

Read Between the Lines

[Fade-in from black.]

[We're inside the arena's ominous skybox. The very same skybox the primary investor in DEFIANCE Wrestling, Edward White, has claimed as his personal office whilst in residence at the arena on DEF-related business. Being the owner of the building has its perks, after all. Edward White stands behind his huge oak desk in his usual finery: presumably brand new white tux, perfectly coiffed beard, huge Churchill-sized Cuban between his cheek and gum, and a big shit-eating grin plastered across his smug face.]

Edward White:

Gentlemen! Welcome!

[The Sophisticate plucks the cigar between his fingers and holds his hands out welcomingly.]

Edward White:

So glad you could join us, and all together I see! After last week I'd have guessed you two would be off grumbling at one another in some dark hallway, butting heads like a couple of old goats. Let's take that as a good omen and maybe try our hands at being a bit more productive at the top of this edition of DEFtv than we found ourselves on the last, what say?

[To his immediate right stands his personal assistant, Jane Katze, in all her glory. Short pencil skirt, white blouse, dark brown hair done up just-so in a loose bun, curves for weeks.]

Edward White:

Please both of you, sit.

[Back by the large bank of auto-tinted skybox windows is the massive seven-footer Nicky Corozzo... his eyes deadlocked on the two men across the desk from his cohorts.]

Dusty Griffith:

I'm good where I'm at.

[The Old School Shooter shakes his head once or twice "no" before looking to his left at the man standing silently beside him.]

Dusty Griffith:

Do you feel like taking a seat, Baws?

[White bristles while the "Only Star" Eric Dane glares silently across the desk at the man who stole his company out from under him. The man so fluent in legalese that he managed to pluck him from retirement and toss him back in the lions' den. The man who has stated quite plainly time and time again that he'll use any funds necessary to take the "Eric Dane Empire" down for good.]

[After a moment, White shrugs and continues]

Edward White:

Suit yourselves.

[He turns his eyes toward Griffith.]

Edward White:

I find it interesting that you still see that man as the "Baws." Amusing, actually.

[Dusty and Dane both continue to stare as Ed takes his seat with a grin.]

Edward White:

What with that nasty bit of business we conducted last week, as you saw **and** felt, Eric tends to react unkindly when things don't favor him. Or is it a matter of you always needing to be the center of attention? Either or.

[Dusty grinds his teeth as a scowl develops around his eyes and washes its way down. Dane's eyes turn slightly to Dusty, then back to White, who has a bit of a smile curling up as he continues.]

Edward White:

Perhaps that's where a gentlemen warrior such as yourself might find my, let's call it, stewardship of DEFIANCE more... preferable?

[Griffith's brow raises with curiosity and Dane notices it from the corner of his eye. White notices it too, so he adds an extra layer of cheese on this manipulative, bullshit pizza he's concocting.]

Edward White:

I mean, honestly, Mr. Griffith... I am many things to many people, but you and I? We don't need to be enemies here. I value those under my employ who are worthy of such appreciation, and I certainly would never do such a thing to my World Champion. We can't quite say the same about your "Baws," now can we? Not the first time you took it upon yourself to upstage a newly crowned World Champion by STARDRIVING them into the canvas...

[Dane crosses both arms across his chest, a mote of disappointment sitting sourly across his mug.]

Eric Dane:

Really? You're going to compare Dusty to Cancer fucking Jiles?

[Dusty scoffs with an emphatic "hmph." Dane's head snaps towards Dusty, glaring at him with an absolutely unamused sneer.]

Edward White:

My point exactly... Tell me Eric, just how did you reward my old friend Cancer after he finished the job that you and your almighty Team Danger couldn't? As I recall, he beat Andrews for the World Title and then something happened that was strangely familiar about that and what happened last week, no?

[Silence falls over the room as Dusty and White both stare back at the Only Star, waiting on a response.]

Eric Dane:

Cancer Jiles was a schmuck who wanted to take my title belt to HOW where Christ knows what would have happened to it. You both know what I did, and at least one of you knows why I did it. I haven't ever lied about who I am in the ring, and I'm not going to start pretending that I'm Jason Ramsay just to keep you [he nods to Dusty] happy. If you remember, Jason and I feuded and never got on the same page. I might respect him, but I tried to break his neck every time I wrestled him. And as for you, [turns to White] if you think I'm going to either stand here and watch you try to buy my champion, or waste time and effort getting into a bidding war with you, then you ain't nearly as gorrarned smart as you think you are.

[Dane leaves, glaring with dem evil eyes at Dusty on his way out. He throws a backward middle finger over his shoulder as he stalks out the door, somehow pointed directly at Ed White.]

Edward White:

Well, that's was about par for him... [turning to Dusty] can we continue our discussion? Or maybe you want to storm out of here like your "friend" there. Or maybe... deep down you know I'm right, don't you? He can shit on Cancer Jiles all day - I personally think it's hilarious - but that man put an ass in every eighteen inches of chair, sold mountains of merchandise, and he held the World title of this company with as much gusto as he could muster... in his own way.

[Ed pauses and looks Dusty up and down.]

Edward White:

A lot like you, son.

[Dusty snorts, thumbs his nose, and finally interjects.]

Dusty Griffith:

Just stop right there, Ed, because you can drop the goddamned act. I damn sure ain't your son and I sure as **hell** ain't going to be one of your guys.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Unlike the fans' reaction, White puts on his best "am disappointed" faces. Dusty merely stands tall and DEFIANT.]

Edward White:

I'm truly sorry you feel that way, **son**... and looking at you now, you honestly couldn't really cut it as one of my **guys**.

[Ed looks Dusty up and down just like before, but this time with his nose wrinkled up, as though smelling something down right fowl. Nicky Corozzo steps up from his spot near the windows and takes a place of authority behind his employer. The enforcer cracks his knuckles and makes serious "try it" eyes at Dusty Griffith.]

Edward White:

You don't have the strength of character.

[Dusty stares back into the eyes of the Bo\$\$.]

Dusty Griffith:

You know what, yer probably right. Your version of "character" doesn't exactly fit with my mode of operation, what with having a shred of integrity and all...

[White bristles at that one. Jane Katze calmly steps up beside Dusty.]

Jane Katze:

I think that will be quite enough, Mr. Griffith. If you'll please? Mr. White has other matters to attend to this evening.

[She motions towards the door. Dusty chuckles under his breath.]

Dusty Griffith:

Call off your dogs, Ed, I'm done with this crap too.

[Dusty turns on his heels and makes for the door, closing it with a loud (intentional) slam. Ed is left alone with his cohorts.]

Jane Katze:

Were you honestly asking that plebeian to join the staff? Please tell me you're joking, Ed.

[Ed shakes his head and cracks a small smile.]

Edward White:

You still need to learn to read between the lines my dear. You're all ones and zeroes and no heart, and that's always been your problem. Those two storming out the way they did accomplished more than I could have hoped. Now fetch me a fresh drink, it's going to be a very long, very interesting night.

[BOOM!]

[To the booth for the RUNDOWN!]

The Rundown

[At the announce table, "Downtown" Darren Keebler's facial expression is that of mild alarm, and Angus Skaaland's is that of confusion.]

DDK:

Fans, welcome to another episode of DEFIANCE Television, and if you're just tuning in tonight, we just got done listening to a verbal confrontation between the boss of DEFIANCE Eric Dane, DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith, and DEFIANCE financial backer Edward White. And Angus, I have to ask you before we go any further, do you have any idea what White meant by 'those two storming out accomplished more than I could ever hope?'

Angus:

Yeah you know Keebs, I'm thinking White's borrowing some material from Kai Scott, you know, that whole 'act like you know everything and it's all going according to plan at all times and people will buy it' routine. But whatever, in the main event it's going to be the BAWS and Mayberry teaming together to take on OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!

DDK:

That's Eric Dane and Dusty Griffith, in a handicap 2 on 3 match against Team HOSS in Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment and Aleczander. But that's not all we've got. In our semi-main, the Gonzo Goliath Stockton Pyre takes on the former record-breaking Southern Heritage Title holder, Curtis Penn.

Angus:

I'm less than a fan of Pyre, what with that gay little notebook he's all assmad over Frank Holiday stealing. And I don't like Holiday either. But Curtis Penn, man - I hope Pyre puts Penn's head in the upper rows with that Inferno lariat thing of his.

DDK:

Also on this card, it's going to be David Noble against Frank Holiday.

Angus:

Meh.

DDK:

What have you been told about no-selling things?

Angus:

Ugh... okay, Frank Holiday's all happy and loud and he's a complete and utter [Kevin]. Meanwhile, David Noble's drunk and he lost to Pyre last week and maybe he'll be a valuable part of our SoHer division and maybe even move up, but maybe he'll do like the LAST alcoholic on our roster and barf in the middle of the ring and it'll be nasty.

DDK:

Well, if you can't get behind a match between two up and comers here in DEFIANCE, maybe you can get behind this - we've got Mikey 'The Business' Giuliano set to take on the Sumo God-Beast himself, Mushigihara!

Angus:

I've never heard of this My-Key guy, but Mushi? Ain't like it's going to matter if I've never heard of him. THE SUMO GOD BEAST MUST FEED!

DDK:

We've also got what promises to be an exciting trios match between the Crimson Dragon Clan, and the team consisting of Tyrone Walker, Jake Donovan and Troy Matthews!

Angus:

MUH BOI TAI~!

DDK:

Is that all? Really?

Angus:

TEEMDANJAR!

DDK: [with a sigh]

We've also got a change and an addition to the announced card. First of all, Jason Natas will not be here for his his match against Frank Dylan James, and fans, we do apologize for that. However, Frank Dylan James **WILL HAVE A MATCH** on today's card! And the other match is going to feature some of our home grown talent in a trios match, with The Walker Clan taking on the mix-n-match trio of Etienne LaMort, Rick Mitchum and Typheni!

Angus:

And that's going to be late in the show actually, in the spot where there were like 20 segs in a row on the runsheet I mean to get the fans warmed up for the main event. Or take a bathroom break before the main event, whatever.

DDK:And with that, it's time to get started on our **FIRST** match of the night!

Team V.I.A.G.R.A. vs. The PAC

DDK:

We've got a double debut here Angus. How does that strike you?

Angus:

Like our promotion is a Beijing school teacher with her legs spread wide open. Seriously, how many names am I going to have to remember?

DDK:

Last time on DEFtv, Team VIAGRA made their debut, throwing down the challenge to our current Trios Champions, Team HOSS. Tonight, they have their first match, with a recently signed trio called The PAC. Anything you can tell me about them, Angus?

Angus:

What am I, the play by play guy? No, I have no clue who the PAC is. Why don't you enlighten me? Are they... SUPER?

["Takin' Back the Country" by Hank Williams, Jr. cuts off our announce team, as the fans turn their attention to the entrance. Out from the back, and holding a microphone, steps a waifish woman with jet black hair. She's dressed in a skintight leather vest top, with black form fitting slacks.]

???:

THEY TOOK OUR JOBS! [Glares out into the crowd.] How many of you LEECHES are on welfare? ALL OF YOU I bet! Wasteful DRAINS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

???:

Well we're here to TAKE THIS COUNTRY BACK!

[The PAC enters, lead by the smallest of the three men. He reaches out and grabs Corinne's hand. The teammate behind him wears a confederate flag bandana around his neck; the stripes dangle over his chest. Finally, the token HOSS of the trio reveals himself and he's wearing a shirt that says "The ONLY TRUTH is the RIGHT TRUTH." The three make their way ringside as Corinne continues her rant.]

Corrine Jameson:

The name on my SOCIAL SECURITY CARD is Corrine Jameson, because I'm LEGAL! I was BORN ON THIS SOIL, [stabs her index finger toward the ground] not in some RICKETY-ASS RAFT PADDLIN' AWAY FROM THE CASTROS.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

I can tell. The right wing ones are always crazy in the sheets.

Corrine Jameson:

...and these fellas here are the PAC. My stunningly beautiful, high-flying husband Corbin!

Angus:

Oh shit, not another flippy-doo [Kevin].

Corrine Jameson:

Our very good friends, the master of proficient technical mat wrestling, Marcus Warner, and the ROADBLOCK to the FAR FAR RIGHT, Everett Swanson! Remember this moment, ladies and gentlemen...

[The trio hit ringside and climb inside. Marcus hops onto the second turnbuckle and glares. Everett cracks his

knuckles. Corbin helps Corrine into the ring.]

Corrine Jameson:

...Because you will be recalling this moment to your God-fearing children. The moment that DEFIANCE becomes... CONSERVATIVE!

[The arena lights CUT. On the DEFiatron, "Brought to you by the Pfizer Corporation" accompanies the beginning chords to "Happy Go Sucky Fucky" by Die Antwoord. Out first is the amateur wrestling-attired Tony Davis, complete with Rick Steiner amateur helmet, using an electric toothbrush to brush his teeth. Mentally, it appears he's in another world. Following him is Mary-Lynn Mayweather, wearing a skin tight red halter top with a large red leather jacket, and a short red skirt. She raises her clipboard and slaps the back of it. Finally, Jack Harmen steps out, parting the sea of Davis & Mayweather, putting his hand up in his classic devil horn taunt.]

[Somewhere in the back, Frank Holiday throws the horns up too.]

DDK:

DEFIANCE is **ANYTHING** but conservative, Angus, and I think VIAGRA will show that to the PAC here tonight.

Angus:

Hey, I don't want to pay for other people's shit either. It's why I told you I'd buy you dinner but then skipped out on the check that night.

DDK:

I knew you would, so I went back and paid.

Angus:

Dick.

[Team VIAGRA makes their way to ringside, complete with strobe lights flashing down the entrance tunnel. Harmen hits ringside first, climbing to the second turnbuckle on the outside of the ring, before raising his hand again in his metal taunt. Mary-Lynn hops off the entrance way and circles to the timekeeper's table. She grabs a microphone. Davis, meanwhile, continues brushing his teeth.]

Angus:

What is that fool doing?

DDK:

Davis? Can never be too hygienic.

Angus:

I get that. But he should really start giving those tips to Whitehorse instead of leading by some strange example.

[The lights come back on as Mary-Lynn tosses Harmen the microphone. Mary-Lynn climbs up onto the apron to hoots and hollars, as she blushes.]

Jack Harmen:

WE ARE ALL GOD'S CHILDREN. [Boos] Which means... GOD IS A PLAYAH, SON! [Cheers!] And he's BEHIND on his child support. [Harmen looks skyward.] Respect flying spaghetti Monster. [Does the Christian cross over his chest.] Respect.

[Corinne glowers at Harmen's disrespect, but he doesn't notice and drops the mic to the outside where a ring tech quickly rushes and grabs it. He curses "Damn it! Another broken one! Out of MY pay!" before stomping away. Harmen drops into the ring, turns to Davis.]

DDK:

Wait, who's that?

["Tag Team" by Anvil starts to play at the top of the ramp, getting all the attention for just a moment. The crowd starts to BOO for the likes of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Champions, Team HOSS! Conspicuous by his absence is their manager, Junior Keeling, but Angel Trinidad, Aleczander, and Capital Punishment all head down to the ring in street clothes and holding their respective belts over their shoulders. Capital Punishment in particular mean-mugs the members of Team VIAGRA as they walk past the entrance ramp and turn to the announce table.]

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS are here, Keeps! Don't be rude; give them your seat! We have the space now we're not crowded with all those DEFiant Kevins.

Capital Punishment:

Keebler. Skaaland.

[Angel Trinidad and Aleczander stand next to the table and watch while Cappy has a seat. Back inside the ring, Davis no-look tosses his used toothbrush over his shoulder into the crowd, as the two begin a game of rock paper scissors. Davis wins, and comes CHARGING out of the corner, catching Corbin with a STIFF lariat that turns the flier inside out, upside down, Marty Janetty style. Davis on top with a quick succession of boots, as he turns to the announce table a far length away from ringside.]

Davis: [shouting]

TURTLE RAPER!

Capital Punishment:

Did anyone hear that?

Angus:

NOPE!

[Davis grabs Corbin by the scruff of his neck and Irish whips him into the corner. Davis with a BIG splash, as Corbin belly flops face first onto the canvas. Davis with a side headlock, before lifting up the speedster. He holds him, vertical, upside down, for a suplex. The crowd begins to "OOOOOOOOO" along with the move, louder the longer Davis holds his prey vertical. Harmen, on the apron, starts counting five seconds late. He gets to sixteen before Davis DROPS Corbin to the center of the ring.]

DDK:

Impressive show of power, don't you think?

Angel:

Meh.

Aleczander:

I'm stronger, mate.

Capital Punishment:

I think they're moronic and the fact that they've stepped foot into OUR house makes me think these idiots have a death wish.

Angus:

Maybe they believe they've been sentenced to...

Capital Punishment:

Don't.

Angus:

Shutting up, Overlords!

[Davis with a tag, in hops Mary-Lynn Mayweather. She quickly drops a low level leg across Corbin's throat. She follows it up with another. And then rushes off the ropes, and hits a double stomp into a standing back first senton, straight into a pin.]

ONE!**DDK:**

Mayweather rolled into a crucifix pin! QUICKLY KICKS OUT!

[Harmen shouts "GET THEM!" to Mayweather, who responds with a SUDDEN YAKUZA KICK (the M-KICKED) square to Marcus Warner's jaw, sending him off the apron. Everett Swanson STORMS in. Hector Navarro's in the wrong place at the wrong time as Swanson barrels into the ring. Mayweather catches him with a drop toe hold, then double stomps on the back of his skull before rolling through and tagging in Jack Harmen. The crowd starts to cheer as Harmen looks out, soaking it up on the apron.]

DDK:

I think Corinne was right. The DEFiants will remember this night for the rest of their lives. Jack Harmen enters a DEFIANCE ring.

Angus:

Can you stop Ben Halkuming Jack Harmen as if he were Mike Best? Seriously.

Angel Trinidad:

That's completely unprofessional. I won't forget this.

[Harmen looks toward the announce table on the opposite side of the arena and waves toward Team HOSS. Cappy, Angel, and Aleczander all look on as well while the action continues. As Everett regains his position, Harmen springboards, catching the giant with a Lou Thesz press and laying in with hard rights and lefts to his cranium.]

DDK:

I think Harmen's checking the schedule. It's crazy time.

Capital Punishment:

You mean it's Tuesday?

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!

[Harmen charges toward Everett and SMASHES his boot into Swanson's skull. Everett slips out through the ring ropes to the outside, as Corinne rushes to his side. Corbin darts toward Harmen and rolls him through in a schoolboy.]

One!**TWO!****Shoulder up!****DDK:**

Harmen uncharacteristically forgot who the legal man was. But he knows Corbin's legal now.

[Kick to the gut, and Harmen hooks Corbin in a double underhook, and SLAMS him in a quick double underhook brainbuster.]

Capital Punishment:

I remember when my best friend suffered hypothermia. He lost two fingers. That move is NOTHING.

[Harmen doesn't cover, but instead tags Tony back into the match. Tony climbs in, and hooks the dazed Corbin in a urangi clutch. Davis reaches out and TAGS in Mayweather. Davis moves Corbin to the ropes, and drags him up to the second rope. On opposite sides of the ring, kitty-corner, Harmen and Mary-Lynn climb to the top. On Harmen's side, Marcus recovers and grabs Harmen by his boot, only to get stiffly kicked by the Lunatic and sent tumbling to the outside.]

Angus:

This is like the exposition scene in a movie. BORING SET UP!

[Davis lifts and leaps, slamming Corbin in the center of the ring with a TWISTING Urangi slam off the second rope. Almost simultaneously, Mayweather hits a 3 ½ star Frog splash, as Jack Harmen FLIES with a Diving Headbutt. Mayweather stays on top for the cover, as Davis kicks the recovering Everett Swanson off the apron.]

One.

Two.

THREE!

DDK:

WOW! Spectacular triple-team finisher! The legendary Team VIAGRA with the victory tonight in our opening bout!

Angus:

We didn't even really get to why Team HOSS were out here!

Capital Punishment:

That part is coming, Angus.

[Jack Harmen, Tony Davis, and Mary-Lynn Mayweather are all celebrating their first victory in DEFIANCE as the members of a disappointed PAC collect Corbin and walk to the back. The party gets cut short as Team HOSS storms down the rampway from the announce position. The music of Team VIAGRA cuts as Capital Punishment grabs a microphone. Behind him, Angel and Alec start slow, mocking golf claps. Harmen looks over to Mary-Lynn and shouts "ATTACK!" to her protests. She prepares herself as Tony takes a seat in the middle of the ring, Indian style. Harmen turns to Cappy and clenches his fists, but Cappy puts a defensive hand up as he climbs the steps.]

Capital Punishment:

Easy, easy, Jack. If we wanted to fight, the three of you wouldn't left standing. That's not why we came out here.

[The members of Team HOSS remain on the ring apron and Cappy continues. Harmen turns to Davis and asks "Is Cappy in our Fantasy Football league?" which only gets a shrug in response.]

Capital Punishment:

You, your idiot brother-in-law, and I have a lot of history, Jack. Since this show is only two hours, I'll spare you folks the details, but it involves the IWO and LOTS of fucking headaches due to your insane, idiotic bullshit antics in MY ring. [Harmen shouts "Fuck Advil!" and spins around.] Last week, the three of you issued a challenge to us along with other teams... we just came out here to let you know that the legendary Team VIAGRA have been selected as the lucky winners of the Team HOSS Shit-kicking Sweepstakes. We accept your challenge for a future title match!

[The crowd pops at the thought of Team VIAGRA squaring off for the gold with the three brutes. Harmen motions for a microphone of his own and gets one from ringside. He turns to face Cappy, and in that glimmer of a glare, the spark of their previous battles over a decade ago shimmered back to life.]

Jack Harmen:

Remember when I found out about System of a Down because you came out to Suite-Pee? Good times.

[Harmen reluctantly takes a five out of his back pocket and slams it into Tony's palm. Cappy blinks.]

Jack Harmen:

Davis bet me you'd take the Turtle Raper bait and accept our challenge. Here I thought you'd grown as a person. You disappoint me, Caps. You really do.

[Tony laughs behind Harmen's back and counts his imaginary millions.]

Jack Harmen:

But hey! I win either way! I'm either right... or I'm the next CHAMPION! [Laughs.] Heck, I just didn't think, twickst the three of you, you had a set of balls.

[Cappy's facial expression - per usual - does not waver from stoic rage. Davis makes it "rain" the five dollar bill into Cappy's face. He does not deter.]

Tony Davis:

Millions of dollah's son!

Capital Punishment:

And that's the sparkling wit we've come to expect. But know this, Harmen - watch what we do later tonight to the DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith and Eric Dane... then you'll know exactly what you three are in for. You've had championships and accolades just about everywhere you've been - can't take that away from you. But we want to prove that even a group as mighty as Team VIAGRA doesn't stand a chance against any of us!

[Harmen turns to Davis and frowns.]

Jack Harmen:

Shit. I don't have Hulu Plus. Do you have Hulu? What the fuck is Hulu?

[Mary-Lynn Mayweather reaches out and grabs Harmen's wrist. The Tiny Attorney calms a very confused Harmen with a few quick gestures, and takes the microphone.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Listen, I know you're doing the whole scary intimidating thing, and kudos, if I was a small child I would think there was a monster under my bed. But I just want to say, even though I don't believe it, if you fucked a turtle, you can tell me.

[Harmen and Davis begin to laugh, as Mary-Lynn innocently stands there. Mary-Lynn stomps her feet in protest.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

I don't know if you guys are ever serious or not!

[Cappy tensely stares down the members of Team VIAGRA as Angel Trinidad and Aleczander depart behind him up the aisle without any physicality - probably in part to their main event tonight. The Trios Champions depart up the ramp. Jack Harmen stops laughing, and his head inquizically turns to the side.]

Jack Harmen:

Wait. No more violence?

[Harmen reaches his hand out and falls to his knees.]

Jack Harmen:

Please come back.

DDK:

Wow, that will be a great match when that happens! Team HOSS are confident after knocking off the famous Heirs of Wrestling last week and want to do the same to Team VIAGRA, but they best not look past them for a second. They've earned everything they've had in other organizations for a reason.

Angus:

Puh-leeze, Team Boner Meds aren't gonna do ANYTHING against OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!

[Onto our next bit...]

Thanks Doc, you ever serve time?

DDK:

Folks, it looks like up next we've got a few words with Jed Whitewood, who recently got together with Lance Warner at the massage table in the new DEFIANCE complex!

Angus:

Ew. Were they both laying on it?

DDK:

I don't think so.

Angus:

Well, one piece of good news about the next few minutes, I guess.

