

The List, and how You ain't on it!

[Earlier this afternoon, we find ourselves watching footage shot at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex.]

[Specifically, the Wrestler's Entrance.]

[You know the one.]

"I'm tellin' yous both, ya ain't on the list."

[Eric Dane.]

[Kelly Evans.]

[Incredulous looks simmering over both of their faces.]

"So scram, before I have the boys come out here an' do a number on the both'a yous."

[Across from the Baws and the Baddest Bitch stands a giant of a man. He looks and sounds more like a member of the Legitimate Businessmen's Club, but he's dressed in the uniform of the Diamond Protection Services, earpiece and blackout glasses and all.]

Eric Dane:

Are we doing this again? Really?

DPS Goon: [glaring at Dane]

Quiet, you.

[The big monkey places a finger to his earpiece, at once his attention is on the tiny microphone as he waves off DEFIANCE's power couple.]

DPS Goon: [respectful]

Yessir, go ahead DPS1.

[He nods.]

DPS Goon:

Uh-huh.

[He nods again, with fervor.]

DPS Goon:

Uh-huh. Yessir, absolutely!

[Dane and Evans share a look of pure rage mixed with outright confusion. Back to our regularly scheduled programming, and the big fella is addressing the tumultuous twosome again.]

DPS Goon: [nodding to Kelly]

You can come in. Mr. White wants ta see yous.

[Her eyebrow shoots up.]

DPS Goon: [nodding to Dane]

You can go fuck yaself.

[Fire flashes in Dane's eyes. Kelly turns and presses him backward a couple of steps before something unneeded

happens.]

Kelly Evans:

What's the play here, Eric?

[Dane snorts.]

Eric Dane:

I dunno, Kels. I really don't know.

Kelly Evans:

You want me to call a few of the boys? Do something stupid?

[Dane grimaces.]

Eric Dane:

Nah. Do it his way. Watch for the con. The *long* con. I'll make some calls, find out what the lawyers think, see what kind of leverage we do or don't have.

Kelly Evans:

Are you sure?

Eric Dane:

You're a big girl, now, Kels, you're ready for all of this and more. Now go see if you can make that arrogant prick show his hand so I know what the consequences of pushing all in is gonna be.

[She reaches up and pecks him on the cheek.]

Kelly Evans:

Done. [She turns toward the Goon] Alright, fucko, outta my way!

[The Matriarch of DEFIANCE shoulders past the goon and into the inner-workings of the DEFplex. Dane watches her all the way in, before returning his attention to the big fuck holding the clip-board list in front of him.]

Eric Dane:

If anything happens to her, I'm holding you personally accountable, and trust me, you don't want for me to be holding you accountable to anything bigger than a meatball sub, capiche?

[A tense second passes. The Goon nods. Dane sneers.]

[Cut.]

Masato Ishimaru vs Suicidal Youth

[Cold open.]

[Suicidal Youth is already in the ring, stretching his out his limbs and staring up to the entrance.]

DDK:

Fans, for those of you who are already joining us, this match is a defiancewrestling.com exclusive, also for our live fans obviously. Starting things off tonight we have Suicidal Youth...

Angus:

This bodes well for Suicidal Youth. From Parts Unknown Keeps?

DDK:

I don't think that's particularly relevant.

[The Heavy Downpicking of Constant Autumn by Gridlink bring Masato Ishimaru out from behind the curtain. Noticeably he is carrying a cactus covered in barbed wire.]

DDK:

I think one Masato Ishimaru is going to have to learn the difference between deathmatch and relaxed rules. Neither of which this match happen to be!

Angus:

Spoilsport.

[He pauses momentarily as the tech grind takes off before running down to the ring and doffing his Black Denim vest and rolling in to the ring. Immediately referee Carla Ferrari descends upon him admonishing him to get his "object" out of the ring. Ishimaru smiles broadly, bowing and offering the Cactus to her.]

DDK:

Eastern Hospitality one could assume?

[Ding, Ding, Ding.]

[Suicidal Youth and Ishimaru lock up. Ishimaru shoves Suicidal Youth back, circling around him.]

[Coming in for another lock up, Ishimaru delivers a solid boot to the midsection, going in to a top wristlock.]

Angus:

I could've sworn this guy came to the ring with a cactus.

DDK:

He's getting a feel for the American Competition.

Angus:

Parts. Unknown.

[Ishimaru works Youth back into the ropes, whereupon the referee calls for the clean break, and gets it. Ishimaru double palms Youth's chest before backing away rolling his shoulders. They meet again in the middle of the ring, With Ishimaru once again gaining the upper hand, this time however instead of working towards the ropes, He leans in deep and whips Youth hard into the corner]

[Running to the opposite corner, Ishimaru barrels ahead full steam, connecting with a leaping elbow strike in the corner, slumping Youth seated in the same said corner.]

DDK:

Ishimaru really building up a head of steam here.

[Charging back across the ring again, he steamrolls forward with a cannonball Senton, haphazardly crashing down on to Youth.]

Angus:

I'm being told by sources, that move has a jappy name!

DDK: [Scoffing]

Sources. You just don't want to bother to say GANBATTE!

Angus:

How international of you.

[Youth rolls out of the ring. With Ishimaru quickly in toe. Ishimaru slamming Youth's head in to the apron, before summarily whipping him hard into the guardrail.]

DDK:

A count being administered here.

[Ishimaru continues to lay elbows into Suicidal Youth as he sags against the rail. Pulling a table out from under the ring, He yanks Youth off of the guardrail and pulls it so that the table is laid across the apron and the guardrail.]

DDK:

I think that Carla has seen enough, and she's calling for the bell.

Angus:

Ishimaru doesn't GORRAM care.

[Laying Suicidal Youth on the table, and administering a few more good shots. He heads to the top rope. Playing to the crowd. Yelling in Japanese!]

KEEEERRRRUNCH!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

He may have just killed Suicidal Youth!

Angus:

Totally befitting his name!

DDK:

A Double Diving Knee Drop through the table, and even though this one is going down in the books as a Double DQ, Ishimaru has made his opening statement tonight!

[Ring crew comes to help Suicidal Youth out, as Ishimaru slaps a few eager hands and wanders to the back.]

[Quickly and without warning the feed cuts black, it's time for you to switch on over to Hulu to check out the main show!]

The Rundown

[Red and silver lights flashing all over the fucking place!]

[Sparkling white pyros shooting up and down the ramp!]

[The staircase up to Ed White's skybox lit up in flashing lights like it's some kind of stairway to heaven!]

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome, officially, to DEFIANCE television 44! I'm your host, "Downtown" Darren Keebler, alongside "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland, and we've got a tremendous lineup ready for all our fans, both here in the DEFIANCE Multiplex and watching us on Hulu Plus!

Angus:

But more importantly Keebs, you wanna tell us what the FUCK we just saw?

DDK:

Well, we had an exclusive match featuring the debut of Masato Ishimaru, and-

Angus:

Not *that*. OK, so it's like, the BAWS Eric Dane showed up, and he was with Kelly Evans, and White had a DPS guy the size of Idaho guarding the door. He didn't let Dane into the arena, but he kind of made Kelly enter!

DDK:

Fallout from White's Conflict of Interest order against Dane, I imagine. Fans, if for some reason you didn't catch Executive Decision-

Angus:

Or if you've got a horrible memory. Or if you're too stupid to understand what you're watching.

DDK:

Or if you didn't catch Executive Decision, at the conclusion of the show, Edward White had a legal order served to Eric Dane, barring him from associating with the live product of DEFIANCE due to a Conflict of Interest.

Angus:

It's below the belt Keebs, seriously. I mean, okay, maybe Eric shouldn't have jumped the line and given himself a shot at the World Title, but you remember how Jeff Andrews just appointed himself and all his friends champions back in the day? Eric didn't resort to *lawyers* to solve that problem. He solved it in the ring. Like a real wrestler should. LIKE IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FUCKING DONE! Look at White all smug up there in his gorram skybox.

[Yes, Edward White is up in his skybox, accompanied as always by Jane Lora Katze and Nicky Corozzo. Right now he's too busy doing... something or other... to even regard the peons in the stands.]

Angus:

But enough of that, it's too early in the show for my blood pressure to be this high. So let's talk matches!

DDK:

Lets.

Angus:

We got ourselves a HYOOJ main event coming up, when OUR HOSS OVERLORDS take on our very own WURLD CHAMPEEN Mayberry, alongside a fat nerd and Effdeejay!

DDK:

What Angus means to say is that tonight, non-title in our main event, Team HOSS - still undefeated, still the Trios champions - takes on reigning World Champion Dusty Griffith, reigning FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey, and their

friend and stablemate Frank Dylan James! As for other stuff we've got lined up for tonight, in our semi-main event it's the third meeting between The Egobuster Dan Ryan, and Troy Matthews.

Angus:

Dan's gonna kill him. Next.

DDK:

I wouldn't write Matthews off so easily Angus. For one thing, he's been hanging around with Ty Walker as part of the Skybreakers, and for another thing, he's already beaten him once! That's why Ryan/Matthews is a 'thing' in the first place, remember?

Angus:

um...no.

DDK:

Well of course. We've got the unlikely team of Frank Holiday and David Noble taking on the Blood Diamonds team of Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo. Holiday is fresh off retaining the Southern Heritage title against Stockton Pyre who is no longer in DEFIANCE for reasons I don't think have been explained.

Angus:

That stuff just happens sometimes, don't sweat it Keeps.

DDK:

We've got a singles match between Henry Keyes and Jake Donovan.

Angus:

Keyes is alright. Donovan is a flippydoo fucktard.

DDK:

Samuel T. Turner the Second, taking on Rich Mahogany.

Angus:

Feeling all the feels for Rich right now.

DDK:

But coming up, it's going to be the Crimson Dragon Clan taking on the Sons of the Soil in trios action...

[That is until the SOHER decides to join the party early tonight...]

[Cut to the ring.]

A New Chapter

[And then...]

[Those horns. That sassy guitar.]

[The Heavy. "How You Like Me Now".]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[The whole damn Wrestle-Plex gets on its feet and turns to the rampway, in time for the curtains to part and the Southern Heritage Champion himself to march his way into the arena, flashing a grin a mile wide.]

DDK:

The SoHer champ is here, Angus!

[Frank Holiday is wearing an unzipped black and gold Lakers hoodie over a black "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, a leather sharktooth necklace, and shiny grey Nike track pants with white Air Jordans. Slung over his shoulder are the glimmering gold plates of the Southern Heritage Title.]

Angus:

I can't believe what I'm seeing.

DDK:

You're still miffed that Holiday retained the title at Executive Decision?

Angus:

No, I can't believe there are any Lakers fans left. Of course this is Frank Holiday we're talking about so I shouldn't be surprised. "Train Wreck" indeed.

[Soaking in the love, Holiday nods his head in time with his music. After a moment, he glances back at the curtain and beckons, and out walks his best friend and manager, Billy Pepper -- who gets a mini pop of his own!]

[Billy's hair is stylishly coiffed, and he is nattily dressed in a shiny grey suit and polished leather shoes that say he's here for business and an open-collared salmon dress shirt that says he's also here to have some fun. There's a faded yellow trace of a bruise on the side of his face, but if he's in any pain he certainly doesn't show it, sporting a big smile of his own and clapping for his buddy.]

[Frank Holiday and Billy Pepper share an exploding fist bump, and then they head down the ramp, slapping hands with the fans reaching over the guardrail.]

DDK:

Looks like Billy's healing up nicely from the attack he sustained at the hands of Stockton Pyre.

Angus:

Bah, that was barely a love tap, Keebs. If Pyre had meant business, we'd still be looking for Billy's head up in the rafters.

DDK:

Uh, nice spin, but that's not how it looked at the time. Anyhow, Frank Holiday walked out of that battle triumphant, and it looks like he's here to share his victory with the fans!

[As they reach ringside, Billy splits off to climb the ring steps. Holiday breaks into a sprint, vaults onto the ring apron in one graceful leap, and slips through the ropes. Manager and client reunite in the middle of the ring, where Holiday raises the SoHer Title in the air with one hand, and throws the devil horn with the other hand.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

The DEFIAfans love this guy!

Angus:

grumblegrumble

[As camera flashes sparkle throughout the arena and the approving roar fills the air, Holiday lowers the belt down to his shoulder again. He reaches his free hand out to the side and wiggles his fingers.]

[A microphone comes sailing in from nowhere and lands ever-so-perfectly in his palm.]

Frank Holiday: [Nodding to the unseen thrower]

Thanks brah!

Off-Screen Mic Guy:

Yo.

Angus:

Did anybody catch that guy on camera? Who is that guy?!

DDK:

I don't know, and I don't think so.

Angus:

Gah! Stupid gimmicks are stupid!

[Holiday raises the mic and smiles at the crowd.]

Frank Holiday:

DEFIANCE, I'm not a particularly religious man, but I'd like to share a passage from the Bible that I think suits the situation. Ahem.

[He turns his eyes skyward, reverently.]

Frank Holiday:

"As I walked through the valley of the shadow of death, I took a look at my life and realized there's nothing left. For I've been blessing and laughing so long, that even Muhammad thinks that my mind is gone. But lo, I have never crossed a man who--"

Billy Pepper:

Frank.

Frank Holiday:

"--who didn't--" [Blinks] What?

Billy Pepper: [Exasperated]

That's not the Bible, Frank.

Frank Holiday:

Uh, yes it is, Mr. Know-It-All. It's fuckin' Proverbs.

Billy Pepper:

Yeah, no. Not even close.

[Holiday gives his manager a snotty look for this untoward interruption. Then he puts his smile back on and turns back to the crowd.]

Frank Holiday:

Anyway. What I'm trying to say is, ever since I won this belt from Tony Two-Hands, my career path has gone from chasing glory to maintaining glory. My biggest challenge to date came at Executive Decision, in the form of a very angry, very dangerous, likely perverted, masked man who wanted me dead. And I'm proud to say I overcame that challenge. I defeated the Lego Menace.

[That smile spreads from ear to ear.]

Frank Holiday:

I am still the Southern Heritage Champion, bros and brosettes! And even though I've already got more challengers linin' up ready to take me on, nothing can ruin my mood 'cuz I feel on top of the world!

[Big ovation from the Holiday fans! He lifts the mic over his head to catch the cheers. Suddenly, though, he lowers his hand and pats his hip. Frank passes the mic to Billy for a moment, pulls a Galaxy S5 from the pocket of his track pants, checks the screen, and grins. With Billy holding up the mic for him, Frank once again looks out to the arena and wags the smartphone in the air.]

Frank Holiday:

Sweet timing, guys. You know who this is? It's my girl calling to celebrate the moment with all of us! [Looks to the curtain] Hey production dudes, can you patch this through to the P.A.?

[Over by the curtain, a producer holds up a finger as he talks into an earpiece.]

Angus:

Is... is he serious? Is this really happening?

DDK:

It sure is! We're getting a thumbs-up from that producer!

[Frank throws the guy a pistol point.]

Frank Holiday:

Thanks dude! And now, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, live from L.A., my girlfriend Lexi!

Crowd:

HI LEXI!

[There's a brief pause before a female voice is heard.]

P.A. - Lexi:

Uh, what the fuck was that, Frank?

[This was clearly not the reaction he'd expected. Holiday's smile freezes momentarily.]

Frank Holiday:

That was four thousand fans in the Wrestle-Plex saying hi, babe! We're having ourselves a little party to celebrate your Southern Heritage Champion, and you are officially part of it!

