

Lindsay Troy:

So Jake, if you'd be so kind as to get that footage up on the screen for us...

Angus:

Who the hell is Jake?

DDK:

Donnelly. Remember? He got a promotion to Audio/Visual Director after the whole "Curtis Clutch Challenge" fiasco.

Angus:

You mean he wasn't a throwaway character? He has an actual job title?

DDK:

Apparently.

Angus:

Huh.

[CUT-TO: The DEFIatron where the screen shows a recording dated 09/23/14. The footage shows three men huddled in a circle. Their faces aren't seen, but their varied heights (super short, kinda tall, REALLY tall) and body types (pseudo-muscular, muscular, pudgy as hell) would lead one to draw an accurate conclusion as to who is on the video. One person in the shot has a camera affixed to his head.]

Lindsay Troy: (v/o)

The camera's unfortunately positioned to not catch anything that happens around the corner from where these "individuals" are standing. How convenient. Just when it looks like the only recording device around is the one taped to the noggin of our *former* Southern Heritage champion, we go to another Eye in the Sky at a different location...

[CUT-TO: A different shot from much further away which shows Troy approaching a hallway intersection. The three figures from before dart out from around a corner. Troy's taken by surprise and is unable to get her hands up quick enough to defend against a three-on-one assault.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy: (v/o)

Bit hard to get a clear facial shot of these three when their heads are down and kicking the shit out of me. But if you zoom in a bit and sharpen the image...

[...Which Jake does from the production truck...]

Angus:

What is this, CSI: DEFIANCE?

Lindsay Troy: (v/o)

We get a nice, clear, embroidered monogram that reads "V.R." That looks like something a certain "Legitimate Businessman" wears all the time...

[CUT-TO: Footage of each LBC member running down the corridor seconds later. This time there's no mistaking who is on the screen as Vinny has the GoPro in his hands.]

Lindsay Troy: (v/o)

JINKIES! It's Vinny Rinaldi! And he's holding the recording device that I slapped off the head of Tony Di Luca before Alceo Dentari kicked me in the head with his knock-off Valentino wingtips.

[Cut back to BDH in the ring.]

DDK:

Are you convinced yet, Angus?

Lindsay Troy:

Now, I'm *sure* the LBC have an entirely reasonable explanation for all of this... I mean, I know it'd be a load of horseshit but that doesn't mean they wouldn't try to come up with *something*. After all, "legitimate businessmen" don't carry out sneak attacks and they don't run people over like dogs in the street...

Wade Elliott:

Or would they?

[Wade pipes up with a snarl on his face. Tyler Rayne is content to stand back and watch the show, which continues on the big screen.]

Wade Elliott: (v/o)

This footage is so damn grainy you could make beer outta it, but this right here...

[A black Lincoln Town Car tears through a parking lot that those who had parked in it would recognize as the one in the rear of the Wrestle-Plex and heads toward the loading dock area. Not five seconds into the footage a scene that we all knew happened, but hadn't seen, takes place. Wade Elliott, who's absentmindedly smoking a cigarette, crosses the lot and heads back toward the rear entrance but gets scooped up by the Town Car. He rolls across the hood and is deposited on the concrete as the car takes off out of view of the camera. Mark Shields, who is as always taking a smoke break himself, turns around and rushes over to Wade's side.]

Wade Elliott: (v/o)

I dunno how this technology things works... but wait for it...

[The feed cuts to another camera that's able to pick up the Town Car as it stops in another area of the truck bay. Slowly the driver side window rolls down and a large balding man in a track suit leans out to look at the scene behind him.]

Wade Elliott: *(v/o)*

Does this jackass not wear any other clothes?

Tyler Rayne: *(v/o)*

I'd be surprised if he even had a licence.

[Back to the ring again where Wade Elliott has taken the center position amongst his teammates.]

Wade Elliott:

No more bullshittin' boys... No more denyin' it... Git yer chickenshit Yankee asses out here this damn second so we can hand 'em right back to ya!

RAA!

Wade Elliott:

Or maybe ya'll're still sore over losin' that Southern Heritage title?

Tyler Rayne:

Funny how those things seem to work themselves out--

[Tyler doesn't quite finish his sentence as the big screen lights up again. It's not more archive tape from DEFTv 40 and 41, though. No, this looks live. And there's no way the Big Damn Heroes have anything to do with it, at least not judging by their reactions to seeing what's going on in the video.]

THUD!

Wade Elliott:

What the-!

Thwack!

[From nowhere the Big Damn Heroes receive clubbing blows to the backs of their heads, and as you could probably guess, the givers of those blows are none other than the Legitimate Businessman's Club.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The force of Alceo Dentari's strike to the back on Troy's head forced her face first into the drivers window and the 'Thwack' heard was from a slapjack, held by Tony Di Luca, being used upside the head of Tyler Rayne. Wade Elliott must have seen a reflection in the window, because he was able to turn around and block a right hand attempt by Big Vinny and retaliate with a couple of shots of his own, but Vinny weathers them and delivers a headbutt to Elliott that rocks the Bad Dog and gives Vinny enough time to lift him up and throw him across the hood of the car.]

THWUMPTwumpthwump

[As Wade rolls down and off of the hood, Tony Di Luca grabs two handfuls of Tyler Rayne's hair and drags him around the the back of the car. He pulls Tyler up and bounces his head off of the rear wing before popping the trunk open. Di Luca lifts a knee into Rayne's midsection and tosses the Underground Pimp into the boot of the car before slamming the lid closed!]

DDK:

He just locked Rayne in the trunk!

Angus:

One down, two to go!

[Tony pounds his two fists on the trunk before shouting at it.]

Tony Di Luca:

You Big Damn Assholes wanna fuck with us? We'll show you what happens when you fuck with us! Cost me my god damned title...

[At the other end of the car, Alceo Dentari has produced a tire iron from seemingly nowhere, although to be fair they are in a parking lot and brawling around a car, so it could have come from any number of places. He pushes the tire iron down across Lindsay's throat, holding her in place while Tony Di Luca, who's still grumbling to himself about the Southern Heritage title, makes his way over. While all of that is going on, Vinny Rinaldi has made his way around the car to Wade Elliott, who throws a right hand at the vast midsection of the big man.]

Angus:

It's gonna take more than that to stop Rinaldi!

DDK:

Can someone let Tyler Rayne out of there? Surely he's gonna suffocate...

Angus:

He'll be fine. He's got a chance for a little lie down before he takes his dirt nap.

[Rinaldi ignores the punch and drives another headbutt into the forehead of Wade Elliott, stunning the Bad Dog again. Vinny lifts Wade off his feet and slams him down onto the hood of the car again with a slam that could be considered one of the world's strongest... if you know what I mean... Dentari and Di Luca both pull Troy up off of the floor and drag

her around the car by her hair.]

Alceo Dentari:

Get her over here.

DDK:

Where are they taking her?

[While Di Luca drags Troy around towards the open passenger door, Dentari takes the opportunity to plant a couple of boots into her unprotected midsection. Tony doesn't need any instructions on where to hold the Queen either as he manhandles her into position with her head placed between the open door and the chassis of the car.]

DDK:

Oh dear God, no!

[Troy struggles against Di Luca, digs her nails into his skin and rips the best she can; tries to land a kick or two, but Tony's strength coupled with the lingering pain in her ribs and the shortness of breath from the choking moments ago means she can't get anywhere. Dentari takes a couple of steps back and lines up the door.]

Alceo Dentari:

Hey, Rayne, yous hear this?

BANG!

[Dentari opens and slams the side passenger door.]

Alceo Dentari:

Next one's gonna be dulled by your wife's head!

[There's a muffled panic going on inside the trunk now as Tyler Rayne bangs around inside it. Tony leans as far over as he can without moving Lindsay's head to gloat some.]

Tony Di Luca:

Don't worry though, Tyler. It ain't nothin' personal... it's just... business!

DDK:

No, don't do it!

[Dentari takes a step back and lines up his foot.]

DDK:

NOOOOOOOO!

BANG BANG BANG BANG!

CRASH!

[Dentari steps forwards, but before he can thrust his foot towards the door it swings open and clatters into the littlest mobster, sending him flying back. Tony's laughter ceases immediately as Rayne Lou Thez Presses his way out of the back of the car and onto the former Southern Heritage champion. A quick peek inside the car reveals the back seats to be folded down, giving the Underground Pimp the perfect escape route.]

DDK:

Rayne busted the seats down! And he's whoopin' Tony Di Luca's ass!

[Rayne hammers down rights and lefts to the head of Tony Di Luca. The commotion draws the attention of Rinaldi,

who up until now has been smooshing the face of Wade Elliott into the hood of the car. Big Vinny lumbers over to Rayne and grabs him by the hair, pulling him off Di Luca and giving his partners time to regroup while holding him in place. As he gets up, Dentari wipes a smear of blood away from the corner of his mouth.]

Alceo Dentari:

You bust my seats an' my lip? I'mma bust your god damned spine!

[Rinaldi lifts a knee into the midsection of Rayne and places his head between his legs.]

Alceo Dentari:

Vinny, put that piece a' shit in the fuckin' ground!

[Big Vinny hoists Tyler up for a powerbomb, but Tony places a hand on Rayne's back to prevent the drop.]

Tony Di Luca:

Wait... Vinny, turn around.

[Alceo sees exactly where Tony is coming from and smiles broadly. He nods in agreement and Vinny turns around to face the car.]

DDK:

They're not going to...

Angus:

They are.

[Tony reaches up to assist with the powerbomb, as does Dentari, but the littlest mobster can only reach the leg of Rayne. No matter, because it doesn't happen anyway.]

[illegible]

[Because sailing off of the roof of the car comes Wade Elliott, crossbodying his way into the collection of the LBC and taking them all down to the ground!]

DDK:

The Bad Dog with the save!

[Somehow Tyler Rayne manages to land on his feet and gets clear of the dog pile, which Wade Elliott emerges from relatively unscathed. Rayne looks to Troy, but she waves him off. The fellas quickly pull Vinny to his feet and grab an arm each. They whip the big man into the back end of the car gut-first before turning him around and pulling him away from the car, still with one arm each. They pull Rinaldi back quickly and slam him back first into the rear wing of the car!]

THUMP!

[Vinny howls out in pain as Rayne and Elliott look to slam him into the car again, but Tony Di Luca gets to his feet and launches himself at the Heroic men. His attack doesn't last long though as Elliott and Rayne easily overwhelm him and, with a flurry of rights and lefts, beat Ol' Two Hands down to a knee. Together they pull Di Luca towards the front of the car and hook him up for a double suplex!]

RAA!

DDK:

Now it's time for Tony to get his!

Angus:

Nonononononono!

[Rayne and Elliott pop their hips and lift Tony up before...!]

THWUMP!

Tony Di Luca:

OOWWWWWW!

DDK:

Double suplex, right onto the hood!

[After Tony rolls down and off of the hood, Rayne and Elliott turn their attention to the last member of the LBC, Alceo Dentari, who tries to scramble away from them.]

Wade Elliot:

Goin' somewhere, *boy?!*

[Elliott places a foot on Dentari's ankle and holds him in place. Alceo scratches and claws at the concrete in an attempt to get away, but he's not going anywhere. Rayne grabs Dentari by the waistcoat and pulls him up to his feet. Elliott also grabs a handful of Italian tailored cloth and pulls Dentari in close.]

Wade Elliott:

What're we gonna do to 'im, Tyler?

Tyler Rayne:

Let's smash his face with an iron!

Wade Elliott:

You got an iron?

Tyler Rayne:

What? No... it's from -

Lindsay Troy:

Stop having fun without me, kids.

RAHHH!

[Lindsay Troy gets slowly to her feet and, despite still clutching her ribs, looks ready to tear Denatri's head clean off of his teeny tiny shoulders.]

Lindsay Troy:

He's mine.

[Lindsay takes over holding Dentari and looks towards the car.]

Lindsay Troy:

What are the odds on me getting this... [Lindsay lifts Dentari by the shirt a little] ...through there? [She motions towards the front passenger side door with her head.]

Tyler Rayne:

I dunno, but I'd love to see you try!

[Troy turns back to Dentari.]

Lindsay Troy:

Y'know what, Alceo? This *is* personal.

[Troy takes one step towards the car, looking to pitch Dentari through the window like a javelin, and-]

BOOO

[-Gets blindsided as Vincent Rinaldi throws himself into Troy, knocking her to the ground. Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott both jump at him, but Tony Di Luca throws himself into the mix as well, negating any numbers advantage they might have. Right hands, left feet, heads, and plenty of curse words get thrown around until the brawl separates down the middle.]

Alceo Dentari:

Tony, Vinny, Plan B!

[The LBC back away from the Big Damn Heroes before hightailing it through the loading dock toward the rear parking lot. Rayne and Elliott give chase for a few paces, but soon decide to pause their pursuit and head quickly back to Troy.]

Tyler Rayne:

You OK?

Lindsay Troy:

What? No clever quip?

[Rayne shrugs at his wife and offers his hand to help her up. Wade meanwhile walks around the car and picks up the tire iron that Dentari used to choke Lindsay moments earlier.]

CRACK!

RAHH!

[And he brings it down across the windshield of the car!]

CRACK! CRACK! CRACKCRACKCRACK!

[And again, and again, and again!]

RAHH!

SMASH!

[With the last strike Wade pierces the glass with the tire iron and leaves it stuck through the glass. Tyler leaves Lindsay's side to bury a foot into the passenger door, leaving a huge dent in the body work.]

Tyler Rayne:

I've always wanted to do that.

[Troy doesn't say a word though. She looks in the direction of where the LBC ran away and then stomps back toward the arena doors.]

[On that note, we're taken elsewhere inside the building...]

Tony Davis vs. Capital Punishment

DDK:

Coming up here shortly in tonight's opener, we've got a hell of a one-on-one match for you between members of Team HOSS and Team VIAGRA! Just days before Team HOSS take on their biggest threat yet to their Trios Titles, Capital Punishment challenged a member of VIAGRA last week. Their own powerhouse, Tony Davis, accepted the challenge!

Angus:

There's no way that a man with several digits away from legitimate retardation will have any chance of beating Capital Punishment. I mean, Vinnie Rinaldi at least has Alceo to point where to beat people up. He has Jack Harmen telling him where to go for Christ's sake! It's the insane leading the idiotic.

DDK:

Team VIAGRA have been on a real winning streak lately, defeating the PAC in their debut, then taking on the very game Crimson Dragon Clan to become the #1 Contenders! If they can keep the momentum going tonight, Team HOSS could be in jeopardy! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

[Darren "DQ" Quimbey smiles as the camera focuses on him. Time to earn your paycheck, DQ.]

DQ:

The following contest is your opening match of DefTV and this is scheduled for one fall!

["The Real (Infinity Guitars Remix)" with lyrics by Childish Gambino with some music by Sleigh Bells, as performed by Tony Davis himself -- starts to play and with it, the crowd starts to cheer the big powerhouse of Team VIAGRA! At his side like always is the ringleader of this charismatic cavalcade of comedic talent, Jack Harmen, and the real brains of this outfit, the gorgeous Mary-Lynn Mayweather.]

DQ:

First, making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Jack Harmen and Mary-Lynn Mayweather... from Mt. Laurel, New Jersey, weighing in at 278 pounds, representing Team VIAGRA... this is **TONY DAVIS!**

[The fans in the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex continue cheering and supporting the world-renowned team as they head towards the ring. Tony Davis has his nose in his 3DS while Mary-Lynn tries to get him to focus on the ring. Harmen stands on the second turnbuckle and takes in the cheers as Tony Davis heads into the ring.]

DDK:

While Team VIAGRA are certainly a threat to any tag or trios titles they've ever wrestled for, in particular Capital Punishment has beef going back with Team VIAGRA all the way back to the once-revered IWO. Cappy's career trajectory has always been no-nonsense, all business. Harmen, Davis, and Cappy were all decorated wrestlers out of there, but Cappy always felt disrespected for what some may call juvenile antics.

Angus:

He's STILL doing it! Davis is a grown-ass man in his early forties, dressed in an amateur wrestling get-up with his nose in a video game! He best get serious real quick because OUR HOSS OVERLORDS will kill you five times before you hit the ground. True story, bro!

[As his music fades out, "And Justice for all" by Metallica cuts in and the crowd starts to BOOOOOOOO for the former American prison guard. But now he isn't alone. He has Angel Trinidad and Aleczander all there at ringside with him as they march towards the ring. Junior Keeling remains at the side of his charge and talks instructions with Cappy, pointing at the direction of Tony Davis while making "breaking in half" motions.]

DQ:

And his opponent, from Washington DC... being accompanied to the ring by Angel Trinidad, Aleczander, and Junior Keeling... Standing at six foot seven and weighing two hundred eighty eight pounds.... He is one third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Champions and representing the The Hostile Order of Strong Soldiers aka Team HOSS ...

CAAAAAAAAAAPITAAAAALLL PUNISHMEEEEEENT!

DDK:

This one's gonna get explosive real quick! A lot of bodies and a lot of hatred around ringside is not conducive to a sportsman-like outing.

[Cappy is wearing his title around his neck and takes it off before handing it over to Junior for safe keeping. The IWO Legend steps into the ring and stares down his long-time rival who is... yep, that's him still with his nose in a game until Mary-Lynn takes it from him and points towards the big meanieheaded Cappy. On the outside already, Angel Trinidad and Jack Harmen are having words at ringside.]

Trinidad:

We're gonna mess your boy up!

Harmen:

Your face looks like a platypus... GOD'S MISTAKE!

DING DING DING!

[The bell rings immediately and Cappy starts to pace around Tony Davis looking for a chance to take him down. He tries to lunge at the seemingly aloof Davis when suddenly, the Degenerate goes for a quick go-behind. Not being used to being muscled around, Cappy is genuinely surprised when he lifts him up off the ground and actually takes Cappy down quickly with a Rear Waistlock takedown! Mayweather cheers and Harmen glances over to the rest of Team HOSS with a smug look.]

DDK:

He doesn't just dress the part, it seems Davis is very capable on the mat!

