

The Run-Down

[There is black.]

[Then...]

[Machine Head's I Defy rips through the arena as the camera pans around another sold out crowd here at the Wrestle-plex in beautiful New Orleans, Louisiana. Fans cheer, chant, bang guardrails and lift their homemade signs high as the crane camera passes overhead..]

**HOLIDAY IS THE TRUE SOHER CHAMP!
LINDSAY, WRAP THOSE LEGS AROUND ME!
ANACONDA? MORE LIKE BLACKACONDA!
THE FUTURE IS NOBLE!**

[The following is a presentation of DEFIANCE Wrestling...and...we...are...live!]

**EUGENE DEWEY = FINAL BOSS!
TURNER GOT SMACKED!
BOX DOES THE CHARLESTON!
WE NEED DUSTY!**

DDK:
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN... WELCOME TO DEFIANCE!

Angus:
Oh yes... and we have a NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

DDK:
We most definitely DO NOT!

Angus:
Oh yes we did! We saw Mushigihara claim the Southern Heritage Champion!

DDK:
He wasn't even in the match!

Angus:
So? What's your point?

DDK:
Anyways, tonight, we have ANOTHER top-notch show for you as we are starting week four of the DEF*MAX Tournament!

Angus:
Exactly, with one hell of a main event! Eugene Dewey! Bronson Box! Those two will square off in the BEST match of the year!

DDK:
That will definitely be an interesting battle between these two new... friends? Partners? Something like that.

Angus:
And they will address the crowd here tonight prior to their match!

DDK:
In other Block A competition, Lindsay Troy will go face-to-face with Henry Keyes.

Angus:

Troy will do everything she can to keep her unbeaten streak going for DEF*MAX, but she will have a lot to contend with in the form of the BELL CLAP!

DDK:

If Troy wins tonight, she will be in the finals of the DEF*MAX tournament!

Angus:

Over in Block B, we will see Dan Ryan square off against David Noble.

DDK:

And if Ryan wins, HE will be in the finals of DEF*MAX. We could see Troy and Ryan in there after tonight's event.

Angus:

Though you have to imagine that Noble is going to want some revenge for what happened last week.

DDK:

True. In addition, we will see Samuel T. Turner square off against Curtis Penn.

Angus:

I wouldn't mind seeing Turner square off against Warner again and then he gets slapped! That was great!

DDK:

And Kenny Freeman versus Jake Donovan!

Angus:

A packed card for sure!

DDK:

For sure, but I'm being informed that someone is coming out to the ring!

War, bitch. You know it? (Or: Minami no Kyojin)

BOOM. SNAP. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM SNAP.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The New Orleans faithful are jeering because they are familiar with the sound of pounding drums and shattering glass filling the speakers and heralding a familiar force of nature.]

Angus:

AND HERE COMES DA CHAMP!

[As "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" rumbles through the DEFplex, a single golden spotlight beams down on the arena entrance, bring two familiar silhouettes in view while the DEFIAtron regales us with visual demonstrations of destruction via a certain God-Beast...]

DDK:

On our last episode, Mushigihara broke into the exhilarating ladder match between Frank Holiday and David Noble over who would be the RIGHTFUL Southern Heritage Champion, and laid both men flat before climbing up the ladder himself and walking away from the destruction he caused with that title! He is NOT the rightful champion, and that Eddie Dante... oh, this is sick...

[As Keebler rants, the camera pays particular attention to one Eddie Dante, sauntering down to the ring alongside his client, the aforementioned Mushigihara; Dante is grinning in delight as he grips his cane with one hand, and points at the Southern Heritage title belt circling Mushi's waist with the other.]

DDK:

Eddie Dante is smirking like a jackal... he's just so full of himself!

Angus:

Well, can you blame him? After all, possession is nine-tenths of the law, and the rules of a ladder match cover that last one-tenth, so put 'em together and you have a new champion!

[The duo has made it into the ring, where Mushigihara lumbers to the center of the ring. Meanwhile, Dante paces near ringside to grab a microphone.]

DDK:

Abominable. Just abominable.

[Eddie Dante stands to the right of Mushigihara, and puts the mic to his lips.]

Eddie Dante:

The last time we stood in this ring, the God-Beast unleashed hell upon the corpses of David Noble and Frank Holiday...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The explosion of jeers stops Eddie short, but he simply responds with a grin and a lick of his lips, as if he were savoring this moment.]

Eddie Dante:

...the great, almighty heroes of the DEFIAfans, the "future of DEFIANCE Wrestling," whatever tawdry sobriquets the brain trust in DEFIANCE marketing are throwing at them like so much fecal matter at walls in the hopes of finding a piece that STICKS... and at night's end, Mushigihara satisfied the terms of that ladder match, making HIM, at long last, YOUR DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Eddie stops to savor the hatred of the crowd, but before long, the boos take on another tone...]

BUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLL-SHIT!
BUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLL-SHIT!
BUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLL-SHIT!
BUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLL-SHIT!

Eddie Dante:

I assure you there is nothing false about this claim; without anyone remaining in his way, Mushi took THIS title belt, and took it upon himself to bear this company on his BACK!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Eddie Dante:

And when the names of Frank Holiday and David Noble are eroded by the ravages of time, history will learn to revere and respect the eternal name of Minami no Kyojin... the "Giant of the South..." The Golden Goliath... the Japanese Juggernaut... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI!

[Rather than escalating in pitch as Darren Quimbey is wont to do when introducing the God-Beast, Eddie lowers himself to a cackley whisper.]

Eddie Dante:

...Haaaaaaa-raaaaaaaa.

[Mushi then follows up by stripping the SoHER title from his waist and raising it above his head with both hands, before bellowing out a wild...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The Heavy.]

["How You Like Me Now?"]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

I think we're about to hear a rebuttal to all that noise!

Angus:

Somebody always has to crash the party, Keeps.

[Even before Frank Holiday hits the ramp, the DEFIAfans are on their feet, cheering vociferously, and it only intensifies as the "Train Wreck" marches through the curtain. He's in street clothes -- black TRAIN WRECK T-shirt, blue jeans, white Vans -- but his stiff posture and tensed muscles clearly signal he's ready for a fight. Billy Pepper, well-dressed as ever, brings up the rear.]

[Holiday's gaze is locked onto Mushigihara as he storms down the ramp, and his pace quickens as he approaches ringside. With one leap he vaults onto the ring apron, ducks through the ropes, and steps right up into Mushi's space. Frank glares at the God-Beast, his face a furious frown. Mushigihara stares right back, impassive behind his mask.

Eddie Dante has backed off a few steps to avoid getting in the middle, and he warily sidles further into a corner when Billy Pepper enters the ring to join his client.]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

DDK:

Frank Holiday looks pissed, and no wonder. He was only inches away from claiming the SoHer Title in that momentous ladder match at DEFtv 50, when Mushigihara stormed the ring and chokeslammed him all the way out to the floor!

Angus:

So what you're saying is he's a sore loser, got it.

DDK:

Uh, no, not exactly.

[Without turning his gaze away from Mushi, Holiday reaches his arm out to one side, palm open. As sure as the sun rises in the morning, dropped objects fall, and Eugene Dewey jerks his joystick to pics of Chun Li cosplayers, a microphone comes sailing over the top rope and lands perfectly in Holiday's hand.]

[Off-screen Mic Guy on point!]

Frank Holiday:

You stupid, fat, Neanderthal son of a bitch.

[Anger on Holiday's face. No discernible reaction from the God-Beast.]

Frank Holiday:

You just couldn't leave it alone, huh? Never mind you already smashed and bullied your way to getting a SoHer Title shot. Never mind you ambushed me and Dave in a hallway like a goddamn coward. That just wasn't good enough for ya, was it, Mooki? You saw Frank Holiday and David Noble in the main event of DEFtv 50, battling it out in what they're already calling the Match of the Year, and you had to lumber in here like a brain-damaged elephant and fuck it all up.

[Mushi remains emotionless as he shrugs the SoHer Title belt up onto his massive shoulder. Over in the corner of the ring, Eddie Dante looks smug.]

Eddie Dante:

Don't be sore, Franklin. You were simply bested by the best. And would you kindly watch your language? Profanity is the language of dullards.

Frank Holiday:

Oh, does it bother you when I say "fuck"? Well I'm fucking sorry to offend your delicate fucking sensibilities, Dante. Lucky for you -- but not so much for your beached whale here -- I'm all out of fucks to give.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

[Dante shakes his head at the "Train Wreck", exasperated by his crass attitude. Holiday leans in, nearly nose to mask with Mushigihara.]

Frank Holiday:

You really believe you can crash a match you weren't involved in, steal a title belt you didn't win, and it makes you the Southern Heritage Champion? Lemme clue you in on something, Totoro. It makes you a poser. It makes you fake.

Noble and me, we are the future of DEFIANCE. We write new chapters in DEF's history every week. And you? No

matter what kind of sweet nothings your zookeeper over there-- [A flick of the wrist toward Dante] --might whisper in your ear, brah, the truth is you will never be what we are. You'll never shape the future of this company. You'll never have a Match of the Year. And you'll never be the Southern Heritage Champion. You're not worthy to so much as TOUCH that belt, and it's high time it goes back to its rightful holder.

[This finally provokes a reaction from Mushigihara. His shoulders shake and his gut quivers. He's laughing.]

Eddie Dante: [Amused]

Oh, is it, now, Mr. Holiday? And you planned on doing it all by yourself, did you? Has your addled brain forgotten all the times you were manhandled like a rag doll by my friend here?

[Oh folks, this couldn't have been set up ANY better. Hollywood producers couldn't come up with a script better than this!]

[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, determination on his face as he stares into the ring.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Oh, the Wrestle-Plex EXPLODES as the fans are ON THEIR FEET! Noble stands at the top of the ramp, his jaw as stern as ever. As the adrenaline races through his veins, David makes his way down the ramp.]

Angus:

Eddie HAD to say that?!

DDK:

Oh man, things are about to get REAL, real FAST!

Angus:

This is NOT fair!

DDK:

Because it was fair at DEFtv50 what Mushigihara did to them?!

Angus:

Is the answer yes? Please let the answer be yes.

[Noble steps in the ring, his eyes locked upon Mushigihara the entire time. Noble stands next to Holiday. Frank looks over at Noble and hands him the microphone. David takes one long look at the microphone before he lets it drop to the mat.]

THUD!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Noble has NO intention of speaking.

Angus:

Shit.

[Just like that, Noble explodes onto Mushi, slamming fist after fist into the giant skull of the God Beast! Mushigihara quickly pushes Noble off of him, but right behind Noble is Frank Holiday, who starts to unleash on him with a series of

forearm smashes square across the face of the usurper! David rushes back to his feet as he joins Holiday with a few stiff kicks to the midsection before they connect with a double vertical suplex on Mushigihara!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex just EXPLODED from the sight of Holiday and Noble working together! Meanwhile, Eddie has ESCAPED from the ring!

Angus:

Damnit. I really was looking forward to the reign of Mushigihara.

DDK:

Except he isn't the champion... AT ALL!

Angus:

I fail to see your point.

[Mushigihara makes his way back up to his feet and is met with a stiff kick to the midsection from Holiday! Frank then hoists Mushigihara onto his shoulders and holds him there for a moment as he looks out at the fans.]

FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

TRAIN WRECK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

THE SHEER STRENGTH OF HOLIDAY!

Angus:

Not fair!

DDK:

Shut it. Now.

Angus:

Humph.

[With Mushigihara laid out on the canvas, Noble hops onto the top rope as the fans look up at him.]

DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

LEAP OF FAITH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex has EXPLODED!

Angus:

Ugh. Just ugh.

DDK:

And Mushigihara has rolled out of the ring, onto the floor while Eddie stands with him, trying to get him back up!

Angus:

How did this happen?! Those two hate one another!

[With Mushigihara on the outside, Holiday makes his way around the ring, hyping the fans up while Noble stands, his eyes focused heavily on Mushigihara and Eddie Dante. As Holiday finishes his walk around the ring, he grabs the Southern Heritage Championship off of the mat.]

Angus:

Uh-oh. Are these two going to go at it now?!

DDK:

Holiday/Noble VI? Oh YEAH!

[It seems like the fans have the same thought in mind as Holiday holds onto that title before looking at Noble. David turns his attention to Frank, not certain as to what Holiday is going to do here. Frank looks up at Noble, and then he hands him the title, before grabbing Noble's wrist and hoisting it into the air!]

RAAH!

[Oh, the Wrestle-Plex explodes in that moment. AGAIN!]

DDK:

It looks like the two have made up!

Angus:

NO! THIS IS NOT HAPPENING!

DDK:

They are finally burying the hatchet!

[Sure enough, both men embrace in a pure manly, bro-like hug (BRO LIKE I SAY!) as the fans go crazy at the sight of these two finally putting the beef between them to rest. As they break off, Noble grabs Frank's wrist and holds it up high once again while Holiday points at Noble, making it clear who the Southern Heritage Champion is.]

Angus:

Oh man.

DDK:

These two on the same page?! They've just put DEFIANCE on notice.

Angus:

The bromance is back on! Keebs, why don't we have a bromance?!

DDK:

Because you sicken me.

Angus:

That's right.

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Noble and Holiday are celebrating, Billy standing by and clapping happily, while the embattled Mushigihara and the flustered Dante make their way up the ramp. Noble looks at Mushigihara, making it clear to the God-Beast, that they are not done. Not by a long shot.]

Original DEFIANTS

DDK:

Coming up next we apparently have a special message from the end boss of DEFIANCE, the current reigning FIST Eugene Dewey and his "friend" the Bombastic Bronson Box.

Angus:

Oh, joy...

DDK:

Since the events after the title unification match at Aftershock we haven't seen these two present much of unified front, as it were. The situation made even more murky when it was announced they would share the same block in the DEFMAX tournament.

Angus:

Guess we'll see just how strong their alliance is tonight, Keebler.

DDK:

Indeed. Less than an hour from seeing these two former mortal enemies lock up yet again. Let's take a trip out west where a DEFIANCE camera crew was allowed access to the duo after a closed door training session.

[The screen slowly fades to black, as does the arena. The unmistakable sounds of the banging and murmuring chatter of a gymnasium can be heard. A familiar voice.]

V/O:

I hated him with every fiber of my being. I didn't care where he was coming from, I didn't even listen to what he was saying because everyone around me that I called a friend, that I trusted, that helped me build my career told me he was the enemy. A problem that had to be dealt with before he somehow ruined DEFIANCE. I realized I hadn't taken one minute to ask myself, WHY..., how? I just did as I was told, believed what I was told. In the end I realized it was all bullshit and that he was right all along.

[Another familiar voice.]

V/O:

I looked at him as everything I wasn't; soft both physically and mentally, all smiles even when he's losing the race, eager to please anyone who'd give him a pat on the head. We were both blind. Him by his naiveté, me because of my... well, my temper. When he beat me, over and over he beat me... I couldn't take it. The anger ate me up inside...

[Words appear on the DEFIA-Tron, simple white letters on a black background. Audio of Darren Keebler and Angus Akaaland is heard.]

DDK:

HE DID IT, EUGENE DEWEY BEAT BRONSON BOX... AGAIN!

Angus:

I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD IT IN HIM, KEEBS!

"You build on failure. You use it as a stepping stone. Close the door on the past. You don't try to forget the mistakes, but you don't dwell on it. You don't let it have any of your energy, or any of your time, or any of your space." - **Johnny Cash**

[The audio fades. We cut to Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box, both men dressed down in workout attire. Boxer in an old stretched out DEF tank top and sweats, Dewey a ratty old Green Goblin t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. Both sitting on the edge of a wrestling ring in what looks to be the gymnasium at Bronson's Conclave training camp in the secluded hills of Northern Utah.]

[An unseen, unrecognized voice from off screen pipes up with a question.]

Interviewer:

What changed? What brought the two of you together after all that bad blood?

[Bronson nods in Eugene's direction. Acquiescing the answering of the question.]

Eugene Dewey:

After? Oh no, there's no after. Everyone seems to think we're the goddamn Super Friends all of a sudden, but that couldn't be further from the truth. This man sat next to me isn't a mate. He's not a buddy or a pal. He's not a chum, and he's not my friend. I finally realized that this business? It's not about friends. It's not about being popular or loved or even liked. It's about strength and how you wield that strength. It's about the noise you can make, the crowds you can draw. We both just realized we were telling the same story, walking the same road and despite the fact we weren't ever going to be "pals"... if we started telling that story together? Walking that road together?

[Box pipes back up, finishing Dewey's thought.]

Bronson Box:

Who could possibly stop us?

[The screen fades again to white text on a black field. Another short audio clip from Darren and Angus from a loooong time ago is piped in.]

"In order to rule, the question is not to follow out a more or less valid theory but to build with whatever materials are at hand. The inevitable must be accepted and turned to advantage." - **Napoleon Bonaparte**

Angus:

Holy shit, he did it...

DDK:

Here in the semi-final round of the Masters of Wrestling, Bronson Box has FINALLY achieved victory over Eugene Dewey, what amazing match Angus...

[As all the words fade back to the Original DEFIANTS, the interviewer pipes back up.]

Interviewer:

So this is simply mutual respect born out of conflict?

Eugene Dewey:

Like I said, this is me finally growing up admitting I was wrong. This game... It's not about fighting the good fight... it's simply about fighting, period. It's what we do, isn't it? I might have had THIS...

[Reaching up and to his left and pulling the gold on red leather FIST of DEFIANCE belt from where it was draped across the top rope. Tossing the championship over his shoulder.]

Eugene Dewey:

... a hell of a lot sooner if I hadn't spent my time tugging on a white hat and racing down that ramp to the rescue of guys like Tom Sawyer or Xavier Langston or Christian Light or...

[Bronson cuts in yet again, looking pleased with himself.]

Bronson Box:

Dusty Griffith.

[A cruel smile crawling across his face.]

Eugene Dewey:

Especially Dusty Griffith.

[The champ shakes his head with a dark chuckle.]

[We cut away yet again. More classic audio from our intrepid announce team.]

DDK:

Sam Turner and Eugene Dewey are fighting tooth and nail here, partner!

Angus:

White and Box are out of control, man.

DDK:

Can anyone stop these goddamn Blood Diamonds?

"There is a certain combination of anarchy and discipline in the way I work." - **Robert De Niro**

[Before the words fade from view, the interviewer pipes in again.]

Interviewer:

So you're not friends. You're not some new faction. What exactly is the benef...

[Eugene holds up a hand, pulling the title belt down and draping it across his lap.]

Eugene Dewey:

Every time I've ever stepped into the ring with Bronson Box he made me better. Every single match, every beatdown. That's what I only now realize. It took me this long to see the big picture... that's all this man does. Make everyone he wrestles, everyone he spars with on the microphone, everyone he assaults he makes them sharper, better prepared, better wrestlers, better fighters. Better assets for DEFIANCE Wrestling. For the great mysterious Thano-Dane, sitting in some cosmic throne brooding his days away, all the while the hard work of making this place matter is being done by this man, right here.

Interviewer:

Is that what the two of you did to Dusty Griffith? How is he an asset to DEFIANCE when you two almost retired the man?

[The FIST scoffs and leans over towards Bronson.]

