

The Run-Down/A New Beginning

[DEFIANCE Wrestling is...]

[An Exclusive Presentation]

[Only on HULU PLUS!]

[5]

[4]

[3]

[2]

[1]

[GO!]

RAHH!

[The fans are going bananas as the camera pans around the arena. A few signs get picked out...]

My moustache is better than Bronson Box's

Marry Me Lindsay

HOSS don't prefix FIRED!

I fucked Dewey's Mom!

Holiday, I'm Single!

[Before we head over to the announce table where two familiar faces are ready and raring to go!]

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE Wrestling! I am 'Downtown' Darren Keebler along with my broadcast partner, The Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland! And by gum have we got a show for you!

Angus:

A show? We've got about three shows packed into one as we kick off DEF*MAX, The DEFIANCE Grand Prix with four, yes, four first round matches.

DDK:

If you're not familiar with the DEF*MAX concept-

Angus:

What rock have you been living under?

DDK:

Then it is a round robin style league with two brackets.

Angus:

We did something similar before. I got a headache from it.

DDK:

Each bracket contains 5 DEFIANTS, and over the course of the next five shows those bracketmates will face each other hoping to score as many points as they can.

Angus:

Oh god, Points... Why'd it have to be points?

DDK:

Winners will be awarded two points, losers nothing, and in the event of a draw each competitor will gain one point. At the end of the five shows the two DEFIANTS with the most points from each bracket will compete against each other in the final to be crowned the winner of the DEF*MAX Grand Prix!

Angus:

Don't all matches have a time limit as well?

DDK:

That's true, Angus, every DEF*MAX match will have a fifteen minute time limit. Thanks for reminding me.

Angus:

That's why I'm here.

DDK:

I wish I could say I was glad.

Angus:

Ass.

DDK:

So 'what are these first round matches', I hear you cry! Well, we've got two matches from each bracket all lined up. From Bracket B we've got the former Southern Heritage champion Frank Holiday going one on one with Samuel Tiberius Turner the Second and one third of the NEW Trios champions, The Ego Buster Dan Ryan squaring off against Curtis Penn.

Angus:

That's two quality matches right there, but The Egobuster versus the Ego? That's gonna be off the chain!

DDK:

And from Bracket A we've got Mushigihara versus the returning Bronson Box.

Angus:

Sound more thrilled! I mean, Bronson Box, Baby! I'm looking forward to it even if it's gonna be a blood bath!

DDK:

I'd be more thrilled if Bronson Box hadn't sided with the Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey and viciously assaulted Dusty Griffith at the end of Aftershock.

Angus:

Man what an ending that was.

DDK:

It was sickening is what it was. And speaking of Eugene he's going to be in our main event tonight when he faces the second of our new trios champions, The Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy, and I hope Lindsay kicks Dewey's damn teeth down his throat.

Angus:

BOOO!

DDK:
Go on, DEFIAfans, let him have it!

Angus:
Stop encouraging these neckbeards to assault our champion!

[The lights come back up as Dark Lord Bowser fades out. Eugene lowers his belts back onto his shoulders and hops off of the turnbuckle before walking slowly back into the middle of the ring. Dewey stares out at the crowd for a moment with the same emotionless look he wore while watching Bronson Box carve his former friend, Dusty Griffith up at the end of Aftershock.]

DDK:
What happened to you, Eugene?

Angus:
I'll tell you what happened, Keeps. He started looking out for number one.

[After a few moments of absorbing all the jeers and the insults the DEFIAfans can throw at him Eugene heads over to the corner of the ring closest to the time keepers area and demands a microphone.]

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:
Incoherent muffled speech

[Of course the mic is handed to the FIST, but it's practically useless as the champion is drowned out by the capacity crowd in the Wrestle-plex.]

BOOO!

Angus:
Oh god, here we go again with the ridiculous amount of boos.

[Eugene lowers the mic from his lips and waits for the crowd to die down, which they eventually do, but as soon as he brings the microphone back up they start up again.]

BOOO!

DDK:
Looks like you'd better head on back to where you came from, Eugene! These fans don't want to hear what you have to say.

Angus:
They'll tire eventually, Keeps. He's the champ, he can stay out here all night if he wants to.

[Finally the fans die down enough that Eugene can get two words out.]

Eugene Dewey:
You done?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

I am your champion, Damnit! YOUR FIST! You n00bz all need to sit down, shut up, and listen to what I have to say!

BOOO!

[Very quickly Eugene's face turns a brighter shade of red than his hair as he stewes in the middle of the ring. He doesn't feel like waiting much more though and starts to talk over the fans, forcing them to simmer down.]

Eugene Dewey:

You'd all better listen, and listen real close, because I'm not gonna keep repeating myself. Everything that I said at Aftershock, every single damn thing, came from here...

[Eugene jabs a finger into his chest, which is difficult to do when you've got to reach around a title belt and avoid the faceplate of another.]

Eugene Dewey:

I have been overlooked time after time after time in DEFIANCE. Before Aftershock my only shot at becoming World Champion came when I faced Jeff Andrews in a match so stacked it looked like a game of Jenga. I wasn't gonna let this opportunity pass me by so I grabbed it with both hands... And look at me now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Eric Dane can't look past this now, can he? He can't pluck Cancer Jiles from the pack, or go out and hire Team Danger, and at Aftershock I proved exactly how he should feel about the leadership qualities of Dusty Griffith!

*We Want Dusty! *Clap Clap Clapclapclap!**

*We Want Dusty! *Clap Clap Clapclapclap!**

*We Want Dusty! *Clap Clap Clapclapclap!**

Eugene Dewey:

You can want him all you want, he ain't here!

BOOO!

[Dewey seems to revel in the fact that the fans react so negatively to that news, but it doesn't stop him on his rant.]

Eugene Dewey:

He's at home licking his wounds while I stand here before you as the undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE! I have established myself, finally, as **THE** man in DEFIANCE, and I didn't need anyone's help to do it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

You know he's got a point there, Keebs. Dewey beat Griffith in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Then why did he do what he did after the bell? Answer me that, Angus.

[After a brief pause to let the fans die down Eugene continues.]

Eugene Dewey:

So maybe that's why people have been tweeting me asking me why I did what I did...

Angus:

Has he got vulcan hearing or something?

Eugene Dewey:

Everywhere I've been, everywhere I've gone, I've had neckbeard after neckbeard asking me 'Why?'... 'Why'd ya do it, Euge?'... 'I looked up to you, dude, why did ya kick Dusty in his balls and punch his jaw up through his skull?'...

DDK:

I think I've seen one person tweet himself something along those lines.

Angus:

You don't know where the FIST has been for the last 2 weeks!

Eugene Dewey:

You wanna know why I did it?

RAHHHHHHHHH!

[That small pop will probably be the only positive reaction Eugene could elicit from the DEFIAfans tonight.]

Eugene Dewey:

I did it because even after I proved I was the better man, even though I earned my moment in the spotlight, Dusty Griffith had to try steal it!

BOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Dusty Griffith took my title belts and tried to steal my thunder when he stood in the middle of this ring with his arms raised. He didn't win the match, he didn't even come close!

[The redness of Eugene's face starts turning almost a purple colour as he starts to shake. His anger is on the brink now, and it's not settling down anytime soon.]

Eugene Dewey:

But there he was, holding my titles, standing in my ring, soaking in my applause... and it made me sick.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

It made me sick that the man I'd just beaten, the man touted by Eric Dane as the leader of DEFIANCE could stand in my spotlight and steal my glory! It made me sick that the former champion could have hands held high after being beaten and pinned in the exact spot that he now stood! It made me *sick* that the moment I'd waited so long for had to be shared with a **LOSER** like Dusty Griffith!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Strong words from Dewey there.

DDK:

The only thing that's sickening in that ring is our so called champion.

Angus:

Shhh, he's gonna speak again.

Eugene Dewey:

So I took my spotlight back, I took my moment back, and I took my title back.

[Eugene removes the World title belt from his shoulder and stares down at the face place. His anger fades away as he look at the gold and he continues in a sombre tone.]

Eugene Dewey:

For so long I dreamed of holding this belt. My first night in DEFIANCE I watched from the back as Boston Bancroft defeated Bronson Box to claim this title, and I knew that's where I wanted to be. I knew from that moment right there that I wanted to be the DEFIANCE world champion...

Eugene Dewey:

And then I watched as Xavier Langston's spilled his cup of coffee as champion... As Heidi Christenson did *nothing* before being stripped of the belt... As Jeff Andrews devalued the title week after week as he 'defended' the title in the most rigged matches in DEFIANCE history... As Cancer Jiles needed help to capture the title... as Kai Scott ducked and dived to avoid any confrontation as champion... and as Dusty Griffith was questioned by the owner of the company over whether he was good enough to be champion...

[After a few moment of silent thought Eugene lays the title belt down at his feet.]

Eugene Dewey:

I don't want this title any more...

[He lifts the FIST off of his shoulder and holds it high in the air.]

Eugene Dewey:

THIS is the title I want. This is the title DEFIANCE needs!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey just laid down the World title!

Angus:

I hope things don't start getting extreme...

Eugene Dewey:

Four hundred and forty two days. That's how long I've held this title belt, and over that time I've established the FIST of DEFIANCE as the undisputed top title in this company, and that's a fact! I am a champion you can be proud of with a title that deserves to be revered, and from this point on I expect to be thanked accordingly!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

Boo me all you like, you all know I'm right!

BOOO!

Eugene Dewey:

I'd like to propose a toast... So of you could all raise your PBRs... Here's to four hundred and forty two days, and here's to four hundred and forty two more!

[[That same music](#) starts to play again as Dewey stands in the ring and absorbs the reaction from the crowd.]

BOOO!

Angus:

Would you check out the cojones on Eugene Dewey!

DDK:

Dewey clearly had a lot he needed to get off of his chest, but that doesn't excuse a damn thing he did at Aftershock, and we've still not heard him speak about what happened with Bronson Box!

Angus:

I'm actually glad he didn't mention Bronson Box. I imagine that would take a while and I don't think I could stomach having you complain about him for all that time.

[Eugene exits the ring and leaves the world title laying in the middle of it. He doesn't care though, he'd got what matters draped over his shoulder.]

[He's got the FIST.]

Mending Fences

[The camera cuts from the ring, to the... concessions area (?) of the Wrestle-Plex. Though not in COMPLETE disarray, there are noticeable signs of temporary repairs; duct-taped sections of counter, mustard and pickle juice stains on the floor that haven't been completely power-washed. Henry Keyes stands in front of the counter next to a nervous-looking Lance Warner.]

Henry Keyes:

So yeh see, Warner, there was nothing PERSONAL about what happened there a few weeks ago.

Lance Warner:

The doctor said I could've popped an ear drum, Henry...

Henry Keyes:

Ah! But you didn't, see! I was only after the man you were interviewing when I BELL CLAPped yeh. That Samuel Turner is a right bastard, and I just needed a clear path, see?

Lance Warner:

I don't know, Henry, it really hur-

Henry Keyes:

And look at you now! Back on yer feet, doing yer job, like a right ol' tough man! That's resiliency, my friend!

[Lance instinctively rubs his right ear as he remembers the events of DEFtv 47. Henry sees that Lance is unconvinced of the attempted olive branch. Henry motions behind the counter.]

Henry Keyes:

Barman!

[The camera pans to a man in his mid-40s wearing a DEFIANCE-branded apron and hat. He eyes Keyes warily and nervously while also taking a glance at the new glass-encased condiment receptacle with a fresh jar of Vlasics.]

Henry Keyes:

An ale for my friend here!

[Keeping a stern eye on Keyes, he grabs a plastic cup and pours some suds inside. He slides it over to Lance, who eyes it for a moment.]

Lance Warner:

You know, I'm working tonight, Henry, I can't have-

Henry Keyes:

Ahhhh, right - heh, fergot about that. Well, ah, hm. Barman! What do I owe yeh?

[The man looks at the still-under-repair counter, then the beer, then turns to Henry. He's still a bit nervous, as he's a solid 7 inches shorter than the Airship Pirate and in no way a fighter.]

"...it's on the house, Keyes. Just try not to-"

Henry Keyes:

GREAT! Good man. Can't turn down a free one, now can yeh, Lance?

Lance Warner:

I think he was about to say som-

Henry Keyes:

Ah, Lance, there's something you learn when you're a marauder like me. You know what it is?

[Lance, not wanting to risk getting cut off again, simply shakes his head 'no'.]

Henry Keyes:

If yeh get the answer you want, then be done with it.

Lance Warner:

...I see.

[Lance eyes the beer, knowing he probably shouldn't touch the stuff during a work shift.]

Henry Keyes:

Sorry about the BELL CLAP, there, Lance. We square?

Lance Warner:

...we're square.

Henry Keyes:

...yeh gonna drink that?

Lance Warner:

I mean, I probably shouldn't, I've-

Henry Keyes:

Great!

[Henry grabs the beer and take a giant swig before heartily slapping Lance on the shoulder and walking off. Lance smiles a bit and chuckles before shaking his head. We then cut back to the ring where we should be seeing our first match. Except, well, something happens before then.]

The Church of Malachi

[“For Whom the Bell Tolls” by Metallica rips through the Wrestle-Plex. From the back steps Malachi, wearing a pair of black pants with Malachi written down the sides of them and on the back of them it says “He Has Risen”. Behind him though, there are three men, each of whom stand at six feet tall.]

DDK:

Well, Malachi is here... who are those three men with him though?

Angus:

Listen, Malachi is the equivalent of a deity! Those **MUST** be his followers!

DDK:

Oh please, I can't deal with this.

Angus:

This is awesome!

[As Malachi and the three men walk down the ramp, he hears the boos and jeers from the fans and he laughs at them. The bottom half of his face is covered in a dark brown beard. His hair, a dark brown as well, lands right above his neck, and his blue eyes are piercing.]

Angus:

Even with these fans booing him, he is doing everyone a service by gracing us with his presence!

DDK:

I really wish you would stop.

Angus:

I really wish you would stop wearing Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle Underoos, but you haven't listened to me yet.

DDK:

Okay, I need you to stop creeping in my bushes at night. Seriously. We've talked about this.

[Malachi walks to the far side of the ring and asks for, neigh, demands a microphone. He is given one. Meanwhile, the three men, are wearing black and white singlets with black boots and black and white masks. On the back of each one of their masks though is a designation of sorts. More specifically, a roman numeral. The one on the far left has a I, the one in the middle has a II, and obviously, the one on the far right has a III.]

Malachi:

Citizens of New Orleans, henceforth known as the Swamp People, I would like to show you three people who BELIEVE in my cause, who have been deemed worthy with MY presence. You see, for weeks now, I have told you my story and purpose, and you have shunned me. You stand there in the crowd and you boo me like the heathens you are. Well, I am pleased to inform you Swamp People that there are individuals who SEE the truth when they are faced with it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Malachi clears his throat as he walks around the ring.]

Malachi:

You see, I have been sent a message by my Father--

[He then pauses and looks up at the ceiling with a smile on his face. He then looks out at the fans once again.]

Malachi:

And He has told me that I must gather a following to not only deliver His message, but to enact upon His Promises! His vows of retribution. So I present to you... **THE CHURCH OF MALACHI!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

THIS IS THE GREATEST THING EVER!

DDK:

This is sick. And vile.

Angus:

WHAT IS YOUR POINT?!

[Malachi leans against the set of ropes, looking out at the fans.]

Malachi:

Swamp People, you may BOO me! You may cast your aspersions at me. All it does is prove MY point and shows my purpose to be TRUE! These three men that you see standing here tonight, they have vowed their LIVES to the cause and I am proud to introduce to you... my **Malachites!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

His Malachites?

Angus:

I know, isn't it great? My goodness! I want a shirt with that written on it.

DDK:

You are such an idiot.

Malachi:

And in the upcoming weeks, I will point out to you MORE of the Malachites because I know as I stand in this very ring and look out at you Swamp People, there are some more believers out there and they deserve to feel my grace. Tonight though... tonight I have more pressing matters to address. You see, at AfterShock, I dispersed of Masato Ishimaru. His foolishness will no longer be tolerated here.

[Malachi then paces around the ring.]

Malachi:

There is only one problem though. You see, while Masato was trying to bring me down, I wrestled a man that would claim a victory over me thanks to Masato's interference. That man has claimed a FALSE victory against me and I intend to claim that victory back tonight.

[Malachi then looks at the ramp.]

Malachi:

JAKE DONOVAN! Your time has come!

[He then throws his arms open as he drops the microphone! Behind him stand the Malachites as Malachi laughs.]

Angus:

He's got a good point. Donovan does have a false victory.

DDK:

Oh don't even start. Just don't start.

Malachi vs. Jake Donovan

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall! Already in the ring, weighing in at 245 pounds... **MALACHI!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, standing at 6'2" and weighs in at 215 pounds. Ladies and Gentlemen...here is **JAKE! DONOVAN!!**

[Flashing lights burst overhead like fireworks, wildly shifting between red and orange as "Fire it Up" erupts from the arena's speakers and the fans, especially all those teenage girls in the room, come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters.]

Angus:

What is it with this fruitcake and flames....nevermind, it speaks for itself.

[The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in red and black, his hair dyed a deep crimson. He's wearing black cargo pants with flames and a red mesh phoenix running up the sides and an old school DEFIANCE t-shirt with Phoenix emblazoned across the front. He races to the ring, slapping hands and occasionally being yanked into a hug as he makes his way down the aisle.]

[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. As Donovan lands in the ring, Malachi is on top of him like a rabid dog! Fist after fist, elbow after elbow, Malachi assaults Donovan as if he owes him money! Carla is yelling at Malachi, but Malachi is not listening and frankly, the bell hasn't even rung yet! Malachi then throws him into the corner and wraps his two hands around Donovan's neck, his hands massive in comparison! Carla continues to yell at Malachi as Malachi just refuses to listen!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Carla needs to do something and do something fast here!

Angus:

For what reason? The bell hasn't rung! If you ask me, you don't step on a deity's toes!

DDK:

Oh my, please do not tell me you are buying into this!

Angus:

I don't know. He does have a church now. That's pretty respectable!

[Malachi eventually breaks his grasp on Donovan. As he does so, Carla checks on Donovan to make sure he is okay. Malachi has walked away from Donovan and as he turns back towards him, Donovan is now on top of him, connecting with a Lou Thesz Press! Jake follows this up with a series of his own fists!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

This is just not fair!

DDK:

What the?! How was it fair when Malachi was doing it to Donovan!

Angus:

Because Jesus' hands were nailed to the cross! Divine retribution!

DDK:

What?!

[Malachi eventually manages to push Donovan off of him. Carla is able to separate the two men long enough that the bell can be rung.]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Malachi runs full speed at Donovan and connects with a boot to his face! Slowly, Donovan sits up and as he does so, Malachi slams the toe of his boot into his spine. Jake arches his back in pain. Malachi remains behind and starts slamming his forearm across Donovan's chest, the shot echoing throughout the Wrestle-Plex!]

Angus:

There seems to be an extra added bit of oomph in Malachi's shots tonight! He must have went to communion!

DDK:

Wait, let's go back to earlier. You know that Jesus' hands were nailed to the cross?

Angus:

Oh come on, I'm not a heathen.

DDK:

Well, you are actually. Do you know why?

Angus:

What?! Don't be ridiculous! Of course I do! He ate bacon. The Jews hate that!

DDK:

Oy vey.