P.A. - Lexi:

What are you talking about? What champion?

[There's a serious flop sweat beading up on Frank's forehead now. A few fans are snickering. Behind Frank, Billy

Pepper is facepalming hard enough to give himself another bruise. Holiday's grin is getting more and more forced as he tries to salvage this rapidly bombing situation.]

Frank Holiday:

Uh, that's me, babe! I showed you the fuckin' title belt before, remember? And that's why you called me just now, aha! You're watching me on Hulu and you wanted to congratulate me on an epic title defense!

P.A. - Lexi:

Uhh, no, I called you because it's fucking date night and you're not even in L.A. right now, apparently. God. Why do I have to chase you around like a--

[The voice cuts off at this point as Frank is goggling at the production crew, frantically slashing his throat with the edge of his hand. He looks embarrassed as he slides his phone back in his pocket. Clusters of fans are guffawing openly.]

Angus:

Awwwwwwkwaaaaaard.

DDK:

Yeah, that probably wasn't the best idea.

[Holiday grins again, but it's a real effort.]

Frank Holiday:

That was, uh, the always thoughtful and charming Lexi Rubin, ladies and gentlemen! Ahaha... Ugh. [Looks beseechingly at his manager] Billy, say something.

[Billy's eyes go wide and he points at himself.]

Billy Pepper:

Who, me? Okay, uh... [To crowd] Well, if your Southern Heritage Champion can survive that, he can survive any challenge you can throw at him!

[That gets a decent pop and some applause. Holiday mops sweat off his brow with his sleeve, mouthing a thank-you to his bro.]

DDK:

Live TV, folks. Nothing like it.

[Then, "Touch Peel and Stand" by Days of the New erupts into the Wrestle-Plex and the fans start to cheer.]

Angus:

Well, things are about to get interesting.

DDK:

Indeed. One of the guys that Frank mentioned earlier angling for his title is David Noble himself!

Angus:

Yeah, I saw the interview on the website. We all did. It's all anyone talked about for days on the end. THERE IS NEWS ON THE WEBSITE! THERE IS NEWS ON THE WEBSITE! RAWR!

DDK:

Too. Close. To. Home.

[From the back emerges David Noble, dressed in a long black shirt and a pair of blue jeans. A smile appears on his face as the fans are chanting his name. In the ring, Frank Holiday is leaning against the ropes, wearing a sly smile.]

title. So what say I? I say book that shit! Holiday versus Noble, SoHer Title on the line!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

That is an incredible announcement tonight, Angus!

Angus:

I guess Holiday isn't wasting any time trying to give that belt away, huh?

DDK:

I don't know what you're talking about, but these two men have had some pretty competitive battles already, and there's no reason to think a rematch for the title will be any less intense!

Angus:

Just one little problem, if you ask me--

[Before all of the words can leave Angus' mouth though, he is cut off by the ominous and overbearing voice of another.]

Edward White:

Ahem.

[Frank Holiday, David Noble, and the fans then look up at the **SUITE!** where Edward White is lounging and conducting his usual business for the evening. As both men look up at their boss, there does not seem to be a look of frustration or impatience on his face. No, just simply the very look that is always on Edward White's face; pure evil.]

Edward White:

It's nice of you two to try and do more than you are paid for. Except, for the fact that I pay you both to do what you're told and wrestle in the ring. The actual booking of the matches, the marketing behind them, who is qualified to wrestle for what? Not in your damn job description. You want to book a match? Then quit your job, go move to some podunk town in some pathetic flyover state, and book a bunch of fat out of shape nobodies to your little hearts' content. Just know that I think either one of you two will fail miserably at it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Even as the fans boo him, Edward's expression does not change in the least bit. Instead, he keeps charging on.]

Edward White:

Now, don't get me wrong. I am a man that wants to give the fans what they want. Just, you know, when I deem it to be the smartest and most financially appropriate. I clearly can't expect these fans to understand either of those things. Business sense is in your blood... refined, rich blood. Still, I know a good match when I see one. Frank Holiday versus David Noble? That's a good match. Hell, if that match were, say, for the Southern Heritage Championship now that... that would be a great one. Except I see one problem with that and that problem is you, David Noble.

[Holiday blinks, surprised, and glances from White to Noble. David holds his hands open, not sure what the problem here is.]

Edward White:

You see, David, you have yet to win a match. We are not in the business of giving people who can't score even ONE victory a chance at the titles around here. Just doesn't make good business sense, you see. We can't go around whoring out our titles to any Tom Dick or Harry. No, no, we can't have that. So, this is what I'm going to do. A compromise of sorts so no one can say that I am not a benevolent overseer. DEFTV 45, David Noble versus Frank Holiday. One on one. If Noble wins the match, he receives a title shot for the Southern Heritage Championship at WarGames!

Setting the Date

[The Skybox.]

[Edward White sits upon his high backed leather chair behind the large, formal desk, as he leans back with his forearms on the armrests and palms draped over the front ends of the rests. Layed out on the center of the desk is what appears to be a contract. The Bo\$\$ has his eyes set upon the other two gentlemen in front of him, both of whom are seated. On the left is Dusty Griffith, on the right is Dan Ryan, and standing around them is a mix of DPS agents and DEFsec... Just in case.]

Edward White:

Gentlemen, I've summoned you because we have a date to set. I promised you [looking at Ryan] your shot at him [nodding to Griffith], now I thought about having one of those fancy contract signings in the ring, make a great, big to do out of the whole affair, but lets be honest...

[Dusty cuts in with a long, deep drag of oxygen through his nose, then thumbs it. The Champion's patience for White's diatribe running thin.]

Dusty Griffith:

Let's just get on with it already! Neither one of us needs to live through another of your overblown speeches so you can hear yourself talk.

[White sneers, Dusty continues, Ryan is expressionless.]

Dusty Griffith:

You got the contract, lets do this thing.

Edward White:

Very well then, any suggestions?

Dusty Griffith:

Tonight.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[Ryan snickers at this. White however is intrigued.]

Edward White:

A fine idea, I must say. I do have you in a trios match for tonights main event, however, if you really want to do this, Mr. Griffith...

Dusty Griffith:

You're damn right I do! He's been begging and terrorizing his way into this for weeks, and now I'm tired of waiting too, so why wait any longer?

Edward White:

Hmm... I agree. Mr. Ryan?

[Ryan's arms fold across his chest as he leans back and sucks at his teeth.]

Dan Ryan:

Sorry, that doesn't work for me.

[Dusty's head snaps around to face Ryan, completely incredulous to his response. White also is confused by this.]

Edward White: [Eyebrows raised.]

That doesn't work for you?

Dan Ryan:

He's hurt. I saw his match with Dane. I want him at full strength, not... [Ryan looks Griffith up and down dismissively.]
...this.

[Dusty turns and squares up with Ryan in his chair, but Ryan keeps looking at White.]

Dusty Griffith:

You sure about that? Because if I can beat Eric Dane, I can beat you.

[OHHHHHHHHH!!]

[Ryan smiles at the corner of his mouth, turning his head ever so slightly toward Dusty, just enough to chuckle, then looks back at White.]

Dan Ryan:

I propose that our World Champion be kept out of the ring until say... DEFtv47, give him a good three weeks off from defending the title. Trios matches and tag matches should be fine...just so long as he's protected. He can get a little work in. [Ryan turns and looks at Griffith with mock sympathy.] Wouldn't want a rusty Dusty.

[Griffith's eyes narrow.]

Edward White: [Looking at Griffith, then back to Ryan.]

Dan, a word?

[White stands and motions Ryan around the side of the desk. Dusty, losing patience, looks on. White whispers in Ryan's ear, and Ryan mutters something in return, out of earshot. White doesn't look convinced, but turns and sits back down. Ryan, too, takes his seat. He looks at Dusty and smiles sweetly and cheesily, then looks back at Ed.]

Edward White:

Okay, so here's how it's gonna be.

[White looks at Dusty.]

Edward White:

This match happens at DEFtv47, the show before the next Pay-Per-View. Until then, no singles matches. No title matches, not even non-title matches. That will give you time to... [White glances at Ryan, slightly annoyed.]... heal up.

[Dusty rolls his eyes, and gets up, turning to leave.]

Dusty Griffith: [Impatiently, and just DONE with this.]

Unbelievable... Whatever man, I think I've seen about enough of this show you two are putting on. Do you need me for anything else or can I get out of here?

Edward White:

Nothing else.

Dusty Griffith:

Good. [turns to Ryan] Delaying the inevitable isn't going to change a thing.

[Dusty turns and walks out.]

[Ed White's attention goes back to Dan Ryan, who is still just looking at him, content.]

Edward White:

You're asking me to take a big chance here. He's vulnerable now. I'm not so sure this is the right move.

Dan Ryan:

Think of it as a personal favor. Look at it this way... you're eventually gonna need me to put the nail in the coffin of this thing between you and Dane, and you know it. Doing things my way can do nothing but motivate me to make sure you remain in power permanently.

Edward White: [Nodding.]

Still, I'm not usually in the business of not pressing my advantage.

Dan Ryan:

Well... let's just say... I'll owe you one.

[White nods again, though still perturbed at Ryan's choice here tonight. Before the dust can settle however, the door swings open and in comes the Matriarch of DEFIANCE. For the record, she's not amused. Not at all.]

Kelly Evans:

Alright Megabucks, here I am. What the fuck could you possibly want with little ol' me?

Edward White:

Ah yes, Ms. Evans, as charming as ever, I see. Do come in!

Kelly Evans:

Let's get one thing straight real the fuck fast. I work for Eric Dane, not you, so unless you've got some business that correlates to that, you can go fuck yourself and I can have my nails done.

[White's pearly-whites grind in an almost unnoticeable gesture.]

Dan Ryan: [Motioning with a thumb toward Evans.]

I kinda like her.

Edward White: [Looking at Ryan briefly, then back to Evans.]

Ah, well then, right to business. Speaking of the fact that you [air quotes] "work for" Mr. Dane, I've got a mighty task for you this evening...

[Fade to somebody else doing something else, somewhere else.]

[Lead by Songomi Tsunami, the Crimson Dragon Clan - big man Ryushin Zongetsu, cruiserweight Crimson Star and misplaced luchador El Serpenti - make their way to the ring.]

DDK:

The Crimson Dragon Clan - what to say about these guys?

Angus:

I've got a few things. Starting with- holy shit!

[The CDC didn't look like they were in range yet, still at the foot of the ramp. But Ned took a running start, ran up Jarvis' back to the top rope and swan dived off, crashing into the two smaller members of the CDC!]

DDK:

Well, so much for making them enter first to ensure the match starts right...

[Thresher and Jarvis quickly follow Ned out of the ring, grabbing Zongetsu before he can do any damage to the fallen Ned. Remus takes him by the head and throws him into the ringside steps. Thresher stomps his conical hat and kicks it into the stands.]

Angus:

The Thresher gives me the mixed feels so bad. I mean, look at him. Is it just me or does he not really fit in with the whole hick motif the Sons got going?

[Remus hurls Zongetsu into the ring, follows him in and tackles him into the corner. Zongetsu falls so he's sitting back in the buckle, Jarvis backs off and then comes back in with a cannonball splash.]

[On the ramp, Thresher and Ned grab Crimson Star by one arm each and drag him to ringside. On Thresher's hand signal, they Irish whip him up the ramp but hang on, and then smash him back first into the ring apron. And they do it again!]

DDK:

The Sons got the jump on the CDC in the most literal manner possible, and they've got them in a bad way! El Serpenti hasn't moved since that dive of Ned's and I think he may have cracked the back of his head on the ramp. Songomi Tsunami is trying to revive him - wait, here comes Thresher!

[The Thresher raises his hand in a fist and Tsunami backs off.]

Angus:

BOOO!! Do one of those dragonlady pantyshot kick things, don't just - oh forget it.

DDK:

Thresher setting up something on Serpenti, I think it's going to be that fall forward crucifix powerbomb he calls the Hangman's High!

Angus:

He put Mike Bell off the active roster with that!

[With a sickening CLANK, Thresher drops Serpenti on the ramp again, back-of-the-neck fist. Admiring his handiwork he strikes that pose again, raising his arms with the palms facing up.]

DDK:

Serpenti may need medical attention, someone needs to get The Thresher away from him!

Angus:

In the ring, Keeps!

[Zongetsu is sent off the ropes. Now he's no small man, weighing in the 290ish range, but Jarvis Remus *easily* lifts him up in a flapjack toss, and catches him on the way down turning it into a powerslam.]

DDK:

Stumpgrinder!

[Jarvis drags Zongetsu near the turnbuckle, and Ned climbs up it. He takes a couple deep breaths, then launches himself.]

DDK:

Crow's Murder! That's what Ned calls his 630 senton, and if that slam from Jarvis Remus wasn't going to be enough this certainly is!

[And Ned makes the cover. Hector Navarro, who never even called for an opening bell, gets down to count anyway.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

DDK:

The Sons pick up the win, but I'm worried about El Serpenti - fans we're going to go backstage while the DEFmed squad comes out to take a look at him.

[In fact, Iris Davine and her med squad are already out. Luckily, the Sons ignore them on their way backstage.]

White Knights... Ready For Action!

[Cut to a shot of the locker room, specifically the one occupied by the heroes of the Good Ship DEFIANCE.]

[The door swings open and in comes the returning World Champion, Dusty Griffith, fresh off his meeting with Edward White and Dan Ryan.]

[Further into the room, fellow White Knight and reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey looks up to see his friend and tag team partner this evening.]

[Eugene appears to have just arrived to the locker room himself, dropping his gear bag. Seeing Dusty enter the room, he gives the World Champ a nod as he approaches.]

[Dusty nods back and claps a hand on his compadres shoulder, and then takes a seat next to where the FIST had begun to station himself. Dusty groans as he lowers himself on to his seat.]

Dusty Griffith:

How you doing, brother?

[Eugene shrugs then winces as he holds his elbow and rubs the upper part of his arm.]

Eugene Dewey:

Top of the world all things considering. How about you? You've gotta be dancin' on sunshine, right?

Dusty Griffith: [nodding]

Heard... Something like that, yeah. Feel like I can beat anyone now.

[The two eye each other for a moment as that comment lingers...]

Dusty Griffith:

As soon as my neck feels like it can turn more than twenty degrees anyway.

Eugene Dewey: [snickering]

Ha, [Dewey stretches out his arm.] I know the feeling.

[A moment of silence falls over the two as both dive into their bags. Clearly Dewey has a question he wants to ask, an being unsure of how to approach the subject he decides the best course of action is to just blurt it out.]

Eugene Dewey:

You spoken to Dane since the Pay Per View?

Dusty Griffith:

Nope, and I heard he's been barred from entering the building tonight.

Eugene Dewey:

Man, that Edward White... As if taking the company wasn't enough, eh? Well I know one thing he won't get control of...

[From the bench next to him Eugene picks the FIST of DEFIANCE belt up and looks down at the face plate. Dusty smiles and nods at Euge's confidence.]

Eugene Dewey:

He sent Curtis Penn after this... Still in my hands though, ain't it?

Dusty Griffith:

Sure is, brother. White can play his games, we'll keep beating him at them.

Eugene Dewey:

You know what? I think I'm gonna pay White a visit tonight. Just to remind him his scheme didn't work and that the champ is still-

[Euge trails off as the door to the room is kicked in and the sight of the big, lumbering Hillbilly Jesus enters the scene. Ol' Frank is dressed and ready to go, because it's fight night. The best kind of night when you're Frank Dylan James.]