[Capital Punishment tries to stand when Tony Davis drags him from behind and maneuvers him into a quick pin right off the bat...]

ONE!

TW... NO!

Angus:

What the hell is going on?!

DDK:

I think that Cappy just got outwrestled by Davis in that exchange! Capital Punishment is much more of a brawler and I think Davis just lulled him in!

[Capital Punishment is certainly no fool and he reaches over to grab the nearby ropes to break up Davis' grip. Referee Benny Doyle does his job and orders Tony to break the hold. Reluctantly, he does so and backs off, but not before he yells something into Cappy's ear.]

Tony Davis:

Turtle-raper!

Angus:

WHAT did he say?

Jack Harmen:

OUR LITTLE PET NAME FOR THE OLD FOGY IN THAT RING! SETS HIM OFF FOR SOME REASON!

Angus:

How does Jack always hear me!?!

[After Harmen smiled to the commentary team, to which point he points to an ear piece stuck in his left ear canal. Capital Punishment charges like an angry bull right at Tony Davis. Davis ducks the clothesline and when Cappy comes back, he flies right into a big Shoulder Tackle from Davis that knocks Cappy right on his ass! When he starts to stand again, The Degenerate starts to kick him in the gut and starts to power him up off the mat...]

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Amazingly, he holds Cappy up for his signature Delayed Vertical Suplex and after about ten seconds, drops Cappy down! He rolls over and goes for another cover on the Trios Champion.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

That's some freaky retard strength!

DDK:

He's been known for his antics, but Tony Davis and Team VIAGRA as a whole have been very successful in their careers because they can back it up in the ring.

[As a disoriented Capital Punishment starts to stand, Davis reels his arm back. He rushes forward and BLASTS Cappy with a big Clothesline that sends him tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor! Things are looking peachy-keen for the Team VIAGRA member as he stands tall in the ring and starts to clap for himself, even getting the crowd along with his antics. He then reaches into the pocket in his trunks and pulls out an ice cream sandwich!]

Angus:

...Ew. I don't want ball sweat on my ice cream!

DDK:

There's allegedly a cooler in his trunks from the rumors I've heard. I have no idea how that works, but okay.

[While Davis is in the ring having himself a quick snack break(!) Cappy is looking mighty flustered. Nobody has ever gotten under his skin the way that Team VIAGRA has over the years, but Junior and the other members of Team HOSS start to strategize with game-winning tips for him.]

Junior Keeling:

Make with the skin flailing! Don't let this idiot show you up!

Aleczander:

Sack-tap that wanker!

[Meanwhile, Team VIAGRA have their own brainstorming session.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Can I have one?

Tony Davis:

Get your own!

[Capital Punishment nods as Tony Davis starts to come after him, making Cappy back off the ring apron. While the referee is distracted with Junior Keeling and Angel Trinidad yelling at the referee, he doesn't see Aleczander roll into the ring behind him...]

DDK:

SHOT AT LOVE! AND A CHEAP SHOT AT THAT! He just LEVELED Davis with that explosive Shoulder Block and now he's out of the ring!

[Before Doyle can turn around, Aleczander rolls underneath the ropes and stands on the floor, making his pecs dance to huge booing from the crowd. Harmen and Mary-Lynn are both pissed at what happened and the crowd continues to boo. Harmen wants to slide in but Mayweather grabs him and restrains him. Capital Punishment climbs back into the ring, standing over the fallen Davis. He kneels over him and lets loose with a HARD series of a big right hands. There's nothing fancy about what Cappy is down now, just opting to destroy the fallen Tony and beats on him like he owes him money.]

Angus:

It's all that ADHD molecules in his brain! They made Davis take his eye off the ball because of a big braineuysm.

DDK:

That is NOT how any of that works... and you meant to say aneurysm.

Angus:

Damn it, Keebs, I'm an announcer, not a doctor! My job is to make your drab ass look good.

[Capital Punishment stands up and delivers a flurry of nothing-fancy Elbow Drops to the heart of Davis. He lands about three hard shots right to the heart of the Degenerate and then stands up only to deliver a falling variation of a swinging Haymaker aimed right at his face! Davis flinches around the mat in pain as Cappy ducks down to go for a cover.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Davis shoots a shoulder up despite Cappy's best efforts. He drags Davis up and unloads with a series of pointed elbows aimed right at both the chest and exposed part of Davis' head where his amateur wrestling gear doesn't cover. When Davis tries to use the ropes to stand, Cappy rushes and connects with a sick boot underneath the jaw. Keeling is jumping up and down with glee as he glances over at Harmen and Mayweather.]

Junior Keeling:

It's too bad this isn't a video game! Your friend is going to get hurt!

DDK:

Keeling can be a verbal poet when he wants to be... but right now it's more about rubbing salt in the wounds.

[Capital Punishment wastes no time in scooping up Tony Davis with minimal effort of his own and gets him over the shoulder before he firmly PLANTS Davis down with a Front Powerslam! The ring nearly shakes from the impact as Cappy covers again.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close one! He almost got him there, but Davis is still fighting back!

Angus:

Cappy may have to actually explain to him that he needs to stay down for his own safety. I don't think he knows he's supposed to do it!

[As the Degenerate tries to get to a kneeling position, Cappy is already there to put him back down with a straight boot to his back. Cappy now stands over him and lets loose with a flurry of Crossface Punches aimed right at Davis' face. Angel Trinidad gets him a little bit of his own guff.]

Angel Trinidad:

Wrestle your way out of THAT, dickbag!

[Harmen slaps the ring apron while Mary-Lynn Mayweather watches trying to get the crowd involved. Capital Punishment then sits Davis up and then locks him around into a choke reminiscent of a Dragon Sleeper! He starts to strangle the life out of Davis and has him in the middle of the ring with nowhere to go. Seeing a chance to inflict even more damage, he uses his free arm and starts laying into him with some extra-stiff shots to the chest! And another cover follows.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Davis kicks out again to the delight of the crowd, but Cappy then immediately switches things up to a really ugly-looking Sleeper-style hold with some extra oomph applied to it.]

DDK:

And now he's going for a Sleeper Hold! He's trying to choke Davis out!

Angus:

I know what he's trying to do, but by the time that Davis' brain cells tell him that he's running out of oxygen, he'll already be taking a nap!

[Tony Davis squirms around trying to break free from the pitbull-like grip of his taller opponent, but Davis quickly starts to fade a little bit from the beatdown he's taken in the last several minutes. He literally YAWNS while in the sleeper. Benny Doyle gets his arm down and it goes once... He tries it again... and it goes down a second time!]

Jack Harmen:

WAKE UP! This ain't naptime!

[One more raise and drop and the match will belong to Capital Punishment. Tony's hand is raised again... NO! Davis shoots his arm upwards before it could fall!]

DDK:

Gotta respect the fight in Davis tonight! This would be a big win for him over one third of the Trios Champions!

Angus:

I don't have to respect DICK! These guys are a bunch of clowns that are being led to slaughter at Executive Decision!

Jack Harmen:

I HEARD THAT ANGUS! You've made the LIST!

[With some strength of his own, Davis starts to snake upwards to the surprise of Cappy. With some effort, he manages to move him to the ropes and shoves him across the ring. Off the rebound, he grabs Cappy by the neck with a Sleeper of his own.. the crowd knows what's coming next!

SSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

There's Tony Davis's variation of a sleeper! And the crowd is trying to lull a fighting Cappy to sleep! Without hesitation, Tony SLAMS Cappy into the mat with his take on a Sleeper Drop! Tony Davis has used that move for a long time and now both men are down!

[Both men are laid out on the canvas. Both Cappy and Davis try to shake the cobwebs out. Davis starts heading over to the ropes while the Trios Champion holds the back of his head in pain, trying to figure out where he was exactly. Junior and Angel shout instructions to Capital Punishment while Harmen starts to clap and the crowd does it along with him.]

"We've Got Bone-Ers! *Clap* *Clap* *ClapClapClap*

[Doyle gets to the count of five before Davis is back to his feet. Capital Punishment is not far behind him. An angry Cappy charges at Davis only for him to duck and when he comes back off the ropes, Davis lands a big Clothesline of his own to knock Capital Punishment down! The Trios champion gets back up, but a quicker Davis charges off the other side of the ring and manages to knock him over with a Short-Arm Clothesline this time!]

DDK:

Davis has him on the defensive now! He's going for something big now as he takes Cappy and throws him off the ropes... NO! Counter by Cappy!

Angus:

Cappy had that scouted!

[Davis tried a Back Body Drop a second ago when Cappy stopped short and landed an upwards kick to stun him. Cappy then rushes back to the ropes and tries for his signature Lariat of his own only for Davis to catch him and THROW him over head with a pretty sloppy, but still effective looking T-Bone Suplex! Cappy goes crashing hard to the mat and Davis rolls over to hook the legs!]

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

DDK:

SO CLOSE! I can't believe that Cappy kicked out of that one!

Angus:

Please, OUR HOSS OVERLORDS can take punishment that your feeble mind cannot comprehend. At their core, they're all trained killing machines in that ring! Angel pinned our own World Champion, Mayberry a few weeks back!

DDK:

Like he doesn't remind us enough!

[Tony Davis grabs Capital Punishment by the arm and whips him off to the nearby corner. Davis charges in, but Cappy gets his boot up and SMACKS him in the side of the head! Cappy then rushes out of the corner but Davis is coherent enough to sidestep him and catch him with a Side Belly to Belly Suplex! The Team VIAGRA powerhouse has

Cappy down now and he starts looking for his finisher as he double-underhooks the arms...]

DDK:

Oh, Come on! Can Junior Keeling go three seconds without sticking his nose where it doesn't belong?!

[Junior Keeling stands on the ring apron to once again catch Tony Davis' already precious and short attention span. He holds out Cappy's trios title and barks right at The Degenerate.]

Junior Keeling:

You're never going to have this!

Tony Davis:

(Drooling)

Shiny...

[Jack Harmen has seen enough and sidesteps his way past Angel Trinidad to go after Junior Keeling on the floor! The crowd roars as Keeling takes off in a sprint, hopping off the apron and running for his life. He uses the ringposts to swing around ringside. Keeling and Harmen pass by Mayweather, who smiles and waves. Keeling rushes to Team HOSS' side, almost running into his own man as Aleczander the Great THROAT CHOPS the Lunatic on the rebound.]

Angus:

That'll teach that idiot to get involved! He paid for it!

DDK:

Wait! Look!

[Aleczander goes after Mary-Lynn Mayweather now and charges at her. Mayweather backs up, trying to defuse the situation, but as Aleczander gets closer, Mary-Lynn dropkicks the leg out from under him as he's running. This sends Aleczander crashing into the barricade! Mary-Lynn looks up and sees an angry Angel Trinidad giving chase and she highfights it with Angel checking on Aleczander.]

DDK:

We knew it was only a matter of time before all this chaos broke out!

[As the chaos erupts, Davis watches on, smiling. He doesn't notice the brawler Cappy quietly stalking him from behind... GARGOYLE SUPLEX! He dumps Davis right on his head and rolls over to try and steal the win here!]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

[Capital Punishment freaks out and yells at Benny Doyle, looking ready to hurt the official. On the outside, Harmen rubs his head and neck in pain as Mary-Lynn helps him to his feet. Angel is still tending to Aleczander. Junior reaches into his jacket pocket and starts to procure the retractable baton used previously by Team HOSS...]

DDK:

That's that club he used on Dusty Griffith a few weeks ago, among others!

[Junior tries to hand it to Cappy, but Mary Lynn runs over and snatches it from him, chucking it far away into an open path in the crowd! Somebody is getting a weapon to possibly take home and Junior starts to lose his shit!]

Angus:

That's his property! She's a lawyer and knows she can go to jail for that kind of thing!

[Harmen and Mayweather are all playing keep-away from the members of Team HOSS on the outside as Cappy goes to pick up Tony off the mat. Tony suddenly springs to life with a kick to the gut! He doubles him over and with a grunt...]

DDK:

EQUALIZER! NOW THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

[The crowd pops as Tony Davis gets out of the ring, joining his VIAGRA teammates on the outside, just outrunning Team HOSS who rush the ring. Benny Doyle is on the floor to meet the members of Team VIAGRA and raises Tony Davis' hand!]

DQ:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER... **TONY DAVIS!**

[Junior Keeling stomps his feet on the ground like a child who didn't get his way! Cappy is holding his back in pain as he sits up, just realizing what happened... they were outsmarted by Team VIAGRA...]

Angus:

They cheated! They needed a distraction to beat Capital Punishment!

DDK:

A distraction that was STARTED by Junior Keeling! Either way you cut it, it's a HUGE win for Tony Davis here tonight! Team VIAGRA have all the momentum heading into Executive Decision where the World Trios Titles will be on the line!

[All three Team VIAGRA members raised their hands at the top of the stage while Angel Trinidad and Aleczander yelled at them, holding their own belts in the air to tell them they still have what they are gunning after.]

DDK:

That match will be a damn good one, but right now, we've got a lot more of DefTV coming up for you here tonight! Stay tuned!

Til the Truth Starts Fallin' Out

[Cut to a shot backstage.]

[We find the worldbreaking duo of Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James in the locker room that is mostly reserved for the “good guys” or, more to the point, those still loyal to something more than their own agendas. If you hadn’t noticed, the place is pretty barren when it comes to those sort of people.]

[Set down on a pair of folding chairs, Griffith and FDJ prepare for their respective matches, more so Dusty than Frank, because, well, Frank doesn’t need a lot of prep work to get ready since he tends to wear a lot of his gear to the building. Something to do with “keepin’ mah bizzniss to m’self” and “not needin’ no hippie faygits lookin’ at mah sitchy-ayshun.”]

[Dusty doesn’t bother trying to fight those sort of battles with ol’ Frank, besides, the champ’s been a little more than busy with the shitstorm that has been raining on his parade since the moment Eric Dane counted the three at Homecoming. A “sitchy-ayshun” that has become more of a nightmare than the big dream come true moment that everyone talks about it being.]

[Of course, then there’s Eric Dane, the boss himself. Another of those “sitchy-ayshuns” that has become a constant pain in the ass. It was a good play by Edward White, pulling those strings and turning DEFIANCE’s two biggest power players against each other. Cripple the leadership and the rest of the resistance crumbles.]

[So there they are. Dusty hunched over and rifling through his duffle, aimlessly shuffling items within it and generally looking more and more agitated as the weeks roll on by. As for Frank, he’s taping up them big bear claws he calls hands, seemingly not a care in the world because tonight’s a good night for fighting.]

Frank Dylan James:

Now you lis’n here, Dust. Ah reckon Ah know a thang’re two about bein’ all twisted up about what ta do when ya get jammed ‘tween a rock and the Hardcase. So l’mma do ya a favor out there t’night an’ Ah’mma gon’ talk ta that sum’bitch an’ find out just what’n th’ damn hell he’s up to.

[Dusty grunts, pulling out his knee pads and tossing them down on the floor before going back into his bag, rifling and searching.]

Frank Dylan James:

Then mebbe you can quit stirrin’ aroun’ all’at shit in yer bag like a hippie.

[Dusty pauses, snorts and then thumbs his nose. Leaning back in his seat, he takes in a deep breath as his hands come up and run over the mane of hair on his head. Balling his hands into tight fists as he exhales, he turns to Frank who eyes him with a look that echoes his comment about being a hippie.]

Dusty Griffith:

Right. You do that, Frank...

[Dusty looks at his friend and for some reason, the question just needs to be asked.]

Dusty Griffith:

Speaking of, you got a strategy for that?

[Frank’s brow raises.]

Frank Dylan James:

Th’ hale’s Ah need a stratospear for?

Dusty Griffith:

A plan. An ide...

Frank Dylan James:

Ah know what th' hales yew sayin'... An' mah idears to go in thar an' whip 'at ol' pretty boah's ass an' smash his face open 'till the truth start's fallin' out!

[The Champ raises an eyebrow, a somewhat amused look on his face. Besides, it's not as if he doesn't know a good plan when he hears one.]

[Cut to elsewhere.]

Whitewood's Web

[We cut to a shot of the EXTRA SPECIAL interview stage, where you can still smell the rug shampoo due to its minimal amount of being trodden upon. Unfortunately for the custodial staff, that space will now need a good vacuuming, as we see DEFIANCE's own lonesome loser Jed Whitewood. The Little River Band's subject in question has a goofy smile on his face despite his sub-par record, accented by the yellow T-shirt he wears depicting a large image of Homer Simpson. Standing to his left is Christie Zane, who has microphone poised and ready to go. With no hesitation, she pulls the trigger and we are under way.]

Christie Zane:

I'm here on scene with the Mississippi Squirrel, and Jed, last week you came up short once again facing off against Mushigihara. Many are saying that had you not set your sights on Eddie Dante outside, that might have led you to a different outcome! Any thoughts on what went wrong in your mind?

[The Pride of Petal scratches his chin, really overselling a mull over of his match before answering.]

Jed Whitewood:

Nope. Thang is, Miss Zane, that was the first time my trusty Pascagoula Jump Without Lookin' Where I'm Goin' missed the mark! I reckon I might've done underestimated the agility of the big time rasslin envir'nment here in DEFIANCE!

[A slight pause, as the Internet-savvy Jed shouts the word DEFIANCE, as he believes that's how it's supposed to be said. Christie Zane is a bit startled, jumping back a bit, but brings the microphone back into place for him to continue.]

Jed Whitewood:

But shoot, darlin', with ever'y bump on the noggin comes learnin'. And I guess I probably shoulda took the advice of my daddy long ago when I was jus' a lil' Squirrel sittin' up in the deer stand. Poppa says to me, 'Son, you can shoot and kill the doe, but the chance to get the buck twenny feet away done gone.'

Christie Zane:

Sound advice. Your daddy sounds like an intelligent man!

[Jed nods, grinning from ear to ear and unsarcastically deadpans.]

Jed Whitewood:

He shore is! He told me one time a spider that lived in his room as a boy wrote 'SMART' in its web for him.