DDK:

...let's take us to the clip.

[And to the clip we go! The DEFIATron reveals Lance Warner, definitely NOT sharing a table with a young towel-clad Jed Whitewood. Whitewood instead is lying next to him, currently the recipient of a full-on authentic Swedish massage...from an old white-bearded American guy. His face in slightly exaggerated ecstasy as the masseuse works away on his right shoulder, Jed peers up in the direction of the camera as Lance jumps headlong into the interview.]

Lance Warner:

DEFIAfans, we are here in our very own state-of-the-art training facility, and by 'we,' I'm talking about the latest recipient of a baptism in pain: none other than the Mississippi Squirrel, Jed Whitewood. Jed, how are you feeling after that match with the enormous Mushigihara?

[The massage therapist, seemingly oblivious to the fact that a question was just asked of his massagee, begins to do the little 'chop' technique to Whitewood's lower back. Jed merely grins as he starts to melt into the table, expressing his delight with an "ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah" sound.]

Jed Whitewood:

Fantastiah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ic, Lance. Have you done met Mr. Handy?

Lance Warner:

Um, Mr. Handy?

Mr. Handy:

Ferguson Handy, at your service.

[Ferguson Handy, to add to the creepiness of his name, speaks with the exact same affliction and tone as Mama Fratelli from the Goonies. He extends an oily hand to Lance Warner, who politely shakes it, then indiscriminately wipes it on the side of his dress slacks.]

Jed Whitewood:

Ain't he great? Not only that, he's a certified health professional to boot. Even done offered me a free prostate exam after the massage is over!

[Handy nods and gives a knowing wink to Lance Warner, who again maintains his professionalism and holds down the tingle in his back.]

Lance Warner:

That's...nice. But again, any thoughts on your fairly unsuccessful debut last week?

Jed Whitewood:

Well, Lance, I reckon it's all how you make it. Some call it 'unsuccessful,' I done referrin' to it as a learnin' experience. Yep, it was proly the toughest match I ever had in my whole life. But, a good ol' fashioned Bayou education at that. And it shore will help me NEXT WEEK, when I get another crack at Mushi-Gooshi Man in that there 'Rassleplex right on DEFTV.

Lance Warner:

So, you've asked for another match?

[Jed nods, a confident grin on his face. Meanwhile, Ferguson Handy has worked his hands down toward Whitewood's ankles, loosening up the tissues in his calves.]

Jed Whitewood:

You bet yer boots, El-Dubya. And thanks tuh the Magic Fangers Ferguson here, the Mississippi Squirrel will be flyin' higher than I ever done did! Ain't that right, Mr. Handy?

Ferguson Handy:

We're almost done.

Jed Whitewood:

Well heck, I feel like I might could take on ol' Mushi-gee-hura right now then! Feelin' like a million bucks, Lance.

[The chipper Whitewood gives the camera a cheesy thumbs up. Warner, with a shrug of the shoulders, shakes his head and turns back to a facing position.]

Lance Warner:

Well, there you have it, ladies and gentlemen. A rejuvenated Jed Whitewood, ready for another go at The Golden...

Jed Whitewood:

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

[A sly maneuvering of the hand from the man they call Handy finds its way up the towel and into a remote part of Mississippi, which comically causes Whitewood to go tumbling off of the massage table. Thankfully, as this is a pre-taped seg, the "activity parts" are blurred out as he crashes down to the ground, leaving nothing but a thumbs-up on the table from the bearded masseuse.]

Lance Warner:

...Goliath.

Mushigihara vs. Mikey 'The Business' Giuliano

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Well, looks like we're just about ready to see the so-called “God-Beast” in action now.

Angus:

“So-called?” Keebs, please. Last episode Mushigihara went into that ring and steamrolled Jed Whitewood like Mississippi Roadkill, and I don't see things going any better for this sad sack right here.

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring, from Clifton, New Jersey, weighing in at two hundred thirty-one pounds... Mikey... “The Business!” GiuliAAAAANO!

[Mikey strikes a pose to show off THE GUNS~!, to a lukewarm reception. In the opposite corner, Mushi shrugs and lets out an audible chuckle.]

DDK:

This is Mikey Giuliano's debut in DEFIANCE Wrestling, he comes to us with a background that includes the legendary PRIME... but he could certainly face a hefty task in the form of Mushigihara here tonight.

Angus:

Well, if Mushi runs train on him like he did Whitewood last time, then Giuliano will probably be going home to New Jersey in a mason jar.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And now the competitors are circling one another in the ring, Giuliano sporting a BIG grin as he...

Giuliano:

GUNS~!

[I'll finish that for Keebs. He stops and flexes, showing off his muscles, while Mushigihara looks as nonplussed as one can while wearing a mask.]

Giuliano:

I'll betcha wish you had somma DEEZ muscles, eh, Fatboy? Huh? Huh?

[Mushi just shakes his head and lets out another chuckle before holding his hand out to the Jersey Boi and waving him off...]

Angus:

What's Mushi doing, he's hunching over, is he... giving Giuliano a free move?

[Indeed, Mushigihara is hunched over slightly, hands on his knees and looking at "The Business", pantomiming himself being lifted, while Mikey tries to understand what he's trying to say...]

Giuliano:

What, so... you saying you're gonna lemme try and slam you, Fatboy?

Mushigihara:

Osu.

[A nod affirms what we were all lead to think, as Mikey grins and locks up with the God-Beast.]

DDK:

Well, this is an... interesting start to this match tonight, and Mikey Giuliano is going to try and slam the big man!

[Locked in, Mikey raises a leg and tries to muscle Mushi up.]

Giuliano:

WHAAAAAAAAAAT~!

[No luck. He grits his teeth and stomps his foot twice, before bracing and trying again.]

Giuliano:

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT~!

[Still no luck.]

Giuliano:

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT~!

[If this were a cartoon, and Mushigihara's mask could shift to reflect facial expressions, his eyes would probably be sporting a "nonplussed" look, probably even rolling. Instead, Mushi just shrugs, before stomping his foot and lifting Mikey Giuliano up, light as a feather.]

Mushigihara:

Ooh-WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~!

THUD!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

DDK:

HARD slam on the mat by Mushigihara, and Giuliano is reeling!

Angus:

I felt that, Keeps, and Mikey's ribs are probably RATTLING!

[Eddie Dante is laughing at the drama unfolding in the ring, even going so far as to lean on the apron and yell "WHAT AM I LOOKIN' AT, GIULIANO?! WHAT AM I LOOKIN' AT?!"]

DDK:

Meanwhile, Mushigihara is not done by a long shot! He's laying some SERIOUS bootage into Giuliano's back as "The Business" struggles to get up, and he's looking even more revved up than usual!

[Mikey manages to get to his feet, only to stumble into a nearby corner, which leads to Mushi getting the Irish Whip to the opposite corner...]

WHAM!

OOHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

BIG corner splash to Mikey Giuliano, I think the corner post just BENT on that one, Angus!

Angus:

Yeah, but what the hell is Mushi doing "raising the roof?"

[As Mikey Giuliano stumbles out of the corner and into the waiting arms of the God-Beast, we all find out that Mushi wasn't trying to dance.]

DDK:

We haven't seen this move in a while, Angus!

[That move being a scoop up, leading to Mikey Giuliano racked across Mushigihara's chest and shoulders like a barbell.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[And Mushi lifting "The Business" with a perfect push press, and back down onto his shoulders.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[And repeat.]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

OSU!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

OSU!

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

THUD!

DDK:

The OSU press! Mushi just lifted Mikey Giuliano up for five reps like he was a warm-up! Mushigihara not only has that background in sumo, but he also reportedly trains alongside the Japanese Olympic weightlifting team to develop that kind of explosive power!

Angus:

Wait a second... so weightlifting is an Olympic sport now?!

[While Mikey writhes, Mushi signals to the crowd that he's ready to wrap this up, and helps Giuliano to his feet, only to lift him onto his back, ala a Torture Rack...]

DDK:

Never mind that, Mushi's going for the kill...

BOOM!

[...and he swings it out into a falling neckbreaker, planting Giuliano into the mat and casually rolling over him for the cover.]

DDK:

BEAST BREAKER connects, and this could be it!

ONE

TWO

THREE

DINGDINGDING!**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAA!

[As "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" kicks in, a mixed reaction greets this match's victor as Eddie Dante saunters into the ring and grins at his charge. Giuliano is still reeling from his defeat, rolling outside the ring, under the ropes, practically unnoticed.]

Angus:

Well there you have it, Keebs, Mushi just rolled in there and shut Mikey Giuliano down like an Atlantic City casino!

DDK:

Well, this certainly doesn't bode well for Jed Whitewood, if he is indeed facing Mushigihara on our next episode...

[The duo leaves the ring and marches backstage, the ringside camera catching up to them as Eddie stops to mug for the viewers.]

Eddie Dante:

What you just saw was a glimpse into your future, Whitewood! You couldn't handle the God-Beast LAST TIME, and next time won't be any different!

Mushigihara:

OSU.

DDK:

We'll be back in a moment, DEFIAfans, so stay tuned!

Chance Meetings About Zucchini

A Gracious Offer

[O CHIT, CUE UP THAT BIG BAND.]

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

BOOO

[The crooning of Dean Martin can only mean one thing, and that's the arrival of The Legitimate Businessman's Club. The three Legitimate Businessmen emerge from the curtain and take up position at the top of the ramp. In the middle stands Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca, the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage champion. On his left is 'Big' Vincent Rinaldi and on his right, Alceo Dentari. Tony holds a microphone in one hand and has the other rested on the Southern Heritage title wrapped around his waist.]

Tony Di Luca:
Ay, yo, cut da music.

['Ain't That A Kick In The Head' soon fades out, but the fans in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex are more than ready to fill that void of sound.]

BOOO

Angus:
I don't know why these morons don't like Tony Di Luca. The guy is *their* champion.

DDK:
Aside from everything he's and his associates have done since entering DEFIANCE, I think it might have something to do with what happened last week to Wade Elliott.

Angus:
Watch it, that's borderline slanderous. There's absolutely no evidence any of the LBC played any part in what happened last week. If it's anyone's fault it's Wade Elliott's. The guy shouldn't have been playing in traffic.

DDK:
He was in the loading dock area, not the middle of I-10!

Angus:
Still, it's nothing but speculation that's leading these fans to blame Tony for that accident.

[Finally the jeers die down enough for Tony to be heard.]

Tony Di Luca:
I'm with you guys. It's a damn shame Wade Elliott ain't been cleared to compete tonight.

BOOO

Tony Di Luca:
Now I know you guys wanna blame us for what happened to Wade, but I can assure you all, we had nothin' to do with it.

Angus:
There. Satisfied? They had nothing to do with it.

[This'll do.]

[\[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aAYGSBOO-6E\]](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aAYGSBOO-6E)

Crimson Dragon Clan vs. The Skybreakers

[Because Television and such doesn't always synch up properly, we miss most of The Skybreakers entrance. Their music is fading as Tyrone Walker, Jake Donovan and Troy Matthews stand in the ring.]

Quimby:

And their opponents! Led to the ring by Songomi Tsunami! El Serpenti, Crimson Star and Ryushin Zongetsu! They are the Crimson Dragon Clan!!!

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

Songomi then leads her team down to the ring, Serpenti sprints ahead and slides into the ring as Star leaps to the apron and flips over the ropes into the ring. Zongetsu climbs to the apron and helps Songomi into the ring and then climbs in his self.

The four stand in the center of the ring posing for cameras, and then Star hands his Kendo stick to Songomi as he and Serpenti take to the corners as Zongetsu and Songomi head to the ropes. Star and Serpenti then back flip off the turnbuckles as Songomi climbs out of the ring and takes Zongetsu's staff and hat, as Serpenti and Star backflip into the ring. The three turn and wait for their opponents.]

Angus:

Ohh great! This team of video game flippy-do rejects!

DDK:

They are a good addition to a heated up Trios Division.

Angus:

One that is ruled by our HOSS OVERLORDS!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go! It's going to be Serpenti and Donovan to start!

[Donovan rushes Serpenti, Serpenti tries a quick low dropkick but Donovan somersaults over Serpenti's head, lands rolling, rebounds off the ropes. He tries a hiptoss, Serpenti counters, Donovan lands on his feet and arm drags Serpenti over! Donovan follows up but Serpenti gets his feet up. Donovan grabs the arms, brings Serpenti up, can't do anything with him and Serpenti tosses him with a monkey flip but Donovan lands on his feet!]

Angus:

God. Damn. Flippydoos!

[Serpenti charges Donovan, Donovan hip tosses him, Serpenti bounces his legs off the top rope, backflips and arm drags Donovan over.]

Angus:

I mean, seriously, arm drags barely hurt and he went to all that work just to do one? I don't understand Lucha Libre at-the-fuck-all.

[Serpenti tries a dropkick but Donovan sidesteps. Serpenti hits the mat, Donovan dives down for a pin but Serpenti's out before Hector Navarro even gets his arm up to count. Serpenti grabs the arm and moves into a back ride hammerlock for a few seconds, then spins around and applies the arm octopus hold to Donovan.]

DDK:

You really don't understand the concept of setting up damaging moves with easier to hit, less damaging moves?

Angus:

I understand that 'flippydoo' and '[kevin]' are synonymous.

[Serpenti wrenches the hold and Donovan drops to his knees. Outside the ring, Songomi applauds. Walker shouts some instructions, and Donovan pushes forward and drives Serpenti into a neutral corner. Shoulder collides with midsection, Serpenti loses the arm octopus, and Navarro calls for a clean break. Donovan backs off holding his hands in the air. Serpenti looks him up and down, then nods and tags out to Crimson Star. Crimson Star leaps over the top rope into the ring, walks towards Donovan; holding his hand out for a handshake.]

Angus:

What the hell is this shit?

DDK:

It is called sportsmanship, something, I know you have no clue about.

Angus:

I know that if I was in that ring, I would slap the paint off Jake the Flake's face! Stupid ass Power Ranger reject!

[Jake looks Crimson Star up and down and then shakes his hand, causing the crowd to cheer. The two then back up and begin to circle each other, the two then lock up in the center of the ring. Crimson Star quickly locks Donovan into a headlock, and then takes him down with a headlock takedown. Star holds on to Jake's head, going for a headlock submission, but before he can lock it in tightly, Donovan slips out. Both men scramble to their feet, Crimson Star goes for a spinning back fist, but Donovan ducks, and takes Crimson Star down with a dropkick to the legs.]

DDK:

Jake Donovan with the advantage here catching Crimson Star off guard.

Angus:

I am sure it's the training that he is getting from, MUH BOI TAI! Now let's see if he can stay focused and use that training.

[Donovan stomps on the shoulder of Crimson Star a few times before leaping up and driving a knee into the shoulder. Donovan grabs Crimson Star's arm for an armbar of some sort, but Star quickly escapes and rolls to the outside of the ring.]

DDK:

Donovan in full control here.

Angus:

Star however breaking that momentum, by rolling out of the ring to collect his thoughts. Pretty good decision by Star there.

DDK:

What? You're saying someone that you don't like did something smart?

Angus:

Yes. I never said I did not like Star, just said he looks like a Power Ranger cosplayer at one of those geek gatherings.

DDK:

Wait, how do you.... OHH GOD!

[DDK is cut off as Jake Donovan goes for a diving attack on Crimson Star, only to be blindsided by Ryushin Zongetsu with a running forearm to the head, causing Donovan to crash to the neutral corners turnbuckles.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Angus:

Now that is one way to play smear the [Kevin] [Kevin]!!!

DDK:

The fans not to happy to see Air Jake, blindsided by Ryushin like that.

Angus:

Yeah well I liked it, that is all that counts.

[Songomi rubs Crimson Star's shoulder as Ryushin climbs into the ring, and places Donovan against the turnbuckles. Ryushin stomps Donovan in the chest a few times and charges across the ring to the other corner.]

DDK:

Ohh boy this does not look good for Donovan.

Angus:

Ohh, the big Jap is going to Pearl Harbor his ass!

[Ryushin roars and charges across the ring and leaps for a running knee, last minute Jake rolls out of the ring, Ryushin crashes into the turnbuckles knee first and drops to the mat holding his knee.]

Angus:

Well damn, Rynoki gambled and lost his paycheck right there.

DDK:

What? No. Nevermind.

[Ty motions to Troy and Troy climbs into the ring and quickly goes to work on the knee of Ryushin while Jake collects himself on the outside. Navarro glances at the floor at Jake, then at Troy and shakes his head, saying that there was no tag and ordering Troy out. As Troy is backed out of the ring Jake rolls in, just as Ryushin climbs back to his feet, shaking out his knee, but Jake is right there, to grab Ryushin by the shoulder and pull him right into a rolling kneebar.]

DDK:

Holy...

Angus:

Would have been smarter to do that away from the ropes!

[Angus does have a point, as Ryushin has already grabbed the bottom rope and Hector immediately calling for the break. Jake breaks clean, then grabs Ryushin's leg and pulls him towards his corner, draping his leg across the bottom rope, then tagging in his partner Troy Matthews. Troy grabs hold of the ropes and slingshots himself over the top to drop his leg across Ryushin's chest while Jake uses the ropes to elevate himself and drop all his weight on Ryushin's leg.]

DDK:

Not a bad double team maneuver there.

Angus:

It was bad, just look at who was executing it.

[Navarro orders Jake out and he complies, leaving Troy with Ryushin inside the ring. Troy reaches down and pulls Ryushin up into a clinch and Ryushin immediately nails him with a knee to the ribs, and a second one for good measure. Not to be outdone, Matthews nails him with a knee strike of his own and for several seconds, the pair

exchange strikes until they clash knees hard and both men fall to the mat, clutching their knees.]

DDK:

I don't know that I've ever seen that before.

Angus:

That's 'cause only **THESE** guys would do something so utterly... [Kevin].

[Troy and Ryushin pick themselves up slowly, though Troy is a step quicker and nails Ryushin in the knee with a dropkick. Ryushin hits the mat and rolls to his corner, making the tag to Crimson Star. Crimson Star comes in over the top rope, catching Matthews in the chest with a boot and staggering him. Star continuing to use his feet, unleashing a slew of kicks. A roundhouse to the thigh, a hook kick to the ribs, side kick to the chest, front kick to the stomach. Star spins, drilling Matthews with a side kick to the heart that drops Troy to the mat, clutching his chest.]

DDK:

I wouldn't want to be Troy Matthews right now.

Angus:

I wouldn't want to be Troy Matthews ever!

[Crimson Star not giving Matthews a moments rest, stalks him and buries a stiff kick to his chest before yanking him up by the head and unleashing a brutal Mongolian chop to the shoulders, followed by another one to the chest. Matthews retaliates with a roundhouse kick, and Star fires right back with a spin Elbow, driving Matthews back into a corner. Star with an Irish whip, Matthews reverses, Star into the corner, Matthews follows him in, Star elevating himself up and over Matthews, who puts on the breaks before striking the turnbuckles, and instead, nails Star with a springboard back elbow as Star lands behind him. Matthews making a quick cover]

1...

2...

[Kickout]

DDK:

Star still has a lot left in the gas tank judging from the way he kicked out of that.

Angus:

1984 called, they'd like their lines back.

[Saori and Songomi tap the ring apron and shout encouragement to their teams as both men to their feet]

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

DDK:

The fans showing their appreciation of the action in the ring.

Angus:

Of course they would.

[Star looking for a clothesline but Matthews ducks, hooks Stars arm and drives him to the mat with a beautiful swinging neckbreaker. Star holding his head as he rolls across the mat, staggering back to his feet in the far corner, but Matthews follows him in, vertical jump frankensteiner brings Star out of the corner the hard way and Matthews immediately follows it up with a jumping senton.]

DDK:

OUCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! That could be a game changer right there!!!!

[Crimson Star getting the knees up and Matthews ends up writhing on the mat in pain, clutching his ribs as Star climbs back to his feet. Star twists his head and cracks his neck, then grabs Matthews by one arm and drags him across the ring to his own corner while Jake yells encouragement to his partner from across the ring.]

Angus:

Just what we need, a Jolly Rancher Cheerleader screaming his head off like a freakin' moron.

DDK:

Right now I think Matthews will take all the encouragement that he can get.

[Star with the tag to Ryushin, before picking Matthews up and nailing him with a pendulum backbreaker and holding him there across his knee, allowing Ryushin to come off the second rope with an elbow to the chest. Star rolls out of the ring, leaving Ryushin to pull Troy up and into a pumphandle slam and a cover.]

1...

2...

[Kickout!]

DDK:

Oh man! Now it's Troy Matthews showing his resiliency!

Angus:

What he's showing is that he isn't smart enough to know when he's beat!

[Ryushin pulling Troy up and across his shoulders, looking for the torture rack, but Matthews flipping off free of the hold, lands and fires off a roundhouse to the head of Ryushin, staggering him, Matthews with a boot to the gut of Ryushin, hooks his head and drills him into the mat with a front chancery DDT. Now Matthews rolling him over for the cover.]

1...

2...

[Kickout!]

DDK:

The tide in this thing just keeps on shifting!

Angus:

Yeah, and it's boring the hell outta me.

[Matthews rolls to his feet and quickly makes the tag to Jake before nailing Ryushin with a Jumping Senton then rolling out of the ring as Donovan comes off the top rope with a corkscrew moonsault that hits its mark and Jake hooking Ryushin's leg.]

1...

2...

[Crimson Star with the save!]

DDK:

Now that's teamwork.

Angus:

Yeah? which side?

DDK:

Both! Aren't you watching?!

Angus:

Yeah, that smokin' hot blond in the fifth row, look at the rack on her...

DDK:

God, you are pointless, you know that?!

Angus:

You may have mentioned that a time or two.

[Inside the ring Navarro orders Star to get back into his corner as their was no tag. Star complies, while Jake pulls Ryushin to his feet, but Ryushin with the Tonga Death Grip from out of nowhere and Jake in real trouble as Ryushin squeezes tighter, cutting off his air as he forces Jake to the mat. Navarro rushes over to make the count as Ryushin holds a struggling Jake down.]

1...

2...

[And now its Troy's turn to make the save, tackling Ryushin off of Jake, who lays gasping for a moment and coughing as he rubs his throat.]

Angus:

That's cheating, that's cheating! Disqualify them ref!!!

DDK:

Its the same thing Star did not two seconds ago.

Angus:

So?!

[Jake slow climbs to his feet, trying to get air, but Ryushin doesn't give him any time to recover and grabs Jake by the arm, whipping him into the corner then following him with running shoulder tackle before driving his shoulder into Jake's midsection several times, making breathing all that much more difficult for the painted young man. Ryushin grabs Jake by the arm and yanks him out of the corner only to level him in the middle of the ring with a short-armed clothesline. Ryushin down for a cover]

1...

[Kickout!]

DDK:

Still a lot of fight left in Jake Donovan!

Angus:

What a shame...

[Both men roll to their feet, Ryushin grabs Jake by the arm and whips him into the ropes, Jake comes off and baseball slides between Ryushin's legs, pops to his feet and springboards off the ropes with a moonsault press, but Ryushin showing off his strength, catches Jake on his shoulder and delivers a thunderous running powerslam. Navarro drops down to make the count.]

1..

2...

[Foot on the ropes.]

[Ryushin glares at the ref before pulling Jake's head up and yanking him right into a cobra clutch.]

Angus:

Tap you painted freak! Tap!!!!

DDK:

Will you shut up!

[Jake reaches around wildly desperately searching for the ropes while Ty yells encouragement from outside and Troy yells from the corner, reaching out but Jake is too far away to be reached. Jake continues to struggle, encouraged by his mentor and tag team partner so Ryushin quickly whips Jake backwards into a suplex and Jake rolls from the ring and lands in a heap on the outside.]

Angus:

Coward.

DDK:

If you don't have anything constructive to add to this match, why don't you just have a beer.

Angus:

I've had two of them since this match started and it's not helping my mood one bit.

DDK:

Figures.

[Outside, Ty and Saori are encouraging Jake to get back in the ring and make a tag, while Jake slowly shakes off the effects of the suplex and climbed to his knees. Inside the ring, Navarro has begun his count]

1...

2...

3...

[Blinking, Jake gets to his feet and staggers along the outside, making his way around the ring, while inside Ryushin keeps an eye on him.]

4...

5...

[Jake rolls back in the ring beside his corner and quickly tags in Matthews. Matthews climbs into the ring, Ryushin motions for Matthews to bring it, Matthews nods and the two circle each other. Matthews goes for a kick that Ryushin dodges out of the way, only to have Mathews twist and deliver another kick catching Ryushin in the chest. Ryushin

staggers back and Matthews advances in and delivers another kick that Ryushin blocks and quickly takes him down with a dragon screw leg whip.]