Frank Dylan James:

Yew boahs reddy fer a faight t'naight?

Dusty Griffith:

I could fight.

Eugene Dewey:

Me too.

[Big Frank grins maniacally, or normally for him.]

Frank Dylan James:

Ah'm gun' rip some daggum faces off!

[That brings a smile to the champions' faces, after all, it's another set of champions who need to be worries about Frank's face ripping.]

[Cut to elsewhere.]

To Feed a Beast

[Cut to the Wrestle-Plex SkyBox, a posh little office heavily enforced with members of Diamond Protection Services, protecting the one and only Edward White, as he looks dead ahead at a masked force of nature flanked by a certain Curator of Chaos.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Eddie Dante:

...what I'm saying is, we are simply TIRED of being given pathetic excuses of opponents. There is NO reason for Mushigihara to have dealt with Jed Whitewood THREE TIMES in one pay-per-view cycle. NO REASON.

[The God-Beast simply nods and utters through his mask...]

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Eddie Dante:

We feel that we've done our part in separating the wheat from the chaff in DEFIANCE, and that now is the time to put him in position to vie for championship gold.

[Eddie chuckles a little.]

Eddie Dante:

Now I'm not so presumptuous to demand he contend for the WORLD championship immediately, but we would GLADLY take, say, the Southern Heritage Championship from Frank Holiday and... well, CONTINUE to separate the wheat from the chaff, and show this company that he can carry this company on his shoulders! It's been long enough that...

Edward White:

No.

[To his credit, the Curator of Chaos doesn't recoil indignantly, or even flinch; he just looks deadpan at the BO\$\$ and stays still. Mushi... stays still, but we can't quite see how he's reacting.]

Eddie Dante:

I'm... sorry?

Edward White:

Mr. Dante. Are you at all seriously expecting me to be impressed by your client's meaningless streak of victories against hapless idiots? Do you even think that if it were at all possible I wouldn't have cut you and Mushigihara loose long ago?

Eddie Dante:

Well, that would be a foolish decision...

Edward White:

Hardly. For a fourth of your managerial contract I could take a flight to Uganda, Samoa, Tonga... every third-world cesspool in the Southern Hemisphere and sign FORTY "God-Beasts." That your monosyllabic monstrosity can tear up ninety-eight pound weaklings is hardly impressive, and frankly, I have half a mind to turn your managerial contract BACK into a wrestling contract and force you to reunite the Philosopher Kings, just to make Troy Matthews feel like he's doing anything worthwhile for this company.

[Shots fired. Dante's eyes narrow into icy blue slits, and his hand threatens to break the handle of his cane in half.]

Eddie Dante:

You will leave Troy out of this. This isn't his fight.

Edward White:

No, and it isn't yours, either. You and Mushigihara will not be receiving any title opportunities in the foreseeable future. And unless you would like to wrestle Jed Whitewood every night for the length of your contracts, I'd suggest you leave.

[With his head in his hands, Dante rises to his feet and signals to the masked monster to follow. Mushi reluctantly does so, but makes sure to snap a glance at the battalion of DPS grunts, growling in contempt.]

Eddie Dante:

You know, *EDWARD*...

[That snide reference to the BO\$\$ makes him take notice of the Curator, who stares him dead in the eye.]

Eddie Dante:

I may not have access to "any funds necessary" like you, but I have access to things that money CAN'T BUY... and I will use them to bring success to myself and Mushigihara. You WILL learn the folly in denying Eddie Dante. Mark my words. Let's go, Mushigihara.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

[The monster bellows that threatening yell towards DPS, before shaking his head and following his manager.]

[Fade back to ringside.]

Samuel T. Turner II vs Rich Mahogany

[ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" blares throughout the DEFArena.]

♪ Clean shirt, new shoes ♪
♪ And I don't know where I'm goin' to ♪
♪ Silk suit, black tie ♪
♪ I don't need a reason why ♪
♪ They come runnin' just as fast as they can ♪
♪ 'Cause every girl crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man ♪

♪ Gold watch, diamond ring ♪
♪ I ain't missin' not a single thing ♪
♪ And cuff links, stick pin ♪
♪ When I step out, I'm gonna do you in ♪

[Out struts Samuel T. Turner II.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Angus:

Samuel T. Turner...The Second!

DDK:

I know you're happy now Angus.

Angus:

I could go either way.

DDK: [rolling his eyes]

Yeah right.

Darren Quimbey:

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

[Samuel steps into the ring stares down the entranceway awaiting his opponent.]

Angus:

I hope his opponent hurries up, I need to make a phone call.

DDK:

Are you calling your babies momma?

Angus:

No, I'm calling your momma!

DDK:

Jerkhole!

[Bad Touch be the Bloodhound Gang blares through the DEFArena.]

Angus:

It's Rich Mahogany!

DDK:

Are you that excited for Rich?

Angus:

No, not really, but this is going to be great, don't you agree?

DDK:

Who are you and what have you done with the Angus Skaaland?

Angus:

Pfft!

[Rich steps out his super sexy fu-manchu glistens in the lights as does his masculine hairy chest hair.]

Angus:

He's shining so much I need to wear my shades.

[Rich starts down and looks to the crowd for his vision of sexy. As he passes by the ladies he thrusts his pelvis in there direction making there heart flutter and skip a beat.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent coming to us by way of Austin, Texas, RICH MAHOGANEEEEYYYYYY

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Turner and Rich go for a lock up. The only problem with that is that Turner's hands slide right off of Rich. Samuel looks at his hands in disgust as Rich shrugs his shoulders. Turner goes for a clothesline, but Rich ducks it and gouges Samuel's eyes. Rich then bounces off the ropes and connects with a bulldog to the mat!]

DDK:

Well, I don't think this is how Samuel T. Turner intended for this match to start off.

Angus:

With his hands covered in baby oil? Only if he is working in an asian massage parlor.

DDK:

Lots of experiences in though?

Angus:

Hopefully more experience experiencing them than Rich has working in one.

[Rich stomps at the back of Samuel's skull as Turner tries to get off the mat. Mahogany bounces off the ropes and goes for a clothesline, but Turner ducks it. He turns as Rich bounces off the ropes again and drills him in the face with a boot! Rich goes down hard and Turner grabs him by the neck before hoisting him up. He then tosses him into the nearby corner and nails him with an elbow to the side of the head! He then whips him into the opposite corner and nails him with a running splash! Rich stumbles out of the corner, rather dazed, and then falls flat on his face.]

Angus:

Quick, someone check to see if Rich has any money in his pockets. He owes me a few bucks from our last night out on the town.

DDK:

What? Why?

Angus:

With how much baby oil he wears? He's gotta make a killing to afford that stuff.

DDK:

And you know this...how?

Angus:

Barbados. Long weekend. Your mom.

[Mahogany fights back to his feet only to be met with a boot to the gut which he follows up with a stiff jab to the right hand. Rich drops to one knee from the shot, but tries to fight back with a shoulder to the ribcage of Turner. Only problem with this is that Samuel is significantly larger than Mahogany and it's the equivalent of a gnat against a giant. Turner connects with a scoop slam and then a running leg drop across the throat of Mahogany. Samuel then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

NO!

DDK:

And a close call there for Rich!

Angus:

Rich is going to have to be sma-- nope, those words just won't come out of my mouth.

DDK:

Problem?

Angus:

Yeah. Rich and smart definitely do not belong in the same sentence together.

[Samuel looks at the referee, not pleased with the result. He looks over at Rich, who is rolling onto his knees. Turner rises to his feet, bounces off the ropes, and punts Rich right in the ribs! This elicits a moan from the crowd as Rich looks like a dog who was kicked by his owner. Turner grabs Rich by the back of the neck and delivers an elbow to the side of Rich's face. Mahogany stumbles away but Samuel grabs at him and nails him with a German Suplex.]

Angus:

Yeah, this is getting ugly.

DDK:

Turner is taking it right to Rich. He is now pummeling him.

Angus:

Listen, Rich is my boy and all. Still, when I want to watch oiled up people having their ass pummeled, I just go to pornhub.com.

DDK:

Kids, do not go to that website!

[Samuel grabs at Rich, gets his hand covered in oil again, and scowls in displeasure. He yanks Mahogany up off the mat, pushes him into the corner, and goes for a headbutt, but Rich ducks out of the way. Turner turns to find Rich rushing at him. Mahogany tackles him into the corner, and climbs onto the middle rope before wailing away at Samuel. Turner pushes Rich off of him, but Mahogany fights back up to his feet. Turner comes at Rich, but Mahogany nails him with a drop toe hold.]

DDK:

What?! That was like... a real wrestling move!

Angus:

I told you that Rich had it in him. That's my boy! Not to be confused with MAI BOI!

DDK:

Sounds the same to me.

Angus:

The inflection is different. Trust me.

[Rich then flips Turner over, grabs both of his legs and splits them before nailing a headbutt to the junk.]

DDK:

Well, that's more like it.

Angus:

Damnit, Rich! We worked on this! Ugh.

[Samuel rolls over in pain as Rich then goes for the pin, his feet on the ropes for leverage. The referee looks at Rich and shakes his head, telling him to knock that off. Rich looks up at the referee and shrugs his shoulders. He gets up and decides to stomp away at Turner, but this is quickly stopped when Samuel grabs his boot and takes out his other leg. Turner then climbs up to his feet, grabbing his junk in the process to make sure it's okay, and then lifts Rich up. He nails him with a fist, a kick to the gut, and then a body slam. He then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

NOOOOO!

Angus:

Rich refuses to go down!

DDK:

That he does! He's got some cojones there.

Angus:

More than we can say about Turner right now.

[Rich gets up to his knees and crawls over to the corner. Just as he turns around he's met with a boot to the face and then Turner steps on Rich's throat as he leans on the ropes trying to escape.]

1...

2...

Angus:

He's going to crush his larynx.

3....

DDK:

C'mon ref, stop him!

4...

NO!

[Samuel moves his foot from Rich's throat and backs away. Rich begins to gather himself in the corner as he makes it to his feet. Turner sees his opportunity and rushes in splashing him again then he delivers shoulder thrusts to the midsection of Rich.]

Angus:

Oh what a knife-edge chop to Rich's chest.

DDK:

Indeed!

[Samuel looks at his hand still disgusted by all the baby oil that smothers Rich's body.]

DDK:

I bet Samuel would love a towel right about now.

Angus:

Maybe so, but it's not happening.

[Turner wipes his hand off on his knee pad to get the gunk off. He turns around only to find Rich pushing himself up in the air with help from the top rope and he delivers a dropkick of sorts to the stomach of Turner sending him backwards a few steps. As Samuel comes toward Rich, he gets stunned by a stomp to the top of his foot. Rich continues with a kick to Samuel's stomach then a european uppercut as soon as his head drops.]

DDK:

He stunned Samuel!

Angus:

This could be it!

[Rich turns, runs to the ropes, bounces off and goes as Samuel. Turner swings wild with a lariat. Rich ducks, bounces off the other ropes. Turner swings with a back elbow only to have it ducked too. Rich off the ropes, and feeling winded, jumps for a crossbody block. Caught, Samuel tries a fallaway slam on Rich, but Rich locks onto Turner and turns it into a crucifix pin attempt.]

Angus:

He's got it, this match is over!

1...

2...

NO!

[Samuel kicks out just in time.]

Angus:

That was close! We almost had an upset Keeps.

DDK:

Would it really be considered an upset?

Angus:

I dunno, maybe so...hell no, if Samuel won, then it would be an upset!

[Samuel's up only to get bitchslapped by Rich into the corner. Turner rubs his jaw with a dazed look as Rich comes flying into the corner connecting with a jumping high knee that sends him over the top rope. He catches himself on the ring apron as Samuel drops to his knees.]

[Rich gyrates and gestures to the crowd, not paying attention to Samuel who's crawled to Rich's corner and grabbed his bottle of baby oil.]

Angus:

No! No! No! He can't do this!

[Rich begins to enter the ring. Samuel flips the top on the bottle. Rich enters the ring. Samuel turns and lets a solid stream flow into Rich's face blinding him.]

DDK:

That's it, the referee saw it. Mark Shields is calling for the bell!

Angus:

That was so wrong on so many parts Keeps!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner via DQ, RICH MAHOGANEEEEYYYYYY!

DDK:

Oh wait, look Angus, this isn't over!

[Samuel picks up the blinded Rich and starts paint brushing him.]

Angus:

C'mon man, this isn't needed!

DDK:

For once we agree Angus.

[Samuel tosses Rich into the ropes and delivers a crushing forearm smash, Rich's knees buckle. Turner grabs his neck to hold him up. Turner delivers another crushing forearm smash, and another, and another. He releases Rich and lets him drop to the canvas in a pile of his own man juices and baby oil.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Someone get Samuel T. Turner out of the ring, please.

Angus:

DEFsec must be lost in translation.

[Turner picks Rich up to his feet, he wobbly and has a trickle of blood running down his face from his left eyebrow. Samuel boots him in the stomach and picks him up for a powerbomb.]

Angus:

FUCK NO! NO, DON'T HIT THAT...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Too late, Turner tosses Rich into the corner for a buckle bomb, only instead of stumbling out of the corner Rich just slinks down looking a broken and beaten mess. Turner awaits Rich to stand so he can finish him with his dreaded lariat but Rich isn't moving.]

Angus:
Is he dead?

DDK:
I doubt it! Look Angus here comes Samuel Grant and company!

Angus:
About damned time.

[Turner slides under the bottom rope and leaves the ring area with a grin on his face as DEFsec checks on Rich.]

Angus:
Let's get out of here, take a commercial break or some shit and let them get Rich taken care of!

Wrath of the God-Beast

DDK:

Hold on, we're getting something from backstage...

[Cut to: what appears to be the Wrestle-Plex loading dock, where Ryushin Zongetsu of the recently-defeated Crimson Dragon Clan is sprawling on all fours, flanked by the massive form of the God-Beast Mushigihara, who is growling in rage as he grabs Zongetsu by the ankle and drags him along the ground.]

Angus:

Uh-oh, looks like Mushi's still pissed about that last dealing with Moneybags...

[Mushi simply reaches down and grabs Zongetsu by the skull and pulls him up, before headbutting him between the nose and slamming him into the nearby wall.]

THUD!!!

DDK:

Mushigihara is getting REALLY violent here, and it looks like he's trying to prove a point to Edward White! He's got Zongetsu up in a big bearhug now... this doesn't look good...

Mushigihara:

UWAAAAAAAAAAAA~

CRASHBANGBOOM!!!

[That was the sound of Ryushin Zongetsu being launched onto a nearby table via a VICIOUS bearhug suplex. Mushi rises to his feet and grabs his hapless victim, hoisting him onto his shoulder and walking towards a dumpster near the dock.]

Angus:

Looks like Mushi's taking out the trash in his own unique way! This ain't gonna be pretty!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[With a mighty toss, the God-Beast chucks Zongetsu right into the dumpster and slams the lid. He stares at the dumpster for a second before turning on his heels and lumbering away. The camera pans in the direction he's going, to reveal Eddie Dante, grinning as he cups the handle of his cane and nods.]

DDK:

Mushigihara has begun a rampage backstage at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, and I truly believe this is only the beginning... stay tuned, DEFIAfans.

[Meanwhile, the God-Beast and his leader depart the scene. Cut.]

Broken Freaking Wrist

[Enea Volare Mezzo.]