Christie Zane:

Is that so? Did his prize pig win a blue ribbon in the county fair that year, too?

[Jed's disposition turns immediately from a smile to a frown.]

Jed Whitewood:

Naw, the pig came down with Hawgskin's Lymphomy that year.

[And his frown goes immediately back to a smile.]

Jed Whitewood:

GET IT! HOG SKINS LYMPHOMY?

[No one laughs, ever, and Christie just looks uncomfortable at this point. But, a job is a job, and she trudges along.]

Christie Zane:

Well, my sources tell me that not only have you asked for a third chance at redemption against the one they call the

God-Beast, but you have...and I quote from the offices of Edward White...'left hundreds of slips in the DEFIANCE Suggestion Box signed by different names but all in the same handwriting claiming that everyone wants to see this match at the next pay-per view, as well as sent a singing telegram from a Kelly Clarkson impersonator who altered the chorus of Since U Been Gone to Put Jed Right On.' So, have you received your answer?

Jed Whitewood:

Not yet, but y'see...

Eddie Dante:

...but "y'see," young Whitewood...

[Emerging from the wrestler entrance, staring contemptuously at the interview stage, Eddie Dante holds a house microphone in his left hand, and leans onto his signature cane with his right. As he saunters his way to the stage, it becomes clear that the Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare is alone tonight.]

Dante:

...we have nothing further to prove to YOU or THE REST of DEFIANCE Wrestling as to who the better wrestler is.

[A smattering of boos seeps out for Dante, but he seems to take it in stride.]

Dante:

You were matched up with the God-Beast in that ring; not once, but TWICE. And he soundly defeated you without so much as breaking a sweat; not once, but TWICE.

[Dante has made it to the stage now, passing Christy Zane without paying her much mind, and stopping suddenly in front of Jed Whitewood.]

Dante:

I even offered you an opportunity to start a life away from this environment, from this sport in which, for all your enthusiasm you have clearly shown you possess ZERO aptitude. I offered you FIVE-THOUSAND DOLLARS... you probably spent that much trying to get White to sanction a third match. At this point, why WOULD we even entertain that idea?

[Jed points an index finger in the air with revelation.]

Jed Whitewood:

'Cause it's what the FANS wanna see! Right, fans?

[Christie, Dante, and Whitewood all pause momentarily for the obligatory pop. However, they must not have heard Jed, so...]

Jed Whitewood:

Right, EVER'BODY?

[...still nothing. As Dante shakes his head, the youngster ventures over to the curtain behind them, rustling around to retrieve an object. Turning around, Jed holds in his hand a classic cultural icon of the 80s: none other than Teddy Ruxpin. Sauntering back up to the mic, he holds the bear's mouth directly to the spit guard and presses the play button.]

Teddy Ruxpin:

RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT!

[This, of course is what starts the fire, immediately prompting the audience to get behind the chant amidst laughter, who shouts in unison with the talking Teddy. Dante, not amused shakes his head and looks back into the vacant eyes of the Mississippi Squirrel, who still clutches the bear in his hands.]

Teddy Ruxpin:

RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGH-ttttttt...

[The petering out of the bear is a result of Eddie Dante smacking it forcefully out of the grasp of Whitewood with an overhand slap.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dante:

You know what, Whitewood? I'll give you a third match with Mushigihara at Executive Decision, and you know why? You don't have much in the way of brains, but damned if you don't have a big heart...

[Eddie cracks a feint smile at his adversary, before it snaps back into a scowl and he finishes his thought.]

Dante:

...and if you waste our time AGAIN in that ring, I will see to it that The God-Beast rips it RIGHT out of your chest. We have nothing to gain from defeating you again, so you better not disappoint us again, boy, or so help me, We. Will. Destroy. You.

BANGsqueeeee--

[That is the sound of Dante's mic hitting the floor as he turns around and walks away, leaving a still-grinning Whitewood alone on stage with Christie.]

Jed Whitewood:

RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT! RIGHT...

Impromptu Match

Angus:

So what's next?

DDK:

Coming up, the turncoat Sam Turner makes his...

Angus:

HAH! It was great when he clobbered that flippydoo idiot.

DDK:

Yeah, sure, and then turned his back on DEFIANCE.

Angus:

I didn't say *that* part was cool, just that time he put that neon colored monkey boy on his ass for being a flippydoo.

DDK:

Sure... In any case, Sam Turner is set to make his debut as a Blood Diamond tonight with his new compatriots, Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze, who'll square off in something of a grudge match with the people who vied...

Angus:

And failed... well, Donovan and Matthews failed, MUH BOI TAI doesn't fail, so it's totally all their fault, but mostly Josh Donnelly's.

DDK:

Right, well Donovan, Troy Matthews and Tyrone Walker have spent the last several weeks at odds with Katze and Corozzo, and tonight, they'll do battle in a special grudge match that was made by Edward White.

Angus:

Let's get this crazy train on the tracks, take it away DQ!

Darren Quimbey

The following contest is set for one fall...

[Higher Ground by the Red Hot Chili Peppers.]

[The lights dim as that funky bass groove fills the earholes.]

Darren Quimbey:

...coming to the ring at a total combined weight of Six Hundred and Eight Pounds, they are Jake Donovan, Tyrone Walker, and Troy Matthews... THE SKYYYBRRREEEAAAKEEEERRRS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The roar crowd and the song kicking into full gear calls for the arrival of The Skybreakers. Out first is Jake Donovan, hyped and ready to roll as usual, hopping around and gesticulating like he's just mainlined a case of Red Bull, which gets him another rush of cheers from the girls. Out next is Troy Matthews with Saori Kazama, also ready for some serious business fighting tonight and mugging it up for the fans on the opposite side of the stage from Donovan. And finally, making himself seen for all to see, Tyrone Walker bursts out on to the stage and strides out to the middle of the stage, taking his place between his partners in crime.]

Angus:

Yeaah, whooo, Muh Boi Tai!... and those other guys too!

DDK:

And they all look ready to get down to business here tonight.

Angus:

Because you don't fuck with the Black Jesus, Keebs, even if you're punking out that rainbow brite looking douche, Josh Dunleavy, you don't mess with his peoples.

[The three teammates converge at the middle of the stage, each giving the others a look before they head down the ramp towards the ring. Donovan makes sure to slap hands with the fans along the left side of the aisle, Matthews and Kazama head down the right side of the aisle, Saori holding her Singapore cane over her shoulder while Troy slaps a few hands along the way. Trailing slightly behind his younger partners, Walker is all head nods and fist bumping with random fans before he takes a few quick steps at ring side and leaps up to the apron of the ring, where he slings himself into the ring over the top rope. Matthews dashes up the stairs and climbs into the ring as Donovan dives in under the bottom rope, before both take to opposite corners of the ring.]

[The music fades and before Quimbey can even get the words out, the fans are already booing in anticipation for the arrival of the Skybreakers opponents.]

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Coming to the ring at a total combined weight of Seven Hundred and Sixty One Pounds...

[Michael Nyman's "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds".]

[Because, of course, the Blood Diamond's would come out to the Bo\$\$e\$ personal entrance theme, naturally. Edward White's top lieutenants, Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo are out first, taking the first waves of jeers coming from the audience. Nicky lumbers out to the edge of the ramp like the massive sentry that he is, while Jane strides gracefully out to his left before both stand aside as if they were presenting the Blood Diamond's newest acquisition.]

DDK:

I think I'm going to be sick.

Angus:

Aww, there there, Keebs, you can't keep all of your favorites...

DDK:

If you say so, I still can't believe Sam Turner turned his back and everything he stood against.

Angus:

Simple. Pussy... and the dark side is so much more fun than being in squareville with you, Mayberry, that Fat Nerd, and Jack Donaldson.

[The booing crowd gasps as the last person to enter the stage is Sam Turner Jr., wearing shiny black boots, black knee pads with a hint of gold on the outside of each, he traded in his trademark overalls for some black briefs with the same hint of gold on each hip. The real shock and awe was the nappy ginger hair is now shorter and slicked back, looking like a professional. His porkchop sideburns and mustache are gone and he's clean shave with his sideburns coming just to the bottom of his ears.]

Darren Quimbey:

Representing the BLOOD DIAMONDS... They are Jane Katze, Nicky Corozzo and... SAMUEL T. TURNER THE SECOND!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Are you kidding me? He's going by that mouthful of...

Angus:

Yes, yes he is, new and improved, I might add!

[The freshly made over Samuel T. Turner joins his new professional associates and the three bask in the disapproval raining down upon them from the audience. Before long the three make their way down the aisle, Turner and Corozzo allowing Jane to lead the way as they follow behind like two monstrous body guards, who also happen to be her teammates for this match. Reaching the ringside area, Corozzo and Turner lift Jane up on to the apron and then both climb up beside her, where Sam pulls open the middle and bottom ropes so that Jane can easily enter the ring. Corozzo pushes down on the top rope before swinging a leg over it and entering the ring, and Turner climbs in through the ropes and joins his partners in their corner.]

Angus:

The look on Donovan's face is priceless...

DDK:

That's what happens when a friend turns their back on you.

Angus:

Pssh, Mr. Turner saw an opportunity to advance his own interests, anythings gotta be better than being associated with that painted idiot.

DDK:

What about Walker?

Angus:

Hah! Ty isn't associated with him, it's him that's taking pity on the Lite Brite Kid by allowing him to associate with him!

DDK:

I'm sure that's exactly what it is.

[As the two teams prepare to begin in their respective corners, Walker looks to start for his side, while Turner insists he start for his. Jane and Nicky nod with approval as Sam takes to the middle of the ring and points at Jake Donovan. Walker smirks and looks back at Jake, giving him a nod as if to say "you wanna do this?" to which Donovan eagerly nods his affirmative before jumping into the ring.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Well here we go **Angus:** Jake Donovan and the NEW...I guess...Samuel T. Turner the Second.

Angus:

Oh yes Keebs, Mr. STT will rule you.

DDK:

I thought you were spelling STD for a moment.

Angus:

Shut it!

[Samuel and Jake lock up. Samuel backs him up into the corner and biels him into the center of the ring. Jake nips up and charges Samuel only to be put down by a shoulder block. Samuel steps up on the first rope, springs off of it and come crashing down with a knee right to the orbital bone of Jake.]

DDK:

Jesus what a knee.

Angus:

That was nothing Keebs, just wait I be he rips his spine straight from his back, he's calling his inner Sub-Zero, *FATALITY!*

[Turner reaches down pulling Donovan up by his long stringy hair.]

Hector Navarro:

LET THE HAIR GO TURNER!

[Just as Samuel lets go Jack starts sending lefts and rights into his midsection. Samuel feels it as he tries moving to alternating sides to miss the hits. Jake's able work his way up to his feet only to be jerked down by his hair as Samuel stands over him smiling.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

The once loved Sam Turner Jr. is now one of DEFIANCE's more hated wrestlers..

Angus:

People hate what they can't appreciate Keebs. You fickle fans need to appreciate this mans skill and talents he's showing off tonight.

[Turner lifts up Donovan to his feet but keeps him doubled over, he delivers a forearm to Donovan's back dropping him to his knees. He locks on a waistlock and hoists Donovan up to his shoulders.]

Angus:

ITS POWERBOMB TIME!

[Jake throws a desperation punch landing right in Samuel's nose. He loses grip on Jake only to have him turn it into a swinging hurricanrana.]

Angus:

Damn you Jake Donovan and that flippy do shit you came in on!

[As Turner begins to get back to his feet, Donovan charges in with a knee smash straight to the face sending him back down to the mat and covers him.]

ONE!

TWO!

Jane Katze:(gritting her teeth)

Get up Samuel, get up.

THR...NO, TURNER JUST GETS HIS SHOULDER UP.

Angus:

I knew he couldn't keep him down.

DDK:

It was a close one.

Angus:

It wasn't as close as my balls and dick so that's a plus.

DDK:

Uh...

[Jake stands up and starts bringing up Samuel only to be punched straight in the nuts.]

DDK:

What? I can't believe he just did that.

Angus:

Times change and people do too Keebs, atta boy Samuel.

[Jake drops to a knee, Samuel grabs his arm and whips him hard into the turnbuckles. He rushes in with a head of steam and smashes Jake into the turnbuckles.]

DDK:

The ring just moved a foot to the left. I've never seen a ring move that much before.

Angus:

This is why Edward White hand picked Samuel T. Turner the Second.

[Jake staggers out only to have to have Samuel's meaty canned ham sized fists meet in the middle of his chest with a spinning double axe-handle knocking him to the mat.]

[Jane hold her hand up in the air awaiting a high five from Samuel. He walks over and high fives her. As he turns around Jake catches him with a dropkick sending him into the turnbuckles. Jake rushes into the opposing teams corner wild and crazy, he leaps and is caught in the face with a forearm smash. He lands on the mat.]

[Just as Samuel leaves the corner he's slapped on the back.]

Hector Navarro:

TAG!

[Samuel turns around only to look at Jane who's starting to enter the ring.]

DDK:

Did you see that? Jane just tagged herself in.

Angus:

She just wants to have a little fun before Samuel ended the match.

[Jane mounts the prone body of Jake and begins to deliver forearm strikes to the head. Jake throws up his arm only to have Jane spin off and locks a cross-armbreaker.]

Angus:

It's over, it has to be.

DDK:

It could be close.

[Jane squeezes tighter and wrenches on the arm. Jake however knowing the move rolls Jane up into the ropes breaking the hold. Jake tries to run away to make the tag but Jane wraps her leg around Jake's only to have him shake it off and make the tag to Troy Matthews.]

DDK:

And Troy Matthews catches the tag, and he's ready to exact some revenge on Jane Katze!

[As Keebs says this, Troy vaults himself off the apron, over the top rope, and onto his feet on the mat, grinning and talking smack towards Jane.]

DDK:

That's telling her Troy!

[Troy grabs Jane's arm in an arm wringer and Jane is quick to roll through it to release the pressure, coming up with an arm wringer of her own. Troy counters by yanking her leg out from under her and hammering a forearm down on Jane's chest after she hits the mat.]

Angus:

Hey! Don't damage those!

[Jane rolls to her side and Troy just yanks her back and hammers her with a second forearm before diving on top of her for a pin, but Jane kicking out before Navarro can even get into position.]

DDK:

That was all about the psychology right there!

Angus:

Somehow, I doubt you can even spell psychology.

[Jane holding her hands up, looking for a test of strength and a grinning Troy obliges her, only Jane is quick to fire off a chop to Troy's face and a knee to the gut before trying to whip him across the ring. Troy hangs on to the ropes though and pulls Jane into a short armed clothesline that rocks her head back. Matthews with a clinch starts throwing knees into Jane's ribs and sides before shoving her just far enough away to nail her in the stomach with a spin side kick that doubles her over.]

Angus:

See right there they need to come arrest him for abusing a woman! Where's the po-po when you need 'em.

DDK:

Still investigating you for that hooker you...

Angus:

Hey! You don't know nuthin' about that you hear me! Nuthin!

[Troy with a swinging neckbreaker that he immediately follows up with a jumping senton splash and a cover.]

1...

2...

[Samuel Turner breaks up the cover with a vicious boot to Troy's head and Jake Donovan vaults over the ropes to tackle Turner, Donovan driving Samuel to the canvas and raining punches down on the head of his former friend. Samuel Turner rolling from the ring and Jake Donovan grabbing the top rope and sling shooting himself out of the ring and down onto Samuel Turner sending both men crashing into the guardrail.]

Angus:

Damn lite brite sticking his nose where it doesn't belong! Disqualify him ref! Disqualify him.

DDK:

You did see it was Samuel Turner who got involved first?

Angus:

Shuddup!

[Inside the ring Troy yanks Jane to her feet but Jane with a finger thrust to the throat of Matthews leaves him gasping for air and Jane wastes no time jumping on Troy and locking her legs around his midsection as she rains elbows down on his head. Staggered, Troy falls over backwards. and Jane rolls left, grabbing Troys arm and looking for an armbar, but Troy very wisely reaches out and snags the ropes.]

Angus:

PUSSY!!!!

DDK:

Yeah, as if you would allow her to lock an armbar on you.

Angus:

That's beside the point.

[Troy attempting to climb to his feet but Jane charges. Troy elevates her up and over the top rope with a backdrop but Jane landing on the apron. Troy grabs the back of her head and drops down, clotheslining her on the top rope and sending Jane bouncing off the apron to smash onto the floor below. Samuel Turner comes running around to help her up and check on her, not even noticing Troy backing across the ring. Troy with a running start before launching himself over the top with a Tope Con Hilo that sends all three crashing down to the floor again.]

Angus:

And that is exactly why I hate that flippy do shit! You tell me how that's fair!

[As the mass of humanity starts to stir, Troy is the first to his feet, and gets a few stomps in on Samuel Turner before reaching over to Edward White's "sex-retary" and grabbing her by the scruff, up to her feet and rolling her back into the ring. He follows suit and picks Jane up again, whipping her hard into the ropes nearby.]

DDK:

The Jersey Devil certainly wasting no time here, taking the offensive right away... AND HE HITS A _HUGE_ FRANKENSTEINER! TROY HOLDS ON FOR THE PIN ATTEMPT...

ONE!

TWO!

[The pin is broken up by a Samuel Turner boot, which knocks Troy off of Jane Katze with ease, and allows her to take the advantage.]

Angus:

FINALLY, someone managed to stump that flippy-doo, and now Jane's about to wring Red's little neck!

[Or she would, if not for the sudden interjection of one Tyrone Walker, who comes rushing in and smashing Turner from behind with a forearm to the back that sends him tumbling to the floor. Wheeling around, he darts over to Jane and grabs her by the hair, causing her to scream in terror.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

YUSS! Big Chief Slappahoe about to exact revenge for the hundreds of years of slavery his people had to endure...

DDK:

So much for your stance on abusing women.

Angus:

Justice, man! Besides, it's MUH BOI TAI, there's a 73.82 probability chance to the fifteenth power that Jane probably enjoys the rough stuff, knaaaaa-mean?

DDK:

I have absolutely no idea what you just said, and no, please, please don't explain it...