[Malachi then drags Donovan off of the mat and rams him back first into the corner! Jake grimaces in pain. Malachi then connects with a knife-edge chop across the chest of his opponent. Jake winces from the shot and fires back with a fist of his own. This act only seems to infuriate Malachi who begins to unleash a series of bone-crushing fists to the jaw of Donovan!]

DDK:

And Malachi using his significant size difference to his advantage!

Angus:

Well, Jesus' mama didn't raise no fool!

DDK:

First, that would be Mary Magdalene. Second, you do know that's not Jesus, right?

Angus:

Look at that beard, Keeps! That's pretty Jesus-like!

[He then drags Jake out of the corner before connecting with a Full Nelson Slam on him! With Donovan down on the mat, Malachi goes for the cover.]

1...

2... -- NO!

Angus:

Donovan just no-sold Jesus! He should know better than that!

DDK:

No sold? You need to look up that definition.

Angus:

Yeah, just like you didn't think I knew history about Jesus. He was the original zombie!

DDK:

Oh my... my head is about to explode.

[Malachi gets back up to his feet and slams his foot directly across the face of Donovan. He then pulls Jake off of the mat and connects with a throat thrust that he follows up with a crooked-arm lariat! The fans can only look on as Jake continues to fight, making his way to his knees. As he does though, Malachi comes up behind him and places him in a dragon sleeper!]

JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE!

DDK:

And the fans rallying behind Donovan!

Anugs:

Big mistake! Malachi is like the ultimate Santa Claus.

DDK:

And how do you figure that?

Angus:

He's going to make a list! And check it twice! And send the naughty straight to hell!

[Donovan struggles mightily against Malachi's hold on him, trying to punch his way out of it. Malachi cinches it in tighter, but Donovan keeps fighting against him. His prize for doing so is a reverse suplex with Donovan landing ribs first! Slowly, Jake gets back up to his feet using the ropes near a corner with Malachi waiting on the opposite side. As Jake turns towards Malachi, Malachi explodes out of the corner and goes for a spear, only for Donovan to move out of the way and Malachi's right shoulder slamming into the ring post!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Whoops.

DDK:

That's all you have to say?!

Angus:

Listen, even Jesus made mistakes!

DDK:

How do you figure that?!

Angus:

Two words. Judas Priest.

DDK:

Judas Iscariot!

Angus:

Oh yeah.

[As Malachi pulls himself off of the ring post, Donovan connects with a series of Mui Thai kicks, before he plants Malachi onto the mat with a roundhouse kick. Donovan then nails a somersault legdrop across the throat of Malachi! With the momentum building in his favor, Jake goes up to the top rope before connecting with a Shooting Star Press on the fallen Malachi! The fans are going crazy as Donovan hops back up to his feet and goes back up to the top rope again before connecting with a Phoenix Splash!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Donovan then goes for the cover on Malachi!]

1...

2...

*NOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

And Donovan almost walked away with his second victory!

Angus:

That would have been a serious blow to The Church of Malachi! But, just like Jesus himself--

DDK:

No. Just no.

Angus:

Damn it, Keeps!

[Malachi rises to his feet slowly and as he does, Donovan slams his knee into Malachi's midsection! This drops Malachi down to one knee and gives Donovan the opening he needs to connect with an enziguri! Before Donovan can do any other damage, Malachi rolls out of the ring!]

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***Angus:**

Smart thinking by Malachi there! Get out of the ring, in the presence of his Malachites and regroup!

DDK:

Except, Donovan doesn't seem like he's going to allow him to do that!

[Keeps is correct as Jake bounces off of the ropes and connects with a suicide dive on Malachi! Both men go down hard as the fans are cheering on Jake! Malachi slowly gets up to his feet and turns back towards the ring where he finds Donovan already on the ring apron. Jake then leaps off the ring apron before connecting with a hurricanrana! The fans pop as Donovan bounces back up to his feet and rolls Malachi back into the ring before he goes for another cover!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE! JAKE!

DDK:

And Donovan has got Malachi on the ropes!

Angus:

Listen, never count out Malachi!

DDK:

Oh, I'm not--

Angus:

Wait, I figured it out! You hate him because you're Jewish!

DDK:

...No.

[Malachi makes his way to his feet and as he does, Donovan goes for another kick, but Malachi manages to block this one and reverses it into a Tiger Suplex! Donovan rolls around in pain and with Jake already on the mat, Malachi pounces like a tiger and puts him into the Muta Lock!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

DIVINITY! He has got it locked in!

DDK:

Yet, Donovan isn't tapping yet.

Angus:

What?! Tap, Jake, Tap!

[Donovan tries to force Malachi's hands off of his throat/neck, but Malachi's force is far too strong to allow that to happen! Jake then tries to roll over, but gets stuck on his side while Malachi uses his strength to wrench even harder! Donovan continues to grit through the pain as Carla checks on him! The fans are chanting his name, but the pain eventually becomes unbearable as he taps out.]

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... **MALACHI!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Malachi gets the victory.

Angus:

Could you sound anymore disappointed.

DDK:

I could, but I would need training from the girls you sleep with.

[Malachi makes his way up to his feet and looks out at the crowd before looking over to his Malachites who enter the ring after their leader's successful victory. Malachi walks to the corner closest to DQ and demands a mic. He is then tossed one as he looks at Donovan.]

Malachi:

Do you get it yet?! You fool, you ingrate! You have lost your way! You have NOTHING.

[Malachi takes a breath as he gets closer to Donovan.]

Malachi:

You are on a path that only fools travel down. You are lost, Jake Donovan. Come with me and I will show you the light. I will save your soul and mold you into the man you are meant to be. Follow me, become a Malachite, and you will learn your true path.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

An... intriguing offer for Donovan?

Angus:

Do it, Jake. Do it!

[Malachi looks at Donovan, who is looking back at him with a lost look on his face.]

Malachi:

Do not listen to these fools out here! They know NOTHING! They can chant your name and you can enjoy that, Jake, but you will get NO further than where you are now. You will continue to wallow in the depths of misery and these fans, they will abandon you. I will not abandon you, Jake. I will show you the way, I will make you stronger, I will save you. Jake, join us. Become one of us. And be enlightened.

[With the fans continuing to boo Malachi, Jake makes his way to his feet and he truly looks confused. Donovan looks at Malachi, with no answer one way or another painted on his face.]

Malachi:

I look at you right now and I can see how confused and lost you are. That is okay. I will give you some time to do some true soul searching. I promise you, when you look within yourself, the answer will be very clear to you. And when it does, The Church will be here to welcome you.

[Malachi then drops the microphone and exits the ring with the Malachites close behind him. They leave Donovan alone in the ring, unsure of what to do as he watches Malachi and the Malachites head up the ramp before disappearing backstage.]

Angus:

This is the greatest thing that could have ever happened to Jake!

DDK:

I highly doubt that. Still, Donovan doesn't seem sure either way.

[Shaking his head, Jake takes one last look around at the fans, then drops down and rolls out of the ring. As he heads to the back, he walks up the center aisle, ignoring the hands that are reaching out to him and the people who are calling his name. He looks nowhere but at his feet until he vanishes.]

Angus:

See, see that tells us all we need to know! He needs to join him.

DDK:

He needs to not let false prophets in his head. With that being said, let's move on! I am hearing that there might be a confrontation with DEFsec!

Angus:

Those guys are still around?

DDK:

Apparently so!

I'll make myself a spot...part 1

[We cut to the back to show an old familiar face from days of DEFIANCE past, Ryan Matthews, entering the building clad in a black jacket, with white button up shirt underneath, on his head is a red Ohio State National Championship hat, pulled low. He exchanges pleasantries with a few staffers who remember him from his time in Hookers n Blow. Of course, a member of security stops him, being new and not recognizing him.]

Security Guy:

Excuse me sir, is there something I can help you with?

Ryan:

Actually yes my good man, you can point me in the direction of Kelly Evans' office.

Security Guy:

What I meant is that this area is off limits to anyone but DEFIANCE staff and roster members. Is there some reason you're here?

[Before the situation escalates, Christie Zane intervenes, having just been walking past.]

Zane:

Hey, Ryan Matthews! What brings you back to this neck of the woods?

Matthews: [smiles]

Nice to see you Christie. As I was about to explain to this gentleman here, I have some business with Kelly Evans.

Security Guy:

Ms. Zane, you know this man?

Zane:

Yeah, Ryan Matthews, he's a former member of the DEFIANCE roster. And if he has business with Ms. Evans I'm pretty sure he's not gonna cause any trouble. [eyes Ryan] Right?

Matthews:

Thought never crossed my mind.

Security Guy:

Alright, but any funny business and I'll throw you out myself. Get me?

Matthews:

Absolutely.

[With that, the Security Guy continues on his way, when he's out of earshot Matthews turns back to Zane and exhales loudly.]

Matthews:

Wow...somebody takes the mall cop routine a little too seriously.

Zane:

They're pretty serious about security around here now that Kelly Evans is in charge. So you said you needed to see her about something?

Matthews: [produces a manilla envelope from beneath his jacket]

Yeah, some business I gotta resolve here...

Zane:

Oooh, now that should be worth the price of admission alone. Her office is down that hall [points] then up the stairs and second door on the right, the skybox, I believe. Has her name on it on a gold placard so you shouldn't be able to miss it.

Matthews:

Thanks Christie, good seeing you again. I'm sure we'll run into each other again here soon.

Zane:

Likewise...

[As Matthews turns and walks away from her and down the hallway. She thinks aloud...]

Zane:

He's never been that nice...what the hell is he up to?

[With that, we cut to another backstage of the Wrestle-Plex where Lance Warner is with a special guest!]

Time is money.

[As the scene changes to Lance Warner, we see he is with Samuel T. Turner II, and they are in front of a DEFIANCE mural that a local street artist had done recently to bring the New Orleans feel to the backstage area. Turner is dressed for battle in his ring gear and already getting in the 'zone' by the look of his less than pleased to be there, serious business expression.

Lance Warner:

Joining me now, the Blue Eyed Devil of Harlan...

[Samuel T. Turner II reaches in with one of his big bear claw like hands and pulls the mic still in Lance Warner's hand, who looks at Turner, but doesn't protest, because he values his life.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

I talk, you listen, and if you think of any *smart* questions to ask, then be insightful and ask them.

[Lance nods his compliance.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

DEF*MAX Tournament, Block B, my first opponent, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday! Which is good for me, because I wanted a crack at ol' Frankie when he held the Southern Heritage Title, but nobody wanted to give me that chance. Well, now I get the chance, not just to rough him up, but for two points.

[Pause]

Samuel T. Turner II:

And I don't just mean for a win, that I'll prove are... Advance me in DEF*MAX to prove I am the best wrestler in DEFIANCE this side of the Mason-Dixon Line. It also proves I could've beaten Frankie for the Southern Heritage Title that seems to have found a home on the shoulder of one Mr. David Noble.

Lance Warner:

You'll face David Noble in DEF*MAX...

[He gets cut off.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

That wasn't insightful at all. Also I know, so shut up, and ask when I'm done!

[Lance nods his head.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Frankie, I guess you'll be getting the payback that I want to give to Henry Keyes from Aftershock. I beat on him until he was ready to give up, but I wanted to hurt him, break bones, bleed buckets, gouge out his eye, and fishhook him until I put a hole in his jaw. I was stupid and let him up from the floor. I promise tonight, Frankie, I won't be that stupid once again and be ready. I'm going to show you what a real forearm shot is supposed to feel like.

Lance Warner:

Samuel, can I ask questions now?

[He grins at Lance.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

What? I'm a busy man, and I have better things to do than talk to you.

[He walks off leaving Lance standing there holding his microphone. We then cut back to the ring as the action continues to pick up in the Wrestle-Plex.]

Here's the Line. You Stepped Over It. Bitch.

DDK:

Some harsh words there from STT!

Angus:

Listen, I'm no fan of Frank Holiday, but STT hasn't proven himself WORTHY of a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. He couldn't even beat Henry Keyes!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, please welcome to the ring... the NEW Southern Heritage Champion...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVID! NOOOOOOOOOOBLE!

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♪ Since I know how low to go ♪
♪ I won't let it show ♪
♪ Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go ♪
♪ And now I stand, and I peel for more ♪
♪ Won't you touch me touch me, I won't let it go ♪

DDK:

And there he is! The NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

Yep. There he is. And the fans are going absolutely nuts in the building!

DDK:

Noble and Holiday had what many are calling THE match of the night at AfterShock!

Angus:

Yeah, except that everyone is talking about the curb stomping that Bronson and Dewey did to Dusty! Oh man... let me just relive that moment for a minute.

[Noble, wearing a pair of blue jeans and a white short-sleeved t-shirt, begins to make his way down to the ring. His pace is measured, not too fast and not too slow, as the championship belt rests comfortably against his left shoulder.]

♪ 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 ♪

DDK:

With so much happening here in DEFIANCE, you have to wonder what is running through the mind of David Noble right now.

Angus:

He needs to forget about all of the stuff happening outside of Mushigihara. Because he got FUCKED UP by Mushi

after his title victory.

DDK:

Oh I imagine he will have plenty to say about that.

[David then enters the ring and is handed a microphone. He walks around the ring a little bit, looking out at the fans, and seeing the number of signs in the crowd in support of him. As he presses the microphone against his lips, a chant breaks out through the crowd.]

*THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap**

DDK:

And the fans clearly referring to the match between Noble and Holiday at AfterShock, which was an instant classic.

Angus:

Those two definitely laid it all out on the line and then some. At the end of the day, only one could walk out champion though, and that man is right there in the ring.

[A smile appears on David's face as he is in the middle of the ring, basking in the cheers.]

David Noble:

When we said we were going to tear this bitch down, we meant every single word of it.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

*THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap**

[David laughs as he walks over to a set of ropes and looks out at the fans who are standing on their feet, cheering him on. Slowly, they die down, allowing for David to speak.]

David Noble:

AfterShock. Man. A lot happened that night and so much is on my mind. So, first I want to say this first and foremost. Frank Holiday. That was one hell of a match and at the end of the night, either one of us could have walked out the champion. When we are in this ring together, magic happens. When you're ready, let's bury this beef between us. And whenever you're ready, we will step in this ring and do battle one more time.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

You have to wonder if Holiday will be up for that challenge or if we would rather just focus on DEF*MAX

Angus:

Right now, there are two single titles in DEFIANCE. Holiday would be a fool to turn down his shot at a rematch.

David Noble:

At AfterShock, one of my dreams came true. For as long as I could remember, I've dreamt of winning my first championship, though with it comes expectations and responsibilities. At AfterShock, I walked out with my first championship... the **Southern Heritage Championship**.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAH!

David Noble:

Since then, I've thought to myself the kind of champion that I want to be, especially in light of this title being elevated to

Ladies and gentlemen, the former SoHer champion is in the house!

Angus:

Emphasis on "former", Keeps. It warms my heart just thinking about it.

DDK:

Well, Holiday told Noble on social media that he'd be here to have words with the new champion... The question is, can he put the animosity behind him?

Angus:

Not too good at reading people, are you? Even Stevie Wonder could see Frank is still holding a grudge!

[Indeed, Frank's glowering eyes are locked like laser sights on David Noble in the ring. Noble stares back, expression sober, waiting for his onetime friend and rival to speak.]

*FRANK! FRANK!
FRANK! FRANK!
FRANK! FRANK!*

[The fans are rabidly chanting Holiday's name, showing their appreciation for the epic title match from Aftershock. It seems to crack Holiday's shell, and he breaks his gaze momentarily to look back and forth at the roiling crowd. He nods slightly, and gives a little smirk, and slowly raises his hand...]

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YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHAH!

DDK:

Looks like Frank hasn't lost his smile just yet, partner.

Angus:

Don't be fooled! I guarantee this guy is a shook-up bottle of Mountain Dew Sore Loser, and he's ready to blow his cap any second now.

[After this brief interlude, Frank turns his attention back to David. The hand he'd thrown in the air (as though he just did not care) now reaches out to the side, and his fingers waggle.]

[Oh yes, you guessed it: a mic comes pinwheeling toward him and he snatches it in mid-flight.]

DDK:

Ha! I love when he does that.

Angus

That was a little rougher than usual. Is his regular mic guy off sick?

DDK:

Don't overthink it, just enjoy it.

[As Holiday focuses in and pulls the mic toward his face, his expression hardens. Serious business here.]

Frank Holiday:

Dave, I know you're in the middle of calling out Mooki Kabuki here, and believe me, I got issues with that free range sumo wrestler too. But I promised you I'd be here, and I promised you some words.

[Noble gives a small smirk, backs away from the ropes and spreads his arms, giving Holiday the floor.]

Frank Holiday:

Look at you, dude. You've been wearing that belt for all of 17 minutes, and you're already promoting yourself to the rank of Head Asshole In Charge. You're the face of the Southern Heritage division. You're the New DEFIANT. [Shakes his head] Only thing you're *not*, apparently, is humble.

[Holiday smirks back at him.]

Frank Holiday:

Or *honest*.

[Noble's eyebrows go up as if to say, "This oughta be good."]

Frank Holiday:

See, listening to *you*, a first-time viewer who's just kinda tooling around on Hulu who just happened to decide to check out an episode of DEFtv for shits and giggles, 'cuz who doesn't love pro wrestling, that person mighta been convinced that a brand new era in history was just ushered in by a modern-day Spartacus named David Noble. And let's face it, that's your target audience, ain't it, people who aren't paying a whole lot of attention.

But the *actual* DEFIANCE Universe? These 4,000 DEFIAfans in the building here tonight, and the countless eyes watching at home? The ones who remember the dark days of Chance Von Trying Too Hard, Tucker Generic Alston, Curtis Overcom-Penn-sation, and Tony Stereotype driving the Southern Heritage division into the ground like that giant drill from 'The Core'...

Those true believers know the revolution started... with **me**.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHH!

[Holiday grins, thumb pointed back at his chest. Then he reaches out and points his index finger down the ramp, into the ring, directly at David Noble.]

Frank Holiday:

You and me, Dave, we've been lighting this place up every time we've locked horns. And every time, that fire keeps stoking hotter and hotter, brighter and brighter. We went into Aftershock going for each other's throats, and you know what, dude? You beat me. You pinned my ass to the mat and you won *that* from me.

[All eyes focus in on the Southern Heritage Championship belt slung over Noble's shoulder, gleaming under the house lights.]

Frank Holiday:

The prestige of that title belt you've got there, it came from the caliber of the spirit of competition we put on display every damn night. But it didn't start with you. It started with me, and don't think for one second that I've had enough.

[Frank looks around at the screaming fans, rubs his face with one hand. His stare returns to Noble.]

Frank Holiday:

Thanks to Kelly Evans, we're about to kick off the DEF*MAX tournament. DEF*MAX is the bossiest thing I've gotten to take part in since my wrestling career started. A chance to take on the best of the best in DEFIANCE? Go head to head with world champions? *Oh hell yeah!* Now I'm no big fan of what Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey have been up to. We have that much in common. But unlike *you*, I ain't got the arrogance to disregard *the very best competition in DEFIANCE history* as a bunch of scrubs. I'm honest enough with myself to know I may win some and I may lose some against these guys, and I may never see the finals. Not that I ain't damn sure gonna try.

But here's what I *will* tell you, Dave. You and me are both in this thing, and we're both in the same block. That means you and me got ourselves another encounter coming up, and fittingly enough, it's gonna be on DEFtv 50. Perfect milestone if you ask me. So if you're a fighting champion like you just proclaimed, then let's make our DEF*MAX match

thinking about that now. When we're done, it's gonna be me at the top of that piece of hardware, grabbing that prize!