DDK:

I think Ryushin lured matthews into that.

Angus:

And of course the other Matthews, swallowed the bait. Hook, line, and sinker.

[Ryushin holds onto the leg of Troy Matthews and rolls him over drags him into the center of the ring and locks in a single leg boston crab.]

DDK:

Submission from the big man and Troy is in trouble.

Angus:

he is always in trouble. I'm hoping Ryushin just breaks his leg and maybe MUH BOI TY can get a real partner.

DDK:

You're just a bitter person Angus.

Angus:

Thanks for the complement Keeps.

[Saori rounds the ring getting into view of Matthews encouraging him to fight and not to give up. Songomi however shouts for Ryushin to make Matthews tap. Hector gets down checking on Troy as he screams out, but shakes his head no. Ryushin moves and places his knee in the back of Matthews head and cranks back.]

DDK:

I don't know how long Troy can hold out here. Ryushin has him locked in good.

Angus:

Tap you damn [Kevin!]

[Walker climbs into the ring and charges in and hooks Ryushin's head and drills him into the mat with a DDT, breaking the submission in the process. Crimson Star also leaps into the ring, charges and clotheslines Walker and both flip over the top rope and crash to the floor.]

Angus:

No Ty; I mean, kick his ass Ty, Damit. I hate this.

DDK:

I've only seen this type of confliction when Booya fights Penn.

Angus:

Let's all pray that never happens again. In any shape or form.

[Troy holds his knee in pain as Ryushin tries to shake the pain in his head off. Donovan and Serpenti both reach out for the incoming tag.]

DDK:

This is hinging on Serpenti and Donovan getting a tag.

Angus:

What the hell is this, the damn Twilight Zone? A match hanging on the efforts of Rainbow Brite or some border

hopping furry!

DDK:

Well I for one and enjoying this contest.

Angus:

The only saving grace for me is seeing MUH BOI TY in action. The rest of these [Kevins.] Can just go to hell for all I care.

[The crowd erupts as Troy makes the tag to Donovan. Donovan charges and takes Ryushin down with a bulldog takedown. Donovan goes for a cover.

1...

2...

[Kickout!]

DDK:

Ryushin showing he still has a lot of fight left in him.

Angus:

Let's just see if he can fight off this attack from Skittles.

[Donovan quickly delivers a dropkick to the rising Ryushin sending him crashing into a neutral corner. Donovan charges in and leaps in the air hooking Ryushin's head for a hurricanrana, But Ryushin grabs the ropes to stop the momentum. Ryushin then grabs hold of Donovan and flips him up for a powerbomb. Donovan rains down blow after blow to the head of Ryushin in an escape attempt. Ryushin quickly turns around and powerbombs Donovan into the turnbuckles.]

Angus:

Okay so Ryushin's been impressing me in this match as well. And that right there just earned him ten points on the Angus power rankings.

DDK:

You have a point system for the Defiance Roster.

Angus:

Yes Keebs, and you're not on the list.

[Outside the ring: Crimson Star and Walker have recovered from their crash and begin trading punches and chops back and forth near the entrance ramp. In the ring: Ryushin keeps the attack on Donovan going as he drives a few knees into Donovan's head. Ryushin pulls Donovan up to his feet and nails him with an elbow to the side of the head, followed by a knee to the stomach and then he hooks him up and flips him into the air.]

Angus:

YES! Another turnbuckle bomb! Break Skittles's back!

DDK:

If Ryushin nails this it could be all over for Donovan.

[Ryushin sends Donovan crashing into ... NO! last moment Donovan flips backwards and sends Ryushin crashing into the turnbuckles with a hurricanrana, sending the fans into an explosion of cheers.]

DDK:

What a counter from Jake Donovan!

1...

2...

3!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners as a result of a pinfall - the CRIMSON! DRAGON! CLAN!

[As Navarro raises Crimson Star's hand, Ryushin yanks his hands away and points first at the Sons of the Soil who are retreating up the ramp - Ned the Crow catching a piggyback ride from Jarvis Remus and The Thresher directing them - and then down at Walker and Donovan on the outside. Crimson Star's face is totally hidden, but he puts his hands on his hips and shakes his head.]

DDK:

The Crimson Dragon Clan get a win, but not the win they wanted, and the Sons of the Soil make another random attack on the Defiance trios division!

[The Crimson Dragon Clan stands in the ring awkwardly, not wanting to celebrate, as the Skybreakers collect themselves at ringside and WE go backstage.]

Advanced Scouting

“Listen”

[We're backstage, past the locker room areas and out at the loading docks. Other than a couple of unnamed Defiance crew members smoking some cigs, the area is pretty much empty; all of the trucks are parked, turned off, and empty, and the docks are not showing any action. This makes it the perfect meeting place for one Stockton Pyre (standing cross-armed and leaning against the wall behind him) and one David Noble (sitting on the ground, leaning against the same wall as Pyre with a bottle of vodka wrapped in a paper bag next to him) to have a frank conversation without the ears of other wrestlers present.]

Stockton Pyre:

I don't want to color your perceptions of one Frank Holiday, but there's something I must say to you in order to prepare you for the encounter you are about to undertake.

[Pyre pauses, glancing back at a closed door for a moment. It does not move. Pyre turns to David Noble once again, who is taking the bottle away from his lips.]

Stockton Pyre:

Frank Holiday is a trickster.

David Noble:

You're not able to really color those perceptions of one Frank Holiday. At the end of the day, he is supposed to be this guy that the fans can rally behind. Doing what he did, it spits in the face of every single one of those fans. People like him, you can't trust them so him being a trickster doesn't surprise me.

Stockton Pyre:

You are astute, Mr. Noble. Frank may bask in the cheers of the DEFIAfans, but he does so with as much notion for fair play as our current boss, Ed White. It still burns me that he did what he did to beat me, and I just wanted to make sure Frank did not use those dirty tricks to take advantage of another wrestler.

[Noble takes another swig from the bottle of vodka, letting the alcohol coat his throat while he closes his eyes and rests his head on the wall. After a moment, he opens his right eye and looks over at Pyre.]

David Noble

Well, I appreciate it. I will keep that in mind. But aren't you supposed to be on the up and up now? Aren't you supposed to have turned a new leaf? How does this fit into your new modus operandi?

Stockton Pyre:

Well, is there nothing more up and up than making sure that all competitors have proper scouting information and go into their matches prepared for underhanded tricks? I would say that, if nothing else, being on the up and up, it would be my duty to ensure fair play throughout. Besides, you strike me as a good dude, and I didn't want you to be victimized like I was.

[Noble then stands up, grabbing his bottle in the process. He takes a long look at Pyre.]

David Noble:

I feel you. You're trying to do the right thing. You're trying to turn a new leaf. I've got your back in that respect. Just don't fuck it up. Cool?

[Pyre nods.]

Stockton Pyre:

Cool.

[End.]

An Offer You Can't Refuse

[Earlier today...]

[Early morning, pre-dawn, DEFarena training area -- specifically, the indoor track and workout area. Troy Matthews is toward one corner where several heavy bags have been set up for his use, doing some bag work. His hands are wrapped, and he takes turns firing off punches with some kicks and elbow strikes.

Hopping from one leg to the other and feigning some dodges, he continues this routine in the relative early morning quiet of the facility.]

Voice from behind him:

Not bad.

[Matthews pauses briefly and looks over his shoulder.

Dan Ryan is standing there, arms folded, in street clothes. Matthews braces momentarily, but quickly decides that Ryan isn't an aggressive posture, and so returns to his strikes. He fires off only a few more, however, then stops and turns around.]

Troy Matthews:

Dan Ryan.

Dan Ryan:

How are your shins? Kicked any good trees lately?

[Matthews picks up a nearby water bottle and takes a swig.]

Troy Matthews:

Let me guess. You were up early and decided to come over and get me back for beating you back in Evolution League?

Dan Ryan: [Smiling.]

Hardly.

Troy Matthews:

In that case, I imagine there's a good reason why you interrupted me in the middle of a training session. There's a reason I like to get here early, and it's not because the cafe serves a mean latte.

[Ryan shrugs.]

Dan Ryan:

Maybe I just happened to be up at the office a little early and heard someone in here and decided to say hello. Maybe I've always somewhat admired your work and wanted to touch base like a nice responsible co-worker would. They teach us manners in the South.

[Matthews furrows his brow a bit.]

Troy Matthews:

Uh-huh. And they teach us how to detect bullshit in Jersey. I feel pretty good about my first instinct telling me you want something more than that.

[Ryan holds a finger up as if to say "you got me."]

Dan Ryan:

Smart man.

[Ryan pauses.]

Dan Ryan:

There's been some.... unpleasantness between Dusty Griffith and I lately. He made a rather unsettling statement regarding my possibly not deserving a World Championship match, even going so far as to imply that I needed a few more wins under my belt first.

Troy Matthews:

A fair point.

[Ryan shoots Matthews a glance, but covers it quickly.]

Dan Ryan:

So what I've decided to do is find some people worthy enough to step into the ring with me and allow me the opportunity to.... well, make examples of them, so to speak.

[Matthews shows an expression of being mock impressed.]

Troy Matthews: [Continuing the mocking.]

You don't say? Well why on Earth would a poor nobody like me deserve to get into the ring with a wrestling giant like you? Aren't you afraid I might not be good enough to give you that signature win you're looking for?

[Ryan looks mildly amused, but continues on.]

Dan Ryan:

You train in Muay Thai. I train in Muay Thai. You're obviously obsessed with Japanese culture. I spent most of my youth in Osaka. You fancy yourself a slayer of giants. I shop at the big and tall store. You're the David to my Goliath. It's all very Old Testament.

[Matthews nods, chuckling.]

Troy Matthews:

So your plan is, I go to the ring, we face off, maybe it's fair for a little while... then your entire crew insures I get my ass handed to me and made to look a fool on television. Do I generally have the gist? That's what you came up here to offer me?

Dan Ryan:

Actually no. What I'm offering is a clean match, no outside interference of any kind. Just me and you, and a chance for you to make a name for yourself. You beat me, you become a star. I beat you, and I take a step toward the World Championship. In fact, I need to you to be as good as you can possibly be, otherwise this entire exercise is pointless. I don't get brownie points for beating up a weakling.

Troy Matthews:

Yeah? Well, I'll think about it.

[Ryan's expression suddenly gets very... very serious.]

Dan Ryan:

Let me be blunt. I came up here because I need an opponent and I decided you are to be the first one. You don't have any say in the matter.

[Matthews frowns and takes steps toward Ryan. He's a good eight inches shorter, but gets as close to nose to nose as he can get.]

Matthews:

Oh no? Then how about I take you up on your "offer" and then kick your teeth down your throat again?

[Ryan smirks, looking down at Matthews.]

Dan Ryan:

Watch yourself, boy. This tree kicks back.

Troy Matthews:

Yeah, and I'm a little tougher than a referee.

[A tense moment passes, then Ryan smiles and backs away. He walks off, leaving Matthews near the heavy bag, then tosses another sentence over his shoulder.]

Dan Ryan:

Better get back to training, giant slayer. I know you won't disappoint me.

[Matthews watches him exit the training area, then turns and gives the heavy bag an extra hard strike with his knee and follows with a forearm smash, back elbow combination, gritting his teeth in anger. He stares a hole into the bag, deep in thought..]

Frank Dylan James vs. Benny Torrez

[The Rev begins to shred.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first, hailing from the mountains of the great state of West Virginia, and weighing in at a mighty THREE HUNDRED TWENTY POUNDS! FRANK! DYLAN! JAAAAAMES!

“HOOOOOOAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHH!!!!”

[FDJ flings the curtains aside and stompedes down the ramp, tagging a few hands and smacking himself in the head. He grabs the top rope to pull himself onto the apron, then steps over it. Referee Mark Shields gives FDJ a wide berth.]

DDK:

Fans, we just got done watching some pre-taped footage of a confrontation between Dan Ryan and Troy Matthews, and we're about to get started on our next match! For anyone who doesn't know their DEF history as well as Jeff does, Troy Matthews beat Dan Ryan in an upset during the Masters of Wrestling Tournament, but he lost fairly badly to Ryan on the Grindhouse World Tour.

Angus:

Giant slayer or no, Dan's going to kill him. And speaking of killing, you ready to watch Eff Dee Jay redneckinate a metrosexual [kevin] or three?

Quimbey:

And his opponent! Hailing from Palm Springs, California, and weighing in a 236 lbs! Accompanied to the ring by the other two members of the Handsome Men Modeling School! This is “The Beaut!” BENNY! TORREZ!

[To the sounds of “Famous” by Puddle of Mudd, out comes Benny Torrez. In a pair of khaki shorts, a skin-tight Abercrombie and Fitch T-shirt stretched tight across his admittedly well muscled chest, a plain white baseball cap and his eyes hidden behind mirror shades.]

Angus:

Frank is going to *kill* that [kevin]master.

[“The Beaut” does the old ‘flick sweat at the fans’ thing, hands his cap and shades to Taylor Smith for safekeeping, climbs into the ring and the middle rope, then carefully takes his shirt off so as not to rip it. This done, he flexes his pecs.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go. Torrez is the strongman and brawler of the HMMS, but he's still giving up 80 pounds to ol' FDJ.

[WHAM! Goes Torrez' right hand into FDJ's gross beard.]

“HOOOAAARGGGGHHH!”

DDK:

And FDJ was completely unfazed by that shot!

[Torrez rears back and delivers a quatro of right hands to FDJ's general head and jaw area, to no effect.]

[FDJ counters with a sloppy flail from his left hand that hits Torrez in the side of the head and sends him sprawling!]

DDK:

Torrez obviously loves the gym and FDJ would probably break his arms on the leg curl at the gym if there was a gym that would even let him in the door, but the strength discrepancy is clearly in his favor!

[Torrez shoulder blocks FDJ in the ribs. This stuns him a little. Torrez delivers another couple, then stands and clotheslines FDJ across the chest. FDJ roars in his face, but wobbles. Torrez hits the ropes and comes back with a running clothesline that knocks FDJ back a step and causes another roar.]

DDK:

Torrez scores with a clothesline and he's trying another one NO cut off at the pass with a big boot!

[FDJ throws Torrez into the corner and follows up with a running splash. He hangs onto the ropes when he hits the splash, turns around, and starts sending back elbows into the sides of Torrez' head. Tiring of this, FDJ lets Torrez slump to the mat and climbs to the top rope.]

Angus:

Looks like Benny Torrez doesn't even count as a warmup for ol' Frank.

[As FDJ reaches the top rope, though, the other members of the HMMS spring into action. "Photogenic" Peter Pham - a man of oriental (Vietnamese) heritage with black hair spiked almost into a guido-fro - jumps onto the ring apron and gives FDJ a push, crotching him on the top rope. The exceptionally WASPish "Tantalizing" Taylor Smith rolls into the ring and helps Torrez to his feet. With Pham outside and Torrez inside, they lift FDJ into the air, and then Torrez falls backwards, taking FDJ down into the ring with a back drop.]

DDK:

We saw this the time Taylor Smith was in singles action, the Handsome Men's Modelling School would rather attack en masse than take a loss.

Angus:

And Mark Shields isn't doing anything to stop them!

[Slingshot body splash by Smith. Slingshot body splash by Pham. Slingshot body splash by Torrez!]

DDK:

One on one it wasn't much of a match, but three on one is a different story, and Shields hasn't called for the DQ yet! You have to wonder if maybe he's hoping that three on one, these guys can hand FDJ a loss...

Angus:

I liked him better when he let Heidi kill Roscoe Shame. He's been here since day one, you'd think he'd have more damn respect for the people who built this damn company!

[Smith heads to the top rope. Pham and Torrez both hook FDJ in suplex position, and they take him up - and Smith comes off the top with a flying cross body for added impact!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

DDK:

That count was... a little on the fast side, don't you think Angus?

[Now the HMMS pull FDJ up and send him into the corner. Irish whip sends Pham in with a flying bodypress, then Pham drops to his knees and Smith is sent in, he leaps off Pham's back with a flying double knee to FDJ's chest! He rolls backwards to his feet, and the two of them whip FDJ out of the corner into-]

DDK:

Beautiful powerslam by Benny Torrez!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!

DDK:

And another short-ish count by Shields!

Angus:

[KEVIN]!

[The HMMS whip FDJ across the ring again, and again Pham goes in for a leaping body press - and FDJ catches him in mid air and delivers something that isn't entirely unlike the world's sloppiest overhead belly to belly suplex ever. In other words, he wanted to get a bale of hay into a barn loft above and behind him, and Pham was that bale of hay.]

[Smith tries to save it.]

[Clothesline out of midair!]

[Torrez' nerve breaks and he tries to run away, but FDJ reaches out with one gross arm and reels him back in, right into Frank's Kickass Sleeper Hold!]

Angus:

Look at that skeezy little bastard flail!

[Torrez, waaay too close to the Mastodon of the Mountains for his comfort, tries to run away even while caught in the sleeper hold.]

[And Mark Shields, disgusted by this display and reading the writing on the wall and in need of a smoke break, throws his arms up and calls for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, as a result of a submission: FRANK! DYLAN! JAMES!

[FDJ drops Benny Torrez and runs around the ring hollering and throwing his fist up in celebration.]

DDK:

It's not the bloody slugfest we were hoping for when we booked FDJ against Jason Natas, but you can't deny that watching this was satsifying.

Angus:

Wouldn't even try to deny it, Keebs. Wouldn't even try.

DDK:

Let's take it backstage then, where Lance Warner is standing by!

Do you want to tell us what happened, or what went through your mind, when Curtis Penn locked you in the Curtis Clutch?

[The corner of Eugene's mouth curls begrudgingly.]

Eugene Dewey:

I'll tell you everything, Lance... just not right now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[The fans don't like that... but maybe they'll like this.]

Eugene Dewey:

See, a little birdie told me that Curtis Penn's booked some time out here a little later on. So if you wanna know what I was thinking when he had me locked in that Curtis Clutch, maybe hold off on that toilet break you were gonna take.

Lance Warner:

Surely you can tell us something?

Eugene Dewey:

Sorry, Lance... You'll just have to wait.

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg]

[Eugene shrugs and smiles at Lance, who looks a little disappointed to not get the exclusive scoop he was hoping for.]

Angus:

Is it just me or did he not really say a lot?

DDK:

I think it's what he didn't say that matters, Angus. Dewey made no excuses over what happened last week, and he had plenty to say about being a champion, all of which I think could subtly apply to a certain Challenge Coordinator.

Angus:

He could always come out here later on spouting non-stop excuses though, Keeps.

DDK:

Unlikely, but I guess it's possible. I'd be confident though that our FIST still won't be making any.

Angus:

I'll tell you what I'd like to do with my FIST...

A Noble Holiday

[Sitting in the locker room, we find David Noble applying tape to his fingers and wrists. He looks sullen with bags under his eyes. Next to his right foot is his gym bag and sticking out of the top is a bottle of unknown substance, though we can probably figure out it is a bottle of alcohol. He kneels down to pick it up when the door to the locker room opens. Noble looks over at the recent entry.]

David Noble:

What the fuck do you want?

[The new arrivals -- two of them -- pause in the doorway. It's Frank Holiday, clad in his wrestling gear and a TRAIN WRECK T-shirt, and his ever-present manager, Billy Pepper, dressed all manager-like. They exchange a look, and then Holiday blinks and smiles at Noble.]

Frank Holiday:

My fault, brah, I should've knocked first.

Billy Pepper:

Don't mind Frank. He's generally a shoot-first-ask-later type of guy.

[Noble turns back to his bag and picks up the bottle -- vodka -- before taking a swig of it. He then places it back on the ground and stands up, not liking the position he's been placed in. He looks at Pepper first.]

David Noble:

Good for him. Give him a dog treat then. I'm sure that's the way you want him, isn't it?

[Noble then looks at Holiday.]

David Noble:

As for you, I don't have any business with you that isn't outside of the ring. So what are you doing here?

[Billy puffs up his cheeks in an "I have no idea how to respond to that" sort of look. Frank takes a moment to process the unfiltered hostility aimed at him.]

Frank Holiday:

Okay, dude, I get it, I caught you at a bad time. Bee-Tee-Dub, no judgment here, everybody's got their pre-match rituals.

Billy Pepper:

Yeah, Frank does too. You might've read about his deportation from the Canadian border.

Frank Holiday:

I'm telling you, I have *no* idea how all that weed got stashed all over my clothes. Anyway. David. I didn't get a chance to welcome you to DEFIANCE yet. I saw your match with Lego Head last week--

Billy Pepper:

That's Franklish for "Stockton Pyre", FYI.

Frank Holiday:

Right, him. And in my opinion you gave him a hell of a fight. So I wanted to come and tell you, I'm looking forward to throwing down with you in our match tonight. Should be badass!

[Noble tosses out a small laugh as Holiday finishes up.]

David Noble:

That's sweet and all. Warms my cold heart. Now, being serious. I don't need you coming in here to give me a pat on the back. I don't need your Abbott and Costello act with this one over here...

[Noble points at Pepper.]

David Noble:

Translating what your Holiday-isms are. The way I see it, you are just another stop on the road. I've watched your antics in the last few weeks with Pyre. Do you realize you're supposed to be one of the 'good' guys around here? You walk around and throw your horns up, you play to the fans, and then you pull bullshit like you did? Stealing a man's journal? You are *supposed* to be **better** than that.

[Noble then looks over at Billy Pepper and sizes the man up.]

David Noble:

And you are supposed to ensure your man doesn't walk off the righteous path.

[David's eyes then shoot back over to Holiday once again.]

David Noble:

Pyre had a talk with me. He's trying to turn over a new leaf. I'm not a fool though, I know he is scared of you releasing his precious diary. But I expect Pyre to be a slimy piece of shit. I expect you to be a better man. I know who I am at the end of the day and I toe that line. I know I sit around and drink alcohol and don't generally give a fuck about anyone else, and that's my own personal business. I don't make myself out to be someone that I'm not. Unlike you. And that makes me sick.

[Frank Holiday strokes his goatee'd chin thoughtfully.]

Frank Holiday:

Well, you're new here, Dave, so I don't blame you if you don't get where I'm coming from. S'cool with me.

Billy Pepper: [Light chuckle]

Theoretically, you're right about what a manager *should* do with his client. Mind you, Frank isn't just any client. You don't really "manage" him per se, so much as you try to guide the slide, like when you're spinning out.

Frank Holiday:

Dave, don't listen to my jerkoff friend here. And don't let Pyre get in your head either. There's a word for guys like you and me: WYSIWYG. On that note, see ya in the ring, dude.

[Billy Pepper and Frank Holiday wander out of the locker room, leaving David Noble to himself.]

David Noble:

Yeah, see you in the ring.

[The tone of his voice suggests that Noble is going to bring a fight as he sits back down and takes out a black sharpie from his bag. He then places it in his right hand, stretches out his left arm and writes **11/1** on the tape on his left wrist.]

David Noble:

See you in the ring.

These Foolish Games

[Cut-to: A private locker room.]

["Quiet" is a word not often used when describing anything related to the Big Damn Heroes, but inside their locker room is a scene of little movement and little talking.]

[A half dozen people are squished inside: the 'Heroes themselves and three members of Diamond Protective Services, assigned by Edward White to keep an eye on the Bad Dog for the evening. Two of them stand sentinel at the door while the other stands a foot away from an annoyed-looking Wade Elliott, who is posted up against a wall next to a piece of duct-taped paper. Lindsay Troy and Tyler Rayne sit at opposite ends of a folding table in the center of the room. Two open grey plastic cases sit between them.]

[In case you're wondering what's going on, let's just say the 'Heroes figured the only way to decide who's going to face Tony Di Luca tonight was to engage in games of skill and chance...which meant raiding a concessions stand and jimmying the lock on the day care center to "borrow" whatever they could use. Which brings us to now.]

Tyler Rayne:

C'mon, love, don't have all night. At least not for this.

Lindsay Troy:

Shut up. I'm thinking.

[Rayne gives Troy a grin. He's sitting casual in his chair, right foot crossed up on the knee of his left leg. In his hand is a two-headed quarter, one of the faces scratched and burned. His fingers rise and fall, walking the quarter across the top of his knuckles and back again.]

[Troy's leaning forward in her seat, hands steepled in front of her face. After a moment she sits up straight and smiles at Tyler. The quarter in his hand stops moving.]

Lindsay Troy:

E-8.

[Seconds tick by as the room awaits his response.]

Tyler Rayne:

Fuuuuuuck.