[Before Walker can do anything, Turner, who landed on his feet and looking none too pleased with the interjection, rushes back into the ring when Jane screams. However, he gets cut off by Jake Donovan who stops him in his tracks with a dropkick that knocks him back towards and tumbling through the ropes to the floor. Before Walker can get to "business" as it were with Jane, he's suddenly caught from the blindside by the massive guardian of the Blood Diamonds, as Nicky Corozzo enters the ring and grabs him by the back of his neck with one of those giant paws he has for hands. Walker instantly drops his hold on Jane as the sudden jolt on his neck is felt, allowing her to escape out to the floor, but before Corozzo can do anything he's swatted with a dropkick from Troy Matthews.]

DDK:

Nothing, that did absolutely nothing.

Angus:

Oooh, I wouldn't say that, Keebs, it might have pissed him off.

[Corozzo stares Matthews down, still holding a firm grip on Walker's neck, when from the other side Jake Donovan hits him with another dropkick. Again, nothing, and Corozzo stares at them both while he squeezes down harder on Walker's neck, getting a howl of pain. On the outside, Jane and Turner both look on, very pleased with how things are unfolding in the ring as both Jake and Troy stand back.]

DDK:

This is not good, right here, Walker has a history of neck problems in his career.

Angus:

C'mon fools, do something!

DDK:

They tried, but...

Angus:

Fuck, DO IT AGAIN, gorramit!

[Jake and Troy look to each other, then back at Corozzo who continues to squeeze on Walker's neck, then back at each other and nod. Dashing forward, they score with a pair of drop kicks to Corozzo's chest that gets him to let go of Walker, who rolls out of the way and grabs his neck and looks at Corozzo who has staggered back a few steps.]

DDK:

Walker checking for damage.

Angus:

He's okay, he's okay, I think, whooo, can't hold the black man down forever, hah!

DDK:

Uuuuuh, sure?

[Walker looks at Corozzo, his eyes going wide and his mouth motoring incoherently before he rushes the giant and begins waylaying him with wild clubs.]

Angus:

Hah! Ty's going native here on Corozzo, beat him like he stole somethin' dude!

DDK:

Going native... Inappropriate?

Angus:

Naaah, I like, know the guy...

[Corozzo however, isn't having much of this bullshit before he grabs Ty and tosses him off of his person. Walker however is unrelenting and rushes back, but gets booted in the face, which gets Donovan and Matthews to rush back into the fray and they too, each get knocked back by the massive Italian enforcer, who continues to hold his ground.]

DDK:

This might be trouble.

Angus:

Might be? Might be... I think when you got 7 foot 2 and almost four bills of pissed off and crazy ready to murderize your face, you might be in more than some trouble.

[Walker is up again and crashes into him with a dropkick, to which Donovan follows up with another of his own, and then another by Matthews, each one barely registering on Corozzo's meter of giving a shit about your silly little dropkicks. That is until all three rush him, each hammering him with wild and random blows, overwhelming and driving him back towards the ropes. The three look and nod at each other before dashing towards the ropes...]

DDK:

SKYBREAKERS SCORE WITH A TRIPLE DROPKICK!

[...a blow which causes Corozzo to topple up and over the top rope, right into his partners who were watching the show unfold on the floor...]

Angus:

TTTTTTTTTTTTMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBBBBEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[Being the smallest, Jane scatters in time, but Turner isn't quite so fast and catches one of Corozzo's boots to the head and then both hit the floor.]

RAAH!

[Jane scurries back over to check on her partners, while on the inside, Walker, Donovan and Matthews seem to be plotting...]

DDK:

Are they playing rock, paper, scissors?

Angus:

How else are they gonna decide who flip-flops through the air like an idiot first?

DDK:

That, that actually makes sense.

Angus:

You don't have to be all surprised and shit, I like, know words and how to use them and such.

[For the record, the first to go is Walker, who doesn't bother to wait for the "game" to be won and just dashes towards, then leaps over the rope with a barrel rolling style plancha and right into the crowd of three Blood Diamonds.]

Angus:

Hah! Yes! The Black Man exacting revenge for his people! And does it with style, I might add...

DDK:

He does it with style, but when Donovan or Matthews does it, it's flippydoo idiocy?

Angus:

Look man, I'm biparticles for all things Team Danger, you know that, the world knows that, so in short... Yes.

DDK:

I think you mean bipartisan.

Angus:

Biparticular, bipolarbear, same thing...

[Seeing their partner out on the floor and fighting the horde, Jake and Troy don't even hesitate to glance at the other before both shoot themselves off the ropes and come flying back across the ring at speed with a pair of stereo suicide dives through the ropes.]

DDK:

Matthews and Donovan just took out the whole party!

Angus:

Not that Ty needed any help, he handling all of the business.

[Everyone is down and in various positions on the floor, fighting whatever's closest to their respective fists. As the roiling mass of humanity starts rise and separate, Matthews and Jane square off near the guard rails along the aisleway, while Turner and Donovan resume their disagreement with fists o' plenty around the corner of the ring.]

DDK:

And this thing has completely unraveled.

Angus:

Jay Dee Aye Dee Eye Dee.

DDK:

What's that mean?

Angus:

Just Another Day In DEFIANCE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Huh?

DDK:

Oh no, what do these guys want?

[Coming from out of the crowd, the Sons of the Soil make their presence known as Ned the Crow, who was hitching a ride on the back of Jarvis Remus, dismounts and rolls into the ring. Remus and the other Son, The Thresher set their sights on Matthews and Donovan. Thresher halts Matthews pursuit of Jane with a big clothesline and starts putting the boots to him, while Remus blindsides Donovan from behind and begins laying the leather to Jake with stomps. Meanwhile, Walker stops hammering on the still downed Nicky Corozzo when he glances into the ring to see Ned the Crow taunting him.]

Angus:

Iunno what these fools want, but something tells me Ty's about to kick some inbred ass here in a minute.

[Diving into the ring, referee Hector Navarro claps his hands to signify that Ty is now the legal man for his team. Walker rushes at Ned, but the "mouthpiece" of the Sons quickly ducks out of the ring scurries back into the audience, while Walker hurls threats and challenges back at him. As this is going on, Walker doesn't notice Turner returning to the ring, who is declared the legal man by Navarro.]

Angus:

TYYYYYY!! WATCH YOUR SIX, DUDE!!

DDK:

And because DEFIANCE operates under Lucha Rules, he and Turner are now the legal men since they're the first two to re-enter the ring!

[Lining up his shot, Turner waits for Walker to turn and when he does...]

Angus:

LLLLLLLLAAAAAAARRRRRRRIIIIIIIAAAAATTTTTTOOOH!

DDK:

Oh, good lord, Turner just turned Walker inside out with the Harlan County Line!

[Seeing this go down, the Thresher and Remus both stop what they were doing and disappear into the crowd, making their way back over to Ned the Crow, who watches as Navarro dives into position to make the count when Turner drops down for the cover.]

1..

2..

3!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Again!? This is the second time now that the Sons of the Soil have interfered with the Skybreakers in a match.

Angus:

And they tried to take 'em out during that clusterfuck'o'rama when all of the trios were putting dicks on tables at #40!

[Back in the ring, Turner gets to his feet and stands over Walker, who rolls back and forth on the mat as he clutches his historically bad neck after the big ass clothesline he just took. Out in the crowd, the Sons back away en masse, disappearing just as quickly as they appeared.]

DDK:

The Sons have done this to a couple of teams, but they have clearly set their sights on the Skybreakers, but why?

Angus:

Iunno, but what I do is, Ty's gonna shake this off and be looking to cut somebody... That is, if his partners weren't letting him down, like they just did.

DDK:

What?! Are you serious?! They were blindsided by the Sons too!

Angus:

Yeah, well, uh... Heads on shovels and other things Eff Dee Jay's said.

[Back in the ring, Jake Donovan and Troy Matthews recover from the blindside attacks and rush into the ring, where they back a victorious and smugfaced Samuel T. Turner the Second away from their partner. Turner backs away, pleased with the win he just earned for himself as Matthews and Donovan are joined by Saori Kazama, who all check on Walker, as he finally comes to and sits up, still holding the back of his neck.]

DDK:

In any case, the Blood Diamonds come away with a victory and continue the rough sailing of the Skybreakers debut as a unit.

[After a moment, Ty finally snaps to attention as he wheels himself around and up to a knee to stare out into the audience in the direction of where Ned the Crow had been. Seeing nothing, Walker grinds his teeth as his face contorts into a growling scowl. Popping himself up to his feet, he assures his partners that "he's good" before he heads out of the ring and up the aisle, with Jake, Troy, and Saori all following.]

Angus:

So... what's next?

DDK:

Coming up... Wait a minute...

Angus:

Ooh boy, looks like Ty's not quite done just yet...

[As the Skybreakers make their way up the aisle, Walker spots Lance Warner standing at the ready over at the DEFIANCE Promo Stage. Making a sudden beeline over there, Matthews, Donovan, and Kazama all swerve in that direction. Before he knows what's about to happen, Lance Warner is swarmed by the angry blackness that is Tyrone Walker.]

Lance Warner:

Whoah... Tyrone Walker, this is...

[Ty snatches the mic from Lance and proceeds.]

Tyrone Walker:

Nah, dude, naaaaaaaaah, we ain't doin' all'a that "tough loss" bullshit, where you ask me about how that turncoat mothafucka, Sam Turner turnt my ass inside out wit' a goddamn lariat... WE AIN'T DOIN' IT!

[Ty paces and Lance Warner sees this as a good opportunity to not be a good "investigative journalist" who's got to get the tough questions answered. All the while, Donovan and Matthews watch the show as it unfolds.]

Tyrone Walker:

You wanna ask me some shit, ask me about these redneck cracker ass crackers that keep fuckin' wit' me and my homies over here...

[He slams the mic against Warner's chest, and to be honest, Lance isn't quite sure what to do, even though Walker is heard hollering "ask me!" Finally, Lance brings the mic up and does just that.]

Lance Warner:

Okay then... About the Sons of the...

[Ty snatches the mic away, impatiently.]

Tyrone Walker:

I thought you'd never ask...

[He continues to pace.]

Tyrone Walker:

It's real goddamn simple... These inbred peckerwood mothafuckas wanna fight, that shits real clear to me, and hell, nigga, I loves me some fightin'! If I didn't, I wouldn't have gone all kamikaze suicide mission, three on one, against Team HOSS.

[Left, right. Right, left.]

Tyrone Walker:

So the way I sees it, y'all wanna fight, and we damn sure wanna fight...

[Donovan and Matthews nod their heads eagerly, showing their agreement.]

Tyrone Walker:

So lets do it, Sons of the Soil, Skybreakers, paper view, make this shit happen, Moneybags! I'm ready to get wild uppinn' this mothafucka!

[Ty flips the mic back at Warner, who wasn't expecting it and fumbles it on to the floor of the stage. Turning back to his partners, Donovan and Matthews are joined by an amped up Walker, who continues running his mouth as they and Saori Kazama make their way backstage.]

DDK:

Well, there you have it, and we do have a pay per view coming up, EXECUTIVE DECISION!

Angus:

BOOK THAT SHIT, WHITE! DO IT!

[Cut to elsewhere.]

Wrong Place, Wrong Time

[We find David Noble, standing outside of a closed door, wringing his hands through soaking wet towels squeezing the life out of every last drop of water. Dressed as if he is ready for action even with no scheduled match, Noble looks at the door and raises his hand to knock, yet hesitates. He retracts his hand.]

David Noble:

This is why I drink. This is why I drink.

[He lifts his hand up once again, thinking of knocking, but stops once again. He looks at the name on the door: **Team VIAGRA**. It becomes clear as to why he is so nervous.]

David Noble:

What should I even say?

[He begins to pace back and forth.]

David Noble:

Hey Mary-Lynn, nice to see you. You like nice. [pauses] Okay, that is stupid. Really stupid. [pauses again] How about, listen, I know it has been a long time, but I've been thinking about you-- [cuts himself off] Way to come off as super desperate. Geez.

[David leans against the door, arms folded across his chest.]

David Noble:

I wish I could just tell her the truth. That I've been battling demons for the last few years, that everything I thought I knew was ripped away from me, and that the only person I could count on couldn't bear to look at me anymore because I was spiraling into oblivion and pure darkness and I ruined the chance with the one woman that I actually love. Of course, that would be too easy.

[David sighs.]

David Noble:

Can't do easy. Gotta do difficult.

[David then leans his head back, harder than he intended, which sounds like someone knocked on the door.]

David Noble:

Shit. Shit. Shit!

[He then turns around and then another thought hits him.]

David Noble:

Oh God, I hope Jack and Tony aren't in there. That would be embarrassing on a whole different lev--

[Before David can finish his sentence to no one in particular, the door opens, with the sparkingly sweet Mary-Lynn Mayweather standing there. As she looks at David, a scowl appears on her face, which was the exact opposite expression she had given when she opened said door.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

David.

[David opens his mouth to speak, but pause. The pause drags on longer than he intended.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Okay, then. For the record, these hallways echo. There are no secrets in professional wrestling these days, Mr. "I Talk To Myself."

David Noble:

You heard what I said? Oh f-

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

No. Luckily for you, I just heard the twing of desperation in the tone of your voice. Anyway, now that you're, I guess, saying words at me... What sort of coherent sentence are you trying to formulate?

[David shoots her a confused look.]

David Noble:

Are you mad at me?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

That was a question.

David Noble:

Not for the past, I mean.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

For Both. Without question, yes.

[David nods his head.]

David Noble:

Oh, okay. Just checking.

[David turns to make his way down the hall, before Mary-Lynn's voice perks his ears.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Listen David, when it was just you and I glowsticking around a warehouse and stealing coke from Michael Cera, I had fun. [She blushes] We had a lot of fun. But I had to grow up. You should too. You've got a kid now. What would she think? Can she even depend on you anymore? Cause I certainly couldn't.

David Noble:

About that--

[Before David can speak though, the sound of footsteps comes up behind him. David turns to his right and finds that things are about to get worse, much worse as Team HOSS is walking towards them. David positions himself in between Mary-Lynn and the team of Angel Trinidad, Capital Punishment, and Aleczander, led by Junior Keeling. Of note, all the members are a bit pissed from Cappy's loss to Tony Davis earlier tonight. Cappy himself holding the back of his head and seething with rage.]

Junior Keeling:

Well, well, well, what do we have here? A lovers quarrel? Some soap opera mess?

[He glares at Mary-Lynn. Mary-Lynn sticks her tongue out at him.]

Junior Keeling:

You know... as funny as your little friends like to THINK you are, do you honestly think that we're going to let things stand without some sort of comeuppance? You and your friends made a BIG mistake tonight by crossing us.

[Angel Trinidad takes an extra step towards Mary-Lynn, making the lawyer skip back a step of her own. David balls

up a fist in case things get hairy, but The Breaker of the Unbreakable nods down the hallway.]

Angel Trinidad:

I'd get to stepping, Noble. You can go down that hallway and not look back or I can kick your head off your shoulders.

[Aleczander smirks.]

Aleczander

Ya heard him, wanker, get the piss outta here or I'll break me knuckles on your face!

[David looks at Trinidad and then back at Aleczander.]

David Noble:

Just so I'm clear, will [points at Aleczander] you be breaking your knuckles into my face after [then points at Trinidad] he kicks my head off of my shoulders? Hardly seems like a fair fight. No, not my clearly detached head against your knuckles. The fact that you two are clearly dumber than a sack of bricks.

[Mary-Lynn clears her throat.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

David--

David Noble: Listen, I see that you have some beef here. You think you're big and bad for going after a woman three-on-one. The fact of the matter is this. You might kick my ass. You might go ahead and 'kick my head off my shoulders', which I'm pretty certain any decent lawyer will make sure you go to jail for murder.

[David looks at Mary-Lynn, who is fumbling behind the locker room door and not paying him any attention.]

David Noble:

You can 'break your knuckles on my face', but that seems like a rather not bright idea either. At the end of the day, you definitely have the advantage, I'm pretty certain that the beating I'm going to take is going to hurt like a bitch, but I'll sure as hell not mosey my ass down the corridor and let Mary-Lynn here get beat down by a few pussies.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

David... Stop. This isn't your fight.

[Noble looks at MLM sternly, and turns to Team HOSS, licking his lips.]

David Noble:

So. Who's ready to dance?

Junior Keeling:

Tisk. Tisk. Tisk. You seemed like such a smart kid, Noble. Live to fight another day and all that jazz. Well, kids...

[He turned back to the members of Team HOSS who each looked ready to dance, as David eloquently put it.]

Junior Keeling:

Look what you've just opened yourself up to. We just came here to give Ms. Mayweather a good scare, we wouldn't DARE attack a woman unless it's in the confines of a ring where it's every person for themselves. But... this works out better. You guys heard him. Fuck him up and make Mary-Lynn WATCH.

[Angel Trinidad grabs Noble by his throat, unfazed by the forearm shots David is throwing at the gigantic arm of Trinidad, and shoves him against the wall in what would constitute an upright chokeslam. The imprint of David Noble's body is left in the drywall as he slumps to the floor. Angel Trinidad begins stomping away at the ever-inebriated Noble. Mary-Lynn Mayweather, in the doorway to her locker room, reveals she's pulled a clipboard from said room and

promptly THWACKS Angel across the back of his head.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

You guys are huge dicks with tiny dicks.

[She quickly kicks Aleczander below the belt, causing him to wince and fall.]

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Surprised you felt--

[Before she can finish, Capital Punishment has grabbed her from behind. The two large grizzly bear palms wrapped on either side of Mayweather's skull. Cappy puts some pressure, seething into her ear as he does.]

Capital Punishment:

Sorry Sweetie, this isn't an action movie filled with quips.

[Cappy lifts Mayweather up by the sides of her head in a modified Cranium Crush. Cappy tosses Mayweather onto her back, on the cold hard concrete. Trinidad and Aleczander recover from the attempted assault, and begin to each put the boots to the fallen Noble. Junior Keeling leans in, as Cappy continues to apply pressure to the sides of MLM's head.]