[Up top, the window to the Pleasure Dome opens, and out sticks Kelly Evans head.]

Kelly Evans:

Sure, why not.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Just like that, Kelly closes the window, continuing to do whatever... she was doing. At the top of the ramp, Frank is still grinning. Holiday, though, is not the only one grinning. So is Noble.]

David Noble:

See, Frank, you made a gross mistake. Because I've been putting my body through hell for YEARS. You think this ladder is going to make a lick of difference to me? Not a chance in hell, *brah*. Just be ready Frank, because once again. We're going to tear this bitch down to the ground.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David Noble:

And it will be me, still the Southern Heritage Champion, when it's all said and done.

DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID! DAY-VID!

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

And THERE you have it ladies and gentleman! An iconic show, DEFTV 50, will feature not only a top-tier DEF*MAX Tournament Match, not only a Southern Heritage Championship match, but... a LADDER MATCH!

Angus:

Jesus, Noble needs to learn to just keep his mouth shut. He owes Frank nothing!

DDK:

Except, he has a rematch clause.

Angus:

I'M NOT A FUCKING LAWYER, KEEBS!

[With that fact out of the way (that Angus is not a lawyer), we cut to a commercial advertising the DEF*MAX tournament. And the Curtis Penn Best Of collection. Because who doesn't want one of those?]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Frank Holiday vs. Samuel T. Turner the Second

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall... and is a **BLOCK B DEF*MAX TOURNAMENT MATCH!**

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Charm City Devils' "Man of Constant Sorrow" blares throughout the DEFarena.]

♪I am a man of constant sorrow♪
♪I've seen trouble all my days♪
♪And I bid farewell to old east Kentucky♪
♪The place where I was born and raised♪
♪The place where I was born and raised♪

DDK:

Here he is Angus, the man that was in a hellacious match with Henry Keyes at Aftershock. They killed themselves and the fans loved it.

Angus:

Turner didn't love the loss he suffered. He did forearm the holy shit out of Keyes a few hundred times though.

DDK:

He was throwing them like they were going out of style.

♪For six long years I've seen trouble♪
♪Little pleasures have I found♪
♪For in this world I'm bound to ramble♪
♪I have no friends to help me now♪
♪I have no friends to help me now♪

[Out struts Samuel T. Thomas II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪Well I'm a man, I'm a man♪
♪I'm a man of constant sorrow♪
♪I'm a man, I'm a man♪
♪I'm a man of no tomorrow♪
♪I've seen trouble all my days♪

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

DDK:

Tonight here in the opening round of the DEF*MAX Tournament Block B, he faces the now former Southern Heritage Champion on Frank Holiday.

Angus:

Will this be a wild one since they both want that win? My god I hope so.

DDK:

It has the makings of a huge hoss fight of a battle.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to us from Caballo Estates in Harlan, KY, SAMUEELLL TIBERIOUSSS TURNERR THE SECONNDDD!

[Samuel steps into the ring and stares down the ramp awaiting Frank Holiday.]

DDK:

A no-nonsense look on the face of Turner.

Angus:

That's too bad, because we're about to get a gale force blast of nonsense in a second.

[On cue: Funky horns and jangly guitar riffs brings the crowd to attention as "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hits the airwaves. All eyes turn to the entranceway and a cheer is already rising as the curtain whips apart, and "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.]

[Ring attire for tonight: black trunks with HOLIDAY printed in white across the front in a style reminiscent of the iconic Hollywood sign, the design seemingly engulfed in blue flames that curl around both hips. He sports white elbow- and knee-pads, turquoise wrist tape trimmed in black, and black boots with turquoise kickpads. He's also wearing a black TRAIN WRECK T-shirt, but he quickly strips this off, revealing his impressively cut physique (this move earns him some bonus squeals from the ladies), whips it over his head like a helicopter blade, and tosses it into the crowd where reaching hands eagerly gobble it up.]

[His best friend and manager, Billy Pepper, walks up beside him: hair stylishly coiffed, nattily dressed in a shiny grey suit and polished leather shoes that say he's here for business and an open-collared salmon dress shirt that says he's also here to have some fun. He gives his buddy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper... "THE TRAIN WRECK"! FRAAAAAAANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAY!!

DDK:

Holiday was in a sour mood earlier tonight when he came out to confront David Noble. But now that their rematch for the SoHer Title is signed and sealed, Frank looks ready to put his full attention into this match against Turner right here.

Angus:

First of all, I really question if Kelly Evans was even aware of what was going on earlier. You ask me, when she said "sure, why not", I bet you anything it was because MUHBOITAI was asking for a blowie.

DDK:

WHAT THE-- FOR GOD'S SAKE ANGUS!

Angus:

I know, it grosses me out too. Ugh. [Retching noises] Sorry. Second of all, assuming that was Kel's actual royal assent, do you really think Holiday's head is going to be in the game here while he's preoccupied with taking on Noble again? I think ol' Samuel is going to pick the "Train Wreck" apart.

[As Holiday approaches the ring, he goes into a sprint, hops onto the apron and ducks through the ropes. Billy Pepper remains on the floor and hovers around the corner. Holiday goes to the middle of the ring, looks out approvingly at the fans, and...]

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[--throws the horns again to another ovation!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

DING! DING! DING!

[The two stand center ring jawing back and forth for a few seconds. Holiday's heard enough and throws a right hook into Samuel's face. He returns the right hook to Holiday. Again and again right hooks from each.]

Angus:

HOCKEY FIGHT!

DDK:

You are absolutely correct. Oh wait, Turner's changing it up.

[Samuel with a knife-edge chop to Holiday's chest.]

SLAP!

[Another knife-edge chop.]

SLAP!

[And another.]

SLAP!

[Samuel turns to the ropes and takes off. Holiday follows closely. Just as Samuel turns around Holiday is there smashing him in the face with a forearm strike.]

THUD!

[Holiday turns and runs to the ropes, just as he bounces off Samuel connects with a running knife-edge chop to his chest.]

SLAP!

[He turns to run away and Holiday takes off behind him. Samuel stops, turns and overhead chops his chest.]

SLAP!

[Grimacing in pain, Holiday stumbles backward as he nurses an angry red welt on his pectorals. Turner lunges at him and stings him again.]

DDK:

Another chop! Someone is going to have a raw chest in the morning.

Angus:

I believe you mean hamburger titties.

DDK:

Sure Angus. Oh wait, Holiday just slid out of the ring to the floor.

Angus:

It's a safe place, he knows Turner's big ass ain't diving to the floor.

[With Holiday turned around to catch a breather, Samuel quickly climbs from the ring and he knife-edge chops Holiday's back.]

SLAP!

[Cringing, Holiday turns to face his attacker and Samuel pushes him into the barrier and knife-edge chops him.]

SLAP!

ONE!

[Holiday recoils off the barrier like he's burning on a cross and shoves Turner back into the ring apron. Still reeling from the repeated chops, Holiday tries to circle around the ring but Samuel catches up to him. Again he pushes him into the barrier and delivers a knife-edge chop to his chest.]

SLAP!

Holiday:

JEEEEZZZZUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSS!

[Once again Holiday comes off the barrier and goes around the ring.]

DDK:

Equal parts rage and agony behind that scream by Holiday; and no wonder why. Samuel's been relentless almost since the opening bell, and Frank hasn't been able to get any traction.

Angus:

I told you this would happen! When am I ever wrong?

DDK:

Where do I even start? Yesterday you told me everybody has an evil twin on the other side of the world--

Angus:

PROVE THEY DON'T!

TWO!

[Samuel catches up to him and pushes him onto another barrier. He swings wild with a knife-edge chop but Holiday ducks out of the way. Turner's momentum almost sends him tumbling over the barricade and into the first row, where a wide-eyed kid throws his hands up in surprise, dumping his soda and nachos all over his daddy's "Jersey Devil" T-shirt.]

DDK:

Turner almost chopped that young boy in half!

Angus:

He should've chopped that kid's father instead! No fan of Troy Matthews deserves any mercy!

THREE!

[As Samuel tries to extricate himself from the barrier, Holiday comes back with a forearm to Samuel's jaw.]

THUD!

[Holiday turns and walks away, then turns back around and charges at Samuel. In one swift motion Samuel squats,

comes up, catches Holiday and throws him over his head with an overhead suplex.]

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

FOUR!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! HE JUST LANDED ON HIS SHOULDERS ON THAT CONCRETE FLOOR!

Angus:

That was brutal, what a counter! Turner must be bitter after the loss to Keyes or Key-Ez as some people call him.

DDK:

Bitter may not be a strong enough word.

Angus:

Ah, fuck it, he's a woman scorned.

DDK: [confused]

Umm, okay.

[Samuel picks up Holiday and throws him under the bottom rope. He pauses looking for a reaction.]

BOOO!

FIVE!

[After being disgusted at the lack of fan support, Samuel slides into the ring. He grabs Holiday's leg and tries to pull him from the ropes but Holiday gets a tight grip on the bottom rope and kicks Samuel in the knee, forcing him to let go. Holiday slides out of the ring to the floor and gets back to his vertical base. Samuel leans through the ropes to grab Holiday but eats a back elbow for his trouble. Frank grabs Samuel by the ankles and pulls him to the floor.]

ONE!

[Holiday takes some steps backwards. As soon as Samuel turns around he gets blasted by a running big boot.]

DDK:

YAKUZA!

Angus:

Holiday joined the Japanese Triad?

DDK:

No! Yakuza kick knocking Turner down on the hard floor.

TWO!

[Holiday picks him up and rolls him in the ring. He climbs up to the ring apron and climbs up to the top rope. He comes off with a double axe-handle but he eats a fist into the stomach flipping him head over heels and onto his back.]

Holiday:

UUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Samuel picks up Holiday and whips him into the corner. He follows it up with huge splash in the corner. Holiday melts down the corner straight to his butt. Samuel's in the adjacent corner staring Holiday down.]

DDK:

I bet this is that newly learned move he's boasted about.

Angus:

Maybe, I think if he hits it this match could be over.

[Samuel takes off running with a full head of steam. He jumps. He flips. No, Holiday moves out of the way and Samuel crashes into the turnbuckles upside down landing on his neck and shoulders.]

DDK:

Wow, he just crashed n' burned. He landed right on the back of his head and neck which couldn't feel good after all the tests he had done from the Aftershock no DQ/falls count anywhere match.

Angus:

Then maybe he be fucked!

DDK:

He could be, partner. His neck could be broken for all we know!

[Spotting an opening, Holiday picks Samuel up and back suplexes straight down onto the back of his neck. Holiday makes the cover.]

ONE!...

...NO, SAMUEL KICKS OUT BEFORE TWO!

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Holy sheep shit on a shingle, how'd he kick out so quick?

DDK:

His adrenaline must be pumping overtime.

Angus:

No shit, or he's really a Lee Majors version of Steve Austin, the Six Million Dollar Man!

[Holiday can't believe he didn't pin him. He looks to referee Benny Doyle who's holding up one finger.]

DDK:

Frank can't believe that he didn't do more damage than that.

Angus:

He's going to have to do more than that! It wasn't that great of a back suplex anyway.

[Holiday picks Samuel up and whips him into the ropes. As Samuel comes off Holiday boots him in the gut.]

Holiday:

You're as stubborn as Noble! I got somethin' for ya!

DDK:

You could be right, Angus, Frank's still thinking about the Southern Heritage Champion.

Angus:

Of course I am and of course he is. And now he's trying to send a message!

[Holiday locks Turner up for a piledriver, lifts him, and drills him down. Turner bounces off the mat, lands and shows no sign of movement. Holiday rolls the big Southern boy over and pins him.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THR...NO, TURNER GETS HIS ARM UP!

DDK:

That was a close two count, it was at the very least a two and a half.

Angus:

Turner's neck has to be fucked though Keebs, I don't see him going much longer.

[Holiday picks the beleaguered Turner up and delivers a forearm strike to his jaw.]

THUD!

[As Turner sags on wobbly legs, Holiday scoops him up, using raw power to rotate Samuel up to his shoulder, and then hurls him down in the middle of the ring with a high angle body slam. He drops an elbow to the heart of Samuel for good measure. Then he goes to the corner and begins to climb to the top rope for his flying elbow drop. As Holiday climbs, though, Samuel rolls onto his front, gets on hands and knees, and lunges toward the ropes just as Holiday tries to balance himself on the top turnbuckle. Samuel drapes his whole upper body on the top rope, and this disruption causes Holiday to lose his footing and get his crotch shoved up into his gut.]

Holiday:

UUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGG!

[Samuel takes a moment to get his bearings. Seeing his opponent's predicament, he runs along the ropes and delivers a jaw crunching forearm to Holiday, knocking him off the top turnbuckle!]

CRACK!

[The "Train Wreck" bounces off the ring apron and lands hard on the arena floor.]

Angus:

SICK BUMP! SICK BUMP ALERT!

DDK:

If his ribs aren't bothering him now they never will.

Angus:

Damn it! What a sick bump he just took.

DDK:

And Billy Pepper is none too happy seeing his friend take a fall like that.

[As Pepper approaches Holiday on the floor to check on him, Samuel steps into the corner and begins untying the back of the top turnbuckle pad. Referee Benny Doyle gives him a verbal warning as he tosses the turnbuckle pad over the top rope to the floor.]

DDK:

Turner wants to cause major damage to Holiday.

Angus:

And he's doing it, Keeps. I guarantee somebody's going to visit to Iris tonight.

DDK:

Whatever Samuel has in mind, you can bet there are stitches in somebody's future!

Angus:

Stitches are for bitches! Chicks dig scars!

[Samuel steps through the ropes and jumps to the floor and begins to pick up Holiday. Nonplussed, Billy backs off to avoid getting caught in the fray.]

ONE!

[Samuel holds Frank up and delivers a massive headbutt.]

THUD!

Angus:

This proves how smart Turner is, the man suffered a head injury against Keyes and numb nuts is using a headbutt. Call the mental ward, they have one more psycho to lock up.

DDK:

It isn't very smart at all.

TWO!

[Holiday drops to the floor and Samuel clutches his head with both hands.]

Angus:

Look Samuel's hurt himself. Hey stupid, you don't headbutt if you have a head injury, dumbass.

DDK:

He can't help it, he's not in his right mind at the moment.

THREE!

[As Turner shakes out the cobwebs, Holiday has a moment to recover. He crawls to the barricade, reaches up and uses it to haul himself off the floor. Turner comes at him again, but Holiday stops him in his tracks with a back elbow to the face, making Samuel stumble. Frank grabs him from behind and delivers a Russian leg sweep into the guardrail!]

WHACK!

Angus:

DAMN! As if Turner's head wasn't scrambled enough!

FOUR!

DDK:

Holiday took some of that impact too, but Turner's neck hitting the top of it definitely got the worst of it!

[As Samuel huddles on the floor, arms wrapped around his head, Frank reaches down and starts to haul him up again. Holiday grabs him by the wrist, plants his feet and shoots the angry ginger into the ringpost!]

KRONG!

FIVE!

[Samuel's forehead collides with steel and he does a dizzy pirouette around the corner of the ring. Holiday runs after him and flattens him again with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

DDK:

After being beaten and battered by Turner for much of this battle so far, Holiday is taking full advantage of this change in momentum.

Angus:

It won't mean a thing if he can't pin Samuel's shoulder for the three count, and so far he hasn't done that.

SIX!

[Holiday goes to drag Turner off the floor once again, but Samuel starts throwing big elbows and right hands into Holiday's midsection. Frank doubles over, and Turner grabs him by the head and bounces Holiday's face off of the ring apron! Holiday staggers backward a step, and Samuel lunges at him, tackling the former stuntman into the barricade! As Holiday slumps to the ground, Turner gets back in the ring.]

SEVEN!

DDK:

We've seen both these men involved in some pretty intense brawls outside the ring, Angus, and this is no exception.

Angus:

It's definitely favoring Turner right now though!

DDK:

Looks like it. Having done the damage, now he's watching to see if Holiday can beat the count.

EIGHT!

[Kneeling in the ring, Samuel leans on the middle rope and sneers down at Holiday as the "Train Wreck" tries to pick himself up and crawl to the ring.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Just stay down, fucktard! Your ass don't want no more of this, old man!

[Holiday gets to the ring apron, and Turner reaches out to grab a handful of Frank's unkempt hair. Holiday lashes out with a closed right hand that finds its mark right on the point of Turner's chin, knocking the ginger back through the ropes!]

NINE!

[And Frank dives under the bottom rope to get back in the ring.]

DDK:

Holiday beats the count, and this match continues!

Angus:

Yeah, but he's not exactly in great shape himself either.

[Holiday is fighting through pain to get back on his feet, but Turner is already on him with stiff forearm shots to the face. He grabs Frank by the wrist and whips him toward the corner with the exposed turnbuckle, but Holiday blocks it by planting his feet and whips Samuel the opposite way into the ropes. Samuel rebounds, right into Holiday's waiting

arms as he goes for an uranage -- but Samuel smashes him in the head with an elbow to block it. Holiday flinches, and Samuel backs up into the ropes again. He rushes forward with a big boot aimed right at Frank's teeth!]

DDK:

INCOMING! NO! Holiday dekes sideways and just avoids it!

Angus:

He's got the instincts of a housefly avoiding a swatter... and about the same amount of brains.

[As Turner whirls around to find Holiday, Holiday finds him first -- and plants Samuel with an uranage to the canvas.]

WHAM!

DDK:

Holiday goes for the pin!

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THR...NO, TURNER KICKS OUT!

Angus:

Another close one!

DDK:

Turner lives to keep on fighting, but Holiday escaped a nasty fate himself when he avoided getting whipped into that bare steel turnbuckle that Turner uncovered a few minutes ago. Do you think he even realized what Samuel tried to do?

Angus:

Every version of the question "Do you think Frank Holiday realized blank?" gets this answer: NO.

[On the canvas, Samuel is very noticeably favoring his neck. Holiday does the math and immediately goes for the kill, applying a seated full nelson! With Frank's powerful arms applying pressure to the neck, Samuel kicks and thrashes around, trying desperately to break free.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

UUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRGGGH!

DDK:

And this could spell the end for Turner, Angus! His head and neck have not been 100% since his battle with Keyes, he's suffered more damage here tonight, and this hold is designed to put maximum stress on that weak point!

Angus:

I hate to say it, Keeps, but this is a shrewd strategy by Frank. Don't mess around! If you've got to break Samuel's neck to beat him, then fuckin' do it! This isn't amateur wrestling, this is DEFIANCE, gawd dammit! Samuel wouldn't hesitate to do the same if he could!

DDK:

To our sponsors, my broadcast partner is not advocating LITERALLY BREAKING NECKS in the ring.

Angus:

Don't speak for me! I damn well AM advocating that!

[Holiday leans his weight over Samuel as he keeps the full nelson clamped on, but Turner's wicked thrashings are proving hard to keep under control. Even Benny Doyle, who is supposed to be watching for signs of a tapout, is keeping his distance to avoid getting kicked in the kneecaps. As Turner gets a knee under him, Holiday tries to turn up the pressure.]

Frank Holiday:

GIVE UP YOU SPAZ!

Samuel T. Turner II:

HURRRRRRRR!! NO! GETOFFAMEYOU GRRRRRRRR!!

DDK:

Turner is not going quietly, not that you'd expect him to!