DDK::

Angus, there was a long list of injuries reported after Executive Decision, but none as severe as what Curtis Penn suffered during his match with The FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey.

[Curtis Penn steps solemnly onto the ramp.]

Angus:

I'm so stoked right now! I mean sure Pepperoni Face beat him, but the awesomeness of it all is that CURTIS PENN lost. DAMN WHAT A GREAT WAY TO START OFF THE NEW YEAR!

[Curtis has his good hand jammed into the pocket of his jeans and the other weighed down with a thick white cast.]

DDK::

That cast on his right hand is what I was referring to Angus.

[Angus' grin widens.]

Angus:

Ain't it great! Euge kicked his ass and then broke his arm off, it was a great match!

[Penn ducks underneath the top rope, walks to the far side and calls for a microphone.]

Angus:

He looks like someone kicked his dog. Poor lil' baby hurt his wrist and now he's so sad.

[He taps the mic.]

BOP

BOP

BOP

Curtis Penn:

At Executive Decision I fought one of the toughest matches in my entire career.

[Curtis locks eyes with a few fans in the front row, trying out a melancholy look.]

Curtis Penn:

Eugene Dewey and I put on a classic match, there were highs and lows, there were high spots and brutality, and even career defining moments.

[He huffs as he raises his right hand.]

Curtis Penn:

Some of the moments were by claiming a tainted victory....

BOOO!

BOOO!

BOOO!

DDK::

The crowd isn't buying what Curtis is trying to sell us, Angus.

Angus:

Not even with WIC Keeps... not even EBT. If Curtis was having a going out of business sale no one in the crowd would even take advantage of the deep discounts!

[Curtis' look of sadness melts away and a scowl graces his face.]

Curtis Penn:

I was CHEATED, EUGENE CHEATED! Take a look!

[Curtis points up to the giant DEFIatron.]

Curtis Penn:

Perfect frame to begin with, German Suplex No. 5 or as me and the E.R. Doctors like to call it, the move that broke my fucking wrist, nerve damage, and strained the ligaments in my hand! Folks, that suplex is the reason my hand is in a fucking cast!

[Curtis pauses as the production team moves onto the next clip.]

Angus:

I'm not buying it, he probably broke it slipping getting out of the shower after Eugene put his ass to sleep.

[Brian Slater is lifting Curtis Penn's arm, checking to see if his can still go through with the match.]

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

Curtis Penn:

You see that look on my face, that's the look of Defiance as Slater raises my arm the first time. Now at that time he didn't know that he was lifting my wrist, my broken wrist, and helping Eugene Dewey. If he did that would be a cause to reverse the decision, from a loss to a D.Q. perhaps.

[Curtis folds his arms, keeping the left hand and the microphone close to his lips.]

Curtis Penn:

And he drops my hand a second time, at this point my hand really fucking hurts and Slater isn't doing me any good. Go ahead to the next slide.

[Slater drops Penn's hand a third time.]

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

Curtis Penn:

Oh wait here's a juicy bit... looks like I'm out right here, my hand is falling... falling... NEXT SLIDE PLEASE!

[And Penn's hand stays up!]

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

Curtis Penn:

RIGHT THERE..RIGHT FUCKING **THERE!!!** My hand is up, it's so clear that I'm ready to keep going, and the next slide please.

[Brian Slater is calling the match in favor of Eugene Dewey.]

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

RAHHHHHH

Curtis Penn:

And now the screw job! My hand was up! IT WAS UP! Slater cheated... Dewey Cheated...**I WAS CHEATED** out of the FIST of DEFIANCE!

BOO

BOO

BOO

[He paces the ring for a moment.]

Curtis Penn:

I know right... Dewey cheated; he took a tainted victory and calls it a win. The 3 count should have started over once my hand stayed in the air. Brian Slater wanted Eugene to beat me so he could make the big score in Vegas, it's no secret that he's enrolled in Gambler's Anonymous and the temptation to win enough to set him up for retirement was too great.

BOO

BOO

BOO

DDK::

Angus, the allegations are begging to....

[Angus is standing on the announcer's table.]

DDK::

What. Are. You. Doing?

Angus:

Shits getting deep Keeps and I don't want to drown in the shit that's falling out of his mouth.

DDK::

Get down.

Angus:

No.

DDK::

GET. DOWN.

Angus:

But...

DDK: (Shooting Daggers at Angus with his eyes.)

....

Angus:

Ok, but when we drown in bullshit I'm not going to pull you onto the raft.

Curtis Penn:

I've already filed a complaint with the BO\$\$ about tossing out the loss and having Slater booted as the Head of Referees. I've tried to call him on his business line, his cell phone, his home phone, and the throw away phone that he gave Jonny Booya. Most of them go to a voice mail.... Booya hasn't set up his mail box yet, but maybe Eddy White is sitting up in his Ivory Tower and can hear me now!

[Curtis glances up to the Sky Box waiting on some movement from above.]

Curtis Penn:

Edward...

[Waiting.]

Curtis Penn:

Ed...

[Still waiting.]

Curtis Penn:

Eddy...

[No movement.]

Curtis Penn:

He must be making a duce, I'll catch up to him later.

[He pauses.]

Curtis Penn:

That's only half of what I wanted to come out and say. I wanted to give all of you an update on my wrist. Now, I know you all can see this bulky white cast on my hand; I know you all are worried about how it will impact my career, and when you'll be able to see me wrestle again...

[He smirks.]

[They boo.]

Curtis Penn:

But never fear, DEFIAfans! You can buy The Very Best of Curtis Penn for \$19.99 on DEFIANCeshopdotcom! And for those of you looking to send me gifts and get well cards as I continue to struggle through this terrible injury, you can do

so CARE OF CURTIS PENN at the DEFIANCE Offices right here in New Orleans!

[More boos.]

Angus:

What is that, one match... tops? I'll pay him his \$19.99 just to go the fuck home.

Curtis Penn:

And if that's not enough, you can always buy the higher end items on my Amazon Wish List, you know, to help make the pain go away so that I can continue to entertain you, the uneducated masses of DEFIANCE!

[Curtis tosses the mic end over end and allows it to flop onto the canvas and takes a minute to prance around to each side of the ring, preening and making puppy-dog eyes about his injury, and also just generally jaw-jacking the crowd. Finally he ducks out of the ring to the same chorus of boos that he's heard since he entered into the ring and made his way back toward the backstage area.]

[Fade out to a set of commercials, brought to you by Hulu.]

Henry Keyes vs Jake Donovan

[CUE UP: "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park. Beacons of bright red lights flood the arena as the be-goggled Steampunk Striker Henry Keyes power-walks, half hunched over but with a wide grin across his face. The crowd gives him a good deal of love, and a faint BELL-CLAP BELL-CLAP BELL-CLAP cheer can be heard.]

Darren Quimbey:

From SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred THIRTY seven pounds...HENRYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

Henry Keyes is coming off a big win at EXECUTIVE DECISION over David Noble - and what a classy moment that was after the match ended. Noble, just SO resilient despite receiving every painful blow in the world from Keyes, found a way to stay on his feet - and Keyes showed the young buck some love!

Angus:

These feel-good moments...I kind of hope they don't catch on, you know? These wrestlers are supposed to COMPETE. They're not supposed to show love!

DDK:

I saw you fight back some dust in your eye at the end of that match, don't you lie!

Angus:

...slander.

DDK:

You have to wonder what's next for Keyes. He's won the respect of the locker room, he's one of the more intense brawlers we have here - but now we see him faced with a brand new challenge. Quimbey's got the call!

Darren Quimbey:

And now here he is Ladies and Gentlemen, all the way from MASON CITY, IOWA. He stands six foot two inches tall and weighs in at 215 pounds. ...JAKE DONNNNOOOOOVAAAAANNNNNN!

["Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob erupts from the arena's speakers and there's Jake, banging his head in time to the music at the top of the ramp before raising one arm to the rafters. The crowd is going crazy as Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in green and purple, his hair sporting streaks of green, purple and blue. He's got on black cargo pants with purple streaks running down the side, a purple mesh vest top and a green mesh sleeve covering one arm, while the other is bare, showing off his tattoo.

He slaps hands with a kid in facepaint and gets pulled into a hug by several teenage girls who grab at his shirt and pull at the mesh on his arms. He fist bumps a couple guys and even poses for a moment to take a picture with a little girl with her hair all different colors just like his. Then he rushes to the ring and hops up on the ring apron, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a somersault and landing in the ring.]

[Donovan paces anxiously, ready to start the match, while DEF referee Brian Slater tries to keep between the two, warning them of the rules both men already know. Keyes puts fists up and cracks his neck.]

Ding *Ding* *Ding*

[Slater takes a step back and Donovan leaps into the air with a full-sprint dropkick on Keyes a split-second after the third Ding of the bell, staggering Keyes. He quickly follows it up with a roundhouse to the knee, staggering Keyes more, before sending Keyes crashing into the corner with a spin side kick; the impact causes Keyes to fall to his butt. Donovan with an axe-kick to Keyes's shoulder before firing away with a series of stiff-as-hell kicks as Slater forces his way between Keyes and Donovan, driving the painted wrestler back. Keyes slowly begins to get up with a bewildered look on his face as he glances between Donovan and the Slater.]

DDK:

Did you expect anything like this out of Jake Donovan, Ang?

Angus:

He's a flippy-do. I expect him to do something stupid and tear a ligament REAL quick.

DDK:

He's got Henry Keyes, normally one of the most intense and aggressive men in the ring, just REELING here - OH WOW! Donovan comes FLYING across the ring and hits a crashing forearm STRAIGHT in the mush! Keyes is down!

Angus:

...he's still a flippy-do.

DDK:

Here's the coverrrrr AAAAND Keyes kicks out! Donovan looks like a changed man out here - he's focused, he's intense, he means business!

[Donovan rolls to his feet and pulls Keyes up with him. An Irish Whip by Donovan, Keyes reverses. Donovan is sent into the ropes where he launches up and springboards off the top to catch Keyes with a hurricanrana. Donovan quick to follow it up with a somersault leg drop before mouthing off with a few choice words to his opponent, taunting him.]

DDK:

Just continued offense here by Jake Donovan, and it's clear that he's feeling REALLY confident out there, Ang.

Angus:

I'm not going to sit here and say I'm the biggest fan of Henry Keyes, but at the end of the day, he's burly, he has a handsome as all hell mustache, and now he's got this painted-up, no-good, flippy dippy nonsense piece of trash Jake Donovan jawing at him! I'm ready for this nonsense to end, NOW.

[Jake gets back on his feet and stomps Keyes on the chest before heading into the ropes, and it's a springboard corkscrew senton by Donovan - but Keyes rolls out of the way!]

Angus:

YES!!!! Donovan eats canvas!

DDK:

Oh dear, we've seen that look from Keyes before...

Angus:

FUCK HIM UP!

[Keyes yanks Donovan up and shoves him into the ropes, HARD. Donovan bounces off and Keyes elevates him up like a circus performer and launches a vicious European Uppercut. Donovan ends up on his knees, stunned, before falling over backwards. Donovan rubs his jaw and tries to shake out the cobwebs. Keyes doesn't give him a moment to breathe as he pulls him up and whips him into the corner. Donovan finds the presence of mind to leap onto the top rope and backflips over Keyes. Donovan runs into the ropes, only to get caught coming off them with a sharp tilt-a whirl backbreaker. Donovan is on the mat, holding his back and writhing in pain.]

Angus:

Can Keyes hit one of those Bell Claps now? I'd love to hear the sound of a gunshot across that painted-ass dome.

DDK:

We may not have to - Keyes is going for the cover here! One! TWO AAAAAAND Donovan kicks out!

Angus:

Like seriously. Keyes. BELL CLAP THIS MOTHER AND LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.

DDK:

Honest question for you.

Angus:

Shoot.

DDK:

If you were on a deserted island, and you had a gun with two bullets in it, and the three people with you on the island were Hitler, Bin Laden, and Jake Donovan-

Angus:

Donovan twice.

DDK:

...k. That's a little...ok.

[Both men roll to their feet. Keyes fires a stiff right that catches Donovan squarely in the jaw and Donovan replies with a quick left to the cheek. Slater admonishes both to open their hands but neither man gives a damn as Keyes punches Donovan in the mouth; Donovan fires right back with a left hook to Keyes' eye. Keyes throws an uppercut that staggers Donovan, and he follows it up with a right to the midsection before Donovan fires off a kick that catches Keyes in the leg. Keyes hobbles for a moment, giving Donovan time to recover and unleash a roundhouse kick that catches Keyes in the ribs. The crowd lets out a growing series of "OOOOH"s with each shot that loudly resonates throughout the arena. Donovan goes for a spin side kick, but Keyes steps to the side, avoiding it and nearly taking Donovan's head off with a clothesline in response.]

DDK:

I don't know if brawling with a man like Henry Keyes is the smartest strategy, but this really is something to see - I can't remember the last time I saw Jake Donovan this aggressive!

Angus:

And look where it's gotten that painted bastard - on the MAT.

DDK:

Well sure - but this is a STATEMENT from Donovan! He's angry, frankly he's PISSED, and he's taking every moment he has in the ring seriously, which is a change!

Angus:

You read too much into things.

DDK:

You don't read enough.

[Keyes approaches Donovan, only to get kicked with the point of Donovan's boot in the thigh, allowing Donovan the chance to climb back to his feet, pissed. He shoves Keyes and then tries for a clothesline of his own, but Keyes ducks underneath it and catches Donovan in a rear waist-lock. Keyes quickly takes him up and over with a belly to back suplex, the impact rattling the ring and echoing throughout the arena. Keyes doesn't let go as he rolls through to pull Donovan up and right over again. Keyes drops him on the back of his head and neck with a German suplex, just as loud as before. He AGAIN cinches in his hold, rolling through one more time and pulling a groggy Donovan up with him. The crowd roars their approval when Keyes launches Donovan halfway across the ring with a release belly-to-back suplex that leaves the Painted Warrior folded in half. Keyes takes a moment to wipe the sweat from his brow before making the cover.]

1...

2...

NOOOOOOOO

DDK:

Keyes with a near fall there!

Angus:

Not near enough - WHERE'S MY BELL CLAP YOU IDIOT??

DDK:

He busted out three suplexes and STILL you're unhappy!

Angus:

Donovan's still in this, isn't he? What do you expect?

DDK:

These two men are looking pretty gassed at the moment - I'm a little surprised how much fire and intensity this match has had, Ang!

Angus:

I'm surprised Jake hasn't blown out a knee and that Keyes hasn't THROWN THE BELL CLAP, which I've been CALLING FOR, all MATCH LONG, YOU GINGER!

[Keyes pulls Donovan to his feet and Donovan keeps hold of his hand and leaps onto the top rope, wobbles, then comes flipping off with a springboard somersault DDT, driving Keyes head into the mat. Donovan drapes himself across Keyes and is barely able to hook the leg for the pin.]

1...

2...

nnnnnnNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOO!!!

Angus:

I swear to GOD, Keeps...

DDK:

Can't you just enjoy this match for what it is?? These two up and comers are throwing every bullet in their arsenal right n-

Angus:

NOT THE BELL CLAP.

DDK:

...ow. They're INTENSE and BRUTAL WARRIORS, and I'm not going to sit here and listen to you gripe because one of them hasn't been murdered on a deserted island! Both of these men deserve recognition for this effort!