[The word comes out as a long exhale of breath no one knew he was holding. His hand swipes over the table in frustration, knocking three red Solo cups to the floor. A ping pong ball falls out of one of the cups and rolls to a stop at a DPS shoe.]

Lindsay Troy:

Lay that line on me, Ty.

[Rayne grimaces and casts a painful look her way, then sets the quarter down on the table next to a long piece of straw. He picks up a small red peg and places it in the final hole of his little plastic submarine.]

Lindsay Troy: [grinning]

C'mon now...

Tyler Rayne: [muttering]

You sank my battleship...

Lindsay Troy:

Comeback brewin'. Wade, mark it!

[Wade, with a short laugh betraying his otherwise damper demeanor, turns to the aforementioned piece of paper which is serving as a scoresheet. He does his best not to look at the DPS guard beside him and scratches a point under the Queen's name. Score now tied at 9. Lindsay brushes aside a Where's Waldo? book and pushes a bag of Cheetos over to Rayne.]

Lindsay Troy:

Consolation prize. I'll be sure to give Di Luca one really good punch just for you.

[Tyler reaches into the bag and pops a couple Cheetos into his mouth, the delicious snack not even enough to wipe the disappointment from his face.]

Wade Elliott:

Don't git too big fer yer britches. Still one more game t'go.

[Her smile only widens at the reminder.]

Lindsay Troy:

You know he's never come close to beating me in a--

Tyler Rayne:

First time for everything, love.

[A knock interrupts whatever biting retort was sure to come. The two DPS guards at the door exchange a quick glance but remain unmoving. Another knock. Lindsay looks over to Wade. Wade looks at Tyler. Tyler has his feet propped up on the card table, heels of his boots creasing the Uno cards beneath them. He pops a few more Cheetos into his mouth and stares at the sentinels at the door. A third, more impatient knock.]

Tyler Rayne:

Well get the fuckin' door, Alice.

DPS:

Boss said no one--

Tyler Rayne:

--is gonna do shit with you three muscle-brained gorillas standin' around with your dicks in your hand. That's what you're here for, right?

[He is answered with a disdainful glare and silence. A quick succession of raps at the door. The crunch of Cheetos. A grunt from the Bad Dog.]

Wade Elliott:

Go on.

[His tone leaves no room for argument. One of the guards opens the door a crack to look over the visitor. He nods without a word and opens the door for Lance Warner, who steps right into the remnants of the tense stand-off and pauses, looking around at the soured faces in the room.]

Lindsay Troy:

Lance, what a wonderful surprise.

[She walks over to him, a sincere smile of greeting on her face.]

Lance Warner:

I, um...

[He looks around the room once more, still a bit uncomfortable from the tension he walked in on, looking for reassurance that isn't there. Wade remains stone-faced. Tyler is digging into the bottom of the Cheetos, giving no attention to anyone in the room.]

Lance Warner:

I was wondering, in fact, all of DEFIANCE is wondering, if you've decided who will be accepting Tony Di Luca's challenge tonight.

Lindsay Troy:

We were just about to do that very thing, Lance. I'm glad you could come to witness this.

[She turns her smile toward the table. Rayne is clearly avoiding her mocking gaze. With a sigh, he stands and walks a few steps forward. It takes a second for Lance to realize he's standing in the middle of a clear face-off between the couple. Troy has her eyes closed, smile still stretched wide, head bobbing slowly back and forth. Rayne shakes out his arms, loosens his neck. He runs his left hand through his hair, his head moving up along with it. One large exhale as he looks to Lindsay, then closes his eyes.]

Tyler Rayne:

Country, if you would.

Lance Warner:

What is going on right now?

Wade Elliott:

Three... two... one.

[Lindsay and Tyler open their eyes on his count, both focused intently on the other. Lance stands awkwardly beside them, looking from one to the other. Lindsay stares at Tyler. Tyler stares at Lindsay. DPS stares at Wade. Wade stares at his fingernails, doing his best to pretend he's not frustrated with this babysitting situation. Lance looks all around the room. No one seems to notice he's even there. He waits for what seems like a minute. Nothing changes. Lindsay stares at Tyler. Tyler stares at Lindsay. Lance looks around again. Impatient.]

Lance Warner:

Is this really the best way to--

Tyler Rayne:

Shhhhh...

[Without blinking, without moving his eyes even a fraction of a centimeter, Tyler puts a Cheeto covered finger over Lance's lips to silence him.]

Lance Warner:

Your fingers are covered in--

[And then it gets weird. Before Lance can finish the next word, Tyler slides his finger right into his mouth.]

Tyler Rayne:

If you move I'll break your legs.

[It doesn't sound like a joke, and Lance is unwilling to find out for sure. There is the smallest crack at the corner of Lindsay's lips, but she remains resolute. Tyler's other fingers crawl up around Lance's cheek, pressing down in a light but noticeable pinch. Wade looks almost as disgusted as the guards at the door. Tyler rakes his fingertips down Lance's cheek and then back up, streaking sticky orange remnants on the man's face. Lindsay sucks in her lips, a deep breath forced out of her nose as she tries to keep it together. Tyler stares right at her, face a complete, unblinking mask, as if he weren't wiping food goop all over another grown man's face. The guard closest to Wade groans.]

DPS Stooge #1:

Damn. That is naaaasty.

[Lindsay laughs. She breaks her focus, blinks, and looks away.]

Lindsay Troy:

You son of a bitch.

Tyler Rayne:

Now, now, dear. You've never met my mother.

[Tyler pulls his hands away from Lance's face and walks toward the door. He wipes what remains of the gross Cheetos residue down the shirt of one of the DPS guards and turns the handle.]

Tyler Rayne:

You can let the Mario Brothers know I'll be seeing them real soon.

[Lance manages a nod as he races from the room, presumably to the nearest bathroom or toothbrush. DPS closes the door behind him. Lindsay has a hand over her mouth, still laughing and shaking her head. Tyler smiles and points to the guard that broke her concentration.]

Tyler Rayne:

You're a funny guy, Sully. I like you. That's why I'm gonna kill you last.

Wade Elliott:

Somethin' ain't right in that head've yers.

[Tyler shrugs and sits back down, reaching a hand back into the Cheetos bag.]

[Cut over to ringside.]

David Noble vs. Frank Holiday

Angus:

How are we even supposed to do SHUNZ when crazy shit keeps happening? I'M CONFUSED DARREN!

DDK:

Well, we know that the member of the Big Damn Heroes who'll be answering the challenge for the shot at Tony Di Luca's Southern Heritage Title is going to be Tyler Rayne.

Angus:

Damn right, it's about time that dude did something besides bang Lindsay Troy and look smug about it.

DDK:

We've also seen Stockton Pyre working to turn David Noble, who seems to be both impressionable and not in the greatest state of mind, against Frank Holiday, and apparently it's succeeding.

Angus:

FIEN, I admit it. I'm jelly.

DDK:

And absolutely no one was surprised. Take it away, DQ, before Angus says any more words!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

Last time out, David Noble more than held his own against Stockton Pyre... and it looks like he earned the Gonzo Goliath's respect, because Noble got some personal coaching time earlier tonight for this match we're about to see.

Angus:

Yeah, ol' Turned-A-New-Leaf Pyre certainly did put a bug in this guy's ear about not trusting Frank Holiday, which is advice I agree with wholeheartedly.

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

[Noble then slides in the ring and he walks around the ring, waiting for the match to start.]

DDK:

I know you're no fan of Frank Holiday, Angus. But considering the source, how much faith should David -- or anyone, for that matter -- put in the words of Pyre? Let's not forget the dodgy things *he's* been called out for, himself.

Angus:

Keeps, you're a fool. Stockton Pyre isn't the bad guy. We're talking about a bright young talent who's been put under duress by a madman. Even in these, let's call them inhumane conditions, look at what Pyre's done. He's been sitting under the learning tree with MUH BOI TAI, and he's passing along some of his own wisdom to others. Besides, it is objective fact that Holiday is a brain damaged fruitbat, and Pyre should be commended for warning Drunkie out here what to expect.

DDK:

And speaking of what's next...

[A blast of funky horns and jangly guitar riffs brings the crowd to attention as "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hits the airwaves. All eyes turns to the entranceway and a cheer is already rising as the curtain whips apart, and "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper...
FRANK HOLIDAY!

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

m/

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Angus:

Do. Not. Like.

DDK:

No one ever accused you of being a slave to popular opinion, Angus. But the DEFIAfans love this guy! Next show, could we be calling him the new Southern Heritage Champion?

Angus:

Jeebus. From the mob to a self-confessed thief. Some heritage. What's with the moral fiber of America these days?

[As Carla Ferrari is giving her last instructions to the two men in the ring, Frank Holiday extends his hand to David Noble for a pre-game handshake. Noble sneers at it like it's some kind of trap, and backs off.]

Angus:

Good for you, buddy. Don't fall for that old trick.

DDK:

What old trick? It was a handshake! You know that thing people do to show respect to each other?

Angus:

Don't be naive, Keebs.

[Realizing he's been left high and dry, Holiday lets his hand go limp and puts on a mock pout. It gets a titter of laughter from the fans.]

Angus:

Pandering bastard...

DDK:

Angus, your blood pressure.

DING DING DING

[As soon as the bell rings, Noble explodes out of the corner and spears Holiday to the ground, much to the surprise of Frank! David stays on top of him and starts drilling him with fist after fist as the referee orders Noble off of Holiday. Noble obliges the referee as Holiday is dazed for a moment before rolling to his knees.]

DDK:

Well, that was unexpected!

Angus:

Pleasantly surprised over here. I definitely didn't know Noble had it in him. Then again, I've only seen him in one match.

DDK:

Still, it seems he didn't appreciate the chat from Holiday earlier this evening!

Angus:

To be fair, I'd rather talk to my proctologist than talk to Frank Holiday.

DDK:

Okay. Gross.

Angus:

That's my middle name, baby!

[Frank slowly gets back up to his feet, his eyes firmly planted on Noble with a rather shocked look on his face.]

Frank Holiday:

What the hell, dude? Dirty much?

[Noble's response is to give him an impatient look and tell him to get up of the mat. Holiday rushes at Noble, but is met with a stiff knee to the midsection and then a forearm to the middle of the back! Frank arches his back in pain as Noble connects with a stiff uppercut that forces Frank into the corner.]

DDK:

That early rush by Noble seems to have thrown Holiday completely off his game.

Angus:

Exactly what Pyre would've wanted him to do. Great strategy. As for Frank, he'll have to get over himself and get his head into the match or else Noble might rip it off of him.

DDK:

That sounds rather gruesome if you ask me.

Angus:

I know! I thought it would be a pretty cool moment in the match! We've already had blood-spilling and face-eating in past events, and how else do you top that? That would be a surefire way to boost some ratings for Hulu.

DDK:

If that happens, then I imagine Wade Elliott is going to have a field day trying to one-up that, because you know he'd try.

Angus:

On second thought, that is a horrible idea. Scratch that. I can't believe you came up with something so stupid.

DDK:

But--

Angus:

Enough yapping! Get your eyes back on the match already with the idiot and the alkie!

[Holiday slowly walks out of the corner, his eyes still on David, who looks like a rabid dog at this point as he is waiting for Frank. Holiday rushes at Noble and pelts him with a few stiff punches, but Noble hoists Holiday up in the air and drops him throat first on the top rope! Holiday stumbles around for a moment, clutching his throat. Noble takes advantage of this as he connects with a bulldog that plans Frank in the middle of the ring. Noble then rolls him over and hooks the leg for the pin.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!**Angus:**

And Noble is really taking it to Holiday in the opening moments of this match!

DDK:

Did you just really say that?

Angus:

It really sounds like something that should have come out of your mouth.

DDK:

Agreed.

Angus:

Yeah, let's never do that again.

[Noble gets back up to his feet and brings Holiday up with him. He then whips him into the ropes and drops Frank with

a big clothesline. Frank starts to struggle back up to his feet only for Noble to connect with an enziguri that lays Holiday out in the middle of the ring once again. Noble, somewhat like a pitbull in heat, quickly rolls Frank onto his back and locks him into a cross armbar! Which basically means he's humping the shit out of Frank's elbow.]

Angus:

What the hell are we seeing, Keeps?

DDK:

We're seeing Noble looking to do some serious damage to that powerful arm of Holiday!

Angus:

Geez. This is worse dude-on-dude action than the male stripper I hired for your last birthday.

DDK:

I told you never to mention that again!

Angus:

What? It's not my fault you enjoyed it!

DDK:

Eyes! On the match!

[Meanwhile, Holiday is grimacing in pain as Noble wrenches back on Frank's left wrist. Holiday screams for a brief second before stretching out with his right hand and finding himself just a few inches shy of the bottom rope. Holiday starts to drag his body, and Noble, closer towards the rope as Noble continues to pull back on Frank's arm. Holiday can feel the pain and ignores Carla Ferrari as she asks if he wants to give up. Holiday continues to fight his way to the rope and after another inch or so, he manages to curl his fingers on the bottom rope.]

Angus:

Damn. I thought Noble was going to literally rip his arm off there!

DDK:

Have you ever seen anyone actually rip a limb off of someone in the ring? Ever?

Angus:

Once!

DDK:

When was that?!

Angus:

Can't tell you.

DDK:

What?!

Angus:

Rule #1.

[Noble breaks the hold and rises to his feet as Holiday clutches his left shoulder. He is clearly in pain as Noble drags Holiday away from the ropes and his right boot connects with Holiday's left shoulder a few times before the referee stops him. Noble ignores Carla as Frank grimaces while trying to get to his feet. Outside the ring, Billy Pepper is slapping the apron and shouting encouragement to his friend.]

Billy Pepper:

Frank! Defense, buddy! DEE! FENCE!

[Whether or not Holiday hears this direction from his manager, it doesn't do him any good. Noble helps Holiday up before slamming his knee into the midsection of The Train Wreck and then connects with a gutwrench suplex. Noble immediately covers Holiday and hooks the leg.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

And clearly, Holiday refuses to go out.

Angus:

Typical. I hear he likes to just stay in his hotel room.

DDK:

I mean out of the match! What are you talking about?

Angus:

Nothing. Nothing at all.

[Noble sits up and looks over at Holiday, still on his back and visibly in pain. Noble stands back up and bounces off the ropes before going for a leg drop across the throat of Frank. Except that Holiday rolls out of the way and Noble connects with just the mat. The DEFIAfans cheer for this as Holiday slowly gets back up to his feet with his eyes on Noble. David is quick to his feet and Holiday is ready as he connects with a punch to the jaw. David is stunned as he stumbles back. Holiday connects with another fist that sends Noble into the nearby corner.]

DDK:

Holiday could be turning this around.

[Frank then charges full speed for a clothesline, but is instead met with an elbow to the jaw, which stuns The Train Wreck.]

DDK:

And that was quite a blow!

Angus:

Yeah... yeah it was.

DDK:

What are you talking about over there?

Angus:

What? Nothing. Nevermind.

DDK:

Yeah, okay. Sure.

[With Frank dazed from the shot, Noble moves up behind him, locks his hands around his waist and nails Holiday with a Bridging German Suplex! Carla Ferrari quickly slides in and starts the count.]

1...

2...

3-- KICKOUT!

DDK:

A close one there! It looked like Noble had this match wrapped up!

Angus:

Yeah. I'd be okay if Noble actually did wrap this match up and ruined Frank's day. Holiday so needs to be knocked down a peg or two.

DDK:

Oh, alright. Whatever you say.

Angus:

That's the right attitude! Life would be so much better!

[Noble pulls himself up using the ropes and shakes his head as Holiday is clutching the back of his head. David looks out at the crowd, where a "Noble" chant is starting to emerge, and then back at Holiday who is using the ropes to get up as well.]

DDK:

The fans seem to be appreciating the effort from David Noble up to now.

Angus:

I'm appreciating it, too, if it means less horn-throwing and train-wrecking and bullshit like that from Holiday.

[Noble goes up behind Holiday and goes for another German Suplex only for Holiday to block him with a stiff elbow to the face. Noble doesn't let go though as Holiday connects with another elbow! This one breaks the hold as Noble stumbles backwards. Noble gathers himself quickly and runs at Holiday only to be turned inside out by a running lariat from The Train Wreck!]

DDK:

Whoa! And we might have a completely different match now!

Angus:

I guess it was only a matter of time before Noble made a mistake, what with him being a stinking drunk and all. But he had a nice run. Ring the bell and give the Train Wreck his goddamn double-you already!

DDK:

You do know the match isn't over, right?

Angus:

I'm clairvoyant.

DDK:

You really aren't.

Angus:

Prove it!

[Noble is the first one up to his feet and helps Holiday up to his feet only to be thanked with an uppercut from Holiday. Frank then whips Noble into the corner and is quick to the draw as he hits him with a running knee! Noble stumbles out of the corner as Frank continues to apply pressure with a Samoan Slam that flattens Noble in the middle of the ring. Holiday goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

I'm amazed Noble hasn't lost the match already!

DDK:

Well, for that to happen, it appears Holiday is going to have to punish Noble a little bit more.

Angus:

Oh, fine. Whatever. Let's get it over with already then.

[Holiday slowly rolls to his knees and pulls himself up to his feet. Noble is doing the same, clutching the back of his head in the process. As Noble turns towards Holiday, he is met with a forearm. Not wanting to be outdone, Noble fires one back at The Train Wreck, who follows up with another one of his own. The blow sends David into the ropes and he explodes at Holiday, going for a clothesline, but Frank manages to duck it. Noble goes flying into the other set of ropes and comes flying back at Holiday only to be met with a big boot to the face! Holiday then bounces off the ropes and connects with a legdrop across the throat of Noble.]

DDK:

Ooooooooooh yeah!

Angus:

What?

DDK:

What did I say?

Angus:

You are an idiot. You are such a big idiot.

[Holiday pulls himself back up and brings Noble up with him who surprises him a shoulder to the midsection. Frank stumbles backwards as Noble then connects with a jab to Frank's jaw followed by a belly-to-belly suplex! Holiday rolls out of the impact and quickly climbs to his feet as Noble goes for another jab only for Frank to duck it! Noble turns around and is met with a fist to his own face followed by an uppercut and then a kick to the midsection. Holiday then drills Noble with a piledriver in the middle of the ring!]

Angus:

More thievery! He stole that move from Romero Antiguas!

DDK:

As deadly as the Martinete is, I'm pretty sure Antiguas is not the only wrestler who knows how to deliver a piledriver, Angus.

[Holiday covers for the pin!]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Oh you have to be kidding me. Is this match still going on?

DDK:

Holiday has started to turn the tide here on Noble, but the young man refuses to go down. The newest addition to DEFIANCE showed it on the last show, but he has a lot of fortitude.

Angus:

Which is perfect to balance out his lack of intelligence! Look, as much as I hate to admit it, Holiday's proven he can get the job done in the ring, and right now he's finally finding his weird, wonky groove. At this rate, Noble is going to get destroyed if he doesn't learn how to just walk away from a match that you have no business being in.

DDK:

You say a lot of stupid things. That might be the stupidest thing I've ever heard from you.

Angus:

Hey, fuck you. I've said much stupider things than that!

DDK:

Touche.

[Holiday starts to pull Noble up to his feet and clobbers him with a few stiff forearms before he pushes him into the ropes. Holiday then whips him across the ring and connects with a flying body press! As they hit the canvas, Frank's momentum carries him over David's head rather than keeping him in position for a pinfall, and both men are quick to their feet. Noble is the first to charge in for a follow-up, only to be met with a stiff kick to the midsection. Holiday goes for a suplex on the doubled-over Noble, but David manages to block it before hoisting Holiday up in the air. He holds him there for a moment before dropping him on the back of his head with a brainbuster!]

DDK:

Noble connected that with brilliance! And he needed that move right there or else Holiday may have put him away.

Angus:

I have to say, Noble's making Holiday fight for every inch of this match. Definitely not a quitter, this guy. Let that be a lesson for all the kids out there: Be like David Noble and don't quit! Don't quit smoking, don't quit drinking, don't quit getting stoned!

DDK:

You're a horrible person.

Angus:

Don't kill the messenger, Keeps.

[Back in the ring, both men are slow back up to their feet. Holiday is the first to strike, with a stiff fist to Noble's face and Noble goes for a jab himself, but Holiday blocks it and plants his boot into the midsection. Holiday then hoists Noble up for a suplex, but Noble manages to reverse out of it, landing on his feet behind Holiday. Instinctively he starts grabbing for a waistlock, but something happens to his legs and he falls to his knees.]

DDK:

And Noble is clutching his left knee! He reversed out of that suplex and seemed to not land with his feet straight there!

Angus:

Difficulty standing. That's a red flag. Somebody call his sponsor.

DDK:

And Noble has scooted to the corner, cradling his left knee in pain. He seems to be in a lot of pain, folks.

Angus:

Did I not tell you earlier that he was in over his head? Be in awe at my powers of perception!

[Carla Ferrari checks on Noble to ensure he wants to continue with this match. Noble nods his head, his eyes closed as he clutches his knee. Holiday, wearing an expression that is half-leery, half-concerned, walks over and checks on Noble, apparently to ensure he wants to move forward with this.]

Frank Holiday:

Brah, that looks pretty bad. Not gonna tell you what to do, but it's not worth your health, you know what I mean? You wanna walk this one off and fight another day, you got it. No shame in that.

[Noble glares with him and grabs the top rope to help himself up. He tries to take a step forward, but his knee gives out on him and he collapses back to the mat.]

DDK:

Carla might need to end this thing. I think Noble is in no shape to continue with this match.

Angus:

For once in my life, I agree with you.

DDK:

Wait, what?

Angus:

Don't let your head get all big. Remember, I called it ages ago.

DDK:

That figures.

[Noble grabs the ropes again and pulls himself up. He looks at Holiday and yells at him:]

David Noble:

Let's get this show on the road!

[Holiday looks at the Ferrari who just shrugs her shoulders. Frank looks at Noble and shakes his head, which only gets a jab to the jaw for his efforts. This incenses Holiday, who drills Noble with a forearm and follows it up with a scoop into a high-angle bodyslam, Noble's body shuddering the canvas from the impact. Holiday brings Noble to his feet, then whips him into the corner before nailing him with a running clothesline. Noble, stunned in the corner, somehow manages to stay on his feet. Holiday then hoists him onto the top turnbuckle and begins to climb up there with him.]

DDK:

Holiday's looking for some high impact offense here.

Angus:

Any time Holiday climbs something, there's a 50/50 chance of it going horribly wrong.

DDK:

And then again, there's a chance it goes right... but probably not for Noble.

[Holiday has pulled Noble up so the two men are standing on the top turnbuckle. He hooks David in a front facelock, kicks off and launches them both into the ring -- nailing a Superplex that rocks the ring! Holiday, maybe as much in pain from the move as his opponent, goes and covers Noble!]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That looked like it was it for Noble!

Angus:

Wait, it wasn't? Get my bookie on the blower!

DDK:

Wait... Are you gambling on this match?!

Angus:

Yes! I mean no! I mean, I might need to change my bet.

DDK:

This is a new ethical low for you. Meanwhile, Holiday is looking around, wondering why Noble is still fighting after the beating he has taken.

[Holiday gets back up to his feet before bouncing off the ropes and dropping an elbow across the chest of Noble. Noble rolls over onto his stomach, in pain. Holiday then grabs Noble by the head and pulls him back up to his feet before connecting with a Full Nelson Slam! He then goes for another cover on David.]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And another near fall for Holiday!

Angus:

Jesus, Holiday is an idiot.

DDK:

And why is that?

Angus:

Because he was born that way. But also because he should be attacking Noble's injured knee! Instead, he's completely bypassing it.

DDK:

Probably because he's trying to fight a fair match.

Angus:

Like I said, he's an idiot.

[Holiday climbs back to his feet and watches as Noble, using the ropes, struggles to get back up to his feet. He tries to put some pressure on his knee, but it starts to give out on him. He curses under his breath as Holiday comes from behind him and swings him around only to be decked by Noble. The shot rocks Holiday, but he turns back towards Noble and kicks him in the midsection to double him over, grabs the waistlock, lifts Noble waaaaay up -- and plants him in the middle of the ring with a powerbomb!]

Angus:

THIEVERY! He's ripping off Mayberry now!

DDK:

And Holiday going for another cover-- and it is only a two count! Somehow Noble managed to get his left shoulder off the canvas!

Angus:

I was starting to feel sorry for Noble a minute ago, but I'm over it and I'm getting pissed off at him now. Why doesn't he just take the fall and call it a night?

DDK:

Noble just refuses to give in!