Angus:

I'm telling you! That thick red neck of his was forged by years of farmwork and spite, the very same that twisted Samuel's soul into evil black pretzels! Frank needs to go 'Man of Steel' on his ass like Superman did to General Zod!

DDK:

AGAIN SPONSORS -- WE ARE NOT ADVOCATING MURDER.

[With shaky but powerful leg muscles heaving against the weight of two men, Turner fights with all his remaining strength to get upright, and it's all Holiday can do to keep the submission hold applied as he is forced to stand up as well. Turner starts charging backward, into the corner -- and he rams Holiday back-first right into that exposed turnbuckle! Holiday immediately lets go of Turner as he reaches back to nurse the sudden explosion of pain in his back, and Turner drops to hands and knees on the canvas, free.]

DDK:

Turner using his secret weapon to escape that hold! I don't know how much longer he could've held out, but he saved himself for sure here.

Angus:

And that is why my money's on Samuel Tiberius Turner the Second!

[Holiday is leaned on the top rope, grimacing as his fingers knead at the knot of agony in his back. Turner, working through a great deal of pain himself, staggers to his feet. He clobbers Holiday with a forearm across the face, then grabs two handfuls of hair, and slams Frank forehead-first into the exposed turnbuckle. Holiday recoils and falls to the mat, face in hands.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

No subtlety there! Benny Doyle is pitching a fit, but Turner couldn't give a shit now!

Angus:

Benny Doyle should shut up and learn a lesson from Samuel: You do what you need to do to win, because these fans came for **STIFF** competition!

[Indeed, Turner is barely listening to the referee's protests, as he stalks toward Holiday who is unsteadily getting up on hands and knees. Blood is streaming from an ugly gash in his brow, flowing down into his eyes and over his nose. Holiday is wiping at his face profusely, blinking at the crimson stains on his hands, in some combination of confusion and disbelief.]

[Outside the ring, Billy Pepper is gaping, hands on his head.]

Angus:

OH SHIT! We got a gusher, Keeps!

DDK:

We sure do, Angus! I don't think we've seen Frank busted open like this before!

Angus:

And Samuel's got a look on his face like a wolf coming after a hen!

[Before Holiday can snap out of it, Turner is all over him, yanking Frank's head back with a fistful of hair and digging his knuckles into the open wound. Turner picks him up and delivers a stiff forearm strike to the jaw.]

THUD!

[The shot spins Holiday around. Samuel grabs him tightly, sticks his head under Holiday's arm and quickly suplexes him. Holiday lands on his head and stays face down on the mat]

DDK:

BACKDROP SUPLEX ON TOP OF HIS HEAD!

Angus:

HOLEEEEE FUCKKKKKKKK!

DDK:

That move has put more wrestlers out of the business than...

Angus:

...than AIDS riddled ring rat pussy!

DDK:

WHAT!?

Angus:

Yeah, you wouldn't know about it, no ring rats want you.

[Samuel quickly rolls Holiday onto his back and full mounts him. Samuel holds Holiday's hair with his left hand and starts furiously pouring down repeated forearm strikes to Holiday's brow, widening the gash and inflicting as much damage onto him as he can.]

DDK:

Benny Doyle needs to step in and force Samuel to stop or declare him knocked out!

Angus:

Oh fuck, Turner's in 'Devil Mode'! It's just a little blood.

DDK:

The average body only holds eight pints of blood.

Angus: [shrugs]

...

[Samuel keeps on forearming the gash. Over and over, one of the most powerful men on the DEFIANCE roster hammers at the head of the "Train Wreck". Holiday keeps trying to block the forearms and is wiggling under Turner until he's able to reach the ropes and grab them.]

Benny Doyle:

ROPE BREAK! BREAK!

[Turner continues to pummel Holiday.]

ONE!...

...TWO!...

.....THREE!...

.....FOUR!...

[Turner stops and stands up off the top of Frank and backs away while Benny Doyle checks on Frank.]

DDK:

This is crazy, Turner has snapped!

Angus:

Maybe he's just a little mad.

DDK:

A little? Really?

[Frank uses the ropes to pull himself off the mat. At this point his face is half smeared in his own blood, but under the proverbial 'crimson mask' he is frowning like an angry demon. Turner shoves Doyle out of the way to resume his attack on Holiday, but Holiday catches him halfway: bursting out of the ropes, he floors Samuel with a double leg takedown, then mounts him clumsily and starts throwing bombs at Turner's face.]

DDK:

And speaking of 'a little mad'!

Angus:

Come on, Doyle! Break this shit up!

DDK:

Seriously?

[They roll around on the canvas for a bit, fists flying wildly, until the skirmish breaks apart on its own and both men get to their feet. Turner throws a right hand into Holiday's mouth, sending blood spraying, then grabs him by the arm and whips him toward the corner.]

DDK:

Again that exposed turnbuckle! NO! Holiday with some fancy footwork and he reverses it!

WHAM!

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

AND TURNER HITS THE STEEL BOLT FULL IN THE BACK!

Angus:

THAT'S ILLEGAL! RING THE BELL!

DDK:

Zip it, Angus!

[Turner lurches out of the corner, shoulders hunched and his face a mask of shock and pain. Holiday quickly scoops him up and plants him with a powerslam and goes for the pin!]

ONE...

...TWO...

...KICKOUT BY TURNER!

Angus:

Even when blatantly cheating, Holiday can't get the pin!

DDK:

Wait, who's cheating? It was Samuel who took that pad off in the first place and gouged Holiday's forehead open with it!

Angus:

Enough of your stupid facts! Just agree with me!

[Again wiping blood out of his eyes, Holiday gets up and starts to pull Turner off the mat. When Samuel is halfway up, though, he slips an arm between Frank's knees and delivers what can charitably be called a European uppercut to the ballsack.]

DDK:

You were talking about cheating, Angus?!

Angus:

What about it?

DDK:

You didn't see that blatant low blow Samuel just gave Frank?

Angus:

NO, KEEBS, I DIDN'T. And neither did Benny Doyle!

[That much is true: the referee was out of position and actually didn't see the nutshot, but everybody else did, and the results are more than obvious as Holiday is doubled over in horrendous pain.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Samuel sneers at him as he cups Frank's chin in one hand, pushes him upright, then backs off into the ropes. Turner gets a head full of steam and charges at him at full speed!]

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOO!

DDK:

NO! Holiday ducked it!

Angus:

Fuck that, you sell the damn LARIATO, Frankie!

[Turner's momentum carries him all the way to the opposite side of the ring where he grabs the ropes to stop himself. But Holiday is now a body in motion, having charged into the ropes, and he is rebounding at full tilt as Samuel turns around--]

WHAAAMM!!

DDK:

SPEAR! SPEAR! Frank flattened him with that move!

Angus:

No! Get up, Sam!

DDK:

I don't think Turner saw that coming, but Frank isn't going for the pin!

[Instead of covering, Holiday pulls Turner off the canvas and to a vertical base. Frank ducks his shoulder and throws Turner up into a fireman's carry to set up the Train Wreck, but his legs are wobbling and his stance is far from solid.]

DDK:

He wants to go for his big move, but I think the blood loss has sapped a lot of his strength.

Angus:

Don't make excuses for him! You know what sapped his strength? A patented Samuel T. Fucking Turner the Second ass-kicking, that's what!

[Turner starts kicking his legs and smashing elbows into Holiday's face, until Holiday drops his payload and goes down to one knee.]

Angus:

Here we go! Turner hits the ropes! Here comes the LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOO--

DDK:

HOLD IT! HOLIDAY DUCKS AND CATCHES HIM! FIREMAN'S CARRY! AND--

WHAAAMM!!

DDK:

TRAIN WRECK! HE GOT IT! NOW CAN HE GET THE PIN?!

Angus:

DON'T RUIN THIS FOR ME!

[Holiday throws himself down on Turner, hooks both legs and leans all his weight back for leverage.]

ONE...

....TWO....

.....THREE!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

DAMMIT!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner as a result of a pinfall... FRANK! HOLIDAAAAAAAY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

[Billy Pepper slips into the ring and helps Frank Holiday up off the canvas, as referee Benny Doyle raises Frank's hand. Holiday nods and smiles wearily at Doyle, then at Billy, and then looks out to the fans and throws a bloodstained handsign in the air to a huge ovation.]

|m/

DDK:

So in our first DEF*MAX tournament match, which turned out to be a shockingly violent battle, Frank Holiday gets the double-you over Samuel T. Turner II and an early lead in the scoring!

Angus:

Yeah, but one match doesn't decide the whole thing, Keebs -- it's how you do in the long haul that matters. Mark my words, you're going to see Samuel come roaring back in the weeks to come!

I'll make myself a spot...part 2

[We then cut to Kelly Evans in her skybox, The Pleasure Dome, pouring over paperwork as per usual, when there's a knock on her door, to which she doesn't look up, or respond until there's a second knock.]

Evans:

Christ, alright, ENTER!

[We hear the door open out of frame]

Evans:

And make it quick, I've got things to do.

Ryan Matthews:

Nice to see you too, MS. Evans.

Evans: [puts her pen down and looks up]

I would have thought our office not answering your calls would have made you get the hint...

Ryan:

Well, I've always been a stubborn one.

Evans:

What can I help you with?

Ryan: [places the manilla envelope on the desk in front of her]

You can look this reworked contract over and pass it onto Eric Dane, and when he sees that the terms are much more favorable to the company we can start talking about when I can get started handling a few unresolved issues with certain people in this company...In the ring.

Evans: [looks over the contract slowly before putting it back down on the desk]

Well, you certainly do seem to have a point about it being better for the company than your LAST deal was, seeing as we got what? Two months of production out of you last time?

Matthews:

Due to injury, yes.

Evans:

Unfortunately, even if I forward this to Eric, I don't have a spot for you right now.

Matthews: [smirks]

Really? We're going to play that game huh? I've been watching DEFtv the past couple months and you know what I see? The same faces over and over, and over again. Point of fact I see less of those same faces...So let's cut the nonsense please. Neither of us have time for it.

Evans:

You really should learn how to talk to a prospective employer with much less attitude in your voice. I didn't say I didn't have a spot. I just don't have a spot FOR YOU. I can't afford to have to deal with unreliable people who either can't stay healthy or can't decide if they want to be here or not. So again, while I'll forward this to Eric, I'll do so with the understanding that you won't call us, we'll call you.

[That said, Kelly shuffles the manilla envelope off to her TO DO, or SHRED tray and is about ready to go back to her business when...]

Matthews: [takes in a deep breath]

You're making a mistake...

Evans: [looks up at him and points a very stern finger]

Not as big as the one you'll be making if you finish that sentence. If you'll excuse me, I have business to take care of. You can see yourself out.

[She goes back to her paperwork...]

Matthews: [grits his teeth for a moment, then thinks better of it]

Fair enough...good day MS. Evans.

Evans:

Yeah...

[That said, Matthews turns and walks out of the office, seeming calm but closer examination can see that he's seething after that encounter. As he leaves frame...we cut to another part of the backstage area.]

Nice to See You

[The Guerilla position. The one-and-only God-Beast himself, Mushigihara, is pacing down the hall, flanked by his manager, Eddie Dante, who is apparently laying out strategies for the Goliath's match while he nods in silence.]

Eddie Dante:

Now remember, do NOT let him intimidate you. Bronson Box has an aura the likes of which no one in this business has ever built for themselves, but he is an INCREDIBLE fighter, so if you get swept up in that aura, he will eat you alive.

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Eddie Dante:

A lot of his attacks are power-based, so if you can neutralize his strength, he'll be at a disadvantage, but he's also a MASTERFUL tactician, so you'd better believe he'll have some tricks up his sleeve. He treats wrestling as if it were chess, so you'll need to think ahead of him if you're to stand a chance. If you stop one method of fighting, you need to assume he has five or six more in the tank. Hit him hard, hit him often, keep him hurt, and keep him guessing.

Mushigihara:

Osu.

[As they turn the corner, Eddie and Mushigihara are stopped in their tracks. Eddie is quite surprised at the person who is leaning against the wall. Mushigihara meanwhile simply wants to rip into that same man, since that man is none other than David Noble.]

David Noble:

Fancy meeting you here.

[Eddie has decided to put himself in between his client and the Southern Heritage Champion.]

Eddie Dante:

Oh? Because I'm thinking you know how to read a card and can determine when my client would be walking down this hallway. Yes, a bit of a stretch, but still, one I am willing to give you the benefit of the doubt on.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[Noble casts an eye towards Mushigihara.]

David Noble:

Go osu yourself.

Eddie Dante:

Now, Mr. Noble, I will have you know that I will not ALLOW you to get into my client's head much less to lay a FINGER on him! Yes, my client laid you out at AfterShock. Yes, my client has a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. That night is NOT tonight. Tonight, my client has a chance to make his mark on not just a division of DEFIANCE, but on ALL of DEFIANCE. And I will not have you attempting to ruin that in the least bit.

[David's eyes move over to Eddie Dante and he flashes a smile at the manager.]

David Noble:

I'm glad YOU have decided what I will or will not be doing tonight. There is just one problem. One problem is all. Like you said, your client put his hands on me and I am not in the business of just letting that happen. Reputation to uphold, I hope you understand. Plus, this title right here on my shoulder...

[Noble looks over at it as does Eddie and Mushigihara. He then looks back at Eddie.]

David Noble:

...has made it very clear that I am a marked man. Giant bullseye on my back, you see. So I'm not going to just stay in my locker room and wait for people to come and attack me like a little bitch. Oh no, I'm going to make my intentions quite clear. So let me make it clear to your client and you are more than welcome to stay in between us all you want.

[David then steps towards Mushigihara with The Great Eddie Dante Wall in between them.]

David Noble:

Your time is quickly counting down, Mushi the Sushi Bitch. You think you got the best of me at AfterShock? Well, here I am. Still standing. Looking you in the face and look in these eyes. You don't see a lick of fear there. I'm coming for you, big boy, and I'm going to show you what I'm all about. Strap up, because I'm coming and I'm not going to stop until you're down and I'm standing over you, with this title in my hands.

[Noble then looks at Eddie.]

David Noble:

Make sure your client understands that. Because I'm ready.

[Eddie mockingly slow claps David.]

Eddie Dante:

Nicely done. Impressive manifesto. 'Tis a pity your reign will be among the SHORTEST in DEFIANCE history. Because, Mr. Noble, you might not even SURVIVE long enough to face the God-Beast. As I heard tonight, DEFtv 50... you and Frank Holiday will be doing battle. And something tells me there will be a new champion crowned that night.

David Noble:

Well, you keep your eyes glued to that TV set then, Eddie. Because when I am the one yanking that title off it's hook and retaining it, you're going to be in a world of shocked. And then, I will see your client and do the same thing, that I'm going to do to Frank Holiday.

[Noble then looks at Mushi.]

David Noble:

I'm going to leave you with this one note, Mushi. Fuck you and have a nice day.

[David then walks around the two men as Eddie watches him walk away.]

Eddie Dante:

[to himself] Oh, David, I can guarantee you will not be walking out of DEFtv 50 with the Southern Heritage Championship.

[Dante then looks at Mushigihara.]

Eddie Dante:

Focus. Tonight is the first step on your road to greatness.

[We then cut to another commercial break, this time advertising Maximum DEFIANCE.]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Mushigihara vs. Bronson Box**DDK:**

Folks, up next we have the in-ring return of one of the most vile men to ever set boot to canvas.

Angus:

Tell us how you really feel, Darren.

DDK:

I know we're supposed to be impartial but what happened at the pay per view was obscene.

Angus:

Couldn't have happened to a nicer douche bag. Get well *never*, Mayberry!

[\[The arena goes completely dark.\]](#)

[The fans pop to the sound of war drums and traditional bagpipes. The intense celtic beat whips the entire arena into a frenzy.]

Angus:

The Wargod cometh.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[The drumming ends with a snap. The silence hangs heavy in the air as the last hum of the pipe and drums fade into the darkness.]

[\[Every fan in attendance collectively holding their breath as a howling wind whistles through the air.\]](#)

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

[Cue the man in black.]

[The house lights come up and there, already standing on the ring apron, is the man himself. Sheared head and freshly waxed mustache. The reaction is overwhelmingly negative... but the faithful, the *true* faithful are pounding guardrails and chanting his name. Boxer slides between the ropes and raises his arms high. Boos, cheers, jeers, it's obvious he doesn't care one bit. They're **all** on their feet.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, making his RETURN to the riiiiing. The self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of sports and entertainment"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THE TWO TIME FIIIIIIIST OF DEFIANCE... THIS IS BRONSOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

[Boxer climbs the nearest turnbuckle holding his arms out wide. Soaking in the reaction from the faithful.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

DDK:

The single most polarizing star in DEFIANCE Wrestling, ladies and gentlemen.

Angus:

I'll be the first to admit, I'm normally hot and cold on Boxer.

DDK:

I seem to remember you pissing yourself in fear a number of years ag...

Angus:

LIKE I WAS FUCKING SAYING. I'm normally hot and cold on Boxer but after he and King Eugene murder-stomped Griffith? Count me as one of the faithful, Keeps.

[The arena is *once again* plunged into darkness...]

Angus:

Again? Unoriginal pricks.

[... 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.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wargod? Meet God-Beast.

Angus:

This is going to be so fucking brutal.

[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.]

Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! NO MAKING HIS WAAAAAAY TO THE RING! Accompanied by "The Curator of Chaos," Eddie Dante, he hails from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan and weighs in tonight at a sturdy three hundred seventeeeeeeen pounds... this is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[As the crowd rains down disdain and derision, 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 as his monster power walks down the ramp and towards the ring, sliding under the bottom rope. He's on his feet without missing a beat and continues his b-line directly towards Bronson. The two come face to masked and or mustachioed face.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

This is a big one, partner. The first meeting between two bonafide home grown DEFIANCE monsters.

Angus:

Mushi is... shit, the dude is a wrecking ball. But we've seen Box take on big sumo lookin' behemoths before and slam their blubbery asses to the mat, one two three.

DDK:

None as brutally effective as "The God-Beast" Mushigihara though.

[Like two big bucks, Box and Mushi literally get nose to nose. Both men leaning into one another waiting for the other

to flinch. It looks like the God-Beast might win this initial volley when Box rears back lightning quick and blasts Mushi with a massive headbutt, staggering him slightly. It's Boxer however that comes away from the maneuver busted open as small trickle of blood now forms between his eyes.]

[Referee Mark Shields breaths a heavy sigh and motions for the bell.]

DING DING!

Angus:

Box showin' color before the opening BELL even rings, son.

[Before Angus even finishes his sentence the behemoth sails into Boxer's personal space, leveling the stout Scotsman with a huge shoulder block. Bronson rebounds off the second rope and come back towards Mushi with his patented pendulum lariat only to be scooped up by the much bigger Mushigihara.]

DDK:

Look at him just manhandle The Wargod!

[Mushi wastes no time dropping Box rib first across his knee. Then in a feat of raw bone strength Mushi gorilla presses the stout Scotsman up over his head and charges towards the nearest turnbuckle, launching Bronson ass over teakettle into the corner. Box hits the turnbuckle hard, landing awkwardly on the side of his head.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

[The God-Beast takes a few huge steps back across the ring and points back towards Box sitting prone against the turnbuckle. Mushi rakes the back of his thumb across his throat and barrels back towards Bronson, rolls his head forward and hits a brutal cannonball senton nearly caving in The Wargod's ribcage. Mushi is back to his feet faster than a man his size has any right being as the crowd roars for the strong showing from the Golden Goliath.]