Eugene Dewey:

Almost, he says.

[Bronson smiles, fielding this one.]

Bronson Box:

Dusty Griffith was a false prophet. He used this place just like he's used every promotion he's ever been a part of. He's a bloody **tourist**. He came here, surrounded himself with a bunch of bright eyed lads, fillin' their heads with a bunch of "rah rah, fight the good fight" nonsense, built himself a little army and proceeded to look out for number one. Himself. Won himself the Wooooorld title. Beat Kai Scott...

[The Wargod snorts derisively, looking towards Eugene.]

Bronson Box:

Convenient, 'aint it lad? Dane's pet winnin' the title from Andrews' pet... once again this sacred place reduced to two "authority figures" measurin' each others Johnsons. White tried to make the same thing outa' me, a big stick with

which to crack his enemies with. Sad, pathetic and... well, not the case anymore, is it? Dane's gone, Andrews' is gone, Kai's gone, White's gone, Dusty's...

Eugene Dewey:

Sooooo Gone. Out of tokens. Game over.

[Eugene grips the red leather strap and raises it up to eye level with a sadistic smile.]

Eugene Dewey:

This is the World title now. You're looking at the final bosses of DEFIANCE Wrestling, sitting right here live and in color.

Bronson Box:

Troy, Holiday, Noble, Ryan... [grimacing, rubbing the side of his head] Walker. They talk and talk and talk and whine and poke fun, like insecure schoolyard bullies lashing out at the world around them because inside they're bloody terrified someone better equipped is going to come along and cut them to ribbons. They're beneath us, the whole lot of them.

This is our show. And in that main event, lads? Well...

[Bronson casts a sideways glance over to his sparring partner. Eugene's face is dead eyed, stone cold serious and he's looking straight into the camera.]

Eugene Dewey:

We're gunna' **steal** it.

[Smiles all around as we fade to one final quote. And one final line from Darren Keebler, a line we remember all too well. The audio taking place aroooooound, oh, I'd say 480 days ago, in fact...]

DING DING DING!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! THE BOYHOOD DREAM HAS COME TRUE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

"The roots of the word 'anarchy' are 'an archos,' 'no leaders,' which is not really about the kind of chaos that most people imagine when the word 'anarchy' is mentioned. I think that anarchy is, to the contrary, about taking personal responsibility for yourself." - **Alan Moore**

[When we cut back to the ring at The Conclave, it's just Bronson sitting alone, dead center on the ring apron.]

Bronson Box:

Over half a decade I've tended to this place like it was wee child. I might be a stern parent but almost everything I've done I've done to further this companies reputation as one of the premiere places, in a landscape littered with promotions, to play ones trade and become truly **great**.

[The Wargod thumbs his nose, the invisible interviewer chimes in again.]

Interviewer:

Eric Dane recently said your actions have been nothing but a detriment to DEFIANCE, what's your response to that?

Bronson Box:

I've never lied about my temper and I've never shied away from the mistakes of the past. But try even for a second to deny that I am the greatest villain this or any other wrestling promotion has ever **SEEN**... when one of this lot gets to step into the ring with me they should consider it a bloody privilege because when all's said and done, if you have the stones for it, I'll give you a match you'll be able to point to and make a case for yourself. "There, look, look how good I

am.” That’s just what I bloody **do**.

[Bronson waits a beat.]

Bronson Box:

Don’t believe me? Ask Henry Keyes how he feels now a week out from our match. As little as he thinks of me personally, ask him now what that match means to him. Ask Eugene Dewey what the wins he has over me have meant to his career. Hell, even the losses. Which is apropos because, well...

[No grin, no cute little sign off. Just those dead brown eyes looking right into our soul.]

Bronson Box:

I aim to prove something to everyone with this match, even to my dear ward Eugene. To that loud mouthed harlot Lindsay Troy. To that puffed up egotist Dan Ryan. To the golden boys Frank Holiday and David BLOODY Noble. To the whole lot of them who just can’t seem to keep ol’ Boxer name out of their mouths lately. You’re all about to see why I walk about like the cock of the walk around here and have for years. You’re going to SEE why I refer to myself the bloody STANDARD BEARER of this company.

[Bronson hops down off the ring, where he was sitting, to deliver his final word.]

Bronson Box:

At DEFtv I’m going to give the reigning defending FIST of DEFIANCE the most meaningful loss of his bloody career.

[We fade out and back in, this time Eugene sits alone on the apron. His back against the ring post. The FIST of DEFIANCE championship slung over his shoulder.]

Eugene Dewey:

March 2011... That’s when I joined DEFIANCE. A little over four years ago... And over those years the landscape of this place has been altered like we’re playing Rollercoaster Tycoon or something. Go back, take a look... Who, out of everyone on the DEFIANCE roster today, was wrestling back then and hasn’t missed a show since? Go ahead, I’ll give you three guesses...

...

Not gonna guess? Ok, I’ll tell you then. The answer’s me.

Interviewer:

Is that what this is all about then? The change in your attitude of late? Have you become part of the old guard? Are you doing what you think you now need to to stay in the position you’ve become accustomed to within DEFIANCE?

[Eugene actually cracks a smile at that one.]

Eugene Dewey:

Part of the old guard? No no no no no, I’m not part of the old guard. I’m part of the DEFIANCE Elite. For the past four years I’ve worked tirelessly to make DEFIANCE the place to be, and it looks like I’ve succeeded, doesn’t it? The dregs have floated away... The Jimmy Korts, the Tom Sawyers, The Cancer Jiles’, they’ve all fallen by the wayside as DEFIANCE, with me in the engine room shoveling coal as fast as I can, has come on leaps and bounds. And while the people that couldn’t keep up have fallen by the wayside, more people have jumped on board... Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan, Dusty Griffith... But not one of them came down to the engine room... No, they all stayed up on deck, looked out and said to themselves “This place seems to be going somewhere. I think I’ll tag along for the ride.”

So I’m keeping my head down, I’m working hard, but then I look up and what do I see? I see Dusty Griffith parading round with the World title. I see Lindsay Troy getting chance after chance at the Trios titles, and I see Dan Ryan flip flopping his allegiances like he’s playing Civ V... all the while where’s my respect? Where’s my thanks? Where’s my recognition?

Interviewer:

And Bronson Box gave you that?

Eugene Dewey:

You're damn right he did. Bronson Box might not be the most level headed man in the world, but at least he's a gentleman, and at least he'll acknowledge a job well done. When I merged the FIST and the World title, did Bronson Box try to steal my spotlight? No, he came out and he congratulated me on a job well done. Dusty Griffith though, he stood there in the middle of my ring during my celebration and raised his hands, mere moments after being pinned 1, 2, 3, right where he stood.

So if you're wanting to see a dust up between us after our match, or see some tensions between allies start bubbling under the surface, I'm afraid you're gonna be disappointed. Because the only thing you'll see will be the winner, Me, shake the hand of the loser, Bronson, after another job well done.

[Fade back to Darren and Angus at the commentation station.]

DDK:

I don't know if I've ever, in all the years I've called wrestling for a living, seen two men going into a contest like... well, like this.

Angus:

Cliffsnotes version of that segment, Boxer's coccoo crazy has officially rubbed off on the the champ.

Double Up

[Curtis Penn pushes a hand truck loaded down with boxes of his merchandise: t-shirts, action figures, and of course his record selling dvds. He approaches his stand and notices one odd thing, something that's off, and just not right...it's not his normal vendor. The afro is too big.]

Curtis Penn:

HEY! What in the HELL!

[The new vendor turns on his heels and stares directly into the eyes of Curtis Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

Walker... The HELL are you doing here?!

[In Ty Walker's left hand is a corn dog, his right hand holds a Big Gulp full of a thick purple drank.]

Tyrone Walker:

Mayne, what's it look like I'm doin'... I'm settin' up shop!

[Penn wipes his face, in disgust, with his good hand.]

Curtis Penn:

I know what you're doin', but WHAT are you doing in MY booth!?

Tyrone Walker:

Bruh, I already told you...

[Ty finishes off the corn dog and tosses the stick to the side. With that free hand, he begins to mouth out the words as he talks slowly.]

Tyrone Walker:

I'm... Setting... UP... Shop.

[Curtis places his hand on the table.]

Curtis Penn:

Where's the normal guy? The one I personally trained?!

[Ty takes a moment to remember, the little things tend to escape him.]

Tyrone Walker:

OH... him? Well, what had happened was, he gave me that corn dog an' this big gulp, an' he asked me to watch it for him so he could see the show. Oh an' he told me the owner was a huge dick.

[Ty gives Penn a fairly demeaning look as he makes the connection.]

Tyrone Walker:

Pretty accurate description if you ask me.

Curtis Penn:

Just leave... I'll do this myself.

[Ty places his hand on Curtis' chest.]

Tyrone Walker:

Hold up, now... I told your man that I'd watch it for him, an' that's exactly what I'm gonna do, 'cause I'mma man of my word an' all.

[Penn grumbles, frustration building in the Greatest SOHER of All Time.]

Curtis penn:

Not this time Ty... get out.. stay out..

[Ty stares Penn down for a moment, then scoffs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Pssh, whatever, bruh...

[He turns to walk away, but not without a parting shot.]

Tyrone Walker:

An' to think I was gonna double your money in one night...

[The words take a moment to sink in, but then that proverbial light bulb pops.]

Curtis Penn:

Wait... What?

Tyrone Walker:

I said double... your .. monies, mayne!

[Penn releases one of the longest most exasperated sighs that life has ever seen.]

Curtis Penn:

Ok... fine... what ever.. Double the money or that guy is fired.

[Penn turns and walks away.]

Voice:

I told you he was a dick.

[Penn's normal vendor walks up and hands Ty a refill of his Big Gulp.]

Tyrone Walker:

I'm glad you told me it was him, I got something to fix his ass.

[Ty produces a key ring.]

Tyrone Walker:

One last thing... black van, bring the cases in through the back.

[Ty tosses the key ring to the vendor in exchange for the drink.]

Jake Donovan vs. Kenny Freeman

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall with a twenty minute time limit. The referee for this match will be Benny Doyle!
Introducing, At this time, please welcome our newest DEFIANT, he weighs in at 190 pounds and stands 5'11 inches tall. He is.... **KENNY FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEMAN**

[“Light up the Sky” by Thousand Foot Krutch blasts from the speakers as Kenny bursts from the back, ping-ponging down the aisle as he races to each side to slap hands with the fans on his way to the ring.]

Angus:

No, no no no no and HELL NO! Not another one of these...these...

DDK:

In all fairness, Donovan hasn't been all nicey nice with the fans lately so it all evens out in the end.

Angus:

The only way things might even out is if someone came down here and broke these little flippy dos and we never had to see them here in DEFIANCE again.

DDK:

A bit harsh, don't you think.

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, standing at 6'2" and weighing 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 booing began. Jake appeared at the top of the ramp, smirking as he listened to the anger the fans poured his way.]

Angus:

Oh now that's new, the fans aren't too fond of the little painted freak tonight.

DDK:

That's what happens when you join a cult.

Angus:

A god you mean! Refer to a deity properly.

DDK:

You're insane.

[Jake's smirk only grows as he walks down the center of 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 looks neither right nor left, just straight ahead at Kenny already standing in the ring, waiting on him.]

DDK:

This is some new intensity we're seeing from Donovan. He looks like he's happy being booed.

Angus:

He'd better thank Malachi for that intensity to. And by thank I mean get down on his knees and praise him.

DDK:

I'm not even gonna touch that one.

[Jake takes his time walking up the steps, eyes burning a hole through Kenny the entire way. Grasping the top rope, he pulls himself up onto it, crouched as if poised to leap, before finally hopping down into the ring. Both men receive some quick instructions before Kenny reaches out to shake Jake's hand only to get a punch to the mouth.]

DING DING DING

Angus:

Now for a little flippy do on flippy do violence!

[Donovan wasting no time at all following up the punch to the mouth with a second and a third one before switching to chops, the stinging ring of them echoing through the arena, prompting a loud WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO chant from the crowd.]

DDK:

I don't think this is the way K-Free planned for this match to start out.

Angus:

I don't think I care, I sorta like this side of Donovan, of course he'll wreck it as soon as he starts flying all over the ring.

[Jake rams a knee into Kenny's midsection, hooks a leg behind one of Kenny's and brings him out of the corner with a DDT. Jake into the ropes, leaps onto the second one and springboards off with moonsault and a cover.]

1...

2...

[Strong kickout by Kenny and the booing fans are quick to cheer.]

DDK:

Talk about trying to end things quickly, Jake's taking Kenny to school out there.

Angus:

Maybe by the time this is over, he gets the point that this isn't a game, this is DEFIANCE and nice don't work here.

[Donovan just smirks down at Kenny and slaps him across the face before yanking him to his feet only to get sent cashing to the mat himself from a standing dropkick.]

DDK:

And just as quickly the tide turns.

[Donovan pops to his feet looking pissed, and Freeman is back on his feet as well, the pair appearing to be arguing with one another.]

Freeman: [Yelling now]

It ain't right what you're doing!

Donovan: [Yelling as well]

It ain't your business!

[Donovan punctuates his words with a shove, sending Kenny staggering back a few feet, but he comes charging right back with a shove of his own, knocking Jake into the ropes. A quick Irish whip from Freeman sends Donovan across the ring and Jake comes off the ropes with a spinning wheel kick, sending Kenny to the mat. Rolling to his feet, Jake takes a moment to simply stand over Kenny and smirk downward, before kicking him in the head.]

Angus:

He's taunting him, who even knew the little freak had it in him.

DDK:

This is despicable. This isn't the Jake we knew.

Angus:

Of course not, this is a new Jake, a better Jake, a Malachi made Jake!

[Jake pulls Kenny to his feet only to catch an forearm smash to the face for his troubles, momentarily stunning him. Kenny taking advantage with another forearm, before grabbing Jake's arm and twisting it up with an armwringer. Jake on tiptoes, trying to escape the pressure as Kenny hammers a couple elbows down on the arm, doubling Jake over again with the pain. The fans cheering Freeman on as converts it into a hammerlock and takes Jake up and over with a suplex.]

DDK:

I think maybe Jake got a little cocky and he's paying for it now.

[Kenny drops a quick knees on Jake's shoulder, then rushes to the ropes, and pulls himself right up to the top. He takes a moment to spread his arms wide and bask in the cheers of the fans before leaping off.]

DDK:

Look at that height!!!

[And hitting nothing but canvas.]

Angus:[laughing]

Look at that impact!

[Kenny hits hard and immediately starts writhing on the canvas, clutching his ribs, while Jake climbs back to his feet, rubbing his shoulder and shaking it out. For a moment he simply stands, looking down at Kenny, his face unreadable as the fans chant for Kenny to get up.]

Jake Donovan: [Hollering out at the fans]

You want him up!!

[Reaching down, Jake yanked Kenny to his feet and headbutted him square in the face]

Jake Donovan: [Hollering out at the fans]

He's up!!!!

[Whipping Kenny into the corner Jake followed him in with a running knee that he quickly followed up with a series of roundhouse kicks to the ribs and a spinning side kick straight to the stomach that dropped Kenny to his knees. Flipping off the booing fans, Jake dropped an ax kick on Kenny's shoulder then grabbed the ropes, using them to elevate himself so he could drive his feet down into Kenny's back.]

Angus:

I'm loving it! He's taking this rookie apart and all without that flippy-do bullshit!

DDK:

And I suppose his newfound vicious streak is just an added bonus, right?

Angus:

Wish he would have found it sooner.

[Jake drags Kenny out to the center of the ring and drops a knee in the middle of his back before sitting on Kenny's

lower back and reaching beneath his chin, pulling his head back]

DDK:

This is new!

Angus:

Face is, Malichi has completely reinvented Jake Donovan into someone who might actually win a match for once!
[Benny Doyle quickly asks Kenny if he wishes to give it up, but Kenny screaming no and desperately reaching for the ropes.]

Angus:

He'd be better off just saying yes and ending the torment, look how far he is from the ropes.

DDK:

K-Free didn't come here to give up, look at the heart of this kid, clawing for every inch to drag himself closer to those ropes.

Angus:

And he'll fail.

DDK:

Keep telling yourself that and keep watching, he's proving you wrong.

[Inch by slow and torturous inch, with Benny asking the whole way if he was done, Kenny Freeman drug himself within reach of the ropes with Jake pulling back on his head and neck the entire time, screaming at him to give up, but Kenny just grabs the bottom rope, and Benny orders Jake to let go.]

Jake Donovan:

Fuck you!

DDK:

Did he just....

Angus:

Oh yes he did!

[An angry Benny Doyle sternly counting for Donovan to break, but Jake waiting until the last possible second to do so, then stepping back with a smirk, the boos of the fans raining down on him. Kenny sagged on the ropes in relief and the boos grew louder as Jack rushed forward to ram a knee into Kenny's back. Benny is quick to get in his face, however, and admonish him, which lasts about as long as it takes Jake to go around him in order to charge at Kenny again.]

DDK:

And K-Free moved!!

[Jake hits the ropes, gets tangled up for a moment, then spills onto the floor, bouncing hard much to the delight of the fans!]

DDK:

He went to the well once too often there.

Angus:

It's fine, he'll recover.

[What Jake does is climb to his feet, shaking his head to clear it as he slowly moved around the ring. Inside the ring, Kenny Freeman stalks him the whole way, and is right there to greet him when Jake climbs back in. Both men eying

one another warily now, Donovan asking for a test of strength, and Freeman giving it to him, both men locking up with both hands, Donovan getting the quick advantage, forcing Freeman to his knees and the fans booing in response.]

DDK:

Rookie mistake right there, Kenny doesn't want to be fighting Jake's fight.

Angus:

Make him pay! Make him pay!

[Freeman trying to fight his way back to his feet, finally does so, then swings a leg over his and Donovan's locked arms to break the hold on that side while keeping hold of the other. Freeman spinning underneath it, coming up with an arm wringer on Donovan before forcing him down with a modified wristlock and hitting him with a standing moonsault.]

DDK:

Beautiful move by K-Free!

[Freeman with the cover]

1...

2...

[Kickout!]

Angus

I don't get it, why does that idiot look shocked?

DDK:

Maybe because he thought he actually had won there?

[Kenny climbs back to his feet and runs his fingers through his hair, while Jake rolls to his feet and angrily kicks the ropes before glaring across the ring at Kenny.]

Angus:

Jake doesn't look happy, which hopefully equates to pain for Kenny.

DDK:

And two weeks ago you were cheering anyone who was beating that kid.

Angus:

The times, they are a changin'

[Both men circle one another, before Donovan heads into the ropes, Freeman drops down, rolling over as Donovan runs over top of him and into the ropes on the opposite side, Donovan off the ropes, Freeman popping to his feet, baseball slide by Donovan avoids the drop kick and Jake pops right back to his feet and leaps up onto Kenny's shoulders as soon as he stands, hurricunrana by Donovan into a pin.]

1...

2....

[And a kickout by Freeman]

Angus:

Oh for crying out loud!

DDK:

What's the problem Angus?

Angus:[groaning]

Jake's flying again.

[Both guys roll to their feet, Kenny just a little bit faster, nails Donovan with a dropkick and Jake sent reeling, spills between the ropes and onto the floor. Kenny without a second thought, heads to the opposite side of the ring, gains momentum and launching himself over the top rope onto Donovan who'd barely made it back to his feet.]

