants to make it clear that he will not be playing any games.]

DDK:

The fans are buzzing in the Wrestle-Plex right now, eager and anticipating this upcoming match.

Angus:

Or because of Alecz's outfit.

DING! DING! DING!

[With a simple motion from Navarro, the bell rings and the match starts! Cappy and Holiday waste no time whatsoever as they start trading haymakers with one another! The fists come faster and harder with each volley until Capital Punishment gets the upperhand on Frank. He pushes Holiday into the ropes, whips him across, and goes for a boot to the face. Frank has a different idea though as he slides underneath it, stands up quickly, reaches behind him, and

drops him with a neckbreaker!]

Angus:

What?! Navarro, I thought you were going to call this fairly!

DDK:

That's just what he did there as Holiday used both his speed and experience to his advantage there to catch Capital Punishment off guard!

Angus:

That no make me happy!

DDK:

What are you, five?

[Holiday scrambles back to his feet and starts stomping away at Cappy, the fans cheering him on. His frustration seeps out into his kicks, both from his previous war with Team HOSS and his recent loss to Noble, with each kick picking up in intensity. Holiday then grabs Cappy by the back of the neck, brings him up to his feet, and then knees him in the midsection! Frank then grabs Cappy's left arm and wrenches his arm before putting him in a wrist lock. He drags Cappy over to his corner and tags in Noble.]

DDK:

And already we are starting to see the teamwork being displayed by this hastily put together team! Holiday and Noble seem to be on the same page here, which is reflective of their attitude towards one another in the recent weeks!

Angus:

Yeah, which is creepy. These two men are battling over the same title and yet are so cool with one another? Something isn't right here.

DDK:

Even after their hard fought battle last week, they seemed to be getting along.

Angus:

Yeah, like I said. Something isn't right here.

[Meanwhile, Noble hops onto the top turnbuckle and comes crashing down with a double axehandle across the left shoulder of Capital Punishment! Cappy walks away, grimacing and holding his shoulder in the process while Holiday exits. Billy Pepper cheers on his client while Mary-Lynn cheers on Noble. Cappy turns back towards Noble and David decks him hard in the face with a straight punch that puts him flat on his back. David then drops an elbow across the sternum of the experienced veteran.]

Angus:

And Noble is taking it right to Team HOSS. Riding high from that victory against Holiday I must say.

DDK:

His first singles victory in DEFIANCE so far, so he must be pleased! Plus, he's going to want to take it to HOSS anyways. If you recall, they attacked Mary-Lynn and himself some weeks back.

Angus:

Yeah. People did watch the show this week. And the previous show when Noble decked Alecander at the catering table. You don't have to walk everyone through what happens each week.

DDK:

You're an ass.

DDK:

Back away from the grape juice, Angus.

[With Trinidad down, Noble grabs him by the left leg and drags the monster towards his corner. He stares at Troy and, reluctantly, holds out his hand for the tag. The Queen doesn't waste any time in slapping his hand. Using the top rope as leverage, she vaults herself over the top rope and connects with a front-flip leg drop across the left knee of Angel Trinidad!]

DDK:

Might be a sign of good faith there by David Noble by offering Troy the opportunity to get into the match for the first time.

Angus:

Yeah right. He's only doing that so he can get in-between Mayweather's legs.

[Troy starts to stomp away at the left knee of Trinidad, trying to keep the mammoth down, but Angel keeps fighting through the pain. He makes it to his knees before he drills Troy in the midsection with a fist. Lindsay takes a few steps back, trying to catch her breath, while Angel rises to his feet. Troy then flies off the ropes and clips the back of Trinidad's left knee with her right shoulder. Trinidad goes crashing down to the mat once again. She then connects with a springboard moonsault across his left knee!]

Angus:

What. Is. Going. On?

DDK:

Troy is taking it right to Trinidad and the challengers have the champions up against the ropes!

[Keeling slams his hands into the mat and barks away at Angel to get his ass moving. Meanwhile, Mary-Lynn is encouraging Troy as she claps her hands together and keeps the fans involved. Troy grabs the back of Trinidad's head and starts to bring him up to his feet, but Angel puts an end to that as he lifts her up and slams her onto the canvas! Then, with his gimpy leg, he makes it back over to his corner and tags in Aleczander! Aleczander gives Mary-Lynn a wave as he steps through the ropes, but fails to see that Troy is up on her feet. Troy connects with a roundhouse kick! the blow staggers Aleczander as Troy then follows it up with an enziguri!]