Angus:

Mushigihara's takin' it to the two time FIST of DEFIANCE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[Cheers mean nothing to the God-Beast. All he hears is his manager Eddie Dante screaming orders from ringside. Crush. Kill. Maim. Brutalize. The sort of marching orders Mushigihara thrives on. Again, mysteriously quick, Mushi takes Bronson up in a raw bone gorilla press position and tosses Box back towards the center of the ring.]

DDK:

Huge OSU Press out of the corner! Box is strong, but almost eighty pounds is almost eighty pounds no matter how you slice it. And Mushi *towers* over Box.

Angus:

He's turned back everything Box has thrown down. Goddamn impressive showing from Mushi.

[Mushi stalks towards his prey, planting a foot on his broad Scottish chest and stepping *OVER* the former World champion as Eddie Dante cheers on his man-beast from ringside. As he turns back Mushi is greeted with a rake from Bronson's fabled "right hand"... the right hand with notoriously long fingernails for his patented "Fiery Right Hand" maneuver. Works in a pinch to blind an opponent one would imagine.]

Angus:

Oh, that looked like they cut *deep*.

[They did. Mushi stumbles back clutching his now torn mask. Blood flowing from several deep gashes on the soft exposed flesh just above his eyes. Box digs deep and finds a second wind, takes advantage of Mushi's temporary

blindness... launching himself against the second rope and rebounding back behind the God-Beast.]

DDK:

HUGE chop block to the back of Mushi's knee!

[Mushi drops to a knee. Box is back to his feet rebounding off the opposite second rope and charging back towards the now prone Goliath and simply levels him with a strongman lariat.]

Angus:

The God-Beast wobbles but he don't fall down!

[Still on one knee, Mushi leans waaaay back but returns to an upright position.]

DDK:

Look at the resilience of Mushigihara!

[The roar of the crowd isn't "for" one man in particular. This is the sort of roar one would probably hear at a gladiatorial arena in ancient Rome as two men hacked each other to pieces for the pleasure of the crowd. Wide eyed, his face smeared with his and Mushi's blood, both. Bronson takes a spin, his arms out stretched. Soaking in the reaction he's been denied for so many months thanks to the scorn of Edward White's suspension.]

Angus:

Soak it in, Wargod.

DDK:

Eww.

Angus:

Fuck you, don't you ruin this with your fucking negativity. Boxer rid my eyeballs of Dusty Griffith, hopefully *forever* he's my new goddamn *HERO*.

[Boxer leans back against the second rope yet again and clobbers Mushigihara with *another* brutal lariat right across the clavicle. And yet again The God-Beast reels and lurches backwards but fails to fall yet again.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[It looks as though Bronson will repeat the process until he gets the result he's looking for but stops short as Mushigihara starts pumping his arms willing himself upward. He plants both feet firm on the mat, reaches up to the bloody tatters of his mask and with a jerk rips it free, tossing it right into Bronson's face.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

Mushigihara:

OSUUUUUUUUUU!

[Mushi squats down and screams a loud war-cry, beckoning The Wargod to *bring it*. The two men clash in a flurry of clubbing forearms and brutal headbutts. It's after what seems like an endless stream of razer-like European uppercuts under the vulnerable chin of The God-Beast Bronson pulls ahead in this contest. Mushi is out on his feet.]

[And STILL he doesn't fall to the mat.]

Boxer:

Sod it...

[We go full circle as Box rears back and clobbers Mushigihara with another sickening headbutt.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

DDK:
OH MY!

Angus:
Did you *hear* that?

[The God-Beast rears back... and finally hits the mat with a thud.]

Angus:
What's it been? Ten minutes? Eleven? First time the big man's been off his feet since the *bell*, Keebler. That's damn impressive.

[Boxer takes a moment to preen for the fans and flex his muscles with a mocking grin.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:
Old school style heat, right there.

[Bronson turns back towards Mushi only to be shocked back a step or two as The God-Beast **sits up** like some sort of crimson faced ghoul just as Box turns and lays eyes on the big man.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[Unflinching Box drops several closed fist shots across Mushi's skull before raising his red right hand and clamping down around Mushigihara temples, digging his claws in deep.]

Angus:
GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND!

[Boxer's vice-like grip causes Mushigihara to scream out in pain. More blood starts to trickle from the new wounds on the sides and back of his head. His cries of pain quickly become adrenaline fueled cries of intensity as he wraps his arms around the stout Scotsman and gets to his feet, taking Bronson *off* his.]

DDK:
Big bearhug from The God-Beast!

[In yet another insane feat of pure unbridled strength, Mushigihara HEAVES Bronson over the top rope with a textbook belly to belly release suplex for the ages. The faithful pop hard as The Original DEFIANT goes crashing into the guardrail, slamming into the hard concrete floor.]

DDK:
OH MYYYYY! The Wargod goes CRASHING to ringside! What strength and tenacity from Mushigihara!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[More Roman coliseum-like roaring from the crowd. Bronson is quicker to his feet than one would expect, his battered body moving around on nothing but adrenaline.]

[And piiiiiiiiissed.]

Angus:
Oh, he's losin' it, Keebs.

[A shove to the guardrail, a kick to the ring steps. A tantrum as only The Wargod can throw one. He looks furiously around ringside for something else to take his aggression out on before getting back to business against The God-Beast. His gaze settles on Mushigihara's manager... Eddie Dante. Like lightning Boxer has Dante by the front of his shirt, the little man squirming]

Angus:

HA!

[Before Mushigihara grasps what's happening Bronson waylays the little blond man with several jaw rocking European uppercuts. Eddie goes sprawling ass over end back against the guardrail slipping in and out of consciousness.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Mushigihara:

OSUUUUUUUUUU!

[The God-Beast is climbing down off the apron when Box catches him. Leaping off the ringsteps Box locks in a *flying* rear naked choke. With Olympic-like precision, Bronson wraps his legs best he can around Mushi's large midsection and pulls the rear naked choke tight as his haggis fueled muscles can manage. Mushigihara starts to weaken and wain.]

Angus:

Mushi's turnin' purple, Keebs!

[Tighter and tighter, Mushi tries desperately to shake The Wargod to no avail. The big man sinks to one knee. Boxer's feet meet the ground. Tighter and tighter still the mass of humanity slowly slides to the canvas.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

Mushi is OUT! Wow!

[The referee is up to nine, Bronson rolls under the bottom rope and back out again, the referee starting again at one.]

[Boxer spins around and with one swift thrust of his boot kicks the top half of the ringsteps off, clattering off towards the entrance ramp. Bronson slams his open palm down atop the bottom half of the huge steel ringsteps and eyeballs Mushigihara with sinister intentions. Reaching down and dragging the big man to his knees and tucking his head under his arm.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

Angus:

Sayonara God-Beast.

DDK:

Oh, he's not...

[Box plants his feet and hoists Mushigihara and with a clean jerk, the enormous sumo now up off his feet in a vertical position up on Box's thick Scottish shoulders. The struggle is obvious. Veins and tendons in Bronson's neck and shoulders pulled tight. The Wargod screams with effort, over 300 pounds dead lifted over his head.]

DDK:

OH MYYYYYY!

[Box HOLDS the enormous man aloft for a few moments before falling backward towards the steps, the sound

Mushigihara's back makes when flesh meets steel step echoes off the walls of the arena. Dwarfed only by the reaction from the packed Wrestleplex crowd.]

Angus:

DELAYED VERTICLE SUPLEX ONTO THE BASE OF THE STEEL! FUCKING! STEPS! LOOK AT THAT HANGTIME, KEEBLER! LOOK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

Angus:

Guess these people don't exactly share your outrage, Keeps. Nobody gives two turtle shits about Mayberry, period!

[Angus is laughing, excited, breathless. Just like all of us.]

Angus:

Holy shit, that's it. That's gotta' be it.

[The referee counts eight. Eddie Dante has come vaguely around and is screaming on all fours for The God-Beast to get up and get back in the ring. Breathless, Boxer steps back a few trembling steps and drops to a knee.]

8...

Angus:

Mushi's out, but Box doesn't look so good, Keeps.

9...

DDK:

Has Mushigihara moved yet?

[Box claws at the ring apron trying with all his might to get under the rope before the referee counts ten, his strength absolutely sapped.]

10...

[Mark Shields shakes his head and motions for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Well, it's a wash ladies and gentelman.

Angus:

A double count out? Aww, come on...

[Eddie Dante is back on his feet and absolutely livid. Pouring sweat and clutching his midsection, blood still running from a gash between his eyes where two yes two body rocking headbutts were delivered to the still comatose Mushigihara Bronson Box approaches Dante. His exhausted, cold brown eyes burrowing holes into Eddie's forehead.]

DDK:

Oh, Dante. You need to vacate the premises immediately. That man is NOT happy. Not with a double count out.

[The crowd's attention is squarely on the exchange between the two men. Bronson props a boot not an inch from where The God-Beast still labors to breathe after the massive steel step driven Verticle Suplex.]

DDK:

What's he doing?

Angus:

Oh, he's reachin' into his boot... RUN EDDIE!

[Angus almost squeals with sadistic glee as Boxer does indeed reach down into his boot. Eddie Dante's eyes grow to the size of saucers. The little blond manager immediately begs off, almost *pleading* with The Wargod not to do what he assumes he's about to do.]

Angus:

HERE! COMES! THE...

DDK:

Business card?

[Bronson gingerly flicks the card out for Dante to, hand shaking, take from The Wargod. Nodding a nervous thank you... for the card and not for murdering him, one would assume.]

DDK:

What just happened?

Angus:

Is he rousting new clients for goddamn Jane Katze's stupid new company?!

[Boxer slaps Dante on the back a little harder than necessary and slowly walks off towards the stage, giving a passing glance down at The Golden Goliath and raises his eyebrows with a shake of his head. Eddie stands over his client who just now is shaking enough cobwebs to realize what's happened. Dante does his best to calm The God-Beast down, but to no avail. Bronson takes one last look out over the Wrestleplex before vanishing through the entrance curtain leaving Mushigihara to rage at ringside.]

Reckoning

[Short commercial for the DEFIANCE shop zone.]

[Back to the show we cut to the Guerrilla Position. The darkened corridor behind the curtain gets a lot more crowded all of a sudden as a hulking God-Beast and his manager shoulder their way into the backstage area.]

[To say Eddie Dante and Mushigihara are not at their best at the moment would be like saying World War II got a little out of hand.]

[Mushigihara's mask is gone, torn away during the match. His exposed, frowning face is covered in smeared blood. Dante, nursing a nasty lump on his jaw, is complaining loudly, which is not so out-of-the-ordinary for him.]

Eddie Dante:

This... this discourtesy will *not* stand! I promise you, Mushigihara! I will take this right to Ms. Evans! If that bald bastard Bronson Box thinks he can disrespect the next Southern Heritage Champion in such a manner, well... well, he will find soon enough that he is *sorely* mistaken!

[As Mushigihara lumbers down the hall, he glances backward at his manager with a dark expression.]

Mushigihara: [Quiet rage]

...Osu.

[He turns forward again, and flinches to a halt so suddenly that Dante actually faceplants into the God-Beast's sweaty back.]

Eddie Dante:

What the devil--

Mushigihara:

Osu!

[What stopped Mushi dead in his tracks? A fist held at face level, inches from the Japanese monster's bloody nose. The owner of said fist is one "Train Wreck" Frank Holiday.]

[Holiday's face has been cleaned up since the end of his match earlier tonight, and there's a bandage over the gash in his forehead. He smirks at Mushi's stunned countenance, and unfolds the index finger from his fist to point at him.]

Frank Holiday:

That's a nice look for you, dude. The red really brings out the jowls on that pretty face of yours.

Eddie Dante:

Holiday! What is the meaning of this unprovoked assault!

Frank Holiday:

[Glancing at Dante] Assault? Nah, dude, I didn't even touch him. [Turning his gaze to stare eye to eye with Mushi] See, I ain't like your killer whale here. If I was anything like *you*, Mooki, I would've ambushed your ass as soon as you stumbled through that curtain. You'd be bleeding wasabi all over the floor right now and you'd never know what hit ya. Sound familiar?

[Mushigihara is breathing heavily, glaring at Holiday, clenching his fists.]

Frank Holiday:

But see, I have a little thing you don't have -- a little thing they call 'integrity'. And that's why I'm standing here, looking you in your beady little black eyes, giving you this message face-to-face. I haven't forgotten what you did to me at Aftershock. Now, you and me, we may be busy with DEF*MAX business for a while, but I want you to know that one

day soon, we're gonna have a reckoning. And when that day comes, it ain't gonna be in some backstage hallway, from behind. It's gonna be out there, in the ring, straight up.

[Holiday leans in, matching Mushi's scowl with a frown of determination of his own.]

Frank Holiday:

And that beating you got from Box just now? It's gonna feel like a shiatsu massage compared to what *I'm* gonna do.

[He steps back and smiles.]

Frank Holiday:

Fair warning, brah. Now go wash your face, you're disgusting.

[As Holiday turns and leaves, Mushigihara lurches to go after him, but Dante grabs his arm. Mushi looks back sharply.]

Mushigihara:

Osu!

Eddie Dante:

Don't take the bait, my friend. He's trying to push your buttons; he wants you to react because he knows that's the only way he can compete with you. We have more important things to think about now.

[Mushigihara stares at his manager for a long moment, then turns to gaze down the corridor. He looks back at Dante and gives a nod.]

Mushigihara:

Osu.

[Cut to another area of the backstage area, because, well, everything happens backstage!]

Who I Used To Be

[Picking his way over cables and around equipment, black and red facepaint still peeling from his defeat at the hands of Malachi, DEFIANCE's phoenix, Jake Donovan, is hardly watching where he's going, in fact, he seems far busier mumbling at his feet than he does actually paying attention. Of course, it's inevitable that he runs smack dab into someone, but at least Jake can thank the fates today that he didn't slam into the likes of Mushi or Bronson Box. Instead, the man he knocks into a rack of folding chairs is newcomer to DEFIANCE Kenny Freeman. Kenny turns toward Jack with a wide-eyed look of concern, brushing his hair out of his face. Regaining his own balance, Jake reaches out a hand to steady the rookie, an apologetic look on his face]

Jake Donovan:

Hey man, my bad, I shoulda been watchin' where I was goin'.

[Deciding to introduce himself, Jake sticks out his hand.]

Jake:

Jake Donovan. Nice to meet ya.

[Kenny smiles as he reaches out, shaking hands with Jake.]

Kenny Freeman:

Hi there, Kenny's the name. Kenny Freeman.

Jake:

First night?

Kenny:

Yeah. This place is amazing!

Jake:

It can be. Don't let all the lights and music fool you though, it can also be a snakepit.

[Kenny cannot help but chuckle.]

Kenny:

I could imagine. Still, it's a step up from a school gym. The pool's better, too.

[A nostalgic look crosses Jake's face and for a moment he says nothing, just stares off into space a little, before the echo of footsteps reminds him of where he is.]

Jake:

True, very, very true, just be careful you don't end up missing that high school gym and all those pool halls after a couple years here. You have a match tonight or just checkin' it all out?

Kenny:

So far as I know, I'm just checkin' it all out. Been training hard the past week or so, and it's been great knowing the staff around here.

Jake:

There's a lot to see, that's for sure and you never know what's gonna happen next. Enjoy your first night, maybe next card they'll have you out there fightin'. Those DEF fans are amazing. If they love you, they'll blow the roof off the place makin' sure you know it.

[Kenny smiles again, loving the idea.]

Kenny:

Cool deal, I'm looking forward to it. I'll try not to get into too much trouble in the meantime.

[Chuckling, Jake glances up the hall.]

Jake:

Wait long enough, I guarantee, trouble will find you. See ya around Kenny and good luck.

[As he began to walk away, Jake let his last few words trail behind him.]

Jake:

Something tells me you'll need it.

[Kenny tilts his head slightly at that last remark, but nods his head before walking down the opposite way. We then head back to the ring, to get the next match started!]

Troy Matthews vs. Tyrone Walker

Angus:

Alright, alright, time for the main event of the evening, right?

DDK:

No, but Tyrone Walker is going to take on Troy Mat...

Angus:

Sold! Take it away, DEE QU...

DDK:

Now hold on.

Angus:

Shhhh... You had me at Tyrone Walker, don't spoil it.

DDK:

... *sigh* ...

"Look, I know the supernatural is something that isn't supposed to happen, but it does happen."

[GUITAR: ENGAGED.]

[FLASHY RED STROBE LIGHTS: ENGAGED.]

[CROWD: ENGAGED.]

[White Zombie's "Super-Charger Heaven" kicks in and that Troy Matthews, the Slayer of Giants, is on hand, materializing from the ether, and without Saori Kazama by his side. Decked out in his signature red-and-black getup, Troy looks upon the crowd with fire in his eyes and an excited grin on his face, dashing down the aisle.]

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, he hails from JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, and weighs in at One Hundred and Eighty Eight Pounds! He is "THE JERSEY DEVIL!" TRRRRROOOOYYYY!

MmmmmmmmmmmMAAAATTHHHHEEEWWWS!!

Angus:

He's certainly fired up, Keeps.

DDK:

That he is, partner. This match was made after a twitter fight erupted between Matthews and the new DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions, namely calling out former Skybreaker, Tyrone Walker for, what he called "frontrunning" and "abandoning" the team.

Angus:

Waaaaaaaat? Man, what-the-hell-ever, dude.

DDK:

Just calling the action as it happens, Angus.

Angus:

Maybe Troy Matthews should worry more about his kickpads and hair color, before he goes spouting off about the good fortune of MUHBOITAI! I mean seriously, who is going to turn down a chance to team with two legends to fight for gold on paperview? Who knows, maybe he would, while he's busy deciding if he wants to be Devil Red or Pepsi Blue or something.

[Diving into the ring, the lights come up and Matthews crosses the ring. Jumping into a corner, he stands on the middle turnbuckle and mugs it up for the fans.]

DDK:

He's focused, he's ready, but is it enough for the "Slayer of Giants" to take down his legendary opponent?

Angus:

Who knows, Keeps, what I do is, this Jersey Jerkwad got ten shades of uppity with MUHBOITAI on the Twitter machine and called down the Chocolate Thunder... MAKE WITH THE INTRO DEE CUE!

[White Zombie fades giving way to "Black" by Sevendust.]

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

[The crowd pops as Blackimus Prime strides out on to the stage with the soulful voice of Lejon Witherspoon's calls him to battle. Stomping to the edge of the stage, he cocks his head back with a cocky grin while lifting the front of the white DEFIANCE baseball jersey that he wears, showing off his third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Titles.]

DDK:

Well there you go, partner, that's part of the reason this match is taking place.

Angus:

You mean jealousy, right? Because I can totally smell the blood greening envy coming from the ring.

[In the ring, Troy Matthews smirks and rubs his hands together as he stands in his corner, watching Walker stroll down the ramp towards the ring. When Ty gets within a few paces from the ring, he dashes forward and leaps to the apron, when suddenly, Matthews rushes from his corner and...]

**THHHUMMMMMP!*

Angus:

CHEAP SHAWTS FY-ARD!

[...smashes Ty with a running dropkick that sends the popular veteran falling to the floor. Luckily for Ty, he hits his feet first before tumbling back. Removing his jersey and title belt, he tosses them aside just as Matthews comes flying out of the ring with a Suicide Dive.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And Troy Matthews isn't waiting to get this one started.

Angus:

That's because this is the only way he can beat, Ty!