Angus:

That's cheating! Take it back to the ring!

DDK:

Uh-huh and what would you be saying if that was Jake.

Angus:

That's none of your concern.

[Kenny rolls off Jake and pulls him to his feet, shoving Jake hard in the chest and once again trying to reason with him about the error of his ways. Jake responds with a punch to the mouth, and Kenny responds in kind, then follow it up with a second one, driving Jake backwards until Jake pokes him in the eye, then whips him into the metal barricade. Jake starts putting the boots to Kenny before spiking him with a DDT on the floor as Benny's count reaches seven. With a sadistic look on his face, Jake picks Kenny up and rolls him in under the bottom rope before following after him.]

DDK:

This isn't gonna be good. I think Kenny has spent too much time trying to 'save' Jake and not enough time trying to beat him.

Angus:

Sucks to be him.

[Jake heads to the top rope amid the boos of the fans, flashbulbs going off as Jake launches himself off with a shooting star press.]

DDK:

HE MOVED!!!! OH MY GOD, KENNY GOT OUT OF THE WAY!!!!

[Jake writhes, screaming in pain as he clutches his sides and rolls around on the mat while a weary Kenny climbs back to his feet. Grabbing hold of Jake, Kenny pulls him up and right into a rear waistlock followed by a German suplex. Jake clutches the back of his head, while Kenny pulls him up and into a short clothesline, sending him to the mat again.]

DDK:

I think the tides really turned here.

Angus:

Shut. Up.

[Kenny pulls Jake up a third time and whips him in the ropes, nearly taking his head off with a spectacular flying heel kick, followed by yanking a staggering Jake up and nailing him with a crushing jawbreaker.]

DDK:

FREEMAN FOLLOWER!!!! K-FREE might have just knocked The Phoenix out!

[Kenny with the cover.]

1...

2....

Angus:

FOOT ON THE ROPES! JAKE GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!!!!

DDK:

You don't need to act as if that's the first time you've ever seen that happen.

[Kenny looks at Benny Doyle, eyes wide in astonishment, as Jake rolls slowly onto his side and reaches up to rub his jaw.]

DDK:

Kenny had better stay on him, the last thing he wants to do is let Donovan breathe.

[Kenny must have been thinking the same thing, because he climbed to his feet and reached down, pulling Jake up by the arm and into a neckbreaker before dragging him closer to a corner.]

Angus:

Now what's the little flippy-do shit gonna do.

DDK:

I think he's gonna fly!

[Kenny Freeman off the top rope with a five star frog splash!]

Angus:

YES YES YES!!!!

[Jake Donovan, the DEFIANCE Phoenix, able to get the knees up just in time!]

DDK:

K-Free might have broken some ribs there!!!

Angus:

Serves him right for thinking he had wings!

[Staggering, Jake climbs shakily to his feet and shakes his head, peering out for a moment at all of the people booing him and cheering Kenny. Anger flashes for a moment in Jake's eyes, especially when the 'Let's go Kenny' chant began. Reaching down, Jake pulled a wobbly Kenny to his feet, still clutching his ribs from the botched five star, and added insult to injury by kicking him in the injured ribs, doubling him over again. Jake sticking Kenny's head between his knees, flips off the fans, grasps Kenny around the waist and takes him up and over with a flipping piledriver.]

Angus:

Holy shit! HE KILLED KENNY!

DDK:

My. God.

[Jake rolls Kenny over and hooks his leg, then lifts his head to smirk at the fans as Benny counts]

1....

2...

3....

DDK:

There was no way Kenny Freeman was kicking out of that. The rookie put up a hell of a fight tonight but Jake's experience really carried him through in the end.

Angus:

You mean Malichi's teaching carried him through in the end. Everything good that we saw of Donovan tonight can be attributed back to him.

[The boos pour down over the ring as Jake climbs back to his feet to get his arm raised high]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match.. **Jake DONNNNNNNNOOOOOOVAAAAAANNNNN....**

Angus:

Something tells me that kids gonna be a force to be reckoned with! Praise be to Malachi!

[With one final kick to the fallen Kenny Freeman and words shouted down at him that only Kenny can hear, Jake drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring, ignoring the people as he makes his way to the back.]

Money...Money...MONEY!

[Curtis Penn rounds the corner to find Ty Walker dropping two DVD's, a foam finger, and a t-shirt into a bag for a customer/fan.]

Tyrone Walker: (highly accented 7/11 voice.)

Ooh, tank you, varry much, please come again!

[Curtis walks to the booth, notices the tip jar is three-quarters of the way full.]

Curtis Penn:

If your tip jar is as full as the cash register then we're off to a good start.

[Ty opens the cash bag and starts flashing the money like he's in a strip club.]

Tyrone Walker:

I told ya I'd double up yo money, kid! Next time you'll listen to Uncle Ty when he tells you somethin'.

[Curtis gives a slight grin.]

Curtis Penn:

You did tell me that you were going to double my money tonight. By the looks of it you might have already done that and we're not even half way through the show.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah sold outta all'a yo' DVD's inna hour ago.

[Huge smile crosses Curtis' face.]

Curtis:

What's that box behind ya then?

Tyrone Walker:

Oh, yeah, I found them in the back of the merchandise truck, they've been selling like Krispy Kreme to a fat guy!

[Awkward pause.]

Curtis Penn:

Well.. um.. I got this thing... Uh, see you after the show to pick up the money.

[Ty ignores Curtis as he thumbs the money again before placing it back into the bag. Curtis turns and leaves Ty alone.]

Bruised

[It's several days after DEFtv 50. We're upstairs in the so called "executive wing" of the Wrestle-Plex, in the "headquarters" of fledgling talent agency Katze & Associates. The titular Jane Katze sits quietly at her desk going over paperwork. Just as she reaches up to push a long silky strand of brown hair back into place her office door opens without warning.]

Jane Katze:

Rhennette?

[The bald, mustachioed figure with the large black and yellow steel pipe shaped bruise covering the left side of his head is, right away, not her secretary Rhennette. Far from it, in fact. Jane smiles a smile of relief, getting up from her desk and walking around to greet her number one meal ticket... ahem, client.]

Jane Katze:

Good God, Bronson, where have you been? After the show, that video they tacked onto the show, I...

[The look the Wargod gives Jane Katze after mentioning the security video could melt steel. Being a smart woman who's known and worked with Box for a number of years backs up, back around her desk. Putting several pieces of furniture between he and her before continuing.]

Jane Katze:

Before you lose it, I have **NO** idea who...

[Boxer casually knocks over the two chairs Jane had sitting in front of her desk, sloooooowly placing his hands palms down atop her desk.]

Jane Katze:

I'm already looking into who this DEF Spy is, he has to be one of Dane and Evans' creatures from the production suite. There's only so many people in this building who have access to that incredible security system Edward had installed. The thing cost a fortune, I told him it was a waste of capi...

[Jane's nervous yammering is halted as Bronson fitfully swipes everything from atop her desk with a cacophonous clatter of phone, computer, paper and all manner of desk doodads all crashing to the office floor. Katze slinks back against the credenza behind her. Her meal ticket slowly, calmly, walks around the desk... riiiiight up into Jane's personal space. His cold brown eyes ablaze with a mix of anger and gross disappointment.]

Jane Katze:

Bronson I... I'm sorry.

[The Wargod lifts her chin with a finger, looking his manager right in the eyes.]

Bronson Box:

Don't let me down like that ever again.

[Terrified, Katze nods her head. Boxer turning on his heels, making his way to the doorway.]

[Finally tucking away that loose strand of hair, Jane takes a deep breath and with the stiffest upper lip we've ever seen begins picking up her things from the floor. Bronson stops in the doorway and looks back over his shoulder.]

Bronson Box:

Is that bloody camera on?

[Jane looks up at "us" from her place on the floor... at the security camera in her own office.]

Jane Katze:

It is...

Bronson Box:

When you're done tidying up, go cut this little scolding and run it somewhere on 51 this coming week. Tit for tat. Then we'll be close to even... understand?

[Jane knows better than to protest, she simply nods and accepts her punishment as we fade back to the commentation station.]

Angus:

Trouble in paradise, Keeps!

DDK:

It looks as though the two time FIST of DEFIANCE is none too pleased with the events that followed after we went off the air last week.

Angus:

Bronson got knocked the FUCK out!

[Skaaland roars with laughter, almost falling out of his chair.]

DDK:

Before Ty intervened, Bronson had his mitts wrapped around your buddy Eric Dane's windpipe, partner.

Angus:

Makes zero matter. TD sticks together through thick and thin. Family, Darren. If it wasn't Ty, Bronson would have gotten a face full of bonedaggers of somethin'. I wasn't sweatin'... we all went out for beers after that shit, man.

Welcome to DEFIANCE

[Backstage, and Lance Warner is standing by in front of a huge DEFIANCE logo with microphone in hand.]

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with one of DEFIANCE'S newest signings, Harmony.

[There's a roar from the crowd as Harmony steps into the frame, her 5' 10" frame towering over the interviewer in Louboutin heels.]

Harmony:

Thanks, Lance.

Lance Warner:

Wow, you're tall.

[Harmony begins to chuckle.]

Harmony:

To be fair, five inches of it are my shoes.

Lance Warner:

Harmony, you've had an impressive debut in not one, but two matches against Jake Donovan over the past two weeks, picking up your first victory in DEFIANCE last week. How are you feeling about your first impression?

[Harmony begins to smile, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear.]

Harmony:

I can't complain. Jake was one heck of a match and I've really enjoyed facing him. It's why I joined DEFIANCE.

Lance Warner:

To face Jake Donovan?

[The brunette chuckles.]

Harmony:

No Lance, for the level of competition. DEFIANCE has some of the greatest competitors this side of the world and that's somewhere I want to be.

Lance Warner:

You've definitely chosen the right place.

Harmony:

Oh I know I have.

Lance Warner:

It would seem that Malachi has already taken an interest in you. Any comments on what happened after your match last week?

Harmony:

Other than that I'm disappointed in Jake's decision? If that nutjob thinks I'm joining his little band of misfits, he can trot on. I drink no one's kool-aid.

Lance Warner:

That's quite a brash statement considering you've seen first hand what he's capable of.

[She laughs.]

Harmony:

What he's capable of? He's a coward, hiding behind his followers. He feeds them some bullshit story about how he's going to take them to hallowed highs when all he does is use them as human shields and pawns to do his bidding. I take myself to the heights I want to go to; I don't need him or his empty promises.

Lance Warner:

Well next week you'll be facing Rich Mahogany in one on one action, any thoughts on that?

Harmony:

I look forward to it.

Lance Warner:

Thank you, Harmony.

Harmony:

No problem.

[Harmony gives Lance a nod then walks away from the scene. Lance watches her leave then turns back to make his exit, but he stops dead in his tracks, almost leaping out of his skin in shock at the sight of three of the Malachites in front of him with no sign of emotion, but a sinister air about them. Abigail, the female bombshell, steps forward.]

Lance Warner:

Where the hell did you guys come from?

Abigail:

We are always watching.

[Warner backs away slowly from the group, who continue to look straight through him and towards where Harmony walked away.]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Curtis Penn vs. Samuel T. Turner

[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♪

Angus:

Coming off a hard fought loss to Dan Ryan, Samuel needs to get his head on straight and shake Derrick Logan out of his memory bank.

DDK:

I think he's scared of Derrick Logan, this is the first time we've seen him back away from anyone, and I do mean anyone.

Angus:

He may've backed down this time but look what he has to do, he's gonna kill this Penn prick and make a necklace out of his tongue and nuts.

DDK:

That'll be one ugly necklace.

Angus:

This is Louisiana the home of voodoo, so he could own Penn's first born son.

DDK:

Jesus man...

♪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.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪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.]

Angus:

Shut up Keebs, you know you thought the same thing.

DDK:

Not even...

Angus:

I said shut up damn you!

DDK:

...

Angus:

That's so much better, I hate the sound of your twelve year old cracking voice as you arrive into puberty.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall in the DEF*MAX Tournament! Introducing first, coming to us from Caballo Estates in Harlan, KY, SAMUEELLL TIBERIOUSSS TURNERR THE SECONNDDD!

[Samuel steps into the ring stares down the ramp awaiting Curtis Penn.]

[ENA VOLARE MEZZO.]

[Curtis Penn steps out from the gorilla position smiling and pointing at Samuel Tiberius Turner.]

Angus:

Smug fuck.

[Keebs, caught off guard nearly knocks over his glass of water.]

DDK:

Language Angus... Language.

Angus:

Sorry, but I just want to shit on his face.

[Keebs ignores Angus' comment as best as he could before continuing.]

DDK:

Well Angus you might want to turn your eyes away from the DEFTron because your good friend Curtis Penn has put together another video package for his match against STT.

Angus:

IF you ever say something like that again... I'll hire someone to slit your wrists for you. In fact I'm going to start an Angus Relief Fund so that I can raise money to knock off that smile from Curtis Penn.

[The DEFTron shoves Curtis' entrance into a small square in the upper right hand corner while picturing Curtis prominently on the screen.]

Curtis Penn:

Samuel Tiberius Turner...I've beaten this guy what, three or four times already?

[A smile emerges on Curtis' face.]

Curtis Penn:

I'm the Doctor of Defiance, the Defiant Defiant, The Southern Submission Specialist, and the EGO of Defiance, but STT believes that a simple name change will give the UMPH that he needs to finally beat me in the ring... Not even with one hand tied behind my back.

[He looks down at his right hand.]

Curtis Penn:

Well I do only have one hand, maybe STT will have a chance...

[Pause.]

Curtis Penn:

A Snowball's Chance in Hell that is! Just mark it down as one more win for me in the DEF*MAX Tournament and the validation that I am The Greatest Wrestler of DEFIANCE history!

[The DEFTron merges Penn's ring entrance until it over comes the smile Curtis Penn segment.]

Angus:

I need to go talk to my BOI TAI!

[Curtis steps onto the ring apron and ducks into the ring. The referee comes over and checks the shitty lil' boots that Curtis is wearing for any foreign objects. He instructs Penn about the use of his cast during the match.]

Curtis Penn:

You need to take that up with Kelly EVANS! I HAVE TO WARE MY CAASSSTT to WRESTLE! DO YOUR JOB AND MOVE THE FUCK OUTTA THE WAY!

DING! DING! DING!

[Turner charges at Penn as soon as the bell sounds, pushing him into the corner then unloading with a forearm smash into the jaw.]

THUD!

ONE!

[Chop! Forearm!]

SLAP!* *THUD!

TWO!

[Chop! Forearm!]

SLAP!* *THUD!

THREE!

[He runs to the other turnbuckle and back to Penn who moves as Turner crashes into the corner.]

DDK:

Wow, Turner was wearing Penn out. His chest has to be tough like shoe leather to take all that.

Angus:

Kill that punkass Penn, Samuel!

DDK:

Why don't you tell us how you really feel, Angus.

Angus:

Fuck that motherfucking Curtis Penn, he's nothing but a low down piece of shit that deserves to be castrated. I hate you so bad that I think you're mother was a crack whore who sucked dick for beer money like Peter Gilmour did 'cause

he was 30 and smarter than us all.

DDK: [sarcasm]

I'm glad that's out of your system.

[Penn spins Turner around in the corner and delivers a forearm smash of his own.]

THUD!

ONE!

[Forearm! Forearm!]

THUD!* *THUD!

TWO!

[Forearm! Forearm!]

THUD!* *THUD!

THREE!

[Forearm! Forearm!]

THUD!* *THUD!

FOUR!

[Penn stops and starts kicking him in the mid-section.]

THUD!

ONE!

[Stomach kick!]

THUD!

TWO!

[Stomach kick!]

THUD!

THREE!

[Stomach kick!]

THUD!

FOUR!

[Stomach kick!]

THUD!

[He stops but Turner pokes him in the eye and knife-edge chops him, backing him into a corner.]

SLAP!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jesus, these two are killing themselves!

DDK:

Good! Die! Penn! Die!

[Knife-edge Chop!]

SLAP!

ONE!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Headbutt!]

THUD!

TWO!

OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Knife-edge chop!]

SLAP!

THREE!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Penn counters with a forearm strike to Turner's jaw.]

THUD!

OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[European uppercut!]

THWACK!

OOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

[European uppercut!]

THWACK!

OOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

[European uppercut!]

THWACK!

OOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

[Forearm smash!]

THUD!

OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Penn turns to the ropes and rushes towards them. Turner follows and delivers a running knife-edge chop to his chest just as he bounces off the ropes.]

SLAP!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jesus, this is as hard hitting of a match that we've ever seen.

Angus:

I want blood! Give me blood!

DDK:

Do you need a transfusion?

Angus:

Hell no, I want Penn to bleed buckets!

[Turner turns and hits the ropes only to be met with a flying knee to the stomach.]

Turner:

UGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!

[Penn backs up two steps and before he can charge again Turners in his face, forehead to forehead. Turner pulls his head back and quickly headbutts Penn.]

THUD!

[He slaps Penn's face.]

SHMACK!

[Penn returns the slap.]

SHMACK!

[Turner slaps!]

SHMACK!

[Penn slaps!]

SHMACK!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Turner blocks and forearms Penn!]

THUD!

[Knife-edge chop by Turner!]

SLAP!

[Knife-edge chop by Turner!]

SLAP!

DDK:

Penn's chest is blood red, it may even be bleeding.

Angus:

Good, I'm glad! Do work Samuel, you rich prick!

[Turner runs to the ropes. Bounces off. Penn drops down. He bounces off the other ropes. Penn leapfrogs him. He bounces off the ropes once more only to get hip tossed by Penn, he captures the arm and goes for a cross armbreaker. Turner scrambles for the ropes and hooks his foot over the bottom rope.]

Quimbey:

FIVE MINUTES GONE, TEN MINUTES REMAINING!

DDK:

He almost locked it on Turner, Angus.

Angus:

Turner's too smart for that...wait did I just say that?

DDK:

You did, are you feeling okay?

Angus:

I dunno, I guess Turner is the lesser of the two evils.

[Turner gets up and Penn comes at him throwing a push kick, Turner moves. As Penn looks at him eye to eye Turner throws a forearm, Penn ducks and kicks him in the stomach and goes for a roundhouse kick that's ducked. They stand there waiting on the other to make a move.]

CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!

DDK:

It's a stalemate, craziest thing I've ever seen so far.

Angus:

Turner has taken his pound of flesh off Penn's chest, thank you Jesus for answering my prayer!

DDK:

That's a weird prayer.

Angus:

Yeah, well, I'm a complex guy.

[Turner pushes Penn who steps back with authority and Penn fires off shin kick, thigh kick, chest kick, and fakes a roundhouse kick, sweeps Turner's legs out from under him and pins him.]

ONE...

...TWO...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

That was a smooth combination, you think Turner had that roundhouse kick scouted and that's why he swept the leg?

Angus:

I don't know, but I feel like I'm about to lose that grand I bet against Penn.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Hey, if I won I'd give some to Turner for a bounty...I mean congratulations.