[Both men slowly climb to their feet. Donovan brushes his hair out of his eyes then shoves Keyes. Keyes shoves him right back. Keyes shoots first with a stiff left to the mouth and Donovan responds with a brutal roundhouse kick to the ribs. Donovan looks for a clothesline, but Keyes ducks. Both men head into the ropes now and simultaneously

rebound, Keyes with a leapfrog, Donovan with a baseball slide. They hit the ropes again, bouncing off before meeting in the center of the ring with a MOST HELLACIOUS and RIDICULOUSLY CACOPHONOUS pair of discus clotheslines, and both men CRASH to the mat, arms across one another's chests; it's unclear if either man is aware of their current zip code.]

DDK:

Referee Brian Slater is counting!

1...

2...

3!!!

Ding* *Ding* *Ding

DDK:

Wait, what did...

Angus

Did Henry?!...

[Brian Slater steps to the side and sticks his head through the top and middle ropes, articulating the result to Darren Quimbley. Quimbley raises an eyebrow, then nods.]

Darren Quimbley:

The result of this match...is a DOUBLE PINFALL.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

...WHAT?!

DDK:

Both men were on their back, both men had an arm over their opponent's chest - a controversial ruling to be sure, but maybe an accurate one?

Angus:

Hold on here. Hold on. Wait a sec. Hold on.

DDK:

Get it out.

Angus:

Who won?? Who lost??

DDK:

It's a double-pinfall, Ang. Both men won - but both men lost, in a way.

Angus:

HE DIDN'T EVEN BELL CLAP!

DDK:

What you NEED to take away from the match, Ang, is this: Jake Donovan is here and he's FOCUSED, he's READY TO FIGHT. He's going to need that if he's going to do ANYTHING for the Skybreakers going forward, because the

truth is, he's always been accused of falling a bit short in the effort department. And then there's Henry Keyes...he's a fighter, we all know that, and a tough son of a gun. I don't think he expected to see this style from Jake - I don't think ANYONE did. But at the same time, he got punched in the mouth HARD, and I wonder if this is going to be a wake-up call for the Airship Pirate. He can't just coast on past victories here in DEFIANCE and expect the world to fall at his feet - the roster's just too damn talented!

Angus:

I'm still speechless. This is...Henry? You are DEAD TO ME.

DDK:

...right-o. Let's take it backstage!

Do Something

[From ringside, we're taken to the Interview Stage where Christie Zane, little black dress and all, is standing front and center.]

Christie Zane:

DEFIAfans, at this time, let me welcome your reigning Trios Tag Team Champions...Team HOSS and Junior Keeling!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Capital Punishment is the first HOSS member on the scene holding up his third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Championships for all to see, moving behind Christie and taking point just past her left shoulder. Angel Trinidad is next with his signature "Breaker of the Unbreakable" shirt and his respective title dangling over his own shoulder, followed by Aleczander with muscles flexed and title worn around his waist. Keeping up the rear is the Superagent himself, Junior Keeling.]

Christie Zane:

Welcome to the stage, guys! You've wanted some time to talk about Executive Decision, so here you are.

[Junior Keeling steps ahead of his large charges and takes center-stage next to Christie as he not-so-subtly takes a glance down her little black dress. He feigns a polite bow in her direction.]

Junior Keeling:

Miss Zane, thanks very much for being out here to do this interview. You're much easier on the eyes than Lance Warner... I hope that you're enjoying that Rolex, my man. Sorry about the whole "Dan Ryan trying to maim you" thing, but I'm glad that we can all move past that...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Junior Keeling and the other Blood Diamond HOSSeses ignore the crowd and share a laugh amongst themselves. Christie starts to nod like she's in on the joke for a few seconds before remembering that she does have a job to do.]

Christie Zane:

Now, Mister Keeling...

Junior Keeling:

Mister Keeling is my father. You can call me Junior... I also answer to Big Poppa...

[The crowd is now groaning, but rather than hang around in the awkwardness of the moment, Christie continues. She may be... less smart than her compatriots, but even she knows when to move it along sometimes.]

Christie Zane:

Junior, congratulations on Team HOSS's big victory at Executive Decision by defeating Team VIAGRA. A lot of our fans have called it one of the highlights of the show.

Junior Keeling:

As well they should, my dear! When Team HOSS is involved, THAT'S going to be the trio you're talking about EVERY night. Not the LBC, not the Sons of the Soil, not the Crimson Dragon Clan, not the Heirs of Wrestling, not the Skybreakers who only exist because we destroyed Hookers N'Blow... not even one as legendary as Team VIAGRA... not ANY other team inside or outside of DEFIANCE! You see these belts? Guys, show them the belts!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[One by one, Team HOSS raise their titles in unison. Junior Keeling pats Cappy on the shoulder and nods smugly like a father living vicariously through his star quarterback of a son.]

Christie Zane:

Now many are saying that tonight, you could get beat! Team HOSS are gonna face the team of Frank Dylan James, the FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey, and the DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith. Are you guys scared at all?

[Angel stepped forward and gestured to his T-shirt as a weekly reminder to a previous accomplishment. Sit back and he'll tell you a tale of that. Right... about...]

Angel Trinidad:

Christie, do we LOOK concerned? Do I NEED to remind you what I did last time Dusty Griffith and Eric Dane stepped into the ring with us? I PINNED the "CHAMP" one-two-three! *I'M* the King of DEFIANCE as far as anybody else is concerned. He's lucky that I've been too busy making these belts great to come after his, but sooner or later...

DDK: [v/o]

Yeah, you pinned him with help from Capital Punishment and that baton...

Angus: [v/o]

SHHHHHHHHH! HOSS OVERLORDS ARE TALKING!

[Aleczander took the time to say something as well.]

Aleczander:

Love, I'm so offended and outraged by that stupid question, that I ain't even gonna ask if you fancy a go at me willie later... though I wouldn't say no... but OUTRAGED, love! AND O-FFEN-DED. Even if two of those three are champions, we're UNDEFEATED as a trio! A hairy wanker, a redneck wanker, and a chubby nerdy wanker ain't stoppin' us, love! The Wank Knights can't stop us tonight! No one can!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Another laugh by the dickheaded muscleheads of DEFIANCE not named Jonny Booya. Christie Zane moved on with her last question.]

Christie Zane:

We saw an interview that you did a few days ago on defiancewrestling.com about future contenders that may be gunning for your belts. Do you have anything to say to any new challengers?

Capital Punishment:

We've already talked about any would-be challengers, Christie, and we've addressed a certain team I'm not going to bother mentioning by name because that's how little they impress us. It's one thing to talk shit among the locker room about how bad you want a World Trios Tag Title shot, but if THEY want to make a challenge, we're standing right here. But I need to warn them... crossing us is hazardous for your health. When you step to us and you step to the Blood Diamonds... bad things can happ...

Voice:

Your mouth's talkin', big man. Might wanna look to that.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Now, the interview stage is a fairly decent size under normal circumstances. "Normal circumstances" being without three of the largest members of the DEFIANCE roster standing there and taking up space. Team HOSS's presence was already making it a bit of a tight squeeze, but add the Big Damn Heroes to the mix and, well, everyone's gonna be gettin' a little too close for comfort.]

[The quip that interrupted Capital Punishment came from Tyler Rayne, and he's the first BDH member to ascend the stairs. Following a step behind is Lindsay Troy and Wade Elliott. Cappy, Aleczander, and Angel all scowl as they make

their approach while Keeling moves just a bit closer to the mic...and to Christie.]

Junior Keeling: [sneering]

Of course. *Of course*. you three would mosey on out here like anything you've got to say is gonna make a damn bit of difference.

Capital Punishment:

It won't.

[Rayne had been twirling a microphone in his hand but rather than use it a second time, he flicks it backwards into Troy's grasp. The Queen of the Ring slips around her husband to the front of this conga line while Wade stomps forward to stand next to Tyler. This now puts Troy right into Cappy's line of sight, and it's not done by accident.]

Lindsay Troy:

Seems to me I recall a conversation about the LBC being a tune up before we got our crack at the big boys. Might've taken a bit longer than desired but we still got the job done, and as far as a "campaign" is concerned I don't need to stump for my due if it's the damn *truth*.

[The IWO Legend sports an amused look on his face now as he turns his head to the other HOSSeses to scoff.]

Capital Punishment:

So I can only guess that you're out here for one reason and one reason only.

[His third of the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Titles hangs next to his face now, right where Troy can see it.]

Capital Punishment:

The brass ring and all that, huh? Well, it's right there. If you, your tatted-up poser of a husband or your haggard drunk of a friend want to take a leap and do something, go right ahead... but think about it. You've got to see what happens to enemies of the Blood Diamonds. If you go down this road, there's no coming back. Is Mary-Lynn Mayweather REALLY worth it? Ask Harmen and Davis how that ended up.

[A pause hangs in the air, not long enough for any real consideration of Cappy's words to be had, but short enough for a smirk to tug at the corner of Troy's mouth.]

WHUMP!

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-----!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The sound of feedback echoes through the sound system as Troy levels a backhand shot to Cappy's jaw while still holding the microphone. Cappy staggers back a few steps and Troy charges in. It takes Angel and Aleczander a second to realize what happened, which is a second they didn't want to give up to the two remaining BDH members.]

Christie Zane:

OMIGOSH!

[In the nick of time, she darts out of the way of an incoming Rayne and Elliott. Junior Keeling does all he can to try and get the hell out of harm's way, but he's trapped as fights break out all along the stage. Rayne goes after Aleczander and the two trade shots, leaving Elliott to tangle with Trinidad.]

Junior Keeling:

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH, SHIT!

[Troy brings a couple knees into Cappy's midsection and then shoves him back toward the rear of the stage. Keeling tries to go after her and pull her away but Troy rocks him with an elbow to the mouth.]

DDK:

This whole scene is breaking down and breaking down fast!

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS need help!

DDK:

You saying they can't win this fight?

Angus:

DON'T PUT WORDS IN MY MOUTH, DISBELIEVER!

[Angel and Wade trade heavy fists. Aleczander tries for an elbow of his own to Tyler but Rayne evades and kicks him in the knee.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

FINALLY!

[The BOOOOOOs are for DEFsec running up the stairs to try and restore some order to the chaos. Wyatt Bronson shoves Angel and Wade apart, others separate Aleczander and Rayne, and Troy and Cappy.]

Junior Keeling:

SOMEONE GET ME AN ICEPACK GODDAMMIT, I THINK I LOST A TOOTH.

DDK:

While security tries to get everyone under control, let's take a quick Hulu commercial break.

[And that's exactly what we do...]

Frank Holiday/David Noble vs Jane Katze/Nicky Corozzo

[The Commentation Station.]

DDK:

Well folks, our next match this evening was booked earlier in the evening.

Angus:

Yeah, and you know what? These two bozos deserve it. You don't mess with the boss. You let *the boss* tell you what you're doing. You don't go around just booking your own stuff!

DDK:

Well, definitely debatable. Nonetheless, it seems like Frank Holiday and David Noble are going to see the 'error' of their ways after earlier tonight, the two seemed to bury the hatchet, and were scheduling a rematch that Holiday promised Noble. Edward White didn't like that and scheduled this match.

Angus:

Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze, representing the Blood Diamonds. Corozzo is going to just look to hit any and everything he possibly can while Katze will just be as foxy as ever.

DDK:

Okay, let's send it to the ring before Angus ends up delving further into his fantasies.

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is a tag team match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

["O Fortuna" by Therion hits, immediately getting a hostile reaction from the crowd just as the song begins. The fervor of the audience rises sharply once the Blood Diamonds' Chief of Security, Nicky Corozzo and Edward White's Personal Assistant, Jane Katze, step out on to the stage.]

Darren Quimbley:

Representing the **BLOOD DIAMONDS**... JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE KATZE! and NICKY!
COROZZOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The boos continue as the two walk down the ring, looking rather business like in their demeanor. Nicky hoists himself onto the ring apron and holds the ropes open for Jane like a gentleman. Jane struts into the ring before removing her blouse and mini-skirt to reveal a black sports bra with turquoise trim and a pair of black hip-hugger shorts with a turquoise trim.]

Angus:

Well, every man in this arena just got a show that they won't find at the strip club on the corner.

DDK:

That's for sure.

Angus:

I mean, Porcelain does a pretty good job, but there is something about Jane.

DDK:

Okay, back to the ring.

Darren Quimbely:

And their opponents... introducing first...

[The lights then dim as the DEFIAtron comes to life. Against the black screen, big bold white letters pop up. **DAVID NOBLE**. Then guitars and drums are heard over the speakers in the DEFArena as "Touch Peel and Stand" by Days of

the New erupts into the arena. As the first words come out, David Noble appears from the back.]

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

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

[He stops just shy as he looks back up at the ramp, waiting for his partner.]

Darren Quimbey:

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

[On cue, the funky horns and jangly guitar riffs of "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy hit the airwaves. All eyes turns to the entranceway and a wild cheer is in full force as the curtain whips apart. With bro-nager extraordinaire Billy Pepper at his side, "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

[He is clad in his usual ring gear and "TRAIN WRECK" T-shirt, but it's the gleaming gold plate of the Southern Heritage Championship belt around his waist that really catches the eye.]

[Frank Holiday takes a moment to shine that plate up with his wrist and admire the blingy golden glow. Then he gives Billy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring. As he reaches Noble, the two men nod their heads before sliding in the ring together. They glare across the ring at Corozzo and Katze who do not seem pleased with them either.]

DDK:

And this is going to be an interesting pairing here for Noble and Holiday. The rift between these two was just repaired tonight, and their ability to cooperate is immediately being put to the test as partners here. Plus, don't forget they're going to wrestle each other next week!

Angus:

Yeah, this is DEFIANCE. Shit be crazy.

[Holiday, who seems particularly interested in Jane's physique, nudges Noble and points at her with a salacious grin.]

Noble shakes his head at him. Jane, noticing Frank's attention, puts on a scowl.]

Angus:

Holiday, you horndog. Don't you have a girlfriend?

DDK:

A girlfriend who kind of emasculated him earlier tonight, Angus. Besides, you can't really blame any heterosexual man here for appreciating Jane Katze -- for her body if not for her attitude.

[Holiday shrugs as he exits the ring, to his corner, leaving Noble in the ring to face off against Katze as Corozzo leaves the ring. Noble stretches out his arms a bit as the bell rings.]

DING! DING! DING!

[At the sound of the bell, Katze rushes in at Noble and starts throwing fist after fist, pushing David into the corner! Noble is taken by surprise from the power behind Jane's fists, but after that momentary shock, he pushes her away. She comes at him with a spinning kick to the midsection, but Noble manages to catch it at the last second before sweeping her leg out from under her. Katze is quickly back to her feet and catches Noble with a fist before whipping him into the ropes and taking him down with a roundhouse kick!]

Angus:

And Katze did not come out here to play around. She is taking it right to Noble!

DDK:

Would appear that Katze caught Noble off guard here!

[Noble gets back up to his knees, slowly, as he measures Katze. Jane rushes at Noble again, but David is ready for her as he explodes from his crouched position into a clothesline that takes Katze off her feet! Jane grabs the middle rope after a brief second to help her back up to her feet as Noble pounces and nails her with a snapmare suplex. Katze rolls away from Noble and tags in Nicky Corozzo. Noble looks up at the monster and rubs his hands together. Holiday though yells over at Noble to tag him in. David looks over at Frank and acquiesces.]

Angus:

Oh God. This is going to be great. Corozzo is going to rip Frank's head right off of his shoulders! I can't wait!

DDK:

Could you please try and contain your enthusiasm? Just a little?