DDK:

Come now, he's beat Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Pssh, like that's impressive... I beat Dan Ryan once.

DDK:

In your dreams, maybe.

Angus:

It still counts in my book!

[Matthews is up off the floor and drags Walker to his feet. Opening up with a few shots, Troy peppers Ty with a flurry of kicks and open handed strikes. In the ring, the referee barks commands to bring the action into the ring, which Matthews obliges, rolling Walker into the ring.]

DING!*DING!*DING!

DDK:

There's the bell and we're officially under way.

[After positioning Walker just right, Matthews climbs up onto the apron and slingshots himself over the top rope, scoring a leg drop before trying for the cover.]

ONE!... TW... NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Pulling Walker up, Matthews pushes him against the ropes and then whips him across. Bouncing off the ropes himself, he flies back at Walker coming off the rebound, but Ty dodges the attempted Leg Lariat. Matthews scrambles back to his feet and Walker rushes him and scores with a Flying Forearm to the head, ringing the Jersey Devil's bell.]

Angus:

Hah, gave 'em the Ol' Flying Burrito!

DDK:

And just like that, Walker turns this thing around.

[Walker looks down at Matthews, annoyed with his jumping the gun on him as he stomps around, barking at the fans before he starts stomping around on Matthews. After a few shots, the referee intervenes and gets Ty to back off. Matthews crawls around, trying shake the cobwebs, but isn't given much time as Ty is back on the attack, pulling him to his feet.]

Angus:

Alright, now this is more like it, Ty putting the hurt on some fool.

DDK:

It must hurt that you only have Walker to root for, huh?

Angus:

You have no idea, Keeps, but I'm sure Ty is man enough to accept all of my love.

DDK:

Creeeeeeepy.

Angus:

My purely platonic, bromancing the stoned, absolutely no homo love.

DDK:

I'm sure.

[Walker hammers Matthews with a few shots as he backs him into the ropes. Matthews reverses an Irish Whip and sends Walker to the ropes. Coming off the rebound, Walker charges back with a clothesline that Matthews ducks and follows up with a rolling Solebutt to the midsection. With Ty doubled up, Matthews hits the ropes for extra momentum and takes Walker down with a Swinging Neckbreaker.]

DDK:

What a turnaround, Matthews going to Walker's historically bad neck.

Angus:

NOOOOO!

[Ty rolls around clutching his neck, while Matthews pops up and hits a Senton splash, crashing back first on top of Walker. Flipping himself over, he tries for the pin.]

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

This is all your fault, Keeps!

DDK:

Please enlighten us all on how this is my fault?

Angus:

REASONS!

DDK:

Well, I'm sorry then.

Angus:

As well you should be!

[Matthews maintains a hold on Walker, grabbing a Front Facelock and pulls him up. Cinching the hold, he underhooks an arm and takes Ty back down with a Front Chancery DDT, drilling him on top of his head, impacting his neck and spine. Walker doesn't get much time to wallow in the pain as Matthews, getting a little cheeky as he backs himself into the ropes for a little momentum. Coming in off the rebound, he scores a running Senton dive, rolls forward with it to his feet and scores with a standing Moonsault press for the cover, completing a version of Walker's own "Death From Above" combo. Something that does not go unnoticed by the crowd, who "OOOOOOH's" in response.]

ONE!... TWO!... NO!... SHOULDER UP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

That sonuvabitch, did you see what he just did!?

DDK:

I sure did, Matthews just took a page out of Blackimus Prime's playbook here.

Angus:

And it was like a poor imitation at that!

[Troy grabs Ty and pulls him into position before he ascends the turnbuckles. Settling himself on the top rope, he takes aim and then leaps off.]

****DINNNNNNNNNNNNNNG!****

OOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Angus:

BWWWAAHAHAHAHA! Eat that!

DDK:

Troy came off the top and just got nothing but a mouth full of Ty's foot!

[Indeed he did and now, Matthews stumbles around with his hands over his mouth. On the mat, Ty suddenly kips up, locates Troy and blasts him with a Yakuza Kick to the side of his skull. Ty rolls his neck as he snarls at Troy, completely unamused by his junior's imitation. Stomping over, he rips Matthews off the mat, pops him up and drops him with a Backbreaker out of a Back Suplex setup. Rushing over to the ropes, he steps out on to the apron and then springboards off the top rope with a Diving Senton. Rolling off with the impact, he leaps into the ropes on the opposite side and comes off with a Springboard Moonsault to make his first cover of the match.]

ONE!... TWO!... NOOO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

These turncoat fans are cheering for Troy Matthews against MAHBOHTAH?!

DDK:

Look at it as they're rooting for a good fight here.

Angus:

RABBLERABBLERABBLE!

[Grabbing Troy by his red hair, Ty pulls him up to his feet and starts peppering him with a flurry of right and left open hands, hitting him on the jaw, cheek and temple with the blows. Looking to throw some style into it, he backspins with a chop aimed for the neck, but Troy ducks it and scores with another Solebutt that catches Ty in the ribs. Walker immediately begins to double over, but Matthews opens up with a rapid fire barrage of hands and feet, alternating high and low as he blasts away at the head and legs. Ty tries to counter, but is outmatched in the speed and reflexes department, until Matthews breaks stride...]

DDK:

Matthews looking for the high kick...

[Luckily for Ty, he ducks the killshot, grabs Matthews and...]

Angus:

BLACK THUNDER!

[As Matthews gets turned around in mid-air for the Blue Thunder...]

DDK:

MATTHEWS WITH A HEAD SCISSORS!

Angus:

WAAAAAAT!?! Stop moving so fast! I can't keep up, BLAAARRRRRGHHHH!

[They scramble to their feet. Troy bouncing back a little quicker, charges Ty who is up to a knee, but suddenly bursts up, popping Troy into the air...]

Angus:

BLACKOUT BOMB!

[Sitout Spinebuster Slam.]

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!... TWO!... TH-AND... NO! SHOULDER UP!*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

[Ty is up and feeling good, stomping around and mugging for the crowd before going to retrieve his opponent. Lifting Troy, he quickly hoists him up on to his shoulders, but Matthews is quick with the escape and lands behind Walker before waistlocking him.]

DDK:

German Suplex with a beautiful bridge!

ONE!... TWO!... THREE!... NO! KICKOUT!*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!***Angus:**

Enough with this flippity floppity back and forth!

DDK:

I think it's exciting.

Angus:

You would!

[Troy looks to the referee wanting confirmation, but only gets the two. Meanwhile, Ty escapes the pinning predicament and quickly gets to his knees, seeing the referee giving Troy the "two" sign. Walker locates Matthews and readies himself, popping up he charges in, but Matthews is quick on the draw and catches Walker with a Drop Toe Hold. Crashing to the mat, Ty smacks face first on the canvas, instantly recoiling and bringing a hand to his face. Troy rolls Ty over on to his back and then sits him up before pulling back and cracking him against the spine with a soccer kick that causes a loud, thudding crack to echo throughout the arena.]

DDK:

Troy adding some extra incentive for Walker to go to a chiropractor.

Angus:

Why would Ty seek out a dinosaur?

DDK:

A what? I said KAI-ROW-PRAC-TOR, not VEH-LAH-SAH-RAP-TOR!

Angus:

Ooooh, right... Those words...

DDK:

Are practically nothing alike.

Angus:

Not so, they end with Tor, hence my confusion, learn to speak Murica better.

[Troy lays the wood a few more times before hopping around to be in front of Walker, where he blasts him with a Shotgun Dropkick to the face. Matthews gets up and calls for the finish as he backs away, waiting for Walker to get into position. Timing his shot, when Ty gets to a knee, Troy bursts forward, steps on to Walker's knee...]

DDK:

TRENDSETTER!

Angus:

NOOOOOO!

[Somehow, some way, Ty either manages to duck his head just enough or Troy aimed a little higher than he needed on the Shining Enzuigiri, as all he hits is Ty's trademark afro.]

DDK:

Wait a minute... did he actually hit it?

Angus:

Troy never hits it, heyo!

[To make matters worse to Matthews, without making solid contact on the kick, he ends up flopping on to his face. This gives Walker the opening to grab his legs like a wheelbarrow, pops Matthews up into a Back Suplex, that Ty spins Troy right into...]

Angus:

BLACK THUNDER!

ONE!... TWO!... THREE!... NO!... SHOULDER UP AGAIN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Ty falls back after looking to the ref, heaving in oxygen while Troy rolls over and crawls away from the wreckage.]

LETS GO MATTHEWS! *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!*

LETS GO WALKER! *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!*

LETS GO MATTHEWS! *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!*

LETS GO WALKER! *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!*

Angus:

LETS GO WALKER!

DDK:

Angus, a little impartialism would be nice.

Angus:

Hey, I'm not down at ringside busting Matt Troyhews in the head with Ty's belt, that's close enough.

DDK:

For you, that's a minor miracle... I guess.

Angus:

Exactly. Miraculous Silver Lining Playbooks HUT HUT HUT!

DDK:

..... **sigh**

[Ty is up and tracking down Troy, who didn't get very far from the human debris field after taking the Blue Thunder. Picking Matthews up, Walker pulls him right into a Textbook Suplex.]

Angus:

OH DEE BEE!

DDK:

This could be it right here!

[Ty tries to lift Troy, but the smaller man struggles until slipping free and opening up with a sudden barrage of strikes. Kick to the left knee, elbow from the right, kick to the left side, in rapid fire succession from Matthews, but Ty breaks it up with a straight knee to the gut and then reapplies the suplex, lifts and...]

DDK:

Matthews twists out of it!

Angus:

AHfhfhddtsgett!!

[...Landing behind Walker, Matthews spins him around and unloads with another barrage of left and right open hands to the head before leaping up and catching Ty around the head...]

DDK:

FRANKENSTEINER... COVER!

ONE!... TWO!... T...? NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[They scramble, with Matthews being the quicker of the two, rushing in and catching Walker with a Sunset Flip, except Ty has the presence of mind to keep himself from falling back and then dropping to his to counter and make the cover.]

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Troy reaches up with his legs and pulls Ty back, completing the Sunset Flip.]

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Walker rolls back and then lunges forward with his shoulders behind Matthews' knees, pinning him with a Jackknife Cradle and leans as heavily as he can on it.]

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Troy manages to explode out, popping his hips enough to roll one of his shoulder off the mat to stop the count. Ty tries to maintain a hold on him, but Matthews adjusts while they scramble to their feet, turning Walker over and putting him into a super slick backslide.]

DDK:
HAGE NO KACHI!

ONE!... TWO!... THREEEEEEEEEEE...? NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Matthews now tries to maintain control, but it's Walker reacting quicker, tying him up and rolling him up into a tight ball.]

DDK:
WALKER WITH A SMALL PACKAGE!

Angus:
FALSE ADVERTISEMENT!

ONE!... TWO!... THREEEEEEEEEEE...? NO!... KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:
The one and only time where Small Package and MUHBOITAI ever co-exist in the same sentence!

DDK:
Yes, we KNOW!

[They scramble once again, still in close proximity. Slightly off balance, Troy switches gears and fires big high right head kick that grazes Ty's skull. Switching stances as Walker staggers from the shot, Matthews looks to go high once again from the left, but Ty ducks the shot and blasts Troy right in the mush with a Gamengiri.]

Angus:
ENZOGARY TO THE FACE!

DDK:
He just Daniel-san'd Matthews like it was the Karate Kid!

Angus:
Not true, Billy Zabka doesn't suck!

[Troy staggers back, a hand clutching his face. Ty pops up quickly and blasts Matthews with an Enzuigiri, catching him right on the base of the skull, toppling the Slayer of Giants. Scrambling quickly as he hits the mat, Walker grabs an arm, ties Matthews up and rolls into a cradle.]

DDK:
LA MAGISTRAL CRADLE!

ONE!... TWO!... THHHRRRRREEEEEEEEEE?!...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Original DEFIANTS

[Backstage.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The FIST of DEFIANCE picks his teeth as he leans back against the wall. Everyone give the champion a wide berth as they pass, but he doesn't seem to care. He's got everything he needs wrapped around his waist.]

DDK:VO

What do you think he's up to, Angus?

Angus:VO

Kicking it like he's the Fonz? How the hell should I know?

DDK:VO

Aren't you like his biggest fan these days?

[One man in particular though doesn't give the champ a wide berth. Instead he heads straight for him. Dewey spots him coming, and it's hard to think he wouldn't. After all, that bald head could be seen from a mile away. Dewey pushes himself off from the wall and stands face to face with the moustachioed Bronson Box.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Eugene Dewey:

...

Bronson Box

...

[Neither man says a word, leaving Bronson's heavy breathing to be the only thing that can be heard.]

Angus:VO

Oh man, I've got goosebumps. Feel my arm.

DDK:

I am *not* touching you.

Angus:VO

Oh come on, it's been months since I spent the night partying with Rich Mahogany...

[Slowly Bronson's lip curls beneath his moustache.]

Bronson Box:

Go get 'em, Champ.

[With that Bronson continues on his way down the hallway and leaves Eugene to lean back against the wall.]

DDK:VO

What the hell? There was once a time when that would have ended in a bloodbath... and now...

Angus:

Now they're on the same page, Keeps, don't you get it?

DDK:

No, I don't. I have absolutely no idea where this alliance or partnership or whatever it's supposed to be has come from.

Angus:

I do.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

...no...

DDK:

That's what I thought. I'll tell you what I *do* know though. Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey as allies is a dangerous, dangerous thing.

Angus:

Well, with that being said, let's watch some commercials!

[Cut to commercials featuring a recap of AfterShock and telling you to go watch it if you already haven't! Though by this point, most of the good stuff has been spoiled.]

Troy Matthews, Ty Walker, Jake Donovan Seg

[We return from commercials to find Troy Matthews backstage, set upon a metal folding chair, his head in his hands as he licks his proverbial wounds. A moment later Tyrone Walker enters the scene as he passes through "Guerilla" position. Looking up, Matthews see Ty hobbling by.]

Troy Matthews:

Yo, Ty?

[His attention grabbed, Ty stops and turns, finding Troy, he gives him a weary look and his automatic response of a head nod.]

Tyrone Walker:

Sup?

[After a brief moment of tense silence, Troy shakes his head and starts talking.]

Troy Matthews:

I just wanted to say... I'm sorry for the past few weeks.

[Ty nods silently while Troy follows up and the other shoe drops.]

Troy Matthews:

I'm not gonna sugarcoat; I've really been acting like a jackass lately, with Twitter and all of that. I know it's no excuse, but you know that some things have just gone to total shit and I haven't been takin' it so hot... man, no one deserved to put boots to Team HOSS more than you, and I'm glad one of us has gold... but yeah, been a dick, man, and I'm sorry.

[Ty shrugs and approaches.]

Tyrone Walker:

Aye, bruh... It's all good. *Bitches*, kna'mean? They're the monkey wrenches of life, my nigga, it's part of their job.

[Troy chuckles, the first sign of humor to come from the now-four Jersey Devil in some time.]

Troy Matthews:

Yeah, I've had a rough go of the breakup. Though I think going ham out there just now helped with some of the frustration. Sorry if I beaned ya a little to hard.

[Ty smiles and nods as he rubs his head and neck, remembering that one particular high kick that blasted him in the neck.]

Tyrone Walker:

Eeeeh, what's a few potato shots between friends?

[The two former Skybreakers share a laugh as Troy rolls his own neck.. Then suddenly, apparently unable to watch any longer, Jake stalks from the shadows to get right in Troy's face, jabbing a finger in his chest as he confronts his former trios partner. Ty steps back, confused, while Matthews snaps his eyes over to the Phoenix.]

Jake Donovan:

How the hell is some bullshit 'I'm sorry' supposed to make up for all the shit you were spewing, acting like it was some crime that Ty moved on when you and I couldn't even get our shit together long enough to beat a one armed man? How many times did we drop the ball and completely fuck things up? Did you really think he was gonna carry us or something?

[Troy tries to speak up, but Jake refuses to budge, and continues on.]

Jake Donovan:

What we should be saying is "I'm sorry Ty, we sucked..."

Tyrone Walker:

The HALE, du...

[Ty attempts to break in, but Donovan is unstoppable.]

Jake Donovan:

'cause we truly did, between your woe is me women troubles and worrying about what color your new kickpads should be, to me trying to figure out how many little kids faces I could paint and how many colors I could tie dye my freakin' hair. The worse part is that you're still getting in my way even after the Skybreakers imploded. I had Penn beat and all you managed to do that entire match was get in my god damn way. Did you do one thing, one single freakin' thing to actually do damage to him?

[A pause not even long enough for an answer.]

Jake Donovan:

No, of course you didn't 'cause you were too god damned busy attacking me!

Troy Matthews:

Well, you KNOW, Jake, I WAS going to try and make peace with you after I smoothed things out with Ty here, and I WAS going to try and extend the olive branch, but right now all I wanna do is beat you over the head with it, because as far as you and I are concerned? This is a two-way street and not the Blame Game, but if you wanna play that, then we can make it a match, let's say, for DEFtv 49?

Tyrone Walker: [flabbergasted]

Man, c'mon...

Jake Donovan:

Peace is overrated, so you're on!

[After an intense stare between them, they head off in opposite directions. Meanwhile, Ty throws his hands up in frustration.]

Tyrone Walker:

Goddamn *kids*, I swear to GAWD!

[We then cut back to the ring, where DDK and Angus are already in the middle of a conversation!]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Dan Ryan vs. Curtis Penn

Angus:

...because club soda doesn't get bodily fluids out of corduroy very well, that's why.

DDK:

I'm really rather sorry I asked, to be honest.

Angus:

Well, then next time don't.

DDK:

It's time for our second match of the night from Block B, and it's got one of your best friends in it.

Angus:

[Making an audible grunting sound.]

I'm sorta hoping that Dan Ryan murders him clean in a puddle of his own blood and feces.

DDK:

That would leave quite a mess, and we have another match afterward.

Angus:

Well, if it happens, don't use club soda to clean it up. That stuff doesn't work for shit.

["Enae Volare Mezzo."]

[From behind the curtain steps the most legendary of all SoHer Legends, The Doctor of Defiance, and the Creator of the Curtis Clutch, Curtis Penn.]

[Above Curtis Penn the DefiaTRON grants the Defiance Wrestle Plex a shot of the interview stage with the Defiance Red Fist Logo on a black backdrop and standing to the pinkie side of the fist is the still healing Curtis Penn.]

DDK:

Before the match Curtis Penn had a little bit to say about the Def Max Grand Prix and his first opponent in Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Oh goodie.

Curtis Penn:

Defiance!

[Short pause.]

Curtis Penn:

Tonight ya'll are allowed to witness the next chapter in the already legendary career of Curtis Penn. Tonight ya'll are going to bear witness as I break down the Ego Buster with the Curtis Clutch and make my way to the finals of Def Max Grand Prix undefeated!

[A smirk crosses his face as the screen fades out.]

Angus:

Is it time for Dan Ryan to kill him, please say yes Keebs. Please say yes.

[Cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring ready to make the announcement.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is a match in the Def Max Grand Prix. It is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, from Pensacola, Florida.... weight in a two hundred fifteen pounds....

CURTISSSSSS PENNNNNN!!!!

[Penn makes it to the ring, his usual cocky facial expression clear. Multiple people scream "Ryan's gonna kill you!" at him and each time, his facade breaks only slightly, a bit annoyed, then regains his composure as walks down. He reaches the ring and climbs in, waving away the ref and backing into a corner.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.....