[Penn pics up Turner and whips him into the corner. Turner bounces out and comes charging out with a massive shoulder tackle knocking Peen to the mat and bouncing into the corner. Penn rolls under the bottom rope and to the floor.]

DDK:

What a shoulder tackle!

Angus:

Samuel, that wasn't hard enough, do better or join Penn on my shitlist.

Samuel T. Turner II:

Get back in here, bitch!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

What's going on with Samuel? He's not going after Penn.

Angus:

Samuel's smarter than he looks, I believe anyway.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Samuel T. Turner II:

Get in here, Keyes fucked me like this, it ain't happening again.

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

[Penn rolls under the bottom rope.]

Angus:

Did you see that Keeps?

DDK:

See what?

Angus:

Penn was trying to bitch out of this match.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

He was trying to pull a Henry Keyes.

DDK:

You win by any means necessary as you've told me many times.

Angus:

Don't ever quote me again or I'll give you the ASC outta nowhere.

DDK:

ASC?

Angus:

Yup, an Angus Skaaland Crusher.

DDK:

And what is the ASC?

[Penn gets to his feet, Turner charges at him, hitting a shoulder block and knocking him to the mat. Quickly Penn gets to his feet and is met with another shoulder block Penn bounces into the ropes and takes a quick exit.]

Angus:

I don't know yet, but I'll get you bitch, now lets watch Turner kill Penn, if Penn's scared ass will stay in the damned ring.

ONE!

[Penn his the floor and taunts Samuel with a few poses to draw the ier of the fans.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

TWO!

Samuel T. Turner II:

Come on, you're nothing and you know it!

[Penn flips Turner the ole you're #1 sign. Turner's eyes widen and he gets the look of the hungry beast ready to strike.]

THREE!

[A seething Turner quickly and almost silently exits the ring as Penn's back is turned so he can jaw with the fans. He sneaks up behind him and taps him on the shoulder. Penn's eyes widen like a deer in headlights.]

FOUR!

[He turns around slowly and is met with a headbutt to the forehead.]

Angus:

Nice, again and again, concuss him to hell Samuel, please!

DDK:

That's real mature of you Angus.

Angus:

It is what it is, ya know.

FIVE!

[Turner picks up Penn and shoves his limp carcass under the bottom rope. Turner rubs his forehead and climbs up onto the ring apron. He steps through the ropes as opossom playing Penn kicks the middle rope, while on his back, and catches Turner in the nuts making him double over and fall to the mat.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

UUUHH!

Angus:

CHEAP SHOT TAKIN' SON OF A BITCH!

DDK:

He's doing the same thing Turner would've done.

Angus:

So, if Turner jumped off a bridge, Penn would too?

DDK:

I don't know.

Angus:

I can hope with minimal water and sharp jagged rocks.

DDK:

ANGUS!

Angus:

Ah, fuck off Keebs, back to the action.

[Pulling Turner up to his feet Penn strikes quickly with an outside thigh kick to both Turner's left and right leg. Turner swings wildly, Penn ducks and kicks him in the chest right onto his heart. Turner stiffened up like a stone statue. Penn slaps him, he awakens the sleeping giant who connects with a straight right to Penn's face knocking him backwards.]

Brian Slater:

Open that hand up Samuel!

[Penn comes back with a force and connects with a push kick to the chest of Samuel. It forces him back into the ropes, but he uses the momentum and comes off the ropes hard hitting Penn with a flying shoulder block that flatbacks him. Penn rolls out to the floor holding onto his shoulder.]

ONE!

DDK:

Turner is coming back on Penn, neither man can get a big advantage before the other stalemates him.

Angus:

Just as long as Turner wins, I don't care.

DDK:

...and if Penn wins?

Angus:

WE RIOT!

TWO!

[Penn continues to hold his shoulder. Turner gets out of the ring and the two arm for battle. Forearm that is.]

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

THREE!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

FOUR!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

FIVE!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

SIX!

[Turner forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn forearms again, taking advantage and staggering Turner.]

THUD!

SEVEN!

[Penn forearms!]

THUD!

[Penn slides back in the ring and leaves Turner shaking the cobwebs out of his head.]

EIGHT!

[Turner slides in and Penn os on him like a rabid dog.]

Angus:

No, this can't be happening Keeps.

DDK:

Well it seems to be if you ask me, so it can.

Angus:

Shut up you prick!

DDK:

I'm not a huge fan of Curtis Penn, but if it pisses you off, I'm game.

Angus:

Dick puffin' asshole!

[Penn pulls Turner up to his feet and whips him into the ropes, but Turner reverses it. Penn bounces off the ropes. Turner goes for a tilt-a-whirl. Penn grabs his arm and locks on a Kimura Lock as he flips Samuel onto his back from the roll through. He steps over Turner's head and wrenches with all his might.]

Curtis Penn:

GIVE UP! GIVE UP YOU SON OF A BITCH!

[Penn torques it.]

Curtis Penn:

GIVE UP!

[Torquing even more.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

NO!

[Samuel starts swinging his legs wildly looking to build up some momentum so he can move over closer to the ropes.]

Angus:

Go Turner, go!

DDK:

Penn has it locked on tight Angus, he may get to the ropes but I don't know if he can win the match after this.

Angus:

He can, have faith!

[Suddenly Turner's foot taps the bottom rope but falls off. He wiggles a little more and hooks his foot on the ropes forcing a rope break. An exhausted Penn releases to hold and rolls backwards off Turner.]

Quimbey:

TEN MINUTES GONE, FIVE MINUTES REMAINING!

[Both men are back to a vertical base, Samuel shakes his arm and gives it a few slaps to wake up the sleeping "Lariato" arm. Penn comes in, they lock up with a collar and elbow tie up. Turner forces Penn to do what he want by overpowering him. Turner lifts him up for a huge biel throw but Penn holds on and turns it into a monkey flip.]

DDK:

What a counter.

Angus:

He can't be doing all this now, he's not that athletic. He does this MMA bullshit 'cause he can't wrestle worth a damn.

DDK:

It works and gets the job done.

Angus:

So does a condom.

[Turner's on his knee about to get up but he's shaking the cobwebs from his head again. Before he can move out of the way Penn connects with a flying knee to his face, just brutal.]

DDK:

Ouch, I just saw Samuel's whole face turn into jelly, that was ugly.

Angus:

He's trying to shatter Samuel's orbital bone, he wants him out of action for good.

[Penn goes for the cover.]

1...

...2...

.....3...NO, TURNER GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Yes, you go Samuel, that's a real champion right there.

DDK:

That was a very close call, I thought Penn had him there.

Angus:

Asshole!

DDK:

Thanks, but it takes one to know one.

Angus:

Fuck off!

[Penn picks up Turner and whips him into the ropes, Turner grabs the ropes stopping momentum quickly. Penn rushes in and gets caught with a big boot to the face. Penn staggers backwards as Turner gets in his face and locks on a bearhug, then suplexes him over his head.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Penn tries to get up but Turner stomps his head. Turner takes a few steps backwards and runs, jumps, and connects with a knee drop to Penn's head. He follows up with a huge running senton to cave in Penn's chest. He makes the cover.]

1...

...2...

.....3...NO, ROPE BREAK!

Angus:

That chickenshit!

DDK:

Turner did the exact same thing a few minutes ago.

Angus:

No, he didn't! He's a real man, he doesn't need the ropes.

[Penn rolls out of the ring to the floor.]

ONE!

[Turner stays in the ring and watches Penn walk around in a daze on the floor.]

TWO!

Angus:

Penn's wasting too much time!

DDK:

He's being strategic.

THREE!

Angus:

No, I mean look at him, he's jawing with the fans again.

DDK:

That's nothing new!

FOUR!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

FIVE!

[Penn rolls back into the ring to break the count.]

Quimbey:

FOURTEEN MINUTES GONE, ONE MINUTE REMAINING!

[Penn runs at Turner and leaps in the air. Turner catches him and locks on a bearhug.]

Angus:

You got it Samuel, squeeze, make it hurt.

[Samuel continues to squeeze as Penn's trying to fight through the crushing power that his arms possess.]

Quimbey:

THIRTY SECONDS REMAINING!

[Penn starts delivering headbutts to the forehead of Samuel, finally he forces him to break the hold. Turner grabs at his head as Penn tries for the kill. He runs at him and goes with a side leg roll-up for the pin.]

1...

...2...NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

He almost had it!

Angus:

No, he did not.

Quimbey:

TEN SECONDS REMAINING!

Quimbey:

NINE!

[Penn runs at Turner and eats another big boot.]

Quimbey:

EIGHT!

[Turner goes for the pin.]

Quimbey:

SEVEN!

1...

Quimbey:

SIX!

...2...

Quimbey:

FIVE!

.....3...NO, KICKOUT!

Quimbey:

FOUR!

[Turner puts all his weight on Penn's shoulders.]

Quimbey:

THREE!

1...

Quimbey:

TWO!

...2...NO, KICKOUT!

Quimbey:

ONE!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THIS MATCH HAS BEEN RULED A TIME LIMIT DRAW! WHICH MEANS BOTH CURTIS PENN AND SAMUEL T. TURNER II, WILL EACH BE AWARDED ONE POINT IN THE DEF*MAX TOURNAMENT!

DDK:

What a match Angus. A very good back and forth match.

Angus:

Well, Turner didn't lose, and Penn didn't win, I guess it's ok.

DDK:

Nothing pleases you does it?

Angus:

Only in Vegas and at the Bunny Ranch!

DDK:

Jesus! Okay, that's enough, lets go to the back!

Litmus Test

[Derrick Logan leaned up against a column in the gorilla position, staring out from between the curtain as Samuel Turner's match came to an end. Lance Warner stood beside him, more at Derrick's insistence than his own design.]

Derrick Logan:

I see he's just as much of an angry bastard in the ring as he is outta it.

Lance Warner: [twitching nervously]

And now that you've seen, can we please go?

Derrick Logan:

Not just yet.

Lance Warner:

What the hell are you waiting for? The match is over there's nothing else to see except him heading this way!

Derrick Logan:

And...

Lance Warner:

What are you thinking? Are you trying to taunt him? Piss him off more? Provoke a fight?

Derrick Logan:

All of thee above...and none of 'em. I wanna give Sammy boy a chance to prove if he's a coward or not.

[And with that Derrick chuckled and pushed away from the wall, starting to walk away just as Samuel Turner II stepped through the curtain.]

[Samuel saw Derrick and Lance walking away as he entered the curtain. Phil the Camera Guy is following and filming Samuel, who stops and tells Phil to hurry up.]

Samuel T. Turner II: [whispering]

Wait, wait here for just a second 'cause your ass is gonna get an award for this.

[Samuel opens a side door on the wall that housed a fire extinguisher. He lifts it up off the hook and motions for Phil to follow silently.]

[Samuel slowly creeps up behind Derrick and Lance. He has Derrick in his crosshairs, raises the fire extinguisher above his head. He runs and smashes Derrick in the neck and shoulders area knocking him face first to the floor and ko'd.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

I know who you are, and I still don't care. When I get my hands on you face to face I'll show you how much I'll never respect you!

[Lance Warner stands over from the violence almost cowering in the corner. Samuel walks over and get right in his face.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

One day, when this is all said and done, you'll regret ever putting your filth ridden hand on me. Make sure you're ready for the outcome.

[He turns from Lance and walks over to Derrick and kicks him in the ribs then bends over to his ear.]

Samuel T. Turner II:

Samuel's gonna kill you! **CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!**

[Samuel walks off leaving Phil, Lance Warner and the downed Derrick Logan to question what's just happened.]

Angus:

HOLY SHIT, SAMUEL'S SNAPPED!

DDK:

No he's not Angus, he's just being his normal prick of a self once again.

Angus:

I think I have a new hero, Keeps. Don't you agree?

DDK:

No I don't, but anyway let's see what going to happen next on this crazy night.

Art Appreciation

[Backstage in the conference room, Dan Ryan is standing and holding up a large presentation-sized poster board. The back is to the camera, so we can't see what's on the front. Ryan sets it up on an easel and looks at it, taking it in. He picks another up from the conference table and places it on another easel, leaving them side by side. He strokes his chin with one hand and furrows his brow.

Ryan looks up as the door opens and Tyrone Walker walks in drinking a Slurpee. Ryan looks down at something in Ty's hand.]

Dan Ryan:

What're those?

[Ty tosses some DVDs off in the corner like he doesn't give a shit (because he DOESN'T) and shrugs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Nothin' important.

[Ryan nods as Ty sets down the slurpee on the table.]

Dan Ryan:

Fair enough. Take a look at these and tell me what you think.

[Ty walks around so that he can take a gander at what the Ego Buster is fussing over. Setting his feet, he brings his attention to the two poster boards and instantly his eyes pop open a little wider at first.]

Tyrone Walker:

Oh!? Hmmm.

[The sudden shock wears off and his eyes squint and brow furrows.]

Tyrone Walker: [Tilts his head.]

Hmmmmmm...

Dan Ryan: [Pointing to the one on the left.]

See, this one here is older... a classic... note the lines and the ashen color reminiscent of a cloudy day in the Winter. It's symmetrical, but worn and weathered. There something to be said for the simplicity evident in this work.... very representative of the period.

[Nodding, Ty now also brings a hand up to his chin, lightly stroking the stubbly whiskers.]

Tyrone Walker:

Yes, yes, very stark, natural. A fine piece.

Dan Ryan: [Turning his attention to the one on the right.]

On the other hand, this one is newer, much more recent. It has that feel of newness. Used, but still retaining a sense of utility not found in the other one. There's something I like about this one. I can't quite put my finger in it.

[Studying the next piece, Ty gauges it carefully as his index finger fidgets, tapping it on the side of his chin as he considers his colleague's critique.]

Tyrone Walker:

You mean on it?

[Ryan glances at him. Ty gets it immediately.]

Tyrone Walker:

OH. Right. Hmmm, quite a conundrum you have here.

[Ryan looks at Ty, who looks back.]

Tyrone Walker:

What? I can use big words too.

Dan Ryan:

Well... [pointing to the one on the right] ...I like this one better.

Tyrone Walker:

I'unno, Big D', I kinda like... [pointing to the one on the left] ...that one, though.

[Stalemate. Both of them fidget, looking back and forth at the pieces.]

Tyrone Walker:

You know what we really need?

Dan Ryan:

A tie breaker?

Tyrone Walker:

Exactly.

Dan Ryan:

Say no more.

[Ryan pulls out his cell phone and taps away at a text message. He stares at it for a moment after sending and gets a reply back within a few seconds.]

Dan Ryan:

We'll have that tie breaker in mere minutes. In the meantime.... a Slurpee? I haven't had a Slurpee in years.

Tyrone Walker:

Oh, yeah. Just doin' my part to bust Curtis Penn's balls. Gotta make it up to Angus, he's still kinda sore with me 'cause Team Danger's in that other company an' not DEFIANCE.

Dan Ryan:

And you're doing it for a Slurpee?

Tyrone Walker:

No, not just a Slurpee... There was a corn dog too.

[There's a light knock on the door.]

Dan Ryan:

Ah, just in time.

[Ryan opens the door and Lindsay Troy is standing there in full ring gear.]

Lindsay Troy:

Why are you calling me up to this conference room? You do know I have a match in a couple minutes, right?

Dan Ryan: [serious look on his face]

I wouldn't have called you up here if it wasn't important.

[Ryan takes her by the arm and starts to walk toward the displays, but she can't quite see them yet.]

Dan Ryan:

See, I'm working on some mockups for possible t-shirts, posters, you know... the merch. I was discussing which one of these I liked better with Ty, but we really could use a woman's perspective.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, sometimes you gotta call in an expert, kna'mean?

[Troy sighs, not entirely sure this couldn't wait, but goes along.]

Lindsay Troy:

I think that goes without saying in just about *any* situation.

[They finally get to the easels and Troy stops short. She narrows her eyes, then closes them and holds a hand up, a finger raised as if saying, "What the living blue fuck is this?"]

Dan Ryan:

Well?

[Eyes opening cautiously. Yep, it's what she thought it was. She rubs her forehead.]

Lindsay Troy:

I know as soon as I ask this I'm going to regret it, but would you like to tell me why in Hoyt's name I'm looking at two supersized posters of vaginas?

Dan Ryan:

We covered this. I'm working on some mockups for possible t-shirts, posters...

Lindsay Troy: [Interrupting.]

I heard that part, Daniel.

Dan Ryan: [Turning to face Lindsay.]

Well, then I really don't understand your confusion.

[Troy looks over at Ty, who pulls his attention away from the posters to look at her. Ty leans his Slurpee forward.]

Tyrone Walker:

Slurpee?

Lindsay Troy:

I'll pass.

Dan Ryan: [Impatiently.]

Come on, which one?

Lindsay Troy: [Looking her brother-in-law dead in the eye.]

You have a daughter.

Dan Ryan:

What's your point?

Lindsay Troy:

Who ARE these women anyway? Because this seems to be bordering dangerously on the edge of illegal.

Dan Ryan:

Well you see.... this one.... [Ryan points to the one on the right, the one he likes.] ...this one is Eugene Dewey's mother's. And this one.... [Ryan points to the one on the left, the one Ty prefers.] ...this one... is Eugene Dewey's grandmother's.

[The Queen sighs again, disgusted and exasperated.]

Lindsay Troy:

You want my opinion? To steal a line, [she motions toward the pictures] ain't nobody got time for that. Can I go kill Henry Keyes in the face now?

Dan Ryan: [Frustrated.]

Might as well. You've been no help at all.

Lindsay Troy:

The kind of help you need, I'm not qualified to give.

[Ryan waves his hand dismissively. Troy rolls her eyes and walks to the door. He watches her walk into the hallway, then snaps back toward Ty.]

Dan Ryan: [Studying the photos again.]

Okay, so forget using just one. I'll use both. Let's switch gears. T-shirts? Posters?

[He gets an epiphany.]

Dan Ryan:

OOOOHHH!! FOAM FINGERS!!!

[Ty smiles a big ol' shit eating grin smile and holds his hands out as if saying, "Of COURSE!". Ryan slaps him on the back and they both turn back to the posters and smile, nodding approvingly.]

What's in a Name

[The lights are unceremoniously cut and an eerie, almost droning chant fills the air, as an ethereal red mist starts to coat the arena entrance, followed by an audio sample...]

"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.]

[They know now that White Zombie's "Super-Charger Heaven" is kicking in, and that Troy Matthews, the Slayer of Giants, is on hand, and is materializing from the ether.. Decker out in jeans, a White Zombie T-shirt and black boots. Troy barely makes any eye contact with anyone or any other contact as he strides down the aisle, a determined look on his face as he slides in under the bottom rope and calls for a mic.]

♪ Yeeeah, Jesus lived his life in a cheap hotel ♪

♪ On the edge of Route 66 yeah ♪

♪ He lived a dark and twisted life ♪

♪ And he came right back just to do it again yeah ♪

DDK:

Jeez Angus, if I didn't know better I'd say something was on the Jersey Devil's mind tonight...

Angus:

And if I didn't know better I'd say you were overpaid for observations like that. Captain Obvious.

[Troy Matthews paces to center ring and then stops for a moment and looks around at the crowd before he raises the mic to his lips...]