DDK:

Good night, Aleczander!

Angus:

Aren't you supposed to be impartial?

DDK:

Like you're one to talk!

Angus:

I am the very definition of impartiality!

[Troy then goes for the cover on Aleczander.]

1...

2... -- NOOOO!

DDK:

And Troy almost stole the belts from Team HOSS!

Angus:

That would've been the absolute worst. Thank God it didn't happen.

[Troy then glances over to her corner as she rolls over to Aleczander and she sees Noble with his hand outstretched, wanting a piece of Aleczander. It's Lindsay's turn to hesitate, but she rolls her eyes and walks over to her corner to tag Noble in. Meanwhile, Aleczander begins to sit up as Noble bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to the back of the head. Noble then starts to drag Aleczander off the mat. David then whips him across the ring, into the ropes, and goes for a back elbow to Aleczander, but he ducks underneath it. David turns around, is met with a boot to the midsection for his efforts, and then planted in the middle of the ring with a powerbomb!]

Angus:

WHOOOOOO! That shook the ring!

DDK:

That it did! Retaliation for the fight Noble brought to Aleczander last show, that's for sure!

Angus:

And just like that, HOSS is back in control of this match!

[Aleczander slowly gets back up to his feet, still a little groggy from the repeated shots to his head. As he gets back up to his feet, he glances down at the prone Noble, and wastes no time in parking his knee upon his throat! David thrashes around, the air being restricted in his windpipe. Navarro starts to yell at Aleczander to back off and then starts to count. Aleczander breaks it off just when Hector gets to the count of four. Aleczander backs off and chuckles loudly as he walks around the ring.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Jesus. Aleczander wasn't trying to wrestle Noble as so much as he was trying to kill him.

Angus:

Okay, that's a bit much. He was probably just trying to help him improve his breathing tactics.

DDK:

Yeah, just like Junior Keeling was trying to help make sure Rayne and Elliott were properly hydrated when he sent them those tainted drinks.

Angus:

Hey... that's ALLEGED. Don't go throwing out accusations that you don't have any facts about!

[Aleczander then rips Noble off the mat, whips him into the ropes, and drills him with a back elbow! David drops to both knees as Aleczander looks around the ring and his eyes land on Mary-Lynn. He waves at her again and also blows her a kiss, which only infuriates her as Pepper has to keep her from entering the ring. Aleczander bellows a laugh as he then reaches down, yanks Noble up off the mat, and connects with a Full Nelson Slam before going for the cover!]

1...

2... -- *NOOOOOO!*

DDK:

And Noble isn't done yet.

Angus:

Oh Jesus. If I have to watch Noble take a fuckton of punishment again, I think I'm going to have a coronary.

DDK:

Well, we know it takes a lot to keep Noble down as he is resilient.

Angus:

Yeah, but he's got a title match at the upcoming PPV.

DDK:

And what is this?

Angus:

A loss opportunity.

[With not being able to put down Noble, Aleczander shrugs his shoulders and then tags in Capital Punishment. Cappy steps through the ropes and starts to size up the rookie. He then kneels over, grabs him by the head, and pulls him up to his feet. Out of nowhere, he starts drilling him with clubbing forearms! Noble tries to get his hands up to cover his face, but it is no use as Cappy just increases the intensity. He then wraps his hands around Noble and connects with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex before going for the cover.]

1...

2...-- NOOOOO!

Angus:

Oh man. This is happening, isn't it?

DDK:

And the young rookie refuses to go down! Life has not left him yet.

Angus:

Sanity? Sure. Life? Nope.

[Cappy sits up for a moment before mounting Noble and drilling him with another series of forearms to the face. He then drags Noble's seemingly lifeless body towards Team HOSS' corner and tags in Angel Trinidad. Angel steps through the ropes with a smile on his face before he points over to Troy and Holiday, only further infuriating them before turning his attention back to Noble. He smacks him around a little bit before looking up at his partners, who are not pleased at the display from Trinidad, especially Holiday.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Oh come on. This is ridiculous.

Angus:

I love it. Play to their emotions and they are bound to make mistakes.

DDK:

Yeah, but emotions can change a match in a moment. Holiday is itching to get back in the ring and tear them apart.

Angus:

Why? Because he and Noble are bruhs now? Trust me, Holiday should be thanking Team HOSS for this.