[The lights go out and three spotlights encircle in and through each other on the entrance platform s the opening riff of "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins plays.]

Darren Quimbey:

Come to the ring, from Houston, Texas... weighing in at three hundred five pounds... THE EGO BUSTER.....
DAAAAAANNNN RYYYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!!

[When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Eddie Mayfield's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.]

♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪
♪ There's no connection to myself ♪
♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪
♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪
♪ So save your prayers ♪
♪ For when you're really gonna need 'em ♪
♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪

DDK:

Ryan is walking briskly to the ring as always, barely giving the fans a second look, eyes trained right on Curtis Penn. I know Penn has a reputation to uphold, but I have to wonder if Dan Ryan is the guy to try mind games with.

Angus:

Usually when people try to play mind games with Ryan, they get murder-faced.

DDK:

There's an impressive list of people no longer in the company who can vouch for that.

Angus:

Please play mind games with him, Curtis. PLEASE play mind games with him...

[Ryan climbs up into the ring and stalks right past Curtis Penn, giving him only a passing snort as he goes, which Penn does NOT appreciate. Ryan climbs the opposite corner and stares out into the crowd as the music plays, then turns back over his shoulder to look at Penn as it dies out. He hops down from the middle turnbuckle and tugs at his elbow pad, then gives his neck a little crack from side to side.]

[Bell rings.]

DDK

We're underway..

[The two square off and begin circling each other, Penn feigns a shooting attempt only to see Dan Ryan take a step backwards and smile.]

DDK:

Penn hasn't stepped into a ring with a man of Dan Ryan's size and skill since his early days in the WfWA and it looks like Penn is trying to figure out the best way to attack this Colossus that is Dan Ryan.

Angus:

I'm just waiting on Danny boy to squash him like a bug!

[Penn licks his lips before he squares off against Ryan again. Once again Penn dives in for a shoot, but Ryan steps over him and Penn slides into the ropes.]

DDK:

Curtis put everything behind that shoot and Dan Ryan avoided it like the plague!

Angus:

Come on STOP DANCING with him Dan and KILL 'EM!

[Dan points towards his head and then back at Curtis as he casually leans against the ring post.]

DDK:

Dan is telling Penn that he has an answer for every move that he makes and some that Penn has yet to even think of.

Angus:

Looks at this, the lil jackass calling for a test of strength!

[Penn, tired of Ryan eluding him reaches out for a test of strength. Ryan cuts a deep grin and accepts the challenge. Ryan engages his right hand low and his left hand high and allows Penn a moment of confidence before drags Penn over and pins his hands to the floor, Ryan steps on the cast hand with his boot and then extends his other hand up, stretching his abdomen.]

DDK:

Ryan finally takes his foot off of Curtis' broken wrist and pulls him into a standing sleeper hold.

Angus:

Choke the PRICK OUT! POP HIS HEAD OFF RYAN!

[The ref checks to make sure it's a legal hold, while Penn is reaching around and looking for hair to pull, but the close cropped hair of Dan Ryan gives him no escape.]

DDK:

OH LOOK AT THIS! PENN, who has been frantically searching for an escape has reached all the way around the back of Ryan's head and has him FISH HOOKED!

Angus:

That cheating lil.. SHIT!

DDK:

The ref is so focused on Penn's eyes as they had began to flutter had no idea that Penn actually was able to get Ryan to break the hold by fish hooking him.

[Penn, who has some separation from Ryan at the moment, copies Ryan's smile from earlier in the match and wags the finger he fish hooked him with.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan walks into the center of the ring and this time he calls Penn over for the test of strength and Penn accepts. Boy, he doesn't know that he's out powered here?

Angus:

I think the lack of oxygen has him a bit delirious, but then again it's Curtis Penn he should be a shit stain on someone's rug by now yet he somehow always manages a way out.

[Similar lock up, similar situation arises, Penn is forced to one knee, but as Ryan goes back to stepping on Penn's good hand this time, Penn explodes up with a headbutt that drives Ryan up and back.]

DDK:

Oh, Penn shoots and scores with a double leg takedown, Penn floats over onto Ryan's chest and takes a couple of quick shots before Ryan presses Penn into the air and off of him.

[Penn bounces back up and celebrates until he sees an angry Ryan coming after him, Penn ducks under the ropes and the ref backs Ryan down.]

Angus:

Oh shit, I think he just pissed off Ryan, this is going to be good for me!

DDK:

Ryan is beckoning Curtis to come back into the ring, he has even dropped to his knees and is pleading for Curtis to come back into the ring.

[Ryan stands back up and backs away so Curtis will make it back in before the 10 count expires. Ryan calls for the tie up another time.]

DDK:

I guess the third time's a charm as Ryan calls for it again.

[This time Ryan locks the lower hand and then drops a vicious elbow onto the crown of Penn's head knocking him down to the mat. Ryan pulls Penn back to his feet and drives him down with a short clothesline.]

DDK:

I think Penn was out on his feet even before Ryan laid him out with that short arm lariat.

[Keeps looks over at Angus who is about as happy as a kid getting what he wished for on Christmas.]

Angus:

Again.. Again... AGAIN!

[A couple of quick boots the lower back of Penn before Ryan stops and just looks down at him. Penn gathers his composure only enough to give him time to roll out onto the floor.]

DDK:

And the ref starts the count.

1....

2.....

3.....

[Penn starts to move.]

4....

[Penn makes it to his knees and shakes his head trying to regain some sense of what's happening.]

5....

[He makes it back to his feet.]

6....

[He clutches the bottom rope only to have his hand kicked by Ryan, the ref pushes Ryan back, and Penn slithers into the ring while Ryan and the ref are arguing.]

[Penn rushes towards them and...]

DDK:

OH... PENNJUSTCONNECTEDWITHASUPERMANPUNCHWITHHISCASTHAND! Pieces of the cast exploded off as Penn connected to the jaw of Dan Ryan.

[Curtis instinctively clutches his wrist, protecting it after seeing the plaster split and chip. His eyes lock with the front row and notices the shock and awe in their faces. Feeling proud of himself he shakes the top rope knowing that he just toppled the big man.]

DDK:

He has no clue does he?

Angus:

It's what I've been trying to tell all of you, Curtis Penn is completely clueless.

DDK:

Penn just busted his cast over the head of Dan Ryan, but his back is turned and he hasn't a clue that Dan Ryan only stumbled back and caught himself on the ropes.

Angus:

Penn just gave Ryan his best shot and Ryan took it on the chin like a champion! I have a good feeling that Ryan is about to rip him a new asshole!

[Penn raises his hands in the air in mock victory only to turn around and see Dan Ryan grinning ear to ear. Ryan rubs his jaw and spits onto the canvas, a small hint of pink colors the saliva as it flies from his lips.]

DDK:

Ryan slowly makes his way across the ring and Curtis backs away. It seems that Penn has ran out of solutions to take down the much bigger Dan Ryan.

Angus:

If Curtis Penn is Superman, then Dan Ryan is Doomsday... only this time Doomsday is going to permanently kill Superman.

DDK:

Curtis Penn takes two steps backwards for every half step Dan Ryan takes, but eventually Penn is going to run back into the corner and then it's going to get very nasty for him.

Angus:

Yes...YES..YESSSSS!!!!

[Penn's backwards momentum has stopped, he reaches behind him and grabs the top rope.]

DDK:

A look of panic crosses his face as Dan Ryan crosses center ring.

[The look of panic quickly turns into a look of Defiance as Penn charges Dan Ryan only to be caught and sent over head with a Belly to Belly Suplex. Penn lands hard on the opposite side of the ring, but he jumps up and charges again, only to eat a right hand that spins him around and this time dumped on the back of his skull by another suplex.]

DDK:

Penn gets up slowly from that dumping, Ryan stomps his way towards Penn, Penn drops to his knees and begs off Ryan as he scampers backwards.

Angus:

MURDERDEATHKILLTHEBASTARD!

[Ryan reaches down and plucks Penn up by the broken cast, bringing him to his feet. Penn tries to poke Ryan in the eye, but Ryan bends Penns broken wrist in a wicked direction. Penn quickly rethinks his attack and goes for a kick to the groin. Ryan reaches down and blocks the kick then he's back to pulling on Penn's wrist.]

Penn:

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

Penn screams as Ryan helps him out with some physical therapy on his injured wrist. The Ego Buster has Curtis Penn crippled in pain just by commanding his wrist.

Angus:

Well, Doc did tell him to take time off last month, but like the dumbass he is, Curtis did what he wanted to do. Now look at him. He's Dan Ryan's puppet.

[Ryan kicks the legs out from under Penn, maintaining the grip on the wrist on the way down, he methodically places the wrist on the ground and just stomps and grinds the wrist into the mat.]

DDK:

Ryan kicks the left hand away from the wrist and drops his knee across the wrist.

[Penn clutches his wrist and squirms and wriggles his way across the ring. Ryan adjusts his knee pads and wrist bands as he makes his way around to block Penn from making his way out of the ring.]

DDK:

Ryan places a few well placed stomps on the Penn to drive him away from the ropes, Penn grabs and holds onto Ryan's legs staving off the attack.

[Penn manages to pull Ryan off balance and find his way out of the ring.]

DDK:

Agian the ref starts the 10 count.

1....

2....

3.....

4.....

[Ryan makes his own way out of the ring and he stalks Penn around the outside. Ryan reaches down for Penn, but Penn pokes Ryan in the eye, pulls him into the guardrail by the waistband of Ryan's trunks.]

DDK:

Penn creates separation and runs back into the ring, he stands in the ring mocking Dan Ryan as Ryan's face turns bright red.

Angus:

Curtis Penn has that effect on people, he could make the Dalai Lama cuss like a Sailor.

6...

7...

[Ryan pulls himself onto the apron, Penn rushes, only to be dealt a shoulder through the middle rope. Ryan spins him around and clubs him across the chest, he ducks into the ring, hooks Penn up for a reverse ddt, Penn tries to fight out, but Ryan lifts him into the air...]

DDK:

INVERTED BRAINBUSTAAAAAAA!

Angus:

That's it... It's over... PENN IS DEAD...

[Ryan covers.]

1....

2....

DDK:

Penn kicks out at 2!

Angus:

DAMMIT JUSDIEALREADY!

DDK:

Penn, on his hands and knees is crawling away from Dan Ryan. Ryan stands over Penn , kicking him in his ass as he crawls away.

Angus:

He's humiliating him, this is the best day of my life!

[Ryan slaps Penn in the back of his head as Penn makes a desperate plea.]

DDK:

Ryan shakes his finger no, he will not give Penn a break. He draws his finger across his throat telling Penn that it's over for him. Ryan draws back to strike, Penn blocks and drives his own fist into the gut of Ryan. Not once, but he drives a flurry of lefts and rights into Ryan's midsection.

[Penn fights his way back to a vertical base, Penn kicks Ryan on the outside of the knee pad, comes back with a kick to the liver, then back to the shoulder, and then jumps and takes a shot at the head, but Ryan ducks and hooks him before throwing him with a head and arm suplex.]

DDK:

Penn took his shot but Dan Ryan just flat out tossed him across the ropes!

[Penn goes flying and lands, his legs flopping against the ropes.]

Ryan rushes and pulls him up quickly. He holds his wrist tight, then clotheslines him hard without letting go of his wrist. Ryan repeats... then repeats it again until Penn is practically lifelessly hanging by his wrist.]

DDK:

It was a short flurry for Penn, it actually looked like he was going to escape this match like he has so many others, but Dan Ryan had other plans for the night.

Angus:

I'm conflicted. More damage? Or finish him now? SO MANY CHOICES?

[Ryan pulls Penn up, wobbly as he is. He gives him a little pat on the cheek, then drives forward with a superkick that sends Penn flying like Piston Hurricane after a Little Mac uppercut.]

Angus:

More, definitely more.

[Ryan makes the baseball "safe" motion, indicating it's over, then reaches down and pulls Penn between his knees, and brings him up onto his shoulders.]

Angus:

Awww.

DDK:

This is it, Dan Ryan is ready for the after party!

Angus:

Curtis Penn needs this! Dan Ryan is about to plant him with the HUMILITY BOMB!

DDK:

Penn strikes Ryan in the top of the head in DEFIANCE, trying to prevent the inevitable, but Dan Ryan is having none of it, he lifts Penn up and drives him into the mat!

[Ryan lays over the chest of Penn.]

DDK:

Ryan hooks the leg...

1....

....2....

.....3

DING DING DING!!!!

[Ryan gets to his feet and looks down. Penn "kicks out" about four seconds too late, bring a smirking chuckle to Ryan's face.]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match.... DAAAAAANNNNN RYYYYAAAANNNN!!!!

Angus:

Nothing can ruin my night now.

[Ryan's hand is raised. He gives Penn one last look over his shoulder, then drops to the mat and rolls to the outside, on his way to the back.]

DDK:

So three Def Max Grand Prix matches under our belt tonight and one more to go.

Angus:

Like I said, as far as I'm concerned, my night is made. It's all gravy from here.

DEFIANT

[Now, to the Skybox. Or, as it's affectionately referred to by fans, roster, and staff alike, the "Pleasure Dome."]

[The go-to shot caller in DEFIANCE, Kelly Evans, is behind her desk pouring over a pile of documents spread out in front of her whilst also texting furiously on her smartphone. Francois and Bruno, the Man-Slaves, are nowhere to be found; Kelly must've let 'em take five. She doesn't look even up from her work when the short sharp rap at the door echos through the silent office.]

Kelly:

Come... in.

[The one who knocked didn't even wait for her to becon before turning the knob and making his way inside. Kelly gives an annoyed glance to the besuited gentlemen making his way across the room towards her. She puts her phone down and leans forward, resting her elbows on the desktop interlacing her fingers.]

Kelly:

All alone? Where's that department store mannequin you call an agent?

[The "Bombastic" Bronson Box just smiles coolly, ignoring the passive aggressive question. He steps right up to Kelly's desk, resting his fingers atop the spread of papers she was mulling over just moments before. He moves the papers around passively eyeing Kelly at the same time.]

Box:

He's obviously placed a lot of faith in you, hasn't he? What exactly does Eric do with his time seeing as you're "running" things around here?

Kelly:

He's trying to grow the DEFIANCE brand. Same thing your little chicky-poo says she's doing for you... that was her card you tucked into Eddie Dante's pocket earlier, was it not? I swear to Christ Bronson if you're planning on some new Blood Diamonds bullshit I'm going...

[Boxer holds up a hand.]

Box:

I don't know how many different ways I need to tell you, I'm done with "groups" and "stables" that just end up getting in my way.

Kelly:

Yeah, you and nerd rage putting Griffith on the shelf **together** really just *screams* lone wolf.

[The Wargod leans forward on his fingertips.]

Box:

Eugene and I have an *understanding*, not a *partnership*. I can assure you, if and more likely *when* he and I meet in this tournament of yours you'll get a match worthy of a main event. A match for the ages that will make our run-ins in the past look like child's play.

Kelly:

Is that right?

Box:

Indeed. And as far as Jane is concerned, Katze & Associates is a legitimate talent agency. A business relationship I've found beneficial... I'm not exactly geared for contract negotiations and personal appearances and designing

merchandise and all the other insufferable doings you “in charge” types place at my feet.

[Kelly just nods and takes a deep breath. The silence between the two, the unflinching looks passed between them speaks volumes more than either of them could say.]

Kelly:

I'd love for you to cut the shit, stop blowing smoke up my skirt and just tell me what you want, what that shit at the PPV was. Dusty Griffith is incommunicado, off the grid. The man has vanished off the face of the earth to lick the wounds you and Dewey gave him at Aftershock. I know for a fact that seven foot stack of shit is the one that beat the hell out of Frank Dylan James. I know that gash Katze actually managed to play me with her little plan for you to “shake things up.” She managed to convince me that regardless of the usual anarchy that comes along with... *you* that you have this place's best interests at heart.

[Bronson listens in silence, his arms folded across the breast of his brown pinstripe three piece suit.]

Kelly:

Numbers, graphs, goddamn pie charts and polls showing how popular you are. Fan testimonials, merch sales. She filled my head with this Bronson Box that would play just within the rules and keep DEF on people's lips. Create some “buzz”...

[Kelly leans back with a sigh.]

Kelly:

I'll give her credit, she had me. Then of course you stabbed our world champi...

Box:

Former.

Kelly:

Former world champion in the head and nearly broke his goddamn back.

[The Original DEFIANT just smiles coolly.]

Kelly:

So what do I do with Bronson Box. What the *hell* do I do with you?

[Box leans again against the top of desk, this time on his closed fists.]

[White knuckle tight.]

Box:

You bloody survive, you disgusting little trollop.

[Kelly's eyes narrow to thin slits. She does her best to bite her tongue as she silently presses the small button on the floor under her desk with her foot, signaling security. One of the many clever features Ed White had installed in the office when he called the skybox home. It's not long before Wyatt Bronson, DEF's head of security and two DEFsec meatheads step through the office door. Kelly holds up a finger to the men, motioning for Boxer to continue...]

Box:

You want it in plain English, lass? Fine. I'll say it again. I've sacrificed everything for his company. Everything I have, everything I am is rooted right here in *his* company. I helped him drive the final nail into the coffin of the WfWA by carving their World title from Boston Bancroft like a scalp and laying it at his *feet*. Legitimizing his creation and validating his decision to break away. I took the FIST, a toy created by Jeff Andrews on a whim, baptised it in his *superstar* Dan Ryan's blood twice over and now it stands as the top prize in this company thanks to the efforts of Mr. Dewey.

[Boxer's upper lip curls making his mustache twitch slightly.]

Box:

I've given my blood, my passion, my career to DEFIANCE and all I've done is get **pissed on** by the cavalcade of fools he's let infect this hallowed ground. Elijah Goldman, Jeff Andrews, Cito Connari, Tom Sawyer, Heidi Christenson, Christian Light, Edward White, Dusty Griffith... *you*. The people he places faith in never ceases to amaze me. I give him buckets of blood and he... *ignores* me. Looks *down* on me.

Kelly: [through clenched teeth]

Get to your goddamn point.

[He licks his lips and leans in a little further.]

Box:

You want to know what to **do** with me? You stand back and watch as I personally burn this temple he and that sorry bastard Edward White built to the proverbial ground, salt the earth and rebuild it in my image atop the bloody ashes you ridiculous **whore**...

SMACK

[The red hand shaped welt immediately starts forming on his cheek. The looks of complete dumbfounded shock on the faces of Wyatt and his security drones say more than anything else in the room. Kelly's so mad she's shaking. And Bronson? Well...]

[Laughter.]

[Kelly's eyes grow wide at the sound. Her voice wavers slightly.]

Kelly:

Get the hell out of my office. *Now*.

[Wyatt steps up and slowly places a hand on Bronson's shoulder that The Wargod promptly shrugs off. He pulls his pocketwatch out of the front pocket of his vest and checks the time, about as nonchalant as humanly possible.]

Box:

I'll leave. But you tell him. You tell him I'm back. Truly back and that I plan on setting his company to rights even if I have to dismember his roster piece by bloody piece to do it. This place is rotting from the inside. Stagnant. The only way DEFIANCE thrives is on pure unbridled anarchy... something I think you know I'm quite adept at spreading.

[Leaning close, tempting Kelly to strike him again.]

Box:

This company *runs* on the chaos I create. Without me the engine starts seizing up. I'm the beating HEART of DEFIANCE. Only way you lot are going to be rid of me is if you put me in the bloody *GROUND*.