Junior Keeling:

it's just business.

THWACK! CRASH!

[The members of Team Hoss look up and see the shattered remains of a KITCHEN SINK splattering against the Team VIAGRA locker room walls. Enter Jack Harmen carrying a large metallic snow shovel. Harmen swings, as Aleczander ducks and the metal clangs against the wall.

As Team HOSS go to engage the Lunatic, Tony Davis appears from off screen, wielding what could best be described as RAMBO'S FLAME THROWER. A large burst of fire SPEWS forth, chasing Team HOSS away from the scene in question.]

Jack Harmen:

Fire and Ice mother f-- uck me! Mary!

[Jack drops his snow shovel. It clatters on the ground next to David Noble. The sound sends shockwaves down Noble's spine, piercing both his hangover and extremely pounding headache from the assault of the HOSS-Nation. Harmen quickly slides to Mary-Lynn's side, holding her unconscious head in his lap.]

Jack Harmen:

Someone get me a doctor before EVERYONE NEEDS A DOCTOR!

Tony Davis:

Jack, don't go all "This is personal now" on me.

[The camera zooms in on Harmen, who's seething in rage. Through gritted teeth...]

Jack Harmen:

There's a reason it's a classic...

Eric Dane vs. Frank Dylan James

DING! DING! DING!

“HOOOOOOOOOOAAAARRRGHHHHH!!!!”

Angus:

Ohshitohshitohshitohshit it's that time Keebs!

[The Nuge is shredding over the PA system as Frank Dylan James rumbles out onto the stage, nearly tearing the curtains loose as he fights through them. Smacking himself in the head and bellowing, he storms towards the ring.]

DDK:

We're about to see what can only be described as a spectacle of violence, as the Mastodon of the Mountains prepares to take on the man that build DEFIANCE itself!

[FDJ climbs into the ring over the top rope and, still bellowing, starts running the ropes.]

Angus:

It's time to get bloody, lets do this!

[The opening riffs of Halford's "The One You Love To Hate" scorch the airwaves, instantly bringing the crowd to a fever pitch as the legendary "Only Star" Eric Dane walks out on to the stage. The BAWS is in full effect this evening, the long blonde mane is left loose, the iconic black leather jacket hangs off his shoulders, and that knowing, self-assured bastard of a look that he is famous for is worn proudly on his face.]

DDK:

Has there ever been a more confident man to walk the aisle?

Angus:

Absolutely not, Keebs, the BAWS is BACK, and about to show the world what Mayberry is in for at Executive Decision!

[That said, Dane doesn't take much time to soak it all in, his eyes never leaving the ring where an anxious, itching to fight Frank Dylan James waits for him. Shrugging off the jacket, Dane starts down the ramp before the leather has a chance to pool around his feet on the stage floor.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

FDJ running up the ramp!

[Having grown impatient, Frank rolls out of the ring and chases up the ramp after the Only Star. Dane sees him coming and bends his knees, so at the last second, he sidesteps, ducks, and grabs Frank by the beard all in one motion. FDJ's charge is misdirected and his face contacts the guardrail.]

CLANG!

[FDJ flails back, the blood already spilling.]

[Dane grabs FDJ's head from behind, leaps, and drives FDJ's face into the ramp with a two-handed facebuster.]

Angus:

I'ma tell you Keebs though you should know this already, FDJ can hit but the BAWS can think circles around him, and every time FDJ takes a swing Eric Dane's going to be somewhere else. You're seeing it right now GAWD!

[The expression on Dane's face is that of irritated boredom. Whether he's just trying to get under FDJ's skin, whether

he's really bored and irritated at being forced to wrestle a non-title match against a not-champion, or both... actually knowing Dane it's totally both.]

[Anyhow, Dane kicks FDJ in the ribcage, sending him rolling down the ramp. FDJ stops at the ringside match as Dane methodically stalks after him, grabs a handful of gross hillbilly hair, and-]

[Gets doubled over by a gut-busting right hook from FDJ!]

[Dane tries to shake it off, but fails. He sinks to one knee.]

DDK:

And explain that, Angus?

Angus:

Well, it's um, just that um, sometimes it's so er... easy for the BAWWS that he kind of um... doesn't pay attention and then stuff happens.

[FDJ hurls Dane in the general direction of the ringpost. Dane spins around as he's thrown, takes the ringpost to his back and falls.]

[Grinning, wiping the blood away from his face, FDJ grabs Dane, yanks him up and sends him on an Irish whip towards the guardrail - but Dane baseball slides.]

[His move not having gone as planned, FDJ goes to his permanent Plan B - the flailing mindless charge.]

[Dane intercepts him with a drop toe hold and FDJ's head bounces off the guardrail for the second time this match.]

CLAAANK!

[But Dane's up slowly, and that weary arrogance is wiped off his face. That shot to the back hurt, but it woke him up. He grabs FDJ by the head, turns the big man's face around to look at him, and takes a half step back as FDJ grins at him through a split lip.]

WHAM!

[This punch connects with the side of Eric Dane's head. FDJ lashes out with the other arm, hitting Dane just behind the ear, and Dane is spun around. A third punch lands somewhere between the neck and the shoulder, and Dane slumps against the ring apron. FDJ grabs Dane by the head and bashes his head into the apron, then throws Dane in.]

[Then he turns away, runs a fan off his chair, grabs the chair and throws it into the ring!]

DDK:

Eric Dane may know his way around a scrap, but Frank Dylan James is at his most dangerous here, and he's already upping the stakes in this match!

Angus:

Already? Huh, because I thought it got upped when Dane split him open on the guardrail, but what do I know...

[FDJ throws another chair into the ring. Dane, meanwhile, has grabbed the first chair and gotten to one knee. He holds the chair at the ready, but FDJ doesn't swing the second one. He opens it up by headbutting it - this is FDJ we're talking about, just be impressed that he headbutted the chair in the right place - and slams it to the mat.]

[Then he sits down in it.]

[And then he puts his fists up.]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

[Dane starts.]

Angus:

We's gonna have us a PUNCHFIAT!

DDK:

I don't think this is a good idea for Eric Dane, really - his chops are famous, but his punches aren't, he gives up 80 lbs.

Angus:

Eric Dane doesn't back down, Keebs. And you know what, he makes that shit work! Like when he tried to wrestle Heidi on the mat, he didn't win, but she didn't make him tap either. It's about letting the opponent know that he *can* play whatever game they want to. Then that gets them off their game.

[Dane sets up his chair and sits down in it. He motions for FDJ to take the first shot.]

DDK:

You might be right, but-

THUD!

[Dane's head snaps back, and it takes him a second or two to get facing straight ahead again.]

DDK:

In this particular case, it might still be a mistake.

[Dane lashes out with a fist, connecting right with the bloody forehead of FDJ. FDJ smirks.]

THUD!

DDK:

You can hear bone striking bone with every shot FDJ throws!

[This time, Dane's head lolls on his neck for three or four seconds before he drags it back up.]

[And realizing there's no way he's winning a straight fist fight with FDJ, and that if there are actually rules in the match, no one's enforcing them, he stands up, grabs his chair, and-

CLAAAAAAAAANK!

[-bends it over FDJ's head!]

[With a bellow FDJ lashes out at the spot where Eric Dane's head used to be. Fortunately for Dane, his head isn't there anymore.]

[Unfortunately, what's there now is his dick.]

Angus:

Ohhh Kelly's going to have FDJ *skinned*.

[Dane doubles over and falls to his knees, and FDJ yanks him up off the mat and slaps on Frank's Kickass Sleeper Hold!]

DDK:

He's trying to end it! Eric Dane can usually wrestle circles around Frank, but after that last assault, can he?

[Dane starts falling to the side, but FDJ simply holds him up in the air instead of dropping to the mat with him. Mark Shields just watches instead of checking to see if Dane's going out.]

[Dane elbows FDJ in the chest once, twice, breaks away but FDJ reels him back into the sleeper - and Dane goes with it, slips behind FDJ trapping the arm, slings one leg across the back of FDJ's neck, and rolls them both to the mat in one of those complicated nameless Lucha style pins!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

HE DONE IT KEEBS!

[Dane gets up, prepared to yank his arm out of Mark Shields' grasp, but Shields never offered to raise it. FDJ rolls up to one knee, narrows his eyes at Dane - and then nods, and rolls out of the ring.]

Angus:

The hell was that all about?

DDK:

You can never tell with FDJ, but Dane picks up a big win here tonight as he heads towards a World Title shot in the company he built himself!

Curtis Penn and Eugene Dewey: Executive Decision Stipulation

["Enae Volare Mezzo," by Era blares through the P.A. Stepping onto the stage is the man himself, Curtis Penn wearing a pair of faded blue jeans and a black on yellow Sinestro Corp. t-shirt. He makes his way down the ramp and into the ring.]

DDK:

Look at the grin on Curtis Penn's face.

Angus:

I've seen my share of shit eating grins before, but that one takes the shitty cake.

DDK:

And you could say he has reason to be happy. Penn won the Natural Selection Challenge last week and now gets to name the stipulation for his match against Eugene Dewey at the Executive Decision Pay Per View.

Angus:

Aww dammit, does that mean we're gonna have to listen to this asshole talk?

[Yes it does, Angus.]

[Yes it does.]

Curtis Penn:

Seven minutes and ten seconds...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Curtis Penn:

Seven minutes and ten seconds...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Is that all he's gonna say?

Curtis Penn:

Seven minutes and ten seconds is all it took for me to singlehandedly crush the Mastodon from the Mountains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I think singlehandedly might be slightly erroneous.

Angus:

It's Curtis Penn, Keebs. Everything is erroneous.

Curtis Penn:

Seven minutes and ten seconds was all it took for me to destroy the man hand picked by the FIST of DEFIANCE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Curtis Penn:

Seven goddamned minutes and ten fuckin' itty bitty teeny weenie seconds was all it took for me to earn the right to name the stipulation for the match where I finally prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that I am the living embodiment

of all things DEFIANCE!

[Curtis tilts his head to the side, brushes his beard down and as his hand tugs at the bottom of the coarse bristles his eyes twinkle and a smile forms on his face.]

BOOO!

Curtis Penn:

Go ahead! Boo! Live in denial! Live in your li'l fantasy world where Eugene Dewey is the hero you want him to be, but know that that's all it is! A fantasy! A lie that you've made up because you're afraid of the obvious truth. That here in the real world, your hero is nothing more than a man with an obvious weakness. All the while Curtis Penn is the living, breathing embodiment of all things DEFIANCE!

BOOO!

You disappoint me

[The men's locker room, during the last hour of DEFtv43. Dan Ryan is standing in the middle of the room, and from what we can see of the door to the locker room behind him, no one else is coming in.]

[Two chairs are propped up against the door, one snugly under the doorknob.]

[Ryan is contemplating what to do with the small metal knee brace in his left hand, then shrugs and tosses it over his shoulder.]

DAN RYAN:

I don't want this to be a personal thing between us. It's just, I have a very specific set of plans in motion and I don't need any detours right now. I wanted this to just be very simple business, you know -- you, me, one time only, maybe a few laughs for old times' sake. Then, nothing more. Your part in the plan was minimal. No big deal really.

[Dan Ryan grimaces suddenly and seems to stomp down hard on something. A grunting sound is heard, Ryan motions with his hand for the cameraman to keep the shot on his face. He goes from a hard grimace back to a thoughtful expression.]

DAN RYAN:

There are certain things in life I just don't like. Just like any man, I have my pet peeves. I mean, don't get me wrong. I'm not perfect. But there are things that to me seem like common courtesy when interacting with people. I wouldn't ask anything of you that I wouldn't expect of myself, you know. So when I asked you to be at your best....

[Ryan kneels down and motions the camera to back up so as to get the entire scene. For the first time we see that pretty much every chair in the room not propped up against the door has been used to crack Troy Matthews over the head. The remains of the chairs are scattered around the locker room, along with pieces of other wrestler's gear, bags and equipment. Troy Matthews lies face down where Ryan kneels, bloody across a gash in his forehead and mostly motionless.]

DAN RYAN:[His expression turning deadly serious]

Taking the pin in a six man match the week before was not what I had in mind when we discussed our situation.

[Ryan continues to kneel next to Matthews, cocking his head from side to side a few times as if to examine his work.]

DAN RYAN:

I heard some people wondering what happened to our match last week. What's the point? You are damaged goods. I wanted a main event level challenge and I offered you the chance to step up and be seen, and you failed me. Tonight, you and your buddies had a chance to take a pound of flesh from the Diamonds, and you failed again. Failure is becoming synonymous with your name, Troy, and as of this moment right now, I'll have nothing more to do with you.

[Ryan stands.]

DAN RYAN:

Just let me give you a little advice before I go. The next time opportunity stares you in the face, don't roll over like a bitch....

[Ryan violently rips Matthews up to his feet and flings him hard into the metal lockers. Matthews hits them hard back-first, and before he can hit the ground, Ryan drives a running boot into his face, laying him out cold, where Ryan ends up standing over him, looking down with a disgusted smirk.]

DAN RYAN:

Next time, you kick it's fucking teeth in.

[Ryan stares down at Matthews for a moment before going to the door to remove the chairs. He turns over his shoulder

and looks at the mess as he starts to open the door.]

DAN RYAN:

You know, that's some mess. A lot of the boys are gonna be pretty mad if they come in here and see that I beat you half to death with their gear. Clean up before you leave, would ya?

[Ryan smirks one last time before opening the door and walking out.]

One Helluva Conversation

[Cut backstage.]

[Frank Dylan James rumbles through the hall towards his locker room, where he's met by his friend and partner in crime, Dusty Griffith. The Champ stands just outside of the locker room, a towel draped over his shoulder and arms crossed against his chest as he waits. When he hears the footsteps coming, he turns his head and nods slightly when he sees the Mastodon approaching.]

Dusty Griffith:

That was a helluva conversation, brother.

[Frank grunts, grinning with blood soaked teeth as a result of his cracked lip. Dusty notes the overall good mood of his big buddy, though he lost to Dane, Dusty knows well enough that if Frank's just gone through a righteous as hell fight, the big man is going to consider the night a rousing success.]

Frank Dylan James:

Ah told yew Ah's gon' have a word wiff 'im, an' git th' gotdamn troof...

[Dusty nods and hands him the towel from his shoulder, which Frank uses to press against his lip after wiping his face first.]

Dusty Griffith: [opening the door]

Not too many words though.

[Pulling the towel away, Frank eyes Dusty.]

Frank Dylan James:

'Ere's more 'an one way to git someone to tell yew what needs sayin'.

Dusty Griffith:

Apparently.

[Dusty and Frank enter the room, taking a few steps inward, Frank tosses the sweat and blood stained towel aside.]

Frank Dylan James:

'Sides, I ain't needin' th' use all 'at fancy talk like dem pretty boy hippies who'd piss 'emselfes iff'n they ever got into a real faight.

Dusty Griffith:

Fair enough, brother... So what'd you find out?

[Frank ambles across the room, then plants himself on one of the chairs and leans back as he lets out a rumbling groan as he stretches his limbs out. When Dusty also takes a seat, Frank begins with the report of his findings.]

Frank Dylan James:

'At boys on th' uppinn up, Dust...

[Dusty's brow raises, his interest piqued.]

Frank Dylan James:

Whut?

Dusty Griffith:

What?

Frank Dylan James: [pointing]

Yew doin' 'at brow raisin, like I tolt yew th' moon was made outta cheese.

Dusty Griffith:

What? No, I'm interested to know what you found out...

Frank Dylan James:

I done tolt yew, Dust, 'at boys on th' uppinn' up. I tolt yew I'd smash him in the face 'til the troof started fallin' outta his goddamn head an' 'at's what I done did.

[Dusty snickers, shaking his head.]

Dusty Griffith:

So what you're saying is, that you and Eric, without saying a word, talked this whole thing out with your fists? And that he's for real, he's not trying to screw me over here, he's just doing whatever it is that he's got to do to protect this place?

Frank Dylan James: [nodding, emphatically]

'At's exactly whut Ah'm sayin', Dust. I don't need all 'at tactical rasslin' an' sissy talk about feelins an' shit to git to th' troof. Not when Ah can git 'ere quicker wiff mah big ol' fists an' smash some goddamn faces! 'Sides, at ol' baysterd Dane, he ain't hadda a good ol' faight like 'at in a long time.

[Dusty nods, a grin curling up on one side of his mouth as he claps a hand down on his friends shoulder. He understands now, because of course Frank Dylan James would be able to decipher things like this through wanton violence, instead of intelligent discourse.]

Dusty Griffith:

Good to know, Frank, and thanks.

Frank Dylan James:

'At what friends are for, Dust.

[Cut to elsewhere.]

Angus:

Seriously?

DDK:

Are you really surprised?

Angus:

Naaah, not really. I mean, of course it makes all the sense in the world when you add Eff Dee Jay to the equation.

DDK:

It sure does, partner, it sure does.

Team Holiday vs. Team Pyre

[The melodic sounds of "Morphine Child" by Savatage kicks into play in the loudspeaker, and the crowd immediately erupts into boos.]

DDK:

And I think you know what time it is, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, now we get to see which imaginary friends these two are teaming with in our next match.

DDK:

While neither Frank Holiday nor Stockton Pyre are the most...normal...of individuals, I'm pretty sure we're going to see six real, tangible people in this match.

Angus:

And if not?

DDK:

Well, I guess we get an iPPV match one week early, then.

[And it's here that the booing intensifies, as Stockton Pyre walks out from the back. He is all focus, power-walking straight to the ring and ignoring the fans as the taunt him with thumbs down and...other fingers up in some cases. Pyre climbs into the ring and grabs a microphone as the song fades.]

Stockton Pyre:

I consider myself...a reasonable man. I come into this federation looking to hone my skills as a grappler...to partake in the sport of professional wrestling. I train, I fight, and most of all, I do my homework. Whether the scouting was done via closed circuit television or by direct observation, I did my own research and did no wrestler or staff member in the back any harm. And yet still, there has been no shortage of belligerence at my very existence.