Troy Matthews:

You know, I usually am not the one to come out here and run my mouth about anybody or anything. But there's this ONE person that really has decided to get under my skin of late, and while it's not Curtis Penn, even though he has been that guy in the recent past, it is somebody who's probably just as much of an asshole, if not more so.

[The crowd reacts, knowing exactly who Troy speaks of.]

Troy Matthews:

That guy, is Ryan Matthews. Yeah I know, same last name, not the same family, not by a longshot. You see, this guy at one point paraded up in here like he was somebody, and even though he and his one flunky buddy recruited a game star like Tyrone Walker to carry them to victory, I'm pretty sure the taste of that victory was bittered by the fact that I beat him one on one. So for all his bullcrap about being this big star it must suck to know that he was beaten by somebody he considers to be a nobody like me.

[The crowd starts chanting "That must suck" before Troy makes a motion for them to calm down a bit as he continues.]

Troy Matthews:

But that's all in the distant past isn't it Ryan? So far in the past you probably forgot, but you can count on me not to forget, in fact I'm gonna give you a refresher coming up at Maximum DEFIANCE when I put you flat on your back with the Trendsetter and leave you staring at the lights for the three count one last time, because it will be your last time, you said it yourself, if you lose, you're done. I get to end it all for you, and it couldn't make me more excited unless I won the lottery...or something else like that.

[Crowd starts chanting "Jackpot" and Troy, with a smile on now, has to calm them again.]

Troy Matthews:

But a lot of people ask me why I'm doing this...for Kelly Evans? Trying to cull some favor with the boss lady? No. For revenge? No. I'm doing this because I can, because I've done it before, and because there are a lot of haters and doubters back there [points to the back] who don't think I can or that I have no chance. I'm going to prove it to them, to you fans, and to myself that I can do this, and I can be a star here in DEFIANCE.

[Just then, we hear a slight PING, then another, louder than the first, and a third. And on the DEFIA-tron we see a glass bottle standing upright, and a hand flicking a finger against the top of it to produce the pinging at a slow, steady pace. Then comes the voice...]

Voice:

Daaaaaaavviiiidddddd! Come out and PLAAAAA-AY!

[The voice, though slightly higher pitched at the end in a mocking style from the movie "The Warriors" belongs to none other than Ryan Matthews, who we see as the camera pans backward is standing in the parking lot outside the Wrestle-plex, the bottle standing on top of a garbage receptacle before being knocked into it by the back of Ryan Matthews' hand. Troy Matthews stands center ring and watches on.]

Ryan Matthews:

Hey nice job last time, Dave, attacking me from behind out here. Problem is, you should have finished the job, because all your little fly swatter bullshit you pulled out here served only one purpose, Dave, and it served to piss me off.

[Troy Matthews raises the mic to his lips again.]

Troy Matthews:

First off, this entire Dave thing you're on, I don't know what you're talking about. So let me introduce myself to you again. My name is Troy...

[Ryan Matthews raises the volume now and points a finger at the camera.]

Ryan Matthews:

Cut the shit, you are NOT a Matthews. Your name, your given name, is DAVID TROY, much like my given name is RYAN MATTHEWS. A worthless little shit like you does not DESERVE to even REMOTELY be in the same area code as a member of the Matthews family, even the cousins I have that I hate more than the Baltimore Ravens, and that's saying something. You and I are not on the same level. I proved that last time we were in the ring together, remember the Trios title match Dave? Who was left laying on the mat by me, unconscious, while Tyrone Walker collected the three count on his bitch ass?

[Troy seems to be smarting a bit after being cut off, and he leans up against the ropes as Ryan Matthews continues.]

Ryan Matthews:

Yeah that's right. And let's go a little further back in time shall we? Yes, you beat me, but it took that hosebeast sociopath you called your woman stepping in and getting her hands dirty in my affairs for you to do it. It took a WOMAN helping you to beat me. Two of you, one of me and you almost still couldn't get it done. That smarts like a quality backhand bitchslap across the face doesn't it Dave? And by the way, where is she now huh? Looks to me like you're not only a failure in the ring there DAVE...maybe she went somewhere else like running to Curtis Penn like so many of your students apparently. Couldn't get the job done or wouldn't put her over in the bedroom huh DAVE? Sounds about right...and just like before, and in your life in general DAVE, you're going to fail come Maximum DEFIANCE. The only question is not will I leave your broken corpse lying in a heap in the ring, or how many pieces will it be in when I'm done...no. The question will be what beer will I be drinking to celebrate? Oh that and maybe will Saori come looking for a REAL man after I'm done destroying you and claiming my rightful spot in DEFIANCE? Stay tuned folks...

[The last comment finally sets Troy Matthews into a rage, and he hops over the top rope to the floor and rushes to the back...]

DDK:

Looks like Ryan Matthews might have just bitten off more than he can chew!

Angus:

GOOD! Get him Troy, break your foot off in his ass so hard he's tasting shoe leather for the next 5 years!

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Lindsay Troy vs. Henry Keyes

[Cue up: "Airship Pirates" by Abney Park.]

[The crowd erupts as swirling red beacons of light fill the arena. The begoggled and always-manic Henry Keyes strides manfully to the ring, complete with the ridiculous leather contraption protecting his arm and the distinctive haunch-strut that he calls a gait.]

Quimbey:

The following is a DEF*MAX TOURNAMENT BLOCK A MATCH, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA! Weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY-SEVEN POUUUUUUNDS...THE AIRSHIP PIRATE! Henryyyyyyy KEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYES!

DDK:

This should be an exciting one, folks - the Airship Pirate is making his way down to the ring, and he looks ready to go against yet another BIG TIME opponent!

Angus:

Don't forget, Keeps - EVERY match in this grand prix is big. I love the guy, I love dat BELL CLAP, but he's 0 for 2 so far. That's bottom of the heap.

DDK:

Henry fought has two WARS under his belt so far, and he was this close to beating both the FIST of Defiance Eugene Dewey AND The Original Defiant, Bronson Box!

Angus:

And I was this close to banging Miss Louisiana 2009 the other night - there's a big, long distance between "almost" and "did it", Keeps.

DDK:

...I don't want to ask. That poor girl.

[Cue up: "Trampled Underfoot" by Led Zeppelin]

[That all-too familiar clavinet intro blasts through the WrestlePlex and the crowd roars to its feet. Cell phone screens and camera flashes begin illuminating the blackness, and red, silver, and gold pyro explode from the stage like cannon fire.]

♪ 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 ... ♪

[Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the platform. She marches across the stage and down the ramp, grinning as Keyes paces in the ring.]

Quimbey:

And HIS OPPONENT, from Tampa, Florida! Weighing in at one hundred eighty pounds...she is one-third of the DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS TAG CHAMPIONS ... THE QUEEN OF THE RING
LIIIIIIINNNNNDDDDSSSAAAYYYYYY TRRRRRRROOOOOYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

And here comes the current Block A points leader, Angus, looking confident as always.

Angus:

Don't know how she doesn't look rattled after Show and Tell Time with The Ego Buster and MUHBOITAI!!! Yeesh...

[Troy hops onto the ring apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. She ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op, then leaps off to wait for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Henry Keyes, never one to exercise caution out of the gate, strides head-first towards his opponent; Troy, game to compete, locks in a collar-and-elbow. While dead even in the height department, Keyes's advantage in bulk grants him the early opening and he sneaks in a European Uppercut that creates space. Another European Uppercut, and Keyes sends Troy against the ropes before Irish Whipping her across the ring. He goes to follow up with a clothesline, but Troy ducks; they both rebound and she goes for a clothesline of her own, which Keyes ducks. He stops and lifts her up, connecting with a Side Slam for a not-even-one-count.]

DDK:

Keyes looking to be an early aggressor - smart move?

Angus:

It doesn't matter if it's smart or not, that's always what Keyes is going to do - charge first, ask questions later. It's smart if he hits dat BELL CLAP. It's stupid as shit if he doesn't.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy has defeated both the God-Beast Mushigihara, and our FIST, Eugene Dewey - both almost out of nowhere.

Angus:

She wins here, it won't be out of nowhere.

[Keyes looks to press the issue and locks up once again, slipping behind Troy and connecting with a German Suplex - he covers again for a one count. Troy backs into the corner and Henry charges - but Troy gets two knees up that crash into Keyes's face and chest. Shaking it off, Keyes charges again, and Troy ducks around and sends Keyes face-first into turnbuckle with a drop toe hold. She backs up and creates space and slows things down a bit as Keyes stirs in the corner.]

DDK:

Veteran move there.

Angus:

Like I said - it wouldn't be out of nowhere if Troy takes this thing. She's got the experience - she's a trios champion here - she's got dat ass...

DDK:

...I'm not going to respond to that.

Angus:

But you're thinking about it now!

[The two begin to circle around the ring. Troy strikes first with a karate-style kick to Keyes's ribs. He tries to respond with a clubbing forearm, but Troy, a bit quicker, ducks and peppers him with a couple more swift kicks, one to the thigh and one back up to the ribs again. Visibly frustrated, Keyes's attacks begin to look more like haymakers, wild reaching forearms and fists that miss again and again as Troy continues to outmaneuver the Gearshift Grappler. One final elbow gets blocked by Troy; she holds onto the arm and takes a couple quick steps to the ropes, springboarding

off the middle rope and planting Keyes with a Tornado DDT.]

DDK:

First cover of the match, is it going to be enough!

1!

2! No! Keyes able to kick out!

Angus:

That's the problem with some of these "big-hearted" types, you know? They stand tough and they feed off the crowd when there's a big bad monster across the ring, but then you have a popular, attractive, successful veteran across from you and that support isn't there. WHERE ARE YOUR CHEERS NOW??

DDK:

You know, a lot of times, those cheers come from YOU.

Angus:

My love requires payment, Keebs. And for Keyes, that payment comes in the form of BELL CLAPS.

[Keyes rolls out of the ring in an effort to catch his breath, hands on his knees. He turns back to the ring just in time to see Troy coming through with a baseball slide, maneuvering her legs into a headscissors, and proceeding to fling him head-first across the floor. The crowd cheers big for Troy - she looks briefly at the crowd and grins, but avoids any sort of taunt. The referee begins to count to get the wrestlers back in the ring as Troy methodically makes her way over to the prone Keyes.]

DDK:

Very few people can dictate a match quite like Lindsay Troy, and it looks like she's in firm control here. Keyes back on his feet, Troy looking to whip him into those steps - KEYES REVERSES!

BOOOOOOOOOM

DDK:

Troy just went SPRAWLING into the ring steps! Referee Carla Ferrari has been counting - what's she on?

Ferrari:

4!

5!

6!

[Keyes, somewhat recuperated, rolls under the ring and rises to his feet. As the referee reaches a 7 count, a somewhat rattled Troy enters the ring as well. As she gets to her feet, the ever-present need for Keyes to hit first comes to fruition as he wastes no time clocking Troy with a spinning back elbow to the dome. Troy hits the mat and Keyes goes for the cover.]

DDK:

Big shot right there! Is it enough??

1!

2!

..no! Troy able to kick out of that one!

Angus:

Of COURSE it wasn't enough, Keebs.

DDK:

You know, you COULD acknowledge more often how much you actually like Henry Keyes. Deep down.

Angus:

...alright, that WAS a pretty got shot.

[Keyes takes a step back for the briefest of moments, only to come charging once again with a discus lariat; whether out of instinct or fluke reaction or veteran know-how, Troy locks her own arm around Keyes's and uses his own furious spinning momentum to send him crashing hard into the mat with a high-angle arm drag. Noticing that Keyes landed hard on his braced arm, she quickly rolls him to his belly and wrenches the braced left arm in a tight elbow lock.]

DDK:

That bad arm of Keyes, Angus! A ring general like Troy knows how important it is to go after bullseyes like that!

Angus:

Does that brace even work? It doesn't quite look...medical grade.

DDK:

There's a lot of things about Keyes that shouldn't work, but they do - but right now he's in a bit of trouble. Troy has that elbow lock wrenched deep!

[Carla Ferrari asks Keyes if he wants to submit, and he shakes his head no firmly. Keyes looks to the ropes and sees that they're about a thousand miles away - and then, he begins breathing hard and fast. His eyes grow crazy wide as he uses his good arm to brace against the ground. Troy looks a bit perplexed but continues the hold, knowing the damage she's causing. Keyes gets to one knee...then two knees. Then one foot. Troy's entire body weight is focused on wrenching that hold in and she's still got one foot on the ground, but the more Keyes's facial expression turns manic, the higher she comes until Keyes is fully on his feet. He lets out a crazy bestial yell as he raises his braced arm, and Lindsay Troy with it, before sending her crashing to the mat with a one-armed powerbomb.]

KEYES! KEYES! KEYES! KEYES!

DDK:

Did you SEE that, Ang?!

Angus:

That's just...WOW. and OW.

[Keyes's adrenaline rush finally gives way and his braced arm hangs limply to his side before he drops to his knees. He winces and is clearly in a ton of pain, but he crawls over with his good right arm and his legs to go for the cover.]

DDK:

1!

2!

THKICKOUT! Not enough to put her away there, and the damage from that elbow lock is pretty clear! Keyes has one arm out there!

[Both competitors are on the ground. Keyes's braced arm is just dangling at this point. While on his knees, he throws a hammerblow with his good arm to the prone Troy. Catching his breath a bit, he throws another. And a third. Troy slowly gets to her hands and knees and Keyes throws a straight elbow strike - maybe at 80% his usual power. Despite being the aggressor, Keyes is struggling to get up with his lack of limb utility, and Troy is able to beat him to her feet,

whacking Keyes in the nose and eye with a fierce palm strike that stuns him. They're both on their feet now, looking a bit worse for wear. Keyes throws an elbow strike, Troy responds.]

[Keyes.]

YEAH!

[Troy.]

YEAH!

[Keyes.]

YEAH!

[Troy.]

YEAH!

[Keyes goes for a clothesline and Troy is able to duck underneath it.]

OhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHH

[Troy hits a roundhouse kick to Keyes's bum left arm, and he grabs it and hops around like he just got hit with a steel chair.]

YEAHHHHH! *clapclapclapclapclap*

DDK:

That kick looked like it really rocked Keyes, he's walking wounded out there!

Angus:

You can't BELL CLAP with one hand, Keeps! If he's hurt, it's tough titties - Troy's going to take advantage every time!

[Troy proceeds to grab the injured left arm and drag Keyes to the corner. Troy quickly climbs to the top turnbuckle, positions the braced arm across her shins, and flies - injuring that arm even further with a brutal-looking Double Knee Armbreaker. Keyes can't keep his eyes open and screams obscenities at the sky as he writhes in pain.]

DDK:

At a certain point, he's gotta know if he stays out there he's going to severely injure that thing, maybe be out for months! Troy looking to end it here!

1!

2! She's got it here!

ThreeNOOOOOOO! Keyes somehow, some way, digs deep and kicks out!

Angus:

And look at Troy - another elbow lock on that arm. Enough is enough, Keyes! She's going to rip it out and beat you over the head with it if you're not careful!

DDK:

Keyes is in obvious pain here - he tapped out to Bronson Box last show. He can't be thrilled with the idea of tapping out again!

Angus:

That arm belongs to Lindsay Troy and she will take it off of his still-warm corpse if she has to!

[Keyes's eyes go wide again - but it's clear he doesn't have it in him to go for that powerbomb again. The ropes feel like they're in another town, but he reaches desperately out. Troy, on one foot and one knee and in complete control over the prone Keyes, wrenches in the hold further - almost out of primal anger, Keyes lashes out and punches Troy hard in the leg with his good arm. Troy loses her balance for a brief second, but regains it and cinches the hold further. Keyes strikes the same leg again, right in the calf, and Troy's footing becomes less stable, allowing Keyes the chance to claw a few feet closer to the ropes. Troy regains her footing and pulls back with her entire body weight and Keyes howls in pain before hurling one final desperation strike to the same leg. Troy falls to her butt as she tries to make Keyes tap out, but Keyes finally, FINALLY, is able to inch to the ropes to break the hold.]

DDK:

What a gutsy performance by Keyes!

Angus:

He was gutsy against Boxer and Dewey, too! See what good these guts are doing? Look at that arm, he can barely control the damn thing.

[It's true - as Keyes uses the ropes and his right arm to slowly get back to his feet, that left arm looks like shit dangling on the side. Troy keeps her guard up, but shrugs - pointing to that arm, then raising two fingers as if to tell Keyes she's going to break it if it means two points. Keyes staggers and stumbles to the middle of the ring as Troy dances around him, keeping her space. Seeing an opportunity to go high-risk, she climbs to the top rope and waits until Keyes stumbles into her desired position.]

DDK:

She doesn't go for these moves too often, but when she does, they're effective - this could all be over really soon!

[Picking her moment, she flips forward and searches for Keyes's head in mid-air.]

[It's not there.]

[Troy lands on her feet and turns as quickly as she can to see where Keyes was able to side-step her maneuver.]

CRRRRRRRRRACKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

Angus:

OH! OHHHHHH!! IT'S THE BELL CLAP! BELL CLAP!!

[Lindsay Troy does a backwards somersault half-way across the ring, her legs splaying in the air, before finally falling to the mat. Keyes looks like he might cry from the impact, his arm a limp noodle. He hurries as fast as he can to the prone Troy.]

DDK:

The coverrrrr!

1!

2

3! OH MY! WHAT AN UPSET!!!

DING! DING! DING!

["Airship Pirates" blasts throughout the speakers and the fans give a rousing ovation for the two downed competitors

in the ring.]

Angus:

God, it can never be easy with this Henry Keyes, can it??

DDK:

You knew it, I knew it, the fans knew it, Lindsay Troy probably knew it too - this match was hers! She was going to win this thing at any time - but Henry Keyes had one final, solitary bullet left in his chamber, and he made it count!

Angus:

That BELL CLAP misses, Keeps, and we have a different winner in this one.

DDK:

The first loss for Lindsay Troy in her bracket, and the first victory for Henry Keyes! What a shocker! Let's take it backstage!

The Bromance is Real

[David Noble sighs as he looks at the closed door. The fans went crazy at the sight of him earlier, but Noble was in a different place right now. On his right shoulder is his Southern Heritage Championship, taken back from the usurper, and it feels good having it back there. Still, as Noble looks at the door and read the sign, it comes in second place with what's about to come next. Because, that sign reads '**Pepper Management Group, LLP**'.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Earlier in the evening, the two had made up in the ring, but now it's truly time to bury the hatchet once and for all. Still, Noble is a bit apprehensive. How you act in the moment and how you act once the adrenaline has worn off are two different things. He wants to make peace with Frank Holiday and he hopes tonight will truly be that night.]

David Noble:

Here goes nothing.

[Noble lifts his left hand and knocks on the door.]

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Billy Pepper [offscreen]:

Come in.

[Noble then opens the door and steps inside the office of Billy Pepper. Billy is reclined in his leather chair, patent leather shoes up on the desk, looking rather exhausted, while Frank Holiday is slouched in one of the visitor seats with his cell phone in hand, presumably tweeting.]

Billy Pepper:

Frank! How many times do I have to tell you? I comes before E.

Frank Holiday:

Yeah, but there's some kind of 'but' rule in there.

David Noble:

Except after C?