Angus:

You ain't my momma! You can't tell me what to do!

[Frank sizes up the monster, but shrugs his shoulders and rushes in at Nicky, wailing away with fist after fist. Frank is no slouch in this department and manages to rock Corozzo a little bit with the fists, but this is quickly stopped when Corozzo plants a knee into Frank's midsection and then an elbow to the back! Frank writhes on the mat for a moment before sitting up. Nicky has already bounced off the ropes and plants his gigantic boot into the face of Holiday.]

Angus:

Oh this is even better than I imagined it.

DDK:

Spend a lot of time fantasizing about Holiday?

Angus:

You have no id--, wait, what?

DDK:

Exactly.

[Holiday climbs up to his feet and rolls his shoulders a bit. He then beckons for Nicky to come at him. The 360 pound beast rushes over to Holiday, but Frank uses his speed to get around Nicky and pushes him into the corner. Frank then starts to stomp away at the midsection of Corozzo. The shots take their effect, but the giant is still standing. Frank catches him with an uppercut, but with no impact whatsoever. Frank shakes his head and bounces off the ropes before going for a shoulder block. The move clearly is felt by Nicky, but the giant is still standing.]

DDK:

And Frank is having some issues at taking down Nicky.

Angus:

As do most men. Nicky Corozzo is a beast.

DDK:

With Nicky a tad bit stunned, Holiday is walking over to the corner. I think he has an idea and is sharing it with Noble.

[Holiday then tags in Noble and David enters the ring. Both men then bounce off the ropes and connect with a double shoulder block on Corozzo, which takes the giant off of his feet!]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHAH!

[The fans love it as the duo of Holiday and Noble, having wrestled together for all of three minutes, are already on the same page and working together. Corozzo tags back in Katze who comes back in the ring. The two lock up before Noble places her into a side headlock. Jane fires back at him with a few forearm shots to the lower back and manages to reverse the move, putting Noble into a side headlock before putting him onto the mat with a Judo hip throw. Noble scrambles to his feet and narrowly misses another roundhouse kick from Katze before connecting with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

Angus:

And Noble manages to keep Katze from building up any kind of momentum!

DDK:

He now tags in Holiday, and these two seem to be working well together.

Angus:

For now...

DDK:

We shall see.

[Holiday then gestures at Noble and points down at Katze. Noble shrugs his shoulders and the two men walk over to the prone Katze. Noble hooks Holiday up in a front facelock, lifts him up as if to suplex him, then drops him forward on top of Katze! Holiday stays on her for the pin, and the referee slides in and begins the count.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!**DDK:**

And just like that, this team is taking it to Corozzo and Katze!

Angus:

I can't believe what I saw. It was ingenious.

DDK:

What are you talking about?

Angus:

I wish someone would suplex me onto Katze. No, not onto. Into! SCHWING!

DDK:

They're going to create a special ring in hell for you.

[Holiday, looking rather pleased with himself, gets up and throws the horns out at the fans. He then walks back over to Katze and peels her off the floor before whipping her into the corner. Holiday rushes in after her and is met with a boot to the face instead! The move surprises Holiday as he turns his head away from Jane. As he turns around, he sees Katze, standing on the second turnbuckle. She leaps onto Holiday and connects with a tornado DDT that plants Holiday right in the center of the ring. She then goes for the cover.]

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

And Holiday almost lost the match there.

Angus:

Katze is quick that way!

DDK:

And Katze has now put Holiday into a leg scissors as her legs are wrapped around Holiday's torso.

Angus:

Holiday is in a position that many men wish they were--

DDK:

Don't do it...

Angus:

In between Jane's legs!

DDK:

There is just no stopping you sometimes.

[Holiday's face is grimacing as Katze cinches in that leg scissors. Noble is in the corner, clapping his hands, and willing Holiday to fight out of the move. Realizing this position isn't quite as enjoyable as you'd think, Frank tries to pry Jane's legs off of him (probably the first man ever to do so), but he quickly discovers that her legs are fiercely strong and her thighs are apparently stronger as she is crushing him.]

Angus:

And it appears that Holiday has found himself in a predicament.

DDK:

The fact that he can't pry her legs off of him?

Still Alive

[Back to reality.]

Edward White:

No, if I'd wanted it done that way I'd have hired an orangutan to...

[With an exasperated look on his face Edward White heaves a sigh and shakes his head at the scrawny, pimply youngster in the black DEFIANCE polo shirt in front of him. The billionaire rubs the corners of his eyes with his thumb and index finger before looking back up at the kid.]

Edward White:

You know what? Just get out.

[White motions to the door and the kid is quick to head for it, almost tripping over his own feet as he goes. White turns to his associate Nicky Corozzo and whispers just loud enough for us to hear.]

Edward White:

I don't want to see that kid ever again, you understand?

Nicky Corozzo:

Sure thing, Boss.

Edward White:

If you want something done right you...

[The Socialite doesn't finish his sentence though and kind of trails off as he catches a fleeting glimpse of something through the now closing door out of the corner of his eye.]

Edward White:

Nicky...

[White nods towards the door and the seven foot beneficiary obliges, almost ripping it off of its hinges as he opens it.]

Edward White:

You...

[Outside the door, leaning against the opposite wall with one foot pressed against it looking like James freakin' Dean, stands Eugene Dewey. All he needs is a cigarette hanging from his mouth and he's nailed the look. On his face he wears a proud smile. Quite the opposite to that now adorning Edward White's bearded mug.]

Edward White:

...

Eugene Dewey:

...

[Without a coin in his hand to flip Dewey has to make do with adjusting the FIST on his shoulder ever so purposefully, much to Edward White's chagrin.]

Edward White:

gritting teeth, face reddening

[You know Natalie Dormer? Well Dewey smiles just like her before pushing himself away from the wall and slowly turning to walk down the corridor and away from the skybox entrance. Nicky Corozzo steps outside of the skybox for a moment before he's beckoned back in by the Billionaire.]

Edward White:

Nicky! Leave him...

[Corozzo re-enters the skybox with a look of disappointment on his face, but he's not about to disobey a direct order from his boss.]

Edward White:

Speaking of doing things myself... I want that belt off of that embarrassment.

[Corozzo cracks his knuckles and nods.]

Nicky Corozzo:

You want I should break his legs?

Edward White:

No... no, I have something in mind for Mr. Dewey... I'm going to need you to fetch me someone though.

[Fade back to announce.]

DDK:

Well... do you think that might be what Dewey alluded to earlier?

Angus:

Probably, but I don't think that was a smart move on the part of the FIST.

DDK:

Probably not, Angus, but you heard him earlier. He said he was gonna make double sure White knew sending Penn after the FIST had failed.

Angus:

On a side note, I don't think I've ever seen anybody so uncool try to pull off that cool guy pose.

DDK:

I thought he pulled it off quite well.

Angus:

There's only one thing Dewey can pull off and that's himse-

DDK:

MOVING ON!

[Fade.]

When A Quick Bite To Eat Goes Wrong

[The camera takes us backstage to the not-often-seen catering area where none other than one-third of our (not-)beloved Trios Champions, Aleczander The Great, rummaging around backstage looking for A) a snack and B) some peace and goddamn quiet. Team HOSS were making many enemies left and right tonight, getting in a scuffle earlier with the Big Damn Heroes and a big six-man tag main event with Eugene Dewey, Frank Dylan James, and Dusty Griffith not long from now.]

Aleczander:

Come on, somethin' good, somethin' good... I need a fuckin' break from all these people comin' after me title...

[His eyes scan the dessert tray, but he finds nothing he likes.]

Aleczander:

Ugh, everything in this shit has carbs... can these fuckin' Yanks keep their delectable death traps to themselves...

[Aleczander The Great's eyes dart around until he finally comes across the fruit and vegetable trays. With a smile he approaches the table and grabs a plate...]

Aleczander:

Finally! Something that a bunch of nerdy wanker scientists who can't get laid say is good for you... minerals and vitamins some major general sang about like a poof, probably...

[The most vapid of Team HOSS loads up his plate with an assortment of grapes, some orange and apple slices before moving on to some cheese and meats for protein. He scans the vicinity to make sure he's alone before reaches down and grabs a couple of cookies anyway. Because fuck health, that's why. With a plate full of assorted goods, he grabs a cold Dasani and starts to walk away...]

[...with David Noble standing in front of him with a look of ill intent in his eyes.]

Aleczander:

Mate... champin? Watch where I'm goin' and move your arse...

David Noble:

I swear, half the shit that comes out of your fucking mouth is either really stupid or unintelligible. Nonetheless, I've got a problem. Because, one, you and your boys tried to put me through a wall, and more importantly, you took immense pleasure in putting your hands on Mary-Lynn. That one, I've got a huge problem with..

Aleczander:

That's funny. Because I normally have a problem with midgets stopping me from eating. And your bird knew what she was gettin' into when she and VIAGRA messed with us...

SMACK!

[That sound you heard was a smack, no, wait, a slap across the face of Aleczander courtesy of Noble. Wait, let's clarify that, that's not a slap. It's a bitch slap (a bitch slap for a bitch!). That shot alone would have been enough to get this going, but the fact that the plate of food that Aleczander had carefully cultivated prior to David's arrival landing on the floor was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Aleczander lunges forward after Noble, but the smaller David manages to use his speed to get around him. Aleczander turns around and is met with Noble wailing away at him with fist after fist! Noble then grabs the back of Aleczander's head and bashes it into the front edge of the catering table. With Aleczander stunned from the shot, Noble keeps his attack up, his fists flying full of fury! He keeps this attack up until DPS rushes in and yanks Noble off of him.]

David Noble:

Get the **fuck** off of me!

[DPS then moves in on Aleczander and pulls him away from the scene, the very definition of their job description. As they escort him down the hall, Aleczander starts shouting like a man possessed.]

Aleczander:

You're lucky they're holdin' me back, mate... and I have a big match tonight...

[With Aleczander being whisked away while spouting excuses, Noble glares at the big monster he just wailed away at. He then looks at his right hand and shakes it out.]

David Noble:

Well, I guess I was the one to break my knuckles on your face.

[Noble, satisfied that his message was received loud and clear walks away from DPS, who are none too happy with the scene that just took place here.

[Cut away, back to Darren Quimbey at ringside.]

Dan Ryan vs Troy Matthews

The Art of the Deal

Knock knock knock

[Edward White's Skybox]

[Sat in his luxury seat overlooking the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex is the head financial backer of DEFIANCE Wrestling, Edward White. White doesn't even bother to turn his head from the Skybox window, nor does he say a word. He simply gestures with his hand for the cronie nearest the door to open it and allow whomever knocked on the other side to enter.]

Nicky Corozzo:

Hey Boss, ain't nobody here.

Alceo Dentari:

Funny.

[The leader of the Legitimate Businessmen's Club shoulders his way into Corozzo, but Nicky barely budges as the man a clear two feet shorter than him bounces off and into the vast gut of Big Vinny behind him. Corozzo cracks a smile as Dentari straightens his waistcoat and sticks out his chin in an attempt to save face.]

Edward White:

Alceo... I'm glad you could join us.

Alceo Dentari:

Whaddaya want, White? I'm a busy man over here.

[Nicky has to move out of the way of Big Vinny as he squeezes himself through the door, and stays out of the way as the former Southern Heritage Champion Tony 'Two Hands' Di Luca brings up the rear. The LBC stop side by side in the middle of the skybox and stare at the back of White's head, waiting for him to answer Dentari's question.]

Alceo Dentari:

Well? I'm waitin'...

Edward White:

I said I'd be in touch.

Alceo Dentari:

What?

Edward White:

You know, I really don't like to repeat myself.

[The LBC shoot looks of confusion at each other as Edward White stands up and takes a step towards his skybox window.]

Edward White:

How's that plan working out for you, Alceo? Remeber? On my first night in charge here in DEFIANCE we had a... a little tête-à-tête... in which you told me, and I quote, "I got a plan, so as far as you is concerned The Legitimate Businessman's Club ain't for hire."

[Dentari nods slowly.]

Edward White:

So I ask again... although really I don't because I don't like repeating myself...

Alceo Dentari:

It's goin'...

[Dentari kind of trails off there without finishing his answer. Edward White meanwhile laughs at the unusual lack of confidence being displayed by the littlest mobster.]

Edward White:

I know how it's going, Alceo. Do you really think I haven't kept my eye on you 'Legitimate Businessmen' since we parted ways all those months ago? Do you really think the reason you've been able to get away with running down a fellow DEFIANCE employee is on your intelligence and connections alone?

[Big Vinny nods with a smile on his face, but the two members that actually understand what's going on continue to stare at the back of Edward White, finally adding two and two together.]

Edward White:

I must thank you, actually... All three of you. Thank you for being so kind as to keep the Big Damn Heroes so busy over these last eight months. As a result they've hardly had time to even think about chasing after Team HOSS, allowing my beneficiaries plenty of time to become even more destructive and even more dominant... They were unbeatable before... now... they're unstoppable.

Alceo Dentari:

So what? You call us in here to talk 'bout how good Team HOSS is?

[White closes his eyes and sighs.]

Edward White:

...No, Alceo. I called you in here because I have a job for you.

[Together all three members of the LBC start laughing, which is surprising, because Vinny sure as shit doesn't know what they're laughing about.]

Alceo Dentari:

You said it yourself White, LBC ain't for hire when it come to yous.

Edward White:

That's as maybe, Alceo, but I'm sure if the price was right that embargo could be lifted.

[Dentari's eyes widen at that prospect.]

Alceo Dentari:

You got somethin' in mind?

[Di Luca backhands Dentari's shoulder, but Alceo doesn't take his eyes off of the back of White's head.]

Edward White:

Do you remember just over two years ago... the launch of DEFIANCE 3.0?

[Alceo nods, which obviously goes unseen by Edward White, but that doesn't matter because it was a rhetorical question anyway.]

Edward White:

The FIST Full of DEFIANCE match... It got down to three men, you were one, a certain bald moustachioed man was the second, and I completed the trio... The three of us outlasted thirty other DEFIANTS to get to that position, but only one man could win and walk away the winner and be crowned the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE.

[Dentari purses his lips. He knows where this is going.]

Edward White:

I was that man, Alceo. The lineage of the FIST of DEFIANCE starts with me, and as its inaugural holder it pains me to see just who has held it for almost one whole year. That title should be held by a person that represents what it means to be DEFIANT. It should be held by the best in this company, and Eugene is far from that. I want the world to see what I see when I look at him, a pathetic sap who has bumbled his way up the mountain on luck and other mens coat tails. Furthermore I want the world to be unable to refer to Eugene Dewey as the greatest FIST in the history of DEFIANCE, because there's only one man that can be considered the greatest, and you're looking at him.

[A smile cracks on Dentari's face.]

Alceo Dentari:

So you want the FIST a' DEFIANCE offa Dewey?

Edward White:

Exactly. And thats why next week you will face Eugene Dewey one on one.

Alceo Dentari:

Well, Edward, I gotta say If the FIST a' DEFIANCE is the payment for the job then yous got yourself a deal.

[Finally Edward turns to face the LBC with a unbelieving smile.]

Edward White:

Oh no, Alceo, this is a non title match.

[The smile quickly fades from Dentari's lips.]

Edward White:

Your job is to soften Dewey up for the man that will become the next FIST of DEFIANCE...

Alceo Dentari:

You's kiddin', right? I ain't gettin' a shot? Then what's my payment? What am I gettin' outta this deal, huh?