[Turning to face the hard camera, Stockton points with his free index and middle finger at the lens.]

Stockton Pyre:

Now, that can be expected of a man like Curtis Penn, for whom the words honor and integrity may be Greek. But for men and women who would poke fun at me because I approach this business differently from them? I will not stand by and take that kind of attack. I will stand up for myself while Frank Holiday continues to do everything in his feeble mind to ruin me as a wrestler. And the two men I chose to stand beside me...they will not stand for your decidedly dirty tactics, either.

[Turning back to the entranceway, Pyre opens his full free hand and motions towards the entranceway with it.]

Stockton Pyre:

My first partner is a man whom I have seen firsthand understands the meaning of integrity, and the meaning of a clean fight. Ladies and gentlemen, one of my OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS in this company, I give to you...HENRY! KEYES!

["Airship Pirate" by Abney Park blares through the arena, a helicopter whirr followed by steampunk rockers. Henry Keyes is hunched over, power-walking to the ring with red goggles down and freshly-oiled leather shoulder brace in full effect. A primal and extremely basic fist to the sky is his tribute to the crowd as he enters the ring. Pyre keeps a solid and continuous line of sight to the back of Keyes' head as the crowd cheers on their Airship Pirate, a wry grin emerging from Pyre's lips.]

DDK:

Well, this one's not too much of a surprise here. Keyes and Pyre go back to the beginning of both of their time in

DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Yeah, they both had to deal with that scumbag Curtis Penn. Bonding over common enemies and all that. Still, an effective choice. Dat BELL CLAP an' all.

[Pyre offers his hand to Keyes as he steps in the ring, and Keyes grasps the forearm of Pyre (as Pyre does Keyes) and they engage in a Roman-style handshake.]

Stockton Pyre:

And now, for my second partner. I needed a man who knew what Frank Holiday was all about...a man who could see through the duplicitous nature of this beast. Several shows ago, I met such a man. A man who, of his own accord, took one look at Frank Holiday and his antics and knew he smelled something rotten. That man is DAVID! NOBLE!

DDK:

This is a bit of a surprise, isn't it?

[Henry Keyes, who stands in the background, raises an eyebrow and shoots darts out of his eyes up the entrance ramp as "Touch Peel and Stand" by Days of the New blares through the Wrestle-Plex. From the back steps David Noble, looking a tad bit worse for wear due to the beating he took from Team HOSS earlier in the evening. As he steps out, his eyes land upon Keyes and the tension between the two is palpable.]

Stockton Pyre:

I've got my team, Frankie boy. Let's see who you've decided is going to burn with you.

[As if on cue, 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 turn to the entranceway and a wild cheer is already rising as the curtain whips apart. With bro-nager extraordinaire Billy Pepper at his side, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

[Clad in his usual ring gear and "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, there's one extra accessory conspicuously gleaming around Holiday's waist: the Southern Heritage Championship belt.]

DDK:

Our NEW Southern Heritage Champ is here!

Angus:

And if there's any justice, that situation will be corrected at Executive Decision.

DDK:

Still not a fan, huh?

Angus:

Oh, you noticed?!

DDK:

Still, you have to admit, Holiday did prove himself when he defeated Tony Two-Hands, and pretty much the whole LBC, to win the title last week.

Angus:

Let me clarify. Do I believe Holiday is a capable wrestler and worthy of that belt? Yeah, okay, maybe, he said grudgingly. Do I like him? Nnnnnnnnyyyooooooo.

[Up on the ramp, Billy Pepper is clapping eagerly, and Frank Holiday is nodding in appreciation at the ovation. Then he

reaches his right arm out to the side, palm open, and waggles his fingers. From out of nowhere, a mic flies in an arc and lands perfectly in his hand.]

Angus:

Who keeps doing that?!

DDK:

Heh. Neat trick.

[Frank brings the mic to his face as the crowd settles down.]

Frank Holiday:

Ladies and gentlemen, bros and brosettes, I just wanna ask you one little thing.

[Flashing a toothy grin, he shines the face plate of the SoHer Title with his wrist.]

Frank Holiday:

HOW YOU LIKE ME NOW, DEFIANCE?!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Frank Holiday:

So as you know, I didn't exactly get a lot of time to celebrate last week before Lego Head over there stuck his face in my business. And that brought the First Lady of the Edwardocracy out of hiding to throw down the gauntlet. She challenged me to bring two partners to take on Team Pyre tonight... if I could find anyone to join me.

[He rolls his eyes.]

Frank Holiday:

Miss Jane, how can you even doubt that this dude right here could round up some allies? Especially when the captain of the other team is that agent provocateur in the Skittles-colored mask down there? It was a snap, dude.

[He looks down the ramp at Stockton Pyre and smirks.]

Frank Holiday:

So now that we've seen the grand unveiling of your team, how about we meet the rest of Team Holiday? First...

[Cue "Love Man" by Otis Redding.]

[Cue God's gift to ladies catwalking through the curtain to take up position at stage-left of Holiday.]

Frank Holiday:

RICH!! MAHOGANY!!

[The Wrestle-Plex goes nuts as Mahogany grinds his pelvis and kisses his fingers, pointing to attractive young women in the crowd. In the ring, Stockton Pyre smirks and shakes his head before making the motion for "you're finished"]

DDK:

Oh boy! You know Rich Mahogany has a grudge to settle with Stockton Pyre!

Angus:

Didn't his mom ever tell him to pick his battles?

DDK:

Angus, the reason Rich hates Pyre so much is because Pyre was spying on him and his mother. So this is one battle

he's not going to skip.

Angus:

And it was Holiday's fault that information got out. So really, his beef is with Frank, not Pyre.

DDK:

That is some messed-up logic at work, partner.

Angus:

It makes perfect sense in my head, Keebs.

[The music fades. Cut back to Frank Holiday.]

Frank Holiday:

And my other partner...

[Music up: "Trampled Underfoot" - Led Zeppelin]

[Those hip clavinet chords and drum beats precede the arrival of one very annoyed lady and her two Big Damn Heroes teammates.]

Frank Holiday:

The Queen of the Ring! LINDSAY!! TROY!!

[Troy leads the way through the curtain and onto the stage, a scowl on her face from the earlier fuckery with the Legitimate Businessman's Club. Rayne's and Elliott's expressions match hers. She steps up beside Holiday, stage-right, and glowers at the guys in the ring. Keyes and Noble stand their ground; Pyre seems annoyed but remains unafraid. Rich Mahogany, forgetting for a moment the last time these two were this close (hint: Troy damn near broke his arm during the GRINDHOUSE: America pay-per-view), starts to give her a flirtatious little wave but a side-eye warning look from Tyler and Wade cut that off quick.]

DDK:

Given all that's happened tonight and the past few weeks, it's safe to say that Troy's looking to release some steam.

Angus:

I wasn't sure if she was fully recovered at the start of the show tonight and now I really have to question it after Dentari, Di Luca, and Rinaldi got their hands on the Big Damn Heroes again.

DDK:

Nothing short of an edict from Ed White's office could keep her away from the ring if that's where she wants to be. And of course, her connection to this match is pretty straightforward: Holiday is good friends with the Big Damn Heroes, and Troy's been trolling Stockton Pyre on Twitter and with those custom #STALKTONPYRE t-shirts nearly as long as Holiday. A natural choice, and a formidable member of Team Holiday!

[Frank looks approvingly from Lindsay Troy to Rich Mahogany, and faces forward again, addressing Stockton Pyre directly.]

Frank Holiday:

I've got a whole whack of peeps up here who are about as fond of you as I am, Stocky-boy. You ready? Because we sure are! LET'S DO THIS!

[He tosses the mic aside. As a group, Team Holiday head toward the ring: Frank Holiday and Lindsay Troy focused on their opponents already standing inside the ropes; Rich Mahogany flirting shamelessly with the ladies along the way; Billy Pepper, Tyler Rayne, and Wade Elliott bringing up the rear guard. As the three participants enter the ring and gather at their corner, Team Pyre collectively put on their game faces...and it seems Pyre has a little bit more to add.]

Stockton Pyre:

You're an incredible rule-breaking bastard, Frank. Good to see you can count to three correctly.

[Stockton motions towards the Bad Dog and the Underground Pimp, who for his part puts his hands up and takes a step back, as if to say he's not getting involved. Holiday follows Pyre's gaze, then turns back to him with an incredulous look.]

Frank Holiday:

Pyre, you ignorant slut. As long as you're counting people who aren't in the ring, why don't you include Billy too? How about we count everybody in the arena? Yes, Team Holiday has 4,006 people in it. Jesus Christ, dude. Get back in your corner.

[The flippant answer only leaves Pyre all the more frustrated. Holiday shakes his head and huddles with his team.]

DDK:

Well, this is a very interesting combination of talents for sure, Angus, and plenty of antagonism on both sides.

Angus:

Yeah, but the two people with the most on the line here are Stockton Pyre and Frank Holiday. This match could set the tone for their showdown at the PPV. By which I mean, I'm rooting for Pyre.

DDK:

It looks like those two feel the same way, as Pyre is set to start things off for his team, and Holiday is giving his partners last minute directions.

Angus:

Hold on... Rich Mahogany's arguing with him? He wants in first!

DDK:

Like I said earlier: Rich has a bone to pick!

Angus:

HA! You said bone.

DDK:

...

[Frank nods at Rich and steps aside, obligingly letting Mahogany start.]

[With all of the introductions done with and the crowd buzzing, Rich Mahogany steps to center ring and points at Stockton Pyre, wanting more of him. The fans cheer this motion on.]

DDK:

Rich is the smaller of the two, but he's showing no fear as he calls out Pyre here.

Angus:

Rich is my boy and all, but I have a feeling that Pyre is going to rip his head off of his neck and stick it straight up his ass.

DDK:

Well, I think Rich does apply baby oil to his head.

Angus:

That ruins the fun.

[The other members leave the ring, with Troy and Holiday in one corner. Frank's clapping clapping his hands together while Troy grips the ropes. In the other corner, Keyes and Noble are shooting sideways glances at one another, the tension between them still palpable. Hector Navarro signals for the bell.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And we're off!

Angus:

Don't you ever get tired of saying that?

DDK:

It's in the contract.

Angus:

Ah, right. That explains why you're such a dick.

DDK:

No, that's in your contract.

Angus: [Pretending to flip through papers on the DEFdesk]

Well, look it there. You're fucking right!

[As soon as the bell rings, Rich rushes right at Pyre and starts drilling him with a few right hand punches. Pyre though starts firing right back as the two stand in the center of the ring with fists of flurries flying at one another! Stockton then drills his knee into Rich's midsection and connects with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex. Pyre then quickly goes for the cover as Navarro slides into position!]

1...

2...

NO!

DDK:

And Pyre almost put this match away there!

Angus:

Nah. Rich is just lulling him into a false sense of security.

[Pyre grabs Mahogany by the back of the head to pull him up off the mat only for Rich to drill a forearm to Stockton's midsection which he follows up with an uppercut. Stockton stumbles backwards and then to the mat after Rich hits a stiff clothesline. Mahogany then goes for the cover on Pyre.]

1...

2...--NO!

[Rich gets up, slapping his hands together as Stockton starts to get up to his feet as well. Rich then turns around as Pyre stands and Stockton is quick to the draw with a neckbreaker. Rich grabs at his neck while Stockton goes for another pin.]

1...

2....--NOO!

DDK:

And Pyre unable to keep Rich down either!

Angus:

So. Many. Jokes.

DDK:

Both men scrambling to their feet now and Rich just did a titty twister to Stockton and then a chop to the chest! OOF! And a knee to the groin! Pyre goes down in a heap!

Angus:

I'm glad Rich has expanded his wrestling repertoire.

DDK:

Seriously?

[Hector admonishes Rich who stumbles over to his corner, still clutching his neck, and tags in Frank Holiday who slowly steps into the ring. The Southern Heritage Champion looks at the prone Pyre who is still clutching his groin. Holiday looks over at Rich and shakes his head. Frank then walks over and starts putting the boots to Pyre, who is unable to stop the boots.]

Angus:

The man is down on the mat, in pain, from his manhood being potentially destroyed and this is how Holiday reacts.

DDK:

This war between Holiday and Pyre continues to escalate and this is just another step on the road for these two.

[Frank goes to put another foot to the ribs of Pyre, but Stockton manages to grab the foot and pushes Holiday away. Stockton quickly gets to his feet and throws a few quick jabs to the face of Holiday. Frank wastes no time with firing off a few shots of his own and the two are ferociously trading shots at one another as the crowds start to come to life even more. Holiday goes for a big haymaker, but Pyre manages to duck it and hits an Opening Statement on Holiday!]

DDK:

Huge move by Stockton there! He put Holiday right back in his place.

Angus:

Just like a wo--?

DDK:

No. Just no.

[Stockton rises back to his feet and walks over to his corner, looking to tag in Keyes only for Noble to stretch his hand out and take the tag away.]

DDK:

Well, that's not something you see everyday.

Angus:

And Keyes is not happy with that whatsoever.

[As Noble steps into the ring, Keyes shoots David a look of pure frustration and anger. Noble shrugs his shoulders though as he turns around and drills a rising Holiday with a boot to the back of the head.]

Angus:

And look at the intensity of those shots from David. Maybe getting some frustration out from being attacked by Team HOSS?

DDK:

I'm a little surprised he was able to make it out here actually.

Angus:

Well, one thing we've learned is that Noble does not shy away from a fight.

[Holiday struggles to fight to his feet as Noble keeps stomping away at him, not only letting out his frustrations from the earlier beatdown, but from also the injury that Frank gave him. As Holiday gets to his feet, trying to block the shots as much as possible, he unloads on Noble with a series of fists before whipping him into the ropes and sending him crashing to the canvas with a well-placed knee to the midsection. He quickly mounts David and starts wailing away at him as the referee starts to count. Noble though starts to fight back, but due to his position in the ring, he has to resort to three well-placed headbutts to Holiday's skull.]

DDK:

Geez! Some brutal shots there by Noble!

Angus:

They did the trick though as Holiday rolls off of Noble, clutching his head, and Noble wastes no time springing back up to his feet and planting Holiday in the middle of the ring with a German Suplex.

DDK:

And now Holiday is clutching the back of his head as he rolls to his knees.

[Noble walks over to the prone Holiday and starts to lift him back up to his feet, but Frank has a different idea as he plants his shoulder into the midsection of Noble and lifts him up off the ground before spiking him into the mat with a spinebuster-like double leg takedown.]

Angus:

Well there's a tad bit of fight from Frank, there!

DDK:

He needs it as Noble continues to fight, throwing some forearms to Holiday's face there as both men are fighting back to their feet.

[David strikes Holiday with a well placed jab before bouncing off the ropes closest to his corner -- SLAP! -- and connects with a clothesline that drops Holiday before whipping his head over to his corner as Keyes starts to enter the ring.]

DDK:

Oh lord, this is becoming more and more like middle school all over again.

Angus:

Listen, put your hands over your ass and close your eyes--

DDK:

What the hell are you talking about?!

Angus:

You said middle school--

DDK:

Not my middle school! Gosh! Is nothing in Couples Therapy private to you?! [coughs] Anyways, in the ring, as Noble was coming off those ropes, that slap we heard was Henry Keyes tagging himself in.

[Noble glares at Keyes and the two start mouthing off at one another, the animosity between them starting to build. Keyes shrugs his shoulders as Noble exits the ring, still jawing at Henry.]

Angus:

What goes around comes around, eh?

DDK:

Justin Timberlake would agree as Keyes starts to pull Holiday off the mat. Meanwhile, Lindsay Troy, is in the corner, just drumming her fingers against the top of the ropes, not having been in this match yet.

Angus:

Something tells me that when she gets in the ring, the roof is going to blow off this place, and Ed White'll take the cost of damages out of her paycheck.

DDK:

It sounds like you've been to this rodeo once or twice before.

[With Holiday at a standing base, Keyes slams his knee into the midsection before whipping him into the opposite corner, which he connects with a splash in the corner! Frank stumbles out of the corner, stretching out his hand towards his corner, hoping to tag someone in, with little success. Henry comes up behind him and whips him into the opposite corner again and goes for another splash, only for Frank to dodge out of the corner at the last minute!]

DDK:

And Keyes just ate the top turnbuckle!

Angus:

Something tells me that isn't the worst thing he's ever eaten before.

[Frank drops to his knees and starts to crawl towards his corner, but is stopped as the fresher Keyes grabs onto his ankle and pulls him closer to him. Holiday turns around and lands a strong kick to the stomach of Keyes before hopping up to his feet and spiking him with a DDT! Both men are laid out in the middle of the ring as Navarro checks on them.]

Angus:

If there was ever a moment for Holiday to actually, you know, do something good, this would be it. Get to your corner!

DDK:

And Holiday is barely stirring here, having been at the brunt of a bit of action thus far.

Angus:

He is the Southern Heritage Champion! This is no time to lallygag! This is no time to meander! Get your ass in gear and get over there!

DDK:

Are... you... rooting... for... him?

Angus:

Where is my TARDIS?!?!]

[Holiday starts to move towards his corner as Troy reaches out her arm, willing Frank to tag her in. Outside the ring, Billy Pepper is slapping the apron and shouting encouragement to his friend. Rayne chimes in too, because what kind of bromance would this be if he didn't support his bro? ♪ IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A BROMANCE GO RIGHT. IT

TAKES TWO TO MAKE IT OUTTA SIGHT. ♪]

[Frank starts to inch closer, his fingers outstretched, only for Keyes to swoop in at the last moment with an elbow to the back of Frank's head. Troy snarls at Henry as he drags Holiday away from the corner before putting him into an abdominal stretch.]

Angus:

Close call there, but Keyes has regained control of this match and is doing his best to make Holiday tap out right here. Wouldn't that be anti-climatic?

DDK:

Hector checking on Holiday, who is grimacing in pain, but not willing to give up here.

[Keyes, sensing that Holiday isn't going to tap to the move, slams his forearm into Frank's midsection a few times before releasing the hold and drags him over to his corner while in a front face lock to tag in Pyre, who is yearning to come back into the match.]