[Both Frank and Billy look up in a hurry, just now recognizing that someone had entered the room. Billy immediately looks alarmed; he witnessed Frank and Dave apparently making up earlier in the evening, but knowing how deep the rivalry between these men has gotten, he, too, is leery about how this will go over.]

Billy Pepper:

Oh, Dave. Uh, what's up, buddy?

[Dave nods a greeting to Billy before looking over at Frank.]

David Noble:

Look man, can we talk? Can we bury this hatchet?

[Frank pockets his phone and gestures to another vacant seat. David eases himself into it, laying the SoHer title across his lap.]

Frank Holiday:

Been meaning to talk to you too, dude. Hell of a scene out there tonight, right?

David Noble:

Ha, for sure. It felt good finally knocking that big oaf down to the mat. He's had it coming for a loooooooooong time.

Frank Holiday:

Hell yeah. Man, that felt good. Not just taking My Neighbor Totoro down. You and me, doing it together.

[He rubs his face and looks distant.]

Frank Holiday:

Thing is, after the ladder match, I had a long time to think. Y'know, about everything that went down. I wasn't in the best place. The thing with Lexi.... whew. [Shakes his head] Did I ever tell you how we hooked up?

David Noble:

Nah. I really hope it wasn't behind an adult theater, because if so, that would explain EVERYTHING. Though, be prepared. Angus is totally going to want to know the name of that place.

[We then shoot to Angus, pen and paper ready, before we go back to Frank and Dave.]

Frank Holiday: [chuckling]

You'd think so, but not this one.

Angus: [V/O]

Damn!

Frank Holiday:

Nah, I was working on a huge action flick a few years ago. Lots of stunt driving -- that's my favorite kind of gig. I was still making good bank at the time, y'know? Lexi was one of those socialite types who always hung around the productions, trying to be seen. And I dunno, we met and we kinda hit it off.

[He smiles nostalgically.]

Frank Holiday:

It was maybe a year later when the injuries and the concussions piled up, made me uninsurable in the biz anymore. I had to quit Hollywood, and well, Lexi stuck with me. I figured it was love. But she was never really too happy when I moved on into wrestling. She didn't respect it, or it wasn't high profile enough for her, or something, even when I had the belt.

[Frank points vaguely at the SoHer Title in David's lap.]

Frank Holiday:

If I coulda just made her see how important it was to me, y'know? But she didn't get it. I killed myself trying, though. She was the last connection I had to when I was doing something 'respectable', and I needed her to be on board, and being the SoHer Champion was an essential part of that. It meant everything to me. [Shrug] But I see it more clearly now. I don't need her approval to feel good about what I do. I have friends-- [nod to Billy] --I have an awesome career, everything's great.

[He smiles.]

Frank Holiday:

I think I outgrew her before I realized it. But all that messed up bullshit I went through, I took it out on you, man, and that wasn't cool. I owe you an apology.

[Noble shakes his head.]

David Noble:

Listen man, because I got only one word for you. Women. They will carve you up and cut you down if you give them that chance. The space where your head was at? I've been there. I've been there. Had this woman really mess me up. You saw how I was when I came into this place? That was because of her. And that happened a few years ago. So I get where you're coming from. No need to apologize, especially if we can go back to being bros.

Frank Holiday:

Sounds good to me, brah. Put it right here.

[He extends a fist. David bumps it.]

Billy Pepper:

Anyone else need a tissue? Just asking for no particular reason. [Sniff]

Frank Holiday:

Billy, you big softie. You just hang onto the Kleenex for now, dude. [Shakes his head] Speaking of women, everything still good with Mary-Lynn? Haven't seen her around lately.

[Noble then drops his head and looks at the ground. It was the first time anyone had asked him in a while about Mary-Lynn and Frank could tell the news wasn't going to be good news.]

David Noble:

Haven't seen her or talked to her since AfterShock, man. She needed to go and take care of herself now that she'd help put me back together is what she told me.

[Frank and Billy share an incredulous look.]

Frank Holiday:

And that's it? Dude. It looked like singing birds and dancing butterflies when you guys were together.

[Noble looks up at Frank and Billy.]

David Noble:

You're telling me. I was floored by the whole thing. She's doing her own thing now. As she told me, she just wanted to help me put the pieces back together of my own life so I could finally move forward and not be stuck in the past.

[Noble pauses, his eyes back towards the ground.]

David Noble:

This shit sucks.

Frank Holiday:

I hear ya. I wish I'd known. Guess that makes two of us who got Cupid's arrow in the skull. [He waves at his manager] Billy's lucky, he never has to deal with this stuff. He's got some kind of natural female repellent in his skin.

Billy Pepper:

Oh HAR HAR. Asshole.

Frank Holiday:

Kidding, brah!

Billy Pepper:

You know, just because you say "Kidding!" after an insult, that doesn't make it okay!

Frank Holiday: [To David]

He's sensitive. Too many tonal shifts in the last few minutes I think.

Billy Pepper:

I'm sitting right here! I can hear everything you're saying!

[David and Frank have a good laugh. Billy just throws his hands up in exasperation.]

Frank Holiday:

So dude, check it out. Fuckin' Mushigihara Pearl-Harbored our epic war at DEFtv 50 and it was declared a draw, and we each got 1 point, which sucks. But I've been looking at the DEF*MAX rankings, and I think we have another shot at this. If you win the rest of your tournament matches, and I win my last one, we're going to pull ahead of the pack and tie for the top spot in Block B. They'll have to give us a tiebreaker, right? [Grin] And we can show 'em how it's done. AGAIN.

[This returns the smile to David's face as he stands up.]

David Noble:

Damn straight. Holiday versus Noble for the FIFTH time. Though, bruh, you're going to need to bring your A-game. It's getting kind of weird me just beating you over and over again.

Frank Holiday:

Oh, we're going there? Watch the tape from 50 again, dude, cuz clearly you don't remember me getting this close to the title while you were rooting around in wood shavings like my old hamster Clint Eastwood.

David Noble:

Then maybe you need to double check that tape, because I was about to enter the ring when Mushi decided to stick his gigantic nose in our business. I think as I proved a few times, I would have ran up that ladder and stopped you before you knew what hit ya. Just saying.

[Noble says that with a huge grin on his face. The truth is he knew Holiday was closer than he would have liked to taking the title away from him and there was no telling if he could really get up that ladder in the nick of time.]

David Noble:

This is why we need another Noble versus Holiday match. Gotta settle these things. Which means, I need to go out there and handle my business with Dan Ryan.

[Holiday gets to his feet and gives Noble a comradely slap on the shoulder. Nothing but genuine good feelings in the gesture.]

Frank Holiday:

You go give him hell, brother. I'm gonna be rooting for ya. And... thanks for the chat.

[He spreads his arms tentatively and has an expression like, bring it in? David chuckles like, oh it's brought. They hug it out, dudebro style. Ari Gold would be proud.]

Angus: [V/O]

Can we cut away now?!

DDK: [V/O]

This is beautiful, man.

[We then see Noble and Holiday break the embrace as Noble walks away, his mind now set on defeating Dan Ryan.]

Falling For It

[A camera follows Troy Matthews through the backstage area at a fast pace, finally Troy gets to a door with an Exit sign above it and kicks it open, then steps out into the parking lot, expecting to find Ryan Matthews there. When he finds no one, he lashes out and kicks a nearby trash receptacle, We hear a clattering of something hitting the ground as he turns toward the parking lot.]

Troy Matthews:

Oh I see how it is, you're a big man when you're talking on the screen and I can't get my hands around your damn throat but where are you now? Get out here and face me like a man!

[Just then we hear a ringing of what sounds like an old cell phone from off camera right. Troy Matthews snaps around as does the camera and then walks over to where the ringing came from. Sure enough, he picks up an old Nokia cell phone off the ground and on it is a note reading "speakerphone only" The display is cracked so no number can be read, and somewhat reluctantly Troy pushes the speaker button...]

Ryan Matthews:

One, two...is this on? Hey Princess, just wanted you to know I had to step out for the rest of the night. See that's because you're a total bitch and fell for this little trick hook line and sinker. Now I've got you where I want you, DAVE, and like always this shit will go down on my time and not yours. See you when I see you slick, just remember you're not facing just anyone, in just any match. You got someone who is legitimately All Killer, No Filter. That's me, and in case you forgot my name is Ryan...

[Not letting him finish, Troy chucks the old cell phone at the wall nearby, shattering it on impact.]

Troy Matthews:

...Matthews. Don't worry, I won't forget...and as God is my witness I won't lose.

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block B): Dan Ryan vs. David Noble

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is one fall... and is a Group B **DEF*MAX Tournament Match!**

DDK:

This upcoming match is going to be a HUGE challenge for David Noble. He may have been able to retrieve his championship back tonight from Mushigihara, but his body has been beaten and battered in recent weeks. Now he has to face off against the beast known as Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Nature of the game, Keebs. These things happen. Ryan is going to come out here, ready to fight, because IF he wins, he's in the Finals and that's all that matters at the end of the day.

DDK:

Trufax.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... Weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the **SOUTHERN! HERITAGE! CHAMPION! ... DAVID! NOBLE!**

[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, looking like he has been through hell.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The champ is in the building, but man, you can see his body has been taking a beating.

Angus:

That's what happens when you're the champion!

DDK:

Or you are attacked from behind by Mushigihara, wrestle a brutal match against Samuel T. Turner, and then follow that up with a devastating ladder match against Frank Holiday that ends with Mushigihara laying you out again.

Angus:

Tomato, Tamato.

♪ 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 ♪

[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 staggered as he has a noticeable limp to his walk. The Southern Heritage Championship, hanging from his shoulder, is displayed proudly as he walked into the ring, his eyes focused on STT.]

♪ Yes I've finally found a reason ♪
♪ I don't need an excuse ♪
♪ I've got this time on my hands ♪
♪ You are the one to abuse ♪

[Noble enters the ring, handing over his championship, and looks poised for a battle.]

Angus:

I promise you this much, he better be happy to have his title back BEFORE this match.

DDK:

And why is that?

Angus:

Because Dan Ryan is going to show NO mercy and probably beat Noble with his own limbs.

DDK:

I don't think it's going to go down exactly like that.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He is one-third of the WORLD TRIOS TAG CHAMPIONS ...THE EGO BUSTER... **DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!**

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. 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:

When this tournament started, he was considered the early favorite in Block B because of his experience. He has not disappointed thus far.

Angus:

Victories against Curtis Penn and Samuel T. Turner thus far. Not easy victories, but victories he was expected to get. His journey tonight will be a bit tougher with the Southern Heritage Champion and then next week against The Train Wreck himself, Frank Holiday.

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.]

DDK:

And as you look at these two men, there is definitely a size difference as Ryan weighs about 60 pounds more and has 3 inches on Noble.

Angus:

The other thing though is the fact that just at DEFtv48, Noble RAILED against the establishment, which he included Ryan in. I mean, just knocked them down and then some.

DDK:

Lots of frustrations that evening was poured out of Noble and now he has a chance to show he belongs as he squares off against one of those men! It looks like they're ready to get this started!

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Ryan comes out of his corner ready for a fight and starts swinging his massive fists at Noble, only for David to roll underneath them and land behind Ryan where he starts kicking the back of Ryan's legs! Ryan turns quickly and catches Noble with an elbow to the jaw! Noble stumbles back a few inches from the shot before he gathers himself and runs at Ryan! Dan goes to grab Noble, but Noble slides under his legs before springboarding off the middle rope and connecting with an enziguri to the back of Ryan's head!]

DDK:

And Noble using his agility in the early moments of this match!

Angus:

He better because if Ryan gets his hands on him, it's game over.

DDK:

Even with that enziguri though, Ryan is still on one knee!

Angus:

This kid better bust out the chairs or something!

[Noble looks at Ryan, who is on one knee and stunned. David then hops onto the second turnbuckle and connects with a dropkick that sends Ryan onto his back!]

Angus:

BOOM! The big man is down!

DDK:

Yeah, but something tells me not for long.

Angus:

Well. Duh. He is Dan Ryan. You know, brother-in-law to Lindsay Troy. She doesn't stay on her back for long either. HEY-O!

DDK:

I just don't know what I did to deserve this hell.

[Noble then bounces off the ropes and connects with a legdrop across the throat of Ryan. As Ryan starts to make his way to his feet, Noble starts clubbing him with a series of forearm shots to the back of his neck. The shots don't have much harm on Ryan as he fights through them. David then bounces off the ropes and goes for a flying crossbody only for Ryan to catch him in midair and connect with a fallaway slam! Slowly, Noble makes his way to his feet only to run right into Ryan, who connects with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

DDK:

And just like THAT, Ryan is taking over this match.

Angus:

Which isn't much of a surprise. First, you take into account Ryan's pure size and skill. Second, Noble has apparently been eager to abuse his body repeatedly as he was beaten down by Mushigihara at DEFtv49--

DDK:

And then the hellacious ladder match last week that ended when Mushigihara came down and put him out as well.

Angus:

I was going to say that, asshole. I don't want to talk anymore. You pissed me off.

[The impact, mixed with the beatings he's taken in recent weeks, causes Noble to slowly make his way to his knees. Dan Ryan, being the nice guy that he is, helps Noble up and then drills him in the face repeatedly with a series of

forearm shots before connecting with another overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Noble lands hard on his back, which he grabs while pulling on the ropes in an effort to get up to his feet.]

Angus:

Oh Jesus. This is going to get ugly... fast.

DDK:

The way that Ryan is honed in tonight, yeah, I would say that.

Angus:

Noble just needs to walk out and give up.

DDK:

And what gives you the impression Noble would do anything of the sort?

[Ryan walks over to Noble and rips him off the mat before wrapping his arms around his waist and connecting with a German Suplex! Noble now grabs the back of his head as he is in immense pain, the effects of the ladder match still with him. Ryan then walks over to Noble again, yanks him off of the mat, spins him around, and connects with a release German Suplex that leaves Noble a crumpled up mess.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Oh damn, Noble just landed squarely on the back of his head there!

Angus:

Ryan has been on a mission throughout this tournament, wanting to finish at the top of the heap that will be DEF*MAX when it is all said and done.

DDK:

He has definitely been a man on a mission. And with two victories in his first two matches, if he pulls off the victory here tonight, then it won't matter what happens the rest of tonight or next week, he will be the representative to emerge from Block B.

Angus:

Hell, he could end up going against Lindsay Troy! That would be one hell of an... awkward match.

[Ryan then walks over to the fallen Noble and proceeds to light him up with a series of knee strikes to the ribcage and abdomen of Noble! For someone the size of like a Dusty Griffith, this would be painful. For someone smaller, like Noble, this is pure hell as every shot feels like someone is taking a baseball bat to his body. David gasps with each shot, his body being beaten like a two cent hooker.]

Angus:

And Ryan is purely just exerting his will here!

DDK:

Ryan can see the finish line very clearly and the only thing in his way is Noble!

Angus:

How much more of a beating can Noble take? After everything he's been through already?

DDK:

That's the million dollar question. If Noble can pull it off though, he is still in contention to make it to the Finals!

[With Noble howling in pain, Ryan continues to impose his will upon him. Ryan then yanks Noble off of the mat and

connects with another German Suplex that flips Noble inside out! The pain is evident on Noble's face, but even with that he starts to crawl to his knees. As he does his best to get up off the mat, Ryan puts an end to the thought with a stiff knee to the side of Noble's torso!]

DDK:

Noble is trying his best to fight through the pain, but at this point, he must have entered this match with every rib and muscle bruised, strained, or torn.

Angus:

You think? The fool was jumping off ladders and not giving a damn against Holiday at DEFtv50. Meanwhile, Ryan was taking care of STT. Yes, STT is a tough fight, but you throw in ladders and reckless wanton for your body? All bets are out the window.

DDK:

Well, those two gave it their all!

Angus:

Yeah, except Frank has got the week off and Noble doesn't.

[Ryan then reaches down and rips Noble off of the mat. He clubs him a few times with a series of fists before connecting with a Dragon Suplex! With Noble in a crumpled mess, Ryan goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

DDK:

And a close call there for Noble, who just managed to get his right shoulder up! Meanwhile, the fans are starting to rally behind Noble, trying to give the Southern Heritage Champion the push he needs.

Angus:

Listen, you ever see that movie Crank?

DDK:

...yes.

Angus:

Then someone needs to give him a shot of adrenaline or cocaine directly to his heart. Oh, and letting him fuck some random girl in the middle of everyone wouldn't hurt either.

DDK:

You never cease to amaze me.

Angus:

It's a gift, honestly.

[Ryan proceeds to walk around the ring, his eyes firmly planted on Noble, who is trying to rise to his feet. Dan then ripls Noble off of the mat and slams his face into the nearby turnbuckle! Noble's head recoils from the shot, but Ryan is not done as he whips Noble into the opposite corner chest first! David slams into the turnbuckle and it sounds as if the turnbuckle exploded upon impact as Noble falls to the mat!]

Angus:

Pure brutality from Dan Ryan! He is looking to put Noble completely out of commission here!

DDK:

These two men, proud men, but the experience difference between them is evident.

Angus:

Ryan not only has more experience, he has more championships, he has been in more big matches, he is bigger, stronger, and fiercer than Noble could ever imagine to be! He is a God in comparison to Noble.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the Dan Ryan fan club.

[Noble is clutching his chest when Ryan walks over to him and pulls him up off the mat. He then hoists him up and holds him up in a brainbuster position for what seems like hours. Ryan keeps him up there, exerting no energy on his own, before he drops him on the back of his head! Dan then follows through with a pin.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And another nearfall for Ryan!

Angus:

Yet, look at the face of Ryan! He is not frustrated or pissed off. He gets Noble. He has studied him. He half-expected this!

DDK:

That he did. That's what Ryan brings to the table. When you have done and seen and experienced as much as he has, you know how to switch gears.

Angus:

Though, I also imagine, Ryan is going to leave this kid broken and battered when it is all said and done because of his refusal to stay down.

[Ryan makes his way back up to his feet and drags Noble up with him. Noble can barely stand as Ryan slips behind him and connects with a Full Nelson Slam! The force of the slam bounces Noble off the mat after impact. Ryan then goes for a springboard legdrop, only for Noble to roll out of the way! Dan seems slightly stunned as Noble struggles back up to his feet. Ryan though comes up behind Noble and wraps his arms around his waist before going for another release German Suplex! Noble though manages to land on his feet, using his agility!]

DDK:

WHOA! Noble on his feet.

Angus:

Not for long though!

[Ryan quickly turns around to see Noble standing there. David doesn't waste his chance as he nails him with a superkick that knocks the former World Champion onto the mat! Noble doesn't so much as pin him as he collapses on him!]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

WHOA! Noble almost pulled off the huge upset there!

Angus:

Gonna have to do a LOT more to Ryan than that if he wants the victory.

DDK:

There's no telling how much is left in Noble's tank though.

Angus:

Something tells me that Ryan though has plenty left.

[Both men are slow to their feet, but Ryan, the fresher of the two, fights through the pain the fastest and drills a few forearm strikes to the face of Noble! He then pushes Noble into the ropes and whips him across the ring. Noble though springboards off the second rope and towards the waiting Ryan before connecting with a flying headscissors on his larger opponent! Noble greets the rising Ryan with a stiff kick to the midsection, which he follows up with a knife-edge chop!]