Angus:

Then choke him out or something! Attack his knee and make him pass out to the pain!

DDK:

Holiday refuses to go down that road though.

Angus:

Oh, so he'll pull every dirty trick he can think of to get one over on Stockton Pyre, but here he's playing by the book? Do you even listen to yourself when you talk?

[Holiday then rises back up to his feet and moves over to a nearby corner before climbing to the top of it. He steadies himself in a crouch, then stands upright, and looks out at the roaring fans before looking down at the prone Noble. He vaults off the top rope for a flying elbow drop -- only for Noble to roll out of the way and Holiday to crash into the mat hard!]

Angus:

Crash and buh-buh-burn! That's why you stay grounded! You don't do that flippity flappity bullshit!

DDK:

Holiday took a risk that time and it did not pay off as Noble somehow managed to move out of the way.

Angus:

So. Stupid.

DDK:

Do you want to get in there and show them how it is done?

Angus:

Only if I can slap the taste out of your mouth!

[Both men are prone on the ground as the referee begins to count them both out.]

1...

2...

[Noble looks up, clearly out of it and grabs hold of the bottom rope.]

3...

4...

[Holiday rolls onto his knees, hugging his arm to his chest. He's dazed, but wanting to put Noble away.]

5...

6...

[Noble begins to pull himself up using the top rope.]

7...

8...

[Holiday reaches a standing position first, ending the count out. He turns around and sees Noble getting up to his feet as well. Noble turns around and Holiday rushes at him only for Noble to spear him to the ground! He starts pelting him with fist after fist until The Train Wreck pushes him off of him. Noble scrambles back to his feet as fast as possible as Holiday gets up as well, and rocks Frank with an uppercut. He then knees him in the midsection with his right knee and then goes for a suplex, but his knee gives out on him.]

DDK:

And that left knee of Noble continues to give him some serious issues.

Angus:

If Noble doesn't have enough sense of self-preservation to withdraw from this match, I hope Carla Ferrari stops the match and puts us all out of our misery.

DDK:

And Holiday blasts Noble with a knee to the face! Noble rolls around after that shot and Holiday is trying to pull him back up, but Noble surprises him with a DDT in the middle of the ring!

Angus:

You know what? Screw it. Pin Frank already. He deserves it for blowing every obvious chance to win the match.

[Noble does just that as he goes for the pin!]

1...

2...

3-- KICKOUT!

DDK:

And Holiday isn't done yet either.

Angus:

Oh this is my own personal hell, I'm telling you!

[Noble rolls over to the ropes and uses them to help him to his feet as Holiday slowly climbs back up to his feet. Noble limps over to Holiday and goes for a German Suplex, but once again, his knee gives out on him. Holiday goes for a swing only for Noble to duck it and then goes for a roll-up on Holiday!]

1...

2--

[But Noble's knee gives out on him again as he tries to apply some leverage. Holiday rolls away from Noble awkwardly

due to the abrupt collapse of Noble's knee.]

Angus:

Oh this is just sad now. He can't wrestle! He is no good out there!

DDK:

You might be right there. This is not looking good for Noble.

Angus:

It just feels right when you agree with me.

[Holiday looks over at the injured Noble and realizes that as tenacious as Noble has been, it is time to do what he has to do. Ringside cameras pick up his voice as he issues fair warning.]

Frank Holiday:

Sorry dude, you're making me go there...

[Holiday walks over to Noble and delivers a stiff kick to the left knee of David Noble! Noble yells out as he grabs his knee in obvious pain. Holiday is visibly conflicted as he delivers another stiff kick to the injured knee of Noble.]

Angus:

Here we go! Finally!

DDK:

And you can see by the pained look on Holiday's face he didn't want to do this whatsoever, but he has no choice with the way that Noble keeps battling back.

Angus:

I don't care, this is how you win. Take advantage of your opponent's weakness!

[Holiday then grabs the injured left leg of Noble and flips him over, putting him into a half Boston Crab in the process. Noble yells out in pain as Carla Ferrari checks on him to see if he wants to tap. Noble quickly shakes his head as he screams, the pain in his knee only getting worse with each passing second. Noble begins to furiously start kicking with his right leg, connecting a glancing blow to the left knee of Holiday, which is enough to cause Frank to break the hold.]

DDK:

Some quick thinking there from Noble as it looked like the match would be over there!

Angus:

Should have just tapped. Holiday is showing no mercy now. Noble is going to get seriously injured.

DDK:

Did you just say that with some glee in your voice?

Angus:

You-You're just hearing things!

[Holiday gets back up to his feet and grabs Noble by the left ankle before lifting him off the ground and slamming him knee first into the canvas. The pain shoots through Noble as he howls in pain, his knee feeling as if it is being ripped apart. Holiday, shaking his head and still looking troubled by this, goes for another half Boston Crab on the injured leg of David Noble. Noble screaming in pain again. Frank locks it in tight as Noble shakes his head repeatedly as Carla asks if he wants to give up. Noble stretches out with his right hand after a few moments and manages to break the hold when he grabs the bottom rope.]

DDK:

Even with so much pain coursing through his body, Noble manages to remain aware of his surroundings to break the hold.

Angus:

It's only a matter of moments before Holiday ends this match.

[Noble rolls onto his back, clutching his left knee in the process. Holiday walks over to Noble and goes to pull him up to his feet when Noble surprises him with a triangle choke, pressing his good right knee into the throat of Holiday!]

DDK:

Whoa! Where did that come from? This might be it for Holiday!

Angus:

Oh wow, this would be actually surprising.

DDK:

A last ditch effort by Noble, and it could pay off!

[Holiday claws at Noble as Noble wrenches back as hard as he possibly can, bearing the stabbing pain in his bad knee in an effort to put Holiday away here! Holiday starts to fade slowly, still trying to claw at Noble and break the hold. Frank though is unable to break the hold as Noble screams out in pain as he continues to apply the hold. At ringside, Billy Pepper is screaming himself hoarse for Frank to fight.]

DDK:

Holiday is faltering here, Angus. David Noble, I think, has an edge when it comes to submissions, and it could be Frank's downfall.

[Slowly, Holiday goes limp as the referee looks on and grabs Holiday by the arm and lift it up with it falling before counting...]

1!

[She then grabs Holiday's arm again and lifts it up again only for it to fall once again...]

2!

[She then lifts Holiday's arm up again for a final time and it falls, but at very end of it, Holiday balls his left hand into a ball and slams it into Noble's ribcage!]

DDK:

It looked like Holiday was done! The referee was about to ring for the bell! Now Holiday is planting his fist into Noble's ribcage over and over again until Noble has no choice but to break the hold.

Angus:

This is just ridiculous. Can one of these people just win already?

[Holiday falls to the ground, clutching his throat in the process. Noble slowly climbs to his feet as Holiday starts to get up as well. David moves behind Holiday and goes for a Full Nelson Slam, but as he starts to lift him, his left knee gives out again! Noble drops down to one knee, in clear pain as Holiday turns around and sees the downed Noble. He wastes no time as he lifts him up into the fireman's carry!]

DDK:

Oh this is not going to be good for Noble... TRAIN WRECK! Holiday nailed it dead on!

Angus:

Good, now we can be done with this.

[Holiday then goes for the cover as the referee begins to count!]

1!

2!

3!

[The referee then signals for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... FRANK! HOLIDAY!

DDK:

And that is it! Holiday with the victory there! A hard fought victory. And Noble has nothing to be ashamed of.

Angus:

Oh yes he does.

DDK:

And how do you figure?

Angus:

How do I figure? He lost!

DDK:

Still, he fought hard all the way through.

Angus:

Boo-freakin'-hoo!

[Holiday slowly climbs to his feet as the referee hoists his hand up. He soaks in the cheers as he knows he just won a difficult fight. Billy Pepper steps into the ring to join his friend, as Frank looks out at the fans and smiles while they continue to cheer him on.]

DDK:

You have to imagine that Holiday is happy to walk out of here with the victory.

Angus:

Yeah, otherwise he would have lost to Noble. That's not something to be happy with.

DDK:

I beg to differ, David Noble is proving to be a fighter to the core. He's surely turning some heads with the effort he's given so far.

[Holiday looks over at Noble, who is in the corner, clutching his knee in pain. Frank walks over to the injured Noble.]

Angus:

Oh yes! Holiday is going to punish Noble some more!

DDK:

I don't think so.

[Holiday bends over and extends his hand for Noble. David just looks at it and then at Holiday before shoving him away. This move earns some low boos from the crowd.]

DDK:

Oh wow! Noble is not accepting the help from Holiday here.

Angus:

That's the first smart thing that Noble has done so far!

DDK:

And Holiday is shaking his head at Noble, shocked by that before he exits the ring. He leaves Noble in the ring, not happy with his injured knee and his loss here tonight.

Angus:

You can talk all you want about what a fighter he is, but Noble may well need to do some soul searching about his career in DEFIANCE so far.

Return of the Man With Frozen Vegetables On His Never You Mind

[As we fade away from something undoubtedly far more worth your time and attention than the following segment will be, DEFIANCE cameras take us all LIVE to San Diego, California and the palatial (read: paid for by his rich uncle) residence of one Romero Antiguas for the second straight week in a row.

It's the same living room. It's the same couch. It's the same Romero Antiguas. Thankfully, it's not the same bag of frozen peas - this time it's a bag of frozen carrots adorning the junk of the Most Handsome Man in DEFIANCE. Antiguas seems more lively than last week, at least, so perhaps frozen vegetable therapy has actually done something for the Master of the Martinete.

Unfortunately, this means that Romero is even more eager to speak than he was last week..]

Romero Antiguas:

Hombres...and especially mujeres, thank you very much for allowing me into your homes once again. I have a...how do you say...*huge* announcement to make this week.

[The camera pans down to Romero's groin area. With a flourish, he whips away the frozen carrot bag, revealing what can only be described as a large bulge. Whether this is natural or Romero has enhanced the appearance of his penis using something like a sock is an exercise for the viewer.]

Romero Antiguas:

My physicians have informed me that I will be able to return to action sooner than anticipated. The next time DEFIANCE takes to the Hulu airwaves, I will be there, not via satellite from my beautiful home here in San Diego, but live and in the flesh for the admiration of all of DEFIANCE's female fans to gawk at, because I assure you, my penis is 110% and looking for love in *all* the right places...

[Even as Romero laughs, though, another sound becomes audible - oddly enough, it is Romero Antiguas' own theme, "Tonight." A slight redness comes to the face of Romero as he frantically digs into his pocket.]

Romero Antiguas:

Un minuto, por favor. I...seem to have a call.

[Only Romero Antiguas likely gives so little of a shit that he's willing to answer his personal cell phone in the middle of delivering a promo. He claps the phone to his ear, and takes the call.]

Romero Antiguas:

Romero Antiguas speaking...? Oh! Yes, I am well aware of who you are! ...no, no I'm not doing anything important right now! Just talking to a bunch of *idiotas*...

[Romero shoots a pointed glance at the camera, and then makes a throat slash motion. The cameraman apparently hesitates, as if to ask "what sort of MORON takes a call during a promo," but finally acquiesces, sending the scene to black.]

Number One Contender, Brah

[We cut now to the Interview Stage, where the ever-lovely Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner, ready to receive her guests at this time. Joining her are Billy Pepper and “The Train Wreck” Frank Holiday, who is still gleaming with sweat, fresh off his just-concluded match in the ring. Christie turns and greets them with a wide grin.]

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper! Thanks so much for your time, guys.

Frank Holiday:

The pleasure’s all mine, Christie.

Billy Pepper:

Frank, eyes up.

Frank Holiday:

Shut up, Billy.

[Is he or is he not ogling Christie’s cleavage right now? The answer is moot, because nobody’s looking at Frank’s eyes.]

Christie Zane:

First of all, congratulations on your win just now, Frank. Any thoughts about your match?

Frank Holiday:

All I want to say is, David Noble gave as good a fight as anybody I’ve been in the ring with. Really bad luck about his knee, though, and I hope he gets that checked out and gets himself back to a hundred percent. No kidding here, Noble’s a guy everybody needs to watch out for.

[Frank nods to the camera and gives a thumbs-up.]

Christie Zane:

Wow, some big props for the newcomer. That’s *really* gracious of you, Frank. And kind of surprising, when David didn’t exactly have the *best* attitude toward you when you met up earlier in the locker room.

Frank Holiday:

Like I said before, that was my bad, Christie. It’s all good though.

Billy Pepper:

For the record, we’re looking into some online courses on basic manners that Frank can study while we’re on tour. We’re hoping to cover the “knock first” and “stop staring” modules early on.

Frank Holiday:

Shut up, Billy!

[Again -- it’s like Schrodinger’s cat. Who even knows if he was looking? Or cares? They are some luscious breasts though.]

Christie Zane:

Do you have any thoughts about what David said? He wondered if you could still see yourself as one of the ‘good guys’ even after you took Stockton Pyre’s notebook.

[Billy raises his eyebrows at Frank, who puts on a wry smile.]

Frank Holiday:

It's a fair question, brosette. Lemme put it to you this way. From the beginning of time, dudes have been coming up with ways to stop each other from being total assholes. Religion would tell you lightning would come out of the sky and zap you, or you'd drown in a flood, or God would just squash you with his thumb. The law would threaten you with fines, or jail, or corporal punishment, or the death penalty.

[He shrugs at Christie as if to say, "Right?"]

Frank Holiday:

Now I'm not God and I'm not the law. But I did see somebody being a total asshole, and that man is Stockton Pyre. So I did what I believe is everybody's duty, and has been since time began. I made him stop being a total asshole. I took a masked, two-faced heel who used to lurk in the shadows; who joined forces with convicted shitheel Wayne Dewey to further his career at any cost; who spied on folks without their knowledge... A creep show who wrote down people's private shit like [air quotes] "Rich Mahogany still lives with his mother? I bet she still wipes his ass after potty too."

[Billy looks suddenly upset.]

Billy Pepper:

Uh...

Frank Holiday: [Ignoring him]

I took *that* despicable character, and with a simple course correction, I turned him in a new direction. Now he's trying to be a decent human being. How can anybody call that a *bad* thing?

Billy Pepper: [Whispering]

Frank, didn't you promise not to--

Frank Holiday:

Huh?

[Billy is giving his friend and client a hard look, mouthing words: *You're not supposed to say what's in the notebook!* Frank is staring intently back at him, trying to use his limited lip-reading skills. Christie, bless her heart, has no earthly idea what they're doing, so she just keeps on smiling and tries to carry on.]

Christie Zane:

Now Frank, DefianceWrestling.com announced that you will get your shot at the Southern Heritage Title against Tony Di Luca on our next stop, DEFIANCE TV #42. But if Tyler Rayne is successful in the SoHer Title match tonight, then it could be him defending the belt instead. Do you have any thoughts on your upcoming title match?

[Holiday blinks and turns away from Billy, hesitating as his mind catches up to what she asked him.]

Frank Holiday:

The title match! Hell yeah, Christie. This has been a long time coming for me, and it's not lost on me that this is going to be the biggest match of my DEFIANCE career. It's as thrilling as pulling a 360 corkscrew in a '78 Mustang. I've gotta admit to being a little conflicted, though.

[He scratches his goatee.]

Frank Holiday:

On the one hand, I got nothing but respect for Tyler. He's a stand-up dude who offered to let me test drive a UFO once, which I'm damn sure gonna take him up on one of these days. And I know he's got plenty enough skill to unseat Tony Di Luca for that belt. Can't say he hasn't earned that chance, considering what the LBC did to Wade Elliott. If he wins tonight and he ends up being the guy I'm going to face for the belt, then more power to him. Next week we'll stir shit up like pros and laugh about it over a beer later.

[A pause.]

Frank Holiday:

On the other hand...

[He shakes his head and looks at Christie.]

Frank Holiday:

On the other hand, I'm legit *aching* for another crack at Tony Two-Hands. Now, I can't deny what happened the last time I went toe-to-toe with him -- he straight up pinned my ass in a tag team match. The dude is formidable. But let's examine the situation: I was forced to partner up with Stockton Pyre, a guy I didn't trust, who distracted the shit out of me, who ended up abandoning me halfway through the match, and who left me to fend for myself against all three of the Legitimate Businessman's Club. No big surprise it ended like it did. That loss, though, it still kills me.

[Frank's face is sober as he recalls that less-than-glorious night. But his frown turns upside down and he flashes a grin as he continues.]

Frank Holiday:

This time, though, this time's gonna be different. I am focused. I am ready. Yes, it'll probably *still* be a three-on-one cluster, knowing the LBC. But I survived plenty of those when I went to war with Team HOSS, and I know what I'm walking into.

[He looks directly into the camera and hollers at both his potential opponents.]

Frank Holiday:

Tyler Rayne! Best of luck to you, brah! Give those Italian bastards hell! If we're destined to do battle, it's gonna be epic.

Tony Two-Hands! You're a tenacious bastard and you've been a tough champion to move off your perch. If you get by Rayne tonight, then I'm your next dance partner, dude. Bring your A game, bring your Goodfellas. Bring whatever you have to. I've got you in my sights, and this time nothing's getting in my way. I hate spoilers, but here's a spoiler alert for you: You're looking at the next Southern Heritage Champion.

[How do you punctuate a comment like that? Devil horns in yo face! |m/]

Frank Holiday:

HOLIDAY... OUT!

[Cut.]

ramp and producing a double fist pump.]

BBBBBBB00000000000000000000!

[Pyre walks down the ramp and slides into the ring as the fans jeer him.]

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT! Now, coming to the ring...

[Darren Quimbey's voice echoes across the arena as "Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era is set to begin. Curtis steps onto the ramp, he is proudly wearing his black and green "I Fight Every Day" t-shirt from TapouT and trunks to match, flanked by security the arena darkens and the Gregorian chanting begins. He stares at the ring, with a cold blank look. After a few moments he takes his first steps towards the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

The Former Southern Heritage Champion, The Creator of the Curtis Clutch, Mr. Unbeatable...

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

Darren Quimbey:

CURTIS PENN!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

These two men are no strangers to each other, and they're not really what you'd call friends. Let's see what each man has in store for this one.

[The two men come to the middle of the ring and look to lock horns, but Penn ducks the grip and slams his knee into the midsection of Pyre, doubling him up.]

[Penn brings Pyre's body back to its full vertical base and nails him with a couple of forearm shots that rock Pyre back.]

DDK:

The Gonzo Goliath stands tall after the forearms and slaps himself across the chest, taunting PENN!

Angus:

HIT PENN NOT YOURSELF!

[Penn obliges and delivers a DEFarena-echoing chop to the chest of Stockton Pyre.]

CRR-RACK!

WHHHHHOOOOO!

[Pyre grabs his chest and shakes it off.]

DDK:

Penn is taunting Pyre and is practically begging the big man for a CHOP OFF!

[Stockton shakes his right arm loose as he squares off with Curtis Penn, Pyre rares back and sends a chop that sends Penn into the ropes.]

CRR-RACK!*WHHHHHOOOOO!***Angus:**

A lil higher and that chop would have knocked some smarts in to Curtis Penn!

[Penn clutches his chest as his face squeezes out the pain. Stockton yells at Penn for some more.]

DDK:

Looks like he's going to shake it off Angus, if anything just to give Stockton a taste of his own medicine.

[Penn stands square against the already braced Stockton Pyre. Penn decides to bring the chop for above this time around.]

CRRRR-RRACK!!!*WHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOO!*

[You can see the red welt already rising.]

Angus:

That one stung Keeps, but is Pyre smiling?

DDK:

I believe he is Angus and it's probably because Penn's chest is almost purple from his first chop.

[Curtis stands tall in the center of the ring, readying himself for another massive strike from Pyre.]

[And Pyre does not disappoint.]

CRR-RACK!*WHHHHHOOOOO!*

[Penn recoils once more, favoring his chest, but he is also quick to reach up and stick his thumb in the eye of Stockton Pyre. It's not as effective as usual because mask, but it still stuns the big man.]

DDK:

Penn, predictably, going for the cheap shot to get himself out of trouble.

[Penn grabs Pyre around the waist, intending on his patented belly to belly suplex, but Pyre is quick to counter with a bell clap that sends Curtis Penn reeling. Pyre is then quick to lock in a waistlock and take Penn over with a German Suplex, but Penn's played this game before, too, and he leaps with the lift, flipping all the way over and landing on his feet.]

Angus:

Nope, his Achilles tendon is still intact. Fucking useless wannabe voodoo doll...

DDK:

Penn with a flipping counter, and I don't think Stockton knows that Penn dodged his German suplex.

[Pyre is back up, but sure enough he's not aware that Penn has flipped out of his suplex attempt, and Penn takes advantage, drop-kicking the back of Pyre's leg and sending him down to one knee.]

DDK:

Penn with the counter, and it looks like he's measuring Stockton for a big shot here.

Angus:

Come on Penn, rip some knee tendons!

DDK:

Put that thing down!

[Penn does indeed go for a big roundhouse kick to the back of Stockton's head, but Pyre's played this game before, too, and showing some serious quickness for a man his size, he, in one motion, ducks, spins, and sweeps the plant leg out from under Penn, causing him to collapse onto his side in a heap. Pyre rolls Penn onto his back and goes for the cover.]

One!

Kickout!

DDK:

Only a one count. Both of these men know each other too well to go down to a leg sweep.

[Pyre picks up Penn to one knee and hits him with a headbutt, stunning the loud-mouthed MMA expert. Picking Penn up to his feet, Pyre scoops Penn up over his head, but Penn struggles out of Pyre's grip and comes down behind Pyre. Hooking his own waistlock, Penn forces Pyre to the ropes, looking for a rolling reverse cradle, but Pyre holds onto the ropes, and Penn rolls back into the ring.]

DDK:

Penn with the cradle attempt, but Pyre's not having it. Penn charging in, but Pyre ducks...

Angus:

AIR DOUCHENOZZLE!

DDK:

...and Penn gets sprawled out on the floor, right where the mats meet the rampway. He practically rolls up on the rampway and...

[Cheers erupt from the crowd as out from the back at full speed runs Rich Mahogany, with a serious look on his face.]

Angus:

Oh man, Rich looks furious! I wonder if Mrs. Mahogany knows he's getting in fights!

DDK:

Would you stop that!

[Angus isn't even done getting his chuckle out about the new revelation from Frank Holiday before Rich CLOBBERS Penn in the back of the head, sending him to one knee.]

[Mark Shields is as liberal as they come with the rules, but a DQ finish means he doesn't have to hop up and down to count pins, so...]

DING DING DING!

RAHHHHHHHBOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wha...? What the hell is Rich doing?

Angus:

Fulfilling the American Dream. Punching Curtis Penn into oblivion.

[Pyre's face is near impossible to read with the mask on, but it's fair to say from his body language that he's a bit surprised by what's going down. Rich takes Penn by the back of his neck and throws him leg-first into the steel steps, sending him sprawling to the ground holding his leg.]

DING DING DING DING DING!

[Pyre walks up to the ropes near Rich, trying to have a word with Rich Mahogany, but that's ended quickly when Rich sweeps Pyre off of his feet and slams his left foot into the apron, causing Pyre to yelp in pain.]

DDK:

It seems that Pyre has no idea why Rich is out here right now.

Angus:

Ya think?

[Rich pulls Pyre out to the floor and just begins to lay the heavy artillery on Pyre's head, swinging with nothing but pure anger.]

DING DING DING DING DING!

DDK:

Pyre is reeling here. Rich is smaller than the masked man, but he's just fueled by rage!

Angus:

He needs to get it done quickly; his Mom's gonna freak if he misses curfew.

[Pyre takes a good couple of shots and is reeling, but he manages to start firing in some lefts and rights of his own, and now the back and forth brawl is ON! Pyre's bigger, so he's able to hold his own, but the pure unadulterated RAGE is keeping Rich on the offensive in the punching match.]

[But it doesn't take long for the DEFSec squad to come flying out of the back.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING DING DING DING DING!

[The members of the DEFSec place themselves between the two brawlers, trying to separate them. Unable to break through the human shield, Mahogany can only claw over their shoulders and bellow in rage.]

Rich Mahogany:

YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER! SHE IS AN ANGEL, YOU HEAR ME?

[Stunned and baffled by the attack by Rich, Stockton Pyre doesn't even know how to react.]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, as a result of a disqualification: CURTIS PENN!

Angus:

ARGHRABBLEFUCKHISLIFE! Why, Rich, why?

DDK:

I think Penn was just in the right place at the right time. Had Stockton been the one on the outside at that point, Rich would have quite happily just gone right for The Gonzo Goliath. Instead...