Edward White:

Trust me, Alceo, you know I can and will reward you greatly if you succeed. The finer points? They can be worked out at a later date.

[After a brief moment of contemplation Alceo Dentari smiles once more and extends a hand to White. White reciprocates, but doesn't keep hold of Dentari's hand for long.]

Alceo Dentari:

You got yourself a deal, Edward.

Edward White:

I know I do, Alceo... I know I do.

DDK:

Are you serious? Curtis Penn didn't work out so White's now sending Dentari after Dewey?

Angus:

Didn't you listen? He's sending Dentari to soften Dewey up before the true next FIST gets his hands on the ginger one.

DDK:

Well whatever their plan is it's hardly fair to Dewey.

Angus:

Maybe he shouldn't have been James Deaning it all over the backstage area then. Ever think of that?

[Cut away to one of those lame-brained Hulu commercial deals, the one where the show stops until you pick which kind of boring bank commercial you want to sit through.]

The White Knights vs Team HOSS

[Mercifully, we return.]

Angus:

Aaaaaaaaaand we're back!

DDK:

Here we go again, partner, it's time for the main event!

Angus:

Alright! Now we're talking, Keebs, because up until now? We've been dicking around with the rest of the show, but now it's time to get to the REAL action! Our HOSS OVERLORDS are here to save us!

DDK:

And I think their opponents are going to have something to say about that, Angus. Because Dusty Griffith, Eugene Dewey, and Frank Dylan James are the most sizable obstacle that has *ever* been put in front of the World Trios Tag Team Champions!

Angus:

Says you! But, this is going to be ahhhhhhhhmmmmaaaaaazzzzziiiiinnngg! No flippy doos anywhere in sight, no lame ass technical wrestling putting me to sleep, just a bunch of big sons a bitches hitting each other! WHOOOOO! Hell, Mark Shields is even the referee, which means this thing is going to be as wild and crazy as it wants to be! YEAAAHHH!

[Fist pumps. Angus is doing them, vigorously.]

DDK:

Well said.

Angus:

THANK YOU! NOW... TAKE IT AWAY DEE QUE!

[Cut to a shot of The Voice of DEFIANCE taking the center of the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for the MAIN EVENT of the EVENING!

[The lights drop and "Tag Team" by Anvil begins to blast the airwaves, signalling the arrival of your DEFIANCE Trios Tag Team Champions of the Whole Damn World.]

RRRAAAHHH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring at a total combined weight of EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE POUNDS, Junior Keeling presents... The reigning, defending, still undefeated DEFIANCE Wrestling World Trios Tag Team Champions... TEEEEEEEEAM HOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[Out first is the intrepid agent to the stars, Junior Keeling, who saunters out on to the stage and receives a venomous reaction from the audience. He is soon followed out into the lights by his charges, starting with the ever stoic, IWO Legend Capital Punishment. Next is the big Big Brit, the Mancunian Muscle, Aleczander, looking all sorts of pissed-off after getting attacked by David Noble, the ex(?)-boyfriend of Mary-Lynn Mayweather. And then finally the big kid of the championship team, the Breaker of the Unbreakable, the Rookie of the Year Monster, Angel Trinidad, who proudly wears his "Breaker of the Unbreakable" tee shirt.]

Angel Trinidad:

HOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSOMMMMMMMMMME!

[Trinidad exclaims as he takes his place behind Keeling and throws his arms up high in the air. Cap's arms fold over his chest, a confident smirk etching itself upon his face, while Alecz does what he does best, strike the manliest of muscle-man poses for all to see. Keeling beams with pride and throws his hands out to the sides, presenting the world to his team, the most destructive force in any and all forms of tag team wrestling today before they begin the long march down to the ring.]

Angus:

This is going to be greatest thing that ever happened in a twenty by twenty, Keebs, I might not be able to keep my pants on.

DDK:

Ugh... Gawd, please don't.

[The Champs hit the ring a moment later, and Cap calmly walks up the steps and climbs into the ring. Angel actually stops just short of the ring, reaching up for the top rope and pulls himself up on to the apron before throwing a leg over the top rope and then entering the ring. Alecz struts his stuff up to the ring, dragging behind because he has to flex and pose for the ladies, and then climbs up on the apron before joining his partners in the ring. The lights come up as the Champ's pose together along with Keeling.]

DDK:

Team HOSS have dominated since day one, in fact, they haven't lost a match as a full team since arriving in DEFIANCE. The question is, can the World Champion, the FIST and big ol' Frank make a dent?

Angus:

If they can beat Mayberry *and* Eric Dane? They can beat anybody, just you wait and see, Keebs... They're unstoppable!

DDK:

That's what they all say, until someone comes along and stops 'em, partner!

Angus:

My faith in the Hossomeness of Our HOSS Overlords will not be shaken by your attempts to sway me!

[The lights drop and "Stranglehold," the theme of Frank Dylan James shreds the airwaves with the power of the Nuge on guitar.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now, coming to the ring at a total combined weight of EIGHT HUNDRED SEVENTY POUNDS... They are the DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, DUSTY GRIFFITH, the FIST OF DEFIANCE, EUGENE DEWEY, and THE MASTODON, FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

[The last remaining "White Knights" of DEFIANCE walk out together to a thunderous applause that shakes the building. Hitting the stage first, Dusty Griffith power walks his way out to the mouth of the ramp, bouncing on the balls of his feet as he bobs his head. Next is Eugene Dewey, the FIST throws his hands up in the air as he roars back at the crowd and joins Dusty on his right. Finally, the Mastodon rumbles up behind them and stands in the center of this trio with chain in hand as he holds it high and barks at the fans.]

DDK:

That is certainly a mountain of humanity there, partner.

Angus:

It's gonna be a gorram miracle if the ring is able to withstand it.

[Back in the ring, Team HOSS, who have already discarded their belts and entrance attire, stand ready in the center of the ring as they stare back across the arena at the gathering of DEFIANCE Champions and one rowdy mountain man from West Virginia. Dusty, Euge and Frank all look into the ring, each of them ready to roll when they look to each other and nod before walking that aisle. Hitting the floor, Dusty, Euge and Frank rush ahead towards the ring, but Team HOSS aggressively charge to the ropes, blocking their opponents entrance.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Team HOSS trying to display their dominance over the World Champion and the FIST here.

Angus:

Mayberry and the Fat Nerd might own the ring on their own, but this is a trios match, and in trios matches, Team HOSS owns the ring bay-bay, YEAH!

[Backing off a bit, Dusty and Euge growl with annoyance as Frank bellows with anger, all the while, Junior Keeling cackles at them like the doucheb bastard that he is. The music fades and Mark Shields attempts to get Team HOSS to move back to the other side of the ring. Having discarded their own belts and entrance attire, the fans fall to a hush as both sides stare back at each other while Dusty, Frank and Euge simultaneously climb on to the apron.]

DDK:

Here we go, partner, this one's about the erupt any second!

Angus:

Oh gawd, is anyone elses pants getting tight? Because I might have to take mine off!

[Climbing into the ring, Dusty, Euge and Frank are bumrushed by Team HOSS with a hail of clubbering blows as Keeling bails out to the floor. Cap takes Dusty and pulls him into the ring, while Angel and Euge get into a hockey fight up against the ropes, and Alecz pushes Frank into the nearest corner. Deciding he doesn't need to bother with having control of things, Mark Shields calls for the bell.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

[Euge and Angel twist and turn their way into the nearest corner, Angel's height giving him a bit of an advantage, but the FIST is full of enough piss and vinegar to make up for it. Alecz and Frank blast away, the Brit hammering the Mastodon with European Uppercuts, while Frank throws fists o' fury at the Mancunian Muscle. In the center of the ring, Dusty and Cap trade elbows and forearms, each blow landing with brutal impact on each other's skulls.]

Angus:

So much HOSSing going on here, Keeps!

DDK:

Just keep your pants on!

[The brawling pairs begin to move around the ring like tornados of violence and testosterone. Angel and Euge push away from the ropes and collide with Cap and Dusty, while Frank and Alecz rasslefight out of the corner they were in. As all six smash into each other, Euge peels off and goes with Frank and Alecz, leaving Dusty to fend with Cap and Angel.]

DDK:

Frank and Eugene taking the Mancunian Muscle to task!

Angus:

Cap and Angel showing Mayberry who the real champs are in DEFIANCE!

[On one side of the ring, Cap and Angel dump Dusty out to the floor, with Angel following the World Champ and continuing their fight. Meanwhile, on the other side of the ring, Alecz is getting the short end of the stick from Eugene and Frank, but manages to bail to the floor. Eugene drops down after him, leaving Frank Dylan James and Capital Punishment as the last two men in the match. Mark Shields claps his hands and points to the two, signifying them as the legal men.]

DDK:

These two are the most skilled at brawling for either side. James is much more unrefined but vicious while Capital Punishment may be up there in years, but when he hits you, you FEEL it.

Angus:

WRASSLEFIGHT!

[The two heavy hitters of each team meet up in the center of the ring and if you can guess, they exchange holds for the next twenty minutes - and if you believe that, I'd like to welcome you to your very first DEFIANCE show. Nah, they're fucking slugging it out in the ring in the ugliest possible of ways. The two continue to trade blows between the two until the more experienced IWO Legend blocks a shot and throws a thumb to the eye of FDJ. Since this is Mark Shields, no fucks are given so the match continues as normal. Cappy continues to bring the lumber and actually manages to overwhelm FDJ with lefts and rights; enough to back him up in the nearby ropes. To play dirty, Cappy runs his face over the ropes to elicit a little burn and then pins him to the corner with an elbow, mauling him with big Clubbing Forearms!]

DDK:

Never thought I'd see Frank get out brawled by ANYONE here!

[Capital Punishment then uses an Irish Whip and sends the wild man flying to the opposite neutral corner. Cappy follows him and stuns him with a Corner Clothesline before he pulls him out of the corner with a big Short-Arm Clothesline! He lets out a roar as a chipper Junior Keeling claps and smiles in the direction of Dusty and Eugene.]

Angus:

You all saw it here first! Cappy is the better brawler!

DDK:

Uh... Angus... look...

[Capital Punishment goes to pick him up, but the incensed FDJ RATTLES his fucking skull with a surprise Headbutt right to the face that sends Cappy reeling. The fans in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex are firmly behind James as he rushes forward and gets himself some payback, mauling Cappy in the corner with a little something called the Redneck Welcome! Repeated Back Elbows find their way into the face of Capital Punishment as he gets himself beaten in the corner!]

DDK:

Cappy had him early, but big Frank is fighting back! He ain't done yet!

[FDJ runs forward and lands a HELL of a Running Corner Splash before he throws Cappy out of the corner. After he hits the ground, he falls victim to a big Elbow Drop aimed right at the throat! FDJ stays on top for a cover.]

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close one there! FDJ almost got him with that barrage.

[Frank Dylan James tries to pick up one-third of the massive Trios Champions, but Capital Punishment experiences a

surge of life and BUMRUSHES James, pushing the wild man all the way back into the corner. The tag is made to The Breaker of the Unbreakable and now Cappy and Angel milk the entirety of the five-count with a few stomps followed by a quick rope whip followed by an EXPLOSIVE Double Shoulder Tackle! James goes down hard and now Trinidad crawls into a cover on the fallen James.]

ONE... TWO... NO!

Angus:

Now you're playing THEIR game, Knights! When Team HOSS get the ring cut in half and start double and triple teaming, that's where they shine!

[Frank Dylan James almost waits for another assault, but Angel instead gestures to the corner like he's going to let FDJ go... he points towards one man. The man he pinned several weeks back to give himself his new arrogant nickname of "The Breaker of the Unbreakable"...]

DDK:

I don't know how wise this really is when Angel could easily press their advantage, but the 24-year-old giant wants to show that his victory over the World Champion Dusty Griffith was no fluke!

Angus:

Angel Trinidad is most likely Team HOSS' diamond in the rough! Cappy has the brawling and Aleczander has pure power, but Angel is almost the best of both with some surprising agility thrown in. Dude's got some hops!

[James is about to attack when Dusty calls for his friend to go ahead and let the kid have his shot. Dusty Griffith backs down from no fight and he isn't about to start now as he allows FDJ to roll over and make the tag over to him. Tagging in, the crowd cheers for the Champion as he enters the ring, which Angel decides is a great chance to catch him off guard.]

DDK:

Trinidad attacking the Champion before he can get in the ring!

Angus:

Never take your eyes off your opponent, Keebs!

[Angel pummels Griffith with a storm of clubs to the back and shoulders before pressing him against the ropes. Angel opens Dusty up and blasts him with a bomb across the chest, to which Frank and Eugene yell at Shields about. Trinidad smirks at both of them and then shoots Dusty off the ropes after another hard shot across his chest. Turning and bouncing off the ropes, Angel follows Dusty across the ring looking for a clothesline, which Griffith ducks. Angel continues forward and rebounds off the ropes as Dusty rebounds off the far side, looking for that big Pump Kick he's known for, but Griffith explodes off his feet at Trinidad.]

DDK:

Griffith just leveled Angel with a huge shoulder tackle!

Angus:

WHAT AN IMPACT!...? I mean, BOOOOO!

[Angel pops back up, although stunned from the collision with the World Champ. Dusty is up and quickly on the gargantuan prospect of Team HOSS. Grabbing a side waistlock, Dusty tries to throw the big kid, but Angel is having none of it as he drops hammering elbows across the back of Griffith's head and neck, which quickly breaks the Champion's resolve. Angel grabs a wrist, pushes Griffith away and then pulls him back in for a Short-Arm Clothesline that levels the Champion. Angel isn't done with that, keeping hold of Dusty's arm and pulls him back up, then levels him with another Short-Arm Clothesline.]

Angus:

In match full of HOSSes, Angel is proving to be the King of 'em all!

DDK:

He's certainly trying his damndest to Break the Unbreakable at the moment, that's for sure.

[Angel maintains control of the wrist and tries for another Clothesline, but as he pulls Dusty in, the Champion ducks the Clothesline and grabs a rear waistlock. Angel immediately fires back with elbows, landing on Dusty's face. Griffith eats a couple of those, but tries to lift Trinidad, but the younger, fresher Trios Champ fights against it. Breaking free, Angel gets a go behind and then in one, awe inspiring move, grabs Dusty from behind, lifts, turns and slams him down with a big time takedown.]

Angus:

Whoah!

DDK:

Trinidad just lifted and slammed Griffith's near three hundred pounds like it was nothing!

Angus:

It's definitely odd seeing Mayberry get tossed around like that.

[Angel swings himself around to North/South position and grabs a front facelock. Dusty quickly looks to work himself out of the spot he's in, but Angel is quick to "ride" for positional dominance, eventually ending up with control of Dusty, getting him in a seated position. Angel grabs a hold, clearly targeting the neck as he cranks on Dusty's head. Angel however doesn't keep his on the ball, taking precious seconds to gloat about his "superior" mat skills, much to the chagrin of the booing audience.]

DDK:

Trinidad showing some "game" here in the Champion's wheelhouse, though he ought to concentrate more and talk less.

Angus:

Heh, whatever, Keeps... Nothing's worse than getting your ass kicked and having the guy talk shit to you while he's doing it. So keep it up, Kid, you got him!

[It doesn't take long for Griffith to get moving again as the pain surges in his neck. Working his way to his feet, Dusty fires off a couple elbows to Angel's body and tries for a Fireman's Carry takeover, but Angel shakes himself free to land behind him. Dusty is quick with an elbow that slams into Angel's chest and then a go behind, before taking Angel down with a double leg. Dusty goes right to the back, trying to gain position, but Angel flattens himself against the mat to prevent Dusty from getting a real hold on him.]