[Trinidad then looks down at Noble before stomping HARD on Noble's face with his right boot. A sickening crunch is heard as Noble rolls over in pain, clutching his face in the process. Angel wastes no time as he grabs David by the back of the head and whips him into the ropes before connecting with a high back body drop! Noble lands HARD on his back. Noble rolls into the ropes, trying to use them to get up, but Angel is having none of that as he lifts Noble up

NEVERMIND!

DDK:

NEVERLAND?! WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO GO THERE?!

[Frank Holiday, in the house, roars into the ring as Aleczander comes after him. Holiday connects with a running lariat that flips Aleczander backwards, frontwards, inside out! Aleczander stumbles back to his feet, not certain what size of train just hit him, and Holiday whips him across the ropes with such speed that Aleczander is a blur. As he comes back towards Frank, Holiday hits him with a running big boot. Once again, Aleczander is flipped around so many times that he might as well have just gone on a roller coaster.]

DDK:

Holiday is straight up taking it to Aleczander right now.

Angus:

And Aleczander doesn't know what his name is much less that he's alive.

[Aleczander stumbles back to his feet again and Holiday is ready for him as he nails him with a fallaway slam! The fans are going crazy. Capital Punishment rushes into the ring, but so does Lindsay Troy. She connects with a flying forearm to Cappy then is back to her feet in a flash as she nails a spinning heel kick to the midsection of Angel, who is still on the ringside apron though not for much longer as he falls to the ground after the kick.]

Angus:

Come on Hector! You're losing complete control over here!

DDK:

After all of the cheating and dirty-handed tactics from HOSS, this is long overdue.

Angus:

Listen, this isn't even them at their very worst. They deserve a medal for how tame they've been.

DDK:

I'm always shocked at how ludicrous you can get.

Angus:

I'm honored.

[Troy turns around and sees Holiday standing there too. They then turn their attention to the rising Aleczander and both kick him in the midsection. They then connect with a double suplex on him! Holiday rises to his feet first and narrowly misses a running clothesline from Cappy! As Cappy turns around though, he is met with a roundhouse kick to the face from Troy! This sends him stumbling into the corner. Lindsay wastes no time as she runs up the ropes and nails him with a hurricanrana! Meanwhile, Holiday is pounding away at Aleczander as all hell has broken loose!]

DDK:

And Troy and Holiday have taken control of the match once again! Things are going crazy in here!

Angus:

This is like a bad Cee-Lo Green song.

DDK:

You may have just dated yourself.

Angus:

I may have dated your mom too. Can't say for certain.

DDK:

Oh, that did not look good.

[In the ring, Holiday is pulling Angel up off the mat, but Angel pushes him hard into the ropes. As Frank comes back towards him, Angel spears him! Cappy then rolls Troy back into the ring and Angel goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3!

BOOO!

DING! DING! DING!**DDK:**

Wow. Just wow.

Angus:

TOLDJA!

DDK:

After all of that... Team HOSS is getting the victory here tonight.

Angus:

That they are! WHOO!

[Aleczaider slowly rolls into the ring as does Cappy. They both are ecstatic at their victory as Junior Keeling enters the ring and holds up their hands in victory.]

Darren Quimbley:

Your winners... AND STILL TRIOS CHAMPIONS! TEAM! HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSS!

[As the titles are handed to them, they exit the ring as Noble slides in under the bottom rope and Holiday starts to come to. Mary-Lynn and Billy Pepper enter the ring as well, shocked at the turn of events. Holiday and Mary-Lynn check on Troy who is still shaken by the power bomb. Noble climbs onto the middle turnbuckle and points at Team HOSS, who are grinning from ear to ear after their victory.]

DDK:

Noble is still itching for a fight as the other members check on Troy.

Angus:

He can itch all he wants, but that won't fix anything.

DDK:

You know from experience clearly.

Angus:

Listen, that might have been the toughest matchup that Team HOSS has seen thus far and I'm not going to lie, it looked like they were going to walk away with the victory at some points, but at the end of the day, your HOSS overlords are the champs and that's all that matters.

DDK:

Still. A crushing defeat here. Hard to swallow honestly.

Angus:

That's what she said.

[Slowly, Troy gets back up to her feet, refuses any help, and glares at Team HOSS. Another shot in the battle may have been fired, but the war was far from over.]

[Fade to black...]