Angus:

Oh boy, THAT'S gonna sting!

DDK:

Yeah, I don't think that was the smartest idea.

Angus:

Smartest idea?! You go and slap the shit out of Dan Ryan and see what he does to you!

DDK:

I think I will pass.

[Noble then connects with another knife-edge chop, the sound echoing throughout the Wrestle-Plex! The pain is evident in Ryan's eyes as well as annoyance at what Noble is doing. Noble then connects with a Saito Suplex on Ryan, taking the big man to the ground!]

DDK:

Noble is definitely gutsy, but suplexing Ryan may not be the smartest idea.

Angus:

Don't know what game Noble is playing at, but it's one that will probably have his limbs detached from his body.

DDK:

That doesn't sound like a sound game plan.

Angus:

No shit.

[As Ryan makes his way to his feet, Noble greets him with a series of fists and forearms! The shots though amount to gnats attacking an elephant.]

Angus:

You know, this kid looked a lot smarter before that.

DDK:

Or it might be part of his game plan?

Angus:

Worst. Gameplan. Ever.

[Ryan swings his arms at Noble, but Noble manages to duck underneath them again and slams his elbow into Ryan's ribcage followed with another series of forearms! Dan turns around violently and swings his fists at Noble only for David to roll out of the way of them!]

DDK:

Looks like Noble is trying to get Ryan all worked up and wear him out!

Angus:

This idea works until you have a pissed off Dan Ryan wrapping his arms around you. I saw him yell at a guy backstage once for accusing another guy of faking something. Shit got real.

DDK:

I think you just broke the 4th wall.

Angus:

I said... SHIT GOT REAL!

[With Ryan off balance, Noble grabs him by the head and connects with the Shiranui! As Ryan begins to make his way up to his knees, Noble runs full speed at him and connects with a Shining Wizard!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Noble goes for the cover once again.]

1...

2...

3--NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And another near fall! Noble needs this victory!

Angus:

A victory over Dan Ryan would be damn impressive, regardless of how he finishes in this tournament.

DDK:

And I think Noble senses that.

[David then starts to lift Ryan off of the mat, but Noble is met with ANOTHER overhead belly-to-belly suplex from Ryan!]

Angus:

Game. Over.

DDK:

Ryan had some frustrations built up and let them ALL out on Noble there!

Angus:

Kind of like the end of a porno.

DDK:

NOTHING like the end of a porno!

[Ryan grabs Noble as he starts to fight his way off the mat and kicks him square in the midsection. He then lifts him up for the Humility Bomb! Noble though refuses to go down as he starts swinging his forearms at the head of his opponent! Dan drops Noble onto the floor and David starts drilling him with more forearms!]

DDK:

Noble is fighting for his life here!

Angus:

Um, yeah. That would be an understatement.

[Ryan then drills his knee into Noble's midsection and lifts him up again for another Humility bomb!]

Angus:

This will do it!

DDK:

Or maybe not?

[Noble though unloads with a series of closed fists to the legend before he manages to slip down below Ryan! Before Ryan gets a chance to turn around, Noble wraps his arm around the meaty neck of Ryan and plants him with a reverse DDT!]

DDK:

Equalizer! Noble got it in there! This could be it!

Angus:

And Ryan is barely moving after that shot!

DDK:

This would be a HUGE upset here!

Angus:

If, and I stress IF, Noble can put him away here!

[Noble then climbs to the top turnbuckle, looks out at the fans, and goes for the corkscrew Shooting Star Press!]

DDK:

LEAP OF FAITH! LEAP OF FAITH!

Angus:

He missed! Ryan moved out of the way!

[Sure enough, Ryan did roll out of the way and Noble hit the mat HARD. Slowly, Noble fights his way up to his feet and Ryan connects with another boot to the midsection! He then lifts Noble up for the Humility Bomb for a third time, but Noble reverses it into a DDT!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

You have to be kidding me! Noble has kept fighting here tonight and it is paying off!

Angus:

Needs a victory, Keeps.

[With Ryan flat on his back, Noble climbs back to the top turnbuckle, leaps and CONNECTS with the Leap of Faith!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Could this be it?!?!?

DDK:

It could be!

[Noble then goes for the cover!]

1...

2...

3!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... **DAAAAAAAAAAAAVID! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBBLE!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Talk about a HUGE upset!

Angus:

Huge indeed! If Ryan had pulled this off, he would have been in the Finals of the DEF*MAX tournament. Now, Ryan NEEDS a victory next week to secure his spot.

DDK:

And Noble now has a shot to sneak in as well!

Angus:

Block B is looking CRAAAAAAAAAAAZY! Still, great fight from Ryan and it looks like Noble JUST got one over him.

[As Ryan sits up and looks over at Noble, there is a look of surprise on Dan's face. The two men lock eyes for a moment with Ryan smirking, making it clear "Alright, you got me". Dan then rolls out of the ring, rolling his shoulders, knowing that he still controls his destiny. One victory was all he needed and that victory would have to be against Frank Holiday.]

DDK:

Noble should feel proud for getting the huge upset victory there!

Angus:

That he should. Let's break it down now as Group B play has ended for tonight. Ryan is in the lead with 4 points thus far. Then there is a three-way tie for second place between Holiday, Penn, and Noble, each of whom have 3 points.

DDK:

Exactly. If Ryan wins, he is in, no questions asked. If Holiday wins, he will face the winner of Penn and Noble in a play-

in match at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Things are certainly shaping up to be interesting next week!

[Noble, in the ring, holds up his championship belt, knowing he has received one more chance to go to Maximum DEFIANCE and compete in the DEF*MAX finals. The fans look on at him, cheering him on.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Robin of Da Hood

[It's been a long hard night for Curtis Penn in that he has entrusted his merchandise stand and well being to a fella that he casually knows to be a bit DEFIANT and who is banging the HBIC and with all thing being political he allowed Ty Walker to relive his street corner thug ways without much of a fuss or fury.]

[Then there was the time limit draw with Samuel Tiberius Turner that gave him an inkling respect for the new found piss an' vinegar STT. But after changing out of his work clothes and into something a little more casual for the French Quarter he has one last bit of business to attend to before he makes his rounds Downtown, he has to secure his money from Ty Walker.]

[He rounds the corner and notices a largish crowd standing in front of his booth, some are laughing, others are smiling, but all are jovial. He notices some minor changes to the booth such as the large Team Danger poster covering up SoHer Legend poster, a now featuring Ty Walker hand written poster board that's been rigged to be held up by a couple of foam fingers, and a display of Ty Walker paternity test kits.]

[The Doctor of DEFIANCE pushes his way through the crowd to notice an old tube TV and DVD player hooked up showing a DVD that he is prominently featured on the cover art. The Director of Doom grabs the case in his hands and somehow manages to mathematically interpret what is going on between the bell ringing on the TV and him reading the matches listed on the back of the dvd case.]

Voice:

WINNER AND NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION TONY DI LUCA!!!!

[Ty grabs the remote and hits the double arrows to sped through to the next match.]

Tyrone Walker:

An' if y'all liked that, wait 'til ya see him hurt his own wrist!

[Fury flushes the fantastic fighters face as he furiously fastens his hands on the cord and yanks is free from the extension cord. The crowd gasps as they all see the fuming face of Curtis Penn. They quickly take a few steps back to see what is about to occur as Ty Walker approaches Curtis Penn.]

Curtis Penn:

What...in ... THE... HALE is all of this!?

[Curtis makes a sweeping gesture to the once tip jar that is now labeled the ANGUS RELIEF FUND and the stacks upon stacks of Furious Failures and Bloopers of Curtis Penn Vol.1]

Tyrone Walker:

See, what happened was...

[He glances over his shoulder to the unpacked boxes of Curtis Penn DVDs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Um... I ran out of your DVDs. I ran out of your shirts, an' I ran all outta of your 8x10's.

[Curtis, the master of I SPY, looks over into the trash bin and sees a handful his photographs covered in purple slurpee.]

Tyrone Walker:

I couldn't sell the Slurpee covered pics man, but I did sell out of your DVDs... As long as you don't check the can by the hotdogs. An' I was all about to pack up an' shit when I recalled that we just so happened to have a few cases of Curtis Penn's Bloopers available in the trunk of my car.

Curtis Penn:

Bloopers!?

[Ty tosses one of the DVD's to Curtis and it makes a loud smacking sound as it hits him on the chest.]

Curtis Penn:

Watch as Curtis Penn is ran over by an ATV by cVc...

[Penn squints as he moves to the next description.]

Curtis Penn:

The SoHer Legend or SoHer Chicken?

Tyrone Walker:

Don't forget about Curtis Penn humiliatin' defeat against Eugene Dewey, complete with slo-mo' replays of his wrist injury from five different angles!

[Curtis' face is on the verge of turning purple at this point, he is trying not to lay hands on the man who is holding his money and the guy who is laying wood to the HBIC.]

Curtis Penn:

Ty... What about **MY** money?

[Walker produces an extremely large roll of currency from his front pocket.]

Tyrone Walker:

I can see that you're a bit upset so, how 'bout I break you off some cash.

Curtis Penn:

Yeah...

[Curtis thrusts his hand forward.]

Curtis Penn:

Just give me **MY** money.

[Ty unfolds the money and gives it a quick count. Then starts doing some math in the air.]

Tyrone Walker:

Drop the 2, carry the 1... A'ight, so the gran' total comes out to Two Grand an' Two Hundred an' Twelve dollars! Damn! I'm good!

[Ty smiles as he slips out a hundred dollar bill and passes it to Curtis Penn and proceeds to drop a thick wad of dough into the Angus Relief Fund.]

Curtis Penn: (staring dumbly at the Angus Relief Fund pickle jar.)

What the FACK DUDE! That was MINE!

[Ty breaks off another grip of hundos and starts to pass them out generously to the surrounding crowd.]

Curtis Penn:

DUUDDE! MY MONEY!

[He starts to grab the money from the crowd one by one, bill by bill, until Walker turns around and stops him from stealing it back.]

Tyrone Walker:

Actually, no!

[He snatches the money from Curtis' hands.]

Tyrone Walker:

I gave you all this bread. All of it.

[He shakes the cash that he just snatched from Penn in his face]

Tyrone Walker:

All'a that...

[He points at the Angus Relief fund.]

Tyrone Walker:

An' all'a this right here?

[He pats the wad in his pants... or he's just happy to see ya.]

Tyrone Walker:

Is all mine.

Curtis Penn:

The fuck you say...

Tyrone Walker:

See whether you know it or not you have to pay me for workin' this booth.

Curtis Penn:

Yeah, you get minimum wage...

[Ty smiles.]

Tyrone Walker:

True, but you're forgettin' fees that are in my contract...

Curtis Penn:

Wh-what? What contract?

Tyrone Walker:

My DEFIANCE contract, there are certain fees that I'm owed on top of my base pay. Let's see here, there's Team Danger booking fees, Black Jesus Booking Fees, Two Time Hall of Famer booking fees, an' of course the big one...Givin' the Ol' **Blackaconda** to the Head Bitch In Charge fees.

[Curtis Penn is not amused. Tyrone Walker is not shaken by this as he picks up the Angus Relief Fund jar.]

Tyrone Walker:

Speakin' of which, there's somewhere I gotta be, you know how it is, playa... Holla!

[Ty stuffs in the extra couple of bills into the ARF jar leaving Curtis Penn furious as Ty makes his way to the elevator bank.]

Curtis Penn:

Don't worry, Ty, you'll get your's soon enough.

[Cut away...]

Hand Grenade

[From the shot of Penn's mean mug, the scene switches to another part of backstage where Lindsay Troy is in street clothes and has her phone to her ear. The Queen looks surprisingly calm after taking the pinfall loss to Henry Keyes not that long ago. She's either squared herself with the result or she doesn't want anyone to see her sweat.]

[Maybe it's even a little of both.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm on my way over now. Did you want me to pick the lock of the liquor closet in the caf so we can commiserate together?

[She pauses, huffs good-naturedly, and shakes her head.]

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, well, you and TAI!! better have put those posters out of sight before I get there. ... Uh huh. ... I'm not dignifying that with a proper answer, ass. See you in a few.

[Troy hangs up the phone, slips it into her pocket, and continues on her way. It's a quiet, lonely walk, punctuated by the tapping of her rubber-soled sneakers on the tile. Eventually, her swaggy gait comes to a complete halt and the camera pulls back a little bit to reveal the cause of the sudden stoppage.]

[One Steampunk Airship Pirate, to be exact.]

[Henry Keyes doesn't look any better for his trouble - his injured left arm still hangs dead-weight by his side and is covered with multiple taped-on ice packs - but he does have a mischievous glint to his brown eyes. The two engage in a stalemate of sorts, the only movement coming when Troy re-adjusts her travel bag on her shoulder and the only sound (for the moment) coming from the DEFIAfans in the arena proper.]

[Finally, the Queen lifts her right arm and extends her hand.]

[Keyes looks at the hand, then at the Queen's face, a hint of madness in his eye.]

Henry Keyes:

I'm glad you're extending THAT hand in particular, eh?

Lindsay Troy:

Wouldn't want you to fall completely to pieces around me.

[Keyes opts to not look a gift handshake in the mouth and clasps forearms with Troy in a Roman-style handshake. If Troy is confused or amused by this, she doesn't seem to give off that vibe for much more than an instant. Keyes holds on to the forearm firmly, though not threateningly.]

Henry Keyes:

You almost had me there. Several times.

Lindsay Troy:

Horseshoes and hand grenades. But you've made things interesting. [Smirks.] Now I gotta play from behind in Block A thanks to that Bell Clap.

Henry Keyes:

Nothing a competitor like you can't handle, I imagine...and with the Bell Clap, I've found that you have to dance with the lady that brought yeh. Even if it angers the doc. [He glances at his left arm, then looks back and raises an eyebrow.] What's a hand grenade.

[A puzzled look crosses Troy's face and she tilts her head, just a bit.]

Lindsay Troy:

Was that a question or....

Henry Keyes:

Is it something you wear? Like a glove?

Lindsay Troy:

N--not quite.

[At this point, the Queen's not sure whether to laugh or be worried that Keyes looks deathly serious.]

Lindsay Troy:

Aaaanyway, Henry, I should go. I've got a little main event to take in.

[Keyes, blissfully unaware that the socially-normal length of time for a handshake passed 20 seconds ago, finally releases his grasp and gives Troy a hearty slap on the shoulder with his good arm.]

Henry Keyes:

And I've got a bottle of absinthe with my name on it! You keep fighting that good fight, Queen. I look forward to crossing swords again.

[Keyes marches away, leaving Troy a bit dumbstruck.]

Lindsay Troy: [to herself]

He didn't hit me that hard, right? Right?

[And now, for your MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING ...]

DEF*MAX Tournament (Block A): Eugene Dewey vs. Bronson Box

[Lights aaaaall around the arena start clicking off until the entire Wrestle-Plex is bathed in darkness. After a few moments a whistling wind is heard. The thrumming acoustic guitar and the driving beat of the drums is followed out of the inky darkness by the voice of ring announcer Darren Quimbey.]

Quimbey:

LADIEEEEEES AND GENTLEMEN! Making his way to the ring, he is the seeeeelf proclaimed, greatest attraction in aaaaaaall of sports and entertainment.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Quimbey:

THE WARGOD! THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOX!

[The lights snap back on with a pop as the man in black continues his tune. The Original DEFIANT is already on the ring apron just up from the entrance ramp. The jeers and boos from the crowd doubling in volume when they see him standing there. Robeless this week. He's sporting a brand new brown singlet with a dark black and grey tartan criss crossing the fabric, his name arching across the front. He walks to center ring, handing a blue notecard to the lithe little announcer who protests meekly before thinking the better of it and just reads the card.]

Boxer: [off mic]

Say it with vigor, boy'o...

Quimbey:

He... he is a former TWWWWWO time FIST of DEFIANCE champion, and... [off mic] oh, come on really?

[Boxer glares at Darren silently. Quimbey breaths a deep sigh and continues.]

Quimbey:

And in his words, he is "the only bloody competitor to ever hold the now retired World title worth mentioning ever again" ...

[Bronson laughs, obviously proud of himself. He motions for Quimbey to continue.]

Quimbey:

DEFIANCE faithful, stand, stand and greet... [sigh] the reason you are all here tonight. The man who will, tonight, take from the reigning defending champion his opportunity to win DEFmax. Stand and greet your standard bearer... Bronson Box...

[Darren rushes through the end of the notes, tosses the blue card in the air, rolls his eyes and bolts from the ring. Bronson ignores the slight, he's far too busy soaking in his sweet sweet sustenance from the crowd. He perches up on the nearest turnbuckle and leans out over ringside with his eyes closed.]

[A biiiiig smile across his face.]

Angus:

Well, he's certainly in his element now.

DDK:

Have you figured out how you feel about Bronson? Last week you seemed a touch befuddled.

Angus:

Eric and Ty set me straight. Box is a douche.

DDK:
Really?

Angus:
WWTDD, Darren. Whenever in doubt. WWTDD.

DDK:
You should get that on a rubber bracelet, Skaaland.

[Once Bronson has vacated the ring and taken a place at ringside...]

Quimbey:
And hiiiiiiiiiiiiis opponent!

[Dark Lord Bowser]

[All the lights in the arena drop out save for one spotlight at the top of the ramp. Slowly the FIST of DEFIANCE enters the ring of light and stands stoically staring down at the ring.]

Quimbey:
From Buffalo Wyoming, weighing in at 260 pounds...

[The FIST starts to make his way down to the ring and is followed by the spotlight. He ignores the fans hurling abuse at him and climbs the stairs before stepping into the ring. He climbs the nearest turnbuckle and lifts his title belt into the air as the lights come back up.]

Quimbey:
He is the FIST of DEFIANCE... EEEEEEEUGEEEEENEEEEEEEE DEEEEEEEWEEEEEEY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
These fans are making their feelings of the FIST quite clear.

Angus:
Ingrates.

[Dewey hops down from the turnbuckle and turns to face his opponent for tonight. He passes his titlt belt to Mark Shields and awaits the sound of the ring bell.]

Ding Ding Ding!

DDK:
And here we go. Eugene Dewey vs. Bronson Box - Part 4.

Angus:
This time it's not personal?

DDK:
Evidently not.

[Both men walk out of their corners and meet in the middle of the ring. With there only being an inch or two difference in their heights, they're able to fix on to each others eyes and both smile. Eugene Dewey extends his hand first, which is soon met by Bronson Box and they shake and break without incident.]

Angus:

This is surreal.

DDK:

If you'd told me that these two would ever shake hands before a one on one contest I'd have told you you were out of your mind.

Angus:

I guess that's just further proof that the alliance between these two gladiators is stronger than any residual bad blood.

DDK:

Further proof?

Angus:

You heard it from the horses mouths earlier, Keeps. The Original DEFIANTs made it quite clear that, while they might not be on the same exact same page, they're at least reading the same chapter.

DDK:

Are you trying to be prophetic again?

Angus:

I'm gonna release my own book of inspirational quotes one day, just watch.

[With the handshake completed, Bronson Box offers his hand to Eugene again, however this time it's in the form of an invitation to a test of strength. The FIST seems hesitant at first, but soon accepts and the two warriors lock hands in the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

I'm not so sure that accept this is a good idea for Dewey.