DDK:

Smart thinking there by Trinidad, limiting Griffith's options here.

Angus:

I'unno... Mayberry's not one to give up and...

[Sure enough, Dusty transitions to a form of side control as he jams one arm under Angel's body, while reaching over his back. Angel doesn't appear bothered by this, nor when Dusty manages to get his hands locked, but that nonchalant and carefree demeanor disappears when Dusty gets his feet under him and begins to pull up with all of his might. On the outside, Keeling is losing his shit as the fans begins to buzz with anticipation of Angel getting taken for a big ride, to which he starts trying to fight his way free from.]

Angus:

Gawd, I hate being right all of the time!

DDK:

And Angel can't believe it, Keeling is beside himself, and I don't think even our fans can believe it!

[Jaw clenched, teeth gritting, Dusty puts everything into one big pull and then lifts all three hundred plus pounds of Angel Trinidad's squirming body off the mat, twists his hips and throws him over on to his back with a huge Gutwrench Suplex. Dusty pops up to a huge ovation, and then looks over to a stunned Angel, looking him square in the eye as he brings his hands up and makes the motion of breaking bones, as if saying he just Broke the Breaker of the Unbreakable. Angel gets all ragey in the facey as Dusty tells him to "come and get it".]

DDK:

Let's see how Angel does when Griffith is ready for him!

Angus:

Oh sheezay, Keeps, we gonna get our HOSS on in about three... two...

[Angel is up off the mat in a hurry and gets right into Griffith's face, the two jawing, then shoving, and pushing, then Angel is the first one to strike, walloping Dusty with a big fist to the side of the head. Griffith fires back with an elbow, Angel returns serve and the two big bulls start to trade huge, thundering blows back and forth. After several rounds, it's the younger and fresher Angel Trinidad who starts to win the exchange, clobbering Dusty with a big right hand, that sets up a discus Clothesline which Trinidad falls on top of Griffith with for the cover.]

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

Angus:

Jay-zuss, somebody check to see if Mayberry knows what year it is after that!

DDK:

And Angel's gloating up a storm, that's for sure.

Angus:

Well, I mean, you gotta admire your own handiwork, Keeps.

[Pulling Dusty up, Angel clobbers him a couple more times before declaring the match over. Shooting himself off the ropes, Angel comes charging back, once again looking for that big Pump Kick, but Dusty sidesteps. Letting Angel float on by, Dusty makes him pay for wasting time again as he rushes up behind him, grabs the waistlock and takes Angel up and over with a HUGE, yet semi-awkward looking twisting Back Drop Suplex, that folds the six foot ten giant in half with a big time impact.]

DDK:

And Trinidad's escaping to the floor after getting folded up like an accordion!

Angus:

You just can't let Mayberry breathe, man, you just can't!

[As Angel's feet touch the floor, Aleczander rushes into the ring and due to the DEFIANCE's lucha style rules, that makes him the new legal man for Team HOSS. Swarming Griffith, Alecz hammers him with a few clubs, then pulls him up and clobbers him with a European Uppercut that rocks the Champion's head back. Pushing him against the ropes near his teams corner, he Irish Whip's Dusty, who on the rebound gets blind tagged by Eugene. Alecz catches Dusty coming with a hip toss, but when he turns around he gets absolutely smashed by a charging FIST!]

Angus:

PPPPPOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCCE!

DDK:

Ooooh good lord, Eugene just took Aleczander right out of his boots with that Biotic Charge!

DDK:

Ho-lee-moley! Zander just hit that muscleplex on a two hundred sixty pound man!

Angus:

I'm gonna say it.

DDK:

Say what?

Angus:

That was HOSSOME!

[Zander doesn't waste any time in going for a cover, but he does it pretty nonchalantly with nothing more than a foot on Dewey's chest and a flex of his arms.]

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

[Dewey easily pushes a shoulder out from under Zanders foot and rolls over onto his front. Zander doesn't show any signs of frustration though as he calmly pulls Eugene up to his feet, grabs him by the throat and presses him above his head!]

DDK:

Uh oh!

[Then drives him down to the mat with the BPI!]

DDK:

He is manhandling Dewey, there's no other way to describe this.

[Zander doesn't go for the cover this time though, instead choosing to head to the corner of the ring where he climbs to the second rope.]

Angus:

He's gonna leave Dewey as nothing but a grease spot on the canvas!

[The Mancunian Muscle doesn't seem to have any sense of urgency though as he poses on the turnbuckle for a second and soaks in the jeers of the fans.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Only then does he leap from the ropes with a diving elbow!]

CRASH!

[And collides with nothing but the canvas as Dewey rolls out of the way!]

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Both men get to their feet quickly, Zander slightly quicker than Dewey, but with his back hurting after that landing the Mancunian Muscle is a bit distracted as he goes in looking for a double axehandle. Dewey sticks out an arm and connects with an open palm strike to the jaw of Zander, rocking the Big Brit and knocking him back into the corner of the ring. Dewey charges in and nails a shoulder to the midsection before whipping him across the ring where he follows in with a big splash!]

DDK:

He hit it that time! And Dewey's picking up the pace now!

Angus:

Who'da thunk Dewey would be the speedy one of these two?

[Dewey charges back out of the corner and hits the ropes as Zander falls to his but in the corner and charges back in, sandwiching The Manc's head between the turnbuckle and he posterior. Dewey wastes no time in grabbing Zander's leg and pull him from the corner so that he can place a foot on the second rope and launch himself upwards before coming down onto Zander's chest!]

DDK:

The corner slingshot seated senton!

Angus:

Or Banzai Drop if you're not into technical names.

[Shields drops into place to count the cover, but Dewey doesn't stay on Zander's chest and pulls him to his feet. He hooks the HOSS member up for a suplex and nails a picture perfect Vertical suplex, bringing Zander right into the middle of the ring.]

RAHH!

DDK:

There's a deceptive amount of power in Dewey.

Angus:

I always forget that. But then it's easy when he just looks like a pudgy little nerd.

[Zander starts to sit up, the stand up, so Dewey crouches down behind him, whipping the fans into a frenzy. On the outside of the ring Junior Keeling tries to warn Zander of what's about to come, but the Manc turns around anyway...]

SHORYUKEN!

[...]

[But the uppercut fails to meet it's mark as Zander scurries back, falls to his ass and rolls out of the ring to the floor. Cappy and Angel drop from the apron and regroup with the Mancunian Muscle before Junior Keeling gets involved in the huddle as well. Eugene isn't going to let them get too much of a breather though and steps through the ropes onto the apron. He charges along the side of the ring as the fans explode!]

RAHH!

[The reaction of the fans draws Keeling's attention to what's coming and he manages to sidestep the incoming cannonball. The trios champions on the other hand don't see it coming and are all bowled over like pins in an alley!]

DDK:

STEEEEEEERIKE!

[As the wreckage out on the floor begins to sort itself out, Aleczander frees himself first and scrambles away. Frank Dylan James has dropped to the floor, readying himself for the charge around the ring, while Dusty Griffith has entered the ring. Keeling is up on the apron and yelling at Shields, who looks at him like "huh?" as the Hostile Order's agent nonsensically rants at him about Eugene high flying exploits and demands for disqualifications.]

Angus:

You tell 'em, Jun!

[With Shields distracted, Eugene is caught in a two on one situation against Cap and Angel, but that doesn't last long when rowdy redneck that is Eff Dee Jay comes rumbling over to join the fray. Dusty seeing Keeling's harassment of the referee, even if it is the notoriously awful Mark Shields, he charges over and grabs Keeling, an action that gets a huge cheer.]

DDK:

Looks like the Champion has something to say to Mr. Keeling.

Angus:

Unhand him, you sonuvabeeyotch!

[Keeling immediately screams in terror as Dusty looks to the crowd with a fist cocked. Needless to say, the crowd is highly in favor of seeing Junior Keeling getting his clock cleaned by the Wild Bronco.]

KEEERRRRRRRRRRRACK!

[That is until the previously unaccounted for Aleczander returns to the ring.]

BOOO!

DDK:

Aleczander with a chair across the back of Griffith!

Angel:

Big time save, by the Big Time Brit!

[Griffith instantly released Keeling as he drops to his knees. On the outside, the sound of the chair cracking on Dusty's back momentarily diverting Eugene's and Frank's attention from Cap and Angel, allowing them to gain the upperhand over their foes. Having seen whole thing transpire, Mark Shields has no choice but to call for the bell.]

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, Referee Mark Shields has called for the bell, due to disqualification... Your winners... **DUSTY GRIFFITH, EUGENE DEWEY, and FRANK DYLAN JAMES!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAT! Alecz was defending a NON-combatant, it should be Mayberry who gets the DQ, Keeps!

DDK:

Even Mark Shields isn't that incompetent, Angus!

Angus:

BAAAH! So he chooses now to be halfway assed at his job? Figures!

[Alecz hammers on Dusty, while getting direction from Keeling to "punish that bastard, Zander!" for having had Dusty's hands put on him. On the floor, Cap and Angel continue to brawl with Euge and Frank. Back in the ring, Alecz pushes Dusty against the ropes and drives a couple of knee lifts into his gut before stepping back to strike a pose and then shoot himself towards the ropes. Back on the outside, Euge and Frank catch a glance of Dusty stepping forward, and when Alecz comes rebounding back, they quickly react when Dusty ducks a shoulder and sends the Big Brit flying over the top rope with a Back Body Drop. Euge and Frank turn Cap and Angel around so that they back to back, and

when Alecz goes flying, they shove Cap and Angel into each other just before Alecz comes crashing down on top of them.]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

What a turning of the tables right there!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOO!

[Euge and Frank both jumped back just in the nick of time, and when all three of Team HOSS go crashing to the floor, they both roll into the ring and join Dusty Griffith's side. Keeling rushes over to his troops and gathers them together. Angel is all fired up and wanting to fight, even rushing the ring, but gets clobbered by an agitated World Champion, who clocks him with an elbow. After that, Keeling pulls the big kid back with the help of Cap and Alecz, assuring him there will be another time and place, but now isn't that time.]

DDK:

What a match, partner, and a hell of a way to kick off this next chapter in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Angus:

Whatever, I don't wanna live in a world where Team HOSS loses... even by way of a *highly questionable* disqualification.

DDK:

There, there, Angus, Team HOSS are still the champions, so you have that still.

Angus:

Trufax, yo!

DDK:

That's our time, folks! This has been DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Angus:

GOOOOOOOOOOD NIGHT NAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAOOOOW!

[The credits roll with the last image being that of Dusty, Eugene and Frank celebrating in the ring with a raucous crowd cheering.]

[Until next time, same DEFtime, same DEFchannel.]

Handees and Blowjees

[...]

[Static.]

[We pick up where we left off when Kelly Evans arrived to the Bo\$\$e\$ Skybox/Office.]

[For the record, it's late in the evening. The show has been off the air for hours now.]

[After their initial conversation earlier in the evening, Edward White made a proposal to Evans. It was the sort of thing where she had to pause and make some calls, get confirmation from all of the right people, most importantly, Eric Dane. Just as well, Edward White had a show to run and as tonight proved, he needed to not be tied up through the whole thing while in the midst of these pivotal negotiations.]

[So, for the record, here we go.]

Ed White:

And furthermore, as proxy to Mr. Dane you have all of the powers that he would have in a situation such as this-

Kelly Evans:

You mean a coup.

Ed White: [clears his throat]

Situations such as this. As it stands, if you'll just sign here, your word will not only be Eric Dane's word until such a time as this whole mess can be cleared up, but your word will supercede his, as you will have the equivalent of Mr. Dane's power of attorney throughout these proceedings.

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, he didn't like that part.

[White face-palms.]

Ed White:

Look, Ms. Evans, I'm simply re-re-**re**-reading out the terms of our deal so that we're both quite sure that you understand what you're signing yourself into, and so there can't be any crying of foul play once I've bested you and your ilk at your own game. Do you understand?

[Kelly seethes.]

Kelly Evans:

You know I have a law degree, right?

Ed White:

I fail to see how that-

Kelly Evans: [interrupting]

And you know that Eric's been putting me through hell with the legal beagles for weeks, prepping me for just this sort of a meeting, right?

Ed White: [blustering]

If you could just-

Kelly Evans:

So why don't you dispense with the big boy act, let me sign the contract, and lets get down to business, can we please maybe do that sometime before my next asshole-bleaching appointment?

[Edward White, caught slightly off guard by Kelly's... colorfulness, takes a moment to shake the slack-jawed confusion out of his head. He pushes a pen and an unsigned contract across the desk in her direction. To her credit, Kelly picks it up and parses the document before scrawling her signature haphazardly across the dotted line.]

Kelly Evans:

Now then. Four fucking hours later... State your business.

[The Socialite, taking care to have himself fully calmed, smiles.]

Ed White:

WarGames.

[Huzzah?]

Kelly Evans:

Excuse me?

Ed White:

The Match Beyond.

Kelly Evans:

Are you fucking stupid? I know the goddamned tagline of the match, I just can't for the life of me figure out what throwing ten guys into two rings and wrapping a cage around the whole fucking load of it could possibly do to further *your* Agenda.

Ed White:

It's rather simple, you see, it does occur to me that what little bit of *control* I have over DEFIANCE at present could be described as flimsy at best, and downright transparent on closer inspection-

Kelly Evans:

TL;DR - Horse shit.

Ed White:

And since the only thing that seems to ever close a deal around here has to do so with ridiculous gimmicks, copious violence, and buckets of blood, after careful consideration I have decided that I, by way of my Blood Diamonds, would like to officially challenge Eric Dane, through his proxy, *that's you*, and whatever rag-tag group of "defiants" you can put together, to a WarGames match at the next Pay-Per-View, which would then be titled WarGames II, after the titular match. The only stipulation would be this.

[He pauses, taking a long second to gauge Kelly's reaction.]

Ed White:

Winner. Take. All. No splits, no six months of grueling and channel-flip-inducing melodrama about who the real deal big dick owner of DEFIANCE is. It's WarGames, it's five-on-five, submit or surrender, with everything on the line! What do you say, Ms. Evans, where's those purported "giant balls" of yours now?

[The Baddest Bitch of DEFIANCE does not appear taken aback, but she doesn't dive into an answer. Calculations are going on behind her eyes at light-speed. She smiles a sweet, seductive, Whore Next Door smile at the Socialite before answering.]

Kelly Evans:

We accept.

Ed White:

Do *we* now? Good. Decisive. That shows strong leadership potential. But did you stop for a half of a second and

thinking about just exactly what five men are going to stand up against me and my Blood Diamonds?

[She shrugs.]

Kelly Evans:

Eh, I'm sure the **World Champion** will be plenty happy to Captain the team. I'll bet he can even convince ol' Frank and Eugene to come along for the ride, and that's just off the top of my head. Besides, even if I have to hit the French Quarter and start giving out handees and blowjees, I **will** put a team together, and we **will** rip you out of your little ivory tower here and send you running screaming like a cheerleader about to get raped back to your bankers fucking suckling tits.

[Smirk.]

Kelly Evans:

Now, if we're quite the fuck finished here...

[She waits, not patiently at all. He nods.]

Kelly Evans:

Thanks, now go fuck yourself. Ugly prick...

[...and the Matriarch of DEFIANCE explodes out of the Skybox/Office as fast as her pretty little toes can twinkle.]

[End.]