DDK:

And this is only spelling doom for Holiday as he has been in here for quite a bit now and his opponent at the upcoming PPV is ready to pick him apart.

Angus:

Comes with the territory. Time for Holiday to either shit or get off the pot.

DDK:

Well, that was a lovely description you painted for all of us there.

Angus:

That's why they give me the big bucks.

[With Holiday in a front face lock, Keyes lifts up the right arm of Holiday to which Pyre slams his boot into the ribcage of Holiday. Holiday drops to his knees as Pyre drags him back up before whipping him into the ropes and connecting with a back body drop. Holiday lands with a thud, but wills himself back to his feet only for Pyre to nail a dropkick that sends Frank back down to the mat. Holiday though keeps fighting, managing to duck a fist from Pyre as he gets back to his feet, but turns around to an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

Angus:

As much as Holiday keeps fighting, Team Pyre continues to control this match!

DDK:

Eventually, one of two things will happen. Holiday will lose. Holiday will tag. Just a matter of time.

Angus:

That may have been one of the--

DDK:

I know, it was pretty smart--

Angus:

STUPIDEST things I've ever heard!

DDK:

Oh.

[Pyre pulls the motionless Holiday by the back of the head and slowly pulls him up to his feet. He pushes the prone

Holiday into the ropes and whips him across the ring before going for a clothesline that Holiday ducks. Stockton slowly turns around only to get **SPEARED** not only into the mat, but through it, and into Hell. Well, not really. Except for the Spear. That happened. Cue the DEFIAfans in 3...2...1...]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAH!

DDK:

Whoa.

Angus:

Whoa.

[Hector Navarro is checking on both men as Troy is slapping her hand against the turnbuckle viciously, yelling in tandem with Billy Pepper at Holiday to get in gear! Meanwhile, Noble and Keyes are stretching their hands out for their partner. Moments pass before either man move as the referee starts to count. Holiday rolls over onto his knees and looks at his corner, eager to get there. He starts to move towards it, inching closer and closer until he is mere centimeters away when his progress is impeded.]

Angus:

Pyre saves the day again! He is holding onto Holiday's right foot with all of his might!

DDK:

Nope! Frank just turned and planted his foot into Pyre's face! Ooof!

[You know what happens next. Holiday turns back around, leaps towards his corner, and his palm meets Lindsay Troy's hand. The beginning of a true romance. Or not. Oh, and...]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!

[Roof. EXPLODEYS!]

DDK:

Oh. My. God.

Angus:

WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

DDK:

Exactly.

[Troy springs into the ring, chomping at the bit. Pyre rises to his feet only to be met with a stiff kick to his rib cage and then another one to his chest. Stockton clutches his chest in pain as he steps backwards only for Lindsay to nail him with a roundhouse kick! Pyre goes down in a heap.]

DDK:

Troy has been itching... ITCHING... to get back in the ring after a concussion and bruised ribs courtesy of the LBC two shows ago. Weeks and weeks of pent up frustration at this point and you have to imagine she wants to rip everyone limb from limb.

Angus:

What he said.

[Stockton slowly climbs to his feet only to be met with a barrage of knees to his midsection followed up by a whip into the ropes and Troy plants Pyre in the middle of the ring with a clothesline. She bounces off the ropes and connects with a front flip leg drop, then quickly hooks the leg as Navarro slides in for the count.]

1...

2....-- NOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That might have been it right there! So close!

Angus:

Pyre is lucky to have kicked out there.

[Lindsay rises to her feet and Stockton rolls into his corner, clutching his throat in the process, and tags in Noble. David rushes into the ring and is immediately drop by a stiff jab from Troy. Noble quickly rises back to his feet and is met with another closed fist to the face. Noble drops to the mat, clutching his face as he slowly stumbles back to his feet only for Troy to clothesline him over the top rope.]

DDK:

Things are not looking good for Noble here.

Angus:

Oh. Yeah. Definitely not.

[Noble gets back up to his feet and turns around only to find Troy flying through the air and connecting with a corkscrew plancha! The crowd continues to go crazy.]

TROY! TROY! TROY! TROY! TROY!

[Troy wraps an arm around her midsection and grimaces. Tyler and Wade take a couple steps toward where she and Noble landed but she waves them off, grits her teeth, stands up. She drags Noble toward the apron and rolls him back into the ring. She slides in after him to find Noble getting to his feet. She wastes no time as she whips him into his corner and connects with a knee to the chin! Troy backs up as Noble slumps into the corner as Henry Keyes takes it upon himself to tag himself in.]

DDK:

And Keyes is now back in the match, trading blow after blow with Troy, the intensity only picking up between the two!

Angus:

Troy is still firing away though, pushing Keyes into the corner in the process! Bet every guy is wishing they could push Troy into a corner.

DDK:

Stay classy, Angus.

[Lindsay starts to plant her foot into Keyes midsection, but Henry fires back with a kick of his own, which causes Troy to stumble. Keyes steps out of the corner and Troy runs right at him only to be met with a stiff boot to the face! Troy lands on the mat hard.]

DDK:

And it is Henry Keyes who ends up slowing the train that was Lindsay Troy there!

Angus:

Can't fault her working out her frustrations. Should make for a boring night for Tyler Rayne though.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

REALLY! I saw it on Dr. Phil.

[Keyes begins to pull Troy up only for her to fire away at him with a flurry of fists before nailing an uppercut that pushes Henry into the ropes, which causes him to explode off the ropes with a clothesline that turns Troy inside out. She refuses to stay grounded for long as she grabs the ropes to help her back up. Rayne and Elliott pound their fists on the ring apron to motivate their teammate. Keyes rushes at Troy once again, but Lindsay is quick to the draw as she drops and pulls the top rope down with her as Keyes goes flying over the top.]

DDK:

Troy is bringing the heat and then some.

Angus:

Henry Keyes is holding his own though with her, putting her down time and time again now.

DDK:

And Troy is now climbing the ropes!

Angus:

Don't make sexual joke. Don't make sexual joke. Don't make sexual joke.

DDK:

You okay?

Angus:

For now.

[Troy reaches the top of the turnbuckle as Keyes climbs back up to his feet. He turns towards Troy and the Queen flies off the top rope, connecting with a flying crossbody! Both competitors go down hard as the fans continue to chant Troy on. She slowly rises to her feet and rolls Keyes in before sliding in after him. Keyes, grabbing his head, tries to get up to his feet only for Troy to stomp at him. Keyes grabs her foot after the third kick though and he connects with a body slam! Troy tries to get up only for Keyes to rip her up off the ground and nails her with a Full Nelson Slam!]

DDK:

These two are going toe to toe with one another with neither willing to give an inch to the other one!

Angus:

An inch...

DDK:

Hey now...

[Keyes gets back up to his feet though Troy isn't far behind him, her body feeling the effects of the punishment Keyes has doled out. Troy turns towards Henry, who is ready for her as he goes for the BELL CLAP! only for Troy to backbend out of the way, causing Henry's massive hands to collide with one another in a painful **BOOOOOOM!** He shakes his hands (like a Polaroid picture) as they sting sharply.]

Angus:

Oooooooh, that hurt!

DDK:

Without question as you look at the pain in Keyes face!

Angus:

And Troy makes it over to her corner and tags in Mahogany!

DDK:

I think she's wishing she took that BELL CLAP instead of having to touch Rich.

[As Troy exits the ring, she wipes her hands on the canvas, trying to get the baby oil off her hands. Meanwhile, Rich roars into the ring and tackles Keyes to the ground before pounding away at him with fist after fist! Keyes pushes Rich away, but Mahogany is quickly back on him, blasting him firmly in the face with forearm shot after forearm shot, pushing Keyes into the corner in the process. Rich follows that up with some fierce shoulders to the ribcage of Keyes.]

Angus:

Rich is letting loose some.. frustrations?

DDK:

It would appear so.

Angus:

I think he tried to lay some pickup lines down on Troy and she ain't having none of that.

DDK:

You would know best.

[Mahogany then whips Keyes across the ring and nails him with a running clothesline. As Henry stumbles out of the corner, Mahogany bounces off the ropes, connecting with a bulldog that drives Keyes to the mat! He then flips him over and goes for the cover!]

1...

2... -- NOO!

DDK:

And Rich thought he had the match there.

Angus:

That's not saying much because he thought he had Troy's phone number at one point.

DDK:

True.

[Rich drags Keyes up to his knees and pounds away at him with a few knee blasts to the face before dragging Keyes over to the corner and tagging in Holiday who drills Keyes with a stiff jab to the face. Holiday then pulls Keyes up to a standing base before scooping him and delivering a high-angle bodyslam that plants Keyes in the middle of the ring. He then bounces off the ropes and nails Keyes with a legdrop.]

Angus:

Oof. Keyes is on the wrong end of a beatdown right now. Pyre is definitely eager to get back into the ring now while Noble, he might actually be a little pleased at the beatdown that Keyes is taking.

DDK:

Maybe not pleased, but he is definitely not feeling any sympathy for his trio partner.

Angus:

After the fight last week they had, I can't say I'm surprised. Used to be men fought over a woman. Now they just fight for any bullshit reason.

DDK:

Yeah, like fighting with your announcing partner over the last Oreo cookie.

Angus:

IT WAS MINE!!

[Holiday places a boot to the ribcage of the rising Keyes, before placing him a front facelock. He lifts Keyes up in the air and nails him with a suplex. He then rolls him over, his arm still connected with Keyes before pulling him back up off the mat and nails him with another suplex. He rolls him over one last time before getting him back up to his feet and connects with a third suplex! Holiday then goes for the cover as Navarro slides into position.]

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOO!

DDK:

That was close there!

Angus:

Very close! Keyes needs to get one of his partners in here!

[Holiday slaps the mat, wanting to have put Keyes away there. He rises back up to his feet and starts to bring Keyes up with him, but Henry is ready for him as he nails him with a few stiff elbows to the jaw. Holiday stumbles backwards which gives Keyes the chance to get back up to his feet. Holiday rushes at Henry only to be met with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Keyes fights back up to his feet and his eyes firmly planted on Holiday who quickly stumbles back up to his feet.]

Angus:

Keyes is rubbing his hands together. Holiday is about to be in a world of hurt here!

DDK:

We might need a new Southern Heritage Champion in a moment!

[Holiday then turns towards the waiting Keyes. Keyes' arms swing out and then in at a speed faster than light, but instead of his hands colliding with Holiday, he ends up missing again as Holiday ducks!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM~!**Angus:**

OH MY!

DDK:

Oh, that has got to HURT!

Angus:

Looking at Keyes face? Oh, yeah. Yeah.

[Keyes turns around, cursing at everything in sight, his hands throbbing as if he put them on a hot burner. Henry turns around only for Holiday to be ready for him and picks him up in the fireman's carry!]

DDK:

TRAIN WRECK is on its way!

Angus:

Or not, as Keyes is slamming his elbow into Holiday's jaw there. Two... three times! Ouch. And Holiday has to let him down.

[Holiday grabs his jaw, in a world of pain, before he turns around only for Keyes to be ready for him and tosses him into the air and nails him with an elevated uppercut!]

DDK:

And both men are down here! Keyes just rocked Frank's world with that elevated uppercut. Henry's hands are SCREAMING at him after lifting Holiday up like that!

Angus:

Frank might need his jaw examined after this bout.

DDK:

Both men are on the canvas, trying their best to stir and get to their corner.

[Hector checks on both of them as Holiday is simply trying to get up off the mat. Henry though seems to be a little bit more alert as he crawls to the middle of the ring before leaping across the ring towards his corner, hand extended. Noble SLAPS Keyes' hand as hard as possible to make the tag, which only brings Henry more pain.]

Angus:

I can't tell if Noble did that on purpose or was eager to get in the ring.

DDK:

I don't think Keyes cares. He's not happy!

Angus:

More like a BRIGHT RED BALL of PISS AND VINEGAR, Keeps.

[David, meanwhile, roars into the ring and clotheslines a rising Frank Holiday! Holiday quickly climbs back up to a standing base only for Noble to drill him in the face with a forearm before he whips him across the ring and connects with a running clothesline! Noble then begins to stomp away at Holiday, targeting his left knee in the process!]

DDK:

And the ferocity of Noble's kicks seem to tell me that he is unleashing some fury at Holiday for the way that Frank attacked his injured knee a few weeks ago.

Angus:

Can't say I blame him either!

[Noble then drags Holiday out of the corner and plants him with a facebuster! He then goes for the cover.]

1...

2... -- NOO!

Angus:

Going to need to put Holiday through more pain than that. Come on, Noble, you've got it in you.

DDK:

There is no quit in the kid as he is back up on his feet and bringing Holiday up with him.

[Noble then whips Holiday into the ropes and goes for a clothesline but the Southern Heritage Champion manages to duck it. David turns around just in time though as Holiday comes sprinting off the ropes and drills him with a spear to put Noble's momentum on hold! Frank rolls onto his back, grimacing a bit before he leans over and tags in Rich Mahogany! Rich comes back into the ring and plants his boot into David's face before he reaches down and tries to bring David up to his feet. Noble is quick to the draw though as he puts Rich into a triangle choke!]

DDK:

And Noble has got that locked in well as Rich is thrashing about!

Angus:

Rich just barely got out of that thanks to some well placed fists to the ribcage of Noble!

[Both men quickly fight back to their feet with Noble drilling him with a jab which he follows quickly with a knee to the midsection. He then whips Mahogany into the ropes and Rich is met with an elbow to the throat for his efforts! Rich drops to one knee, clutching his throat in pain as Noble bounces off the ropes and nails him with an enzuigiri! Mahogany drops face first into the mat as Noble makes his way over to his corner and tags in Stockton.]

DDK:

Been a bit since Pyre was in this match. You know he's anxious to get back to work!

Angus:

You sure that's not just the crabs he got last week?

DDK:

I'm... sure? Wait, what is happening between Keyes and Noble?

[While Stockton is stomping away at Rich, Noble is exiting the ring as Henry calls him out for the hard tag earlier.]

Henry Keyes:

What the hell was that?! Trying to injure me out there?!

David Noble:

Hey man, I was just trying to get in the ring. The adrenaline was pumping. It wasn't meant to be a shot on you.

Henry Keyes:

Uh huh.

[Stockton shoots both men a look, wanting them to get their head back in the game. He then turns his attention back to Rich who fires away with a series of fists that surprised Pyre! Stockton starts fighting back as both men are circling the ring, mere centimeters away as Rich is eager to dole out some more punishment to the masked man. Stockton then drills his knee HARD into the midsection of Rich before nailing him with another knee, this time to the face and Mahogany goes down in a heap!]

DDK:

Oof, Rich is going to be feeling that in the morning.

Angus:

Which is funny since Rich is the one usually delivering a shot to one's face that they will feel in the morning.

DDK:

Hey now!

[Stockton rips Rich off of the mat and whips him into the corner before walking over to the corner and planting his shoulder into the ribcage of Mahogany. After three brutal shots, Rich stumbles out of the corner only for Pyre to nail him with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Rich lands with a sickening thud as he rolls onto his stomach and clutches his back, his eyes on his foe. Pyre walks over, peels Rich off of the mat, and then plants him in the middle of the ring with a Northern Lights Bomb!]

DDK:

That has to be it. Good night Rich!

1...

2...

3-- NOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Thank God! Somehow... **some way** Rich kicked out there!

DDK:

I think even Stockton is a little shocked, but that slows him down little as he drags Rich over to his corner before tagging in Keyes.

[Henry steps into the ring and stomps away at Rich before lifting him up and slamming him into the corner. He turns around, wraps his arm around Rich's head and bulldogs him out of the corner! Rich is slow to his feet as Henry stalks him and as Mahogany rises, he is met with a Full Nelson slam! Rich continues to fight up to his feet as Keyes bounces off the ropes closest to him...

SLAP!

...and nails Rich with a clothesline!]

DDK:

Noble tagged himself in there!

Angus:

What?! Why did he do that?! And Keyes doesn't realize it as Rich is climbing back to his feet, blocking his view of David coming in.

[Meanwhile, Keyes is readying his hands once again, and the fans can sense what is coming as Rich turns towards Keyes. Henry, for the third time, spreads out his arms at an alarming rate and rushes them together with Rich's head meant to be sandwiched in between his hands.

Except Rich ducks the deadly blow.

But Keyes does connect with David Noble...]

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

Angus:

OH THAT WAS A SHOT! Noble is down!

DDK:

Henry Keyes had no idea that Noble was in the ring. He had not the slightest clue.

Angus:

As he looks at Noble though, there is not an ounce of remorse in Keyes face though. He's not particularly giddy about that, but I think he believes Noble got what he deserved.

DDK:

Which might be right when you consider everything!

[With his focus on Noble, Keyes fails to realize Rich coming up behind him and rolls him up in a schoolboy. The only problem, which the referee informs Rich, is that Keyes is not the legal man. No, the legal man is the man who is pulling himself up using the ropes, his free hand on his head after the brutal shot he took. Meanwhile, Pyre rushes in the ring,

only for Troy and Holiday to do the same thing and nail him with a double clothesline.]

Angus:

Things are only getting worse here for Pyre and his team, as they seem to be falling apart.

DDK:

And Noble just tackled Keyes. After that shot, he wants at his partner!

Angus:

This is pretty standard for most partners, actually.

[Fists start flying from Noble and Keyes as they maul each other, neither willing to give an inch. Troy, Holiday, and Mahogany watch in surprise as the two men tumble out of the ring, fists still flying. Billy Pepper shakes his head. Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne both look about ready to pull up some chairs and ask the fans for some popcorn and beer. Noble and Keyes both fight back to their feet again before tumbling into the audience, fists going like crazy.]

DDK:

They-- um -- someone should tell them they have a match still.

Angus:

I don't think either one of them give two flying fucks at this point.

DDK:

Point.

[Pyre rises back to his feet, looking out at the crowd in disbelief as his team has seemingly abandoned him. He then turns around and is met by the team of Holiday, Troy, and Mahogany. Stockton's face drops.]