Angus:

What in the unholy hells is that [Kevin] Curtis Penn doing?

[As Angus is so astute to point out, Penn has managed to crawl his way into the ring and is now seated in a far corner, watching security pry Rich Mahogany away from Stockton Pyre and Pyre, well, looking very confused about all of this. Having seen enough of the brawl du jour, Penn turns towards the timekeepers cable, holds out his right fist, and taps the top of it with his right palm.]

DDK:

I think Curtis has something to say, Angus.

Angus:

...and I'm sure this pin to the mouth of this doll isn't going to help, is it?

DDK:

Sometimes, the dragon wins, Angus.

Angus:

...the fuck does that mean?

Curtis Penn:

What in the FACK was that ALL ABOUT!

[Penn clearly has a disgusted look on his face as he checks cracked lips for blood.]

Curtis Penn:

You know what... I wasn't in the mood tonight to do it, but after that greasy pile of shit just ruined your one shot at seeing the ICON of IMPECCABILITY in action I'm feeling generous.

[He climbs to his feet.]

Curtis Penn:

Tonight... I'm going to give you another CURTIS CLUTCH CHALLENGE!

[He flips the microphone out of his hand, grabs the top rope and flips himself outside of the ring, after landing on his feet he marches to the back.]

The Frustrations of Sam Turner Jr.

[Sam Turner Jr. sits on a nice black leather sofa couch in the newly built reception and lobby area in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, munching on some fruits and vegetables with dip. As Sam munches away, a large dark shadow slowly crawls over him. He looks up from his food just in time to see the sultry curves of Edward White's gorgeous personal assistant / ass-kicker Jane Katze slide in next to him on the sofa. The large shadow obviously belonging to Ed's personal muscle, the massive seven footer Nicky Corozzo. As Jane scoots closer the hem on her tight charcoal pencil skirt rides up ever so slightly... Sam notices and gets noticeably nervous.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Jane would like to have a word with you, paissan. How's about you put your snack down and listen to the lady.

[Sam obviously doesn't trust, nor like, the massive "Il Guidice." He looks up at Nicky with a scowl.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Can y'all give me five minutes? Also, could ya' please move Nick... yer' blockin' all mah light.

[Jane quells any ill feelings as she sidles right up to Sam, pulling back his trucker cap and running her fingers through his bushy hair.]

Jane Katze:

Really Sam? Not even a minute for me? I mean, I'm not bothering you am I?

Sam Turner Jr.:

I'm... well, I'm a might hungry ma'am.

[Jane slowly reaches over and grabs a small sprig of broccoli, bringing it up to her full red lips. She really lays it on thick, Sam absolutely transfixed by all this. The red lipstick, the long brown strands of hair coming undone from her tight secretarial bun and falling ever so across her face, the pencil skirt almost above mid thigh now. It was almost too much... but it was obviously working.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

Oh, my... ma'am, I... uhhh... dang, I...

[As soon as Sam was getting a little flushed and hot under the collar it was all over. Jane gives Sam a little peck on the cheek as Nicky Corozzo grins from several feet above. Smoothing out her skirt and pushing those few loose strands of hair back into place she gives the now bumfuzzled and quite flushed Sam Turner a little wink.]

Jane Katze:

You know where to find us, Sammy. Remember what Edward said last week, hun.

Nicky Corozzo:

You come find us ASAP or I'll come find you personally. And I won't be feedin' ya' no vegetables neither, capeesh?

[Jane gently brushed her hand on Sam's cheek ruffling up his porkchop sideburn.]

Jane Katze:

See you soon, Red.

[Sam nods with a shy grin as the two walk away. The observant viewer would notice Jane and Nicky exchange a quiet chuckle at Sam's expense as they exit the room. Jane looking particularly pleased with herself.]

[Just after the duo vanish down the hallway Jake Donovan, who was patiently observing the whole exchange across the room, makes his way over to Sam from the refreshments table.]

Jake Donovan:

Dude, seriously? What's up with that? Those the people you wanna run with now? I mean her I get... kinda... but Corozzo? Ed White? They'll take ya to some dark places man, if you get in too deep with 'em.

Sam Turner Jr.: [avoiding Jake's eyes]

You wouldn't understand Jake, jus' let it go.

Jake Donovan:

Hard ta let it when I'm watchin' a buddy go from laid back to distant with their stink all over it. You're not the same Sam I came up with around here, you're just... different.

[Sam breathes a heavy sigh before finally meeting his friends gaze directly.]

[A sincere, palpable seriousness we don't often see in usually affable Rednek Reker.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

That such a bad thing, Jake?

Jake Donovan:

In this case, yeah, it is. You're losing your way man. Don't go down that road, we got a...

[Sam explodes off the sofa knocking his food all over the floor, startling Donovan.]

Sam Turner Jr.:

What?! What do we have Jake, huh? I don't know 'bout you but I want more'n to be the guy who's friends with the guy holdin' the top spot 'round here! I'm jus' tired of bein' everyone elses cavalry, Jake. I'm tired of bein' everyones freakin' buddy...

[Jake is speechless, it looks as though Sam is about to continue but he simply walks towards the door without a word.]

Jake Donovan:

Sam! Sam wait man, I'm sorry. Come on...

[Sam pushes through the door and vanishes without even hazarding a glance back towards his friend Jake Donovan. The eccentric grappler is left alone with more than a few questions hanging in the air as we fade back to ringside.]

Angus:

Well well well, look who's decided to go ahead and grow a set of balls.

DDK:

Ed White and his cronies have crawled inside that poor boys head, Angus.

Angus:

If that's what it takes to finally light a fire in that big redneck's belly, is that such a bad thing? Sam Turner Jr. has been a part of this company for years and like he said, all he's been is the friend of whatever resident good guy is fighting the good fight. Bancroft, Sawyer, Light, our glorious champion is just another in a long line of self absorbed superstars leading that poor kid along.

DDK:

So he's better off being led along by Edward White?

Angus:

Maybe. Guess we'll have to wait and see, won't we?

DDK:

Moving right along.

GIMME DEM SHADES, BOAH

Jonny Booya:

So baby, you know why they call mah fans the Meatheads?

[Out in the arena fans boo, and out in television land, fans throw popcorn at their TVs.]

[Christie Zane is still cute and hot, but right now her face is crinkled up into an expression of extreme distaste as she leans backwards to get as far away from Jonny Booya as she can while maintaining her interviewer professionalism.]

[Jonny Booya is leaning against the wall, very carefully posed so that both his arms are flexed even though he's not obviously flexing them. His chin is broad, his mouth is full of sparkling white teeth, and his shades are COOL.]

Booya:

Cos, see, either you're a PREDATOR... or you're MEAT. And cain't be too many predators in the DEFIERVERSE when Jonny Booya's in the house, kna-mean?

[Christie blinks and smiles a horrible fake smile.]

Booya:

But see, even if you gotta be meat, you can try to be... LIKE me... and that puts you ahead of all th' other meat. Head. Meat. Meathead. HAAAAAAAW!

[Christie actually flinches at the bray Booya calls a laugh.]

Booya:

But th' other part is, if you're gonna be MAH fan, you cain't be a nerd. You gotta know the GYM, get your swoll on, kna-mean? Build some meat, know you're better n' any nerd and you got real smarts instead of brain learnins, cos any nerd who's actually smart's gonna go to the gym, get they lift on, an become a meathead, kna-mean? Speaking of meatheads baby, bought you a present.

[Jonny produces one of those awful T-Bone Steak shaped foam hats that he debuted the other week, and puts it on Christie's head.]

Booya:

Now as I'm seein it, I work for Edward White. An I'm already BIG King Cool. See mah shades? So it makes sense when I say I got to actually rule this place. An that means I gotta get me hold of the World Title.

Christie:

The World Title? But you...

Booya:

But me nuthin. I beat me some CSS, an' nobody didn't never shut up bout all the shit she won. An I beat her. Christie it's basic fuckin' mathenomics. She beat eight people to win War Games, I beat her, so it's the same thang as me bein an eight time War Games World Champion.

[At this point, Christie doesn't even know what to say. She just stands there with her mouth slightly open and her eyes confused.]

Booya:

WELL AH DONE RETARRED CLAIRA SAINT SHO! WHEN AH SAY AH'M BIG KING COOL AH MEANS IT!

[If you don't follow the news, Clairra was actually fired by Ed White under the bogus pretext of her having assaulted security. You remember how Diamond Protective Services held her arms so Booya could clothesline her? Apparently that's assaulting security now.]

Booya:

And th' way AH see it, now that Cee-Es-Es is out th' picture, now all Ah got left is to take the World Title away from the nerd that's holdin it.

Christie:

But... Eugene Dewey I'll grant you, but how is Dusty Griffith a nerd?

[Booya laughs.]

Booya:

Try and understand, baby. See, there's meatheads, y'know, people like ME, and then there's nerds. An I tell you what Christie, Eugene Dewey is a nerd, and Dusty Griffith is a nerd. All he done did was beat the corpse of the guy that used t' be mah baws, an' he barely did that.

Voice: [off screen]

Everyone's a critic...

[Why, hello Dusty Griffith!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Those cheers are of course for the arrival of the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion, Dusty Griffith and his larger, Mastodon-like bestie, Frank Dylan James. Jonny Booya's face is still hidden behind the T-shades.]

Dusty Griffith:

I've been called a lot of things, don't think nerd has ever been one of them... But you are a *special* case, aren't you, *Cool?*

[At this point Christie Zane butts back in, turning her attention and microphone to the champion.]

Christie:

Well...

Booya: [interrupting]

GAWD DAYUM RAIGHT AH'M SPECIAL AH'M BIG KING COOL!

Griffith:

You're something alright, that's for sure.

Christie: [trying again]

What about Jonny's, uhm... request?

Griffith:

Is that what all of that was? He's the Big King Cool, he *crushed* Clair St. Sure, he's a Blood Diamond, he single-handedly destroyed the Truly Untouchables, and because of all of that he should...

Booya: [interrupting, again]

YEW GAWDDAYMN RAHGT, YEW FAHT NRRRRRD BOAH!! AHM TEH BIG KANG KEWL AN' AH CAHN CRUSH YEW TOO! NOW GIMMEH MAH SHAWT AT TEH TAHTULL!!

[A grin curls up at the corner of Dusty's mouth, but before he can even say anything, the Mastodon roars.]

Frank Dylan James:

WHAT'CHU THINK YOU KING OF, **BOA!**?!

[Jonny Booya's mouth drops open.]

[Then he rages.]

Booya:

WHAT'D YOU JUST CALL ME, BOAAAAI?!

FDJ:

BOOOAAAAIIIIIIII!!!

Booya:

BOOOOAAAHAHAHHIIIIIIII!!!

FDJ:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHAAAIIIIIIIAAAIIIGGHHGHI!!!!!!

[Both Christie Zane and Dusty Griffith are lost for words.]

Booya:

BOOOOOOOOOAAAAAHHHHHHHHH-

[FDJ reaches out with one big gross hand and palm-mashes Booya and his shades in the face. Booya's inarticulate redneckian bellow is cut off immediately.]

Booya:

...YOU TOUCHED MAH SHAAAAAAAYYYDEEES!!!!

WHAM!

[One thing about Jonny Booya is that no matter how goddamn dumb he is, he's got one hell of a punch, and he hits a left hook into the side of FDJ's face hard enough to spin him around.]

[When FDJ turns back around, he's smiling around a split lip.]

FDJ:

HOOOOOAAAAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!

[FDJ spears Booya.]

[Christie mostly gets out of the way, although that stupid steak-hat she was being forced to wear falls off.]

[DEFsec quickly floods in, pulling FDJ back. Griffith steps in to help get his friend calmed down as the rest of DEFsec pulls Booya up and back.]

Angus:

BOO! Let them big hosses FIET!

DDK:

Are you serious? They'll tear down our new building in t-minus four minutes! Those two behemoths should be kept as far apart as is humanly possible at ALL TIMES!

Angus:

Shut your poop-shooter, Keeps, this place was BUILT on big crazy sons-of-bitches beating the shit out of eachother at every given chance. DO YOU EVEN DEF BRO?

DDK:

Do I... what?

[That's about where we cut.]

Time Check

[Open to a work-worn set of fingers tapping on a bicep.]

[Pan out to reveal "The Bad Dog," Wade Elliott, leaning against a wall, looking impatient, disgruntled, and ornery in general.]

[So, pretty much the usual, except he's still flanked by the same DPS goons from earlier in the evening. His contempt toward their presence hasn't changed either.]

[Further outward-panning shows Tyler Rayne, lacing up a rather intimidating pair of combat boots as he puts the finishing touches on his far-more complicated ring attire, pulling his laces tight before adjusted a knee-brace.]

Wade Elliott:

Somethin' ain't right.

Tyler Rayne:

She's a big girl, Country.

Wade Elliott:

She also ain't *late*.

[Tyler looks up at the clock on the wall and then quickly back down to his gear, noticeably avoiding eye contact with Wade, to adjust pieces that seem to be in place.]

Tyler Rayne:

Well, she is today. Had to go make nice with Chester Cheeto. Guess he was upset or somethin'.

[Wade grunts a weak acknowledgement, eyes on the clock. The Golden Boy looks back up to the time piece as well, a small hint of worry crossing his features, before he hops to his feet, cracking his neck.]

Tyler Rayne:

C'mon, Country. We've got work to do, with or without her.

[Rayne pats Wade on the shoulder as he walks toward the Guerrilla Position in the distance. The 'Bama Bruiser turns a steely glare to the clock one last time before walking after him.]

Wade Elliott:

More'n we're plannin' on.

[And on that note...]

IMPROMPTU MATCH: SoHer Title

[Over Angus and Keebs at the announce booth.]

DDK:

I hate to be a Debbie Downer but I'm with Wade. I don't have a good feeling about this either.

Angus:

A good feeling about what? Troy having to go apologize to Warner on her man's behalf? I didn't think she'd be That Girl.

DDK: [blinking in disbelief]

What are you talking about? The Cheetos are not the issue here, Angus. We all saw what happened last --

[CUE-UP: "Born to Rise" by Redlight King]

♪ *We were born to rii-iiise* ♪

[There's a rush of excitement through the crowd as the lights in the Wrestle-Plex go out.]

♪ *We were born to rii-iiise* ♪

[A spotlight hits center stage, where Tyler Rayne is bouncing on the balls of his feet. For two seconds he waits, eyes closed, soaking in the warm welcome from the crowd. The instruments kick in. White and gold lights illuminate the stage and ramp from below as yellow and red lasers dance in time with the music. Tyler squats down, swaying back and forth, turning his face up to the crowd for the first time and flashing that roguish grin. Cheers, and a fair share of catcalls, drown out the lyrics. He leaps to his feet and starts down the ramp. Wade Elliott steps out onto the stage, pulling another wave of approval from the crowd, but it's quite clear his focus is elsewhere. He looks over his shoulder after a few steps and glowers at the trailing Diamond Protective Services crew.]

[Tyler stops a quarter of the way down the ramp to let Wade catch up. When he does, Rayne gives him a reassuring thump on the chest and offers a middle-fingered greeting to the DPS escort, though he's clearly looking over their shoulder at the empty stage. He shakes his head once and turns back to the ring, rushing forward and sliding in under the bottom rope. He spins while sliding, turning back to face the stage, and then pushes up to a squat in the center of the ring. He sways back and forth again as he stares straight ahead. Wade walks toward the back corner to post up with arms crossed and eyes narrowed. Tyler jumps to his feet and turns toward that corner, walking back to pull down on the top rope and stretch while he waits.]

DDK:

Troy may not be out there with her teammates but Tyler Rayne looks ready to go.

Angus:

That he does, Keebs, but he's still gonna have to get past Ol' Two Hands if he wants to get his hands on the Southern Heritage title.

DDK:

Not to mention the rest of the LBC.

Angus:

Who says they'll be involved?

DDK:

I do.

Angus:

I wish you'd have a little faith in the Legi-

[A pair of hands belonging to someone in a navy blue track suit come down across Lindsay's shoulder blades, knocking her down to her knees. Once she's down, the feet come flying in. one clad in a dress shoe, one in a black boot, and one in a white sneaker, all find their marks on Lindsay's body multiple times. Back in the arena Tyler Rayne flows from the ring and takes off in a sprint up the ramp. Wade Elliott is close behind him, but he's not as quick for all manner of reasons having to do with last show's car incident.]

DDK:

Get back there, Tyler!

Angus:

I don't think he has to!

[The three feet cease their stomping for a moment and the track suit-clad arms heave Lindsay up to her feet. She throws a back elbow that connects with part of the track suit wearer that's being kept out of view of the camera, probably the face, and kicks out with a long leg to the other side of the frame. The smack of foot on flesh rings out around the hallway before Lindsay lashes out with a right hand that connects with the wearer of the camera. The force of the strike knocks the camera down to the floor where it rolls a couple of times before coming to a rest facing the wall.]

Angus:

I feel like Geordi LaForge without his VISOR now...

[Out of shot the fight continues, with flesh smacking against flesh and grunts and groans from four different people, when suddenly-]

CRACK

OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[That old familiar sound of steel against skull echoes so loudly it makes the fans take in sharp breath all at once.]

DDK:

Please don't tell me that was...

[But there's no need to say anything. Finally something moves on the camera, but it's Lindsay Troy being thrown head and shoulder first into the wall in front of the camera. Lindsay slides down the wall to reveal a huge dent in the drywall and balls up as she hits the floor. She remains there motionless until a foot comes in sole first and connects with the side of her head.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Are you kidding me!?

[The camera gets scooped up and shuts off quickly, leaving the DEFIATron black and the fans very, very unhappy.]

DDK:

Can we get someone back there?

Angus:

That was hard to watch...

DDK:

Seriously, can we get someone back there!?

[Cut away.]

Return the Airship Pirate

[And now we take you backstage, to Iris Davine's office.]

[Jonny Booya's hulking stupid frame dwarfs the little doctor's table. You'd think they'd spring for a bigger one since wrestling has so many big dudes in it, but apparently not.]

[He's got a bit of cotton stuck to his upper lip, a little bit of blood stain around it, and his shades have a big silver smear across the front, where Frank Dylan James' palm messed up the writing that once said 'BOOYA' in silver letters.]

Iris Davine:

Jon, I told you you aren't going to need stitches, but if you don't HOLD STILL you might end up tearing something.

Jonny Booya:

inconsolate mumbling

[But he listens long enough for Iris to take the cotton off his lip. Underneath it's... well, worse than a papercut, but it's not going to require a trip to the hospital or a recovery period or anything like that.]

Iris Davine:

Well, that doesn't look too bad. Take a day or two easy to give it a chance to heal, and by next show it probably won't even show anymore.

Jonny Booya:

Proibly won't show.... Iris Ah tell you wut, if Ah cain't have any gawd damn injury leave for this then Ah'm doin the next best thang.

Iris Davine:

No promos in my office. If you want to be a fool, go do it outside.

Jonny Booya:

But...

Iris Davine:

Out.

Jonny Booya:

Hey-

Iris Davine:

Out.

Jonny Booya:

AH SAYD~

Iris Davine:

Out.

Jonny Booya:

inconsolate mumbling

[Booya turns his back and shuts the door. He doesn't even slam it. Iris Davine's got close to 2 decades putting wrestlers who think they're stone cold badasses in their place.]

Jonny Booya: [still mumbling]

gonna jack that gawddamn Efdeej and Dusty Grif[kevin] up so hard they ain't gon' be able ta tell which way's up

without a gyroscope.

[Booya looks down the hall. He doesn't look up the hall. Because if he did, he'd see...

...

...a pair of red-lensed goggles, a furious red mustache, and a leather-bound left arm, all belonging to HENRY KEYES!!]

Henry Keyes: [wild-eyed]

Hello, Jonny.

[Booya turns his gaze upwards, just in time to eat a flying elbow smash square in the mouth!]

Henry Keyes:

Remember me?

[Keyes ferociously swings both his hands to the ears of Booya in a Bell Clap! Booya staggers!]

Henry Keyes:

DO YEH?? YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID!

[Another big Bell Clap, followed by Keyes just sloppily tackling him to the ground and throwing haymakers with varying degrees of accuracy. Booya covers up, doing his best to protect both his mouth and the remnants of his already-besmeared shades and howling out at part 2 of what must be high on his list of Worst Days Ever. Diamond Protective Services pours into the hallway and, after much effort and many hands, pulls a rabid Keyes off of Jonny Booya. The commotion drowns out most of Keyes' yells, though one could almost make out "get yer hands offa me!"s.]

[As Booya lies on his back groaning, the office door opens and Iris Davine steps out. She looks down at Jonny and sighs, placing her hands on her hips.]

Iris Davine:

I don't know what your major malfunction is boy, but you best get back in my office and wait til I'm back.

Jonny Booya:

I'm gonna kill that [kevin]...

Iris Davine:

It's always about "killing [kevins]" with you, isn't it? Go back into my office. I've got some business, it won't take long, and I want to see you when I'm back.

Jonny Booya:

But-

Iris Davine:

In

Jonny Booya:

AH

Iris Davine:

Office

Jonny Booya:

AH SAYD

Iris Davine:

Now.

[With a sigh, Jonny Booya disappears inside Iris Davine's office as she and two medical assistants head off down the hall.]

[Back to ringside.]

DDK:

Wow. I never fail to be amazed at how Iris Davine not only isn't intimidated by the biggest scariest wrestlers on the roster, but that she somehow manages to make them listen. But Henry Keyes, Angus! We haven't seen him for several months, not since Booya powerbombed him on the entrance ramp!

Angus:

So Keyes shows up, beats up on Booya - which is awesome - and then gets dragged away by DPS? I don't know where this is going, but I wouldn't get used to seeing him back if I were you Keeps.

Curtis Clutch Challenge #5

Angus:

Lookie here Keebs, King McDouchebag, a.k.a Curtis Penn, is on his way to the ring with microphone in hand.

[Curtis stops at the top of the ramp, with a black canvas bag in hand, and gives a friendly wave to Angus at the commentators booth.]

DDK:

He looked rather friendly...

[Curtis breaks the wave and heads down the ramp and towards the ring.]

Angus:

Yeah, he's up to sumptin', he's never waved at me like that.

DDK:

Yeeaaaah, normally it's more of a salute... you know, of the one finger variety.

[He stops at the bottom of the ramp, shrugs the black bag onto his shoulder, and waves at the crowd before sliding it underneath the bottom rope.]

Angus:

True dat, I just now remembered he's a giant asshoooooole!

[Curtis Penn starts to the right of the ring reaching out to the fans trying to give out high-fives, only to have them dodge his hand. As he makes his way around the ring and back to the corner steps, after completing absolutely zero of the high fives, he shrugs and makes his way into the ring.]

Angus: [scratching his scalp]

New meds?

DDK:

Don't ask me pal, I'm just as confused as you are.

[Curtis kicks the bag between his feet the flips the microphone into the air, catching it, and readies it at his lips.]

Curtis Penn:

So Nawlins, you like the Defiance Wrestle-Plex huh?

[Something new has occurred, a pop ensues after Curtis' cheap pop moment.]

Curtis Penn:

Hell it comes with a juice bar, a merch station, and both men's and women's restrooms! Yeah, it's aight and all, I'm not going to complain or anything, it's sooo much better than some of the hovels we had to wrestle in while touring abroad. Germany, it smelled like piss and beer... mostly piss though. And Nawlins well it smells... almost the same, but Mr. White did spring for the lil' green pine tree air fresheners to hang in places around the Defiance Wrestle-Plex.

[And that is when it happens, the sound comes from the crowd that inspires Curtis Penn, the booing and hisses make his face jerk into a smile.]

Curtis Penn:

Even the Big Bo\$\$ in the sky has given a good ol' friend of mine a job so he can stop panhandling on the corner of Jackson Square. I know you guys remember who I'm talking about, right? That self-important, super mid-card wrestler that you folks and everyone around the world just couldn't get behind and support when he was wrestling hardcore or riding on Eric Dane's coat tails... "The Dark Horse" Mike Sloan!

[Curtis Penn, having just come round to see his cash fluttering down across the audience punches the apron and yells out in frustration.]

DDK:

Drinks are on Penn tonight, Angus!

Angus:

They would be if Eugene sent some in this direction!

[Curtis scrambles around ringside trying to pick up as many bills as he can that fell between the ring and the barricade. Meanwhile Eugene throws the last wad of cash out into the crowd and tips the big up to signal that it's empty. He exits the ring, throwing the now empty bag towards Curtis as he does so, who Curtis reaches over the barricade to snatch a single from a young boy, much to the disgust of all those around him.]

DDK:

He's getting redder by the minute.