Angus:

The FIST is deceptively powerful, Keeps.

DDK:

But Box is a strongman from yesteryear.

[As Darren might have thought, Box starts overpower Eugene with relative ease and takes the FIST down to one knee. Rather than really cinch in the greco roman knuckle lock though, Box releases Dewey's hands and takes a step back to allow the FIST up to his feet.]

DDK:

And look at that... A clean break from the pair.

Angus:

You sound surprised.

DDK:

Well, come on, Angus. Handshakes and clean breaks? From Dewey and Box?

Angus:

It's called respect, Keeps. Something which you know nothing about.

DDK:

Hey, I respect people that deserve it, and let me tell you, neither Dewey, nor Box, deserve respect after their actions of late.

[Clearly Box is pleased with his ability to overpower the FIST and shows it with a smile. Dewey meanwhile maintains a stoic expression. He does respond however by inviting Box to tie up with him in a collar and elbow tie up. This time Box accepts and they tie up in the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

Normally the early stages of a match would be more about feeling each other out.

Angus:

God am I glad you said 'out'.

DDK:

But these two seem to be holding some sort of contest.

[While Dewey might only hold a couple of inches over Box, he's able to use those inches to great effect and pushes Bronson back into the corner of the ring. Mark Shields interjects himself between the two, but it's hardly needed as they cleanly break once more.]

DDK:

Another clean break...

Angus:

That's one and one. We're all tied up now.

DDK:

Dewey managed to use his ever so slight height advantage to maneuver Box into the corner, and now the expression changes.

[Dewey backs away from the Wargod with a smile on his face. Box meanwhile purposefully nods once in acknowledgement of Dewey's victory before coming out of the corner with his hands up in front of his face.]

RAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Looks like Bronson wants to Box.

Angus:

I GET IT!

[And the FIST responds in kind by putting up his dukes.]

Angus:

I'd just like to point out that I'm a wrestling commentator. Not a boxing commentator.

DDK:

Same here.

Angus:

But I'll give it a go... Box is throwing some body shots... Eugene throws some body shots... None seem to be landing flush.

DDK:

Doing good, Partner... probably...

Angus:

Box switches to the head... Eugene's blocking the strikes, and he retaliates with a right of his own that Box avoids.

[And that's when Box finally lands a flush strike. An uppercut to the abdomen that drives all the air out of Eugene's lungs. Eugene doubles over and leaves his head exposed for Box to deliver a series of rights and lefts that knock the FIST back into the corner of the ring. Box doesn't let up this time though and continues with the assault, landing rights and lefts to the head and midsection of the champion. Before Mark Shields can interject though, Box grabs Dewey's arm and whips him across the ring.]

DDK:

Dewey to the opposite corner, and Bronson's coming after him, but Dewey puts on the brakes and delivers a back elbow to Box's head.

[Box stumbles away from the corner while Dewey regains his composure and hops up onto the second rope. Before he can get himself settled though Box comes back with a rushing European Uppercut that almost knocks Dewey over the top rope, but the FIST manages to cling to the ropes to stop from falling.]

Angus:

I think I'd rather have taken the fall there, Dewey.

[Bronson grabs one of Eugene's ankles and rips him out of the corner. Dewey careens down to the mat and hits hard, and Bronson goes for the quick cover.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

DDK:

NO! Eugene kicks out!

[Without hesitation Bronson grabs Eugene by the head and sits him up to apply a rear chinlock. Dewey doesn't stay down for long though and quickly rolls to one side and moves to his knees. Box stays in control though by adjusting to a side headlock.]

DDK:

I know it's just a side headlock, but with the extra venom that Box adds to every move of his, it looks so damn painful for the FIST.

Angus:

Are you starting to empathize with the champ?

DDK:>

Actually the opposite. I'm kind of enjoying watching it.

[Eugene pushes Box back against the ropes and bounces him off, sending the Wargod across the ring. Bronson bounces off the opposite side of the ring and comes back at Eugene, who ducks for a back body drop. Box puts on the brakes though and straddles Eugene's head. He drives a forearm down across the back of Eugene to stun him for a moment so that he can lift him up for a powerbomb!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Oh My!

Angus:

SHIT!

[Box takes off running towards one corner of the ring.]

DDK:

Is it gonna be...!?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[No, Angus, it's not. About two steps before he'd have been in range for the Bombasto Bomb, Eugene manages to slip out of Box's grasp and falls to his feet in front of the Wargod. He drives a couple of forearms into the face of the mustachioed man before grabbing hold of his singlet and falling backwards. Dewey drags Box forwards and down as he falls, driving Box's face into the middle turnbuckle.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Would you look at that, Angus.

Angus:

Tremendous ring presence from Dewey, and a fantastic counter to the Bombasto Bomb. If Box had hit that then this one would surely have been over.

DDK:

A cheap counter I'd say.

Angus:

They don't have to be expensive. They just have to be effective.

[Mark Shields immediately puts himself between Box and Dewey to allow Bronson the chance to get back to his feet. Eugene backs off to the middle of the ring and waits for Bronson to get back up, and when he does he's actually smiling as he pats at his mouth with the palm of his hand.]

DDK:

Bronson's actually smiling.

Angus:

He's proud of Eugene, Keebs.

DDK:

He's a psycho.

Angus:

Oh come on, Dewey pulled him into the corner. It's not like he took his skin off and wear it like a suit.

[Shields signals for the two to get it awn again and they do, tying up in the middle of the ring again with a collar and elbow tie up. Again Eugene gets the better of the tie up and wrenches Box's arm before going behind him with a hammerlock. Bronson tries to grab at Eugene, but the FIST avoids Box's grasp, but the avoidance must have caused him to loosen his grip, because Box is then able to reverse the hold and go behind on Dewey. He grabs a waistlock and charges the champ into the ropes, but when he tries to pull Dewey back, he finds that the FIST has hooked the ropes Box rolls back by himself.]

Angus:

More great ring presence from Dewey.

[Box gets back to his feet and charges at Eugene, who side steps the incoming Strongman and grabs his big bald head to assist him on his way through the ropes and to the outside. Box lands on his feet, but his momentum carries him chest first into the barricade around ringside.]

Angus:

I suppose you're going to call that underhanded as well.

DDK:

No, that was a smart reversal by Dewey.

Angus:

Jesus christ, I never know which way the wind's blowing with you.

DDK:

How do you think I feel?

[Back in the ring... well, not quite as Dewey steps out onto the apron, the FIST backs up against the ring post and waits for Bronson Box to turn around. As soon as he does so Eugene takes off along the apron and launches himself off with a cannonball that connects with the Wargod. Dewey wastes absolutely no time in taunting the fans and grabs Box's head to pull him up to his feet and sends him back into the ring. Dewey slides in after him and covers Box as quickly as possible.]

[ONE!]

[TW-NO! Box kicks out with ease!]

DDK:

Dewey might have hit all of that cannonball, but Bronson's not gonna be put down by it.

[Eugene puls Box up again and scoops him up. He holds the Strongman up for a moment before slamming him back down to the canvas with a bodyslam. Still not wasting any time Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with an elbow drop.]

DDK:

Right to Bronson Box's black heart!

Angus:

That's pretty racist, Keebs.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Just because it's bad doesn't mean it's black. I mean, what are you? A cop?

[Box instinctively rolls over onto his front to avoid the pin, but that only allows Eugene to stand at his head and pull him up into position. The FIST wraps his arms around Box's midsection and lifts...]

DDK:

Is he gonna hit Box with a piledriver?

[No he's not, as Box kicks out of it and drops back to the canvas. Bronson straightens up and backdrops Dewey to the mat. Dewey's momentum carries him up to a seated position as Box hits the ropes, which puts him in perfect position...]

DDK:

THE FLYING STRONGMAN!

Angus:

Box sails through the air, hooks Dewey's head and then rolls back into the guillotine! And Dewey's got nowhere to go!

DDK:

Once upon a time Bronson put many, many foes away with this hold.

Angus:

And it's easy to see why, look at the torque on Dewey's neck!

[Eugene's hand hovers over Box's shoulder blade as he wrenches on the guillotine. Mark Shields makes sure that he's in position to see or hear any kind of submission, and the fans are going crazy.]

Indecipherable Screaming

DDK:

Half of these fans want Dewey to tap, the other half don't want Box to win.

Angus:

And which side of the fence do you fall on?

DDK:

The side where neither guy wins?

Angus:

So you're straddling the fence. Why didn't I already know that?

[Closer and closer Dewey's had gets to Bronson's shoulder until, all of a sudden, the FIST rolls over to one side and tips Box off of him. Bronson refuses to release the guillotine, but some of the pressure is definitely relieved as Dewey is able to catch a breath. He rolls Box over even further and actually manages to pin Box's shoulder to the canvas!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-NO! Box shifts his weight and rolls a shoulder up. Eugene fights not to fall over though and rolls Box back onto both shoulders!]

[ON-but he doesn't keep him there and Eugene heaves Box up with all his might!]

Angus:

He's lifting the Wargod! Look, Keeps! Look!

DDK:

I see it, Angus.

[Eugene holds Box up for a moment before charging forwards so that he can drive Boxer's spine into the turnbuckle. The force of the collision forces the Wargod to release the Guillotine and gives Eugene a chance to back up and catch his breath. He doesn't wait too long and charges back in st Box, but Bronson's also had a moment to recover and steps forwards to grab Eugene and dive him into the canvas with a one armed side slam!]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Box goes for the cover!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-No, Eugene gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

How did Eugene kick out of that? He practically landed on the top of his head!

Angus:

He's resilient, Keebs, and that's why he's brilliant.

DDK:

Herpes is resilient.

[Box grabs a handful of ginger 'fro and pulls Dewey up to his feet. He sends the FIST into the corner and closes the gap quickly. Box drives a headbutt into the crook of Dewey's neck before unleashing a barrage of headbutts to the neck, face and head of the champion.]

DDK:

Headbutt after headbutt after headbutt.

Angus:

He's using that chromedome like a weapon!

DDK:

Doesn't he always?

[Finally, mecifully, Box ceases the headbutts and whips Eugene across the ring, but the FIST holds on and reverses it, sending Box careening across the ring. Bronson stumbles out of the corner into an arm of Eugene Dewey, who scoops him up and drives him into the mat with a side walk slam!]

DDK:

That was pure instinct, Angus. It had to be.

Angus:

I think you're right, Keebs. Dewey doesn't look like he knows where he is right now.

DDK:

He's trying to shake the cobwebs off...

Angus:

I think he's only just realised that Box is in perfect position to be covered.

[And Dewey lays an arm across Box's chest to cover him.]

[ONE!]

[TW-But Box rolls a shoulder up with ease.]

DDK:

Well that was never gonna do it, was it?

[Now it's Eugene's turn to pull Box up to his feet. Once he's got the Wargod up he hooks Bronson's arm over his head and lifts him for a picture perfect vertical suplex. Still trying to clear his head, Dewey shakes it off as he gets back to his feet. Dewey hits the ropes and comes back with a running senton and lands on Bronson's chest with all his weight. Dewey flips over and covers the Wargod instantly!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[No! Bronson gets a shoulder up again!]

DDK:

Still no, but it looks like Eugene's building some momentum now.

Angus:

He's got to capitalise right now. Box might have kicked out, but I'd be surprised if he could do anything but suck wind for the next few moments.

[Almost as though he heard Angus' words, Eugene pulls Box to his feet and drives him towards the corner. Eugene whips Box across the ring and follows him in, sandwiching the Wargod against the turnbuckle just as soon as he hits it. Bronson drops his his ass and Dewey charges out of the corner and hits the ropes. He comes back and drives his rump into the head of Box, crushing him between the posterior and the turnbuckle.]

Angus:

ASS BLASTER!

DDK:

Please don't call it that.

Angus:

Why?

DDK:

Just... please...

[Eugene grabs Box by the leg and pulls him from the corner to cover him again!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-NO! Box gets a shoulder up!]

[Surprisingly Dewey isn't getting mad. In fact, he's getting pumped up.]

Angus:

Oooh, you know what's coming, Keeps!

DDK:

Are we gonna see it? The move that put Box down the first time these two met?

Angus:

The move that Eugene used to defeat Dusty Griffith!

[Bronson slowly gets back to his feet as Eugene crouches behind him. He waits... and waits.... and waits for Box to turn around, and when he finally does...]

SHORYU-NO!

[The rising uppercut doesn't connect as Box staggers backwards and avoids the contact!]

DDK:

Box pendulums on the middle rope...

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The force of the lariat almost takes Eugene's head off and flips him 270 degrees. Box rolls Eugene over and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[TH-No! Dewey gets a shoulder up!]

DDK:

How did he kick out, Angus? How!?

Angus:

I'm telling you, he's-

DDK:

Just because it rhymes doesn't mean it's true!

[Bronson quickly gets back to his feet and lifts his right hand to the sky.]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

He's not...

DDK:

He is... He's signalling for it.

[Probably on instinct Eugene forces himself to get to his feet while Box stands behind him and holds his hand up. Now he's waiting patiently for Eugene to turn around so that he can apply...]

DDK:

God's Fiery Right Hand!

Angus:

No! Look, Keeps! Look! Eugene's blocking it!

[Eugene manages to get his hands up at the last microsecond and stops Box from clamping on the claw hold!]

DDK:

Eugene's using both hands to stop Box from tearing the flesh off of his skull... again.

[Both men struggle for leverage as Box's fingernails get ever closer to the skin on the FIST's forehead. Suddenly Eugene jukes to one side and Box's hand misses his head. That leaves Eugene in perfect position to tuck his head into Box's Ribs and lift him!]

Angus:

THE GOOGLE-PLEX!

DDK:

That's a thing now, is it?

Angus:

Apparently. People seemed to like it last time.

DDK:

How would you know?

Angus:

I read feedback... at least when it's posted.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Nevermind.

[Dewey crawls over Box and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THR-NO! Box pushes a shoulder up!]

[Eugene doesn't leave Box on the floor for long and pulls him to his feet. Bronson is almost out on them though, but that's fine for Eugene, he just needs Box to stay standing long enough for him to hit the ropes and come back with the-]

Angus:

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAOU-

DDK:

KNEE! BOX GOT A KNEE UP!

[Angus' celebrations might have been a tad premature, but not wholly out of place as Box does indeed get a knee up that connects with Eugene's head, but he still takes the force of the Biotic Charge to the leg, and that's no picnic.]

DDK:

Would you take a look at that, Angus. Bronson Box was willing to absorb the Biotic Charge just so that he could deal damage to Dewey at the same time.

Angus:

The man's crazy, Keeps. We get it.

DDK:

I goes to show as well though that these two men know each other so, so well.

Angus:

It's gonna come down to a mistake from one of them, it has to.

DDK:

Or it'll end in a draw. There's not long left on the clock.

[Both men start to stir at the same time and get to their feet at about the same pace. Both throw left hands at the same time, and both connect with the other's jaw.]

BOOOOOORAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Who's cheering for who, Angus?

Angus:

How the shit should I know?

[They both throw another punch!]

BOOOOOORAHHHHHHHHHH!

[And another!]

BOOOOOORAHHHHHHHHHH!

[And another...]

BOOOO-OOOOOOOOOOH!!

[But no. Box doesn't throw a shot this time and catches Dewey's hand. He bends Eugene's arm back over itself and opens up his chest for the Sacred Heart!]

DDK:

The heart punch! Box just nailed Dewey with the heart punch!

[HE doesn't let Dewey fall to the mat though and continues to hold him up with his arm. He pulls Eugene in close and speaks to his notafriend.]

Bronson Box:

This is how ye do a bloody suplex, Boy!

[Box hooks Eugene up and lifts him into the air. He holds him... and holds him... and holds him...]

Angus:

All the blood's rushing to Eugene's head... kinda like when he's alone in his mamma's basement at night.

DDK:

Ew.

[And Box falls, driving Eugene into the canvas with the suplex! Bronson elects not to go for the cover time time though and pulls Eugene right back up. He locks the FIST into a cobra clutch and pulls him down across his knee!]

DDK:

Cobra clutch backbreaker!

Angus:

You know what that means...

[That means there's another one coming, and then a third. Bronson spins and practically throws Eugene away from him towards the nearest corner. Dewey struggles to get back to his feet while Bronson stalks his way in.]

DDK:

Oh god... Bronson's got that look in his eye.

Angus:

I think this might actually be the end of the road...

[Bronson grabs Eugene by the head and holds him up. He looks the FIST dead in the eye and-]

OOOOOOOH!

[Gets spun into the corner as Eugene comes to life!]

DDK:

Dewey's unloading on Box! Rights and lefts and lefts and rights!

Angus:

And now he's climbing the ropes!

[Dewey ascends the turnbuckles and stands over Box before raining down right hands to the temple of the Wargod!]

ONE!TWO!THREE!FOUR!FI-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

[But he can't continue the strikes as Box steps out from the corner and takes the FIST on his shoulders!]

DDK:

Uh-oh!

Angus:

I told you! A mistake!

DDK:

Here it comes!

[Box turns and drives Eugene into the turnbuckle with none other than the Bombasto Bomb! Eugene crumbles in a heap and Bronson's feet, and Box flatens him out and covers him!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THREE!!!]

Ding Ding Ding

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, BRRRRRRRRRONSON BOX!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

I wish these people would make up their bloody minds!

[God's Gonna Cut You Down sounds out around the area as Bronson Box gets to his feet and raises his hands in victory.]

DDK:

Angus, do you realise what this means?

Angus:

The Bombasto Bomb is a deadly, deadly move?

DDK:

No, Angus. Eugene Dewey is now unable to win the DEF*MAX tournament!

Angus

What?

DDK:

Box now has 5 points. Eugene has 4 and has wrestled all of his matches. It's over for the FIST!

Angus:

No... God damnit!

[Mark Shields holds Bronson's hands high as the fans voice their (dis)pleasure at the result, but a hush falls over them as Dewey slowly starts to get to his feet.]

DDK:

Oh man... check it out...

Angus:

Shit's about to get real.

[Bronson turns around and stands face to face with the man he just defeated, but the uncertainty over what might happen doesn't last for long as Eugene holds out a hand for Box to shake and leaves the ring without incident.]

DDK:

Did I just see that?

Angus:

You did, Keebs, and don't forget, that's what Eugene said would happen. He said, in no uncertain terms, he and Box would shake hands at the end of the match.

DDK:

But he did say that he would be the victor, which he isn't.

Angus:

Semantics. They shook hands and Eugene left the ring. That's how you handle a loss. I hope Mayberry is taking note of that.

DDK:

Are you serious?

Angus:

Totally. Dewey's not taking Box's spotlight, and I can assure you, he's fully aware of his position in DEF*MAX right now. But he knows this is Box's time. He's not gonna try and make it all about him, unlike Mayberry.

DDK:

I think we see things totally different, Angus.

Angus:

No shit...

DDK:

Well folks, that's all we've got time for tonight, but please join us next time for the final round of the DEF*MAX Tournament!

[The picture fades out on Bronson Box standing on the second rope looking out over the crowd with his hands raised.]

Angus:

Wow. ...This is a pretty tame ending by our standards...

[DEFIANCE logo.]