Angus:

Well, this isn't going to end well. This is going to end worse than the time you woke up and realized that the Jennifer Lawrence look-a-like was actually a pre-op tranny.

DDK:

I can't believe you.

[Instead of fighting, Pyre decides he's over this match: he rolls out of the ring and starts to walk towards the back. Hector starts to count him out, but this doesn't last for long as Frank comes flying out of the ring and grabs Pyre by the back of the neck.]

Frank Holiday:

Where d'you think you're going, brah?

[Before Pyre can react, he is forcibly whirled around and thrown right back in the ring!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHH!

DDK:

And Stockton intended to walk out of here, but his opponents, namely Frank Holiday, have no intention of letting that happen!

Angus:

This is not going to be pretty, people. Hide yo' kids, hide yo wife!

[With Pyre back in the ring, Holiday slips in after him and kicks him squarely in the midsection, before lifting him up into a Fireman's Carry and nails him with the TRAIN WRECK!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Good night, good luck! Train Wreck on Pyre from Holiday and now all that is needed is the pinfall.

Angus:

I think there is a little more punishment coming his way first though.

[Troy, running on adrenaline and ignoring the discomfort from her ribs, flips Pyre over and immediately locks in the Divine Right! She only holds the move for a few moments before releasing him from it, but the damage has been done. Rich then peels Pyre off the mat and kicks him in the midsection before nailing the Sex Plex as Hector Navarro slides in for the count.]

1...

2.

3!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners by pinfall... TEEEEEEEEAM HOLIDAAAAAAAY!

DDK:

And that will do it! Pyre takes the fall, Rich gets the victory!

Angus:

These six all fought hard, but the tension between Keyes and Noble was too much for them in the end as they are, somewhere in New Orleans probably, beating the living shit out of one another!

[Rich Mahogany, Frank Holiday, and Lindsay Troy assemble in the ring (Frank acting like a human shield between Troy and Mahogany) to celebrate their victory, as Stockton Pyre makes a strategic withdrawal to ringside. Billy, Tyler, and Wade look on in approval. Glancing back with jaw clenched in pain and barely contained anger, Pyre locks eyes with Frank Holiday and aims a damning finger at him. Ringside cameras catch his muttered words...]

Stockton Pyre:

You won a battle, Frank. But the war will be mine! You will feel the fire!

[In response, Holiday raises his Southern Heritage Title in one hand, slaps the plate, and points a thumb back at himself.]

DDK:

Next time we see these mortal enemies face each other, the stakes are going to be much, much higher, Angus.

Angus:

Can't wait to see Pyre slap the smug off Holiday's face!

[Fade to commercial.]

Rank up your game son

[Let us assume that Jonny Booya's flight was delayed and he only just arrived at the DEFplex. Never you mind the fact that since DEF is stationary, he didn't have any reason to be flying anywhere.]

[He's still big, still obviously built to kick all the asses all the time, and his flattop is blond and perfectly flat, but his shades are no longer COOL. He's back to the old Terminator shades.]

[And he's walking up the steps to Edward White's private skybox.]

[And knocking.]

[Edward White, arms deep in assorted papers with inscrutable financial records stamped on them, looks up.]

Edward White:

Come right in Jon, I've been expecting you. Jane's running an errand for me, she's unavailable to man the door.

[This is a bit unusual.]

[Also, despite the seeming civility of his words, Edward White's voice is very neutral right now.]

[Booya swings open the door and sits down in front of White's desk.]

Jonny Booya:

Bo, Ah want a match 'gainst Efddeejay at th' payperview.

White:

...again, please.

[Booya takes a breath, and then carefully speaks in normalpersonese.]

Booya:

Boss, may I have a match against Frank Dylan James at Executive Decision?

[White smiles and clasps his hands.]

White:

There, see? You're as capable of unsupervised functioning as any of my other employees and live investments. All you had to do was slow down just a bit and think.

Booya:

So, can Ah...

White:

Jonny.

[The tone in the voice of the Bo\$\$ silences Booya in one instant.]

White:

There is no 'may you' or 'can you' about a match against Frank Dylan James. You have a match. You had the match before you even asked for it. And let me tell you something about that match, Jon.

[Jonny Booya stands at attention.]

White:

I made a significant investment in you, and so far? It hasn't paid off. Now, don't get too alarmed, but don't you fail to be alarmed at all, either. Asset sometimes need to develop, and in fact, sometimes one incurs losses while waiting, because of the chance of a significant net gain in the future. But if that net gain doesn't look to be forthcoming, one may simply cut one's losses and dispose of the asset. I am not going to dumb a word of that down for you by the way.

[Booya swallows.]

White:

Your match against Frank Dylan James is going to be used as a test. You will, of course, be allowed to play to your strengths - the match will not be under Frank's usual no-DQ rules, and in fact the referee in question will be under order to enforce the rules strictly. Against the both of you.

[White pauses. Booya has placed his arms behind his back, and stands straight, just like he did back in the old days of being Kai Scott's serious business bodyguard, before he discovered the joys of being a bellowing rednecktard.]

White:

I expect victory. And I demand it as well. Should you fail to defeat Frank Dylan James in a standard rules singles match, our working relationship will be ended. Are we clear?

[Zoom in on Jonny Booya's face.]

[Worry runs across it. And for just the briefest second, surliness. Then he nods.]

Booya:

Clear.

White:

Good. That's all.

[Booya turns to leave.]

White:

By the way, Jon - it's in your best interest not to make a mess of this match. Dan hasn't been shy of telling me what he thinks of teaming with a man of your... communication skills.

[That surliness appears again, and at a certain flicker of the light, Jonny resembles his cousin Jeff.]

[But he nods.]

Booya:

Heard.

Eugene Dewey & Dusty Griffith vs. Jonny Booya & Dan Ryan

Quimbey:

The following contest is our main event of the evening!

RAHHH!

Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

[Funky Shit by Prodigy.]

Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Quimbey:

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Angus:

Blah blah blah meathead.

DDK:

Feeling lazy, Angus?

Angus:

Yep.]

[Booya rises up to his feet and the smile that his own biceps brought to his face fades, replaced by a scowl as he views the arena through a pair of shades that is less COOL than the other pair of shades he had that were so rudely taken from him.]

Angus:

This all looks familiar.

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

Angus:

Definitely familiar...

[Prodigy begins to fade as Booya gets to his feet, stomping around the ring as he hollers insults and points at random

with the lack of time spent together over the last few weeks something might have come unstuck.

Angus:

You could say they're singing from the same hymnbook, but they're on completely different pages.

DDK:

That's incredibly apt.

Angus:

I can be insightful when I want to be... or when it's necessary because Damien fucked up and you ended up explained the situation and it needed summing up.

[Dewey makes his way down the ramp, forgoing the waving that he usually would do again until he reaches the ringside area. Dewey's not a stupid man though, so stops there and awaits the arrival of his tag team parter.]

Quimbey:

And his partner...

[Cue those drums that signal the coming storm of war.]]

Quimbey:

Weighing in at 290 pounds... He hails from the BOISE, IDAHO!... He is the REIGNING and DEFENDING... DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!... DUUUSSTY GRRRRRIFFFFFFFFFFH!

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

♪ Hey, hey, hey, hey, YEAH! ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The place erupts as Dusty Griffith slowly, confidently, strides out from behind the curtains and out on to the stage. Stepping to the edge of the stage, he pulls open his ring jacket, revealing the DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship that is wrapped snugly around his waist. Reaching down, he hooks his thumbs into the belt as he looks down and then back up at the crowd with a knowing smile as he preens a little, basking in the moment.]

DDK:

On paper the FIST and the World champ should be the best tag team in the history of this company.

Angus:

You'd think, but there's always the chance egos could get in the way.

Angus:

When they're against The Ego Buster and Jonny Booya? I think they'll be safe.

[Dusty meets up with Eugene and together they slide into the ring. Both pose for the fans before heading to their corner to discuss strategies.]

Ding Ding Ding!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

And we're underway with our main event of Jonny Booya and Dan Ryan versus the FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey and the DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith.

[TWO!]

[THREE!]

[FOUR!]

[FI-Booya slips his arms between Dewey's legs and walks out of the corner with Eugene on his shoulders!]

DDK:

Booya Bomb!

[But before Jonny can powerbomb Dewey through the mat Eugene hops up over the head of the Duke Nukem lookalike and lands on his feet behind him. Dewey reaches back almost before Booya realises what's happened and drops Jonny with a neckbreaker!]

Angus:

Boy, that was a rude awakening.

DDK:

REFERENCES!

[Again Eugene pulls Booya up, but this time Jonny buries his shoulder into Eugene's midsection and drives him back into the corner of the ring. He thrusts a shoulder deep into Dewey's midsection not once, not twice but three times before whipping the FIST across the ring with such force that even Jonny leaves his feet. Eugene turns into the turnbuckles and bounces out of the corner, collapsing to his knees as he does so.]

DDK:

Dewey whipped into the buckle with authority.

Angus:

Keebler's commentary with no originality.

[Jonny crosses the ring and hits Dewey with a straight shot to the chin that knocks the FIST down to the mat. Booya places a foot on the side of Dewey's face and stands on him, using the ropes to give himself a little bit more leverage. Benny Doyle starts his count, but is forced to break it when Jonny removes his foot from Dewey's head. But then he only removes it so he can stomp it back down onto the head of the FIST after giving himself a bit of height with the help of the middle rope.]

BOOO

DDK:

Boy, this fans don't appreciate Jonny Booya's attempts to ground the FIST.

Angus:

I think you mean BOYAHHHHH!

[After grinding Dewey's face with the sole of his boot Jonny postures to crowd again before turning and smiling at Dusty Griffith.]

Jonny Booya:

'Ey Dusty! Watch this, Boyah!

[Jonny pulls Eugene up by the hair, hooks him up for a suplex and lifts him up with ease! He holds the FIST up...]

[And holds him...]

[And holds him...]

[And holds him...]

[A smattering of fans start to applaud the feat of strength by Booya, afterall, holding 260lbs of man upside down for so long isn't easy no matter how strong you are.]

DDK:

Tremendous feat of strength from Booya!

Angus:

Can you imagine how red Dewey's face is gonna be when he comes down?

[And come down he does. Hard.]

[The fans can't deny the impressiveness of the stalling vertical suplex and do applaud Jonny, but that soon turns to jeers as he cockily covers Dewey with a foot on his chest and flexes both arms.]

[ONE!]

[TWO!]

[Dewey easily pushes a shoulder up and rolls towards Dusty Griffith.]

DDK:

Dewey's looking for the tag.

Angus:

And Booya looks like he's going to let him make it...

Jonny Dewey:

Go ahead, Boyah! I want tha champeen!

[Eugene seems unsure over whether or not to make the tag, but he does so without any prevention from Jonny and exits the ring as Dusty Griffith steps in confidently.]

DDK:

Booya actually asked for the world champion.

Angus:

Well after last week can you blame him?

Jonny Booya:

I'mma show you who the real champ is!

[Dusty circles Jonny before the two tie up. Jonny tries to overpower the champ, but Griffith ducks behind him and takes his back. Dusty pushes Jonny into the ropes and bounces him back, rolling him up for a pin as he does!]

[ONE!]

[TW-Booya powers out and pushes Dusty right back towards the ropes!]

DDK:

He's not gonna put Booya down like that. Not when he's got so much power in his legs.

[Dusty stops himself from falling from the ring by grabbing the ropes and turns to see Booya getting to his feet. The champ closes the gap between the two of them and looks to tie up again, but Jonny sticks a thumb out and jams it into the champ's eye!]

BOOO!

Angus:

He doesn't want to wrestle the champion. He just wants to hurt him.

[Booya ignores the admonishment from Benny Doyle and snapmares Dusty down to the mat. He rakes Dusty's face and pulls back on his nose until the count of 4 when he releases the modified face claw and adjusts to the rear chinlock. Dusty doesn't stay on the mat for long though and forces his way up to his feet. Griffith throws a couple of elbows back into the midsection of Booya and breaks the lock. He runs for the ropes but Jonny reaches out, grabs two handfuls of hair and pulls Dusty down to the mat!]

BOOO!

DDK:

Benny Doyle has to do something about Booya's flagrant disregard for the rules.

Angus:

What can he do other than warn him?

[Booya doesn't even bother letting go of Dusty's hair as he uses it to pull the champ back to his feet. He lifts Dusty's head and gets all up in his grill.]

Jonny Booya:

I told you I'll show you who the real champ is!

[All of a sudden Dusty comes to life and breaks Jonny's grip on him. He lands a right hand that stuns Booya and then unleashes a chop that echoes around the Wrestleplex!]

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And another!]

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CRACK!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A series of chops knocks Jonny back into the corner of the ring where Dusty unleashes a flurry of them, lighting up the

chest of the Muscle- Moron.]

DDK:

The champ is just going to town on Booya!

[Dusty grabs Jonny by the head and leads him into his corner where he tags out to Eugene. Dewey steps into the ring and together with Griffith whips Jonny across the ring. The join arms and double clothesline Booya down to the mat when he bounces back at them and then drop synchronised elbows down across his chest!]

DDK:

The champs working well as a team.

[Eugene pulls Booya up to his feet and pushes him back into the corner that Dusty is currently exiting the ring in. Dewey calls for a quick tag and Dusty comes right back in. Both Eugene and Dusty lift Booya out of the corner and drop him with a double gut buster and now it's Eugene's turn to exit the ring.]

Angus:

See, here's the double standards with you Keebs, why is it fine for these two to break the rules but not for Booya?

DDK:

They're well within the rules. They're tagging, and they're leaving the ring before the count of 5.

Angus:

Don't take this as me rooting for Booya, by the way. I just feel compelled to call you put on your bullshit hypocrisy.

[Dusty reaches over and tags right back out to Eugene, who steps back into the ring and smiles at the Champion. Booya doesn't have much time to clutch at his gut and Eugene and Dusty pull him up again and take him over with a double suplex!]

[Eugene quickly gets into the cover as Dusty exits the ring!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[T-Jonny kicks out!]

[Dewey doesn't waste any time in pulling Jonny up to his feet and sends him into the ropes. Dewey throws a clothesline as Booya comes back, but Jonny ducks the attempt and comes off of the opposite ropes. He charges back at Eugene, who ducks and elevates Booya with a back body drop! He turns around to Booya and gets blindsided by Dan Ryan with an axehandle!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wait, Benny Doyle's suggesting there was a tag!

Angus:

That's experience for you, Keebs. Ryan made the blind tag and now he's the legal man

[Booya rolls from the ring to lick his wounds as Dan Ryan stalks Eugene on the mat. Dewey starts to crawl towards his corner where Dusty reaches in for a tag, but Ryan stomps down on Eugene's spine before stepping over the fist and sits down in the small of his back. He wraps his hands around Eugene's chin and pulls back with a camel clutch.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan is making Eugene look at his partner while he stretches him out.

Angus:

Notice this though, Keebs. Deweys trapped in a submission move, and a pretty basic one at that.

DDK:

Do you think this has anything to do with the FIST match at the PPV?

Angus:

Probably.

[Ryan pulls back on the camel clutch as Eugene reaches out for Dusty. Their hands are a good few inches away, but Ryan doesn't want to take any chances and releases the hold. He quickly grabs Eugene's foot and drags him back towards the Blood Diamonds corner where grabs Dewey's arm and locks in a Fujiwara armbar.]

Angus:

Alright, Eugene, This is a fujiwara. Not a kimura... although something tells me you might be feeling that soon as well...

[Still though Dan doesn't hold Eugene in the hold for too long, but it's still apparent that Eugene has no answer for the armbar. Ryan pull Dewey to his feet and pushes him back into the corner. He drives a back elbow into the side of Dewey's head and wraps his arm around the head of the fist. He pulls Dewey from the corner and lifts him before dropping him with a brainbuster!]

DDK:

YOu think there might be a little bit of one upsmanship going on between Ryan and Booya?

Angus:

Maybe, but I think this is more about sending a message to Griffith. Ryan's basically telling him "Look what I can do to your friend."

DDK:

That's a little obvious, don't you think?

Angus:

Yeah, but we're in a hurry, so fuck it.

[Ryan sits Dewey up and locks in a full nelson which he actually uses to lift Eugene up to his feet. He shakes Dewey around in the hold for a few seconds before lifting the FIST and driving him into the mat with a full nelson slam!]

Angus:

Seriously, Ryan is dominating the FIST right now.

DDK:

Yeah, all off a cheap shot. Remember back in Canada? That was pretty much Dan's Modus Operandi.

[Ryan drops to his knees and slowly covers Eugene!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[THRE-Dusty Griffith breaks the pin up with a stomp to the back of Ryan!]

Angus:

I think Dusty actually saved Eugene there...

[As Benny Doyle pushes Dusty from the ring Jonny Booya enters while Dan Ryan sits the FIST up. Ryan exits the ring and claps his hands together over his head while Booya locks in a dragon sleeper and pulls Dewey up. Benny turns around to see Booya drop Dewey with a reverse DDT. He looks confused but Dan Ryan assures him that a tag was made.]

DDK:

Hey come on! How can you take their word on that?

[Booya sits Dewey back up and drives a headbutt into the crook of his neck. Over and over again Booya blasts Dewey with his brick like head before laying the FIST on the mat and getting to his feet so that he can drop a leg down across his throat. Booya covers Dewey and Doyle counts!]

[ONE!]

[TWO!!]

[Dusty back in to break up the count!]

DDK:

And the same thing happens again! Booya and Ryan are just swapping behind Doyle's back!

Angus:

Well... at least the legal man is back in the ring.

DDK:

That's not the point!

Angus:

It is kind of the point...

[Ryan applies a sleeper hold to Dewey and cranks on it as Doyle turns around. Again Benny looks confused as Dusty shouts about the Blood Diamonds switching places, but both Ryan and Booya nod when asked if they made a tag. Doyle accepts their version of events and checks on Dewey, who seems to be fading fast.]

DDK:

This could well be it...

[Doyle raises Dewey arm once...]

[It falls.]

[A second time...]

[It falls..]