Kelly: [quietly, trying to calm down]

Don't you dare tempt me...

Wyatt:

Come on Box, time to go. You said your piece. Miss Evans asked you to leave.

[Wyatt and his men starting corralling Bronson out of the office. The Original DEFIANT looks back over his shoulder with a sinister mustachioed grin as he's lead through the skybox door.]

Box:

Best of luck on your main event tonight, dear. Hopefully it produces less casualties than your *last* one did.

[The office door closes with a thud, leaving Kelly Evans alone in her skybox office. Face red with anger, hands shaking she reaches for the first biggest heaviest glass desk doodad she can get her hands on... we cut to Bronson out in the hallway still flanked by Wyatt and his DEFsec drones. The sound of breaking glass and howls of anger fill the entire hallway. One of the security guys starts off back towards the office only to be halted by Wyatt.]

Wyatt:

She's fine son... [eyeballing Boxer accusingly] Miss Evans is just letting off a little steam. I'll call maintenance in a bit to clean up the mess.

[Bronson just grins as he's lead down the hallway and we cut to the one, the only...]

Match. Tourney. Title.

[From the Pleasure Dome we're taken to Lindsay Troy by the Guerrilla Position. No interviewer in sight, so we're gonna monologue it.]

Lindsay Troy:

I've heard a bit of chatter this week from a bunch of different sides. The kids on Twitter seem to think that DEF*MAX is a "clean slate" for me, since without Team HOSS there's not much of a Trios division. Makes sense that I'd be shuffled into the singles mix, right?

[She smirks.]

Lindsay Troy:

Until Kelly Evans takes those belts away and puts the torch on the funeral pyre, there's still a sandbox for me to play in.

But there's nothing that says I can't find other playgrounds, too.

I hate to break it to kids like Curtis Penn and Bronson Box, who seem to think their history in this place is the only history that matters, but I've got a Scrooge McDuck-sized vault of experiences to draw from, past and present, with results and odds and accolades not dissimilar to those you both cherish so much. But since you two live in your own little hamster wheels, running around with your mouths hanging open and trying to suck wind, I don't expect you to know, and even if you did I wouldn't expect you to think anything matters beyond that little thrill ride.

Because if it doesn't happen in DEFIANCE, did it ever really happen, right? So I guess that gives me a damn good reason to put my stamp on something here.

Don't think either of you are gonna take credit for it when it happens, though. Far as I'm concerned, everyone here is playing for second place. You two. Frank. Eugene. Dan. **Everyone.**

The blue ribbon's already got my name on it. Now that I've told you, you can start acting like you know. And knowing, as they say, is half the battle.

[She grins, ever the sucker for a good pop culture reference.]

Lindsay Troy:

If you believe I'm annoying now, B, just wait until Maximum DEFIANCE. I warned you all at Aftershock to be careful what you wished for. You don't want me to get on a roll. You don't want me to run the damn table. Not when I've got one big tourney win under my belt this year and I'm just dying to go two-for-two.

My momentum isn't easily stopped. And if I ever have to play from behind? Even better.

[Off camera, someone's giving her the T minus 'til Go Time signal.]

Lindsay Troy:

It starts in less than two. First I take the match against the FIST and grab the points. Then I take the tourney. Then I take his title.

It starts and ends with you, Eugene. Everything else? Just filler.

[The roar of the crowd signals it's about that time.]

[Over to the ring we go.]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Lindsay Troy vs. Eugene Dewey

[Cut-to: Darren Quimbey in the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time for our main event of the evening!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[The funky clavinet intro to “Trampled Underfoot” by Led Zeppelin crashes through the DEFplex’s sound system and the fans spring to their feet.]

♪ Greasy, slicked down fine. ♪
♪ Groovy leather trim. ♪
♪ I like the way you hold the road. ♪
♪ Mama, it ain’t no sin. ♪

♪ Talkin’ ‘bout love... ♪
♪ Talkin’ ‘bout love... ♪
♪ Talkin’ ‘bout... ♪

[It’s not long before Lindsay Troy marches out from the back, cannon-fire pyro erupting around her, and makes her way to the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at one hundred eighty pounds....she is one-third of the reigning DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions....

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Darren Quimbey:

She is “THE QUEEN OF THE RING” ... LIIIIIIINNNNDDDDSSSAAAYYYYY TRRRRROOOOYYYYY!

DDK:

Troy may be one-third of the Trios champs but she’s looking to make a statement here in the DEF*MAX tournament.

Angus:

Look, I guess I have to like her a smidge because she let MUHBOITAI! in on the team with her and Dan Ryan...I DON’T have to like that she helped get rid of Team HOSS...

DDK:

Goodbye and good riddance, I say. You cheat the system, you get what’s coming to you.

[Troy jumps onto the apron, grabs the top rope, and flips up and over into the ring. She ascends a corner to pose for a photo op.]

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...

[\[Dark King Bowser\]](#)

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

From Buffalo, Wyoming, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds...

[Much like earlier in the evening a single spotlight focuses on the center of the stage where the FIST of DEFIANCE is already standing. He's wearing a black t-shirt with the Venom logo printed across it and the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt around his waist. Slowly Eugene Dewey makes his way down to the ring, once again ignoring the fans just like he had at the top of the show.]

Darren Quimbey:

He is the Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE!...

DDK:

Pah...

Angus:

At least you sound a bit more chipper than earlier.

DDK:

After the night of action we've had can you blame me?

Angus:

You should have been thrilled when the champ graced us with his presence earlier this evening.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is EEEEEEEUGEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENE DEEEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Eugene ascends the stairs and steps into the ring. He heads to the nearest corner and climbs up to the second turnbuckle where he spreads his arms out wide to soak in the crowd reaction.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I don't want to sounds like a broken record.

Angus:

But you're going to.

DDK:

But I still can't believe what's happened to Eugene Dewey. I mean, everything he said earlier...

Angus:

He had a point with a lot of it.

DDK:

No, Angus, he's twisted things in his own mind. And laying the World title down like that...

Angus:

And establishing the FIST at the tippy-top of the DEFIANCE mountain.

DDK:

I don't know, I just don't like what's happened.

[Eugene steps down from the turnbuckle and turns to face Troy. She rolls her neck and eagerly waits for Dewey to unclip the FIST from around his waist and hand it off to Brian Slater.]

DDK:

I know I'm supposed to be impartial, but I hope Lindsay kicks the crap out of Eugene.

Angus:

You said that earlier.

Ding Ding Ding!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Neither competitor wastes any time in their corners, and why would they with a fifteen minute time limit? They meet in the middle of the ring and hook up with a collar and elbow tie up. The two jostle for position for a moment before Dewey lifts a knee up into Lindsay's midsection. Troy almost senses it coming however and breaks an arm free of the tie up to catch it. Eugene thrusts his leg down, managing to plant it behind Lindsay's leg and before she can react he uses his now free hand to shove her chest and trip her down to the mat.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And look how proud of himself the FIST is!

Angus:

Wouldn't you be?

DDK:

Yeah, I'd be so proud that I could trip up my opponent.

[The Queen doesn't stay down for long though and gets right back to her feet. She foregoes any further tie ups and positions herself for some striking by raising her guard. Eugene chuckles to himself and looks at Troy as though to say 'really?' and readies himself in return.]

DDK:

Eugene has watched a Lindsay Troy match before, right?

Angus:

And striking sits right in Dewey's button bashing wheelhouse as well.

[Lindsay strikes first with a quick leg kick, but Dewey lashes out milliseconds later with a right hand that looks suspiciously closed. Troy gets rocked by the strike that connects right under her ear and that gives Eugene the opportunity to hook her in a front face lock and drive forearm after forearm down across Lindsay's back. Dewey releases the front facelock and lifts a European uppercut into Troy's chest and knocks her back into the ropes. As she comes back Eugene turns and picks the Queen up for a sidewalk slam! Dewey quickly covers!]

[ONE!]

[Lindsay kicks out!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Dewey looking for the quick win, and who can blame him?

DDK:

It's going to take more than a couple of cheap shots to put Troy down.

[Eugene gets to his feet and pulls Lindsay right back up by the hair. Dewey lifts Troy off of her feet and drives her back first into the turnbuckles before whipping her across the ring. Troy hits the opposite corner hard, but she gets no respite as Dewey charges in and crushes her against the turnbuckle with a splash! Eugene looks out into the crowd and

grins, much to their displeasure before whipping Lindsay back across to the original corner and charges in for another splash!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Is he looking to hit Dusty Griffith's Stampede!?

Angus:

Ahh man, I don't think I could imagine a bigger 'fuck you' if I was sat at home watching the guy who beat me use one of my signature moves.

[Dewey closes in to connect with the second splash, but Lindsay moves out of the way just in the nick of time leaving Eugene with nothing to collide with but turnbuckles!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Eugene stumbles out of the corner and turns into a high kick from Lindsay, who follows up with a kick with the other leg to the midsection and then goes to town with elbows that drive Eugene back into the corner. Lindsay climbs up the turnbuckles before raining down right hands to the temple of Eugene and the fans are more than happy to count along!

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Nine!

Ten!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Lindsay hops down from the ropes and waits for Eugene to stumble into her danger zone. She lifts a kick toward Dewey's head but Eugene catches her foot and instantly clothesline The Queen down to the canvas! Eugene shakes the cobwebs off before dropping an elbow down across Troy's chest and covers her!]

[ONE!]

[TW-NO! Lindsay kicks out!]

DDK:

Dewey almost took Troy's head off with that clothesline.

Angus:

And then he copped a feel of some boobies. That's my kind of champion!

DDK:

A guy that molests his opponents is your kind of champion?

Angus:

You don't have to make it sound so 'Chris Hansen'...

[Eugene frowns as he grabs Lindsay's arm and starts to pull her back up to her feet, but before he can do anything Troy pulls him closer into herself. She drops to her back and wraps her legs up around Eugene's neck!]

DDK:

The Divine Right! Lindsay's looking for The Divine Right!

[Dewey panics and scrambles for the ropes before Lindsay can lock her hands. He just manages it and Slater orders Lindsay to release the hold, which she does. She tries to stay on top of Eugene, but he slips to the outside and puts some distance between himself and his opponent.]

DDK:

Lindsay Troy almost got the Divine Right applied there, and you've got to believe if she'd managed to apply that then this one would be all over.

Angus:

I'm not sure about that, Keeps. Dewey has been notoriously difficult to tap out during his career. Remember those battles he's had with Heidi and Curtis Penn of late?

[Eugene paces around on the outside before stopping to argue with one particular fan that is hurling abuse at him. Lindsay meanwhile backs up across the ring and measures Dewey so that when he turns around she baseball slides out of the ring and catches his head with a headscissors! Lindsay twists and tries to take Dewey down, but he plants his feet and Lindsay hangs from his neck like... well, in a way that Dewey's never had a woman hang from his neck before. Eugene uses nothing but brute strength to spin Lindsay around and drive her head and shoulder first into the barricade surrounding the ring area!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Eugene puts one foot onto the windpipe and the other on the chest of Lindsay as he uses her as a platform to get a slightly higher position over the fan he was arguing with moments earlier. Brian Slater immediately dives to the outside and orders Eugene to step off of Lindsay, who grabs at her throat and coughs as Eugene removes his foot from her neck.]

Angus:

Well that's one way to shut her up.

DDK:

Brian Slater checking on Troy now. She waves him off and Eugene's back on the attack.

[The FIST of DEFIANCE grabs the Queen by her hair to pull her vertical and then tosses her back into the ring. She gets to her feet as he slips between the ropes and promptly boots her in the stomach. Eugene hooks Troy in a chancery then lifts her upward, stalling her descent for a few moments, then he falls backwards with her to complete the suplex. He covers.]

[ONE!]

[TW-NO! Kickout!]

[Eugene wastes no time in applying a rear chinlock to wear Troy down more. Slater gets close to check on her but she growls in dissent, not ready to give up. She maneuvers her body slightly to get a better angle and starts elbowing Dewey as hard as she can.]

DDK:

Troy doing whatever she can to get out of this hold. Eugene's grip is loosening.

Angus:

Wrench it in tighter, Euge, don't let her up!

[Troy's up to a knee now and is unrelenting with the elbows. She keeps fighting and is nearly standing tall when Eugene grabs her hair and pulls her back down to the mat with a fluid DDT. The crowd boos at the impact while Dewey hooks the leg.]

[ONE!]

[TW--Kickout!]

[Eugene scowls and hooks the leg again.]

[ONE!]

[TW--Kickout!]

[Eugene rams a few fists against Troy's temple and then covers once more!]

[ONE!]

[TW--Kickout!]

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

The FIST getting quite frustrated with the Queen here...

Angus:

He might be having flashbacks of all the times he couldn't close the deal with other girls.

DDK:

I... Really? That's where you went with it?

Angus:

I know, right? It's a gift.

[Eugene drags Troy up off the mat and whips her into the corner. He follows her in and connects with a splash. He backs up and charges again, hitting a running butt bump. Troy's dazed and trying to get her bearings. Eugene seizes the moment and hip-tosses her out of the corner before covering again.]

[ONE!]

[TW--Kickout!]

[Eugene pounds the mat in frustration and gets to his feet. Troy is slow to get to hers. The FIST grabs the Queen by the wrist and sends her across the ring with an Irish whip.]

DDK:

Angus...

Angus:

PA- PA- PA!

[Troy's got it scouted, though, and hooks onto the rope as Dewey comes off the adjacent ropes. When he find nobody to charge in the center of the ring he then runs at Troy, who drives a kick into Eugene's jaw and he stumbles back. Troy vaults herself onto the top rope and flips backwards just as Eugene turns around. She wraps an arm around his neck and uses her momentum to drive him to the mat with a DDT of her own.]

[ONE!]

[TW--Kickout!]

[Lindsay stands and drives hard kicks into Eugene's ribs. She takes a couple steps back and begs him to get to his feet. As soon as he's up to a knee she darts in, plants her foot on his leg, and whips her other leg around to connect with a step-up enzuigiri. Eugene hits the mat like a ton of bricks but Troy doesn't let up, instead following that kick up with a front-flip leg drop.]

DDK:

Lindsay's on a roll now, partner!

[Eugene's back up quickly but it's clear he's in La-La Land. Troy makes her way to the outside and stands on the apron, waiting for the right moment. Again, she leaps onto the top rope and springboards off, this time flipping forwards and taking Eugene to the mat with a neckbreaker. Dewey's folded up like an accordion and Troy covers!]

[ONE!]

[TW--Kickout!]

Angus:

See, this is what I like about Dewey. He keeps it grounded. He doesn't feel the need to get all flashy and...

DDK:

Flippydoo?

Angus:

Yeah.

DDK:

Well you've changed your tune. I remember a time when you said walking was flippydoo for Eugene. Needless to say though, despite Angus' objections, it was effective and now Lindsay's feeling it and she's hitting some hard kicks to Dewey again.

[Lindsay hits the ropes and levels Dewey with a spinning roundhouse kick. The two DEFIANTS are back to their feet quickly but Troy clearly has the momentum. She tries for another springboard backflip DDT but Eugene's wise to the game and avoids getting caught with the move a second time. The Queen lands on her feet but has virtually no time to prepare herself for what Dewey's got lined up for her.]

Angus:

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAOUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey just charged right through Lindsay Troy with that Biotic Charge and he's sent The Queen sailing

across the ring and she's all caught up in the ropes.

Angus:

I've always loved that move.

DDK:

We know.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Troy's against the ropes, holding her ribs. Eugene's wiped as well, down in the middle of the ring and sucking air.]

FUCK YOU EU-GENE!

LET'S GO TROY!

FUCK YOU EU-GENE!

LET'S GO TROY!

[The struggle is real for both Dewey and Troy but Eugene is the first one to his feet. He clutches a handful of Lindsay's hair with his sweaty palm and pulls her upward.]

DDK:

Oh and look at the champ now...

[Eugene holds Lindsay in place and waves a hand in front of her face. He looks out into the crowd and talks some inaudible smack, leading to the fans responding in the only way they can at that point.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Troy's stunned like it's the end of Round Two in a Mortal Kombat match.

DDK:

This can't be it. Dammit, it can't be!

[Eugene crouches, talking a little bit of shit on the way down. He pauses, just for a moment, then jumps upwards ...]

[Shoryu....NO! Troy bridges back out of the way! Dewey gets nothing but air and Lindsay's back to standing tall. She kicks Eugene to stun him, then grabs his leg and puts everything she has into a spinning fisherman's suplex. She holds the bridge and Slater counts!]

[ONE!]

[TWO]

[THR--NOOOOO KICKOUT!]

DDK:

Oh jeez, oh man! Lindsay Troy just avoided the Shoryuken and drove Eugene into the canvas with that suplex! How the hell did the champ kick out of that?

Angus:

Because he's the champ, Keeps! I'm more interested to find out how Lindsay avoided the Shoryuken.

[Troy pulls Dewey up and attempts an STO, hoping to set up the Divine Right, but Eugene senses danger and wakes the hell up. He wraps his arms around her waist and runs into the corner, driving and smashing her hard against the

turnbuckles. Her face is twisted in pain and there's little she can do as Eugene lifts her up and plops her onto the top rope pad. He scales the ropes, drapes her arm over his neck, and grabs a fistful of tights.]

DDK:

Eugene's going for a superplex!

[Lindsay's not ready to take that ride, though. She drives fist after fist into Dewey's body, which loosens his hold but doesn't get him off the ropes. When her hands don't work, she uses her head instead.]

DDK:

Headbutt! And another! Right to the bridge of Dewey's nose! Eugene stumbles down from the corner!

Angus:

But he ain't dead yet!

[Indeed, all that seemed to do was anger the FIST even more, and nobody quite knows what the consequences of inducing Ginger Rage might hold for a person. Eugene roars back into the corner but Troy drives two big boots right into his face. Dewey flails away and Troy gets herself standing tall on the top rope. She waits...and waits...and just when Eugene turns back toward her she jumps forward with a flip, wraps her long legs around his neck, and throws her body backwards to send Dewey head over heels to the mat!]

DDK:

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN! DRAGONRANA, WITH A PIN! COULD THIS BE IT?!

Angus:

NONONONONONONO!

[ONE!]

[Troy's got Eugene's legs and is holding on tight.]

[TWO!]

[Eugene's struggling for all he's worth.]

[...]

[...]

[THREE!]

DING! DING! DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

TROY'S DONE IT! SHE HAD TO FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL FOR IT BUT SHE GRABBED THE PIN AND THE POINTS! WHAT A MATCH! WHAT AN UPSET!

Angus:

THIS IS SOME GODDAMN BULLSHIT! GODDAMN FLIPPYDOO MOVE, GODDAMN SON OF A GODDAMN BITCH....

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, LIIIIINNNNDDSSSAAAYYYYYY TRRRRRROOOYYYYYYY!

DDK:

I can't believe what I just saw, Angus, and neither can Dewey! He's in shock!

Angus:

Eugene got ROBBED! Kels better review the tape and make this right!

DDK:

She'll do no such thing! Troy won this match fair and square. Take that, Eugene, you pompous prick!

[Eugene's outside of the ring now, beside himself. The fans in the front row heckle him for his arrogance. Troy scales the turnbuckle and throws an arm in the air to the crowd's approval. Dewey glares up at her, pissed, which results in a smirk from Troy and the words, "Match. Tourney. Title" mouthed in his direction.]

[The camera stays on that scene before rolling the credits and cutting to black.]