Angus:

Eugene's gonna pay for this.

[Penn turns away from the crowd and steps onto the bag. It trips him up and sends all the cash he'd managed to collect up into the air like a cloud that rains back down over the fans.]

DDK:

You think so?

Angus:

I know so. I didn't get a dime!

DDK:

We've got to go to commercial while ringside crew cleans this mess up, and then we've got a special bonus match coming up!

Angus:

Because of the 57 segments in a row thing?

DDK:

Earlier you only said it was 20.

Angus:

WHATEVS. DAG.

The Walker Clan vs Rick Mitchum/Typheni/Etienne LaMorte

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

The following contest is a six person tag team match, and is set for one fall, with no time limit! Introducing first, hailing from Alice Springs, Australia!

[Engage "Advance Australia Fair."]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at a combined weight of 680 lbs! "Big Bruvva" Rory Walker! "Nipper" Joel Walker! And Brenden "Bren" Walker! They are! THE WALKER CLAN!

[Big Bruvva, Bren and Nipper walk out of the back. It's smiles and hand slaps.]

DDK:

The three aussies have put on a few decent showings on DEFtv before. but this is a huge opportunity for these youngsters, getting to fight another team of young lions instead of veterans and near the top of the card at that.

Angus:

Yep. Now I know you're probly waiting for me to bury this whole match, but you know something Keebs? I'm not gonna.

DDK:

What? I mean, really?

[The Walkers hit the ring. Nipper jumps to the top rope and backflips off, Big Bruvva bellows a war cry, and Bren leans over the ropes to mug at the camera.]

Quimbey:

And their opponents!

["Voodoo Music" by MANTRA.]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at a combined weight of 587 lbs! Introducing first, from Concord, New Hampshire, "Mr. Excel" RICK MITCHUM! His partner, from Blackpool, England, TYPHENI! And finally, from Port de Paix, Haiti, ETIENNE! LAMORTE!

DDK:

And here comes the opponents. With the Handsome Men's Modelling School involved with Frank Dylan James earlier in the night, the road agents put this team of young talent together based partly on who was available.

Angus:

And in the case of LaMorte, he's actually won a match, so fuck yeah and also that's why they used his theme music. Anyway like I was saying Keebs, I'm looking forward to this, because think about it this way. These kids, they work the small shows and the indies and work their DEFIANCE dates just for the chance to be seen, and suddenly they get booked in the fucking semi-main? It's like main eventing in War Games or the 5 Way Ladder War match to these guys, and they're going to pull out every last stop to win this match.

[LaMorte and Mitchum are both out at the same time, and by that, I mean practically pushing each other over to get out of the entrance way. Typheni follows them, and SHE takes time to stand at the top of the ramp and pose.]

DDK:

It's been a while since we've seen Mitchum, but he's a multi-sport athlete. Typheni lost a match to Heidi Christenson,

and while I wouldn't go so far as to call it close, she made a match out of it and even got one pretty good shot in. LaMorte beat... some guy.

Angus:

Some guy? You're starting to sound like me.

DDK:

Only because Jeff's lazy and won't look it up. Anyway, he finished with a spinning neckbreaker across the knee. He's a pretty good all-rounder.

[LaMorte and Mitchum are in the ring, and go up the same turnbuckle. Typheni walks to mid rope, then arches her back and slooowwwllly flips backwards over it.]

Angus:

Dem legs. I approve.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And the rudos attack at the bell but the Walkers are ready for it!

[Rory back body drops LaMorte, Joel dropkicks Typheni down, and Bren spin kicks Mitchum in the ribs. Irish whip by Bren, he drops down, Rory lifts Mitchum in a bearhug and Joel springboards in with a dropkick that Rory uses as momentum for a spinebuster into a pin!]

ONE...!

...TWO...Broken up!

[LaMorte and Typheni are back in the ring, and LaMorte hits Joel from behind, sending him into Rory and breaking the pin. Bren knocks LaMorte back with a hard chop, LaMorte fires back with his own, and Typheni hooks an overhand wristlock on Joel.]

DDK:

That's that Lancashire technical style of mat grappling we've seen before, and it worked as well on Heidi as you'd expect considering the experience difference, but let's see what she can do against Joel Walker.

[Typheni keeps the wrist bent at a bad angle, then traps the hand under her chin so she can apply more pressure on the elbow. Joel reaches, looking for a weak point, but Typheni has the hold applied carefully, and when Joel goes off balance she trips him to the mat and applies the back mount hammerlock, then a half nelson on the other arm and takes him over into a pinning combination!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

...THRICKOUT!

Angus:

Two and a half!

[Joel has more room to move and he grabs the top rope, hangs on and backflips to reverse the armlock, then jumps and takes Typheni to the mat with a flying short arm scissor! The only thing is that Typheni's fairly close to her corner, and instead of trying to counter or break the hold, she pushes up and gets her leg as high in the air as she can - LaMorte slaps her on the foot.]

DDK:

That counts as a tag, and in comes LaMorte with a slingshot headbutt! Joel Walker never saw it coming!

[As Typheni rolls out, LaMorte Irish whips Joel, goes into a crouch, and takes him down on the rebound with a jump spinning back elbow. In the corner, Rick Mitchum angrily demands a tag and LaMorte thinks about it, but tags, and holds Joel in an abdominal stretch for Mitchum to kick.]

DDK:

Not so fluid tag exchanged by the impromptu team. Rick Mitchum in the ring now, and he's a thinking man's wrestler and in tremendous condition.

Angus:

Yeah, he's got some sort of degree. Marine aquabiology or something. He can get away with wrestling on the weekends for gas money because he earns actual dollars during the week.

[Mitchum takes Joel over in a German suplex - Joel flips out and lands on his feet! Lucha tag rules being in effect, he simply rolls out of the ring for a breather, and Rory steps in. Mitchum, expecting to be facing a cruiserweight, jumps when face to face with the belligerent face of Big Bruvva.]

[Right hand!]

[Down goes Rick Mitchum!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Rory Walker lights him up, and the fans liked that!

[Mitchum rolls out of the ring. Focused on him, Rory runs to the ropes and takes a grab at him, and with his head hanging over the ropes, Typheni lands a precisely aimed running front kick!]

THWAAAACK!

Angus:

Oh dear lord she caught ALL of that one!

[It's LaMorte that makes the tag though, and he scoops Rory up off the mat and drops him in a kneeling spin-out powerbomb. Quick tag to Typheni, LaMorte hip tosses her over the top rope, she flips in mid-air and lands on Rory with a splash!]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREEBroken up by Bren!

[Hector Navarro shoes Bren out of the ring as LaMorte yells for Mitchum to come in and help out. LaMorte and Typheni send Rory off the ropes, Typheni steps out of the way, but Mitchum pushes LaMorte out of the way as well, hits Rory with a Manhattan drop and then a superkick!]

DDK:

Apparently, both Etienne LaMorte and Rick Mitchum think they should be the leader of this team.

Angus:

Yeah, well, I tell you Keeps, arrogance type wrestlers are a dime a dozen. LaMorte may be bland but at least he's

trying to do something different, and at least he's trying to work with Typheni instead of be a hotdog.

[Mitchum doesn't go for the cover. He stands over Rory, informing Big Bruvva that he's smarter than him, in better shape than him, and generally more excellent in every way - and Rory counters with a small package!]

ONE...!

...Kickout!

[Only, during the kickout, Rory kept hold of Mitchum's arm, and as they stand-]

Angus:

Short-arm lariat!

DDK:

That turned him right inside out!

[Rory pounds on the mat with his fist as Mitchum counts the pretty birdies circling his head. On the apron, Bren pounds the turnbuckle and Joel jumps on the bottom rope in time with the pounds as the fans start clapping.]

DDK:

One of the Walker Brothers is more or less fresh, and that's the middle brother Brenden Walker.

[LaMorte and Typheni shout instructions at Mitchum, but it's too late - with a lunge, Rory slaps Bren's hand.]

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

[LaMorte tries to clothesline Bren, but the technician of the Walker Clan traps the arm, jumps up to dropkick Typheni back and single arm DDT's LaMorte to the mat.]

Angus:

Like I said Keebs, they're doing all the coolest looking stuff they know how to do.

[With both opponents down, Bren tries to grab a quick one, hooking an abdominal stretch on the still legal Mitchum and then rolling backwards into a pin.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

DDK:

Nearly had him!

[Bren clenches his fists one over top the other and makes the universal signal for 'piledriver.']

Angus:

I don't know if it's his personal finish Keebs, but Bren's calling for a finish-

[And Mitchum, recognizing his peril, takes Bren over and down with a back body drop.]

[Bren, who hasn't taken much punishment, tries to fight through it and get back to his feet quickly - a rookie mistake, as Mitchum catches him with a quick enzuigiri. Then he goes into a crouch and strikes a martial arts pose, before throwing a superkick- not in the direction he telegraphed it (at Bren), but at Joel on the apron!]

[Joel goes off the apron, and Mitchum pulls Bren to his feet, hooks the full nelson, and yells for LaMorte. LaMorte hits the ropes for speed, rebounds - and the jumping shoulder tackle misfires and hits Mitchum!]

[Down goes Mitchum. LaMorte, appalled at what he's just done, freezes. On the outside Typheni, not wanting to lose the advantage, enters the ring and puts Bren back on the mat with a sleeper drop as LaMorte helps Mitchum up.]

[And Mitchum smacks him in the head!]

[LaMorte pushes Mitchum, and as Typheni tries to keep the peace, Bren makes the tag to Joel, and Joel takes them both down with a springboard double dropkick!]

[Joel rolls out of the ring, making Rory legal, and Rory hits Typheni with a spinning backhand chop.]

SWAAAACK!!!!

Angus:

In Russia, bitches backhand you across the face, but in Australia, you backhand bitches across the back of the goddamn head!

[Rory sets Typheni on the top turnbuckle. On cue, Bren runs across the ring and hops onto Rory's shoulders.]

DDK:

It's going to be a stacker superplex on Typheni by Rory and Bren, and now Joel's on the top rope, he's not lined up for anything-

[But he doesn't care.]

DDK:

Rope-running flying elbow by Joel Walker! It connects flush, and this one's gonna do it I think!

ONE...!

[Typheni isn't making any signs of kicking out on her own.]

...TWO...!

[LaMorte and Mitchum suddenly realize that their scuffle is about to cost them the match - it's too late, as Bren and Rory are watching and waiting.]

.....THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners, as a result of a pinfall: THE WALKER CLAN!

[Big Bruvva lifts Nipper in a bearhug as Bren cheers. Looking disgusted, LaMorte helps Typheni out of the ring. Mitchum waits at the top of the ramp.]

DDK:

And regardless of who the opponent was, The Walker Clan picks up their first duke in DEFIANCE, and a very nice one at that!

[“Advance Australia Fair” plays as the Walkers celebrate in the ring.]

[At the top of the ramp, LaMorte and Typheni pass Mitchum, and-

CLAAANG!!

[Cut music.]

DDK:

Mitchum just blasted LaMorte across the back with a chair!

[The Hatian drops face first on the stage. With a smug smile born of being EXCELLENT and knowing how EXCELLENT he is, Rick Mitchum takes Typheni's arm, wraps it around his neck and one of his arms around her waist, and begins escorting her backstage.]

[And she's all like 'no.']

DDK:

KEYLOCK DRIVER BY TYPHENI ON RICK MITCHUM!

[Typheni stands up over her fallen tag partners and smiles. In the ring, Bren and Joel grin, and Rory applauds.]

["Faeries Wear Boots" blasts out as Typheni hips it through the curtains.]

Angus:

The lady may have eaten a pinfall, but fuck it, equal opportunity, and she gets the last laugh too! Also, Lindsay Troy got some competition going on in the cornea-searing-ass department. Disagree with me Keeps, I dare you.

[It's not their theme music anymore, but the Walkers don't really care - tonight was a win for them, and they take a lap around the ring slapping hands.]

DDK:

We have to take it backstage, where I understand we're about to get an update on Lindsay Troy after that brutal anonymous attack she suffered earlier.

[And that's exactly what we do.]

Shadow Time's Over

[We hate to break it to you...]

THUMP

[...but nobody's gonna be makin' it rain in this seg.]

THUMP

[Iris Davine, all brain cells still intact after Johnny Booya stopped by her office, sighs heavily before raising her flashlight pen to Lindsay Troy's eyes, shining in one, then the other, and back again. The Queen is, somehow, sitting upright on a folding table some of Iris' staff managed to find in a nearby storage closet. She's trying her best to remain stoic, but she can't quite mask a grimace well enough. One arm's draped across her stomach. An ice pack sits near her leg, not on her face where it should be.]

THUMP

[Iris places the light back on the table, with a handful of other small instruments, some more ice packs, gauze... assorted medical stuffs. She sifts through a few things, looking for something, but can't seem to concentrate.]

THUMP

Iris Davine:

Will ya STOP that?

[She snaps her head to glare across the room at the back of Tyler Rayne. He flexes his fingers, the skin of his knuckles peeled back, small blood stains left on the wall. His hand balls into a fist and he turns, wordless, but abiding the request. Iris remains fixated on him for a moment, her glare commanding his obedience, before returning to Troy.]

Iris Davine:

Y'got a slight concussion. Lots'a bruising, but nothin' appears t'be broken. It could've been a lot worse.

Tyler Rayne:

Wait 'til you see the fuckers I send you next week.

Iris Davine:

At the rate you three are goin'...

[She casts a quick glance over to Wade Elliott, still flanked on both sides by DPS, and looking **pissed.**]

Iris Davine:

...you'll be the one up here next. [To Troy] Y'need rest. Those ribs are gonna need time t'heal. No liftin'. No excessive exercise. Just rest. I know how hard it is for some'a ya t'do that. I assume he can take care of ya?

[Troy manages something resembling a smirk.]

Lindsay Troy: [in a low voice, 'cause ow, everything.]

He can barely take care of himself.

Iris Davine:

I meant Elliott. I assume *he* [jerks head in Rayne's direction] can't even cook a proper meal.

Lindsay Troy:

Neither can Wade.

Tyler Rayne:

I... have a butler.

Iris Davine: [sarcastic]

Jeeves?

Tyler Rayne:

Alfred.

[Iris rolls her eyes.]

BOOM

Wade Elliott: [After slamming a big paw against the wall behind him.]

Enough've this *horseshit!* Why the *hell* ain't we out there --

[The DPS guard to his right grabs Wade's shoulder in response to his wall-thumping, clearing his throat loudly. The 'Bama Bruiser violently shrugs his shoulder away, turning a thunder-cloud glare his way.]

Wade Elliott: [With a menacing growl.]

Put yer *god-damn* mitt on me again an' I'll fuckin' *hand* it to ya, *boy*.

DPS Stooge #1 (aka "Sully"):

We do what we're told, hoss. And we were told not to let you cause trouble.

Tyler Rayne:

Yeah. Funny how the B0\$\$ man don't seem too concerned about the Businessmen that way.

Lindsay Troy: [to Iris]

You're done, yeah?

[Iris nods. Troy gingerly slides off the table and fixes her eyes on the Babysitters' Club.]

Lindsay Troy:

So are all of you.

DPS Stooge #2:

He said --

Lindsay Troy:

I don't give... [grits her teeth in pain] ***one single fuck*** what Ed White told you boys to do. Shadow time's over.

"Sully":

You're not exactly in a position to --

[The glare she throws his way is malicious enough to cut him off. Tyler moves up next to her, carefully wrapping an arm around her waist as she leans onto his shoulders. He also shoots "Sully" a death-glare. Wade shoves his way through to open the door for them, glaring back at DEFsec one last time.]

Tyler Rayne:

Better get some rest, too, doc. Got a feelin' you're gonna be busy next week.

Wade Elliott:

'Bout three times as much.

[Your 'Heroes exit stage left.]

[And speaking of the B0\$\$ with the BUCK\$...]

Curtis Penn meets the Bo\$\$ or A door gets kicked in.

[We're inside the office of The Sophisticate, the defacto BO\$\$ of DEFIANCE wrestling Edward White. Across the room we see where the large outer window opens up to the arena proper. Jane casually sifts through some paperwork in the office's sitting area. This relatively peaceful scene is interrupted however when the office door opens with such force it almost buries the doorknob in the plaster wall.]

Curtis Penn:

White, we have ta talk!

[Behind Penn we see the big seven foot enforcer Nicky Corozzo holding the side of his head, red in the faced, reaching out for Penn.]

Nicky Corozzo:

YOU LITTLE PRICK...

[With a sigh Ed raises a hand before Nicky can lay hands on Curtis. Penn gives a passing glance over his shoulder at the massive Corozzo.]

Curtis Penn:

No need to call off your dog Eddy, I handled his big ass before, I'll do it again. Besides I have bigger fish to fry.

[Ed White, quietly waves off Nicky .]

Nicky Corozzo: [through gritted teeth]

You're lucky that the boss actually wants to see ya or I'd tear your goddamn arms off, capish?

[Nicky mumbles something in Italian and rubs his face whilst exiting the room. Jane has zero reaction to all of this commotion, still sifting through a stack of financial documents on the coffee table in front of her. Ed leans back in his big leather wingback desk chair eyeballing Penn for a few moments before motioning for Curtis to sit.]

Ed White:

So what exactly is so important you had to strike my bodyguard and barge into where I conduct my business, Mr. Penn?

[As he plops down in one of the chairs Penn starts to respond, Ed holds up a finger.]

Ed White:

Before you answer take into consideration how seriously I take my business dealings. And the things that have happened to those that have failed to remember that particular personality trait of mine.

[Penn continues on unfazed by the veiled threat.]

Curtis Penn:

That's exactly what I needed to talk to you about Eddy, business. Your best business investment, Me, just got hijacked for 10 grand only moments ago by that conniving prick FIST Champion of yours.

[Ed White shifts an eyebrow at the mention of the FIST Champion.]

Ed White:

A distaste for the antics of DEFIANCE's resident underdog Mr. Dewey is something you and I share Curtis.

[Ed waves a hand towards the closed skybox window.]

Ed White:

And believe you me the idea of the rabble packed like sardines out in that arena being GIVEN money makes my stomach churn. More handouts are the last thing this diseased country needs. Obama's America indeed. You're absolutely right though, you deserve better than to suffer such hijinx. So what would you like me to do Curtis, how would you like this injustice rectified?

[Penn straightens up in his chair a bit, down right chuffed to be getting a little of the respect he feels he so richly deserves.]

Curtis Penn:

That Ginger haired Geek broke the RULES, Eddy! The challenge never even started! That little prick didn't even have the common courtesy to shake my hand at the end! He STOLE from me what's rightfully MINE, Ed! What I want is the record book expunged and the Curtis Clutch Challenge to remain untarnished and...

[And is a big word around DEFIANCE.]

Curtis Penn:

I want a shot at the FIST as recompense for the lost \$10,000.

[A long silence falls between the two men. Penn doesn't flinch. Ed White leans forward and lets his hands fall to the top of his desk. Pushing aside some paperwork he reveals a blank contract.]

Ed White:

So this piece of paper right here would be worth all that money? Hummm? A few words about the title in question and my signature and you'd have your title match. Curtis do you know why I give you such a wide berth around here? You pick a member of this roster at random and have them do what you did, striking Nicky and barging in here they'd be in quite a state right now. Have you even given that any thought?

[Penn doesn't hesitate.]

Curtis Penn:

I decided a long time ago nothing's going to stop me from getting what I want, Ed. Not nobody, not nothing. Not even that seven foot tall stack of stupid guinea out there you got guarding the door. I also know as a busy man you probably have some respect for folks that kick doors in, cut to the chase and don't go wasting your precious time... [grin] sir.

[Penn doesn't blink, he doesn't flinch... not once. Edward chuckles under his breath as he just shakes his head and plucks a pen from his elaborate gold and leather desk accompaniment and makes a few quick marks on the aforementioned blank contract.]

Ed White:

And that's why you're getting your title match, son. Any time and place you want to put young Mr. Dewey through the wringer you just let me know. I respect your resolve, Curtis. I have for a very long time. You don't give one good goddamn what people think of you. Reminds me of myself as a younger man. Full of piss and vinegar. You realize though that this opportunity comes with a caveat, correct?

Curtis Penn:

A cavy-what?

[Ed leans over his huge oak desk as far as he can for emphasis.]

Ed White:

You do what the so-called Original DEFIANT on **three** separate occasions couldn't do and you take that fat little oaf down a peg once and for all. No plucky underdog story, no snatching victory from the jaws of defeat. I want you to stretch him, break him and bring that gaudy crimson title belt RIGHT HERE...

[Ed bangs on his desk with his open palm for emphasis.]

[Pause.]

Ed White:

Are we clear, Mr. Penn?

[Penn delivers his patented grin.]

Curtis Penn:

Crystal.

[Ed stands up and buttons his coat, extending his hand.]

Ed White:

I'll be keeping an interested eye on you, son. Don't leave me disappointed.

Curtis Penn:

You won't be, Eddy. Trust me.

[The two men shake hands and exchange villainous nods as the camera fades back to ringside.]

Angus:

How in the fuck does that little creep get away with calling him Eddy all the goddamn time?

DDK:

Seems to me the leader of The Blood Diamonds might be finally warming up to Curtis Penn there partner.

Angus:

So Eugene makes a target out of himself AGAIN and gets himself into hot water AGAIN, big deal. Old fuckin' hat. I think both of 'em stink on ice, I hope they both somehow choke on Dewey's disgusting red Jew-fro mid match and put us all out of our misery.

DDK:

Wow, well... More news info on this major FIST of DEFIANCE defence as we get it folks!

Eric Dane and Dusty Griffith vs. Team HOSS

DDK:

I can't believe the match that we're going to see here next... tonight's main event is not going to be pretty by any stretch. Edward White took advantage of a loophole in ERIC DANE's own DEFIANCE contract and set up this match. He and our DEFIANCE World Champion - Dusty Griffith - who haven't exactly seen eye to eye since Dane attacked him with that Stardriver are now going to have to TEAM UP... against the DEFIANCE World Trios Champions in Team HOSS.

Angus:

Believe it, Keebs, this is happening! OUR HOSS OVERLORDS may be in a three-on-two situation... but their opponents are DEFIANCE Champion Mayberry and... Eric Dane. The last time Dane wrestled was that match against Heidi Christenson. You know... THAT match. The edge would go to Team HOSS every other time, but you and I have both seen what DA BAWS is capable of first hand.

DDK:

I would have to agree. Team HOSS have not lost a match as a trios team since they've been in DEFIANCE, but... but Eric Dane is Eric Dane. And you and I also called that incredible match with Dusty Griffith and Kai Scott! Griffith is a man that doesn't know the meaning of the word quit. However, after Dane landed a Stardriver on Dusty last week, he didn't take too kindly to that so who knows if they can even be on the same page for tonight.

Angus:

Fo' sho. Normally, I'm all for Team HOSS, but there's so much goddamn math here... too many things going on. HOSS could murder them, but if Dane and Dusty can work together, I dunno.

[The camera pans over to Darren "DQ" Quimbey for the introductions. The fans in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex go wild for what promises to be an explosive main event coming their way!]

DQ:

The following contest is your main event of the evening and this is a three-on-two Handicap Match!

["Tag Team" by Anvil.]

[The crowd is jeering to all heck. One by one, the brutal monsters flank the stage, each holding one of three World Trios Tag Team Titles! The lights started to flash rapidly in shades of red and white throughout the arena while the monsters stand with their belts. Junior Keeling appears to the side of his crew, looking smug. Angel celebrates the jeering with both hands raised, Aleczander struts confidently, and Capital Punishment walks out with his poker face on. The three big men rock the gold now as they hold them all up in the ring as a sign of solidarity. One by one, the monsters start their march to the ring as Junior Keeling takes the lead of his proud monsters. Aleczander is first, flexing his pecs for the camera. Right behind him, the camera passes by Capital Punishment who mean-mugs the camera with a surly sneer. Bringing up the rear is the proud and boastful Rookie Monster, Angel Trinidad.]

DDK:

Team HOSS have been making many enemies left and right lately! It seems there's something new brewing between Team HOSS and Team VIAGRA, but right now he needs to focus on this match.

Angus:

Keeling is a great strategist, Keebs, he knows exactly what he's doing. He led them to victory over The Heirs of Wrestling last week making an appearance in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

That's true, but this is a different monster entirely. No belts are on the line, but this match could really stick it to Edward White if Griffith and Dane can remain on the same page.

[The monsters all step into the ring one by one. Capital Punishment stands in the middle of the ring with arms folded

while on either side of him, Aleczander flexes his muscles and shoots a cocky smirk while Angel Trinidad beats on his chest like a gorilla and ROARS for the crowd. Keeling gestures to his assembly of ass-kickers as they all hold the titles, clapping and cheering for his large clients. Their music cuts as they wait for their opponents to arrive.]

[The drumbeat kicks in and the entire audience begins to stomp their feet in unison.]

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey YEAH! ♪

[KISS' "I Love It Loud"]

DQ:

And introducing their opponents, first... from Boise, Idaho, he weighs in at two-hundred and ninety pounds... HE IS THE UNBREAKBLE PILLAR OF DEFIANCE... THE BAD MAN FROM BOISE...

[Pause for the crowd to give The Bad Man from Boise the respect he deserves...]

DQ:

THE UNBREAKBLE PILLAR OF DEFIANCE... THE BAD MAN FROM BOISE... THIS... IS... **DUSTY GRIFFITH!**

[The fans sing along with the opening chorus and then break out into roaring cheers as Dusty Griffith walks onto the stage, clad in his ring attire, ready to fuckin' go. Along with it... and we cannot stress this enough... is the DEFIANCE World Championship fastened tightly around his waist. Stopping at the edge of the ramp that leads down to ringside, Dusty looks on at the scene ahead of the three bruisers hired by Edward White to make life hell for him tonight. He scans the crowd from right to left, taking in the sight and sound of 4,000 strong that fill DEFIANCE's capitol building, then makes his way down to the ring with a purpose!]

DDK:

There is our DEFIANCE World Champion carrying that belt proudly like only he can. The odds may be against them, but we all know that Dusty will take as many down with them as he can.

Angus:

I begrudgingly agree... Mayberry's busted his ass off for that belt, no matter what I personally feel about him.

[Dusty is no fool and this isn't his first day on the job. He stops just short of the ring as Junior Keeling and Team HOSS all look on, waiting for the final piece of this puzzle to arrive...]

["The One You Love To Hate" by Rob Halford.]

♪ You may not like the future ♪

♪ And we're not here to preach t'ya ♪

♪ We'll take you to the killing floor ♪

[The whole arena darkens for the opening chords, the second the lyrics kick in several spotlights hit the entrance curtain and we see the man himself. Black leather jacket, back to the audience. The crowd - his hometown crowd, nonetheless- are ALREADY losing their shit!]

DQ:

And his tag team partner... from RIGHT HERE, IN NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA....

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DQ:

Weighing in at two-hundred and forty-five pounds... he is the current #1 Contender to the DEFIANCE World Championship... he is the Disposable Hero... Da BAWWS... The FOUNDER of DEFIANCE....THIS IS **"THE ONLY STAR" ERIC DANE!**"

[Eric Dane notices the reaction from the crowd, but pays them no attention. He – much like his future opponent, Dusty Griffith – is focused on the bidness at hand. The bidness of busting up some fucking giants and sticking it to Edward White tonight. Dane starts the long walk down towards the ring. He stops just short of the ring as well and shoots a glare towards Dusty Griffith. The feeling is mutual from the Bad Man from Boise as he eyes Eric Dane heading up towards the steps.]

Angus:

Yikkkkkkkkeeeesssssssss... that was one cold fucking stare.

DDK:

No love lost between these two, for sure. Some may believe that Eric Dane is looking to take advantage of the spotlight being given to him by Edward White no matter if this is clearly a game for White to divide and conquer. But if Dane and Griffith can get their act together tonight and pull out this huge win over the Trios Champions, that'll go a long way to sticking it towards The Socialite!

[Dane and Griffith each take their corner as referee Mark Shields stands in the ring motioning to Team HOSS. While Dane and Griffith each talk over who starts the match, Team HOSS already has "The Mancunian Muscle" Alecander up to bat.]

[DING DING DING!]

DDK:

Well, Team HOSS looks ready for this! After their victory last week over the Heirs of Wrestling and with the odds in their favor, of course they're looking confident.

Angus:

And DA BAWWS is starting first!

[The hometown crowd comes to life as Eric Dane steps into the ring while Dusty Griffith stands silently allowing The Only Star to take his place in the ring. He throws his coat off and turns to face Alecander who looks every bit as arrogant as he always does. The two men pace for a moment before Dane tries to quickly bust off some of his skills and go for a Single Leg Takedown on the big man. Alecander shoves him away for a second and goes to the ropes while referee Mark Shields just watches the action.]

Shields:

Hey... back of or something, dude.

[Dane just glares at the notoriously lazy referee and wonders immediately why he didn't fire this stupid fucker sooner.]

DDK:

Eric Dane going for something big here right off the bat, but Alecander does have good ring awareness.

Angus:

I don't really think that Alecander knows who he's in the ring with. We've seen what Dane has done to guys who get on his bad side!

[Eric Dane is back on his feet and waits to make a move again when Alecander starts to recover from his early takedown. Dane tries to jump on the big man again and tries to take him off his feet, but Alecander throws a back elbow to stun Dane. He maneuvers behind The Only Star and lifts him up by the waist before he THROWS him down on the ground hard with a sloppy, but powerful takedown. Griffith looks a bit nonplussed while Alecander walks around and beats his chest like a gorilla!]

Alecander:

YOU SEE THAT MATE, I TOOK HIS ASS DOWN!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Alecander continues to pat himself on the back. Angel and Cappy watch their partner make a jolly old ass of himself as Junior Keeling points over to him and tells him to watch Dane! The Only Star – much to everybody’s surprise – remains focused and isn’t showing his hand]

DDK:

Dane is oddly subdued here. He’s not going to give anybody, least of all Edward White’s hired guns the satisfaction of showing anything less than a poker face.

Angus:

You know how much I like our HOSS OVERLORDS... but man... bad move, Alec.

[Dane moves in again, but the strength advantage of Alecander is just too much as he simply heaves him backwards and sends him flying towards his corner! The Big Brit starts to flex his pecs and laughs like a jackass as he continues to lap up the jeers from the crowd.]

Keeling:

PAY ATTENTION, ALECZANDER! DON'T LET HIM GET UP!

[Alecander just barely listens to the warnings as Eric gets back to his feet once again and proverbially dusts himself off. Dusty wants a tag, but Eric doesn’t reach out for him for the moment. He goes back to grappling with The Big Brit before he goes low and kicks the knee out from under him! From there, he grabs the arm and twists it around before throwing about three or four PAINFUL elbow shots right into the joint! Alecander howls in pain as he quickly unleashes an arm variation of a Dragon Screw takedown, snapping him all the way down to the mat!]

Angus:

I done tol’ you, he done fucked up!

DDK:

Dane takes down Alecander! And now he’s going right into a tight Fujiwara Armbar! He’s trying to snap the arm in half!

[And the crowd loves him for it! Angel and Cappy are watching as their big tag partner is being taken to task. He cranks back on the arm and looks like he’s trying to rip his arm out from the socket as The Big Brit starts to crawl and get to the nearby ropes! He holds onto the bottom rope for dear life and waits for Dane to break it... only he isn’t! Shields knows he should be breaking this hold up and immediately does so, making Dane move instead of counting him off!]

Angus:

Dane finally breaks it off! That’s the most I’ve ever seen Mark Shields move without a cigarette or booze being involved!

DDK:

Ugh, Shields is probably on Edward White’s payroll for this match! He’s not really enforcing anything.

[Dane gets into the face of Mark Shields again and looks like he wants to break his neck... and probably should... but he wants to beat Team HOSS first and really stick it to The Socialite that way. The Only Star starts to stand again and Alecander checks his arm to make sure that it’s still all in one piece. He shakes some feeling back into the arm before charging forward and running right at Dane. The Only Star sees it coming and trips him up with a Drop Toe Hold, sending him tumbling into the middle rope nearby. Dane kicks the rope up and right into Alecander’s eye, making him feel the hurt! The Big Brit stumbles over as Dane picks him up off the mat and pulls him up by his fauxhawk. He lands a few stiff shots to the chest and then goes for the arm again, this time dropping into a Divorce

Court-style Armbreaker!]

[Dane continues to go after the arm joint and drops more elbow shots into the joint before turning over to slap on a Double Arm Stretch submission, cranking back on the arm again! Aleczander is in a lot of pain now and Dane starts to pry apart the big man's fingers. He cranks the finger back and starts to TWIST...]

Angus:

DA BAWWS is picking him apart right now!

DDK:

And Keeling isn't looking all too happy right now! Imagine what an upset this might be if Dusty Griffith and Eric Dane can overcome the odds tonight against a team that hasn't lost a match as a trios team!

[Dane starts to pry the fingers backwards of Aleczander and twists them up in a dangerous hold! The Big Brit is trying to get himself free from Dane's grip, but it doesn't work out too well when Dane goes for the other arm. Aleczander moves around and clips Dane in the stomach with his right arm. The Mancunian Muscle stood up and charged at him again but Dane side-stepped him and kicked him to the corner. Dane grabs him by the arm again and stares at Dusty.]

Dane:

You're it.

DDK:

Now the champ is in the ring for the very first time!

Angus:

Go, mayberry.... Or something...

[The crowd loudly comes to life again as the DEFIANCE World Champion enters for the first time. He picks up where Dane leaves off and cranks on the left arm he'd been working over, only he chooses to BLAST him with a series of hard Knife-Edge Chops to the chest of Aleczander! The Bad Man From Boise works Aleczander over in he and Dane's corner and hammerlocks the arm before THROWING Alec arm-first into the corner! The Big Brit is hurt, but that's the least of his concerns.]

Angus:

This is such a goddamn mindfuck... I'm rooting for DA BAWWS AND... Mayberry... ugh.

DDK:

They're working together well so far! This is their best chance of beating Team HOSS – cutting the ring in half and singling out a member!

[The Unbreakable Pillar of DEFIANCE goes to work some more by laying in a few hard elbow strikes to the head that are going to no doubt ruin the good looks of the Big Brit. Dusty pushes him back towards the ropes and whips Aleczander across the ring and when he comes back, he gets straight HAMMERED with a nasty European Uppercut strong enough to take The Big Brit off his feet! Keeling and the other members of Team HOSS freak out as Dusty waits on the Brit to sit up. He charges off the ropes and comes back with a straight Running Boot to the jaw! He goes down and now Dusty goes for the cover!]

[ONE! TWO! TH... NO!]

DDK:

CLOSE ONE ALREADY! The Wild Bronco and The Only Star are working together well enough for the moment!

[Dusty picks up Aleczander by the bad arm again and forces him back to the corner before the tag is made back to Eric Dane. The two men nod in unison and they launch him off to the corner. Dane charges first and connects with a

hard Corner Back Elbow to the face and The Wild Bronco follows suit with a HARDER Corner Clothesline of his own!]

Angus:

Here comes Angel!

[The Rookie Monster, having seen enough, charges into the ring to save his tag team partner. He manages to get a cheap shot in on Dane, but the DEFIANCE World Champion pops one-third of the World Trios Champions in the head with a sick European Uppercut.... Then Dane reaches up and lands a right! And then one from Dusty! One from Eric! One from Dusty! One from Eric... Then a charging shoulder from Dusty takes the big man down!]

Keeling:

GODDAMN IT, NO! COME ON, REF, BREAK THAT SHIT UP! THEY'RE CHEATING!

[As The Only Star and The DEFIANCE World Champion clear the ring for the moment, Capital Punishment tries to sneak in and tries to get him some, but both men turn around. DA BAWS and DA CHAMP turn around to face him. Unlike his younger HOSS counterparts, discretion is the better part of valor as he hops down off the apron to help Aleczander and Angel Trinidad regroup. An irate Keeling stomps his feet on the floor like a petulant child.]

Keeling:

GET BACK IN THERE! DON'T LET THEM SHOW YOU UP!

DDK:

Junior Keeling is about ready to blow a gasket! This isn't the way the thought things would go, but Eric and Dusty have put aside their differences long enough to survive.

Angus:

Whoduhthunkit? DA BAWS AND... Mayberry... working together.

[Mark Shields is counting out the members of Team HOSS but they quickly return to their corner and get themselves situated. Finally, Aleczander winces with his arm in pain and tags out to Capital Punishment who seems like he wants in on some of the action. Cappy steps into the ring just as Dusty reaches out and makes the tag back to Eric Dane. The oldest member of Team HOSS and The Only Star meet in the center of the ring, but soon Dusty gets his ankle grabbed by Junior Keeling!]

DDK:

What is that idiot doing? Dusty Griffith is six-three and two-hundred and ninety pounds! He could break him in half!

[Out of instinct, Dane turns around to see the disturbance but that delay is all Capital Punishment needs to charge like a bull and land a STIFF right hook to the face of DA BAWS! Dusty kicks Junior Keeling away, but doesn't see Angel Trinidad behind him charge and KNOCK HIM DOWN on the outside with stiff Shoulder Block! The rowdy NOLA crowd start booing the fuck out of the HOSSes for their actions! Now Dusty is down on the outside while on the inside, Eric Dane is getting the boots put to him in the corner by a vicious Capital Punishment!]

Angus:

Thanks to that distraction, they just flipped the switch on Dane and Mayberry!

[His pride looks hurt more than anything, but The Wild Bronco starts to get back to his feet before climbing on the ring apron just as Cappy turns around to attack Eric Dane on the ground with a flurry of stomps. Junior Keeling yells more instructions to the IWO Legend.]

Keeling:

GO FOR THE LEG! HE HAS BAD KNEES!

[Cappy nods before taking hold of the left leg and dropping a HARD Elbow Drop right into the knee joint! Dane howls out in pain as Cappy stands up and delivers two more brutal shots just to the leg. He then starts to stomp on the knee

profusely until Mark sees enough and orders him to back off or risk disqualification.]

DDK:

That's an INCREDIBLE strategy by Junior. We all know Eric Dane's history of knee problems! At one point, he was using that titanium brace as a weapon!

Angus:

He's probably wishing he could use that right about now!

[Capital Punishment goes to pull DA BAW'S back to his feet, but Dane is ALREADY on the attack with a hard European Uppercut! He fires off two more that stun the big man for a second, but Cappy returns fire with a wicked Headbutt of all things that manages to stun the founder of DEFIANCE. He follows that up by scooping him up and driving him down hard with a wicked Front Powerslam!]

DDK:

Capital Punishment with the cover now!

[ONE! TWO! TH... NO!]

Angus:

Early kick out, man, but... don't like their odds now.

[The Bad Man from Boise is powerless to do anything but watch his tag team partner and future opponent get picked apart by the members of Team HOSS. Cappy snatches Dane off the ground and bulrushes him back into their corner to make the tag to Angel Trinidad for the first time. Aleczander is still favoring his elbow while he watches Cappy and The Big Guy from the Bronx go to work. Cappy charges at Dane in the corner with a hard Corner Body Splash and then tosses him right into a SICK Big Boot to the chest from The Rookie Monster!]

DDK:

Some great double team work there from Team HOSS... UH-OH!

Angus:

INCOMING, SON!

[What they're referring to is Eric Dane getting straight CRUSHED under three hundred pounds of The Rookie Monster, courtesy of his big Running Splash that he calls the Super Megaton Angel Bomb! Angel smirks at Dusty Griffith in the corner and looks might proud of himself. An angry Dusty watches as Angel kneels over and goes for a lateral press.]

[ONE! TWO! TH... NO!]

DDK:

We've all seen Eric Dane absorb as much punishment in his career as he's dished out, but on the flip side of that, we've seen what kind of damage Team HOSS can do. How many tag teams have they broken up since they've been here?

Angus:

By my count, three!

[Angel goes to pick up Eric Dane again by his hair, but he STILL fights back with some hard chops to the chest followed up with a shot to the jaw. The blows stun Angel for a couple seconds before he lunges at Dane trying to grab him. Dane ducks down and slips between the legs only for Angel to quickly turn around and clutch the leg to keep him from getting to Dusty! The DEFIANCE World Champion already has his hand out, but Dane is just inches too far away before Angel drags him nearly all the way across the ring and back to the corner. He throws a few stomps to the knee for good measure!]

Angus:

Cause they're good at teaming, we know! And all that smashing they do, that's helped them a bit. But Dane's still fighting, man, he told Edward White in a lot more words to go fuck himself last week! No way does he give White the satisfaction of tapping out!

[For a bigger guy, Aleczander is showing to be fairly adept at the submission game himself. The Bad Man from Boise tries to will his tag partner and future opponent back over to his side of the ring.]

Griffith:

Let's go! Come on!

[Eric Dane sees the ropes and tries to scratch and claw his way towards the ropes. Even with all of Aleczander's weight being put down on the knee, he reaches out towards the ropes and continues to make his arduous journey over to the ropes.]

LET'S GO, DANE!

LET'S GO, DANE!

LET'S GO, DANE!

LET'S GO, DANE!

LET'S GO, DANE!

DDK:

You can hear over the four thousand strong cheering for the hometown boy! The DEFIANCE Wreslte-Plex wants to see him to get to the ropes! He's almost there!

[And with a whole lot of effort, The Only Star fights his way over to the corner and FINALLY reaches the bottom rope to get Aleczander to break the hold! The Big Brit holds on to it just as Dane did to him earlier and keeps on holding while a disinterested Mark Shields starts to light up a cigarette.]

DDK:

OH, COME ON! THERE'S A REASON SHIELDS IS OUT THERE! HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANY OF THIS!

Angus:

Mayberry ain't takin' that shit lying down!

[The DEFIANCE World Champion rushes into the ring and come to FLOOR Aleczander across the jaw with a Rushing Elbow! Aleczander is forcibly removed from the hold and staggers backwards into the corner just as Eric Dane is now free and trying to find an opening. Mark orders Dusty to return to the corner Griffith does so reluctantly. Eric Dane is in the nearby corner and tries to get away from Aleczander, but The Big Brit tries to stop him first. He reaches over and grabs him by the leg again, but in one bid of genius, Dane kicks the knee out from under Aleczander and hooks his arms.

Angus:

OUCH! DOUBLE ARM DDT! THAT SCRAMBLED... well, what brain cells Aleczander may have left!

DDK:

Not a very pretty version of it due to exhaustion, but he got all of that move! Now he needs to go back over to the corner and get to Dusty quickly!

[Dusty is pacing across the ring apron and waiting for the chance to get inside the ring while an exhausted Dane continues to inch over to the corner. As that goes on, Aleczander isn't moving, so Angel gets into the ring and reaches over to Aleczander so that way he can drag the big guy back towards their corner. Of course, Mark Shields just happens to be looking the other way while Eric Dane is struggling to get over to Griffith... the crowd is going nuts...]

Angus:

And Angel tags in...

DDK:

SO DOES DUSTY! THE CHAMP IS IN ON THE ACTION!

[The crowd is going WILD now for the man known as The Wild Bronco! He and Angel collide in the center of the ring. Angel goes for a swing of a Clothesline, but Dusty ducks underneath that and comes back with a Rising Elbow that catches him in the side of the temple! Angel is stunned when Dusty grabs him by the body and THROWS him down with a powerful throwing variation of a Powerslam that dumps the big 303-pounder on the ground!]

DDK:

AND THERE'S A SHOT FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! HE KNOCKS HIM OFF THE APRON!

[Angel starts to stand when Dusty goes for another big move, only to get clocked with a Headbutt from The Rookie Monster that sends him into the ropes! Angel picks him up in the Fireman's Carry position only for Dane to slip out and get shoved off to the ropes. When he comes back, he gets taken down with a BIG-TIME Spinebuster that nearly shakes the ring from the impact! The Bad Man from Boise goes for the cover on the Rookie Monster!]

[ONE! TWO! THR—NO!]

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS ARE STILL IN THIS!

DDK:

But not if Dusty Griffith has any say in it! Once he gets going, it's incredibly hard to stop him!

[Dusty picks him up off the canvas and is now calling for the very move that allowed him to win the DEFIANCE World Championship from Kai Scott! Aleczander tries to get back into the ring, but Dusty sees him coming also and throws a hard elbow into the side of his head for good measure! The Rookie Monster holds his back in pain as he tries to stand again. The Trios Champion clubs the World Champion in the back of the head with a forearm and goes to whip him into the corner only for Griffith to turn the tables on the Rookie Monster...]

DDK:

Dusty's taking Angel to task now with those brutal Clubbing Blows that he's so good at doing! We haven't seen Team HOSS in this position often, but Griffith is making this look easy!

[The DEFIANCE World Champion continues to go to work on Trinidad in the corner with the blows before he tosses him across the other side of the ring. Angel gets CRUSHED with a charging Body Avalanche by the Bad Man from Boise! It's second verse and same as the first for Angel as he goes across the ring only to eat a big Body Avalanche on the other side of the ring! He gets taken to the middle of the ring as the 290-pounder comes off the ropes with a nasty Rushing Elbow to the face that finally gets the big monster off his feet!]

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Dusty is just moments away from finishing this! He's calling for the Atomic Powerbomb!

[And the crowd knows it, too, as he starts to set up HOSSZilla for the very move that won him the championship at HOMECOMING. Once again, though, the numbers game continues to rear its ugly head and Capital Punishment turns him around and kicks him in the gut, going for his version of the Uranage Suplex that he calls the Death Penalty, but he elbows his way out and pushes him away... RIGHT INTO A ROLLING ELBOW FROM ERIC DANE!]

Angus:

Great shot, BAWSMAN!

[Aleczander tries getting into the ring just as Dusty picks up Angel Trinidad and tries to attack him in the nearby corner. Aleczander throws a wild swing at Eric, but DA BAWS ducks and follows through with a kick. He slashes a thumb across his throat and is calling for it...]

DDK:

It's just completely broken down in the ring now! And Dane... I don't know if he should do this, but he's looking for the Stardriver!

[He sets him up and looks ready to dump Aleczander on his head only for Aleczander to block it and shove him backward, right at Dusty Griffith! Dusty turns around and glares at Dane.]

Griffith:

What the fuck are you doing?! Get out of here!

Dane:

Not when these fuckers are everywhere, I'm not!

[The two men continue to bicker when Dusty shoves Dane back! Dane shoves him back as well but before he can even think of retaliation, Aleczander jumps in and tackles Dane to the ground where a big fight ensues between the two men! Mark Shields goes to break things up between HOSS and Dane, finally doing his job, but doesn't see the groggy Capital Punishment come up from the outside of the ring with his signature retractable baton, WHACKING Dusty in the back of the head!]

DDK:

Damn it! Capital Punishment has used that baton before, he used it once on Diego de Leon a few months back and once on Sam Horry! He used it here again!

[Cappy takes the baton and slips it back to Junior Keeling who tucks it away in his sportscoat. Dusty is just barely to a knee when a groggy-as-fuck Angel Trinidad starts to turn around...]

Angus:

HOSS OF FIYAH!!!!!!

[Angel Trinidad lands the Running Pump Kick and catches him flush in the chin, knocking the DEFIANCE World Champion out cold! Angel ducks down and the Rookie Monster hooks the leg tightly as the crowd continues booing!]

[ONE! TWO! THREE!]

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! TEAM HOSS WON AND ANGEL TRINIDAD HAS JUST PINNED THE DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

Angus:

BELIEVE IT, KEEBS! TEAM HOSS ARE THE FUTURE OF DEFIANCE! THE ROOKIE MONSTER JUST PINNED MAYBERRY!

[Dane kicks Aleczander away but by the time he has, it's a few seconds too late. He looks over with his jaw dropped once he's realized exactly what's happened. Junior Keeling is jumping up and down the ringside area looking like he just scored with Jennifer Lawrence and Kate Upton simultaneously. He rolls into the ring and pats a groggy Trinidad on the back as he gets handed his titles! Team HOSS scatters from the ring when they see an angry Eric Dane come back into the ring with a chair!]

DDK:

Dane clearing the ring here, but their little miscommunication just cost them the match to the World Trios Champions!

Angus:

Edward White's game of pitting these two men against each other has worked out better than I think even he'd hoped!

[The members of Team HOSS each regroup and head up the ramp, all taking their titles and heading back up the ramp. Angel heads back up with a big fucking smirk on his face just as Keeling, Cappy, and a limping Alecander all climb up and watch the final scene unfold...]

DDK:

Dusty just came to and he's pissed now! And Dane has that chair originally to get Team HOSS out of the ring...

Angus:

I don't know, he looks like he wants to use it for something else!

[He and Dane stare each other down and exchange words to one another off-mic as Dusty gets up while Dane clutches the weapon close to him. Somewhere – well his big fucking luxury box, to be precise – “The Socialite” Edward White is watching with a proud smirk. The DEFIANCE logo appears on the bottom corner as the final vision we see is a tense Dusty Griffith and Eric Dane, both ready to strike...]

[Fade.]